A black and white photograph of a woman in traditional Korean attire. She is wearing a white headscarf (norigae) with a floral pattern and a dark, vertically striped, quilted jacket. She is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera. To her left is a large, tall bundle of straw, tied with ropes. The background shows a wooden structure, possibly a fence or part of a building. The overall tone is historical and cultural.

Montreal, November-December 1953

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The Precursor

The Precursor

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COVER PHOTO: SMILING COUNTRY LASS OF JAPAN.



THE YOUTH OF CHINA
TO MARY

Lady of China, glorious Empress,
Lo, at thy Court, crimson dynasty,
Our martyrs through while we
To their triumphant paean unite
Our plea.

In their footsteps may we follow, fearless,
Along the bloody Way.
Ready to live the Credo in fullness,
To bravely endure for the right to pray
The shackles of pain, the harrowing plight.
Let combat within our hearts a quenchless
Flame enkindle, fair Mother of Light.
To conquer the goddess;
To vanquish hate
Through the victory of love,
Let this be our fate.
Behold at thy feet, glorious Lady,
Thy Legion gathers to swear thee fealty.
Lady of Zoze, merciful Empress,
When mangled and torn, in the cruel strife,
The captives for Christ appeal unto thee,
Ah soothe, with gently
Lenient hand,
Their tortured limbs. Loosen their galling bands.
Linger still near while the Mass of their life
Comes at last to the Ite Missa Est,
And usher them into unending rest.
Mother of Light,
Dispel the ominous darkness
That shrouds our land in fearsome night.
Thou palace-temple of the mystic East,
Welcome us home to the eternal Feast.

M.I.C.

The Holy Ghost

— Secret Society

Shou Yi the only Catholic student enrolled at one of the Faculties in a large University provided an easy target for the attacks of the professor of politics. Once in a while she was forced to undergo series of questions in the office of this individual who insisted on "processing" her along Marxist lines. Shou Yi happens to be by nature a person of very few words; so these proddings would ordinarily draw from her a mere yes or no. Her reticence greatly exasperated the misguided teacher. "Enough of this" he rasped one day, "You are going to tell me your personal opinion towards the government. Why are all the Catholics reactionists?"

The habitually silent Shou Yi unexpectedly became eloquent. "We, Catholics, are not reactionists. Our Church has been founded by God Himself that is why it is called *Tien Chu Chiao*. Christ, our Founder, said 'Heaven and earth shall pass but my words shall not pass!' Our Church is eternal. Study your history. For two thousand years, how many *isms*, philosophies, 'Wei Ta' (expression meaning power and majesty which in Communist parlance has come to mean government, people, party, etc.) how many States have passed away; yet, the Church lives on and will live on forever. Even though I am the only Catholic in this University, even though I were the only Catholic in China, nay the only Catholic in the whole world I would still remain faithful to the Church, for it alone has the promises of eternity. My Savior offered up His life for me I would be happy to give mine for Him, for my Faith. The government would do well to meditate these considerations before blaming the Catholic Church."

While the young girl paused for breath, the infuriated professor pounded the table with his fist and snarled: "You, Catholics, are all the same. You certainly belong to a secret society. Today you will speak out. What is this society?"

Shou Yi calmly replied: "Even if I explained you would not understand, but since you ask I will tell you . . . Our Secret Society is the Holy Ghost. If throughout the whole world we, Catholics, believe and say the same things it is because the same Spirit dwells in our hearts and speaks through our mouth."

Once outside the office, the reserved Shou Yi was bewildered at her own eloquence. She had just experienced the truth of Christ's words; "When you shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, take no thought how or what to speak: for it shall be given you in that hour what to speak . . . For it is not you that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."

Adapted from C. M. B.

The Devil Loses Face

SR. LAZARUS OF BETHANY(1), M.I.C.

In the latter part of February, a priest called at our convent to inquire whether one of our Sisters speaking Mandarin could go out to visit a sick person who wished to study the doctrine in view of receiving Baptism. I had just stepped across the Iron Curtain when Sister Superior assigned me to this pleasant duty. Well and good, I reflected. Here was the wished for occasion of getting even with the arch-enemy of souls who had pestered me in every way during my last months in Red territory and of making him lose face. My catechumen was called Mrs. Tien. Crushing trials and mishaps of all sorts had finally driven this lady and her husband to their knees before the Lord of Heaven whose Providence had tenderly watched over them and rescued from many dangers. Both greatly admired the Catholic Church and its teachings. During the Japanese occupation they had even solemnly promised to embrace it as soon as possible. Mr. Tien related his story as follows, "One day as we Chinese hid in one of the mountain fastnesses, we suddenly realized to our horror, that Japanese soldiers had completely encircled us. A fearful massacre ensued as we desperately tried to escape. On the point of being captured, I cried out to the great Master of heaven and earth, 'Thchou, (Master) save me ! I believe in Thee.' The cave where



1. Josephine Couturier, Piopoliste P. Q.

I was hiding lay in almost complete darkness. At the very moment when I cried out to God in my anguish, I suddenly beheld a beam of light pointing like a mysterious finger at a narrow canal whose existence I had until then absolutely ignored. Cautiously I crept up to it, thanks to the heavenly light, and thus effected my almost miraculous escape. Then and there I vowed to become a Christian. Soon after this event, hostilities came to an end and I grew so deeply engrossed in material affairs that I forgot about my promise. The Catholic religion continued to hold much attraction for me but its moral standard appeared beyond my reach. During those years of prosperity I did not feel the need of God as I had in my hour of peril. Then God brought me back to my senses once more by punishing me for my lack of generous responsiveness. Since the so-called liberation by the Reds, I have lost my fortune. To crown all my trials, my wife has fallen a prey to a grievous disease. Now, she longs to be baptized and I want to satisfy this yearning of hers. My hour has not yet come . . . I am not ready just now but some day I surely will become a Christian also."

Mrs. Tien proved the most docile and diligent of pupils. When Easter came around she had learned the principal prayer formulas and mastered the elements of catechism. The Pastor of the parish where she lived declared her ready for baptism. Such was his wife's overflowing happiness, that the still hesitant husband suddenly declared, "I also wish to be baptized, not later on but right now." To test his sincerity, I told him to plead his own cause with the parish priest. This he immediately did with the result that Mrs. Tien's reception into the Church was postponed until Pentecost in order that both could be made children of God on the same day.

During the months that followed, they prayed and studied together. Morning and evening they knelt side by side to offer their homage to their Creator. While reciting her daily Rosary, Mrs. Tien always offered one decade for her dear convert. The latter never left for his office without taking his catechism along to study in his spare moments. When he came home from work, both would comment and discuss difficult passages with the eagerness of school age children.

On May 31, Mr. and Mrs. Tien were baptized in the Rosary Church receiving the Christian names of Anne and Joseph. They made their First Communion on Pentecost Sunday in our little Convent chapel. During the gala breakfast which followed the ceremony, Mr. Tien kept repeating, "What will Heaven be like if religion brings one such happiness even here below?" The privileged couple took their leave saying, "We will spend this whole day in thanksgiving for all the precious graces bestowed upon us. At long last we have attained our goal in life."

Since then Mrs. Tien spends her days in prayerful solitude. She confided to me the other day, "Sister, I love to recite the Rosary. I offer the first decade for the Holy Father so that his enemies may cease their shameful outrages. Then I pray for the Catholics of my persecuted country that God may grant them faithfulness until the end. For myself, I beg the grace to be a fervent

Christian. I also pray for my husband, for my daughter who still lives behind the Iron Curtain, for my relatives and acquaintances that all may come to the knowledge of the true Faith. My last decade I offer for the poor souls in purgatory. Prayer is my strength and comfort. It helps me to endure the pains of illness and the enforced inaction that used to weigh me down so oppressively. Now, I feel happy in the thought that I can help others by suffering and praying for them."

Why CATHOLICISM Has Not Been Wiped Out In China

The Chinese communist premier, Chou En lai, cannot understand why Catholicism has not been completely wiped out in China.

He expressed his annoyance at the continued existence of the Faith as he spoke to a group of subordinates in Peking. Pacing back and forth and gesturing angrily, he shouted at the group:

"The Japanese army was large, well equipped and well organized, but we communists vanquished it. The reactionary Nationalist forces were also large and well supplied, but we beat them down. The Catholics in China are a relatively small, powerless force. Still after waging war on them for more than a year we have not wiped them out. Why?"

The story of the Red premier's bewilderment was told here by Dom Paulinus Lee, Chinese Trappist prior, who heard it from Bishop John Ramalho, S. J., of Macao.

The persecution of the Church has actually strengthened the Faith in Red China, the Trappist prior said. He supported his opinion by quoting Bishop Lorenzo Bianchi of Hong Kong, who was only recently expelled from Red China.

"The Church in China is in a wonderful position." The prior quoted Bishop Bianchi, "Before its persecution by the communist the Church was almost unknown in China. Today it inspires the admiration of people all over China, thanks to the publicity given it by the communists themselves." — (Tosei News)

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp \$50.00

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|---------------------------------|---|---|
| Vigil light or candle | { | 10 cents each 90 cents for a novena \$ 3.00 for a month 35.00 for a year |
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VISITING

Our Haitian Posts

SR. ST. MARY MAGDALEN(1), M.I.C.



On March 21, I arrived at Les Cayes to set out again on March 23 for Les Coteaux, our most distant mission to the South. Horses, jeeps, and trucks are the only means of transportation along the coast.

As we left for our mission trip, we were fortunate enough to secure two springless seats in front of the truck while in the rear, the other passengers sat packed like sardines. The heavy luggage was piled sky-high over the hood. Even animals boarded the conveyance. Of course there was the usual motor trouble which gave us a chance to chat with the peasants in the neighboring fields. A mother proudly displayed her baby, a lovely sturdy child, as black as coal. As I made a show of distributing

medals, in the twinkling of an eye a crowd, emerging from I don't know where, gathered around us. Black hands, large and small, waved at half-mast while voices chorused, "A little medal, a little medal, please." Soon our provision was exhausted, but at the sight of a few safety pins accidentally mingled with the medals, the refrain spontaneously changed to, "Small pins, good Mother, small pins, please!" The crowd was so dense that we had a hard time getting back to our car.

The first convent of the Immaculate on the coast is at Port-Salut. Our dusky driver who had badly crushed one of his fingers and could not go on, left us with our dear Sisters. What a welcome we received! One after the other the Sisters dashed out into the entrance hall with exclamations of surprise. My white veil (in tropical climates white veils are worn because of the heat) caused much excitement. One Sister unable to hide her impressions any longer, exclaimed, "Why, Sister, you were so dark at the Motherhouse — and now you are almost fair!" It would have been impossible to assert the same thing of me at the end of my trip.

From Port Salut, we rolled towards Roche a Bateau. Seldom have I seen such picturesque scenery as that which unfolded on either side of the road. On the right, the rays of the late afternoon sun shimmering over the waters of the bay, graced every wave with a crest of amethyst and gold; on the left, precipitous ravines blanketed with rich tropical foliage plunged down vertiginous depths. One false move of our truck might have spelt instant

1. Anne M. Magnan, Berthier, P.Q.

death for the passengers on the sharp rocks below. Driving along a road that climbed by switchbacks and hairpin turns, we finally reached Roche a Bateau around 6 P.M. Nobody was expecting us. A few moments of pleasant conversation, then we hurried on, for darkness had already fallen. An hour later, we stepped off the truck at Les Coteaux. Here also we took the Sisters by surprise while they were enjoying their recess on the balcony facing the sea.

We spent Palm Sunday at this Mission Post. Biblical scenes were vividly recalled to our minds by the primitive pattern of village life. Tiny, faithful burros performed the chores of the farmers. By the seashore, fishermen plied their trade mending nets, scooping up a variety of small fish. Women sauntered from the community well with their water jars gracefully balanced on their heads. As they came and went on this first day of Holy Week, the people carried their blessed palms about. Mammams always bring their babies to church. Oh, the charming concerts that result! One day a woman came in late leading by the hand a wee maid of three or four summers. As

SR. ST. MARY MAGDALEN ADMIRES THE "FLOWERS" OF HAITI.



there were hardly any places left, I motioned the child to sit on the kneeler of my priedieu. She did so, remaining as quiet as a mouse, shyly stealing glances up at me once in a while. I gave her a holy picture and so deeply absorbed in its contemplation did she become that all I could see of her was her curly top, two little braids looped with blue ribbon sticking out comically on either side.

In the various classrooms visited, I struck up many a warm friendship with the pupils. Haitian children are lovable but, mischievous as any. The teachers often have their hands full maintaining order and discipline.

Missionary life in these islands is anything but romantic. No missionaries should venture out here without a generous dose of self-denial inspired by a deep and abiding love of God and souls. It certainly is no spree for Sister Nurses to dress open, fetid sores all day long in spite of the terrific heat which sends the sweat cascading down faces and hands. I spent a few hours visiting the Port Salut dispensary during the hottest season and my habit and coif were wet through and through.

The scenery is magnificent. From the windows our gaze lingers on the vast expanse of the silver-sparkling waters of the Caribbean where innumerable fishing craft rock in the breeze. It was during my stay at Roche a Bateau that I discovered myself aptitudes for riding on horseback over the mornes. In case you might feel inclined to doubt my word, I had a photo snapped just as I was mounting Princess.

On May 27, I was back home in Los Arabos, Cuba, in time for the spectacular downpours of the rainy season. In no time at all, the rain flooded the houses, transformed the patios into miniature lakes, blotted out the roads leading to our *Colegio*. Pupils and teachers enjoyed impromptu holidays as no one could go out in the face of such a deluge. The rain is powerless to cast a pall of gloom over the merry moods of the San Juan Bosco personnel. This morning, June 3, the young as well as the no longer young Sisters opened the "conge" with a roundelay. Life on the missions is just simply wonderful.



Go, friend, in spirit and kneel beside the Crib at Bethlehem. That little Baby is your Lord and God, the Omnipotent Creator of all things. He is so infinitely powerful that it was mere child's play for Him to create the entire universe and everything in it. With a mere flick of His tiny finger, He could in one single instant bring it all back into nothingness again.

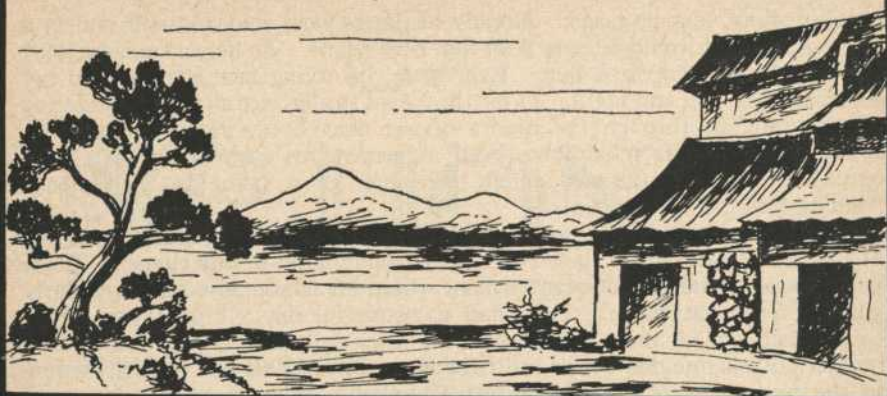
He is powerful enough to do all these things — but He cannot force you to love Him. And He yearns for your love more than anything on heaven or earth. You, His creature, have that little Baby — Almighty God Himself — at your mercy, so to speak.

If you will have pity on that tiny little Babe and give Him the love He yearns for, He will in return give you the human peace of mind, the internal happiness, and the freedom from fear you seek in these troubled days, and which the world cannot give you. And not only that, because "eye has not seen or ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for those who love Him" . . .

(Reprinted from *Leaves*)



THE REFUGEES GET THEIR QUOTA OF SMILES ALONG WITH PRECIOUS FOOD RATIONS AS SR. ST. PHILIP MAKES HER ROUNDS.



In Our Kowloon Mail

SR. ST. PHILIP(1), M.I.C.

On Reverend Mother General's feast day, July 22, I spent a few hours visiting the sick in the paupers' hospital with Sr. St. Lazarus(2). Near the entrance of the establishment we espied, lying on the flagstones, a poor man of about forty shaking with fever. I wished it could have been in my power to give him at least a mattress to lie on! Before going in, we spoke a few words of comfort about God and gave him a drink of water for which service he thanked us profusely.

Once inside the wards, we found many pearls of great price to offer our dear Savior. Three dying adults and twenty-three babies were baptized in His name. Dear Mother General and my own beloved little sisters in the homeland were given many namesakes among them. An old patriarch of eighty-eight wearing a perennial smile on his wizened face inquired whether he was too old to be made a child of God through Baptism. We taught him to make short but fervent acts of Faith, Hope, and Contrition, then we poured the purifying waters over his wrinkled forehead.

In the children's ward, parents often presented their dying little ones to us so that we might give them their passports to heaven. Out of respect they did not wipe away the baptismal water used to regenerate these babies.

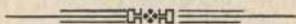
Coming out of the hospital, we again crossed the courtyard where lay the sick man we had found alone and unattended in spite of his desperate condition. He lay face upward, the noonday sun shining down fiercely upon his fever-racked frame. His wide-open eyes held a glassy stare and his breath

1. Annette Beaudoin, Champlain, P.Q.

2. Juliette Rainville, Beauport, P.Q.

came in short, hissing gasps. Already his limbs were cold and stiff and in a few moments all would be over with him here below. As he was unconscious, we conditionally baptized him. Ever since, his dying face has haunted my dreams of the day and night. O for the means to alleviate all human suffering transforming it, through the merits of our dear Lord, into rich heavenly coinage of love! It must have been a tremendous surprise for this poor outcast to exchange the cold, rough pavement for a home in the Halls of Abiding Peace.

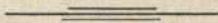
On this same day, in the early morning hours, fifteen pupils, the children of British soldiers, made their First Holy Communion in our chapel. These youngsters attend a Protestant school where Sr. Marie Alvarez⁽¹⁾ regularly goes to teach catechism. They had a wonderful day. I felt very happy to see each one of them kneeling at the altar rail between his father and mother and surrounded by his brothers and sisters. This was done according to the request made by the military Chaplain. What a precious memory this will be for the children and what a heartfelt joy for the parents also!



Daughter of Bonze Starts Legion of Mary Group

One of the converts recently received into the Church by Father Sueur, pastor of Numazu, Japan, was the daughter of a bonze. The girl's home is at one hour's distance from the parish church and to help spread the Faith she took the initiative in establishing a new unit of the Legion of Mary. In the meantime the girl became ill and the priest was called upon to bring her Holy Communion in her home. In spite of her illness, she kept up her work in behalf of the Legion and the first meetings were held at the temple itself in presence of the priest who gave additional instructions there.

(Tosei News)



Recipient of "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" Cross Award

Mrs. Marcela Martelino Vda. de Reyes, mother of the late Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes of Manila, was the recipient recently of the "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" Cross Award from the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

The 84 year old mother of the late Archbishop was honored with the award, one of the highest tokens of recognition granted by His Holiness, for her meritorious work for the Church in Kalibo, Capiz, her native town.

1. Noella Brisson, Cornwall, Ont.

CATHOLIC ACTION

SR. GENEVIEVE OF NANTERRE(1), M.I.C.

"Christ is calling you!" These words I flung as a challenge to my High School pupils some time ago. Would they heed His call and help promote the Christian way of life among their own? Thirty-four enthusiastically responded to the summons; Catholic Action had come into its own at Las Pinas High.

With the characteristic vim and vigor of youth the seniors immediately set to work organizing their tasks in the different schools. The catechetical section was the first to appear on their program. After a few weeks of training, they sallied forth, two by two, like the disciples of yore to launch their apostolic activities among the children of public schools deprived of any religious instruction whatever. A warm welcome was extended to them everywhere they went. The fact that in a small town everybody knows everybody else may have helped. Worries were to come from other quarters: lack of suitable space, insufficient time to cope with all the work to be done, too many pupils for the number of volunteer teachers. At the central Primary, our Catholic Actionists were allowed to hold meetings in the domestic science department for girls, while the boys assembled in their workshop or outside on the terrace when the weather was fine.

In *barrios* things went even more smoothly as the girls for the most part gave their lessons in their own homes. Consoling results were obtained especially in these rural sectors. It was a lucky thing for me that my own dear mother and my Canadian friends had provided me with scores of holy pictures, medals, and rosaries as welcome rewards for the children.

On December 8, our catechists presented Our Lady with the first fruits of their spiritual harvest — thirty-seven First Communicants whom they had carefully prepared for the great day. It would be difficult to tell who were the happier, the teachers or the pupils. This first success encouraged every one to still more generous efforts.

1. Genevieve St. Pierre, Montreal, P.Q.



THESE THIRTY-FIVE FIRST COMMUNICANTS WERE PREPARED FOR JESUS' VISIT BY VOLUNTEER CATHOLIC ACTION CATECHISTS OF OUR LAS PINAS HIGH SCHOOL, P.I. SR. GENEVIEVE OF NANTERRE STANDS ON THE RIGHT.

Christmas came along with its usual round of festivities. The seniors spent happy moments preparing surprise packages for the students of public schools with whom they had come into contact. The latter took the occasion to show their gratitude by staging impromptu entertainments which proved very interesting especially to their devoted catechists. During the months that followed, two more groups of First Communicants were instructed and a campaign for the fulfillment of Easter duty was successfully launched.

Two other sections of Catholic Action have been formed besides the catechetical unit: the Blessed Sacrament and Marian sections. The principal aim of these is to secure faithful attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the daily recitation of Our Lady's rosary in the homes. The campaigns in favor of these two points have met with remarkable success both in our schoolrooms and in the families visited. Such has been the zeal displayed by Sr. Marie Aristide⁽¹⁾ in charge of the Eucharistic Unit that she won for herself the glorious nickname of *Sister Eucharist*, among the youngsters who do not know her real name.

Sr. St. Edmund⁽²⁾ to whom the Marian section had been entrusted, found herself confronted with a knotty problem. As she urged the children to do all in their power to help introduce the practice of Family Rosary in their homes one little girl objected, "But, Sister, that's quite impossible. How can the family be expected to recite the rosary together when our grandparents speak Spanish, our parents Tagalog, and we children use English?" The solution lay in having the children adopt their elders' language at least for the recitation of prayers.

Scanning the reports of activities for the past year, we note with satisfaction that Catholic Action is thoroughly organized at our school. Our local units have now joined diocesan ranks and our pupils hold their own at monthly assemblies as well as at the yearly general meeting held in Baguio.

Before they leave our classrooms for Colleges and Universities, they solemnly promise to join Catholic Action in these establishments. May Our Lady grant that the flaming torch of faith may thus pass from hand to hand, from soul to soul, until the entire archipelago is set on fire with love for her divine Son.



The faith is not fully lived unless you share in the apostolate to the world. Our Blessed Lord was a missionary always. In the very crib, He drew His first converts — the Magi from the distant East, the shepherds from the nearby hills. But His supreme missionary act took place upon the Cross. Here, stripped of the garments that had localized Him, He appeared as the Universal Missionary.

Bishop Fulton Sheen

1. Irma de Ladurantaye, Cap St. Ignace, P.Q.

2. Alice Carrier, Worcester, Mass.



S. MARIE PRISCILLIA PRESENTS HER CLASS OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

Happy

First Communicants

SR. MARY PRISCILLIA(1), M.I.C.

Sr. St. Mary Magdalen(2) touring our missions in Haiti in the name of Reverend Mother General witnessed the joy of our little ones who made their First Holy Communion, one bright Sunday in April. How lovingly they had prepared their hearts and how carefully they had nurtured therein precious seedlings of virtue!

Mere babies they may be as yet but they have already gauged the mysterious efficacy of self-denial. Discreetly lifting the cover off their *sacrifice box* you will find such marvels of generosity as the following, "A little boy swore at me but I kept silent for God's sake." "I swept the floor for the love of Our Lady." "I sat up straight during my lesson." With the assured confidence that Jesus would not refuse them anything on their day of days, some penned naive little notes. "Dear Jesus, bless papa and mamma and bring them together again." "Bless Father Lefebvre! Cure him, please! Keep the Sisters who are teaching us from getting sick." "Help me to learn my lessons easily." "I want to be good. Help me!"

Early on the morning of the great event, our pupils arrived at the convent where they formed ranks to march together to the parish church decked with fragrant flowers and gay bunting. Never had it been filled to overflowing as it was on that April morning. For the first time, all the First Communicants, grown ups and children from different outposts, had been invited to take part in the same ceremony at the Central Mission of Roche a Bateau. This helps to make the faithful feel more like members of one big family.

In his stirring allocution, Rev. Roger Paradis, O.M.I., congratulated the devoted catechists who had taken such pains to have all the participants make adequate preparation. "My dear volunteer catechists," said he, "It is thanks to your zealous endeavors that these one hundred and eighty First Communicants have been made ready to receive Jesus within their hearts. Little children and adults alike will have you always in grateful remembrance for what you have done for them. The entire parish thanks and congratulates you. In the name of God, in the name of the Church and of your parish, persevere in your apostolic activities. Have faith in the words of Daniel: 'They that are learned shall shine as the brightness

1. Marie Reine Ouellet, St. Ulric of Matane, P.Q.

2. Anne Marie Magnan, Berthier P.Q.

of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity.' We rely on you to keep up the good work begun."

When the solemn moment arrived, the little ones with a sweetly serious look on their shining faces, slowly advanced to the altar railing followed by the adults. Before she left, Sr. St. Mary Madgalen assured us she would keep the remembrance of this blessed day in her hallowed shrine of memories.

After the ceremony, a photograph was taken of the happy group. As the photographer was having some trouble adjusting his instrument, one little lady coquettishly remarked, "If I have to stay such a long time in the sunshine, I won't come out nice!"

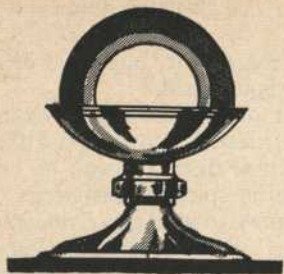
In the assembly hall, the heroes and heroines of the feast were pleasantly surprised to find their respective places each marked with a prayer book, a rosary, and a souvenir card. Exclamations of delight went the rounds as they fingered these treasures. The dear Canadian friends who donated them would certainly have felt more than repaid for their trouble if they could have seen the happiness mirrored on all those dusky faces. God and Our Lady love them, every one!

Mass is celebrated once a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all living Benefactors.

Association of Charity

In the Philippine Islands, there are thirty-nine free schools provided by a group of young, unmarried women known as the Young Ladies Association of Charity. The government has never been able to give free education because of lack of funds. In many instances, students in State schools pay higher fees than those in private schools. The idea of the Y.L.A.C. originated in 1941 with the late Mrs. Aurora Quezon, wife of former President Quezon. During the Japanese occupation, the organization collected food and clothes for the poor. They also ran small schools for the children of men killed or missing in the battle of Bataan.

There are now thirty-nine groups belonging to the Association throughout the Islands. Each has its free school and some have a free library and clinic as well. A high proportion of their annual revenue is given by members themselves. The Y.L.A.C. provides vocational instructors for crippled children in the national orthopedic hospital. It also distributes food, clothes and money to families in slum areas in Manila, Cebu and other large cities.



DEARTH of HARVESTERS

SR. MARTHA OF THE REDEEMER, M.I.C.
(1. Marie-Marthe Laurin, Beauharnois, P.Q.)

On March 19, a historic event took place in the modest parish church of Colon, the ordination to the priesthood of Joaquin C., second Cuban priest of the Matanzas Diocese.

Although born in Guareiras, he lived successively in various *pueblos*, studied for a while in the Havana Seminary, then left for South America where he spent some time preparing to enter religious life without however coming to any definite decision. He returned to Cuba where he continued to seek his way of life, still uncertain whether to become a priest or a monk. God wanted him to be a minister of the Gospel among his own people. One day as he confided his aspirations to His Excellency Most Reverend Alberto Martin, the Bishop solved the problem of his vocation by presenting the young seminarian to the Pont Viau Foreign missionaries in Colon. Under their direction, Joaquin studied and was trained in view of the secular priesthood.

The ceremony was presided over by the Bishop of Matanzas. Its impressive rites were explained to the people who were seeing them for the first time. With visible emotion the young levite received the unctions that made him a priest forever. The ordination over, he gave his first blessing to his parents, his compatriots, and his Canadian confreres.

A few days later, we Sisters of Los Arabos had the honor of welcoming the newly ordained priest at our Colegio of San Juan Bosco. An anecdote which happened during his visit here, shows clearly the young priest's mission-mindedness. He had given Sr. St. Dominic⁽¹⁾ directions about some painting he had ordered from her studio, when the latter remarked, "I could draw a chalice and below the island of Cuba . . ."

1. Laurette Lapointe, Jonquiere, P.Q.

LOS ARABOS
CUBA



"No, no," Father Joaquin countered, "Not Cuba, Sister, but the world. Draw a globe like this — I'm a missioner for the whole world."

May the seed cast into the furrow at the cost of such strenuous labors on the part of the missioners, yield rich harvests of priestly vocations in Cuba. There are so many thousands here, especially in rural districts, who do not live up to their Christian ideals because there are no spiritual shepherds to minister to their needs. Children grow up an easy prey to atheism or religious indifference because of the lack of Catholic schools. We would like to have the gift of bilocation so as to be able to reach all the *campes* to teach young and old the only science that is essential to win everlasting happiness. Pray that numerous laborers may flock to the Master's vineyard. May God multiply the number of Joaquin among the generous, idealistic Cuban youth.



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Filipinos Build National Shrine of OUR LADY

Led by the mayor of the town, the people of Antipolo in Rizal province are donating their labour to build the first national shrine to the Blessed Virgin in the Philippines.

The shrine will be dedicated to La Virgin de la Paz y Buen Viaje de Antipolo — the Virgin of Peace and Safe Voyage of Antipolo.

The national move to construct a half-million dollar shrine to the Virgin of Antipolo received its impetus from the late Dona Aurora Quezon, wife of the first President of the Philippines, who was assassinated by the Huks in Quezon province in 1947.

Every day farm workers, truck drivers, mechanics, barbers, shopkeepers, and even municipal officials turn out at the town plaza to receive their assignment for the day's work on the shrine.

The parish priest, Rev. Fr. Francisco Avendano, has divided the town and surrounding villages into specific areas, and daily volunteer labourers from the designated area put in a day of hard work for the shrine. The ladies of the parish serve a hot noonday meal to the volunteers, and Father Avendano passes out free cigarettes.

The Standard

My Christmas assignment was to fix a crib for the Chapel. I found a wooden box and asked a Mohammedan carpenter to cut out a door and a window in it. By evening my little stable was ready. Then I noticed that the box stable had two large doors and not one door and one window as I had requested.

"Abdul, why did you make two doors instead of a door and a window," I asked.

"But Sister, you must have two doors in a house so when the husband and wife begin to fight, before they get too angry the husband can run out of one door and the wife out of the other. Every house *must* have two doors, Sister!"

Sr. M. Bernadette, PINID

1953

DEPARTING GROUP

During the course of the present year, twenty-nine Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left their Motherhouse for different countries where their Society is privileged to do its share in the gathering-in of the harvest of souls.

For Hong Kong, China: Sister Marie Emmanuel (Berthe Crevier, St. Ann of Bellevue); Sister Helena Marie (Helena Foug, Canton, China).

For the Philippine Islands: Sister of the Holy Heart of Mary (Agnes Lavallee, Winnipeg); Sister St. Albine (Therese Lemay, St. Hyacinthe); Sister Marie of Pontmain (Monique Langevin, Quebec); Sister Cecile of the Angels (Cecile Kirouac, Bristol, Conn.); Sister Marie Pia (Huguette Turcotte, Mont Joli); Sister Marie Joseph (Aurora Augusto, Manila, P. I.).

For Nyassaland: Sister St. Remi (Josephine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ont.); Sister Marie Corinne (Rollande Langevin, Quebec); Sister St. Peter of Verona (Marie Jeanne Plante, (Levis); Sister Jeanne of Lorraine (Carmelle Delisle, Pont Rouge); Sister St. Serge (Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau, St. Sebastian d'Iberville).

For Madagascar: Sister Marie of the Holy Savior (Marie Antoinette Bolduc, Quebec); Sister St. Ferdinand (Lucienne Ferland, Lac Megantic).

For Rome: Sister St. Honore (Lucia Mercier, St. Honore of Beauce); Sister Marie Edwidge (Marie Paule Gaudreau, Rimouski).

For Haiti: Sister St. Solange (Ida Brochu, St. Benoit Labre); Sister St. Leopoldine (Benoite Labelle, Pont Viau); Sister Marie Leopold (Marie Paule Blanchet, Lambton); Sister Marie Herve (Annette Gouger, St. Henri of Mascouche); Sister Marie Eva (Marie Claire Adam, Montreal); Sister St. John Eudes (Marcelle St. Gelais, Montreal).

For Cuba: Sister St. Marie Madeleine (Anne Marie Magnan, Berthier); Sister St. Febronie (Juliette Bournival, (Three Rivers); Sister Suzanna of Jesus (Suzanne Longtin, Montreal); Sister St. Eveline (Annette Bergeron, Kenogami); Sister St. Nemese (Claire Garceau, Three Rivers); Sister St. Leandre (Jeannine Moreau, Quebec).



S. Marie Bernice



S. St. Robert



S. St. Bernardine



S. Marie St. Anthony



S. Marie Emmanuel



S. St. Olive



S. Marie de Rouman



S. Marie de Ange



S. Marie Joseph



S. Marie St. Rose's Marie



S. St. Bernice



S. St. Anne



S. Marie Schweg



S. Marie Ma



S. Marie Marie

They left
Missions



S. Ste Selange



S. Marie Kevle



S. Marie Leopold



S. Jeanne de Lorraine



S. St. Jean Eudes



S. Ste Marie Madeleine



S. Suzanne de Jesus



S. Ste Catherine



S. St. Jeanne



S. St. Rose



S. Marie



S. Ste Therese



S. Ste Leopoldine



S. Ste Anne Cate



S. Ste Marg

Left for the
ns in 1953



SR. JOSEPH EDMUND (MARGUERITE SIMARD, MONTREAL)

TEACHES CATECHISM TO THESE CUBAN YOUNGSTERS.



CATHOLIC ACTION

in MARTI

SR. JOSEPH EDMUND(1), M.I.C.

On Sunday, May 30, His Excellency Alberto Martin, our devoted Bishop, presided in the Marti Parish Church the initiation ceremony for sixteen ladies enrolled into the local feminine Catholic Action unit. Fired with the desire of leading truly Christian lives, these militant Catholics will be precious co-operators in our missionary campaign to make the people of Cuba more God-conscious.

This morning every member of the group received Holy Communion. What a great consolation this was for us! Since we came to Marti, five years ago, it was the first time we saw so many adults receiving communion.

In spite of torrential downpours, the sixteen returned in the afternoon to be present at the initiation ceremony. Afterwards, the Bishop and his Vicar General, Msgr. Trabadelo partook of a delicious luncheon offered by the ladies at our *Colegio*. Before leaving, His Excellency called on us Sisters grouped in the community room. He spoke words of encouragement and granted us a paternal blessing.

We have reasons to hope that soon all the other units of the Catholic Action movement will be organized in our parish. The kind and sympathetic interest shown by Cubans to all the missionaries as well as to those who suffer or are in trouble speaks highly in their favor. They may be Catholics ignorant of their religious duties; they certainly are not cynical unbelievers.

We rely on your prayers, dear members of the Canadian Catholic Action Group, to help conquer this *pueblo* for Christ and *Nuestra Senora*.

1. Marguerite Simard, Montreal, P.Q.

WANTED: *A Mine of Rosaries*

SR. TERESA OF THE CROSS(1), M.I.C.

Baille moé ti chapelet, Ma Mè! (Give me a pair of beads!) This was the chorus that greeted Sr. St. Mary Magdalen(2) when she arrived here for the visitation of our convents along the coast. The Haitians readily believed she had brought an inexhaustible supply of rosaries from Canada. On the day that she visited our classrooms, she opened a box of rewards destined for the children and, in an unguarded moment, queried, "Who would like to have a rosary?" In a trice she found herself assaulted by a veritable blitz of grasping black hands intent on securing a prize. The teachers had to interfere in order to rescue her from the tangle. The distribution of *ti chapelet* was put off to a later date; hundreds would have been needed to satisfy all those who wanted one.

On the following day, Miriam asked to be excused from the classroom. Why? She wanted to confide a very important secret to the kind *Ma Mè* (mother) from Canada. It later turned out that her momentous communication consisted in repeating on her personal account the general chorus — *Baille moé ti chapelet!* If, ever, dear readers, you discover somewhere a mine of rosaries, please let our dear Haitians benefit by your discovery. This would enable me to satisfy young and old in my little mission. Some time ago, one hundred and twenty-three adults, young girls and boys, and little children made their First Holy Communion. It nearly broke my heart to have only forty rosaries to distribute among them. Perhaps if I had had faith enough, I might have obtained a miraculous multiplication . . . Meanwhile my proteges have to lend one another their precious rosaries because there are not enough to go around.

Do be on the lookout for that rosary mine I mentioned and let me know as soon as you have found it. God will reward you in His own divine manner.

1. Therese Cote, Beauport, P.Q.



This Haitian girl's secret is, "Give me a rosary, please."

Sr. St. Mary Magdalen wished she had a mine of rosaries to satisfy all demands.



DELUGE

OVER CUBA

SR. LEO. JOSEPH(1), M.I.C.

This year, the first days of June were marked by diluvian rains such as had not been experienced in Cuba since 1926. On June 3, the very flood-gates of heaven seemed to unbolt as torrents of rain hammered down on the tiles overhead and rushed to swell swiftly flowing streams in every street and lane in Manguito. The railroad track in front of our house lay submerged under one foot of water. Whenever the train came speeding through, muddy water splashed all over our *portal* and even inside the front classroom whose door never closes tight. The roof of our *convento* being anything but water-proof, we had to spend most of the day and part of the night shoving furniture and beds around trying to find a dry spot. According to radio reports, atmospheric currents centralized in the Gulf of Mexico have been the cause of this deluge over our island.

Our neighbors sat on their verandahs and cheerfully discussed the progress of the inundation. Little boys and girls in their birthday clothes disported themselves in the puddles. Travelers from the campos rode in on horseback. The well-to-do among these wore practical and original raincoats; the top part consisted in wide sleeves shaped like small capes fastened in front and in the back under the collar while the lower part resembled a voluminous skirt; a hood pulled over the head completed the outfit and gave the riders the appearance of Franciscan or Benedictine monks. The poor who could not afford raincoats simply threw over their heads and shoulders pieces of oilcloth or plastic or heavy wrapping paper. Shoes slung over their shoulders, they sloshed along the flooded streets. Rubbers or overshoes are unknown in Cuba.

A few jeeps and automoniles ventured out, the water reaching up to the axles. Mr. Garcia, M.D., chief of the sanitary units, drove through the town to bring first aid to the flood sufferers. Mr. N. Rodriguez took Sr. St. Odilon(2) and me in his jeep to the farthest end of the village where the flood reached its highest mark because of a declivity in the soil.

On Esperanza Street, wavelets swished into the houses through front doors and gurgled out through back doors. Furniture of all sorts, cupboards, tables, chairs, sewing machines, radios, were piled one on top of the other or hung from

1. Simonne Sabourin, St. Isidore of Prescott, Ont.

2. Constance Dubois, St. Ferdinand of Megantic, P.Q.

the rafters. Nothing perturbed the villagers gossiped goodnatureedly about the rain and its misdemeanors. Nobody grumbled, nobody whined. Once again on this occasion we admired the equanimity with which the Cuban bears the mishaps of life. The popular expression, *Si Dios quiere*, (God willing) so often used around here without much thought to its religious connotation, may nonetheless be said to influence the people's mentality to a remarkable degree.

A little further on, we came upon the site where the foundations of our new *Colegio* barely emerged from a miniature lake. Near the station, we met Rev. E. Morin, p.m.e. as he took snapshots of young Catholic Actionists enjoying a swim.

Around noon, the storm abated somewhat although showers still fell from time to time. In Manguito proper the damages do not amount to much. Three or four miles from the *pueblo*, however, the Guereiras river swollen to a devastating volume jumped from its bounds and destroyed the railroad track on a distance of about one hundred feet. The highway to Colon has also been damaged in two different places. In the south, inundations reached housetops in several districts. Small boats were sent to rescue families in distress.

This state of affairs has caused considerable material losses throughout Matanzas province. Huge sugar plantations have been flooded. Before the water level goes down the sugar cane will rot and the harvest will be ruined.



DELUGE OVER MANGUITO, CUBA.

This year's *temporal de fluvia* will long be remembered in Cuba. After June 3, the rain began to settle into the normal downpours of the season. Our pupils were happy to take up their classes once again. On June 6, the sun shone as brightly as ever in an evident effort to cover up all the mischief wrought by the rain. The reparation of rural routes is on and will last for weeks supplying welcome employment to numbers of workers who were loafing around since the *Zafra*. "Tis an ill wind that blows no good," quip our good Cubans adding as an afterthought their customary, "Gracias a Dios."



Kaseye, Nyassaland

This Sickness Is Not Unto Death

SR. ST. JEAN DE LA LANDE(1), M.I.C.

We had walked for over three quarters of an hour along the rough dirt road leading to Cipakama, when the guide gesturing towards one of a row of miserable huts, declared, "This is the place," and immediately vanished into the fast gathering darkness. Nothing was left for us but to introduce ourselves.

When I first entered the hut, I could see only the glimmering of the domestic fire. Gradually, my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity and I made out two women and two men squatting in a corner. Silently they pointed to the sick woman lying beside the hearth. As I drew near her it became evident that this was not the reported case of malaria we had been called for. The medicine brought in our emergency kits would be about as effective in her case as natural water. Running a high fever, her pulse fluttering alarmingly, she tossed and moaned in acute pain. Her husband came forward at our call. "Your wife is too sick to be cared for here. You must have her carried to the mission compound where she will receive immediate attention." It was very difficult for me to make myself understood as these people spoke only Cilambya a dialect quite different from Citumbuka. He was apparently willing to do as I asked but not so the woman's father, a swarthy native with unprepossessing mien. I pressed my point, "If you wish to save the patient's life you had better make up your mind as quickly as possible. I cannot do anything for her in

1. Clemence Caron, St. Jean Port Joli, P.Q.

this place." The old fellow mumbled several objections, wrinkled his forehead in deep thought, then, "You go on ahead," he ordered. "We will follow you in a few moments." By now I have grown used to African diplomacy. I knew better than to trust such a promise so I parried, "No, that won't do. We will leave together. Don't lose any time getting ready. To begin with, we will prepare a stretcher with strips of cowhide." My insistence had its effect and preparations were soon under way. The women busied themselves securing amulets and fetish remedies. When the patient staggered from her mat beside the fire, she wore tied about her waist, a girdle supposedly endowed with magical properties. I held out my hand to steady her as she lurched forward but she shoved me aside with a murderous gleam in her eyes and maledictions upon her lips. She looked as if she would have enjoyed reducing me to pulp. At last we were ready to go. Not so fast! The men now refused their services under the pretext that if the patient died outside tribal territory, they would be held responsible. In this part of the country no member of the clan must be allowed to die on alien soil. I turned to the women urging them to put in an effort in favor of their sick relative but they sullenly refused. Finally, after much coaxing on my part, the men swung to, and our little procession set out for the mission.

One of the stretcher bearers explained as we went that the old father did not really object to having his daughter carried to the dispensary. He only wanted to make sure it was quite dark before setting out to cross Cipakama, a village which is composed of fanatical *Free Church of Scotland* adepts.

When we stepped into the Mission premises, I was surprised to note that nearly the entire clan had joined us bearing loads of provisions. Sr. Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾, R.N., shook her head gravely as she examined the patient who was in a very precarious condition. With all the devotedness for which she is known to the Blacks around here, she used every means available trying to fool death from its prey. Milady at first was far from showing herself grateful or even tractable. She refused to drink her medicine or spat it out in Sister's face with spiteful remarks. Her irritation could partly be accounted for by the fact that she was suffering excruciating pain caused by wounds inflicted upon her by a witch doctor who had treated her with quack remedies. One week later complications set in. The heart gave out and the patient writhed in agony. It did not seem possible for her to live many more hours. Reverend Father Superior of Kaseye visited the moribund accompanied by two catechists to act as interpreters. This soul about to depart for its eternal destiny must be given every chance to square its accounts with its Maker. We went out to prepare the injections needed to make possible the trip back to the tribal village. When we returned, the poor mud walled hut seemed alight with supernatural radiance. The catechists knelt beside the bed briefly instructing the dying woman who had recovered sufficient consciousness and whose questions surprised us by their

1. Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal, P.Q.

clearness. A remarkable transformation had come over the erstwhile virago who now appeared as docile as a lamb while the priest poured the blessed waters of salvation over her forehead.

A few moments later the cowhide stretcher was brought forward, for the elders were impatient to carry Maria away as they risked to incur the reprobation of the chief if she died here or on the way. In the eerie light of the moon we watched the weird procession of men and women making its way over the tortuous road to Cipakama. The patient was calm and now seemed to be resting peacefully while we gave her one last injection and bade her godspeed. All through the night we slept lightly expecting to hear the news of her death announced by the thumping of the funeral drums. What was our joyful surprise at noon of the next day when the husband ran in to tell us that his wife had eaten a hearty meal! Rev. Father Superior decided to go to Cipakama to see this marvel with his own eyes. The woman was sitting up in full convalescent style.

Weeks and months have since gone by. Maria is now living at her father's home with her three children; being the second wife of a polygamous husband she had to leave him to lead a truly Christian life. Fortunately for her and her family, the man did not put any obstacles in the way. Whenever I visit Maria in her childhood home, I tease the old grandfather about the reception he gave me the first time I called. He grins a good-natured grin and gives full consent for me to round out his daughter's religious instruction. May this one and only Catholic in a hostile hamlet become the bearer of the glad tidings far and near. Then truly will her illness have meant life and not death.

The Church In Japan

Statistics of the Catholic Church in Japan have recently been issued. They show that the Catholic population of the country has increased by more than half in the last five years. The numbers now stand at 171,785. There were nearly 15,000 conversions last year, and there are now 57 per cent more Catholics than there were in 1947.

The number of priests in the country is 793 and of these only thirty-three are Japanese. There are now many Japanese students in the seminaries, but it will be a number of years before the native priests will be sufficient to cope with the need. Hence the foreign missionary priests have been greatly increased in recent years. Five years ago the number of foreign priests was 314; now it is 760.

The Nagasaki diocese is the largest. This has a long record in the history of the Church in Japan but it suffered greatly in the atom bomb explosion of the end of the war. There are at present in the diocese 67,328 Catholics and 503 catechumens under instruction. The next largest is that of Tokyo, where progress is very rapid in recent years. The number of Catholics there is 20,398, and there are 4,329 under instruction for baptism.



THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA

by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

The schooner which had brought Father Chevron was to set sail on the following day and Father Chanel spent the night in writing his letters.

To Father Convers he said, "I am deeply grateful for your interest in my troubles. It is true that in leaving France to come to Oceania I did not say goodbye to this vale of tears; but here, as in France, God knows His own and fills them with joy in the midst of suffering. His work is not yet well advanced in our little island; however, thanks to the prayers of the members of the Propagation of the Faith, I am certain that some day our efforts will be crowned with success."

In a long letter to Father Colin he wrote, "A ship, newly arrived from New Zealand, did not bring me the ineffable joy of a visit from Bishop Pompallier; but I cannot tell you how happy I am to have a brother Marist to encourage me by his zeal and his companionship. It is Father Chevron who is sent to me, and Brother Attale is with him." He then enumerated the causes which retarded the conversion of the Futunians, giving the first place to his sins and his lack of zeal; he mentioned, too, the delay of Bishop Pompallier's visit, the persecution to which the catechumens of Wallis were being subjected and fear of the royal displeasure. He said that Niuliki himself was afraid of what his people would say if he rejected a god supposed to dwell in his person and of whom he had often spoken to them as being very powerful and terrible. It would have cost him dear to tell his subjects that he had duped them. Such were the obstacles to his conversion; serious ones, for self love and human respect are not confined to civilization.

With characteristic charity Father Chanel continued, "I cannot say enough in praise of my natives. They are very hospitable, and do not steal like most of the savages of Oceania. Some Europeans whom I have met assure me that once converted, the

Futunians will make the best Christians in all Polynesia. God grant they are good prophets!"

In another letter he said, "Pray, will you not, dear Father, that God's word may not be sterile in our mouths. Pray for all the natives of Oceania. The harvest is abundant, but the number of workers very small. Some mishap obliged Father Chevron to spend a few days in Fiji and Tonga on his way to Futuna, and he treated the savages of both places with a kindness and devotedness worthy of a Catholic priest. His own appearance and his crucifix impressed them deeply, and many exclaimed, 'He is indeed a good missionary!' The time seems favorable for us to penetrate these other archipelagoes. The Methodists are ahead of us in great numbers. Ah, God knows my heart! He knows how willingly I would brave the perils of the sea and the danger of persecution! But we are too few.

"Dear Father, knock often at Mary's heart; and you will be able to send us a throng of missionaries. When my savages ask me if, after our day, more French priests will come to live among them, I always reply, 'We will soon go to heaven to receive our reward, but our mission will not die. Our brothers will replace us, and will pray beside our graves.' "

From the day of their arrival in Futuna Father Chevron and Brother Attale helped their brothers in the manual work which had become necessary if they were to live. "Want often stared us in the face," Brother Mary Nizier said afterward. In time, an abundant harvest crowned their labor, but when they hoped, at last, to have plenty of food, a form of persecution, altogether unforeseen, came to trouble them: the natives began to steal their fruit. Father Chevron wrote, "Though the king had loaned Father Chanel a large field on which grew banana and cocoanut trees, all in splendid condition, thanks to his care and Brother's, we were sometimes almost destitute. But Providence did not fail us. More than once we were reduced to rations which few would have found sufficient, but at least we were never obliged to take the breakfast I had known in Wallis which consisted of a drink of kava and a nap to forget our hunger." The frequent thefts of the natives were evidently the result of an agreement among them. Several persons told Father Chanel that Niuliki not only knew of the stealing, but had commanded, or at least was encouraging it. He thought he would wear out the patience of the missionaries and oblige them to leave Futuna—little understanding the strength of an apostle who has left all things for love of Jesus Christ.

In the midst of these trials Father Chanel was always gentle, always gay. With exquisite kindness he welcomed all the natives who came to him, and did them every service in his power. The witnesses, examined after his martyrdom, testified that he never showed the least indignation against the thieves; that gentle, patient, humble, and charitable, he loved to the end those who persecuted him, and did all in his power to convert them. Nevertheless he did send Father Chevron to Tamana to complain to the king of the conduct of his neighbors in Poi, who seemed to have banded together to make it impossible for him to remain among them. He asked, also that the newcomers might be given a house in another part of the island where they could be more comfortable. Niuliki made no reply.

In the midst of these sordid difficulties the two priests never for a moment lost sight of the reason for their presence in Futuna. The arrival of a fellow priest and the

growing persecution served to increase Father Chanel's zeal. He decided that on Pentecost Sunday the Blessed Sacrament should be reserved in their little chapel. In the evening of the feast after Vespers, he gave Benediction for the first time in Futuna, and afterwards preached for a few minutes to some natives who were present. It was a day of days for him: the first in three years that he had been close to his Lord and Love from sunrise to sunset. As Father Chevron wrote, "We were too happy to think of the poverty of our tiny chapel. The Blessed Sacrament was under the same roof with us four poor religious voluntarily exiled for love of It." Corpus Christi was celebrated in the same way. On both days the more fervent among the catechumens were present at all the services and Father Chanel prayed with them in Futunian before they went away.

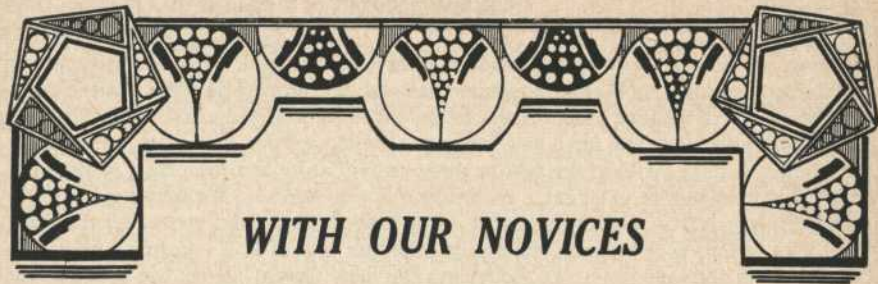
These catechumens were suffering much from their families because of their love for Catholicity; and within the octave of Corpus Christi three young men of Singave took refuge with Father Chanel to escape the unbearable conditions surrounding them at home. They had been in his house for two days when a native came to tell them that some of the people, enraged by the course they had taken, threatened to burn their houses, if they did not return to Singave at once. Heartbroken, two of them left Father Chanel's cabin; the third remained.

The missionaries felt that they could not allow this incident to pass without demanding an explanation to the king. Father Chanel went to Tamana, and not finding Niuliki told his counsellors what had happened, and reminded them of his kindness to the people, and of the little presents he had made them. The old men admitted that the islanders owed him much, but denied that there was any foundation for the tale which had been carried to the catechumens. At this juncture the king arrived. "Has your Majesty any complaint to make against us?" Father Chanel asked him. "None," Niuliki replied. But he did not mean what he said. The next day he went to the funeral of a young man who had repeatedly refused baptism and had made it impossible for Brother Mary Nizier to baptize a dying child. The king took advantage of this occasion to reveal his real sentiments. "Understand," he said, "that Poi belongs to me. I do not want people to go there to pray. If some of my subjects wish to join this new religion let them build houses in their own villages where they may hold their meetings."

Informed of what Niuliki had said the catechumens adopted a new plan. They hid themselves on Saturday evenings, and when they could do so unobserved, slipped into Father Chanel's house, where the missionaries spent the greater part of the night in instructing them. At first all returned to their homes immediately after Mass; later, some remained for High Mass and catechism lessons and were present in the evening at Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Meanwhile the feeling against missionaries and catechumens grew steadily. Early in July two young men stole into Father Chanel's cabin one night to tell him how cruelly they were being treated. "No one will speak to us. When we join any company, all begin to laugh at us and to mock us," they complained. Both priests congratulated them on having something to suffer for Christ and encouraged them to persevere in spite of taunts and insults.

1. Journal, June 24, 1840.

(To be continued)



WITH OUR NOVICES

AUGUST 5, 1953

Our Lady's feast once again brought a foretaste of heavenly joys to part of the novitiate personnel. The seniors among the white veiled novices were this morning admitted to pronounce their first vows. A good number of young professed Sisters also renewed their sacred engagements for the first or second time.

The afternoon ceremony of clothing and final vows was highlighted by the presence of His Eminence Paul Emile Cardinal Leger who deigned to preside.

In his allocution, the Cardinal called the attention of the Sisters to the mystery of the Transfiguration whose first vespers the liturgy begins to chant. The mountain where the Son of God manifested His glory, the eminent Prince of the Church compared it from a spiritual point of view, to the novitiate which is the spot par excellence where one may seek and find the King of glory.

"May you also" he added "become transfigured garbed as it were with sun-flushed snow, ready to appear before the world to preach the powerful sermon of a transparently holy life.

The Church shares our happiness today but it goes on to warn us that tomorrow we will be called to ascend the mountain of sorrow. Remember that even while He radiated celestial glory, Christ continued to discourse on His Passion. You also must ever remain mindful of your personal moral perfection. The lamp of your soul will glow brightly in the measure of the care you will bring in replenishing it with the oil of your fervor and love.

I would not, however, have you think of your holy vows as unbearable burdens. Rather should they be cherished as powerful bonds that unite us to our divine Savior and to the entire Mystical Body. An actual grace joins us to the apostles of all times, to the coadjutors of the Pope, and to the bishops commissioned to accomplish in their name the work of the Church, to cast the spiritual seed into the furrow through the faithful accomplishment of tasks humble and obscure as we poor human beings are wont to appreciate them. In the kingdom of God little things become occasions of grace and it is through them that the Almighty operates. When your sublime mission



WEAVING DREAMS WITH EVERY STITCH THE POSTULANTS WORK HOPEFULLY ON WHITE

draws to its close you will appear like the reapers who sorrowfully went out to the fields in the early morning but who, at twilight, joyfully returned laden with abundant sheaves.

Thousands of souls may be saved through your generous response to the divine call. If young people only reflected that souls are waiting for them to be ransomed, there would be more religious vocations, more missionaries to carry the holy name of Jesus unto the ends of the earth.

Turning to the parents of today's elect, His Eminence went on with paternal accents, "You are today presenting to God, your daughter, as Abraham of yore offered his only begotten son. May your hearts be filled with the sentiments of the holy patriarch and the Lord will accept your sacrifice as a token of your faith."

Took the holy habit: Miss Lucille Dion, Bienville, (Sister Jean Denis); Miss Madeleine Juneau, St. Catharine of Portneuf, (Sister Rose Madeleine); Miss Fleurette Lagace, Granby, (Sister Paul Emile); Miss Irene Rivet, Montreal (Sister Joseph Andrew); Miss Therese Laquerre, Saint Casimir of Portneuf, (Sister Celine Therese); Miss Therese David, Bordeaux, (Sister Marie Assunta); Miss Fleurette Dagenais, Saint Sauveur des Monts, (Sister Lucy of the Savior); Miss Therese Pichette, Marieville, (Sister Ann Therese); Miss Mariette Landry, Joliette, (Sister Peter Hector).

Made their final vows: Sister Saint Denis (Marie Therese Pelletier, Saint Anne des Monts); Sister Saint Nemese (Claire Garceau, Three Rivers); Sister Marie Fernande (Suzanne Huot, Holy Redeemer, Levis Co.); Sister Marie Regina (Lea Chenier, Hull); Sister Joseph of the Sacred Heart (Jacqueline Bastien, Ottawa); Sister Gabriel of the Immaculated (Gabrielle Michaud, Plessisville); Sister Saint Scholastique (Pierrette Belainsky, Saint Basil the Great); Sister Marguerite d'Ecosse (Marguerite Legendre, Lac Megantic); Sister Stella Marie (Helene Fontaine, Charny); Sister Marie Eva (Marie Claire Adam, Montreal); Sister Saint Praxede (Therese Boutin, Saint Marc de Figueray); Sister Marie Angeline (Marguerite Roy, Paincourt, Ont.); Sister Claude de la Colombiere (Suzanne Rinfret, Ottawa); Sister Saint Felicity (Therese Leblanc, Saint Sylvere); Sister Saint Leandre (Jeannine Moreau Quebec); Sister Frances of Rome (Francoise Derome, Montreal); Sister Ann Helen (Helene Labelle, Marlboro, Mass..)

"Holy Mother, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, help me to weave the Chinese tunic for your Son, the Divine Word. Make it a seamless robe, beautiful and wearable. Give it an oriental touch; perfume it with frankincense, preserve it with musk, line it with gold, but at the same time make it as light and as comfortable for Him to wear as possible! Share with me some of those gifts which you received from the Magi, plus the blessing. In one word, Mother, do it for me for no one knows your Son's measure and taste better than you; I will co-operate with you as an apprentice tailor."

John C. H. Wu



KITCHEN CHORES CAN BE FUN EVEN AT THE POSTULATE.

Priest

Shortage

Priests are needed badly
Germany needs 2900 of them.

South America could put 40,000 priests to work tomorrow.

Denmark just ordained her first priest — she has not ordained one since 1536.
(those were the days of Henry VIII).

In Guatemala, there are 125 priests for 3,000,000 people.

In China, the Communists have expelled 696 priests, nuns and brothers since the first of the year. There are still 1163 religious within China, serving that huge nation.

The Catholic Philippine Republic has fewer priests in proportion to the faithful than such mission countries as India and Japan, according to the country's new Catholic Directory. It indicates that while 82 per cent of the Philippines' 19,500,000 people are Catholics, only 2,500 diocesan and regular priests are stationed in the islands — a ratio of one priest for every 6,300 Catholics.

One Religion as Good as Another

If one religion were as good as another, there would have been no reason for the Son of God, Christ, to come on earth.

If He was NOT the Son of God, then His religion is not as good as any other, but of all religions the worst, inasmuch as He claimed to be God.

Accept His Divinity (on His Word and His Miracles), and there is only one rational course of action and of living — His Way, as committed to his Church, and to no other.

Which Church is His?

The one bearing His guarantee — "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

To whom were those words spoken ?

To the Apostles.

When ?

Nineteen hundred and fifty-three years ago.

Which Church alone dates back so far ?

The Catholic Church.

Historic Sites of HAITI

SR. CATHERINE OF SIENA(1), M.I.C.

Thanks to the gracious obligingness of a Canadian registered Nurse sent here by the ONU as well as to the kindness of the Cape's magistrate, we visited some time ago two famous historic sites of the island, Sans Souci Castle and Laferrière Citadel. One easily fancies these now more or less dilapidated buildings still haunted by the tragic and romantic figures surrounding the Black Majesty, Christophe Henry, the slave boy who became King Henry I, (1811—1820).

We left by car for our excursion. Fortunately the heat was tempered by a refreshing breeze blowing in from the sea. On every side, new vistas of magnificent scenery opened before us.

Sans Souci Castle lying in the lush green lap of a mountain called Bonnet à l'Eveque, is the chief attraction of the town of Milot. In 1842, an earthquake which destroyed many neighboring hamlets caused considerable damage to the palace whose ruins still tell of bygone splendor. Built in the Louis XV style, it consists of a central pavilion flanked by a couple of two story buildings and terminated by a square pavilion. On the ground floor a huge vestibule leads into halls opening on either side. Upstairs are the private apartments of the King and Queen. Outside the enclosure stands the rotunda topped with an imposing dome where Queen Marie Louise went in high state to hear solemn Mass on Sundays accompanied by her royal retinue. Nearby may be seen half ruined warehouses, barracks, and stables formerly used by retainers and servants.

Christophe Henry had a passion for regal residences. Of the six palaces which he had erected during his ephemeral reign, Sans Souci was his favorite. He took great pains to have it exquisitely furnished and surrounded with beautiful gardens where leaping cascades, misty fountains, and extensive irrigation canals contrived to keep the spot an enchanted

1. Therese Forest, St. Paul of Joliette, P.Q.

fairyland of pleasant coolness the whole year round. On the terrace is shown a tree under which sat the monarch to dispense justice. A concrete bench built against the trunk served as throne while an awning attached to the branches secured protection from the burning rays of the sun. On the ground, a guard line of bricks marked off the space beyond which litigants were forbidden to trespass.

Under the historic tree, guides were waiting with wiry mounts to take us up the rugged slopes of Bonnet a l'Eveque unaccessible to cars. On the summit of this mountain, at an altitude of two thousand five hundred feet, Christophe Henry, to protect himself against the possible return of the French, built Laferriere fortress which may well be considered as a marvel of the world as much so as the pyramids of Egypt.

We began our steep ascent at the rear of Sans Souci. Here and there on the mountainside, rustic habitations emerged from the luxuriant foliage or clung precariously to jutting ledges. Peasants ambled along with hoes on their shoulders and the inevitable machete at their side. Black damsels, water jugs balanced on their heads, called out cheerful "*Bonjou ma Me*" (Good day to you, Mother). A kind woman standing at the door of her *caille* invited us to rest and sample some refreshing fruit juice which offer we gratefully accepted. From this spot spread out below us a panorama of breath-taking beauty; Sans Souci resembling a huge bouquet of greenery, Milot, the Cap's fertile plain, and beyond, the marvelous expanse of the Caribbean, its turquoise waters sparkling in the noonday sunlight.

After resting a while, we tackled the last lap of our journey. We admired how our patient burros adroitly led us up the narrow, tortuous paths, wrapping their hoofs about the rocks and brush. Suddenly as we rounded one hillside curve, appeared at about one hundred meters ahead, the gigantic silhouette of the citadel clearly etched against a flawless blue sky; another hour of arduous climbing and we reached the massive gates. The guards gave us a hearty welcome.

In this ponderous mass of stone as unmovable as the rock on which it stands enters not one single scrap of iron or concrete but only lime and sand and local materials. The citadel with its excellent artillery, its barracks, interior gardens, and huge water cisterns could shelter in case of a siege five thousand soldiers and ten thousand civilians. How such a fortress could have been built at this altitude is a problem that puzzles every tourist. There being no vehicular routes leading to the top of the mountain, slaves and beasts were forced to carry up needed material. Legend says thousands died, building this stronghold for the Pharaoh of the New World. Misguided tyrant, in the long years of fighting the French, he forgot the feel of slavery and ruled his "free" subjects with a hand of iron.

One prisoner condemned to toil at this stupendous enterprise composed a creole ballad recounting the hardships encountered and having as refrain, *Idé, Idé roi pou nou gagné repos nan pays la* (Onward, onward! The king works

to bring us peace). It is said that when King Henry heard the ballad sung, he was so flattered that he immediately set the author at liberty.

It takes more than three hours to visit every nook and cranny of Laferriere Citadel. While we were strolling through the halls, we met a couple from Montreal enjoying a honeymoon trip in Haiti. We lunched together in the big room where Christophe Henry once played billiards. Afterwards we inspected the artillery galleries then went up a series of stone stairs right to the top of the fortress, one hundred and fifty meters above the summit of Bonnet à l'Eveque. Thence one is thrilled by a wonderful bird's eye view of the northern part of the island, its shores scalloped white with the foam of the Atlantic Ocean. The guide who accompanied us extolled the citadel terming it a cyclopean feat, a work of genius. He quoted the words of the Haitian, F. Marcellin, "Laferriere Citadel remains one of the most poignant hymns in our heroic cycle."

Christophe Henry's grave lies beside the entrance of the mighty fortress. Enthroned in 1811, he killed himself in 1820 when paralysis and revolution beset him. A handful of soldiers now guard the Citadel which he designed to garrison thousands.

— * —



THE NATIVITY

"The stable was . . . wretched . . . but in it was a sanctuary as worthy of God as it is possible for a created thing to be worthy of Him. That sanctuary was Mary's soul. In it the Child-God could nestle to His heart's content and find delight . . . In His eyes the splendours of His Mother's soul transformed the cavern into an abode of palatial splendour and beauty. The mother-love of Mary wrapped the soul and heart of Jesus in a mantle of warmth that was grateful in the extreme. God had never before experienced the like from a human person. Mary lavishes tenderness mingled with adoration on the Child. . . It is not easy to satisfy God. The Saints, even great ones, find Him exacting in His requirements. Yet here God was satisfied. He could ask no more from Mary and St. Joseph than they had given." — LEEN

Our Beloved Dead

Commendatore Giulio Fumasoni-Biondi, **Rome, Italy**; Mrs. Albert Blanchet, **Lemieux Station**, Mother of our Sr. Marie Celina; Mr. Avila Ladouceur, **Sainte-Ann de Bellevue**, father of our Sr. Marie Alice; Mrs. Alphonse Couvrette, **St. Dorothea**, mother of our Sr. Alphonsus of the Redeemer; Mr. T. St. Arnaud, **Montreal**, father of our Sr. St. John of the Redeemer; Mrs. Emile Leblanc, **Jonquiere**, mother of our Sr. Pauline Marie; Mrs. Frederic Guenette, **l'Original, Ont.** mother of our Sr. Theresa of the Blessed Sacrament; Mr. Felix Jacques, **St. Joseph of Beauce**, father of our Sr. Louise of France; Mrs. Lorenzo Coallier, **Rosemont**, mother of our Sr. St. Gilberte; Mr. Eloi Forest, **l'Epiphanie**, brother of our Sr. St. Anthony; Mrs. Nelson Laffoley, **Paspébiac**, sister of our Sr. Marie of Calvary; Mr. Paul Pinsonneault, **St. Michael of Napierville**, brother of our Sr. Marie des Lis; Mrs. Simeon Labreche, **St. Roch de l'Achigan**, grandmother of our Sr. St. Simeon; Mrs. Harry Saint Amant, **Penetanguishene, Pnt.**; Mr. Lorenzo Lecavalier, **Sainte Anne de Bellevue**; Mr. E. Chenier, Mr. le Docteur R. Faribault, **Ottawa**; Mrs. Regina Barsalou, Mr. Theodore Dupuis, Mrs. Joseph Robert, Mr. Geo. Robillard, Mrs. Arthur Trudeau, Mrs. Jos. Bonneau, Mr. Art. Paris, Mr. J. E. Levesque, Mrs. C. Bazinet, Mr. Joseph Cloutier, Miss Irene Millette, Mr. Jean Louis Coutu, Mr. Wilfrid Trudeau, Mr. Odilon Forest, M. A. Marcil, Mrs. Leon Mercier, **Montreal**; Mr. J. Beaudry, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. Hector Gendron, Mr. Joseph Frappier, **Ville Jacques Cartier**; Miss Claire Belisle, **Outremont**; Mr. Donat Pesant, **Ville Saint Michel**; Mr. Leo McDonald, **Montreal Sud**; Mr. Gilles Perron, Mr. Ronaldo Perron, Mr. Raymond Boyer, Mrs. Wilfrid Chartrand, **Saint Maxime**; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kensella, **Croydon**; Mrs. Henri Bernard, **Saint Jean**; Mrs. Gedeon Beaupre, **Saint Hyacinthe**; Mr. Joseph Forcier, **Sorel**; Mr. Prudent Roy, **Saint Vallier**; Mrs. Henri Painchaud, Mrs. Jules Dickner, **Plessisville**; Mrs. Ernest Normand, **Montmagny**; Miss Helene McGrath, **Kenogami**.



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