

The Precursor

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The Precursor

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IN THIS ISSUE

<i>To Our Lady</i>	243
<i>Our Japanese Novitiate</i>	244
<i>Devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Haiti</i>	247
<i>Echoes from Chantal</i>	251
<i>The Story of a Refugee</i>	253
<i>The Sower Casts his Seed</i>	257
<i>Oriental or Occidental?</i>	260
<i>"Charity If You Please"</i>	264
<i>Cebu Stopover</i>	267
<i>Our Roman Kindergarten</i>	271
<i>African Humor</i>	273
<i>The Martyr of Futuna</i>	276
<i>On the Way to Santo Tomas</i>	278
<i>Malagasy Superstitions</i>	280
<i>Champions</i>	282

COVER PICTURE :

Sr. Maria Catharina, one of our first three Japanese novices, Tokyo.

Imprimatur, Montreal, April 7, 1954

† L. P. Whelan, V. G., Aux. Montreal

Nihil Obstat, June 16, 1954

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.

To Our Lady

O wondrous, golden Palace,
O flawless Mirror of Justice,
Dawn of the Light of Light.
The nations in the darkness,
Are gladdened by your brightness,
Dispelling dismal night.
Speculum Justitiae!

O Fairest lotus blossom,
O radiant Seat of Wisdom,
Throne of the Lord most high.
More learned than hoary sages
Of divers lands and ages,
Your name we magnify.
Sedes Sapientiae!

O highest, noblest Lady,
O peerless Tower of Ivory
Circled with tawny gold.
You held in secret bower,
The mighty King and Ruler
Of tribes and chieftains bold.
Turris eburnea!

O gracious, royal Maiden,
O lofty Gate of Heaven,
Through which the King of Kings
Entered, to bring redemption
To every race and nation.
All mankind to you clings
Janua Coeli!





Our Japanese Novitiate

SR. ST. GABRIEL LALEMANT(1), M.I.C.

On the feast of the Annunciation of Mary's Year, our Japanese novitiate blossomed forth like a spring flower when the first three postulants, Sister Saito, Sister Onuma, Sister Okawara donned the blue and white liveries of the Immaculate.

His Excellency the Most Rev. Peter Doi Archbishop of Tokyo, deigned to preside the ceremony in our convent chapel. The altar was banked with lilies and tulips. In front, near the altar rail, three spotless white *zabuton* (cushion) had been placed Japanese fashion.

At 2 p.m. the three postulants entered garbed in white, and wearing the long filmy veil of brides of Christ. The *Veni Creator* was chanted, then Rev. Father Sawade discoursed at length on the symbolic meaning of this clothing ceremony which calls to mind the necessity for all Christians of putting on Christ in a spiritual manner as St. Paul advises us to do in his epistles. He also stressed the joy with which those entering upon religious life should offer to the divine Bridegroom the sacrifice of their liberty. Father's inspiring sermon made a profound impression on all those present. For not a few among them, this was the very first presentation they had had of religious life under its most appealing aspects. After receiving the holy habit from the hands of Archbishop Doi, the three postulants retired while the Sisters sang the psalm *In exitu Israel*.

1. Françoise Lacoursiere. Trois Rivières.

Suppressed excitement rippled through the assistance when they presently returned transformed into novices. His Excellency then proclaimed their religious names: Phliomena Saito San, Sr. Maria Philomena, Lucy Onuma San, Sr. Maria Pietro, Teresa Okawara San, Sr. Maria Catharina. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed by the singing of the Te Deum and a Japanese hymn, brought the ceremony to a close.

And now our novices have begun their training in earnest. It would be hard to tell whose happiness is the greater, that of these generous Japanese girls who have at last entered the religious missionary life they so wanted to embrace or that of the Canadian Sisters for whom the Tokyo novitiate the materialization of a long cherished dream.

May the splendid good spirit of this happy trio and their filial attachment to our revered Mother Foundress prove a pledge of their perseverance.

ON THE FESTIVE OCCASION OF THE FIRST CEREMONY OF CLOTHING AT OUR TOKYO NOVITIATE. FRONT ROW: HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND PETER DOI, ARCHBISHOP OF TOKYO; REVEREND C. SAWADE, ON THE ARCHBISHOP'S LEFT, SR. GABRIEL LALLEMANT (FRANCOISE LACOURSIERE, THREE RIVERS, P.Q.)
SR. OF THE INFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES, P.Q.).
STANDING: SR. MARIA PHILOMENA, SR. MARIA PIETRO, SR. MARIA CATHARINA.



God grant that their noble example may be followed by many daughters of the Land of the Rising Sun so that the reign of Christ through His Immaculate Mother may soon be firmly established in the East.



Mary's Year

IN CHINESE RED CAPITAL

When in December 1946, Reverend Marius Acquistapace organized the Salesian Centre and orphanage in Pekin he did all in his power to foster in the hearts of the Chinese faithful, an ardent devotion to Our Lady, Help of Christians. In many other parts of China, more particularly at the Zoze shrine near Shanghai, Mary was already being honored under this significative title.

The Salesian Centre located in the northwestern part of the capital city soon became the goal of important pilgrimages. On May 24, 1953, more than 5,000 Catholics were present at the Pontifical Mass offered by Bishop Oste from Jehof, who had been obliged to seek refuge in this city. Although the locality was not easily reached, the Catholics formed the habit of making pilgrimages to the Salesian shrine on the 24th of every month.

On March 24, 1954, although they knew that the Fathers being under house arrest, Mass would not be offered as usual, the faithful flocked to the shrine in great numbers. They succeeded in forcing their entrance into the grounds but the guards refused to let them enter the church. Loud protests arose from the Christians, "Is this what is meant by the liberty of religion ensured by the Constitution? We are the people. We stand by our rights." The guards remaining adamant in spite of these protestations, the Catholics gathered in the outer courtyard at the foot of the Blessed Mother's monument. If they must do without Mass and Holy Communion they at least would not be found remiss in singing hymns and reciting prayers.

No priest was there to guide their demonstrations of piety; they had braved the Communist wrath of their own accord. Annoyed at their persistence, the Reds turned on their broadcasters to cover the mighty chorus of prayer and praise rising to Heaven, but all to no avail. The blaring of Communist ditties and slogans was for once powerless to drown the strains of pious hymns in honor of Mary more powerful than armies in battle array. Thus is how Our Lady's Year was celebrated in the capital of Red China.

— FIDES

Devotion

to

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

SR. ST. JEAN de BREBEUF(1), M.I.C.

The origin of this devotion goes back to the time when Archbishop Guilloux was first Pastor of Port au Prince. A virulent epidemic of smallpox had broken out in the Haitian capital and the population was terror-stricken in the face of its daily ravages.

Entering his office late one evening after a strenuous day spent among the dying and the dead, Doctor X. had thrown himself in a chair and laid his head heavily down on his work table in a gesture of complete exhaustion. Just then someone tapped at his office window. The doctor looked up to see Abbe Kersuzan accompanied by a lady wearing a mask for protection against the pestilential atmosphere. Rising hastily the physician took a few steps forward, "Excuse me," he apologized, "I did not notice your presence here. I am literally exhausted as I have had to rush from one serious case to another for the last few days."

"Do you think the epidemic will last much longer?" the Abbe questioned anxiously."

"That is more than I can tell. What a calamity! People are dying like flies."

"Poor things, they do not even have the benefit of a funeral. As soon as they are dead, they are buried without any coffins," the lady murmured sadly.

"Our good Archbishop has sent his priests out to minister to the needs of his flock. They go from house to house, and from street to street, at all hours of the day and night. Today, for my part, I found six persons who had fallen a prey to the dread disease, all huddling together in one room... Doctor isn't there something that can be done to check the epidemic?"

"Rain... Rain... that is what we need to purify the air."

"We are in February and cannot expect the rainy season before five or six weeks yet..."

1. Alice Magnan, Quebec.



"Well, then we might as well say that the entire population is doomed."

"Doctor, we must not give way to pessimism. What if we organized processions to the Blessed Mother? She alone can save our people." The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Abbe, processions have nothing to see in the matter."

But Abbe Kersuzan was not a Breton for nothing. He forthwith called on Archbishop Guilloux and told him of his plan, "We must put Mary on our side. I have just received from France a beautiful painting of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. We must organize processions in her honor."

"I have thought of doing so but we cannot very well go against the orders of the medical board forbidding all public gatherings as a measure of prudence against greater contagion." The Abbe found a way out of this dilemma. He proposed to have the faithful visit in small groups the St. Francis Assisi Chapel on the summit of the hill of Bel Air, outside of the city limits; Our Lady's picture could be installed on the heights from which the Archbishop would then bless the stricken capital.

One by one, the inhabitants who were all in mourning for one or several members of their respective families, climbed up the slopes of Bel Air to plead at the shrine of her who never turns a deaf ear to the prayers of her children. When they learnt of this initiative, the doctors manifested annoyance at the supposed futility of such practices. Nevertheless, priests and faithful continued their fervent novena. The fourth day had come and gone and still the epidemic far from abating seemed to increase in intensity. On the fifth day of the novena, in answer to the people's wails and clamors, "We are all going to die if the Blessed Mother refuses to hear our prayer," Abbe Kersuzan urged, "Let us kneel down and pray with renewed fervor. I feel that Mary's hour has struck". Later in the day, the rain began to fall in light drizzles, cleansing and cooling the atmosphere. The Haitians chanted their thanks and their gratitude to Mary. But the pilgrims of Bel Air who wanted to make sure that the rain would thoroughly purify trees, and houses, and streets, kept on pleading, "Heavenly Mother, send us more rain!" On February 2, a torrential downpour swept away the remaining miasmas. Doctor X. meeting Abbe Kersuzan while making his rounds, greeted him joyfully, "Fine! Splendid! No more new cases reported since yesterday!"

From this day onward, the Haitians turned to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor in all their needs and perils and Mary showed herself touched by their loving trustfulness. Not very many months after the event just related, she intervened once again to check a siege of yellow fever among the French settlers of the Island. She even miraculously cured the superior of the Holy Spirit Society at the point of death.

Today, Mary reigns as Queen and national Madona of Haiti. Popular-traditional piety to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor was formally sanctioned when on December 8, 1942, President Lescot solemnly placed the Republic of Haiti under her maternal patronage.



SR. ST. JOHN EUDES (MARCELLE ST. GELAIS, MONTREAL.) ON THE DAY OF HER PERPETUAL VOWS, FEBRUARY 11. SR. GERTRUDE OF THE SACRED HEART (GERTRUDE PAPILLON, QUEBEC.)

Echoes from Chantal

SR. GERTRUDE OF THE SACRED HEART(1), M.I.C.

February 2 certainly deserves to mark among the red-letter days of the Marian Year for us missionaries of the tropics. On that day, dear Sr. St. John Eudes pronounced her perpetual vows in the chapel of our Les Cayes Convent, while I renewed in the sanctuary of my heart my own oblation made twenty-five-years ago at the Motherhouse.

His Excellency the Most Rev. L. Collignon deigned to preside the ceremony. Members of different religious communities throughout the diocese were present. Listening to His Excellency's inspiring allocution, more than one missionary in the assistance wiped away furtive tears at the remembrance of his or her own dedication to the Lord, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago.

In the community room after Mass, as is customary at the Motherhouse, I crowned Sister with the symbolic wreath of lilies while the choir sang *Veni Sponsa Christi*. This simple rite over, we went down to the refectory to greet our paternal Bishop who appeared very happy in the midst of his missionaries gathered from the four corners of the diocese. All of them form one big family with an identical aim - to plant the Church firmly and permanently in our beloved Haiti. We returned home by jeep to Chantal in the early evening thanking God for His mercies.

Since then life flows on its ordinary course in our hidden corner of the Master's vineyard. As the building of our convent is not yet completed we occupy a native *caille* which I am sure we will regret leaving, such happy days have we spent within its flimsy walls. In the makeshift dispensary we have already treated more than 6000 patients from neighboring districts. This is quite an impressive number which may be expected to increase when the new project will function with a maternity center, a laboratory, an X-Ray apparatus and a pharmacy attached. The administrator of Les Cayes Hospital who is at the same time director of all dispensaries in the South, declared some time ago that he expected Chantal Clinic to become the pearl of all such establishments along the Coast.

Recently, we were overjoyed to welcome in our midst Doctor E. Samsom and his family from Montreal. After visiting our poor *caille* the eminent surgeon remarked, "I feel privileged to have seen a mission dispensary in action. How much good you can do to the poor! Perhaps it will encourage you to know that when I first started on my career at the Holy Child Hospital in Quebec, I used to perform surgical operations on the kitchen table..."

1. Gertrude Papillon, Quebec.

Sr. Marie Ruth has been put in charge of social organizations in our rural parish. Once a week she assembles the children of public schools who are old enough to make their First Holy Communion. Her doctrine class now has an enrollment of fifty pupils whose ages vary between eight and seventeen and who for the most part do not even know how to trace the sign of the Cross. Our Legionaries are also hard at work trying to prepare for First Communion the newly-wed couples who have not yet made it. Their meetings are held in Church after Sunday Mass each Legionary tackling a group of five or six adults. Since January, twenty-four marriages have been rectified and another campaign has been organized in March for the same end. Thanks to *Maman la Vierge*, a new era is dawning for Chantal.

These lines are being written to the frenzied tempo of the *Mardi Gras* drums. For the last three days and three nights preceding Lent our good people spend all their time singing, dancing, and rollicking in approved Haitian fashion. How I wish they would exert themselves half as much for God's service! This evening, during the Holy Hour, the strains of the *Parce Domine* were nearly drowned by the boisterous beating of the tam tam and the ribald songs of drunken merrymakers outside. What anguish wrings our hearts on such occasions when superstition holds the upper hand and Satan lures ignorant souls to their ruin! But we must not feel discouraged for Our Lady will surely help us lead all her straying sheep back to the divine Shepherd.



Blessings on MARY'S Feasts

To the Birthday of the Blessed Virgin Mary, September 8, the Church has assigned the blessing of seeds and seedlings. It may appear odd that the fall of the year was chosen for this blessing, but a moment's reflection will quickly give the answer. The harvest of the summer is over, the most matured and richest seeds are stored for use in the spring planting. Also, as far as seedlings are concerned, we need only recall that the fall of the year usually sees a fair amount of transplanting of young trees. This blessing is, then, not out of place at the beginning of September.

Omnipotent, everlasting God, Sower and Tiller of the heavenly word, Who dost cultivate the field of our hearts with heavenly tools, hearken to our prayers, and pour forth bountiful blessings upon the fields in which these seeds will be sown. By Thy protecting hand turn away the fury of the elements, so that this entire fruit may be filled with Thy blessing, and may be gathered without hindrance into the granary.

Hong Kong, CHINA



The Story of a Refugee

SR. ST. EXPEDIT⁽¹⁾, M.I.C.

For the last few years, her life had been a series of misfortunes each more bitter than the other. "If it had not been for my children, I would have committed suicide," exclaimed Wong Seeto Sin as she recounted to me her tragic adventure when she first arrived on free territory.

Before the Red blight had fallen on the land, she had known ten years of almost perfect happiness with her husband, an intelligent, hard-working man who kept his family in relative comfort. Healthy, gifted children, four boys and one girl, brightened their home with joy and laughter.

Then the war came with Communism in its wake. Their thriving business concern toppled almost overnight and with it vanished all security for the present and hope for the future. Crushed under the burden of unrelieved anxiety for his dear ones, the husband fell an easy prey to tuberculosis. Mrs. Sin thought no sacrifice too great to restore his shattered health so she pawned piece after piece of furniture in order to buy needed medication and nourishing food; for the same reason she and her family eventually exchanged their comfortable quarters for a hovel in a nearby village.

But it was a losing battle from the outset. Instead of recuperating, the sick man daily grew weaker and became thin unto emaciation. Often as the months dragged by, the neighbors dropped, in Wong Seeto's hearing, broad hints regarding the danger incurred by allowing a man ill with a contagious disease to live at home. At first she pretended not to hear but she was presently forced to petition for his admittance in a hospital for the destitute. Tears silently coursing down her face and despair gnawing at her heart, she saw him borne away on a rude makeshift stretcher. In an overcrowded ward where the oppressive heat and vitiated atmosphere was enough to sicken a strong man, our Sr. St. Jean Baptiste⁽²⁾ found him gasping out his

1. Marie Anne Rompre, St. Thecle.

2. Irene Pelland, West Glover, Me.

life a few days later. She whispered in his ear the saving doctrine of God's infinite mercy and prepared him for a happy eternity through the reception of Baptism.

His forehead was still moist with the baptismal waters when his distraught wife arrived on the scene. At first she was astounded at finding a foreign lady kneeling at her husband's bedside, but she soon realized by the look of ineffable peace which transformed his gaunt features that the visitor had come with the purpose of soothing and comforting his dying moments. She drew near and watched attentively while Sister continued praying until the end came. After crossing the dead man's hands across his breast the latter turned to Mrs. Sin "Do not feel downhearted," she consoled. "Your husband is now forever safe from the vexations of life; from his home above he will not forsake you but he will help you care for and educate your children"

The bereaved woman had barely returned to the wretched room she called home, when she was bidden by her surly landlord to choose between paying her rent long due or being driven out into the streets. In order to keep a roof over her head and that of her children she was compelled to sell the few blankets and spare garments she still possessed. Nevertheless, in spite of her present distress, she felt a strange consolation when she remembered that happy peaceful look she had seen stealing over the face of her dying

SR. ST. EXPEDIT (MARIE ANNE ROMPRE, ST. THECLE)

BIDDING WELCOME TO A FAMILY OF REFUGEES.



husband. An ardent desire was there and then born in her heart - that of knowing more about a religion which made death seem but the portal to unending bliss.

I visited her after a few days inviting her to our convent in Tak Sun where she would find with some material food the precious bread of eternal truth which would bring her the strength and comfort she so sorely needed. The poor woman was not at the end of her trials. During a cold December night, a raging fire broke out in the village of Ho Man Tin burning to the ground three hundred houses, Mrs. Sin's among them. She and her children barely escaped with their lives.

Thanks to the generous supplies sent us by Catholic Welfare I was able to provide her with some rice and other eatables, besides some blankets and clothing. During the four months that followed she faithfully attended the doctrine lessons given at Tak Sun and on April 4 she was baptized with her little brood.

Christian faith and hope have made her strong and courageous. She can now face the vicissitudes of her lonely, laborious life with a smile. Lately she confided to me "Sister, I am sure that God will always give us our daily rice. But that does not keep me from reminding Him once in a while not to forget that my darlings have no other bed than the bare floor. He who provides for the birds of the air cannot leave my prayer unanswered."



Death came to His Excellency the Most Rev. E. Garon, Prefect Apostolic of Morondava, Madagascar, some time ago.

The Society of Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception unites its sympathetic regrets over this passing, to those of the Reverend Fathers of La Salette in charge of this territory and of the Malagasy so deeply attached to their Pastor.

It was at the express request of Msgr. Garon that five of our Sisters left for Morondava in 1952. He himself welcomed them and gave them constant proofs of his paternal interest in their works.

On his tomb our Society begs to lay the prayerful homage of its heartfelt gratitude.



The Sower Casts his Seed

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

On that day, the third of the Marian Year, I had traced to myself a modest apostolic program to be filled in honor of Our Lady of Loretto whose feastday it was. It turned out, however, that God's providential program differed from mine as you will see by the following stray jottings.

I had not yet finished my breakfast when an urgent letter arrived from an alumna of the Naze High School in Oshima which was formerly under our direction. One of the professors wrote her a letter which I dictated, and the help she requested sped on its way south accompanied by a parcel of Marian Year propaganda leaflets.

While I was tidying up my desk after this early secretarial work, the water tax collector arrived on the scene. Watching him stamp his seal on the receipt, I noticed that his name was Mori. "Mori San," I inquired. "You are a native of Wakamatsu, are you not?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "Before the war I used to come here often. You even made me a pair of *tabi* (cotton socks special to Japan). Never will I forget how very kind you were to me."

"I see that you have a remarkably good memory, Mori San. I must say you have taken on years since last we met."

"Oh, yes, of course... The years do run on and on. We can't very well stop them..."

"That's just it... We can't stop them from rushing headlong into eternity. But, Mori San, have you ever reflected that if we can't stop them, it is in our power to use them to our advantage, to fill them with the good works that will ensure our eternal happiness?" The tax collector looked puzzled.

"You Japanese are perhaps the most traveled people in the world," I continued. Mori San looked up a smile of prideful satisfaction creasing his face. Here was something he could understand while that talk about eternity left him wondering... I took up my cue. "Now, whenever you do start out on even a short trip, you always prepare beforehand don't you?" He

I. M. Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville, P. Q.

SR. ST. ELODIE (SIMONNE SAINT
AMAND, ST. AIME) CHATTING WITH
TWO JAPANESE FARMERETTES.

nodded remembering the times almost without number when he had stood in one of those practically endless lines of people all waiting to buy their tickets. From this simple argument I went on to explain how much more important it was for us to make preparations for that one-way journey we shall all be compelled to undertake sooner or later. He agreed that there was much common sense to what I had just told him and promised to think the matter over.

While I was talking to Mori San, a young lady had been ushered into the waiting room. When I showed the tax-collector out she rose and apologized at not having called sooner. Some months past, she had in fact applied for a position as teacher of Japanese sewing in our establishment but since then we had not heard from her. She explained that two of her close relatives having passed away, she had been obliged to help her family and consequently had been unable to see to her personal affairs. "You have had many trials as I can see and no spiritual consolation to comfort you, poor dear."

"The parting with my loved ones was very hard, indeed. I can't bear to think they are gone forever." This furnished me the occasion to sow into this pagan soul the precious seeds of Christian hope and joy.

This visitor had hardly left when a young working girl called for me at the side door. She wished to know if we could help a family in difficult circumstances; the mother, a widow who worked hard to keep her children together, had been robbed of her earnings by a rascal who had since left the country. She could no longer trust anybody but the Sisters. "Bring her here with you," I urged, "We will make *sodan* (advice) and perhaps find a way out of her difficulties."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Hoshi bowed herself in for her weekly catechism lessons. Still under the stress of the emotion she had experienced at the unexpected death of a next door neighbor, she exclaimed, "Sister, I have given orders to my son to have you called immediately if anything happened to me." Her doctrine lesson that day was all the more effective for it had been preceded by an excellent *lecon de choses*. Before returning home she emptied the contents of her purse on the table as a thanksgiving offering to our Kami Sama (God) for His protection.

In the early afternoon hours arrived the young lady who usually accompanies me on my rounds of home visitations. Our first visit was for an aged couple who had sent us a gift of flowers to be distributed to the sick. We found only the eighty-year-old husband at home.

"Ojisan, please convey our thanks to your noble wife. Don't you sometimes feel lonesome in this huge house all alone?"

"Oh, we are used to living here alone. But now that we have grown so old I must say we both look forward to being reunited to our loves ones."

"What about your preparatives, Ojisan? Your body has been enfeebled by the wear and tear of life, but your soul can remain forever young. Have you ever thought of its welfare? Your body may die and turn into

dust, but you know that your soul will live on forever. All your ancestors have believed in its immortality." To help him solve the problem of eternal destiny, I left some booklets on this most important subject bidding him read them to his wife.

When we stepped out of his beautiful landscaped garden into the street, we found that the rain had begun to beat down steadily, moistening the parched earth, making it soft and yielding to the grain dropped into its furrows. As we walked along I could not help wondering whether the seeds of truth I had tried to sow in the souls with whom I had come in contact today, would bear fruition unto life eternal... But why should I anxiously look forward to see the results of my labor? The true missionary scatters wide the seed of truth remembering the words of St. Paul, "I have planted, Apollo watered, but God has given growth."

Our Lady

and

Freemasons

MAXIMO GOMEZ, CUBA.

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

We heard lately that a woman of our *pueblo* professing to be a rank unbeliever was at the point of death. When I visited her she gladly welcomed me and consented to recite after me the prayers which I suggested. Among those present were some members of the local Lodge who resented my interference. On subsequent visits I met with a rather frigid reception but this did not prevent me from doing all in my power to help in making this soul sure of a happy eternity. Gradually, I came to be looked upon as an intimate friend by the family of this sick woman. On the evening of December 8, the moribund suddenly made an unwonted request; she wished to get up and to eat a good square meal. Her friends believing her to be delirious, at first refused, but she kept on insisting so strongly that they finally allowed her to have her way.

Since then this erstwhile dying woman has almost completely recovered. Some time ago I called at her house and offered her a small statue of Our Lady. How delighted she was and how fervently she thanked our Blessed Mother who had saved her in her hour of danger! "You must prove your gratitude to Mary, for she really worked a miracle in your favor." I told Mrs. X.

Dear Canadian friends, I rely on your prayers to help me win the conversion of this person who is more ignorant than anything else. Before the end of the year, Our Lady must reign as Queen in this household of freemasons.

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

Oriental or Occidentals?

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

Many tourists upon first stepping ashore in Manila are tempted to ask, "Are these Filipinos Orientals or Occidentals?" They had half expected to find the Pearl of the Orient in a crude setting of wild, primitive life and instead they discover a huge throbbing city, easily comparable to the largest in their own homelands. Everywhere they turn they meet with smiling people, very rich in sympathy, with a great respect for others, altogether different from the backward natives they had imagined as inhabiting the islands. If they decide to stay in Manila for any length of time, they are sure to make many another discovery of this nature. The city which skirts the greenish blue waters of Manila Bay holds strange fascination blending as it does within its precincts, the ancient and the modern, the eastern and the western.

At every step one finds reminders of the Spanish regime; in the proper names of men and women, in the titles of churches, in the graceful costume of women, and more especially in the Castilian dialect still spoken in numerous families. But Spain is not the only country that has left its imprint here. America has also passed this way, leaving unmistakable traces of modern progress and comfort in the luxurious air-conditioned shops and hotels, the cinemas and theaters, the complete school system, and the well-equipped hospitals.

Visiting Manila, you will find almost next-door to pretentious Spanish villas surrounded by smooth lawns and comfortable residences Californian style, crude huts with walls of latticed bamboo and roofs of nipa palm leaves sewed together and tied to the walls with lashings of rattan. Stepping off smooth boulevards, you will stumble into narrow, unpaved alleys lined with barong-barong (squatter's shacks).

What could be more interesting than to watch the motley parade of life swinging along through the heart of the city? It is anything but easy to pick one's way through the veritable maze of vehicles of every size and description, clanging and jangling side by side, picturesque symbols of two worlds and of two ages. Giant buses rush past diminutive jeeps; two-wheeled *calesas* rattle by *carratelas* topped with fringed awnings and drawn by poneyes;

1. Irma La Durantaye, Cap St. Ignace.

dashing *carromatos* whisk ahead of antiquated carts, 15th century model, pulled by plodding *carabaos* (water buffaloes). Barely crawling through this traffic jam, an occasional streamlined American automobile saucily honks its klaxon for the right of way.

This tableau would be far from complete if cyclists and pedestrians were left out. Among the latter, immigrants from many neighboring lands are represented: Chinese, Malays, Indo-Chinese, Javanese, all wearing the distinctive garbs of their countries. Beside them walk Igorots from the hills flaunting gaily colored shirts and gaudy head ornaments, stately Spanish Senors, and well-groomed Americano. But the principal personage is the Filipino, short of stature, lithe of limb, with sensitive eyes lighting up his bronzed features. If he happens to be a townsman, he wears foreign clothing adapted to the needs of a tropical climate, but if he is a countryman he clings to the *barong tagalog*, a light shirt worn outside the trousers. One meets him with shirt tails merrily flapping in the wind as he comes into town on market days, his head crowned by a large *salakot* (cone-shaped hat made of woven rice straw) affording him shelter both from the downpours, or the burning rays of the sun. His stockingless feet encased in wooden sandals, clinkety-clack at each step, and as he gestures to an acquaintance you cannot fail to notice the flash of his large-sized ring set with his birthstone, the only up-to-date accessory in this accoutrement.



The women wear a curious but elegant costume consisting of a flowing skirt topped by a gauze *camisa* (waist) with bell-shaped sleeves cut at the elbow. But this graceful dress is now worn only on rare occasions such as *fiestas* or formal social functions. Most working girls and housewives prefer our more practical foreign dress. Look at that placid Filipina mamma, baby in arms, who has just passed you by. In her mouth is a cigar stub and on her head reposes a good-sized bunch of bananas which she wears as gracefully and as effortlessly as if it were her own hair.

In the shops of the Escolta, business center of Manila, you may buy imported merchandise from Europe as well as gossamer laces of native workmanship, fine embroideries, jewels of bronze or of black coral. The same startling mixture is also found inside Filipino homes where ultra modern American furniture fraternizes with antique carved and inlaid cabinets. Even the cemeteries offer a strange study in contrasts: Spanish mausoleums, headstones elaborately carved with Chinese symbols, Filipino monuments ornamented with the statues of weeping Madonas or angels.

The strains of many bloods and the threads of many cultures mark this nation whose history goes far back into the past. Towards the tenth century of the Christian era, the Indonesians invaded the Islands bringing with them a many-faced culture which may be considered as the first and the most legitimate heritage of the Filipinos. About two hundred years after the Malayan invasion, Chinese merchants swarmed into the country where they soon wielded considerable economic influence. Then came, with the sixteenth century, the Spanish regime which was to endure for more than three hundred years. Of all those who landed on these shores, the *Conquistadores* were to leave the deepest and most lasting impression on native customs and modes of life. The American occupation some fifty years past also wrought considerable modifications in social, religious, and economic spheres.

This constant stream of new influences exercised in turn by diverse foreign powers have gifted the Filipinos with the complex heredity, the hodgepodge of Chinese, Malay, and Caucasian observed today. Adapting themselves to these different situations, the Filipinos have been strongly marked by the impulsions received and one may say that they are indeed heirs to both East and West. We may add that, contrary to the Chinese who are naturally mistrustful of foreigners at large, the Filipinos are sympathetic and eager to assimilate the culture of the West in whatever may enrich their own national life.

Must it be inferred that the latter have preserved nothing of their ancestral heritage and original traditions? Far from us be it to make such an assertion, for in spite of appearances, ways and customs have remained mostly of oriental and Malayan origin. A case in point might be given in the style of the country dwellings which have retained their primitive architecture. Built on stilts, with walls of split bamboo and roofs of overlapping palm leaves, these rustic habitations are still preferred for their coolness and salubrity. Many a business man, after accumulating

his pile, has built himself a spacious city dwelling with all modern appliances but — he scarcely ever lives within its walls. If you ask him the reason for this, he nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders and replies that he much prefers his nipa hut where he can live and dream at his ease, in the thoroughly congenial atmosphere which he loves. His beautiful town house exists for prestige only, occasionally serving for weddings or gay social parties when his children are grown up.

The same may be said to apply in numerous other fields, more particularly in that of music. Although contemporary themes are often of foreign inspiration with some Oriental grace notes sprinkled here and there, nevertheless, when patriotic celebrations are scheduled, the Filipinos discard French operetta airs and American jazz, and turn to the musical repertoire of their ancestors for those simple melodies with plaintive melancholy airs so attractive for Orientals. At such times, the true soul of the Philippines seems to emerge from the mists of a tragically romantic past. The old folk sing the war songs and love songs of olden times and mingle with the young people in the performance of typical *fandango* or *tinikling* dances to the strains of bamboo flutes or Moro guitars. *Moro moro* plays are also enacted with the born artistry distinguishing their race and, at least for the time being, the mediocrities of Hollywood are forgotten.

When the *conquistadores* first set foot in the Archipelago, they found a charming people fond of dance and music and — cock fights. Such the Filipinos have remained to this day. They are indeed authentically oriental, for they continue to live according to the cherished traditions of their forebears, possessing to a remarkable degree, enhanced by Christian teachings, the qualities of serenity, patience, and affability which characterize the Orientals.

On the whole, the people keep grateful memory of the Spanish nation which has contributed in no small measure to their present time civilization and to whom they owe the priceless boon of the Catholic Faith. It is true that during the past century, the dearth of priests ministering to the needs of the population has brought on regrettable neglect of religious practices. But numerous missionaries are zealously endeavoring to win back to Christ the Pearl bought at so costly a price by the courageous labors of their predecessors. Whatever their nationality, they will always remain the truest friends of the Filipino nation promoting its growth and helping it write the most glorious pages of its history.



Suppose there was an insurrection in a hospital: suppose the victims of cancer, gangrene and those who were given transfusions of blood should rise up against the doctors and nurses, shouting, "We want no medicine, no health, no relief from pain." This is what Communists are doing in the world as they go about shouting, "We want no Christ, no morality, no redemption."

"Mission", New York



LES CAYES

“Charity If Y

SR. ST. ADELAR

Early every morning on my way to the Refuge, I pause before the life-size crucifix and the Lourdes Grotto to beg celestial blessings upon my day's work among the poor, the aged, the maimed, to whom *Charity If You Please* is the only real home they have ever known.

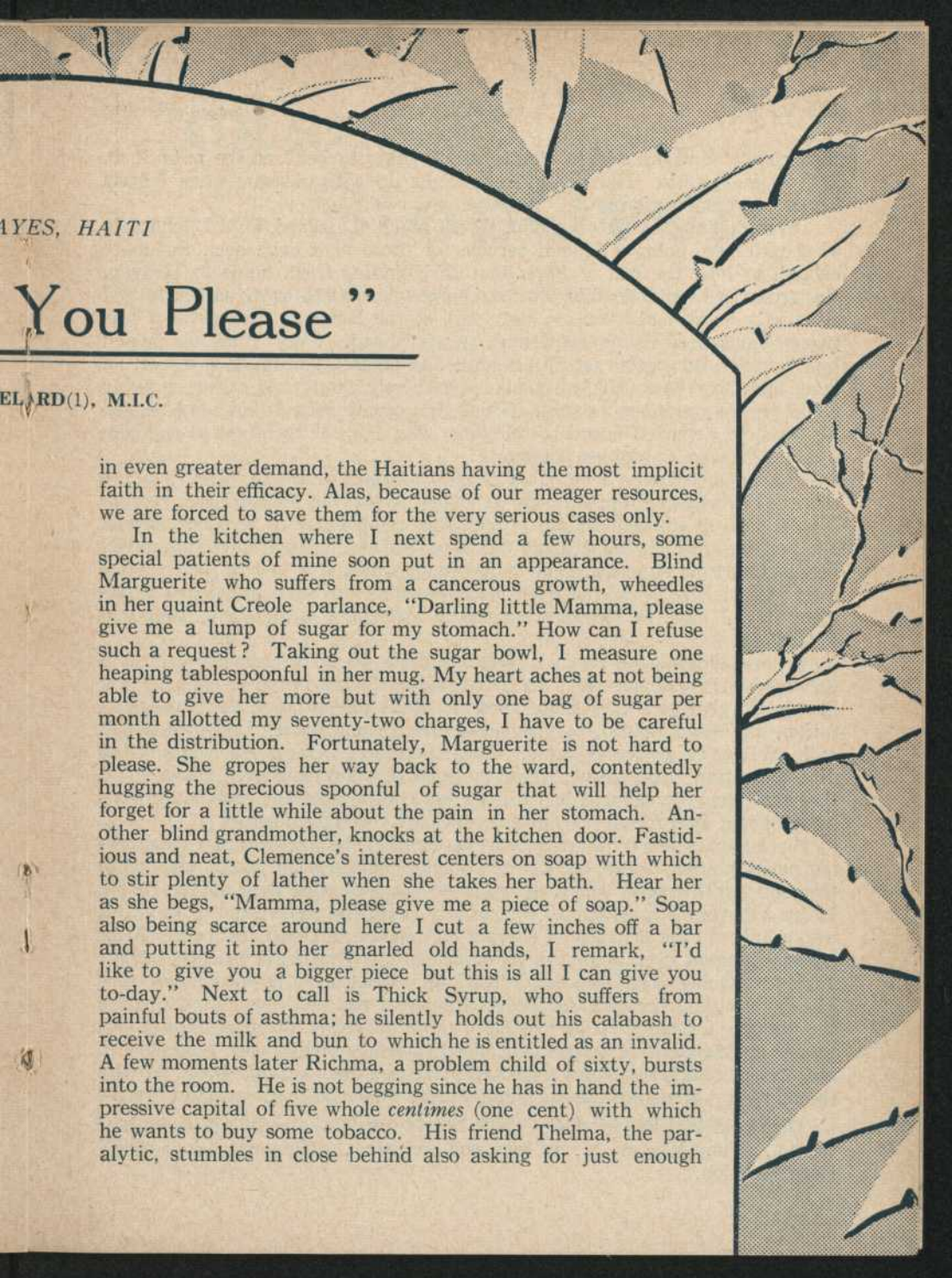
As I step into the courtyard, I find myself assailed by a group of peasant women crying out their wares, “Sweet potatoes, yams, breadfruit, mangoes, limes, red peas, cassava, avocados . . .” Each one wants to be first in selling me something and good-natured jostling goes on while I examine the contents of their baskets.

Once my marketing done and the fruit and vegetables safely stored away in the pantry, I step out again to make the rounds of the property. In front, Boya shuffles about in his shapeless *sapattes*, pulling off the parasitic *amities* that threaten to stifle the hedge while Theophane hobbles closely after him on his crutches, dispensing good advice and garulous remarks. A little further on I meet Talma busily mowing the lawn with his *machete*; as he is blind the result of his mowing is not exactly artistic but the poor man likes to feel himself useful, so why not let him be? Peter, the paralytic, comfortably installed on a grassy plot is supposed to keep watch over the hulled rice drying in the sun; hens and ducks that dart in and out during his catnaps manage to get away with a fair portion of the grain. Xantus, Richma, and Normil rake up the dead leaves while Philita, Irene, and Iclaria, sweep in front of the verandah and around the Grotto.

Meantime, Mother Juliette, R. N.(2), passes through the wards distributing remedies and kind words to the bed patients. Quinine pills are always welcome but injections are

1. Cecile Frappier, Sorel, P.Q.

2. Juliette Deschesne, Levis.



YES, HAITI

You Please”

EL RD(1), M.I.C.

in even greater demand, the Haitians having the most implicit faith in their efficacy. Alas, because of our meager resources, we are forced to save them for the very serious cases only.

In the kitchen where I next spend a few hours, some special patients of mine soon put in an appearance. Blind Marguerite who suffers from a cancerous growth, wheedles in her quaint Creole parlance, “Darling little Mamma, please give me a lump of sugar for my stomach.” How can I refuse such a request? Taking out the sugar bowl, I measure one heaping tablespoonful in her mug. My heart aches at not being able to give her more but with only one bag of sugar per month allotted my seventy-two charges, I have to be careful in the distribution. Fortunately, Marguerite is not hard to please. She gropes her way back to the ward, contentedly hugging the precious spoonful of sugar that will help her forget for a little while about the pain in her stomach. Another blind grandmother, knocks at the kitchen door. Fastidious and neat, Clemence’s interest centers on soap with which to stir plenty of lather when she takes her bath. Hear her as she begs, “Mamma, please give me a piece of soap.” Soap also being scarce around here I cut a few inches off a bar and putting it into her gnarled old hands, I remark, “I’d like to give you a bigger piece but this is all I can give you to-day.” Next to call is Thick Syrup, who suffers from painful bouts of asthma; he silently holds out his calabash to receive the milk and bun to which he is entitled as an invalid. A few moments later Richma, a problem child of sixty, bursts into the room. He is not begging since he has in hand the impressive capital of five whole *centimes* (one cent) with which he wants to buy some tobacco. His friend Thelma, the paralytic, stumbles in close behind also asking for just enough

tobacco to "send up a little cloud before going to bed" as she puts it in her original patois. Her dim old eyes light up with pleasure when I hand her a four leaf ration.

On some days, in mid-forenoon, Rev. Father A. Bedard, O.M.I., chaplain of the Refuge, holds a funeral service for those who have been fortunate enough to hear the call of *Papa Bon Die*, bidding them home to Heaven. Yesterday, we sang the *Libera* for Aristome who passed away as gently and as quietly as he had lived his last years at the Refuge. This derelict was as courteous a Christian gentleman as ever lived. Every time we passed by his pallet, he greeted us with a smile and made a gesture as if to doff an imaginary top hat. His companions gathered about his casket praying aloud for the repose of his soul. Thick Syrup with sobs in his voice begged his dear old departed friend to tell *Papa Bon Die* not to forget to call him home to heaven as soon as possible.

The ceremony over, I bid Chocho take a broken bench to the carpenter's shop in town but he refuses to do so unless he is given something to replace his patched-up trousers which, I must say, remind one of a jigsaw puzzle. Rummaging through the treasure troves of used clothing sent us by thoughtful benefactors from America, I am lucky enough to find a pair of pants and a shirt just his size. This acquisition throws him into such rapturous excitement that I have to refresh his memory about the errand he is supposed to run.

Around eleven, the *mounes* (helpers) begin to busy themselves around the seventy-two dinner trays to be carried in to the inmates. Would you like me to give you their frugal menu? Each patient receives as noonday ration, one sweet potato, two bananas, and a small piece of meat seasoned with cabbage or *pazombel* leaves. That is the best I can do on the daily ten cent allocation each patient receives from the municipality. I must add that this year, the drought has still further complicated the problem of finding sufficient food for all our guests of "Charity If You Please".

As the first notes of the *Angelus* ring out from the steeple of the neighboring parish church, I lock the kitchen doors behind me and make once again the rounds of the ward where my aged charges are eating their dinner, before I turn into the path leading to the convent. How grateful I am to the Lord who grants me the privilege of serving Him in the sick and destitute. After a busy forenoon spent among them, it seems to me that I get a clearer insight into the meaning of His divine words, "I am in your midst as one who serves." The good turns, the affectionate attentions of the morning hours, prepare the patients for the doctrine lessons of the afternoon. An aged blind philosopher graduated with honors from the University of life, once remarked to me, "You break your bones trying to make our bodies comfortable, so why should we not break our bones trying to learn what you teach us about God?"

Dear, old Haitian friends! Their hearts are in the right place. I love them . . . They love me . . . we love one another . . . The perfect love story, Gospel fashion.

CEBU

StopOver

SRS. ST. JOHN BAPTIST⁽¹⁾ and ST. PETER CHRYSOLOGUS⁽²⁾, M.I.C.

Our good ship, the Java Mail, continues to wind its way among the islands of the Archipelago. Yesterday we docked at Iloilo; today, March 18, Cebu is our port of call. Here, sheets of metal are unloaded and exchanged for bags of copra and fuel oil needed to keep our motors throbbing until we reach destination.

Cebu, second city in importance of the Philippine Islands, has historical claims to celebrity, for it was here that Magellan, the great Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, landed on his voyage of discovery in 1521. Nearby, emerges from the mist the island of Open where the discoverer met a tragic fate at the hand of the natives. Standing on deck we watch the feverish activity of the port and vicinity. Jeeps seem to be all over the place, weaving in and out of the crowd, running competition to the light two-wheeled carriages drawn by diminutive horses.

After supper, we go ashore, with the Captain as guide, to find out if there is a Catholic Church nearby where we may hear Mass in the morning. The Captain who is thoroughly familiar with this city and its inhabitants assures us that there are quite a few Catholic places of worship in Cebu. The population, he adds, is noted for its typically demonstrative piety. A ten minutes' walk through narrow unpaved streets brings us to a more or less dilapidated church built of stone. Climbing plants and bushes overrun every nook and cranny of the crumbling walls, and green branches may be seen waving from the steeple. A neatly trimmed lawn bright with flowers set about a statue of the Sacred Heart paints a note of gaiety into this half ruined decor. On each side of the main entrance, squat two old crones one selling beads, the other candles. A red-haired goat is tied to the post of a side door. On seeing us about to enter two children run close behind us crying out "Madres, Madres!"

The interior is neat and decorated in perfect good taste; on every altar and before every shrine, stand bouquets of natural flowers. The statues are strikingly attractive with their rich apparel of silk, velvet, or brocade and their long curly hair.

March 19, is a feastday of obligation in the Islands, so we leave our cabins early in order to hear Mass at the Cathedral. Sr. St. Peter Chrysologus finds it difficult to shoo away the distractions occasioned by the comings and goings of three or four dogs in the central aisle, and the excited chirpings

1. Irene Pelland, West Glover, Me.

2. Rita Bilodeau, St. Pierre Baptiste, P.Q.



and twitterings of bevvies of birds perched on the sculptured pillars and even on the niche above the High Altar where powerful projectors play about a lifelike statue of St. Joseph holding the Child Jesus by the hand. After the Credo, a Filipino priest gives a sermon on the virtues of the Savior's foster father so dear to the hearts of Filipinos. When it is time for communion, many persons move forward to the altar rail on their knees. For my part I can hardly help being touched at the thought that Jesus has prepared a host for me in this lonely isle, thousands of miles away from my homeland.

We are hardly back aboard the Java Mail when a friend of the captain knocks at our cabin door offering to drive us around the city on a sight-seeing tour of churches and historical spots.

This city reminds me somewhat of Manila although it is smaller in size and much poorer. Houses built Spanish style and cool nipa huts line the streets. Our first visit is for the Cross planted here by Magellan upon his arrival. Measuring about twelve feet in height it is covered with a species of black wood and enshrined within a polygonal kiosk fenced in by a forged iron railing. Nearby, candle vendors carry on a thriving business. Candles flicker and drip everywhere: between the rails, on the floor, beside the pedestal. A commemorative plaque recalls that the Portuguese navigator arrived at Cebu accompanied by Father Valderrama, and that the rajah Humabon together with his family and eight hundred of his subjects were subsequently baptized.

Our next stop is at a church, in charge of the Spanish Augustinians; an edifice even more ancient and sumptuous than the Cathedral. Within its walls is revered a statue of the Santo Nino (Holy Child) supposed to have been held in great veneration by the people long before the Spanish invasion of the Islands. It was discovered by a soldier in 1565. The temple itself

was built in 1765 and has since undergone several restorations. Once, the Santo Nino miraculously escaped being burnt during a conflagration^a and again during the last war it was saved when a shell blasted the altar where it stood leaving it intact. Today the church has become a center of numerous pilgrimages in honor of the Holy Child.

Outside, we stumble upon what appears to be a candle factory. A circular luminary composed of iron bars with spikes to hold the candles stands over a stone basin where half-burnt candles have been thrown. One of the Fathers explains that the faithful of Cebu are very fond of lighting candles before the Santo Nino's shrine. When all available space is taken up on the stand the newcomers place their own candles, knocking off into the basin those that have been lit beforehand. We visit two other churches: one built in Spanish architecture, is dedicated to St. Nicolas; the other somehow resembles a market place with its multiple stalls of candles, holy cards, rosaries, statues, and medals cluttering up the entrance. People gaze at us in frank curiosity, smiling and waving in a friendly manner; on the steps crouch some old ladies smoking enormous cigars. We kneel for a while in the interior asking God to bless all His children bustling about the portico stalls.

The residential section of the city is really enchanting with its wonderful patios planted with rare exotic flowers. As we drive past, our guide points out the newly erected church of the Redemptorist Fathers which is built in modern style and is totally different from the other churches already visited. Next door to the church, stands the new Monastery set in the midst of one of Cebu's most beautiful gardens.

Last but not least of our visits is that made to the educational establishment conducted by some Belgian Sisters who teach all the grades from kindergarten to College inclusively. Here as elsewhere the war has brought much ruin, but the Sisters are slowly rebuilding to accommodate more and more numerous pupils eager to receive a sound Catholic instruction.

As we return to the ship, our kind Captain favorably comments on the inspiring fraternity which exists between all members of the Catholic Church whatever their nationality. Half jokingly he adds that living as a Protestant may be satisfying, but that the very best religion to die in must be the Catholic religion.

Thank God for this pleasant day spent in visiting Cebu. Tomorrow the Java Mail sails for a tiny island dotted with Shell reservoirs and then onward to Isabella, last port of call before Hong Kong.



It is paradoxical, but in the measure that we trust God we can then trust men. For if our hope rests securely in God it will not be broken by anything men can do. We have no need to draw back into our shell for fear that any man can hurt us or deprive us of the good for which we strive.

Dorothy Dohen



Our Roman

KINDERGARTEN

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

Our Roman kindergarten is nothing much to boast of as yet. But its privileged location under the palm trees of the Janiculum right in the Vatican neighborhood appears to us like a pledge of divine blessings upon the seed we are casting into the furrow.

The kindergarten may be considered more or less as a bridge between family life and student life. The child sometimes finds here what is missing in his home — playmates of his own age. Toys, however nice, cannot be expected to replace little brothers and sisters.

Of the thirty-two *bambini* enrolled, twenty-nine effectively entered our classes on opening day. In the life of these toddlers this was quite an important event. As long as the fond mammas remained in sight all went well enough, but when they tried to slip away unnoticed, wails and cries broke out. It took us nearly the whole forenoon to console our wee charges. Only when the gaily painted *cestino* (baskets) containing the lunches were opened did the tears dry up on chubby faces.

As the pupils are so very young, it is difficult to insist on a regular schedule especially during the winter months. It very seldom snows around here, it is true; nonetheless, the winter months are cold. Our little ones who are reluctant to go out in the frosty morning hours usually do not put in an appearance until the sun is high up in the heavens. I said just now that there is hardly ever any snow. When there happens to be light snowfalls once in a while, all the schools enjoy a holiday.

Italian children are naturally vivacious and agile. They delight in subjects such as music, singing, and drawing. You should see their shining eyes when the time comes for the lesson in modeling. The animal kingdom is then gratified with original species which would no doubt puzzle many a learned professor of biology.

While examining the accompanying photo you will perhaps be tempted to ask whether these children are always as quiet as they seem to be. I must honestly admit that they are often transformed into mischievous little imps. On the occasion of the official visit made by our Reverend Mother

1. Marie-Paule Sauve, Montreal.

Assistant General, we had taught the children to say, "Bonjour ma Mère." They enjoyed it so much that they would repeat the phrase ever so often while at play or even during classes. At about the same time, our pastor began his rounds of parish visitations. As he called at the home of one of our pupils, the mother urged her girlie who had suffered a sudden fit of shyness to greet him in the customary polite fashion. What was her surprise when she heard the child lisp "Bonjour, ma Mère." Father was of course vastly amused.

Since the beginning of October an honor chart has been fixed to the wall of my classroom to stimulate the children's efforts. Before going home in the evening, how pleased they are to see their "angel" gliding on a thread straight up a certain number of steps to heaven according to the good behavior of each one! Maria, a stubborn imperious child, never gives in at home to her younger sister Lucia. In the classroom she grows surprisingly conciliating at the magic phrase Sister whispers in her ear, "Now, be good and offer Jesus a *fioretto* (little sacrifice)." Her father lately complained that in spite of the cold his little girl refused to put on her red sweater. Would the Sisters try to make her obey, he pleaded. In the evening when the time came to move the chart angel upward on the road to heaven, I turned to Maria, "Your angel will not move another step unless you promise to put on your sweater when you go out." The dark eyes flashed angrily for a few moments. Maria hated red and anyway that woolen sweater of hers scratched her neck in a thoroughly disagreeable manner. But, then, she loved her little Jesus and if putting it on meant still another *fioretto* to offer Him, why of course she would not miss the occasion. She was as true as her word and her chart angel was the very first to reach his cardboard heaven.

Our children do not forget that this being the Marian Year the Holy Father expects them to do something special for the Blessed Mother. Every Saturday they make their pilgrimage to Our Lady's shrine set up in our chapel. They recite three Hail Marys followed by a lusty chorus of Ave Ave Maria. Their pilgrimage does not last more than a quarter of an hour, but to the heavenly Queen it surely is as agreeable in its childish simplicity as the more elaborate ones of her grown up children everywhere.



The great hour of the christian conscience has struck.

Either this conscience is awakened in a full and virile recognition of its mission of aid and salvation for a humanity endangered . . .

Or else, God forbid, this conscience is only partly awakened, has not given itself courageously to Christ; and the terrible verdict is no less formal; "who is not with me is against me" . . . there is no room for the cowardice, for the comfort and the irresolution of those who at this crucial hour think they can serve two masters.

Pius XII

AFRICAN

FLASHES

of HUMOR

KATETE — While the Sisters were at supper one evening, they were startled to see a native amble into the refectory without so much as "by your leave" and take a leisurely survey of everything. Finally he crossed to a corner where stood a small valise, picked it up and was preparing to carry it away when one of the Sisters stopped him. The would be robber's eyes popped with surprise. "They saw me, they saw me..." he muttered, dolefully shaking his head. Sister parried with a half-amused smile. "You're quite visible to the naked eye, you know." The man continued standing there, looking non-plussed. "That witchdoctor is a fake... He sold me medicine to make me invisible, but it didn't work. You saw me... You saw me!"

* * *

VUA — Grandfather Mwakariya is a familiar figure at the clinic. He hobbled in, the other day with something carefully wrapped up in a knotted bandana. "How are you feeling today, Gramp?" pleasantly questioned the Sister-Nurse, Sr. St. Yves. Mwakariya chuckled "Thanks to you I'm feeling pretty good now. I brought this because you are such a fine doctor." His trembling hands held out four eggs which he offered as a pledge of his thankfulness.

* * *

Vua — One of the young school teachers had a pair of brown shoes which he treasured like the apple of his eye. During class he usually deposited the footwear on a bench or a shelf, never on the floor.

On Christmas day going into the mission church, he deposited his precious shoes on one of the side altars while he satisfied his devotion at the Crib. Imagine the pastor's reaction when he heard about this. He strode into the church, and much to the discomfiture of the young man, sent the shoes sailing through the air, down the aisle. Being as yet only a catechumen, the teacher had thought the side altar was just another table or shelf. Now he knows better.

* * *

Kaseye — The doctrine class was in full swing.
 "Name some blessed objects," the teacher asked.
 "Fathers and Sisters," promptly replied Edwin.
 "Who will go to heaven?"

Denyson who is nothing of a St. Liguori smugly announced, "I shall, S'ter, because I pray so much."



Katete — Sister Superior one day visited a classroom in charge of a native teacher. Upon telling the children to sit she was surprised to notice that the first row continued to stand. Turning to the teacher she inquired, "Why don't these pupils sit?" The teacher replied that it was because they were just having a spelling test. Sister Superior was at a loss to understand why, spelling or no spelling, only the front row should stand while the others sat. She had the key to the enigma when the test began. The children on the front row being minus shirts or blouses, their glistening black torsos served as blackboards where the more tricky words were written!

* * *

Nkata Bay — During the hour assigned for manual labor, one of the boys sidled up to Sister with a woebegone look on his face.

"Amayi, please forgive my sins. Yesterday, I did not come to school and I did this...and that while in my village. Forgive me my sins so I can have peace in my heart." Sister explained that only the priest can forgive sins. "But, Amayi, couldn't you try?" the boy insisted.

* * *

Nkata Bay — Master entered the classroom five minutes late. Sanctions have to be given for infractions if discipline is to be maintained in these bush schools, so Sr. St. Bernadette sentenced the latecomer to work half an hour in the garden after class.

When the time came to take up the hoe, Master whined, "Amayi, you know that I am your beloved child." Sister St. Bernadette was not disarmed. "That's just it," she countered, "Being my beloved child, you must be ready to help your mother!"

COURAGE of a YOUNG CHINESE GIRL

A young Chinese nurse who had often carried parcels of food and clothing to an imprisoned missionary, one day heard the guard issuing a laconic order, "Come back here tomorrow at nine o'clock." Such commands cannot be lightly disregarded in Red China. The next day when the nurse entered his office, the guard threw down his revolver on the table with a swagger. Before he had time to say a word, however, she declared refusing to be intimidated, "No need of firearms to enforce the law, Put your revolver away." Taken aback by her courageous stand, he spluttered. "What's the meaning of your assiduity in helping an imperialist, the most dangerous rascal we have in our prison? A nice patriot you are!" When he went on sneeringly insinuating about the kind of *relations* she had with this foreign devil, the girl immediately threatened to report him to headquarters for diffamation. Deeming it more prudent to change the subject, the official brusquely questioned, "Don't you belong to the Legion of Mary?"

"No, I don't because I did not know about it until you mentioned its name. Now that you have told me of its existence, if I knew of a place where I could enroll I would immediately become a member."

FIDES

The Martyr of Futuna

by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

At the time no one knew what were these secret words which passed between Niuliki and Musumusu; but in 1845 the latter testified that Niuliki had said, "Are they going to succeed, these two savages who have come to enslave Futuna?" Not certain of the meaning of these words Musumusu asked the king to whom he referred: "I am speaking of those white savages who came here to make us slaves," Niuliki replied. Then Musumusu said, "If you detest these whites, have their belongings brought here and I will go and kill them." The king said nothing to this, but his wishes were well known.

On leaving Niuliki Musumusu started homeward. On the way he saw Meitala with Father Chanel's catechumens and sent a messenger back to Tamana to report this to the king, who at once went to see his son. Meeting Musumusu in the path, he asked fiercely, "Is it really true that Meitala has been converted?" "Yes, it is true," Musumusu answered. "Then he is no longer my son; you may treat him as you like."

Meitala himself told, "My father, learning that I had become a Christian, came to the house of a white man who lived in our village and sent me word that he wished to speak to me. 'Is it true,' he asked angrily, 'That you have been converted to the Christian religion?' I said, 'It is true.' 'Why?' he asked next, and I made no reply. 'Is it power you want? I am king here!' he cried. I said only, 'I did not expect any encouragement from our family.' My father went away without another word."

Much incensed, Niuliki consulted with his relatives who agreed in thinking that Christianity could be exterminated only by killing its preacher. Niuliki gave them to understand that he was of the same mind. He returned to Tamana and Musumusu went home to plot in secret with some other chiefs. They wished to find the missionary alone in his cabin and they had not long to wait.

Father Chanel had hurt his foot and was unable to walk more than a few steps at a time, so on April twenty-seventh he sent Brother Mary Nizier to Singave to visit a sick man and to baptize any infants who might be in danger of death. That day, or the following one, he had a long talk with a young man whom he urged wholeheartedly to embrace the Faith. The youth said to him, "Nearly every one in Futuna detests Christianity. Through love of you, we, your friends, dare not embrace it, for we are afraid they will kill you, and afterwards we shall be ridiculed and despised." "Whether they kill me or not," Father Chanel replied, "The Faith has been planted in the island. It will lose nothing by my death because it is not the work of men, but of God."

During the evening of April twenty-seventh some men who were making a canoe on the island of Alofi saw three natives of Wallis go to the home of a Christian to pray; and some Futunians, coming from Poi, told them that religious exercises were being held there, and repeated Longoasi's indiscreet remarks. The men, becoming more and more enraged, determined to attack the Christians, and, getting into a canoe, they went to Vele in search of Musumusu to tell him of the resolution they had formed.

In the darkness of that fateful night they plotted together, the men from Alofi, Musumusu, and his friends, against the priest who had sacrificed everything but life itself that he might save them. The sacrifice was to be consummated: the crown of martyrdom was almost won.

At first all thought to follow the advice of the natives of Alofi and do some injury to the Futunians and the men from Wallis who were practicing their religion together. Musumusu said, "Why strike at the natives of Futuna and Wallis? If you are going to harm the men of our island, harm the priest also; but it is foolish to do anything to those people from Wallis." The others agreed that he was right. Some one then proposed to spare the catechumens, but his fellow conspirators rejected this plan. Musumusu spoke next: "In striking the catechumens we will not kill the religion; but if we put that priest to death, it will be stamped out forever." Several did not approve of his suggestion; they thought that Father Chanel should be left in peace and only the catechumens punished. Musumusu insisted, "It is necessary to kill the priest, for the new religion comes from him; if he dies, it will die." One of the conspirators asked if such measures as he proposed would please Niuliki, and was assured that they would. Finally, it was agreed that the catechumens were to be maltreated first, and afterwards Father Chanel was to be murdered. Musumusu's last words were, "We must not strike in the night, or people will say that we are cowards."

CHAPTER XIV

Martyrdom — Conversion of the Island

Very early in the morning of April twenty-eighth, the conspirators secretly left Vele and went to Avoui, a village not far away, in which Meitala and other catechumens lived. They sent a messenger to Meitala to say that Musumusu wished to speak to him. In the official inquiry of 1845 the prince testified, "When I approached the house in which the catechumens had passed the night, I heard cries and the sound of blows. The enemies of Christianity were cruelly mistreating Father Chanel's followers. One of the conspirators struck me violently from behind, and he struck my sister who had followed me."

All the men of Musumusu's band confessed afterward that they had pitilessly beaten the catechumens. Some of them wished to attack, also, two white men who lived in the neighborhood, but Musumusu opposed this, and the three natives of Wallis had fled to Alofi during the night; but before leaving Avoui, members of the party set fire to the homes of the catechumens. Headed by Musumusu, the conspirators then quickly made their way towards Poi. They hid themselves in woods on the outskirts of the village, and Musumusu, who had been wounded in the struggle at Avoui, sent one of his men, named Filitika, to beg a remedy from the missionary.

(To be continued)

Joy of soul is not dependent on circumstances, but on our spirit of faith.

Rev. A. Heyden, O.C.R.

On the Way to Santo Tomas

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

Every Friday I board, with a few companions, the bus for Havana where we follow courses at the Santo Tomas University.

From September to February the only change to be noticed in the landscape is the slowly increasing height of the luxuriant sugar cane plantations lying on either side of the road, emerald seas of gently undulating green. Here and there emerges from the monotonous expanse a lone palm tree like a ship at anchor from whose mast rustles some light silken flag. For the greater part of the way, vehicles pass between two rows of tall trees whose foliage forms a graceful archway overhead. How grateful the traveler is for the shade thus afforded! On narrow paths alongside the highway one meets the *campesinos* as they amble along or ride to some neighboring town. The inhabitants of the *campos* are nearly always obliged to ride on horseback as there are practically no vehicular routes linking the country places to the towns and villages.

Matanzas is the second bus stop after Colon. If life were one grand holiday, I would be tempted to build myself a bungalow on its silver-stranded shores. The jolts and jars of the bus as it plunges forward once again on the Havana highway forcefully reminds me that far from being a perpetual holiday life is instead a voyage, so I put my bungalow dreams away until the dawn of eternity.

Havana is a picturesque city deeply marked by Spanish influences. I have admired here many brightly colored sumptuous dwellings built in a mixture of Greek, Roman, and Arab architecture. Even the more modest houses, display the artistic tendencies of their occupants by their *portals* ornamented with elegant Corinthian pillars. Havana can boast of magnificent, tree-shaded avenues such as the del Prado which cuts across the heart of the city; on the benches of its promenade and around its marble fountains and stone basins people rest, stroll, and gossip. Another of these avenues is lined by royal palm trees, the pride of beauty-loving Cubana. On the other hand, in the commercial section of the city bearing the name of Havana, the streets narrow down and the sidewalks are reduced to a mere twenty inches. Walking along these lanes of traffic one has to be wary of turning cars and quick-acting Havana drivers who dart left or right without any warnings.

A city bus deposits us at the entrance of Cuba's Catholic University which is composed of separate pavilions. It cannot of course bear comparison

1. Claire Garceau, Three Rivers.



CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY OF SANTO TOMAS.

to the University of Havana with its noble pillared portico and its airy patios, its roster of 15,000 students and its impressive staff of scholarly professors. Nevertheless Santo Tomas has faith in the future. It is now like the mustard seed but it will surely grow and prosper until it becomes a spreading tree for the greater benefit of Cuban youth. Founded in 1946, by American Augustinians, its registrations are on the increase.

The Catholic University underlines a remarkable development of the Church in Cuba. Although nominal Catholics form the greater part of the population it must be admitted that a large majority are non-practising. How could it be otherwise when there is an average of only one priest to every 8,000 souls? Moreover a notable group of freemasons and Protestants occupy influential positions. Thus it is of vital importance that university students, Cuba's leaders of tomorrow, be taught the saving truths of their Catholic heritage and their own University is there to see that they be thoroughly grounded in the most necessary of all sciences while training in profane knowledge.

Santo Tomas is the striking realization of the Catholic Church's age-old love for science and beauty, "the splendor of truth" as someone has called it.

Superstition

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

Every family around here has a *fady*. I see question marks in your eyes so I had better explain. *Fady* consist in things that certain persons or families are forbidden to do. For instance, such and such a group of families must, at all cost, avoid eating pork or goat's meat; or again certain persons are not supposed to taste of any eggs, tomatoes, or onions. Some women must do without any oil in the elaborate braiding of their tresses. These *fady* are strictly observed as part of ancestral traditions not to be lightly disregarded. Their transgression reputedly calls down all sorts of misfortune upon the culprits. The latter may find their necks twisted in such a manner that they can no longer face forward or worse still, they may be condemned to crawl on all fours for the rest of their lives.

At Morondava, people are mortally afraid of spooks and witches. Let me assure you that if genuine witches are rare, fake ones are legion in this town and its vicinity. Relying on the gullibility of the uninitiated, they carry on a profitable racket. As soon as it is dark enough at night, they roam about the highways and byways, each carrying an owl and followed by dozens of cats and dogs. Drawing close to the villagers' houses they let out a series of dismal wails while owls, cats, and dogs chorus violently. Under cover of the confusion and panic that result, they steal everything they can lay their hands on. If some courageous persons then try to catch hold of them, they easily slip out of their grasp thanks to the grease smeared all over their naked bodies. Very few people are bold enough to stand up to these shrews who are believed to wield irresistible influence over the will of their victims. We have often heard their eerie concerts at night but have never yet been molested.

Lolo is another Malagasy superstition. The name *lolo* is given to the spirits of parents or enemies long since dead. Back to earth these are said to wander under human or animal forms. Among our boarders, some affirm that their deceased parents have thus appeared to them to reproach them and punish them for their bad behavior. Others solemnly declare that they have seen pigs or goats stampeding about the dormitory. A few hear the spirits working on the ceiling, always under cover of darkness, of course. These, they tell us, are no doubt the ghosts of masons who neglected their jobs while they were living and who are now condemned to make up for their laziness.

But the most fearful spooks our children firmly believe in are the *babakoto*, legendary monsters who hack out the hearts of the young. We are considered

1. Cecile Desjardins: St. Eloi, P. Q.



GRACEFULLY DRAPED IN THE MALAGASY LAMBA.

to be foolhardy because we laugh at such old wive's tales. Our pupils sometimes take it upon themselves to warn us. "Some day you will see that what we have told you is true... The spirits will grow angry at your impudence and their cold fingers will clutch at your throat. Brrr..." As I remain still unimpressed enough to continue sleeping alone in a room close to their dormitory, the little girls naively remark, "Ah, Mother, now we know why the spirits do not come near you. It is because you are already a saint. They are afraid of you!"



PROCESSIONS AFRICAN STYLE

Tom-toms beat frenzied rhythm while colourfully dressed natives danced to the haunting beat. The occasion was a Corpus Christi procession.

The priest who carried the Blessed Sacrament was not allowed to walk. He was borne in a special portable chair, such as that used by the ancient kings of Dahomey. In front of him marched a herald crying: "Tigo! Tigo!" (The King! The King!). All the while, the faithful who followed kept on clapping, singing, dancing.

This unusual procession had the encouragement of the pastor Rev. Michael Djedi, W. F., who feels that Africans cannot express their feelings of reverence and devotion the same way as Westerners do. He asked his parishioners to organize the procession as they would have organized a welcoming cortege for one of their ancient kings. The natives did just as he asked.

Champions

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

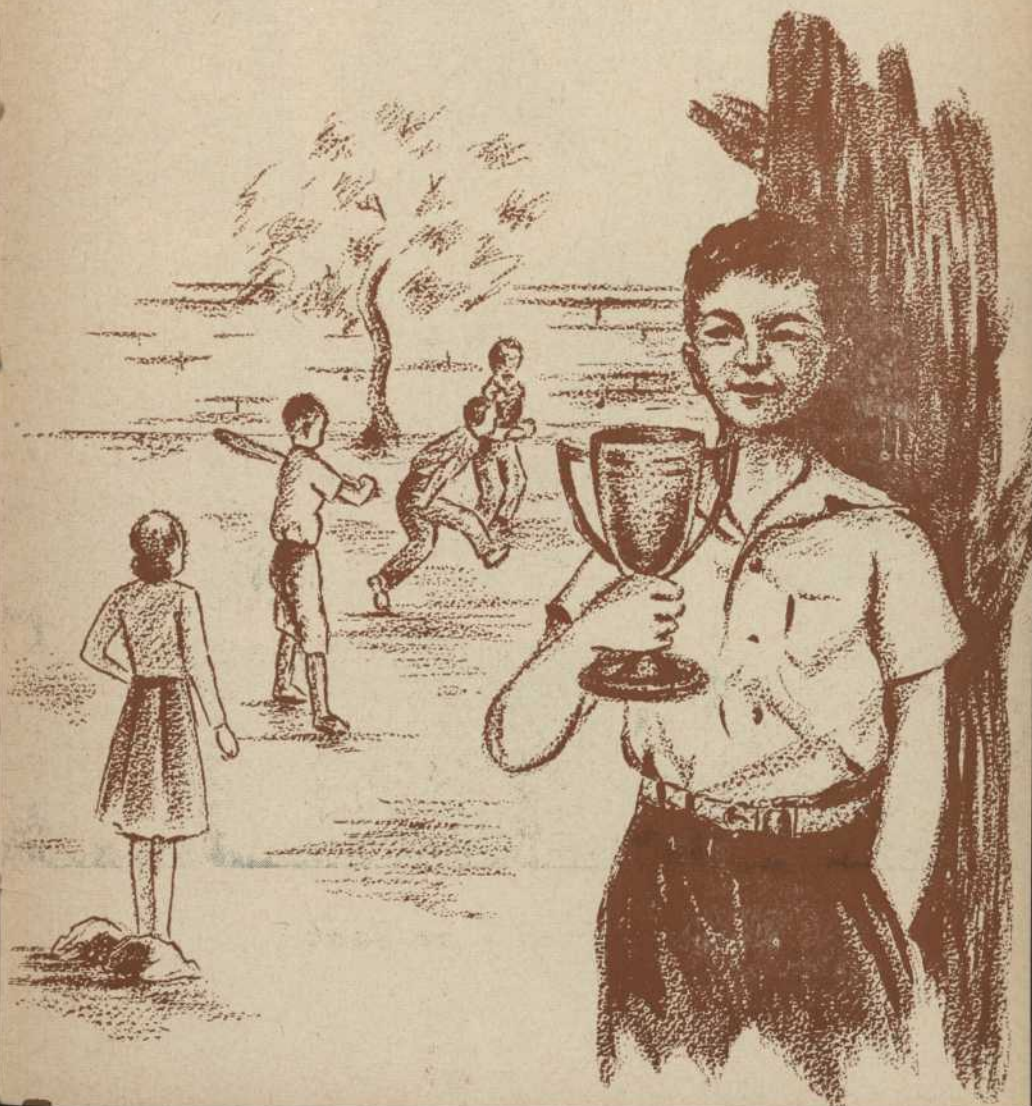
Invited by the Superintendent of the Davao Catholic schools to take part in the basket ball, soft ball, and volley ball meets organized among all the Catholic schools of the district, the pupils of our Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy showed to great advantage. They returned home, the proud winners of four cups and seven ribbons. All Mati turned out to greet them as their boat docked. For the sleepy little town, this was a momentous event; never had the public school won any awards at the yearly meets which its pupils always attended. Stepping ashore our athletes exhibited their prizes, while noisy ovations rang out; then they piled into waiting buses decorated with large posters bearing the device, *Welcome to Our Champions*, for a triumphant ride all about town. We felt very proud indeed of their success and even more so of their loyal sportsmanship. At the soft ball game in the final match where Mati was to score 4 to 2 the following incident took place which showed of what stuff the Catholic pupils were made. Cesar, one of our academy students had reached second base and been declared safe when the opponents' second baseman pointed out that Cesar had not quite touched the base. It would have been easy for the lad to move forward a few inches before the umpire came along; instead, he remained rigidly at attention and when the umpire, reversing his previous decision, called him out, he quietly left the field. Some of his school mates reproached him, "Why didn't you slip your foot forward before the umpire reached you?" His teacher on the other hand praised him for his loyalty and God blessed the team's efforts, for Mati scored again and again in spite of keen competition from the other schools.

After the meets, Msg. M. Michaud invited us to visit his Toril establishment. Our girls gave a demonstration of their skill at volley ball winning an easy victory over the seniors of St. Peter's. A kind gentleman offered twenty pesos as prize to the victors. The girls from St. Peter's gracefully acknowledged their defeat and tendered warm congratulations to the Mati pupils. Rev. Father Reid then proclaimed the students of the two schools close relatives since they came from parishes which both had at one time, devoted Msgr. M. Michaud as pastor. Following this playful proclamation,

1. Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil, P.Q.

the boys displayed their agility at the game of basket-ball. Once again Mati was victorious, the boys carrying off a second twenty peso bill.

All this publicity worked in favor of our Immaculate Heart of Mary High School where inscriptions have reached an unparalleled high rate. Even sports may become trumps in the fight for Catholic Schools.





Where Will I be Sent ?



Learning about many things



Preparing a Concert at the Novitiate

Our Beloved Dead

Msgr. Albert Valois, P.D., V.G., **Montreal**; Rev. O. Ferland, pastor, **St. Gabriel of Brandon**; Mrs. J. N. Baudoin, Three Rivers, mother of our Sisters **St. Philip** and **St. Ursule**; Mrs. Charles Vaillancourt, **Quebec**, mother of our **St. St. John** of the Cenace; Mr. J. A. Lacombe, **Montreal**; father of our **Sr. Francis** of Lisieux; Mr. L. Pelletier, **St. Louis de l'Islet**; Mr. Claude Rinfret, **Ottawa**, father of our **Sr. Claude** of Colombiere; Mrs. A. Pouliot, **St. Philemon**, mother of our **Sr. Robert** Bellarmine; Mrs. Edmund Gamache, **Dracut, Mass.**; Miss N. O'Grady, **Verdun**; Mrs. John Murphy, Mr. Emile Pelletier, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Sherry, **Ahuntsic**. Msgr. F. X. Lariviere, **St. Hyacinthe**, formerly pastor at **Marlboro, Mass.**; Rev. Bernard Gemme, p.m.e., from the **Philippine Islands** missions; Rev. Sister Marie Benoit, Presentation Sisters of **St. Hyacinthe**, sister of our **Sr. St. John** of the Immaculate; Mr. L. X. Sabourin, **St. Isidore of Prescott, Ont.**, father of our **Sr. Leo Joseph**; Mrs. Wilfrid Allaire, **Pont Viau**, mother of our **Sr. Marie Majella**; Miss Gabrielle Sauve, **Montreal**, sister of our **Sr. Teresa** of Avila; Mr. Henri Dugal, **Quebec**, father of our **Sr. Magdalen** of Pazzi; Mrs. Henri Fortin, **Jonquiere**, sister of our **Sr. Louis Marie**; Mrs. Adeodat Letourneau, **St. Peter of Montmagny**, grandmother of our **Sr. Marie Laure**; Mrs. G. Legris, **Montreal**, grandmother of our **Sr. St. Simeon**; Mrs. Amedee St. Onge, **Beverly, Mass.**; Mrs. Agnes Bishop, **Chelsea, Mass.**; Mr. A. Jodoin, **Dracut, Mass.**; Mrs. Jos. Trepanier, Mr. Alcide Perusse, **Mathuen, Mass.**; Mrs. Pantaleon Dionne, Mrs. Lydia Bernier, Mrs. Alma Gagnon, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Maxime Labrecque, Mrs. Rodolphe Dion, Mr. Roger Howard, Mr. Wilfrid Forget, Miss Leona Milette, Mrs. Alfred Desjardins, Mrs. Cora Charron, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Grenier Mrs. Ennie Dunn, Mr. Napoleon Montminy **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary L. Lizotte, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Odile Begin, Mrs. Paul Boucher, **New Bedford, Mass.**; Mrs. Esther Leblanc, Mr. & Mrs. Jame La Rosee, **Mattham, Mass.**; Mr. Valere Samson, **Lawrence Mass.**; Mr. Norbert Decelles, **Woonsocket, R.I.**; Mrs. Marie Jolin, **Rumford, Me.**; Mrs. F. J. Gosselin, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mrs. Wilfrid Beauchemin, **Belœil Station**; Mrs. Alfred Quesnel, Mr. Bernard Vincent, Mrs. Delphis Latour, Mrs. Omer Drouin, Mr. Arthur A. Lalonde, Mr. Raoul Dufour, Mrs. J.J. Dufour, Mr. Ernest Gougeon, Mrs. Fabien Lamarre, Mr. Ovide Daragon, Mr. W. Laflamme, Mrs. Mary Mander, Mr. C. Lane, Mr. Charles Leroux, Mr. J. B. Mancuso, Mrs. Ovide Payant, Mrs. T. Fagan, Mrs. Conrad Raby, **Montreal**; Mr. Joseph Forget, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Alfred Aube, **Verdun**; Mrs. L. Vaudrin, **Lachine**; Mrs. Alph. Tremblay, **Pont Viau**; Mr. Arthur Chénard, **St. Helen of Kamouraska**; Miss May Madden, **Outremont**; Miss Cecile Croteau, Mr. Arthur Hayden, **Maisonneuve**; Mrs. Nicolas Lanciaux, **Napierville**; Mrs. Joseph Corbeil, **St. Dorothee**; Mrs. J.L. Aubert, **St. Adele**; Mr. Francis Nadeau, **St. Liguori**; Mrs. Welly Pilon, **St. Ann de Bellevue**; Mrs. Ernest Brouillette, **L'Acadie**; Mrs. Odilon Laporte, **St. Elizabeth, Joliette**; Mr. Adelard H. Lachaine, **Kiamika**; Mr. Leo Beausejour, **St. Michel des Saints**; Mr. Xenon Flamand, **St. Jean de Matha**; Mrs. C. Perreault, **Nominieue**; Mr. Jean B. Fleurent, **St. Gregoire of Nicolet**; Mrs. Edmund Campeau, **Rapide de l'Original**; Mr. Adhemar Simoneau, **St. Flavien**; Mrs. Jos. Picard, **St. Philomene**; Mrs. Eug. Bergeron, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mrs. Nap. Lemay, Mrs. Honore Lamothe, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. J. Nap. Bolduc, Mr. & Mrs. O. Frechette, **Quebec**; Mrs. Alf. Drouin, **Bagotville**; Mrs. Pierre Morin, **St. Francoise**; Mrs. Jacq. Gagnon, **St. Odile**; Mr. Onesime Bouchard, Mrs. Arth. Lemieux, **Port Alfred**; Mrs. Eug. Gagnon, Mrs. Elz. Tremblay, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Eust. Tremblay, **Ile Maligne**; Mrs. R. Boucher, **Ville Richibouctou, N.B.**; Mr. Eug. Moquin, **Fairbanks, Alaska**; Mr. William Scollan, **Ireland**.

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MADAGASCAR

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