

THE PRECURSOR

May-June 1965



"The spirit which must animate our Society is above all a spirit of gratitude. We must do everything with loving thankfulness uniting our holocaust to that of Our Lord in the Sacrifice of the Mass."

Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

(excerpt from circular letter, June 10, 1926)

Our Cover : Haitian birthday.

THE PRECURSOR

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Photo : Attualita

SAINTS OF

Celebrating June 3

The Church assembled in Council marked Mission Sunday, 1964, by the canonization ceremony of the 22 African martyrs beatified in 1920. The Pope's infallible declaration made more impressive by the presence of one African cardinal, of a number of African bishops, and of 2,500 Council Fathers, confirmed that these martyrs died for the faith, that they are in heaven, and that the universal Church may honour them with a public cult.

The canonization of these African heroes is in perfect keeping with the concern of the Church in state of Council and with that of the whole world. Africa rides the tide of independence. Since 1954, 38 African states have become independent.

Today then, when liberty of conscience and lay apostolate are more clearly understood and admitted; when in all its great families, Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant, Christendom in particular experiences hitherto unknown ecumenical fervour, the canonization of these African saints quickens our appreciation of the spiritual values which unite us. The glory with which the Church crowns her 22 children is reflected upon their Protestant companions who also proved their love for Christ by giving their greatest gift — life itself. They were formed by pastors who despite doctrinal differences were united in mutual esteem and mutual charity.

Today then, when the Church in state of Council endeavours to retrieve under the action of the Holy Spirit her pristine youth in order to manifest to the world her true countenance, these youthful martyrs of a newly founded Church give evidence that grace within her is ever forthcoming and triumphant.

The following brief account of this glorious page in African Church history is chiefly based on the relation made by Sister Marie André du Sacré Cœur, of the White Sisters of Africa, in her book, *Uganda, Terre des Martyrs*.

The backdrop

Uganda is situated to the east of Equatorial Africa, close to Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika.

It is bounded on the west by ex-Belgian Congo, on the north by Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, on the east by Kenya and Tanganyika. Explorers and, afterwards, Catholic and Protestant missionaries, entered the land chiefly by way of the island of Zanzibar, in the Indian Ocean.

The first group of Europeans known to have arrived in Buganda, came in 1862. Shortly afterwards, Islamism was introduced into the region by Arab merchants. King Mutesa himself, attracted by the Moslem creed, learned the language and granted protection to the Arabs. At his death in 1884 he was succeeded by his son Mwanga. In those days, the monarch of Uganda held absolute power over a population of several millions scattered throughout ten provinces each governed by chiefs or lords answerable to the king, through the medium of a minister called the Katikiro. The religion of this people of Bantu stock was in the main monotheistic with an admixture of polytheistic, magical, and fetishistic practices. They were distinguished by a remarkable readiness of mind especially with regard to religious problems.

The great wealth of the kingdom consisted in men and in cattle. The king and his nobles being polygamists, made raids on weaker tribes, killing the men, and carrying off the women to add wives to their own households. The surplus of captive women they sold to slave traders. Polygamy gave rise among the men and youths to widespread unnatural sex practices.

In 1875, after completing his exploration of Lake Victoria, the great explorer Henry M. Stanley came to Uganda where he met King Mutesa. Favourably impressed by his intelligence and shrewd political sense, the explorer undertook to open Mutesa's eyes to the inferiority of Islamism with regard to the Christian religion. The king manifested such interest that, before pursuing his explorations, Stanley in an open letter to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* launched a stirring appeal for missionaries.

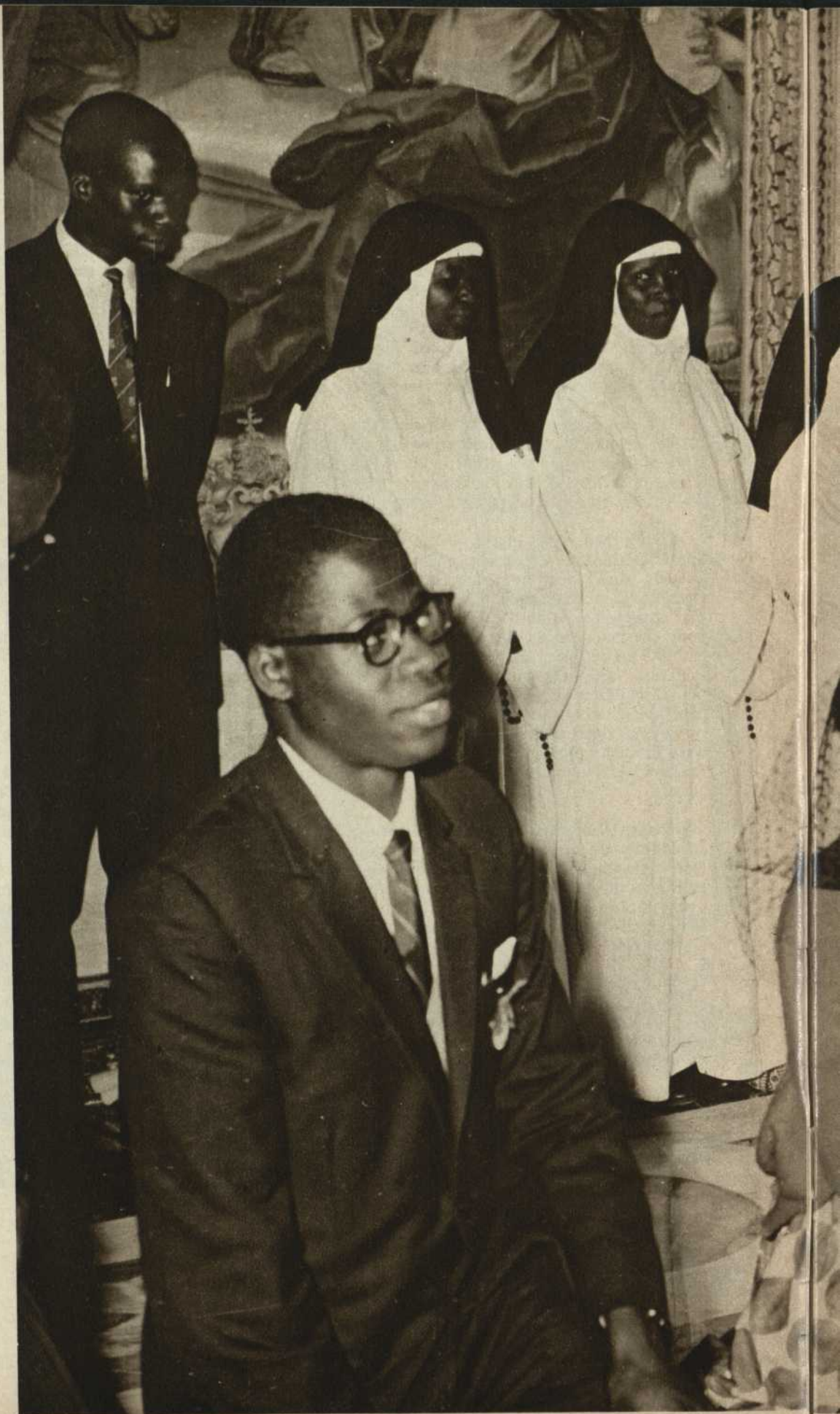
In England, this appeal met with generous response. Abundant alms were collected, lay apostles and ministers came forward eager to dedicate their

AFRICA

by Reverend G. Robitaille, S.J.

**His Holiness Paul
VI welcomes Ugan-
da delegation, pres-
ent at canonization
ceremonies.**

¹ Photo : Felici







Drum beats in Saint Peter's.

Photo : Attualita



The martyrs of Uganda have been the seed of Christians throughout Africa. Cardinal Rugambwa, dynamic leader of young African Churches.

lives to the spreading of Christianity. Four missionaries of the London Church Missionary Society: Wilson, Mackay, Smith, and O'Neil, left for Africa, April 27, 1876. Travelling through the recently opened Suez Canal, they landed in Zanzibar, May 30, and from thence proceeded to the interior, reaching the southern Lake Victoria region one year later, in the first days of April 1877. The King sent a letter of welcome together with a fleet of canoes to bring them safely to destination. Only two missionaries, Wilson and Mackay, had arrived; the

other two were to follow. The king's favour proved short-lived. Resenting the intrusion of missionaries, the Arabs insinuated that the Gordon expedition in Sudan was a threat to Mutesa's kingdom. On July 31, Wilson and Mackay were saddened by the news that their courageous companions had been massacred with an Arab merchant who had sought refuge in their house. They afterwards learned that the autochthons had had a grudge against the Arab and had indiscriminately killed everyone in the household.

On February 18, 1879, there was a great to-do at Mutesa's court. Boatmen from the lake announced that two Europeans had just landed and were asking to be received by the king. Who were they? Where did they come from? Believing them to be two of their own, the English missionaries offered to forward a message. Mutesa having agreed, a letter was sent to the effect that if the newcomers were members of the Church Mission Society, they should at once come to Rubaga; if not, they should await the king's good pleasure.

Matthias Mulumba, chief of several villages, taught the doctrine during the missionaries' absence.

Illustration : René Follet



Before three days had elapsed, the two Europeans arrived. Father Lourdel and Brother Amans, who belonged to the Society of White Fathers, had come as scouts to solicit for themselves and for two confrères, who had remained south of the lake, permission to take up their abode in Uganda in order to spread the Gospel message.

To the annoyance of the English missionaries, the king reassured by the Arabs on the standing of the Fathers who were of French nationality, decided to authorize their setting up an establishment in his capital. For a time opposition reigned between the two groups, opposition instigated on the one hand by Mutesa, and fortified on the other by mutual blunders. Eventually, in spite of doctrinal differences, both parties grew in mutual understanding and esteem. On June 25, 1879, two other White Fathers having arrived, their party was invited to settle down in the neighbourhood of the royal palace.

Breaking ground

During the three years that followed, the Catholic missionaries laboriously cast the seed of Christian doctrine into the furrow. King Mutesa had received them kindly for he had discovered the superiority of the Message they brought. The nobles also, more particularly the young royal pages and the soldiers, were filled with enthusiasm for the new doctrine. So long had they been yearning after truth! At first they had thought to have discovered it in the teaching of Islamism, in its belief in one God and in its practices, then in the Christian religion as presented by Protestant pastors. The Gospel, the Our Father, held deep appeal for them. Nonetheless, religious disquietude continued to haunt them. "Father, I have studied the Arabs' religion and that of the Protestant," one of them confided, "but peace of heart I have not yet attained."

The Gospel, however, made stern demands. It reproved polygamy and unnatural vices; it condemned the cruelty exercised by the king in razzias, in the execution of people whose only crime was their refusal to yield to his caprices, often wicked and immoral. Some witch doctors and Arab merchants who profited by these perverse customs, opposed the spreading of the Gospel.

But such was the thirst for truth in the souls of African youths that they frequently visited the missionary Fathers, examined their way of life, learned from them about spiritual values: God, the soul, their eternal destiny. In anticipation of the trials awaiting them, Father Lourdel imposed on



Achille Kiwanuka and Ambrose Kibuka cast their amulets into the flames.

his disciples a catechumenate of four years, training them rigorously in the spirit of prayer, of unshakable faith, of unyielding purity, of burning charity.

In the early spring of 1882, having obtained from Cardinal Lavigerie permission to shorten the catechumenate in exceptional cases, the Fathers administered a few baptisms. Joseph Mukasa, aged 25, and Andrew Kaggwa, 30, were baptized in April of the same year; then came the turn of Matthias Mulumba, aged 50. The three had at first embraced the Islamic creed or the Protestant. Father Livinhac warned Matthias, "It would be better for you not to receive baptism than to revert to Protestantism." To which Matthias replied, "Never fear, Father. I made up my mind two years ago.

Nobody can turn me from my purpose. I am a Catholic and a Catholic I will die." The catechumens were so strong in their newly found faith that when the Fathers eventually had to leave the mission for nearly three years, five or six only out of hundreds turned to the Protestants.

Meantime, Arab Moslems whose influence at the king's court was growing, so poisoned his mind against the missionaries that the latter found it impossible to work freely. After long hesitations

Andrew Kaggwa, royal band master, transformed his property of Kigowa into a fervent Christian settlement.

R. Follet



and despite the protestation of their neophytes, the Fathers left in November 1882, taking with them the children they had redeemed from slavery. They hoped to be able to return in the not too distant future. What was to become of the 20 baptized neophytes and of the 250 catechumens they were forced to leave behind? God Himself would watch over them and keep them true to their allegiance.

Christians take up challenge

After the Christian clergy had been compelled to flee, the lay Christian leaders who remained in Uganda accepted their baptismal responsibility in earnest. Among them, many held important ranks at court or in the provinces and stood high in general estimation. They used their influence not only in strengthening but even in increasing the Christian community.

Matthias Mulumba was a chief and a judge, one of the most respected men in the kingdom. Of a proud, violent nature, he possessed outstanding courage. Inspired in his quest for truth by his foster father, Matthias passed from paganism to Islamism, then to Protestantism, and finally to Catholicism.

Baptized on May 28, 1882, he became intent on keeping the faith and on spreading it far and near. Chief of several villages situated some 13 hours by foot from the capital, he regularly sent the most intelligent of his men under instruction to listen to and to memorize the Fathers' exhortations. Upon their return, these men repeated the lessons to Matthias who in turn transmitted them to his disciples then numbering 200. In the absence of the missionaries, he built a small chapel near his house where he continued their work of apostolate. By dint of generous and constant efforts, he had subdued his violent character. People said of him that he was "possessed of God."

Another influential catechumen, thirty-year-old Andrew Kaggwa, had been baptized shortly ahead of Matthias. He was the royal bandmaster and thus came into close contact with pages and soldiers. Intimate friend of Mwanga, the king's son, he had instructed the latter in Christian doctrine. By his kindness, he won gentle dominion over hearts and minds, and was the leader of the Christians living in Rubaga and in the neighbouring villages.

Wielding still greater influence than these two, Joseph Mukasa aged 25, was, according to the Fathers' testimony, the model of all by his earnestness, his piety, his zeal for the conversion of the royal pages. He had been introduced to the king by an aunt, one of Mutesa's favourites. His loyalty and devotion to duty had merited the high esteem of the king's son, Mwanga. Consequently, Joseph had been made chamberlain in charge of all the court pages. He also had come to Catholicism after passing through Protestantism. His friend, Andrew Kaggwa, brought him to the Fathers. Both were baptized together, April 30, 1882.

Mutesa having died in October 1884, nearly two years after the White Fathers' departure, his son Mwanga was chosen by the chiefs to succeed his father as king. Contrary to what usually took place none of his brothers were killed, which fact was attributed to the influence of Christian ideas. Friendly towards the missionaries, Mwanga lost no time in inviting the Fathers to return to his kingdom. The young king continued to favour his friend, Joseph Mukasa, whom he retained as chamberlain, extending his authority over all the royal dwelling. Besides, he created a new chiefdom awarded to Andrew Kaggwa, where Catholics could openly practise their religion.

Another court official who played an important role among the Christians was Charles Lwanga, aged 23, supervisor of the pages of the great audience hall. His tact, joyousness, courtesy and gentleness, captivated all hearts especially those of his pages.

Mwanga openly encouraged the Christians. He liked to recite the Our Father and taught it to the persons of his household. This was not calculated to please the Moslems. Led by the new king's katikiro or prime minister, they plotted to assassinate the youthful ruler and to place his brother, a Moslem, upon the throne. Joseph Mukasa and Andrew Kaggwa uncovered the plot and the guilty were apprehended. However, the leader of the conspiracy obtained full pardon and was even reinstated in his position as prime minister. From this time onward he became the implacable foe of Joseph and Andrew, and endeavoured to turn the king against the Christians, Protestants as well as Catholics.

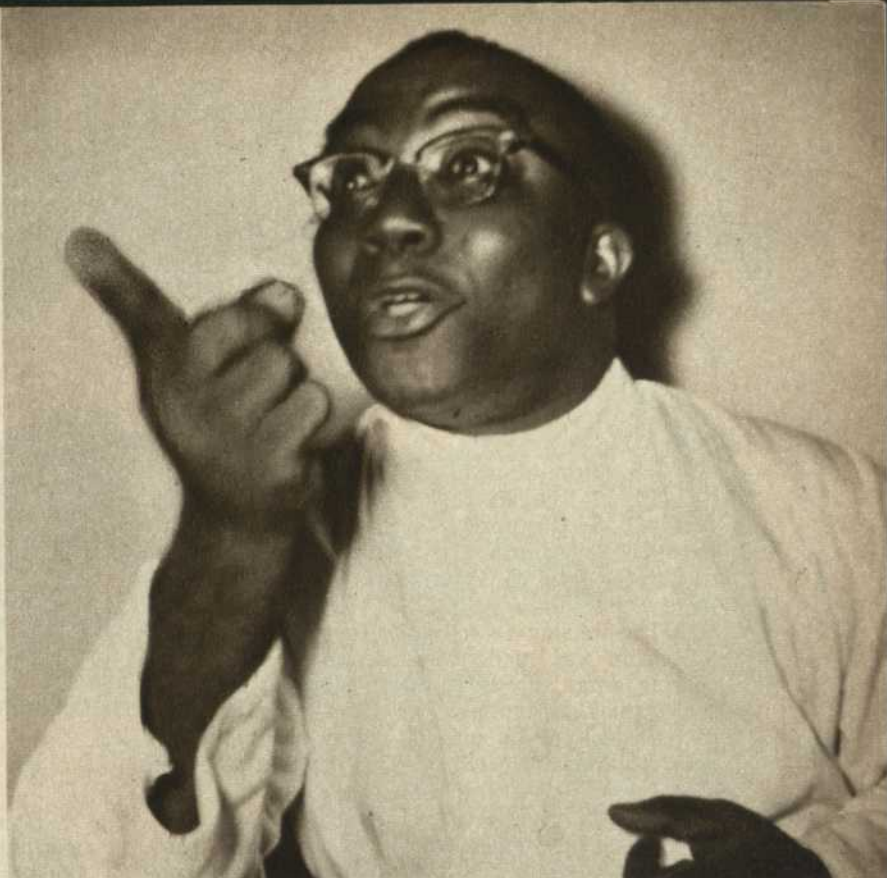
(To be continued)

HAITI

TAMBOULA

The conical drum
used in God's service

by Reverend Father J. Augustin



Tamboula miming.

Reverend Joseph Augustin, teacher at the Philippe Guerrier Lycée and auxiliary at Cap Haïtien cathedral, has coined the word "tamboula" to designate the happy usage he has made of Haitian folklore rhythms in the liturgical musical pieces he has authored.

In a conference delivered in the presence of the Cap's best society a few days after the singing of a tamboula Alleluia during the 1964 Easter Vigil service, he explained the Christian as well as Haitian idea of the tamboula. Reverend Joseph Augustin has kindly authorized us to reprint the text of his conference which will doubtless be appreciated by all who wish to further the "aggiornamento" in the liturgical life of the Church.

The tamboula is here studied under its various aspects by the light of religious sciences.

Biblical aspect

Let us, first of all, examine the biblical aspect of the drum as used in God's service. In eleven books of the Bible are found seventeen verses which mention the drum as an important instrument in the religious manifestations of the Hebrew people. This people to whom we are indebted for the Bible and to whom we feel close because of our racial origin and our obviously Semitic mentality was chosen by God to preserve and to transmit celestial revelation and divine cult. In his book *Des prêtres*

noirs s'interrogent, Reverend J. C. Bajeux stresses the profound affinity existing between our Haitian mentality and that of God's people.

The three following quotations from the Psalms undoubtedly describe the drum as acclamation of the Lord:

Ps. 80 : 2 "Cry out with gladness to the God of Jacob.
Ring psaltery and tambour."

Ps. 149 : 3 " Let there be dancing in honour of his name;
Music of tambour and of harp to praise him."

Ps. 150 : 4 " Praise him with the tambour and the dance, praise him with the music of string and reed."

None of the other biblical texts in, for instance, Gen. 31: 27; Exodus 15: 20; Judges 2: 34; 1 Kings 10: 5, 18: 6; Chronicles 13: 8; Job 21: 12; Judith 3: 10, 16: 2; Jeremias 31: 4; Machabees 9: 39, contradict the Psalmist's summons.

When we sing *Cé pour Bon Dieu tambour faite*, the drum was made for God, we are merely repeating what the Bible itself tells us; when we praise the Lord through the drum, we are merely taking stock of an ancient racial patrimony. I once remarked to a lady of Cap Haitien who had been present at several presentations of tamboula, "This is the eighth time I have seen you here, listening to the same themes!" She replied, "Tamboula is always new to me." Another person confided, "During your performance I found myself making interior acts of faith, hope, charity, contrition..." My own sister who is a Daughter of Mary wrote me lately, "We find your tamboulas delightful."

Is not a tree known by its fruits? Let us, therefore, thank God for the revelation tamboula implies and for the spiritual efficacy of its inspired word. With the Psalmist let us keep on singing, "Rejoice we all in honour of the God who aids us... Ring psaltery and tambour!"

Theological aspect

Theology is a science based upon God's word whence it draws doctrinal and moral inferences reason alone is powerless to find. Thus, from the affirmation that "God is the sole Creator of heaven and earth, of visible and of invisible beings", theologians infer, "Every visible or invisible thing, every material or immaterial being in existence is related to God through a relation of strict possession. Therefore, all after their own fashion and according to their nature must carry out the aim of their creation. "The aim of creation is to proclaim the glory of God, i.e., to reveal in some way or another, willingly or not, His perfections, His life, His infinite holiness. Tamboula popularizes this theological conclusion and causes the drum to participate in its own original way in the universal concert which rises in honour of the Creator.

*God made the wood,
God made the leather.
We made the drum,
For our God we made it.*

*How well our tamboula
Sings the glory of our God!*

One need not have studied theology to draw such a conclusion! Enough to know the First communion catechism which teaches that God alone has created heaven and earth, angels and men. Moreover, this catechism explains that there is but one God and that nothing in the breadth of His creation may be used to magnify some other so-called god. Finally it condemns the abomination which consists in honouring, through the drum, real or imaginary beings raised to the rank of divinities.

*Nothing has Satan created;
Not for him shall our drums beat.*

It is only natural for any honest man to disapprove Voodoo in so far as he realizes that the popular drum is not being used for the one true God; in so far as Haitian rhythms are preserved and maintained with idolatrous and esoteric exclusiveness, questioning the Creator's strict and universal right of ownership and of domination.

*Honest folk will always say,
"Voodoo must be put away."*

Indeed, Christians fired by the desire of giving glory to their heavenly Father lose patience whenever they hear the drum throb for any other purpose than to acclaim the God of Jacob, according to the Psalmist's bidding. They want it at least to enrich human hearts and to lead them to their full development. In the fullness of his filial love, the child of God experiences something akin to jealousy for his Father's glory, crying out with indignation:

*The drum was not made for Satan.
Why should it sound for him?
God is a jealous God,
O Haiti, beware, beware!*

Metaphysical aspect

The relation between matter and spirit may be said to be a perception infused in matter by the Creator to be discovered by the spirit. Since both matter and spirit stem from the same creative Principle, the final significance of both can only be to achieve their harmonized being in a symphony of divine glory. It belongs to the spirit to draw



Tamboula accompanied
by conical drum.

matter onwards to this harmonious consummation. "Sun and moon, bless the Lord; stars, frosts, snow, mountains, rivers, oceans, bless the Lord," cries

the prophet Daniel in his Canticle. It was God's own thoughts that the inspired prophet thus expressed.



Musicians-in-the-making improvise on the "vaccine."

But, "when one blind man leads another, they will fall in the ditch together" Mt. 15:14. In other words, if our spirit itself is in the wrong, it will lead matter on a false tract, making use of it, for instance, to another's glory instead of God's. It would be better for drums not to exist, than to have them consciously used in honour of false divinities. Since drums are part of our way of life, we, therefore, must take upon ourselves the responsibility of using them in spirit and in truth to honour the one true God.

*Let the drum sing to God,
Let it praise His name!
Come, sing in harmony,
Let tamboula praise the Lord.*

Pastoral aspect

As Christians, the people of Haiti are under the necessity of singing tamboulas. Should they fail to do so, that is, should they not apply themselves to enlighten the way of the drum and of their native land's rhythms, they would constitute a contradiction and a degradation of the truth, they would hinder a human substance attached to their personality from reaching its unfoldment and





Notre Dame College boasts of a fine band.

bringing forth the divine glory it contains in its germ. Such false Christians Saint Paul denounces as follows, in the epistle to the Romans: "If creation is full of expectancy, that is because it is waiting for the sons of God to be made known. Created nature (wood, leather, and therefore, the drum as well) has been condemned to frustration; not for some deliberate fault of its own, but for sake of him who so condemned it, with a hope to look forward to; namely, that nature in its turn will be set free from the tyranny of corruption, to share in the glorious freedom of God's sons. The whole of nature, as we know, groans in a common travail all the while" (Rm 8:19-22).

In Voodoo cult centres until now, the Haitian drum has groaned and suffered, powerless as it was to beget the glory of Him who created the wood and leather out of which it is fashioned. It is up to us to end the drum's frustration with tamboula, which allows it to sing the praises of the Creator.

*When we reach our home above,
How glad God will be
To hear our melodious tamboula
Bless His name forevermore.*

Our Lord Jesus Christ gave His Church the official mandate to go out and make disciples of all nations, teaching them to observe the commandments He had given. The word of God being once preached, i.e., assimilated by the hearer's mind, necessarily produces a powerful result; it is either rejected out of a disloyalty which man cannot deny and which carries his condemnation, or it is welcomed through faith, the hearer testifying that he believes. Faith consists not merely in saying, "I believe," but more particularly in thinking, loving, willing and behaving in compliance with the new sight with which faith has endowed the soul. All things within and around the believer are assumed by Christ. All the elements which concur in his life, soul, body, language, sentiments, reflexes, habits, temperament, mores, in a word the entire human culture within which he moves, is animated by a new life, takes on in him as a Christian a new significance. Because of Christ to whom his whole being is dedicated, some of the elements making up his personality ought to be developed, others destroyed. Christ who takes nothing away from the world except sin, accepts the responsibility of all else in order to confer upon it a divine value.

Christ is the Word Incarnate. Now, the divine word is necessarily efficacious. Isaias explains this in the following passage: "Once fallen from the sky, does rain or snow return to it? Nay, it re-

freshes earth, soaking into it and making it fruitful, to provide the sower with fresh seed, the hungry mouths with bread. So it is with the word by these lips of mine once uttered; it will not come back, an empty echo, the way it went; all my will it carries out, speeds on its errand" (Isaias 55:11-10).

Whenever a nation allows itself to be penetrated with the Gospel's celestial word, such a nation shows up, of necessity, a form of life until then nonexistent — its own manner of living up to its Christian faith. Thus, the faith which is one in the various nations of earth, possesses expressions which without being contrary to one another are nonetheless different by reason of the mentality and the culture peculiar to each human community. Each nation sings according to its original character the unique Truth received from God.

Here must be mentioned the problem "Faith and Culture." In an article of its October 1963 issue, the magazine *Round Point* speaks of tamboula as the resorption of "Faith and Culture" expressed in rhythm, song, and dance marking our life as Haitian Christians. The gist of this dilemma may be explained as follows.

European missionaries, for instance, have known in their homelands a certain brand of Christianity in which they were born and bred. In the profoundest reflexes of their soul, the faith and its European expression are one. When they reach the mission field, it is natural for them to experience some difficulty in breaking away from this European manifestation of the faith... In the beginnings of their apostolate, they find it impossible to guess what the new expression of the faith on the part of the people evangelized will be. Must they be blamed if they prudently hold on, as far as possible, to their own conceptions of Christianity, at the risk of apparently wishing to Europeanize the people evangelized? Nonetheless, because it finds itself confronted with foreign formulas, this nation finds it impossible to develop along the lines of its own spontaneous cultural values. A crisis ensues. Maladjustment between the two mentalities follow; unrest eventually spreads.

Works similar to tamboula are the answer to such situations. Far from discarding either their nationality or their faith, the elite of this nation are obligated to produce Christian and at the same time national formulas of life and expression. It will be their way of soothing their compatriots who feel ruffled, disconcerted, dissatisfied. "Gently!" they will say, "What God requires is that you retain His supernatural message, not its European expression; truth is not European, but celestial. It



Youngest performers.

is available to all mankind. God is not the God of Europeans, but the one true God of all peoples and of all nations. Let us become imbued with His divine Gospel, and we will in turn begin to express our faith according to the bent of our genius. The proclamation we will make on our own of the same eternal and universal Truth, is our only means of glorifying God and of saving our souls."

Allow me to quote *Round Point* again, even if this quotation relates to me personally. I gratefully acknowledge the appreciation and encouragement tendered me by the editors of this magazine animated by farsighted members of the Haitian clergy. "We have met a creator. Words, rhythm, melody, convey all that popular Haitian culture implies of wit, philosophy, and faith. Thanks to him, the dilemma "Faith and Culture" has been resorbed. Far from being the theme of an annual distribution of awards, Christian humanism is being lived and realized. Whenever it animates a civilization, faith raises it up, the better to make it bear fruit. Borne on the breath of drums and *vaccines* (musical instrument) on the wings of dance songs of proverbial wisdom, biblical canticles, psalms and prayers become the signs of a deeply rooted faith. Créole, tambours, *vaccines*, dances, as well as Father Augustin's tamboulas, all sing the glory of God and the life of man."

*What a joy to make the drum
Sound glory to the Lord!
Brother, if your load is heavy,
If your heart is sad,
Sing a tamboula! God will hear
Your call, God will make you strong
To bear your burden for His sake.*

Psychological aspect

Our race must become consciously proud of its achievements. Because it has known the horrors of slavery, it easily yields to complexes and grows downhearted.

There is no dignity outside of the true and of the good. The elements of error and of anarchy lurking in Haitian Voodoo must be discarded, but those that are good and true must be preserved. With regard to elements which in themselves are neither moral nor immoral as, for instance, beating the drum, marking a rhythm, these ought to be utilized not merely as folklore attraction but as vehicles for truth and morality. This, tamboula accomplishes, rendering Haitians proud of their drums and of their rhythms which all foreigners admire.

Moral aspect

The perfecting of deportment among the dancers whom I have called *God's sambas* is required by the very themes of the tamboulas which they sing and dance. Their manner of dancing is affected by the message their songs transmit, a message with the significance of which they are imbued. The dignity of the subjects infuses in tamboula a wholesome mood entirely at variance with that of voodoo, night club, or carnival dancing. "The sensual aspect of the drum has entirely disappeared," remarked a Port au Prince lady present at three representations.

Tamboula has influenced public morals thanks to the bracing element introduced in its performance. My Port au Prince *sambas* once confided, "Since we learned to dance tamboula we no longer feel drawn to any other kind of dancing."

Spiritual aspect

The relaxation and well-being produced by our melodies, rhythms, dances is the best preparation for the soul to yield rich fruits of faith, hope, and love.

A spirituality which is imposed from the outside is no spirituality at all; it is nothing but a mask. It never is a spontaneous life. We Haitians cannot be spiritual in the manner of Europeans, not even of Africans. The Créole Negro of Haiti is a personal and original entity which ensues from the blending of two cultures, and which represents a third culture. Our spirituality is genuine only when it consists in expressing the newly-discovered unity which we confer on these two cultures. This is what tamboula aims at, for a tamboula, even if it expresses a universal idea, is essentially original and originally Haitian. It stirs the Haitian soul to its depths. After a performance, a friend remarked, "Your tamboula was my evening subject of meditation." Upon witnessing the presentation of a tamboula during Holy Week in Saint Martin church, Port au Prince, a young girl told her pastor, "This is the first time that I really sang and prayed with my whole soul." I personally conducted this performance while Father Attis expertly set off the rhythm on the organ.

Mystical aspect

Thanks to tamboula, we are not bondsmen, transplanted people; we are ourselves just as God made us; we need not borrow from abroad elsewhere, our music, the words of our songs. While remaining our original selves, however, we assure

our spiritual communication with Europe as well as with Africa. European values such as, for instance, objectivity have already found free play in certain tamboulas *Pinga, Vérité*, etc. consign the African wisdom of our proverbs. However, sacred and educational songs still more fully realize the mystical mission of tamboulas. While they develop our spirit of faith, they continually quicken our sense of belonging to the people of God, of being in communion with those who like us are members of Christ's Body throughout the whole world.

Social aspect

The drum is a power in itself. Around the drummer the people assemble; under the spell of his drum beats, all feel on the same footing. Infusing into this power of social cohesion a message of elevation — the word of God — tamboulas have eliminated numerous prejudices. Through appreciation of the popular drum, tamboulas strive to honour the Haitian people among whom this instrument is used on the occasion of *combites* and of festivals. The contempt in which the drum is held by certain conformists belonging to a so-called elite is really contempt for the people itself. I hope that tamboula will gradually destroy these antisocial and anti-Christian sentiments.

Apostolic aspect

He who wants to preach the Gospel, must first of all be sure to make himself understood. In order to make himself understood, in order that the people of Haiti may grasp what the faith requires of them, priests and apostolic labourers must utilize in their exposition of the doctrine an authentic, direct, and stirring method. Tamboulas form an important part of such a method. Not only do they present the gospel message in Créole, but thanks to drums, songs, and dances they give joy to the heart, a joy that facilitates understanding and remembrance of the subjects of predication. I have long been hoping to edit a popular catechism that may be sung.

Conclusion

I cannot conclude this conference without evoking the future. Music, song, and dance are so much part of our being, that we may ask ourselves whether Christianity in our Haitian world is not evolving trends of the religious dance. It would be surprising if our people did not gradually develop a partially dancing liturgy. There is nothing singular or burlesque about this idea. In the Spanish cathedral of Sevilla, a traditional dance is performed in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. Man has ever felt that the steps of the dance, the delicacy, suppleness and harmony of rhythms and of choregraphy constitute a rich symbol of spiritual elevation capable of honouring the Lord and of paying Him homage. Properly Christian sacred dances performed on the occasion of certain ceremonies would assuredly prove an authentic expression of Haitian spirituality. In Africa, Reverend Father Ritzka of Accra's Aquinas College purposes to study, in a serious manner, the feasibility of adapting to cultic ceremonies certain sacred dances, which, on the condition that they be decorously performed, might provide an excellent means of stimulating the piety of Catholics... At least two such attempts have already been made: the first in the Coquilhat-ville Vicariate, Congo, where the Way of the Cross on Good Friday was accompanied by the funeral dances usually executed at the death of a chief; the second in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan where Reverend Father Georgette, missioned in Juba, arranged a series of Christian dances: one in honour of the Christ Child for Christmas, one in honour of Blessed Sacrament, and, lately, one in honour of our Lady for the feast of the Holy Rosary. These dances were performed by young people, but were enthusiastically followed by all the faithful who, for their part, sang and cheered according to local customs.

Who can tell what the future will bring? As far as we are concerned, let us at present be satisfied with our religious tamboulas and dance to our hearts' content to their soothing and educational rhythms.

¹ *Rythmes du Monde*, 1958

PUCALLPA, PERU

Sewing

C O O P



Machine Revolution by Mr. Pierre Granger, P.M.E.

Sr. Angela of the Sacred Heart, M.I.C., leader of sewing machine revolution at Paca Cocha, in Mr. Pierre Granger's Parish.

Dear Canadian friend,

You are, I feel sure an honest citizen, respectful of the laws. Nevertheless you are clear-sighted enough to recognize many a weak point in our civilization and you agree that a social revolution must take place if the world we live in is to become truly Christians and if life is to be made easier for all men. With regard to this matter, I want

to share a secret with you. You undoubtedly find that social reforms are slow in coming and that general apathy is a major obstacle to necessary improvements on this level. Now, I have a plan to speed things up.

Will you share in a revolutionary scheme set afoot in Pucallpa, Peru?



Growing pains of the co-op ; lack of sewing machines. The students must take turns.

This scheme evolved as do all great revolutions. In the beginning, it consisted merely of a small sewing co-operative for a few mothers of families to whom Sister Angela of the Sacred Heart ¹, M.I.C., taught the Antigonish method of economic co-operation ²,

At present the sewing co-operative she initiated has branched off into three centres within city limits. Besides, it has its own sewing school where future seamstresses may follow a specialized course of two year's duration. For these poor women and girls of the Peruvian countryside, this is nothing short of a revolution providing them with abundant and adequately remunerated employment.

However, this is not a revolution of machine guns, but a revolution of sewing machines of which we have not enough. Peaceful weapons such as there are not likely to be smuggled in to us by Communist countries. We need 20 sewing machines to carry through our revolution and to help our youthful students learn their trade, then work after completion of their studies.

Your help is sorely needed. Look at the young girls, on the accompanying photographs; they must await their turn to use the sewing machines because there are not enough to go round. Once they graduate from our school, of what use will it be to them to know how to sew if they have no sewing machine at their disposal? Will they be

¹ Desneiges Brault, Moriaville, Alberta

² *Le Précurseur*, Jan.-Feb. 1961



« Madre » Angela initiates workers into the ways of the Antigonish method.

compelled to take up again the ungrateful tasks formerly allotted to the women of Pucallpa: laundry chores, hawking, not to mention others really degrading to the dignity of their womanhood?

Do join our revolutionary scheme by sending us a few dollars that will go to buy the sewing machines we are in such an urgent need of. In return, we promise you the unending gratitude of

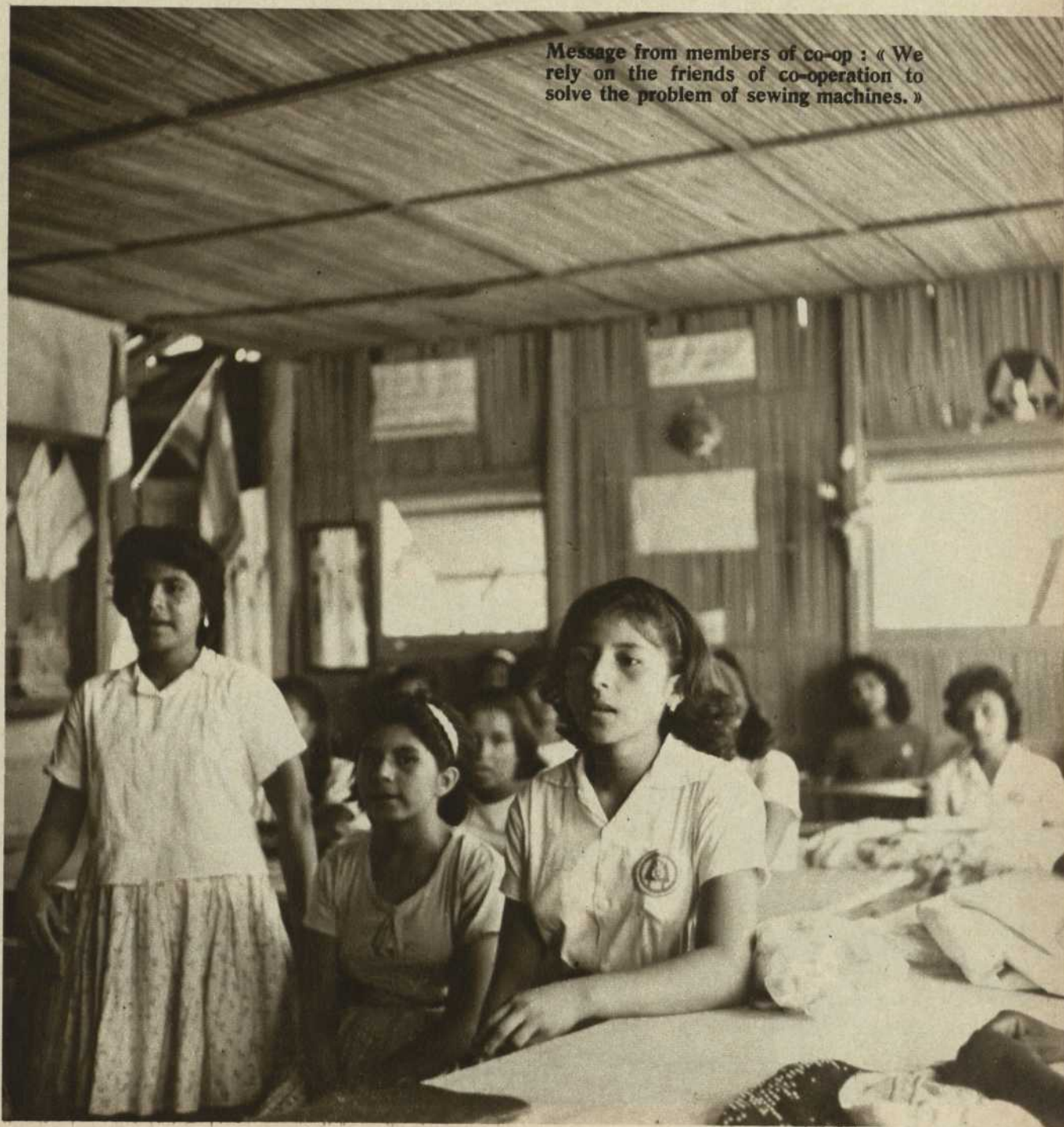
all the Peruvian homes in which life will henceforth
be lived with less misery and greater human and

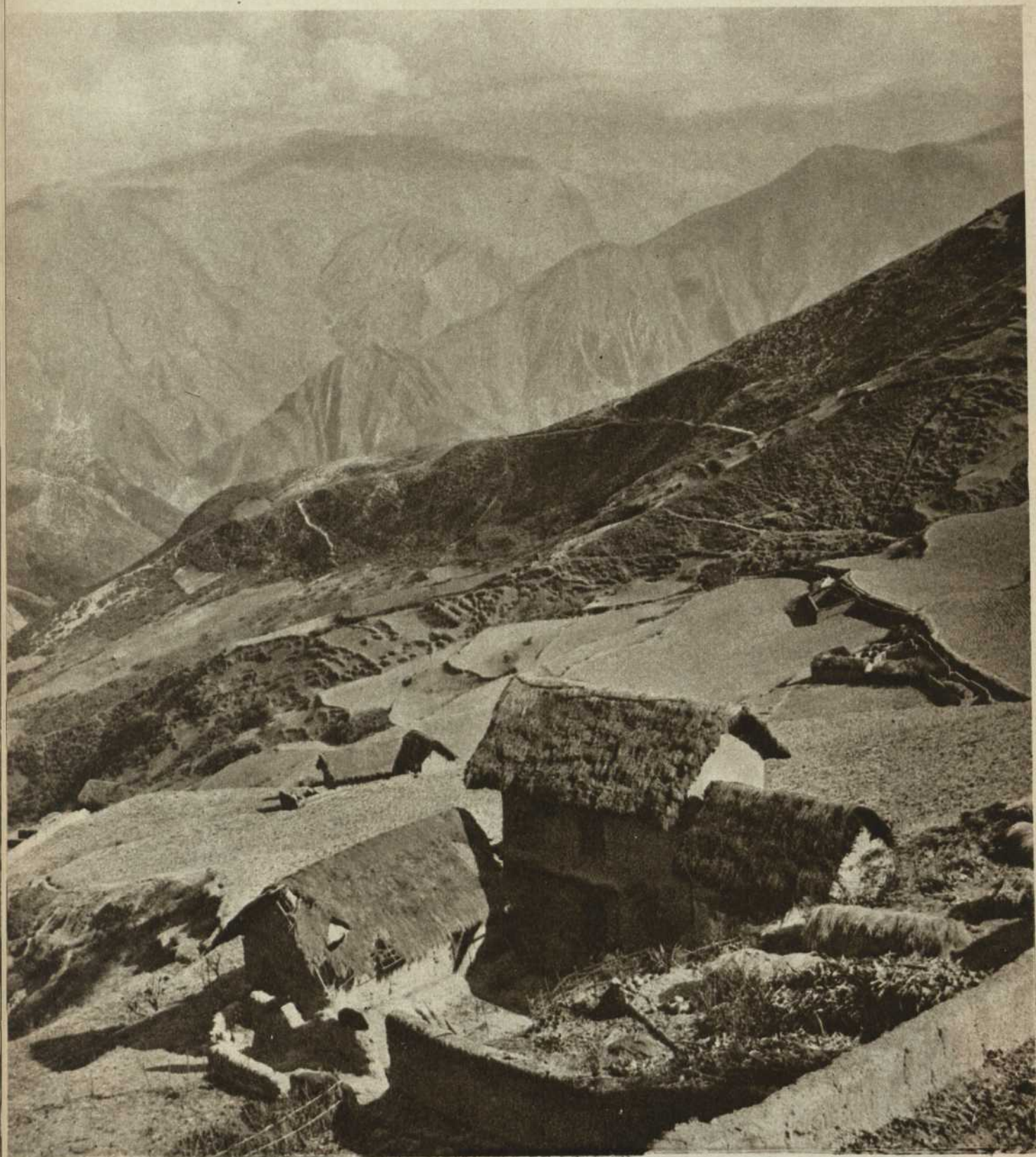
Christian dignity. Your help is extremely impor-
tant.

Mr. Pierre Granger, P.M.E. Foreign Mission Society

Central Procure Laval Co., P.Q.

Message from members of co-op : « We
rely on the friends of co-operation to
solve the problem of sewing machines. »





Farm in the vicinity of Irupana.

BOLIVIA

BOLIVIA'S COLDEST DAY

by Sister Marie Juliette¹, M.I.C.



An Indian woman hospitalized in Irupana.

Saint John the Baptist festival

The feast of Saint John the Baptist is one of Bolivia's most popular festivals. In the southern hemisphere, this day marks the coldest day of the winter season.

According to ancient customs, the people of Irupana begin to light bonfires on the evening of June 23, and keep them blazing merrily until the evening of June 24. These fires, they say, are meant to warm up Mother Earth; to keep rocky surfaces from splitting open under frostbite; to call down blessings upon the fruits of the earth through the intercession of Saint John the Baptist. Besides these communal bonfires, smaller ones are lighted in front of individual farms, or in the middle of fields to ensure fertility of the soil.

Water, doubtless in remembrance of the Jordan where the saint used to baptize, is another traditional element of the festival. Amid public rejoicings, the good folk sprinkle one another with water. Even if this water is icy cold, they firmly believe that no harm can ensue. Moreover, men and women busily wash their heads and clip their hair in order to have it grow lustrous and plentiful.

Another aspect of the festival is the use of omens. People solemnly pour melted lead or pewter into vases filled with water, then carefully observe shapes assumed by the metal as it cools. Resemblance to a penny means good fortune; to a sword, that a military career beckons; to a book, that there will be doctors or lawyers in the family; to an excavation, that death is close at hand; to a flower, that good luck will follow...

Some, in order to prove the future, whip the white of eggs, then gravely interpret their future luck from the resulting mounds of frothy matter.

The Bolivian way of celebrating Saint John the Baptist's feast differs from our own, of course, but the festival is as dear and as traditional to them as it is to us. We join with them, our adopted people, in honouring him who was sent to bear witness to the light.

This year, we received a pressing invitation to join in the festivities at a ranch graciously placed at our disposal for the day by a friend of ours. Sisters Gisèle of the Sacred Heart², Saint Camille³,

¹ Juliette Ouellette, Squattek

² Gisèle Picard, Village-des-Aulnaies



Indians pick up wood for the bonfires.

Saint Damase ⁴, and I, left early in our community jeep decked for the occasion with red, white and blue bunting. Mother Saint Francis, Novice Mis-

triss of the Good Shepherd Sisters in La Paz, was waiting to welcome us with a group of Novices she had taken out to the country for an outing.

³ Gaétane Guillemette, Saint Hyacinthe

⁴ Gisèle Leduc, Clarenceville



Wearing gala dress, they
prepare to celebrate.

The traditional « fogata »

After singing a lively patriotic song, the Novices led us along a pine-bordered avenue to a clearing where a tall fir tree stood ready for the traditional *fogata* blaze. A few folklore dances were performed then fire was set to the resinous branches.

*Light the fire and let us sing
With our dear friends united here...*

Clear voices rose in unison while the flame leaped joyfully into a bright incandescent spire. More folk dances were performed around the bonfire and merry songs were sung.

*Leap, fire, leap,
Light up the friendly night.
Merry flames ruddy and bright,
Leap, fire, leap.*

When the flames gradually died down, we amused ourselves poking the embers and sending up showers of sparks. The Novices begged Mother Mistress to allow them to jump over the fire, Bolivian style, but she refused for fear of accidents which do occur every year on this festival.

The evening programme came to a close with the singing of a hymn to Our Lady of Canada and

of patriotic songs of Bolivia. On the way home, I drove slowly so that all could enjoy to their hearts' content the magic spectacle of bonfires bathing the foothills in golden radiance.

Sadder but wiser

The very next day, a badly burned boy of fourteen was brought to our hospital. He had attempted to jump over a fire according to the custom and had fallen right in the middle.

Two months later, he returned home a sadder but wiser boy who will bear permanent scars of his foolhardiness. However, as the saying goes, " 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." This lad had never had any opportunity to learn the doctrine and to make his first Communion. During the long weeks of his convalescence, he eagerly learned catechism and prayers. How happy he was when the time came for him to receive the divine Guest in his purified heart!

Thanks be to God who continues to draw souls to His love by apparently insignificant events and who deigns to make use of us, poor missionaries, as His instruments in this work of mercy.



GUATEMALA

VISITING REMOTE REGIONS IN TOTONICAPAN

by Sr. Saint Pamphile, M.I.C.¹

A few months ago, Reverend Father Celos, O.S.A., invited us to accompany him to La Concordia, a mountain hamlet, where he goes once in a while to say Mass and to minister to the needs of the faithful living scattered in this remote district.

We took the route passing through Totonicanpan and winding through the Andean foothills. All around us, sharp peaks punctuated the far sky, their shadows bathed in deep purple. Here and there, were terraced patches of vegetable gardens with peasants' cottages

clinging to their shaggy sides.

After a few miles of travelling along steep slopes, we emerged upon a vast, cheerless plateau. As we progressed along the road we met Indians carrying heavy loads on their backs. We were

told they belonged to the Nahuala tribe, once almost as famous as the Maya. They wore skirts of checkered cloth brown, black, and white, doubtless woven on household looms.

Further on, we came upon groups of women busy with laundry chores. They used the *water that smokes*. Guatemala is a land of volcanoes and possesses numerous hot water springs.

After crossing the small towns of Nimasac, Panajot, and Molove set in picturesque surroundings and the village of Solola girdled with large fields of corn, we came at last to La Concordia. Although we had had a rather jolting trip reaching it, we forgot our weariness at the beauty of the site, gay with flowers and shady green trees. The inhabitants gave us a right hearty welcome.

Father immediately began to hear confessions in the small chapel rising in the heart of the place while the catechist set about dusting the altar and preparing vestments for the celebration of Holy Mass.

Sister Saint Maxime² and I knelt with the faithful on the floor covered with fragrant pine needles. Suddenly, we heard a voice calling, "Madre, Madre!" As we rose to see what could be the matter, the catechist beckoned to the front where he had placed for our use two *prie-Dieu* close to the altar. After the Gospel, the pastor gave a short sermon which was translated into Quechua for the sake of those who could not understand Spanish. Three babies wrapped up in colourful shawls were baptized immediately afterwards.

It was nearly twelve when we sat down to a meal of maize soup, *arroz* rice cooked in oil, and

delicious tortillas, a sort of pancakes made from corn flour.

On the way home, we stopped at Nahuala to discuss with the pastor the problem of providing teachers for the local children. The Indians here do not understand Spanish so the teachers

will have to learn Quechua or use an interpreter at least in the beginning.

Quechua Indians wearing brown black and white checkered skirt.



INDIGENAS DE HUENETENANGO
Guatemala

² Jeanne Pelletier, l'Islet



Guatemala housewife preparing « tortillas ».

Photo : United Nations

Our next stop was for Ixtanvacan where we are supposed to open a mission in the not too

distant future. It is reached by a narrow winding road which skirts hair-raising ravines. Here

also, the main difficulty lies in the language barrier.

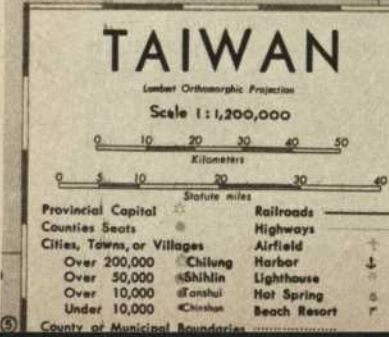
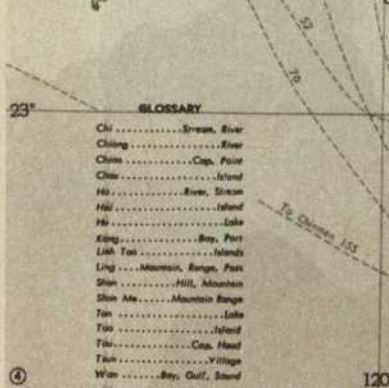
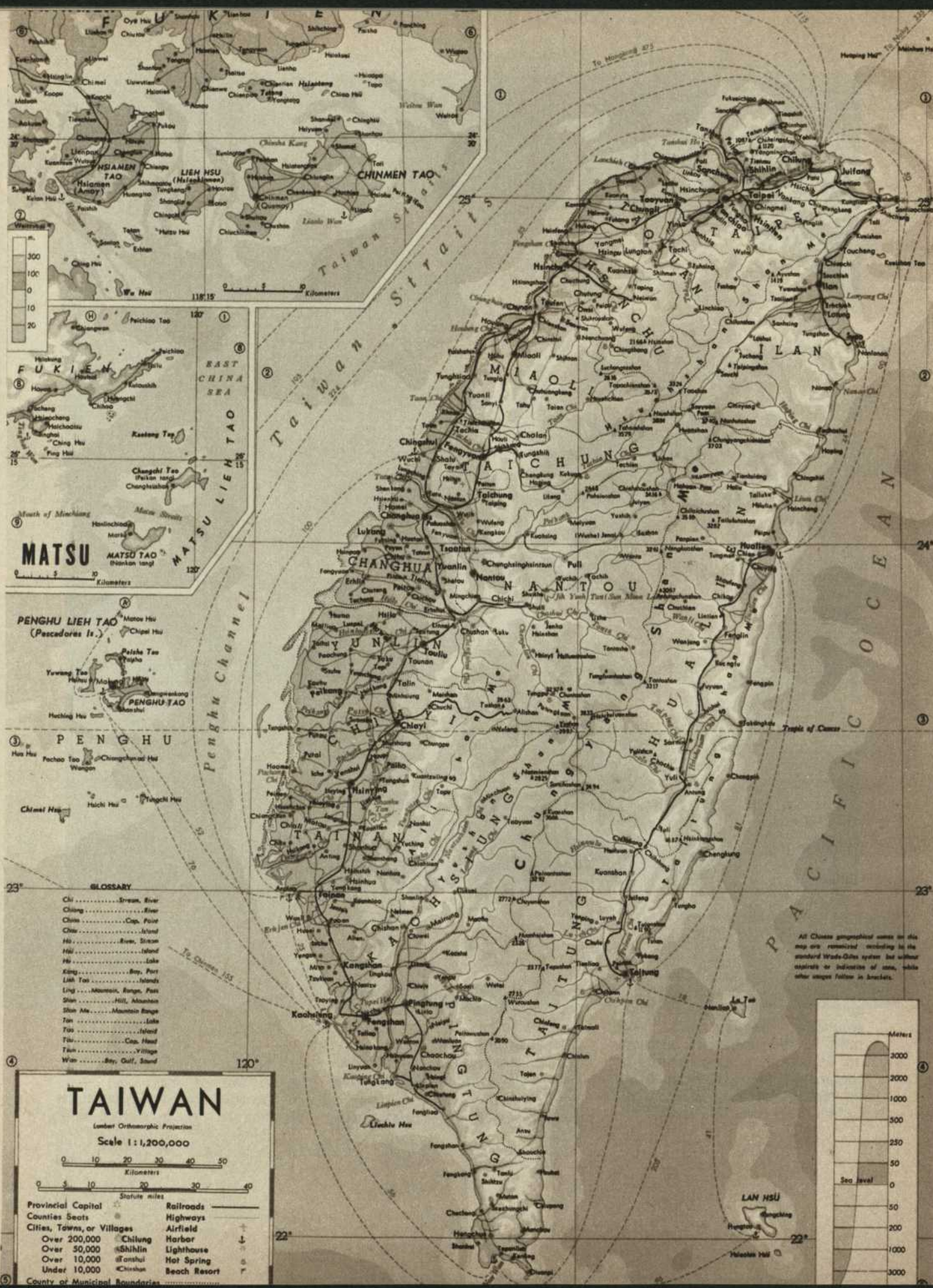


Photo : United Nations

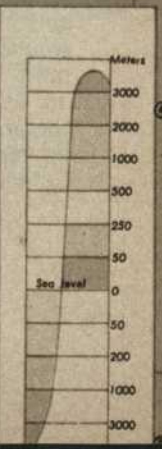
The best way to meet the challenge of these illiterate people would be to use the radio. Since most of the *campesinos* peasants are at present unapproachable by the written word, they ought to be reached by the spoken word. Communists use this means co-

piously to instil their subversive doctrine. It is high time that we use it also so that the Message of the Gospel may reach every mountain hamlet in Guatemala. Who will help us realize this ambition?

How to cook
« tortillas. »



All Chinese geographical names on this map are romanized according to the standard Wade-Giles system but without apostrophes or diacritics of tone, while other names follow in brackets.



BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF TAIWAN

by Sister Saint Edmund¹, M.I.C.

Physical beauty

The first westerners to discover the island in the fifteenth century were Portuguese adventurers who, entranced with its beauty, christened it, "Ilha Formosa, Beautiful isle!"

When His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian visited it in 1958, he laughingly declared that it deserved to be called not *Formosa*, the Beautiful, but *Formosior*, the still more beautiful.

However this may be, anti-Communists who flocked here after the "liberation" of the mainland of China restored to it its ancient Chinese name of Taiwan, Terraced Bay.

Set like a jewel in the blue casket of the Pacific, Taiwan measures 250 miles long by 90 miles wide. Two chains of mountains bisect it lengthwise. To the east, gray cliffs rise precipitously towards peaks soaring more than 10,000 feet. A hair-raising highway, perhaps the most audacious in the world, built by Japanese engineers before World War II links north to south. Its vertiginous loops and bends unfold through cliffs and mountain peaks, in some places driving through solid rock.

Westward, facing the continent of Asia, a fertile plain stretches in queenly sweep down to the sea. Plantations of fruit-bearing trees and fields of sugarcane alternate with the geometric patterns of rice paddies. Here and there, cluster small red-brick houses girdled with vegetable gardens.

The delicate pale green rice fields, the towering mountains, the foaming waterfalls, the azure skies alive with the flight of white herons, and the haze hovering over the landscape give the island an aura of enchantment.

In the distance rise forests of pines, cork-oaks, palms, and huge camphor trees. The wood of the latter, reputed to be incorruptible, is much sought after by Chinese and Japanese cabinet makers. Some of these trees are said to be over one thousand years old.

The foothills are blanketed with shrubs, giant ferns, climbing plants, exquisite orchids, and other colourful flowers. From above, rush down waterfalls laced with froth which spread freshness everywhere.

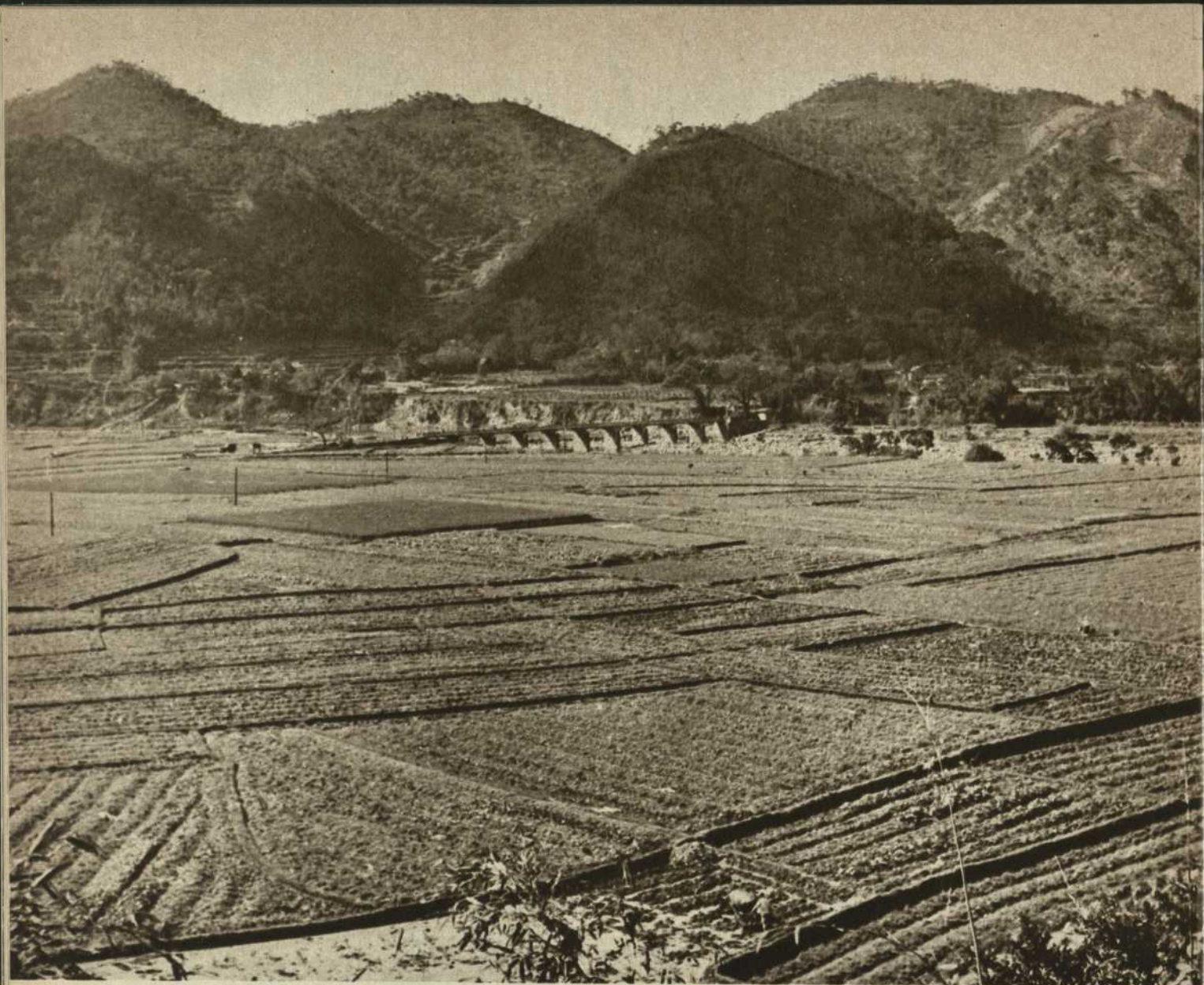
Still lower down, the slopes are tilled in terraces looking like the benches in an open mine. Thrifty farmers work every inch of ground, raising crops of peanuts, sweet potatoes, radishes, Chinese cabbage...

Eventful history

Throughout its eventful history, from a political, cultural, and ethnical point of view, the island has always been considered by China as part of its territory. The first Chinese from the continent arrived here in 607 A.D. Towards 1200, Taiwan already had a prosperous Chinese population placed under the protectorate of China. Portuguese and Dutch colonists reached its shores at the beginning of the 16th century. A Chinese patriot, Cheng Cheng-Kung, still held in great veneration, brought about its liberation in 1661.

In the year 1885, Taiwan was officially acknowledged as a province of the Chinese empire. Some ten years later, the Japanese arrived to invade and conquer. To their credit it may be said that, on the whole, their rule brought prosperity. They immediately set to work tracing roads, building railways, organizing industries. Nevertheless, they exercised considerable ruthlessness in quelling ever-recurring revolts. With the end of World War II,

¹ Irma De Ladurantaye, Cap Saint Ignace



Enchanting Taiwanese panoramas. Note terraced fields on mountain slopes.

Taiwan, allotted to the Chinese, again became Chinese territory with Taipei as capital. It has acquired international importance since, in 1949, two million Chinese fleeing the Red Paradise "came to dinner" and stayed.

Population

Today, Taiwan has a population of eleven million inhabitants, nine million of whom are Taiwanese, i.e., descendants of immigrants who brought from the mother country their peculiar way of life, their dialect, their traditions, their

Buddhist and Taoist deities. During the Japanese occupation, efforts were vainly made to eradicate from the Taiwanese soul the memory of its Chinese cultural past. Throughout the island continues to exist a typically Chinese mentality. Amoy, Hakka, Mandarin, are spoken everywhere. The Chinese calendar, symbol of an ancient civilization, is carefully observed, and the noisy colourful festivals are faithfully celebrated.

Every year, on September 29, memory is kept of China's greatest teacher, Confucius, whose teachings regarding filial piety, kindness, and justice still



inspire the Chinese of Taiwan, whatever their religious persuasion may be.

The millions of refugees who fled the mainland usually speak official Mandarin. For the most part they have been impoverished and uprooted by the advent of Communism, but they are courageous and patient, desirous of building up again a peaceful and normal existence.

Taiwan's population also comprises 150,000 aborigines, of Indonesian stock living in the central mountains, on the east coast, and on Orchid Island

to the southeast. Originally, all of these tribes were head-hunters. Even as late as the first years of the twentieth century many among them still successfully practised this gruesome sport.

Nowadays, about two fifths of these populations have left their mountains for the plains where they have been absorbed by the Chinese. Even for who hold on to their lonely homes, high in the hills, life is rapidly changing pattern. No longer are they primarily hunters but industrious tillers of the soil. Back during the years of Japanese



Modern agricultural methods are now used.

rule, about 200 elementary schools had been established, giving a four-year course in the Japanese language, together with some vocational training. Since the return of Taiwan to China, the Chinese government has made Mandarin compulsory in all schools. Moreover, it has increased the number of primary schools and facilitated the entrance of pupils into middle and secondary schools.

Presumably, with the assimilation by the aborigines of Chinese customs and ways of life, a gradual absorption will take place. Meanwhile, they are for the most part a distinct people, wearing bright tribal garments of rough hand-woven cloth, observing picturesque customs, performing attractive folk dances.

Towards progress

Taiwan is an essentially youthful nation, sympathetic, hard-working, progressive. Democratic principles seem deeply rooted; education at all levels is appreciated. Compulsory schooling begins for the child when he is six years of age. Thanks to this law, illiteracy has dropped to ten percent.

There are 9 universities in Taiwan, the chief being National Taiwan University with its 34 departments. Moreover, students attend 15 colleges, 350 secondary schools, and 10 teaching colleges where 8,000 future teachers are being trained. Primary schools number 1,800. Kindergartens are mushrooming all over the island.

More than 500 periodicals are published. Some stalls rent comics to children who pay a small fee to sit and read. Taiwan also publishes 30 newspapers, 3 of which are English dailies.

For the past several years, industry has progressed by leaps and bounds. Rich in mineral resources, the island operates mines of gold, silver, copper, coal, sulphur, marble, asbestos, petroleum, graphite, mica, aluminum, natural gas, etc.

Sugar holds first rank in food production with a yearly export of 900,000 tons. Cultivation is so intense, that sugar cane is interplanted with sweet potatoes. Other heavy weights in the balance of commerce are tea, salt, timber, and pineapples of which 100,000 are exported canned. Other important industries are, paper mills, cement and aluminum plants, textile mills, fertilizer factories, etc.

The agrarian reform financed by American aid and successfully launched in 1949, has contributed to the improvement of the farmers' standard of living and to the increase in production. Notwithstanding the postwar demographic explosion and the scarcity of arable land — only about twenty-five percent — two annual crops produce enough rice to allow for a 100,000 ton export. A race of agriculturists, the Chinese are perhaps the most active, the most patient, and the most industrious farmers on earth. None like them excel in transforming waste lands, even the gullied slopes of mountains, into fertile rice fields. They are also expert engineers, having learned from their ancestors the art of canalization. Thanks to mills and an ingenious system of canals and water wheels which regulate the flow of water, they succeed in irrigating their fields. The labour this requires is constant and arduous. Nobody any longer gives

credence to the false legend about the dull, sluggish Chinese farmer!

Staunch hope

Not only for the Taiwanese but also for the 15 million Chinese of the Diaspora, Taiwan remains the citadel of Free China, symbol of resistance to

Communism whose ideology and methods run counter to the culture and traditional Chinese way of life.

Should Taiwan disappear, the Chinese Diaspora itself would be faced with the dilemma of choosing

Harvest time in the Beautiful Isle.





Photo: Taiwan Information Bureau

Distribution of fertilizer to farmers.

Communism or of losing its nationality. Free China looks up to its courageous leader, Tchang Kai Shek, whose Chinese name means "firm rock".

Future of the Church

Taiwan is more particularly the hope of Christendom in the Far East. Missionaries expelled from the mainland are amazed at the opportunities offered for conversion. Refugees from the mainland who have suffered the dismemberment of their families, the loss of all their earthly goods, the spurning of human values, experience a great spiritual void. An Apostolic Prefect gives two reasons for the remarkable number of conversions among mainlanders: "First, they find themselves divorced from the local superstitions of their home places. Secondly, they have sounded the depths of human suffering." There is a conditioning of the mind before full acceptance of Catholic doctrine.

To the aborigines, the Catholic doctrine has brought joy and spiritual liberation. Under Japanese rule, all religious propaganda was prohibited. Today, conversions are numerous. Entire clans have asked to be received into the Church, so that after only ten years of apostolate, the mission of Hualien entrusted to Bishop Verineux, formerly a missionary in Manchuria, numbers 55,000 baptized Catholics.

Everywhere on the Island, the Catholic Church enjoys extraordinary vitality. Catholics who numbered a mere 12,000 in 1950, now reach a total of 240,000 plus 50,000 catechumens. Taiwan is divided into one arch-diocese and six dioceses. Over 1,250 catechists collaborate in the work of evangelization. But the task confronting the Church is tremendous. Baptized Catholics comprise only two percent of the total population. The words of the divine Master become more pressing than ever, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few..."

From the humble vineyard of Kuanshi I send out an appeal to all those who are haunted by the desire of extending Christ's kingdom upon earth. Let them come to the Beautiful Isle in order to help break the Bread of Truth to the spiritually famished.





Sr. St. Angela and her catechism pupils.

R A D I A N T D A W N

by Sr. Saint Angela¹, M.I.C.

TAIPEI, TAIWAN

Her very name seemed a pledge of happiness. And yet her existence was harsh and drab, that is until she heard about Him who alone can illumine life with the flame of true joy.

Having lost both her parents when barely out of childhood, she had courageously gone to work, eking out a precarious living by doing laundry chores for wealthy families. When she grew of age to be married, a relative of hers

living in Taipei arranged her marriage to a refugee from the mainland, almost as poor as she.

After her wedding, she continued to take in washing in order to keep the wolf from the door. She had never been robust. Continuous hard work and deprivations of all sorts soon brought on a breakdown in her health. At the close of a particularly laborious day, she suffered a heart attack and was admitted for treat-

ment to the emergency ward of a city hospital. A few days later she was discharged and returned home discouraged at the thought of having to go on working in her weakened condition. It was at this dark moment that a kind friend suggested she call at our St. Louis Clinic where the Sisters would treat her free of charge.

Each time she came to the Clinic, Radiant Dawn listened attentively to the catechist who

dispensed doctrinal instruction to the patients desirous of embracing the Catholic faith. Shortly after, she asked to be enrolled as a catechumen. As she was illiterate and could not, therefore, draw full benefit from the course given in common, Sister Superior entrusted her to me.

At first, I had some difficulty in understanding my catechumen who spoke only a few words of Mandarin. She sat quietly with her hands folded in her lap, her face as expressionless as a Buddha's, so that it was hard for me to know whether she understood my explanations or not. But she was punctual and eager not to miss a single lesson. Before many weeks had passed, her reserve melted into friendliness.

By dint of persevering efforts she learned by rote the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Then, in clear simple words I taught her the principal truths of our holy faith.

When the time came to broach the subject of baptism, she began to be assailed by doubts and apprehension. It is never easy to break with one's past and adopt a new code of life. She held firm to her resolution, however, and humbly prayed for light. At last, the grace of God engulfed her "in a full tide of faith and love" and she asked to be baptized. Reverend J. Bruyères, S.J., who could speak her dialect fluently, examined her on her knowledge of the doctrine preparatory to her being admitted into the Church.

Meantime, the Nursing Sisters at the Clinic spared no pains to help Teresa recuperate, but her progress was slow. With the spring weather, however, she seemed to rally somewhat. She even started building castles in the air as to what she would do for her dear little daughter, her one and only child. The favourite theme of our dialogue now was the goodness and mercy of God, the importance of acquiescing in His Will, no

matter what its decrees may be. At this stage of our relationship, the catechism often became more of a conversation during which we discussed the topics of Christian living.

One day, Teresa arrived late, and in a voice choked by sobs, related how she had gone to the hospital for a check-up only to

be told by the physician that her days were numbered. She clung tenaciously to life for the sake of her child. "I don't want her to go through what I had to endure. I can't bear to think of it. Sister, can't you do something for me?"

**Such was the fate of
Radiant Dawn in her youth.**





Laundry chores in Taiwan.

Gently, I encouraged her to surrender herself to the Will of God. "He will provide for your little girl," I assured her. "Is He not called Father of the orphan? Remember how He cared for you, calling you to the Fold when the bottom seemed to have fallen out of your world..." Gradually, her sobs subsided. I suggested that she hear Mass and receive Holy Communion the following day to have the courage to face facts in a Christian manner. This she did and her resignation was henceforth assured.

As Teresa was now too sick to come to the Clinic, we visited her regularly in her poor home. Her condition was pitiful, her breath came in laboured gasps, and her swollen limbs brought her much discomfort, but she remained serene. "T'ien Tchou hao, God is good!" she murmured as we tried to ease her pain.

When death drew near, in order to make sure that the Sisters would be at hand to usher her into the radiant dawn of eternal life, she asked to be carried to the

Clinic. She died in my arms, smiling at her beloved little daughter, and whispering, "Thank you, thank you for your kindness."

My frequent contacts with pagan souls torn by doubt and fear have awakened in me a deeper sense of gratitude to God for His merciful bounties in my regard. We Catholics, who have had the privilege of being born in the true Church too often fail to appreciate the treasure of faith which we have inherited.



THROUGH MARY TO CHRIST

by Sister Marie Assunta¹, M.I.C.

Childhood years

Why did God grant me the priceless grace of baptism? Why did He choose me as bride of Christ? Why does He continue to bestow countless favours upon me? In the fullness of my heart I can only sing with Maria Sama, "My soul magnifies the Lord... because He has regarded the lowliness of His handmaid..."

I was born in Tokyo, Japan, July 14, 1934, the third child in a Buddhist family. At present, I am the only member of this family to have entered the Catholic Church. I was baptized twelve years ago so that I am still quite young in the faith.

Although they are non-Christians, my dear parents always believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, ruler of the universe and of their lives. Such was the belief transmitted to them by their forebears. Mother faithfully continues to make the

ritual Buddhist offerings before the family shrine. Several times a year, she and Father visit Buddhist temples in order to take part in local festivals. Both still hold firm to various superstitions.

Little ghost-child

When I grew up, Mother told me that the date of my birth was really July 14, not July 17 as I had been led to believe. "You see," she explained, "You were born the second day of *O Bon* (Buddhist All Souls' Day) and I was very anxious about you lest you turn out to be a little ghost child whom the spirits would soon carry away... You were so precious to me as the first girl child after three boys, that I withheld the news of your birth until the festival was over and the spirits had safely gone back to the nether world."

You are doubtless wondering about this *O Bon*

¹ Theresia Miyoko Kofuji, Tokyo, Japan



Miyoko at secondary school...

at Nursing School.



festival. Let me explain. The time-honoured annual Feast of Lanterns or *O Bon* is held by Buddhists throughout Japan during three days starting July 13, for the relief of the spirits of the dead. During this season, family graveyards are swept clean and decorated with flowers and incense. On the evening of July 13, family groups carrying lighted lanterns hasten to the cemetery to fetch the *oshoro sama* pure spirits. When home is reached the spirit-guests are lovingly greeted and ushered into the living room where the table is spread with the delicacies they used to enjoy. After being entertained by the whole family, the spirits are led back to the cemetery with lighted lanterns on the evening of July 15.

The *oshoro sama* never did claim me as their "ghost child" so I grew up as other children do. Often I reflected in my heart that God must surely exist. I felt myself irresistibly drawn to the Creator who lavished so much beauty all around me, beauty of tranquil valleys, of wooded hills, of purling rivers. Nevertheless, until I was seventeen, I knew nothing about Christianity.

Under the sign of the Rosary

One day that a festival was being held at the public school I then attended, I helped with the table service together with a friend of mine. As she slipped on an apron, a strange object fell out of her pocket. I picked it up for her and inquired, "Is this a new sort of necklace?"

"Don't you know?" she replied. "This is what Catholics call a rosary. They use it to pray Maria Sama."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Not yet, but I am under instruction. Would you like to accompany me to a Catholic Church?"

I gladly acquiesced. That same day on our way home we stopped for a short visit at one of the many Catholic churches in Tokyo. Kneeling in front of the altar, I felt my heart flooded with peace, and I understood that God wanted to draw me close to Himself.

Shortly afterwards, I became a catechumen. My parents were a little anxious about my taking up the study of the Catholic religion because they entertained certain prejudices against it. But as they wanted only my happiness, they gave their assent.

I was baptized one year later, August 15, 1952. The friend who had led me to the Fold did not herself enter it. How deep and mysterious are the ways of divine Providence!

My happiness was very great at being a Christian and I wanted to share this happiness with my dear people. My secondary studies over, I made up my mind that the best means for me to win

many souls to God would be to become a registered nurse. Accordingly, I enrolled at the Nursing School conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Thanks to the three years spent in this establishment, my new found faith was greatly strengthened. Towards the close of my studies, I heard the call to the religious life. I still wanted to take care of the sick, but as a Sister. However, I remained in the dark as to what congregation I should join.

I break the news home

To say that my family was surprised at my decision is putting it mildly. Like the traditionally devoted parents that they were, Father and Mother had been prudently making preparations for my eventual marriage. They, therefore, vetoed my project. Being the only Christian in the family did not make things easy for me. As time went on, and my parents continued to oppose my resolution, I turned to the Blessed Mother with a frantic appeal for help.

After my graduation, I worked for a while as a nurse in the Franciscan Sisters' hospital. One of my patients happened to be a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception. During the course of her stay at the hospital, I came to admire the spirit of her Community. I confided to her my struggle to be true to God's call. When about to be discharged, she offered me a position as a registered nurse in an orphanage of which she was the Superior in the city of Koriyama. The plan appeared to provide a way out of my difficulties.

I immediately asked my parents' permission to accept it. At first, I met with a refusal. "Why leave Tokyo where you have a good position?" my father wanted to know. I answered that I thought a year in the quiet of a city like Koriyama would prove a rest after my three strenuous years of study in the hectic atmosphere of the capital. Mollified, Father at length gave his consent and I left for Koriyama.

A year later, I returned home and told my parents that my mind was irrevocably made up to enter the novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Tokyo. My father loudly voiced his disapproval while my mother silently wept, and I wept with her. Remembering how I had been born during the *O Bon* festival, she murmured, "You were not really my child... The *o shoro sama*, pure spirits, have claimed you at last!"

I embrace religious life

With the assistance of Maria Sama, I kept my promise. Although my heart was sore at leaving my beloved parents who could not understand my



Miyoko (seated) on the day of her baptism.

motives, I was happy to dedicate my entire life to God in religious life.

Ever since, upheld by the love of Christ and the fraternal affection of my Sisters, I have led a joyful life. I would not exchange this life against all the treasures in the world.

My dear family is still non-Christian, but I hope that eventually all its members will become the children of God through baptism. They are now content to know that I am happy in my chosen vocation. My dear father often remarks to my mother, "Our family is blessed by the fact that we gave our dear daughter to God."

I owe the priceless gift of faith to the zealous missionaries who left their homeland to preach the Gospel in Japan. I owe it also to the Catholics of the rearguard who pray and make sacrifices so that all non-Christians may come to know and to love the one true God.

Thank you, dear Lord! Bless all those who have helped lead me to Your feet.

*Reflections of a youthful Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception
on her foundress, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit*

MUSINGS

BEFORE A PORTRAIT

Gazing at your beloved portrait I feel at once abashed by your noble bearing and proud of being a member of that religious and missionary family you gave to the Church and to the homeland.

In this, our Motherhouse, everything recalls your presence and yet, how I long to know you just as you were! I like to picture you, eyes bright with gracious kindness, face reflecting inner radiance. I fancy I hear your voice ringing from the past like a bell, calm, vibrant, filled with tenderness. Oh, if I could only engage in a dialogue with you, Mother, so as to learn to know your innermost thoughts...

Your deep and constant humility fascinates me. How well you knew how to instill in your daughters love of the hidden life, of a selfless apostolate that seeks but the glory of the Master Missionary!

Your unquenchable zeal inspired hundreds all over the world, bidding them spend themselves for the noblest of all causes. Your kindness held the golden key to the fortress of the human heart.

In those who now guide the destinies of your Society is found the

same steadfastness blended with mercy that was yours.

You were characterized by prompt adaptation to the decisions of the Church. This your daughters keep in mind. The remembrance of your life always attuned to the divine will helps them accept trials and hard blows such as, for instance, the annihilation of flourishing establishments which had cost them untold sacrifices. Here, I remember the missions of China, of Cuba razed by the whirlwind of Communism. Of all the labours involved, only intangible spiritual values remain. To accept adversity as well as prosperity, in a joyous spirit of thanksgiving, such was the hallmark of your spirituality.

In your person I admire a genuine religious of our modern times uniting the contemplative to the active life. Zeal for souls relentlessly spurred you on to action. I can well understand that because of this spirit of zeal your houses are so many hives in full activity.

Your heart, your spirit, your virtues are daily reproduced within this Society you founded at the cost of so much travail. Your

human heart has even been preserved as the priceless token of your maternal tenderness and protection, as a call to remain ever closely united spreading, far and wide, tidings of ecumenical charity.

I have but to look around me to find you living over again in each one of your daughters, labouring, praying, endeavouring to give souls to Christ and make Mary Immaculate better known and loved the world over.

To you we are indebted for the honour of serving the Church today under the aegis of the Immaculate Conception. In union with our Lady of the Annunciation you have responded by a loving FIAT to the divine call. With what ardour you cherished Our Blessed Mother! Always you had recourse to her in your trials and reverses. She it was who formed you to be a strong, tender mother, a tireless apostle, a daughter fully surrendered to the will of the heavenly Father.

Supposing you had refused to obey the Lord's bidding, where would we all be today? What a heavy responsibility it is to dis-



claim incurring a risk for the Lord!

Remembering that you are our

Mother, we, your daughters are filled with rightful pride and overflowing gratitude. We want to go

on offering in your name an unceasing hymn of thanksgiving to God for all His mercies.

THANKS TO MOTHER MARY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT FOR

Favours Received

I am sending alms for your works. Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit never fails me.
Mrs. F. H. Gilles, Hyannis, Mass.

Please send me pictures of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. I want to distribute many so as to make her better known. My sister who was at the hospital very ill and beyond human medication, was cured during the course of a novena made to obtain the beatification of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.
Miss M. H., Three Rivers, P. Q.

Thanks to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for certain favours obtained.
Mrs. A. B., N. D. du Laus

Thanks to the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, I have recovered from an illness when I despaired ever getting better. More than ever, I feel urged to pray for the glorification of your foundress.
Mrs. E. C., Saint Lazare

I am grateful to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for recovery after surgery.
Mrs. F. C., Montreal

Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit cured me of my deafness.
Miss L. C., N. D. des Laurentide

I came to know your foundress through the good offices of a friend. I prayed to her for a long time and she finally obtained the favour I requested.
Mrs. A. L., Saint Johns

Thanks for the two favours obtained through the intercession of your foundress.
Mrs. A. M., Ottawa

Through the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, I obtained two favours.
Mrs. M. P. B., Granby

Prayer for the beatification of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

Almighty and eternal God, who didst will to make use of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit in the extension here below of Thy kingdom and that of the Immaculate Virgin, we trustingly ask Thee to glorify Thy faithful servant by granting us through her intercession, if such be Thy holy will, this grace, this cure, etc..., and may this favour incline us to follow the examples and imitate the virtues of her whose memory we revere.

Ave Maria. — O Mary, conceived without sin.

With the authorization of the Ordinary of Montreal, April 10, 1962. No 509

Persons who obtain favours after prayers offered for the glorification of the servant of God are requested to inform the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 2900 Saint Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal (26)

MESSAGE FROM KERALA

I borrow the voice of *The Precursor* in order to thank all the charitable persons who have sent me rosaries, used English Catholic books and magazines, etc.

In Kerala, more particularly in Trivandrum, the capital, centre of Communist activities in India, such objects are doubly appreciated. Please continue your generous help.

N. T. John

Address: Bosco Cottage, Kunnukuzhi, Trivandrum 1, Kerala, India

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 St. Joseph Street
CHICOUTIMI, P. Q., 766 Cenacle Street
SAINTE MARIE, Box 358, Beauce County, P. Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain Street
OTTAWA, 30, Goulburn Avenue
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, 83 Cheng I Lu, Hsinshu Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China
SHIH KUANG TSE, Hsinchu 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
HSINCHU CITY, Cheng Mou Yuen, Choei Yuen chiai no 49,
Koang Fou Li

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
TANANARIVO, Tsaramasay
MAHABO, via Morondava

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
LA PAZ, Academia Santa Rita,
Calles Juan Granier y Entre Rios, casilla 769

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, Florentino Torres St.
PADADA, Davao Province
BAGUIO City, 11, Pacdal, Box 83

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, St. Theresa's Parish, Champira P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
MZAMBAZI, St. John's Parish, Eutini P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
RUMPI, St. Patrick's Parish, Rumpi P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
KARONGA, St. Mary's Parish, Karonga P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
KASEYE, St. Michael's Parish, Fort Hill, P. O. Box 99, Malawi,
Central Africa
NKATA BAY, Nkata Bay, P. O. Box 9, Malawi, C. Africa
MZUZU, Mzuzu P. O. Box 24, Malawi, C. Africa
FORT JAMESON, P. O. Box 107, Zambia, C. Africa
KANYANGA, Lundazi, P. O., Zambia, C. Africa
NYIMBA, Sacred Heart Hospital, Zambia, C. Africa
CIKUNGU, Kazimuli, P. O., Zambia, C. Africa



Sunday morning in Camp Perrin, Haiti.