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Montreal



**THE PRECURSOR**

# The Precursor

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MONTREAL

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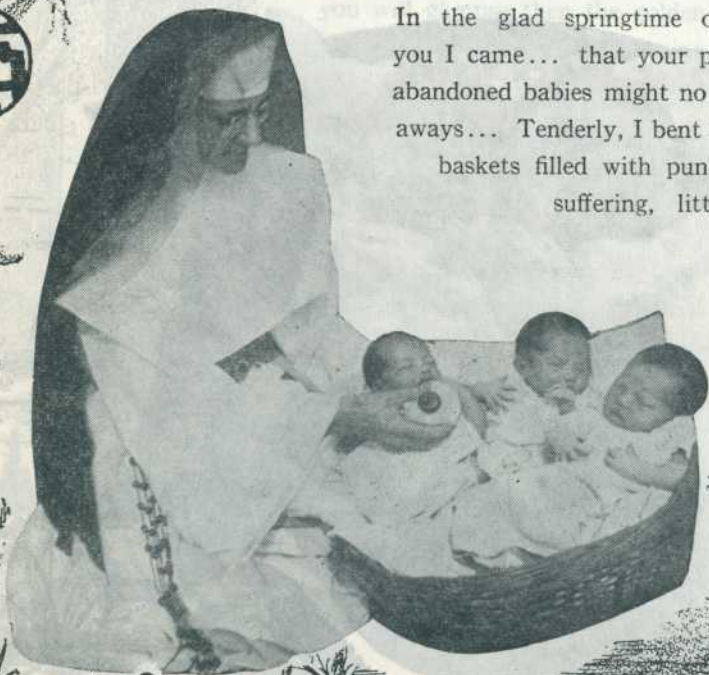
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# ELEGY OF CHINESE CRADLES

O China, beloved Promised Land of mine,  
what have I done that you should expel me  
from your borders? Why should you insist  
on branding me as a criminal... a murderer?

In the glad springtime of my life, to  
you I came... that your poor, unwanted,  
abandoned babies might no longer be cast-  
aways... Tenderly, I bent over the wicker  
baskets filled with puny, whimpering,  
suffering, little bundles of

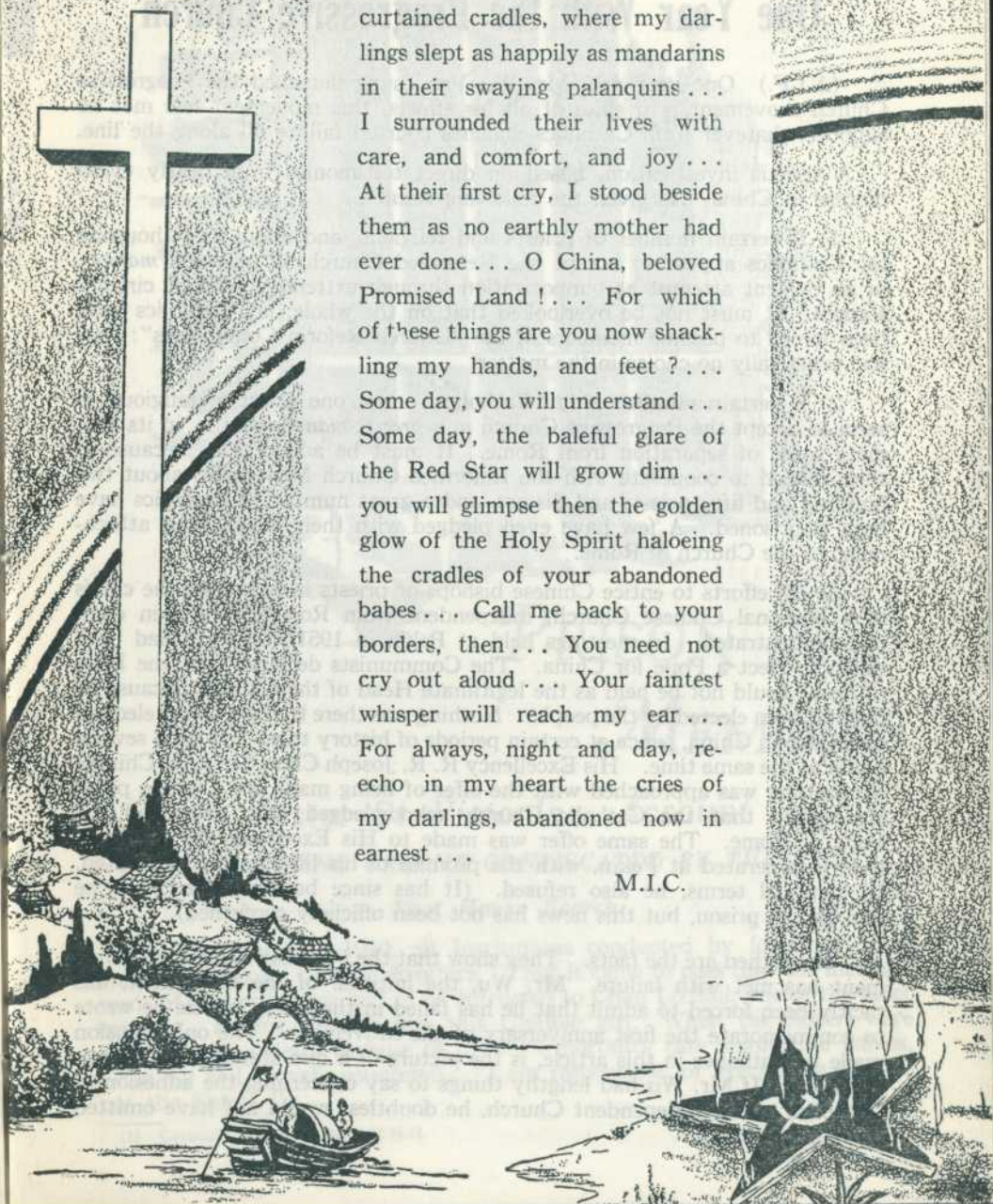


humanity . . . In my arms I cradled their wasted forms . . . shielded them from harm . . . With gentle touch, I bathed and dressed their fragile limbs . . . I laved their pain-puckered brows with the regenerating waters that give joy unto life everlasting . . . How many sleepless nights I spent beside the cots of your ailing babes! . . . With motherly concern I nurtured them to strength . . . Soothing lullabies I crooned over the filmy-



curtained cradles, where my darlings slept as happily as mandarins in their swaying palanquins . . . I surrounded their lives with care, and comfort, and joy . . . At their first cry, I stood beside them as no earthly mother had ever done . . . O China, beloved Promised Land ! . . . For which of these things are you now shackling my hands, and feet ? . . . Some day, you will understand . . . Some day, the baleful glare of the Red Star will grow dim . . . you will glimpse then the golden glow of the Holy Spirit haloing the cradles of your abandoned babes . . . Call me back to your borders, then . . . You need not cry out aloud . . . Your faintest whisper will reach my ear . . . For always, night and day, re-echo in my heart the cries of my darlings, abandoned now in earnest . . .

M.I.C.



# One Year With the Progressive Church

(A.I.F.) One year ago, Mr. Wu Yao-Tsung launched the Progressive Church movement. In spite of all his efforts, this movement has met no support whatever from Catholics and has courted failure all along the line.

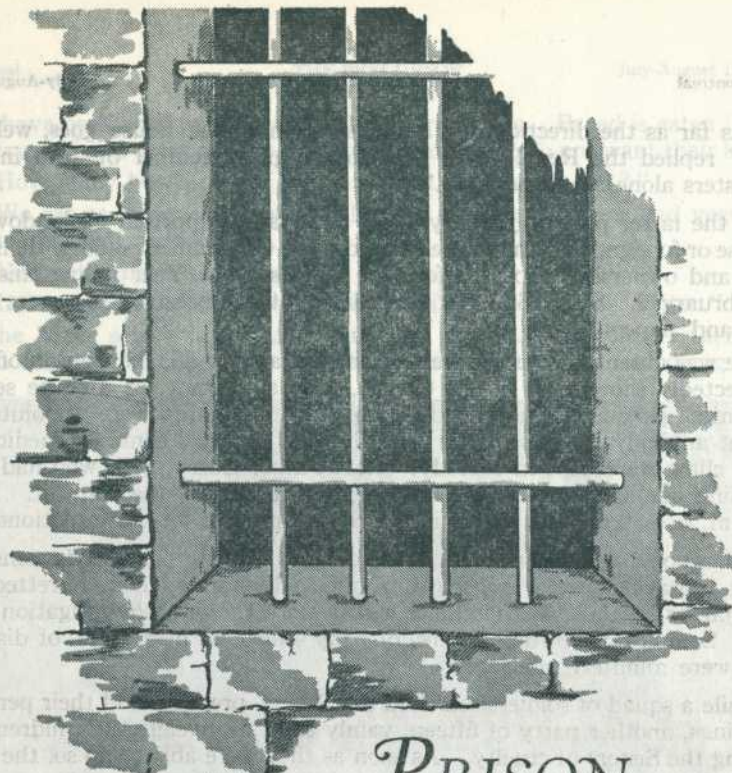
A serious investigation, based on direct testimonies from nearly every diocese in China, has given the following results.

1) A certain number of priests and religious, and about two thousand lay Catholics appear to accept the Reformed Church in a *vague manner*, in an evident attempt at temporization through extremely difficult circumstances. It must not be overlooked that on the whole, lay Catholics have been forced to become members of the "Church Reform Committees": they had practically no choice in the matter.

2) A certain number of lay Catholics — not one priest or religious — seem to accept the Progressive Church in a *precise manner* that is, in its ultimate sense of separation from Rome. It must be added that, because of their refusal to cooperate with the Reformed Church Movement, about two hundred and fifty priests and Sisters, and a great number of Catholics have been imprisoned. A few have even pledged with their blood, their attachment to the Church of Rome.

3) All efforts to entice Chinese bishops or priests in becoming the chiefs of a National Chinese Church, independent from Rome, have been completely frustrated. In meetings held at Peking in 1951, measures had been taken to elect a Pope for China. The Communists declared that the Pope of Rome could not be held as the legitimate Head of the Church, because he had not been elected by the people. Nothing was there to prevent the election of a Pope in China, since at certain periods of history there had been several popes at the same time. His Excellency R. R. Joseph Chou Chi-shih, Chinese Vincentian, was approached with the offer of being made the Chinese pope. He replied that the Catholic Church acknowledged only one Head, the Pope of Rome. The same offer was made to His Excellency Jean Chang, then incarcerated at Peking, with the promise of his liberty, if he accepted. In identical terms, he also refused. (It has since been rumored that he has died in prison, but this news has not been officially confirmed).

These then are the facts. They show that the Progressive Church Movement has met with failure. Mr. Wu, the initiator of the Movement, has tacitly been forced to admit that he has failed in the recent article he wrote to commemorate the first anniversary of the Movement. The only allusion made to Catholics in this article, is the picture of a nun standing at the microphone. If Mr. Wu had lengthy things to say concerning the adhesion of Catholics to the Independent Church, he doubtless would not have omitted to mention them.



# PRISON MEMOIRS

*Sister St. Victor's* (1) *Account*

**TO KOM HANG CRECHE CONFISCATED BY THE REDS**

## *First House Search*

On December 17, 1950, all Institutions conducted by foreigners were obliged to appoint Chinese directors. Thus it came to pass that the management of our orphanage had to be entrusted to Chan Lo Sail, one of the older orphans. A true heroine was this Chinese girl. When the Sisters were charged with cruelty because of the high mortality rate among the babies, Chan Lo Sail bravely countered, "I am responsible for everything here — not the Sisters."

(1) Germaine Tanguay, Nashua, N.H.

"As far as the direction and administration of the house goes, well and good," replied the Red leader. "As to the great number of dead infants, the Sisters alone are responsible."

In the latter part of January 1951, newspapers apprised all landowners, Chinese or foreign, that they were to send in to Government offices, their title deeds and ownership papers before the Chinese New Year falling this year on February 6. Sister Superior immediately took measures to secure these titles and papers.

She was absent on this business when, on January 26, the Canton officials unexpectedly showed up at the Creche, with a warrant for a house search. The entire personnel was forbidden to budge. Guards were appointed to prevent anybody from escaping; even the sick who had come for medication at the clinic were kept in custody. Rev. Father Casey, S.J., who had been preaching our annual retreat, was forced to remain at the convent. From 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. he stayed in the chapel, praying for our intentions.

Not a nook or cranny in the house escaped notice. The Reds conscientiously ransacked every cupboard, rummaged in every box, ferretted out every jar or bottle. At the clinic, a still more thorough investigation took place. Samples of powdered milk, of baby's food, of medicines, of distilled water were minutely analysed.

While a squad of soldiers searched the Sisters' premises and their personal belongings, another party of fifteen, vainly tried to inveigle the children into accusing the Sisters of cruelty. As soon as they were able to do so, the little ones fled to us for safety.

Questions put to the orphans chiefly regarded their food, clothing, studies and daily relations with the Sisters. "Admit that the Sisters maltreated you," urged the Reds.

"The Sisters are our mothers," chorused the children, "They love us more than did our own parents who abandoned us. We love the Sisters with all our hearts."

"Shame on you, children! Why do you love these foreign wretches who came over here to kill the children and steal our money? They pretend that they came to China to do good to the people but they are hypocrites who cover themselves with the mask of charity."

"There may be some bad foreigners among those who live in China, but we know nothing about them. The Sisters rescued us when our parents no longer had any use for us. We love them. They are kind and gentle. We do not want them to be taken away from us."

"They give you only rice to eat while they eat bread."

"They give us rice to eat because we Chinese prefer to eat rice. The Sisters do not want to make foreigners out of us. They eat bread because

they have been used to do so since they were babies. Bread is eaten in their country as rice is eaten in ours. We are Chinese; we do not want their bread."

"How many bowls of rice do the Sisters give you to eat?"

"We eat as many as we want. Besides rice we eat meat and vegetables just as the Sisters do."

"You never have any sweets . . ."

"Indeed we do, and also good biscuits baked by Sister St. Victor."

The house search lasted until half past two. A few soldiers then went out to take their dinner while the others remained to watch our doings. We



OUR FIVE PRISONERS ENJOY THE FOUR "BLESSED DAYS" OF FAT YUEN, WHEN THEY SHARED A COMMON CELL.

were allowed to go about the house and to send the clinic patients home. Rev. Father Casey, however, was not permitted to go until evening. I served him his dinner under the cold stare of the Reds; seeing that I put only one dish on the table, they voiced their approval.

"Do you know how to write the word apostasy?" they asked our orphans.

"Yes, we know the character used to write such a word, but we will never write it." The soldiers then ordered them to recite their prayers. Loud guffaws greeted this recital.

In the afternoon, a poor woman called at the Creche, entreating us not to refuse her baby whom she was forced to abandon. The Red chief rudely put her off, telling her we would surely kill the child as we had already killed

hundreds of others. Vainly the woman insisted on leaving the infant at the Creche. The Red chief was adamant.

Soon after this chief had gone out, other Chinese brought their babies to us. As I did not know what to do, I consulted the officer in charge. He replied that I should take them in as usual. While I was showing him in what condition these waifs reached us, he appeared horrified to see a baby girl, five days old, writhing in the convulsions of tetanus. "Can you do anything for her?" queried he. Upon my negative reply, he uncivilly dismissed me. Some time later, a crippled, prematurely born baby girl was brought in. Again I ventured to show her to the officer who turned away in disgust. A six-months-old infant suffering from pneumonia which had followed as a complication of the measles, was the next on the list. "Pneumonia is curable," swaggered the onlooking soldiers.

"Yes, of course, pneumonia is curable. But, please don't overlook the fact that when it comes as a complication to the measles in such a frail child, her chances may be said to be very slim indeed." Fearing lest the Reds should accuse us of murdering the baby if we kept her, I urged the father to take her home and give her the medicine as I would indicate. No, he did not want to take his dying daughter home. Who would take care of her there? He was out all day, attending his business, and the mother also had to work.

Two more babies arrived before evening. One, puny and miserable, born of ailing parents was doomed to death; the other, one day old, appeared to be perfectly normal but was nevertheless about to enter the Valley of the Shadow. Her death decree had been signed by her parents even before she saw the light of day. Why waste money for a doctor to attend her birth, when she was to be abandoned immediately after? An inexperienced midwife was called instead. The child was delivered under the most unsanitary conditions. Seeing this apparently healthy infant, the officer taunted,

"Don't try to tell me this one also is going to die."

"She cannot be expected to live more than a few days."

"And why, pray?"

I did not answer but merely lifted up the dirty rags covering the child.

Pus was oozing out of a makeshift dressing. Then I made bold to say:

"Only about ten per cent of the unwanted children brought to the Creche carry medical certificates. As for the remaining eighty per cent, the parents plead poverty."

This assertion seemed to make the Reds very thoughtful. "We will investigate the sanitation problem and see what can be done," they proffered.

Endless for me seemed the two hours that followed. The officer questioned, and probed, and cross-examined me on the following subjects: the children's food, the probable cause of the high mortality rate among the babies, the

common grave in the Catholic portion of the cemetery where the dead infants were buried, the sources of income for the upkeep of the Creche, the work assigned to each Sister. Finally I was asked point-blank,

"When are you leaving?"

"Leaving for where?"

"For your own country, of course."

"We are not leaving. The orphans are our children; without us, they would be quite helpless so we have decided to stay."

Sister Superior and Sister Marie Germain returned to the convent at 6.30 p.m. The Communists were waiting to have them sign a declaration that they had searched the house but had not pillaged it. Still, they carried off the account books, the baptismal register, the record of the children likely to live, and a book containing Father Mateo's conferences.



EACH IN TURN, THE PRISONERS WERE FORCED TO DO LAUNDRY WORK FOR THE COMMUNIST CHIEFS.

SISTER SAINT GERMAIN AND SISTER SAINT FOY CARRY THE WATER, CHINESE FASHION.  
SISTER SAINT VICTOR GIVES THE HEAVY CLOTHES A TUBBING.

### CHILDREN REMAIN DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO THE SISTERS

Seeing that we absolutely refused to leave the children entrusted to our care, the Reds tried by every means to annoy us and make our life unbearable. All the orphans were summoned to police headquarters. There they underwent tiresome cross-examinations intended to entice them into making accusations against the Sisters. But especially since they had first noticed that the new masters wanted to expel us, the children showed an ever-increasing attachment. Their forced visit to police headquarters only served to put them on their guard. They had been ordered to report daily the number of foundlings received, and the number of deaths. The older orphan who delivered these reports, indignantly protested against the rillery to which she was subjected on these occasions.

"You are a friend of the foreigners, that's what you are," scoffed the soldiers.

Photographs of each inmate of the orphanage were also requested for official records. Our young idiot was questioned but the Reds were not successful in bribing her to talk against us.

A police official daily called at the Foundling Home to make inquiries. He counted the babies to see if their number corresponded to that given on the reports. Determined to wean our young charges away from our influence, he dinned into their ears horror stories of wolves masquerading in sheep's clothing. Bored and disgusted, the little ones hardly listened to him. After a few weeks of this, they decided to take matters into their own hands. As soon as the policeman showed up, they began to nudge one another, to giggle inanely, to stuff their fingers into their ears . . . The daily visits were cancelled. We were however accused of encouraging the children in rebellious attitudes toward the government.

### SISTER - NURSE ACCUSED

About the middle of February, Sister Marie Germaine received a summons to appear at the Hygiene Bureau. She was severely rebuked because unable to produce her nursing certificate lost during the siege of Szepingkai, Manchuria. In Red China, it is a crime to care for the sick without any certificate. Sister was forbidden to give any medication, even to our orphans, until she obtained a permit. The Communists had no intention whatever of granting her any.

A few days later, a neighbor brought in her baby whom Sister had nursed back to health a year previously. She begged her to save the child once again. Because of the Communists' interdiction, Sister urged the woman to take the little patient to the government hospital. No notice was even taken of her and her child in this center. The distracted mother then appealed to a police-

man for permission to have the Sisters give her medicine. He refused, pre-  
texting the prohibition of higher authorities. The infant died a few hours  
later.

### STORM CLOUDS GATHER

Newsheets of February 7, carried a first series of Communist accusations  
against our orphanage.

Another article followed on February 28, unleashing an explosion of editorial  
comment in all papers throughout the country. Newspapers demanded  
an investigation of these "horrors" by the Government. His Excellency  
Most Rev. Dominic Tang grew alarmed and sent a priest over to examine  
our position. As we had not read the "news" about our alleged "inhuman  
treatment" of our charges, we were still perfectly at peace. In the evening,  
however, Chan Nap Kou, called to warn us that we would probably be led  
into prison on the very next day.

Early on March 1, we sent two orphans over to Father Casey's residence  
telling him not to come to the Orphanage for Mass if he deemed it more pru-  
dent. Father arrived before the message was delivered. We told him about  
our fears; he said Mass but left immediately after, taking away the Blessed  
Sacrament.

At 2 p.m., a party of about thirty officers entered our property, in little  
groups of three or four. Cho Lo Sail was summoned. To her the officers  
explained that they had business to transact with Sister Superior. In the  
parlor, where the whole group of officers finally congregated, Lo Sail and the  
virgin Tsang stood on each side of the Superior as if to protect her. The  
officer in charge presented the latter with a government letter written in  
Chinese. As she objected that she could not read Chinese characters, the  
portent of the message was signified to her as follows, "The People's Govern-  
ment aware of the mismanagement of the Foundling Home operated by the  
Sisters, orders them to turn the establishment over to the government which  
will immediately assume the direction of this work."

A few moments of impressive silence followed this declaration. Lo Sail  
then spoke "If you wish to assume the direction of the work, we cannot resist  
you. There is, however, one request we want to make — leave us the Sisters  
who have brought us up as real mothers." "Your request is quite reasonable,"  
answered the Communist, "the Sisters will remain with you." The officers  
then asked Sister Superior what she intended to do. "I cannot give you an  
answer now; I must consult." The orphans begged permission to have  
Mass every morning, which permission was granted. Accompanying the  
military group were the new Director and Directress, a doctor and a nurse.  
The whole party led by Sister Superior and Lo Sail visited in its entirety,  
the property they were confiscating. When the orphans realized what was  
taking place, they began to cry; their wails could have touched the hardest  
hearts. The Communist women tried to cajole them into silence but the  
children only cried the louder.

# THROUGH MIRY TO JESUS

In June 1951, Mr. George Hori, M.D., requested Sister St. Francis Xavier, M.I.C., formerly a missionary in Japan, to obtain hospitalization for one of his compatriots suffering from tuberculosis, thirty-six year old Mr. William Utsunomiya.

Admitted as a patient at the Cartierville Sacred Heart Hospital, Mr. Utsunomiya showed grateful appreciation of the considerate care and delicate attentions lavished on him by the Sisters. So deeply impressed was he that he felt it his duty to inquire into a religion that could inspire such charity. He felt drawn to Catholicism in an irresistible way.

One October day, as Sister St. Francis Xavier was visiting him at the hospital, he queried, "Sister, could you explain to me about the Rosary?" He usually listened in to the daily Rosary broadcasts in the wards but did not quite understand what they meant. Sister explained about the simple prayers used in this devotion. He already knew the Pater as he belonged to a Protestant persuasion, but he had never heard the Ave. The explanation of the Mysteries which help the soul ponder over the life of Our Lord and of Our Blessed Mother, the repetition of the same simple prayers, delighted him. "Sister," he exclaimed, "How grand and beautiful is this prayer which everybody loves!" Thankfully he accepted a booklet on this Marian devotion and a Rosary which Sister offered him.

In February, Mr. Utsunomiya's wife who had also contracted tuberculosis, was admitted at Cartierville. The Sisters' gentle kindness soon won her admiration. On March 1, husband and wife requested to be baptized without delay. The ceremony, presided by Rev. C. Labrecque, P.S.S., priest in charge of the Japanese of Montreal, was held on March 2. All the Buddhist and Protestant relatives of the family were present as Mr. and Mrs. Utsunomiya were made children of God, in the solarium of St. Michael's ward. Mr. Maeda from Hamilton, Ontario, served as godfather and Mrs. Courval, friend of Mrs. Utsunomiya, stood as godmother. The nuptial blessing was afterwards given to the happy pair. Rev. A. Labrecque tactfully explained

REV. C. LABRECQUE

BLESSES

MR. AND MRS. UTSUNOMIYA'S

MARRIAGE



the sense of the words and the meaning of the ceremony to the non-Christian members of the family who really seemed to share in the joy of the neophytes.

Deeply impressed by his new dignity as a Catholic, the patient asked to have a Church photo taken as souvenir. By Church photo, he meant the Baptism group. His young sister-in-law, not yet baptized, stood inside this group. "No, no, not you, Yuki! This is the Church," he forcefully exclaimed.

Only seventeen days of life on earth were left to Mr. Utsunomiya; St. Joseph introduced him into the celestial mansions on his festal day, March 19. These seventeen days, the patient lived in a truly saintly manner. How he loved to recite parts of his Rosary! He felt a strong desire to live and recover his health but he had an equally strong wish to comply with the Will of God. One fine morning, he remarked, "The sun is dancing over nature today. It makes one want to get better and enjoy God's beautiful outdoors. But if it is God's Will to call me home to Heaven, I am perfectly content. When I no longer have the strength to say my beads, I just press them to my heart and feel comforted."

The funeral was held at Notre Dame Church. Rev. C. Labrecque officiated assisted by a Japanese priest studying at the Montreal Major Seminary.

Michael Utsunomiya now awaits the eternal summons, at the Cote des Neiges cemetery, in the section reserved to the Japanese Catholics of Montreal.

This conversion and peaceful death have found sympathetic response on the part of the dead man's friends and relatives. Protestants and Buddhists alike could not refrain from admitting that the Catholic religion had brought great happiness to their compatriot.

# My First Impression on Japan

By Sister MONICA

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT (1)  
M.I.C.

It really cannot be given a name. Complexity and instability may be said to be its chief characteristics. How can an impression composed of elements as numerous as they are opposed be given a name since a name confers a definite, constant nature?

From the outset, Japan twined itself around my heartstrings. We entered Japanese waters late in the evening; even then, in the velvety darkness, I felt the subtle, overpowering charm of its presence. Far away, where the shoreline embraced the horizon, I saw shining through the flickering shadows a tiny red light. To me that light was a symbol. It was like the throbbing heart of my Promised Land, the land of all my childhood dreams come true. Pacing the swaying deck with my companion, I softly hummed the notes of an exultant Magnificat, thanking God who had led me at last to the realization of my missionary ideal.

Needless to say, I was up early on the following day to witness my first *goraiko* or sunrise (literally Honorable coming light), in the Land of the Rising Sun. Just then, a mousey grey impression stole into my heart unawares. Have you guessed what it was? This time it did bear a name — disappointment. Was this really and truly Japan? Why, this port might have been Seattle . . . In my imagination, I had always stubbornly clung to a primitive concept of my mission land to be, and here were huge, concrete buildings, paved streets, shining modern cars.

But the mousey grey impression not feeling at home in my happy heart, soon slithered away I knew not where nor cared. Crowds of Japanese workmen swarmed about the docks. On their gaunt, tired faces they wore such a sad, wistful expression that my heart went out to them in their soul distress. They reminded me of those shepherdless sheep Our Lord spoke of in the Gospel. Presently I was to learn that the huge foreign-style buildings, were but a brilliant facade too often concealing stark misery or very real poverty.

As we were going through the Customs, an old man with a face as wizened as a dried persimmon, courteously bowed before the two of us, then hobbled away. He had gone to tell our Sisters who had come to meet us, that we had indeed arrived.

"Hurry," advised he "There are two honorable ladies over there, dressed just like you. They do not seem to understand our language." Thanks to our considerate old friend, we had the joy of meeting again with our Sisters sooner than we expected.

Our Tokyo convent is situated at about one hour's ride from the port of Yokohama. We had reached the very heart of the capital when I ventured to say, "I hope we get into Tokyo soon!" Of course, the mission veterans beside me could not help laughing at my naivety. Why do I always look at Japan with Canadian eyes? I had fondly imagined that Yokohama and Tokyo stood at about the same distance as Montreal and Ottawa. Not for a moment had I thought they could lie as close as twin cities, their boundary lines overlapping at many points. Well, now I know and will not be laughed at again, at least for this same mistake!

As we rolled along, I could see quite a change in the panorama. The huge buildings that persistently reminded one of haughty intruders had

SISTER MONICA OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

(Monique Cloutier, Ottawa).





*Like Colorful Butterflies Are These Little Japanese Girls  
Wearing Their National Costume.*

vanished. In their stead, little grey-tiled houses innocent of paint, crowded one another all along the very edge of the streets. "We are the real Tokyo," they seemed to whisper through their latticed paper doors. I noticed almost as many shops as houses. Tall floating banners bearing advertisements in bold characters fluttered in the breeze. Merchants apparently display their entire stock right on the sidewalks when there are any. Even in overpopulated centers like Tokyo, people are not yet traffic-conscious. The streets appear like human anthills alive with men, and women, and children pushing or pulling something on foot or hauling little trailers hitched to bicycles.

At journey's end, I no longer had any doubts whatever that I had indeed reached my Promised Land. The streets teemed with strangely-attired people — alert women in bright kimonos with babies securely strapped to their backs; gray old men in gray old kimonos; peddlers wearing quaint grass capes, chanting their wares in weird singsong; young women clad in tight-fitting mompei (slacks) busily repairing streets; important gentlemen carrying expensive briefcases; demure damsels sporting gay furoshikis; portly matrons lugging zippered bags. Skinny horses hitched to crude carts; sleek streamlined automobiles; trim bicycles, old-fashioned hand carts. Tokyo streets offer the strangest medley of the antique and the modern; of the Oriental and the Occidental. Newcomers are especially struck with this paradox. One feels that here an ancient civilization contends against the encroachments of a foreign civilization whose influence must be kept within limits.

At a street-corner, our car swerved and jerked to a standstill as a noisy procession went by. Youths in medieval costumes, bore on their shoulders the coaches of their local gods. When will the rays of the Sun of Justice illumine this Land of the Rising Sun, dispelling all false creeds?

I fell in love with our lovely Japanese house as soon as I entered its unpainted walls. Everything held a fascination for me; latticed doors covered with translucent paper; spotless straw mats; brooding, grey-tiled roof; exquisite garden, sentinelled by hoary cypresses and bright with flowering shrubs; miniature lake where gold fish capered and frolicked; everything found in my soul a sympathetic response.

Our big, clumsy footwear is of course out of place on immaculate straw matting. Off our shoes must go as soon as we enter the *genkan* (vestibule) of a Japanese house; slippers wait in a tidy row to accommodate stockinged feet.

My first visit was for Our Lord residing in His tabernacle of love. Sitting there before him, Japanese fashion, like a child at the feet of his father, I poured out my heart in a prayer of loving thankfulness. *Magnificat! Magnificat!* No other word could adequately convey the happiness of this, my first day in Japan.



## OUR LADY'S GARDEN

KORIYAMA, JAPAN

What more appropriate name could have been chosen for Koriyama's Orphanage, than Our Lady's Garden?

"A child; like thee, a spring flower; but a flower  
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring  
And through the city-streets blown withering."

How tenderly the Mother of us all loves these soul flowers of which her poet sings! Poor withered blooms blown along the city streets and whose wild beauty would have been forever blighted, if loving hands and tender understanding hearts had not rescued them. In Our Lady's own garden, they recover their rightful heritage of joy and innocence, of gladsome, care-free childhood.

The days are all very much alike at the Orphanage. From morning until night, they are filled with prayer, study, meals, work, recreation and rest. Once in a while, however, the children's calendar does mark red-letter-days, days that remain enshrined in grateful memories. Our little girls received, some time ago, a pressing, gracious invitation from the pupils of our St. Francis Xavier School in neighboring Wakamatsu. Would the thirty-eight *imoto* (younger sisters) deign to visit their *ane* (older sisters) in the fair city of the Young Pine? The thirty-eight, of course, would most certainly deign to do so. But, would all of them be allowed to go? Some school reports loudly proclaimed the fact, that a few of the invited *imoto* really did not deserve a reward for being naughty. What was to be done?

Sister Superior solved the problem with her usual motherly comprehension. The Wakamatsu pupil had sent out thirty-eight invitations; thirty-eight little ladies were bound to answer unless they wanted to be termed as boorish. Much clapping of hands greeted this decision. In almost no time at all, the rice, fish, and salted vegetables were packed in the *bento* (lunch) boxes. With beaming faces, the youngest children set out ahead to arrive in time for the train. What fun it was to climb into that narrow house-on-wheels! For a few, this was their very first train ride and their eyes were not big enough to

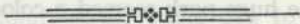
drink in all the wonders flying past the windows. It was only ten o'clock and already significant looks were cast at the *bento*. Fortunately, the tempting boxes were tucked so high out of reach that, with a sigh, the youthful travelers agreed to wait.

After two hours of jogging and rolling over wooded hills and pleasant valleys, the city of the Young Pine loomed ahead. Joyfully, the thirty-eight scrambled out of the train and into the bus sent to fetch them at the station. A ten minutes' swift ride through the city brought them to journey's end.

The youthful hosts had deftly given the school auditorium a homey, festive look. They politely greeted their *imoto* and immediately made them feel at home by distributing a refreshing drink of lemonade. Like a delightful dream, the day flashed by, filled to the brim with play, and laughter, and merry banter. Before supper, the happy group of little hosts and guests, gathered to sing the praises of the Queen before the Lourdes' Grotto on the Mission grounds. Was it not fitting that the living flowers of Our Lady's Garden should spend the end of this perfect day at Our Lady's feet?

After a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, games were played almost until it was time to say *sayonara* (farewell). What a pleasant holiday they enjoyed! The trains were crowded with people returning from the Bon festival in honor of the dead. Hardly could our little ones find space to squeeze in. It was almost night when Koriyama was reached.

Not for a long, long time will the flowers of Our Lady's Garden forget about this wonderful day.

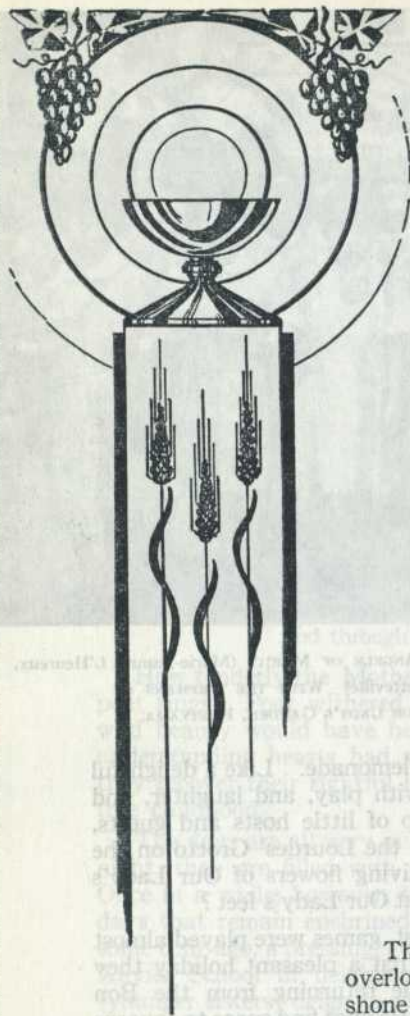


How can we become charitable? By learning to excuse others and to be silent; by learning to forgive and forget. Those lessons we shall learn by looking up to Jesus and Mary, the two models we must necessarily reproduce if we wish to enter into Heaven.

*Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit*



SISTER SAINT ANGELE OF MERICI (Marie-Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville) WITH THE ORPHANS OF OUR LADY'S GARDEN, KORIYAMA.



# MATANZAS EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

By Sister

MARTHA of the REDEEMER(1),  
M.I.C.

LOS ARABOS, CUBA

The Congress was a splendid success. With our pupils, we were privileged to assist on December 8, at the closing ceremonies. Our patronal feast we usually spend in the peaceful atmosphere of our convent home. This year we celebrated in a public way, jolting along the roads in an antiquated guaga, mixing with the noisy, milling crowds of pilgrims from every corner of the province. Our four Colegios had to be represented at the grandiose celebration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Surely Our Lady must have approved of the missionary manner in which we kept her day of days even if we did somewhat desert her shrine for the *campo eucaristico*.

The repository had been erected in an immense park overlooking Matanzas. Above the eucharistic dais, shone a luminous host. Broadcasters gave out the prayers, conferences, and hymns to the farthest limits of the assembly. As each group entered the sector, its exact position was immediately indicated.

December 8, was the children's day at the Congress. Mass was not celebrated until nine. We had all the leisure needed to feast our eyes on the picturesque landscape which served as magnificent throne for the Blessed Sacrament. The huge park seemed a colorful jewel in an emerald setting of rolling hills and turquoise waters.

The Bishop of Camaguey offered the Holy Sacrifice. At the Gospel, His Exc. Most Reverend A. Martin, beloved first Pastor of Matanzas, gave a sermon eloquent in its simplicity, particularly addressed to the First Com-

1. Marie Marthe Laurin, Beauharnois, P.Q.

municants. Eighteen priests distributed communion. They were each accompanied by a Boy Scout and a Catholic Actioner. The throng had asked to remain stationary as the priests would go back and forth along all the ranks; those who were not fasting were requested to remain seated while the others received their God standing. The God of Love went out to meet His own creature!

After Mass, a frugal breakfast was distributed. Cuba's First Lady had graciously ordered delicious piles of *guyaba* to be brought to the park. Cubans enjoy this rare delicacy consisting of biscuits filled with jam.

Most impressive were the closing ceremonies. Cardinal Manuel Arteaga Betancourt officiated at a Pontifical Mass; assisting him were six archbishops and bishops, and eighty priests. Were also present at the ceremony, the Governor of the Province, the Mayor of Matanzas and several official personalities. Reverend Father Lombardi, Italian Jesuit of international fame, spoke in fluent Spanish on the greatest of all commandments. He stressed the importance of showing our love through our deeds of charity. The climax of his inspiring sermon was the stirring invitation tendered all present: *adios, Hasta luego! al cielo!* (May we all meet again in Heaven.)

A merry picnic-dinner affair gave us the occasion of visiting the mountain shrine of Montserrat. From these heights, the panorama is enchanting. The altar within the shrine is said to be a replica of the famous Spanish sanctuary; it is fashioned of cork. The venerable statue of the Mother and Child are almost black with the accumulating dust of years. Originally, the figures were probably of the bronzed Cuban type.

Near the tiny chapel is a terrace with cafeteria where pilgrims may break their fast, sitting on the rude stone benches. Below in the fertile valley, lies a miniature Matanzas. Rivers appear like narrow silver ribbons looping the fertile plains: cows and horses look like little dogs.

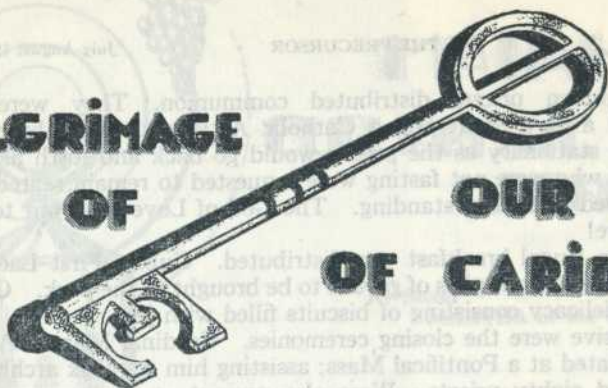
At three o'clock sharp we joined our pupils in Marti park, whence the procession was to start on its way. Cuban punctuality being what it is, the cortege set out when it was well past four. A *banda* from Havana made up of students from twelve to fifteen led the procession; followed, the different associations from the capital city with their *bandera*; the delegations from the various provinces; nearest to the repository-car, marched the faithful of the Matanzas parishes. More than fifty thousand persons took part in this closing manifestation. The procession marched along with perfect discipline and great piety. Under the direction of Rev. J. Vezina, the huge assembly sang with religious fervor.

Resurrection of dormant souls, bugle call to genuine Christian living, the Congress was indeed a success. A good man from Matanzas summed up its effects in his own original way. "Madre", he exclaimed "you, should have seen the *barbaridad* of communions at the Congress!" *Barbaridad* may literally be rendered as barbarism. In Cuban idiom, it may be made to mean a considerable number, a stupendous amount. This once we say, "Long live such barbarism!" May it reign forever in Cuba.

# PILGRIMAGE

## OF

# OUR LADY OF CARIDAD



By Sister St. COLETTE(1), M.L.C.

### MERCEDES, CUBA

On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Cuba's independence, the Virgin of Caridad, national Patroness, has undertaken a pilgrimage through the fair provinces of the island.

The royal Pilgrim left southern Santiago de Cuba, (first capital of the young republic) on May 20, 1951. Thence she has been traveling all over Cuba, through bustling cities as well as across out-of-the-way hamlets, bestowing her maternal favors everywhere on her passage.

January 17, 1952, saw her officially entering the province of Matanzas, through the village of Los Arabos. His Excellency Most Reverend A. Martin himself went out to bid Our Lady welcome in his diocese, while the Governor offered a golden key as pledge of her sovereignty over the province.

Our young people of the Catholic Action groups vied with one another in preparing their respective pueblos to do honor to Our Lady of Caridad.

Hundreds of programs were distributed, a few days in advance, in all the families of Mercedes. Then the pupils bravely fared forth a second time to present each home with a large picture of Our Lady, Patroness of Cuba.

To make sure that the picture would indeed be honored, they courteously offered to fix it themselves to the front door. Only three families refused to grant this permission.

Our youthful apostles had urged the villagers to decorate so as to give their pueblo a festive air. Days passed however and nobody stirred. Nothing daunted, the children decided to take things into their own hands and set out again, arms laden with palm branches and gaily colored streamers. Mr. Matacena, administrator of the Centrale, was even approached for permission

1. Lucienne Constantin, Montreal.

to deck the principal street. No sooner was this request granted than Neya hurriedly ordered some wiring while her companions cut out huge letters, twenty inches high, to spell the word *Bienvenida*. These letters were then painted in bright colors. But how could little girls be expected to fix the inscription high over the tree tops, across Royal Avenue? Big brothers do come in handy sometimes. Two of these graciously offered to help their young sisters who accepted the offer with alacrity.

There was still something missing, however. The Madres were asked to devise means of making pennants to be strung along the decorated streets. In a very short time, seven hundred small triangles of all colors grouped by twentys, were ready to add their touch to the colorful scene. The homes of the Pastor and Administrator also discreetly received their quota of decorations.

All this show of activity on the part of our little girls, stirred the good people of Mercedes out of their lethargy. Some ladies offered to lend their Christmas paraphernalia; others sent in furnishings used at their last ball.

The young men took it into their heads to erect a triumphal arch. Mr. Maticena's employees helped them and soon Mercedes was fittingly adorned



SISTER SAINT DOMINIC (Laurette Lapointe, Jonquiere), SISTER SAINT ANGELE OF THE SACRED HEART (Des Neiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta), SISTER SAINT COLETTE (Lucienne Constantin, Montreal) SISTER MARIE CONRAD (Yolande Mercier, Thetford Mines), SISTER SAINT ALBAN (Marguerite Dionne, Joliette), SISTER SAINT ANDREW (Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale).

to greet the Queen. Sister St. Angele of the Sacred Heart<sup>(1)</sup> decked the glorieta (summerhouse in a park) which was to serve as regal throne.

The Colegio band led the procession. People had gathered from all over even from the most distant pueblos to pay homage to the Patroness of Cuba.

A little after four, the statue appeared on its decorated pedestal, and ovations rang out as the faithful crowded about the jeep. A pious cortege then accompanied Our Lady of Caridad through the city streets. Three young girls dressed in Marian colors went ahead scattering petals of natural flowers.

In front of the parish church, a halt was called while the Pastor explained the origin of the Cubans' national devotion to Mary. Part of the Rosary was afterward recited and hymns were sung. Finally, the statue was enthroned in the Glorieta for nearly two hours. High light of this festal day was the solemn consecration of all the parishioners to Our Lady of Caridad.

The Pilgrim Virgin has left our pueblo but we still feel the aftereffects of her blessed visit. A group of young men has requested permission to form a senior branch of Catholic Action. Until now we had had only student groups. In Cuba more than anywhere else perhaps, Catholic Action may be said to be the cornerstone of all missionary endeavors. These lay apostles can reach further than we can ever hope to reach. They are the elite in whose hands the future lies.

Another gracious boon of Our Lady's passage among us are the exceptional rains which refresh the parched, withering plants and trees. At this time of the year, Cuba usually lies scorched under a merciless sun. Last year, animals died by dozens every day because of the dearth of pasture land.

Thanks to what the Mercedes people term as the miraculous intervention of Mary, nothing of the kind happened this year.

All praise to Nuestra Senora de la Caridad!



Cherish the poor creatures whom Our Lord has entrusted to you. Love them as you would love your own children. It is for them only that you have left us and that we have separated from one another. May they be to you as the apple of your eye. Take care of them as you would of me if I became ill.

*Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit*

1. Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta.



# LES COTEAUX CREETS THE QUEEN

On her pilgrimage across the hills and vales of Haiti, Our Lady of Fatima halted at Les Coteaux. How happy the faithful were to prove their devotion to "Maman, la Vierge" as they naively call her.

A solemn novena had prepared souls for this maternal visit. A splendid spiritual sheaf composed of masses, communions, rosaries, and countless sacrifices was offered to Mary by her Haitian devotees.

As the royal Pilgrim neared the town an imposing cortege went out to greet her. Members of the Sacred Heart League, Ladies of the Guard of Honor, and Boys Scout in uniform marched in the lead, bearing the banners and pennants of their respective associations. Our pupils followed, grouped by tens to represent the mysteries of the Rosary. Miniature pink, red, and yellow banners divided the sections. The girls wore their blue and white uniform; on their dusky locks, shone a diadem topped with a golden star.

Dark clouds suddenly overcast the peerless blue sky of the Car-





*Haiti, Land of Flowers. Fairer Than the Fairest Tropical Blooms  
Are the Souls of These Haitian Children.*

ibbean, and just as the two processions met, rain fell in torrents as it always does in these parts. Nobody seemed to mind the unexpected downpour. Was it not a symbol of the graces showered by Mary on her faithful children?

Our Lady of Fatima was led in triumph to the parish church, where a magnificent throne of honor had been prepared. Hymns were sung with religious fervor and the pious melody of the Aves soared heavenward throughout this Marian vigil. Because of the rain, the torch procession had to be cancelled. Instead, a Holy Hour was held within the Sanctuary. Shadows of night enveloped the premises but the hearts of many sinners were flooded with the bright light of God's grace.

Holy Mass was offered at midnight. Then the soothing murmur of the Aves once more rose in melodious cadence until the first rays of dawn filtered through the windows. In the early morning hours, Mass was again celebrated ushering in the children's solemn manifestation. After the act of Consecration to the Blessed Mother had been recited little girls were chosen to lay on the Marian float, their precious bouquets of spiritual blooms; tiny sacrifices, and loving prayers offered with heartfelt generosity.

At nine o'clock, a pious procession passed along all the town streets. Invocations had been etched on triumphal arches. Could the tender heart of Heaven's Queen fail to be touched by the following appeals? "O Mary, remember that you are our Queen! Bless our children. Cure our sick. Convert all sinners." The blessing of the sick and ailing climaxed this procession.

But all too soon, alas, it was time to bid Our Lady farewell. The statue was solemnly accompanied to the banks of the Colas river winding at the foot of Les Coteaux. From the other side of the river rose the welcome acclamations of the Roche a Bateau parishioners.

To perpetuate the memory of Our Lady of Fatima's maternal visit, Les Coteaux has organized what might be termed "little Marian peregrinations."

"Every evening, at the sound of the church bell, a replica of Our Lady of Fatima's statue is carried from one "caille" (house) to another in turn. The family visited, together with the neighbors, unites in reciting the Rosary, in singing Marian hymns and in reciting the evening prayers.

This verily may be called the century of Mary. May her Immaculate Heart reign over Haiti and over the whole world!



Let us strive to upset the devils' plans through humility and self-effacement. The devil is powerless against humility.

*Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit*



# THE HOUSEWIFE'S ROSARY

*Third and last of a series of short meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary. The Glorious Mysteries are especially appropriate for Easter time and any time when the outlook is cheerless and the soul must try the "uplook" to the glorious reward in Heaven.*

## *The Glorious Mysteries*

### *The Resurrection*

The Roman legionaries carefully guarded the sepulchre of Christ lest His friends should take His Body away and start preaching a fake resurrection.

Suddenly, on that most wonderful of Sunday mornings, the dead Heart of the Friday's Victim began to beat again, the blood circulated in the cold limbs, and He that was dead arose, glorious Conqueror over death and the tomb. The bravest soldiers in the world shuddered with terror when the Angel of the Lord rolled back the stone and sat upon it.

"Remember, dust, thou art splendor!" There will be an Easter for you, as there was for the Son of Mary. For He will raise up to a glorious immortality all who have believed in Him and have kept His Commandments. Be brave, O my soul, for there's Easter ahead!

### *The Ascension*

Raising their bowed heads, Mary, Magdalen, and the Apostles heard the rustling garments of the Lord sweep through the silent air, ascending toward the Eternal Kingdom. Oh, how homesick for Heaven the Mother of Jesus must have felt after that Thursday! How different we are! For days on end we scarcely ever stop a minute to look up to our true home above with Jesus and you and the Angels and the Saints.

Our risen Savior has gone to prepare places for us. Mary, guard them while we tarry here below. And never suffer that we let go the hand of Christ on the narrow, steep, straight road by going against the dictates of conscience for it would be deferring our own ascension to Christ and our common Mother.

### The Descent of the Holy Ghost

Come, Holy Ghost! We are timid, earthly-minded, weak-kneed Christians. Renew us as You renewed the Apostles, upon whom You descended at the prayer of Your Most Pure Spouse. In our moments of temptation, discouragement, or perplexity, grant us, again through Mary Immaculate, strength, courage, and enlightenment.

There was no blazing tongue of fire in the air on our Confirmation Day, but the Holy Spirit did come to abide with us forever. Even today, every prayer we say to the Comforter blest can bring a new Pentecost into our souls.

Spouse of the Holy Spirit, Mary, make us understand that we have truly received the seven Gifts of the Spirit, and help us to cooperate with them as we ought, in order that we may become saints under the guidance of the Sanctifier.

### The Assumption

In reverential ceremonial the Apostles buried the Mother of their Lord. Then, when all was over, tardy Thomas arrived, imploring his colleagues to open the tomb that he might gaze once more upon the Blessed Among Women. They did, and out of the tomb rose an odor of delightful sweetness surpassing the scent of roses and lilies.

O Mary, I believe in your glorious Assumption and am thankful I lived to see it define a dogma of our Faith. I believe also in your Great Promise of a triumphant assumption for all who fulfill the conditions you laid down at Fatima: *"I promise to help at the hour of death, with the graces necessary for salvation, whoever, on the First Saturday of five consecutive months, shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary, and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the Mysteries of the Rosary, with the intention of making reparation to me."*

### The Coronation

Good and faithful servant, Mary enters into the joy of her Lord. Mother of the Savior, Mary enters into the House of her Son. In the presence of the celestial spirits Christ bids her a hundred thousand welcomes and crowns her with the brightest diadem of glory.

Truly you are worthy to be Queen of Joy, O Mary, for you were Queen of Martyrs on earth. As one of your priestly sons writes, "First the cross and then the crown."

O Queen of Heaven, be our comfort and inspiration as we painfully add gem to gem to our everlasting crown in the making. Show us how to live as future citizens of the heavenly Kingdom, as members of the Royal Family of Christ. And then when we tired, earth-weary children soar up into your arms, please make our heavenly birthday a Day of Coronation. Amen.

# ACROSS CUBAN

## PUEBLOS

By Sister

IRENE OF JESUS(1), M.I.C.

### MANGUITO, CUBA

Early in the morning we left the pueblo of Manguito for Amerillas where we regularly go to give doctrine lessons. No prayer book need we carry along on these outings. Nature all around us is like a living psalter where the glory of God is written in glowing lines, over verdant hills and sun-drenched valleys.

On either side of the road stand primitive, thatch-roofed huts. Through the open doorways, black children merrily waved their hands. Plodding wearily ahead of us, a Chinese woman bore her market load on her head. Pickaninnies wearing only a medal over their birthday suit, romped to their heart's content under the huge palm trees.

1. Irene Trudelle, St. Narcisse, P.Q.



Frisky goats munching grass along the roadside, raised inquisitive heads as we went by. What could the Madres be doing out so early . . .

At about twenty minute's walk from Manguito lies Calimete pueblo. Its eighty-years-old parish priest has just been forced to retire, worn out with the labors of a long and strenuous life; the Fathers of the Foreign Mission of Pont Viau will replace him in the discharge of parochial duties. Its diminutive church which can accommodate only about one hundred faithful, is in perfect good taste.

Another jaunt of a quarter of an hour and we reached Amerillas. Its church has lately been restored; soon the fourteen odd benches will prove insufficient to sit all the parishioners who are gradually becoming God-conscious. During our holidays last year, we did much-needed repairs on the altar linen and on the vestments which had been sadly neglected through the years. The rector can now open the sacristy drawers without any qualms even if visitors are around.

At Mass, it being the First Friday of the month, we sang appropriate hymns to the Sacred Heart. In the sacristy after Mass, a rehearsal was held for the hymns to Our Lady of Caridad whose fiesta was to be celebrated the next day. The pupils feel honored when called upon to help at the altar decorations. His Excellency Most Reverend A. Martin will officiate tomorrow and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

A kind Cuban lady invited us to her home for dinner. We spent the afternoon preparing the float to be used in the traditional procession in honor of Nuestra Senora de la Caridad. As the beautiful statue, the gift of a young man miraculously cured, comes from



SISTER IRENE OF JESUS  
(Irene Trudelle, Saint Narcisse).

outside, the jeep that serves as triumphal chariot must fetch it from beyond the parish boundaries.

The following morning found the tiny church filled to overflowing with a throng of parishioners which could not exactly be termed as pious. To say the least, Cuban piety is of the demonstrative variety. During the ceremony of Confirmation, the church reminded one more of a public market than of a Sanctuary. Parents insisted on taking their own progeny up to the Bishops' throne. They greeted one another and chatted quite freely. Thinking that music might induce tranquillity, we played and sang a hymn to the Holy Spirit. Alas and alack! This proved but another distraction for all those who had never before seen the Madres, crowded around the organ to look them over. One considerate lady even flourished her beautiful fan and obligingly fanned us while we tried hard to breathe and sing in the suffocating atmosphere.

After the ceremony, His Excellency graciously deigned to thank us for the work done in these rural centers. He expressed the wish to have an ever-increasing number of Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in his diocese.

Our Colegio has an enrollment of seventy-nine pupils this year. Compared to the three hundred students attending Public School where religious

#### YOUNG CATHOLIC ACTIONEERS, CUBA.

ON THE RIGHT, SISTER MAGDALEN OF THE SAVIOR (Alice Labelle, Montreal);  
ON THE LEFT, SISTER LEO JOSEPH (Simone Sabourin, Saint Isidore of Prescott).



instruction is taboo, this may seem a pitifully small number. But we are obstinate optimists. The population seems to be growing more and more appreciative of Catholic schools and of Catholic Sisters. Gradually Catholic Action is coming into its own. Boys have elected St. Dominic Savio as patron; girls have chosen St. Maria Goretti as their own patroness. Friendly competition is waged between these two groups in the preparation of a magnificent sheaf of sacrifices to be offered on the occasion of the Matanzas Eucharistic Congress.

Pray that more laborers may be sent to this corner of the Lord's vineyard. So many pueblos are waiting!

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### THINK THIS IN

*He who believes in eternity and does not become a saint should be confined to a madhouse.*

Father Avila

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### Prayer For All Mothers

JESUS, our Saviour, most merciful and kind, we beg of You, by that fathomless love for Your Holy Mother, which burns in Your Sacred Heart, to have pity on and to bless, always and in every manner, all mothers throughout the earth. Behold them, good Jesus, toiling and praying for the children whom You have entrusted to their care. See the tenderness of their hearts, the yearning love for their sons and daughters which You Yourself have given them, with the natural instinct of motherhood. See the many trials, the many anxieties and sorrows which multiply upon them because of the responsibilities and care of their motherhood. Pity their human weakness. Supply Yourself, by Your divine Wisdom, whatever is wanting to them of the firmness and prudence needed for the guidance of their children.

HELP them to make their homes holy and pleasant for their husbands and children, so that peace may reign in their households, and the spirit of good may govern all their words and their works. Remember, dear Jesus, the heavenly peace of Your little home at Nazareth, and bless all homes. As You Yourself chose for Your Mother the purest, holiest, and most loving of all women, so give to us all a similar blessing, and, by Your Grace, foster throughout the world the true spirit of Christian motherhood.

WE ask it of You by the mercy and tenderness of Your Sacred Heart, by the love and devotion of Your own Blessed Mother, and by the merits and prayers of all those mothers in heaven, who, having served You faithfully on earth, now behold Your eternal beauty where, with the Father and Holy Ghost, You live and reign, one God, world without end. Amen.

(From approved sources).

May 1950

Annals of Good St. Anne de Beupre, P. Q.

# RECRUITING PUPILS

# IN AFRICA

By Sister FRANCES of LISIEUX(1), M.I.C.

Even when our boarders have all gone home for their holidays, we are still kept busy from morning till night with the various tasks that have had to wait throughout the year. Then, there remains the boarding school's recruiting campaign to be planned. Riding our trusty bikes, we usually cover all the neighboring villages, getting acquainted with the natives and selling them the Catholic Mission School idea.

Lately, I accompanied Sister St. Imelda on just such an outing in Pawulo's village. Pawulo himself, postmaster of the region, acted as guide. We had taken along a good supply of home remedies to be distributed. Everywhere we passed we inquired about school-age girls.

At Ukhorowondo, the reception was unique. Upon our arrival we found a great crowd in jubilant mood for the tribe women had just brewed quantities of beer. Squatting about the casks, elders and youngsters waxed eloquent, their tongues loosened by the delectable drink. Was it the beer that prompted their generosity?

Some of the villagers offered us gifts of eggs. Then a black gentleman courteously invited us inside his home. We accepted his offer as we really needed a rest after pedaling all morning. Into the hut we followed our host. Imagine our unpleasant surprise when we heard him ordering all the women folk out! We breathed a sigh of relief upon learning that he merely wanted to clear the place in order to have us meet the village chief.

African etiquette, even in these remote districts, is quite complicated. Salutations must be made in time-honored formulas, with pauses of two or three minutes between, the better to relish them I suppose. I am still quite awkward at making these pauses last as long as I should. Still, our newly-arrived Sisters have paid me the compliment that I already have adopted many an African rule of politeness! Must not we missionaries strive to be all in all to all peoples? The chief showered us with delicate attentions; as a supreme mark of consideration, he even offered us a calabash full of beer. Sister St. Imelda thanked him elaborately, explaining at the same time that our customs forbade us to partake of such delicious beverages.

1. Marie Claire Lacombe, Montreal.



*Bighearted African Girlies Offer a Gift of Live Hens  
to Sister Frances of Lisieux, Marie Claire Lacombe, Montreal.*

At Hoho, so dense was the gathering that we wondered whether the Princess' visit had not been announced. We had arrived just in time, it seems, for a *Muganda* dance. Preparations being in full swing, nobody paid much attention to us. Sister St. Imelda opened her medicine kit to draw prospective patients, while I tried to interest a bevy of black damsels who were investigating us from a safe distance. Hearing me talk in their dialect produced several effects. A few girls, pleasantly impressed, drew somewhat nearer; the greater number, thoroughly scared, dived into the neighboring huts; the remainder continued to hover in the background, prudently awaiting further developments.

Out on the *baraza* capered a hundred dancers from the Protestant School; a few wore military uniforms, others sported silk shirts minus pants, while still others were decked in regular African finery of ostrich feathers and leopard skins. I must not forget to mention the jewelry. To be admired were the safety-pin necklaces, the tiny mirrors, the two-cent pieces, and tin plates strung about in original fashion. Nearly all the dancers were barefoot; the well-to-do among them proudly exhibited ancient footwear and former ski boots. Native musicians played on the "dry calabash," African melodies more or less pleasing to the ear. Rythm, however, was perfectly kept. So weird and picturesque was the scene that I took several shots. Really I cannot help thinking that our graceful Blacks would eclipse even Hollywood star dancers! We left before the dance was over as we had many other rounds to make.

The narrow, winding paths leading to Pawulo's village were so steep and bumpy, that we had to step off our bikes and push them ahead of us. A heartwarming welcome soon made us forget our fatigue. In this primitive place, we hardly expected the luxury of sitting on two real chairs produced from we know not where. The village girls squatted about, eyes as big as saucers; this was the very first time they had ever glimpsed any Sisters.

The atmosphere seems to be more Protestant than pagan here, although our hosts showed themselves both gracious and hospitable. They even offered us two live hens as gifts. As I held them gingerly, one decided to make a dive for liberty. The little girls had quite a merry chase catching up with the truant hen and bringing it back to us. They probably thought me quite dumb. I must admit that until now my relations with hens had always been of the chocolate variety type!

All too soon, the fast-gathering darkness warned us that it was time to strike for the home trail. The return roads, without being perfect, were at least passable so we mounted our bikes again and sped homeward.

Our Guardian Angels came to our help for we reached Katete without any mishaps, carrying our gifts of eggs and live hens. Kneeling before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, we begged Him to repeat the words by which He called Palestinian children to His side. May He allow all little African boys and girls to come to Him and to remain with Him forever.



# KATARINA

By Sister BERNADETTE of FRANCE(1), M.I.C.

Katarina came to us when she was only seventeen. Willingly she left her distant village to work for the Sisters as the natives here usually put it.

From the first, Katarina enjoyed her new life immensely. For one thing, being a catechumen, she rejoiced at living so near the Catholic Mission

where she was free to study the doctrine in preparation for her baptism. The Sisters were satisfied with this alert helper who worked cheerfully and well:

As she had brought along no other clothes than the *laya* and *saru* she was wearing, we allowed her to go back to her village at the end of the first week. Faithfully, Katarina returned on the appointed day. Had the November heat affected her health? She looked worn out and was unable at first to shake off a bad cold. For a whole week we obliged her to rest, doing all in our power to help her recuperate. Thanks to this rest and medication, her cough was cured and she seemed to grow well and strong again. How joyfully she took up her usual tasks! These black girls are courageous and hard-working, unafraid of fatigue and difficulties. To all appearances, our young friend had recovered her usual robust health.

However, on November 25, feast of her holy patroness, serious illness struck suddenly and threatened her life. As we gave her medicine and appropriate care, she begged us to write to her parents that they might come to take her home. Alas, never again was she destined to see her native village. In a few days, her illness brought her at death's door; her parents did not even arrive in time to see the end. One morning a violent storm arose and Sister St. Justinian(2) hurried out to Katarina's hut fearing that her patient

1. Bernadette Dumas, St. Anselme de Dorchester.

2. Ida Coulombe, Monument, P.Q.

RUMPHI CLINIC



might feel alarmed. She found her so very low, that she had barely time to pour the blessed waters of baptism over her brow. Smilingly, without the least struggle, the girl breathed forth her last breath.

Imagine our sorrow when, after the storm had abated, we learned about Katarina's death. No worry did we have over her soul already well on the trails of a happy eternity. But the family still entirely pagan worried us. What would these people say at their child's dying while working for us Sisters? A catechist from the Catholic Mission left immediately to convey the sad message. He returned late that night assuring us that the family was in the worst humor possible at this sad turn of events. They absolutely refused to have the girl buried here. What were we to do? Nodody would consent to carry a corpse during the night, over precarious roads, for a distance of eleven miles.

Fervently we pleaded with Our Blessed Mother to arrange matters. The mortal remains rolled up in a mat, the native way, were exposed in the clinic. Early in the morning, the school children and their teachers came to recite the Rosary. The sun had not yet climbed over the hills, when relatives of Katarina began to arrive for the series of traditional lamentations and dirges. We looked on sadly wondering how to get out of this impasse. Our Lady came to our help for Brother Jean Marie of the White Fathers unexpectedly showed up in his jeep and volunteered to drive the funeral cortege to Cikambarara. The family was deeply touched by this offer.

How mysterious are God's ways. He led Katarina here from a great distance only it seems to grant her the grace of baptism at death's hour. May she now plead for the other members of her clan who are still wandering in the darkness of paganism.



## The Catholic Press

Its importance is not yet understood. Neither the faithful nor the clergy give it the attention they should. The old sometimes say that it is a new work and that, in the past, souls were saved without troubling oneself about newspapers. In the past! In the past! But these shortsighted people do not consider that, in the past, the poison of the bad press was not spread everywhere, and that, in consequence, the antidote of good newspapers was not equally necessary. The question is not about the past. We are not living in the past; *we are living today*. Very well, then. It is a fact that, today, the Christian people are deceived, poisoned, and corrupted by impious newspapers. In vain will you build churches, preach missions, found schools; all good works, all your efforts will be destroyed, if you cannot, at the same time, wield the defensive and offensive weapons of a press that is Catholic, loyal, and sincere.



# COME TO

# KASEYE

By Sister St. JEAN de la LANDE(1), M.I.C.

Kaseye is the mission of my dreams come true. No need to fear the complications of civilization in this delightful jungle paradise. The mission church is of the simplest architecture, built with adobe walls and thatched roof. The missionary Fathers live in a few native huts near by. Our convent is not yet completed but we use the few available rooms while patiently waiting for the rest. Four huts in the same style as the church, serve as classrooms. From a distance, the whole mission compound appears as if it were comfortably leaning against the green, undulating hills in the background.

To all those who feel weary with the noise and bustle of our modern life, I would suggest a few months' rest at Kaseye. No quieter spot on earth could be found. The honking of cars, the throbbing of motors, the screeching of sirens never reach our mountain solitude. The only sounds about us are the songs of birds, Chanticleer's bugle call in the early dawn, and the mighty frog chorus arising from the nearby swamps. I sometimes think there must be legions of them. They are not over-shy but advance right under our windows to serenade us, hold orchestra rehearsals, or exhibit their jumping ability. Let me assure you that they can jump surprisingly high.

For a while, scorpions were frequent visitors. As numbers of their stinging tribe lost their lives while on a visit to our quarters, the rest seem to have developed a healthy and prudent reserve. We hardly ever see any around our premises now. Hyenas howl once in a while, beneath our windows, but they are not dangerous. Our helpers say that they favor poultry as fresh meat; for the rest, they usually feed on carcasses. We have been told that there are many serpents in this neighborhood, but I have not yet had even a

1. Clemence Caron, St-Jean-de-Port-Joly, P.Q.

nodding acquaintance with any of them. Sister St. Bernadette<sup>(1)</sup> has been luckier in that sense; on her way to school she met one measuring from five to six feet long.

On my walks outside the compound, I have met nothing more dangerous than butterflies in gorgeous tints, tiny flies of crimson velvet fluttering out after the rain, insects which make a whirring sound like airplanes, and funny caterpillars that look for all the world like miniature buses! Clouds of bugs of all sizes and races besiege us as soon as we light our lamp in the evening. Having windows that close is an improvement. We have only to call our helpers in, and woe to the beasties! In less than five minutes, these girls have gobbled down all the fattest insects and the table and floor are littered with filmy wings.

I teach the thirty-one black boys of Standard 1A and Standard 2. Sister St. Bernadette teaches Standard 1B and the Kaseye philosophers. There is

1. Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.

ALL LOADS ARE BORNE ON THE HEAD IN NYASALAND.  
THESE KASEYE DAMSELS ARE ALERT, CHEERFUL WORKERS.



a boarding school for boys at the Mission. The pupils are free to go home every week end and nearly all of them do profit by the permission. Week ends are not luxuries for the boarders, but a real necessity. These children have to provide the food they need week by week; most of them are as poor as the proverbial church mice. Their trousseau consists of a *saru* and a sleeping mat. Some cannot even boast of this minimum. They call themselves "Poor Africans" and they are really as poor as poor can be. Sometimes I try to turn it off as a joke. "Well, count yourselves lucky anyway when you have to cross rivers; no need to worry about the wetting part of it. Not like me who wear one million *saru* as you often say."

Our pupils are all very studious and lovable. You should see them growing speechless before the wonder of calling their very own, a blank sheet of paper and a pencil! Mikael, one of our youngest, was naughty in school the other day. I threatened to send him to work in the garden. "*Ncito is a good medicine!*" I remarked. Mikael flashed back "*No, Sister, ncito is a bad medicine. Look at my hands! They are angry!*" Poor Mike! He doubtless had not used enough spittle when hoeing. I have noticed that at frequent intervals, the native gardeners lay aside their *jembe* to spit in their hands. It seems that this prevents blisters!

Among her patients at the dispensary, Sister St. Julie<sup>(1)</sup> counts a relative of the chief Nyondo. This good man who belonged to the *Free Church*, has just requested to be enrolled as a catechumen. "Now" he boasts "We are all going to pray together." Then he adds "Sister, do not forget to tell the school children, that the Catholic Church is the only true Church. The *Free Church* is worthless since it scorns the sick." This poor patient is a leper. No one could help being deeply touched at his simple, robust faith which prompts him to say, "You who wear the liveries of Jesus, do perform His wonders in favor of the poor Lazarus that I am!"

The Sister-nurse has no holidays from the clinic. During the rainy season the number of patients diminishes somewhat, but at least forty new cases come in every day besides those who are daily callers.

Kaseye is probably one of the most primitive missions on earth, but it is and remains the mission of our missionary dreams come true. If you doubt it, come to Kaseye and see for yourself.

1. Beatrice Tessier, Woonsocket. R.I.



Remember to be gentle. Learn to smile. Spread all the happiness you can. There is never enough of the daily bread of happiness in this poor world.

*Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit*

## Struggle

# Against the Legion of Mary

in China

(A.I.F.) Over one thousand five hundred members of the Legion of Mary, teen-age students and adults, have flatly refused to make the following retraction prepared by the Communists; "I, the undersigned . . . acknowledge having enrolled in the Legion of Mary on . . . and having taken part in its secret, reactionary activities against the government, the people, and Soviet Russia. I hereby resign from the Legion of Mary and promise never to participate in such activities in the future." *Among the forty persons who did sign this confession*, more than half were not legionaries; some of them were not even Catholics. The others were generally tricked into affixing their signatures.

Communist authorities realizing the futility of their threats, have adopted a novel technique. They now assure this retraction to be perfectly legitimate from the Catholic point of view. To substantiate this assertion, they brazenly declare that Msgr. Gustave Prevost and Reverend Aiden McGrath, directors of the Legion in China, taken prisoners by the Reds of Shanghai several months ago, have both signed the retraction. The communist news agencies have stirred a great fuss over these "confessions" evidently faked. The Catholics have not been duped. After being grilled for hours on end, a young girl declared, "You are simply wasting your time. If the two priests have really 'confessed' as you say, release them from prison and allow us to speak to them, before witnesses if you wish. If they tell us to sign, then we will all crowd into the police quarters without having to be forced to do so."

The ardent faith of legionaries has given a display of heroism that is reminiscent of the early days of the Church. A youthful member of the Legion was sorely tried on five consecutive days — a total of 43 hours — by "questionings" at police headquarters. On the sixth day, he showed up with a bundle of clothing prepared for his eventual imprisonment, "This is the last day I come here" he declared "and not more than yesterday do I feel inclined to sign the retraction." Another legionary was arrested on his way to Mass. Weeks later, Communist agents called on his wife, telling her to prepare for her husband's return as he had signed the confession. "There is only one more formality to be gone through. Sign this paper and your husband will immediately be set at liberty." "Let him come home," the woman bravely replied "and I will take his place in prison to atone for his fault." The prisoner never returned.



# THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

"The king's friendship assured to us the good will of the chiefs; this was proven more than once. The prime minister sent us a quantity of provisions. Wherever we went they received us with honor, and when kava and other refreshments were passed we were far from being the last served. Father Chanel said to me, 'You will see that these people will soon become Christians;' and his prophecy was verified.

"During the first days of Father Chanel's visit we worked hard to finish the house we had begun to build. This done, our one thought was to plan what we had best to do for the speedy conversion of Wallis and Futuna. The language of the two islands was almost identical, and we studied it together and worked over the translation of the principal prayers, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, etc. Because there were no words for many of our religious ideas we were obliged to invent them, holding as closely as possible to the genius of the Polynesian tongue. Tounghala was of great assistance in this important work and after overcoming many difficulties, we succeeded at last. The first step in the conversion of our islands had been taken, and we rejoiced with all our hearts. We had then only to sow the divine seed that it might germinate and in time bear fruit. God soon gave us an opportunity.

"On Holy Thursday, April twelfth, 1838, the anniversary of my First Communion, we rose early and after blessing our new house, I prepared to say Mass. One of the king's brothers, following a custom all too popular on our island, had slept in our house the night before, and he begged to be permitted to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. We believed that the moment had come when it would be well publicly to display our holy religion, so we allowed him to be present. It would be impossible to describe his astonishment and admiration. 'Oh, how sweet and beautiful is your way of talking to God! I wish I could be of your religion!' he cried. Later, he did become a Christian.

"The evening of that same day we went to the smaller island to take to Tounghala some gifts sent him by the king. This young chief, always our best friend, questioned us closely about France, the religion practiced there, and our motive in having come to make our homes, one in Wallis, the other in Futuna. We replied unhesitatingly to the first two questions; we could only rise in his esteem by talking about the size, glory, strength, and immense wealth of our country, and by describing in glowing terms the beauty and magnificence of our churches and the grandeur of our chants and ceremonies. We told him of the God whom Christians adore and mentioned some of the most important facts in the history of the Jewish people and of the Church. In telling him all this, we had implicitly replied to his question, why we had come so far to settle in Oceania; but after interiorly invoking Jesus and Mary, we thought it would be well openly to explain our mission.

" 'In France,' we said, 'we have fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances who love us and grieved to see us leave them. God alone knows what the sacrifice cost us. But we said to ourselves: all men were bought by the blood of Jesus Christ, and there are many who do not know it. It would be well for us to carry His name to countries still ignorant of It. It was solely to convert Wallis and Futuna to faith in the one true God and the Church which He founded that we said good-bye forever to all that we hold most dear.'

"These words touched the heart of the young chief. 'Your project,' he said, 'is as beautiful as the sun, and as great as the lofty trees we see about us. I approve of it and declare myself a Christian from this moment. But my influence is so small that I can be of little help to you. You must go higher. Go to the king; if he is converted the whole island will soon be yours.' After advising us how to broach the subject to His Majesty, he added, 'As for me, I will do all in my power to help you. You can always count on the strength of my arm.'

"It was nearly midnight and we were all beginning to feel the need of rest, but before lying down on our mats we thanked God for having given us an opportunity to announce His word and for having touched the heart of the young chief whose talents and influence would be of immense value to us. In the morning Tounghala referred to the conversation of the preceding night and assured us that he had no inclination to change his mind. We then returned to the king bearing his expressions of gratitude for the gifts, but to His Majesty we said nothing on the subject of religion. We thought it too soon to make an effort to convert him; instead, we prayed and waited until Providence provided a suitable occasion. Five days later, on Wednesday in Easter week, our prayers were answered.

"I had just finished my Mass and Father Chanel was making ready to say his, when the king came to see us. We begged him to excuse us, for the moment, because we were occupied with our religious exercises. 'May I be permitted to see them?' he asked, in a beseeching tone which showed that he thought they would give him great pleasure. We assured him that he would be welcome and took him and his companion to our poor little chapel. Father Chanel began his Mass at once and said it with the deep reverence and devotion which characterized him. And Oh, how we begged God to help us! The king watched every movement of the priest with in-

tense interest and was astonished beyond power of words to describe. 'How beautiful your religion is! How much better than ours!' he seemed to say to himself.

"After Mass His Majesty thanked us profusely for having permitted him to be present, and he told every one whom he met during the day of all that he had seen early in the morning in our cabin. His vocabulary furnished no words glowing enough to express his enthusiasm, so he tried by means of expressive gestures and picturesque comparisons to give what he said was but a faint idea of the reality. A number of natives, whose curiosity and interest had been aroused by his description, begged that they, also, might be allowed to assist at Mass. The king came often, and from the day when he first heard Mass, without in the least understanding it, he showed us increased esteem and affection."

The two apostles made journeys to different parts of the island to learn where there were any sick. Father Bataillon loved to recall, in after years, the ease with which Father Chanel lifted his heart to God during those long walks, thanking Him for the beauty that surrounded them and for His bounty in so lavishly supplying the island with trees and plants useful to man.

But the hour of separation drew near. The schooner which had carried Father Chanel to Wallis was about to return to Futuna. The captain named April tenth as the day of his departure, but unfavorable winds made it impossible for him to set sail before the twenty-sixth.

"Thanks to this delay," Father Bataillon related, "we were able to spend some days together on the smaller island, where we baptized a dying child and a man who was dangerously ill. During this visit we talked openly of our religion, not only to Tounghala, but to all his people and some natives of Vavao. As these latter had heard the ministers we tried to show them the difference between Protestantism and Catholicity. God deigned to bless our words. Tounghala and the whole assembly denounced the heretical doctrines of Protestantism and earnestly told us that they longed to become Catholics.

"The next day the young chief, ever more and more eager to hear God's word, asked us to explain some points on which we had touched but lightly. When we said that, ordinarily, singing forms a part of our ceremonies he wished to hear one of our hymns. He and his friends had never heard anything better than the melodious, but very monotonous music of Wallis, so it was not difficult to fill them with intense admiration of our singing. We left them congratulating themselves that missionaries of the true Faith had come to their island in preference to many others larger and more beautiful."

### 100% Catholics

The total dedication of a convert is proverbial. We cannot afford to forget that every Communist is a convert, or the child of a convert, to Communism. The only way to meet this situation is to have every Catholic be reconverted. Only the total Catholic is a fit opponent for the total Communist.

*Rev. Bertrand Weaver*

## CHAPTER XII

## The Progress of The Mission

At noon, on April twenty-seventh, Father Chanel sighted his dear Futuna, which he was destined never to leave again. The captain was unable to cast anchor before nine o'clock in the evening, but long before, a number of natives had boarded the schooner. "Have you made peace?" was Father Chanel's first question. "Yes, several days ago," they told him. "There was but one battle, fought on the fifth of April. Shortly afterward, some of King Niuliki's friends treacherously killed a man of Singave, and as some one had then been killed on each side, we thought we could have peace." Father Chanel was overjoyed. Normal conditions being restored, he thought he would be able to interest the islanders in the Faith.

During his absence Brother Mary Nizier had lived in the little island of Alofi with Thomas Boog. As soon as he learned of the return of the schooner he went quickly to Singave. "How happy I was to clasp Father Chanel's hands after a month's separation from him!" the good Brother wrote; and continued, repeating the news, just as he had told it to Father Chanel, "We are not to go back to our little cabin in Alo. A few days after peace was concluded King Niuliki came to our valley, and in spite of the protests made by Thomas Boog and me, he had our belongings taken to his house in Poi. All he would say in reply to our objections was, 'If Father Chanel on his return prefers to live in Alo, his things can be carried back again.'"

Father Chanel decided that it would be well for him to live in Poi, near the king, that he might have more frequent opportunities of talking to him of the Faith he had come so far to preach.

To Father Bataillon he wrote, "The king welcomed me cordially, and every one I see smiles and makes signs of salutation. There has been one feast after another ever since we came to Poi. Pray for me that I may make progress in learning the language and may soon dare to tell my islanders why I have come into their midst."

His few possessions had been put in a corner of Niuliki's house, very near to its most sacred place between the two principal columns, which spot was so deeply venerated by the Futunians that they would not have walked across it for all the gold in the world. They believed that by doing so they would incur the anger of the great god, Fakavelikele. The larger of the two columns, called the divine column, was held in such reverence that any one who even touched it, was thought to be in danger of instant death. Father Chanel, still ignorant of many of the ridiculous superstitions of the island, knew nothing of this one. Wishing to say Mass as often as possible, he erected his altar against this column in what seemed to be the best place for it. Brother Mary Nizier wrote a little account of the matter: "Big nails were driven into the column, from which our holy water font and crucifix were suspended — and it was forbidden to touch it with the tip of a finger! I think I remember that while we were at work the king uttered some exclamations of surprise, or perhaps, of indignation, but he did not attempt to stop us. Was he afraid we would mock at his superstition? Or was it respect for Father Chanel that kept him from interfering?"

*(To be continued)*

# Our Beloved Dead



Reverend Father Charles Cormier, BROCKTON, MASS.; Rev. Father Leonidas Reid, LYNN, MASS.; Rev. Father Claude Carteron, S.M., BRUNSWICK, Maine; Rev. Father Salluste Boulet, PLESSISVILLE; Rev. Father N. Lawrence, CARTIERVILLE; Rev. Brother J. Bennett, O.M.I., OTTAWA; Mrs. S. Raynault, L'ASSOMPTION, mother of our Sister St. Martha; Mrs. V. McLean, CABANO, mother of our Sister St. Valentine; Mr. Vадnais, L'ANGE GARDIEN, brother of our Sister Marie du Bon Secours; Miss Juliette Langevin, LOUISEVILLE, sister of our Sister Marie Raymonde; Mrs. Valerie Drapeau, LOWELL, MASS.; Miss Anna Haganey, BLACKSTONE, MASS.; Mr. George Desrosiers, TAFTVILLE, CONN.; Mr. Thomas Hayden MONTREAL; Mrs. Leon Gerin, Mrs. Edmond Moreau, Mr. J.-A. Raymond, Mrs. Damien Montpetit, Mrs. L. W. Deslauriers, Mrs. Clovis Bouchard, Mrs. A. Dupuis, Mrs. Ed. Desjardins, Mr. M. R. Laroche, Mrs. Joseph Chouinard,

Mr. M. Antoine Simoneau, Mrs. Hervé Taillon, Mrs. Jean Monty, Mr. Roch Leger, Mrs. Alexandre Lahaie, Mr. Alfred Montambault, Mr. Laurent, Mr. Alfred Sauve, MONTREAL; Mr. Jules Theoret, Ville EMARD; Mr. T. Kelley, BORDEAUX; Mr. Mederic Lavallee, Mr. Alfred Therrien, AHUNSTIC; Mrs. Marcel Lanthier, Mr. Gerard Juneau, ROSEMONT; Miss Marie Decary, DORVAL STATION; Miss Anna Lariviere, ST. ROCHE SUR RICHELIEU; Miss Marie E. Vaillancourt, CAP DE LA MADELEINE; Mr. Nazaire Frechette, ST. NICOLAS STATION; Mrs. Alexandre Julien, PONT ROUGE; Mrs. Thomas Audet, ST. GREGOIRE, MONTMORENCY COUNTY; Mrs. J. A. Michaud, St. ALEXANDRE; Mr. Leonce Briand, MANDVILLE, LAC ST. JEAN; Mrs. O. Ayotte, LOWELL, MASS.; Mr. M. Prive, COLLINSVILLE, MASS.; Mrs. Amable Bernier, Mrs. Thomas Berube, BRUNSWICK, ME.; Mr. Hormisdas Lesage, Mrs. Antoinette Lesage, Mr. George Lesage, Mr. Origene Lesage, Mr. Hector Lesage, Mrs. Amable Desrochers, Mr. Eugene Giard, Mr. Adam P. Lanois, Mr. Adelard Ledoux, Mrs. Wilfrid Lurette, MARLBORO, MASS.; Miss Georgianna Parisien, BROCKTON, MASS.; Mr. Jean S. Robichaud, Mrs. Raoul Vincent, LYNN, MASS.; Mrs. Joseph Lavoie, DANVERS, MASS.; Mr. George Potvin, Mr. Elie Guerette, Miss Delphine Bergeron, Mr. Charles Chouinard, Mr. Alfred Bouchard, Mrs. Octavie Marchand, Mrs. Rose Levesque, SALEM, MASS.; Mrs. Alice Allen, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.; Mr. Emile Stuart, AMESBURY, MASS.; Mrs. Vital Leblanc, LEWISVILLE, WEST COUNTY, N.B.; Mr. Alfred Maidment, NATICK, MASS.; Mr. Anthony LeBlanc, Mr. Alfred Lauzon, Mr. Napoleon Casavant, LYNN, MASS.

I have no religious habit, no belt, no rosary, no veil — only a simple scarf on my head — but God will recognize me all the same.

*A Religious in China*

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**To Kom Hang**, Postal address:  
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Nyasaland, B.E. Africa.

## ITALY

**Rome**, via Giacinto Carini, 8.