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The Precursor

The Precursor

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VOL. XX, No. 3

MONTREAL

May-June 1954

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COVER : MERRY PUPILS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, LAS PINAS. P. I.

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† L. P. Whelan, V. G., Aux. Montreal

J. Chartiez, cens. dep

OUR LADY of ANTIPOLO

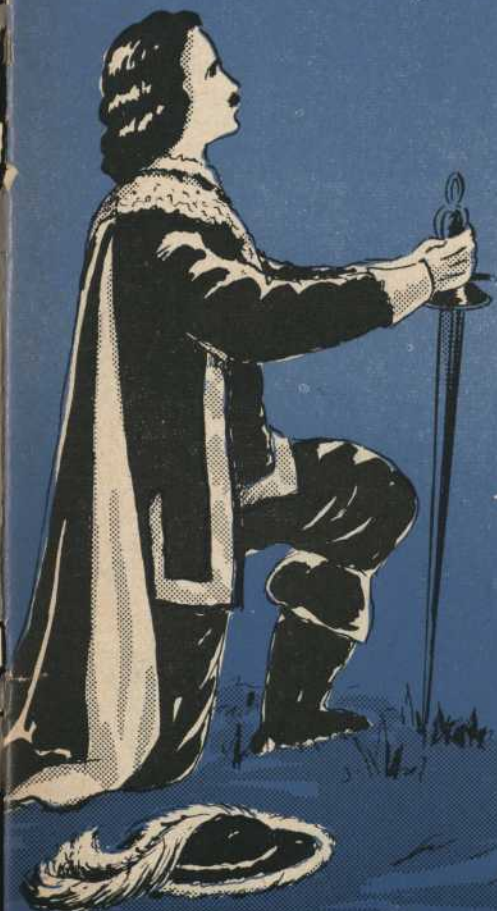


As Juan Nino of Tabora knelt
Before your shrine in Mexico,
Your gracious ways enthralled him so
His noble heart with love for you
did melt,

QUERIDA SENORA.

You followed him, your gallant knight,
of yore,
From far away Acapulco,
To hillocks of Antipolo.
In regal state you journeyed to our
shore,

SENORA NUESTRA.



O Queen you chose as throne a verdant tree,
Your love for simple folk to show.
You on whose brow twelve bright stars glow,
You stoop to us in sweet simplicity,
OUR OWN MADRECITA.

As long ago you kept watch o'er our fleet,
And foiled the wiles of Moorish foe,
In present perils, aid bestow.
Inflict upon the Evil one defeat,
O GREAT CAPITANA.

Forever in your jewelled coronet,
Fair Lady of Antipolo,
From whose dear heart all graces flow,
Our land, Pearl of Orient, is set,
O BLANCA REINA.

M.I.C.





Marian Year Encyclical

(Continued)

Yet not only should this centenary celebration serve to revive Catholic faith and earnest devotion to the Mother of God in the souls of all, but Christians should also, so far as possible, conform their lives to the image of the same Virgin. Just as all mothers are deeply affected when they perceive that the countenance of their children reflects a peculiar likeness to their own, so also our Most Sweet Mother wishes for nothing more, never rejoices more than when she sees those whom, under the Cross of her Son, she has adopted as children in His stead, portray the lineaments and the ornaments of her own soul in thought, word, and deed.

But, if this devotion is not to consist of mere words, is not to be counterfeit coin of religion or the weak and transitory affection of a moment, but is to be something sincere, true, and efficacious, it is necessary that each one of us should, according to his condition of life, apply it to the acquisition of virtue. The commemoration of the mystery of the Most Holy Virgin, conceived immaculate and immune from all stain of original sin, should, in the first place, urge us to that innocence and integrity of life which flees from and abhors even the slightest stain of sin.

And it seems to Us that the Blessed Virgin, who throughout the whole course of her life — both in joys, which affected her deeply, and in distress and atrocious suffering, through which she is Queen of Martyrs — never departed from the precepts and the example of her own Divine Son; it seems to Us, we say, that she repeats to each of us those words with which she addressed the servers at the wedding-feast of Cana, pointing as it were to Jesus Christ: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye" (John ii, 5).

* * *

This same exhortation, understood, of course, in a wider sense, she seems to repeat to us all to-day, when it is evident that the root of all evils by which men are harshly and violently afflicted, and peoples and nations straitened, has its origin in this especially, that many people have forsaken Him, "the fountain of living water, and have dug for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii, 13). They have forsaken Him Who is the "way, the truth, and the life" (John xiv, 6).

If, therefore, there has been a wandering, there must be a return to the straight path. If the darkness of error has clouded minds, it must be dispersed immediately

by the light of truth. If death — death in the true sense — has seized upon souls, eagerly and energetically must life be taken hold of. We mean that heavenly life which knows no ending since it comes forth from Jesus Christ; which, if we faithfully and confidently pursue in this mortal exile, we shall surely enjoy for ever with Him in the happiness of the eternal home. This is what she teaches us; to this the Blessed Virgin Mary exhorts us, our Most Sweet Mother, who, with true charity, loves us more than any earthly mother.

To-day, as you well know, Venerable Brethren, men are greatly in need of these exhortations and invitations by which they are admonished to return to Christ and diligently and effectively to conform their lives to the Commandments, since many are trying to root out the Christian Faith from their souls, either by cunning and secret snares, or else by open and arrogant preaching of those errors of which they wantonly boast, as if they were to be considered the glory of this progressive and enlightened age.

* * *

But, once holy religion is rejected, once the Divine Will, determining what is good and evil, is ignored, it is plain that laws and public authority have little or no value. Then, again, once hope and expectation of eternal reward are lost through these fallacious doctrines, men will greedily and without restraint seek the things of earth, vehemently covet their neighbor's goods, and even take them by force as often as occasion or opportunity is given. Hence hatred, envy, discord, and rivalries arise among men; hence public and private life is perturbed; hence the very foundations of society, which can scarcely be held together and maintained by the authority of government, are gradually undermined; hence deformation of morals by evil theatrical performances, books, periodicals, and actual crime.

We do not doubt that much can be done in this cause by those who hold the reins of government. The remedy for such great evils, however, is to be sought from a higher source — namely, a power that is greater than human must be called in as aid, which will illumine minds with heavenly light, which will touch souls and renew their divine grace and render them better by its inspiration.

Then only can it be hoped that Christian morality will everywhere again flourish; that the true principles upon which society depends will become consolidated; that mutual, impartial, and sincere estimation of values, together with justice and charity, will be established among the classes; that finally hatred will be quelled, whose seeds bring forth new miseries, and not rarely provoke exasperated souls to the shedding of blood; that, in fine, having mellowed and settled the contentions between the upper and the lower classes, the sacred rights of both parties will be composed with equity, and by mutual agreement and reasonableness will be made conformable and consistent with the public utility.

* * *

Without doubt, all these principles of Christianity, which the Virgin Mother of God incites us to follow with eagerness and with energy, can be entirely and lastingly productive only when actually put into practice. Taking this into consideration, We invite each and every one of you, Venerable Brethren, by reason of the office you exercise, to exhort the clergy and the people committed to you to celebrate the

Marian Year which We proclaim to be held the whole world over from the month of December next until the same month of the coming year — just a century having elapsed since the Virgin Mother of God, amid the applause of the entire Christian people, shone with a new gem, when, as We have said, Our predecessor of immortal memory solemnly decreed and defined that she was absolutely free from all stain of original sin. And We confidently trust that this Marian celebration may bring forth those most desired and salutary fruits which we all long for.

But to facilitate matters and to make the project more successful, We desire that in each diocese there be held for this purpose appropriate sermons and discourses, by means of which this tenet of Christian doctrine may be more clearly explained; so that the faith of the people may be increased and their devotion to the Virgin Mother of God become daily more ardent, and that thenceforth all may take upon themselves to follow in the footsteps of our Heavenly Mother willingly and with promptitude.

And, since in all cities, towns, and villages, wherever the Christian religion thrives, there is a sanctuary, or at least an altar, in which the sacred image of the Blessed Virgin Mary is enshrined for the devotion of the Christian people, We desire, Venerable Brethren, that the faithful should throng thither in great numbers and should offer to our Most Sweet Mother not only private but also public supplications with one voice and with one mind.

* * *

But where — as is found in almost all dioceses — there exists a church in which the Virgin Mother of God is worshiped with more intense devotion, thither on stated days let pilgrims flock together in great numbers and publicly and in the open give glorious expression to their common Faith and their common love toward the Virgin Most Holy. We have no doubt that this will be done in an especial manner at the Grotto of Lourdes, where there is such ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary conceived without stain of sin.

But let this Holy City of Rome be the first to give the example, this city which from the earliest Christian era worshiped the Heavenly Mother, its Patroness, with a special devotion. As all know, there are many sacred edifices here in which she is honored by the devotion of the Roman people; but the greatest without doubt is the Liberian Basilica, in which the mosaics of Our predecessor of pious memory still glisten, an outstanding monument to the Divine Motherhood of the Virgin Mary, and in which the "Salvation of the Roman People" (*Salus Populi Romani*) benignly smiles. Thither especially let the suppliant citizens flock, and before that most sacred image let all put forth pious prayers, imploring especially that Rome, which is the principal city of the Catholic world, may also give the lead in faith, in piety, and in sanctity.

"For," We address you, children of Rome, in the words of Our predecessor of saintly memory, Leo the Great, "although the whole Church, which is in the whole world, should flourish with all the virtues, you, however, above all other peoples, should especially excel in deeds of piety, you who are founded on the citadel of the Apostolic Rock, you whom Our Lord Jesus Christ redeemed with all" (Migne, P.L., Liv, 147-148).

(To be continued)

His Eminence
Cardinal Léger
at the Chinese Hospital

February 8 was a red-letter day for the Chinese Colony in Montreal.

Long before the appointed hour the modest chapel on Lagauchetière Street, was filled with Chinese faithful, eager to welcome in their midst a Prince of the Church. At 3 p. m., His Eminence entered to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to five adults, four men and one woman, and also to a child.

After the singing of the antiphon *Sacerdos et Pontifex*, the Cardinal delivered a sermon that resembled the intimate, familiar discourse of a father with his dearly loved children. He reminded those present that a new Pentecost was about to take place for such is the essential meaning of the Sacrament of Confirmation. "With the help of the Holy Spirit, you must strive to be adorers as Christ desired, adorers in truth and in spirit. To do this, you must faithfully accomplish the divine Will signified by the commandments of God and of the Church, and by the duties of your particular state of life. Do not forget your brothers, the Christians of China and of all other countries who are suffering persecution. What an immense advantage is ours here, to attend in all liberty to our religious duties. Do we appreciate it as much as we should? Behind the Iron Curtain, priests, religious, lay people are tortured, thrown into prison, submitted to all sorts of indignities, and even killed because they confess their faith. Let us not fail to give them a little share in our daily works, our prayers, and sacrifices that they may have the grace of persevering unto the end."

The Sacrament of Pentecostal fires was then administered. The six newly confirmed recited in Chinese the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Creed. Mingling their voices with those of the happy neophytes were Rev. E. Berichon, the devoted pastor of the Chinese Mission, and Sister Marie of St. George, M.I.C., formerly a missionary at our Canton Mission, China.

Among the assistants as well as among the godfathers and godmothers, Chinese and Canadian nationalities fraternized. Assisting the Cardinal in his sacred functions were four ex-missioners from Manchuria: Msgr. E. Laroche, Sup. Gen. of the Foreign Mission Society of Pont Viau; Rev. E. Berichon, Rev. Lamothe, Rev. Desroches. Also present was Msgr. Paul Touchette, secretary to His Eminence.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the eminent Prelate was invited to the assembly hall where he bestowed a paternal blessing upon the Members of the Chinese Colony and their president, Mr. Jack Wong. He also blessed a few Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who take care of the sick in this hospital. His Eminence declared he felt deeply satisfied with the work done at the Chinese Colony. Rev. E. Berichon with his usual modesty declined any merit in this, attributing all the good done to the Sisters and to the Legionaries of Mary. To this the Cardinal replied, "That is what often happens. In obscure corners, in the most humble milieu, marvels are wrought of which the world knows nothing. Keep up your work. Let Christlike kindness radiate from your lives upon your sisters, your patients, all who come into contact with you. Radiate Christ."

Then addressing the Legionaries, "How really marvelous has been the rise of the Legion in our sector. Four years ago your organization was barely known in our city. And, now, what power! At the last Legion meeting, the Basilica was packed. What a splendid means of apostolate!"

The last moments of his visit at the Hospital, our revered guest spent at the bedside of the patients. Mr. Jack Wong introduced him to each and every one, and to each and every one His Eminence said a word of sympathy and encouragement and gave his blessing. May these be as precious tokens bringing about many graces of conversion.



HOMAGE

To His Excellency the Most Rev. Maxime Tessier, recently assigned by the Holy See as auxiliary to His Excellency the Most Rev. Louis Rheaume, O.M.I., the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer their respectful homage and prayerful good wishes for a fruitful apostolate in the diocese of Timmins.



LAY APOSTOLATE

FIRST AFRICAN CONGRESS

SR. MAGDALEN MARIE(1), M.I.C.

At the dawn of the Marian Year, 250 delegates from 15 countries in Africa met at Kisubi Seminary, Uganda. God's blessing visibly rested upon this meeting, the first of its kind to be held in this part of the world. It took place in the native land of Charles Lwanga, one of the glorious band of the Uganda martyrs. Blessed Charles named by Pope Pius XII, patron of African Catholic Action, saw to it that its first solemn assizes should be a success. Under the high patronage of His Eminence Cardinal T. Gouvais, Archbishop of Lourenco Marques, and of the Apostolic Delegate for the English colonies in eastern and western Africa, His Excellency the Most Rev. J. Knox, 18 Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars and Prefects Apostolic were present. Besides representatives from all regions of Africa, experts from 14 Catholic international organizations, religious and lay people from all over the world, even from Australia, took part in the meeting. Mr. Douglas Hyde, celebrated English convert, ex-editor of the communist paper *Daily Worker*, and ex-Party leader, gave unstintingly of his time and efforts to make Catholic Action in Africa benefit by his experience of Marxist methods and means of thwarting their nefarious purpose.

Four points were more especially brought to the attention of participants: 1) To examine by the light of Pontifical documents, the dogmatic, moral, and ascetic aspects of the Lay Apostolate and its aims in present-day Africa; 2) to fortify in African Catholics the resolution of collaborating faithfully and generously with ecclesiastical Hierarchy in bringing about the reign of Christ and defending its positions; 3) to consider through an exchange of experiences the forms of apostolate in which African Catholics can be given the opportunity to collaborate and thus integrate themselves in Catholic international organizations; 4) to discuss present day problems holding particular interest for African Catholics.

Doctrinal lectures given during the Congress were consciously adapted to the African scene and both the African Hierarchy and the lay experts stressed the importance of the Lay Apostolate in Africa. The snares of materialism are a particular danger for the people of this continent whom modern technological progress is pushing into the twentieth century at break-neck speed. African Catholics must realize that the time has come for them

1. Madeleine Loranger, Westmount, P.Q.

to stand beside the missionaries and to aid them in the tremendous task of firmly implanting the Church in their midst.

Frankness of discussion was evident from the opening of the meeting. Clearly it was not possible in the short time allotted to the Forums to exhaust the vast subject matter presented for their consideration. It was, however, of the greatest importance that these problems should be raised and a concrete picture given of the difficulties involved. Practical discussions were devoted to four main sectors for each of which an international expert of outstanding competence was chosen to lead the corresponding Forum; these sectors were, Education, Women and the Family, Labor and Social Betterment, Training of leaders.

In his general resume of sessions, Msgr. Pietro Pavan, ecclesiastical assistant of the Permanent Committee, remarked, "It is impossible to present all the conclusions drawn in the course of this Congress. I would, nevertheless, like to lay emphasis on two principal themes stemming from the whole. In the first place, what is the attitude of Africans regarding the technological, economic, social, and cultural evolution now taking place in their Continent? Far from being hostile or indifferent to the vast, varied, and profound transformation being wrought, modern Africans show wide-awake, intelligent interest. They experience a real anxiety to achieve scientific progress.

FACING THE KISUBI SEMINARY, HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REV. L. RUGAMBWA, BISHOP OF RUTABO, TANGANYIKA, AN AFRICAN PRIEST, TWO WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA, SR. MAGDALEN MARIE, M.I.C. (MADELEINE LORANGER, WESTMOUNT) AND TWO APOSTLES OF CATHOLIC ACTION.



Yearning towards the future, they are eager to learn all the newest techniques, to participate actively in their country's economic, social, and political developments. Growing more keenly conscious of their personality, they tend to assume an ever increasing responsibility in all fields. That cycle of history which considered African peoples as permanently immature, is now closed; from their former state of inferiority they have risen to the dignified status of citizens actively responsible for the orientation of their life and destiny.

In second place, the discussions of the Congress have underlined the urgent necessity for the clergy as well as for the laity of undergoing a thorough formation in keeping with the present evolution. All must stand prepared to face the eventualities of the future. A few precisions will now be given on the different aspects and different forms of lay apostolate studied during this week. We touched during these sessions upon the question of individual apostolate with a religious slant, organized apostolate with a religious slant but which is not considered as authentic Catholic Action; organized apostolate which is Catholic Action proper; individual or organized apostolate which is action proceeding from Christian inspiration. I will confine myself to throwing some light upon the relations between Lay Apostolate and Catholic Action proper, and the lay apostolate which springs from Christian inspiration. The first difference noted between these two lies in their foundations.

Catholic Action proper has a foundation which is dogmatic, moral, liturgical, and charitable. Action stemming from Christian inspiration on the other hand, has a secular foundation which is technical, economic, social, political, and cultural while at the same time it is permeated with the evangelical spirit. The second difference consists in their connections with the Hierarchy. Catholic Action is rigidly hierarchic, its organization being grafted upon the hierarchic economy of the Church; action derived from Christian inspiration emanates directly from the laity and is not dependent upon the Hierarchy. This is not meant to say that official Catholic Action bears no responsibility whatever towards action of Christian inspiration as exercised by Catholic laymen in different spheres of life. On the contrary, authentic Catholic Action should be expected to prepare Catholics for this action from a religious, doctrinal, and moral point of view. Hence it must maintain the preoccupation of assuring the adequate scientific, technical, and moral training absolutely indispensable for the efficiency of the apostolate.

Catholic Action, for instance, does not ordinarily assume direct responsibility in movements of syndicates or in politics. But its members must be trained in such a manner that whenever they do take part in the movements of either neuter syndicates or syndicates of Christian inspiration, they may be capable of applying Christian principles to their political activities.

The principal aspect which characterizes the present evolution in Africa, is that the Africans are now emerging from traditional tribal life to a new civilization based on the integral value of human personality. This civilization will be successful only inasmuch as it is realized in and through the Catholic Church. It belongs to the Catholics of Africa to co-operate in this

noble work, which is a further proof of God's love for all men."

Undoubtedly, then, the modern evolution taking place in Africa necessitates the formation of lay leaders to stand alongside of the clergy. Can it be regarded as a merely coincidental occurrence that the present critical condition in Africa is simultaneous with the development of organized lay apostolate within the Catholic Church? In these crises when the ancestral civilizations of tribal Africa are fast crumbling, a heavy responsibility rests on African Catholic laymen. An integral Catholicism alone will safeguard true spiritual values.

On the program of activities for these days of intense study were included various religious demonstrations, expression of the spirit of prayer animating the participants. A candlelight procession with recitation of the Rosary was held in the evening of December 8, in order to place under Our Lady's maternal protection, the persons, the works, the projects, and the hopes of the delegates and of the entire human race. On December 10, a pilgrimage took place to the sanctuary of Namugongo built over the site of the martyrdom of the Blessed Martyrs of Uganda. His Excellency the Most Reverend L. Rugambwa, Bishop of Rutabo, Tanganyika, offered the Holy Sacrifice at the shrine and His Excellency J. Kiwanuka gave a stirring allocution recalling the heroic deeds of the Uganda Martyrs, first militants of Catholic Action in Africa. On the following day, a touching Way of the Cross was preached in Kisubi Mission Church for the intentions of persecuted Christians all over the world. On Sunday, last day of the meeting, His Eminence Cardinal T. Gouvais, assisted by an exclusively African clergy, celebrated a Pontifical outdoor Mass. The closing session of the Congress was highlighted by the presence of Sir Andrew Cohen, governor of the Protectorate of Uganda, who stressed the value of the work done by the missionaries for the spiritual and material development of African peoples. Followed Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by His Excellency the Most Rev. J. Cabana. The triumphant strains of the Te Deum rose heavenward thanking God for the lights received and imploring strength and tenacity to put them into practice. A special prayer was addressed to Blessed Charles Lwanga. May his noble example of generosity in the defence of the Faith be an inspiration and an encouragement to all who have received the message of faithfulness, hope, and divine charity which he sealed with his blood.

As they had done at the opening sessions, the members of the meeting called down the blessing of Mary Immaculate on the huge closing assembly, humbly praying that through her intercession the coordinated efforts of both hierarchy and laity may firmly establish the reign of her divine Son. The Communist peril is indeed a fearful menace. Unless the spiritual and educational forces seize leadership in Africa the people will fall under the spell of excitement for new ventures along social lines. But, to quote Mr. Douglas Hyde, "We have the truth on our side and we must battle against Communism. The Reds although they are strong, yet lack two elements of success: they have neither God nor Our Lady on their side."

Visiting the Sick and Destitute

SR. MARIE des OLIVIERS(1), M.I.C.

The spiritual harvest in Hong Kong is growing more and more abundant as refugees pour into the city from all over Communist China. Our hearts are torn with pity at the sight of such physical and moral distress. Many are those who were once in comfortable circumstances and whom exile and persecution have now reduced to a life of grinding poverty.

When we visit the Chinese quarters at Sam Sui Pa in early morning hours, we must carefully pick our way among those who lie sprawled all over the sidewalks. Some, more fortunate, have been able to set up housekeeping in box-like shelters that dot the hillsides. So flimsy are their makeshift dwellings that the first typhoon will blow them away without a moment's notice. What a contrast between these miserable shacks and the large sumptuous city buildings!

We ardently wish it were in our power to help every single one of the refugees whom we meet. At least we can encourage them and point out the divine significance of the trials and sorrows of life. God knows they need every crumb of consolation they can get. A good number of our proteges have requested doctrine lessons which they very faithfully attend. The list of prospective converts lengthens with each liturgical feast or almost. We are acquainted with several groups of recently baptized families who are models of Christian fervor and piety; they have difficulty in making both ends meet but they always manage to keep cheerful and courageous in the face of adversity.

The photo which I enclose shows a mother baptized with her five little girls on Easter Sunday. Before the war, this woman lived happily with her husband who worked for foreigners. Came the Japanese occupation and the poor man paid with his life his fidelity to his masters; his wife and children were thrown out to fend for themselves as best as they could. Some time later, the woman married once again hoping to better her desperate situation. Things, however, grew from bad to worse for she soon ruefully found out that her second husband was a worthless character. In spite of painful bouts of rheumatism, she works hard in order to earn a living for her little family. The Christian faith has taught her where to tap wellsprings of strength and resignation. She often declares herself privileged to have something to suffer, for may she not hope thereby to win her husband's conversion?

The patients of Kuong Wa Hospital are also on our list. We try to visit them regularly two or three times a week. These visits afford us the deeply

1. Gertrude Laforest, Montreal.



SR. MARIE DES OLIVIERS (GERTRUDE LAFOREST, MONTREAL)
BRINGS RELIEF TO THE REFUGEES.

appreciated favor of baptizing about fifty moribunds, both children and adults. The patients are generally pleased to have the Sisters call on them but there are a few difficult cases who resist the proddings of divine grace. Still, thanks to the prayers of homefront missionaries like you, dear readers, very few do die unrepentant and unshriven.

My companion on these visits, Sr. Lazarus of Bethany⁽¹⁾, sees to the spiritual needs of those who speak Mandarin while I confine myself to the Cantonese-speaking patients. Some time ago, while we made our rounds of the Kuong Wa wards, I noticed a poor man in the last stages of tuberculosis, lying on the bare floor. Drawing near I whispered words of comfort but he only glared at me as much as if to say, "Leave me alone . . . I don't want any of your ministrations." With a fervent plea to the Refuge of sinners, I went to other beds meanwhile keeping an eye on the poor invalid. Seeing him make painful efforts to reach an old thermos bottle, I hurried forward

1. Josephine Couturier, Piopoliste P. Q.

and placed it at his disposal. This once he looked at me in a softened mood. He could not thank me in words for he had lost the power of speech, but he joined his grimy, emaciated hands and bent his head as a token of thankfulness. How happy I was to have thus been enabled to make friends with him! It gave me the wished for occasion of broaching the important subject of his soul's eternal salvation. The poor man's face seemed transfigured as he heard me telling him of God and Our Blessed Mother, of heaven and its unending happiness. Not many hours went by before this traveler about to set out for the eternal trails, was provided with a celestial passport. In memory of my own dear father I called him Joseph Thomas. To say that I was happy seems an understatement but such joy as I then experienced can hardly be put into words. I will leave you to imagine what it must be like to have a hand in ushering a child of God into the blissful presence of his Father and Creator... How slight appeared the sacrifices of my religious and missionary life compared to this peerless reward.

Since then, I have enjoyed the same happiness several times on my visits to the sick and the dying. How I wish I could make myself heard of all Canadian girls. I would invite them to come and lend a hand to the whitening harvest of souls. Their idealism would find here its complete satisfaction.



CHRISTIANS OF VIET NAM

Today, the Christians of Viet-Nam endure a persecution far worse than that of their ancestors in the faith who, a hundred thousand strong, won the martyr's crown through the instrumentality of merciful death. Presently the Vietnamese, under the scourge of a ruthless persecutor, are being forced into an unparalleled cultural and personal isolation. Under such conditions as they must endure, our hearts go out in sympathy to the laity, deprived in great measure of the ministrations of their priests and the consolation of Holy Mass, to the clergy, deprived of the peace and solace that comes from priestly fraternization, since rectories, to all intents and purposes have become walled prisons to those within and impregnable barriers to those without.

When such conditions as exist in Viet-Nam are possible in these our days, it behooves us to go down on our knees in humble prayers of thanksgiving to God for the blessedness that is ours in our liberty to worship God. Moreover it is our Christian duty to pray frequently for our brethren in Viet-Nam to the end that Almighty God will give them the grace to accept with patient resignation the dread that has befallen them.

HOMEFRONT MISSIONERS

The thought of the patience and the willingness with which Christ suffered *FOR US* and *FROM US* must urge us to pay Him back in His coin of love. It would be niggardly on our part to "stand by" coolly and listlessly and allow Him pay our debt in His Sacred Blood.

The Eastern Messenger

Lady Grantham

at Tak Sun

HONG KONG, CHINA

Hardly had the sun peeped over the neighboring hills when teachers and pupils at Tak Sun School made ready to greet a distinguished guest, Lady Grantham, wife of the colony's governor. Outside in the garden, the British flag fluttered gaily in the breeze; the graveled paths were neatly raked; even the very shrubs and flowers seemed to breathe a mood of joyous expectancy. In the different classrooms, the professors repeatedly urged their flustered charges to be on their best behavior. Beside the main entrance, a division of Boy Scouts in uniform, stood rigidly at attention waiting to pay their homage to Hong Kong's First Lady.

At exactly eleven a. m., as had previously been announced by a messenger from the governor's residence, Lady Grantham's car glided into our avenue. Mr. Crozier, Director of the Educational Department, who accompanied her Ladyship, introduced her to Sister Superior(1), Sister Directress(2), and Messrs. Tang and Leung, School Board Inspectors. Bulbs flashed and cameras clicked as the party moved towards the entrance. After indulgently listening to a welcome song lustily rendered by the Juniors, the illustrious visitor at once proceeded to visit Tak Sun's ten classrooms. A boy from the upper grades presented an address. A few groups gave lively demonstrations of physical culture exercises. In one of the classrooms the school's budding artists displayed their



(1) S. Marie Emmanuel (Berthe Crevier,
S. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q.)

(2) S. S. Denise (Odile Malboeuf,
Sudbury, Ont.)



SISTER S. PHILIP (ANNETTE BEAUDOIN,
THREE RIVERS, P. Q.)
WITH THREE OF HER PUPILS
WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF LADY GRANTHAM.

best sketches while in another the pupils proudly exhibited a miniature of the school building — their own creation — perfect to the last detail. Lady Grantham's gracious smiles and encouraging words made our little ones feel very happy. In sincere, delicate terms she deigned to praise the establishment for its excellent standing and to congratulate the pupils on their splendid records.

Before leaving, our guests partook of a light luncheon served in the parlor. Meantime, the children formed ranks in perfect silence, on both sides of the drive, to express their gratitude for the privilege that had been theirs. A smiling committee of three came forward to offer in the name of all their classmates, besides a beautiful sheaf of flowers, a gift of sculptured ivory. They then asked to be granted a holiday. Our distinguished visitor smiled her thanks and approval while the children waved and cheered her on her way. That same evening a handwritten message from Lady Grantham brought us another proof of her benevolent interest towards Tak Sun and its personnel. Mr. Crozier also expressed his deep satisfaction at the reception offered in our midst to the Queen's representative in this colony.

FOR SALVATION

Three things are necessary for the salvation of man: to know what he ought to believe; to know what he ought to desire; and to know what he ought to do.

St. Thomas Aquinas



On the Road to BELO

SR. BERNARDINE of SIENA(1), M.I.C.

Episode culled from jottings made during the official Visitation of our missions in Africa and the Far East by Mother Marie de la Salette, Assistant General.

BELO, where we hope soon to open another mission, is situated at about 75 miles from Morondava. It is part of the territory intrusted to the La Salette Missionary Fathers. Anxious to show us all the fine points of our future mission, Rev. Father Superior and Father Girouard offered to take us to Belo in their somewhat antiquated Chevrolet.

Mother Marie de la Salette(2), Sr. St. Adelaide(3) and I boarded the car together with four natives. We had hardly rolled along for ten minutes when we came to a sort of jungle where huge baobab emerged here and there from the tangled underbrush. The baobab is an African timber tree which does not grow to a very remarkable height but whose trunk may reach a diameter of sixty feet. Its gourdlike fruit known as *monkey bread* yields a pleasantly acide edible pulp. Its leaves and bark are used medicinally. The bark is also made into cloth and rops by the natives.

Before we had covered the first leg of our journey over a bumpy road passable only in dry weather, our vehicle stalled for the first time. Out climbed the Fathers to investigate what proved to be motor trouble. After some tinkering, the Chevrolet was coaxed on another five miles. Then it once again rumbled to a stop. Drivers and passengers began seriously to wonder whether they would ever reach destination that day. Sketchy repairs allowed us to drive a few miles further when the car gave an asthmatic wheeze and came to a dead stop in a solitary spot. Nothing remained for

MOTHER MARIE OF LA SALETTE (CORINNE FRENETTE, ST. JEAN L'EVANGELISTE) P. Q., ASSISTANT GENERAL and OFFICIAL VISITATRIX OF OUR MISSIONS WITH HER COMPANION, SR. BERNARDIN OF SIENA (ANTINETTE FOISY, WATERLOO) CALL AT VUA, NYASSALAND. THE GIRLS ARE BUSY PREPARING THE *Sima* (CORN MEAL.)

1. Antoinette Foisy, Waterloo, Shefford Co.
2. Corinne Frenette, S. Jean l'Evangeliste.
3. Adelaide Tremblay, S. Cyprien, Temiscouata.



us to do but wait by the side of the road until some other car passed our way. Innumerable mosquitoes, who had apparently been fasting for weeks, assailed us from all sides at once. To help while away the time, Father Superior recounted his numerous and varied mission adventures. But Father Girouard decided that it was useless trying to wait here for a car that might not come; Belo had to be reached and on that very day. His plan was to whip enough energy into the machine to reach the first garage. He soon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

After waiting for quite a while Mother Assistant declared that if the first car which happened to come along went in the direction of Morondava we would take it as a providential indication that our trip to Belo should be postponed. As if in answer to her challenge, two trucks in direction of Belo just then appeared on the road. They were loaded with natives enlisted for the tobacco harvest. With their usual eagerness to be of help, the latter kindly made place for us and for Father Girouard whom we picked up at the garage a few minutes later.

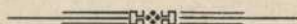
Meantime, the pastor of Belo and his parishioners were patiently waiting for us on the banks of the Tiribina River. They were just on the point of scattering when the cries of the villagers heralded our belated arrival. Immediately they invited us to board a small rowing boat with a mat stretched overhead as awning. A few minutes of rowing over calm waters brought us to the opposite bank and Belo. In the twinkling of an eye, all the inhabitants came out to bid us the warmest of welcomes. They curiously swarmed around us for this was their very first meeting with Sisters. A song was sung in Malagasy style and the traditional gifts of chicken meat, fruits, and vegetables were offered. One of the Christians next came forward to recite an address in French and to present his request for Mothers to teach the children. Father Superior in his reply, urged the good people of Belo to rejoice and give thanks to God for their request would soon be granted.

We were then led into a small dining room where a flower-bedecked table had been set for three. A Malagasy chef served us with exquisite politeness the twelve dishes he had concocted in our honor. After this really delicious repast, we visited the mission compound and the site of the future convent and boarding school for girls.

At 4.30 p. m., we began to think of the return trip to Morondava. The Belo Fathers very kindly lent us their car and chauffeur. We reached the garage where Father Girouard's Chevrolet was being repaired, around six o'clock. As we walked about a little to get the stiffness out of our legs, a young French couple hearing us speak their native tongue invited us to their house. They live alone of their nationality among the Malagasy. The youthful mistress of the house cordially urged us to have supper with them. How happy they were to welcome their *cousins* from America! They willingly chatted about their families in France and showed us photographs of some aunts who were religious. "Don't you sometimes feel lonesome out here in

this strange land?" I asked the young wife. "Oh, no," she countered. "I am too busy making a home for my husband and two children." Both husband and wife greatly enjoyed this meeting with the missionaries.

Father Girouard rode out slightly ahead of us spick and span in his repaired car. But this trip to and from Belo was destined to be adventurous until the end. Both machines developed motor trouble so that we finally reached Morondava at the unearthly hour of midnight. If we can infer success from the difficulties piled up in our reconnoitering trip to Belo, the mission will indeed know great prosperity.



Statistics of Closed Retreats

In the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the Year 1953

	Retreats	Persons attending	Recol-lections	Persons attending
Our Lady of the Holy Spirit Retreat House 314, St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal (8)	90	2,700	20	1,304
Bethany Retreat House Nominigue, Labelle Co., P. Q.	24	544		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette	72	2,148		
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec	140	4,170	25	1,039
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House Cenacle St., Chicoutimi	82	2,636	12	730
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby	66	1,622		
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, P. Q.	67	1,857	1	40
Our Lady of the Rosary Retreat House St. Mary, Beauce Co., P. Q.	46	1,247		
Our Lady Queen of Missions Retreat House 187 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.	31	781		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Les Cayes, Haiti, West Indies	3	94		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Tokyo, Japan	4	187		
Our Lady of Good Counsel Retreat House Davao, Philippine Islands	2	50		
Totals	627	18,036	58	3,113

Kalele, NYASALAND

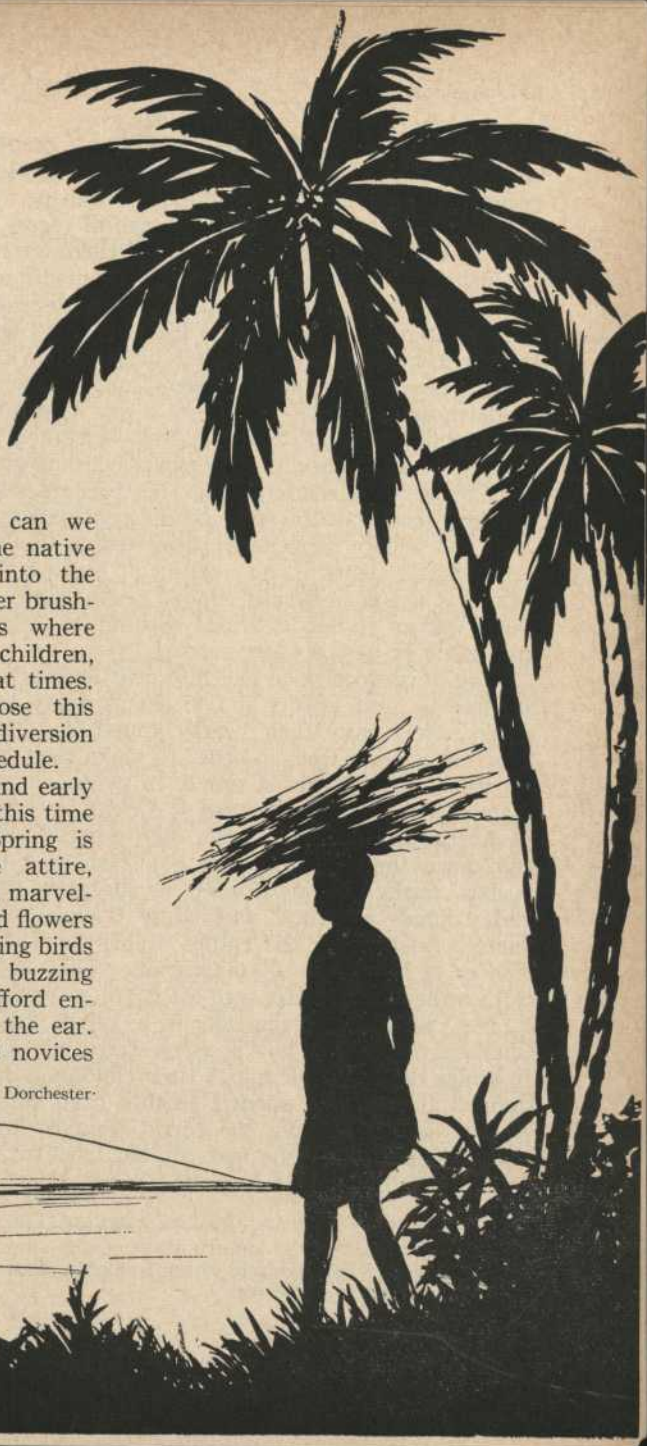
Gathering Brushwood with our Novices

SR. BERNADETTE
of FRANCE(1), M.I.C.

No pleasanter prospect can we offer our dear novices of the native Sisterhood, than a jaunt into the neighboring foothills to gather brushwood. The great outdoors where they have been reared as children, beckons almost irresistibly at times. Besides its practical purpose this excursion affords a needed diversion to the ordinary novitiate schedule.

We usually start bright and early on Saturday mornings. At this time of the year (November) Spring is stepping out in gladsome attire, splashing the hillsides with a marvelous variety of coloring. Wild flowers bordering the foot paths, singing birds chirping merrily overhead, buzzing insects and wild fruit, all afford enjoyment to the eye and to the ear. Recreation is given and the novices

1. Bernadette Dumas, S. Anselme de Dorchester.



make most of the permission. "Mother," one of them requests, "May we catch some insects and eat them?" I suggest that this might be a good occasion to offer up a little sacrifice by waiting to do so until luncheon. They willingly assent but I can hear a sigh of regret as my "gazelles" hurry onward. To these children of the wild, there are no better *bonnes bouches* than fat juicy insects eaten on the spot, topped with a wild fruit as relish.

It usually takes us a good half hour to reach a place where brushwood is to be found in abundance. Climbing up steep inclines is child's play for the novices but not so for their mistress. While they look around to find *cigowo*, trees whose supple fibers supply practically unbreakable cords, I sit down on a boulder to rest for a few moments. Rising before me, in the background, are multitudinous peaks wreathed with scarves of pearly mists. Nearer at hand, pastel tints of newly budding green blend in exquisite fashion with the strange scarlet foliage of trees resembling our maples. The ever changing beauty of the scene is really entrancing.

It not seldom happens on these outings that serpents appear on the scene. Sister Marie Beata is very skilful at ousting these dangerous reptiles. No sooner is the cry, *Bekani Amayi ajoka* heard, than she rushes to the spot like a warrior to battle, armed with an enormous club. The serpents either capitulate or beat a hasty retreat.

The brushwood once tied into neat faggots with *cigowo* strips, the novices are free to hunt insects and to eat as many as they want for lunch. You would surely envy their hearty appetites. Before going back home, they hunt for *muwula* trees in order to make their provision of tooth brushes for the week. These consist simply in twigs split at the edges and chewed into shape. The shining pearliness of African teeth is proof enough of their utility.

At the call of my whistle, each gracefully places a bundle on her head and down the home trail we go. Here and there from behind clumps of bushes, dusky urchins dressed in sunbeams peep out roguishly and wave pudgy hands at black and white *Wamayi* (Sisters). A woman spreading *kumata* (mud) over the rushes of her family hut pauses to cast admiring glances at her youthful compatriots. How happy they look and what fine clothes they wear! Her own lot is not so fortunate.

Yes, Saturdays' excursion is a bright spot in the life of my novices. Climbing their native hills however steep and rugged, is an agreeable relaxation. It brings back to their minds their childhood days when, as free as air, they romped those same wooded heights from sunrise until sundown. But on stormy days or during the torrid summer heat, their mistress sometimes cannot help wishing she had an old truck to drive — a truck that would go brush gathering and make the going easier.

Our love of fellowman will never be noble, deep and Christ-like unless it be the child of severity to ourselves.

Bishop Fulton Sheen

Moro Festival

SR. ST. EDMUND(1), M.L.C.

How would you like being invited to a colorful festival held by a Moro chieftain on the occasion of his son's betrothal? The village which in ordinary times is a little on the drab side, today seems transformed into a corner of fairyland. Large gaudy banners gaily flutter in the breeze. Bamboo huts and thatched roofs are festooned with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers and foliage. The chief attraction of the day consists in a noisy parade of picturesque floats most of which depict Moro fishing crafts, probably because fishing is one of the principal industries around here. These floats fairly disappear under ornate decorations of flowers, ribbons, small mirrors and sundry knickknacks. As they glide along the narrow streets, they are hailed by gleeful shouts and much clapping of hands for the entire population is out for a spree. The scene charms us by its originality and the gorgeous pageantry displayed.

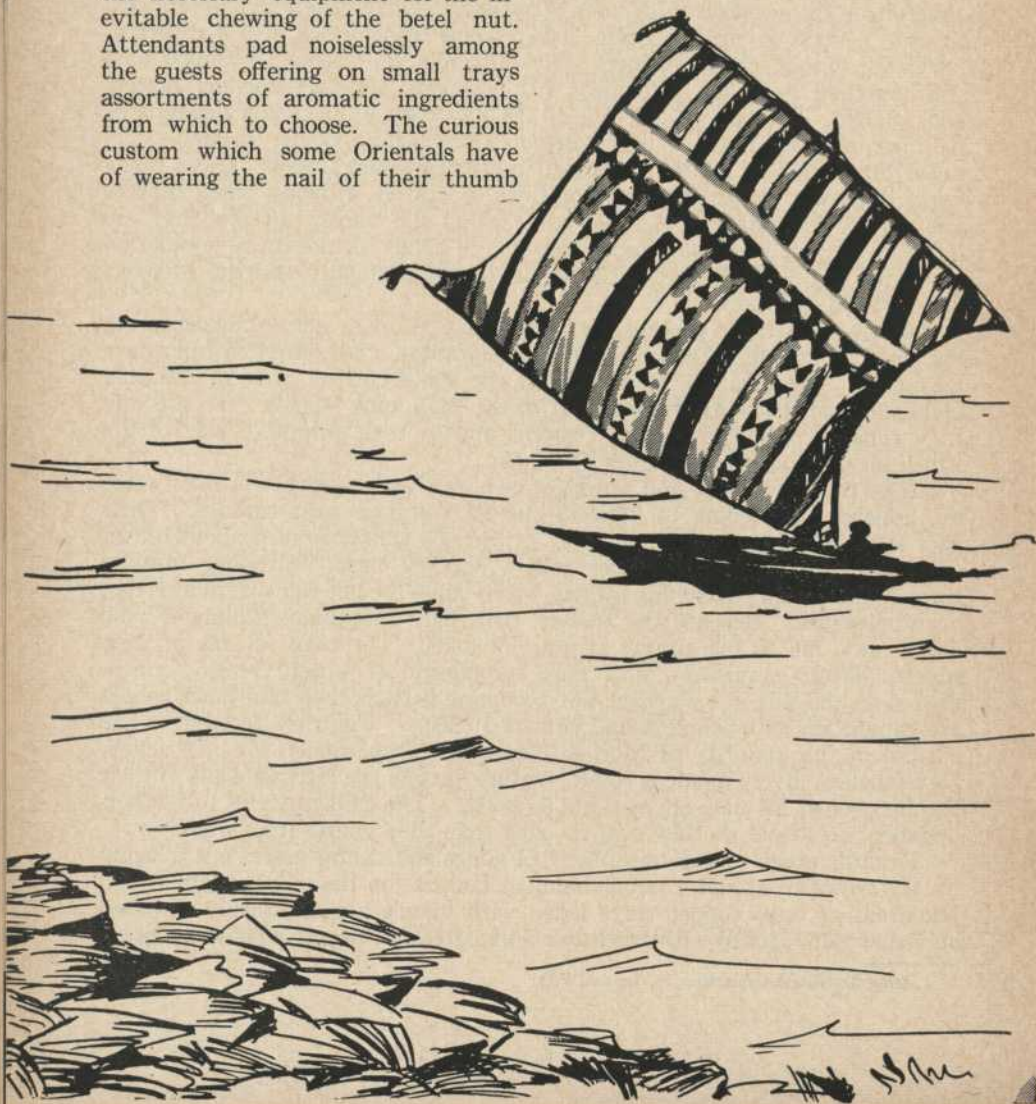
Mostly of Malayan descent the Moros have, through succeeding centuries, remained fanatically attached to the Mohammedan creed inherited from their ancestors. Their warlike tribes inhabit the sun-drenched lands of the Sulu archipelago in the south western part of the Philippine Islands. To this day they cling to their own quaint customs and to their primitive way of life which set them apart from other Filipinos.

Color the Moros love and, irrespective of sex, use it lavishly in their wearing apparel. According to Moslem custom the men wear turbans. Their gala attire consists of a wide piece of striped silk simply draped about brown torsos and fixed on the shoulder with a jewelled clasp. Although literally shrouded in the all enveloping *malong*, Moro ladies are not wanting in a certain exotic elegance. Beneath the *malong*, their light silk tunics usually in pale green tints, fall to the ground in graceful folds. The color scheme of their toilette blends exquisitely with their complexion of a rich creamy brown. Parted on the side in a startling but becoming fashion, their blue black tresses are caught up with jewelled and ribboned clasps. Contrary to what is the custom in the majority of Moslem countries, Moro women are not veiled. Nevertheless, lovely maidens rarely venture outside the latticed walls of their bamboo homes for they are as timid as fawns. The camera seems to be their bugaboo; no sooner do they hear its click than they vanish from sight.

Towards noon, a brass symphony of gongs and drums blares out a signal for the crowd to attend a public banquet laid out on the village main street. Hundreds of huge copper trays laden with viands are artistically disposed on straw mats decked with brightly colored strips of paper. These banquets

1. Irma de Ladurantaye, Cap St. Ignace, P.Q.

accompanied by speeches, dances, and various games may last several hours. At twilight, the musical part of the programme is ushered in. The crowd pours into a spacious hall in the center of which are placed two large divans where the guests of honor are seated, the other guests squatting around the wall on thick carpets, the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other. What can be the use of those large copper vessels which stand here and there throughout the hall? They contain the necessary equipment for the inevitable chewing of the betel nut. Attendants pad noiselessly among the guests offering on small trays assortments of aromatic ingredients from which to choose. The curious custom which some Orientals have of wearing the nail of their thumb



very long, finds its explanation here; it is used as a convenient spatula with which to pick up the lime and triturate it with betel leaves in the palm of the hand.

With the chewing session in full swing, the attention of those present is drawn to a small table upon which rest three gold-embossed caskets of precious woods containing the gifts offered to the future bride. Marriage in this country can prove a ruinous affair. The bride may demand costly gifts or a sum of 5,000 or 10,000 pesos besides the portions of land or heads of carabao which she must present to her father. This does not keep the Moros from marrying. Some among the wealthier classes even have as many as six wives although as good Mohammedans they should rest content with four.

The caskets remind one that this is a festival to celebrate the betrothal of two young people; so far they have not yet put in appearance. You may think this quite singular until you learn the age of the fiancées. The chieftain's son is at this very moment playing on a side street with some urchins while his bride-to-be has just been tucked into bed by her fond mamma. The pair's added years scarcely amount to eleven. From time immemorial the Moros have favored child-engagements.

The concert opens with a violent crash of cymbals which startles you almost out of your senses. Moro orchestras consist only of percussion instruments; two enormous copper gongs hanging from the rafters, brass cymbals, and a series of wooden drums deftly hammered by local artists. Meanwhile the young girls play an accompaniment on another set of small gongs resembling the xylophone and placed on wooden stands. The white turbans with their two metal circlets worn by the youthful musicians signify that they are "hadji" that is pilgrims who have effected the pilgrimage to Mecca.

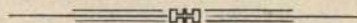
The rhythmic tempo of gongs and drums is at first slow and moderate but as it gathers momentum, it grows vibrant and rapid until it is transformed into a frenzied cavalcade. Woe to you if your nerves are already on edge for you will emerge from the concert hall literally exhausted. This initial performance is followed by several others. Finally tremendous chords sounded on the central gongs bring the sensational musical concert to a grand finale.

Now comes the high light of the festival, a special singing contest presented by the young ladies of the district. The singers are introduced accompanied by their maid servants. It is in perfect good taste for the latter to put a few finishing touches to the head-dress or draperies of the fair damsels, shaking out a silken fold at just the right angle, adjusting a jewelled girdle, catching up a stray lock with a studded comb. Arms and necks are decked with heavy necklaces and triple bracelets of antique design. Nothing that can enhance the opulent loveliness of these Moro belles is neglected.

The singers now take their place on the platform while joyful expectation creates a tremor among the guests. One of the young ladies slowly comes forward. With a graceful gesture of her left hand she gathers up her *malong* while in her right hand she daintily wields an ivory mounted fan. The opening strains of her cantilena are soft, and plaintive, and low, but after the

fashion of the musical pieces executed beforehand, the tone gradually rises to a piercing pitch. The weird sound seems to re-echo from a wild fantastic past and penetrates your very soul depths. Strange to say this melody which, to say the least, sounds peculiar does not grate upon the ear. On the contrary, it has a certain unsophisticated charm of its own. All during her performance, the singer's features remain like those of the sphinx. It would be an inexcusable breach of manners for her to show the merest flicker of emotion whether the audience applauds or hoots. After singing in this manner for nearly a whole hour, the young lady gives way to one of her companions and the competition goes on until the wee small hours. It may be repeated for several successive nights.

As you must doubtless feel sleepy after staying up so late we had better bid farewell to the lovely performers whom one almost fancies to have stepped from a scene in the Arabian nights. Reflecting upon the gorgeous pageants just witnessed, a Christian feels the sadness that comes with the knowledge that these beauty loving souls are still deprived of the Light. When will the full rays of the Sun of Justice illumine the gloom which the crescent is powerless to dispel?



JUNE FOR THE SACRED HEART

Angela de Sainte, a little convent girl, started it all. She got to wondering why there was no month dedicated to the Sacred Heart. She thought it would be nice to introduce such a devotion into her boarding school. This was in the spring of 1834. Like all zealous souls, she was anxious to begin at once, by having the month after Mary's May dedicated to the Heart of her Divine Son. On the 20th of May, the bishop celebrated Mass in the convent chapel for the Children of Mary. Angela approached him and explained her project. He was enthusiastic: "We shall institute it for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of France," he declared. He even offered to formulate special devotions. Angela was full of joy. Her hopes had been realized beyond her expectations. . . Another humble beginning to a great work!

Our Lady's Missionary



Through Mary we obtain more easily the life of which Christ is the source and the beginning. She is the mother of the members of Christ, which we are. She merited to become in a most worthy manner the Reparatrix of the lost world and, consequently, the Dispenser of all the gifts that Jesus acquired for us by His Death and Blood.

Blessed Pius X

A NEW CLINIC IN LIMBE

SR. ST. JOHN of the REDEEMER, M.I.C.

On November 7, at 10 a. m., a new work was inaugurated at Limbe. The simple ceremony was highlighted by the presence of a few prominent Limbe citizens and by quite a gathering of good people from all over surrounding hamlets. The District Deputy, spokesman of the deputation, explained that so many persons had come not only because they needed medication but more especially to show their grateful appreciation for the arrival of a Sister-

SR. ST. JOHN OF THE REDEEMER (MARCELLE ST. ARNAUD, MONTREAL)
CARING FOR THE PATIENTS AT LIMBE CLINIC, HAITI.



Nurse in their midst. He also added his own personal appreciation of the good done by the Sisters in all the dispensaries on the southern coast.

Immediately after the clinic's formal opening, I began with the help of two Haitian interpreters, to remedy to the ills of the numerous patients. Giving injections, making dressings, distributing medicine. I felt deeply moved by the undreamt of miseries that poured into the clinic in a steady stream. What a wonderful means of drawing souls to the God of mercy and compassion, I reflected. Straightway, I made plans for more suitable accommodation.

A few days after the dispensary opened its doors, a brave little lad peeped in and made insistent signs for me to follow him outside. As I understood his *caille* (house) to be quite near, I followed him accompanied by a Haitian aide. How surprised I was to find an aged and ailing woman lying on the dirt floor without benefit of either mattress or blankets. There, in that humble cabin, kneeling beside this poor patient, I tasted my first missionary joys. Grandmother groped for my hand and pressed it to her heart with visible satisfaction. At last she would have some one who could relieve her numerous aches and pains . . . As she was reputedly more than one hundred years old there was nothing much I could really do for her. She died two days later. On my way back to the clinic, people crowded around me begging for, "ti remede" (medicine). How I wished it were in my power to cure them all!

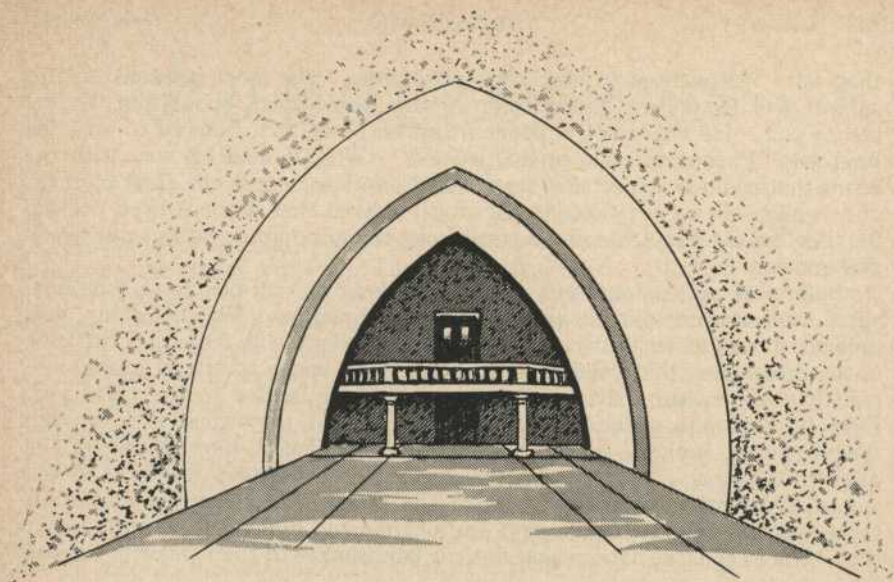
Thank you, my own dear Mother, and you all my charitable Canadian friends for helping me in this apostolic undertaking. I owe you in a great measure the happiness that is mine in Haiti. God bless and love you every one.

HAITI

A subscriber from Montreal who prefers not to have his name published has sent us a gross of rosaries for our dear proteges. We offer this kind benefactor our deep-felt thanks and beg to assure him that gifts such as his will always be welcome here. Our little Haitians pray "Maman la Vierge" to bless and reward him for his charity.

A Missionary Sister from Les Coteaux.

Mass is celebrated once a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of Subscribers to **THE PRECURSOR** and all living Benefactors.



Through the choir loft

SR. MARIE CECILIA(1), M.I.C.

Coming out of church after Rosary devotions some time ago, I found Jesus waiting for me. Not Jesus, our divine Savior, of course, but one of the Federates of Catholic Action who bears that blessed name often given to boys in Cuba. "Madre Superiora," he requested with a courtly bow worthy of a Spanish grandee, "*Per favor* (a favor please). My friends and I would like to be given singing lessons at the Convento." His request took me by surprise and I did not at first know what to reply. Then it occurred to me how this might prove an excellent means of drawing these young Cubans to the practice of their religious duties, so I readily acquiesced.

On Sunday afternoon, time set for rehearsals, not one of the Federates was missing for the initial lesson given in the First Grader's classroom. It was almost comical to see these tall youths sitting on the small chairs of our Juniors, their eyes eagerly scanning my face as if to grasp in its expression something of the mysteries of plain chant. The Latin words underwent some terrific mangling, the measure was maltreated, but the good will was evident.

As the weeks and months went by, they made such rapid and praiseworthy progress, that they were invited to sing at the parish church. How elated

1. Cecile Legault, Montreal.

they felt! All wanted to be chosen as soloists. The most insistent on this subject was Oscar who has nothing of the Jose Mojica about him, let me assure you. He vehemently pleaded that he be at least allowed to sing the brief solo "Panem de caelo praestitisti eis." Well, he had his way with the result that could be expected. Such was his nervousness as the great moment of revealing his vocal powers to the world arrived that without even waiting for the Tantum Ergo to end, he gasped out the verse improvising both words and music.

Before taking singing lessons here, these lads who all belong to the social elite, were seldom seen at church even on Sundays. This explains how difficult it was at first to make them keep a silent and respectful attitude in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. They began to attend Mass more regularly only when told their services would be needed in the choir loft. From the beginning of the Mass almost until the end, they would flick through their hymnals, indicate a page number to a companion, hum the air of the piece to be sung. They apparently paid not the slightest attention to the august liturgical function going on at the altar. For them the important thing was to sing. It took a good deal of time and diplomacy to obtain that they withhold congratulations and fervent handshakes to their favorite soloists while in church.

Meanwhile, our choir made a precious acquisition in the person of a cultured gentleman from a neighboring Centrale. A former pupil of the Brothers of Christian Schools in Havana, Mr. Lopez possesses an agreeable voice. Being a passionate lover of music and song, the moments he spends at our Colegio for plain chant rehearsals are among the happiest of his life, he often declares. During the month of the Rosary it was a heartfelt consolation for us to see our Federates gather at Our Lady's shrine every evening. They felt honored when we asked them to sing for Benediction. Even if their intentions are not always laudable, they have at least rediscovered the road to their parish church.

Their choir has been functioning for over a year. Although the success as yet is not spectacular, liturgical ceremonies have gained in beauty and solemnity. Simple, ignorant souls have received a smattering of religious truths which they would not otherwise have acquired. Does it matter so much after all if they do come back to the Church of their baptism through the choir loft instead of through the front entrance?



Don't be disheartened by the depressing environment. Long after all the peace-breakers and trouble-makers of the world, whom Shakespeare would have called "the idols of idiot-worshippers," shall have gone to complete oblivion, this century will be looked upon as the herald of a New Civilization, the turning point in which men begin to be transformed into Man.

John C. H. Wu

FORGIVENESS

He was not the usual type of human flotsam tossed by the turbulent sea of life into the tranquil haven of Charity if you Please. His blue denim overalls were threadbare, but scrupulously clean. Notwithstanding his apparent shyness at meeting white people for the first time at close range he bore himself with a certain quiet, simple dignity. The name he gave was as picturesque as his native mornes, "Mesure l'homme Mesure". Who could have gauged the genuine "measure" of this honest son of Haitian peasantry?

His had been an uneventful life not devoid of happiness. As riches are accounted in a poverty ridden land he was in well-to-do circumstances, to wit — he possessed a pair of unbleached bed sheets and a change of clothing, plus a horse and a mule with which he tilled a small patch of land, occasionally riding to town to dispose of his produce. He had been perfectly content with life in general until an insidious disease had begun to make serious inroads on his robust health, sapped his strength, and finally kept him indoors most of the day. He had tried various native remedies but all to no avail. Listless and despondent he was one day squatting beside his hut in the sunshine when a friend rode by on a burro. He was returning from Les Cayes, the largest town on the Coast. Of a kind, hospitable nature Mesure invited the man to rest awhile and have some refreshments.

The visitor told of recent happenings at Les Cayes and how the town was picking up especially since the rebuilding of the Cathedral. In the course of the conversation, he casually mentioned the new convent built by the white Mothers next door to the refuge, "Charity, If You Please". Mesure questioned eagerly, "Do you think they could do something for me?" He held out his limbs already deeply blighted by disease.

"Of course, man! Mère Juliette⁽¹⁾ can cure any sickness!"

"But . . . the money? It must cost a good deal to get an injection . . ."

"Dunno about that." The other scratched his head. "Seems to me though I've seen many a "moune" (fellow) at Charity who never owned more than a *gourde* at a time; and yet they are cared for as if they were rich. Try your luck."

"You've given me a new lease on life. When you came along, I was down in the dumps. Now I feel sure I'll soon be as fit as fiddle."

After the visitor had gone, Mesure shuffled inside and drew from an old battered trunk, his fortune in monetary value — a few gourdes carefully tied up in a blue bandanna. "These should suffice to pay at least for a few

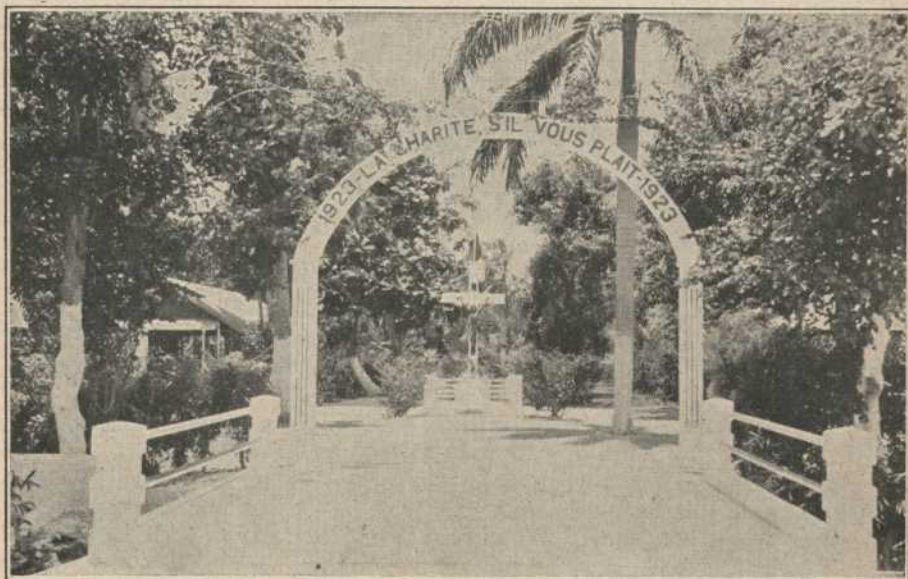
1. Juliette Deschenes, Levis.

injections", he soliloquized. When he was well again he could sell some cashew nuts or vegetables from his garden to repay the white Mothers. His mind was made up. He would ask, Peter, his younger brother who lived nearby to watch over his horse and mule and other belongings while he went to Les Cayes for medication.

At "Charity, If You Please", he received a kind welcome. After a thorough checkup, his sores were carefully dressed and adequate remedies were applied to better his condition. In fact, such kind treatment did he get that even the President himself could not require better as he often jocularly remarked. The snow white bandages contrasting against his swarthy skin appeared to him as so many elegant scarves which he was not at all loath to exhibit on his strolls through the grounds. After a few weeks of medication his health had improved to such an extent that he asked and obtained leave of absence to visit his village in the hills and see how things were being managed.

Three days after his departure, Sister Marie Rachel⁽¹⁾ guiding the steps of a helpless paralytic along the graveled path was startled by a sort of growling, an unintelligible angry mumbling which issued from somewhere behind the hedge. Before she had time to ascertain the meaning of this noise, Mesure dragged himself into view from behind a clump of bushes. All the buoyancy of a few days hence had fled. His shoulders sagged as if under the weight of

"THE CALVARY" AT THE ENTRANCE OF "CHARITY, II YOU PLEASE".



an intolerable burden. "Maman Rachel", he groaned, "The sun has gone out of my life." Sobs shook his sturdy frame while he stood there a very picture of woeful despair. Sister is a woman of few words. Long years of close acquaintance with human miseries of all kinds have taught her that, specially among the sorrowing and the unfortunate, kind actions speak louder than words. She led the way into the dispensary deserted at this time of the day, and motioned the man to rest for a few moments while she entered the kitchen. She soon returned with some fruit and a calabash of steaming millet. "Here," she kindly urged "The best thing to do is to build up your strength by eating a good meal. Afterwards we will talk things over and see what we can do to help you." The sad story was poured into Sister's sympathetic ear, little by little. Poor Measure had for the first time in his life personally experienced human meanness and trickery, and the ordeal had seared his soul like a red hot iron. While he had been trying to recuperate in Les Cayes, his brother whom he had trusted with all his earthly possessions had led a gay life. Horse, mule, bed-sheets, and tiny garden he had blithely sold to pay for his drinking bouts and nightly orgies. Measure's eyes, those pools of habitual serenity and kindness, were now terrible to see. In their bloodshot depths smouldered passionate hatred and a fierce desire for revenge. Sister tried in vain persuading him to forgive his scapegrace brother. "Never, never! I'll get even. I'll . . . Yes, I'll kill him," he exclaimed, "A nice Christian you are!" His sensitive ear caught the stern note that crept in her voice. "Follow me right away. I'll show you Someone who forgave a greater wrong than the one you refuse to forgive." Meekly he followed her not at first realizing where she was leading him — to the lifesize Calvary on the entrance grounds. He tried then to evade the issue, but something in Sister's calm, reproving gaze drew him irresistibly forward until he fell prostrate at the foot of the Cross. Sister knelt beside him and prayed silently then pointing to the tortured Figure, she gravely said "Measure, remember His last words on the Cross, 'Father, Father, forgive them . . .'. How can you persist in your refusal?" Stifled groans were the only answer as the strong man's shoulders heaved in a veritable storm of grief and anguish. "I cannot . . . forgive. Jesus was God . . ."

"And man also, don't forget," Sister reminded him. "He felt the terrible injustice being done to Him, but He forgave . . . He even excused his murderers. And you . . ." A tremendous battle was being waged in this man's soul but grace won in the end. Lifting up his arms to the Crucified who held His own open as if to embrace him. Measure fairly shouted, "Oui, bon Dié, m'pardonnez li! (Yes, good God, I forgive him)". Then in lowered tones "I cannot bear to see You suffering for me on the Cross and refuse You anything You ask." He was crying softly now like a hurt and bewildered child, all his resentment gone. With growing conviction, as if to make sure Christ had understood, he repeated over and over again, "I forgive, I forgive, I forgive him for good." He rose and smiled at Maman Juliette through his tears, the smile of a warrior after a hard-won battle.

Retreatant

Writes to Retreatant

MIREILLE VIELARSON VILAIRE

Dear Canadian sister of mine,

Now, do not pretend you do not know me . . . We both share a treasure that binds us so closely and so intimately, that I feel entitled to give you the endearing name of sister. Have we not in common, the same Christian Faith? Do we not kneel at the same banquet where the Food of Angels is distributed? Our Catholic Faith is our most precious inheritance, our proudest boast, our pearl of great price. The two of us are the most richly endowed of all heiresses — heiresses to the heavenly kingdom. This is what prompts me, in spite of the difference in nationality and color, to call you my sister.

I have something to tell you which will no doubt cause you to feel justly proud of your compatriots, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Three years ago they initiated the Closed Retreat Movement in Les Cayes. What blessed days I have since then had the joy of spending in their hospitable convent! The retreats are organized in cycles. I usually attend the one which is special to the tertiaries of St. Francis and which begins at the end of September. To you, this Closed Retreat Movement has grown so familiar that you will perhaps find it difficult to explain my transports of delight at being allowed to participate in such spiritual refreshment periods. What a tremendous difference exists between these four days and the other three hundred and sixty-one. After the hours spent in this sanctuary of peaceful and prayerful silence, it is nothing short of a trial to have to return to a giddy, sinful world.

The retreat opens here as it does in your country. In the gloaming, we pass through the little green gate that leads to the convent where Mother Gertrude waits smilingly to usher the retreatants into the cool, spacious hall. Those who have arrived a little ahead of time are there reciting the Rosary, reading pious books, or meditating. Everything inside the Convent is of a spotless white. In this haven of quietness one feels the healing power of physical and spiritual relaxation. The world and its worries is shut away. One listens to wise and kindly words and rests in the quiet hand of God.

Our first general meeting is held in the chapel which is decorated with perfect good taste. During the retreat, discipline and regularity combine

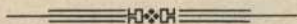
to produce a recollected atmosphere highly conducive to the practice of interior life. One has the impression of living in a superior world entirely separated from mundane affairs.

The day opens with morning prayer recited in common at the chapel. This seems an excellent way to rid oneself of the routine which may so easily creep in on the recitation of daily prayers always the same. Mass and thanksgiving over, a small bell tinkles an invitation to the retreatants to come and partake of a frugal breakfast. After a few moments of free time another summons of the bell calls us together in order to recite part of the little Office of the Immaculate Conception, then to hear a conference. No matter their name or nationality, the ministers of God, expound the eternal message in such a way that our souls feel enlightened and our wills oriented towards the goal of Christian life lived with fervor and intensity.

Luncheon is served at noon followed by a merry recess. Later in the afternoon, we make the Way of the Cross, and recite Vespers, Compline, and Matins. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given just as the sun sinks to rest in a gorgeous riot of purple and gold. When time comes to retire, we sleep as peacefully as if we were once again candid, carefree children. The retreat acts somewhat like a spiritual rejuvenating agent. When after four days of this life, time comes to leave, we depart reluctantly, our spirit refreshed and our load lightened.

This is what I wanted to relate to you, dear Canadian sister of mine. My letter has stretched out longer than I originally intended. It will tell you at least something of our overwhelming gratitude for the honored missionary Sisters you sent us from Canada.

Les Cayes, Nov. 20, 1953.



PRAYER FOR THE MISSIONS

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! with Thy most tender love regard Thy missionaries who, for Thy love and for that of the souls so precious to Thee, have cheerfully forsaken native land and kindred and all that to them was dear. Grant that help may be extended to them to carry on their work, and let not their hearts be wrung with the grief of being compelled to send away the souls who come to them begging the bread of eternal life. Comfort them in hardships and privations. Make them feel that Thou art with them in their solitude, and give them grace to persevere unto the end in the life of abnegation Thou hast destined for them. O Sacred Heart, for Thine own glory's sake be mindful of Thy missionaries. Amen.

IMPRIMATUR:

G. W. Mundelein,
Archb. of Chicago

THE

ROMANCE

of a LITTLE WHITE DRESS

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

Unless you happen to be a seasoned missionary I doubt whether it really is within your power to know something of the thrill one experiences upon receiving and opening bulging cases sent by kind benefactors from Canada or whatever your homeland happens to be. Oh! the blessed treasure troves! For weeks and months afterwards they afford us the means of bringing comfort to the ailing, practical help to the needy. God reward those who donate their contents and those who patiently and expertly do the packing.

This year, the cases from the Motherhouse brought me, beside their usual quota of pleasant enjoyment, a particularly touching surprise. With many a joyful exclamation I had emptied the contents of two boxes on the community table; while my companions delightedly examined each item, I pried open the cover of a third case. The first thing that fell into my hands was a

child's white silk dress. Its insertion and ruffles had a strangely familiar look. Could it be? I shook out its folds and held it at arm's length. Yes, it was indeed my First Communion dress, the dress Mother had cut out of her own wedding gown and lovingly stitched into a dainty creation for me.

That same evening while carefully re-arranging the "treasures" received, I fondly reminisced the happy scenes of my childhood days. Once again I saw myself kneeling at the altar rail to receive JESUS. Wearing my lovely dress which my aunts declared made me look like a diminutive bride, I had in the secret depths of my youthful heart heard the first tender wooings of the divine



SR. ST. SYLVERE (CLARE LEBLANC, ST. SYLVERE) WITH LOUFFY WHO PROUDLY WEARS HER LITTLE WHITE DRESS.



Bridegroom. Glancing still further back in the past, I beheld you, my beautiful Mom, clad in your shimmering white dress, kneeling at the same altar, uttering the *fial* that would make you my mother.

At a distance of over one thousand miles, I like to picture you and Dad sitting side by side, recalling the days that have gone by, and the birdies who have flown from the home nest. So many things, joyful or sad, have happened during those forty-three odd years! Instead of the filmy lace of your wedding veil I can see your hair now as white as snow; you seem all the lovelier to me thus crowned with the silvery diadem of loving abnegation.

* * *

In Port Salut, Louffy now wears my little white dress to Sunday Mass. She looks lovely in it and she is, oh so thankful to you, mother, for having sent it. You see, Louffy's mother could not bear to have her six-year-old daughter appear in church dressed in rags. As she was too poor to buy her child a dress she only too often kept her home. Now, thanks to you, both faithfully attend to their religious duties. God bless and love you, mother mine. May your generous example be followed by numerous Canadian mothers who happen to have little white dresses laid away in their cedar chests.

WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

LOVE of NATURE

SR. ST. ALICE, M.I.C., (Jeanne Bastien, Montreal.)

One need not have lived long in Japan before one is struck by the delicacy of feeling, the innate courtesy of the people at large, and their passionate love of nature. These qualities are not restricted to an elite but are also found where they might least be expected, among peasants and laborers. All treat nature as respectfully as they treat their fellow men.

Some time ago, I accompanied our pupils on an outing. After a pleasant day spent in the country, we were preparing to return when one of the students remarked she had not yet found a suitable *miyage* (gift) for her mother. Bringing a gift home after even a short absence is a time-honored custom here. The young girl then delicately broke off a small branch from a denuded cherry tree, gazed at it admiringly, and kept it carefully in her hands on the way back to the city. "What do you intend to do with this dried branch?" I ventured to ask. She looked puzzled then smiled at my ignorance. "Why, it will make a fine *miyage* for my mother. As the cherry blossoms are not yet out, it will greatly please her to have at least a branch of *sakura* in the house." I felt somewhat humiliated. Here were these people who found delight and inspiration in a leafless twig while I missed the poetry they found therein.

On another occasion, I watched a young peasant diligently hoeing a garden patch. Suddenly he stopped, mopped his face with a cotton towel, and leaning on his hoe looked fondly at a tiny bunch of violets which grew beside one of the furrows. For a few minutes he debated whether he would lay sacrilegious hands on this bit of fragrant beauty or allow the flowerets to remain where they had elected to grow. In the end, he decided to wait until sundown and transplant the violets in a more convenient spot.

This son of Japanese peasantry lost in admiration before a tiny creature and filled with concern for the preservation of its ephemeral life gave me a lesson in spirituality I will not soon forget. How can I ever doubt of the divine Gardener's solicitude for souls, immortal blooms stamped with His own image?

The Martyr of Futuna

by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

Brother Mary Nizier wrote that, "On the eve of a pagan festival a number of old men gathered in our house. They began to discuss the king's designs, but in a guarded way which they thought I would not understand. One said 'Those two ought to be put out of the way.' 'Why?' asked a native who did not live in Futuna. 'It is the king's intention,' they told him; adding, 'Shall we allow men to come from a foreign country and rule our island? They must be done away with. The king wills it.' Father Chanel was weeding our field and I went to tell him what had been said. 'Why do you work so hard, Father, when we may die tomorrow?' I asked; and I repeated all I had heard. He stopped his work for a few seconds, and with a calmness such as I had never seen even in him, he said, 'The day of our death will not be our worst day. Don't you remember what St. Aloysius said when asked what he would do if he knew he were to die within an hour?' And without another word he continued his work."

Nor did the threats of his enemies make Father Chanel abandon his apostolic labors. To prepare the way for the triumph of Christianity he translated into Futunian a short exposition of Catholic doctrine. He also composed hymns in the same language and had them sung at the Sunday reunions. "Though forbidden to enter our house," Brother related, "our catechumens, often accompanied by some friends, came to Poi nearly every evening at sunset and loitered about the neighborhood until they could slip, unobserved, into our cabin." They were always warmly welcomed, instructed, and sent away consoled and strengthened. Again and again they managed thus to hear God's word, in spite of the mockery to which they were subjected and threats of death which had become a commonplace. The persecution extended even to Singave, long friendly to Father Chanel. One day, unable to go there himself, he sent Brother Mary Nizier to do what he could for a little girl, ten years of age, whose mother was enraged because she wished to become a Christian. The child used to steal away into the woods to pray, and she kept carefully and lovingly hidden a medal of the Blessed Virgin which Father Chanel had given her. When she heard of his death she cried, "I, too, want to die for love of God. I want to go where the good Father has gone!"

Some weeks before the martyrdom Niuliki, irritated by the increasing number of catechumens, decided that the missionaries must move to a house near his own in Tamana. With Father Chanel living under his eyes, he thought the neophytes and catechumens would not dare to hold any intercourse with him. "This project was never carried out, but it was well known that the authorities intended to destroy Christianity in the island, even if, to do so, it became necessary to burn the homes of the catechumens and scatter them to different parts of the island. Hatred of the Faith was carried so far that it was declared a punishable offense to make the Sign of the Cross or to murmur a prayer after meals. Two young men of Poi were fined for going too frequently to Father Chanel's cabin.

"The men of King Niuliki's party came to the conclusion that it would be well to check the spread of Christianity while its friends were few. To wait would be dangerous, for if the catechumens were allowed to become numerous they could defend themselves. The matter was serious, in the eyes of the pagans; but the people could do nothing without the king's consent. Father Chanel had been declared taboo, and only Niuliki and those near to him had a right to take his life."⁽¹⁾ It was not hard to foresee that they would be asked repeatedly to do so, nor that, sooner or later, they would consent.

Impelled by his love for the ceremonies of the Church, Father Chanel determined to celebrate Easter as solemnly as possible. He made everything ready in his little house and sent messages to all his catechumens. That same day in the valley of Poi, they were rejoicing over the marriage of the son of Misa, a warrior renowned for his bravery. Some of the guests, enemies of Christianity, saw the catechumens slip away towards Father Chanel's house and proclaimed the fact on all sides, arousing such fury that a number of men declared they would not eat of the marriage feast until they had wrecked the missionaries' cabin. They had seized their lances when Misa hurried from his house, saying that if any one harmed Father Chanel there would be no feast. This quieted the greedy trouble-makers. Some one warned the catechumens of what was passing and most of them fled, terror stricken, before the end of Mass. One of their number, who had not been present, heard the threats and ran to the chapel to protect his friend. Father Chanel thanked him, but said quietly, "It is well for me." Presently another catechumen came to tell of the danger, and while he was there some one hammered on the bamboo lattice that surrounded the house, crying, "Keep on, young men! Treat your priest as you are doing and you will be the cause of his death." All who were within heard the words; and again Father Chanel said, "It is well for me."

Later in the day Niuliki entered the cabin, bringing a basket of cooked yams and a little half-cooked pork. Brother thought that he had come to see how many catechumens he would surprise there. There were only two in the house at the time. Father Chanel received His Majesty with his habitual gentleness and courtesy. "We have had almost nothing to eat today, but Providence has come to our assistance," he said. Niuliki's visit was short, and it was his last.

Some days later Father Chanel learned that again there was question of obliging him to move to Tamana as a step towards the uprooting of Christianity. Three men in particular were bent on using every means to this end. One of them, Musumusu, son-in-law of Niuli, was overheard to say, "Your Majesty, what this white man is trying to do would lead to the destruction of the kingdom; it would end all public festivities, and all marriage feasts." Niuliki replied, "If this is true the religion must be stamped out." But a last joy was reserved to the apostle before the powers of darkness had their way.

Meitala, eldest son of the king, had befriended the missionaries from the first and had listened attentively to their words, but unable to persuade him to be baptized, Father Chanel had prudently kept secret their intimate talks. Believing that the entire island would soon be converted if the prince declared himself in favor of Christianity, Father Chanel made another effort to win him to God's cause. He sent two zealous

1. Father Servant: History of Christianity in Futuna.

catechumens to his house to talk to him. As Meitala himself told, "One day two men came to see my sister and me. The Father had sent them to persuade us to embrace the Faith. Our discussion was prolonged far into the night, and at last, we said that we wished to be baptized. Father Chanel's friends hastened back to Poi to tell him of our conversion. He was overjoyed. The next day he came to see us and talked for some time. He said he would return to bring us medals of the Blessed Virgin, but he died before he could come again. The Father spread the news of my conversion in the hope of inciting others to follow my example." More than one did so. Though he was burning with fever, Father Chanel seemed to multiply himself in his effort to make the most of the impetus given to the conversion of Futuna by Meitala's open profession of faith. Day and night he instructed his converts with no thought of his own weakness and pain. On the twenty-second of April he wrote, "I am a little better, though not perfectly well." These words end the journal.

Longoasi, one of the catechumens, more fervent than wise, seeing some sign of a movement in Father Chanel's favor, declared openly that he feared no one and would work until the Faith had triumphed in Futuna. His words were repeated on all sides and fanned the irritation of the enemies of Christianity. A friend of Father Chanel's told afterward, "The king said to the people, 'You must not go to the missionary's house to learn what he calls religion; if you do not obey me the missionary shall die.' These words I repeated to the Father, and he said simply, 'It is well.' The next day when he was teaching me my prayers the king knocked at the door of the cabin. I ran out by another door and fled by a sheltered path to a nearby village where I took a bath. Soon Niuliki came to the place where I was bathing. He threatened me with a war-club which he carried, crying, 'You must not go to the white man's house! Keep away from him, lest in the end he be put to death. What he calls religion is useless and must be driven from the island.' I went back and repeated these words to the Father, and again he said only, 'It is well.'"

That same day Niuliki held a council. After it closed Musumusu, son-in-law of the king, went home to get a sick child to present her to His Majesty, as was the Futunian custom. It was believed that the king's god could cure every ailment. Musumusu's wife related, "When we were in Tamana I overheard this dialogue between my husband and my father: 'Meitala is professing the Christian religion,' Musumusu said. 'Speak sternly to him about it,' the king recommended. 'What would be the use? He would not listen to me,' Musumusu said quickly. 'He is insane!' Niuliki exclaimed; and added, 'You came here to ask me what to do. Do whatever you wish. I have some affection for the missionary because I lived with him. I do not say, strike him; however, I do not forbid you. Do whatever you wish.' Musumusu answered, 'Confide the matter to me and we will do your will.' Then they exchanged some sentences which I did not hear."

(To be continued)

When St. Pius X was not ready to decide a question, he used to recall by a word the necessity of having recourse to prayer. Pointing to the Crucifix, he would say: "He shall decide."

J. d'Arnoux

GAGALANGIN, MANILA, P.I.

Future Apostles for China

SR. ST. JOHN of the EUCHARIST⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

One fine day in May 1952, two Chinese gentlemen wearing white soutanes and sun helmets, lightly mounted the steps leading to our Gagalangin Convent. They wished to meet some Sisters who had formerly been assigned to our missions of Canton or Hong Kong. Sister Superior sent me to the parlor where I was overjoyed to meet, garbed in the habit of Jesuit novices, two of my ex-pupils; Ho Kun from Canton Holy Spirit Academy, and Tai po pe from Kowloon Tak Sun School. They were as merry as children over the surprise they were giving me.

Ho Kun is a nephew of our Chinese Sister Marie Lucia now bearing testimony to the Truth behind the Bamboo Curtain. At the time of her baptism at our Canton Mission, Miss Ho had prevailed upon her brother to place his two young sons as boarders at our school. Ho Kun and his younger brother Ho Choy then spent two years with our Sisters, studying hard and preparing to become good Christians. Ho Kun received the three sacraments of Baptism, Eucharist, and Confirmation on Pentecost Sunday, 1937. It was probably on that memorable date that the ardent Chinese lad felt the call to priesthood and the religious life.

The war sorely tried the Ho family. Mr. Ho died and Mrs. Ho and her children soon saw themselves deprived of all their earthly possessions. By a special attention of divine Providence, the eldest boy, Ho Kun, was taken under the



1. Jeanne Moquin, d'Eastman.

protection of the Jesuit Fathers. From Kowloon, he was sent to India. After a while, he again returned to Hong Kong on his way to Novaliches and the novitiate.

Joseph Tai was conspicuous among the brightest and liveliest boys in our Tak Sun classes. He lived next door neighbor to the Convent and his father and mother were very kind to us Sisters, doing us all sorts of good turns. While serving Mass at our Convent chapel, one day, Joseph decided he wanted to be a priest. He confided his noble aspiration to his father who had him enrolled as pupil in a Jesuit College. In that beneficent atmosphere, his vocation was carefully nurtured and strengthened. At about the same time, he met Ho Kun with whom he soon became fast friends; the two vowed that they would embrace the religious life and go the whole way together.

Novaliches novitiate is a place where the most fervent of novices will find that poverty is practised beyond their wildest dreams. Because of present difficult circumstances the personnel is housed in Quonset huts, relics of wartime conditions. Religious life is intense in this simple sanctuary of prayer and study where future apostles are being trained.

Ho Kun and Tai po pe would be perfectly happy if their beloved China were not writhing in the clutches of the infernal dragon. They want me to ask for a share in your prayers so that the joys of the Resurrection may not tarry too long after the throes of Good Friday now being endured by their fellow Christians in their motherland.



THE EUCHARIST AND PAGANS

THE LIFE OF NATIONS. — The Eucharist presents to nations a center of life. They can all meet, without barrier of race or language, to celebrate the Church's feasts.

The Blessed Sacrament offers them a law of life — the charity of which it is the source. Thus she forms a common tie between them, a Christian family-feeling. They all eat the same bread; they all feast with Jesus, who creates between them supernaturally, a sympathetic bond of brotherly behaviour.

READ THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. They tell us that the mass of early Christians — converted Jews and baptized pagans, coming from different parts of the world — "had but one heart and one soul." Why? Because they listened attentively to the teaching of the Apostles and persevered in the breaking of the bread.

Yes, the Eucharist is the life of souls and of society, just as the sun is the life of bodies and of the earth.

Without sunlight, the earth would be barren. It is the sun which makes it rich, lovely, and productive; it is the sun which makes bodies supple, strong, and beautiful.

Given such transcendent results, it is not surprising that pagans have adored the sun as lord of the world.

But the fact is that the sun itself obeys the supreme Sun, the Divine Word, Jesus Christ, who enlightens every man that comes into this world; and Who, by means of the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Life, acts personally, in the innermost depths of the heart, to form Christian families and nations.

Blessed Peter Julian Eymard

NOVITIATE

FEBRUARY 11, 1954

Fifteen novices were privileged this morning to pronounce the holy vows that bind them to the Heavenly Bridegroom with the mandate of going to all parts of the world to disseminate the vital Gospel message. The honor of becoming a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception during the Marian Year, heightens the happiness of today's elect.

This afternoon, His Excellency J. A. Papineau, Bishop of Joliette, deigned to preside over the ceremony of investiture and final vows.

Took the holy habit: Miss Huguette Pigeon, Arntfield (Sr. Saint Firmin); Miss Angele Lemaire, Drummondville (Sr. St. Thomas Aquinas); Miss Denise Lanoie, St. Edmond of Grantham (Sr. St. Gaston); Miss Jeanne Blanchard, North Adams, Mass. (Sr. Bernard of the Immaculate); Miss Reine Gauvin, L'Isle Verte, (Sr. St. Reine); Miss Helene Valois, St. Barthelemy, (Sr. Paul Etienne); Miss Marguerite Labreche, Pointe Gatineau (Sr. John of Galilee); Miss Rachel Massicotte, St. Melanie de Joliette (Sr. Marie Alma); Miss Alice Couture, Lambton (Sr. St. Valere); Miss Gisele Lachapelle, Joliette (Sr. Joseph Sarto); Miss Lise Robert, Acton Vale (Sr. Robert Marie); Miss Gisele Leduc, Clarendville (Sr. St. Damase); Miss Celine Gauvin Lacolle, (Sr. Gertrude of the Blessed Sacrament); Miss Jacqueline St. Jacques, Messines (Sr. St. James); Miss Therese Gauvin, L'Isle Verte (Sr. St. Anselm); Miss Marjorie Granger, North Adams, Mass. (Sr. Marie Normand); Miss Marie Paule Goudreault, St. Tite, (Sr. Marie de la Garde).

Made their final vows: Sr. Catherine Laboure (Olga Antosz, Vancouver); Sr. St. Romuald (Rita Plasse, Montreal); Sr. St. Fidele (Gisele Lambert, Quebec); Sr. Marie Rene, (Mariette Provencher, St. Sylvere); Sr. Lucien d'Antioche (Lorraine Laflamme, Williamansett, Mass.); Sr. St. Blandine (Blandine Masse, St. Sylvere); Sr. St. Rodolphe (Lucette Tremblay, St. Therese de Blainville); Sr. Marie Elias (Eliette Gagnon, L'Anse de St. Jean); Sr. St. Raoul (Yolande Moquin, Montreal); Sr. Marie Laure (Berthe Beaumont St. Pierre de Montmagny); Sr. St. Ladislav (Berthe Phaneuf, Presentation); Sr. Marie Christine (Therese Blais, Sherbrooke).

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Ernest Roby, S.J., **MONTREAL**;
 Rev. A. Desgagne, **CHICOUTIMI**; Rev. Sr.
 Louis Joseph, c.s.c.; Mr. O. M. Piche, **Quebec**,
 father of our Sisters Mary of Bethany and St.
 Basil; Mr. Nap. Rancourt, **St. Georges of**
Beauce, father of our Sr. Marie Augustine;
 Mrs. L. A. Beaugard, **St. Hyacinthe**, mother
 of our Sr. Cyril of the Child Jesus; Mr. Stephen
 Falardeau, **Montreal**, father of our Sr. Marie
 Stephen; Mrs. David Champagne, **St. Prosper**
of Dorchester, mother of our Sr. Martha of the
 Savior; Mr. Fridolin Drouin, **Inverness**, father
 of our Sr. St. Angela; Mr. Florian Lavigne,
Coteau Station, father of our Sr. John of the
 Passion; Mr. Joseph Poirier, **St. Aime**, brother
 of our Sr. Marie Elise; Mr. Z. Blain, **Verdun**,
 grandfather of our Sr. St. Clare; Mrs. Hugh
 Mahoney, Mrs. Mary Cutler, **Montreal**; Mr.
 Joe Pellerin, **St. Leo of Chicoutimi**; Mrs. G. F.
 Farrell, **Ahunatic**; Mr. William Carroll, **St.**
Columban, P. Q.; Mr. H. Conroy, **Westmount**;
 Farrell, **Ahunatic**; Mr. William Carroll, **St.**
Columban, P. Q.; Mr. H. Conroy, **Westmount**;
 Mr. Richard Keiller, **Quebec**; Mrs. Elizabeth
 Garnier, **Jeannette's Creek, Ont.**; Mrs. Cath-
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