

THE PRECURSOR

Montreal, No. 9

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The Precursor

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COVER PICTURE:

These children of Nyassaland who call the chief of Kaseye, "Father", are very fond of their teacher, Sr. St. Imelda (Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Man.)

IMPRIMATUR :

† His Eminence P. Emile Cardinal Leger
Archbishop of Montreal
January 7, 1955.

NIHIL OBSTAT :

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.
March 4, 1955.

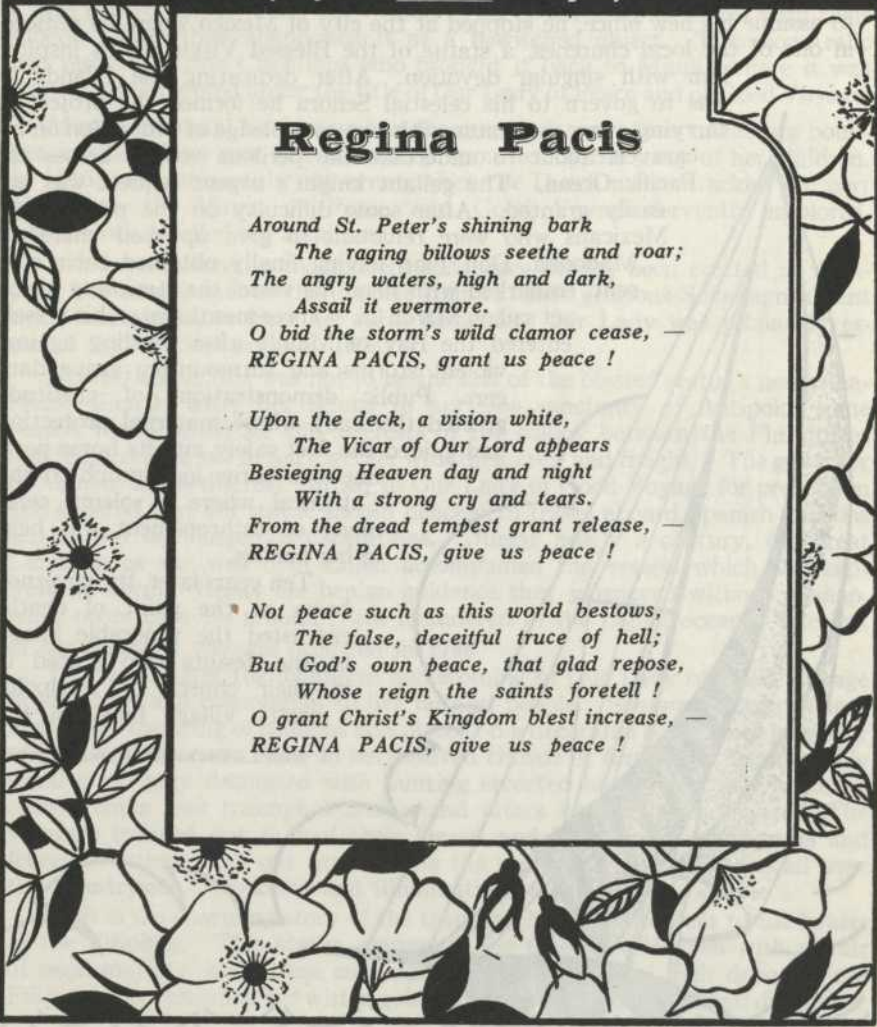


Regina Pacis

*Around St. Peter's shining bark
The raging billows seethe and roar;
The angry waters, high and dark,
Assail it evermore.
O bid the storm's wild clamor cease, —
REGINA PACIS, grant us peace !*

*Upon the deck, a vision white,
The Vicar of Our Lord appears
Besieging Heaven day and night
With a strong cry and tears.
From the dread tempest grant release, —
REGINA PACIS, give us peace !*

*Not peace such as this world bestows,
The false, deceitful truce of hell;
But God's own peace, that glad repose,
Whose reign the saints foretell !
O grant Christ's Kingdom blest increase, —
REGINA PACIS, give us peace !*



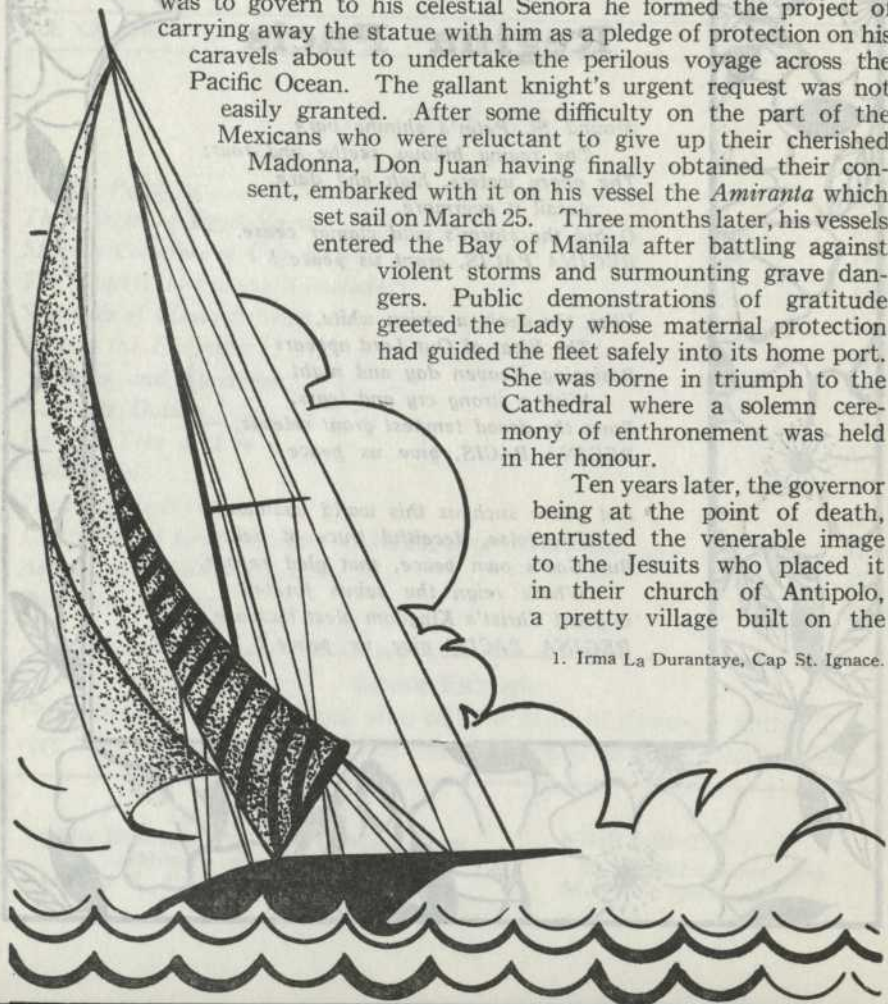
The Virgin of Good Voyage

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

Among the numerous titles through which the Filipinos honour Mary, one of the most touching is that of Our Lady of Good Voyage. We learn from ancient chronicles that in 1626, a Spanish gentleman called Juan Nino of Tabora was appointed governor of the Philippine Islands. On his way to assume his new office, he stopped at the city of Mexico where he noticed, in one of the local churches, a statue of the Blessed Virgin which inspired him with singular devotion. After dedicating the Islands he was to govern to his celestial Senora he formed the project of carrying away the statue with him as a pledge of protection on his caravels about to undertake the perilous voyage across the Pacific Ocean. The gallant knight's urgent request was not easily granted. After some difficulty on the part of the Mexicans who were reluctant to give up their cherished Madonna, Don Juan having finally obtained their consent, embarked with it on his vessel the *Amiranta* which set sail on March 25. Three months later, his vessels entered the Bay of Manila after battling against violent storms and surmounting grave dangers. Public demonstrations of gratitude greeted the Lady whose maternal protection had guided the fleet safely into its home port. She was borne in triumph to the Cathedral where a solemn ceremony of enthronement was held in her honour.

Ten years later, the governor being at the point of death, entrusted the venerable image to the Jesuits who placed it in their church of Antipolo, a pretty village built on the

1. Irma La Durantaye, Cap St. Ignace.



slopes of a verdant hill at about 20 kilometers south of Manila. Its name of Antipolo was derived from that of the shady trees which growing in abundance on the hillside render this a spot of enchanting beauty. The population of this district enjoyed peaceful possession of its treasure until the Chinese insurrection which broke out in 1639. The statue was hidden for safety in a thicket but the rebels having laid hands on it, threw it into the fire to destroy it completely. Finding that the flames respected it although it was carved out of wood, they vainly tried to cut it up to pieces with their sabers. They then abandoned it as a bewitched object. The pious relic was rescued by the Christians who brought it back to Manila where it was subsequently revered under the title of Our Lady of Peace and of Good Voyage.

Mary's maternal tenderness and the manifestation of her unceasing bounties justified these new titles conferred upon her by the piety of her children. In 1646, to mention only one event, when the Dutch navy attacked the port of Cavite, the Virgin of Peace and Good Voyage fervently implored, victoriously repelled the assailants.

A few years later, a magnificent sanctuary having been erected at Antipolo, the inhabitants of this hamlet claimed their gracious Sovereign absent since fourteen years from her rural demesne. Our Lady was jubilantly escorted thither, September 8, 1653.

Nervertheless, this was not to be the last of the blessed statue's peregrinations. Shortly after her return to her new sanctuary of Antipolo, some vessels which sailed for the interests of the colony between the Philippines and Mexico were lost at sea together with their crew and freight. The governor of Manila, in his distress, turned to Our Lady of Good Voyage for protection and ordered that her statue should henceforth travel aboard Spanish galleons setting out on dangerous expeditions. During nearly a century, the great Capitana as she was then called accompanied the vessels which she kept from all harm. Under her benign guidance they journeyed without mishap, while other caravels around them floundered in the raging ocean. The last of her recorded voyages occurred in 1746.

Two years later the definitive homecoming of Our Lady of Good Voyage brought joy and consolation to her faithful people. She was welcomed into Manila by the firing of cannons and placed on a decorated barge to be solemnly taken along the river Pasig to her beloved church of Antipolo. Innumerable small craft gaily decorated with bunting escorted her on her way while on either banks rose triumphal arches and altars banked with flowers. The villagers tramped out to hail their Queen and Mother. Pious hymns and fervent ovations rang out from among the multitude and re-echoed all over the countryside. Concerts and illuminations lasted for an octave.

Such is the charming story of the traveling Madonna so dear to the hearts of the Filipinos. This statue represents the Queen of Heaven with an air of regal majesty and serene compassion. As a pledge of their devotion the Filipinos have crowned her with a golden diadem set with pearls and diamonds.

The image, as is the custom in countries of Spanish inspiration, is clothed in rich garments of velvet and brocade adorned with jewels.

From her throne of Antipolo, Mary continues to dispense her favors upon her devotees. Immense throngs of people from all over the archipelago yearly gather at their national Marian shrine to pay her the homage of their filial love and gratitude. Before the opening of the 1937 international Congress, Bishops and Archbishops laid their petitions at her feet, while the Cardinal Legate paid her his first official visit upon his arrival. The marvelous role that she has played in the history of these Islands, has forever enshrined her in the hearts of all. Our Lady of Antipolo they hail as their celestial benefactress, their recourse in all afflictions, their succor in all necessities.

A modern peril more dangerous perhaps than all preceding ones now threatens the liberty and faith of this bastion of Christianity in the Far East. But the Filipino nation will remain unscathed as long as it flies for protection to the feet of its Queen, the Virgin of Good Voyage.



CAP HAITIEN

Marian Congress

SR. MARIE RUTH(1), M.I.C.

A local Marian Congress was held at Cap Haitien from December 5 to December 8, 1954. His Excellency Bishop A. Cousineau, c.s.c. had entrusted its organization to his confreres, the Holy Cross Fathers. During the last weeks of November, these zealous missionaries exerted themselves to ensure full success to the manifestation in honor of our Blessed Mother. They did not work in vain, for the entire diocese responded to their challenge. The population had been prepared beforehand by the visit of the Pilgrim Virgin who made the rounds of towns, hamlets, and even remotest villages during the months of September and October. In certain difficult passages, the statue was taken off the jeep that carried it, and after being carefully padded was pulled up almost inaccessible cliffs to lonely "morne" chapels. At other points it was carried across rivers by an escort who had water up to their waists.

The celebrations were inaugurated in the city of Cap Haitien by a Holy Hour and by the presentation of a mystery play in front of the cathedral. Numerous difficulties and mishaps hampered the setting up of the outdoor stage. Twice, the Fathers had to rebuild it as enemies of the Church pulled

1. Emilienne Cantin, Quebec.



down during the night what they had put up during the day. Our pupils of the Home Economics School felt greatly honored in being asked to represent the Lourdes apparition. Powerful projectors enhanced the beauty of the scene at the grotto where Bernadette first saw the beautiful Lady in white and blue; as the words had been tape-recorded, it only remained for the actors to mime their respective roles. Teachers of Pilate School afterwards rendered the Mystery of the Annunciation. It was a remarkable success but Our Lady almost had to do without her lovely azure mantle. I had cautioned my pupils not to leave any costumes lying around the cathedral after their own act; one of them in her zeal had also taken away the mantle reserved for the actors of the mystery play. The pageant "Joy of the World" conducted by the Holy Cross Fathers made me forget for a few hours that I was on the missions. Dainty pages clad in multicoloured satin moved forward to offer gorgeous sheafs of flowers to the Queen of the World but she claimed only one — her favorite violet, the emblem of her humility. This flower was represented by a winsome little lass of three. Symbolic gifts were then offered: a white lamb which started to bleat pitifully, blinking under the glare of the projectors, and spotless doves which at first perched on the railing then fluttered above the "angels" who danced in honor of their Immaculate Queen.

The next day was dedicated to the teachers who were happy to assist at the special conference and film given for their intention. On the third day it was the turn of the students to celebrate. Our Sisters from Limbe arrived accompanied by their pupils to share in the manifestation. They had decorated a very pretty float in honor of Our Lady of Schools while the girls of our course in Home Economics had prepared one bearing the title of Our Lady of the World. As it was topped by a huge star fixed to a glittering pole, it had some difficulty during the parade to pass safely under the electric wires at the crossroads. Each time, a tall Black had to raise the wires up much to the amusement of the crowd who cheered "Ah, li bon, oui allez!" (Keep it up! It's great fun!) Prayers and hymns were rendered with pious animation by the parading school children.

On December 8, at the closing of the Congress, the whole population escorted the triumphal float bearing Our Lady's statue. After the celebration of a Pontifical High Mass, the Madonna was carried to the shrine prepared for it on the open space in front of the cathedral. There it was crowned and the diocese of Cap Haitien was solemnly dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. As had been done at the Canadian national Congress of Cap de la Madeleine, His Excellency Bishop Albert Cousineau laid his crozier in homage at the feet of the Blessed Mother, Queen of the Universe.

Memories of these grandiose manifestations of Marian piety will live on in our diocese. Not without abundant spiritual advantages did the good folk of Cap Haitien hail Mary as their Queen during three whole days. They now wish to prove in the practice of their daily life that they are her loyal and loving subjects determined to live as true Christians should.



Pupils of the Home Economics School, Cap Haitien.

The Martyr of Futuna

by Florence Gilmore

(Concluded)

On learning from Brother Mary Nizier and his companions of the death of Father Chanel, Father Bataillon had written at once to Bishop Pompallier, and on December twentieth, of the same year, His Lordship landed in Wallis on his way to Futuna. His little vessel was protected by a French man-of-war. Sam, his wife, and several catechumens offered to go with him to act as interpreters, and their help was gladly accepted.

An article, written by a naval officer, and published in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, related that "When the warship reached Singave, that part of the island to which Brother Mary Nizier owed his safety and where Father Chanel had been especially beloved, our party learned that Niuliki and a powerful chief who had always opposed the preaching of the Gospel were both dead. M. du Bouzet, the officer in command, realizing that the king's death made easier his task of recovering the martyr's body, sent a messenger to the chiefs to promise that he would do no harm to the island, richly as it deserved chastisement. Seeing the *Allier*, with its large crew and its cannon, the Futunians believed that their hour of reckoning had come and when the messenger landed, he found them in a frenzy of fear. They were planning to abandon their villages and hide in the depths of the woods. He succeeded in convincing them of the foolishness of such a course, and the wisdom of negotiating frankly and amicably with the French, who could easily exact all they were asking.

"What we wished above all else was to obtain Father Chanel's body. At first no one could be induced to bring us to it; but after a time Maligi, once Niuliki's prime minister, who had not approved of the murder of the missionary, offered to convey it to the ship. He disinterred it with his own hands and brought it to us on the following day. His friends had tried to shake his resolution by telling him that for any Futunian to board our vessel would mean his certain death, but Maligi trusted to the promise given by our messenger in the name of all our officers.

"It was at four o'clock in the afternoon of January nineteenth, that Maligi appeared on the beach with the precious remains. He was escorted by Maatala and thirty other natives, most of them former catechumens of Father Chanel's, who had intense love and reverence for his memory. Sam and his friends bowed respectfully before the body of the martyr. It was then wrapped in pieces of tape, or papyrus cloth, to which were attached many other pieces of the same material, that were allowed to hang down in token of respect. The party embarked in a small boat belonging to our ship. On reaching the deck of the *Allier*, Maligi presented M. du Bouzet with an enormous kava root to signify that he begged mercy for his people. He was kindly received and thanked for having done what he could to wash the stain of murder from his island.

"The ship's doctor examined the head of the martyr and found a fracture of the skull such as an axe-blade would have made. The condition of the body, which had

just begun to putrefy, prevented as thorough an examination as he would have liked to make. He embalmed it, and it was given into the care of Father Viard, who was charged to take it to New Zealand on a schooner belonging to the mission.

"M. du Bouzet, after impressing upon Maligi the horror of the crime which had been committed in Futuna, commissioned him to recover everything still on the island which had been the property of the missionary, in particular, whatever he had used in saying Mass. He told him, also, that there was much he wished to say to the chiefs, whom he would gladly welcome aboard his ship. Maligi promised to do all in his power to carry out the wishes of the captain, and left the *Allier* very happy over some little gifts which he had received.

"The next morning the principal chiefs of Niuliki's party came on board, saying that they deeply regretted what had occurred, and bringing us a chalice, a cassock, a crucifix, and some pious pictures, which they had gathered from different parts of the island. M. du Bouzet asked them if Niuliki had had Father Chanel put to death because he had some grudge against him. 'He had none,' they replied. 'The Father did only good in Futuna; he was always kindness itself to all the natives.' They begged him to forgive the past, thanked him for having spared them, and promised to treat well all the whites who might ever come to their island, and to end forever the rivalry which for many years had caused bloodshed in Futuna. They were pleased to see Brother Mary Nizier and besought him to remain with them. There was nothing the young lay-brother would have liked better, had his superiors been willing."

Adding some details to this account, Father Viard said, "I witnessed a very touching scene. The remorseful Futunians begged us to forget their crime and remain among them. One of the chiefs besought me with clasped hands and tears in his eyes to send them a priest, and Brother Mary Nizier threw himself on his knees before me, imploring the favor of being permitted to stay and instruct them. Prudence forbade me to allow this, but I am confident that the blood of our beloved brother will prove to be the seed of many Christians.

"We could not persuade Musumusu to come on board. Despite our assurances of pardon he repeated sadly, again and again, 'It was not my fault; it was not my fault. Niuliki told me to kill the Father because he had converted his son.'

"As to that good old man, Maligi, who had cared for the grave of our martyr, and who brought his body to us, he said with touching earnestness, 'If I had been in my cabin when the murderers came to Poi, either Father Chanel would not have been killed, or I should have died at his feet. Ah, I shall never see him again, the Father who was so good and whom I loved so much!'"

"The captain could not remain long in Futuna, so dear to us and to our whole Society, and we soon set sail for New Zealand. My heart was full of joy because we carried with us the remains of Father Chanel and the cassock stained with his blood!"(1)

1. The body of Blessed Peter was taken to Lyons and placed in the mother house of the Marist Fathers. It was identified on its arrival, again in 1857 by Bishop Bataillon, a third time in 1859 by Father Viard, and finally in 1875 by the judge delegated by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is now enclosed in a magnificent shrine, decorated by M. Amand Calliat. The martyr's chalice, missal, two chasubles, an alb, the lance, and the blood-stained cassock were given back to the mission of Futuna. The axe which dealt the death-blow is the property of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

According to an account of the mission written by Father Servant, Sam remained in Futuna and went from village to village in Singave, "instructing the people". No difficulty discouraged, and no threat intimidated him. Those who clung to their idolatrous practices, and above all the priests and the old men, bade him beware the anger of the gods, who would certainly eat him. 'If they eat me tonight,' he said, 'it will prove that you are right; but if, when tomorrow comes, I am still alive, admit their impotence and believe in the great God of the Christians.' It was not long before all the natives of Singave became convinced that the stories about their gods, which they had always believed, were but a tissue of lies, and of their own accord they burned everything dedicated to their worship. In testimony of their gratitude to Sam, they chose him to be their king.

Under the leadership of Musumusu, King Niuliki's party followed their example. The people abolished taboos, burned their idols, and flocked to Father Chanel's catechumens for instruction. Such was the condition of Futuna when the Society of Mary reestablished its mission there.

Bishop Pompallier, who had had the joy of baptizing and confirming nearly all the inhabitants of Wallis, wished to make a tour of the islands under his jurisdiction, commencing with Futuna where he hoped to be able to leave one or more successors to Father Chanel. He embarked with three priests, two lay-brothers, the king of Wallis and about fifty others, whites and natives. The *Holy Mary*, a small ship which had become the property of the mission, anchored near Alofi, in May 1842. "In the first canoe which came out, was one of Father Chanel's murderers," wrote Father Chevron. "In the second was the man who gave him his death blow, the too famous Musumusu. He was king of part of the island, and came to invite us to his house where some neophytes from Wallis were assembled to spend Sunday together. He gave his invitation through the king of Wallis, too much ashamed, as he told me later, to address the *relatives* of the priest whom he had been unhappy enough to kill. However, he presented himself without fear, convinced that the hands of priests give only blessings and their lips know only words of peace. We soon disembarked, and I could never tell all the wonderful changes which had come over the island since I had left it!

"As soon as possible I visited some neophytes from Wallis and went to see our old house in Poi. Only a few posts were standing. I recognized the place where I had been accustomed to sit with Father Chanel, and saw the spot where he had received the crown of martyrdom. I spent a night in visiting the people of his village, trying to strengthen them in their good dispositions. I went to see Musumusu. He asked me to beg His Lordship to have pity on his people and give them a priest to instruct them and showed great sorrow for his crime which he had committed, he said, to please the king.

"While we were in Futuna, Sam, his wife, and their little daughter were baptized. The whole population pleading for the same grace, we set to work to instruct the people with the help of some catechists from Wallis, and after ten days of preparation Bishop Pompallier baptized and confirmed one hundred and forty of them." Father Chanel was interceding for the islanders whom he so tenderly loved.

Father Servant, Father Rouleaux, and Brother Mary Nizier remained in Futuna to continue the work so auspiciously begun. "We commenced our ministry," wrote

Father Servant, "by baptizing all the little children in Alofi and the larger island. Among them were the children of Musumusu and of the assassins who had done his bidding. With the help of Brother Mary Nizier the sick were instructed and soon received the Sacrament of Regeneration. Niuliki's wife was ill, and so boundless is God's mercy that she asked for instruction and died a few days after she was baptized, accusing herself of having borne a part in Father Chanel's death by the bad advice she had given to the king.

"It is a joy to know that our martyr is interceding for us. We are reaping what he sowed in trial and suffering."

Later, the same missionary wrote, "We have been in Futuna, only eight months, and already we have two churches, and eight hundred of the natives have been baptized. Soon the two or three hundred remaining catechumens will be sufficiently instructed to be received into the Church, and some of our neophytes ready for their First Holy Communion. Sam and his wife are frequent communicants, as are a few natives of Wallis who are spending some time here with their chief, Tounghala.

"The fervor of our Christians increases from day to day. Young and old, men and women, are eager for instruction. It is both edifying, and touching to see the old people sit silent about Sam, listening attentively while he explains the truths of our holy religion, after having asked our permission to do so. The influence of the Faith over these poor islanders is marvellous. Instead of the cruelty and superstition of which we told you, all is peace and charity. As they learn more about God and His Church, their love of the Giver of all good gifts grows more ardent, and if the day is not long enough to satisfy their devotion, they continue their prayers far into the night."

Poor Musumusu, crushed under the weight of his sin, and as simple as a child in his sorrow, entered the ranks of the catechumens, but had not yet been baptized when he took advantage of Tounghala's return to Wallis to go there with him and a number of neophytes. Father Bataillon told that, "falling dangerously ill soon after his arrival, he had himself carried to my house and implored me to baptize him, confessing his crime and begging forgiveness over and over again. I baptized him, giving him the name of Maurice. He got well and some weeks later returned to Futuna with his friends, all of them very fervent and very happy."

In April 1845, he became seriously ill for the second time. His body, as stout as Niuliki's had been, fell a prey to the same horrible disease, and his suffering was excruciating. All the natives, even his wife, looked upon his illness as a punishment for his sin. He received Extreme Unction on the eve of Pentecost, and by his own request passed the whole of the following night listening to the instruction of a catechist, and learning some little acts of love and adoration which he repeated unceasingly. The next morning he received his First Communion. "This is the happiest day of my life," he said.

For several months he lingered. His body was one great sore and his suffering unspeakable, but he made no complaint. When he knew his end was at hand he had himself carried to the scene of the martyrdom, and on reaching the spot, said to his relatives, "I will never leave this place. Here will I die." During his last hours he murmured many times "I want to die for God." He had no fear, but longed "to go

home." Thus did he die, in January 1846, the worst of Father Chanel's enemies having become the truest and humblest of his followers.

Today, Futuna is entirely Catholic. It has five priests and several native nuns. The people are reverent and devout; "the lion has become a lamb." Far from being obliged to urge the faithful to penitential practices, Father Chanel's younger brothers of the Society of Mary find it necessary to restrain their love of penance. Their purity and delicacy of conscience are extraordinary. Truly, the blood of our martyr has been the seed of many fervent Christians. (*The end*)



Statistics of Closed Retreats — 1954

	Re- treats	Persons attending	Recol- lections	Persons attending
Our Lady of the Holy Spirit Retreat House 314, St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal (8)	82	2,713	8	405
Bethany Retreat House Nominique, Labelle Co., P.Q.	21	616		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette, P.Q.	74	2,302		
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 1073 West St. Cyrille St., Quebec	139	3,965	23	1,014
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House Cenacle St., Chicoutimi	79	2,680	11	825
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby, P.Q.	63	1,564	1	24
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, P.Q.	73	1,920	3	159
Our Lady of the Rosary Retreat House St. Mary, Beauce Co., P.Q.	47	1,288		
Our Lady of the Angels Retreat House Dorval, P.Q.	7	88	1	10
Our Lady Queen of Missions Retreat House 187 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.	34	857	1	19
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Les Cayes, HAITI, West Indies	3	89	1	20
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Tokyo, JAPAN			5	135
Our Lady of Good Counsel Retreat House DAVAO, Philippine Islands	7	320	1	82
TOTALS	629	18,402	55	2,729

ISIDORO

THE CARPENTER

SR. MARIE HERMINE(1), M.I.C.

At the time when we lived near the old Colegio, Isidoro was one of our neighbors. Upon my arrival in Manguito, five years ago, I had been struck by the remarkable activity displayed by this Cuban whom we saw already busily at work when we passed in front of his shop on our way to early Mass. Always he would look up from his work and greet us pleasantly. The monotonous song of the gasoline motor actuating his power-saw continued to be heard long after we had gone to bed. I could hardly help being intrigued, for I had as yet seen only gay and carefree Cubans not in the least inclined to sweat over their workshop early or late.

The enigma was finally solved when we hired Manguito's carpenter to make repairs in our classrooms. It did not take us long to discover that his Spanish accent was not that of a Cuban; he had been born in Spain and had come to this island as a young man. His sojourn here might not have slowed down his naturally brisk nature; it certainly had gifted him with the smiling, urban Cuban obligingness. When I consulted him about two credences for the chapel, he promptly presented me with pretty little tables, his handiwork.

On Easter Sunday, we invited Isidoro to visit our modest chapel. Right away he noticed that our potted palms rested on two overturned cans carefully covered over with gilt paper. "Who ever heard of such a thing?" exclaimed the good man. "You have a carpenter as neighbor and you refrain from asking his help..." Later on that same day he produced two handsome consoles from his workshop remarking with a smile, "Every one enjoys doing a neighbor a good turn."

When Catholic Action Units were being organized in the parish, Esther, Isidoro's, wife asked to be enrolled in the Catholic Women's League only to find that there was an obstacle in the way. The carpenter of Manguito and his wife although they had lived together for thirty years, had never had their marriage blessed by the Church. Now, one of the first regulations governing the League, was that its members must present a religious marriage certificate. Upon being told that another couple had decided to get their union blessed and that the ceremony, free of charge, would take place privately,

1. Veronique Bernatchez, Pont Rouge, P.Q.

in our chapel, Isidoro showed himself willing enough to set matters right. It was understood that the two couples would meet at a fixed date.

However, a few hours before the wedding ceremony, a downcast Esther called at the Convento to announce that her man had changed his mind. Bad news received from Spain that morning had plunged him in a brooding irritated mood. Would the Madres not try to reason him? With a companion, I followed Esther to her husband's workshop. In terse, defiant tones, Isidoro complained that the lot of the poor was a bitter lot indeed and that they did not have any chance. His mother whom he had not seen for thirty years, had died a few weeks ago in Spain. He had always hoped to lay aside enough money to make the trip home and embrace her once again. But, now she was gone. The poor never did have any luck. They work like slaves from daybreak until sundown without any pleasant happenings to brighten the monotony of their lives. Where was the justice of it all? One of his children was sick and he had to borrow money to pay medicine and doctor. All this he added cost him so many humiliating annoyances that he really did not think it was a fitting time to celebrate a wedding.

Although deeply moved at the sight of this poor man's sorrow, I tried to explain that a religious marriage need not necessarily imply mundane festivities. Moreover the ceremony was to be strictly private. The other couple was relying on him and on his wife to serve as witnesses and they would surely be disappointed if they were forced to wait until a later date. All to no avail. Isidoro kept on ranting against what he called the privileged status of the rich compared to the inferior condition of the poor.

While he kept on and on, I recalled my rounds as promoter for our missionary review "THE PRECURSOR" and how much identical suffering I had seen among the rich as well as among the poor. The suffering of mothers helpless before the incurable diseases of their children, the heartbreak of others over moral ruins, the stark misery of entire families who had seen their fortunes topple almost overnight . . . "Mr. Isidoro, I'd like to tell you a story," I remarked. "A story that shows how Christians should bear up under their trials. Some ten years ago, in a certain city of my homeland, I was introduced to a family of considerable wealth where God always came first. The only son handsome, talented, lovable, the pride and joy of his parents' hearts was suddenly stricken with a cruel malady that bore him off in the prime of his manhood. You can easily imagine the grief of this family. Only the hope of meeting their beloved child in heaven helped to soften the blow. But my story does not end here. It happened that a few months later as I visited another parish in the interests of our missionary works, I told the Pastor my admiration for the remarkable spirit of charity and zeal animating the faithful of the whole diocese. 'I am happy to hear you say so,' replied the priest, 'And I'd like to give you still another tangible proof of this mission-mindedness. Before being assigned to this parish, I was procurator at the Bishop's palace. One day a gentleman, whom I did not know, entered my office stating that he wished to make an offering

for the *Propagation of the Faith* but that he did not want his name to be mentioned in either reports or reviews. To my astonishment he then handed me a cheque for \$4,000.00. I ventured to inquire whether this sum might be the clause of a will. The gentleman then explained in subdued tones that a dearly beloved son, his only hope and consolation, had died unexpectedly and that this sum was the amount of his insurance policy. He wished, he added, to make his sacrifice complete.'

'Father,' I exclaimed, 'I think I know your generous caller. He is Mr. X.'

'Who told you his name?'

'Nobody. But I happen to know this family and it is just like them to act as they did.'

Mr. Isidoro, I always refrained for reasons of discretion to tell this story. If I revealed it to you today, it is only with the hope that it may encourage you in your own trials."

Isidoro wept unashamedly and his tears somehow washed away from his soul any remaining bitterness. Esther looked timidly up at me, "Madre," she promised, "We'll be at the convento tonight..." A prosaic event delayed the ceremony which was to take place at eight o'clock. The huge black pig which the carpenter was fattening for Christmas broke out of its pen and its master had to run after it. For these poor folk the loss of this animal would have meant so much that Isidoro could well be excused for being late at his own wedding. When at last, late that evening, the two couples came out of the chapel, their hearts bubbled over with joy and satisfaction.

And now I must apologize to my Canadian friends. Will they resent, I wonder, my having divulged the secret of their generosity to this poor despairing Cuban? Will they hold a grudge against me for having presented to the readers of "THE PRECURSOR" a splendid example of high-mindedness and of its influence which reached the lonely hamlet of Manguito? I cannot believe it. At any rate they had better forgive and forget, for I am not at all sure of being genuinely repentant.



MARY AND THE MISSIONS

When the Negro lad tries to stammer out the "Hail Mary," he learns unconsciously to love in his mother, the instrument of God's goodness towards him. When the young catechumen proudly wears a medal of the Blessed Mother, he acknowledges implicitly that woman can no longer be for him merely an object of work or pleasure; he is ready to listen when the missionary preaches to him of the needs and the refinements of Christian marriage. — When the native mother tells her beads, she admires the confidence that God has shown towards one woman, the responsibility He has given her; she ponders over the consideration that God has shown towards her sex. In the measure that she learns to love and to pray to Mary, she becomes conscious of her own soul and her supernatural destiny, of her rights and also of her duties.

SHADOWS

AND *Sunshine*

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

Across the web of our missionary life the shuttle of time occasionally carries threads of somber hue. The months which followed the passage of the destructive hurricane *Hazel* were filled with saddening events. Although we struggled to maintain a cheerful outlook, too many realistic tableaux overshadowed our life to quite succeed. Is there anything more painful than to find oneself powerless in the face of other people's distress?

Into this gloomy atmosphere unexpectedly floated a joyful rumor that set our hearts beating with happiness. Our beloved Mother General, Mother Magdalen of the Sacred Heart(2), it appeared, would be in our midst for Christmas. I must admit that there were a few doubting Thomases among the Sisters. Even the ordinary routes being practically impassable how could anyone from Canada hope to reach us? But confirmation of the welcome rumor soon arrived. Our dear Mother, after celebrating Christmas with the Les Cayes community, had declared that she wanted to spend New Year's with her daughters of the coast so sorely tried by the hurricane. On December 26, she accordingly set foot in Port Salut whence she traveled on the same day to Les Coteaux. From the Roche a Bateau convent she then invited the Sisters of the three surrounding posts to gather around her for the New Year festivities. You can hardly imagine the joy of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception living on the shores of the Antilles upon receiving this summons. On New Year's eve they arrived at Roche a Bateau by horseback or burro. The family reunion was one that we will always cherish among the most pleasant memories of our missionary career. The climax for our Les Coteaux group was reached when, towards four in the afternoon, Mother General informed us that she intended riding back with us to our mission. Never had the solitary route Roche a Bateau — Les Coteaux seen such a merry cavalcade! Reverend Mother rode "Princess" while Sr. Marie Lucille(3), Sr. Marie of the Reparation(4), Sr. Marie Ernest(5),

1. Therese Cote, Beauport, P.Q.

2. Madeleine Payette, Montreal.

4. Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington, P.Q.

3. Lea Lecuyer, Montreal.

5. Adine Nadeau, Quebec.



Princess, Reverend Mother's Haitian mount

and Sr. Helen of the Sacred Heart(1), cantered after her on their own mounts. *Hazel's* furies and the antics of the raging sea were almost forgotten in the joy of the moment. The sun was retiring in regal draperies of crimson and gold behind the now placid waters when we at last dismounted in front of our modest little convent of Les Coteaux. While the lingering daylight faded into darkness, we sat on the verandah enjoying to the full the end of another perfect day on the missions.

The week that Mother General spent with us vanished all too quickly. It felt so good to have her near, to witness her maternal interest in all our works. She insisted on serving the little children at the milk canteen delighting them with a gift of candies she had brought along especially for them. They will not soon forget this *bonne Me* they who this year had not tasted any sweets at all not even on Christmas. She also went out of her way to show delicate sympathy to the sick, the aged, and the destitute.

On the feast of the Epiphany, our Sisters from Roche a Bateau rode to our place on horseback in order to spend the day with us. According to the old tradition of our homeland, a piece of the cake in honor of the *Three Kings* was drawn by lots and the day was closed by an enjoyable game of cards. Our visitors then bade us goodbye and rode back home leaving us under the charm of a very comforting family reunion.

After making the necessary arrangements for repairs of the damages occasioned by the hurricane, thanks to the generosity of benefactors, our dear Visitor hinted that it was time for her to travel to other mission posts. Before her courageous attitude we could not but resign ourselves to the inevitable. Fortunately, we had the joy of bidding her a last farewell on January 14. The lorry that was to take her back to Les Cayes happened to be a few hours late. How we blessed for once this proverbial Haitian tardiness!

1. Helene Hetu, Montreal.



WOMAN IN THE PLAN OF CREATION

Christian dogma teaches that one woman, Mary, has been endowed by God with unique privileges, the greatest ever bestowed upon a creature. To convince a people of the truth of this proposition is to inculcate in them the thought of the greatness of woman in the plan of creation; it is to show them all the possibilities of moral and spiritual development that are in her. They are thus led to grant her an important place in human society.

RIGHT REV. H. CHAPOUILIE

Under the shade of the papayas, Reverend Mother General on official visitation presides a family gathering at Manguito, Cuba.



NOVITIATE

DOINGS

Notwithstanding his innumerable activities and his heavy burden, His Eminence Cardinal Paul Emile Leger deigned to preside the February ceremony of final vows at our novitiate.

With his usual impressive eloquence the Cardinal of the Rosary set off in his allocution, the *Veni Immaculata* of the day's liturgy together with Mary's answer, *Ecce Ancilla Domini. Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*, words pronounced with such perfect dispositions, he added, that the vocation of Mary has become the model of all those who wish to consecrate their lives to the Lord.

Extolling Mary's unblemished virtue His Eminence went on to say that as her plenitude of perfection is drawn from Jesus, her divine Son, so are the effects of excellence produced in souls by the practice of religious life. Such is the inspiring doctrine of divine grace and of identification with Christ. The Cardinal then addressed the parents of the elect in delicately worded terms, "Today you are offering your daughters to God. They have come to the altar arrayed in bridal white significative of the happiness they feel in surrendering their youthful lives to the heavenly Bridegroom. Your hearts, dear parents, are doubtless torn with joy and grief. Perhaps you cherished the hope that these fine girls of yours would one day be the props of your declining years . . . You must be generous and ungrudgingly give to God what He deigns to crave — not your material goods but the very flower of your flesh and blood, your beloved children. Can there be anything you hold more precious here below? I admit the bitterness of the sacrifice involved. Nevertheless I would have you offer it with whole-hearted generosity, even with the spiritual joy felt by good Catholics who are proud and happy to mention that God has honored their family by calling one or more of its members to become laborers in His vineyard, auxiliaries in the world's redemption."

To the young girls present as guests, His Eminence gave the following advice, "I urge you to be particularly attentive during the ceremony about to take place. Perhaps have you not yet heard the dear Savior's invitation

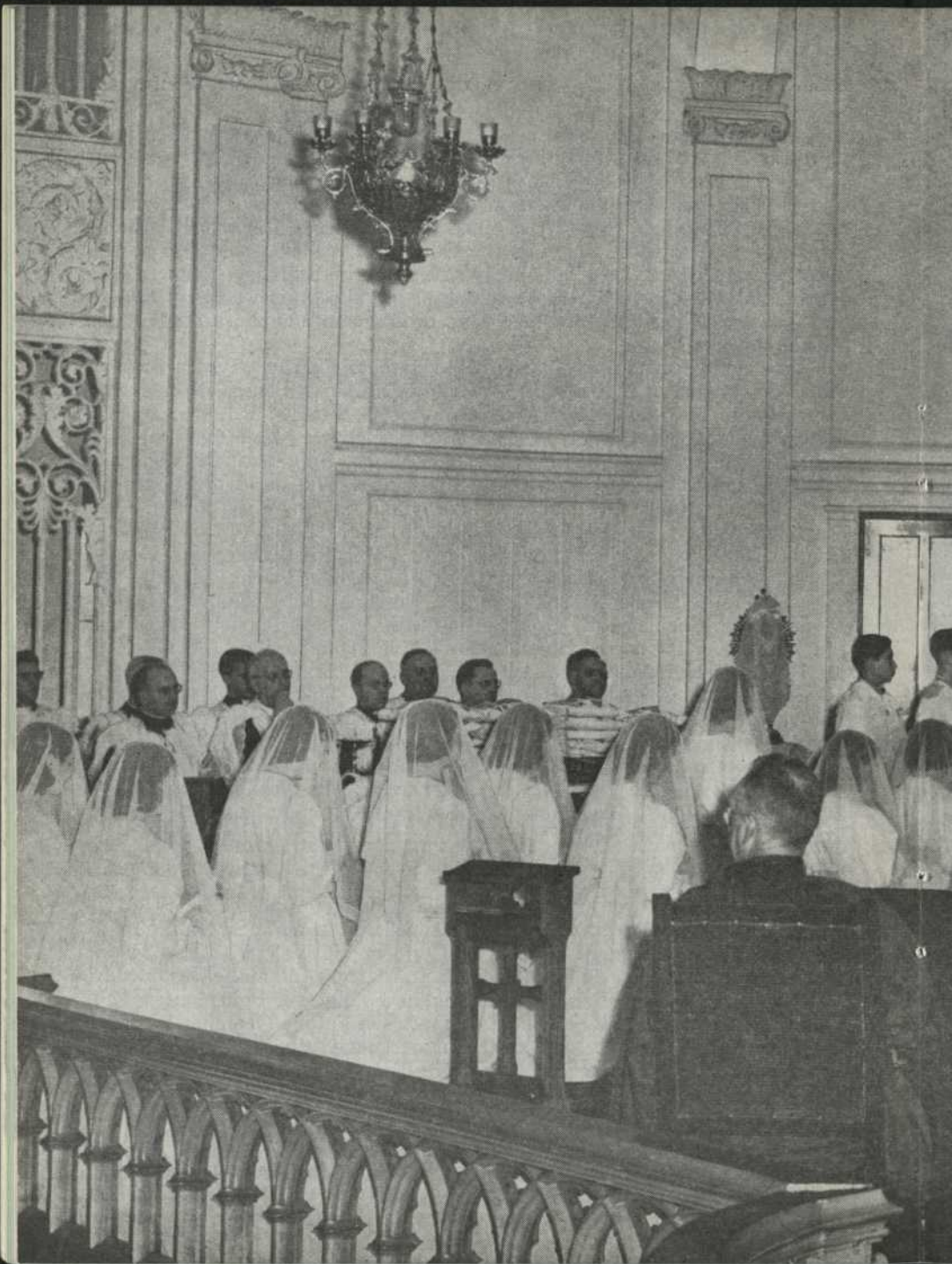
to embrace religious life. Until now you have perhaps always taken your Christian life too much for granted. Your heedlessness has kept you from hearing the word of God. Like little Samuel in the temple, you are asleep and therefore unaware that the Lord is calling you. During this ceremony, our Lord will beckon one or the other. Do not leave the chapel without promising God loyal service. In the Gospel we read that as soon as the apostles were called, they left everything and immediately followed the Savior. My first word at the beginning of my allocution was *Veni Sponsa Immaculata*; let my last word be a word of glad and humble surrender *Ecce Ancilla Domini.*"

Were clothed in the holy habit: Miss Mathilde Joachim, Port a Piment, Haiti (Sr. Juliana of the Sacred Heart); Miss Primitiva Panesa, Norala, P.I. (Sr. Maurice of Jesus); Miss Azucena de Borja, Manila, P.I. (Sr. Francis Joseph); Miss Claire Carrier, St. Martin of Beauce (Sr. Marie Agathe); Miss Laurette Gauvin, St. Catherine, Portneuf Co. (Sr. Andrew of the Cenacle); Miss Monique Massicotte, St. Melanie, Joliette Co. (Sr. Charles de Foucauld); Miss Michelle Naud, Deschambault, Portneuf Co. (Sr. St. Michelle); Miss Marcelline Gilbert, Regina, Saskatchewan (Sr. St. Marcelline); Miss Gilberte Bourk, Three Rivers (Sr. Marie Reine du Cap); Miss Jacqueline Dozois, Lewiston, Maine (Sr. Frances Cabrini); Miss Agnes Bouchard, Petite Riviere St. Francois, Charlevoix Co. (Sr. St. Roseline); Miss Monique Heroux, Montreal (Sr. Cecilia of the Holy Spirit); Miss Michelle Paquette, Montreal (Sr. Michelle of the Sacred Heart); Miss Gisele Dion, Lachine (Sr. Gisele of the Holy Angels); Miss Louise Delvigne, Montreal (Sr. Louise de la Charite); Miss Jacqueline Abgral, Quebec (Sr. Jacqueline Therese); Miss Monique Larouche, Bagotville (Sr. St. Noel Chabanel); Miss Claire Desrochers, St. Charles de Mandeville, Berthier Co. (Sr. Claire of Providence); Miss Therese Farand, Coteau Landing, Soulanges Co. (Sr. Albert of Rome); Miss Henriette Janelle, St. Cyrille de Wendover (Sr. St. David); Miss Jeanne Eva Desclos, St. Alexis des Monts, Maskinonge Co. (Sr. Jeanne Helene); Miss Lise Brunet, Pointe Claire (Sr. St. Real); Miss Ella Martin, Riviere Verte, Madawaska, N.B. (Sr. St. Martin); Miss Marcel Paquet, Morisset Station, Dorchester Co. (Sr. St. Christiane).

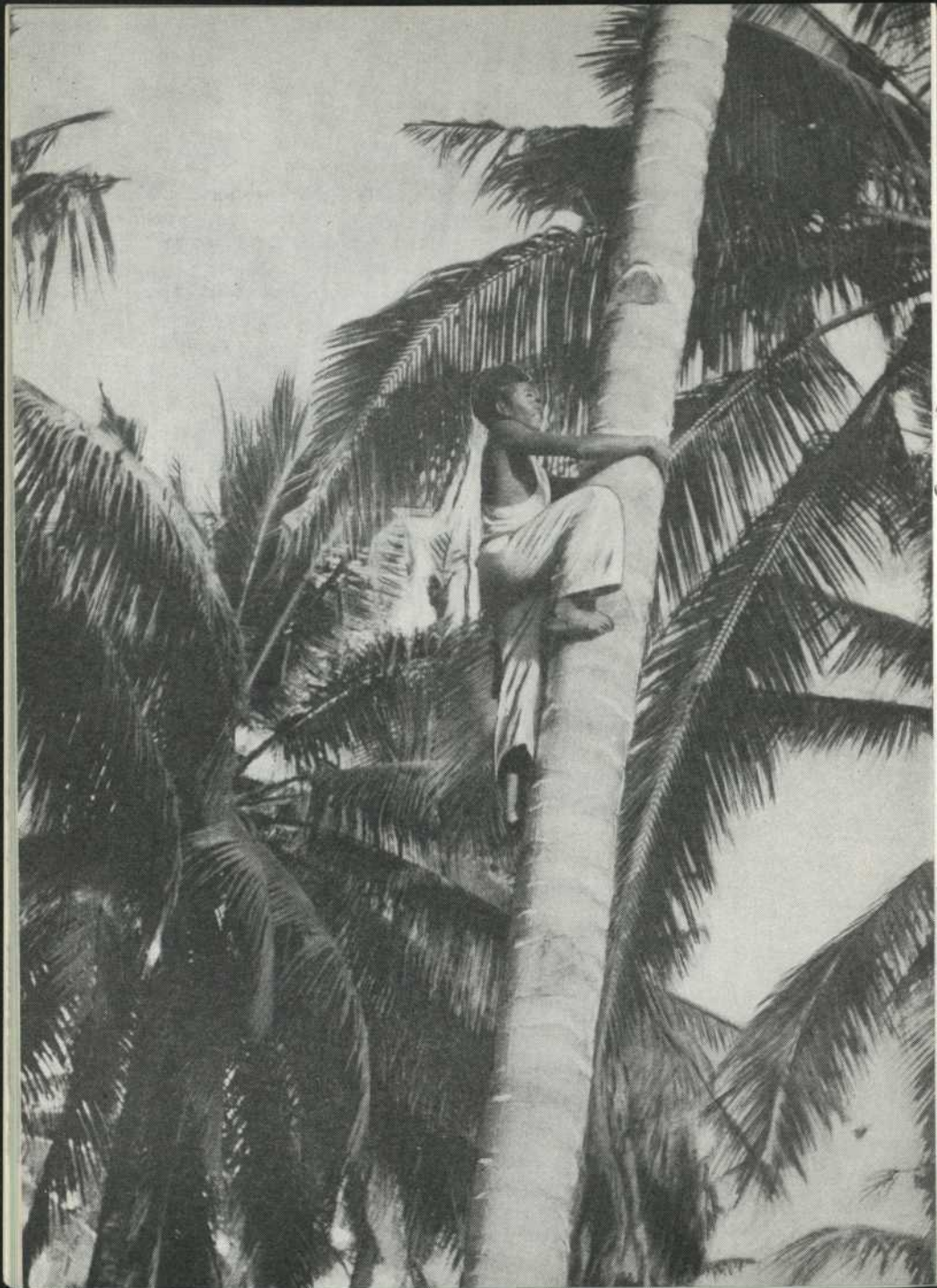
Made their final vows: Sr. St. Camille (Gaetane Guillemette, St. Hyacinthe); Sr. Marie Florence (Suzanne Lachapelle, Montreal); Sr. St. Pamphile (Jeannine Boily, Clermont, Charlevoix Co.); Sr. St. Valerie (Marie Jeanne Dumas, St. Eloi, Riviere du Loup Co.); Sr. St. Marcel (Antoinette Castonguay, Montreal); Sr. St. Robert Bellarmin (Pauline Pouliot, St. Philemon); Sr. St. Clovis (Alma Couture, St. Sabine); Sr. Francois of Fatima (Jeannine Lavallee, Laval sur le Lac); Sr. St. Maurice (Monique Lemay, St. Justine); Sr. Marie Colombe (Colombe Bolduc, St. Damien de Brandon); Sr. Marie Immaculee (Jacqueline Heroux, Montreal).

MIDDLE PAGE:

*Receiving Our Lady's liveries from
the hands of His Eminence
Cardinal Paul Emile Leger.*







Eastern Tree of Life

SR. MARIE ALBERTINE(1), M.I.C.

According to Gibbon, the trunk, branches, leaves, fruit and juice of the cocoanut palm can be turned to no fewer than three hundred and sixty distinct uses. No wonder then that the Filipinos delight in calling it the tree of life. Has it not afforded them for almost countless generations, food and drink, clothing and means of shelter?

Fully grown, the tree of life attains a height of about eighty feet and has a twelve to eighteen inch diameter. The stem is surmounted with a crown of some twenty leaves with the youngest nearest the stem. When fully developed these leaves measure about eighteen feet in length.

Generally speaking the trees begin to bear fruit in the sixth or seventh year after being planted. Their life span may cover nearly a century. In the first year, the average yield is not more than ten nuts per tree increasing to thirty in the following year, forty in the next, and thereafter the annual return is from fifty to eighty. This king of nuts, a little larger than an ordinary football, may weigh from five to six pounds. The husk which represents about thirty per cent of this weight is a fibrous substance lying between the smooth outer skin and the shell. It has among other qualities the one much prized in a tropical country of being moisture-proof. This fiber is put to various uses; twisted into cables, spun into yarns, woven into sails, hammocks and mattresses, made into sun helmets. It also furnishes excellent insulating material. The rind of the nut is so hard that it can be turned into drinking cups and other kitchen utensils. Charred in special kilns it may also produce high grade charcoal. Polished and varnished and expensively mounted in precious metals, it is transformed into original jewelry pins and sundry brooches.

But the most valuable product of the cocoanut is the copra — the dried fleshy part of the fruit. Ground and left to soak in small quantities of water, the copra yields a "milk" that is rich in protein value and is a good substitute for cow's milk difficult to secure in the Philippines. From the dried kernel cocoanut oil is extracted.

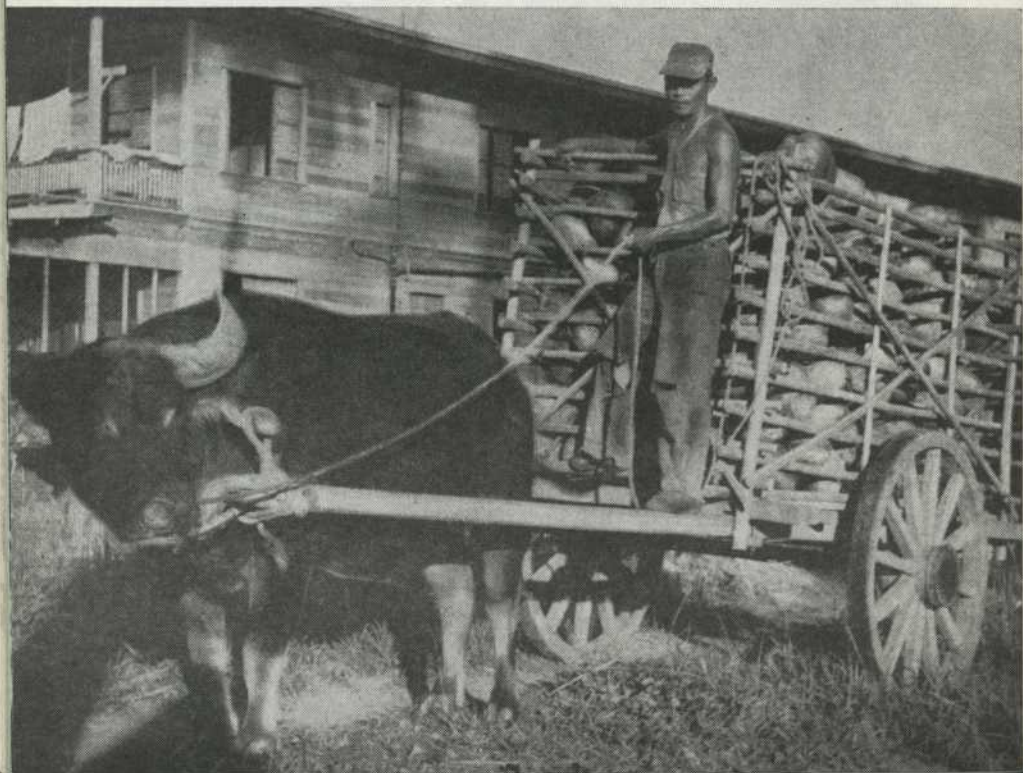
Filipinos are very fond of an intoxicating drink furnished by the fermented sap of their tree of life. The early morning round of the *tuba* (sap) collector is a familiar scene to the people living in the neighborhood of cocoanut planta-

1. Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil, P.Q.

tions. With lithe supple movements he climbs up the notches made on the smooth trunk to gather in a bamboo tube the magic liquor welling up from the heart of the palm. Unfortunately, this popular drink is the cause of much disorder among the rural populations.

The Philippine Islands hold first rank in the world for the exportation of the copra. Everywhere in the archipelago, the cultivation of the coconut palm is a thriving industry. When the nuts are ripe, the planters hack them off the trees by means of long bamboo poles equipped with sharp blades. The nuts are then loaded on rude carts and conveyed outside the plantations to be prepared for market. On all the roads of southern Luzon as well as on the coast of Mindanao, the traveler meets these huge carts being drawn along placidly by slow-footed carabaos. Dumped in large open spaces, the nuts are split open to get the sweet liquid stored in its hollow. The kernel is then chopped up and dried either by being exposed to the rays of the sun which process may take as long as three weeks or by being placed within kilns where it is dried in a matter of a few short hours. It then passes on to the mills where it is pressed and the oil extracted. This oil goes into the

The slow-footed carabao hauls a cartful of nuts.



manufacture of margarine, cooking fat, soap, and cattle food. Perfumers also make use of it as an embrocation in the preparation of dyes or cosmetics. Cooks and confectioners employ the dessicated cocoanut in a great variety of pastries and sweets. The copra alone constitutes half of the entire exportation from the Philippines.

But if the tree of life has many friends and admirers it also has its enemies — insects which attack the bark of the tree as well as its precious fruit. Among the more dreaded of these foes is the *rhinoceros beetle* measuring a good two inches long and armed with horns around its eyes. Setting to work at the summit of the palm, this beetle eats away the tender stalks until the feathery branches droop one by one withered to the core. Another of its sworn enemies is the palm weevil which bores tunnels inside the pith of the trunk. The government of the Philippines has appointed botanists and other experts to remedy this evil and to study methods of improving the cultivation of the cocoanut palm. Experiments under way lead us to hope that new practical resources will soon be made to appear on the generous branches of the Eastern tree of life.

Preparing nuts for the market.



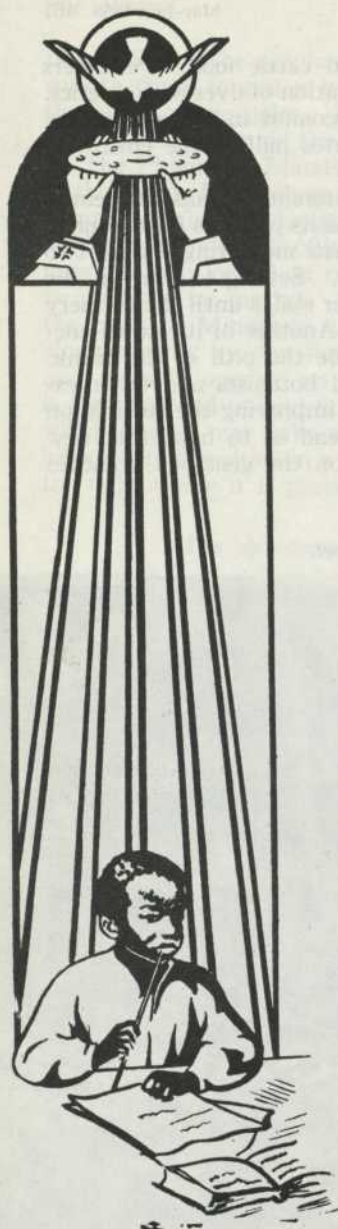
Little John

SR. ST. GERMAINE COUSIN(1), M.I.C.

At the tender age of three, Little John of Les Coteaux began his student life by attending the classes of a lady who gave reading lessons to a group of especially chosen children. We could hardly repress an amused smile when we saw him pass our doorway every morning, as grave as a judge, carrying his precious primer under his arm. He accepted as his due the admiring glances of fond mammas who smiled at him as he trotted by. Les Coteaux felt proud of this young prodigy who, it was hoped, would one day become a glorious son of the motherland.

As soon as he was of age, Little John began to attend the primary grades where he soon surpassed in science and deportment all the other children of the town. The fact that he was a legitimate child gave him the right to serve in the sanctuary in red cassock and white surplice. (In an effort at wiping out the evil of generalized concubinage, children born of such illicit unions are debarred

1. Marie Anna Legris, Montreal.



from serving as acolytes.) He promptly mastered the intricacies of the *Suscipiat* and of the other elements that go with the basic training of an apt altar boy. There existed, however, one handicap; he was still too little to handle the Missal.

One afternoon, Mother Superior went out into the school yard to see if she could find an altar boy who would serve Mass at the convent on the following day. Little John resolutely elbowed his way to the front. "Mother, please, I'd like to serve Mass at the convent."

"But, aren't you too small to carry the missal?"

"Please, Mother . . . I'm sure I can manage."

"Well, perhaps there's no harm in trying. The Convent altar is lower than that of the Mission Church, anyway."

Early the next morning, Johnnie waited at the Mothers' door. How important he felt as he entered ahead of the priest, his starched surplice rustling at every step! He managed the *Confiteor* without a single hitch. Then came the crucial moment. A tiptoe, the "littlest altar boy" drew down the Missal with a firm hold and with face beaming like six candles triumphantly carried it to the other end of the altar. His handicap had been conquered once for all.

Little John has grown in wisdom and height. His keen intelligence, his conscientious application and pleasant character have won for him the increasing affection of his teachers and classmates. At twelve he was already in possession of his certificate and is now preparing for the diploma. He continues to hold the head of all his classes, leaving even older companions far behind him. Enrolled in the *Rosary Crusade* during the Marian Year, he feels confident that Our Lady will grant him success in the final exams.

One Saturday, Little John knocked at my classroom door. He wanted an explanation regarding a difficult problem of mathematics. As he was about to go out, I suddenly had an inspiration.

"Johnnie," I inquired, "What do you intend to do after obtaining your diploma?"

"I haven't yet decided."

"Wouldn't you like to become a priest?"

His eyes glowed with happiness as he replied, "Oh, Mother, that would be too good to be true!"

"Have you ever spoken to your parents about it?"

"No, never. I hardly dared to do so."

"It might be wiser to ask your pastor's opinion first. He might arrange to have you admitted at the Seminary."

And so it happened that at fourteen with his father's consent, Little John has been admitted to the Camp Perrin Juniorate conducted by the Oblate Fathers.

Dear friends of the missions, do you not feel inspired to help this courageous Haitian lad reach his goal? He will thus become your own priest. In your name he will offer the saving oblation every day for the salvation of all.

TACKLING THE NYIKA

SR. ST. LEO THE GREAT(1), M.I.C.

Since my arrival in the mission of Northern Nyassaland four years ago, I had many a time heard extolled the beauties of the great lake Nyassa which gives its name to the country. But never yet had I experienced the thrill of traveling to its shore along the famous *Hair Pin Bends*. Imagine my delight, then, when on a Monday evening, Sister Superior(2) announced that I would leave for Lake Nyassa on the morrow with Sr. Bernadette of France(3), and Sr. Marie Corinne(4) as companions.

Early the following morning we left in a light Ford motor lorry. We sat in the rear in a space shut in by a sort of wooden cage covered over with strong canvas. With us traveled two native teachers going to Karonga and a young boy bound for a school in Rumphu. Naturally, impressive mounds of baggage hemmed us in on all sides. What missionary, at least in these parts, would fail to put a one ton baggage capacity to full advantage? So as not to miss any of the wonderful scenery unfolding all along the way, we began by rolling up the side canvas. As we passed in front of the rectory, we stopped for two White Fathers who climbed in beside the driver. Msgr. St. Denis came out to bid us good luck and to call down a paternal blessing on our trip.

While we chatted and laughed, our eyes kept straying to the landmarks that fled by: the rolling panorama of heavily wooded hills and verdant dales, the burnished thatch roofs of villages nestling in the cleft of lonely valleys, and after a time the first lifting of the hills veiled in misty scarves of emerald and turquoise. At twelve, we stopped to eat our lunch in a shady corner by the roadside. In a twinkling, a group of some twenty to thirty natives had gathered from nowhere; squatting at a short distance, they mutely observed our every move. "What outlandish creatures these whites are!" they seemed to be thinking as they continued to gape. When we tried to draw them into conversation, they hung back and nudged one another like timid children. In these remote districts the people have never met Catholic

1. Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

2. Sr. Marie de Lourdes (Irene Champagne, Montreal.)

3. Bernadette Dumas, St. Anselme de Dorchester, P.Q.

4. Rolande Langevin, Quebec.

priests or nuns. Most of them belong to one or other of the Protestant sects so numerous in Nyassaland and are put on their guard against us Catholic missionaries. How sad, everywhere we turn, to meet so many sheep that are yet straying far from the true Fold!

After a short rest, we rolled off for the next post. Upon reaching Rumphu, a halt of a few hours was called, so we could bid the time of the day to our dear Sisters living there, and deliver a few parcels. Rumphu is situated at the heart of the Northern Nyassaland Prefecture — at exactly fifty miles from Katete in one direction and fifty miles from *Hair Pin Bends* in the other. Towards three in the afternoon we boarded our lorry and resolutely set out to tackle the Nyika. During several hours, we zigzagged up serpentine slopes which were entirely deserted. Unexpectedly, the car rumbled to a stop. We had reached the highest point of the Nyika range, 7,000 feet above sea level. Nothing out of the ordinary in this altitude, I hear you say. Patience! We are coming to the extraordinary. The reverse slope plunges down to the seashore. To tame this sheer incline, the genius of man has traced a road in the form of hairpins (hence the name *Hair Pin Bends*). This was our driver's first experience with such dangerous passes, so for greater safety one of the Fathers rode on the mudguard to signal the stops on time. Poor braking, one slip at the wheel, one moment of carelessness and we would all have been hurtled down the precipice. So sharp were the bends that the engine seemed to dive right over chasms one thousand feet deep. At times as we took a cautious look around we saw outlined just above our heads seven superposed roads. The seventh and ninth curves are reputedly the most dangerous. Scattered along the way we saw all that remained of a car smashed in a recent tragedy of the road. At the bottom of the ravine lay the wrecked chassis of a government truck. All its occupants except Roberto the driver were killed when it leaped right over the first escarpment thus unfortunately missing the three that followed. Thanks to the prudent manoeuvring of our driver we came through with flying colours. From the fifteenth to the twenty-third and last bend no further hair-raising thrills were experienced. At trail's end we were rewarded by the sight of a unique panorama — a row of jungle-skirted mountains towering to the sky, and in front the shimmering surface of beautiful Lake Nyassa, its border scalloped by the majestic curves of Deep Bay and Florence Bay. Girdled with shores of gleaming sand set off by the dark green of equatorial vegetation, the lake appeared like a sheet of liquid mother-of-pearl. What a wonderful place to sing *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino!* Instead we very prosaically ate here the last sandwiches brought from Katete, for it was supertime and we were still a good twenty-five miles from Vua. In this area where routes are so often well nigh impassable this can be a moderately impressive distance.

It was already dark when our car stopped in front of the Vua Convent. Soon we made out the figures of our Sisters in the driveway. "Good evening, Father! How are our Katete Sisters faring?"





"Fine! Fine! Here we have some parcels for you."

From the recesses of their wooden cage, these "parcels" were hard put to stifle their laughter as the Sisters drew near to investigate. I will not try to decide who were the happier, for I am sure that is one of those things that simply do not bear discussion.

After chatting for a while we bade one another a pleasant goodnight and went to sleep lulled by the song of the lapping wavelets under our bedroom windows. The lake region is famous for its sultry weather. We found the heat oppressive compared to the coolness we enjoy on the heights of our Katete mission. Nevertheless we slept soundly, for the sandman had literally raced us all the day long.

VUA, KARONGA, A FAMILY OF ELEPHANTS

With the daylight we toured the mission compound. The Sisters' convent has a very neat appearance. Built of native bricks, its walls are plastered over with clay of a creamy colour while the lower part of the verandah running all along the facade is of a dark red colour. Inside, brown baseboards set off lightly shaded walls. On either side of the front door stand two huge hippo tusks doing duty as original coat trees. These husks are a trophy, for the enormous beast to whom they belonged was captured right at the Sisters' doorstep. Serpents from seven to nine feet long often venture up the verandah and even boldly introduce themselves indoors. Thanks be to God I did not see any around while I was there.

In spite of its poverty and the simplicity of its architecture, the tiny mission church has an inviting look. Several mud-and-wattle structures serve as schools. Large open spaces are left in their walls to let in any refreshing breeze that comes along; the rustic furniture is in the best approved bush style. In harmony with the other mission buildings is the modest dispensary. Personal ingenuity gives value to dwellings around here, for the soil of red, brown, or yellow colours is the only building material available.

Although we could not help falling under the charm of Vua, we did not tarry because we wanted to squeeze in a visit to Karonga some thirty-five miles away. Before allowing us to leave, however, our Vua Sisters extracted the promise that we return in time to have supper with them on the shores of the beautiful lake. Who could resist such a tempting invitation? After a ride of one and a half hour we arrived at Karonga taking our Sisters completely by surprise. A very agreeable surprise it proved to be if we may judge from the welcome given us by Sr. Magdalen Marie(1), Superior, and her companions. We found that they had but lately moved into their new convent home although their installation was not yet completed. In the short time left before returning home we inspected the various mission establishments, while Sr. Marie Delia(2) packed up in a hurry to accompany us at her new post at Mzambazi. As we stood in front of the dilapidated

1. Madeleine Loranger, Westmount, P.Q.
2. Marie Marthe Terrien, Ottawa.

hut in which our Sisters lived for the past three years, we voted that they surely deserved a certificate of endurance. We had hardly gone the rounds of the mission when our car honked its warning from the entrance gate and we drove back to Vua.

Before we had gone very far the driver applied the brakes and exclaimed, "Look ! there just ahead of us. A whole family of elephants from the grand-sire down to the tiniest baby elephant!" Glancing in the direction pointed out, I caught a glimpse of the animals who hurriedly disappeared into the underbrush, the youngest clinging to its mother's tail held vise like in its trunk. Sr. Marie Corinne trying to extricate herself from between two pieces of luggage was too late to see the sight. Being of a philosophic turn of mind, she reasoned, "Well, I can at least write home that I rode with Sisters who saw a family of elephants! Perhaps I might add that I saw the branches moving as the beasts stampeded away . . ." A few miles further on, we came upon a handsome couple of monkeys sitting side by side as if for a pleasant chat. They smirked as we passed. The dusk fell suddenly as the sun dipped behind the Nyika range. At this time of the year another enchantment then appears on the horizon, for the natives light bush fires which paint the darkness in rich crimson tones.

Towards seven, our car rumbled into Vua. Would it be too late we wondered to take our supper on the shore of the lake as our Sisters had suggested before we left early that morning? Upon learning that a crocodile had been seen lurking around the water's edge, we decided to take our meal on the soft warm sands near the verandah with two lighted lamps to frighten away any marauding animal or reptile who might come around to reconnoiter. Personally, I would not have been averse to make acquaintance with a crocodile at least at a safe and respectable distance, but Sr. Marie Corinne shuddered at the mere thought that one might put in an appearance.

TACKLING THE *HAIR PINS* BACKWARDS

After a restful night, we prepared to set out on the last leg of our home journey. As usual, the car was so filled with baggage that we four Sisters barely found sufficient space to slip in beside the cotton bags, mats, and cases. A few hours before noon we reached the foothills of the Nyika. It seemed an impossible feat to tackle its steep incline but our little American Ford once again proved its mettle. Climbing up along so many escarpments, gave us the impression of flying in an airplane. At the fifteenth bend we had to stop right in the middle of a slope and run backwards in order to turn the car. Peering down, at the dizzy ravine below, some Sisters preferred walking up two miles rather than risking themselves in the now panting car. The driver was soaked in sweat as if a bucket of water had been dashed over his head. He will not soon forget his first trip through the *Hair Pins* ! The top of the range was sighted at noon. We ate our lunch under a thatch roofed shelter, built there for harassed travelers, before resuming our journey on to Mzambazi.

Although wooden seats are not as comfortable as cushioned ones we kept in merry mood all along the way. Sr. Marie Corinne on whom all the mishaps seemed to land, suddenly exclaimed, "What do you think is happening now? I can't stand much more of this bouncing . . ." As nobody realized that she was in earnest, she cried out imploringly, "Stop it! Stop it, I say." Upon investigation we found that the tire inflator had somehow rolled under her seat. This served to explain how at every rut in the road its powerful springs sent the poor little Sister flying to the top.

As we neared Rumphu a bush fire threatened to bar the way home, but we finally succeeded in getting ahead of it and stopped for a few hours to visit our Sisters. Then we rolled on to Mzambazi to spend the night at our convent.

No mere pleasure trips do we missionaries ever make in Africa. The next day we boarded our car with six young girls, future pupils at our Katete Boarding School. The church bell was ringing out the noon Angelus when we at last came to the end of a very interesting journey. Many wonderful sights we had seen; many sad ones also for the hearts of missionaries aflame with the desire of gathering all the wandering sheep into the Good Shepherd's one, true Fold. How I wish my young Canadian friends could have accompanied us on this journey! They would better understand the urgency of heeding Christ's invitation to become fishers of souls in Nyassaland.

MARIAN CONGRESS IN DAVAO

Held from November 25 to the 28th, this congress saw gathered within the precincts of Davao city, delegates from nearly every parish in the Prefecture intent on closing the Marian Year by a grandiose demonstration of piety and faith. The statue of Our Lady which had just been brought back after touring distant *barrios* was carried in triumph to the site of the Congress.

Msgr. Clovis Thibault, Prefect Apostolic, and the Reverend Fathers of the Quebec Foreign Missions, organizers and animators of this Marian manifestation spared neither time nor pains to assure its full success. More especially appreciated was the splendid pageant "JOY OF THE WORLD" with its 400 actors and its colorful illumination. Presented three different times, it drew each time thousands of spectators. The huge procession in which participated all the parishes was remarkable for twenty allegorical floats illustrating various titles of Our Lady.

Also worthy of praise was the exhibit realized by the pupils of public schools on the occasion of the Marian Year. But highlighting these days of triumph in honor of Mary Immaculate were the numerous returns to the Fold of straying souls. Thousands of communions were distributed in all the churches. For all these consolations and spiritual rewards the missionaries offer the homage of their fervent gratitude to their tender Mother, Mary, Queen of the Universe.

Difficulties of the Evangelization

Msgr. GARON, M.S.

(Concluded)

On the Sunday following the evacuation of the missionaries, Victoria Rasoamanarivo convened all Catholics to gather at the cathedral. They found the doors locked and a detachment of soldiers standing on guard with orders to let no one enter. Victoria repaired to the Palace where she demanded to know whether such orders had really been given and why; the authorities being reluctant to admit their responsibility in this affair, gave a negative reply. Immediately, Victoria returned to the cathedral and ignoring the protests of the armed guard, had the doors thrown wide open. The Catholics crowded in after her. Once again the liberty of cult had been safeguarded. Churches were reopened, the faithful organized their religious life as best as they could, and with the exception of Mass and the Sacraments, everything went on as before. When the missionaries were finally allowed to return, they found some ruins to repair but the essential had been saved. The Church in Madagascar was still going strong. No serious difficulties marked the period between the two wars 1885-1894.

During the second war 1894-1896, foreign missionaries were once again ousted. When they were at last free to return, the Catholics gave them a rousing welcome. The French conquest spelled difficulties for Protestantism and for a time the Malagasy believed that Catholicism would be proclaimed the State religion. There was danger for converts without any real conviction to pour into the ranks of the Catholic faithful. Religious authorities prudently avoided this pitfall. It eventually became only too evident that the French government did not intend to favor the missions. Officials presently set to work, infiltrating the public with a secular spirit in the worst possible modern sense of the word. Religious emblems were banned; Malagasy officials were submitted to the pressure of constant petty annoyances; neutrality was gradually replaced by bigotry. The struggle was courageously taken up again by the missionaries. In order to reinforce their positions, the Protestants meanwhile called to their aid some French Calvinists. There were now two enemies to contend with: Protestantism on the one hand, secularism on the other. With various ups and downs, this painful situation persisted until after the 1914-18 conflict. Today, a broad-minded neutrality reigns throughout the island.

All these vicissitudes notwithstanding, Catholicism has never ceased to progress. It is not indebted for this to official favor which has never

been forthcoming. What explanation can then be given for this progress? After the grace of God it may be attributed to the disinterested zeal of the missionaries.

But we must not rest content with results already achieved. In Madagascar today a new spirit is spreading according to the recent remark of a Malagasy member of the clergy. He pointed out that in Tananarivo, one third of the population is Catholic, one third Protestant, while the other third, alas no longer has any religious convictions. This state of things may be traced to several causes the chief of which appears to be the official system of education. It is a fact that many pagans at present have lost all religious sense, having discarded what was the most precious part of their ancestral heritage — their language and their proverbs. The modern Malagasy who has gone through the official course of studies has lost the essence of his own native tongue and can no longer be expected to appreciate the charm of the speeches still occasionally delivered by the ancients. Also, he remains unaware of the flavor of wisdom contained in the old proverbs so close to Christian ethics and which upheld genuine patriarchal virtues. Those who have not found a worthy compensation for this loss in the Christian aspect of things degenerate into naturalists for whom the religious problem holds no attraction. They are neither Catholics, nor Protestants, nor pagans — they are modern atheists. This spirit threatens not only to paralyze the penetration of the Gospel among the pagans but also to contaminate those Malagasy who are already Christians.

In the preceding paragraphs we have merely touched upon the exterior difficulties which attend the spreading of Catholicism in Madagascar. What should be said of those which spring from the Malagasy soul itself? We have neither the urge nor the aptitude to discuss the psychology of the Malagasy people. The missionaries rich in experience on this subject do not feel the need of formulating it in scientific terms or of having others do so for their usage. The Malagasy soul is easily opened to the truths of Catholicism. Faith is perhaps the virtue which is most firmly anchored in the hearts of our Christians. As regards the practice of other virtues, the people still have to liberate themselves from customs which if they are not idolatrous (such customs are now very few in number) are to say the least superstitious when they are not opposed to the Christian code of morality. There is still much to be done in particular to christianize the cult of the ancestors. But the most pronounced weakness of Christianity in Madagascar is the difficulty in obtaining the observation of marriage regulations before and after the marriage has been contracted.

There is no reason, however, to give way to pessimism, for a remarkable progress has been noted along this line. On August 8, 1952, during the course of celebrations commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of a plateau district, a special ceremony was held in honor of couples having faithfully lived together for 25 years or over. One hundred and ninety-eight couples were present. Today the Catholic population of this

district numbers 17,000 while 25 years ago it barely reached half that number.

Before closing we would like to give a few details on the evangelization of coastal regions, for up to this point we have spoken only of the plateau districts. The providential law for the spreading of the Gospel message is found outlined in the parable of the *paterfamilias* who went out at all hours of the day to invite laborers into His vineyard. Pagan peoples cannot all be converted at the same time. The French conquest while uniting and pacifying the whole island, introduced the first elements of civilization and facilitated the foundation of new missions along the coasts. In these posts the difficulties were not raised by the official power. They came rather from the scarcity of missionaries who could be assigned to these territories. Those already at work on the plateaux were absorbed by their own apostolate. Appeals were accordingly made for laborers from the outside to help with the whitening harvest. They came in a few at a time. Twenty-five years ago, in the region of Morondava which stretches over 100,000 kilometers, there was not a single residing missionary. Today, there are nineteen. It is true that the inhabitants number only 220,000 but these are not grouped together. They live in outposts scattered all over the district. These people must be made to feel that the missionary is their father and friend, that he has nothing in common with the administrator or the colonists. In a word they must be convinced that he is the "man of prayer". The missionary must not only reach such and such a village but every individual in the village or at least every tribal group which goes up to constitute the village. To these must be added the immigrants. In one of the eastern prefectures, there are 80,000 immigrants on a total population of 220,000 inhabitants.

Rapid means of locomotion create a problem in these missions. Has not a director of a certain mission post gone so far as to declare that if he had to choose between an additional missionary and a jeep, he would choose the latter? To justify this assertion he added that a "motorized" missionary could do three times as much work as his confrere who utilizes the old buffalo cart. It is a question of apostolate not of personal merits. To this difficulty is added that of finding and of training catechists and teachers on a straitened budget.

Do the Malagasy of these coastal regions take less kindly to the Gospel message than those living in the plateau districts? I think this may be true only of such tribes as have proved to be averse to civilization. Experience has proved that wherever the inhabitants of the coast have been able to come into close contact with the missionaries, they have gradually been drawn to Catholicism. The conversion of a nation follows the laws of natural growth and grace adapts itself to these laws. Time mocks those who attempt to build without taking it into consideration.

Nearly all men can stand adversity; but if you want to test a man's character give him power!

Abraham Lincoln



Formosa

SR. MARIE XAVIER(1), M.I.C.

After twenty days of a continually rough crossing, the *Java Mail* docked in Keelung Harbor on the morning of December 1. Sr. Mary of the Assumption(2) and I were greeted by Rev. Georges Ouellette, S.J., the missionary living nearest to the port who wished to spare us a lonely landing in an unknown country. Our baggage was hardly out of customs when there arrived on the scene, Rev. Auguste Gagnon, S.J., Superior of the Mission, and Rev. Leo Valois, closely followed by Sr. Imelda of the Eucharist(3), accompanied by two Formosan teachers. They had just reached the port from Kuanshi after a three-hour train ride. What joy for us to meet again! Arriving on the missions certainly brings with it keen happiness which is perhaps surpassed only by that which the veterans taste in welcoming other missionaries to the mission field.

While riding in rickshaws to the railway station we looked about us expectantly. Some of the things we saw and some of the people we met recalled memories of our beloved Chinese mission. But the Formosans seem different from many points of view. For instance, their language, the *hakka*, boasts of seven tones for the natives, a further two being added for us poor foreigners. In the station we noticed some students absorbed in their books which they read from left to right and from top to bottom. Even the train afforded us an oriental surprise, for it ran backwards. At first we imagined that it was merely a movement to change tracks but no, we rolled on that way for the three hours that the home trip lasted.

We reached our little mission post at four o'clock in the afternoon. Sr. St. Germain(4) and Sr. Sr. Alice(5) had been on the lookout for hours as

1. Berthe Paradis, Tingwick, P.Q.
2. Alice Larouche, Sweetsburg, P.Q.
3. Simonne Boisclair, Almaville, P.Q.
4. Imelda Laperriere, Pont Rouge, P.Q.
5. Jeanne Bastien, Montreal.



Rev. Father Superior had preceded us by truck with most of our baggage. Our first visit was for the divine Master in His tabernacle. Kneeling before the altar, we fervently renewed our consecration to our Immaculate Mother and sang the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving for the countless graces received. We afterwards visited the "rooms" of our makeshift convent which consist in boarded up divisions, spaces shut off by bed sheets or spreads, arrays of cases and cupboards cleverly arranged so as to secure a minimum of privacy. Necessity is certainly the mother of invention in the case of Taiwanese missionaries! The Sisters gravely announced, as each partition came into view, "This is the chapel, the refectory, the dormitory, the parlor, Sister Superior's room, etc." In the chapel, two small tables tied together serve as altar; rustic, backless benches as chairs; packing cases as sacristy. Thanks to the generosity of our Sisters in Hong Kong, there are five folding beds in the "dormitory" where one might sleep the sleep of the just were it not for the Japanese sliding panels which rattle under the slightest provocative breeze, and the bevy of noisy sparrows who have chosen the eaves as domicile.

Our visit of the "convent" over, we were invited to take a look at the kindergarten where 50 lively Taiwanese youngsters gave us a right merry welcome. It was a good thing that the children's faces were wreathed in sunny smiles, for I was secretly appalled by the cheerless appearance of their classroom with its bare walls and its rude grey cement flooring. If at least, there had been a few religious pictures hanging in the great, empty spaces, I mused. But it seems that such pictures are taboo in the Island's educational establishments. How I wish I could show this gloomy classroom to my generous Canadian friends and acquaintances! I feel sure they would donate wherewith to build a large airy school where the children would have some beauty to feast their eyes upon. There is a piece of suitable ground ready, there are bricks, there are workmen, there are Sisters waiting . . . The only thing missing seems to be — sufficient funds.





A street in FORMOSA

St. Francis Xavier's Feastday

by **JSR. IMELDA OF THE EUCHARIST, M.I.C.**

This has been a solemn occasion for the outpost of Che Koan Tse situated at a ten minutes' busride from Kuanshi. St. Francis Xavier being the patron saint of this particular parish, Sister Superior(1), Sr. Mary of the Assumption, and I left early to help organize the celebration and prepare the requisites for Mass to be offered at 8.30 a.m. Today being at the same time Sister Superior's patronal feastday, Rev. A. Gagnon presented her with his good wishes and added, "I offer you as feastday gift the whole of the Kuanshi mission with its thousands of souls to be saved."

The road to the outpost winds through rounded hills crowned with luxuriant tea plantations. Nestling in the folds of one of these hills, one glimpses the recently erected Catholic temple of Che Koan Tse whose elegant spire upholds the cross. Never before in this district has any such Christian em-

1. Sr. Marie Xavier.

blem been seen. The inside of the little church is white and all the arrangements are in perfect good taste. Above the main altar, the statue of St. Francis Xavier stands against a pink altar drape; the altar railing is made of forged iron; the floor of terrazo. In the rear of the building hangs a tiny choir loft.

After decking the altar with some flowers we had brought along, we prepared the liturgical vestments upon it for Msgr. Fahey who will celebrate High Mass. The choir is composed of twenty missionaries and about forty catechumens. The post as yet boasts of only one baptized Catholic, a woman, who is moreover the only Catholic in the whole *Hien* (prefecture).

Near the church lies a rather large piece of ground which Father Superior suggested might do very well for the Sisters' future convent. Msgr. Fahey upon hearing this remark, bantered, "The church has been built. Now it only remains for the Sisters to make the converts!"

THE INTERNUNCIO SAYS:

When the Internuncio was told of the arrival of two of our Sisters from Canada, he inquired: "Are Canadians enthusiastic as regards the Formosan Mission? What do they think about our condition over here? Do some of your Sisters with a knowledge of Chinese still remain in Montreal?" Upon our affirmative reply, His Excellency went on, "Don't let such a rich capital inactive. Send those Sisters over here. Even if they do have to learn still another dialect, such dialects are easily grafted onto the Chinese language. I consider it an asset for missionaries when upon their arrival they already possess the experience of the missions and a knowledge of the country's language."



INHERITANCE

An Anglican bishop was presiding over a conference of Anglican clergy, and was inveighing against Lourdes. He said, "I cannot believe that our Lady would have made the mistake of saying, 'I am the Immaculate Conception.'"

One of the clergy present immediately jumped to his feet, and said: "My Lord, I think it must run in the family. Her Son said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

R. E. Scantlebury

Is God a Father or a Mother? To me He is both, but it is especially his Motherliness that endears Him to me. How tenderly He spoke to His children; Harken unto me, O house of Jacob, all the remnant of the house of Israel, who are carried up by my bowels, are borne up by my womb (Isaia 46.3). As one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you (Isaia 66.3).

John C. H. Wu

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. R. Lariviere, **Nominigüe**; Rev. Mother Marie Joseph Edmond, General Councillor, Sisters of St. Ann, **Lachine**; Mr. G. Bourbeau, **Longueuil**, father of Sr. St. Daniel, m.i.c., and brother of Sr. Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, m.i.c.; Mrs. Omer Nadeau, **Montreal**, mother of Sr. St. Leo, m.i.c.; Mrs. J. E. Lambert, **Quebec**, mother of Sr. St. Fidele, m.i.c.; Mrs. J. B. Richer, **Montreal**, grandmother of Sr. Raymond of Jesus, m.i.c.; Mr. Alexander Guay, **Montreal**, father of Sr. Rita of the Cross, m.i.c.; Mrs. D. Villemure, **Yamachiche**, grandmother of Sr. Marie Sylvia, m.i.c.; Mrs. Bashford Brown, Queen Mary Road, **Montreal**; Mrs. E. McCoy, **Montreal**; Mrs. M. Curran, **Pont Viau**; Mrs. D. Brown, Grey Avenue, **N. D. de Grace**; Mrs. Allan Kenneth, Mac Innes, **Wexford, Ont.**; Mr. O. F. Kirouac, **Warwick**; Mr. Rene Guenette, Miss Alice Gougeon, Mrs. Jean Marie Gaudette, Mr. Edouard Dery, Mrs. Emile Dupont, Mrs. Napoleon Clermont, Mrs. Blanche Filion, Mrs. Donisia Ladouceur, Mr. J. D. Tasse, Mr. J. Dubois, Mr. Victor Voyer, Miss Alice Delisle, Mr. Albert Julien, Mrs. G. Gaudet, Mrs. Joseph Quesnel, Mr. Gustave Massue, Mr. Jacques Tessier, Mr. Joseph

Baillie, Mrs. Harry Silver, Mrs. Etienne Joubert, Mrs. A. Carignan, Mr. H. Gravel, Mrs. A. Pion, **Montreal**; Mrs. W. D. Girard, **Outremont**; Mrs. Theophile Corriveau, **Lachine**; Mrs. Rene Desmarteau, **Longueuil**; Mr. Gaspard Marien, **Sherbrooke**; Mr. Achille Desilets, **St. Gertrude, Nicolet Co.**; Dr. J. L. Gilbert, Mrs. Joseph Belanger, Mrs. Donat Tardif, **Quebec**; Mr. Georges Poirier, **St. Sophie, Megantic Co.**; Mrs. Wilfrid Lorrain, **St. Therese, Terrebonne Co.**; Mr. Albert Fortin, Mrs. Philibert Grimard, **Trois-Rivieres**; Mr. Alexandre Tessier, **Ancienne Lorette**; Mrs. Georges Emond, Mrs. Joseph Tremblay, Mr. Henri Tremblay, Mrs. Emile Harvey, Mrs. Jean Charles Blackburn, Mr. Georges Larouche, Mrs. Eugene Gravel, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Alfred Lavoie, Mr. Adhemar Desgagnes, Mr. Ls. Philippe Morin, **Chicoutimi**; Miss Marie Brassard, **Roberval**; Mrs. Arthur Desgagnes, **St. Hilarion**; Mrs. Hilaire Hudon, **St. Jean de Brebeuf, Roberval**; Mr. Simon Tremblay, **Bagotville**; Mr. Onesime Boucher, **St. Anne**; Mrs. Marius Savard, **Laterriere**; Mr. Roger Boily, **Baie St. Paul**; Miss Marie Flore Talbot, Mrs. Noel Bouchard, **St. Felicien**; Mr. Louis Philippe Pelletier, **St. Arsene, Riviere du Loup Co.**; Mrs. Regis Dupuis, **Maskinonge**; Mrs. Achille Morin, **St. Jacques, Montcalm Co.**; Mr. Raphael Lemieux, **Boucherville**; Mrs. Omer Beliveau, **Victoriaville**; Mrs. Mederic Deslandes, **Roxton Falls**; Mrs. Eugene Fortin, **Trois Pistoles**; Mr. Napoleon Gregoire, **Augusta, Me.**

Not long after he arrived in China as a 26 year-old priest with the pioneer band of Maryknoll Missioners in 1918, Fr. Francis X. Ford of Brooklyn, composed the following prayer:

"Grant us, Lord, to be the door-step by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee. And if, in the saving of their souls, we are ground under foot and spat upon and worn out, we shall have become the King's highway in pathless China".

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P.Q.
Novitiate, Pont Viau, Montreal 9, P.Q.
Outremont, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8, P.Q.

Chinese Hospital,
112 Lagauchetiere Street West,
Montreal 1, P.Q.

Nomingue, Labelle County, P.Q.

Rimouski, P.Q.

Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.

Quebec, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.

Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,
236 Campbell Street.

Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.

Three Rivers, 1325 de la Terriere Street.

Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.

Granby, 279 Main Street.

Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.

St. Marie, Beauce County, P.Q.

St. Johns, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

Kowloon, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.

Kowloon, Our Lady of Protection,
125 Waterloo Road.

FORMOSA

Kuanhsi, Hsinchu, Hsien, Taiwan,
Formosa.

JAPAN

Koriyama, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.

Wakamatsu, 480n sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu.

Tokyo, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,
Setagaya ku.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, 1111 Narra Street.

Manila, Gagalangin,

Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo.

Las Pinas, Rizal.

Mati, Davao Province.

Davao City.

Padada, Davao Province.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti.

Les Coteaux, Haiti.

Roche a Bateau, Haiti.

Port Salut, Haiti.

Camp Perrin, Haiti.

Mirebalais, Haiti.

Limbi, Haiti

Cap Haitien, Haiti.

Chantal, Haiti.

Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

Los Arabos, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.

Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba

Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete River P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Mzambazi Missions, Kafukule, P.O.
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Rumphi Mission, Njakwa P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Karonga Mission, Karonga P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Kaseye Mission, Fort Hill P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Vua Mission, Deep Bay P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Nkata Bay Mission, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.

Fort Jameson, P.O. Box 106,
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

MADAGASCAR

Morondava, Madagascar.

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.