

THE PRECURSOR

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JE SUIS L'IMMACULÉE CONCEPTION

*Proclamation
of the Dogma
of the
Immaculate
Conception*

*Proclamation
du Dogme
de
l'Immaculée
Conception*



THE Precursor

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Cover Picture: The booth representing the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception at the Marian Exhibit of Three Rivers. Photo—Brother Louis Raphael. I.C.

Imprimatur, Montreal, April 7, 1954

† L. P. Whelan, V. G., Aux. Montreal

Nihil Obstat, Sept. 4, 1954

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.



Our Lady of Cobre

O Mary, like a spotless Dove,
You winged your way from realms above.

Across a sullen, stormy sea,
To brine-pits ventured sailors three.

When, lo, within a cloudlet white
They saw you robed in rosy light.

They lost their hearts to you, oh Queen,
And bowed beneath your sway serene.

On Cobre's heights they set your throne.
E'er since, our isle has been your own,

And you have blessed your fair domain
Where with your Son you will e'er reign,

Our Lady of Charity!

Translation of a Cuban hymn.

The Marian Congress

SEEN UNDER A MISSIONARY ANGLE

The unforgettable Marian Congress of Three Rivers which highlighted Mary's Year in Canada, has proved for us a genuine missionary revelation. We had flattered ourselves on knowing every facet of our national history; we were aware of the fact that it had been identified with more than one apostolic adventure; we had not forgotten with what maternal vigilance Our Lady had watched by the cradle of New France. But never until now had we realized to what a degree, through the ages, ours had been a Marian as well as a missionary history, "A mari usque ad mare". The splendid pageant "The Lady who Spreads Her Mantle from Ocean unto Ocean" and on a larger scale the Exhibition of Marian History has revealed how the blue filigree of her devotion adorns all our national structures.

We practically discovered the soul of Newfoundland, the island whose lovely bays bore such names as St. Mary's Bay, Conception Bay, Our Lady's Bay, even before Quebec had come into existence. We deeply admired the tender, virile piety of the two more important ethnic groups who colonized this region, the Acadians and the Irish, whose faith was welded strong and secure through abiding devotion to the Rosary. It was with a joyful surprise that we learned how Mary was acclaimed as Guardian and Patroness of the "Garden of the Gulf," Prince Edward Island, on whose soil twelve sanctuaries, consecrated to her under various titles, were set as so many milestones marking the onward march of the Church. The first of these popular shrines overlooking Northumberland Strait was dedicated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel whom the fishing fleets still hail with loving salute. Although we had not been unaware of the re-birth of Acadia in the Maritimes under the sign of Mary's Assumption, we had remained in the dark regarding the manner in which this characteristic devotion had been inaugurated. Who can tell the depth of the influence wielded in this instance by lay apostles such as Samuel de Champlain and Lescarbot as well as by zealous priests, Jesuits, Recollects, Capuchins who laid the cultural and religious foundations of this sturdy, indomitable race?

Even in our own Province of Quebec, how many significant details seldom before brought to our attention! Cartier obtaining the recovery of his crew, thanks to a procession made in the forest and a vow to Our Lady of Roc Amadour; the Jesuits formulating a vow to Mary in honor of her Immaculate Conception in order to hasten the conversion of the country's primitive populations; Bishop de Laval consecrating his huge diocese — the whole of Canada — to Mary Immaculate; the Ville Marie pioneers be-

To Our Lady of the Cape's national shrine



OUR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES COME TO BEG
FOR LIGHT, COURAGE, AND MOTHERLY ASSISTANCE.

coming, under Maisonneuve's leadership, *Our Lady's Soldiers*! The history of Ontario and of the Far West as well as that of the extreme North also revealed more than one touching surprise... A serious drought conquered by recourse to Mary through a procession organized by the Recollect friars; the conversion of the Hurons sought by the Jesuits who offered to this intention the vow of celebrating twelve masses in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The Tache, the Langevin, the Grandin, the Turquetil, the Villeneuve, the Baudoux, dauntless heroes of verdant prairies or of frozen North, firmly planted the Church and the Immaculate Virgin's banner in Canada's far West. The Eskimo mission of Paulaktuk can boast of possessing the northernmost Lourdes Grotto in the world set in the very glow of the northern lights.

While admiring the panoramic tableaux of our national odyssey which made up the Marian exhibit, we felt touched by the thought that Mary, Queen of Canada, continues to be the inspiration of our modern missionaries. They may freely avail themselves of the most recent innovations in the line of transportations; they may deeply appreciate the precious medium of radio, or movies, or even T. V. to get the Gospel message across in the most expeditive manner, but the technique of their apostolate does not differ from that of their predecessors. It still is and always will remain a Marian technique. They keep up the tradition of building chapels and schools dedicated to Our Lady; they consecrate their dioceses, or their prefectures, or their missions to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; they train Marian soldiers, through the Legion of Mary; they conduct Rosary crusades... In a word, they are as firmly convinced as our first missionaries were, that only through the Mediatrix of all graces they may hope to obtain the conversion and the salvation of the world.

Among the most important of yearly pilgrimages made to the Cape is that of all our departing missionaries. Kneeling before the shrine of their national Madona, they pledge allegiance to the Faith, and beg from her maternal assistance the strength and the courage they need in their adventurous quest for souls. How could Mary refuse to accompany them whether their trails lead to the land of Inuk or to the tropics? Together with her knights-errant she, in turn, becomes all things to all men; Indian with the Indians, Eskimo with the Eskimos, Oriental with the Orientals, African with the Africans. Hers is the privilege of universal royalty over all lands and kingdoms. What sweeter joy can there be for her missionary sons and daughters than to make her known and loved of peoples who until now have been ignorant of her name and privileges? When at long last they will have succeeded in lacing the globe with the blue filigree of Marian piety, all the nations of the world will enjoy peace and happiness, that peace and happiness which Our Lady has so bountifully bestowed upon our nation that acknowledges her Queenship and proclaims itself the Crusader of her Rosary.

Marian Aspects

of the Vancouver Chinese Mission

Alarmed and grieved to find the Anglicans and the Methodists carrying on a very active propaganda among the Chinese population of his diocese, His Excellency the Most Reverend T. Casey, Archbishop of Vancouver, wrote in March 1921, to Reverend Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, urging her to establish a Chinese Catholic Center in Vancouver. For the mission-minded Mother this proved an appeal that was all but irresistible, for her motto, "May Mary Immaculate be known from pole to pole" could mean just as well "from ocean to ocean." Accordingly, a short time later, she assigned to this foundation, four Sisters, two of whom had already been in China and knew the Cantonese dialect. Filled with trust in God's Providence as well as in Our Lady's maternal protection, the group left the Motherhouse in May of the same year. They nourished no illusions regarding the difficulty of such an enterprise. Some time before, the Archbishop had written, "We are beset by all kinds of hardships and oppositions in our task of preserving and implanting the Faith."

The beginnings of the mission were very modest. In cramped quarters on East Keefer St., the Sisters opened a day nursery for Chinese children and started making rounds of home visitations. They also obtained a permit allowing them to visit a pagan Chinese refuge. This latter favor as well as the many conversions which followed may be attributed to the Blessed Mother's precious talisman — the miraculous medal. When the keeper of the refuge was first approached by the Sisters with a request to visit his charges, they met with a flat refusal. Only after miraculous medals had been surreptitiously "planted" about his premises, did the guardian show any signs of relenting. Sister St. Viator⁽¹⁾ one of the pioneers, relates, "The Chinese Mission in Vancouver is indebted for its existence to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal." The following excerpt from an article published in the 1924 Jan.-Feb. issue of "The Precursor" bears out the truth of this assertion. "The keeper of the Chinese Refuge often berated his charges because they wore miraculous medals given them by the Sisters, insinuating that the latter's intentions were not to be trusted. Although they resented his abusive language the inmates kept a sullen silence until goaded by his gross innuendos a blind old man took him to task upon this matter. 'What's all this fuss you make over our wearing medals? Let us alone! If we want to wear them, I don't see that it is any concern of yours. We're not hurting you any. Just mind your own affairs.'" With songs of gratitude singing joyfully in their hearts the Sisters prepared for the reception of Baptism their first two Chinese neophytes as an homage to Our Lady of the Rosary during the early days of October 1921.



Another milestone was reached for the Vancouver Chinese Mission on May 26, 1924, when the Sisters inaugurated a dispensary at 236, Campbell Ave. Almost simultaneously, they were allowed to transform into a Refuge the third and second floor of the house they had recently acquired. Archbishop Casey deigned to visit their new installation and to bestow upon their works a paternal benediction. On his being told that four Chinese had been baptized in April while four others were preparing to enter the Church at Christmas, he declared, "Dear Sisters, what a beautiful mission is yours in this city. Even if you had come to help only these few, it would still have been worth while. Keep up your good work and may God bless you." The first guests to be hospitalized at 236, Campbell Ave, were a quatuor of old men between seventy and ninety years old, all of whom were made children of God before they died. One of them who passed away at eighty-two wept on his death bed because he had known Jesus and Mary so late in life.

From this time onward, the yearly chaplet of Our Lady's feasts was always marked by a corresponding chaplet of conversions. On Nov. 12, 1927, His Excellency the Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, blessed the cornerstone of a new building to be added to the already existing Refuge. He appeared extremely surprised and happy when to his query whether any conversions ever occurred in Vancouver, the Sisters replied that during 1927, forty-two baptisms had been recorded. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he encouraged. "Continue in your efforts to make God better known and loved. The Holy Father is pleased and so am I." On Pentecost Sunday, May 1928, to the accompaniment of a violent thunder storm, Archbishop Casey called down heavenly blessings upon the new structure.

Until 1933, in the modest Oriental Hospital with a capacity for thirty-two beds, twenty of these were reserved for the incurable or the aged. Finally, when resources allowed, the third floor was completed and furnished, thereby raising the total capacity to seventy and afterwards to eighty-two beds. Eventually both Chinese and Japanese came to be hospitalized.

Again under the sign of Mary, during May 1938, the hospital received, as magnificent gift, an X Ray apparatus. The generous donor, a total stranger, was Senator Inabata, a millionaire from Osaka, Japan. Having fallen ill in Vancouver during the course of his travels, he heard of our charitable institution through the kind offices of a Japanese Protestant Doctor. His sympathetic interest immediately aroused, the Senator resolved to translate it into a practical gift that would help the Sisters in their undertaking.

Right in the heart of China town a new clinic was set up in 1936, to cater to the needs of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Africans, the Hindus, and the Indians. Finally, in 1944, was erected on Prince Edward Street the general hospital "Mount St. Joseph" inaugurated on Our Lady's Visitation of the year 1946. The establishment on Campbell Ave, which since 1931, had been entirely allocated to the care of T.B. patients continued to be used

as a sanatorium until the spring of 1952. At that date, the Provincial Government decided on grouping all tuberculous patients in one huge establishment of its own.

The work of the modest beginnings has progressed, the present Mt. St. Joseph Hospital being equipped with all modern apparatus. But whatever progress in clinical technique may have been attained the technique of conversions is ever the same — the miraculous medal received by St. Catherine Laboure as a precious heavenly gift in 1830. All the patients who are hospitalized at Mt. St. Joseph usually accept to wear this medal even if only out of courtesy to the kind Sister who offers it with a cheerful word and a pleasant smile. Even those who do refuse cannot entirely escape its mysterious influence from the hidden recesses where the Sister-Nurses adroitly slip its tiny bulk. It would be impossible for us to attempt the relation of all the prodigies of grace for which we are indebted to Our Lady of the miraculous medal, for this would mean no less than writing the life histories of the 1730 converts of the Sanatorium on Campbell Ave and of the present Mt. St. Joseph Hospital. Nevertheless, we will mention a few names chosen at random in our annals; White Cloud, the youthful wife of the actor Chan Lin, baptized on the feast of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal; Sem Ko who when brought in was found clutching a medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Help which he had picked up on the street. When questioned about this medal he replied, "It belongs to me! Please don't take it away . . . I think it's something Catholic and I want to keep it because it's something good . . . very good." Indeed so good a thing did it prove to be, that a few days later he died pressing it to his heart and looking forward to his meeting with the gracious Queen it represented in the Land of eternal joy. Saburo, the sensitive, highminded Japanese boy who accepted the medal and died the death of a saint. Before the end came, he cried out in the throes of terrible suffering, "Dear, good Mother when will you come to take me home?" Mrs. James D., a coloured woman fond of the pleasurable things of life who became an ardent devotee of Mary Immaculate. Margaret V. a young Indian virago who entered the hospital shouting defiantly, "I hate Catholics!" and who became as gentle as a lamb once the miraculous medal had been passed about her neck. Sammy Lee who obstinately punctuated his refusal of the medal, with "I have no need of your religion." Through what potent influence was he transformed in such a manner that at the last moment he manifested a deep regret for his sins and died shriven and purified? To the influence of Mary, stronger than armies in battle array, of Mary, whose blessed talisman had been secretly placed under his pillows.

During the course of her pilgrimage in the Canadian Far West, Our Lady of the Cape honored Mt. St. Joseph with her queenly presence. Throughout her peregrinations in Vancouver and outlying areas, she chose the hospital as her personal inn and resting-place and there she spent the entire night preceding her departure. At each one of her maternal visits, her loving

missionary daughters knelt at her feet to recite her rosary. Manifold graces were vouchsafed the Vancouver community on this occasion. As a slight pledge of thankfulness one of the Sisters, who in rare leisure hours wields the artist's brush as deftly as she does the injection needle, painted anew the huge Rosary adorning the litter and the foot of the statue discolored from many manipulations.

Leafing through the chronicles of the San we find the story of the ultimate manifestation of gratitude offered Our Lady during the spring of 1952. "At Easter, we received from the provincial government the news of the eventual transfer of our patients in May. On one of the last days of April, those who were in the habit of reciting the daily Rosary, gathered together for the last time before the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. No sooner had they started to pray than a commotion spilled from the adjoining corridors. All the patients, whatever their creed, wished to do homage to Our Blessed Mother, even to the three who were dying and who requested that their beds be wheeled in one of the rooms nearby. As the last strains of the hymn "Mother dear," died away, one of the bed patients confided to the Sister-Nurse, "I never saw such a beautiful ceremony before. It was better than even Midnight Mass!"

On May 1, late in the afternoon, poor Mr. Hautola, a Finn, was the first to leave us for the new Government Hospital of Jericho Beach. To a Sister who encouraged him he replied, "I have been very happy in this house. The Sisters have all been so good to me. Thank you, thank you!"

On May 5, the ward on the second floor was the scene of a sad parting. Instead of the four patients held in readiness according to designation, four others were singled out, who were in a much more precarious condition. They left in tears and our hearts went out to them in their distress.

The following day was made memorable by the departure of the stretch-er cases. Of this number were two moribunds one of whom, an aged Hindu, was baptized immediately prior to leaving. One of the women patients, in a desperate condition, had begged medical authorities to allow her to die with the Sisters. Her plea met with a refusal, but Mary herself came to her aid, for the patient took a turn for the worse during the night and died peacefully the next morning during Mass.

Meantime, the transfer of all the patients was gradually being effected at the rate of four or five daily except on Sundays. With the first vespers of Our Lady of Fatima, we were the happy witnesses of the conversion of a poor woman living at odds with her conscience for over twenty years. She had been brought to us, a veritable human wreck, worn out with a life of dissipation which had left her helpless before the onslaughts of a particularly malignant form of tuberculosis. A mighty battle was waged with the forces of evil for the salvation of this erring soul. At last, the Immaculate Virgin won and her heel crushed once again the head of the insidious serpent. After the priest who had shriven her had left, Lilian turned to

the Sister at her side and whispered, "I am . . . so, so happy . . . Never . . . have I known . . . such joy!"

The records of the Sanatorium close on this remarkable conversion, the last link in the establishment's apostolic chain. What a stirring manifestation of God's unfathomable mercy and of Mary's powerful intercession would be disclosed if we could recall all the conversions brought about within these walls! Without taking into account the returns to the Fold of straying regenerated souls, we can assert with thankful hearts, that since the beginning of our Vancouver mission in 1921, the Refuge, then the Sanatorium became the vestibule of heaven for more than 12,000 non-Christians, baptized here.

On May 16, the last patients were taken away, among them Lilian, Our Lady of Fatima's convert. From the ambulance where she had been carried she turned to smile at the Sisters and to feebly wave a last goodbye.

It was with deep regret that the Sisters closed their Sanatorium for Orientals. As T.B. patients usually remained hospitalized for a length of time, it was easier to impart solid religious instruction in view of having them baptized. For nearly two years, the edifice on Campbell Ave stood vacant. On the feast of the Sacred Heart during this Marian Year, thanks, no doubt, to Our Lady's intercession, the initial work of a Refuge for the aged Chinese was taken up once again.

Mt. St. Joseph Hospital continues to welcome patients, preferably Orientals and among these those who are the poorest of the poor because bereft of the knowledge of God. That the spirit of apostolate is still burning bright in the hearts of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Vancouver, the yearly number of about one hundred baptisms administered within their wards is proof enough. There the Miraculous Medal continues to hold its own.

HOMAGE

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE MOST REVEREND JEREMIAH FRANCIS MINIHAN, D.D.

consecrated on the eighth of September,

AUXILIARY BISHOP OF BOSTON,

the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

offer their respectful homage and their prayerful wishes
for a long and fruitful career.



ROCHE A BATEAU, HAITI

Duclemi's

Conversion

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

¶One sultry Sunday afternoon last summer, finding the heat of our small *caille* unbearable, I sought refuge in my empty classroom and settled down to write to my beloved mother. Hardly had I written a few paragraphs, however, when a gleaming brown face peered in at the open door while a soft voice drawled in Creole, "Mother Alphonsus wants to see you right away." *Mother Alphonsus* I would have you know is one and the same person as Sr. St. Alphonsus Liguori(2), a qualified nurse in charge of our clinic. To the Haitians, we Sisters are all *Mothers*. A few moments later, the two of us were plodding along the steep goat path that wriggles up the hill where Duclemi's hut stands precariously perched on a boulder. My companion was plainly worried, for a message had been brought that the man up above was dying. Some weeks ago he had merrily joined with his companions in a bee to help in the construction of a new convent and school, but he had unfortunately suffered a serious injury to one of his feet. In this torrid climate where wounds and gashes easily degenerate into uncontrollable infections in spite of careful medication, Duclemi soon began to writhe in the spasms of tetanus.

Mother Alphonsus while visiting him on the previous afternoon had realized that her patient was slipping beyond the help of human medicine, and had urged him to have recourse to the supreme remedies of the soul. Like many another around these parts, the poor man was living in concubinage. There was not any malice in his simple soul, only stark ignorance of his religious duties. Willingly would he have consented to have a priest called had not his young wife showed a strange reluctance to tie the knot, as she somehow believed her man would then be free to mistreat her. She gave in at last after some coaxing and the promise that the blessing of Holy Mother Church on her marriage would mean added happiness for her and her husband.

1. Germaine Laflamme, St. Luke, Bellechasse Co.

2. Simonne Leboeuf, Fortierville.

While Sister treated her patient, I busied myself about the miserable shack trying to put it into some semblance of order. As there was no time to lose, we then hurried back to the mission church to call the priest but we found that the pastor had left for a neighboring parish. A young missionary Father, only six months in Haiti, accompanied us to the village in the hills. Duclemi made his first confession in many years, had his marriage blessed, and received the last Sacraments with childlike devotion. At peace with God, he was beside himself with joy. To those who inquired whether he would not like to get cured, he gave the humble reply, "Yes, I would, provided I should love God more and more and serve Him better." The specter of death which had seemed so close, drew back leaving our friend a short respite during which to thank God for His mercies. On the following day I was again privileged to accompany Mother Alphonsus uphill. Together with Duclemi's parents we recited the Rosary kneeling beside the dying man's pallet. The peace and joy of Heaven were already irradiating his pinched features. Close by, squatted his two young children their eyes wide with painful wonder.

What an admirable triumph of grace had taken place in this dilapidated hovel, I mused. This moribund who lay on a straw mat with an overturned chair as only pillow, would soon find himself introduced into the bliss of Paradise. Who won for this spiritually shipwrecked brother the grace of conversion? As my companion softly sang the Magnificat, my thoughts traveled thousands of miles away to the courageous mothers of missionaries who have given up their children to God with such unflinching generosity; to the kind benefactors who make numerous and often very costly sacrifices in order to help the missions. It is doubtlessly thanks to them all that this soul was given the supreme opportunity to repent . . . The tiniest acts of love can be made to reach to the ends of the earth. Do they not form a mysterious ocean perpetually in movement and whose wavelets are all interdependent? Only in heaven shall it be given us to fathom the hidden springs of that most ineffable of all gifts — the grace of God.

You can easily guess on what note, after this consoling interlude, I finished the love letter to my darling Mother begun on that sultry Sunday afternoon.

Thanks be to God, for the best of mothers, for the most devoted of friends whose practical interest in my dear Haitian mission never wanes.

THE SCAPULAR NO TALISMAN

We must not look on the Scapular as a talisman operating by some magic virtue of its own, but rather as a manifestation of devotion from the Blessed Virgin and as the HOMAGE of respectful AFFECTION, of FILIAL CONFIDENCE, and CONTINUAL supplication.

A. J. VERMEERSCH, S.J.

THE PHILIPPINES

REALM of
MARY

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

For several centuries these lovely isles set like emeralds on the bosom of the whitecapped ocean have been considered as Our Lady's fair dower in the Orient. Nothing can be more evident for whosoever is even faintly acquainted with the remarkable devotion of Filipinos to the Mother of God. What more tangible proofs of this can be found than the one hundred and twenty odd shrines erected in her honor throughout the width and breath of the Islands?

This ardent Marian piety originated with the bringing of the "glad tidings" to the Archipelago. On the Spanish galleons which carried the *conquistadores*, Our Lady's colors fluttered beside the Cross and the national emblem of Catholic Spain. Always a gentle and considerate people, the Filipinos fell under the charm of the *Santissima Virgen*. They took her to their hearts and homes, making her a sharer in the joys, labors, and trials of their simple, uncomplicated lives. In all their needs, spiritual or material, they turned to her and always she let them experience the efficacy of her gracious protection.

All the native poetry and tenderness of their souls sang in praise of their celestial Queen. They gave her naive and touching appellations such as Our Lady of Good Voyage still venerated in the national shrine of Antipolo; Our Lady of Pilgrimages, in Sampalos; Our Lady of Propitious Hour, in Quiapo; Our Lady of Remedies in Malate; Our Lady of Prompt Succor, in Binondo; Our Lady of Outcasts, Our Lady of Solitude, Our Lady of the Rose, and numerous other affectionate titles, the candid outpourings of a people's love and confidence towards Mary.

1. Irma de Ladurantaye, Cap St. Ignace, Montmagny Co.

Although fond of their own particular manner in addressing Our Lady, the Filipinos have not neglected the titles given her elsewhere all over Christendom. To Our Lady of Lourdes they attributed the protection of Manila during the American siege of this city in 1898. Within the parochial church of St. Dominic is venerated a reputedly miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Rosary brought to Manila's *Intramuros* in 1592. Its face and hands are of delicately sculptured ivory, the work of a pagan Chinese artist who afterwards became a fervent Catholic. It is related that neither the sculptor himself nor others who attempted to do so, ever succeeded in making exact replicas of this marvelous statue.

There is perhaps not in the entire Archipelago, a single village or *barrio* minus its Marian shrine. With the Filipinos, Mary is always the first to be thanked in the event of pleasant happenings, the first to be implored when tragedy strikes. Hers is the place of honor in every family reunion, in religious or patriotic manifestations, more especially in the yearly *fiestas*. Placed on a precious litter decorated with lights and flowers, the Madona is then borne along the village streets escorted by an enthusiastic throng of good people wearing their feastday attire and loudly proclaiming her glories. Under the majestic arch of waving palm trees, in the peace of velvety tropical evenings, the cortege unfurls like a magic river of twinkling stars; the bells tumble round and round in the belfries, the hearts of the people melt with love and devotion for their incomparable *Nuestra Senora*, the Queen of their island home, their tender Mother.

One day, it happened under the American occupation, in the course of a boisterous pageant of this nature, it turned out that Our Lady — her statue of course — was arrested! Intent on doing honor to their *Santissima Reina*, the participants in a certain local *fiesta* displayed such lusty animation in the rendering of hymns and in the crashing of musical instruments that the incensed town fathers then holding a political meeting of importance, seized the statue on a complaint of it proving a public nuisance. Such an atomic explosion of indignant protests rose from the population, that the politicians



saw themselves forced to deliver their celestial Prisoner. She was triumphantly carried back to her shrine and a novena was immediately started in reparation. Mary's gentle altercation with the "powers that be" is said to have resulted in yet another annual celebration under the meaningful name of Our Lady of Gaol.

Love of Mary, love of colorful ceremonies, and love of pompous processions such seem to be three distinctly Filipino characteristics. Present-day missionaries unanimously affirm that these were providential safeguards of the people's Faith in the midst of difficulties and tragic upheavals.

Today, without foregoing the gay exterior display which may be said to blend with a genuine and profound religious sense, Filipino Marian piety is preferably expressed by the practice of the daily Rosary, and by participation in militant Catholic Action movements, more especially the Legion of Mary. Devotion to the Mother of God the most precious gem in their spiritual inheritance will forever be linked to the very existence of the Philippine Islands. It rises from the heart of the nation, as a monument of gratitude for the past, as a reason of confident trust for the present, as a pledge of victory for the future. As of yore in all the vicissitudes of life, the Filipinos still turn to their heavenly Mother, entrusting her with the fate of their beloved homeland. With unwavering trust they entreat her to vanquish all modern foes and errors, and to quell the thundering surge of the "Red" sea threatening to engulf her demesne and princely dower — the Philippine Islands, bastion of Christianity in the Orient.

Mary's Protection

Late one Sunday night, a mission catechist who had walked seven miles to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion, heard that a catechumen of his village had been bitten by a serpent and lay in a dying condition. He immediately made ready to return and to those who objected that traveling in the dark was too dangerous, he merely replied, "Mary will protect me."

On the very next day, the missionaries received the following message; "I, Daniel, am writing to tell you the good news. I arrived at my village, just as the moon rose. The rain had soaked my lamba through and through but as I am made neither of sugar nor of salt, I did not melt. The lions roared but did not attack me. I baptized the catechumen, Kamota, who has already left for the kingdom of angels. After being baptized, he said to me; 'Thank you, Daniel. We will meet again in heaven.' He was very happy to die as a Christian and I felt joyful to have been in time to help him. You know, Father, there are not so many of our people up there, that we can afford to let occasions slip by. Mary protects us in all our ways."

MSGR. GUILLEME



KOWLOON, CHINA

HELPING THE REFUGEES

SR. ST. CHARLES OF MILAN(1), M.I.C.

In the first days of November 1943 we received from the Hong Kong Catholic Welfare, the generous quota allotted our works: twenty barrels of powdered milk from a cargo sent here by the United States War Relief Services, N.C.W.C., in favor of the refugees.

According to a plan elaborated beforehand, four hundred tickets were prepared and distributed to destitute families in the villages of Tai Po Too and Pak Tin. Right in the center of the most miserable refugee quarters, we rented a crude shelter of ill-adjusted boards to serve as a distribution center. The first unfortunate to benefit by American liberality was a thirty-year-old Chinese found unconscious in the alley behind our convent. It happened on a Saturday afternoon. While working in the rear of our apartments, Moei Koai, our devoted helper, noticed that the peanut vendor who usually stood on the opposite side of the alley selling his wares had been lying at full length for quite a while, his overturned basket beside him. Had he suffered a sick spell, or was he just sleeping off an excess of fatigue? At any rate, Moei Koai having told us about her worries we decided to investigate. "I will ask him to sell me some peanuts," she suggested. "If he is merely dozing this will wake him up." Out we went on our charitable errand and found that the man was indeed unconscious, for he did not budge in spite of Moei Koai's repeated calls. Bending over him I opened my first aid kit and administered an injection. He stirred dazedly, rubbed his eyes, and seemed at first completely at a loss to explain his situation. After some time, however, he regained sufficient consciousness to tell us his sad story. For the last four days he had eaten absolutely nothing. Obligated to provide for the upkeep of his aged mother, of his wife and two children, he had set up a small shop which the police had confiscated as he could produce no official permit. In a desperate attempt to keep his family together, he had then resorted to selling peanuts on street corners, a trade that could scarcely bring in enough money to feed five hungry mouths.

1. Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi, Temiscouata.

A GROUP OF REFUGEES FROM RED
CHINA AT A DISTRIBUTION CENTER.

While we gave this poor man whatever help we could, a woman came out from a neighboring house offering him some cooked rice for himself and his family. Before he left we furnished him with a ticket entitling him to a ration of powdered milk. On the list of beneficiaries from American generosity, his name was the first but not the last. Scores of hollow-eyed mothers carrying their skin-and-bone children in their arms daily haunt our milk distribution center. We do the little we can to relieve their wretchedness, and try to sow in their anguished souls the precious seeds of Christian hope. To the great-hearted donors who make it possible for us to help these refugees we say our most grateful "Thank You."

BABY TCHAG — ONE IN A THOUSAND

His anxious father brought him to us one evening, a pathetic bundle of humanity. In his case malnutrition had reached such a serious degree that I judged it advisable to have him immediately baptized. Unwilling to send the father home without any encouragement, I offered him some powdered milk and vitamins bidding him return when he had no more. In reality I scarcely expected to see these two again. Less than a week later, the father returned. "My son is getting better," he announced, staring all the while at the row of milk bottles. "If only you could save his life..." He received another portion of milk and of vitamins. For several months he kept up his patient and hopeful pilgrimages to our distribution center and finally, the unexpected happened. Baby Tchang gradually began to thrive and to grow fat, regaining a firm hold on life as may be ascertained from the accompanying snapshots.

But Baby Tchang is only one in a thousand similar cases. Why are so many people in Hong Kong slowly starving to death? Why are so many children pining away from malnutrition? The setting up of a





red paradise on Chinese soil is responsible for this state of things. Since the "liberation" of their country by Mao's armies, thousands of Chinese have fled across the border, seeking refuge in British territory, preferring poverty and hunger to so-called communist liberty. Consequently the population of Hong Kong has tripled. Among the refugees, a great number unable to secure any suitable employment fall a prey to stark destitution. Ragged and homeless they may be seen wandering about, sleeping in the open in all kinds of weathers now in littered alleys, now under the shelter of doorways. Little children are heard whining pitifully. "Mamma, give me some rice. I can't wait any more . . . I'm *so* hungry." Alas, the unhappy mothers can only clasp their darlings close and try to soothe them to sleep so they may forget about the painful twitchings in their empty stomachs.

Various Welfare Societies make liberal donations but they are powerless to cope with the hundreds who continue to swarm into the city. If only it were in our power to help a greater number of refugees as we helped Mr. Tchang! For the present, the meager resources at our disposal seem like mere drops of water in an ocean of human distress.

A MOTHER'S HEARTACHE

Some time ago we made the rounds of Mo Fa Tsiun where live, huddled in cluttered huts, several groups of refugees under catechetical instruction. Mrs. Siao, one of our most fervent catechumens, invited us inside with the

inborn grace of a lady of China's best society. Never before in our presence had she made more than a fleeting allusion to the tragedy that had wrested her from a luxurious existence in a well-appointed home to a precarious living in a dilapidated hovel. But this once, being in a communicative mood she showed us photos of her loved ones left behind the Bamboo Curtain, and the story of her misfortunes came pouring out from the depths of her aching heart.

Alarmed at the rapid progress of Communist troops and aware of the fate awaiting them as wealthy proprietors, she and her husband decided to seek safety in flight. In order to avert suspicion they traveled south taking with them only their younger children, a nine-year-old boy, a little girl, and the baby. The older children were to follow later, but the Reds overran the district with lightning speed cutting off all avenues of escape. Two of Mr. Siao's brothers together with two of his sons by a former marriage were placed under arrest, cruelly tortured, and finally shot as enemies of the regime. Annoyed beyond endurance by the nightmare of persecution that was then wreaked upon them, the unfortunate daughters-in-law took their own lives. At present, the twenty-year-old daughter is engaged in a life and death struggle trying to liberate herself from the unwelcome attentions of an influential Party member who wants to force her into marrying him. He threatens her with the worst reprisals if she persists in repelling his advances. How can this poor helpless dove hope to escape from the clutches of the hawk? While she thus recounted the litany of her woes, tears ran down her face unbidden, but her courage has not flinched under the stress. "Sister," she confided, "In spite of all these trials I cannot say that I feel unhappy. Never have I more clearly grasped the pregnant meaning of Christ's beatitude, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The very excess of my grief drove me straight into the arms of an all merciful God—Tenshu—the true Master of Heaven. I trust my dear ones to His care certain that He will not allow them to come to any real harm." Listening to these noble words, I reflected that Our Lord might also praise her faith as of yore He praised that of the Chanaanite.

Being only a catechumen Mrs. Siao has known but for a short while the Mother of Sorrows who suffered more for the redemption of the world than all mothers put together; yet her filial confidence in her is something really beautiful to witness. She firmly believes that She whose divine Son suffered such an ignominious death at the hand of His creatures will understand better than anyone else the heartbreak of a Chinese mother over the sufferings of her innocent children.



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.

One More Step

SR. ST. GREGORY OF NAZIANZ(1), M.I.C.

Like the self-respecting Nipponese ex-officer that he is, our good Doctor Nakayama has a rather rigid military bearing. Underneath this forbidding exterior, however, he hides a heart that hungers after beauty and is acutely sensitive to the welfare of ailing humanity.

When he first arrived here from the capital he greeted us with the following declaration of principles: "I would have you know that I am no pleasure seeker. After my patients have been taken care of to the very best of my ability, I intend to push ahead with my studies. I came here because I wish to establish familiar contacts with Catholics whom I have long learned to admire."

Some weeks after his arrival, a very serious case was brought to his attention at the clinic. He did all in his power to snatch the sick man from death but when it finally became evident that all human hope was lost, he turned to the Sister Nurse in charge. "Sister, I know that you Catholics can do something for this man's soul. He is now beyond any help from a medical point of view, so I entrust him to you knowing you will not fail to make his eternal happiness secure." When we later told him that his patient had been baptized, he seemed overjoyed.

At Christmas, Rev. Father Trahan, our pastor, asked the children to build an outside Crib for the Mission. When it came to painting lifesize figures on *beniita*, we were at a loss to know where to turn for an artist when it suddenly dawned upon us that Doctor Nakayama's hobby was painting. He was very clever with his brush but would he agree to undertake religious pictures? No harm done in making the proposal, we decided. He acquiesced with an alacrity that showed how pleased he was at our request. First, he set to work on the shepherds, then he made a tentative sketch of the Holy Child. As for Our Lady's picture, he took the greatest pains, working far into the night, discarding his models, elaborating others. Nothing short of perfection seemed to satisfy him, and he was as happy as a child when the Crib was finally set up for all to admire. Since then our Doctor artist has drawn several colored charts to help the teachers in their catechism classes; he asserts that nothing refreshes him more from his ordinary labors than to wield his brush especially in the painting of religious pictures.

No, Doctor Nakayama is not yet baptized a Catholic. What does he need to help him take the final step? A memento in your prayers, dear readers, when you say the Rosary or drop into Church for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Watch the pages of future Precursors to learn when and how your prayers have been heard.

1. Rita Martel, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Missionary Assignments



S. Candida de Jesus



S. Teresa de Jesus



S. St. Francis de Sales



S. St. John the Evangelist



S. Bernadette de B.



S. Marie Rachel



S. Sainte Blanche



S. St. Peter Chrysologus



S. Marie Adrien



S. Sainte O.



S. St. Michael the Archangel



S. Marguerite de Jesus



S. Claude de la Colombiere



S. Marie de Lourdes



S. Sainte Angelique



S. St. Felicitas



S. Marie Victoire



S. Sainte Alexandrine



S. St. Joseph de l'Esperance



S. St. Michael de la



S. St. Thérèse Marie



S. St. Jean d'Evreux



S. St. Vincent



S. St. Paul de France

s during the Marian Year



S. Jean Baptiste



S. Sainte Olive



S. Saint-Eustache



S. Gabriel des Trinités



S. Jean des Trinités



S. Madeleine Assomption



S. Saint-Espérance



S. Marie-Eliane



S. Blanche des Jeunes



S. Marie-Anne



S. Saint-Jérôme



S. Marie-Anne



S. Saint-Germain



S. Sainte-Alice



S. Imelda de la



S. Imelda de la



S. S. Rodriguez



S. Marie-Jeanne



S. Marie-Raymond



S. Pauline Marie



S. Marie des Eies



S. Anne-Marie



S. Sainte-Prospère



S. Lucien d'Amorim

Mission Assignments

During Mary's Year

Forty-six Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left for the mission field afar during Our Lady's glorious centenary year.

For HONGKONG: Sr. St. Jean Baptiste (Irene Pelland, West Glover, Vt.); Sr. St. John of the Eucharist (Jeanne Moquin, Eastman); Sr. St. Expedit (Marie Anne Rompre, St. Thecle); Sr. Marie Celine (Regina Beliveau, St. Paul of Chester); Sr. Blandine of Jesus (Blandine Simard, Roberval); Sr. St. Peter Chrysologus (Rita Bilodeau, St. Pierre Baptiste, Megantic).

For HAITI: Sr. Candide of Jesus (Candide Pellerin, St. Boniface, Quebec); Sr. Claire d'Assise (Claire Giroux, East Beauport); Sr. St. Francis of Borgia (Antonia Demers, Laprairie); Sr. Bernadette of Nevers (Denise Lamarche, l' Epiphanie); Sr. Marie Rachel, (Rachel Blanchette, St. Liboire); Sr. St. Blandine (Blandine Masse, St. Sylvere); Sr. Marie Adrienne (Aline Vincent, Montreal); Sr. St. Olive, (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David); Sr. Marie Ernest (Aline Nadeau, Quebec).

For JAPAN: Sr. St. Eustache (Lucile Prevost, St. Eustache); Sr. Gabriel of the Immaculate (Gabrielle Michaud, Plessisville); Sr. St. Angelique (Cecile Mathieu, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe, Beauce); Sr. St. Jerome (Therese Renaud, L'Orme, Loretteville); Sr. Marie Xaverio (Catherine Hongo, Tokyo).

For FORMOSA: Sr. Mary of the Assumption (Alice Larouche, Sweetsburg); Sr. Marie Xavier (Berthe Paradis, Tingwick); Sr. St. Germain (Imelda Laperriere, Pont Rouge); Sr. St. Alice (Jeanne Bastien, Montreal); Sr. Imelda of the Eucharist (Simonne Boisclair, Almaville).

For NYASSALAND: Sr. Mary of the Presentation (Berthe Surprenant, Swanton, Vt.); Sr. Marguerite of Jesus (Emilia Martin, St. Francois d'Assise, Bonaventure); Sr. Claude de la Colombiere (Suzanne Rinfret, Ottawa); Sr. Mary of Lourdes, (Irene Champagne, Montreal).

For RHODESIA: Sr. St. Alexandrine (Evelyn O'Neill, Quebec); Sr. Joseph de l'Esperance (Yvette Hervieux, Lanoraie); Sr. Imelda of Jesus (Adrienne Larouche, Nashua, N. H.); Sr. St. Rodrigue (Francoise Pageau, Quebec).

For MADAGASCAR: Sr. St. Felicite (Therese Leblanc, St. Sylvere); Sr. Marie Viateur (Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides).

For CUBA: Sr. Marie Jeanne (Jeanne Laramee, Montreal); Sr. Marie Raymond (Therese Langevin, Louiseville); Sr. Pauline Marie (Rita Leblanc, Jonquiere).

For the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: Sr. Stella Marie (Helene Fontaine, Charny); Sr. St. Jean d'Ephese (Lorette Moran, St. Boniface, Man.); Sr. St. Viator, (Aurore Lapointe, Montreal); Sr. St. Paul of Rome (Rhea Bigras, St. Dorothee); Sr. Ann Marie (Anne Marie Tessier, Ottawa); Sr. St. Praxede, (Therese Boutin, St. Marc of Figuary); Sr. Lucien d'Antioche (Lorraine Laflamme, Willimansett, Mass).

The Martyr of Futuna

by Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

Father Chanel had already said his Mass and recited his office. He was alone, having sent Brother Mary Nizier to a distant part of the island. Doubtless Musumusu knew of his companion's absence, which made it so easy for him to carry out his plans. "I entered the cabin," Filitika told afterwards, "but did not find the Father. I went to his garden and saw him there feeding his chickens. As soon as he noticed me he came towards me, saying, 'What do you want here?' I replied, 'Musumusu has been hurt, and I came to ask you to give me a little of your medicine water to cure his wound.' Then we went towards the house together."

A second conspirator now appeared, and demanded a stick which Father Chanel held in his hand. He gave it without a word. By this time Musumusu had reached the door, and Father Chanel went to him, asking, "Where did you come from?" "From Vele," Musumusu told him. "What do you mean by this visit?" the Father said next. "I came to get a remedy for my wound," his enemy replied. After a moment Father Chanel asked, "How were you hurt?" and Musumusu answered glibly, "I was beating down some coconuts, and one struck me as it fell." "Remain here, and I will look for a remedy," Father Chanel said.

He entered the house and went to his room to get something for Musumusu's wound. The men followed him closely. Presently he turned and saw that Filitika had seized a bundle of his clothing. "Why do you steal in my house?" he asked gently. Going into the adjoining room, he found all the conspirators there, greedily dividing his poor possessions.

Musumusu, made impatient by the delay and the cupidity of his associates, cried angrily, "Why are you so slow to kill this man?" Filitika then pushed Father Chanel violently, saying, "Strike quickly, and make an end of him!" A third man ran at him, brandishing a war-club. In his surprise, Father Chanel cried, "Do not do that! Do not do that!" and tried to parry the blow with his right arm. It shattered the arm which fell bleeding and helpless to his side, and he quickly stepped backward two or three paces. One of the murderers then struck him violently on the left temple and blood gushed from the wound. Father Chanel said softly several times, "It is well; it is well." His savage murderers afterwards testified that neither cry nor complaint passed his lips.

After he had received the blow in the temple, one of the butchers, armed with an iron-pointed lance, rushed furiously at him and struck him in the chest. The Father reeled backward and fell to the floor.

The man who had taken Father Chanel's stick from him had already hit him with it, and did so a second time, with a fury born of his hatred of the new religion. But the saint still lived. He was seated on the floor, with his head bowed and his shoulders leaning against a stack of bamboo sticks. He often wiped away the blood that poured over his face.

For a few moments the murderers forgot him in their eagerness to get possession of what little he owned. They took everything in the house. While his friends pillaged, Musumusu stamped back and forth, shouting angrily that some one must kill the Christian priest. The others, less bloodthirsty and delighted with their booty, paid no heed, but with their arms full ran from the house; and after a few moments, Musumusu seizing a hammer which had been left, fled in terror on the heels of his friends. Overtaking one of them, he told him several times that the missionary still lived and he must go back and finish what had been begun. Filitika had retraced his steps in the hope of finding more booty, and had got a little box and a hatchet. He was fleeing a second time, by an unfrequented path, when Musumusu saw him, and called to him. "Did we come to Poi to enrich ourselves?" he cried scornfully. Without hesitation Filitika joined him and they went back together.

At this moment one of the catechumens reached the village and ran to the missionaries' cabin. "The Father was still alive," he used to tell sorrowfully in after years. "He was sitting on the floor with blood pouring from his head and arm. I examined his wound, softly calling his name. He looked lovingly at me. 'Oh, they have murdered you!' I sobbed. 'Where is Maligi?' he asked. 'He is at Alofi,' I told him."

The prime minister was chief of Poi and had sufficient authority to have opposed Musumusu, and at need, to have called upon the men of the village for assistance. Learning that he was away from home, and knowing the powerlessness of the young catechist, despite his good will, Father Chanel renewed the sacrifice of his life. "For me death is a great good," he said.

By this time Musumusu had reached the house, and seeing him in the doorway, the catechumen cried angrily, "Why did you treat this poor priest so?" Musumusu's only answer was to say to his companion, "Let's throw him out of the house! He is one of the followers of the new religion." The catechumen turned again to his friend, and gently taking him by the arm helped him to his feet, intending to take him with him, if he could. "Leave me. I will remain here. Death is a joy to me," Father Chanel said faintly. The catechumen fled, then, through fear of Musumusu.

Neither Filitika, nor any of the other savages who had crept back being willing to give Father Chanel his death blow, Musumusu entered the cabin by the window of Brother Mary Nizier's room in which he found an axe. Seizing it, he ran at Father Chanel and struck him on the head with so much force that the blade entered his skull. The long, weary struggle of life was over; hunger and thirst and weakness, rebuffs and insults and disappointments, all had ended forever. The martyr's crown was won.

An instant afterward, though the sky was clear, a horrible crashing noise filled the air, and was followed by what sounded like a loud clap of thunder. The sky had darkened, as at an approaching storm, but it cleared after the thunder-clap. This marvel terrified the people of Poi, and the fleeing murderers, dropping their booty, dashed into the woods or fell to the ground, paralyzed with fear.

Before leaving the cabin, Musumusu, frightened though he was, tore the cassock from Father Chanel's body, and two other natives almost stripped it. As he rushed madly from the scene of his crime, Musumusu met Misa, not a catechumen but a lover of Father Chanel, who ran at him, armed with a lance and a war-club. "What have you done?" he shouted, in a fury. "Don't be angry!" Musumusu cried. "You

may have a share of the spoils ! Here is the wealth of your god !" And throwing him the blood-stained cassock, he fled precipitately.

After the flight of the murderers, the mother(1) of Pipisenga, one of the catechumens, went to Father Chanel's house, and with the help of two other women, washed the blood-stained body. One of them gently forced back into the skull a portion of the brain which had run out, and two of the king's daughters anointed his head with oil. The body was wrapped first in "tape"; then, in mats given by Niuliki's wife, one of his daughters, and two other women. It was buried but a few feet from the missionaries' cabin in a grave dug by the king himself with the help of Musumusu and some women(2).

The Christian priest was dead; his body had been buried; only his house remained, and it had been completely stripped. The savages levelled it to the ground to efface from the island the last traces of the new religion. Niuliki hacked to pieces the little organ whose music he had once loved; and afterwards served kava on the spot where the cabin had stood. Early the next morning his people hurried to Poi and carried away the wood of which the house had been built.

On his return from Alofi Maligi was heartbroken over what had occurred. He wept for hours beside the grave of his friend and lavished upon it the care which the Futunians were accustomed to give to the last resting places of those whom they had loved and revered. For four days he sprinkled it often with perfumed oil; and ten successive evenings covered it with mats and pieces of a kind of cloth much admired on the island. At every visit he shed tears and tore his face and breast with shells. If Father Chanel had been one of his closest relatives, he could not have done more.

In the hour of his death the martyr had been even more lonely than his Lord and Master. A few friends were close to Christ at the last, but Father Chanel had no one. Doubtless Brother Mary Nizier would have shared his suffering and his triumph had he been found in Poi. In a letter, written two days after the martyrdom, he said, "On the twenty-eighth of April, the day named for my return, I set forth towards Poi. An hour more and I would have mingled my blood with that of my guardian angel, my spiritual father, of him who was, after God, my all in Futuna! Alas, I was not worthy!

1. Although still a pagan, this good woman did what she could in gratitude for Father Chanel's kindness to her son. God rewarded her by showering many blessings upon her and her family. When Father Bataillon visited Futuna, in 1844, he presented her with some pieces of cloth, saying that he wished to thank her for having buried the martyr. "Ah, Your Lordship," the old woman answered humbly, "I did not bury him in beautiful stuff such as this. I had nothing but strips of tape." Tape is a coarse material made of the bark of the papyrus plant.

2. Father Chanel's cause was introduced by Pius IX, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1857. He was beatified on the seventeenth of November, 1889, by Leo XIII, and his feast set for April twenty-eighth, the anniversary of his glorious martyrdom.

(To be continued)

Who does not know that there is no surer or easier way than Mary for uniting all persons with Christ?

SAINT PIUS X

Davao's Gentle People

SR. JOSEPH OF THE HOLY FAMILY(1), M.I.C.

In area, Davao is said to be one of the world's largest cities. Those of its citizens who have traveled in America are fond of asserting with a touch of pride, "Why, New York city itself could be set right in the middle of Davao and there would still be plenty of space left all around." Although this may be literally true, the city is very sparsely inhabited. For instance the new dormitory, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall, built at a five-minute distance from Jones Monument, near the center of Davao, lies in the rustic surroundings of a cocoanut field with only a cow path in lieu of a stream-lined boulevard leading up to its main entrance.

Nevertheless, the city is rapidly growing thanks to the influx of thousands of immigrants from Cebu and Iloilo. Especially around the ports, nipa huts are apt to shoot up like mushrooms overnight, housing a colorful population of gentle, goodnatured, smiling people whom one can hardly help taking to one's heart. The flimsy houses on stilts may appear crude and uncomfortable to foreigners but to the Filipinos they are homes where hospitality and helpfulness reign supreme. A favorite saw around here seems to be, "Share with others in their needs and others will share with you." Perhaps such bighearted generosity may serve to explain why the Filipinos so seldom get rich. How could they be expected to do so while keeping open house for all their relatives and friends?

Missionary work cannot be very difficult among such people. If only there were enough priests and Sisters to go round! As things stand at present, there are only 8 or 10 pastors to minister to the needs of 80,000 parishioners. Every day I meet persons of goodwill who are only too happy to have me inquire, "Do you go to church on Sunday? Do you sometimes receive holy Communion?" Their frank and courteous answers show that religious ignorance, not malice, is at the bottom of their irregularities in the practice of their Faith. The great majority, often through no fault of its own, has had practically no religious education.

Since their arrival in this district, the Fathers of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary have done wonders for the apostolate. They are in charge of three large parishes in this city. At almost all hours of the day and night they may be found administering the Sacraments, rectifying illicit or invalid marriages, teaching catechism. What the faithful admire the most is their complete disinterestedness and their fatherly solicitude for their flock. The

1. Jeannette Delisle, Worcester, Mass.

number of practising Catholics has increased 80% since the Apostolic Prefecture of Davao was entrusted to the care of these missionaries in 1938.

Much still remains to be done especially among student youth. In 1953, we set in operation in Davao, a dormitory for the benefit of girls who swarm into the city from surrounding *barrios* to attend High School. Among these outside pupils, 60% board with friends or relatives; the remaining 40% rent small rooms where boys and girls often set up light housekeeping together to reduce expenses. You may easily imagine the moral ruin that follows in the wake of this promiscuous living. Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall has been erected with a view to provide a home for these girl students from the *barrios*. That is why it was built in the neighborhood of the City High School where more than 3,000 pupils are enrolled. Progress is slow as these young people are so very poor that even the minimum price of board we must request is still more than they can afford to pay. In the cheap lodgings they rent with friends, they have as only furniture their sleeping mat and their books as pillow.

LEGIONARIES ON RETREAT AT OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL HALL, DAVAO.





SR. JOSEPH OF THE HOLY FAMILY (JEANNETTE DELISLE, WORCESTER, MASS.)
WITH A FEW FILIPINO AIDES, SPLITTING COCOANUTS. OUR DAVAO CONVENT
WAS BUILT ON THE SITE OF A PLANTATION OF COCOANUT PALMS.

Still, we are very happy to record that thirty tardy First Communicants have been instructed here by the Sisters and that many among Seniors and Juniors have gradually been led back to the Church of their Baptism. A valuable help in these apostolic activities has been the organization of two Junior Praesidia of Legionaries of Mary among the girls attending Davao High. Every Saturday afternoon, from twenty to thirty Legionaries hold their weekly meeting at the Hall; their reports are very consoling. Bella, born an Aglipayan and baptized last October in the Catholic Church, courageously tore from the wall of the classroom during a class period a nude picture put up by one of the boy students with the tacit approval of the teacher. At first most of the boys present hooted her, but the Legionaries praised and encouraged their classmate for her brave action. These young ladies have decided that the most meritorious and fruitful part of their apostolate consists in bringing "naughty" boys to the Sisters. Here again, results achieved are very encouraging. To a companion who taunted him on his good behavior, Vicente who had sown plenty of wild oats replied, "I want to be good now that I have Jesus in my heart."

Home visitations is another arduous activity on our daily program. Hundreds of families have welcomed the visiting Sister under their roofs and have willingly co-operated with her in getting invalid or illicit marriages rectified, learning prayers and catechism, preparing to receive the sacraments. Some old folk have thus re-entered the Fold after fifty odd years of absence. Our pacific battle is directed primarily against religious ignorance which is the greatest obstacle we have to overcome in preserving the faith as well as in our efforts at expansion. Slowly, laboriously, we try to teach these people God's tremendous plan for them in time and in eternity.

Since the beginning of the year, seven closed retreats have been held within our convent walls for Legionaries of Mary, as well as for teachers and pupils from Mindanao College, Davao High, and several other schools. In quietness and in the healing power of physical and spiritual relaxation are found that sense of authority and peace without which any life is meaningless.

Religious instruction in Filipino schools being an extracurricular activity, some of the Sisters have volunteered to travel back and forth every day to give catechism classes to the pupils of Mindanao College. This affords them the consolation of solidifying the faith in weak and ignorant souls, and of making them well-instructed in ways of divine Wisdom. Many First Communions have thus been prepared and numerous lambs led home to the Good Shepherd. Although most of these young people have been baptized they hardly know more about God and their duties towards Him than downright pagans. But their docility and their eagerness to learn are heartening factors.

During this, the first year of its existence, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall, has not been able to attain its goal of providing a home for many girl students from the outside since only twelve at present enjoy the peace and security found within its walls. Still, we are filled with hope for the coming

year. Our few boarders have left for their holidays determined to bring back with them numerous companions from their *barrios* when school opens again. St. Joseph is being importuned to turn the cow path leading to our door, into a broad, smooth road that will add to the facilities for those who have to travel to and from the city every day. In one of my next letters, I will doubtless have the satisfaction of telling you that our Hall is bursting at the seams with groups of girls happy to live in a house dedicated to Nuestra Senora so dear to the hearts of the Filipinos.

LETTER FROM HAITI

DEAR CANADIAN FRIENDS,

Knowing your love for the Mother of God and your great-hearted generosity, I make bold to send you this appeal in favor of my dear Haitian people.

Visiting the poor as a Legionary of Mary, I have often come face to face with the spiritual and moral distress of many who have been deprived of all religious formation.

Today, how would you like accompanying me to *Morne de Feu*, on the outskirts of the city of Cap Haitien? Nestling there, in the green lap of the hillside, we find a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Therese of the Child Jesus and in its neighborhood a cluster of thatch-roofed huts. That is the portion of the Lord's vineyard assigned me as my field of apostolate. These people although poor as the world goes are rich in sympathy and good will but, for too many years their religious education has been sadly neglected because of the dearth of apostolic laborers.

Every time the Legionaries visit them they are assailed with requests for "ti medaille," "ti chapelets," "bagaille bon Dié" (medals, rosaries, religious objects).

How happy I would be to satisfy these demands and thus to introduce Our Lady into every humble home, but I am powerless to do so unless you come to my assistance. Will you not donate a few dozens of rosaries, or some medals, or holy pictures of Mary to *Morne de Feu*? In return, together with the members of my praesidium, I promise to offer fervent prayers and sacrifices for your intentions.

JOSETTE LIAUTAUD

President of the Legion of Mary



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The History of PADADA

SR. GENEVIEVE OF NANTERRE(1), M.I.C.

Can Padada, one of the youngest cities on the map, boast of having a history? Indeed it can - a history through whose warp and woof runs the golden thread of God's providential designs. Under the Japanese occupation only cocoanut palms grew in serried ranks all over the fertile valley; but when peace returned to the Islands, a wave of immigrants flooded the abandoned estate, and *barrios* began to spring up everywhere. Soon, the seventy thousand inhabitants were divided into three municipalities.

Hardly had they solved their civil problems that these *Cebuans* reputed as the most fervent Catholics in the Philippines, approached the Apostolic Administrator of Davao with a request for a few *Padres* to attend to their spiritual needs. Because of the pitiful shortage of priests, Msgr. Thibault saw himself in the obligation of erecting only one parish for these three municipal divisions, assigning the devoted Rev. Paul Gravel, p.m.e. as pastor. When, a short while after his arrival among his new parishioners, he was presented by the Mayor of Padada with a large tract of land right in the heart of the city, he decided to act upon this offer and waste no time in making more grandiose projects. What mattered most was to have a place of wor-

1. Genevieve St. Pierre, Montreal.

ship ready as soon as possible as well as a school where the young generation could be trained in science and virtue. Father Gravel accordingly proposed a building bee. Less than three weeks later a simple, makeshift chapel with cement flooring, unpainted walls, and a tin roof was completed. The people felt very happy over this fruit of their labors. At least, they would have a place where the Blessed Sacrament could be housed and where they could come in all their spiritual needs.

The divinely appointed mission of the Church is to teach all nations and all ages. After the church where he adores God is there any place of greater importance to the Catholic than the school where he is taught about Him? The pastor of Padada began to dream wonderful dreams of a Catholic High School. Already, sixteen grammar schools had been established by municipal authorities, but as there was not one single establishment where the higher grades could be taught, the young who wished to continue their studies had to go elsewhere. Rev. Paul Gravel sent an urgent request for help to the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and received a favorable answer. Padada would have its own Catholic High School.

On January 4, Sr. Clare of the Eucharist⁽¹⁾, named Superior of the new mission, left Mati to contact architects and engineers in Davao. Some weeks later, with Sr. Joseph Arthur⁽²⁾ as companion, she arrived in Padada where she rented a small nipa hut so as to be on hand to oversee the building of the academy. Day by day against the azure of the skies and the green of palm fronds, rose the silhouette of the eagerly desired edifice. Meantime, steps were taken to obtain the government permit. Padada may have wanted its High School in a hurry, but Manila did not appear disposed to handle the matter with any celerity. Miles of red tape had to be gone through but the Sisters refused to be discouraged although the weeks lengthened into months and still the official papers were not forthcoming.

As the buildings were completed by the end of May, we decided on inviting Msgr. Clovis Thibault for the solemn blessing of the house hoping against all hope that the precious authorization would arrive on time. On the last Sunday of May, the academy in its shining newness enhanced by sheafs of flowers and blue and white bunting awaited its formal inauguration under the name of St. Michael's Academy.

Conversation at the dinner table was quite animated on that particular Sunday. Various surmises were being made regarding the granting of the permit when the door bell rang violently and Sister Superior was told that there were visitors to see her. Had our prayers been granted? We were not to be long kept in suspense for joyful exclamations echoed from the parlor and soon we could read with our own eyes the long awaited telegram authorizing the establishment of a High School in Padada. When Davao's Apostolic Administrator arrived a few moments later, he was just as overjoyed as we were over the good news. At 3 p. m., the inauguration ceremony

1. Claire Fontaine, Quebec.

2. Laura Therien, St. Leonard d'Aston.

was formally opened with the blessing of our chapel by Msgr. Clovis Thibault. Were present: the Presentation Sisters from Torril, the Dominican Sisters of the Holy Child from Davao, members of the Filipino sisterhood of the Virgin Mary of Degos, and our own Sisters from Mati and Davao. From the chapel, the procession made its way down to the main portico barred by a symbolical blue and white ribbon. Outside stood a group of friends and benefactors. Padada's first lady and Mrs. Mosquida cut the flimsy barrier, while the respective Presidents of the Legion of Mary and of the Catholic Action units threw the front door wide open. Followed by a cortege of missionaries and faithful, our First Pastor then proceeded to bless the campus, the final blessing to be bestowed that day falling on the bell which received the name of Immaculata. Allocutions were delivered in the school auditorium by the Mayors of Padada and Malagag, His Honor Judge Mosquida, and the President of Catholic Action all expressing wishes of long life and prosperity to the new educational venture. In a stirring discourse, Msgr. Clovis Thibault in turn underlined the vital importance of the Catholic school in the life of a parish. Sister Superior then rose to thank all who had so generously co-operated in bringing about the realization of the cherished project assuring them that at St. Michael's Academy, the children of Padada would be trained in ways of virile piety and unswerving loyalty. Before leaving, our guests were invited to sign their names in the Golden Book and to visit the premises.

On June 14, 360 names are registered on the roster of St. Michael's High School. This means that already our classrooms are filled to overflowing. May Our Lady bless this Work inaugurated during her own centenary Year and may she grant that it bear fruit unto the eternal years.

Dear St. Michael, glorious knight of the heavenly armies, deign to bless the house so trustfully committed to your vigilance.

ADVENT

The four weeks of our Advent are symbolic of the 4,000 years that preceded the great Coming. During this time of the year the Church in her liturgy recalls the great prophecies concerning the coming of the Messiah and puts on her lips the prayers and aspirations begging for the coming of the Messiah, or the great Saints of the Old Law. To their prayers She adds Her own; and in Her Office She uses the Beautiful "O" Antiphons "O Wisdom, come and teach us the way of prudence." "O Adonai and leader of the house of Israel, come and redeem us by Thy outstretched arm." "O Root of Jesse, before whom Kings shall not open their lips; to whom the nations shall pray; come and deliver us; tarry now no more." "O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel, come and lead the captive from prison." "O Orient, Splendor of Eternal Light and Sun of Justice, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death," "O King of Nations and their Desired One, come and save man whom thou hast formed out of slime." "O Emmanuel our King and Law Giver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations come and save us, O Lord our God."



TOKYO, JAPAN

RAYS of Japanese Sunshine

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

Those who have lived in Tokyo for some time, know the rapture of waking up on a fine spring morning to the miracle of a sparkling golden atmosphere filled with clouds of the most delicate pink. As the rising sun chases away the last remnants of shadowy mists from hill and grove, the somber green of pines and cryptomerias serves as a foil to the pastel shades of the cherry blossoms adding to the witchery of the capital's exotic beauty.

One day in May as I stepped outside after breakfast, I felt captivated by the unusual radiance that seemed to hover about the fine old landscape garden surrounding our Japanese convent. Even the song of the *uguisu* (Japanese nightingale) thrilled with an unusually exultant note. Was I just imagining things or was this a premonition of some happy event to come?

Suddenly, I was jolted out of my day dreams by the crunching sound of *geta* (clogs) along the graveled path. Sukegawa San, one of our devoted helpers was coming up to the house. As soon as she saw me she hurried

1. Francoise Lacoursiere, Three Rivers.

forward. Gone was her habitual composure; she even forgot to bow the customary number of times and blurted out, "Hurry, please! My mother-in-law has had a stroke and I want you to baptize her before she dies." Although a non-Christian, this young woman shows a deep interest in things Catholic. Very assiduous in adorning Our Lady's shrine with flowers from her own garden plot, she often joins the Sisters in the recitation of the Rosary. When she first heard about baptism and its supernatural effects she exclaimed, "What a wonderful blessing to have the sins of one's whole life wiped out in a moment!" Now that her "honorable mother" was showing signs of leaving for the Valley of the Shadow, she no doubt wished to show her filial piety in the most adequate manner by procuring for her this priceless boon.

When we reached Sukegawa San's home, we found that the seventy-year-old patient had lapsed into unconsciousness. This complicated matters as no preliminary instruction had been given and the dying woman had never expressly asked for Baptism; but on the other hand she had never showed any hostility to our holy Faith. Still we decided it would be safer to consult, so we hurried back to the mission and laid the case before our pastor who advised us to baptize her under condition.

SR. GABRIEL LALEMANT (FRANCES LACOURSIERE, THREE RIVERS, P.Q.)
AND SUKAGAWA SAN.



My hand trembled with emotion as I poured the saving waters over the wrinkled forehead of the still unconscious woman. Around her squatted numerous relatives and friends curiously watching my every move. "How happy she looks," remarked one of those present, as a mysterious serenity settled over the haggard features. "Honorable Mother" now seemed to smile, a peaceful, contented smile. Had she not every reason to do so? In the twinkling of an eye she had exchanged the drab walls of her miserable earthly dwelling for the glittering portals of Paradise. Kneeling beside her mortal remains I intoned Mary's paean of gratitude, *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*. Is there here below a joy that can suffer comparison with that of co-operating with the Savior in bringing about the salvation of souls?

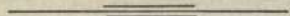
Dear "Honorable Mother," from heavenly mansions above, do remember those who still sit in the darkness of unbelief. Obtain that every member of your family may follow you home to heaven. Plead for your beloved country that the true Rising Sun may soon dispel the shadowy gloom that still enshrouds its people.



The Church in Japan

The Catholic population of Japan has risen from 171,785 in 1952 to 185,284 in 1953, according to official statistics released by the Apostolic Internunciature in Tokyo. Not included in these figures are 24,359 Catechumens who are receiving instructions. Adult converts for the year covered by the statistics numbered 10,669. The number of priests engaged in the Japanese mission increased by 75 during the same year: 25 Japanese and 50 foreign. The total mission personnel consists of 1,048 priests, of whom 233 are Japanese, 191 Japanese brothers, 143 foreign, 2,037 Japanese sisters and 917 foreign.

In Osaka 2,015 adults received the Sacrament of Baptism, Tokyo, 11,525, Kyoto 1,275, Yokohama 964 and Hiroshima 904.



Each mission departure from the Motherhouse is equivalent to a blood transfusion to the missions. Not only is the missionary sister a teacher, nurse or catechist. How often has she been courage to the despondent as in Japan, health to teeming, suffering crowds in India, the opener of heaven's gate to Africans, or a guide unveiling the peace of higher morality to deluded girls. This is only a small phase of the missionary work sister may meet in a day. Someone makes sister's selfless work possible. Perhaps it is you. If so, thank you from the bottom of our hearts. You have prayed and sacrificed that souls might accept the grace given them through the missionary sister. You have given what you could materially to help the spread of Christ's kingdom. Yes, you have made it possible for sister to go to the mission fields seeking souls. And as Christ promised thrones to His Apostles, so also He will give you an undreamt of reward for being the missionary's support.

"The Master's Work," Illinois

Marian Manifestation in Katete



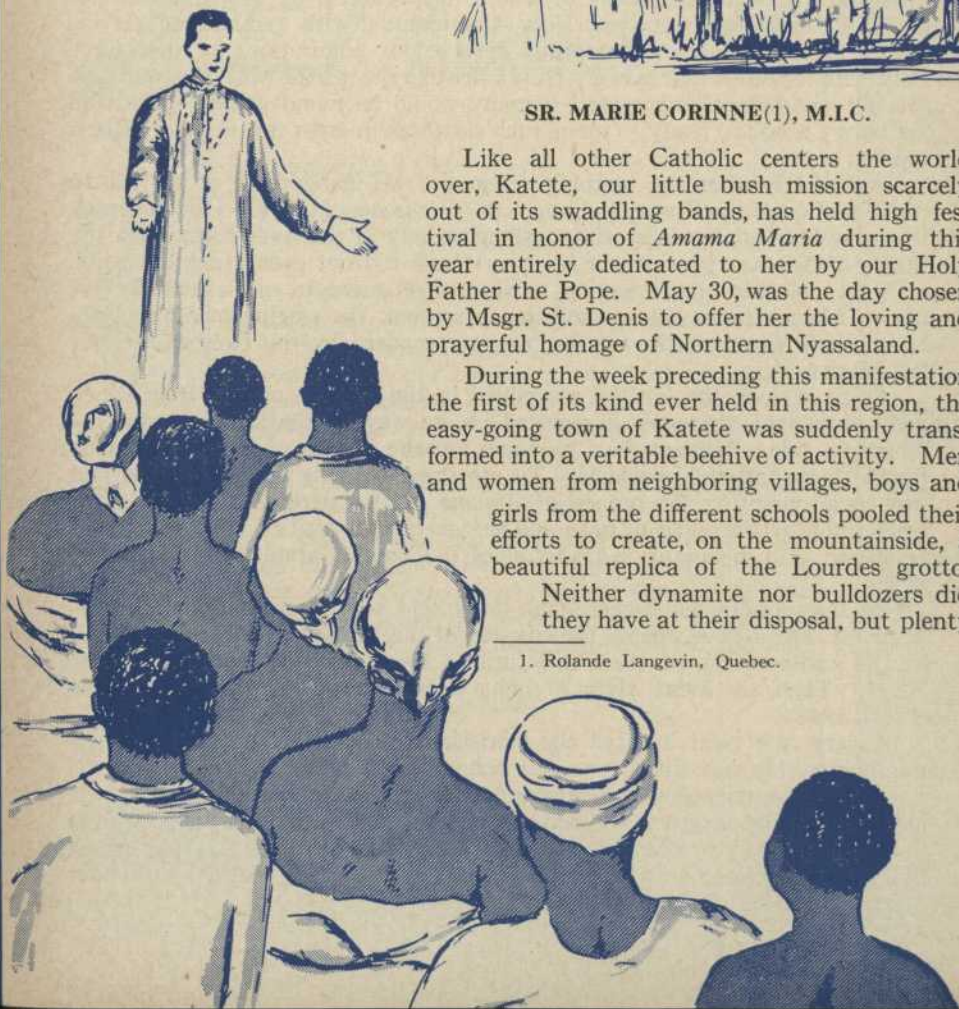
SR. MARIE CORINNE(1), M.I.C.

Like all other Catholic centers the world over, Katete, our little bush mission scarcely out of its swaddling bands, has held high festival in honor of *Amama Maria* during this year entirely dedicated to her by our Holy Father the Pope. May 30, was the day chosen by Msgr. St. Denis to offer her the loving and prayerful homage of Northern Nyassaland.

During the week preceding this manifestation the first of its kind ever held in this region, the easy-going town of Katete was suddenly transformed into a veritable beehive of activity. Men and women from neighboring villages, boys and girls from the different schools pooled their efforts to create, on the mountainside, a beautiful replica of the Lourdes grotto.

Neither dynamite nor bulldozers did they have at their disposal, but plenty

1. Rolande Langevin, Quebec.



of brawn and heaps of good will, with which they uprooted trees, rolled back useless chunks of rock, leveled a spacious piece of ground, and even traced a road leading from the mission church straight up the wooded slopes.

From a radius of over sixty miles, five thousand Catholics, Protestants, and even pagans marched on Katete, to take part in the religious festivities of May 30. Msgr. St. Denis offered Pontifical High Mass at the altar built by the side of the outdoor shrine. One of the times I have most lamented the fact of not having been vouchsafed the gift of tongues was when, during Mass, a missionary White Father exalted the glories of our Immaculate Queen in Citumbuka.

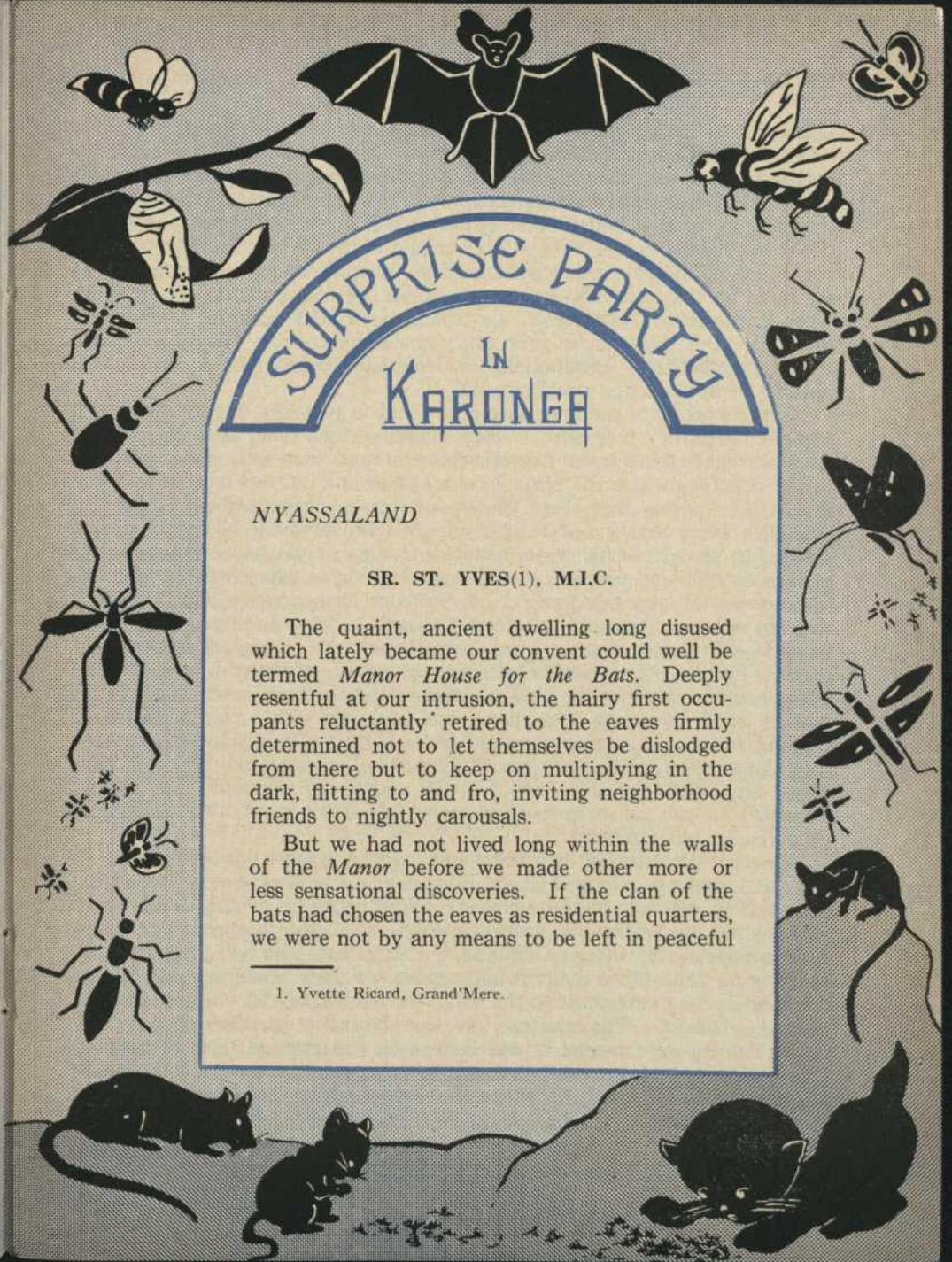
Hundreds of Blacks, some of whom had covered, on foot and fasting, incredible distances, received Holy Communion with remarkable fervor. Really these Catholics of yesterday deserve our admiration, for they have fully comprehended that in every truly Christian life it is the Mass that matters. I could not help asking myself if many would be found among those who are born Catholics, ready to make such sacrifices in order not to miss a Communion...

Immediately after the morning ceremony, was inaugurated at the grotto the recitation of the Rosary by groups of parishioners in turn. How touching it was to hear all day long, the soothing melody of the Aves rising from the hearts of Africans who only a few years back did not even know the name of Mary, Mother of the Savior, mother of all men! In mid-afternoon was held a Marian hour which comprised a sermon, the singing of appropriate hymns, and the recitation of the prayer composed by the Holy Father for the Marian Year.

At six o'clock the faithful assembled in the Mission church from which the candle-light procession proceeded on its way to the sanctuary on the mountain side. Neither the Christians nor the pagans of Katete will soon forget this wonderful spectacle. To me these swaying masses of men and women all chanting the praises of *Amama Maria*, were as a flaming challenge flung by the spirit of faith and prayer to the spirit of unbelief and superstition still hemming in on all sides this small Catholic clearing in the bush.

On the mountainside where Our Lady held court from her rocky niche, Msgr. St. Denis gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament climaxed by the consecration of the Prefecture of Nyassaland to her Immaculate Heart. Then, the living river of light slowly wound its way back to the church below.

A very rare treat awaited the Christians after the procession. Movies! For many, this was their very first acquaintance with the wonders of the screen. What they saw will no doubt defray the conversations under the banyan trees or about the village water-holes for weeks and even months to come. May every one of those who were privileged to attend this glorious Marian celebration, grow in the love and imitation of Mary, Queen and Mother of all peoples and nations under the sun.



SURPRISE PARTY IN KARONGA

NYASSALAND

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

The quaint, ancient dwelling long disused which lately became our convent could well be termed *Manor House for the Bats*. Deeply resentful at our intrusion, the hairy first occupants reluctantly retired to the eaves firmly determined not to let themselves be dislodged from there but to keep on multiplying in the dark, flitting to and fro, inviting neighborhood friends to nightly carousals.

But we had not lived long within the walls of the *Manor* before we made other more or less sensational discoveries. If the clan of the bats had chosen the eaves as residential quarters, we were not by any means to be left in peaceful

1. Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere.

possession of the ground floor. Whole tribes of big fat rats with voracious appetites, and entire families of nimble mice scampered in from nowhere and proceeded to curiously investigate the contents of our cupboards and cases. Of a much more arrogant character than the bats, they refuse to be intimidated by any amount of traps or poison set in their way. If only I could lay hands on the *Pied Piper's* magic flute! When the rainy season came around, hosts of chiggers, ticks, fleas, scorpions, and vulgar mosquitoes appeared on the scene also intent on plunder. But the climax was reached when at the peak of the season, thousands of termites began to overrun the premises. Out they poured from every crack and crevice. Woe to the case they succeeded into invading, for in less than twenty-four hours almost nothing of its contents would subsist!

In the evening of the first Easter we spent in Karonga, the ants staged a surprise party for our benefit. When the supper bell rang, as it was already dark we lighted the lamp (no electricity around here yet) and proceeded to the refectory where the Sister in charge had laid out our modest feastday fare. But — what was this? Under our feet, a shifting carpet seemed to spread, a weird carpet woven of hundreds upon hundreds of bristling ants. Gathering up our skirts, we crunched our way to the supper table where squadrons of flying termites had preceded us. We felt somewhat like the Three Bears of fairy tale fame . . . "Someone has eaten my soup!" Indeed and not only our soup but our dessert as well. Pray, do not for a moment imagine dainty, microscopic black ants; those who presented us with this surprise Easter party measured at least one inch in length and were of a rich auburn color. Most of the kind which carpeted the floor, brandished sizable pincers, while the flying ones above were equipped with a pair of awkward, rustling wings. They also appeared to be blind for they slapped us in the face, knocked against the teapot, piled head-on into our teacups. Our Easter appetite none the worse for this undesirable company, we bravely struggled to salvage at least a few mouthfuls of the good things Sister had prepared for our intention.

We were commenting over the comical appearance of our refectory when the bats suddenly swooped down from above executing one of their first class ballets, whirling about our heads, flying up to the ceiling, diving down again, knocking against us, nearly upsetting the lamp in their wild lunges. As if stricken with collective hysteria, our three cats who had been methodically eating their fill of the crawling ants below, now began to jump up and down excitedly giving chase to the bats. A real Mickey Mouse presentation, Karonga fashion! The epilogue to this fantastic surprise party? Our native helpers were invited in and permission was granted them to catch as many juicy insects as they wished, the Africans being as fond as fond can be of such delicious tidbits with which they season their *sima* (corn mush).

To close the day in a worthy manner, we went out for a walk by the shores of the beautiful Lake Nyassa and there we set off some firecrackers sent from Canada. Our aides were astounded at such small packages emitting

such loud bangs and pretty lights. Far away on the horizon, the moon rose like a radiantly beautiful princess shaking out the folds of her silver-spangled draperies over the waters of the lake. The enchanting beauty of the scene made us forget our bouts with the red ants, and with all our hearts we sang the glory of their Creator.



Communist Loss of Face

After the decree of October 7, 1951, Andree, a member of the Legion of Mary, was summoned to Police Headquarters and ordered to sign a document incriminating this organization.

She first had to listen to a formal speech given against the Legion accused of abetting American spying systems, of sabotaging in the Korean War, etc... Then the policeman expatiated on the cruelties said to be committed in Catholic Orphanages especially at the orphanage of X. Andree's face, until now impassive, suddenly glowed with animated interest. The agent concluded that he had hit the right spot, so with rising enthusiasm he continued to describe the horrible conditions found to exist in the establishment. The Sisters beat the orphans, allowed them to die of hunger, buried them alive... "What do you think of all this?" he abruptly asked the young girl, but she seemed intent on some bright ideas of her own. "May I first ask a few questions?"

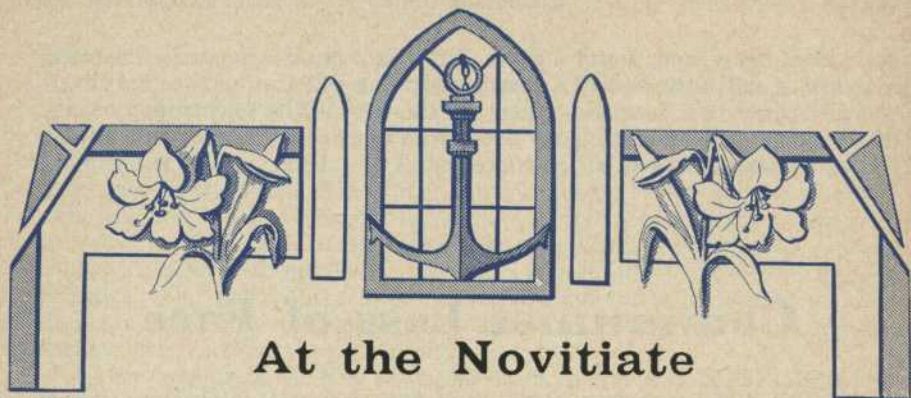
"Certainly, Miss."

"What do you say to my looks? I am quite sturdy for my seventeen years, don't you think?"

"Why, I must say you look strong," replied the nonplussed agent.

Andree went on, "And my coat... It's rather a good fit is it not?"

"It is..." answered the policeman wondering what was coming next. The young girl insisted: "I speak Chinese rather fluently, you'll admit..." Andree was born of a Chinese mother and of a European father, but the man could not deny that her Chinese was as perfect as his. "I can also speak French and English," she added, with a gleam of malice in her brown eyes. "And now, let me tell you to whom I owe all these advantages. When I was still a baby, my mother too poor to take care of me, brought me to the orphanage you just mentioned. There I grew up to be strong and healthy thanks to the motherly care lavished on me by the Sisters. They gave me the clothes I am now wearing; they taught me to speak Chinese. I owe them so much gratitude that I never miss an opportunity of showing them my appreciation for all they did for me. You surely picked up the wrong person to talk about the Sisters persecuting the orphans." For once at a loss to find an answer, the Red agent thought it better to postpone Andree's reeducation along Communist lines.



At the Novitiate

Ceremony of Clothing and of Perpetual Vows

AUGUST 5, 1954

Under the presidency of His Excellency the Most Rev. C. Chaumont, twelve postulants were privileged to don the liveries of Mary Immaculate:

Miss Laurette Pelletier, St Roch des Aulnaies (Sr. Mary of the Visitation); Miss Denise Cousineau, Ville Emard (Sr. Francis of Geneva); Miss Clairette Ouellette, Montreal (Sr. Clare of the Immaculate); Miss Marie Anne Piette, Berthierville (Sr. Delia of Jesus); Miss Marielle Patenaude, Montreal (Sr. Peter Chanel); Miss Andrée Dupuis, Westmount (Sr. St. Roger); Miss Clemence Trudel, Amos ((Sr. Clemence Marie); Miss Claire d'Assise Caron, Tourville (Sr. Jean Maxime); Miss Monique Allard, Aylmer East (Sr. Marie Monica); Miss Rose Aimée Bergeron, St. Sophie Megantic (Sr. Rose Aimée); Miss Constance T. Dupont, Spencer, Mass. (Sr. Francis Edmund); Miss Gisele Morin, St. Felix of Kingsey (Sr. St. Yvonne.)

Seven Junior professed Sisters made their perpetual vows: Sr. St. Victoire (Huguette Proulx, St. Joseph du Lac); Sr. St. Rodrigue, (Francoise Pageau, Quebec); Sr. Gerard Majella (Berthe Laporte, Charlemagne); Sr. Marie Viateur (Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides); Sr. Teresa Marie (Therese Fong, Canton, Chine); Sr. St. Pascal Baylon (Therese Deziel, Montreal); Sr. St. Georgette (Georgette Barrette, Montreal).

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. L. F. Fontaine, **Fugereville**; Mrs. A. Quenneville, **Montreal**, sister of Mother Mary of the Providence; Mrs. J. N. Beaudoin, **Three Rivers**, mother of our Sisters St. Philippe and St. Ursule; Mrs. Joseph F. Houle, **Arthabaska**, mother of our Sister St. Christophe; Mr. Leonce Pelletier, **St. Louise de l'Islet**, father of our Sister Eustelle du St. Sacrement; Mr. Claude Rinfret, **Ottawa**, father of our Sister Claude de la Colombiere; Mrs. Alfred Pouliot, **St. Philemon de Bellechasse**, mother of our Sr. St. Robert Bellarmin; Mrs. Auguste Dandurand, **Coteau du Lac**, mother of our Sister St. Francoise; Mr. Aw Boon-Haw, **Hongkong**; Mr. John Bermingham, **Verdun**; Mr. R. J. Mollitt, Mrs. E. Collins, **Montreal**; Mrs. P. Vallee, **Lowell, Mass**; Mr. Joseph Pelletier, **Peribonca**; Mr. Napoleon Cote, **Edmunston, N.B.**; Mrs. Mckuth, **New Jersey**; Mr. Telesphore Cote, **Cambridge, Mass.**; Mr. Charles P. Berard, **Biddefox, Me.**; Mrs. Marie L. Bellemare, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Jules de Repentigny, **Mont Rolland**; Mrs. Jos. Richer, Mrs. Joseph Lahaye, Mr. Rene Gelinas. Mrs. Jean Paul Villeneuve, Mrs. Delphine Girard, Mrs. F. Caron, Mr. Ephrem Lariviere, Mrs. Auguste Vinson, Mr. Thibault, Mrs. Joseph

Boucher, Mrs. Joseph Contant, Mrs. Albert Bourassa, Mrs. Aln. Therrien, Mrs. Mary Trainor, Mrs. Armand Meunier, Mrs. Victor Guertin, Mrs. R. Depatie, Mrs. J. A. Bussiere, Mr. Albert Quintal, **Montreal**; Mr. Arthur Noel, Mrs. A. Marleau, Mr. Emile David, Mrs. Octave Duquette, Mrs. A. Galarneau, **Pointe Sainte Charles**; Mrs. Hilaire Mainville, **Cartierville**; Mr. Joseph Lefebvre, **Rosemont**; Mr. Paul Cloutier, Mr. Philias Loisel, **Montreal Sud.**; Mr. Simeon Bertrand, **Longueuil**; Mrs. Norbert Valiquette, **St. Dorothee**; Mrs. Palardy, Mrs. Yvon Groulx, Mrs. Josephine Lapierre, **Ville Jacques Cartier**; Mr. Nelson Leblanc, **Greenfield Park**; Mr. Ronaldo Perron, Mr. Gilles Perron, **St. Maxime**; Mr. Zephirin Pare, **Valleyfield**; Mrs. Marcel Desrochers, **St. Elisabeth**; Mr. Victor Lavallee, Mrs. Thomas Barthe, Mrs. Ls. Joseph Houle, Mrs. Severe Lasalle, Mr. J. Medard Lafortune, **Joliette**; Mr. Gaudiose Cambray, Mr. Roch Pouliot, **Quebec**; Mr. Philippe Bherer, **Beauport**; Mrs. Joseph Routhier, **Thetford Mines**; Mrs. Hilaire Beaulieu, **St. Damien**; Mrs. Joseph Roy, **St. Benoit Labre**; Mrs. Lucien Labonte, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Edmond Paradis, **Portneuf Village**; Mr. Theodore Fortier, **Plessisville**; Mrs. Paul St. Laurent, **St. Onesime**; Mrs. Alfred Grondin, **St. Anne de la Pocatiere**; Mrs. Thaddee Bouchard, Mrs. Henri Dufour, **Ile aux Coudres**; Mr. L. H. Levesque, Mrs. Wellie Pothier, Mr. Donat Chouinard, Mr. Stanislas Lapierre, Mr. Alfred Beaudoin, Mr. Joseph Northon, **Kenogami**; Mr. Michel Belley, Mr. Omer Belley, Mrs. J. Tremblay, **Jonquiere**; Mr. Elzear Tremblay, **St. Gedeon**; Mr. Solomon Beaulieu, **Edmundston, N. B.**

If I am a devoted servant of Mary, I am sure of reaching Paradise.
ST. ALPHONSUS

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q.
Novitiate, Pont Viau, Montreal 9, P. Q.
Outremont, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8, P. Q.

Chinese Hospital,
112 Lagauchetiere St. W.,
Montreal 1, P. Q.

Nominingue, Labelle County, P.Q.

Rimouski, P. Q.

Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.

Quebec, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.

Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,
236 Campbell Street.

Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.

Three Rivers, 466 Bonaventure Street.

Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.

Granby, 279 Main Street.

Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.

St. Marie, Beauce County, P.Q.

St. Johns, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

Kowloon, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.
Kowloon, Our Lady of Protection,
125 Waterloo Road, Kowloon.

FORMOSA

Kuanhsi, Hsinchu, Hsien, Taiwan,
Formosa.

JAPAN

Koriyama, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
Wakamatsu, 480 sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu.
Tokyo, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,
Setagaya ku.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, 1111 Narra Street.
Manila, Gagalangin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo.
Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao Province.
Davao City.
Padada, Davao Province.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti.
Les Coteaux, Haiti.
Roche-a-Bateau, Haiti.
Port Salut, Haiti.
Camp Perrin, Haiti.
Mirebalais, Haiti.
Limbe, Haiti.
Cap Haitien, Haiti.
Chantal, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete River, P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Mzambazi Mission, Kafukule, P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Njakwa P. O.,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
Karonga Mission, Karonga P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Kaseye Mission, Fort Hill P. O.,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
Vua Mission, Deep Bay, P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Nkata Bay Mission, Nkata Bay P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Fort Jameson, P. O. Box 106,
Northern Rhodesia, B. C. Africa.

MADAGASCAR

Morondava, Madagascar.

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.