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The Precursor

The Precursor

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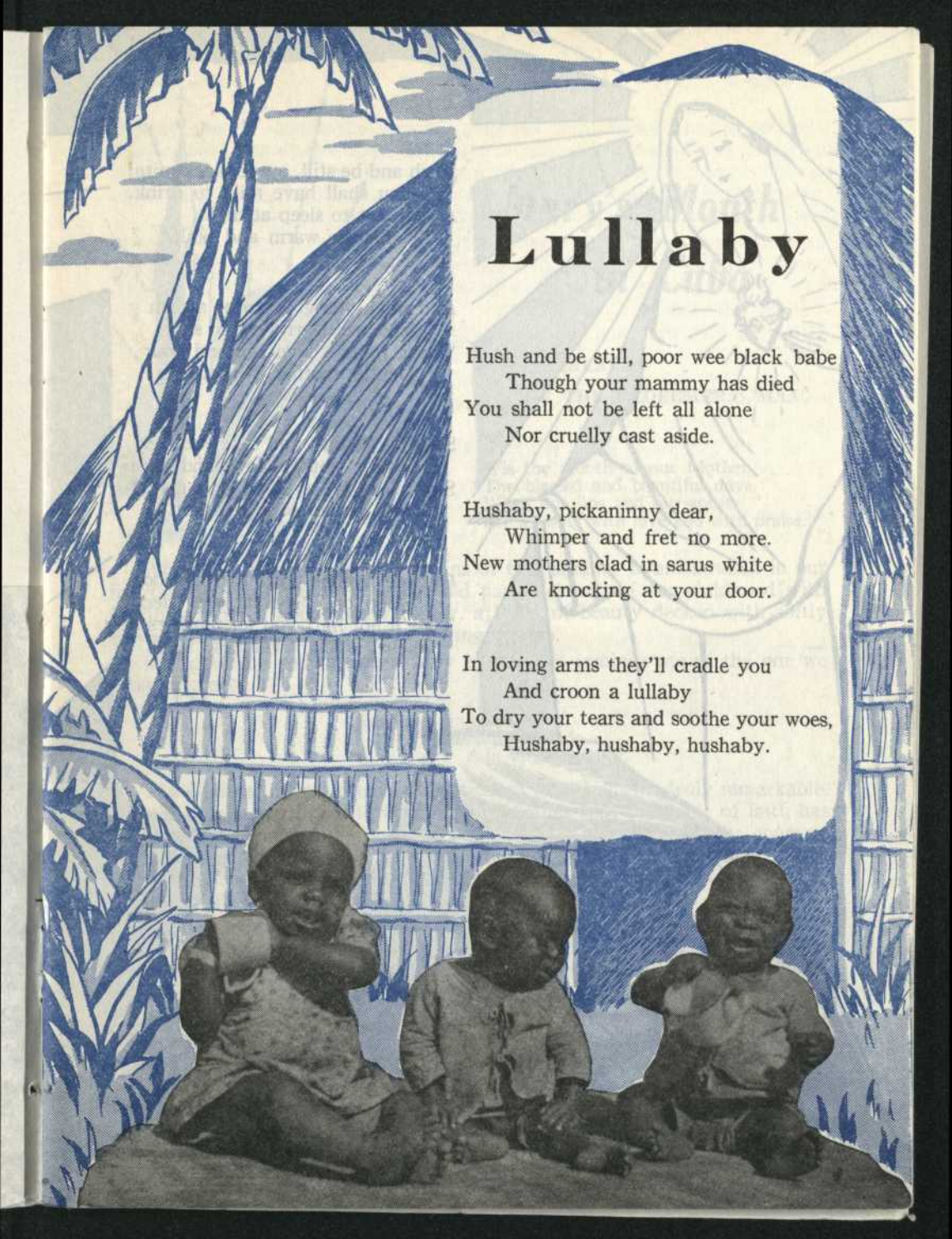
VOL. XIX, No. 9

MONTREAL

May-June 1958

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Lullaby

Hush and be still, poor wee black babe
Though your mammy has died
You shall not be left all alone
Nor cruelly cast aside.

Hushaby, pickaninny dear,
Whimper and fret no more.
New mothers clad in sarus white
Are knocking at your door.

In loving arms they'll cradle you
And croon a lullaby
To dry your tears and soothe your woes,
Hushaby, hushaby, hushaby.



Hush and be still, o wee black mite!
You shall have milk to drink.
A cozy cot to sleep at night,
A nightie warm and pink.

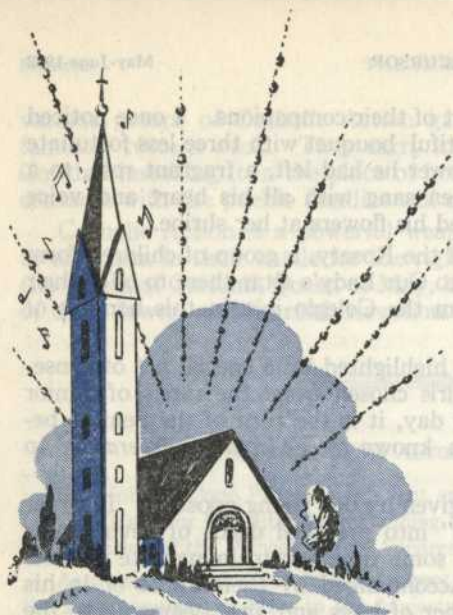
And when you grow to be a man
You will learn how to say,
"Dear Jesus, I love you and your
Gentle mother Mary."

Sleep, little one, and take your rest,
White mothers love and care.
Sleep sweetly, oh dear little child,
And dream of angels fair.

Outside hyenas howl to the moon.
Sleep on, precious one, sleep;
They'll not hurt you for mothers new
Their loving watches keep.

M.I.C.





Mary's Month in Cuba

Sister MARTHA

OF THE REDEEMER(1), M.I.C.

'Tis the month of our Mother
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and with praise.

What blessed memories the strains of this familiar hymn awaken in our hearts! In spirit we envision the old parish church of our childhood with faithful gathered about Mary's altar, a thing of beauty decked with softly glowing lights and a profusion of spring flowers.

In Cuba, the people sing a May hymn that reminds me of the one we sang long ago.

Salve mayo florido
Salve mes sin igual
Para hourar escogido
A la Virgen sin par.

The Cubans' devotion to Nuestra Senora (Our Lady) is truly remarkable. May it not be attributed to Our Blessed Mother that the flame of faith has not been entirely extinguished in their hearts? With motherly concern, she has watched over this tiny, feeble glimmer, remembering how her divine Son, when He walked our earth, cautioned us against putting out even the flickering wick.

The great majority on this island have been baptized as Catholics, but outside of their demonstrative devotion to Mary that is the only contact they have ever had with the Church. Each returning month of May, however, intensifies their filial devotion to their heavenly Mother.

May devotions in these parts do not merely consist in reciting prayers and singing hymns; each and every child is expected to bring a bouquet of flowers or at least one flower to offer in loving homage to the Queen of all hearts. Those who cannot bring this tribute and they are very few, are the

1. Marie Martha LAURIN, Beauharnois.

object of touching solicitude on the part of their companions. I once noticed one of our pupils sharing his own beautiful bouquet with three less fortunate classmates, finally handing the only flower he had left, a fragrant rose, to a coloured child who had none. He then sang with all his heart and voice Mary's praises while his proteges offered his flowers at her shrine.

Three times during the recitation of the Rosary, a group of children form a small procession that wends its way to Our Lady's altar there to offer their floral tribute. Even our big boys from the Colegio join in this homage of childlike gratitude.

On May 30, the usual ceremony is highlighted by a special act of consecration recited by fifteen boys and girls chosen from the ranks of Junior Catholic Actionists. On the following day, it is the turn of the Seniors belonging to the Catholic Action group known as *Federados y federadas*, to recite their Marian dedication.

How very inspiring is the example given by our young apostles! In order to translate their motto, "We serve," into practical deeds of devotedness to the cause of religion, they resolved some time ago to inaugurate a novel practice of devotion to Our Lady. Accompanied by their Padre or in his absence, by one of the Sisters, a number of boys and girls belonging to the

YOUTHFUL CATHOLIC ACTIONISTS TOURING THE CAMPOS



various groups of Catholic Action gather to recite the rosary in different families, twice a week. They carry in procession the statue of Our Lady of Caridad installing it in the place of honor at each home thus visited. These contacts with the pueblo families will certainly bring consoling results.

Catholic Action is a powerful weapon in the hands of our Cuban youth to aid them in their battle for the right to lead a truly Christian life. May the Virgin of Caridad, Queen of May, bless all those who offer her the homage of their flowers and heartfelt devotion.



HOLY FATHER SENDS AUTOGRAPH LETTER TO EMPEROR

His Holiness Pope Pius XII has sent an autograph letter of congratulation to His Majesty Emperor Hirohito on the coming of age of Crown Prince Akihito and on the proclamation of the Prince as Heir Apparent to the Throne.

Archbishop Maximilian de Furstenberg, Apostolic Internuncio to Japan, presented the Pope's autograph letter to His Majesty during a private audience in the Imperial Palace. In the document the Holy Father also expressed his earnest good wishes for the happiness of the Imperial Family and the well-being of the Japanese people.

Tosei News



BITS OF CUBAN HUMOR

Sister Frances Teresa was having her troubles with one of her pupils, and was at a loss to know how to make him behave. She called him to her desk. "Listen," she said, "I am far from being pleased with you, and since I cannot yet find the right words in Castellano to scold you I want you to help me." In a carefree, off-hand manner the lad taught his teacher how to reprimand him severely!



Jesus, pupil at the *Commercio*, finds that he has too much home work. Fearing lest such a state of things should affect his health, he gravely explained the situation to his teacher, Sister St. Ann d'Auray. "Do you realize, Madre, that we have more work than we can do? I am afraid that we will all lose weight. For my part, if this goes on, I'll soon be a skeleton."

Let me tell you that the skeleton to be tips the scales at 190 lbs, and is six feet tall!



Miguel received a splendid gift which he proudly showed to the class; a cow-boy belt complete with pistol and cartridges. We forbade him to shoot while on the playground. Caught in the very act of disobedience he was forced to hand over his too dangerous toy. With the gesture of a knight, he took off his belt, handed it to Sister Superior, and gravely declared: "You may have not only the pistol and the cartridges, but the sheath and the belt as well! . . . I did not know that you wanted them so badly!"

Lucita's Scheme

Sister ST. EDMUND, M.I.C. (Irma DE LADURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace.)

If you ever take a walk along the shores of Manila Bay you will notice a cozy Filipino cottage nestling among fruitbearing trees and surrounded by flowering bushes and plants. This little cottage is the home of nine-year-old Lucita. Her creamy-brown face, lit up by eyes that are twin pools of merriment, is framed by long curly hair as black as the crow's wing.

Being the youngest in the family Lucita is loved and pampered by all. Who could help loving her? Gifted with a lively intelligence and a good memory she makes rapid progress in school; cheerfulness always twinkles in her deep brown eyes.



Lately, however, something happened that brought an unexpected cloud over her sunny features. For three years now, Lucita has been attending the Catholic village school. There she has learned to love God and her heavenly Mother Mary, with all her heart. A few weeks ago the Sister reminded the class that Mary's month was near and told the pupils of the special blessing brought down upon families by the practice of daily Family Rosary. It happened that Lucita already had a warm spot in her heart for the rosary so a great ambition grew upon her, to have the whole family recite it every day during the month of May. The trouble was how to introduce this pious practice in her home. Her parents never go to Church on Sunday and nobody in her family ever kneels down to pray. She wondered if it would be better to explain the whole project to her father... Would he give any credit to her, the baby of the family? No use asking her big brothers to help; they would only tease her. Poor Lucita! She was quite a small girl to be trying to solve such a big problem. Suddenly the only sensible solution presented itself to her as if by magic. She would not breathe a word about it, but she would pray hard, make numerous sacrifices, and finally leave the whole thing to the Blessed Virgin who would certainly know how to handle this hopeless situation.

That very same evening, on her way home, Lucita paid a short visit to Our Lady to entrust her with her scheme. Then she started her silent campaign. From that day on, Lucita grew more attentive in school, more friendly and more obliging towards her classmates. At home, she gave up her games to help her mother and sisters; when the fruit platter went around the table at meal-time, and she saw a shining red apple besides a tiny crabbed one, she chose the latter and left the shining red apple for others. She never complained, not even when her brother Renato mischievously tore a page from her copy book or rudely pushed her around. How happy she was to offer these little sacrifices to God in order to win the greatly desired grace!

On May first, earnest prayers rose more fervently than ever from Lucita's heart. Would Jesus hear and grant her wish? After supper all the family gathered together for the usual merry banter. Our little friend was left alone in the kitchen to clear the table, wash the dishes, and put the supper things away. While her brothers and sisters romped and chattered she prayed over and over, "Blessed Mother, you simply must help me out! It has to be tonight. I really don't know how you will manage, but I am sure that you will grant my request. The whole family will recite the rosary during your lovely month..."

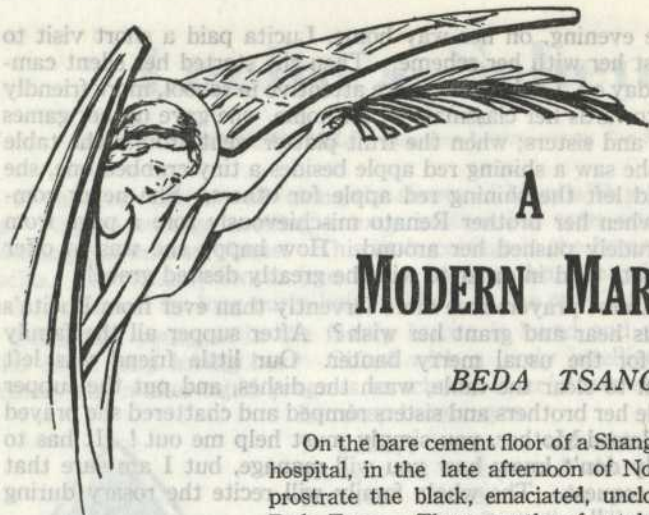
Her work done, Lucita joined the family circle. "Hello, Tootsie," called her father as he playfully ruffled her hair. "Fetch me the parcel I brought in this evening, will you?" A stampede followed and everybody tried to be the first to lay hands on the mysterious package and rip off paper and string. As a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima emerged the children grew speechless with amazement while Lucita's eyes sparkled with happiness and her heart beat a joyful race. "This is Mary's month" Father remarked. "I thought it would be a good practice to recite the family Rosary every day." Mother nodded her assent. "We will install this beautiful statue in the place of honor," she said suiting her action to her words.

Everyone helping, soon the livingroom was transformed into a bower decked with fragrant flowers and fresh greenery. The entire family knelt reverently in fervent prayer. Within the heart of the baby of the family bubbled a song of loving gratitude to Mary. Leaning over his beloved child, Father whispered "Lucita, you lead the rosary..."



Dear Mother Mary, you lived in a strife-torn country and you know the sadness and sorrow that comes when peace is no more. You gave us the Prince of Peace. Give us now peace in our homes, in our cities, in our country, in the whole world. Then we can love and serve Your Son better and more undisturbedly. Then we'll be surer to come home to Heaven to Him and you.

Francis Le Buiffe, S. J.



A MODERN MARTYR

BEDA TSANG

On the bare cement floor of a Shanghai Communist prison hospital, in the late afternoon of November 11, 1951, lay prostrate the black, emaciated, unclothed body of Father Beda Tsang. Three months of untold torture at the hands of his enemies, had reduced the once vigorous, healthy priest into a wizened corpse unrecognizable even to his own brother, a physician. After a good deal of hesitation on the part of the Reds, the body was delivered to the Tsang family for a secret burial. None of the thousands of Catholics who had gathered when news of the death of this fearless defender of the true Church seeped through, was allowed even a glimpse at his mortal remains.

Why this severity so exceptional in a country like China? The only explanation which can be given, is that the Communists fear Father Tsang dead more than when he was alive and free. His sermon is endless now written in eternity for the ears of men and angels with the last free gift he had to give to God — his life. This severity of the Shanghai civil authorities regarding his burial, was evidently part of the providential designs which decreed that, for the greater glory of God, his mortal remains should lie concealed from the gaze of the faithful. Thus were realized almost to the letter, the words of St. Ignatius of Antioch which Father Tsang had written on the souvenir card of his ordination: "When men no longer see my body, then shall I be a true disciple of Christ." God lovingly contrives even to their slightest details all the circumstances surrounding the death of His privileged disciples.

This modern martyr was born in Shanghai, May 27, 1905, of a deeply religious Catholic family. An important event which was to wield its beneficent influence over his entire life span, marked his early childhood; he became the spiritual godson of a saintly French nun belonging to the abbey of St. Michel de Kergonan, Plouarnel, France. All unaware, the child was being launched on the adventurous quest for holiness which was eventually to be crowned with martyrdom. The prayers of his spiritual godmother would follow him all the way. A photograph taken on the day of his adoption, shows him as a bright, serious, determined youngster, wearing the stiff

formal garments of ancient China with the solemn dignity of a diminutive mandarin. This same seriousness may also be noted on his First Communion portrait where he appears to be still under the charm of the wonderful experience of God's tender love for His creatures. At St. Ignatius College, Zikawei, where he first studied, he was a gifted student, hard-working, vivacious, with eyes that danced with mischief. His secondary studies over, he entered Shanghai's Junior Seminary. Somewhere in France, a holy nun in the solitude of her convent cell, prayed the soul of her beloved godson into the royal road of priesthood.

While in the seminary he applied himself with remarkable success to the study of foreign and Chinese literature. How he revelled in the marvellously balanced classical culture of his native country! With one of his illustrious compatriots he felt that he could be more Chinese precisely because he was a Catholic. But the Hound of Heaven kept relentlessly pursuing His quarry lest this soul destined to such a high vocation should become fascinated by a brilliant but too easy future. Beda Tsang, eager to go the whole way for the Lord of Heaven, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Zikawei. Some time later he sailed for Europe to continue his studies first at Jersey where he followed the philosophy courses, then at Paris where he presented before the Sorbonne his thesis on the element of human interest apparent in the poetry of Che King.

He returned to China for his ordination to the priesthood which took place in Shanghai, May 30, 1940. With a mysterious presentiment of his later fate, he wrote in his ordination memorial, an article on the martyrdom of St. Ignatius of Antioch. To those who naturally expected the cultured young priest to fill some post of honor in his native city, this must have appeared as a strange choice and yet it really gave the true tone of his interior life. His soul already was attuned to complete renunciation. "When men will no longer see my body, then shall I be a true disciple of Christ . . ."

His studies once completed, he was named rector of St. Ignatius College. Thanks to his zealous endeavors, this establishment soon became of the best of its kind in the city; then he was appointed dean of the faculty of Chinese Literature at Aurora University. To him, in the midst of multiple activities, nothing mattered more than the thorough education along Christian principles of China's youth, the hope of the future.

When the Communists began their drive against the Catholic Church in Shanghai, Father Tsang on fire with zeal tempered by intellectual training, proved a pillar of strength for the persecuted faithful. The Reds found themselves out-manuevered and out-argued. Even the pagans had recourse to his wise counsels, for they revered him as a sage. Under his guidance, youthful Christians were strengthened in their fidelity to the Church although they at times felt disconcerted by his rebukes of their rash enthusiasms. He taught them to advance slowly but surely on the way where God Himself would lay the Cross on their shoulders at His own chosen moment. They obeyed him, for they had more than once experienced his readiness to expose himself to danger, whenever needed, in order to defend and protect the sheep confided to his care.

The Communists tried to break the resistance of Catholic teachers and students at St. Ignatius College, by enmeshing them in an inferiority complex which would intimidate them and finally hamper the public confession of their faith. One morning

it was rumored that several statues had been broken. In order to stimulate the courage of the Christians, Father Tsang fearlessly came forward, caused the culprits to be apprehended and demanded official apologies. Moreover, disregarding the prohibition of Police Headquarters and that of the Bureau of Education, he personally presided at a ceremony of reparation.

During the attack on the Papal Internuncio and the campaigns for the triple autonomies, his advice and counsel strengthened the clergy, his speeches encouraged and cheered the faithful, and his skilful, intelligent arguments shot Red sophisms to pieces. Thousands of Catholics derived spiritual light and comfort from hearing him expound the word of God in his own personal, clear, simple, and soundly doctrinal way.

In the early part of 1951, he was compelled to assist with other delegates at the sessions of an East China Congress under the patronage of the Ministry of Education. The delegates were asked at the end of the closing session, to approve a declaration whereby they promised to carry on propaganda among their Catholic pupils in favor of the movement of the triple autonomies. Father Tsang with four other delegates stood up from his seat to signify his refusal. In spite of the President's frantic efforts to make the well-trained, courageous priest appear ridiculous, the latter succeeded in delivering one of his best sermons in the very presence of his enemies, insisting that Christ established His Church one and apostolic, beyond the power of man to change its constitution, and showing the true nature of her autonomy in each and every country. He wound up by making an appeal to the comprehension of the government and by proving that the Christian faith should be considered as the bulwark of patriotism. Such was his warmth of conviction and his overpowering eloquence that, forgetting for a moment where they were, those present gave him unstinted applause. The Reformed Church motion had lived. On this momentous occasion, Father Tsang all but signed his own death warrant; non-conformists cannot expect length of years under Communist rule.

A few months later, a violent campaign was launched by the government against the *criminal* Beda Tsang. Tracts and posters mentioned ten principal chiefs of accusations. Besides ridiculous calumnies such as having "brazenly entertained the Japanese after their defeat not to be downhearted," he was accused of blocking Red propaganda by every means in his power, of sabotaging the endeavors of progressive students, of carrying on obstructive activities during patriotic demonstrations. Finally, Father Tsang was forced out of St. Ignatius College.

On August 9, 1951, police officials called at his residence; they wanted to *talk* things over with him, they said. All through the usual rounds of working, praying, and playing, the bleak prospect of months, or years, or a lifetime in prison must have been in the future martyr's thoughts always. When the police did enter on the scene, that fateful August day, they found him quietly at recreation playing chess. He mounted the stairs to his room to fetch the small bundle of necessities he had been holding in readiness for such an eventuality, then followed the Red officials to their limousine. At the curb he turned to wave a calm, affectionate farewell to his friends and was gone on the first stage of his glorious journey to martyrdom. Although none of the news-sheets then proclaimed this arrestation, the Shanghai students soon learnt that the

prison gates had clanked on the man who had dared oppose the encroachments of an atheistic government on the rights of the Church.

In prison, the Communists made desperate efforts to win Father Tsang over to their views of a National Church whose head they evidently wanted him to become. Upon his refusal, they tried to break his will and thus be enabled to use him for the ends they had in view in spite of himself. Endless torture-filled days and hideous sleepless nights dragged by while he was submitted to grilling questionings calculated to break down his resistance. Some of the other prisoners heard him pathetically repeating, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me, save me . . ."

In order to force from their prisoner a psychological surrender they deemed necessary for the success of the *reformed church*, the Communists went too far in the *processing* of their victim. His precious nerve cells poisoned by sleep deprivation, Father Tsang sank into a deadly coma. Fearful lest the prisoner escape from their clutches, the Red authorities had him transferred to the prison hospital in the first days of November. On November 11, 1951, at 8 a. m., the heroic martyr's soul quietly slipped its earthly bonds and entered into the possession of untrammelled freedom. At the same hour, in one of the city churches, an anniversary Mass was being offered for the repose of the soul of the foster godmother who had died a few years earlier, entreating her to intercede before God's throne for her beloved spiritual godson's release.

A spontaneous gathering of Christians from all parts of the city as soon as news spread of Father Tsang's death, was dispersed by police action and led to the official prohibition of a solemn funeral ceremony. The body was escorted to the cemetery by his immediate family and two priests during the dead of night, November 13. Now indeed men could no longer see his body but he had become a true disciple of Christ!

The Catholic youth of Shanghai, then in the throes of the violent attack launched against the Legion of Mary, rendered glory to God who had given them a model and a protector. New courage flowed into the hearts of all. Even those who, while offering courageous resistance, could not help fearing consequences, were strengthened in a mysterious manner which made them exclaim, "He has gone on ahead to show us the way. We will follow him to the end."

Masses of thanksgiving were celebrated in many churches and thousands of young people sang in jubilation at this victory won for Christ, their beloved Master. If Shanghai's population was ignorant of how Father Tsang died, at least they knew why he died. Friday, November 16, crowds gathered in church once again; a huge cross of red flowers was carried into the nave by a group of lay people. Boys and young men from all over the city were there with mourning bands on their arms; young women with a white flower in their hair; old men and women, housewives and laborers, shop-keepers and merchants, with tears in their eyes.

The police brought their mail fist down heavily forbidding any further masses to be publicly held for Father Tsang. In glaring headlines their newspapers proclaimed that he had been arrested because he was a dangerous criminal. Thus, news of his death was spread by the Communist press all over China. The voice they intended to silence forever now thunders in the secret of men's consciences making them all the more keenly aware of eternal values.

Testimony of the Chinese Members

of the MYSTICAL BODY of CHRIST

Whoever has had the good fortune to live in intimate union with the Catholic Church in China cherishes a fresh and unforgettable remembrance of its unconditional testimony to the Mystical Body of Christ. Previous to this life and death struggle, it may be that the Chinese Catholics had not the opportunity of manifesting in a full and universal way, the real bedrock on which the structure of their faith was built. But now that the struggle itself makes manifest how thoroughly Christ had penetrated their lives, they are filled with a holy pride of their possession.

As I was about to leave Shanghai recently, many Catholic students begged me to make known to the rest of the Catholic Church throughout the world that they were offering themselves up for sacrifice and that their testimony of the Mystical Body was striving for the fullest expression possible. One of these students wrote a poem, short but provocative of thought, which fell into the hands of the police. Its message was meant for the Catholics of the whole world. I shall have to content myself with recalling a few of the ideas which still stand forth clearly in my mind: "My words are not a cry of terror but of exultation. We are not asking for help, for we know that our struggle is the united struggle of all the Church. It is the whole Church which is triumphing today, not with mere human victories devoid of the Cross but with the labor, pain, and blood of Chinese Christians. Brothers throughout the world! We are proud of our testimony, proud to be the vanguard of your own hopes."

The students of Shanghai manifested the same magnanimous enthusiasm in their Christmas letter in 1951 to their Bishop, Msgr. Ignatius Kiung: "We are well aware that up to now, the trials which we have met with are but a beginning. Thus far we have hardly taken one step on the road to Calvary; but we are not afraid! We will march straight ahead. The blood-stained footsteps of the great heroes of the past point out our way. Divine love forces us to the oblation." And in conclusion they exulted: "We are thrilled with joy because we have the good fortune to live this great epoch! If we can exert even the smallest effort for the Church, what a glory it will be for us! Before our eyes there unrolls a magnificent vista for our actions." This is the living message of the youth and of all Catholic Chinese to their brethren the world over.

Lest we take Shanghai as a criterion, let us cite just a few cases at random from the Church throughout China. Near Peking a highly intelligent diplomatic secretary scorns the lucrative post within the regime and uses his hands to make bricks that he might still keep body and soul together. In Suiyuan

three young men of Catholic Action have been grilled and ground by torture until one is mad, one is blind, and the third drags out ten years of forced labor to testify for Christ. In the Northwest a nun forced daily to hard labor under a burning sun refuses to work on Sunday and is thrown into chains as a result. In Wuhu of Central China, a Chinese priest sweats out two years of labor and chains until sickness and hunger bring him to death which finds him magnificently breathing out his last breath reciting the Creed.

Our Chinese brethren in Christ rejoice in their sufferings, in their resistance without visible result, in their crucifixion. They wish this fact to be made known. They think that the Christians of the whole world are following with keen interest the alternatives of this desperate struggle and consider the struggle as belonging to themselves. The interest with which we follow the sufferings of the Church in China and in Central Europe is an indication of the extent to which Christian values have penetrated our lives. If we do not feel that this struggle is truly our own, we are lacking in the Christian fullness of life. For us there can be no meaning to such a phrase as:

"The Christians in China or Europe are being persecuted." The only statement that expresses Christian thought and life is this: "We are being persecuted in China and in Europe."

Communism is totalitarian by the invasion and attempted control of the State in every field of human activity but more so because it seeks to absorb the individual into its ideology, its program, and its strategy. Our Catholics in China are meeting Communism with precisely the same totalitarian attitude. The way in which they have harnessed themselves for this struggle makes it evident. They have not limited the field of their generosity nor have they calculated the dangers involved before committing themselves to the cause. Everything will be solved in the course of an action which is founded on submission to God's plan and energized by the spirit of Christ. When one day a student in Shanghai was asked what he thought about the future, he answered, "The future is in God's hands. Nothing is demanded of us except that we give ourselves completely to the grace that solicits us now. God will always be with us. Why should we bother about the future?" And this young Chinese but twenty-two years of age had been a Catholic only four years. God knows the value of such a pledge for the cause of Christ and His Church.

The Church in persecution demands our testimony too. We cannot be unattentive to the exigencies which a universal struggle imposes on us. We cannot delude ourselves by assuming activities that take up our time without meeting the problem. Is it necessary to issue a manifesto beginning: "Catholics of the world unite . . . ?" Why, it is already two thousands year since Christ proclaimed it: "That they may be one . . . and in their oneness the world may know that 'Thou hast sent me . . .'"

Adapted from *China Missionary Bulletin*

Customs of Ancient China

DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

AUGUSTIN SETH PANG

This festival is the nearest approach to an annual regatta that we Chinese possess. It is held on the fifth day of the lunar calendar.

The origin of this celebration goes back to the anniversary of the death of Chut Yuan, first loyalist who became a patriot of China some two thousand years ago. This hero, a brilliant man of letters and an incorruptible statesman, lived under the feudalistic rulers of the Seven Kingdom Dynasty. He dreamt of the regeneration of his country by the enactment of wise and just laws. His efforts were balked by his unworthy sovereign, his only reward being degradation and dismissal from the imperial court. As a solemn protestation against this injustice Chut Yuan committed suicide by drowning himself, and on the first anniversary of his death, the ceremony of looking for his body was initiated. It has been continued on succeeding anniversaries ever since. Little packages of rice boiled with meat and beans and wrapped in bamboo leaves are eaten on this festival as such offerings were cast into the river by the fishermen who tried to recover the body.

The dragon boats used for the regatta are long and narrow, from fifty to one hundred feet in length, broad enough to seat two men abreast. Propelled rapidly with paddles, the craft is accompanied by the sound of a drum and gongs which are placed in the center of the boats. Impromptu races are organized not unattended with accidents at times, as these light boats are handled by excited oarsmen, wild with enthusiasm and stimulated by the cheers of onlookers.

Large crowds of spectators, scores of whom are country folk, line the banks of the river. Wealthy merchants occasionally offer refreshments to the crews. Prizes of no intrinsic value are also offered which are eagerly contested for, the bare honor of winning spurring the men on in their efforts. For hours and even days nothing is heard but the monotonous clang of the gongs and the boom of the deep-toned drums in the numerous boats.

Fights sometimes break out between rival rowers bent on winning the regatta honors. As the water this time of the year is always at high tide, regrettable accidents occur not only among the oarsmen but also among the villagers who take sides in their quarrels. Thus originate feuds that become part of family traditions and last for years, transmitted from generation to generation.

This Festival also bears the name of Tung Yung Tse, the day on which the evil spirits are driven away. Since the first advent of the plague in their

country, the Chinese think that the dragon boats paddled about at, or near the time of the festival, will drive all sickness away. A medicine called Hiung Wong is distributed among the people as it is believed to be efficacious in expelling evil spirits and poisonous insects.

MY COUNTRY'S IPHIGENIA

WILLIAM SAN

In the neighborhood of Peiping rises a temple called Great Bell Temple. Hanging in a tall bell tower, in the rear of the temple buildings, is a huge bell famed in Chinese lore. Thereby hangs a very old legend.

Years and years ago lived in Peiping an honest and expert bell-caster. One day the Emperor summoned him to court. Orders were given him to cast a bell so large that it might be heard thirty-three miles away; the alloy was to consist of brass, silver, gold, and iron. Slowly and somewhat dejectedly, the old bell-caster retraced his homeward way. While his young daughter, loving and attentive, served him his supper she strove to learn the reason of his unusually pensive mood. When she heard his story, her cheeks blanched with fear. The Emperor was known as something of a tyrant who thought nothing of sentencing to death anyone who failed to satisfy his slightest whims or fancies.

So anxious did the girl become as she reflected over the difficulty of the task assigned to her father, that she tried by all means in her power to dissuade him from attempting the work; but as the honor of his clan was involved the old man determined to try his luck. Suffering agonies of anxiety, his dutiful daughter hovered near him night and day.

The first bell was cast. Alas! When the clapper hit the gracefully curved metal walls, nothing but harsh, discordant sounds were heard. In no way daunted, the bell-caster set the metal into fusion once again. The ponderous mass of metal was wheeled into the Emperor's presence, and when the clapper tested its worth, the sounds that issued forth resembled the wails of lost souls. On his throne of jade and gold, the mighty Emperor frowned his displeasure. "When you failed at the first casting of the bell," he rasped, "I felt sorry for you. Now I am angry at your awkwardness. Still, my clemency being great, I grant you one more chance to redeem your reputation. Remember, however, that should you fail again, death will be your punishment."

Slowly, the doomed man wended his way home. How sad his daughter felt on seeing how much he had aged during the last few weeks! If only she could find a way to help! But what could an ignorant girl do? Late that

night she slipped out of the house, accompanied by a trusted retainer, to call on a hoary old sage who lived in her village. He listened to her pitiful story then spoke sententiously, "Gold will never mix with silver, nor brass with iron unless the blood of a pure young girl be mixed with them."

At the forge, the third and momentous casting of the bell was in progress. Just as the molten metal was about ready to be poured into the huge mold, a graceful silk-swathed figure glided swiftly past the old man and his aides and, before any one could prevent her, had thrown herself headlong into the seething mixture.

Sorrowfully, his tears rivuleting into the most precious alloys, the bell-caster went on with his work, indifferent now to life or death, since the sunshine of his existence had faded out with the death of his beautiful daughter. When the Emperor tested the newly cast bell, he gasped with surprise. Purer, mellow, more musical tones had never yet been heard. The melodious sounds filled not only the imperial city but spread to twice the distance that had been demanded. Thus was filial piety rewarded.

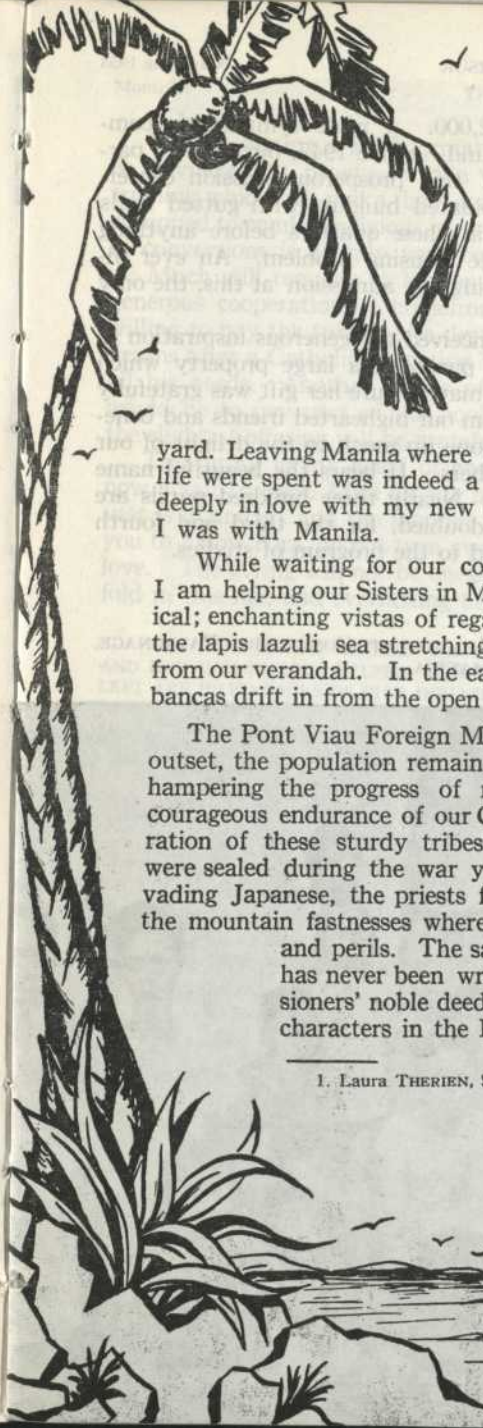
FATHER MATTHEW SU,

Another Chinese Martyr

Fr. Su, a young secular Chinese priest, died a glorious death reciting the Creed with his last breath. He had been imprisoned for two years under the Reds, doing hard labour under a burning sun. He had been ordained in 1949, and had shown great zeal for souls and determined resistance to the independent church movement. The result was that he was arrested in 1950 for questioning and various methods of "persuasion". To all their efforts, Father Su invariably replied by reciting the Creed, "I believe in God and the Holy Catholic Church . . .", from which he refused to be separated. Many of his fellow prisoners were influenced by his virtues and his explanations of doctrine. Hard work, exposure, poor food and sickness all pulled down his strength until finally he was at death's door. A jailer told a relative that with magnificent courage and faith Father Su summoned his remaining strength to recite aloud the Apostles' Creed by which he had lived and for which he had suffered and was now giving up his life. No doubt fearing some recurrence of the religious wave of fervour that surged up at the death of Father Beda Tsang, the Reds kept Father Su's death a secret, and he was buried at night in an unmarked grave outside the city.

Father Su was 30 years of age. He was curate in Fanchang when arrested by the Reds.

The Eastern Messenger



My New Mission

Sister JOSEPH ARTHUR⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

A few months ago, I received an assignment for another spot of the Philippines where I was told the Master Missioner henceforth wanted me to help in the tilling of His vineyard. Leaving Manila where five of the happiest years of my missionary life were spent was indeed a sacrifice. But, already, I am almost as deeply in love with my new mission of Davao on the eastern coast as I was with Manila.

While waiting for our convento and school to be built in Davao, I am helping our Sisters in Mati. The climate here is pleasantly tropical; enchanting vistas of regal palm trees fringing the seashore, and of the lapis lazuli sea stretching majestically beyond, may be obtained from our verandah. In the early morning, the fishermen's scythe-nosed bancas drift in from the open sea, as buoyant as floating sea gulls.

The Pont Viau Foreign Missioners reached Mati in 1939. At the outset, the population remained somewhat aloof and distrustful thus hampering the progress of mission work. Gradually, however, the courageous endurance of our Canadian missionaries won the admiration of these sturdy tribes. Mutual respect and friendliness were sealed during the war years when, to escape the invading Japanese, the priests followed their Christians into the mountain fastnesses where they shared their privations and perils. The saga of these heroic times has never been written but surely the missionaries' noble deeds are etched in indelible characters in the Book of Life.

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



Mati Catholics now number about 12,000. A more sympathetic community of Christians would be hard to find. Since 1947, our Sisters participate in the educational activities of this prosperous mission center. Their first school was housed in a dilapidated building with gutted walls and flimsy roof. Five years were spent in these quarters before anything could be done towards solving the acute housing problem. An ever increasing number of children came clamoring for admission at this, the only Catholic school for miles around.

At last, one of Mati's well-off ladies conceived the generous inspiration of donating to the Mission, for educational purposes, a large property which she owned within the city premises. You may be sure her gift was gratefully accepted. Thanks to the help received from our bighearted friends and benefactors overseas, a spacious building has gone up much to the delight of our children and the satisfaction of their teachers. It bears the beautiful name of Academy of the Holy Heart of Mary. Nearly three hundred pupils are now enrolled; this number will soon be doubled, for the third and fourth year of High School will, in 1953, be added to the program of studies.

THE POOR ARE CARED FOR AT THE CLINIC OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION PATRONAGE, GAGALANGIN, MANILA.



Besides getting a solid formation in worldly sciences, the youth of Mati is privileged to receive, within the Academy walls, a thoroughly Catholic training which will make them zealous and capable apostles among their own, equipped to combat religious ignorance rampant in these islands. The number of conversions is already very consoling.

Much still remains to be done, however, and we continue to rely on the generous cooperation of homefront missionaries. Who among you would be willing to pay the tuition of a destitute child from the mountain districts who yearns after a Catholic education? A yearly sum of fifty dollars would cover all his needs. Another means of collaborating in our missionary activities would be to pay part of the books needed for the Academy library. Even the slightest offering will be gratefully received.

Treasuring in my heart of hearts the most cherished of memories, I am now about to leave Mati for my new mission of Davao. There also the harvest is abundant and the laborers too few. If the Master Missioner beckons you to follow Him, do not turn away from this glorious occasion to prove your love. The giving will not be onesided. Jesus too will give to you a hundred-fold in this life, and everlasting happiness in the life to come.

SR. JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERIEN, ST. LEONARD D'ACTON)
AND HER INDUSTRIOUS HELPER, ROSARIO, GIVE MEDICATION TO THE SICK. ON THE
LEFT ARE PILED SACKS OF RICE DONATED TO THE POOR, BY THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.





WELL EARNED REST AFTER A DAY'S HARD LABOR!

HONG KONG

Catholic Layman Honored

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has recently conferred the title of Knight of St. Sylvester on one of Hong Kong's prominent Catholic laymen. Mr. J. S. Shak.

The solemn ceremony of investiture took place on January 8, in the parish hall of St. Teresa's Church, Kowloon. It was presided over by His Excellency L. Bianchi, Bishop of Hong Kong. Mr. Shak is the very first Chinese gentleman in the colony to be honored with this decoration. It was awarded to him as a recognition of the remarkable work he has accomplished in favor of the Catholic Church and of the Hong Kong poor.

After donning the uniform with golden braid, the hat, and the sword of the Order of St. Sylvester, the newly dubbed Knight spoke his gratitude,

"I am overcome with joy and thankfulness for the special mark of honor granted me by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. I feel that I am far from deserving this honor. What I have done] was simply my duty as a disciple of Christ and as a loyal citizen.

The motto of our Catholic Action is, "Prayer, Action, Sacrifice." Through prayer mountains of difficulties may be moved; action helps us translate our motto into practical deeds; sacrifice affords us the occasion of making others a little happier or more comfortable by giving up something of our own comforts . . . I regret my failure in not always living up to my motto as I should . . ."

Generous benefactor of the Catholic Church, Mr. Shak has also been a kind and helpful friend to our little Society in Hongkong. To him we offer sincere congratulations and best good wishes. Ouen Soei! Ouen Soei! (length of life).

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Hong Kong

Sister St. Denise, M.I.C.



Science has turned the universe into a wonderland, but at the same time it has destroyed our sense of wonder. We are living in an age when not only our bodies but also our souls are starving in the midst of abundance. Ah, when will man become a child again?

John C. H. Wu



TOK

Japa

THE LITTLE FLOWER INSTILLS IN JAPANESE HEARTS THE DESIRE
FOR HIGHER THINGS.



LITTLE PAGAN CHILDREN ARE TOLD THE STORY OF THE
WORLD'S FIRST LOVE — MARY IMMACULATE.



LEARNING THE KING'S ENGLISH.

KYO

pan



MISSIONERS STUDY THE DIFFICULT JAPANESE LANGUAGE.



SERVING THE CHURCH IN JAPAN.



RELIEVING THE AILING BODY TO REACH THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

THE JAPANESE SOUL AND FLOWERS

Sister ST. VINCENT FERRER⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

I was returning home from the city, some time ago, when I noticed, standing by the roadside, a tiny Japanese girl with a look akin to rapture on her sun-kissed features. She had just discovered, blooming in a small grass plot, a simple white flower. Down she knelt to get a closer view. Lightly, tenderly, she stroked the velvet petals, then with an almost respectful gesture, she culled the blossom and pressed it to her heart as if it were a treasure from Ali Baba's cave. This charming scene appeared to me like a delicately tinted aquarelle of the Japanese soul, and its mysterious kinship with nature. For hundreds of years, the sons and daughters of the Land of the Rising Sun, whether peers or commoners, have displayed a passionate fondness, I would dare say a cult for plants and flowers. In the days of feudal warfare, the fearless *samurai* fought in the fray with cherry blossoms affixed to their weapons. From times immemorial, artists and poets have wielded their brush to extol the charms and beauties of the flowery kingdom. Even untutored peasants and ignorant servant girls have been known to pen naive *hokku* (poems of seventeen syllables) in praise of favorite blossoms.

Somewhere in the history of Japanese literature, it is related that the poetess Kaga no Chiyo



1. Isabelle ETHIER, Montreal.

going out to fetch water, one early summer morning, found a morning glory plant with tendrils twined about the rope used to lower the bucket into the well. Instead of rudely shattering the fragile plant, Chiyo composed a gay little hokku on the morning glory's boldness and requested permission to draw water at a neighbor's well.

In Japan, flowers are never placed in vases at random. The art of ikebana (living flowers) is a very complicated art indeed requiring years of study and practice in specialized schools. Flowers are symbols. They may be arranged in such a way as to convey messages or express axioms of philosophy. Only bright, hardy blooms may be offered to the sick, for those pale and drooping might incline the afflicted person to thoughts of gloom and despondency. To one going on a journey, *return flowers* are offered in delicate forethought. The American *Say it with Flowers* here has a more intimate and subtle meaning, difficult to define but typical of the little-known soul of Japan.

The Japanese have for so long held sweet communings with nature that they have all something of a resemblance with the saintly Francis of Assisi. Let them one day discover the Author and Creator of flowers and human beings and they also will sing their own original Canticle of the Sun.

Lines dedicated

To Our Mother Foundress

ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF OUR SOCIETY

On this our Golden Jubilee,

To you, we turn our eyes with glee.

O Mother we are proud of you,

And love you with a fealty true.

You guided us, and raised our hearts,

To God, and not to worldly marts;

For this, deep gratitude we feel,

And for God's blessings we appeal.

From your loving heart here below,

God's pure bliss and sunshine do sow,

You whose soul is filled with joy

And happiness without alloy.

Marie-Sophie Akiko Kageyama

Missionary aspirant, Tokyo

Teaching the Doctrine

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

My assignment includes teaching weekly doctrine courses on Saturdays at Guipuzcoa, a diminutive hamlet about two miles from Marti, and on Sundays after Mass at our own Marti Colegio. Instead of teaching the doctrine you might simply read teaching catechism. In Cuba, however, where high-sounding titles and appellations are in the popular taste, the word catechism is very seldom used; the more technical term of doctrine is preferred.

My pupils number more than one hundred ranging from mere toddlers to youths in their early twenties. They may be said to be more or less coloured although no discrimination is thereby implied. The hue of their skin varies from the sheen of the lily or the delicate shading of old ivory, to creamy brown or gleaming ebony. These boys and girls come to me from all classes of society. Some are gently mannered, others are regular rowdies. Nearly all those who enroll in my doctrine classes are absolutely ignorant of everything that pertains to religion. I consider myself lucky when they have at least been baptized. After roll call I set to work in earnest teaching them how to make the sign of the Cross and recite the simplest prayers Christians are supposed to know. Then start the series of explanations on the three principal mysteries of our Faith, the commandments of God and of the Church, the Sacraments, and the liturgy. Once in a while to encourage my students, I digress by telling them a story which always winds up with a moral. On special occasions I also distribute rosaries, medals, and holy pictures. You can hardly imagine the amount of such pious objects one needs here to supply the demands of our children.

My weekly doctrine courses never last more than one hour as that is all the time I can spare from my regular schedule. This gives you an idea of the difficulty felt in imparting to these uncultured pupils even a workable knowledge of their Faith. For the greater number, this is their one and only chance to receive at least a minimum of religious instruction. The trouble is that many among them behave like the invited guests in the Gospel story; one has fallen ill and cannot therefore attend; another has to leave on a distant journey; still another lives too far away and his or her mother needs her at home anyway. So there I am left trying to solve an apparently unsolvable problem. Sometimes I am tempted to think that most of them will never learn even the essentials, so slow is the progress they make. If at least the parents helped us out in our difficult task! Instead of helping they only too often

1. Fabienne BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge.

hinder by their erroneous conception of moral duties and religious obligations. Missing Mass on Sundays without any reason is no sin at all, according to their norms, but a slight act of disobedience to parental injunctions is considered a serious offense. Suicide is a laudable action denoting courage and resolution; killing a cat or even a lizard is branded as a shameful sin. Another handicap to the religious formation of children is found in the more or less edifying lives of their parents. How can the young generation be expected to be faithful to religious duties while living in the midst of pernicious examples of loose living? Our pupils talking about their parents will remark as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "Papa and mamma are not married, not even the civil way." One little girl excused herself the other day saying that she could no longer attend the doctrine classes as she must prepare her father's meals.



SR. JOSEPH CALASANZ (JEANNE BERTHE MORIN, MONT LAURIER)
TEACHES AT SANTA MARIA COLEGIO, MARTI.

"Where is your mother?" I asked.

"Oh, mamma married another man and has gone to live at Cardenas," she nonchalantly replied.

What can we hope to do for the youth that is brought up in such a deplorable atmosphere? Most of my pupils may be said to be living in such unfavorable circumstances.

Once a year I prepare all the First Communicants in Guipuzcoa and Marti. Two weeks before the great event daily doctrine lessons are given. A young boy in my class queried the other day, "Madre, mamma told me to ask you what you mean by receiving a host?" Such appalling ignorance is not a very encouraging factor. In Canada, parents in general are proud and happy to help in the preparation of their children for their First Holy Communion. Over here, our youngsters are sadly left to themselves to prepare as best as they can with the help of their teachers; on their great day, their fathers and mothers will not even come to Church to be witnesses of their children's happiness. Once the child has made his First Communion, it grows increasingly difficult to have him continue to attend the doctrine courses. Just think! What more can he learn after learning the catechism? To the Cubans' way of reasoning, he is all but entitled to a D. D. after his name!

Until now I have been showing you only the dark sides of the picture; there are highlights also that greatly rejoice our hearts. What keener happiness can the missionary taste than being privileged to watch the marvelous growth of divine grace in the souls confided to him? One day, I had the littlest ones draw lots on a pretty picture offered as a reward. Roberto, just half-past-seven, was the exultant winner. A few moments later, I noticed to my embarrassment that I had overlooked one of the pupils, a black boy called Manolo. Roberto was disappointed but generously gave up his prize to have lots drawn once again. This time Manolo won. How deeply touched I was to see him presenting the pretty picture to Roberto with his most engaging smile. Fredesvinda has to walk nearly six miles to attend the doctrine classes; during the rainy season, when the roads are all but impassable she never misses once to show up at the appointed hour. One courageous lad firmly refuses to eat meat on Fridays. "I eat sardines," he once confided to me with a lugubrious air on his candid face which spoke volumes on the sacrifice involved.

At Guipuzcoa, the doctrine lessons begin at a quarter past nine. Long before the appointed hour my youthful audience jostle one another on the circular bench built around an enormous laurel tree, near the place where the bus which brings me from Marti usually stops.

As soon as they catch a glimpse of my white habit, they rush to the small outdoor kiosk used as a meeting place. During the peak of the hot season when I suggested that we might perhaps take a few weeks of holidays, none of my disciples would consent. If I were willing to come they were willing to learn.

At Marti, these doctrine lessons are held in my classroom. As soon as Sunday Mass is over, my pupils crowd the narrow hall that leads to the school-room. When I open the door, I must take the precaution to step back a few paces to keep my balance against the exuberant onslaught. The secret of winning the confidence and trust of these little ones is to be gentle and patient with them at all times. If they feel that you really love them, they will do anything to please you. They literally devour me with their eyes as I tell them the sweet old Gospel story which is so new to them. Tears glisten in their dark eyes at the recounting of the Passion. How happy I feel when I see them going to confession and receiving Holy Communion!

It is true that they only too often forget the good principles learnt at the doctrine classes once they return to their homes where the name of God is never mentioned. Still, I feel confident that something will remain of what they have learnt here. Sooner or later, when occasion offers, they will remember what the Madre told them about their immortal soul. It happens that they still miss Mass on Sundays, once in a while. We must take into account the struggle they have to put up to resist their own parents who sometimes go so far as to forbid their attendance to religious duties. One small boy once complained to me, "Madre, my mother says she does not want me to assist at Sunday Mass. What shall I do?"

The indifference or hostile attitude of parents is sad to say a serious obstacle to the Christian education of the children. Our lot as missionaries is to cast seed into the furrow. We must not anticipate the harvest, for it is perhaps not in the all-wise providential designs that we should see it gathered into celestial granaries.

Pray that I may be a faithful patient sower of doctrine.

400,000 Miles of Pagans

At the present moment the world contains nearly a thousand million pagans (1,000,000,000). Placed shoulder to shoulder, they would form a line four hundred thousand (400,000) miles long, or seventeen times round the earth. Passing a given point, in single file, one per second, day and night without ceasing, it would take thirty-one and a half years for the last persons in that procession to go by.

Four hundred thousand miles of pagans! Every one of them dear to God, and yet not even knowing His holy Name!

"What Christ did and suffered," says Pere Grou, S. J., "He would have endured for the salvation of even a single soul. The salvation of a soul is, then, the price of the Blood of God, the price of the death of God, the price of the greatest sacrifice which Christ could possibly make, which proves that the value of a soul is beyond understanding."

"Behold, saith the Lord, I will send many *Fishers*, and after this I will send many *Hunters*" (Jer. xvi.). Dear reader, why should you not be one of the "Fishers and Hunters" of men's souls?

Selected



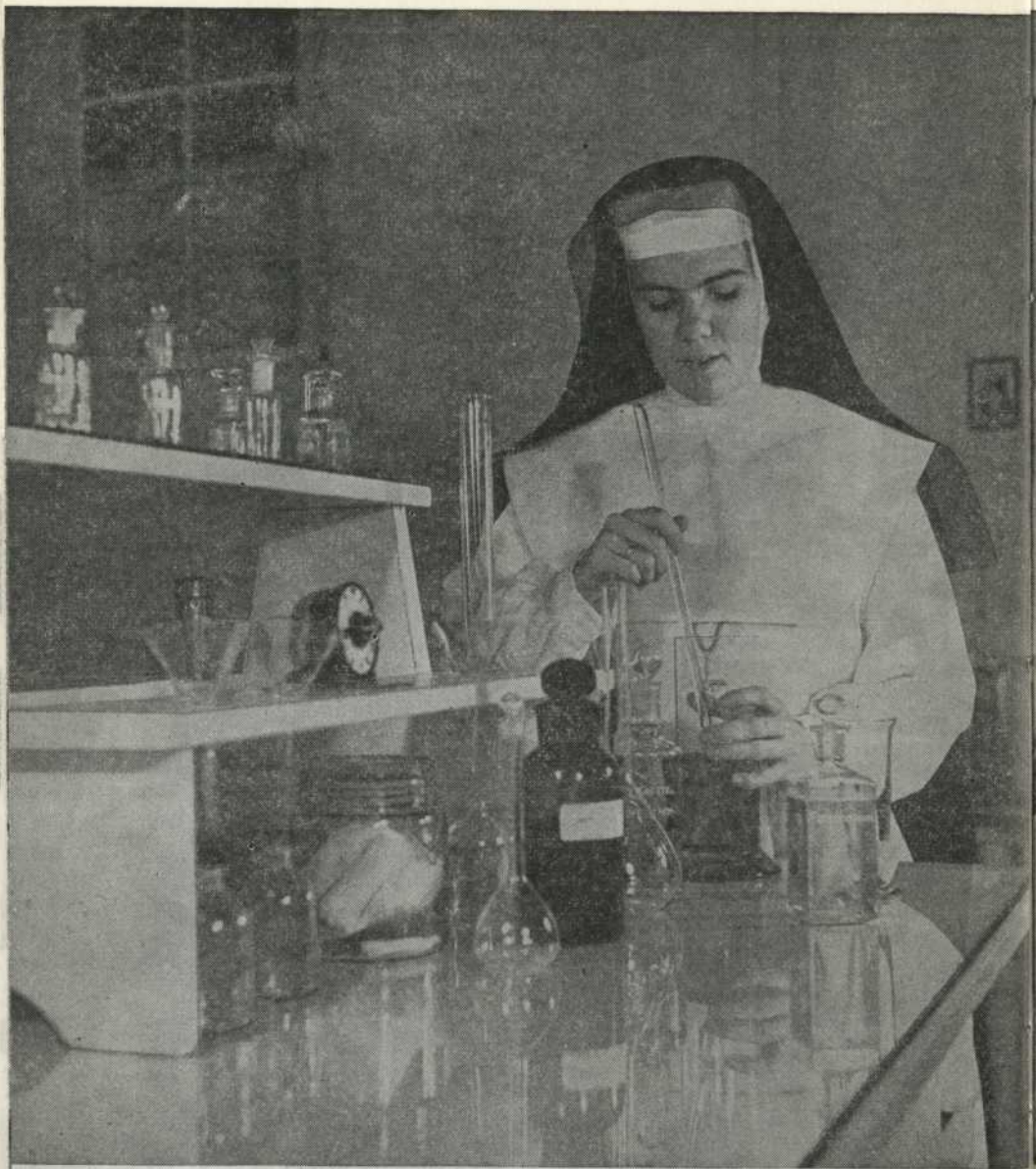
MOTHERHOUSE STUDIO

Sr. JEANNE LEBER (Etiennette Bilodeau, Montreal)



WHILE WAITING TO MAKE CHINESE, JAPANESE, OR FILIPINO FOOTWEAR . . .

SR. ST. ALEXINA (Antoinette LeBel, Trois Pistoles)



GETTING INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE LAB

IN VIEW OF FOREIGN MISSION DISPENSARIES.

SR. ST YVETTE (Yvette Carle, Joliette)



SISTER - DENTISTS ARE GREATLY APPRECIATED ON THE MISSIONS.

SR. MARIE DENISE (Denise Demeules, Albertville, Matapedia Co.)

IN AFRICA

When Beau Meets Belle

Sister LEO THE GREAT⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

After attending school until she had mastered the noble arts of reading and writing, a rare accomplishment for girls in these parts, Tamara had been given me as aide at the hospital. Neat, hard-working, and docile, I entertained high hopes of training her so that she eventually might face governmental exams for nursing. I had counted without masculine competition. One fine day, Arnold, a teacher at the boy's Station School, called on Sister Superior to ask Tamara's hand in marriage.

"It all depends on what the young lady thinks about your proposal. Is she willing to marry you?" questioned Sister Superior.

"Oh, I never spoke to her," he replied with composure. "I saw her once or twice working at the hospital and concluded that she would make me a good housekeeper."

"Well," decided Sister Superior, "I will call her in and let her give you her own answer."

Poor Tamara reluctantly obeyed the summons. While her wooer majestically remained seated in an armchair, the girl crouched miserably in a corner of the room, her eyes stubbornly cast down. The impression was apparently good, for Arnold immediately started the customary investigations regarding his prospective bride. Finally, a broker was sent to settle the problem of the number of cows to be paid as dowry. A few days before the wedding, Tamara received a letter from her betrothed. A love letter you will say? Well, not exactly the kind exchanged between fiances in America. Arnold simply wanted to know the size of Tamara's feet! Being a professional man around here, he wanted his future wife to be worthy of him by wearing shoes at least during the wedding ceremony.

The happiest in all this remains that Tamara will not be taken from me; her husband has resolved that it will not hurt her to continue her training provided that she be sure to cook him some good, appetizing meals.

* * *

Bernado and Bibiana were to tie the knot at Father Superior's Mass. On the previous day, the courageous girl had walked fifteen miles from her bush village, accompanied by the traditional cortege of native belles.

1. Pauline LONGTIN, Montreal.

All was ready for the wedding but Bernado failed to put in an appearance. Patiently, the girl waited and waited and waited. As no bridegroom showed up, Father Superior decided to offer Holy Mass while waiting for him. After a few more hours of waiting in vain he dismissed the girl with the fatherly advice, "Go back to your village. If your husband to be arrives meanwhile, he will take his turn waiting for you."

One month elapsed before Bibiana again walked her fifteen miles to be married to her tardy wooer. In America, such treatment would probably make the girls' blood boil. African ladies do not let themselves be upset for so little. The man's absence may be explained in several ways; he may have had a fit of bad humor; the tailor may have refused to let him have a pair of trousers on credit; he perhaps was unable to get a respectable number of cows together to present as dowry. In Africa, it is the man who must pay his wife's dowry at least among the tribes with which we have come into contact.

KARONGA

In our Karonga Mission, the Christians offer their filial homage to Our Lady during her month of May, in their own original way. Mary is loved even in these African wilds. Her black children will not be found remiss in their deep-felt affection for her.

To promote this love of Our Blessed Mother among the young generation, the Sisters have set up in their school a simple shrine of Our Lady of Victory. Its decoration devolves on the pupils, many of whom are yet pagans. It really does one's heart good to see these black boys and girls happily decking the statue with bouquets of jungle flowers picked in the hills. They sometimes walk a considerable distance in order to find the prettiest and most fragrant blooms. But the fairest of all the flowers offered at her shrine is no doubt the Ave Maria so piously recited in Citumbuka. It must fall like music on her ears, this prayer which has never yet through the centuries risen from this part of her earthly demesne.

Sr. St. Antoinette, M.I.C.

MANILA

Kwai Li has only lately been registered at our Anglo Chinese Academy. Once in a while she curiously takes a peep into the chapel where the greater number of her classmates seem to be so perfectly at home. As she labels herself "one who does not believe," she is anxious to know whether her presence in church will be tolerated. Upon our affirmative reply, she probes further, "Sister, how does one go about this believing business? How can I get what you call 'Faith'?"

"By praying," replies her teacher. "Just ask God to give it to you as you would ask your parents for something you stand badly in need of."

Astounded, Kwai Li counters, "But, Sister, does God understand Chinese?"

THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA



by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

"We thought that in virtue of his authority as Pro-vicar Apostolic he would keep one of us with him and take some money from the fund we had brought with us — not a great sum, it is true, but we were perfectly willing to share it. We placed ourselves and all we had in his hands, but he would accept nothing. 'God has taken care of me until today, and I know His help will never fail me. Perhaps, some day, He will send me a helper. Dear friends, go to the missions assigned you, and do not forget me in your prayers.'

"We begged him to accept part of our money. 'No, though I thank you with all my heart,' he said. 'I have put all my trust in God, and He has never taken better care of me than since I came to Futuna.' He looked upon Bishop Pompallier as the interpreter of God's will in his regard, and wished to accept neither money nor helper except through his hands."

The visiting missionaries had brought with them many letters for Father Chanel from friends in Europe, and he answered some of them at once that they might begin their long journey with the departure of the *Queen of Peace*. The most important among them was the account of his mission which he sent to Father Colin. "It was with indescribable joy that after living for eighteen months in Futuna, I received a visit from the first apostolic band which you, in your goodness, sent to reinforce us," he said; then, having narrated in a few words the principal events which had occurred, he continued, "The island is not yet Christian. Besides my lack of zeal there are a thousand fears and prejudices in the way. The natives hear that the newly converted of Tonga Haapai, Vavau, Samoa, Tahiti, and other islands have been ill used."

"Twenty baptisms, three of adults, the rest of infants and all in danger of death, make the whole harvest garnered in eighteen months. But we have the consolation of seeing the savage ways of the islanders soften a little, day by day. His Lordship

did not return at the end of six months, as he planned to do, and as Brother Mary Nizier and I had said that he would, so we were looked upon as liars or abandoned men until the arrival of our brothers of the Society. Their coming had the best possible effect on our little world. All were eager to see them and to learn their names. Every word they said was listened to with pleasure, and the poor natives were touched to hear that far-away France is interested in them. They are never weary repeating '*Malie Farani.*' (The French are good.)"

Father Bataillon wrote in his journal, "After our friends left us to continue their journey to New Zealand, our first care was to build a better cabin. We surrounded it with a lattice made of bamboo. It has windows and doors and is divided into several rooms, the largest of them, eight feet long by six wide, being used for a chapel.

"We gave much time, too, to the study of the Futunian language and adapted to it all I had written for Wallis in regard to doctrine as well as some prayers and sacred songs. Father Chanel begged me to compose a hymn in honor of Our Lady, as even for Wallis I had nothing of the sort, and I made a kind of paraphrase of the Hail Mary with some thoughts borrowed from the *Salve Regina.*"

Together the missionaries visited poor little Alofi whose picturesque beauty enchanted Father Bataillon. But in the midst of its natural loveliness the hearts of the missionaries were sad, for on every side they found traces of once populous villages, laid waste, and as silent and lonely as a desert. They went also to every part of the larger island in quest of the sick and dying and of opportunities to instruct the people, especially in public. "One day," as Father Chanel wrote to Father Convers, "Father Bataillon proposed to the king that we should burn a number of gods of the second order, greatly feared in Futuna and the neighboring islands. Niuliki and the chiefs consented, feeling certain that we would not dare to do such a thing. But the next day we publicly burned their ridiculous gods, or rather, objects consecrated to their worship. The natives, afraid for us and for themselves, stood far from the fire, and when all was over and they saw that we were alive and unharmed, they did not know how to express all their surprise and admiration. This 'prodigy' has greatly lowered the prestige of the false gods. Two whole villages asked to be prepared for baptism; and the king assures me that he is only putting off his conversion until the whole island declares itself in favor of Christianity. All seem to be well disposed towards us."

Knowing that the conversion of the king would be followed by that of many more, the two apostles bent every energy to effect it. They had more than one long serious talk with him, but His Majesty, though impressed, was unwilling to commit himself.

After two months sojourn in Futuna, Father Bataillon returned to Wallis. He was eager to be once more in the midst of his catechumens, fearing that a longer absence would discourage them. To Brother Joseph Xavier, his companion, Father Chanel sent a beautiful letter, from which the following extracts are taken:

"I am certain that you will neglect no means that may help you to persevere. We are all working for one reward, heaven. Let us waste no time on useless things; by doing so we expose ourselves to the danger of missing our end. Eternity will be quite long enough to rest us and repay us a hundredfold for the sufferings of this short life."

"My dear little sister (Sister St. Dominic) has gone to heaven ahead of me. She died at Easter-time in 1838. Perhaps some day she will reproach me with not having wept for her. I will say that I could not, in spite of all my tender love.

"My mission has met with fewer obstacles than Father Bataillon's, but is not more flourishing. The trials which your work in Wallis has suffered augur well for the future. Pray without ceasing and do all in your power to second Father Bataillon's efforts for the conversion of the island. You see that he does not spare himself."

The bright hopes for Futuna, which had cheered the hearts of both valiant apostles soon gave place to great uneasiness. Semouou and Ourvou, the two oracles to whom the men of Singave had brought presents in the preceding February, profited by the celebration of a feast to go to Singave and plot there for the overthrow of Niuliki. The result was that during the night of July tenth a band of young men crossed the mountain and came as far as Tutafa, in King Niuliki's territory, to revenge themselves on two natives of Tahiti who had cheated them in a trade. Failing to find the men whom they sought they fired at random into a group of people from Tahiti and fled precipitately. The war cry resounded on all sides and instantly every one in Tutafa was on the alert. The old men tried to restrain the younger who were bent on pursuing their rash enemies.

Old and feeble as he was, Vanae, king of the conquered part of Futuna, clung to the hope of regaining his supremacy. Semouou and Ourvou promised him the favor of the gods and foretold great changes on the island, but they counseled prudence. Word was promptly sent by King Niuliki's people that Vanae's challenge to war had been accepted.

Father Chanel went in haste to Vaise and asked Vanae for an explanation of what had happened. "There is question only of a quarrel between some of our young men and a few natives of Tahiti," the conquered king said. Not satisfied with this reply Father Chanel ran to Poi where he found Niuliki and his people making a Para, or great war crown of white feathers, for His Majesty. War was inevitable; only Father Chanel still hoped for peace.

Becoming more and more alarmed as the hours passed, he went back to Singave to warn the people of the evils that accompany war and the eternal unhappiness of those who die without becoming Christians. Vanae led him to his house, and what was Father Chanel's astonishment when he saw, upon the king's throne, a piece of cloth and three leaves from a cocoanut tree! He was told that this religious symbol was an invitation to Fakelikele to come and rest in the midst of that pretty foliage. On the following day the chiefs and the old men gathered in his house and solemnly crowned Vanae, who then distributed pieces of parchment among the chiefs, to signify that they were restored to their old dignity. Kava was served with the ceremonial reserved to the conquerors. By an offering of a hog, encircled by baskets of fruit, Fakelikele was thanked for having graciously willed to quit the other side of the island and establish himself on theirs. After a prodigal distribution of provisions, the people sang and danced until evening.

King Vanae had forbidden any one to explain the ceremony of the crowning to Father Chanel, and not understanding that war was both certain and close at hand, he continued

to plead for peace, his tender heart full of sadness and of great pity for his people. "I besought them, I threatened them with the divine anger, I reminded them of the horrors of war, but their only answer was, 'We do not want to be called the Conquered when the great missionary (Bishop Pompallier) comes to visit us. As soon as we are conquerors we will all become Christians.' Poor fools! I could see that they were confident of victory because of the gods who had come to their camp with the two impostors." (1)

Returning to Poi on the second of August, he found King Niuliki's people also celebrating the peculiar feasts which meant that war was at hand, and his anxiety deepened and his heart ached even more sorely; then five days passed quietly during which the men resumed their ordinary occupations and worked industriously. Father Chanel gave himself up to prayer. He began a novena and a retreat, both of which were to be concluded on the feast of the Assumption.

During these days the men of Singave managed to buy some guns, and early in the morning of August tenth, confident of the victory promised by the gods, they marched against King Niuliki's forces assembled at Fikavi. For a little while the armies faced each other across a narrow stream, both leaders hesitating. Then, as Father Chanel wrote to Father Bataillon, "Some shots from the conquered side wounded several men of Niuliki's army — and war had begun in earnest. 'Let us forget the wounded and hasten to defeat our enemies!' the king cried. He charged, followed by his men, but Vanae's troops sustained the shock with so much firmness and courage that it looked for the moment as if victory were to be theirs. Not discouraged, Niuliki and his followers charged again. Repulsed a second time, they decided to attack on three sides simultaneously. This manoeuvre succeeded. Soon it became impossible for the men of Singave to use their guns and a terrible hand to hand struggle followed. The young men of Singave were first to yield. They fled precipitately and most of their elders fell victims of their desertion.

"They say that Sam was the last of King Vanae's men left on the battlefield. He was fighting valiantly and did not see that all his friends had taken flight. Unable to load his gun he used it to parry the lances of his enemies. Four men surrounded him, and he held three of them at bay; the fourth succeeded in wounding him in the left leg. Throwing aside his gun, he drew the lance from his wound and defended himself with it. He did not run until his friends called to him that the men of Singave were hopelessly defeated."

In another letter Father Chanel said, "Old King Vanae was killed in the struggle, he who had had himself crowned conqueror-king but a few days before. One of the two impostors who brought on the war fell, also, and an Englishman, newly arrived in Futuna, who had openly espoused the cause of the Conquered, and the greater number of the lesser chiefs. Twenty-four men were killed on King Vanae's side and thirteen on King Niuliki's: a large number when we take into account the very small population of Futuna."

(To be continued)

1. Letter to Father Convers.

Missioners Wanted

IN AFRICA

Sister MARIE LAURENTIA⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

For years I had dreamed of this wonderful moment when I would stand in front of my desk and face an all-African class. Well, the wonderful moment came, right on the morrow after my arrival in Mzambazi, October 10, 1952.

At 8 a.m., the Head Teacher directed all the school personel to assemble in the different classrooms. Msgr. St. Denis, with his customary paternal kindness and solicitude, introduced me to my new pupils. My first impression was of a sea of smiling faces as dark as polished mahogany lit up by lustrous eyes, all riveted on the new teacher. Monsignor proceeded with roll call. Never in my life had I heard such a litany of queer, original names: Lovewell, Nicewell, Washington, Newton, Bless, etc. One native appellation among others struck my fancy — Vundika. Imagine my surprise when I was told that it meant — rottenness. What an epithet to tack unto flowering youth!

The pupils were questioned on their motives for wishing to enroll at a Catholic school. Some answered that they did so because they wanted to learn English, or to get a good education, or again to secure the ministrations of an expert nurse; others replied that they came because their parents wanted them to come or because they got good things to eat at the Mission; a few gave more consoling answers, namely that they had registered in order to become Catholics and to hear all about God and their immortal souls. A few catechism questions were put to the children and I was pleasantly surprised to notice that even the non-Christians answered correctly. As Monsignor St. Denis was about to leave the classroom, Darlington, a boy in the upper grades asked in very good English: "Can you tell me the reason why our people of Nkata Bay who so ardently wish for priests and Sisters are still left without any?" Stirred to his heart depths, Monsignor turned to me: "Did you hear him, Sister?" I had indeed heard only too well and the sen-

1. Yvette BELANGER, Ottawa.

tence of the Gospel once again flashed before my mind. "The harvest indeed is great . . . but the laborers are too few." Our devoted Pastor continued, addressing himself to the boy who had spoken: "Some time past, we did receive a request for ministers of the Gospel from your village headman and my fondest desire would be to accede immediately to your people's wishes. I would like to open a school, a dispensary, and such social movements as Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. Something, however, or rather somebody is lacking to make my wish come true — Missioners! You can help us in securing many if you pray God to send us more from Canada."

In northern Nyasaland, the mission fields are ripe unto the harvest but, alas, the laborers are indeed few to cope with the tremendous movement of conversions. It leaves one sadly pensive to see so many sheep left without any shepherds. I wish I had a television set to flash before your eyes, dear homefront missioners, the gripping scene of Darlington echoing the call of his Nkata Bay people for priests and Sisters. It seems to me that a veritable vocation epidemic would follow.



Vua Mission

Sister ST. YVES, M.I.C. (Yvette RICARD, Grand'Mere.)

Vua is the youngest of our African missions to date. Many charitable factors have contributed to its birth and will no doubt continue to ensure its healthy growth. Our apostolic-minded pastor, Msgr. St. Denis donated the convent while our Motherhouse and our three first mission posts in Nyasaland assumed general expenses. The two recently founded centers of Kaseye and Karonga shared with us their meager store of commodities. Thanks to this generous collaboration the mission of Vua has been inaugurated.

Our convent which is not yet completed measures seventy feet by twenty-four and is divided into four apartments two of which open on a large verandah. The floors have been overlaid with cement; the walls are covered with a kind of mud so white that it resembles our Canadian whitewash. Much cooler than tiles is the thatch that covers our roof. Our furniture consists of two tables, and one bed each; as cupboards and chairs we use our packing cases and empty gasoline drums.

On November 27, the dispensary was opened in a building next door to the White Fathers' residence and which will later on become the Post Office. From twenty to thirty patients daily call for medication. Sr. St. Frances started her classes on December 1, with the help of two native teachers who had been hired since October. Seventy-five pupils are enrolled in the three classes. As our school has only very lately been opened it is not yet under governmental control; Reverend Father Superior acts as Supervisor.

Upon Msgr. St. Denis' urgent request, we will also organize here a sewing circle such as functions in the other posts already established. Meantime, Sr. Jane Frances, who will be in charge, divides her days between study, sewing, and the care of the sacristy. The mission church is so destitute that out of our own poverty we are trying to find something less unworthy of the Eucharistic Guest. To give you an inkling of this penury, when we arrived here, a gaudy bedspread served as an altar covering.

Sr. St. Antoinette completes our happy Vua quatuor. She is, as you all know, a jack-of-all-trades and with apologies to the ancient saw, a master of nearly all. We could use many more of her kind.

Shopping for commodities is an easy job here. Karonga is not very far away and dear Sr. Joseph of the Savior is ever ready to do us all sorts of good turns. We can easily secure milk, eggs, and meat. At present, there is a scarcity of vegetables. It will not last very long for we have already prepared our own garden and sown our seed. Mangoes and papayas grow here in abundance.

Dear Mother, once again allow me to thank you from my heart depths for sending me to Africa. Vua is the most wonderful mission in the world.



Ceremony of Clothing and Final Vows

Presided by

Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, P. A.

Superior of Pont Viau

Foreign Missioners.

February 11, 1953

Clothing: Miss Gisele Guinois, Chateauguay Bassin (Sr. Francis of Providence); Miss Rita Raiche, Shawinigan Falls (Sr. Louis Joseph); Miss Louise Lacroix, Three Rivers (Sr. Louise of the Rosary); Miss Aline Lapalme, St. Alexis, Montcalm Co. (Sr. Marie Odile); Miss Therese Desharnais, Mont Laurier (Sr. Francis Solano); Miss Nancy Thibault, Montmagny (Sr. St. Julia); Miss Louise Ouellet, St. Monica, Nicolet Co. (Sr. Marie Victor); Miss Monica Lamarche, Epiphanie (Sr. Denis of France); Miss Monica Prefontaine, Beloeil Ruisseau (Sr. Monica of the Savior); Miss Henriette Sylvestre, Montreal Nord (Sr. Martha of the Sacred Heart); Miss Clothilde Teasdale, St. Clothilde, Arthabaska Co. (Sr. Alice of Jesus); Miss Therese Blais, Granby (Sr. Teresa of Carmel); Miss Magella Filfe, Lachute (Sr. Magella Marie); Miss Jacqueline Dupont, Shawinigan Falls (Sr. Marie Jacqueline); Miss Germaine Perusse, Valleyfield (Sr. Germaine of the Sacred Heart); Miss Noella Bernard, St. Magdalen of St. Hyacinthe (Sr. Marie Gerard); Miss Angele Desilets, Cap de la Madeleine (Sr. Marie Angele).

Final Vows: Sr. Marie of Sion (Lucille Metivier, Buckland, Bellechasse Co.); Sr. Marie Lydia (Genevieve Lavallee, Montreal); Sr. Marie Anita (Anita Dube, St. Eusebe, Temiscouata Co.); Sr. Eugenie of Rome (Cecile Millette, St. Nazaire d'Acton); Sr. Marie of Pontmain (Monique Langevin, Quebec); Sr. St. Mathilde (Anne Marie Parent, Montreal); Sr. Francoise Romaine (Francoise Philie, St. Hyacinthe); Sr. St. Serge (Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau, St. Sebastien d'Iberville); Sr. Marie Pia (Huguette Turcotte, Mont Joli); Sr. St. Armand (Jacqueline Taillon, Montreal); Sr. of the Nativity of Jesus (Therese Giroux, Quebec); Sr. St. Richard (Paulette Cote, Quebec); Sr. Marie Lea (Gisele Gauthier, Riviere St. Marguerite, Saguenay Co.).

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Mother Marie du Divin Coeur, religious of the Good Shepherd, **Montreal**; Mrs. Zenon Boucher, **St. Felix of Valois**, Mother of our Sister St. Bartholomew; Mrs. Arthur Pilon, **Montreal**, mother of our Sisters Marie Rose and St. Liguori; Mrs. Louis H. Demers, **Quebec**, mother of our Sisters, St. Louis of France, Marie Alida, and Joan of the Cross; Mrs. Victor Legault, **St. Vincent de Paul**, mother of our Sister Marie Cecilia; Mr. Clovis Ouellet, **Jonquieres**, father of our Sister St. Priscillia; Mrs. E. Pellerin, **St. Boniface of Shawinigan**, mother of our Sister Candide of Jesus; Mr. Tong Hi, **Canton, China**, father of our Sister Teresa Marie; Mrs. J. H. Boutin, mother of our Sister St. Praxedes, **St. Mark of Figuary**; Mr. Adrian Paquette, **Montreal**, brother of our Mother Mary of Providence; Mr. G. Sauve, **Montreal**, brother of our Sisters Teresa of Avila and St. Bernard; Mrs. Hector Forget, **St. Jerome**, sister of our Sister St. Joseph; Mr. G. Laforest, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Marie des Oliviers; Mrs. Joseph Masse, **Louiseville**, grandmother of our Sister Marie Ann; Mr. O. Lafortune, **Joliette**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Albini; Mr. Hormisdas

Belhumeur, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister St. Aline and Rene of the Sacred Heart; Mr. William Lalonde, **Montreal**; Miss Maria Boyce, **Charlesbourg**, **Quebec**; Mrs. Albert Beck, **Bangor, Me.**; Mrs. Jules Lavallee, **Lauzon**; Mr. Wilfrid Langlois, **Daraiche, Gaspé**; Mrs. Arthur Lemay, **Cartierville**; Honorable Anathase David, M. C., **Di Lallo**, Mr. R. Vadeboncoeur, Mr. Neree Forgue, Mr. Gerard Jalbert, Mr. W. Cowan, Mr. W. Daley, Mr. F. Lewis Perego, Mrs. Edmond Roy, Mrs. Philippe Deschenes, Mr. Dores Pion, Mr. Leopold Pigeon, Mrs. J. E. Cailloux, Mr. C. A. Malepart, Mr. J. O'Mara, Mr. Mederic Gervais, Mrs. Eugene Fuch, Mrs. L. Trottier, Mrs. Dieudonne Lavoie, Mrs. T. Gagnon, **Montreal**; Mrs. Albini Sicotte, Mr. R. Huot, **Verdun**; Mr. Alphonse Beaupre, Mrs. Gelene Boisvert, Mrs. Arsene Dubois, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mrs. Edouard Villemaire, **St. Henri de Mascouche**; Mr. Eugene Roussin, **Joliette**; Mrs. J. A. Roberge, **St. Cuthbert**; Mrs. Geo. Goulet, **Sorel**; Mr. V. Charbonneau, **St. Donat**; Mrs. Louis Monty, **St. Jean**; Mrs. O. Jolicoeur, **Lac des Ecorces**; Mrs. Ovide Michaud, **Amos**; Mrs. J.-Hor. Simoneau, **Cowansville**; Mrs. J. Beauregard, **Waterloo**; Mrs. Geo. Beauregard, **Waterloo**; Mrs. R.-A. Paradis, **St. Liboire**; Mrs. P. Alain, **Quebec**; Mrs. J. B. Boisclair, **St. Marcel sur Richelieu**; Mrs. A. Beaudoin, **Lauzon**; Mr. J. T. Goulet, **Broughton Station**; Mrs. A. Houle, **Waterville, Me.**; Miss Alexina Francoeur, **Westbrook, Me.**; Mr. J. Savignac, **Holyoke, Mass.**; Mrs. A. Belisle, Mrs. Alph. Laroche, Mrs. Adeline Gingras, Mr. J. Landry, Mr. F. Custeau, Mrs. B. Lagace, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. J.-M. Filteau, **Andover, Mass.**; Mrs. Alph. Milot, **Lowell, Mass.**; Miss M. L. Denis, **Pont Rouge**; Mr. R. Duciaume, **Notre Dame du Laus**; Mr. C. Bernier, **St. Adelme**; Mrs. Hor. Lafrance, **St. Jean de Dieu**; Mr. J. G. Cote, Mrs. O. Dauphinais, Mr. Alph. Saucier, Mrs. V. Cloutier, Mrs. Ed. Levesque, Mrs. P. Riverin, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Alph. Morin, Mr. Th. Ls. Simard, N. J. Milville Lacroix, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Fred Legault, **Timmins, Ontario**; Mr. L. J. Grace, **Montreal**.

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