



HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE PRECURSOR

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MONTREAL

January-February 1953

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THE

LEPERS'

LAMENT

Great Little Lord of Heaven hear

A leper's tearful cry.

On Shek Lung Isle tonight — no Mass...

The lepers weep and sigh.

No priest, no Host, no manger bright

On this your birthday fair.

Great Little Lord of Heaven deign

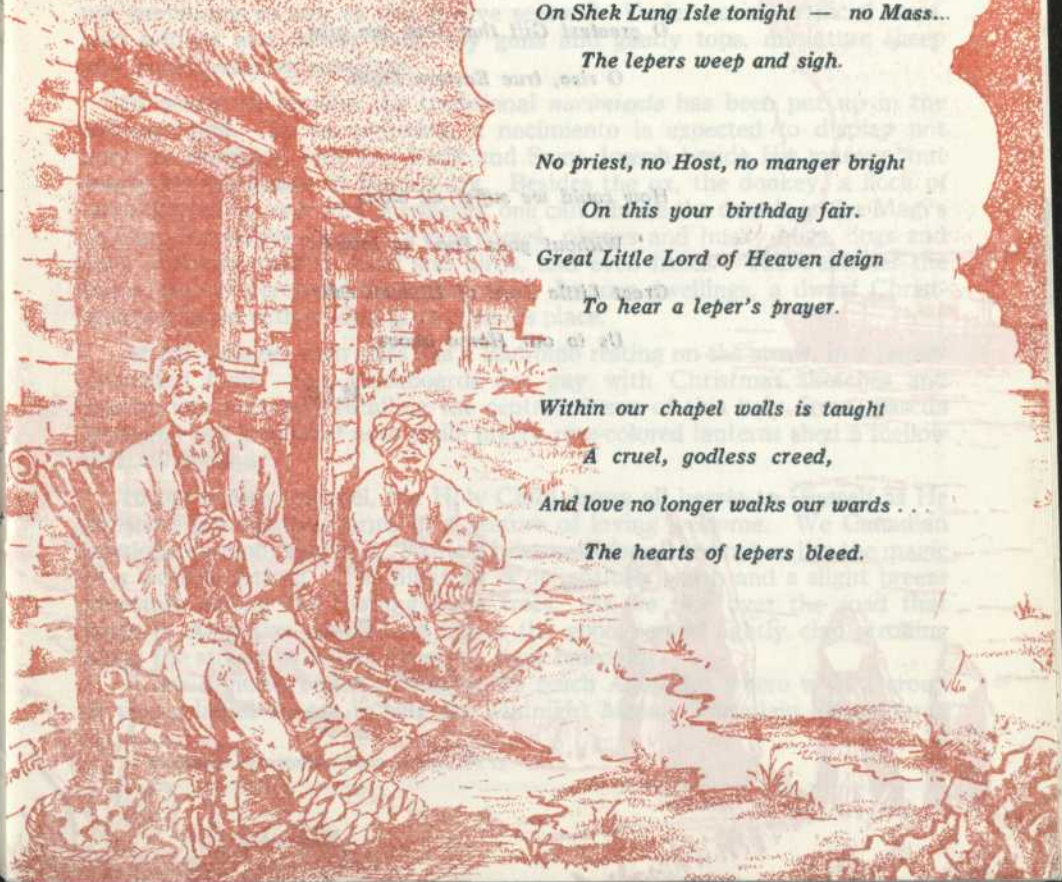
To hear a leper's prayer.

Within our chapel walls is taught

A cruel, godless creed,

And love no longer walks our wards . . .

The hearts of lepers bleed.



O Sheklung Isle is sad tonight

It knows no Christmas joy.

O hear a leper's sad lament

And come, sweet heav'nly Boy,

As Christmas gift to life's outcasts.

Come to our hearts tonight,

O greatest Gift that God can give.

O rise, true Eastern Light.

How could we suffer all alone

' Without your Food of love?

Great Little Lord of Heaven call

Us to our Home above.

M.I.C.



MANGUITO

Christmas

Sister MARIE HERMINE⁽¹⁾, M.L.C.

For days, a joyous animation has reigned throughout the village. Merchants gaily decorate their shops and carry on a brisk trade, for who has not something to buy at this festive season? Under garish artificial trees, lead soldiers and dainty dolls, toy guns and gaudy tops, miniature sheep and camels amiably associate.

In nearly all families the traditional *nacimiento* has been put up in the entrance hall. To be orthodox, a *nacimiento* is expected to display not only the Bambino with Our Lady and Saint Joseph beside His manger, but nearly all the guests of Noah's ark. Besides the ox, the donkey, a flock of lambskins led by over fifty shepherds, one can admire the camels in the Magi's retinue, inquisitive giraffes, a few horses, piggies and husky hogs, dogs and cats, bouncing rabbits, hens and birds, and even fishes. The wealthier the home, the more crowded the *nacimiento*. In poor dwellings, a dwarf Christmas tree laden with modest gifts takes its place.

At our Colegio, each class has a Bambino resting on the straw, in a paper-decorated Crib. The blackboards are gay with Christmas sketches and appropriate sentences recalling the central theme of this holy fiesta; pascua blossoms add a colorful note while pretty rose-colored lanterns shed a mellow light all around.

In our convent chapel, the Holy Child draws all hearts to Himself as He stretches out His tiny arms in a gesture of loving welcome. We Canadian missionaries cannot sing of a "White Christmas" for all around us lies the magic of a tropical setting. The night air is delightfully warm and a slight breeze murmurs among the rustling palm trees. As we ride over the road that leads to Amarillas pueblo, we notice the good people lightly clad strolling along the streets or lolling about on their balconies.

A few minutes before midnight, we reach Amarillas where with a group of young ladies we are to sing the Midnight Mass. The plain little church

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

has become a bower decked with fragrant flowers and fresh greenery where a pious throng of faithful has gathered. After the High Mass, hymns in Spanish are sung to the delight of all present.

We are back home in time for the merry "reveillon", for our Sisters who have been to Mass at the Manguito parish Church returned just a few minutes ahead of us.

After the nine o'clock mass on Christmas morning, we are at last free to sort the mail from home which had been piling up during Advent. What a joy it is to hear from loved ones far away!

Gifts of cake and fruits and sweets have been brought to the convent by the parents of our pupils. Before dinner, we go out to distribute part of these bounties to the village poor. Grandma Pastora, darling Teresita who is a cripple, the old man who sells eggs to the Madres, all these enjoy a little Christmas cheer thanks to the generosity of our friends.

For the missionaries, important fiestas like Christmas bring an increase of apostolic activities, for the people of distant villages usually bring their children to be baptized on the occasion of their visit to town.

A very happy Christmas this has been for us all. What greater happiness is there than that of making others happy? As we kneel before the Tabernacle for evening prayers, we whisper a particularly loving "Thank you" to God for our wonderful missionary vocation.

†

As we are going to press, we learn of the death in Communist territory, of His Excellency Most Reverend J.-L.-A. Lapierre, Bishop of Szepingkai, Manchuria.

Deeply afflicted over the loss of this revered Pastor and Father of the Manchurian Missions, the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception tenders to the Society of the Pont Vieu Foreign Missionaries, deep-felt sympathy in this sad bereavement and the assurance of fervent prayers offered for the repose of the soul of the dear departed.



Sister ST. JOHN OF THE EUCHARIST(1), M.I.C.

Balara is a name that holds fascination for the pupils of our Academy. There go the Seniors, once a year, on enjoyable class picnics; excitement reigns supreme as the huge yellow buses draw up to the curb and the older girls climb in on their way to the enchanted spot. The Juniors look on with envious gaze, sighing after the day when they will have grown reasonable enough to join in the fun.

This year my third graders made up their mind to alter the law. Why could they not also go to Balara? Ingenious diplomats that they are, they waited until the *Aguinal do*, the traditional novena in preparation for Christmas, to present their request to Sister Superior, for during these blessed days it is difficult to refuse any of the children's requests.

Aurora, a nine-year-old Miss, with lots of initiative, was chosen as class spokeswoman. "Sister Superior we have a request to make". Her tone was high, and clear, and firm. "In honor of the Golden Jubilee of your Society, will you grant us, Juniors, for this year only the privilege of joining with the Seniors on the Balara class picnic?" The whole class applauded and cast inquiring glances at Sister Superior. What a neat little trick they had played on her! Unfortunately for the expectant fourth graders, Sister Superior is not one to be easily taken in by the wiles of ten-year-olds. She very well knew that a permission granted to one particular class would send all the lower grades clamoring to her office door. Who could blame her for not wanting to risk any responsibility in the matter with over eight hundred children of more or less reasonable and dependable age on her hands? Still, not to cause too deep a disappointment she replied in tones that were neither

1. Jeanne Moquin, Eastman, P.O.

very encouraging nor utterly discouraging, "I'll see." The children cheered lustily. Huge, yellow buses were already being envisioned, turning in at the curb. What grand times were in store!

The Christmas holidays had come and gone and there was no news of the much-desired excursion. On January 18, one enterprising pupil pointedly asked: "Sister, when are we going to Balara?" Having not the least illusion on my part regarding Sister Superior's decision, I replied by another query.

"Who wants to go to Balara?" Forty-eight brown hands frantically beat the air.

"How much will it cost to go?"

"Fifty centavos."

"Who can give this sum?" Again forty-eight hands shot up.

"Who loves the Holy Child?" Not one hand hung limp.

Sister Genevieve of Nanterre (Genevieve St. Pierre, Montreal)

*With a group of pupils, Academy of the Immaculate Conception,
GAGALANGIN, Manila.*



"Who is ready to offer a big sacrifice?"

My pupils were beginning to understand, and their eager, shining faces grew slightly clouded.

It was then that I proceeded to unfold a certain plan of mine. Somewhere in the Manila suburbs I knew of a hospital where dread polio has laid low on beds of pain many innocent children. No longer can they romp, and jump, and play. There is not much of the sunshine of joy in these blighted lives, for these little ones have nobody to pet and comfort them and to make them forget about plaster casts and disagreeable injections. At mealtime, they have only some plain rice and salted vegetables. And yet, they are God's favorites since He has marked them with the special mark of His divine predilection — the cross of sickness. They are part of Christ's Mystical Body. We are in duty bound to relieve their pain, to brighten their shadowed lives as far as in us lies. "Whatsoever ye have done unto these little ones, ye have done unto me." Can we forget these words of our divine Savior? The winsome faces before me were growing pensive and tears dimmed more than one pair of bright, sparkling eyes. I had given my pupils food for meditation. Until now they had not reflected how lucky they were even if Balara remained out of reach! They could still run, and hop, and skip as much as they wanted while those poor youngsters I had told them about remained prisoners in their drab hospital ward. As practical resolution of their meditation they finally agreed to give up their picnic to Balara and to start a fund destined to bring cheer and comfort to the youthful patients.

Alicia, whose home had recently been burnt to the ground, was the very first to offer her fifty centavos. As I hesitated before accepting her gift, she urged, "Never fear, Sister, the money is really mine. My father gave it to me to buy my cokes for the whole week. I can very well get along on water for a few days. Please accept my offering." On account of the stifling heat, even the poor around here consider cokes as one of the necessities of life so Alicia's action was nothing short of heroic. The majority of our pupils usually breakfast on a coke and a small bun bought from the canteen at recess.

All the fourth graders went in for their sacrifices. Some walked to school laying aside the money for their fares; others bought biscuits of inferior quality for their school lunch. I could not help feeling deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of generosity which remained unknown to the parents as I learned later. A list of the class names written on gaily decorated paper was laid before the statue of the Sacred Heart in loving homage. Since January I have, every week, the happiness of leading a group of my pupils to distribute fruits, flowers, and sweets to the invalids of the Orthopedic Hospital. And now, allow me to introduce you to Anna Maria, the darling of the public wards.

Anna Maria

Twelve-year-old Anna Maria is the oldest in a family of seven. It was her misfortune to be stricken with polio during the war years when adequate medical attention was out of the question especially for the poor.

On one of my home visitations I noticed her crawling about a miserable hut. Her under-developed legs hung limp and useless. The cruel sickness, however, had not in the least impaired her intellect, for she appeared mentally as quick as a flash. To me she complained of not being able to attend school with her brothers and sisters, and of being thus kept from making her First Holy Communion. Then and there, I firmly resolved to do all in my power to help her. Anna Maria's family circumstances being still rather precarious, I took the necessary steps to have her admitted in one of the free wards for crippled children.

Meanwhile, she eagerly learned her prayers and catechism in preparation for Jesus' first visit to her soul. On December 8, 1951, her father carried her in his arms to our convent chapel where the ceremony was to take place. Her cheeks flushed with excitement, her dark eyes aglow with happiness, Anna Maria in her spotless apparel really made a beautiful picture. The pupils elected her queen of their school for the day; they considered it a great favor to be allowed to wheel Her Majesty about wherever she fancied.

A month later, the invalid was admitted to the Orthopedic Hospital. Two medical students from Santo Tomas University volunteered to drive her there in their car. An unforeseen event proved how providential and timely had been the crippled child's removal. Less than ten minutes after her departure the family hut was reduced to cinders in a fire which destroyed more than two hundred houses in that part of the city.

Anna Maria has grown accustomed to her new life in the hospital with sixty-nine other young incapacitated patients. She counts as many friends as she has companions. Who could help loving such a plucky little girl who knows how to grin and bear it? She has resolved to be in her ward the apostle of radiant joyfulness. A few weeks ago, Aurora, the pupil who was so keen on Balara, tried to make Anna Maria admit that she found it hard to remain "put" in a vertical brace which prevents the mosquito net from closing tightly. After much coaxing, the sick child finally confessed with a brave little smile worthy of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, "Well, yes, I must say that it is painful." She hastened to add, "But I don't want my parents to know . . . I don't even want Jesus to know . . . I want to smile and let Him think I don't mind."

How much this smile costs Anna Maria, only Jesus can tell. In her daily Communion she finds the wellspring of joyful courage and unalterable patience which makes her the heroine that she is.

T
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E

CUBA might well be called a children's Paradise. There are practically no sacrifice which the Cubans will not make on the altar of parental love. Over the child's diet and general physical well-being, mothers fret and fuss; for the most insignificant complaints, they call in doctors, even specialists to their darling's bedside and spend ridiculous sums buying anything the sick one fancies. Even the poor spoil and pamper their offspring. During the Christmas holidays, Perlita, one of our pupils who belongs to a family in modest circumstances, brought to the convent a beautiful articulated doll which she had received as Christmas gift. Her father who accompanied her, proudly related how he had spent all of one hundred dollars on his little daughter's presents; besides the doll he had bought her a bicycle and some expensive toys. As we exclaimed over such extravagant gifts given to one so young, he went on to say that Cubans think nothing of expending millions on toys. In rich families, he added, fabulous sums are thus squandered.

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Cubans dote on their children. The latter learn early in life how to exploit their fond parent's weakness to their own profit with the results which may easily be imagined. When they bring them to us for enrollment in our schools, fathers and mothers usually plead, "Madre, keep him (or her) well in hand. Make something out of our child." Poor, illusioned parents that they are! We cannot help being anxious over the future of these pampered generations; the lack of virile, christian home-training cannot but work to their disadvantage. Would that their parents were a little less keen on procuring them material advantages and a little more eager on insuring them the moral and spiritual riches they stand so badly in need of!

Nearly everyone in Cuba is a nominal Catholic, but religious ignorance among the masses is simply appalling. The baptism of babies is sadly neglected. Parents think they have done their duty once a medal of Our Lady of Caridad has been hung about the infant's neck; Baptism may then be put off for years without anyone in the family worrying or objecting

1. Simone Sabourin, St. Isidore de Prescott, Ont.

D **I** **N** **C** **U** **B** **A**

to such inconsequence. Among the pupils in our classes, Jacquinito, five, Lidia, seven, Dulce, nine, Padro, three, all of whom live quite near the church, have only lately been baptized. Mothers very seldom teach their youngsters how to pray. The great majority who are on our Colegio roster, did not even know how to make the Sign of the Cross when they first came here. Parents object to the early rising of their boys and girls, fearing for their health; by evening, this fear is overruled as soon as the glaring lights of theaters and movies beckon. Eight-year-old Gonzalo once complained to us that his father absolutely refused to drive him to Mass on Sundays when he was out on his finca (farm), although he could easily have done so. It is not the Mass that matters, alas, to Cubans.

There is, however, a bright side to the picture, for the children often become apostles among their own. As soon as they find themselves enrolled in Catholic Action Groups, they urge their parents to give their names to the Associations of Catholic Knights and Ladies. In such cases, they even manage to arrange marriage rehabilitations. Fernando, a thirteen-year-old Catholic Actionist, lately had the happiness of winning the consent of his father and mother to have their marriage blessed by the Church. He afterwards prepared them to make their First Holy Communion. Today both parents are fervent apostles of Catholic Action.

The present generation of children enrolled in Catholic schools or at least in Saturday doctrine classes, are the hope of the Church in Cuba. What splendid, enthusiastic groups it is given us to meet on our weekly treks to Aramillas and Calimete! As soon as they see us turning into their village, our young friends from the different public schools troop about us with joyful greetings. They certainly would make the delight of any mother's heart,



these dainty little sprites so neat and so lively. The daily bath is almost a sacred rite around here. As we meet these meticulously groomed tots, we find it hard to believe that a good number of them come from miserable shacks. How many surprises of this kind we have had on our home visitations! Moral miseries we find there are often much harder to relieve than any material distress, however, for divorce has worked havoc in more than one family life. I can still see little Sonia's shamefaced expression as she rectified the family name of her two little sisters she had brought in for enrollment in my catechism classes; each of them had a different name since each had a different papa.

Children are charmers the world over. But, I am inclined to believe that no other children on earth are half as charming and as lovable as my beloved little Cubans. Of course, I am not going to tell you that they sprout wings and wear halos. You would not believe me. Their simple, winsome ways, however, are simply irresistible. They are studious and bright and they enjoy every one of their classroom hours. In nature study we generally find them very proficient as they learn from their earliest years to read in Nature's wonder book. Their favorite subjects are Catechism, History, and English; Mathematics is their bogey.

In Manguito, the foundations of a spacious Colegio have been laid. Where the necessary funds will come from to raise up its walls and roof, we still do not know, but we hopefully look in the direction of our *del Norte* friends and benefactors. *Del Norte*, you have guessed it, means Canada and the United States. As a token of gratitude, we intend to have our friends' names etched in golden letters inside the tabernacle of our chapel. Surely we may hope these names will also be etched in ineffaceable characters within the Heart of our divine Savior who so dearly loves the little ones of His flock.

Firmly Do They Believe

One afternoon when the Las Pinas parish church happened to be under lock and key, a young man accompanied by his mother came to pay a visit to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Finding the door locked, the youth spread his handkerchief on the bare earth in front of the church, and both knelt down for a long and fervent prayer, oblivious of passersby and their comments.

When their prayers were ended, the pair made the sign of the Cross and genuflected as if they had been in front of the Blessed Sacrament.

Sister St. Amadeus⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

1. Emilienne Vézina, Quebec.



OUR LADY WINS VICTORIES AT KARONGA

Sister JOSEPH OF THE SAVIOR⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

One bright Sunday in May, we were getting ready to leave our convent for the Mission Church in order to hear Mass, when a messenger called to have us visit a person in danger of death. Immediately we packed our medicine kit and sallied forth. After a ten minutes' walk, we arrived at a hut where we found a woman suffering from advanced tuberculosis. Her soul, alas, was in still more grievous danger than her emaciated body. Second wife of a wealthy polygamist, she stubbornly refused to pray, partly because she feared the anger of her lord and master, partly through a superstitious fear of dying sooner if she had recourse to prayer. To all our invitations to prepare for a happy death the Christian way, she opposed a constant refusal. After giving her some medication to relieve her pain, we left her, anxious and saddened.

On the following day, a messenger came again to tell us that our patient had been removed to the hospital in Boma. The Superior of the White Fathers of Karonga visited her there without more success than we had had. The sick woman absolutely refused to pray.

A few days later, we visited her again. This time to our great joy, she accepted a picture of the Blessed Mother we had brought her as a present. We left the hospital filled with hope, for Mary never abandons the souls entrusted to her care.

Two weeks went by without any change of heart on the part of the patient. Then, one morning we learned that the patient had taken a turn for the worse and was asking to be baptized. As we hurried to the hospital, we prayed fervently that this conversion might prove genuine. Yes, the woman was really converted; she repeated the act of contrition which I suggested and made the sign of the Cross of her own accord to show her desire to do all that would be required of her. Meanwhile, adequate medication had once again been successful in warding off any immediate danger, so that the consent of the husband would now have to be obtained in view of her baptism. Before leaving her bedside, I urged her to make numerous acts of desire, for I

1. Berengere Cadieux, Montreal North.

had my doubts about the willingness of the old polygamist to loosen his hold on the woman. We called at the family hut, on our way back, to present our request. The answer was a curt "No".

Fortunately for the salvation of her soul, the improvement in the patient's condition did not last more than twenty-four hours. When we returned to the hospital, she seemed already unconscious. In her ear I whispered words of hope and consolation. The customary prayers of the Church were recited in her name, then Sister St. Antoinette⁽¹⁾ poured the regenerating waters over her pallid brow, giving her the Christian name of Marie Sylvia. With the first chimes of the noon Angelus her shriven soul sped on its way to a happy eternity.

On our way home, we found pretty little flowers shaped like tiny lilies. We culled a bouquet to offer to Our Lady of Victories, Patroness of Karonga, in grateful homage for this victory over Satan added to all the others already won in this Mission.

1. Gemma Normand, Trois-Saumons, P.Q.

To a Snowflake

What heart would have thought you? —

Past our devisal

(O filagree petal!)

Fashioned so purely,

Fragilely, surely,

From what Paradisal

Imagineless metal,

Too costly for cost?

Who hammered you, wrought you,

From argentine vapour? —

"God was my shaper

Passing surmised,

He hammered, He wrought me,

From curled silver vapour,

To lust of His mind; —

Thou couldst not have thought me!

So purely, so palely,

Tinily, surely,

Mightily, frailly,

Inscupled and embossed,

With His hammer of wind,

And His graver of frost.

Francis Thompson

THE FIRST OF THE BLACKS

Sister MARIE THEODORE(1), M.I.C.

Dedicated to my former pupils in Granby

A magnificent figure of history is Toussaint Louverture, most illustrious son of the black race. I am sure all of you are eager to hear the story of his glorious but tragic career. More than once, in days gone by when it was my privilege to teach at your school, I have seen your bright eyes glowing with enthusiasm at the recital of the noble deeds of heroes and heroines of ages past. The life of the First of the Blacks will no doubt stir your admiration and awaken your sympathetic interest.

Toussaint's Homeland

Haitian origins were glamorous and tragic. Columbus discovered the island on December 6, 1492, when he made a landing at what is now called Môle St. Nicholas, on its northwest corner. On Christmas day, 1492, the *Santa Maria* was wrecked on a reef near the present Cap Haitien, on the north coast. There Columbus established the first European settlement in the Western Hemisphere. He named the island *La Isla Espanola* which geographers soon corrupted to *Hispaniola*.

In Toussaint's time (1746-1803) thirty thousand European settlers ruled the island's destinies. At their service they had twenty-eight thousand mulatto freedmen and over five hundred thousand slaves. The latter irrigated the land, drained hundreds of acres, and built palaces for their white masters to live in. While a half-million unfortunate human beings toiled for them under the lash of cruel overseers who drove them until they dropped in their tracks, the planters led lives of luxury and extravagance.

Haiti's Bloody Slave Uprising

The island was at the zenith of its prosperity, romance, and glamor when the long-oppressed and tortured slaves revolted. Freed mulattoes were spared, but white settlers were slain, in most cases, with unspeakable torture.

1. Lucienne Gadoury, St. Elisabeth de Joliette.

Gone were the great plantations and overseas commerce. From that bloody saturnalia of arson, mayhem, and murder, Haiti of today has risen. Since the fatal date of August 1791, no white man has ever ruled it.

A Hero's Nickname

We learn from historical records that Toussaint Louverture was born at the Breda plantation, about two and a half miles from Cap Francais, today Cap Haitien. Francois Dominique Toussaint was the grandson of a tribal king and the son of Prince Gaou Guinou, slave of Count Noe, and of an Aradas Negro woman called Pauline. His physique was far from being attractive. This explains the nickname of Fatras Baton (broken stick) which clung to him throughout his childhood.

What Toussaint lacked in mere exterior advantages, he more than made up by a noble character, a brilliant intellect, a heart on fire with love and ambition for his despised, downtrodden race. Bayon de Libertat, governor of Breda, soon appreciated the exceptionally gifted boy-slave and appointed him his private coachman, then later his overseer in the plantation. The taming of wild horses and burros in the savannah contributed in toughening the young man's naturally feeble constitution. His father gave him notions of botany while his godfather, Pierre Baptiste, taught him the three R's. Francois Dominique grew up into a steady, religious, upright man. One of his enemies who once saw him fighting like a lion in battle exclaimed, "I knew Toussaint could pray the beads one hundred times a day, but I did not know he could chop off heads at the same rate". Meanwhile, the diligent slave studied Epitectus, Military Memoirs, Plutarch, and Raynal. It is related that he shed tears as he read in the History of the two Indies, "The black Spartacus will come to avenge the insults heaped up on his despised race..." Did Toussaint then have the premonition that he would become the liberator of his own beloved people? Who knows...

In 1777, his master freed him. Suzanne Simon also a freed slave became his bride in 1784.

Liberty for the Blacks

The French Revolution which broke out in 1791 had a terrific impact on the island. For years, the oppressed slaves had been plotting in the dark to regain their liberty and oust the hated whites from the land; this was their longed-for opportunity. Bloody encounters took place in the east where the Spanish had the upper hand; the British fled to the northwestern part of the island while the mulattoes retreated to the mountains. From 1793 to 1800 he fought the Spaniards and wrested from them all the cities under their dominion; General Maitland, he forced to capitulate and then allowed him to retreat to Jamaica. When the French Republican troops

rebelled against General Laveaux and imprisoned him with his retinue, Toussaint rushed to the Cap and laid down this ultimatum, "If Laveaux and his men are not liberated within two hours, I myself will deliver them." Laveaux, as soon as he was free, nominated Toussaint lieutenant-governor of the colony. Before the entire population the French General declared, "The black Spartacus has risen! I will do nothing that he does not approve; he will guide me in all my ways." Hearing how bravely Toussaint fought against the enemies of his race, Laveaux exclaimed, "Toussaint gets in everywhere. He makes 'ouvertures' (openings) wherever he passes." Repeated to Toussaint, this remark led him to adopt as family name Louverture instead of Breda, from the place where he was born.

At this period of his career, the hero was of small build, spare but wiry. His forehead was high and noble; the expression of his face where shone two luminous black eyes, was gentle yet full of dignity and even of majesty; his mouth was small, his lips thick and protruding; his voice was grave and mellow.

The First of the Blacks Versus

The First of the Whites

In 1801, the French colonists could not but praise the prosperity and order resulting from the new Constitution proclaimed by Toussaint, not out of any personal ambition, but out of the desire to safeguard the liberty of the black race. Haiti was rising from its ruins. The black dictator had numerous secretaries to whom he dictated as many as a hundred letters a day. He kept hundreds of swift horses all over his territory. Always on the go, he never disclosed the hour of his departure from one place or of his arrival in another. Idleness was not tolerated in the young Republic where slavery had been entirely abolished. The liberator himself gave the example, living a life of great austerity, shunning pleasures and luxury; at night, he slept scarcely more than two hours. All the rest of his time he dedicated to the regeneration of his people.

Meanwhile, in France, Napoleon had seized the reins of power. With one stroke of his pen, the Little Corporal condemned Cayenne and Martinique to undergo anew the degradation of slavery. As he appeared somewhat hesitant over the fate of Haiti, someone suggested that the island should be left to govern itself under the providential guidance of the black governor who had succeeded in blending the different African peoples into a new Haitian nation. On the other hand, Napoleon deeply resented the Parisian persiflage which dubbed the liberated slave, the "Black Napoleon." How could the Eagle be expected to feel sympathy for this glorious shadow threatening to darken his own brilliant renown? Such comparisons infuriated him. He grew still more incensed when Toussaint dared address himself to him on a footing of equality in a letter forwarded to the French government, "The

First of the Blacks" to the "First of the Whites". Angrily tossing the offensive manuscript aside, the "First of the Whites" then and there decided on the ruin of the "First of the Blacks."

Spies engaged in the Haitian governor's service abroad, warned him of impending doom. Immediately he set to work to organize the defensive, for an army was on its way from France to chastize the insolence of the negroes. Astride his battle horse, Bel Argent, Toussaint rode all over the island urging the freed slaves to action. Could they remain indifferent when their liberty was again at stake? On February 1, 1892, the French fleet appeared before the bay of Samana; on board the eighty-six vessels were twenty-two thousand soldiers under the command of General Leclere, the First Consul's own brother-in-law.

Seeing this huge fleet, Toussaint exclaimed, "All France has come to reduce us once again to slavery." Turning to his staff he ordered, "Destroy all that may serve the enemy's purpose. Let the invader set foot on burning savannah; let him find only poisoned wells and impassable routes." Leclere hoped to win an easy victory over the seven thousand black soldiers of Haiti's little army. The French General soon learned that Toussaint was not to be easily vanquished. After two months of fighting he wrote to Napoleon, "The Blacks will not capitulate; they would rather die. I have already lost half of my army and cannot hope to safeguard French honor unless you send me reinforcements in the shortest possible delay."

Tragedy Stalks the Hero

Despairing of their victory, the French simulated conciliation. They issued the following proclamation to the harassed negroes, "Contrary to what that man, Toussaint, asserts, we have not come to enslave the people of Haiti. Join the ranks of our army and your rights will be assured." The black officers were too easily deceived by these fair promises, but not so their valiant chief. To Leclere he sent the following dignified message, "I could keep your men at bay much longer. I could easily refuse all security to any white man outside of his camp... but the further shedding of human blood is deeply repugnant to me. Guarantee the liberty of my nation and I will cease warfare."

Leclere swore to procure for Toussaint the imperial protection and for the island, entire liberty. The French General reviewing his own well-equipped troops and the ragged, almost defenceless black guard surrounding the hero queried, "Louverture, where would you have found munitions to keep on fighting?"

"I would have taken yours," boldly replied the Haitian leader.

A few days later, Toussaint retired to his country residence at Ennery. Leclere, however, was still uneasy. Marsh fevers would soon incapacitate

hundreds of French soldiers. The black dictator who had not lost his prestige, could easily profit by this situation to force the invaders from the island. Under pretext of consulting his old experience, the French invited Toussaint to a Council held at Pont Gaudin. He could not help feeling dubious about these overtures, but at last he gave his consent and set out for the assembly. Going back on his oath, Leclere treacherously caused Toussaint to be arrested in the name of the General Captain, stripped him of his saber, had him bound with ropes, and led on foot to Gonaives where he was forced on board "The Hero" about to sail for France. Standing on the deck of the vessel that was to bear him into exile, Toussaint gravely prophesied, "In wresting me from my native land, you have only chopped down the trunk of the tree of liberty. It will grow again, for its roots are deep and strong."

When the black officers and soldiers learned of this treacherous act, they rose up as one man to avenge the honor of Haiti. As flag they chose the French standard from which they tore out the white part.

Meanwhile Leclere succumbed to yellow fever and the fortunes of the French army went from bad to worse. The cruel Rochambeau, newly appointed General, vainly sought to stem the tide of indignation surging over the island and spurring its sons to military success. He was brought to his knees by the ex-slave Dessalines who won the glorious battle of Verture, May 18, 1803. Haiti had at last gained its independence.

"My Son, Forget that France Killed Your Father . . ."

These sublime words were the last that our hero wrote to his son before he was found dead in his cold, grim dungeon of Joux.

Upon his arrival in Paris, Toussaint had immediately been thrown into prison. Napoleon sent his secretary Caffarelli to inquire where he had hid the immense treasures left on his home island. The prisoner replied with quiet dignity, "Young man, tell your master I have indeed lost untold treasures, but they are not what he thinks."

He was finally incarcerated at the castle of Joux, in a dungeon facing the eternal snows of Switzerland's icy peaks. The child of the sunny south was doomed to an early death in this living tomb of cold masonry. In winter, the flagstones were covered with ice; in summer, they remained damp and dirty. The prisoner was allotted only five francs a day for his upkeep. This sum was afterwards reduced to three francs by Napoleon. Later, at St. Helena, this same Napoleon was to complain loudly that the English allowed him a mere \$6,000.00 a month for his living! In his exile, he ranted against his house, his furniture, his food, his bedding; nothing was good enough for him.

Compare the whiner of St. Helena and the noble hearted negro who faced a drawnout death without a murmur. Who was the greater hero?

PRISON

MEMOIRS

Sister St. Victor's (1) Account

(Continued)

In a Dungeon

From June 30 to September 24, we were consigned to a regular dungeon. This room measured about eight feet square; it was closed by a heavy, padded door with a circular opening cut through its thickness to facilitate frequent inspections. Every quarter of an hour a guard looked in.

In this dungeon, I tried to follow my regular convent schedule as closely as possible. I rose at 5.30 a.m., said my morning prayers, and prayed the first part of my Rosary. It was then time to be led out, under guard, to snatch a sketchy toilet with about a glassful of water at my disposition. The dungeons were opened one after the other to avoid meetings between prisoners.

Only two meals a day did we have. We spent our time praying, (in our hearts) singing, and *thinking!* As we were totally ignorant about our ultimate fate, we daily commended ourselves to God's paternal keeping trying to live in perfect and loving abandonment to His divine Will. After each meal, I took the habit of saying, "May this food be as profitable to my body as it is to my soul." Once, when we were able to converse, Sister Superior(1) told me she also recited the selfsame prayer, asking God to give our insipid rice the virtue of the manna which delighted the wandering Israelites, and to change the hot water that was served us instead of tea or coffee into a strengthening beverage.

One day, onions were added to our rice menu. Sister Superior tapped on the wall and merrily chanted, "Rice and onions, rice and onions." The next day she announced, "Onions and rice, onions and rice!"

During the meal she exclaimed, "This really tastes like first-class ham!" Confinement in a Red gaol, could not dampen her spirits.

Every Sunday morning, we sang High Mass; in the afternoon, we sang the hymns and oremus of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sister Superior taught her Chinese companions the words of the French hymn, "Bonsoir, bonsoir, douce Marie." What a consolation it was to have them join with

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

her in singing the praises of Our Blessed Mother; before going to sleep, they softly hummed the air in such a way that the guardians would not hear. One day I heard her exclaim, "Mother, Mother!" It was her usual cry in time of distress. Then she added, "How much one must suffer in order to save souls!" From my own dungeon I returned. "Yes, one must suffer, but it is grand to suffer for such a great cause, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed it is," she replied.

We did not then know that the entire Catholic world was praying for us, poor little missionary Sisters imprisoned for Christ's sake. We were strangely happy and courageous in our dungeon, and now we know whence came the supernatural strength that we felt upholding us throughout our trial. How could so many prayers have been left unanswered?

My Profession of Faith

On October 17, the Reds decided to transfer all the women prisoners of Lam Sek Taou to the Sail Chuen Prison. We left in the Black Maria, forty-seven prisoners packed as sardines. Other women having been brought from elsewhere, we soon numbered 104 in all. Five rooms were set aside for the prisoners. We found ourselves separated again one Canadian in each room, but as there were no doors to the different sections, we could easily see one another. In this prison there were tiers of bunks each capable of accommodating ten or eleven persons.

Intensive Communist indoctrination began for all the prisoners. In the morning, we were forced to undergo two hours of strenuous military exercises while in the afternoon we were made to play childish games and sing Red ditties. At first, the lessons were on more or less indifferent subjects. Little by little, however, the indoctrination took a religious turn for our own personal edification. We were not without knowing that whoever does not think as the Reds think and makes it known is simply inviting trouble. The ordinary punishment for such "unruly" thinking is having one's feet bound in chains. In prison, we were strictly forbidden to mention even the name of God and to pray.

One fine day, the Communist classes touched upon the subject of evolution. The first line to be learnt by rote was the following:

"Once upon a time, there was a germ. Every living organism can be explained only through evolution." All the women prisoners who were non-Christians repeated the sentence. When my turn came to recite, I quietly remarked, "You know that I am not only a Catholic, but a missionary Sister. Eighteen years ago, I came to China to teach those who were still ignorant

of the fact that God, the only true God, created heaven and earth and all things. You people say that man evolved from a monkey, but where did the first monkey come from?"

"The monkey came from the first germ," severely quoted the professor.

"But whence came the first germ?" I queried. The professor was silent,

"This first germ came from God," I went on.

"You must not repeat such absurdities. At any cost, you must be brought to think as others think. In your heart of hearts, of course, you may believe what you like, but outwardly you must learn to obey orders. If you refuse to do so, your feet will be chained."

"I will obey in all things that are not against the law of God. I do not enjoy the idea of being fettered with chains any more than you do; nevertheless even if I should remain in chains for the remainder of my life, I will always assert that God exists."

"Then, why does He not deliver you from our hands?"

"I do not deserve such a favor. He will deliver me whenever He sees fit to do so. In His love I trust, and I am happy to be imprisoned for His dear sake."

"Do you mean that God put you in prison?"

"No, God did not put me in prison, but He allowed the People's Government to do so. Nothing happens without His permission."

"If the jailers do not bring you any food as they are threatening to do, will God feed you?"

"That is not necessary, I will suffer from hunger, and perhaps die of it in the end, but after all, what does it matter? Man's body is just a handful of dust . . . The soul alone matters for it can never, never die. But why insist on the obvious?"

The Red teacher wrote beside my name.

"She says that there is a God who has created all things. We tried to convince her of the contrary but she remains ungovernable." Some time later, the jailer entered the classroom and sternly rebuked me for my boldness. "You must absolutely believe that evolution explains everything, and that man came from a monkey."

"Believe that all you want" I retorted. "For my part, I do not favor any monkey ancestry" . . . After a few more sessions of indoctrination, we were given work to do and the Red teacher was dismissed. Her threats were never carried out.

(To be continued)



On September 4, 1952, our missionary Sisters en route
with Our Holy Father



*route for Africa were admitted to a private audience
Father, Pope Pius XII.*



AFRICAN BOY

HERO

Mr. LUIS MTONGA

Langton Tembo lives at Cidyaka, Magodi, near the frontiers of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. On the morning of June 27, 1952, a huge leopard, rampaging for food, snatched the fattest fowls in the Tembo hen house. The indignant proprietor rushed inside his hut to secure a club with which to kill the marauder. The wily animal scenting danger hid behind a clump of bushes. When his enemy stepped out of the hut into the open, he sprang at him and savagely held his left arm in vice-like jaws. A terrible struggle ensued in which the man was soon vanquished.

Drawn to the spot by his father's agonizing cries, Langton seized a miserable axe that he found nearby and bravely attacked the powerful beast. With one stroke of his hatchet, he crashed open the leopard's skull; another stroke felled him powerless to the ground.

African boy hero with his professor



During this epic fight, the boy kept up yelling in such a terrifying manner that he soon had the whole village running to his hut. Imagine the people's surprise! They found the young, blood-spattered hero trying to carry his bleeding father away; on the ground, beyond any further mischief, a superb leopard was lying in a pool of blood.

The wounded man was at first removed inside his hut. Later, the village elders decided to have him taken to the Chindi dispensary where he would be better cared for.

All Cidyaka and even all Africa now rings with the praises of this boy hero. His wonderfully courageous act will not soon be forgotten for the story of his bravery is faithfully recounted by the village chiefs as they sit about the camp fires at night.



GENTLEMAN OF JAPAN

Sister ST. ANN(I), M.I.C.

At our dispensary we had successfully treated Mr. Ouchi's small daughter for frightful burns she had suffered on her face and shoulders. To show us his gratitude, this Japanese gentleman invited us for a visit to his home village where Sisters had never yet been seen.

During the New Year holiday celebrations we set out in Rev. Father Trahan's jeep for this pagan locality on the shores of Lake Inawashiro. Mr. Ouchi's house we found to be a flimsy two-room structure so small that, at dinner time, our host asked us to cross over to his uncle's somewhat larger home.

1. Marie Louise Gosselin, St. Sophie de Megantic.

While we did honor to the New Year country fare arranged on our lacquered trays in more than a dozen quaint diminutive dishes, Mr. Ouchi told us something of his life history. He had once been living in very comfortable circumstances. That was before the disastrous overthrow of the Imperial Army bent on world conquest. As a superior officer, he had been assigned to a lucrative post in Manchuria during the heyday of Japanese occupation in that country.

When the tide of war turned and the descendants of the gods faced the humiliation of unconditional surrender, grim orders emanating from Military Headquarters reached him; as a high-ranking official, he was called upon to commit harakiri (suicide) after liquidating his wife and child. When he brought the sad news home to his youthful bride, she laid out their finest kimono and made the traditional preparations to drink the farewell *sake* with all the poise demanded of the wife of a samurai (knight). The crucial test was reached when the time came to kill their darling, one-year-old baby girl. What parent could summon the awful courage to nip this young life in the bud? Casting the dagger aside, Mr. Ouchi, hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. At this crisis, a friendly neighbor rushed in to urge immediate flight on the head of the family. With a last despairing look at his wife and child, Mr. Ouchi followed this advice, and fled under disguise. Enemies swiftly overtook him, however, and during four years he endured untold sufferings and humiliations in a Siberian concentration camp. That he was finally repatriated he regards as almost miraculous.

His father-in-law was the only one to meet him as his vessel docked in the Japanese port. With a crestfallen look on his gaunt, emaciated face, the returned soldier timidly advanced and sadly murmured, "Father, I beg your forgiveness. I have killed my wife and child." He nearly collapsed when his father-in-law quietly replied, "No, no, you have not killed them. There is no need to worry. Both are waiting for you at home." O the joyful reunion that took place a few hours later! After her husband's departure, Mrs. Ouchi had fled with her child to the Korean border. For months, she had worked as a drudge to keep alive and procure food for the baby. After a series of breath-taking adventures she had managed to come safely home to Koriyama.

God must certainly have special designs on this man who faced death so many times as his battle-scarred body attests. "What thoughts were yours when your life thus hung in the balance?" we queried. As our host hesitantly replied that he did not remember having thought of anything special, we grasped the occasion to tell him about the soul's immortal life.

Intruding in on this serious conversation, his charming little daughter shyly came forward and made a graceful bow. She bears hardly any noticeable scars on her face although she was nearly burned to death by the upsetting of a saucepan filled with boiling oil. An act of charity he had performed on the very day of the accident, explains this really remarkable recovery, affirms Mr. Ouchi, "I had just boarded a tramway in Tokyo," he went on to relate, "when I felt a hand seizing my billfold in my pocket. Quickly facing about, I caught the culprit red-handed. What was my surprise to find a bashful, eighteen-year-old girl, shabbily dressed, playing the role of a pickpocket!

'What do you mean by robbing me of my money,' I ranted.

Trembling and shamefaced, the young girl asked.

'Are you a policeman?'

'I am not, but I insist on knowing why you robbed me?'

'Don't be too hard on me,' she pleaded with tears in her eyes. 'You see, my sister and brother-in-law have recently died and have left their little boy in my care. I stole your money to buy medicine for him because he is sick.'

'I want to make sure you are telling me the truth. We will get off at the next stop and you will take me to your rooms.'

The young girl had not lied. I found these two living in such destitution that I gave the girl three-fourths of the money she had restored, keeping only what I strictly needed for my fare to Koriyama. After giving her some fatherly advice on the evils of stealing, I wrote down my address and told her to call on me if she got into further trouble. When I reached home in the evening, I found my own darling little girl swathed in bandages and in an almost dying condition. Thanks to your care, she pulled through safely, but I like to think that God left me my baby because of the help I had given to one of His children in distress."

In the village where he lives, Mr. Ouchi is respected and loved for his ever recurring kindnesses and good turns. The poor know the way to his house. Never do they go away empty-handed. Many a destitute student, eager to keep on with his studies, has been helped by him on his way to higher knowledge. Mr. Ouchi really has the makings of a saint. Pray that God may soon grant this noble-hearted gentleman of Japan the light to follow Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.



Japanese Teachers on a Holiday

Sofia GOES HOME TO GOD

Sister ST. FRANCES(1), M.L.C.

Somewhere in Northern Nyasaland, twelve years ago, Sofia was born, a healthy, bouncing baby of whom Mamma Tereza felt very proud indeed. In the weather-beaten hut, the child was like a gay sunbeam.

It happened when Sofia was a merry toddler of two, eager to explore the mysterious jungle world about her. One day, Tereza decided to hoe her small garden patch just outside the village. In order to keep her little girl out of mischief, she entrusted her to an aunt who agreed to take care of her for the day. The baby enjoyed herself a good deal riding pickaback as her guardian went about her household chores. Tragedy struck when Auntie, with her water jug gracefully balanced on her kinky hairdo, sauntered down an incline that led to a pool. Recent rains had made the narrow path slippery. With her precious burden tied to her back, the woman slipped and rolled down to the water's edge. She was none the worse for her fall, but Sofia seemed to have suffered some serious injury. She cried and fretted for days on end. As she grew older it became evident, that she would remain a hopeless cripple. Her spine had been injured in the fall.

With her sturdy Christian outlook on life, Tereza resigned herself to God's Will. She wrote the sad news to her pagan husband who worked in the mines of South Africa, but he answered only to curse his wife and accuse her of carelessness. With his crippled daughter, he refused to have anything further to do. Of what use could a hunchback be to him? Sofia could no longer be expected to bring in a rich dowry of cattle when time came to give her in marriage; she might as well be dead as far as her father was concerned.

As the years went on, the crippled girl slowly recovered the partial use of her legs; she walked bent in two and with great difficulty. She was never heard to complain, but she had lost her merry disposition and scarcely ever smiled. When we arrived at Katete her mother asked to help us with our household work. Sofia followed her to the convent; we often found her quietly sitting beside the stove in the kitchen or basking in the sunshine out in the

Lucienne Dandurand, St. Clet.



Sister Mary of the Angels
 (Alice Pepin, Warwick)
 with two black treasures of Katete Orphanage.

garden. She soon became very fond of the Sisters. At school she learned so quickly that at six she was ready to make her First Holy Communion.

Tereza had been with us for a few years, when her husband unexpectedly wrote to announce his return to his native village. His wife had no choice but to leave us and "cook" for her man as he demanded. No joyful home-coming this, for wife and child both feared the somber, pagan head of the family. It was a very real sacrifice for the child to leave the convent and live in the cheerless family hut.

In February, Sofia became dangerously ill. She asked as a favor to be transferred to the Mission Hospital where she received the Last Rites. How happy she felt to be surrounded with Christians! Death held no terrors for one whose life had been filled with pain and sorrow. Once, the chief of her village called to see her with some of his pagan followers. Being a fanatic, he did not want this member of his clan to die outside of his tribal territory. The dy-

ing girl heard him telling his men to make preparations to carry her back home. Her old spirit flared up then and she said to her mother: "If I am not allowed to die at the Catholic Mission, I'll ask God to send a big punishment to the people of my village." This was enough to frighten the chief, for all Africans stand in mortal dread of the spirits of the dead. Sofia had her way. She died early on a February morning and before sunset of the same day, she was buried in the shadow of the cemetery Calvary, at the Catholic Mission compound.

HAITIAN

LANDSCAPES

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

How would you like to visit a peasant habitation in Haiti? The word habitation is used in a much broader sense here than in our own northern countries. Just try to picture a rambling, rural homestead ruled over by a benignant paterfamilias surrounded by numerous sons and grandsons. The habitation consisting of several huts clustered about the principal "caille," reminds one of a tiny peaceful hamlet where family life is lived intensely, where joys and sorrows, labor and repose are shared in the most cordial mutual understanding.

Before climbing atop the wooded knoll where Mr. Paul's family village nestles, let us pause for a few moments to admire the gorgeous flamboyant spreading its scarlet beauty like a flaming accolade over the front gate. Along the narrow path leading to the summit of the clearing, nine or ten white-washed huts play hide-and-seek among the mangos and coconuts. In the courtyard, in front the principal caille, donkeys, goats, and hens live on the best terms with one another and with the young fry.

"Good morning Mr. Paul!"

The master of the house, a handsome type of the Haitian peasant, turns from the scrutiny of little mounds of coffee beans drying in the sun, to bid us a hearty welcome. "Ah, Me a yo!" (Ah, the Mothers!)

At this time of the day, the yard is filled with animation. In the warm sunshine, fat black babies toddle about among the donkeys and goats. With sticks stuck through lemons little boys manufacture tops that spin just as well as any of our sophisticated toys back home. Two girls of ten or twelve are winnowing rice, then spreading it out to dry on a *laid*. The rhythm to this rural orchestra is furnished by Levie and Jucia, the eldest daughters who industriously wield their huge wooden pestles preparing the dinner *tom tom*.

Let us follow Mr. Paul inside his thatch-roofed hut. One table, a few chairs, and a cupboard make up the furniture of the common room; in the rear, the unique family bedroom boasts one huge bed, a trunk, and a *dodine* (rocking chair). Half of this room is left empty so that in the intervening space the children may spread out their sleeping mats when night comes.

With jovial, characteristic Haitian hospitality Mrs. Paul bids us be seated

1. Jeanne Guinois, Ville St. Michel.

to sip a cup of her strong, fragrant coffee. In the *ajoupa* (kitchen) set apart from the *caille* proper, Mamma, with unsurpassed skill, cooks the national *pois et riz* (rice and peas).

Now, let us accompany Mr. Paul outside, to admire his vegetable garden and his orchards. According to local custom, a coconut tree is planted at the birth of every child. Along the undulating slopes, spread sizable coffee plantations; below, in the fertile valley, waves of green millet ripple in the breeze. Nearer the *caille*, are patches of *carabes*, yams, and sweet potatoes. Against the dark foliage of the knoll, the banana plot throws a shade of lighter green. Farming in these plantations is arduous and primitive. Up before the dawn the peasant strides to his holdings, a long-handled hoe over his shoulder, the inevitable machete at his side. His wife sometimes helps with the hoeing and weeding.

In the evenings, how pleasant it is for all to gather in the central *caille*, around the beloved grandparents. The smoky rafters re-echo with merry laughter as humorous incidents of the day are related, and kinky heads get together to solve the riddles proposed by the elders.

Living in close union during life, the Haitian family faithfully keeps the memory of those who have gone on before. The dead are buried near their homesteads in graves that really seem to be homey, little huts where frequent visits are made and fresh flowers daily carried. May all these good people taste one day the ineffable bliss of reunion with all their dear ones in the glorious habitation prepared above by Papa bon Die.



in the shadow of the cemetery
Haitian Habitation

The Martyr of Futuna

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

On June eighteenth, 1838, he wrote, "The king told me of a sick child in Laloa, on the other side of the island. I went there in all haste. The baby was asleep in the arms of a blind old woman. I drew near and caressed her gently, but she did not notice me. After sprinkling a few drops of perfumed oil about the room, I got some water with which I baptized the child, giving her the name, Mary Marcella. Afterwards I asked the baby's name, and they told me it was Vehe. To allay all suspicion I repeated it and the names of all who were standing near. On the way home I recited the *Te Deum* again and again in thanksgiving."

Writing to Father Bataillon of this joy, he said that he intended to give to each person he baptized the name of the Queen of Heaven and of the saint of the day. A child whom he had the happiness to baptize on the thirty-first of July he called Mary Ignatius. Learning of her death, not long afterward, he wrote exultingly, "What joy I feel to have opened heaven to that soul! I thank God again and again. We think it more prudent not to suggest Christian burial, because none of the natives know that she was baptized and there are some who, if they did know, would lay her death at my door."

On August twenty-third, when unvesting after Mass, he heard weeping and wailing not far from the king's house. "I went quickly in the direction whence the sounds came, until I reached a house crowded with men and women, all of them covered with blood from having savagely torn their faces. An old woman was very ill, and blood from her husband's self-inflicted wounds made her frightful to behold. It was a long time before I could make myself heard, for the people's cries drowned my voice. At last I succeeded in begging and obtaining permission to speak to the sick woman, and I asked her if she would not like to become a Christian before she died. Added to my grief of not being able to explain our fundamental doctrines very well, I had that of hearing the poor old soul answer no, to everything I suggested. I could only go away, saying goodbye to those who still stood near the bed. The crowd had dwindled; all the men were gone, and there remained in the house only some women and a few children.

"At noon I went back. I showed that I was surprised that they had given the old woman nothing to drink and were taking no care of her. My interest seemed to touch her; she looked at me more kindly, and I took advantage of her softened attitude to speak to her again of our religion. This time she listened willingly. I tried every means I knew to teach her the most important articles of faith, and suggested some little aspirations. I went away, then, telling her that I would see her again after an hour.

"On my return she looked at me confidently and took my hand in hers, telling me that she had had food and drink in my absence. I continued my instruction and in the end baptized her. Her name is Mary Ann." Father Chanel saw her the following day and noted in his journal that she was happy to have become a Christian.

She died on the twenty-seventh of August and was buried the next morning. "The vehement grief of the natives prevented my insisting on Christian burial. I contented myself with saying Mass for the repose of her soul."

These baptisms were the first fruits of the mission of Futuna. Heaven was richer for the harvest, and who can say how much the little island owes to the prayers of Mary Marcella, Mary Ignatius and Mary Ann?

Whenever an opportunity presented itself, he spoke of Christ and of His Church, and little by little the people became interested. "Some of the natives say that they wish to become Christians. I do not build on all they say, but from day to day I can see a change in them," he wrote. When a young man told him that the king and the most influential among the chiefs did not wish to become Christians themselves and would not allow any one else to do so, he noted the words in his journal and added, by way of comment, "God is the master of all hearts and can convert the most obstinate."

He was careful not to neglect the people of conquered Singave. "Sam's father, an old chief, called Touri-Vao, was brought here during Mass," he wrote one day. "He was perfectly quiet. After making a short thanksgiving I asked him if what he had seen was not beautiful. He said, yes. I told him how much I should like to do the same thing in Singave if I could have a house there, and asked if this would be possible. He said that it would; so I commissioned him to tell the other chiefs on his side of the island that, if they were willing, after Thomas Boog finished our house in Poi he would build one like it in Singave. Touri-Vao said that this would be well, and then went away."

Father Chanel had already obtained permission to build a home in Poi for himself and Brother Mary Nizier, and Thomas Boog was beginning to work upon it. This house, twenty-four feet long by thirteen wide, simple as it was, became the wonder of the island, as Father Chanel wrote in one of his letters to Europe. He blessed it on the fifth of September, and at once moved into it. In its peaceful seclusion he made his yearly retreat, having been unable to do so before the feast of the Assumption, as the rule of the Society prescribes, because at that time he was living in the midst of the confusion of the king's household.

The natives celebrated the completion of Father Chanel's new house by a great feast in honor of the gods. The opening of the festivities was announced by the beating of a drum and many toasts to their deities. The king had invited every one on the conquered side of the island, and he graciously offered kava to a chief of Singave. Provisions were brought from all the valleys and spread before Niuliki; the prime minister then said a prayer, and at its close, by order of His Majesty, the food was distributed among the chiefs of all the valleys and through them to the heads of the various families. After the feasting, dancing commenced, and as long as it continued girls from fifteen to twenty years of age, chosen from the royal family and those of the chiefs, stood near the king in places of honor. They wore their best clothes and were resplendent with red and black paint. Each valley had its own group, and these groups replaced one another from time to time, the representatives of the more important places taking precedence over those from the smaller.

(To be continued)

Missionary Exhibition

in Springfield

To commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Springfield Diocese, a splendid missionary exhibition was held from October 12, through the 19th, in the Industrial Arts Building.

Every minute detail of this huge undertaking had been expertly planned by Springfield's diocesan director of the Society, Msgr. J. Hurley. In the words of Bishop Sheen, "There is no missionary in the field who has ever done so much for the missions as the man who brought this exhibit to a head . . . This is a magnificent tribute to one man — Msgr. Hurley."

His Excellency Most Reverend C. J. Weldon, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, officiated at the Solemn Pontifical Mass on October 12, opening day of the Silver Jubilee Exhibit. The body of the Church was partly filled by visiting missionary Priests, Brothers, and Sisters from all over the United States and even from Canada.

The doors of the exhibition hall in the Industrial Arts Building opened at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon while the formal opening took place in the Coliseum at eight o'clock in the evening. An exhibit with 127 Catholic communities taking part had been set up in the immense hall. Thousands crowded about the 200 booths as early as two o'clock, eager to get a glimpse of what is being done in the missions, the world over. Never before perhaps had so many Catholic missionaries gathered under a single roof to show how contributions are turned into expressions of "My mission is universal." In each of these exhibits, the prayer, sacrifice, zeal, and charity of the missionary life were extolled.

At eight o'clock, a colorful procession with 500 boys and girls garbed as priests, brothers, and sisters taking part, wended its way to the Coliseum. At the head of the children's pageant, marched three small boys in robes of office, portraying a bishop, a cardinal, and the Pope. The heavenly patrons of the missions, Our Lady, Queen of the Missions, St. Teresa, the Little Flower, and St. Francis Xavier were also represented by children suitably robed for the part.

Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, auxiliary Bishop of New York, was the principal speaker at the formal opening of the celebration. Crowds had begun to form at the Coliseum entrance, at six-thirty. By seven, every seat was taken and people jammed the aisles. On this opening day, it is estimated that 37,000 persons passed through the Industrial Arts Building.

On Sunday, October 19, His Excellency Most Reverend C. J. Weldon gave a stirring allocution to all those who had participated in this celebration. Afterwards, a solemn procession of the clergy and religious accompanied the Blessed Sacrament throughout the premises, heartily singing God's praises. Thus was brought to a happy closing, the most remarkable Missionary Exhibition ever held in the United States.

UNGANO**AT CINGAWAWA**

Sister MARIE DELIA(1), M.I.C.

What is an *ungano*? I hear you ask as you scan this article with an African flavor. My own particular version of the word I give you as "an apostolic outing to bring the succor of the sacraments and of Holy Mass to those Christians living at a considerable distance from the principal Mission Centers". Traveling over bumpy roads that wind like goat tracks and wriggle through the hills is certainly no frolic for the bambo. Missioners, however, are inured to these jungle journeyings. Father usually arrives as early as possible on a Saturday morning. As soon as they have installed him in the most convenient hut, native scouts scatter in all directions to apprise the neighboring Christians and catechumens of the priest's coming.

On a Sunday in November, Sister Leon Marie(2) and I accompanied one of the White Fathers on an *ungano* to Cingawawa. After receiving Holy Communion at 5.30 a.m., we set out on our trusty bikes; as guide we had a dusky archangel, Raphael, the catechist. The morning air was fresh and bracing as we rode up hills and down dales. Raphael knew all the short cuts, still it took us a good two hours to reach the outpost. Suddenly, from among the tall reeds, a bevy of black children popped up and greeted us merrily. Our guide dismounted and announced with a flourish that Cingawawa was in view. Was this mushroom-shaped hut the chapel? We could hardly believe it until we saw Reverend R. Legare, W.F., Superior of the Mission Center, standing on the threshold to bid us welcome.

Let those who dream of a life of strictest poverty come to the African wilds. Here they will find mud-walled huts, that serve as churches; where the thatch has not been sufficient to cover the entire roof, patches of blue may be admired through the openings. The floor is of packed dirt with not even a reed mat to cover its bareness. On a wobbly little table, the missioner arranges his portable altar. As missal, he uses his well-worn breviary; the prayer cards and vestments show traces of the wear and tear of former *ungano*. In this jungle Bethlehem, the King of glory deigns to come for the consolation of his creatures. He whose first temple here below was a stable, does not spurn the primitive shacks of Africa's hinterland.

1. Marie Marthe Therrien, Ottawa.
2. Lucille Fontaine, St. Ephrem d'Upton.

At nine o'clock, Holy Mass began. The assistance was almost entirely made up of catechumens, for there are only five Christians as yet in Cingawawa. While Father Superior made his thanksgiving, we went outside to exchange a few words with the natives. Sisters are very seldom seen in these parts. The girls surrounded us, curiously examining our habits. We urged them to attend their little village school so as to learn to read and write and thus be ready to enter the Rumphu Boarding School we intend to open in the near future.

After his frugal breakfast, the missionary called his flock together for a doctrine lesson preceded by morning prayers, hymns, and a simple exhortation on the gospel of the day. More than two hundred persons were crowded inside all sitting on the floor. Two small stools had been fetched for the visiting wamayi (Sisters). We were deeply touched to see with what fervor these catechumens prayed and recited the questions and answers of the catechism. The doctrine lesson over, the school teacher stood up and made a simple little speech engaging the assistants to put the missionary's advice into practice. How surprised we were, when he wound up by telling us Sisters of his happiness in bidding us welcome to Cingawawa!

The ungoro was drawing to a close. None of the natives, however, seemed eager to return home. Sidelong significant glances were cast at the "mink-wala" (medicine) in our bicycle baskets. What Black can resist the sight or smell of medicine? As soon as they see us taking out vials or injections, the natives invariably think up some ache or pain to be submitted to our consultation.

"Leave us a good supply of medicine," they plead. "You live so far away that we cannot visit you often." The Sister Nurse has to keep her eyes open and be extremely prudent, for these big children often surreptitiously snatch medicine bottles and swallow all the contents at once. To their way of reasoning, the bigger the dose, the surer the cure.

Around noon, we ate the lunch we had brought along, then we mounted our bikes to cover the twelve miles to our home mission. We arrived at Rumphu in time for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



We can carry news of God-our-food to distant places, where His love is quite unknown; we can make Him available to the whole world.

Or we can provide for the *housing* of the Eucharist in mission countries. Mission churches and chapels can be built at small expense (as memorials to our dead, maybe); altars can be put up; mass-kits can be provided; or wine and altar-breads can be supplied. (These are all tokens of love that are totally disinterested.)

T. Gavan Duffy

ABOUT ANTS AND LIONS

Sister ST. BERNADETTE(1), M.I.C.

The natives here classify the red ants as belonging to the ferocious termite family. Out on a hunting party, these insects march in regular battle array. When they come to rivers or pools, certain units make bridges of their own bodies solidly clamped to one another and thus form a sort of suspension cable over which the bulk of the army may safely march across. Who would not admire this engineering feat of the insect world?

Woe to the unsuspecting cow who takes a nap in a field which the red ants have chosen as happy hunting ground! She will soon be rudely awakened by a burning sensation in eyes, ears, and nostrils. Worn out with the vexations of millions of bloodthirsty insects, the harried animal soon becomes powerless. Passing through the field on the following day, you will find only Bessie's skeleton.

In not so very ancient times, when a cattle thief was brought before the native king, the latter ordered him to be bound hand and foot and exposed on an anthill. In less than twenty-four hours nothing but bones could be found.

These voracious bandits are especially hard to exterminate. It seems that only foxes surpass them in cunning. Master Reynard, who relishes termites as appetizers, is often seen following the red ant regiments as they hurry over the plain. His handsome tail sweeps over the well-formed ranks and the red ants bravely rush to the attack thinking this furry appendage may well hide a sizable piece of fresh meat. A nimble twist of the head, however, and the fox's tail is within reach of his mouth. "Delicious . . ." soliloquizes Reynard as he trots away to find bigger game.

LIONS HAVE MANNERS

Not very many years ago, a White Father, out hunting, killed a mphoyo species of large stag. Pleased with his successful hunt and not having the time to cut it up before dark, he dragged his catch inside his open, one-room hut and slept the sleep of the just. He slept that is — until he was suddenly

1. Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.



Hut constructed over an anthill.

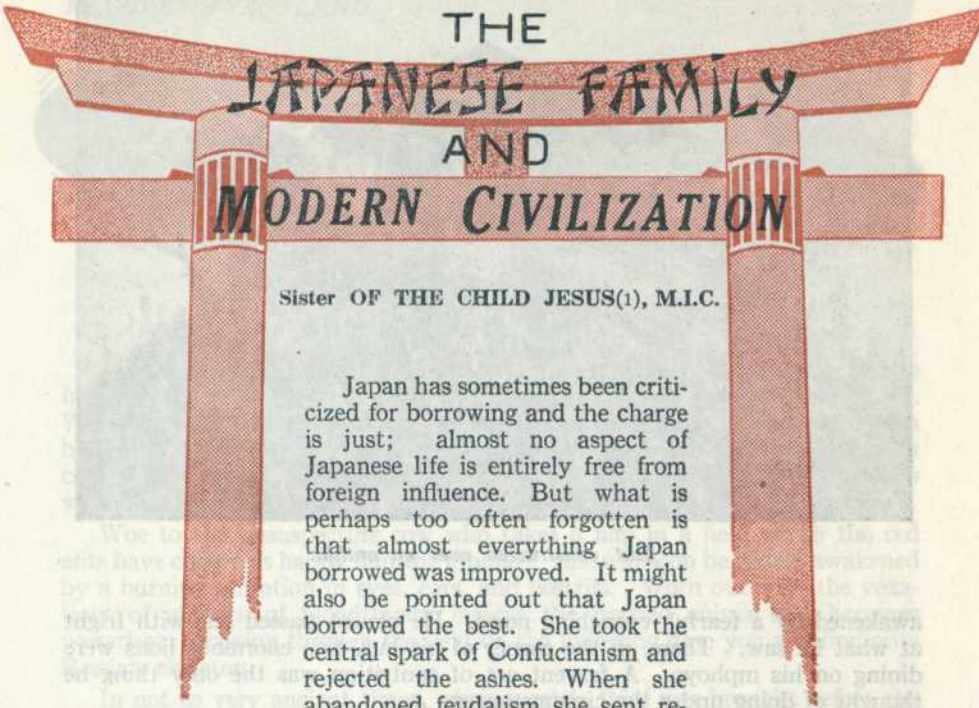
awakened by a fearful, crunching noise. He almost passed out with fright at what he saw. There, in the corner of his hut, two enormous lions were dining on his mphoyo. A fervent act of contrition was the only thing he thought of doing under the circumstances.

Like one in a trance, the petrified missionary looked up again and realized that the kings of the jungle were now licking their royal chops and that he would probably be the next dish on their menu. He closed his eyes and murmured, "Fiat!" After a few minutes, which appeared a century, he ventured to look up again and prepare for the worse. Thanks be to God! The two lions had vanished into the velvety darkness. I have been told that this White Father who still labors in jungle parishes hunting souls for the Lord, has kept the habit of sleeping all doors open.



Only in the Eucharist are the virtues easily learned and fostered. Our Lord, as I have already said, is in the Blessed Sacrament, not merely to distribute His graces but, above all, to be our way and model. Observe Him practising virtue, and you shall know what you have to do. If, therefore, you read the Gospel, visualize it in the Eucharist, and transport the Eucharist into you. Your power of understanding will then be much greater and the meaning of the Gospel much clearer, for you shall have before your very eyes the continuation of what you are reading.

Blessed Peter Julian Eymard



THE JAPANESE FAMILY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION

Sister OF THE CHILD JESUS(1), M.I.C.

Japan has sometimes been criticized for borrowing and the charge is just; almost no aspect of Japanese life is entirely free of foreign influence. But what is perhaps too often forgotten is that almost everything Japan borrowed was improved. It might also be pointed out that Japan borrowed the best. She took the central spark of Confucianism and rejected the ashes. When she abandoned feudalism, she sent research teams to study the rest of the world and take the best that it could offer.

Nobody who is even slightly familiar with Japan will deny that the sons of the *samurai* possess a rare talent of adaptation. Under their rooftrees two civilizations meet on terms of perfect amity: the age-old civilization of the East and the modern civilization of the West.

It has become the custom, in nearly all middle class homes at least, to have one room of the house set apart and furnished in Western style. In this room where the ways and comforts of the West are at your disposal you cannot help being captivated by the refined taste and delicate artistry with which the Japanese know how to blend the old and the new. Radios, phonographs, and other modern appliances do not snub the gliding, paper covered doors or the old-fashioned brazier, but graciously fraternize.

Following the severe rice rationing which occurred during the war, most city dwellers have taken the habit of eating bread daily at least at one meal. Cakes and biscuits of foreign make are also in greater demand than before the war.

Gradually falling into disuse is the graceful kimono which is now rarely worn outside of weddings or funerals. Western clothes are cheaper, more

1. Florentine Dansereau, Vercheres.

convenient, and increasingly popular especially with the younger generation. Many families ruined by the war find it difficult to replenish their empty "tansu" (chests of drawers). A colorful outer silk kimono is worth about thirty-five dollars of our money; the inner one, twenty-five; the coat, thirty-five; the beautiful brocaded sash may cost one hundred dollars or more.

A decade or so ago, a Japanese author wrote to a European acquaintance: "You people are far too complicated in your way of living. For my part, not a single button do I use to fasten my kimono; as footwear, I am content to use simple wooden clogs; two small slits of bamboo I use in lieu of knives and forks; I write with a brush; never as yet has a piece of foreign furniture marred the simplicity of my home." This author has probably been forced to alter his outlook on the encroachments of Western civilization.

At present, no matter how conservative the older people may be, they have to admit that many of their cherished tenets are no longer held sacred. Allowances may be made more or less easily regarding certain non essential changes but most Japanese, on the wrong side of forty, refuse to countenance youthful ideas of independence and of modern liberty which flout ageless traditions of strict social conventions regulating intercourse between men and women.

In the not so distant past, decent Japanese girls were never seen on the streets after dark without an elderly lady as chaperon. Young men refrained from even smiling at women in public, this being considered a serious breach of propriety. From these extremes of rigidity, most young people nowadays have fallen into opposite extremes of flippancy and familiarity that are as shocking as they are unbecoming. Too rapid has been the transition to maintain a wholesome balance.

Still the present situation has its bright points which missionaries are quick to utilize in an all-out effort to lead the youth of Japan, yearning after truth and beauty, to Christ, the Supreme Ideal. In Him they will find what they need; new reservoirs of unplumbed moral strength. In the course of time, Christianity has been enriched by external contributions made by various ethnic groups. For example, Greek philosophy and Roman law became important allies in the expression of the Christian message. Who can say that in the civilization of Japan, there are no cultural elements which in the designs of Providence might be used for the diffusion of the Gospel? Certainly, God has never been wholly lost to any of His creatures. Moreover, it is clear from Holy Scripture that God actually has conditioned nations for the Advent of His divine Son. Might there not, then, be elements of Messianic preparation in Japanese civilization? The Christian outlook on life, brought to the people of Japan, presumes a new kind of *makoto*, "sincerety" which in turn implies an unwonted brand of fortitude, surpassing the most unexampled bravery of the *samurai*. Modern Japanese youth, thanks to Catholicism, will be made worthy of its ancestors.



*Fond Japanese Mamas accompanying their children
to school, Koriyama, Japan.*

NOVITIATE

With Our Novices

Canonical rulings being what they are, travel to distant lands is out of the question for us novices. Once in a while, however, the Lord of the Harvest grants us a foretaste of future missionary joys, by affording us a mental geographical tour through sections of His worldwide mission field.

Such a pleasant imaginary trip was ours to take today, through Haitian cities and villages, thanks to His Excellency Most Rev. Louis Collignon, Bishop of Les Cayes, who called at the novitiate. We were thrilled to hear of his many interesting mission experiences. In this zealous shepherd of souls we could see the admirable combination of happiness, holiness, and kindness. No wonder the Haitian call him "papa nous" (Our Papa)!

The Bishop reminded us of the great work awaiting us in his portion of the Lord's Vineyard and thus gave us added incentive to utilize the present moments advantageously in laying a solid spiritual foundation. Visits such as these spur us to renewed effort in reaching our ultimate goal.

The principal aim of the Bishop of Les Cayes, during the ten years of his episcopate, has been to establish throughout his diocese as many educational centers and Catholic Action units as possible. Catholic schools are the most crying need of the Island. Besides the primary schools now functioning in the principal mission centers, His Excellency wishes to establish Normal Schools and Domestic Science Schools to train future teachers and leaders.

While keeping on the noiseless tenor of our sequestered lives in the novitiate, we will not forget that the heaps of mud or of masonry going into the building of these establishments also need the strong mortar of the interior life, the flaming zeal that beg the graces of conversion and right Christian living, to ensure their solidity. We will keep on hopefully dreaming of the day when our white veils having been dyed to black, we will be ready to swell the ranks of apostolic laborers in Haiti, Japan, Africa, or the Philippine Islands.

Our Beloved Dead



His Excellency Most Reverend J. L. A. Lapierre, Bishop of Szepingkal, Manchuria; Rev. A. Castonguay, pastor, St. Agapit; Rev. Sister Marie Marguerite de Savoie, Sisters of St. Ann; Mr. Ernest Lacombe, Riviere du Loup, father of our Sr. St. Jeanne d'Arc; Mr. Joseph Labonte, Gentilly, father of our Sr. St. Cecilia; Mrs. T. Sauve, Marieville, sister of our Sr. St. Raphael; Mr. Francis Blais, Chicoutimi, brother of our Sr. Eugenie of Jesus; Mr. Laureat Tremblay, St. Fulgence, brother of our Sr. Peter Julian; Mrs. Joseph Jette, Crabtree Mills, grandmother of our Sr. Marie Albini; Mr. George St. Jean, Quebec; Mr. Paul Favreau, St. Constant; Miss Josephine Campeau, Mr. Eusebe Ancil, Mrs. Edgar Ouellette, Mrs. Odias Helie, Miss Ida Vigneault, Mrs. Donat Trudel, Mrs. Jean Charlebois, Montreal; Mrs. B. Longo, Laval-Ouest; Mrs. Edouard Chapeau, Mrs. Alfred Audette, Outremont; Mrs. Thomas Richard, Rosemont; Mr. Anthime Paquette, Mrs. Camille Bastien, St. Vincent de Paul; Mrs. Alfred Latour, Ville Jacques Cartier; Mr. Lucien Deguire, St. Laurent; Mrs. Barbe, St. Martin; Mr. Edmont Ouellette, Pointe Claire; Mr. Adrien Girard, St. Valentin; Mrs. L. P. Le Monnier, Ste. Genevieve; Mr. Dieudonne Gemme, St. Amable; Mr. Hector St. Cyr, Delson Village; Mrs. Adolphe Chene, Mrs. Joseph Labrosse, Oka; Mrs. Leon Gagnon, L'Acadie; Miss Exilia Drapeau, Iberville; Mrs. Hormidas Filion, St. Sauveur des Monts; Mrs. Horace Sigouin, Mont Tremblant; Mr. Alphonse Landry, Brebeuf; Mr. Sergius Emard, Val Barrette; Misses Jeannine et Jeannette Morin, Notre Dame de Pontmain; Mrs. Moise Painchaud, MM. Ernest and Maurice Poirier, Lac Saguenay; Mrs. Bazinet, La Presentation, St. Hyacinthe; Mrs. Wilfrid Pellerin, St. Beatrix; Mr. Isidore Dubeau, St. Felix de Valois; Mrs. Pierre Nadeau, Joliette; Miss Anna Racette, St. Julienne; Mr. J. A. Duval, Mr. Ferdinand Lachance, St. Calixte; Mrs. Rodrigue Bergeron, Miss Aimee Aubin, Miss Anna Bellerose, St. Gabriel de Brandon; Mrs. Philorum Poitras, L'Epiphanie; Mrs. Paul Chevalier, St. Ignace de Loyola; Mrs. Amable Toussaint, Mr. John Hebert, Mrs. J. H. Poirier, Mr. Hector Pelletier, Mrs. Andre Beauregard, Maniwaki; Mr. Wilfrid Sylvestre, Bourlamaque; Mr. Joseph Almanzor Poirier, Mrs. Wenceslas Plante, La Tuque; Mr. Joseph St. Pierre, St. Leon; Mrs. Telesphore Vincent, St. Ursule; Miss Annette Lemire, Trois Rivieres; Mr. Real Gagnon, St. Justin; Mrs. Albert Delisle, St. Croix; Mr. Julien Demers, St. Emelie; Mrs. Auguste Plourde, Levis; Mr. J. V. Richard, St. Pamphile; Mrs. Luc Belanger, Petite Matane; Mrs. Horace Plourde, Riviere du Loup; Mr. Charles Lavoie, Baie St. Paul; Mr. Real Tremblay, Mrs. Arthur Allard, Notre Dame de la Dore; Mr. F. X. Maltais, St. Anne de Chicoutimi; Mrs. Ludger Lapointe, Mr. Adelard Girard, Mrs. Padoue Tremblay, Jonquiere; Mr. Alexandre Beauce, Mrs. L. A. Dubois, Roberval; Mrs. Rene Bouchard, St. Marguerite Marie; Mrs. Alfred Chiasson, St. Jeanne d'Arc; Mr. Joseph Louis Gagne, Mrs. Auguste Gagne, Mr. A. Hudon, Mr. Ludger Tremblay, Mr. Louis Pilotte, Mr. Elz. Rousseau, Mistassini; Mrs. Pitre Savard, St. Augustin; Mrs. Ulysse Bouchard, St. Cœur de Marie; Mr. Origene Bouchard, Ile Maligne; Mr. Rene Tremblay, Arvida; Mr. Joseph Mardeau, Rumford, Me.; Mr. Clodomir Roy, Bristol, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Faribault, New York; Mrs. Rose Gaudette, Springfield, Mass.

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