

# The Precursor



Montreal 32nd Year  
March-April 4 1954  
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# The Precursor

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VOL. XX, No. 2

MONTREAL

March-April 1954

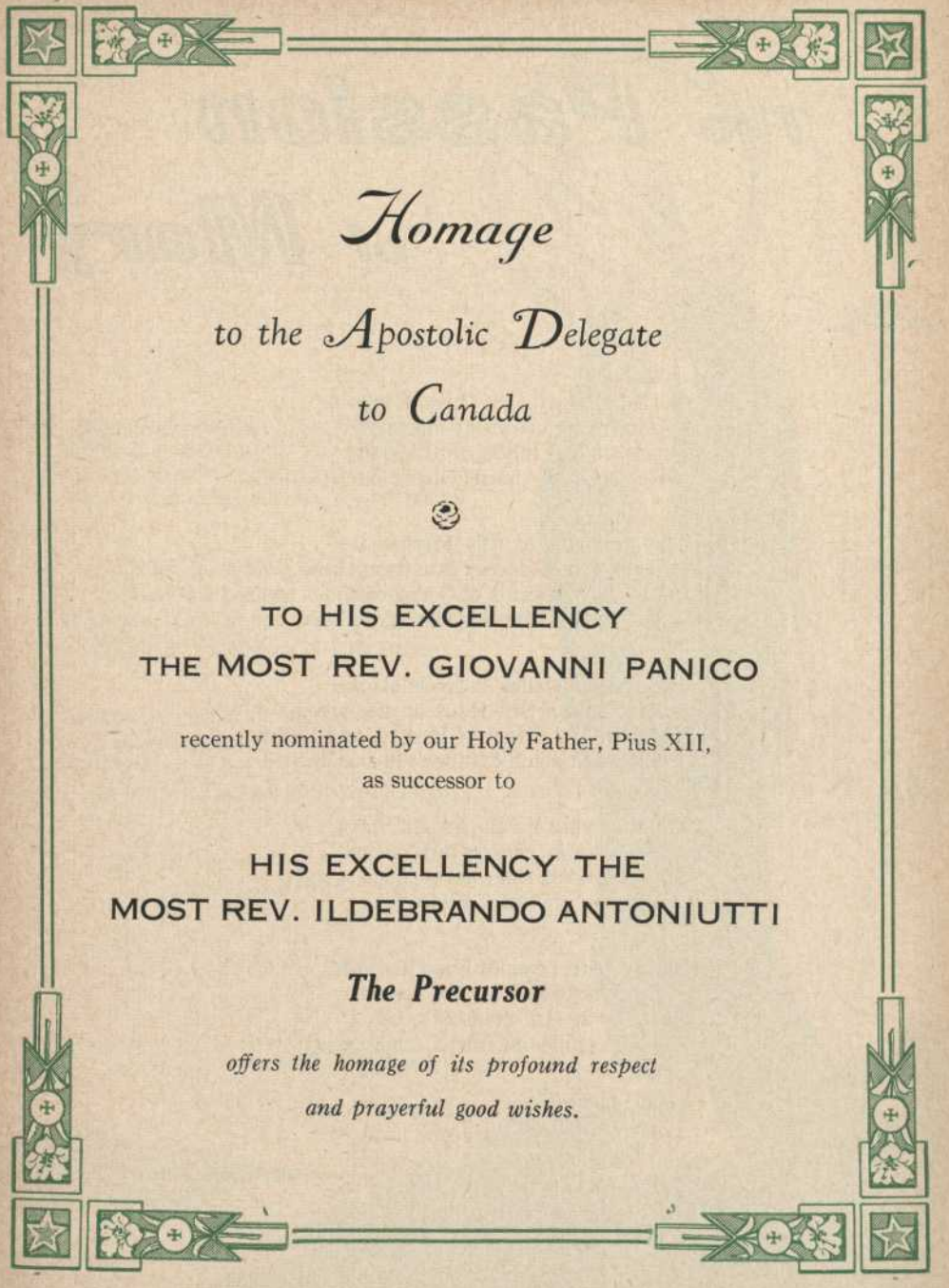
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COVER PICTURE *Marya*, the first orphan to be received at our Katete Mission. When brought to the Sisters she was a frail, puny baby. Now, she would be the pride of any mother's heart.



*Homage*

to the *Apostolic Delegate*  
to *Canada*



TO HIS EXCELLENCY  
THE MOST REV. GIOVANNI PANICO

recently nominated by our Holy Father, Pius XII,  
as successor to

HIS EXCELLENCY THE  
MOST REV. ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI

*The Precursor*

*offers the homage of its profound respect  
and prayerful good wishes.*

# *The Passion* *of Mary*

O Lady Mary, thy bright crown  
Is no mere crown of majesty;  
For with the reflex of His own  
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.

The red rose of this Passion-tide  
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,  
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,  
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary!

The soldier struck a triple stroke,  
That smote thy Jesus on the tree:  
He broke the Heart of Hearts, and broke  
The Saint's and Mother's hearts in thee.

Thy Son went up the angels' ways,  
His passion ended; but, ah me!  
Thou found'st the road of further days  
A longer way of Calvary

On the hard cross of hope deferred  
Thou hung'st in loving agony,  
Until the mortal-dreaded word  
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.

The angel Death from this cold tomb  
Of life did roll the stone away;  
And He thou barest in thy womb  
Caught thee at last into the day,  
Before the living throne of Whom  
The Lights of Heaven burning pray.

L'ENVOY

O thou who dwellest in the day!  
Behold, I pace amidst the gloom:  
Darkness is ever round my way  
With little space for sunbeam-room.

Yet Christian sadness is divine  
Even as thy patient sadness was:  
The salt tears in our life's dark wine  
Fell in it from the saving cross.

Bitter the bread of our repast;  
Yet doth a sweet the bitter leaven:  
Our sorrow is the shadow cast  
Around it by the light of Heaven.

O light in Light,  
shine down from Heaven!

FRANCIS THOMPSON





OUR HOLY FATHER RECITING THE MARIAN YEAR PRAYER

DECEMBER 8, 1953, AT ST. MARY MAJOR



# Marian Year Encyclical

VENERABLE BRETHREN, health and Apostolic Benediction:

The radiant crown of glory, with which the most pure brow of the Virgin Mother was encircled by God, seems to us to shine more brilliantly, as we recall to mind the day on which, 100 years ago, Our predecessor of happy memory, Pius IX, surrounded by a vast retinue of Cardinals and Bishops, with infallible apostolic authority defined, pronounced, and solemnly sanctioned "that the doctrine which holds that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary at the first moment of her conception was, by singular grace and privilege of the omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of the Human Race, preserved from all stain of original sin, is revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and resolutely believed by all the faithful" (*Ineffabilis Deus*, of Dec. 8, 1854).

\* \* \*

The entire Catholic world received with joy the pronouncement of the Pontiff, so long and anxiously awaited. Devotion of the faithful to the Virgin Mother of God was stirred up and increased and this naturally led to a great improvement in Christian morality. Furthermore, studies were undertaken with new enthusiasm, which gave due prominence to the dignity and the sanctity of the Mother of God.

Moreover, it seems that the Blessed Virgin Mary herself wished to confirm by some special sign the definition, which the Vicar of her Divine Son on earth had pronounced amidst the applause of the whole Church. For indeed four years had not yet elapsed when, in a French town at the foot of the Pyrenees, the Virgin Mother, youthful and benign in appearance, clothed in a shining white garment, covered with a white mantle and girded with a hanging blue cord, showed herself to a simple and innocent girl at the Grotto of Massabielle. And to this same girl, earnestly enquiring the name of her with whose vision she was favored, with eyes raised to heaven and sweetly smiling, she replied: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

This was properly interpreted by the faithful, who from all nations, and almost countless in number, flocked in pious pilgrimage to the Grotto of Lourdes, aroused their faith, enkindled their devotion, and strove to conform their lives to the Christian precept. There also miraculous favors were granted them, which excited the admiration of all, and confirmed that the Catholic religion is the only one given approval by God.

In a special manner was its significance grasped by the Roman Pontiffs, and, when in the space of a few years, the devotion of clergy and people had raised there a wonderful church, they enriched it with spiritual favors and generous gifts.

\* \* \*

When Our predecessor decreed in the Apostolic Letter that this tenet of Christian doctrine was to be firmly and faithfully believed by all the faithful, he was merely carefully conserving and sanctioning with his authority the teaching of the Fathers and of the whole Church from its earliest days right down through the centuries.

In the first place, the foundation of this doctrine is to be found in Sacred Scripture, where we are taught that God, Creator of all things, after the sad fall of Adam, addressed the serpent, the tempter and corrupter, in these words, which not a few Fathers, Doctors of the Church, and many approved interpreters applied to the Virgin Mother of God: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed" (Gen. iii, 15). Now, if at any time the Blessed Mary were destitute of divine grace even for the briefest moment, because of contamination in her conception by the hereditary stain of sin, there would not have come between her and the serpent that perpetual enmity spoken of from earliest tradition down to the time of the solemn definition of the Immaculate Conception, but rather a certain subjection.

\* \* \*

Moreover, since the same Holy Virgin is saluted "full of grace" and "blessed among women" (Luke 1, 28, 42), by these words, as Catholic tradition always has interpreted, it is plainly indicated that, "by this singular and solemn salutation, otherwise never heard of, it is shown that the Mother of God was the abode of all divine graces, adorned with all the charisms of the Holy Spirit, yea, the treasury well nigh infinite and the abyss inexhaustible of these charisms, so that she was never subjected to the one accursed" (*Ineffabilis Deus*).

This doctrine, unanimously received in the early Church, has been handed down clearly enough by the Fathers, who claimed for the Blessed Virgin such titles as lily among thorns; land wholly intact; immaculate; always blessed; free from all contagion of sin; unfading tree; fountain ever clear; the one and only daughter not of death, but of life; offspring not of wrath, but of grace; unimpaired and ever unimpaired; holy and stranger to all stain of sin; more comely than comeliness itself; more holy than sanctity; alone holy, who, excepting God, is higher than all; by nature more beautiful, more graceful, and more holy than the cherubim and the seraphim themselves and all the hosts of angels.

\* \* \*

If these praises of the Blessed Virgin Mary be given the careful consideration they deserve, who will dare to doubt that she, who was purer than the angels and at all times pure, was at any moment, even for the briefest instant, not free from every stain of sin? Deservedly, therefore, St. Ephrem addresses her Divine Son in these words:

"Really and truly Thou and Thy Mother are alone entirely beautiful. Neither in Thee nor in Thy Mother is there any stain" (*Carmine Nisibena*, Ed. Bickell 123).

From these words it is clearly apparent that there is only one among all holy men and women about whom it can be said that the question of sin does not even arise,

and also that she obtained this singular privilege, never granted to any one else, because she was raised to the dignity of Mother of God.

This high office which the Council of Ephesus solemnly declared and sanctioned against the heresy of Nestorius (cfr. Pius XI, Encyclical *Lux Veritatis, Acta Apost. Sedis*, vol. 23, p. 493, ssq.) and greater than which does not seem possible, demands the fulness of divine grace and a soul immune from stain, since it requires the greatest dignity and sanctity after Christ. Yes, indeed, from this sublime office of the Mother of God seem to flow, as it were from a most limpid hidden source, all the privileges and the graces with which her soul and life were adorned in such extraordinary manner and measure.

\* \* \*

For, as Aquinas correctly states: "The Blessed Virgin, because she is the Mother of God, has a certain infinite dignity. From Infinite Good she is 'good' " (*Summa Theologica*, I q. 25, Art. 5 and 4.) And a distinguished writer develops and explains this in these words: "The Blessed Virgin . . . is the Mother of God; therefore, she is the purest and the most holy, so that under God a greater purity can not be understood" (Cornelius à Lapide, in *Matth.* i, 16).

And, again, if we consider that matter with attention, and especially if we consider the burning and sweet love which Almighty God without doubt had, and has, for the Mother of His only begotten Son, for what reason can we even think that she was, even for the briefest moment of time, subject to sin and destitute of divine grace? Almighty God could certainly, by virtue of the merits of the Redeemer, bestow on her thus singular privilege; that therefore He did not do so, we can not even suppose. It was fitting that Jesus Christ should have such a Mother as would be worthy of Him as far as possible; and she would not have been worthy, if, contaminated by the hereditary stain even for the first moment only of her conception, she had been subject to the abominable power of Satan.

\* \* \*

Nor can it be asserted that the redemption by Christ was on this account lessened, as if it did not extend to the whole race of Adam; and therefore something was taken away from the office and the dignity of the Divine Redeemer. For, if we carefully and thoroughly consider the matter, we easily perceive that Christ the Lord in a certain most perfect manner really redeemed His Mother, since it was by virtue of His merits that she was preserved by God immune from all stain of original sin. Wherefore, the infinite dignity of Jesus Christ and His office of universal redemption is not diminished or lowered by this tenet of doctrine. Rather it is greatly increased.

Non-Catholics and Reformers are therefore mistaken when, because of this pretext they find fault with, or disapprove, our devotion to the Virgin Mother of God, as if it took something from the worship due to God alone and to Jesus Christ. The contrary is true, because any honor and veneration which we may give to our Heavenly Mother undoubtedly redounds to the glory of her Divine Son, not only because all graces and all gifts, even the highest, flow from Him as from their primary source, but also because "the glory of children are their fathers" (*Prov.* xxvii, 6).

Wherefore, right from ancient Church times, this tenet of doctrine, both among pastors and in the minds and the hearts of the people, became daily more illustrious and more wide-spread. The writings of the Fathers bear witness to it; the Councils

and the Acts of the Roman Pontiffs declare it; and, finally, the ancient liturgies, in whose sacred books this feast is mentioned as traditional, testify to it.

\* \* \*

And even among all the communities of Oriental Christians, which long since have broken away from the unity of the Catholic Church, there were not wanting, nor are there wanting, those who, although animated by prejudices and wrong opinions, have embraced this doctrine and celebrate annually the solemnity of the Immaculate Conception; which would undoubtedly not be so, had they not received this doctrine from ancient times, before they were cut off from the one Fold.

It is, therefore, a pleasure to Us, a full century having passed since the Pontiff of immortal Memory, Pius IX, solemnly sanctioned this singular privilege of the Virgin Mother of God, to summarize the whole doctrinal position and to conclude in these words of the same Pontiff, asserting that this doctrine, vouched for in Sacred Scriptures according to the interpretations of the Fathers, is handed down by them in so many of their important writings, is expressed and celebrated in so many illustrious monuments of renowned antiquity, and is proposed and confirmed by the greatest and highest decision of the Church (*Ineffabilis Deus*), so that to pastors and faithful there is nothing "more sweet, nothing dearer, than to worship, venerate, invoke, and praise with ardent affection the Mother of God conceived without stain of original sin." (*ibidem*).

\* \* \*

But that most precious gem with which, 100 years ago, the sacred diadem of the Blessed Virgin was adorned, seems to Us to-day to shine with brighter light, since by Divine Providence it fell to Our lot, toward the close of the Jubilee Year of 1950 — we recall it with gratitude — to define that the Mother of God was assumed body and soul into heaven, and thus to satisfy the wishes of the faithful, which had been more urgently expressed after the solemn definition of the Immaculate Conception. For then, as We ourselves wrote in the Apostolic Letter *Munificentissimus Deus* (*Acta Apost. Sedis*, Vol. 35, Page 744), "the faithful were moved by a certain more ardent hope that the dogma also of the corporal Assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven should be defined as soon as possible by the supreme magisterium of the Church."

Henceforth it seems that the faithful can with greater and better reason turn their minds and hearts to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. For the two dogmas are intimately connected in close bond. And, now that the Assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven has been promulgated and shown in its true light — that is, as the crowning and the complement of the prior privilege bestowed upon her — there emerge more fully and more clearly the wonderful wisdom and harmony of the divine plan, by which God willed the Most Blessed Virgin Mary to be free from all stain of original sin.

And so these two very singular privileges bestowed upon the Virgin Mother of God stand out in most splendid light as the beginning and as the end of her earthly journey; for the greatest possible glorification of her Virgin body is the complement, at once appropriate and marvelous, of the absolute innocence of her soul, which was free from all stain; and, just as she took part in the struggle of her only begotten Son with the wicked serpent of hell, so also she shared in His glorious triumph over sin and its sad consequences.

(To be continued)

# The Going Up of Mater Admirabilis

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

In August 1952, we opened upon urgent request, a school for Home Economics at Cap Haitien. This establishment having as purpose the training of young girls in domestic sciences, we thought it fitting to place it under the patronage of the Maid of Nazareth, Mater Admirabilis.

When we broached the subject to the devoted pastor of our diocese, Bishop Jean, he not only acquiesced, but he even graciously offered to send to a French sculptor an order for a statue of Mater Admirabilis to be placed in the school chapel. His letter left by air mail and we waited, joyfully expectant, as the months went by.

One particularly sunshiny day in the following summer, a truck stopped in front of the convent with a great clatter of chains and brakes. Excited comments flew from mouth to mouth and the villagers gathered around, for the coming of a truck in this out-of-the-way place is quite an event. As we hurried outside to see what the commotion was about, we found a dozen laborers jostling one another, each pretending that he knew the easiest way of unloading a huge case marked "Fragile" "Statue" at every angle. Mater Admirabilis had come all the way from distant France to take possession of her demesne.



1. Jeanne Guinois,  
Ville St. Michel.

But, alas, the statue being lifesize it immediately became an acute problem to install it in the shrine prepared for this purpose on the second floor. When we began talking about means of propelling the case upstairs, the men who had brought it strongly objected. How could they be expected to carry 400 kilos up a flight of stairs! Needless to say no cranes are available around here. For the time being, the case was placed in a shed near the school entrance pending a more propitious occasion.

When the statue finally emerged from its careful packing, cries of admiration greeted her on all sides. How exquisitely beautiful she was in her ivory colored tints! There she sat in an attitude of prayerful recollection, eyes modestly cast down and by her side the symbolical book, lily, and distaff. Truly could our young pupils sing of their gracious patroness,

Thou hast many titles, Mother,  
All of them are dear to us,  
But our girlhood chiefly loves thee  
In thy girlhood's beauty thus.  
And thy sweetest title is  
Mater Admirabilis, Mater Admirabilis!

Merely gazing at her, one felt drawn to imitate her intimate union with God, her admirable submission to the divine Will, her gentle meekness and unsullied purity. It was with deep-felt regret that we saw ourselves forced to postpone her enthronement in the school chapel. Meanwhile we made plans and bided our time.

During the holidays, squads of laborers worked within our walls at repairs, and cleaning jobs of various sorts. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> decided to try her luck inducing these good people in giving us a hand at hoisting Mater Admirabilis onto her pedestal. Gatekeeper, carpenters, masons, charwomen, all were invited to do their share for "Maman la Vierge" so dear to the heart of Haitians young and old. We began by placing the statue on a movable platform to facilitate the task. This platform was set on rollers but in spite of the fact that everybody pushed with a will, nothing budged. Then the gatekeeper had a flash of genius. He disappeared for a few seconds and triumphantly returned trailing an enormous rope to tie about the statue and help pull it up. "One, two, three! All together!" he shouted for all the world like a captain storming a position. The huge bulk moved forward a few feet. Now we had come to the staircase only to be confronted with a new and more difficult problem, so difficult in fact that we hesitated, perplexed and uncertain. Since it seemed nearly impossible to pull such a large statue up a flight of stairs, would it not be better to place her on the level porch in front of the establishment? "Dear Blessed Mother," we prayed, "It all depends upon you. If you want to be enthroned in our chapel help us to pull you up! Otherwise you will have to remain downstairs." While we prayed, the masons planned. Orders were given to place heavy planks on the steps and to tighten the rope. Then the natives

1. Sr. St. Olive, (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David, P. Q.)

scuffled off their shoes, spat in their hands, and roared the command, "Ladies to the front! Gentlemen to the rear! Pas parlé non! (not a word please)." In the impressive and solemn silence that followed the ropes squeaked and the boards groaned, and the nineteen of us sweated and pulled and pushed.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, Mater Admirabilis climbed the last twenty steps to the landing above. "Lift up your gates, o ye princes . . . be ye lifted up, eternal gates!" This verse of the Holy Scriptures reverted to our minds when we found that the chapel door was too low to admit the statue. Hammers and saws soon cut it the desired height. At long last, the Queen was enthroned. As repairs were taking place in the chapel the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, so the triumphant "hoisters" vented their satisfaction by shouts and merry laughter. Suddenly, someone pointed out that the statue was not quite in the middle of the pedestal. "One and a half inch," gravely confirmed a carpenter who worked nearby. Should we try to right its position? As all emphatically assured that nothing short of perfection would do as far as Our Lady's image was concerned, the big rope was once again securely tied around the base and the nineteen of us pulled with such vigor that the statue was drawn about six inches to one side. It took quite a few more pullings and measurings to set it perfectly in the middle and then we breathed a sigh of relief. The audacious pilgrimage had lasted almost a whole hour.

Although the enterprise had been satisfactorily brought off, the participants appeared strangely loath to leave the premises. Around the Queen they gathered, rapt admiration etched on their ebony faces, yearning tenderness shining in their eyes. "O Fairest Lady" their attitude seemed to say, "Our stoutest ropes we used to draw you safely to your throne of honor but, O 'Maman nous' (our Mother), you have cast about our hearts, bonds of love, sweeter than honey, stronger than death." Before dismissing them we recited a fervent prayer to the Maid of Nazareth, begging her to bless all those who would come to her shrine to learn the secret of transforming the humdrum ordinariness of their daily lives through loving submission to the Will of God.

Open book and distaff tell us  
Thou hast labored too as we,  
Peerless Maiden, tender Mother,  
May we e'er look up to thee.  
For our fairest model is  
Mater Admirabilis, Mater Admirabilis!

---

The popular "guaranas" are the common tunes sung by the natives of northern Paraguay. One is called, "La Virgen del Apa." It has become very popular. The Madonna of Bella Vista is serenaded by guaranas sung to the strumming of the guitars. Her shrine is at Apa, so she is called "La Viegen del Apa." Our Lady must smile in motherly affection as she hears the guitars accompanying her songs.

W. H. Doucelte, C.S.S.R.

HONG KONG, CHINA

# Procession

SR. ST. JOHN EVANGELIST(1), M.I.C.

A very impressive ceremony is that of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Hong Kong, more especially that which takes place at the Cathedral, on the feast of Christ the King. The city's mother church is built on the slope of one of the Island's tallest mountains whence the panorama obtained is magnificent. Lower down in the valley throbs the huge beautiful city and the port which is said to be the busiest in the world.

The procession weaves its way from the Cathedral to the Botanical Gardens. A better spot could hardly be chosen for a regal manifestation like that of October's last Sunday.

It is a heartfelt consolation for the missionaries to witness this triumph of the divine King when next door lies the kingdom of hate and blasphemy. Christ will reign in spite of his enemies. Might we not add that He will reign through them? Whether they want it or not they are working to bring about the ultimate unification of all peoples into the one and only Fold. Today Jesus is adored and praised by thousands of Chinese whose religious attitude testifies to the sentiments of lively faith and loving adoration which fill their hearts towards their Eucharistic Lord.

Take part in the procession, representatives from all the parishes, schools, and numerous associations such as Legionaries, Crusaders, Scouts, Catholic Actionists, Children of Mary from Hong Kong and Kowloon. With the members of religious communities and clergy, they form a splendid cortege to the King of nations. I wonder whether there are many places in the world where so many different nationalities congregate? Chinese from all parts of China, British, Italians, Portugese, French, Belgians, Irish, Scotch, Australians, Dutch, Spanish, Filipinos, Siamese, Japanese, Koreans, Russians, Greeks, etc., not to omit Americans and Canadians. All these Catholics from all over the world united in one and only Credo, bow low in loving adoration before the small, white Host borne aloft in the golden monstrance by the Archbishop. Their voices blend reciting the praises of God in Chinese then in English. Here perhaps more than anywhere else in the world one can apprehend the unity and universality of the Catholic faith.

After a short sermon delivered in both Chinese and English and the singing of liturgical hymns, the cortege wends its way back to the religious strains of the band. In the Cathedral, all kneel for the second time to receive the blessing of the King of Kings.

1. Gertrude Campbell, Bedford, P.Q.

When the touching ceremony is over we leave the Cathedral our hearts overwhelmed with religious emotion and more anxious than ever to see Christ acclaimed in the whole of China and throughout the world as universal King of Love.



SR. ST. JOHN EVANGELIST (GERTRUDE CAMPBELL, BEDFORD)  
ENJOYS HER FIRST RICKSHAW RIDE IN HONG KONG



All solid devotion to Our Blessed Lady leads us ultimately to Christ. Hence, Our Lady's call for the Holy Communion of Reparation on the First Saturday of every month and her promise, parallel to the twelfth promise of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary, of sufficient grace for salvation at the hour of death to those who for *five consecutive First Saturdays* after Confession receive Holy Communion in reparation to her Immaculate Heart, say the Rosary on that day and meditate for fifteen minutes on one or several of its Mysteries. Such is the answer of Fatima to Communism: peaceful world conquest for Christ by prayerful self-conquest.

*John Ryan, S.J.*



Teachers and pupils,  
Koriyama Kindergarten, Japan

# Good Samaritan

## Modern Edition

SR. ST. GREGORY OF NAZIANZ(1), M.I.C.

You are perhaps among those who labor under the illusion that Japan, the Land of Cherry Blossoms, is an idyllic and charming fairyland peopled with graceful kimono clad figures who live a dream life of luxury and idle leisure. If so, I would like to invite you today to visit with me Asakaryo Camp, a place where stark misery keeps a tryst with gloomy despair.

The Japanese are a sturdy, self-reliant race. Their philosophy of life frowns on airing troubles and annoyances more especially in front of foreigners. Where Christian charity has penetrated, however, concern for the relief of the destitute and the unfortunate has softened this stoical attitude in the face of misfortune. Some time ago, a young girl who takes English lessons at our convent, told us about the pitiful situation of most refugees in Asakaryo Camp situated outside the city limits. A recent and tragic event had urged her, although not yet baptized, to succor these unfortunates. Rendered desperate by the desertion of his wife, a distraught father had tried to poison his four children. He was sick and penniless. With no one to take care of his little ones, he judged that death would by far be the best answer for them. The young lady who is an elementary school teacher, added with tear-filled eyes, "Sister, I want to help these poor people but I do not know how to go about it. You who live a life entirely dedicated to the service of humanity, will you not teach me . . . Will you accompany me to Asaka Ryo?" The answer was of course strongly in the affirmative.

On the very next day we set out with a provision of buns to distribute to the most needy cases. After a quarter of an hour's ride on the bus, we reached the *City of Misery*. Dilapidated army barracks converted into a camp for refugees dotted the barren grounds; a more dismal spot we had never seen in this land of smiling landscapes. Three hundred and sixty-five families lived or rather huddled as best as they could in the dirty, unsuitable quarters.

We stopped first at the home of the young lady, our guide on this errand of mercy. The better to be able to help the children of Asakaryo, she has taken up lodgings in their immediate neighborhood. Every evening she gathers them about her to supervise their studies and in the morning, she makes sure they go to school. Whenever some of her little flock are missing she makes inquiries only too often to learn that he or she has nothing to wear and nothing to eat. This charitable Samaritan, modern edition, then buys a little food out of her own meager resources.

1. RitaMartel, Vankleek Hill, Ont.



According to her promise, she led us to the door of the poor man who had so very nearly taken his children's lives. He himself answered our knock. A tiny girl of four or five, lovely in spite of her rags, clung to him while we talked. In a few simple terse remarks he told us his history. All around the cracked walls of the small room hung burlap bags, and ragged nondescript mats covered the floor. Shyly, with the controlled eagerness of a carefully educated child, the baby put her grimy left hand over her right in approved Japanese fashion to receive the wonderful gift of some sugared buns we held out to her.

While endeavoring to allay the pangs of physical hunger, we did not forget food for the famished soul. The unfortunate father listened to the gospel message with respectfully bowed head. Before leaving this wretched family, we put Our Lady in charge by offering our host a miraculous medal. As we continued the rounds of the refugees in this camp, we met more

than one other family group on the brink of despair. We would need a fortune to help them all. If only, the people back home could see this, I told myself. What a heartbreak it is to think that so many squander millions on luxuries while the destitute die of hunger! To those whose hearts will be stirred with pity upon reading my letter, I would ask to pray and have those around them pray, that Providence will somehow provide us with the means of bettering the condition of these unfortunate victims of war's aftermath. To begin with, we will hold doctrine classes twice a month for the three hundred youthful guests of Asakaryo.

All visions of sakura and brightly colored kimono have no doubt faded from your gaze as together we visited the ramshackle refuge these people call home. For my part I never before saw such an agglomeration of tragic destinies. Here poverty is indeed extreme because no ray of Christian consolation filters through the darkness.

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Every creature is a ladder on which to rise to God.

*St. John Climacus (579-649)*

# The Legion of Mary

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



A group of Marian apostles had come from Les Cayes some time ago to pave the way for the establishment of the Legion in our sector. On Mary's beautiful feast, May 31, six young girls, all parishioners of Camp Perrin, met at the Convent to study the constitutions of the Legion of Mary, with the hearty approval of His Excellency Most Reverend Jean Louis Collignon.

Our zealous Bishop lays great hopes on the organization of these Marian groups throughout his diocese. This modern form of apostolate will make the salutary influence of its spirituality felt in rural districts where religious ignorance fosters two great evils: free unions and superstitious practices. May we reasonably hope to see them completely eradicated? Indeed we may for having placed our unwavering trust in Mary Mediatrix of all graces we are sure that she will once again crush the head of the infernal enemy of souls. To carry on, our Legionaries will need a big dose of courageous patience. Thanks be to God, they have a natural basis for these virtues. The soul of our peasants resembles the wild luxuriant nature all about their picturesque hills. It is richly gifted with deep resources which the Church strives to free from the parasitic growths of ignorance and stark misery which too often tend to stifle their productivity.

With this noble goal in view, the first Legionaries of Camp Perrin, cheerfully donate two hours of active service a week beside one hour set aside for the praesidium meeting. The customary Legion prayers fervently recited will call down heavenly graces upon their apostolic endeavors.

Since May 31, every week sees the youthful apostles gather in a spirit of friendly co-operation. Each member willingly accepts the tasks assigned and gives an account of the work accomplished. From these gatherings as from a spiritual wellspring flow graces of light, energy, discipline. All these elements will ensure the sanctifying action needed in daily social contacts.

Six of our Legionaries teach catechism at school, in private homes, or to groups of adults on Sundays after Mass. Others have taken upon themselves the task of visiting couples living in free unions; in many cases they

1. Marguerite Hetu, St. Sulpice, P.Q.

have succeeded in having these invalid marriages rectified and blessed by the Church. A few groups visit the sick or call at Protestant homes. Slowly but surely the Legion is striking roots in Camp Perrin for the greater happiness of all concerned.




PLEASANT OUTING AT CAMP PERRIN, HAITI. *In the center:* SR. ST. ROBERT (MARGUERITE HETU, ST. SULPICE); SR. ST. JULIAN (MARGUERITE JULIEN, ST. AUGUSTIN OF PORTNEUF); SR. CATHERINE OF JESUS (CATHERINE DROLET, THREE RIVERS); SR. HELEN OF THE SACRED HEART (HELENE HETU, MONTREAL)



There are 1,100,000,000 pagans in the world. It will take the rest of time to convert the whole world. What are we doing to bring the message of salvation to those who are waiting to receive it? It is the duty of all to lend aid in the gigantic task of bringing all men to the feet of Christ, i. e. by becoming members of His Church and serving Him as His children.

*Propagation of the Faith*



## *Consoling Testimony*

*Koriyama, Japan*

SR. ST. ANGELA OF MERICI(1), M.I.C.

In the dreary pageant of life offered by the Koriyama Home for the Aged, Akabori San was an exceptional figure. Age and grace had brought her to a calm unconcern for the tricky fortunes of this life and to a yearning hope for the unchanging glory of the next. Left alone of her family after the death of her daughter, seventy-year-old obasan was a comfort and a shining example to everyone who came in contact with her.

How she loved to reminisce about the golden past! Whenever we came to visit her, she recalled with tears in her voice, memories of every single member of her family. The daughter she loved the best was the one who had remained unmarried to care for her. Alas, a contagious disease had taken her away unexpectedly. Grandmother had a grateful heart. She never forgot the kindness showed her by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who welcomed her into their Old Folk's Home at Tokyo, after Miss Akabori's death. But it irked her innate pride and dignity to live at other people's expense. She insisted that she still felt able to work for her living, and so she came to Koriyama as caretaker in the house of a distinguished old family. It was while working there, that she began her religious instruction in view of her Baptism. Some months later, her strength failed and she reluctantly retired to Koriyama's refuge for the old. The grace of her Baptism had brought her resignation to the Will of her Creator. Her naturally kind disposition mellowed by her personal sorrows, made her loved and respected by all.

At Christmas 1951, we found Akabori San in rapidly deteriorating health. It was clear that the sands of her life were running out. Still, she rallied enough to enjoy part of the New Year's festivities. A group of our pupils and their teachers presented a gay little program to cheer the inmates. Propped up on her padded blankets, Grandmother smiled contentedly. Afterwards, when we stopped by her bed for a familiar chat, her dim old eyes clouded

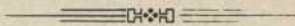
1. Marie-Jeanne l'Heureux, Loretteville, P.Q.

with tears but only for a few moments. She knew perfectly well that the end could not be far off. "When next you come to the Refuge, I will no longer be able to talk with you...Thank you, oh thank you for your kindness to an old woman." In the second week of January we learned that our old friend was completely paralyzed and on January 18, came the news of her death.

The funeral service took place in a large hall lent for the purpose by the authorities. According to Japanese custom, after the ceremony, the Director of the refuge pronounced Akabori San's eulogy. "Notwithstanding our efforts to render life as agreeable as we can for our aged guests, we cannot help at times that they feel lonely and dissatisfied. Akabori San did not escape the throes of loneliness. But she was lucky in the fact that being a Christian, her coreligionists often came to brighten her solitude. The Catholic priest, the Sisters, the Christians, all came in turn and how happy Grandmother then felt. She lived on the memory of these charitable visits. Her love for her religion was evident to us; we noticed that her last earthly joys were brought her through the Catholic Church."

The Director although a non-Christian, paid all the funeral expenses. He even offered us the scanty legacy of the deceased in a neat straw valise.


This testimony of the Director came as a great encouragement to us in our work among the sick and poor. Returning home from this consoling ceremony, we silently prayed for the other guests of the Home. How we would love to guide their faltering footsteps home to Heaven! As if in immediate answer to our plea, on that very day, in the same establishment, a dying old man was discreetly baptized in his room. Akabori San from heavenly mansions above was still bent on doing good turns.



## Angelus in Koror

Clemente's bell rings through the loneliness as he tolls his love for the Mother of God. He is a deaf-mute about 60 years old, who can neither read nor write. That would seem to cut him off pretty effectively from communicating with others, but somehow or other the old Spanish Padres performed a minor miracle by instructing and baptizing him. The village he lives in is pretty much pagan, and his particular section of the village is entirely pagan — there is no other Catholic within earshot. But Clement found a small bell somewhere and tied it to a tree outside his house, and now he rings the Angelus faithfully three times a day. There is only one Catholic close enough to hear the bell — and that lone Catholic is Clemente himself, a deaf-mute! Funny, ludicrous, incongruous — but he is confessing Christ before men. What grace must have been showered on his soul to enable Truth to penetrate the seemingly impassable barriers.

*Rev. E. McManus, S.J.*



# The ELEVENTH HOUR

SR. MARIE DES LIS(1), M.I.C.

One Sunday as I was returning home from an apostolic outing, an old woman sporting brief, unattractive, well worn rags stopped me begging for alms. Her husband, she assured me, had long been incapacitated by disease and she was left alone to eke out a living as best she could. In a large colored handkerchief which she opened for my inspection, she carried some withered herbs all she had to cook a meal for herself and her old man. Her home being quite

near, she invited me to enter. In a shadowy corner of this miserable hovel lay a man, or rather a living skeleton. A wan smile lit up his pallid features when he caught sight of the Sisters.

I immediately set to work trying to straighten out the spiritual tangle in this life which was evidently drawing to a close. Baptized as Catholics, the couple had abandoned the Church to benefit by the material advantages which a minister of the Santo Cristo sect proffered. They had entirely forgotten their prayers, had been married in the Protestant religion, and had not received the Sacraments for a period of over fifty years.

Encouraged by our sympathetic interest, the woman confided what proved another cause of poignant sorrow. One of her daughters had eloped to marry against her parents' wishes. Lately, so mutual acquaintances had told her, the erring girl had given birth to a child who of course had not been baptized. The young couple were reported to be in dire straits for the wife was sick and her husband could find no work to do. Hearing their family name mentioned and the trouble they were in, I was surprised to recognize some of our proteges. Surely the good angels had lately been hard at work in favor of this family, for that very morning, the two in question had called at our convent to have their dying baby baptized and to beg for some food as they were weak and sick from deprivations. The trio had been immediately taken to a neighboring clinic where first aid was administered and arrangements taken to have the child baptized. How relieved and happy the mother felt when I gave her this piece of good news!

1. Irene Pinsonneault, St. Michel de Napierville, P.Q.

The next day I called to bring food and medicine to my old friends and to help them learn all over again their prayers and catechism. To each I also gave a rosary. Never will I forget their joy and gratitude upon receiving this precious Marian talisman. Since then they recite it daily together. On subsequent visits I often found grandmother sitting on her doorstep, her beads silently journeying through her work-worn fingers. She always showed great thankfulness for our little gifts of rice *ganta* and milk, the only food grandfather could still easily digest in his weakened condition.

Once prayers and catechism had been gone over, I took steps to have their religious and civil marriage rectified which was no easy task because of the man's illness. One morning, after final arrangements had been completed I asked the old couple how they would like to take a bus ride? They were as excited as two youngsters over this unexpected offer, for it had been many years since either of them had enjoyed such a treat! Out of an antiquated trunk, Grannie took some battered finery, relics of her gay youth. She carefully brushed her husband's shoes and her own; while a son-in-law helped the sick man to get dressed, she dipped a washcloth of a doubtful color in none too clear water and gently washed part of the grime off his face. This unusual effort had flustered the patient so he asked to rest for a few moments. During this interval, Grandmother went on with her personal preparations. She exchanged her dirty, ragged skirt for a *butterfly dress* made after ancient Filipino fashion; it had certainly known better days when she had worn it as a wedding dress but the years had faded most of its glamor.



Blissfully unaware of anything amiss she coquettishly tried to improve her appearance by applying powder found in an old compact. Her toilet over, she spilled the rest of it into the palm of her hand and mincing over to her husband delicately daubed it over his cheeks. The result was somewhat startling for his face which until now shone like polished mahogany, now turned as white as snow. I could not help smiling at their childish joy even if I was beginning to worry about being late at the City Hall. Finally, with the help of a young girl who had accompanied me and that of the obliging son-in-law, we set out to take the bus at a few minutes' distance from the shack.

The following two hours were spent going from one wicket to another to have everything satisfactorily arranged. Glancing at the old man I became alarmed at his pallor. When I questioned him however he cheerfully replied that he did not feel too bad; I had momentarily forgotten about his powdered face!

Coming out of the City Hall, we immediately called at the rectory. The pastor addressed a short but touching exhortation to the old people and

SR. MARIE DES LIS (IRENE PINSONNEAULT, ST. MICHAEL OF NAPIERVILLE)  
SETS OUT FOR THE *barrios* ACCOMPANIED BY TWO VOLUNTEER CATECHISTS



fixed March 19 as the date for rectifying their marriage. On the appointed day, I called to take the pair to Church. Grandmother was not sitting on the doorstep as usual, praying her beads. Instead I found her lying beside her husband in an exhausted condition brought on, I was told, by her exertions in favor of a sick neighbor covered with sores whom nobody cared for. Returning from her charitable errand, she had been seized with fever and had made applications of plasters concocted of green leaves to her head and part of her body as this was the only medicine she possessed.

St. Joseph could not let her act of charity go unrewarded. On March 20, she felt slightly better so we set out early for the Church where the pastor proposed to hear the husband and wife's confession in preparation for the marriage ceremony. Before he had time to do so however, the woman fainted and a doctor had to be called. An injection was administered which helped to see her through, then I took the two home and made them as comfortable as circumstances warranted. Both were radiantly happy.

The priest offered to take Holy Communion to their house on the following morning but they refused. They wanted to receive their First Communion in Church. Two easy chairs were placed in the corridor of our convent chapel, quite near to the sanctuary. During Mass the aged First Communicants prayed with truly angelic fervor; afterwards I helped them make their thanksgiving and the preparation for a happy death. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> served them a gala breakfast then they returned home bubbling over with seemingly renewed youth and vigor.

A few days later, Grandmother suddenly took a turn for the worse. I hastened to call the priest who administered the Last Rites to both of them as both were drawing to their end. The old woman died peacefully on the next day while her husband lingered on for another month. From heavenly bliss above, may they help the missionaries to reach other souls of good will so numerous in the Philippines for whom the eleventh hour is about to strike.

1. Sr. Bernadette de Lourdes, (Rachel DeMars, Newport, Vt.)



## VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

*of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*

Sanctuary lamp . . . . . \$50.00

Vigil light or candle . . . . .	}	10 cents each
		90 cents for a novena
		\$ 3.00 for a month
		35.00 for a year

*Dedicated to*

## CANADIAN GIRL GUIDES

SR. CLARE OF THE EUCHARIST(1), M.I.C.

So deeply impressed was I upon witnessing the very first enrollment of recruit Girl Guides in Mati, that I resolved to write you a brief account of the ceremony and thus share with you, dear Canadian Guides, something of the joy I experienced on this occasion. It brought back many cherished memories of the time when I also participated in the activities of this noble movement which set my feet on the road to the attainment of a higher ideal.

As it is not the custom over here to hold a Vigil of Arms, the day of days was opened by assistance at holy Mass. While the sky above the eastern rim of the hills glowed with the first rosy light of a new day, a valiant little group of 32 Guides, 22 Cadets, and 12 Brownies marched in procession to the parish church.

Watching these girls reverently kneel at the altar rail to receive the Bread of life, I felt within my heart a deeper appreciation than ever of my wonderful missionary vocation. What a privilege it is for us, poor human creatures, to be the heralds of the King! If these students had not been provided with a Catholic School wherein to learn the most vital and the most necessary of all sciences, they might never have heard the Gospel message. The public school system here may be satisfactory as far as secular learning goes, but it entirely leaves out religious instruction. Is it not worth while then to make even the costliest sacrifices in order that the souls of Filipino youth be no longer debarred from their rightful inheritance as children of God?

Before we go any further, you might be interested to know that the Scout movement in the Philippines at present groups 30,000 members. It originated in these islands in 1926 and sprang from the same ideal of generosity which contributed to its spread all over the world. In our small town of Mati, however, its beginnings are very recent. Only at the opening of the present school year were the first groups organized in our Academy. Our pupils were overjoyed when they were told that they might enroll, for they had long looked forward to this occasion more especially since the boys had their own section formed early in 1951. How proud the girls now are to exhibit their trefoil badge bearing the initials G.S.P. (Girl Scouts Philippines)!

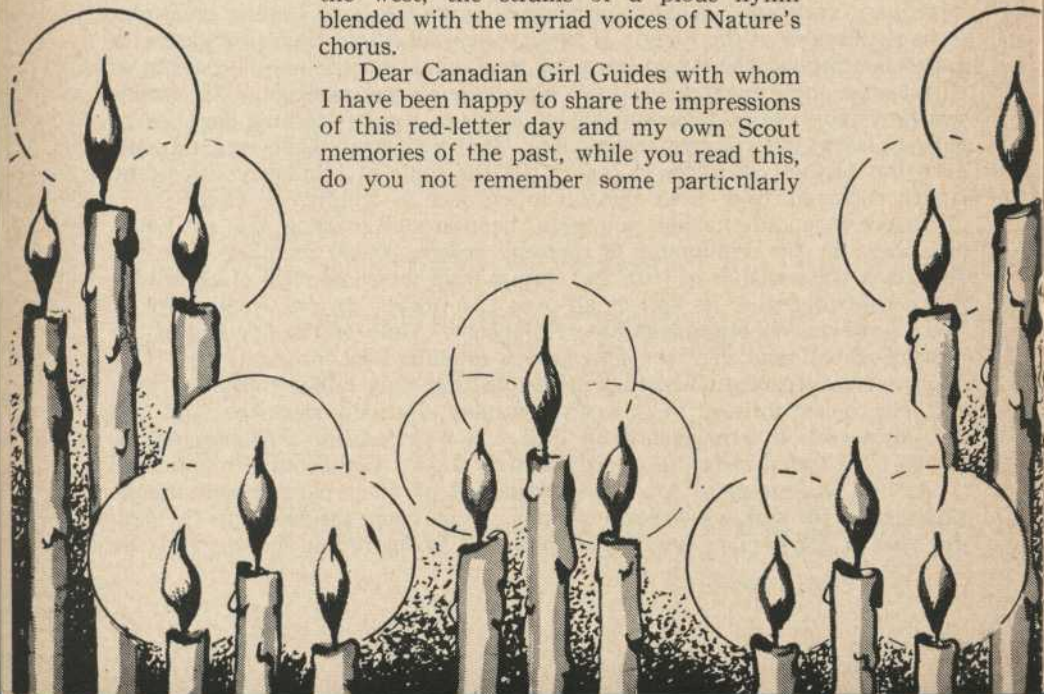
At 3 p. m., groups of pupils accompanied by their parents and friends gathered on the spacious Colegio campus. First came the salute to the flag, the song *O Philippines, my Philippines*, the inauguration speech, and the

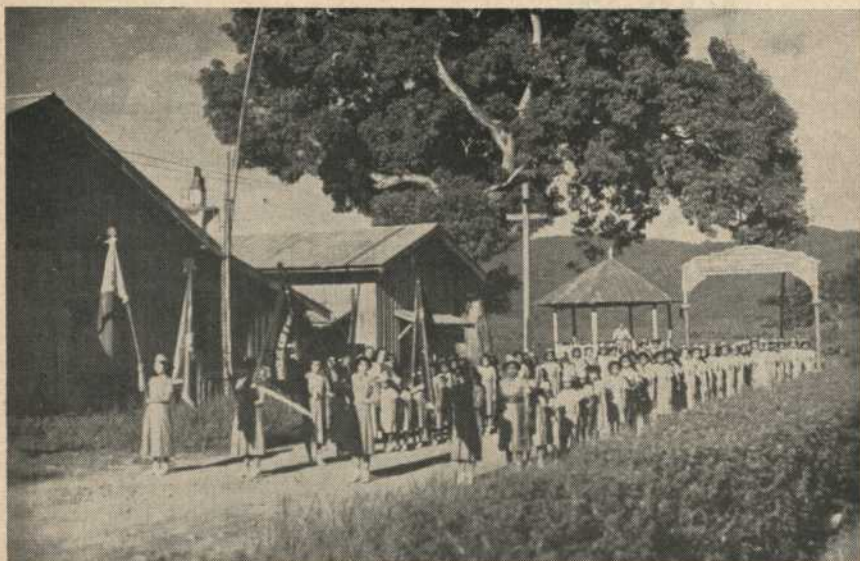
1. Claire Fontaine, Quebec.

enrollment ceremony proper. Followed the symbolical Candle Lighting. A wooden bracket topped with the insignia of the movement and holding fourteen candles was placed facing the semi circle of Guides standing at attention. Mrs. Sylva, commissioner, who presided, set the flame to the highest candle which as you know is supposed to represent the spirit of the Scout organization. Ten other candles were then successively lit by ten different Guides who alternately repeated, "This lighted candle represents the first, second, third, fourth . . . law." Each pronounced a short commentary on the law enunciated. The remaining three candles which represent the three promises, then blossomed into flame. Now came the solemn moment when the aspirants were admitted to pronounce their Scout promise. Through the colorful Fairy Pool ceremony, next came the turn of the Brownies to be introduced into the great Scout family. A few appropriate songs were lustily rendered along with the national anthem which brought the first part of the programme to a close.

It was now time to light the camp fires. How delighted the new Scouts were to circle the cheerfully blazing flames and gaily fraternize! The youngest of the group executed several sketches, songs, and games, much to the enjoyment of all those present. Even sedate, gray-haired parents laughed as hilariously as if they had for a moment reverted to their own carefree childhood. When the leaping flames were slowly reduced to glowing embers and the last of the evening went out from the west, the strains of a pious hymn blended with the myriad voices of Nature's chorus.

Dear Canadian Girl Guides with whom I have been happy to share the impressions of this red-letter day and my own Scout memories of the past, while you read this, do you not remember some particularly



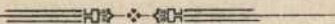


GUIDES IN MATI, DAVAO, LEAVING FOR THE PARISH CHURCH

wonderful evening when you also sat looking into the dying embers of a camp fire? Did you not then hear the first faint whisperings of a call to a higher service? Remember that the more one gives, the more one wants to give. Think sometimes of the harvest of souls whitening in the field afar, of the woeful shortage of apostolic laborers. If the Master Missioner should beckon, ah, do not turn a deaf ear to His call. Meantime, please continue being good homefront missionaries through prayer and devoted service to the cause. Do not forget your new sister Guides of the Philippines and your elder sister Guides who have blazed the trail, particularly

Yours truly,

SISTER CLARE OF THE EUCHARIST



Chesterton says, "The only way to enjoy even a weed is to feel unworthy even of a weed." The same is true of your friends, books, wife, children, everything that God has allotted to you. You are unworthy of them, and even of your own achievements, humble as they may be. The sum of the wisdom of life, I agree with Chesterton, consists in "having a great deal of gratitude even for a very little good."

*John C. H. Wu*

# FIRST CLOSED RETREAT

SR. JOSEPH OF THE HOLY FAMILY(1), M.I.C.

In the early evening hours of Friday, October 9, thirty young ladies, all pupils of Davao City High School, entered Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall with joyful anticipation to take part in the very first Closed Retreat given within its walls. By a happy coincidence these first retreatants were all Legionaries of Mary. We had already come in close contact with them at one or other of the fifteen previous meetings held here in the interest of the Legion. As they had become too numerous for one praesidium it had been decided to secure for all the members the benefit of a retreat before proceeding to the formation of a second group.

The retreat Master was Rev. Father Montembeault, spiritual director of the Legionaries. At 7.30 p.m., as the bell rang out its signal, solemn stillness fell over the Hall which until then had resounded with gay laughter and animated conversations. Within the quiet of the little chapel, these militant Christian girls knelt begging God's blessing upon their first retreat and upon their subsequent apostolic activities.

Not many of them enjoyed a beauty sleep that night. Everything was so strange and so new. Many among the thirty were having their first experience of sleeping in a bed with much free space all around. They were used to crowded noisy quarters and very little privacy. Filipinos being, as a rule, early risers, long before dawn on the following morning a good number of the retreatants were in the chapel intent on making the most of the spiritual advantages offered to them. Although these girls had had only sketchy religious training until now, their behavior was praiseworthy all along the line during the whole time the recollection lasted.

The second day was highlighted by a double and touching ceremony; the baptism of an Aglipayan, and the return to the Catholic Church of one who had strayed from its teachings. Bella, the Aglipayan, was not a native of Davao but had merely been visiting relatives in the city, when she unexpectedly resolved to enter Davao City High. God was waiting for her in that indifferent milieu. She met Te a devout Legionary with whom she struck up a warm friendship that was finally to lead her into the Fold. The second part of the ceremony was equally consoling. Filipa, a Catholic girl who had left the Church in her first year of High School to join a Protestant sect, recited her act of abjuration and was re-admitted to the Sacraments. Hers had been a hard-won victory. Those who had led her astray, had exacted from her the promise never to pray Mary, never even to mention her blessed

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1. Jeannette Delisle, Worcester, Mass.

name. Thanks to Nenette, a Catholic friend, Filippa was led back into the straight narrow way much to her happiness and relief.

On Sunday, closing day of the retreat, all the Legionaries received Holy Communion. Under the direction of the retreat Master, they then renewed baptismal promises and fervently sang a farewell Marian hymn. Surely, from heavenly heights above, our Blessed Mother must have smiled upon the first group of her Legionaries in Davao whom she herself has chosen from out of the three thousand pupils attending the city government-sponsored school.

Since then, these girls can often be seen wending their way to our convent chapel between their classroom hours. News of the retreat and its wonderful effects has spread far and wide. The second prospective group of retreatants will doubtless be more numerous than the first, for very soon it is hoped each class will have its own particular praesidium.

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MAXIMO GOMEZ, CUBA

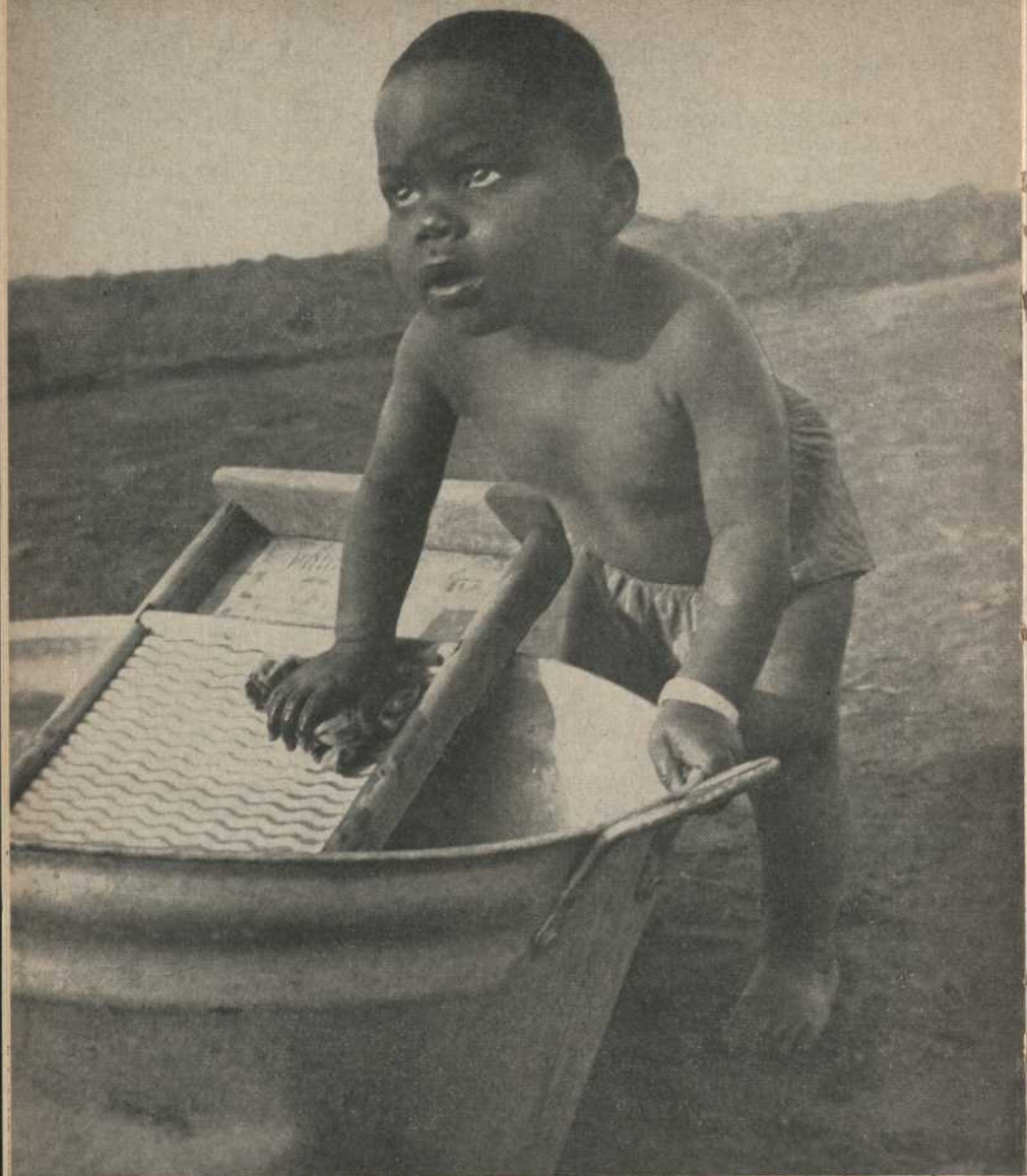
## Doctrine Lessons in the Campos

SR. EUSTELLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT(1), M.I.C.

With the rainy season at an end, we have started our yearly rounds of the *campos* in order to teach doctrine lessons to the children. Last Saturday, accompanied by a zealous Catholic lady, I inaugurated the rounds by visiting a *finca* (farm) designated as one of the centers. The Protestant minister had been there ahead of us but had not apparently been very successful. I was pleasantly surprised to find besides the children quite a respectable gathering of women, and even men who wanted to improve their scanty religious knowledge. They all attentively listened to the catechism review, and promised to gather in greater numbers the next time I called at their *campo*. In a few days, I intend to visit another *finca*. Mrs. X., the owner, is a fervent Catholic but her husband is a Protestant. She offered to drive me in her jeep and to take charge of the younger children's catechism classes. The pastor of Maximo Gomez who has lately made the acquisition of a jeep will organize a third doctrine unit. With those already existing, this will bring the number of Catholic doctrine dispensing centers to eight. Our Colegio has its own groups recruited among our seniors who are proud to help in this religious revival campaign. It somehow catches at the heart to see them arriving bright and early on Saturdays, accompanied by the youngsters who eagerly look forward to these lessons. All the *Madres* except Sr. St. Leandre(2) who, as a newcomer, must first learn Spanish are at the head of one or other of the centers. This is the choicest portion of their apostolate, they all declare. Who will disagree with them?

1. Lucienne Pelletier, St. Louise de l'Islet, P.Q.

2. Jeannine Moreau, Quebec.



**At half past two, Mary already insists  
on doing her share of housework!**

# KACOKOMEKA

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

Right after Mass and all forenoon on Sunday, August 9, the dispensary had been a hive of activity. It was nearly one o'clock before I could eat my dinner. Just as I was preparing to slip into the chapel for my visit to the Blessed Sacrament, Ignasio, the catechist signalled to me from the doorway, "Sister, I have been to Moyo's village. He is a very sick man indeed. As he has been unable to take any food at all for over a week, so feeble has he become that he can no longer talk. Still, he managed to make me understand by signs that he neither wants to hear about God nor be baptized. He always drank to excess and he abhors Christians. Sister, perhaps he would listen to you . . . Won't you visit him?" Privately I told myself that where Ignasio, the catechist, had failed I could hardly be expected to succeed. But how could this soul be left to its sad fate without our attempting to bring about its salvation? With Amama Salome, my good dispensary aide as companion, I set out for the distant village.

On the way, we recited the Rosary to win Our Lady's favor. Upon reaching our destination, we found the sick man lying under a shelter of tree branches with, as lone attendant, his brother a reputed witch doctor. Moyo or rather Kacokomeka, for such was his real name, was in a pitiful and desperate condition. According to native superstitious practices, his body had been lashed in several places, and the wounds thus inflicted had been smeared with African ointment of a doubtful nature. Pus oozed from these open sores and buzzing flies added to the discomfort of the poor patient. After a few questions about the course of his illness, I inquired whether he would accept an injection which might bring him at least momentary release. Like the genuine African that he is, Moyo smiled his satisfaction upon hearing the magic word *injequisioni*. While the needle entered his arm, he whined, "Please do not let me die without a cloth to cover my face . . ." I took advantage of the fact that he realized the gravity of his illness to urge his reconciliation with His Maker. This subject had no sooner been broached than Moyo sullenly turned his back on me. However we did not intend to let him slip away to perdition. I reflected that it was not without reason that he had suddenly recovered the use of speech. For nearly a whole hour, I exhorted him in vain, then he unexpectedly cried out, "I believe. Baptize me!" Not quite reassured about the sincerity of his declaration, I feigned to temporize. Impatiently, he turned to his brother and murmured in a pleading voice, "You baptize me . . . I want to be baptized." The patient kept on repeating the acts of faith,

1. Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

hope, charity, and contrition. Amana Salome and I had been reciting in his stead. Without any further delay I then baptized him under the name of Vianney.

It was nearly five when we finally retraced our homeward way. The sun was beating down mercilessly on the narrow bumpy road, but this once I hardly felt the heat for my heart was bubbling over with joy at this apostolic conquest. All my little plans on how I would spend my precious Sunday afternoon had gone awry but oh, how much more wisely than I, had divine Providence planned!

Two days later, Vianney died a peaceful death, telling everybody how grateful and happy he was to have become God's child through Baptism. The pastor of our mission church who had been absent while all this happened could hardly believe his ears when we told him the good news. "Kacokemka a Christian? Well, miracles do happen! He may thank his lucky stars that there are many holy souls who pray and sacrifice themselves for sinners. If there are in the world any hardened pagans, he was surely one of them." Such was the eulogy of this thief of Paradise whom Our Lady maternally introduced into the Land of eternal bliss.



MAXIMO GOMEZ, CUBA

## *A Bouquet for Our Lady*

On September 8, feast of Our Lady of Charity, five young ladies whom I had been instructing in religious doctrine since February, made their First Holy Communion in our parish Church. Their preparation for this religious act was more fervent than I had dared to hope. On the morning of the great day, they asked as a favor to take place in Madre Superiora's bench and to walk beside her to the altar railing. After Mass, the five of them came to consecrate themselves to Our Lady in our little convent chapel.

It was anything but easy to lead these girls back to the church of their Baptism. As they had been brought up in surroundings that were either indifferent or hostile to religion, our Blessed Mother had to work small scale miracles to bring about their conversion. At first, they showed little response to my efforts in trying to get them interested. Once on the road to conversion however, they generously corresponded to the graces showered upon them from above and grew to appreciate at its true value the pearl of great price. Let us pray and hope that they become ardent apostles among their own.

SR. EUSTELLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT(1), M.I.C.

1. Lucienne Pelletier, St. Louise de l'Islet, P.Q.

# The Legend of the White Urubu

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

Padre Valencia let the last decade of the Rosary slip slowly through his gnarled fingers as he plodded wearily home after another strenuous day. At a turn in the road he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow and to feast his eyes on the distant horizon where the last rays of the setting sun laid a quivering carpet of russet and gold across the waves of the Caribbean. To him the beauty of this, the land of his adoption, was a source of ever renewed wonder. No glorious landscape of his native Spain could compare with the luxuriant comeliness of this island. It truly deserved its name of Pearl of the Antilles, a pearl set in sapphire of the sea and the emerald of green-garmented hills. Alas, even in this earthly paradise all was not perfect.

The aged monk sighed as he ambled along musing over the various happenings of the day. Making the rounds of his flock scattered in lonely pueblitos he had found little over which to rejoice and much over which to grieve. The task confronting the priests was gigantic and the laborers were only too few. He picked up his rosary to resume his communings with the Queen of his heart and thoughts. His prayer was abruptly interrupted as a ragged figure darted from behind the huge roots of a silk-cotton tree and implored in raucous tones, "Per favor, Padre." The monk beckoned the beggar to approach. A nauseating odor like that of decaying flesh assaulted his nostrils. One more leper with no other refuge but the dusty roads and no other resource but beggary . . . "Oh, how I wish for a fortune with which to attend to the needs of these outcasts," soliloquized Padre Valencia. "Are these not human beings? And yet their plight is no better than that of hunted animals." He made a hurried incursion into the already depleted pantry of the *convento* and giving the poor man an assurance of further help on the morrow sent him on his way.

That night the Padre knelt longer than usual in adoration before his sacramental Lord discussing with Him ways and means to relieve the sufferers of leprosy. "Remember, dear Master," he prayed, "You also have been likened to a leper in your Passion. Help me to surround these living copies of your suffering humanity with due honor and respect."

On the following morning, the sleepy old town of Camaguey rubbed its eyes in surprise as it saw its favorite Padre walking the streets, a burlap bag slung over his bent shoulders. From door to door he shuffled saying, "I come to beg a little present for my lepers. From now on they will become my own particular concern. I can no longer endure to see them treated as

1. Lucienne Constantin, Montreal.

no children of the King should ever be treated. Help me and Heaven will abundantly reward your charity." The generosity of the people was aroused and soon his sack bulged with gifts of all kinds. Within a few months he had gathered sufficient funds with which to build his dream house — a house where his proteges would know security, and at least a certain measure of happiness.

Once installed within the blessed walls of San Lazare, their new home, the lepers wondered whether this was not already heaven come true. Until Padre Valencia had resolved to live in their midst they had been like dumb creatures shut away in the wilderness where the sun's rays never shone. Now they felt themselves surrounded with a mother's tender solicitude. Sometimes their benefactor held what he termed "banquets" for his children. Charitably inclined persons were invited to provide some extra gifts to feast these unfortunates. A few peaceful, carefree years thus went by, then, one sad day, the old priest sickened and died leaving his lepers once again friendless in a cold, indifferent world.

The alms and gifts that until now had fallen like a beneficent rain upon the lazaretto, gradually diminished and finally ceased completely. Hunger forced the outcasts to become vagrants. Once as the more disabled reclined on the lawn in front of the hospital, they reminisced about the happy days when bevy of birds fluttered around at mealtime to pick up the crumbs. Fernando, an old man with only piteous stumps where his hands had been, mournfully remarked, "Yes, those were wonderful times . . . Too good to last . . ." He shook his grey head. "The only birds we now see around here are *urubus* (species of vultures). See how they keep on circling overhead as if they were waiting for us to die so that they might devour our carcasses." His companions shuddered as a flight of black wings rustled overhead. But what was that mysterious bird winging its downward way? Its feathers were as white as newly fallen snow, its form was that of an *urubu* but its head and feet were emerald green. With a sweetly compassionate look radiating from its eyes, the bird continued to flutter near the sick ones. At first, surprise and admiration held the upper hand but soon the lepers caught the white creature who offered no resistance allowing them to caress its downy wings and softly cooing to them.

The wonderful news soon rippled out through the city. It was noised all over the province. It leaped down verdant valleys and across rolling hills until all Cuba knew that Padre Valencia's soul had returned to San Lazare under the appearance of an *urubu* to succor his bereaved children. Visitors flocked to the lazaretto to glimpse this wonder and before they left they offered generous alms for the upkeep of the inmates. Things began to pick up in earnest for the latter and want no longer constricted their lives in its tentacles. Even beyond the grave, Padre Valencia was still their friend.

Perched in a bright golden cage the white *urubu* was exhibited all over the island and its charms were exploited in favor of San Lazare. An era of prosperity dawned for the establishment which has continued to our day.

What finally became of the mysterious bird, no one can tell, but Cubans staunchly believe this legend. Even now they hold the lepers of their island home in something akin to veneration. Whenever they are hard pressed for favors, spiritual or temporal, they make a pilgrimage to the lazaretto and offer some alms with the request to the patients for a novena of prayers. Many young couples also journey to the hospital in the hope of obtaining a special blessing on their wedded life. The soul of the old Padre still hovers over his dream house even if the white bird with head of emerald has flown forever.

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# APPEAL

## *to Canadian Student Catholic Action*

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

Through "The Precursor" I would like to make an appeal to Canadian Student Catholic Action in favor of our groups of youthful apostles in Las Pinas. Knowing as I do the generosity of our students back home, I make bold to present my request with the assurance that it will not be turned down.

Our High School seniors who belong to Filipino Catholic Action groups, are devoted volunteer catechists. Thrice a week, they spend their free time teaching catechism to the public school children deprived of religious instruction. On Sundays, before Mass, they go from house to house to urge their pupils to attend Mass. In the afternoon, they organize games then make sure there will be plenty of adorers in Church for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All this they do cheerfully and uncomplainingly. But, to keep up the good work begun, they need money to buy catechism charts, prayer books, hymnals, holy pictures, rosaries, medals. This is the reason why I today turn beggar and plead for help. What Student Catholic Action group would consent to adopt us? Our own girls will repay you in fervently praying for your intentions and giving you news of their apostolate.

Address all donations to: Student Catholic Action, St. Joseph's Academy,  
Las Pinas, Rizal, Philippine Islands.

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1. Genevieve St. Pierre, Montreal.

# The Martyr of Futuna

by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

To Father Colin, Father Chevron wrote not very long afterward, "It was with deep regret that I left Futuna where Father Chanel was being cruelly persecuted. One thought consoles me: that I sacrificed the crown of martyrdom by my obedience, the greatest sacrifice a missionary could make. Four months after my departure my saintly brother received the palm refused to me."

Left alone Father Chanel but worked the harder. He went unwearingly from village to village, announcing God's word to his stubborn people, in the exercise of this ministry needing all his charity and sweetness to keep from growing impatient over the childish questions put to him. One day, for example, he was explaining the dogmas of the Creation and the existence of one God in three Persons. A number of natives seated around him, listened in silence for a time, but at length one of them said, "You have seen our king do extraordinary things. Has he not a true god within him?" Niuliki was standing nearby. He pretended to hear nothing, but Father Chanel knew that he was listening to every word; nevertheless, he answered, "No, my friends; the one true God does not dwell in the hearts of those who refuse to know and to adore Him." Another native then said, "Show us your God. Where is He?" "He is everywhere, but being a spirit, He cannot be seen with bodily eyes. You will see Him after you die, if you make yourselves worthy by leading good Christian lives." A third man asked, pointing to the Crucifix which the missionary wore in his belt, "Isn't that your God?" Taking the Crucifix in his hand and holding it before them, Father Chanel replied, "This is the image of my God, Jesus Christ, Our Lord, who died for us on the cross." Then he explained the mystery of the Redemption, and some of those who listened could not conceal their tears.

Others said to him, "If we reject the religion of our fathers, the gods will make us die. You say your God is all powerful; ask Him to cure our sick relatives. Since you came to Futuna we have had more sickness than ever before; storms have uprooted our trees, and we have been threatened with famine." "My friends," Father Chanel replied, "if you become Christians you will not die, but exchanging this life of trial for endless happiness, you will live forever. Your island has been scourged because you constantly offend God by your sins. I came from a distant country to teach you to love Him, and you will not listen to my voice. Become Christians and you will disarm God's anger; be sober and industrious and lay aside provisions for bad seasons and you will not need to fear famine." Some exclaimed, "He is right!" Others "He is cunning; he is trying to make us abandon the religion of our fathers. Let us go away."

Day after day such dialogues were repeated, but if Father Chanel's patience was never exhausted, the same cannot be said of his frail body, worn by hard work and long journeys on foot, ill nourished and ill clothed.

One afternoon in the course of a walk, he saw some natives talking together in the shade of a cocoonut tree, and approaching, he asked, with his sweet smile, what they

were talking about. "We were speaking of you and Brother Mary Nizier," they answered. "We were saying how beautiful your religion is." "Ah! yes, my friends, it *is* beautiful!" Father Chanel cried joyfully. "It is the only religion worthy of being known and loved. Do not adore your false gods. Jehovah created all things. The heavens are high, the earth is large, the sea is immense, the sun and stars are magnificent, but Jehovah, who made them all, is infinitely greater and more beautiful than they. Do not be afraid of taboos, nor of Alouamouli and Fakevelikele; fear only sin which offends the one true God and drags the souls of men into the flames of hell."

Such earnest words could not always fail of effect and the number of those who listened willingly, slowly grew larger. During the months immediately preceding his martyrdom, the work of grace was very evident in Futuna. Many would have embraced the Faith had they not feared Niuliki and his friends. A few young men bravely cast aside their superstitious practices and joined the slender ranks of Father Chanel's catechumens; but their Sunday reunions aroused the anger of the enemies of Christianity and of the king in particular. Things came to such a pass that the people of Poi went about repeating this cry, "Let us do away with this new religion! We must stamp it out!" Many wished to see Father Chanel put to death. Meitala, Niuliki's eldest son, testified long afterward that the apostle knew his life to be in constant danger, but remained at his post, and tranquilly continued his work of trying to convert, not only the catechumens, but all the islanders, even his persecutors. Every one loved him because he was so loving. The man with the kind heart, the natives called him. It was his religion that was hated.

It became increasingly difficult for him and Brother Mary Nizier to get food. What fruit and yams they raised were stolen, and they rarely received gifts of provisions, as in the early days of their stay in Futuna. The little food they managed to get had to be guarded constantly, and what the natives could not steal they tried other means of obtaining. One afternoon in December a young man offered to help the missionaries to prepare their dinner. When the meal was ready a number of natives gathered in the house to share it with them. Father Chanel was obliged to send them away, saying that he had not food enough for all. They were hardly gone before others replaced them, begging to be fed. "Oh my God, make me patient!" Father Chanel murmured; and he wrote these words in his journal after the account of this day, typical of many others. A time came when he was obliged to kill their dog, because there was no other food to be had. Hunger made it possible for him to eat its flesh, but Brother could not overcome his repugnance sufficiently to touch it. Nor was it food alone that the natives stole from them. Their clothing was also taken; and it was worse than useless to complain to the king.

Niuliki continued to go occasionally to their house in Poi, keeping up a pretense of friendship long after it had become a mockery. Entering their cabin, on December eleventh, he said angrily, "Why didn't you send a gift to the young couple whose marriage feast was just celebrated?" Brother was not slow to reply, "Because your people have impoverished us by their thefts, and Your Majesty will not take the trouble to make them return our goods." The king said nothing.

A few days later Father Chanel heard that Niuliki was going from place to place predicting a great storm to come in four days, and the fall of the sun four months later.

No one knew what he meant by these mysterious words, but it was generally believed that he referred to the new religion and its apostle. On the fourth day Niuliki passed Father Chanel's cabin without entering it, and meeting Thomas Boog in the house of his prime minister, did not speak to him. That same afternoon he announced his intention of sending the missionaries away on the first ship to anchor near the island. It was about this time that Niuliki's relatives began to urge him to put Father Chanel to death. For a time the king resisted them, but four months later he decreed the murder, thus causing "the fall of the sun."

On Christmas day Father Chanel had fresh evidence of the king's dislike for Christianity, and in consequence, for himself, but he was not troubled and did not change his ordinary routine. Truly his patience and charity towards the natives during these last months was heroic to a degree before which we must bow in deepest admiration and reverence. The Futunians themselves confessed afterwards that they had annoyed him in every way their ingenuity could devise, entering his house day and night to throw everything it contained into utmost confusion and to steal food he needed to ward off starvation. But not once did he become angry with them, as they afterwards admitted with shame. They abused him and he answered them kindly; they refused to listen to his teaching, and he continued to render them every service within his power. "They are more to be pitied than blamed. They know not what they do," he would say to Brother Mary Nizier.

This unalterable kindness and this patience in every trial made a profound impression upon the better disposed among the natives. Maligi, prime minister and chief of Poi, convinced at last by Father Chanel's instructions and his example, attached himself to him forever, though it was only after the martyrdom that he spoke openly in favor of Christianity.

With the passing of the weeks the persecution gained in violence. Many thought it was not enough that the catechumens were mistreated; they should all be killed and the new religion thus driven from the island. On January twenty-fourth a number of them stopped the catechumens on the road and threatened to put them to death if they went to Mass. The next day the king held a council whose sole business was the affairs of the missionaries. Niuliki and his friends were angry because certain young men, against their expressed wish, continued to help Father Chanel and Brother to cook their meals, and even carried food to them. It was decided to renew the prohibition to give them anything. The two strangers were to live as best they could — or not at all. The catechumens in question bore the hardly euphonious names, Longoasi, Maitau, Malaefaitu, Tukumuli, Pipisenga, Sangongo and Namusingano. They had long braved the taunts and bad treatment of their fellows and, paying no heed to the new decree, secretly continued to aid Father Chanel. As one of them afterwards told, "We cooked food in our house and carried it to the servant of God. We said we were taking it to Thomas Boog who had married one of our relatives. We acted as we did because we feared the king."  
*(To be continued)*

The sharpest dagger, the most active and virulent poison is the pen in dirty hands. With that a whole people — nay a whole age — is spoiled.

LOUIS VEUILLOT, *great Catholic journalist (1813-1883)*

MERCEDES, CUBA

## Fiesta of Our Lady of Mercy

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

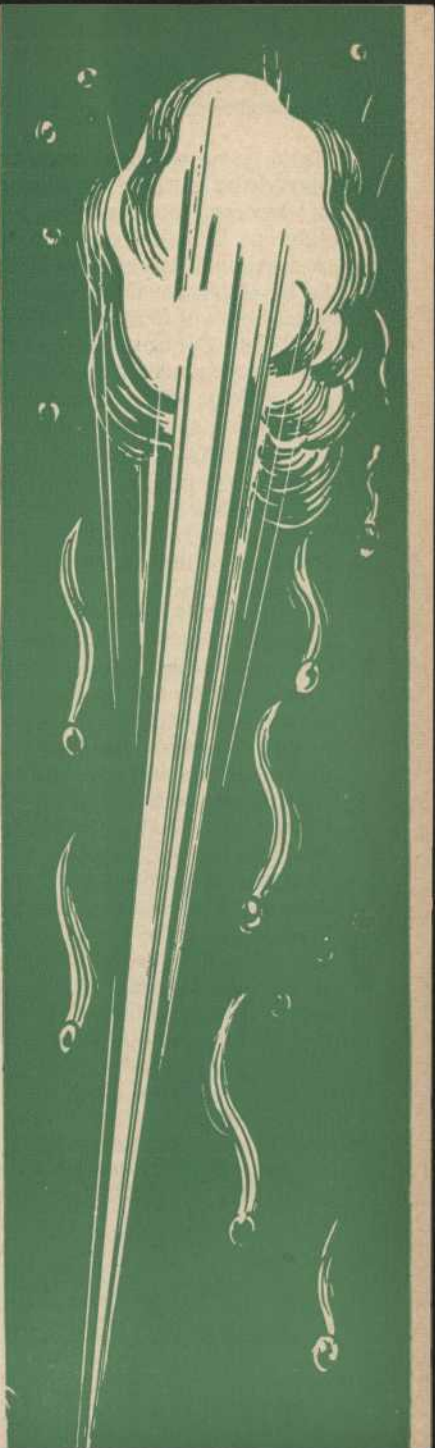
Ever since my arrival here I had heard the Fiesta discussed from all angles and I was eager to see something of this local celebration. Well, I have seen and heard all there was to see and to hear.

As a fitting prelude on the evening of September 23, fireworks sizzled and crackled all over the pueblo. At midnight, the church bell in its belfry tumbled and rolled, filling the night air with its rumbling music. When the fresh, rosy face of dawn peeped over the horizon, the villagers began to sing the lilting notes of the Diana, a singularly melodious aubade in honor of Our Lady. This was the opening chorus of the Fiesta.

After an early Mass at our convento and a hastily snatched breakfast, we Sisters made our way to the park to decorate the glorietta (kiosk) in honor of Our Lady of Mercy with a profusion of palm branches and of white gladioli. The park benches, those belonging to the parish church, besides all the chairs from the Colegio were brought out but still they were far from sufficient to seat all those who milled about the grounds. And I who had thought that Mercedes boasted of a very scant population! I had not yet experienced how the charms of the *Merced* could draw even the most indifferent hearts to her shrine.

A few moments before the solemn Fiesta Mass offered by Rev. H. Landry,

1. Annette Bergeron, Kenogami, P.O.



p.m.e., a rural orchestra composed of drums, cornet, saxophone, and cymbals played the national anthem. During the Holy Sacrifice, a native seminarian professor at the Canadian Fathers' College of Colon, carefully explained the different liturgical ceremonies. Deeply impressed upon hearing one of their own expound the wonderful realities of love contained in the Mass, the faithful listened in awed, respectful silence. A sermon, giving a historical account of the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, was delivered by Rev. M. Gerin, Director of Colon College. After the elevation, the seminarian recited aloud the acts in preparation for Holy Communion. A group of parishioners followed by Catholic Actionists and the pupils of our Colegio knelt at the altar rail to receive Jesus in Holy Communion.

After Mass, aspirant members of the Catholic Action Movement were admitted to pronounce their promise of fidelity, while the eight first federates of Mercedes went through their initiation ceremony. Present at this celebration was the President of the Association of Matanzas. Once again the national hymn rang out, then the song of the Federation lustily rendered by the Actionists.

In the early part of the afternoon, popular games and races took place in the park. At 3 p. m., under the patronage of the different Catholic Action Groups, a dramatic and musical program was performed, highlighted by the coronation of two queen winners of the competition of charity in favor of destitute families. For the first time in Mercedes, racial discrimination was set aside, while Blacks and Whites fraternized in celebrating the pueblo festival. First to make her entrance, was the colored queen accompanied by the President of the *Lycée des Noirs* and colored flower girls. Next came the blonde Majesty equally escorted by the President of schools for the Whites and by her own flower



◆  
 MAKING FRIENDS IN CUBA,  
 SR. ST. EVELYN,  
 (ANNETTE BERGERON, KENOGAMI).

girls. A small, dainty court lady carried the two crowns on a red velvet cushion. The coronation ritual was observed jointly by the two Presidents, then sheafs of flowers were offered and songs were sung in homage to the royal pair.

When evening shadows deepened, the traditional procession formed in front of the parish church. Never had I seen the like of such a religious cortege. To me the jubilant, jostling crowds were a facsimile of the throngs of the first Palm Sunday. Here, however, lighted tapers were carried instead of palm branches. At the microphone stood Rev. H. Landry giving the ordering of the cortege. First came the Cuban flag, then marched the pupils of the public school and those of our Colegio; next, the Catholic Action groups, the float bearing Our Lady of Mercy, with the faithful and the pueblo band bringing up the rear.

A magnificent ovation greeted the Queen on her way along the village streets. Her immediate escort was composed of coloured men bearing aloft over their heads trays of flaring Bengal lights. In a triple aureole of greenery, light, and flowers, the radiant image glowed with a strange mysterious beauty among ever changing, transparent clouds of iridescent colors. Without any other light than that cast by the flares and the lighted candles we picked our way along roads rendered almost impassable by recent rains. At every turn, the recitation of the Rosary was cut short by exclamations such as the following, "Ouch! A puddle . . . Right here. My feet are all wet!" "Look out! Here's another mud hole. Oh . . ." "Oh divino! What a beauty! Those fireworks are surely worth seeing." All along the course of the procession Catholic Actionists set off fireworks aided or rather hampered by the young fry who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Piety here is of the demonstrative variety but our Blessed Mother knows the sincere love borne her by her children of Cuba. Religious ignorance and gross materialism caused by the pitiful shortage of priests, have never been able to eradicate this beautiful sentiment from the Cuban soul.

Mercedes is at the height of a salutary religious revival. When the first Sisters arrived here five years ago, only one person habitually received Holy Communion. On the cement flooring of the church a sacrilegious hand had dared to trace the following blasphemy, "Never will I honor you." At present, assistance at Sunday Mass is on the increase; Catholic Action holds its own; the *Merced* on the day of her Fiesta could present her divine Son the homage of seventy communicants. Thanks be to God for this beachhead firmly established on Cuban soil. The Church relies on staunch, zealous units of Catholic Actionists to reconquer the entire Island to Christ through His merciful Mother.

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Mass is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the deceased subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased benefactors.

# Haitian Dialogue

## America, Listen!

SR. MARIE DONALDA, M.I.C. (Marguerite Cloutier, Montreal.)

Stepping out of the chapel after First Friday Holy Hour, Lucy, eighteen-year-old boarder at the Madame Paul E. Magloire School for Home Economics brushed against her friend Jeannine.

"Good evening, Jeannine. Wasn't the Holy Hour grand?"

"Indeed it was . . . But . . ."

"But what? Why the gloomy look? I'll bet you're worrying your pretty head again."

"Oh, Lucy, I have something to worry about . . . something that can't be helped."

"Can't you tell me? Or would you rather not? You know I'd be glad to do anything for you."

"Well, you are my best friend so I might as well tell you if only to get the thing off my mind."

"I'm sure it will not do any harm to talk things over."

"It's like this, Lucy. You know that I won my diploma?"

"And with high honors at that! Congratulations, Jeannine!"

"Oh, I have taken my honors lightly, I assure you . . . My ideal is higher than in mere worldly success."

"I suppose you now intend preparing your license?"

"Nothing of the kind. I want to do something to better the condition of the poor in my own country. I want to teach little children and adults the greatest of all sciences, the science of living their lives as God wants them to. I could help the priests, so woefully few in number, by preparing little ones for their First Holy Communion, by securing the rectification of invalid marriages . . . But alas, I do not possess the formation required for this wonderful task that beckons."

"You could study. Why don't you ask to be enrolled at our Home Economics School? All you have to do is to give your name."

"Not so fast . . . My family is in difficult circumstances and cannot be relied upon to supply the books, the uniform, and tuition fees. You see that it is not the easy thing you pretend."

"But, Jeannine, there are Burses. You ought to be able to secure one of those with your excellent record."

"I inquired about that. All available Burses have been distributed so that if I enroll I will have to pay my own way through."

"You, poor dear! How I wish I could find means to help you . . . Why don't you try your luck as an extern? You have an aunt living in town. Couldn't you board with her?"

"My aunt has turned Protestant so I can't very well live at her house and imperil my faith."

"O Jeannine, there surely must be a way . . . If only I were rich, I would share with you."

"Never mind, Our Lady will keep my ideal aflame if I ask her. Perhaps some day . . . Who knows . . . Miracles have happened before . . ."

"Jeannine, I have an idea. One of my friends who is now attending Normal School with the hope of becoming a teacher has a kind benefactor in America who sends her a monthly allowance. Don't you think that there may be other generous persons who could help you realize your noble ambition?"

"That really seems to be too good to be true."

"Let us entrust this intention to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I feel sure she will inspire someone in America to provide for your education. Then the future will be what you want it to be for the greater good of our beloved Haiti."

SOMEONE IN AMERICA MIGHT PROVIDE . . .



# Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Andrew Pomerleau, BEAUCE JUNCTION; our dear Sr. Marie Philip (Juliette Chouinard) who died at our MOTHERHOUSE; Rev. Sr. Ann of Jesus, Carmel of LISIEUX, FRANCE; Mrs. D. Dussault, LES ECUREUILS, mother of our Sr. St. Louise; Mrs. Albier de Grandpre, PAWTUCKET, R.I., mother of our Sr. St. Lucille; Mr. Samuel Demers, LAPRAIRIE, father of our Sr. St. Frs. of Borgia; Mr. J. B. Lefebvre, MONTREAL, father of our Sr. Marie Micheline; Mr. A. Lamarre, MONTREAL, brother of our Sr. Mary of Martyrs; Mrs. Rachel Hubbard, MONTREAL, sister of our Sr. Marie Annette; Mrs. Armand Grand'Maison, ST. ANTONY OF THE LAURENTIDES, sister of our Sr. St. Martin of Tours; Mrs. Stanley Makinson, Mr. Michael Gallagher, Mrs. I. Kikpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Th. E. Flynn, Miss Mary Hamilton, MONTREAL; Mrs. Amedee St. Onge, BEVERLEY, MASS., Mr. Frank Sullivan, MARLBORO, MASS.; Mrs. Romeo Leduc, ST. BASILE LE GRAND; Miss Cecile Moisan, ST. GEORGES DE BEAUCE.; Miss Irene Lesage, Mr. Adelard Miller, Mr. Joseph Boutin, Mr. Philippe Bouchard, Mr. Arthur Parent, Mrs. Elói Lacroix, Mrs. A. Ferguson, Mr. Raymond Durocher, Mrs. Arthur Gagnon, Miss Suzanne Leblanc, Mr. Hubert P. Vincent, Mrs. Edouard Biron, Mr. Joseph Lafleur, Mr. Charles Masse, Mr. Louis Le-

gault, Mrs. Georges Gervais, Mr. Henri Dumas, Mrs. Ernest Deniger, Mrs. Marg. Nettleton, Mrs. Wilfrid Gauthier, Mrs. Joseph Beaudet, MONTREAL; Mrs. Elzear Belanger, Mrs. E. F. Surveyer, Mrs. Jeannette Riopel, OUTREMONT; Mr. Joseph Louis Messier, HOCHELAGA; Mr. Emery Demers, VILLE ST. PIERRE; Mr. Arthur Pepin, Mr. Rene Marsolais, Mrs. Arthur Brunet, Mr. Horace Picard, Mr. Leopold Potvin, Mrs. Isaie Galarneau, ST. VINCENT DE PAUL; Mrs. Henri Lavoie, MACKAYVILLE; Mrs. F.X. Levac, Mr. Fernand Saulniers, Mrs. Clara Pilon, VILLE JACQUES CARTIER; Mr. Charles Villeneuve, TETREAULT-VILLE; Mr. Vitalis Theoret, ILE BIZARD; Mrs. Albert Seguin, SAINT LAMBERT; Mr. Romain Joron, ST. GENEVIEVE; Mr. Wilbrod Lariviere, ST. ANNE DES PLAINES; Mr. Remi Deland, ST. PHILIPPE DE LAPRAIRIE; Mr. Pacifique Forget, ST PAUL DE L'ILE DES NOIX; Mrs Victor Senecal, LACADIE; Mrs. Jos. Paruet, Mrs. Henri Bernard, Mrs. Jos. Lyon, Mr. Ph. Laplante, SAINT JEAN; Mrs. Victor Bechard, SAINT VALENTIN; Mr. Zephirin Lebel, VALLEYFIELD; Mrs. Pierre Millette, SAINT JOSEPH DE SOREL; Mrs. Alphonse Bellerose, JOLIETTE; Mrs. Albani Beaudoin, SAINT HYACINTHE; Mrs. Olivier Brazeau, GREENVILLE; Mrs. Olivier Periard, SAINT ANDRE AVELLIN; Mr. Onesime Fortier, SAINT JANVIER DE JULY; Mrs. C.H. de Niollis, ST. JOVITE; Mrs. Roch Beauchamp, MONT ROLLAND; Mrs. Ferdinand Dube, ST. QUENTIN, N.B.; Mrs. C. Berard, WINDSOR, ONT.; Mrs. Tessier, GREENWOOD, R.I.; Mrs. Esdras Nadeau, SALEM, MASS.; Mr. Treffle Marcotte, ROCKLAND, MASS.; Mrs. Tarsille Bolduc, LOWELL, MASS.; Mrs. Elisabeth Lamoureux Manny, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.; Mrs. John Demers, LAWRENCE MASS.; Mrs. Andreas Anna Gaudreau, DANIELSON, CONN.; Mr. Armand Lebrun, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; Mr. Joseph Cote, Mrs. Joseph Samson, MANCHESTER, N.H.; Mr. Patrick Pilon, ST. JEROME; Mr. Damien Quesnel, MONTEBELLO; Mr. Thomas Page, CAP DE LA MADELEINE; Mrs. Arthur Auger, Mr. Nelson Beauchesne, TROIS RIVIERES; Mrs. Donat Cloutier, SAINTE FLORE; Mr. Jules Boucher, ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE; Mrs. Theophile Mathieu, NOTRE DAME DE BUCKLAND; Mr. Thomas Theberge, ST. MAGLOIRE; Mrs. Albert Michaud, PLESSISVILLE; Mrs. Georges Garant, COURCELLES; Mr. Gaudias Marois, SAINT EPHREM; Mr. Julien Leblond, LAUZON; Mrs. Cecile Poirier, SAINT BONAVENTURE.

We are all brothers one of another. — Peter Cosman

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**Novitiate**, Pont Viau, Montreal 9, P. Q.  
**Outremont**, 314 St. Catherine Road,  
Montreal 8, P. Q.  
**Chinese Hospital**,  
112 Lagauchetiere St. W.,  
Montreal 1, P. Q.  
**Nomingue**, Labelle County, P.Q.  
**Rimouski**, P. Q.  
**Joliette**, 750 St. Louis Street.  
**Quebec**, 651 St. Cyrille Street.  
**Vancouver**, Oriental Hospital,  
236 Campbell Street.  
**Vancouver**, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,  
3080 Prince Edward Street.  
**Three Rivers**, 466 Bonaventure Street.  
**Granby**, 35 Dufferin Street.  
**Granby**, 279 Main Street.  
**Chicoutimi**, Cenacle Street.  
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**St. Johns**, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.

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**Kowloon**, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.  
**Kowloon**, Our Lady of Protection,  
125 Waterloo Road, Kowloon.

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**Wakamatsu**, 480 sakae machi,  
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**Tokyo**, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,  
Setagaya ku.

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**Davao**, Davao.

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**Cap Haitien**, Haiti.  
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**Marti**, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.  
**Manguito**, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.  
**Los Arabos**, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.  
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**Mzambazi Mission**, **Kafukule**, P. O.,  
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.  
**Rumphi Mission**, **Njakwa** P. O.,  
Nyasaland, B.E. Africa.  
**Karonga Mission**, **Karonga** P. O.,  
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.  
**Kaseye Mission**, **Fort Hill** P. O.,  
Nyasaland, B.E. Africa.  
**Vua Mission**, **Deep Bay**, P. O.,  
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**Nkata Bay Mission**, **Nkata Bay** P. O.,  
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**Morondava**, Madagascar.

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