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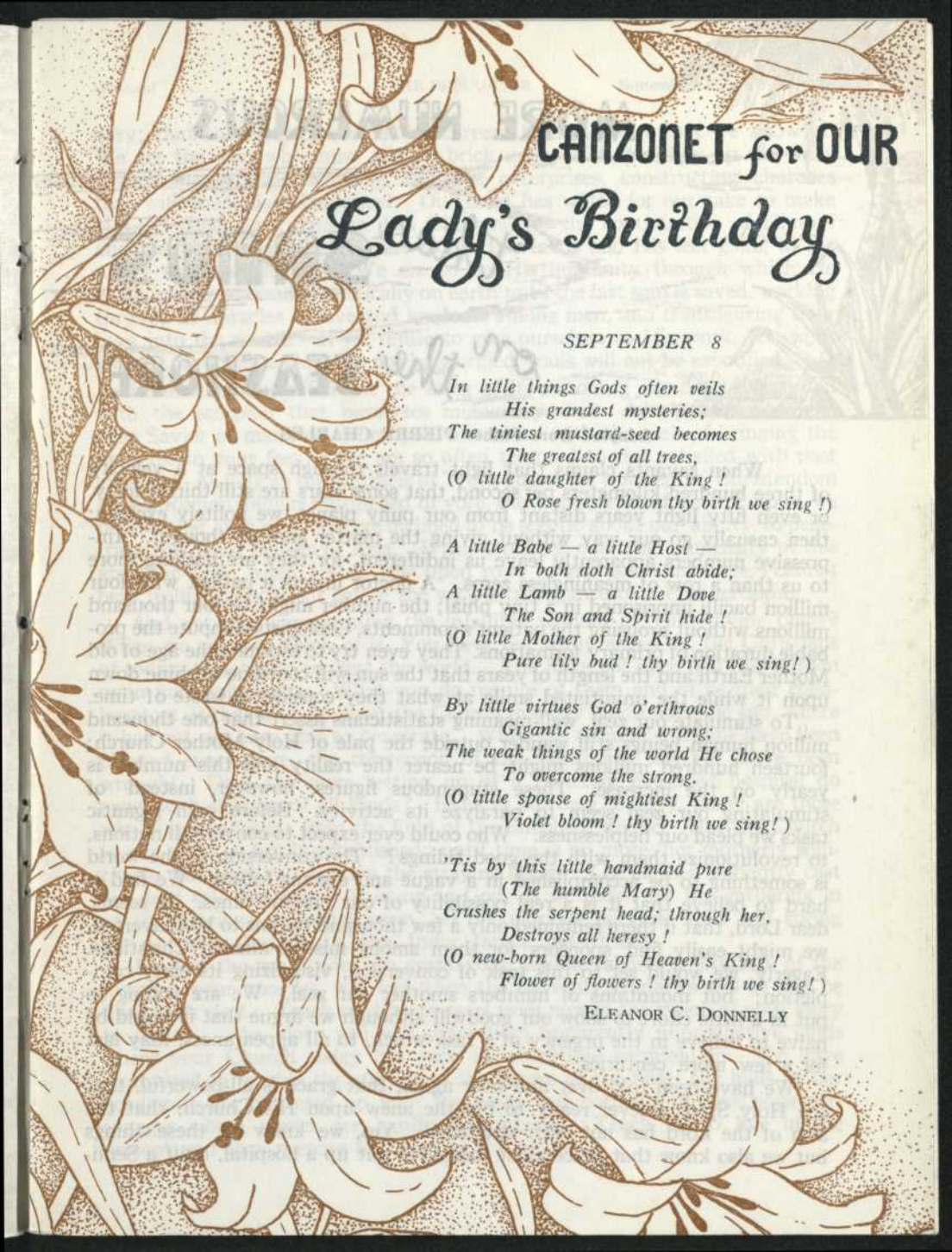
VOL. XIX, No. 5

MONTREAL

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CANZONET for OUR Lady's Birthday

SEPTEMBER 8

In little things Gods often veils
His grandest mysteries;
The tiniest mustard-seed becomes
The greatest of all trees,
(O little daughter of the King !
O Rose fresh blown thy birth we sing !)

A little Babe — a little Host —
In both doth Christ abide;
A little Lamb — a little Dove
The Son and Spirit hide !
(O little Mother of the King !
Pure lily bud ! thy birth we sing !)

By little virtues God o'erthrows
Gigantic sin and wrong;
The weak things of the world He chose
To overcome the strong.
(O little spouse of mightiest King !
Violet bloom ! thy birth we sing !)

'Tis by this little handmaid pure
(The humble Mary) He
Crushes the serpent head; through her,
Destroys all heresy !
(O new-born Queen of Heaven's King !
Flower of flowers ! thy birth we sing !)

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY



MORE NUMEROUS

I have

SANDS

on the

SEASHORE

Adapted from Father PIERRE CHARLES

When savants claims that light travels through space at a velocity of three hundred kilometers per second, that some stars are still thirty, forty, or even fifty light years distant from our puny planet, we politely exclaim; then casually go our way without giving the matter another thought. Impressive numbers apparently leave us indifferent, for they are nothing more to us than a row of meaningless zeros. A doctor injects a patient with four million bacilli imprisoned in a tiny phial; the number might be four thousand millions without arousing the patient's comments. Geologists compute the probable duration of primary formations. They even try to estimate the age of old Mother Earth and the length of years that the sun will continue to shine down upon it while the uninitiated smile at what they consider a waste of time.

To stimulate our zeal, well-meaning statisticians assert that one thousand million human beings still wander outside the pale of Holy Mother Church; fourteen hundred millions might be nearer the reality and this number is yearly on the increase. These stupendous figures, however, instead of stimulating our zeal seem to paralyze its activity. Before such gigantic tasks we plead our helplessness. Who could ever expect to convert all nations, to revolutionize them with the good tidings? The conversion of the world is something to be accomplished in a vague and distant future. We find it hard to believe that it is a real possibility of our present times. It seems, dear Lord, that if there remained only a few thousand pagans to be converted, we might easily find sponsors for them among mission-minded Christians. Eagerly, we would set to this task of conversion, visualizing its early completion; but mountains of numbers smother our zeal. We are willing to put in a little effort to show our goodwill although we argue that it would be naïve to believe in the urgency of a task which, to all appearances, may last for a few more centuries.

We have been told over and over again, that grace is all-powerful, that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to breathe anew upon His Church, that the arm of the Lord has not been straitened. Yes, we know all these things but we also know that grace alone has never put up a hospital, built a Semi-

nary; that the Holy Spirit has no current bank account that we know of. We are the ones who must pile up brick upon brick, building up the walls of our institutions, financing apostolic enterprises, constructing churches that will house our Emmanuel. Our Lord has willed for our sake to make Himself dependent upon us, His followers, for the continuation of Himself and His work on earth. We are to be His Hands and His feet going to the needy and the afflicted. We are to be His humanity through which He will continue to remain mystically on earth until the last soul is saved, working through us miracles of love and kindness among men, and transfiguring their lives into the divine. If we refuse to give ourselves to His work, His work will not be done — God will not be glorified, souls will not be sanctified.

Because I have often felt the sting of its venom, I am fully acquainted with the scorpion that paralyzes missionary zeal. Are you in earnest, dear Savior of mankind, when you entrust us with the task of bringing the universe to your feet? We are so often tempted to rest satisfied with past exploits! As long as the sentinels of Truth guard the frontiers of Christendom as the Roman soldiers sentinelled of yore the boundaries of their Empire we believe that all is well. We are inclined to be sceptic about our ability to penetrate the dense masses of Asia. When I ponder over the immensity of this apostolic task, when I scan row upon rows of impressive numbers, I cannot help feeling despondent before the very extravagance of the undertaking.

And yet who can question the infallible wisdom of Your divine plans? When we come to think of it, You have not really asked us, the Christians of today, to actually convert the world. You have not even laid this burden upon your missionaries. What you do require of them and of us their collaborators, is that we help plant the Church in every land under the sun, where it has not yet been able to penetrate. When the Church will thus have been planted everywhere, the conversion of the world will not yet have been wrought. Does the mere setting up of a perfectly equipped hospital do away with sickness of all kinds? Even in our own country, many are those who still wander far from the Fold of the Shepherd divine. But the Church in our midst is firmly established; until time is no more, her motherly solicitude will reach out to save the straying sheep. Let us then patiently cast our seed into the furrow trusting to God, as we must, for the gathering in of the precious immortal grain. O the glorious harvests that will spring one day from the soil of China, India, Japan, and Africa!

Lord of the multitudes, do grant your humble laborer a foretaste of the joys we, your apostles, will feel when the heavenly granaries will at last be filled with elect. Teach me how to revel even now in the vision of your glory to come . . . the glory you will draw from apparently unproductive lands where your Church today has such imperceptible germination. We have sculptured in marble the statues of the heroes of the past; the halls of our academies are cluttered up with the busts and portraits of illustrious personages whose names are hardly remembered. Teach us to live in the present and thus prepare the glory of the future.



Grateful Homage

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer the homage of their deep-felt gratitude to their Excellencies Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti and Conrad Chaumont who deigned to offer solemn Pontifical Mass in our Motherhouse Chapel, June 2 and 3, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of our Society.

His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic also graciously presided the banquet offered by our Institute, to the members of the Society of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions — the other family born of the zeal of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit — and the presentation of a documentary film representing the work of this ardent mission-minded woman.

The photo on the opposite page was taken while Reverend Alide Lessard, pastor of St. Germaine Cousin Parish and ex-chaplain of the Motherhouse, offered the homage of our Society to the illustrious head of the Canadian Church.



THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES



On July 23, 1951, the Apostolic Nuncio to the Philippine Islands, His Excellency Most Reverend Egidio Vagnozzi, announced the erection of four new archdioceses; two in the island of Luzon, one in western Vizaya, and the fourth in the island of Mindanao. Filipino Catholics greatly rejoiced over this news climaxing the happy event of resumed diplomatic relations with the Holy See. This goes to show that the Vatican duly appreciates the strength of Catholicism in these Islands where the faithful number more than sixteen million. Priestly and religious vocations are on the increase, educational establishments prosper, hospitals are constructed, and Catholic Action centers flourish. The recent organization of ecclesiastical provinces has been effected to the greater benefit of religion in the whole country. Elated over this glorious event, the Catholics have felt it to be a clarion call to a deeper loyalty and a more persevering faithfulness to the traditions of the past. Who can tell whether the Archipelago will not one day become the impregnable fortress of Catholicism in the Far East?

October 9 marked another important date for Filipino Catholics. On that day, at Castel Gandolfo, Pope Pius XII deigned to grant a private audience to Elpidio Quirino, President of the Republic. The Holy Father congratulated Quirino on the religious fervor of his people, on their determination to fight for the safeguard of their liberty, and also on the progress realized especially during the last few years. His Holiness sent paternal blessings to all his children of the Philippine Islands as an incentive to become ever more strongly and devotedly attached to the Catholic Faith, wellspring of the vigor of their nation.

The effects of this Pontifical audience have been durable and consoling. The bonds that have ever linked, in centuries past, the country to the See of Peter, have been strengthened by the resumption of diplomatic relations and by the President's visit to the Heart of Christendom.

How a School is **THROTTLED** *in New China*

Sister ST. JEAN BAPTISTE(1), M.I.C.

On November 10, 1950, the People's Government unceremoniously ordered the French Consulate to hand over the building which housed our St. Teresa of the Child Jesus' School. Although the house was the legitimate property of the French Government, the Consul was powerless beyond obtaining a five day's respite to allow us time to move our belongings. Might is right in Communist-dominated lands.

A few days later, our English Commercial Course and other classes reopened at No. 16 Chu Kong Road, in quarters placed at our disposal by the Director of the Bank of Indochina. Henceforth, this house was sentinelled, day and night, by two Communist officials.

New Year's day 1951 dawned full of dark apprehensions for us Sisters. We knew the Reds were just marking time until all our missionary activities should be slowly but effectively throttled to death. On January 3, we showed up at Central Police Headquarters as we had been bidden, to obtain a renewal of our residence permits. The man who sat in the seat of honor for the first time, had doubtlessly won the appreciation of the new masters by his coarse manners and the grotesque language he used when addressing priests or religious. What a vocabulary that petty official boasted! Really I think it would be difficult for any one to outdo his swagger as he bawled out our Chinese given names as if we were youngsters. Questionings in my case lasted for two hours. I had to produce my family history, that of my parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, friends; the history of my vocation to the religious life; details on my daily doings, my food, my relations with the Chinese, my communications with my native country; how many offers of marriage had come my way!

Merely to obtain this residence permit, four such trips had to be made to the Central Bureau. In six month's time, I would have to begin all over again and God knows what further complications would crop up meanwhile. On January 4, it was Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany's(2) turn to visit the Red officials with a view of obtaining on her own account, permission to remain in China. There was a supplement to her questionnaire.

"How many hours do you spend praying? For whom do you pray? How does it happen that Hon Fak Ming (my Chinese name) does not speak Chinese while you use the Mandarin language? Don't you like us better

1. Irene PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

2. Josephine Couturier, Piopolis, Comte de Compton.

than her? Does she allow you to eat what you want? Do you read newspapers? If not how can you observe the laws of the People's Government? The daily sheets always carry fresh details."

Interrupting the official, Sister exclaimed, "So many minute details would be too much for me to grasp and remember. Your many questions have proved to me beyond any doubt, the interest that you bear my humble person; I feel sure that you will not fail to warn me should anything be amiss..." At last, after hours of further questioning, Sister was finally granted the precious permit.

January was not yet over, when both of us were summoned to appear at the Headquarters of the Canton Municipality. There we were ordered to compile a list of our belongings, and very complicated reports on our daily expenses and our missionary activities. It was evident that these gentlemen hoped, by piling on vexations and annoyances of all kinds, to render life unbearable and thus to force us out of China. On February 27, our registration papers were delivered after a lot of red-tapism. Deo Gratias until the next alarm!

On March 20, four boorish Red officials burst in unannounced during the classes; they had been commissioned to investigate modern conditions of efficiency and cleanliness in our school. Insufferably unkempt and arrogant were the four visitors. One rudely assured the pupils that their classrooms were insalubrious and stuffy. The other three bombarded Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany with insolent questions on all kinds of subjects. They even queried whether she preferred the Northern Chinese to the Southern. With the wisdom of Solomon, Sister replied that she loved all Chinese without any exception. This gave them face and moved them to be somewhat more polite. After ranting at some length on the perversity of foreign devils in general and of missionaries in particular, the gentleman who had declared the premises to be ill-kept, next decided to examine the quarters of our Chinese helpers. In New China everybody must have the same treatment regarding food, bedding, living quarters. The chagrined official found that our helpers were unanimous in wanting to eat the Chinese way and not the foreign way as the Sisters did.

Holy Week ceremonies greatly mystified our two sentinels. On Good Friday they stopped our helpers who were carrying to Church the Paschal taper and the three-branched candlestick for the Saturday offices. A permit was requisitioned, they said. To the Police Bureau trudged our girls to obtain the special seal needed. The papers signed and delivered, Lit Gna hurried on her way with a sentinel closely following behind. The fact that she was being followed made the poor child nervous and caused her to stumble and fall, breaking the precious candle in ten pieces! It was impossible to secure a fresh permit. With pieces of adhesive tape and colored paper, we tried to patch up the candle as well as we could and it figured in the ceremonies as usual.

On Easter Sunday, the Church was packed with Christians. While the sermon lasted, the Reds circled the Mission, beating drums and howling Communist songs so that we hardly understood a word of what the pastor said. The uproar stopped as soon as the sermon ended. This gives you a bright picture of liberty under Communist rule.

Again, in the first days of April, we were summoned to the Canton Municipality Headquarters. What was coming next? The Red official, hardly more than a college boy, greeted us blandly in Mandarin, much to Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany's relief. He questioned us on our five Sisters held as prisoners in one of the city jails as well as on the other Sisters still remaining at Holy Spirit School. The answers to these questions were purposely so vague that the young man shouted in exasperated tones,

"You know all about them. You just don't want to answer."

"You probably are interested in hearing the truth," Sister parried, "So what would be the use of talking vaguely about things I really do not know?"

"As you all belong to the same Society, I thought you might know and be willing to inform me. After all, we of the Party form a Society and each member ought to be able to give information."

"That is a good piece of news. According to what you say, we should get from you all the necessary information and permits. We need no longer depend on the Central Police Headquarters, or the Shameen Police Bureau..."

"No, no, you did not understand what I really meant. Each Bureau has its own particular chiefs who are responsible for the different sections."

"O now I know what you mean. It's the same with us, you see. Each house has its own chief, and we are not supposed to meddle because each Superior manages the affairs of her own particular section."

"Well, let's talk about St. Teresa's School."

"I thought you were aware of the fact that St. Teresa's School had ceased to exist with the liberation. We now give only private lessons."

"How many pupils have you?"

"Twenty-two".

"Give me a list of their names, and that of their parents".

"I could hardly do that since the pupils usually give their names in English. I cannot translate them".

"Supposing you really do not know your pupils' names, you must at least know of what condition their parents are?"

In the Scripture, Christ warns us not to worry over what we will have to answer before the enemies of His name. The Holy Spirit certainly did not fail us on this occasion.

"Each country has its own customs and traditions. We know that when you inquire about our own people and their social condition, you do so out of kindness for us and interest in our welfare".

"Of course, you are quite right in thinking so,"

"Well, in our own country, if we put such questions to our pupils and their parents, they might feel hurt and think it very rude indeed for us to meddle in their private affairs." The investigation dragged on for one hour and a half.

Three times during the month of April, our Chinese helpers were called to the Central Police Headquarters. Lai Kou saw herself promoted to the rank of responsible head of our little family with strict orders to keep eyes and ears open and to report faithfully on all our doings; inside and outside the house. Two vigilant sentinels were apparently not sufficient to watch two harmless Sisters! Lai Kou was also presented with written regulations in twenty points. How touching is Governmental solicitude on our behalf!

On May 18, two officials from the Ministry of Education appeared on the scene during school hours. Experience having taught me the possible delay that might be caused by such visitors, I immediately sent the pupils home for the rest of the day. Again we were subjected to a gruelling questionnaire which lasted until 5 p.m. Our visitors left saying that they would call again the next day. What a pleasant prospect to sleep over!

Early on the following morning, the pair swaggered into the classrooms before we could warn the pupils. They distributed forms to be filled in by each student. The three boys lately arrived from Indochina who hardly know a word of Chinese, drew their special attention. Then began private interviews with each one of the music pupils. "What are your religious beliefs? Do the Sisters oblige you to attend their Church? Are you urged to enter religious life? Are you forced to pray?" All the pupils replied that they were left perfectly free on that score. Paternally, the officials bade the children to reflect and ponder over the advisability for them of taking up a new semester under the direction of hateful foreigners such as the Sisters were. As they prepared to leave, the Reds ominously remarked, "We will take all the time needed to go carefully over the forms you have just filled. You may expect to hear from us again if we discover any mistakes."

In June, we were once more ordered to call at the Canton City Hall where we were informed that our last report was far from being satisfactory. This meant our case would be brought before a popular meeting.

With the month of July, we had to begin anew the complicated ceremonies involved in obtaining a residence permit for another six months. The petty dictator in charge of the Central Bureau shook his fist at us as he threatened to close our educational establishment, although in so doing he would have gone beyond his powers. At last in August, from the heights of his arrogance descended the famous permits.

Because of these precarious circumstances, our pupils all agreed not to take more than a week of holidays; otherwise, the school might be closed permanently. On August 6, all the students except two enrolled for a new semester although they very well knew that by so doing they incurred the enmity of the Reds.

August 24, dawned bright and clear. Classes were in full progress when at 2 p.m., two policemen flanked by several members of the People's government suddenly made irruption into the classrooms. They read a mandate ordering our school to be closed and the furniture to be confiscated. One of the police officers then harangued us on the severe penalties enacted by the government against those who disobey its orders. Official seals were immediately affixed; at six, the party left warning us that all was not yet over.

On the following day, at 9 a.m., the pupils were given by the government official notice that their school was being closed. They listened sullenly as the Reds ranted at great length against Catholic propaganda, then they sorrowfully filed out of their beloved classrooms.

Confiscation of our furniture took place on August 29. The same party arrived in a lorry accompanied by a few coolies to help in the legal pillaging of our premises. While desks and chairs were being piled outside, one of the officials drew near and smirked. "A penny for your thoughts about the People's Government?" Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany's voice betrayed no hint of her feelings as she calmly replied, "We really have not had the time to think it over."

Another Red blitz on our house, in the first days of September, resulted in the carrying off of our pianos, cupboards, frigidaire, and food reserves. We strongly protested against this depredation of our household effects, for the Bureau of Foreign affairs had assured us that the Bureau of Education had the right to seize our school furniture only.

In the middle of the night, on August 14, there was an uproar at our entrance gate. This time we were accused of hiding some imaginary spy or other. The Communists barged in, and ransacked every corner of the house, opening doors and windows. The leader of the band assured us that the chapel furniture would not be required but that we should send it to the Cathedral for safekeeping; the sooner done, the better, he added ungraciously.

Without any income whatever since the closing of the school, forbidden to have any relations with the Chinese, we were forced to ask for permission to leave our beloved mission. To obtain this permit was far from easy. You have no idea of the number of hours we had to spend either at the Central Police Headquarters or at the Bureau for Foreign affairs to gain possession of the formula which must, in such cases, be published in the Chinese newspapers. "Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany and Sister St. Jean Baptiste (Chinese names must be given) request their repatriation papers. If anybody knows of *any sins* imputed to either of these foreigners, let him not fail to report these to the Central Police Headquarters within eight days."

How the Reds would have enjoyed fastening some *sin* or other on our persons! These *sins* might have helped to boost the furious anti-Catholic campaign unleashed in December, with the trial of our Sisters in charge of the To Kom Hang Creche. The sentinel at our doors kept his eye glued on our

keyholes. Four times Red soldiers threatened us with their rifles as we tried to leave the house in order to assist at Holy Mass.

Our residence permits expired on December 31. At Police Headquarters, we obtained a two weeks' prolongation. Pilgrimages had to be renewed through the different Bureaus after the fifteen days had elapsed.

Representatives of the Bureau of Education, of Foreign Affairs, and Police Headquarters signified us on January 25, the governmental decision regarding our protestations filed in against the despoiling of our household effects. The official promised to return our frigidaire, stove, six screens, and our two beds. On the other hand, they seized all the remaining furniture of our house, declaring that they could use all these things in their schools. We were finally left without a single chair.

Members of the Bureau of Education revisited us on February 7. We were compelled to sign a prepared declaration regarding the reasons that had prompted the Government to close down our establishment. As chief accusation formulated, figured our undemocratic teaching, opposed to the People's Government. To our objection that we never had in the classrooms uttered even one word against the government, they countered, "The mere fact that you have in your school, taught the Catholic doctrine is sufficient to warrant the suppression of your establishment. Therefore you will be constrained to submit to the penalties imposed upon you."

It was with deep-felt happiness we heard government officials declaring that the motive behind all their insidious accusations was first and foremost — our religion. Our case was closed, they added and there remained only the day of our departure to determine. The Bureau of Foreign Affairs would decide.

From this Bureau we were sent to the Central Police Headquarters. The "dictator" who usually tried his best to annoy us in every possible way by dawdling over details and formalities, showed surprising alacrity in handing us a note bearing our orders, "You will leave by the seven o'clock train tomorrow morning."

In the afternoon, employees from the China Travel Service called. The government had sent them to carry our luggage to the station. We were allowed to make farewell visits to His Excellency Most Rev. Dominic Tang, and to Reverend Father Limat.

We spent our last night in New China resting one, on a table belonging to the French Consulate, the other on a board, Chinese fashion. Sleep was long in coming. Myriad mosquitoes buzzed about us in the darkness. What must life be like for our dear Sisters jailed by the Reds in this city? Besides the annoyances of mosquitoes and lice, of crowded quarters and utter lack of privacy, they are daily submitted to gruelling questionnaires, rebuffed, ridiculed, and threatened.

Early in the morning we bade farewell to our beloved Mission. Lai Kou and Siou Tak our dumb orphan, saw us off at the station. With expressive

gestures, Siou Tak strove to make us understand that she wished us to do all in our power to obtain for her a permit allowing her to leave Communist China.

Last courtesy of the Reds before we boarded our train — we were searched like criminals. Finally, the frontier was reached. Sister St. Lazarus of Bethany and a Sister of Our Lady of the Angels found themselves held as hostages because our baggage had not yet arrived. The blame was shouldered by the China Travel Service who called the Central Police Bureau on the phone to explain matters.

At last we were treading free soil. A burly English policeman called out cheerfully, "This way, Reverend Sisters!" What a pleasant thing it is to see once again, happy, smiling faces. We will ever keep devoted Father Paul Duchesne in grateful memory for his kindness to us on this occasion.

Not the least resentment do we hold against the Chinese for we know only too well that they are not responsible for the expelling of missionaries. Red China is not and never will be the true China.

Shek Lung Leave - Taking

Excerpts from letters sent to Mother of Providence, Superior General, by Sisters St. Lazarus and St. Charles of Milan.

With my own filial homage, I offer you, dear Mother, that of the lepers we were forced to abandon. On June 6, we were outside the Communist zone. Our departure from the Leprosarium took place on June 3, after a mass of thanksgiving offered by devoted Father Chevalier, for the intentions of our Society on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee.

As we came out of the chapel after Mass, our two faithful helpers, Ah Ho and Ka Tail, secretly informed us of our impending departure. The directors of the Leprosarium gave us the order to withdraw after breakfast. Our luggage was to be loaded on a sampan within one short hour, they gruffly added. Meanwhile, the lepers were obliged to attend a communist meeting within the chapel walls so as to make it impossible for them to say farewell and speed us on our journey. When roll call sounded, A Tak managed to elude vigilance and hurried to our quarters to tell us his sorrow. The Red soldiers discovering his absence, dragged him away from our presence. How

the heart bleeds at such cruel moments! You can well imagine what we felt as we offered this last sacrifice for our beloved leper children now in the Tiger's clutches.

We already were aware that our permit to leave had been signed in Canton, for several months past. On the other hand, we knew that the communist directors were maneuvering to keep us at the Leprosarium long enough to entice the lepers in formulating accusations against us; all their wily plans fell through. Our dear lepers proved faithful unto the very end. Even the newcomers who had suffered indoctrination at the hands of the Reds and who at first held us in suspicion, were among those who spoke most highly and most persistently in our favor.

"Forgive our compatriots who are now maltreating you," they pleaded. "We appreciate your kindness to us poor lepers whom nobody pities. You were the only ones, with the missionary Father, who really showed us any interest. Sending you away from the establishment is a crying injustice."

Yes, we can readily assure you, dear Mother, that our charges were faithful to us much to the discomfiture of the new patron for whom they can hardly be expected to feel much sympathy. To say the least, his proceedings are not such as could provoke affectionate returns.

The last few months we spent at Sheklung were not very pleasant. Besides the harrowing prospect of having to leave our poor patients to the tender mercies of pitiless guardians, we endured the vexations of daily questionings regarding the disposal of charity funds contributed for the lepers. Father Chevalier spent many an hour arguing with these fanatics bent on maligning the missionaries.

The new director of the Leprosarium wished to implicate the priest and to accuse him of "corruption" in hospital expenditures. Said Father Chevalier once, after a particularly annoying encounter,

"The patron was like a devil in a holy water font! He would have enjoyed nothing better than landing me into prison . . . Then he could have taunted the poor lepers".

Everywhere we went, this sinister individual followed. We met him again on the day of our departure. Perhaps he felt that his position was not very secure and tried to forestall any accusations which Father Chevalier might bring out again him.

We have had to part with our poor children who are putting up a splendid fight for their right to worship God as they choose. To understand Communism one must perhaps have experienced its might. The Church sees it in its true light — as the arch-enemy of God and souls. She condemns it as a false remedy that leads only to other and more serious infections. In spite of its high principles — stolen from Christianity — the ultimate goal towards which the system leads is a cruel society; cruel because it is Godless. Our lepers have not been duped by its false concepts and flattering promises; they know what to expect from an atheistic regime.

On October 7, 1951, the Chief of the Sheklung police force in a discourse delivered before the authorities who had come from Canton and Tun Koon for the "take over" ceremony, announced,

"Relief Work in China will henceforth pass into the hands of the Chinese. The Government will assign Doctors and Nurses and conditions will greatly improve".

It is difficult to see where the improvement lies. At present, two Chinese vaguely honored with a medical title, are installed, but they do not even know the names of the medicines used and stand in mortal dread of leprosy and the lepers. On the other hand, they refuse to visit the dying. As every doctor is held responsible for the patients who die while under his care these two absolutely refuse to be bothered with the hopeless cases. As long as we were allowed to remain with the lepers we did all in our power to bring them relief and consolation.

"Now that you are torn away from us," sobbed the patients, "We can only suffer and die. Do not worry over us but pray that God may not entirely abandon us in our sad plight."

Our Christians are showing a remarkably fine spirit. As soon as the Reds took over, they determined to assume all the expenses for the maintenance of both chapels, even to the flowers to be bought on the more important feasts. At Christmas, the leper woman who helped Sister Marie des Oliviers deck the Crib, brought a few bottles of oil and some decorations to the men's chapel. One of the lepers resented this; he cautioned Sister,

"Tell the women that we, men, are quite capable and willing to manage the expenses of our own chapel. Nobody is going to rob us of the honor of doing our share for God. We ourselves will buy whatever is missing."

On the women's side the patients vie with one another in fervor and generosity. All of them feel the pressing need of God's grace. Those who are already enmeshed in communist snares, beg their friends and acquaintances to pray that they may have the strength to resist. Members of the Sodality of the Blessed Mother are on the increase; these fervent children of Mary are pillars of strength for their companions. Everywhere and in all circumstances their good examples shine forth. One of them pleaded that I might tell the Catholics of Canada how much the lepers of Sheklung are relying on their prayers to help them come through the furnace of atheistic communism, unscathed.

"What is to become of us all?" she wailed. "After your departure, we will be deprived of all spiritual helps; nobody will be on hand to advise and console us in our terrible trial. We will continually be exposed to the Red brain-washing. O Sister, please, please, ask your friends to pray unceasingly for the poor lepers of Sheklung."

At present the Island is undergoing reform. The Leprosarium is being re-organized in such a way that not a single patient will be able to evade the forced indoctrination of the new principles. All orders are punctuated

with threats. Everyone will be compelled to make a public confession of his or her life; all present will be urged to correct or add as the case may be. Communists admit no fooling with this searching examination of conscience. Those who have held posts of honor or of responsibility, those who have had more intimate relations with the foreigners, will be singled out for particular grueling.

I cannot bear to think of our poor sufferers being condemned to prison or to forced labor.

Dear Mother, you can well guess the mental anguish we are enduring on account of our abandoned children, the lepers. Physically we have been torn from them, but our hearts follow them all day long, pleading for their ultimate safety and well-being. Our only desire is to return to Sheklung as soon as God permits.

Sister St. Lazarus, M.I.C.

(Juliette Rainville, Beauport.)

* * *

The sacrifice I had been apprehending all along, has at length been consummated. Early on June 3, we bade our lepers farewell. In our convents all over the world, our Sisters rejoiced as they celebrated the Golden Jubilee of our missionary Society. We of Sheklung wept and suffered. Never before in all my life did God ever required of me such a painful sacrifice. O how hard it was for us to be forced to abandon our lepers already so much to be pitied, into the hands of tyrants!

Our departure had at first, been fixed on Friday, May 30. The patients were heartbroken. A leper communist soldier wept unrestrainedly although he had been at the Leprosarium for only two weeks. Ever since the Reds had taken over, our lepers sought by every means to show us the gratitude they felt. How kind hearted they all are! Fearing lest we should not have enough to eat, they pooled their meager savings to buy us fruits, vegetables, meat. The more the Reds strove to make us appear as wolves in sheep's clothing, the more our patients showed their faithfulness and attachment. All sorts of calumnies circulated on our account and Father Chevalier was accused of using the funds sent for the lepers for his own expenses.

Sister Superior, Sister Marie des Oliviers, and myself took care of the patients until Monday evening, June 2. Even after the fatal date of October 7, 1951, we had continued giving injections, distributing medicine, and making the dressings and amputations. Towards the end of our stay at Sheklung, we had more work than we could manage as all the lepers wanted to make the most of our presence among them. Last year, a German doctor from Toug Koon Hospital gave us the formula for a very effective medication used in the treatment of leprosy, tartrate of potassium and antimony at 1% in intravenous injections. Beside ordinary treatments, we daily gave about one hundred of these injections.

Two Red nurses with two so-called doctors have been assigned to Sheklung. The only thing they seem to do all day is to dispense medicine during a short half-hour. The rest of the day they spend lolling on the verandah while the patients lack every comfort. Because they dread prison terms, the doctors refuse to treat the dying. What heart can they be expected to put in their work? Such is their horror of the disease that they decline to put drops into the eyes of the lepers.

One must have suffered under the living ordeal that is Communism, to fully grasp the perverseness of the regime. Lies, thefts, murders, are permissible if the interests of the Party are in cause. Such is the aberration of the system, that even the most heinous deeds perpetrated in the name of the Party are termed virtuous. The Commies are the saints of modern China. They must be hailed as liberators by the people until now enslaved under a tyrannical, imperialistic government... Poor liberated people forbidden to weep over its own heart-rending misfortune! Under penalty of death, the Chinese must sing the praises of Communism, extol the beneficent Father of new China who has thrown his country into the jaws of the Red Dragon.

Reform committees have been organized at the Leprosarium. Accusations must be made, sins must be confessed, traitors must be denounced, tyrants must be liquidated. Poor lepers! If only they could speak freely, they would accuse the real tyrants. Late into the night, the reform committees hold meetings which must be attended by at least three representatives from every single ward. Under pain of death, nothing said at these meetings may be revealed.

One day I remarked to Father Chevalier, "The devil must exult on seeing all the missionaries expelled from China".

"Yes," replied he, "but can he help shuddering as he recalls the apparent failure of Calvary? It is unthinkable that so much suffering will be useless." On June 2, we worked hard to relieve our patients and make them as comfortable as our means allowed. After I had bandaged his sores, an aged patient habitually taciturn, raised his hand to his heart and murmured in quavering tones, "Thank God for one more day spent in your company. It is a refreshment for our hearts." On the very next morning we were ordered to leave.

In my heart I feel that some day I will come back to the Leprosarium. What happy years I spent there, dear Mother! During the last week before my departure, I tried to console my charges and give them hope. "Be patient and wait! Some day we will return". Words like this always wreathed their faces in smiles. If only that some day were not far distant! It seems to me that only the heavenly bliss can surpass the joy that would be mine on being allowed to go back to Sheklung.

Sister St. Charles of Milan, M.I.C.

(Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi de Temouscouata.)

A Chinese Girl Writes to Her Friend a Refugee in Japan

When this letter reaches you, I will already be in prison. I have been summoned for the fourteenth. Mark well this glorious date! All my personal belongings have been given away except these few photos which I am sending you; I cannot bring myself to destroy them. Do keep them for my sake please.

Today I went to say goodbye to Mother X. as I probably will not be able to see her off at the station when she leaves for Japan. As I went out of the convent, my heart nearly broke with sadness. All I have the courage to think of now is Heaven.

Several times have I been questioned already; the first grilling lasted for nine hours on end. To say the least, these are indeed trying moments to go through. Mary, my sister, has been hospitalized; she became sick because she worried too much over my fate, poor dear.

Pray for me. You cannot guess how much I am suffering. Many of my so-called friends have betrayed and abandoned me; we must pray and make penance so that God may not reject them in the end. Of all the priests we knew, the greater number have been imprisoned. Don't forget them in your prayers that all may have the strength and the courage to accept impending martyrdom. My greatest heartbreak comes from my family. As soon as my parents saw my name on the list of accused persons, they begged me on their knees to renounce my Faith. O my God, at that painful moment I fully understood what it means to suffer!

My deep-felt affection is the only thing I may now offer you, my beloved friend. It is my last gift to you and to the dear Mothers who have always been so kind to me, before I enter the Kingdom of eternal joy. I prefer by far losing this earthly life of mine than incurring the sentence of death unending if I denied my Faith. Sing with me the joyful Alleluia!

An 80-Year-Old Mother Writes to Her Missionary Daughter in China

My beloved daughter,

Thank you so much for your loving letter which I read over and over. How happy I am to know of your resolution to remain at your post, in spite of present dangers out of zeal for souls and love of your divine Spouse. It is the right spirit for you to have and cherish all your life.

My dear child, you are not without knowing that when we gave you up to God, we did so with all the generosity at our command. We are still in the same dispositions. Stay with your adopted children, do all the work assigned to you by your Reverend Mother, and I feel sure God will grant us the grace to bear whatever trials He may see fit to send us in His bounty. If you do more than strict duty calls for, well, let us hope it will make up for those who do not do enough. Rest assured that even if we have hinted that we would be overjoyed to see you coming home, it is only human nature that showed its weakness. After all, when one reflects deeply, one gets firmly persuaded that all that counts here below is to do the Will of God in all things.

Hindi Pa Tapus...

Sister JOSEPH ARTHUR(1), M.I.C.

I met him for the first time, one hot day of the rainy season, as he wearily dragged himself to the door of our dispensary. So old and so exhausted was he that he could hardly set one foot before the other. Life had dealt hard blows on his frail, stooping figure. As his dim eyes peered up at me from under bushy eyebrows, he murmured, "*Hindi pa tapus*," (all is not yet over.) Many a time was he to repeat this mysterious phrase in the days that followed. He whispered it again just before leaving for his Heavenly Home; *Hindi pa tapus* . . . It was like the slogan of a man eager to get the most out of life. Indeed, all was not over because before dying, Grandfather had yet to make his First Holy Communion.

He belonged to that class of men of goodwill hailed by the Angels at Bethlehem. Beyond being baptized, he had not benefited by any of the spiritual privileges granted to Catholics; in his remote province, there were not enough priests to take care of the faithful, dispense the Sacraments, instruct the ignorant, but he had always tried to live according to the dictates of his conscience. As I prepared him to receive the Last Sacraments, he demurred, "Never have I had the honor of receiving God into my heart. I feel so utterly unworthy of such a favor! Do you think it is not too disrespectful to want my Lord to come to me, His poor creature?" His was the humble faith of the centurion. With heartfelt piety he received his first Host and the last rites of Holy Mother Church.

He lingered on a few days longer. One early morning, a messenger ran in to tell me that my old friend had collapsed on the street and was evidently dying. After calling the pastor, I hurried to his side to give him what care I could; an injection brought him back into consciousness. "Grandfather," I whispered in his ear, as I knelt beside him, "God is calling you home to His Eternal Kingdom. Don't you want to go?" With eyes already shadowed by death, he looked up at me and breathed softly, "*Hindi pa tapus*." The moribund was right; all was not over yet, since Jesus would come into his humble, loving heart before death set him free at last. He responded to the prayers for the dying and received Holy Communion with fervor; then he closed his eyes, crossed his gnarled hands over his breast, and contentedly murmured, "Now, all is over . . . Goodbye . . . until we meet again . . . in Heaven."

1. Laura Therien, St. Leonard d'Acton.

CELESTIAL

INTERLUDE

Sister St. AMADEUS, M.I.C. (Emilienne Vezina, Quebec.)

Shopping in noisy Manila can hardly ever be termed a spree. From shop to shop we had been trudging one day, when a lady accompanied by two young girls drew near, requesting us to go and baptize a dying baby. As there was a priest's house nearby, we suggested that it would be better for them to call on the pastor.

"We did call at the priest's house, Sister, but he is absent and the child will not live very much longer," they explained.

Asking our Blessed Mother to guide us, we followed the lady who motioned us into a car. After quite a while, we reached the "barrio" (village) where Providence had decided we would that day trade for a pearl of great price — a child's immortal soul.

Our car stopped before a native hut. Inside, a good twenty persons had already gathered. In the middle of the room, the poor mother crouched beside her poor child who lay dying on a straw mat. As I knelt beside the sorrowing mother, someone handed me a huge flask of water; reverently, I poured the cleansing drops over the brow of this whimpering babe who would soon be a princess in God's eternal Kingdom above. Wise little Marie Adele who decided that she would lose no time in entering upon her priceless heritage!

For a few moments she fought for breath, then her soul slipped from its prison.

After a few hearty words of consolation to the bereaved mother, we continued our shopping tour.

This celestial interlude had lent us wings and transformed the noise and the bustle of crowded thoroughfares into a throbbing hymn of gratitude to God for His mercies.



Back to School

Sister St. EDMUND(1), M.I.C.

Long before eight in the morning, our schoolyard is alive with the excited chatter and the merry laughter of children as eager to reopen their school books as they were to close them at the beginning of the holidays. Filipino youngsters love to go to school. This year, five hundred and seventy-five pupils have enrolled at our Las Pinas establishment. Of these twelve classes, the most endearing and the most interesting to me is the kindergarten class. Getting adjusted to a serious atmosphere of study and discipline, is quite a trial for these babies of four or five. As long as they can bask in the sunshine of Mom's or Dad's smile, or securely cling to their warm handclasp, all goes well, but as soon as the regulation bell rings and parents must withdraw, shrill wailing cries of "Tatay! Nanay!" re-echo over the yard. Some mothers patiently hover around all forenoon so that their pets may at least have the comfort of knowing them near. One youthful daddy solicitously bends through an open window to fan his darling with a cool banana leaf.

Gregorio has been asked to look after his baby sister Carmelita. Both are newcomers at the kindergarten, but Gregorio being a man is supposed to be the more reasonable and dependable of the two. Tightly he clings to his little sister's hand and as soon as he sees her face puckering up, he throws his arm about her neck and hugs her to himself, meanwhile bravely struggling to swallow the big lump in his own throat. Juanita is a model of cool indifference to her surroundings. All her interest apparently centers around a huge writing pad and a gaudy red pencil which she absolutely refuses to be parted with, even during recess.

Sister Superior has a magic means of comforting homesick babes and drying up their tears. She has only to show the children a pretty baby doll sent from Canada. "Monica! Monica!" (dolly, dolly) chirp eager little voices as pudgy hands reach out to snatch the much coveted toy. On the following day, a like magical result is obtained, by showing the lonesome tots a colorful toy balloon.

As classes ended on the second day, Jose, one of the pupils enrolled in the kindergarten, knocked at Sister Directress' door. Could he be promoted to a higher class, he pleaded? He was disgusted with the kindergarten. "We can't learn anything in that class of crybabies! We are sent home earlier than the other pupils. I want to be in a class where we stay all day."

Jose's reasonable request has since been granted. He is now enrolled in a class where there are no crybabies and where the pupils study to their heart's content, all the day long!

1. Irma De Ladurentaye, Cap St. Ignace.

ST ANTHONY'S

FESTIVAL AT RENAUDIN

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

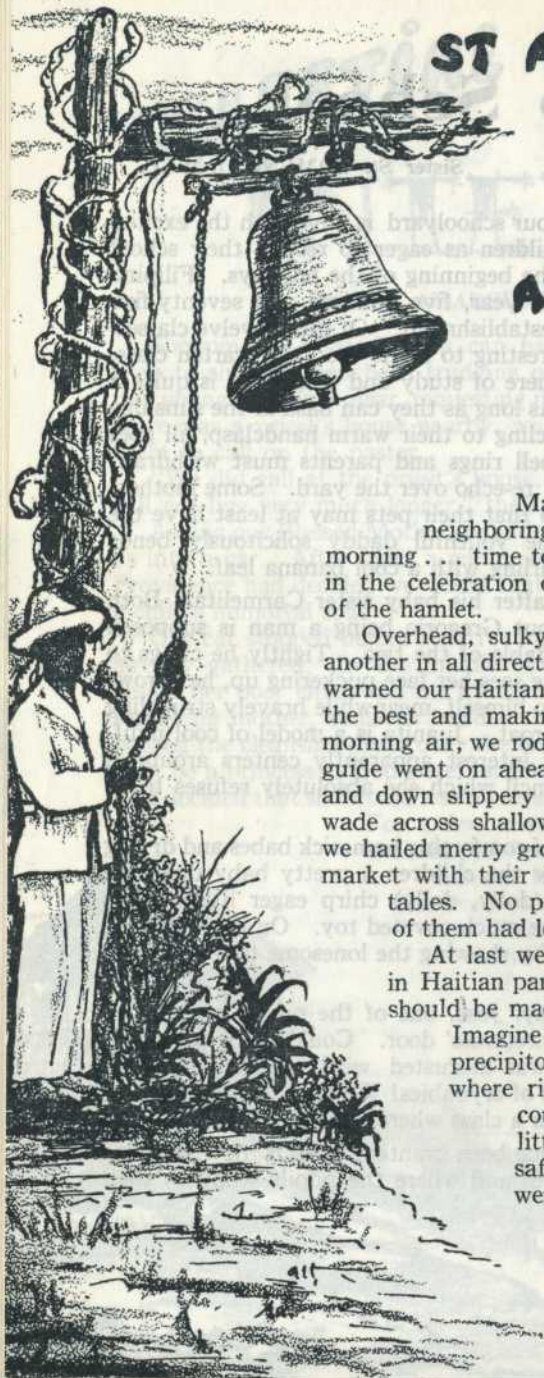
"Angelus Domini, nuntiavit Mariæ," rang out the bell from the neighboring church tower. Five o'clock in the morning . . . time to be on our way to Renaudin, to join in the celebration of St. Anthony's day, patronal feast of the hamlet.

Overhead, sulky little clouds wrathfully chased one another in all directions. "La pli l'ap vini," (it will rain) warned our Haitian friends as we set out. Hoping for the best and making the most of the freshness in the morning air, we rode out on our prancing mounts. Our guide went on ahead, leading the way over steep crags and down slippery ravines; once in a while, we had to wade across shallow creeks and brooks. On our way, we hailed merry groups of housewives sauntering out to market with their headborne loads of fruits and vegetables. No pilgrims did we meet; apparently, all of them had left the day before.

At last we reached the place called Pont Victor in Haitian parlance. Why any mention of a bridge should be made here is one of the local mysteries.

Imagine having to pick your way down a precipitous incline leading to a sort of quagmire where riders and horses risk floundering. I could not help admiring how our trusty little mounts managed to carry us safely down this breakneck. While we were wondering how we would get

1. Lucienne Gadoury, St. Elizabeth de Joliette.



across the swamp, a black Christopher came to our rescue, offering to guide our horses to the foot of the neighboring ridge.

Once on the other side, we had to tackle another steep ascent for the chapel at Renaudin is perched on the hilltop as if to catch any stray breezes that may blow its way. The pilgrims cheered as we dismounted. They had not thought we would be equal to such a ride and complimented us on our horsemanship.

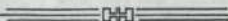
In a trice, the parishioners crowded inside the chapel and Mass began. The leader of the prayers fetched two chairs for us Sisters, setting them down right in front of two married couples who had just tied the knot in the presence of their pastor. A huge board served as kneeler. We shared it with the First Communicants and the newly-married. What a palace for the King of glory is Renaudin's chapel! Flimsy, cracked walls; a dirt floor; a plain table for an altar; not a bench or kneeler in this Bethlehem, Haitian style. The God of infinite compassion deigns to descend on the makeshift altar for the consolation of his poor children. After Mass took place a Baptism ceremony



SISTER MARIE THEODORE (LUCIENNE GADOURY, OF ST. ELIZABETH)
AND SISTER GEMMA OF THE SAVIOR (GEMMA DE GRANDPRE, OF ST. SIMON, BAGOT)
LEAVING FOR RENAUDIN.

where fifty-three babies were made children of God. According to diocesan regulations, the sponsors are requested to present a card signed by their parish priest, to the effect that they are sufficiently instructed in religious matters to assume this responsibility. Finding adequate sponsors is quite a problem in these parts. All the formalities being gone through, the baptismal group formed a circle and the priest went from one child to the other administering the Sacrament. Fifty-three wee choristers loudly intoned a *salty hymn* as the salt of wisdom was placed on their rosy tongues. Meanwhile, at the other end of the chapel, merchants carried on a brisk trade of "douces" (sweets) while, outside, people chatted and laughed, and chaffed one another.

Such festivals held in honor of the parochial patron saints, always mean an increase of work for the missionary in charge: catechism exams, baptisms, mass, sermon, and last but not least — a procession. We tried to help as much as we could by puzzling out the names of catechumens and of their parents, and writing them down on the parish records. This in itself is no sinecure for startlingly original names are the fashion. While we were kept busy at this task, the rain poured down in torrents as it always does in Haiti. Like the Magi, we went home by another route as we had to make a sick call; we were thus spared the pleasant prospect of tackling Pont Victor again. Charity is indeed its own reward! Our horses fairly flew along the relatively smooth roads that led to Roche a Bateau and our convent home. Ours was the lion's share of St. Anthony's Festival for it was the missionary share.



Christ — Lost and Looked For

The West has lost Christ; that is why it is dying. The East is looking for Christ that is why it is in revolt. The crisis of the East comes from without, namely, its revolt against the materialism of Western civilization. The crisis of the West comes from within, i. e., from its moral decline and loss of faith. The East struggles with the problem of existence; the West struggles with the problem of guilt. The first is common to people who have not found Christ; the second to those who have lost Him. The West can save the East only on condition that it regains the faith; the East can save itself only on condition that it embrace the faith.

Bishop Sheen

Convert No. 26

I am a Catholic convert of two years and now my husband and two children are Catholic, also, thank God. I am so happy today for with God's help I have just gotten my 26th convert. He was baptized this morning. There were no other Catholics in either of our families, and since I had studied to be a missionary myself, it was a hard job to convince me. God led me to Father William S. in Niagara Falls. He was so kind and patient with me, and soon I saw the light.

Religion to me is like a cup; when it is full it runs over if you keep pouring into it. When it runs over it spreads. Praise God my cup is full.

Mrs. G. to the Editor of the *Victorian*



CHILDREN'S WEEK IN CUBA

Sister MARTHA of BETHANY(1), M.I.C.

MARTI, CUBA

Every year, the Ministry of Education in Cuba, sets apart an entire week for the study of problems regarding the child's physical, moral, and intellectual well-being. This is called *semana del Nino* (children's week). During five days, all public and private establishments approved by the Government must take part in the activities outlined on the official program. This year, *semana del Nino* fell in the last part of February. On account of the bad weather, however, the educative excursion planned for the Seniors had to be postponed; our Marti Colegio fixed the date for this pleasant jaunt, on March 13.

With Matanzas as destination, we set out early accompanied by the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades. An exhilarating tang was in the air as we rolled along the Via Blanca, the recently built highway which skirts the sea, passing through Veradero, one of the world's most famous beaches.

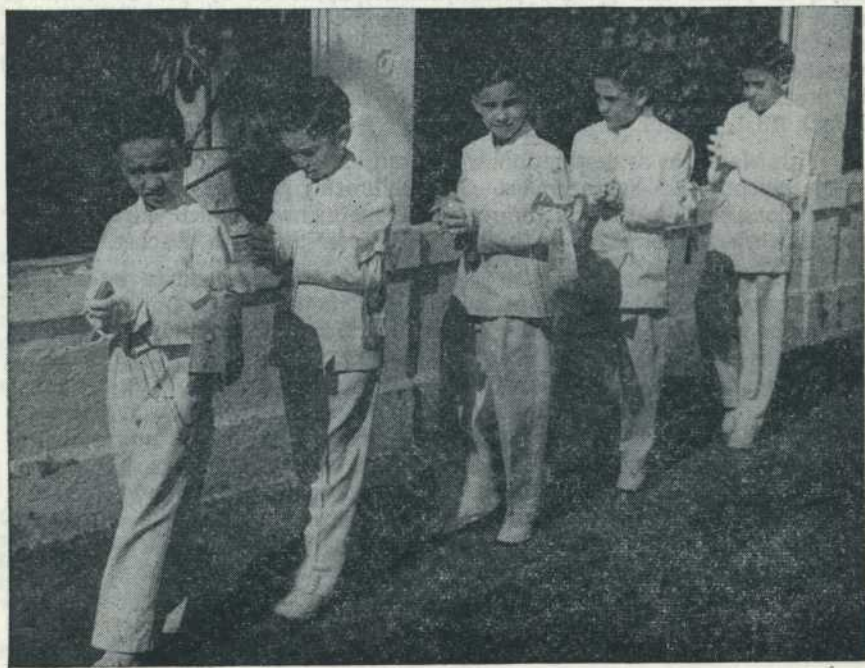
Our first visit was to the *Cueva de Bellamar*, underground caves situated on the outskirts of the city of Matanzas, near the entrancing Yumuri Valley. Columbus was right when he used all his superlatives, in extolling the beauties of Cuba as he wrote after the island's discovery, October 27, 1492. "A thousand tongues could not adequately relate its loveliness." The Bellamar caves are reached by an iron stairway. Although the interior is fitted up with electricity, our guide deemed it more prudent to carry a powerful projector. We had all the leisure needed to admire in detail the marvels of natural sculpture wrought by drops of water dripping from apertures and cracks in the earth roof above our heads. There are pendent, pearlike masses reminding one of misty cascades, draped curtains, busts of illustrious Cuban heroes, and other varied configurations. Mineralogists have observed that the long masses hanging in the form of icicles from the roof of the caves, grow in length one square inch in eleven years. Towards the center of these

1. Berthe Pothier, Trois Rivières.

underground passages, an opening has been pierced to the earth's surface; standing below this cleft, we are at exactly one hundred and twenty-five feet underground.

Some historians attribute the discovery of *Cueva de Bellamar*, in 1871, to Eusebio Guiteras. Others affirm that a man of Chinese ancestry was the real discoverer. All that is certain about these suppositions, is that a working-man who was quarrying stone for his lime ovens, suddenly felt his tool falling into a void space. Investigations were conducted which revealed underground caves measuring seven hundred meters in length by one to seven meters in width. During the war of Cuba's Independance, these caves served as an ideal hiding places for ammunition seized from the enemy. Any one not thoroughly familiar with the underground passages connecting the caves, would soon get hopelessly lost in this labyrinth. To convince us of this fact, the guide suddenly extinguished his projector; we were plunged in pitch darkness, unable even to recognize those standing nearest to us.

Next on the excursion schedule, was the ancient Matanzas Cathedral. Inside these venerable walls, we were given to admire, beautiful gilt tabernacles, and some very remarkable statues; that of Our Lady of Fatima which



FIRST COMMUNICANTS, MARTI COLEGIO.

is life-size has traveled all the way from Spain. This statue was given an enthusiastic reception by all the Catholic Cubans.

At lunch time, we merrily climbed to the top of Montserrat which serenely looks down upon the peaceful, enchanting valley of Yumuri. After dinner, we paid a visit to Our Blessed Mother's shrine where we recited part of our Rosary while the children sang pious hymns in honor of the Queen of Montserrat.

Our excursion next took us through a factory of cooling drinks. The manager courteously gave the pupils detailed explanations likely to add to their scientific baggage. From this factory alone, two thousand cases of liquor bottles are daily sent out to refresh the world. After our visit, the owner took the whole group to nearby Watkin Park. This public garden is beautifully kept through the efforts of the Faculty and students of the Matanzas High Schools who aim at making it a zoological garden worthy of that to be admired at Havana. Grimacing monkeys greeted us at the entrance; further on, a fleet of ducks sailed the waters of a huge pool; in the aquarium, exotic gold fishes in magnificent hues of gold and red, disported themselves.

On our way back we visited the Technical Institute where the Director extended a cordial welcome. Unfortunately we arrived too late to see the pupils at work. Our visit, however, was interesting and of highly educative value. "Come again," urged the Director as he bade us farewell.

We recited the third part of our Rosary as we returned home to Marti. Then one of our pupils gifted with a clear, ringing voice, intoned hymns to Our Lady and Saint Joseph in which all her companions joined heartily. And so we came to the end of another perfect day, closing a busy happy week.

DOMUS AUREA

House of gold, delightful dwelling

Take me in, I pray thee, Mother.

Let me dwell where dwelt my King,

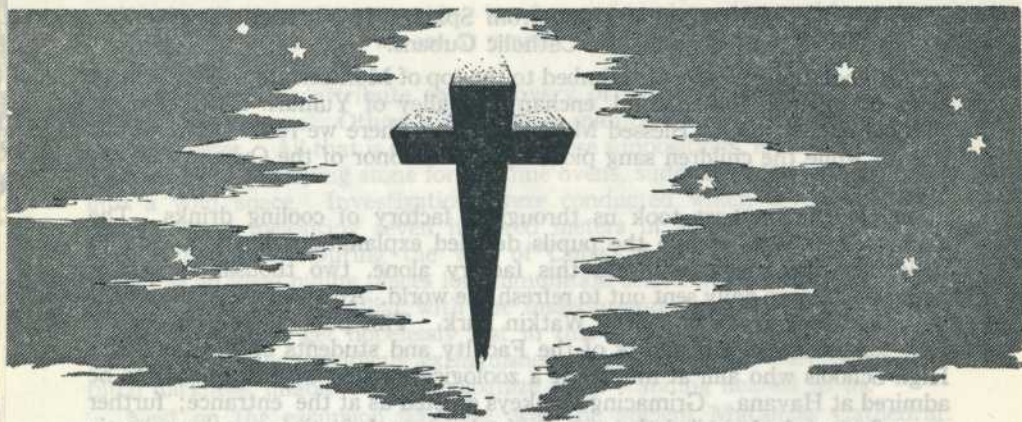
House of gold, delightful dwelling,

God's own palace all-inviting

Built to give thy children shelter.

House of gold, delightful dwelling

Take me in, I pray thee, Mother.



That They May Meet Again in Heaven

Five years ago, a venerable Chinese gentleman holding a chubby six-year-old boy by the hand, slowly climbed the steps leading to our Anglo-Chinese School. At nearly every step, Grandad paused to cast a proudly possessive glance at Leoncio.

This was the sixth grandchild that Mr. Yang Tian Hua entrusted to our care. Already we had as pupils Feley, Emelita, Rosa, Henry and Mary. Candid, studious, lovable children they all were with that special air of innocence usually noticed in Christian tots. But the Yangs were all fervent adorers of Buddha. This, however did not prevent their learning the Catholic doctrine with eagerness for their souls naturally hungered after the truth.

Mary and Henry were the first to request baptism. They were to be the first fruits of a family that the Lord was soon to gather entirely within His one, true Fold. Baptized on February 10, 1950, they made their First Holy Communion on the following day.

Meanwhile Feley, the eldest child, graduated from the Elementary English Course. With her sister Emelita she ardently wished to be baptized. For Feley a great obstacle barred the way — her engagement to Mr. Lee, a non-Christian party. And so it happened that Emelita who would not wait, was the third of the Yangs to become a child of God through baptism. Patiently Feley bided her time. She kept on assisting at Sunday Mass and even succeeded in tactfully leading Mr. Lee to do the same; this was to be her first victory. Later, the young man agreed to take a few short doctrine lessons,

short because he always was so very busy. As he solemnly promised to receive baptism before his marriage, Feley was baptized at last and her sister Rosa soon followed in her footsteps. Leoncio was the last of this happy little flock to be safely hemmed within the Shepherd's Fold, on November 25, 1951.



THE FIVE YANG BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Thanks to the lessons and repetitions given him by his futur sister-in-law, Emelita, Mr. Lee was ready to be baptized a few days before his marriage. Feley's happiness knew no bounds.

It does our hearts good to see these six neophytes assisting at daily Mass and piously making their First Fridays together. Religion has bound them still closer to one another.

How about Papa and Mama Yang? They pretend that they are too old now to change creeds. Without raising the least objection to their children's conversion, they keep on worshipping their ancient lares and penates.

Prayer alone wins conversions. We feel sure you will help us obtain the gift of Faith for these souls of goodwill. May all the members of a family that lived so closely and so happily united here below, taste the joy of eternal reunion in the Father's mansions above.

Sister St. JEAN d'EPHESE(1), M.I.C.

1. Lorette Moran, Letellier, Manitoba.



SUPERSTITIONS **IN** **AFRICA**

Sister St. LEO the GREAT⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

KATETE, Northern Nyasaland

A hospital is a good place to acquire a knowledge of varied African medicine-fetishes. Some time ago an important chief who boasts a considerable number of wives, arrived at the clinic with two of them in tow. I had already attended a few ladies from his family circle; he evidently believed in the efficacy of foreign medication. These two women were maternity cases far from encouraging since one had lost four babies at birth, and the other six.

While he explained matters, the chief solemnly wielded fan-wise, a very long tail of an animal, lion's or cow's, I could not quite ascertain. This tail, as I later learned, is a valuable fetish. Sickness of all kinds, marauding spirits, serpents, and poisonous agents are supposed to be kept at a safe distance through the mere brandishing of this appendage. If this fetish is worn trustfully, it moreover affords a magical armor whereon bullets will simply glide off without harming you in the least. Needless to say, this talisman is a privilege of the rich or great. The poor must do without it because it is too expensive.

Behind the chief walked a slave with downcast figure. Does slavery still exist in Africa? Theoretically, it has been abolished years ago; practically, it is still carried on in the interior. There are many slaves in Nyasaland.

Natives may be inducted into slavery in several ways. A chieftain on a tour in one of the villages, notices garden seeds that he would like to have. His host is informed of this desire and also of the fact that the bigwig has no money wherewith to buy. A strange bargain is then clinched.

1. Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

"Give me a man from your own village, you may then take away from mine, two handfuls of beans." The man thus sold for a handful of seed, must leave his native place and henceforth enter the service of his new proprietor. It does not follow that he is strictly obliged to serve only his owner; he may work for his own upkeep but he is forbidden to leave the village.

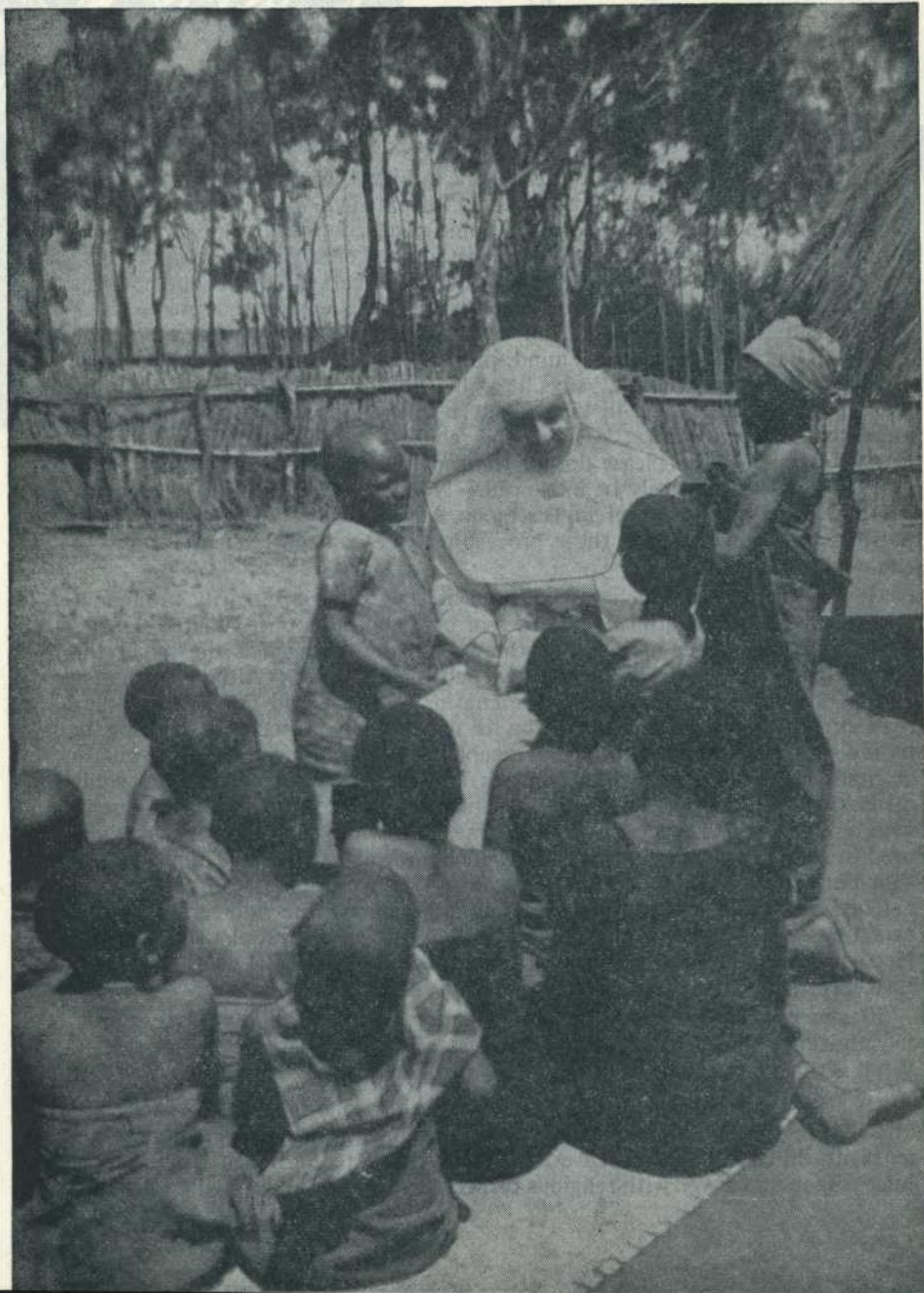
Then there is the case of venturesome subjects who question the chief's authority; these 'guilty' ones are usually dispatched without more ado in presence of the assembled villagers. Some chiefs, more humane, try to get rid of the rebels in another way. Out they prance on a visit to a neighboring headman. The host will of course kill the fatted calf or cow in honor of his guests; he will also eat with them some tender chicken meat, supreme mark of friendship and token of honor among the natives. Meanwhile, the visiting chief who has something on his mind, proffers his thanks. "You have served me delicious food and drink," says he as he congratulates mine host. "Being poor, I cannot repay you in kind. But I will send you as thank offering a man from my own village." Thus the rebel's life is spared and his master gets rid of him. And please do not think of this as ancient history; modern cases in point might easily be instanced. Nobody will ever think of accusing the parties of murder or of injustice; no African will ever betray his compatriots to the whites, for these proceedings are the most natural thing in the world to him.

Witch doctors are much to be feared as they often arbitrarily pronounce sentences of life or death. Our professor of Citumbuka once assured us that Africans would rather meet a lion than a soothsayer, such is the terror the latter inspires. These worthies always scheme by night. Although there is a good share of plain trickery in the charms they use and the fake wonders they present, diabolical intervention is not entirely absent. According to native reasonings, nothing happens except under the influence of some charm or other. Are you sick? This means that your enemy has thrown some medicine-fetish in your direction. You will have to consult the witch doctor who will tell you whence the fetish came, and what counter-fetish must be used to counteract its influence. Of course you will have to pay him a goodly sum but then what else can you expect? When droughts scourge the land and meager crops ensue, when quarrels arise among the villagers, in every calamity, soothsayers are consulted and their advice is scrupulously followed. Need we be surprised if such men only too fully conscious of their power, turn into regular tyrants?

If you want to become rich, adopt sorcery as a profession! The wizards' consultations, their magic recipes, and esoteric medicines are highly priced. What is the secret formula used in fetish medicines?

They are generally concocted from small chips of wood or tree bark, tied up in packets. These are hung about one's person or else exposed to veneration in family huts. In special cases, they may have to be boiled; their sacred juice is then swallowed with religious respect or sprinkled about as lustral water.

SISTER MADELEINE MARIE (MADELEINE LORANGER, WESTMOUNT)
SUPERIOR OF OUR KATETE MISSION AND TEACHER OF LITTLE AFRICAN CHILDREN.



Our Christians need a remarkable force of character living as they do in pagan surroundings, in an atmosphere saturated with pagan ideas. Of course they are not allowed to dabble in superstitions practices. Wizards and soothsayers however cannot be prevented from annoying them and trying to win back their former personal attention. Some of these gentlemen are not above climbing on top of a Christian man's hut at night and raising quite a hullabaloo. The unsuspecting sleepers inside the hut jump up in terror. On the following day, a wizard drops in and casually inquires, "Have you enjoyed a nice beauty sleep, last night?"

If the naive Christian plunges into a lengthy account of the night's uproar, his wily visitor remarks that such and such a person is known to hold a grudge against him; incidentally, he suggests the specific remedy to be applied whose magic formula remains his own exclusive property. If the mystified victim agrees to buy, he will be left in peace. If not, then he had better prepare to put up as patiently as he can with numberless vexations as the witch doctor tries to convince him of the presence of malicious spirits.

The African stands in mortal dread of spirits and ghosts. As soon as a man has breathed forth his last breath, his face is covered up and no one would ever dare take another look at his features. I notice that even our Christians are amazed to see me lifting off the face cloths from the dead patients at the hospital, or using the stethoscope to make sure they are really dead. What a horrible thing to do! Only dare-devil foreigners could thus taunt the inhabitants of the nether world. Because of like rash deeds, we have come to be considered as very powerful and influential wizards in our own right.

Most dreaded of all places are cemeteries where the spirits are supposed to dwell. Witch doctors carefully entertain this idea because it is in their own interest to keep the people away from burial grounds. Do not the more enterprising among them dig up the dead bodies to prepare their medicines? Cemeteries also afford hiding places for robbers and murderers; nobody would ever have the courage of pursuing them in such redoubtable spots. After nightfall people do not even venture near them. Our Christian tradition of keeping graveyards neat and bright with flowers, has further helped to boost our reputation as dabblers in sorcery.

You have perhaps wondered at my assertion about robbers. In the northern part of Nyasaland there are very few of these gentlemen of the highway; in more central parts, however, native rackets are flourishing. These black gangsters operate in bands of forty under the direction of a chief. The latter continually keeps on the lookout to spot the most plentifully stocked shops, or the stores that will offer the best of advantage for a successful raid. Little does the proprietor realize that he is being watched so closely and that all his habits, his comings and goings are carefully noted. This goes on for four, five, or even six weeks before the chief decides to operate. Then the die is cast. One dark night the gang gathers and marches straight on the place indicated. A guardian usually watches throughout the night

at large warehouses, but such a guardian is a poor defence when surrounded by a band of armed robbers determined on plunder. Into the hands of the chief who threatens him with a huge, crescent-shaped Arab knife, he tremblingly drops the keys of storeroom and shops. Were he to refuse, his life would weigh less than a feather in the balance. Helplessly he is forced to look on, while the gansters pillage methodically every counter and reserve. Once their sinister work is done, they vanish into the darkness. The chief is the very last to leave. It sometimes happens that the chief himself takes whatever strikes his fancy and distributes it to his minions to save them the trouble of pillaging.

Should the proprietor show up during the raid, a ridiculous scene is enacted. The ganster leader is the first to shrill "Help! Help!" and to offer his victim elaborate condolence. So apparently sincere is he that the owner will not even attempt to bring his suit before the police; he knows beforehand that any such action would be worthless and useless. Africans are very cunning and distrust their own. Experience has taught them that he who today gives you a hearty handshake, may tomorrow thrust his trusty lance somewhere between your shoulder blades.

Have any genuine diabolical possessions come to our notice in these parts? We have indeed witnessed a few cases where the devil enters his victims, once or twice a month, and completely changes their appearance. During the night the possessed persons fall into hideous contortions, howl dismally, and make themselves general nuisances. Terrified, the onlookers try to appease the wicked spirits by dancing or making votive offerings. Many and exacting are the devil's demands. Nobody would dare to resist his exactions because then he might, out of revenge, kill his victims or molest other members of the family or friends. Usually in Christian centers, the evil one's power is hampered. These few reflections of mine will give you an idea of the tremendous task confronting missionaries in this land where centuries of paganism still permeate the atmosphere. How much they need the help of your prayers! With your aid it will be given them through Faith, to make the Africans understand how as Christians they may live on in a world peopled with a splendid vision of throngs of happy spirits as numerous as the rain-drops that refresh Nature.



"This Might Be Christ"

Here is an extract from a Jocist section notebook. An old man brought his broken trolley to a factory to be mended. Robert, a Jocist, was given the job. He tinkered with it a bit and then gave it back to the old man. Then the thought struck him, "This might be Christ." He put in an industrious twenty-five minutes on the job. When the old man had departed with his trolley Robert realized he had treated him as a beggar and not as Christ, so he ran after him with a cigarette — a veritable St. Francis in factory overalls. "Here," he said, "take this. I fixed your wheel, but I did not treat you as a brother. Shake hands on it."

Quoted by LIAM BROPHY



KARONGA AWAKENING

Sister MARIE BERTHE(1)M.I.C.

Under the sign of Our Lady of the Rosary, Karonga, youngest of our African missions was founded on October 1, 1951. On this date so dear to the members of our Society (anniversary of the death of our revered Mother Foundress) we bade a fond farewell to our Sisters of Rumphi with whom we had spent several happy days. We made an early start as we had a ride of ten hours in prospect. Over hills and dales we sped, skirting deep ravines, whirling about hairpin curves, until at last, we saw the blue waters of Lake Nyassa shimmering on the horizon.

All the Blacks of the neighborhood turned out to greet their pastor, Msgr. St. Denis, and to give the Sisters a rousing welcome. A grand reception was tendered on the following day by the teachers and pupils of St. Mary's School. On October 3, Sister Superior(1) and Sister Marie Anna(2) opened their classes. The school built of adobe bricks and roofed with thatch, measures three hundred feet long by twenty feet wide. It accommodates five hundred pupils only four of whom as yet are Christians. Of the seven teachers, two belong to our holy Faith. Catechism lessons are an important part of the daily schedule; a missionary Father teaches the seniors while the Sisters manage the junior classes. Slowly, very slowly, the fields are whitening unto the harvest. Before Truth can shine in all its effulgence, many are the deeply-rooted prejudices that must be overcome. The fact that our mission is dedicated to Our Lady of Victories, gives us added confidence. A gradual transformation along Christian lines is being wrought in these pagan souls of goodwill.

You would love our pupils. Alert, intelligent, and studious, they have already endeared themselves to every member of our little missionary band. They are fond of original names as you may gather from the following list:

1. Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal.

Phonograph, Bitewell, Tape, Limited, Bridge, Newstyle, Mustard, Custom, Death, Yaphet, P. M. They enjoy singing and many among them have really agreeable voices. English is another of their favorites. Purists would doubtless shudder at some of the expressions coined by our black boys and girls . . . *I am homing* instead of *I'm coming home*; *The accident was killed* poor fellow! instead of *He was killed in an accident*; *I am adorning myself* instead of *I'm dressing myself*.

Whenever we go to church, our pupils tag along. The littlest ones circle our kneelers, comically trying to fold their pudgy hands and keep their bright eyes closed, except for an occasional peep at the Wamayis (Sisters). Before going out, they flock to the main altar, make two or three sketchy genuflections, and rush out like antilopes on a holiday.

Our temporary convent is a hoary, one-hundred-year-old-house dubbed, "The Fort". In days when slavery was rampant, this fortified building and its tall brick enclosure must have witnessed scenes of horror. Here were brought shackled herds of slaves from all over the interior to be sold by the infamous chief Mlozi, to the Europeans or the Arabs whose vessels infested the waters of the Nyassa.

KARONGA CONVENT



Today, the once forbidding wall is green with ivy and the frowning fort gay with the songs of birds and the antics of squirrels and bats. In the early dawn, the birds merrily chirp and twitter under the eaves; when shadows lengthen, out fly the bats for their fantastic nocturnal ballets. Some time ago, two adventurous squirrels fell off the beams onto my mosquito net. The cat who was snoozing on the window sill, yawned lazily, stretched his paws, and decided to join in the fun. A wrestling match followed where the squirrels met their doom. Among other feathered guests, owls and hens are frequent callers; shooed away from one room, the hens pop in through the other and finally elect a bed with a nice white coverlet whereon to lay their eggs.

There are only two partitions in the house. One is used as a community-refectory-kitchen-parlor; the other as a combined procure-warehouse-dormitory. On the exterior as well as in the interior, large cracks appear where the white and red ants continually make serious inroads on the walls. At nightfall, they swarm out of the cracks in extraordinary numbers. As they early sprout wings, more often than not, they flutter over our refectory table and plop down into the dishes. The natives find us very lucky to have such free-for-all seasoning.

Furniture is scarce in *The Fort*. It would be scarcer still if Sister St. Antoinette had not discovered herself a carpenter's talent which transforms packing cases into useful cupboards for the dormitory, a *kabati* for the refectory, and a sort of radio-cabinet, 1951, bush style, for the Community room. Since these masterpieces have come into our possession, we are seriously considering whether we should not take an insurance policy!

The dispensary was operated outdoors for a while. It has been removed to the old carpenter shop on the Mission compound. A very modest *cipatala* it is, but neat new thatch on the roof, a red cross painted on its doors, and a plot of bright zinnias in front give it a coquettish new look. Patients swarm from neighboring hamlets to solicit the cure of sundry aches and pains; already thirty-three among them have been regenerated in baptismal waters.

Home visitations also find place on our daily program. Many an African hut has seen the *Wamayi* under its smoky roof, engaged in friendly conversation with the hosts who are so happy to offer them the family *sima*; after a little while spent in chatting over trivial matters, Sister puts the important questions,

"Kasi mukumanya Ciuta? Mukulombankhu?" (Do you know God? Where do you pray?) The length of the catechism lesson given depends on the forthcoming answer. Never does the missionary Sister leave without sowing in the hearts of her guests, seeds of love, and hope, and faith in God, merciful Father of all men. Always she is invited to call again. For days after her departure, the villagers comment the *Wamayi's* words and her gentle kindness. They are deeply touched by the fact that the Sisters have walked for hours under a burning sun to reach their huts and distribute medi-

cine and comforting words. In many a hamlet, these home visitations have caused names to be added to the list of catechumens and sympathizers.

Hosts of missionaries as numerous as the birds who merrily flit in and out of our old Fort are needed, if Africa is to be brought entirely within the Fold. When will you join our little apostolic band in Karonga?

FLASHES of FUN

The meaning of the lengthy and very difficult word transubstantiation had been explained to the tots of the Catechism class. On the following day, Sister Teresa of the Holy Face questioned her pupils to see if they really had understood.

"Children, during Mass, the priest changes the bread into ..."

"Into himself!"

"No, No! I see that you have already forgotten yesterday's lesson. Try to remember. The priest changes the bread into ..."

"Into God's self!"

Clever answer, don't you think?

The babies in the kindergarten class have a code of pronunciation all their own for certain English words. Endings in *al* especially come in for a long drawn-out accent *ah - 1*. Sister Teresa of the Holy Face undertook the task of correcting this faulty pronunciation.

"Now, listen, dearie," she explained to a little girl who had again drawled an extravagant *ah - 1*. "You must always say Sister Principal, *pal, pal, pal*. Do you understand?"

The little Miss apparently *had* understood for a few moments later the Directress was amused to hear a delightful, "Good morning, Sister Principal, *pal, pal, pal!*"

Among her proteges, Sister Joseph Arthur counts the head of a family, a splendid fellow always most attentive to the catechism lessons given. It has finally dawned upon him that he should have his marriage rehabilitated.

"Sister," he announced one day, "I have decided to have my marriage blessed on my Silver Wedding Anniversary."

His catechist immediately on the alert to prepare him for this important action, queried,

"When does your anniversary fall?"

"Oh, in about eight year's time," the man blandly replied!

Sister Ann Marie replaced for some time one of the teachers who was sick. After a written exam given to the little ones, she gave a reward to the only child who had everyone of the correct answers. It seems that on this occasion, all the parents congratulated the winner's Mom and Dad. One of the mothers candidly inquired, "Sister, tell me what mistakes I had!" Evidently, there is often quite a close collaboration between parents and pupils.



The Novices Celebrate

As the first faint golden rays glitter over the fiftieth year of the foundation of our Society, the air vibrates with jubilee melodies rising from our Canadian and Foreign Missions.

On the occasion of our beloved Mother Superior General's visit to the Novitiate, we anticipated the anniversary celebration which will take place at the Motherhouse on June 3.

First on the program was played a brilliant concerto, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which was followed by a jubilee cantata "Praised be God In All Climes," proclaiming the magnificence of the Lord who has transformed the mustard seed of 1902 into a spreading missionary tree.

In a modest sketch, prepared with delicate taste, the Work of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit was compared to a transmitting station sending out broadcasts of Divine and Marian Glory. We found ourselves convened to a little corner of Heaven especially set aside for the triumphant family of our Society. Turning the knob on the station dial of a powerful instrument, we listened intently to recorded messages received from earthly broadcasting stations during the last fifty years. Soft music played as the mighty archangel Michael leafed over our family album. What wonderful apostolic work has been done during that short span of fifty years! All hail to the noble woman who unstintingly surrendered self that the Gospel message might be carried to the far reaches of the earth! The curtain fell upon an apotheosis to the Queen of Heaven while the choir sang our beautiful motto: "May the Immaculate Virgin be known from pole to pole!"

May the glimpses which this little play gives us into the labors, the sufferings, and the humble virtues of a saintly life serve as a beacon light on the way to the fifty years to come.

Novices enjoy



apple picking time!



Dreaming of future harvests



in the field afar!...



Our Beloved Dead



Very Reverend Mother Zenaide, Superior General, Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and of Perpetual Adoration, PARIS; Reverend Mother Louise Henriette, Provincial, HAWAII; Mr. Albert Jobin, M.D., father of our Reverend Mother St. Albert the Great, QUEBEC; Mr. Samuel Bois, GARTHBY, father of our Sister St. Teresa; Mr. Fridolin Vanchestein, ST. MATTHIEU OF LAPRAIRIE, father of our Sister St. Yolande; Mr. J. A. Morin, Mont Laurier, father of our Sister St. Joseph Calasanz; Mr. Mark Trudeau, ST. JULIE OF VERCHERES, father of our Sister Marie Reine and Sister St. Candide; Mrs. Didace Kirouac, BRISTOL, CONN., mother of our Sister Cecile des Anges; Mr. Charles Borromee Parent, MONTREAL, mother of our Sister St. Mathilde; Mrs. Arthur Normand, SANFORD, MAINE, sister of our Sister Marie Eugenie; Mr. Thomas Gamache, TOURVILLE, brother of our Sister de l'Ange Gardien; Miss Annette Labrosse, MONTREAL, sister of our Sister Marie Annette; Mr. J. E. Maltais, CHICOUTIMI, brother of our Sister Margaret of the Angels; Mrs. P. E. Cloutier, MONTREAL, grandmother of our Sister Marie Immaculee; Mrs. J. Brennan MONTREAL WEST; Mr. Thomas Doyle VERDUN; Mrs. J. Porter Miss Teresa Behan Mrs.

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