

THE PRECURSOR

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The Precursor

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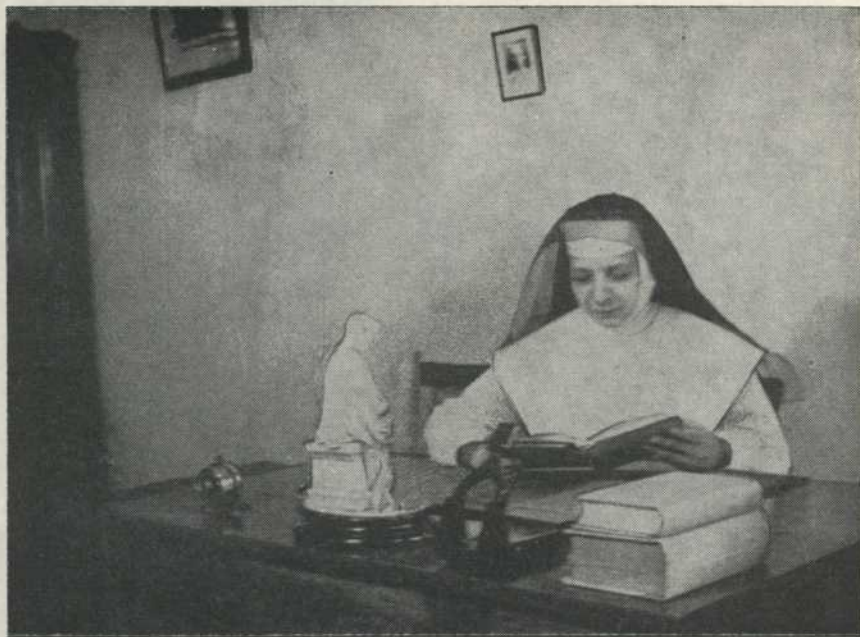
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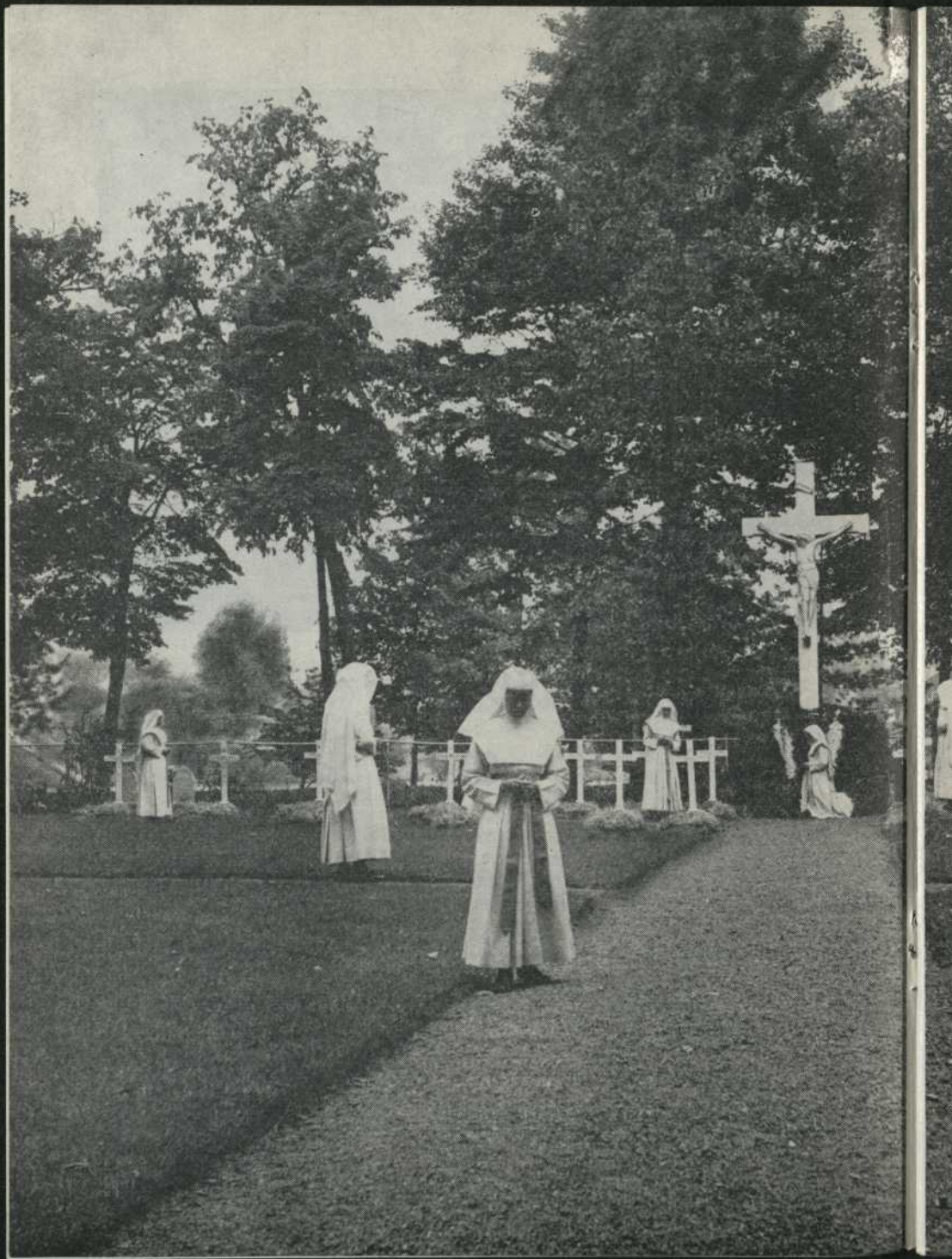


The Passing of a Pioneer

On February 10, 1956, passed away at Mary of the Holy Spirit Hermitage, Pont Viau, our beloved Sister Saint John Francis Regis whom generations of Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception acknowledge as their mother in the religious life. Mistress of novices during twenty-three years, she was one of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit's staunchest helpers in the spiritual structure of her young Society.

It was in 1911 that, acting upon the advice of Reverend Joseph La-

lande, S.J., Miss Albertine Graton applied for admission to our novitiate. The Society was then only ten years old. Mother Foundress at once recognized a genuine vocation in this young girl who, for some time, had been hesitating between a deep attraction for the cloistered life of Carmel and an insistent call to the foreign mission apostolate. Slight and intense, of a dark complexion, with a frank penetrating look in her grey eyes that could and did at times light up with earnest sympathy, Miss





Graton possessed the full energies of a strong personality. She was clear-headed, tactful and firm, apt at considering a problem from every angle and prompt at solving it efficiently; strongly courageous, staunchly loyal, deeply devout, and boundlessly zealous. Such was the rich dower of spiritual and intellectual gifts which she brought to her religious family. Truly, the Lord presented Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit with a daughter after her own heart when He sent her this spirited little postulant on October 30, 1911.

Sister Saint John Francis Regis enjoyed the privilege of being trained in her noviceship by our sainted Foundress herself. Professed in 1914, she spent the following year teaching at a school in St. Bruno, Chambly, then conducted by our Sisters. Straightway, she revealed herself a born teacher. In 1916, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit appointed her directress of the Novitiate which she had recently transferred to Nominigüe.

Trained in a school of high sanctity, the new Mistress strove to imprint upon the hearts of her novices the virtues which should characterize a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception according to the spirit of their founding Mother. She wanted them to be valiant women who could be relied upon absolutely, at all times, everywhere. Although she was scarcely older than her novices at the time, she inspired them with affectionate respect despite her austere direction. They felt that her

For the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, God's Acre adjoins the Novitiate

use of the pruning shears was motivated solely by her desire of setting in full bloom their beautiful but difficult vocation as missionary nuns. On the other hand she taught them to serve God with cheerful courage. She herself was the life and soul of community bees, recreations, or excursions. She looked upon the novices' uncontrollable fits of laughter with whimsical indulgence. Singleness of purpose she urged in the striving after perfection. She taught the Sisters to go straight to God as Our Lady did during her life here below by the common road of humble fidelity to daily duties. Extraordinary means of perfection were never to her liking. The Blessed Mother was the perfect model her filial devotion constantly offered to their imitation. With what eloquence she extolled the beauties of the True Devotion according to Saint Louis Montfort, and how thoroughly she explained its advantages! This moral picture of Sister Saint John Francis Regis would be incomplete if we omitted to mention that a considerate kindness always tempered the severity of her character. Only two things found this strong Mother inflexible — sham and dissimulation.

For a period of over twenty years Sister Saint John Francis Regis disappeared as it were in the edifice of our Society like the cement that holds the bricks together and without which a building could not subsist. In January 1939, another kind of service was required of her. At the bidding of the General Chapter she left the novitiate to assume the charge of a General Councillor.

The General Council of which she became a member and where she

eventually became Assistant General, had then to guide our missionary skiff through troubled waters. The dark, chaotic years of World War II brought ruin to all the missions of the Society in Manchuria. Immediately afterwards, the whirlwind of Communism swept over China followed by the spoliation and occupation of one mission establishment after another and by the dire threat of persecution. The General Council had to wrestle with the gravest problems. Should the Sisters be ordered to stay in Red territory or should they be recalled? The Council sought the expression of God's divine Will by soliciting the advice of Holy Mother Church in the person of the Society's eminent Cardinal Protector in Rome. For these worthy daughters of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, the voice of the Church was ever the voice of God Himself, and they bowed to its every command with humble submission.

After the General Chapter of 1952, the government of the Society was entrusted to younger subjects who were none the less faithful to the direction of the Church and to the spirit of their revered Foundress. Mother Saint John Francis Regis was then assigned the task of gathering the documents needed for compiling the history of our Society. In February 1955, however, her health became so seriously affected that she had to relinquish her labours. With that sturdy sense of duty which characterized her all her life through, she applied herself in making the most of the redemptive riches of suffering offered to God through Mary's maternal hands. Serenely resigned, gallantly courageous, she cared only for one thing — to accomplish

God's will as perfectly as possible to the very end.

She died on the eve of a ceremony of investiture and profession at the novitiate. Many a time in years past she had led the virginal cortege of betrothed and brides to the King of Kings. Was it not with this fact in mind that His Eminence Cardinal Leger spoke thus during the ceremony of February 11th? "In the holy year 1975, God willing, you and I, the youngest among you more probably, will go to Rome to assist at some beatifications. Holy Mother Church will then be placing on her altars, blessed Chinese Martyrs who are dying today as witnesses of Christ because some missionary Sisters taught them about the true Faith. We must not forget that if, in the past, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception had not heeded the divine call, thousands of souls would still at present be outside

the Church..."

Truly, this delicate homage goes to Sister Saint John Francis Regis as to the *primary cause*. If Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception held their own in China, for this they are indebted to the valiant Mistress who during the years of their noviceship annealed their hearts to suffer and to do, at once cheerfully and unflinchingly. Our Canton missionaries upon their liberation from Communist prisons admitted, "We could never have borne up under these trials if it were not for the prayers of the entire Christian world and the training received during our noviceship." This training was the work of Sister Saint John Francis Regis. We, therefore, place on her tomb with filial devotion one of the most significant homages ever rendered to the zeal of our humble missionary Society.

SISTER ALFRED MARIE ¹, M.I.C.

¹ Marcelle Prevost, Quebec.

Homage

To His Excellency
The Right Reverend Valerien Belanger
Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
offer their best good wishes for a long
and fruitful episcopate.



MATI, P.I.

In preparation for the glorious feast of her Assumption, the boys and girls of Our Lady's Sodality decided to do something special this year. They patiently sought out, among their high school classmates, eighteen who had not yet made their First Holy Communion and offered to teach them their catechism, their prayers, and generally to prepare them for this great action.

After this call had been heeded, whenever I made my rounds every morning before school began, I would find Antonio painstakingly teaching Jose and Fortunato all about the Sacrament of Penance. In some other classroom Alexandrio and Octavio initiated their group of disciples into the sublime mystery of the Eucharist. Across the hall, groups of big girls listened with the docile simplicity of little children while Ethelinda and Erlinda expounded doctrine lessons with the gravity of doctors of the Church. Janet's one and only pupil was older than her teacher but what did it matter since they got on well together?

When the date set for the examinations came around, the volunteer teachers were every bit as flustered as their charges. What if the latter should fail? But no, thanks to Our Blessed Mother's help every candidate successfully passed.

This did not mean that the sodalists' troubles were over. They found out that Calimbaba, one of the girls, had not even been baptized, her mother being a Moslem. A message had to be sent to the parents to secure their authorization. They promptly replied that not only were they willing to



Bouquet

for the

Queen

SISTER
MARIE ALBERTINE¹, M.I.C.

allow Calimbaba to become a Catholic but that they also left their son, Mula-tid, perfectly free to be baptized if he desired. Full liberty was guaranteed both children in the practice of their Faith. And then there was Herna who revealed that she had been baptized as an Aglipayan together with her brother and sister and Enoro a kindergarten pupil. These six *heretics* received Baptism in the Catholic Church on August 14. Their devoted catechists proudly stood as godfathers and godmothers and gave them their own Christian names. Sodalists and First Communicants met early the next morning at the door of the parish church. A final exhortation was given, prayer books were distributed, then the whole group quietly entered the church. Every face was a mirror of unalloyed happiness especially when the great moment arrived to kneel at the "low white gate" and receive the Bread of Angels.

As I knelt a little to the rear watching this simple but touching scene, my thoughts wandered back to the blessed day of my own First Communion made in the humble church of my village. I remember having begged Our Lord then to grant me the grace of a religious vocation. Never did I dream I would be still further privileged to enroll in the great missionary army of the Church! Dear Lord, I thank you for having sent me to these Islands to prepare You living ciboriums in the hearts of our beloved Filipino youth. I offer them to You today as a meed of gratitude for Thy mercies. In their ranks deign to choose numerous apostles who will in their turn work at the coming of your reign in the Philippines, in the whole wide world.

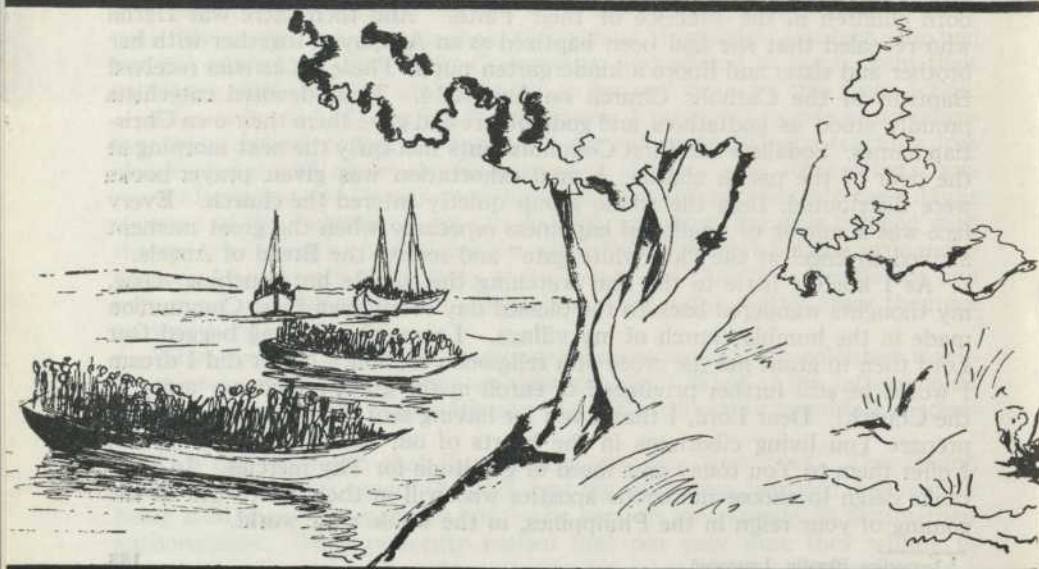
¹ Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil.

She Who Reflects

Beneficial Influence of the Rosary Confraternities

The year 1603 marked the arrival of Dominican missionaries who settled in the principality of Satsuma. Soon they set up in their residence a small oratory whose principal ornament was a beautiful picture of Our Lady of the Rosary highly appreciated by neophytes and catechumens. At first, Lord Shimazu, daimyo of Satsuma, favoured their apostolate but at the instigation of the bonzes he presently banished them to Koshiki and finally in 1608, ordered them to leave his estates altogether. They then took refuge in Nagasaki where they erected a church in honour of Our Lady of the Rosary. Moreover, they established a Confraternity of the Rosary which became so popular that there could scarcely be seen a Christian without a Rosary about his neck or on his person.

Wherever it was organized, the Rosary Confraternity influenced in a remarkable manner the lives of the faithful. One of the principal works of mercy then undertaken was the strengthening in the Faith of wavering Christians during the days of persecution. The members themselves set a splendid example of fidelity even unto death as may be gathered from the fact that of



Celestial Light

SISTER MARY OF THE REDEMPTION, M.I.C.

(Basilisse Maillet, Bathurst, N.B.)

(continued)

167 Nipponese lay martyrs who have been declared Blessed by the Church, no less than 60 were members of the Rosary Confraternity while 18 others were Dominican tertiaries also inscribed. That the martyrs were not left alone and unsupported in their ordeal, is shown by what happened when four Rosarians together with a Jesuit lay Brother, Blessed Leonard Kimura, were burned at the stake in Nagasaki, November 18, 1619. Included among the 20,000 spectators of this glorious martyrdom were numerous members of the Confraternity reciting the Rosary. A still greater number seated in boats off-shore chanted hymns which served as a foretaste of the heavenly melodies soon to be heard by the martyrs.

Sodalities of Our Lady

The first modern sodality of Our Lady was established in Rome by a Jesuit in 1563. Similar groups were formed by missionaries of the same Order in Nippon long before the year 1592. As these lacked uniformity,



however, when Father Valignani returned to his mission that same year, he brought orders from the Superior General of the Society of Jesus to organize all the sodalities on the model of that in Rome. By 1614, such groups had been firmly organized in nearly all the Nipponese Jesuit missions. Indeed it seems certain that without the help of the Sodalists, it would have been difficult for the Jesuits to cope with the numerous conversions then taking place. Activities entrusted to these lay apostles of Mary included the teaching of catechism, visiting of the sick, calling the priest or assisting the dying themselves when no priest was on hand, arranging for funerals, winning back apostates . . .

Requirements for admission into the Sodalities were high, and the heroic conduct of the members inspired some of the more careless Catholics to mend their ways in order that they too might be enrolled. All applicants were required to make a retreat of six days before admission. Once they had become full-fledged Sodalists they continued to receive intensive spiritual training.

For several years already, the stormclouds of persecution had been slowly gathering; in 1614, they burst upon the Christian horizon with incredible fury. Ieyasu issued a fatal decree ordering all Christians to return to the Buddhist creed of their forbears. During the decades that followed, thousands sealed their fidelity to Christ and Our Lady with their blood.

As early as 1613, special "Sodalities for Martyrdom" had been established whose members were to prepare for the final victory by a life of prayer and mortification. Memberships in these heroic units quickly rose to a total of 3,300. One of the most important duties of these Sodalists was to strengthen those who were weaker in the Faith. Not only did they accomplish this purpose but they also made a good number of new converts. Another function of the Sodalities was to encourage those who actually faced martyrdom. Thus, when seven Christians were put to death on October 7, 1613, throngs of Sodalists estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000 assembled from all over to help the martyrs with their prayers and with the singing of hymns.

Merciful Mother in White

Ieyasu, the first and the most powerful of the Tokugawa Shogun, a thorough going man, took drastic measures to oust the Catholic priests from the country and then methodically proceeded to eradicate every vestige of Christianity. Knowing how deeply ingrained was the devotion to Mary in the souls of Catholics he gave his minions minute instructions to seize all medals, rosaries, pictures, statues they could lay their hands on. The death penalty was pronounced against those who were known to be Catholics and even the mere possession of such blessed objects mentioned above became a crime punishable by death. Finally he decreed that everyone in the Empire must present a certificate of Buddhist membership at stated periods.

Driven underground or forced to make a pretence of Buddhist practices, the harassed Catholics then took to honouring statues of *Kwannon*, the god-

dess of mercy, as a figure of Our Lady. In the arms of *Kwannon*, the Christians placed an infant, near her a dove (to symbolize the Holy Spirit) and on the opposite side a wine cruet to put them in mind of the Holy Sacrifice. When their persecutors questioned them about these peculiar representations of the merciful Mother, they explained that the child was there because the goddess of mercy was the patroness of children; the dove, because she was fond of birds; the cruet a *sake* (wine) cup, because she relieved the thirst of her devotees. Even during the most hopeless periods of their cruel ordeal, they loved to gather around these images pleading for Mary's maternal protection.

A number of genuine statues and pictures of Our Blessed Mother did escape destruction, being secreted away in the *nando* or most hidden part of the house or in sundry other places.

In 1916, a beautiful picture of Our Lady, the work of an artist of the 17th century was discovered in the vicinity of Fukui. It lay hidden be-

hind the statue of a Buddha enthroned on a domestic altar. It is to be presumed that the forbears of this particular family had been Christians who had devised this means of safeguarding their treasured image.

Another discovery giving evidence of the faithfulness of Christians in honouring the Mother of God throughout centuries of hardships was that made by Mr. Harada Tatsujiro, in 1930. While repairing the thatched roof of his house in Miyama, near Osaka, he noticed a mouldy bamboo tube protruding from the eaves. Dried chestnuts had been used as stoppers at either end. Further investigation revealed a roll of paper yellow with age, which upon being unfolded proved to be an exquisite picture of Our Lady of the Rosary. It had doubtless been placed there



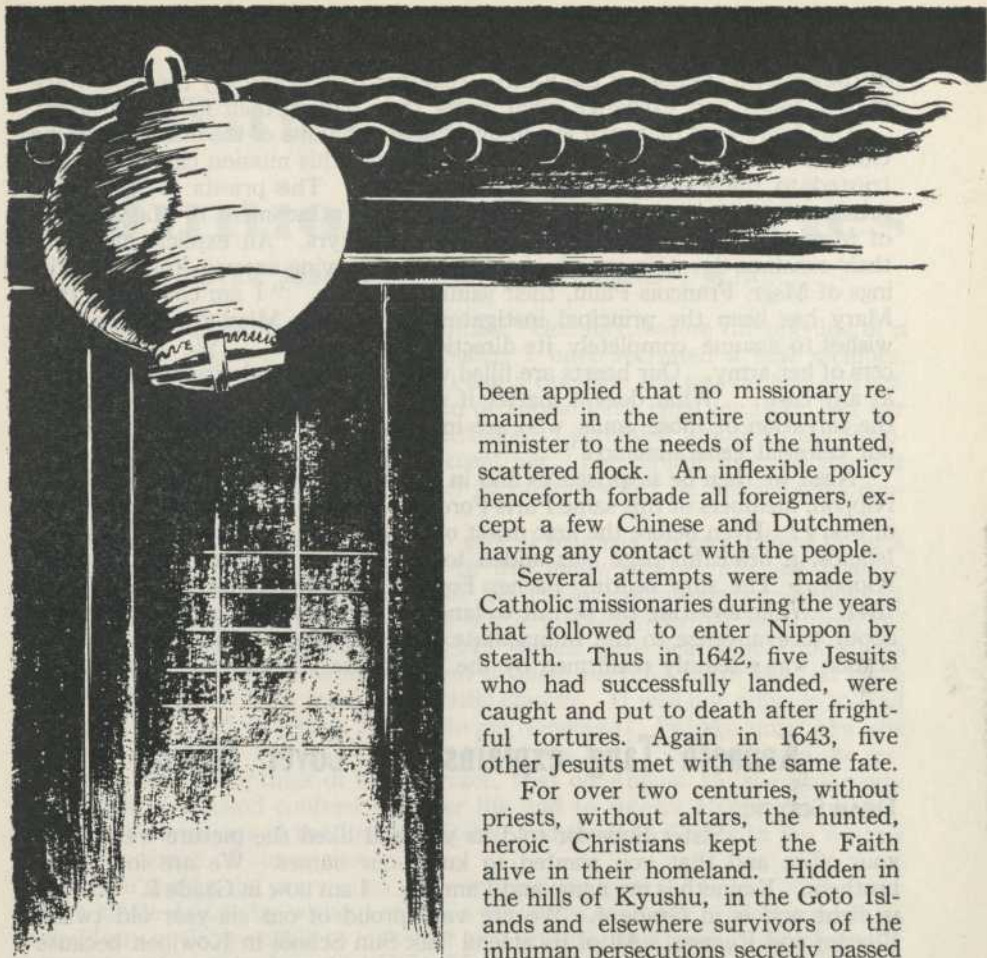
by Mr. Tatsujiro's ancestors, terrified by the ruthless and repeated raids of the pursuers but unwilling to forego the protection of the Mother of God over their house and family.

On May 25, 1935, the city of Sendai commemorated the tricentenary of the death of the daimyo Date Masamune who welcomed in northern Nippon the first heralds of the Christian Faith, the Franciscans led by Blessed Ludovico Sotelo. On this occasion, Reverend Gerard Huber, O.F.M. was invited to give a lecture on the history of that epoch. When he came out of the hall after the lecture, he was accosted by a university student who begged him to call at his home as he had something important to impart to him on the subject treated. Father Huber willingly complied. After the exchange of customary greetings his host brought out of a secret alcove an exquisite little statue of Our Lady with the words *Sub tuum praesidium* inscribed on its base. "You are very fortunate in possessing such a precious object," the missionary remarked. "May I venture to ask whether you know anything of its history?" The youthful host knew very little indeed.

He explained that when he was younger, his own father being dead, his grandfather had once led him to a secluded part of the house and there had showed him a statue which he assured was a precious heirloom. For numerous generations, this secret had been carefully guarded, only one male member of the family being told about it at a time. The old man did not know exactly whom this statue represented but he was certain that it was a good spirit, for he had been cured of a fatal disease by its application. The student then added that he himself, at the age of twelve, had felt the protective power of *Santa Maria Sama*. He had become so ill that his life was despaired of. One night, his grandfather sending his mother and sisters out of the room had dressed him in his feastday garments and carried him to the secret alcove where the statue was kept. Kneeling before it he had prayed in this wise "Holy Mary of the Praesidium, we have always had recourse to you in all our afflictions. Look down upon this boy who is the only remaining hope of our clan, on whose life its future depends. If death must visit this house, let me be the one to go." Immediately afterwards, the boy fell into a deep restful sleep. The next morning he awoke perfectly cured. His grandfather, however, had suffered a stroke during the night and had been unexpectedly carried off. The young man had kept the existence of the statue secret until, during Father Huber's lecture, he had felt inspired to reveal it to him and to learn who this lady of the Praesidium might be. Needless to say, the priest cheerfully heeded his request and together they thanked the Blessed Mother for leading this child of hers back to the Faith of his fathers.

Mary, Queen of Martyrs

The climax of one of the most ferocious persecutions in history was reached under Iemitsu, the third of the Tokugawa Shoguns. Thousands were beheaded, crucified, burned at the stake by slow fires, or hung head downwards until they expired... By 1640, so ruthlessly had the edicts against Christianity



been applied that no missionary remained in the entire country to minister to the needs of the hunted, scattered flock. An inflexible policy henceforth forbade all foreigners, except a few Chinese and Dutchmen, having any contact with the people.

Several attempts were made by Catholic missionaries during the years that followed to enter Nippon by stealth. Thus in 1642, five Jesuits who had successfully landed, were caught and put to death after frightful tortures. Again in 1643, five other Jesuits met with the same fate.

For over two centuries, without priests, without altars, the hunted, heroic Christians kept the Faith alive in their homeland. Hidden in the hills of Kyushu, in the Goto Islands and elsewhere survivors of the inhuman persecutions secretly passed on fundamental Catholic doctrine to

their offspring. Valid baptisms were administered, a number of Christian prayers were taught, the Ten Commandments were transmitted. Among many other subterfuges used by these Christians of the Nipponese underground to communicate with one another, mention must be made of the Mary Lanterns. Inn keepers of that period all hung lanterns above their doorways. The casual traveller would notice no difference between the gaudy, coloured lanterns of rival inns. Only a Catholic would recognize the Mary-blue shade of the lantern atop a wooden cross base and the letters "AVE MARIA" in cursive script painted in some inconspicuous corner. Should he think it safe to make his identity known, he would finger the lantern and murmur *Ave Maria*. The proprietor would thus know he was a member

of the secret household of the Faith. Together they would say the Hail Mary in low tones and exchange what news they had of their fellow Catholics.

Our Lady kept maternal watch over these remnants of the once flourishing Church. After many abortive attempts, in 1844 this mission came to be entrusted to the Paris Foreign Missions Society. The priests of this noble missionary organization have ever professed filial attachment to Mary, Queen of Missions, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs. An explicit pledge of their constant devotion may be found in the following excerpt from the writings of Msgr. Francois Pallu, their saintly founder: "I am convinced that Mary has been the principal instigator of our dear Mission and that she wishes to assume completely its direction and conduct . . . We are the officers of her army. Our hearts are filled with the glowing desire of serving her at any cost . . . What does it matter if we suffer as long as we contribute to the salvation of those souls who are in direct need, under the leadership of our celestial generalissimo?"

Need we then be surprised to find in the first Catholic apostles of modern Nippon, members of this same Paris Foreign Missions Society ardent devotees of Mary? Even before the first priest of this Society set foot in the Ryukyu Islands, a beautiful page was added to the history of Marian devotion in Nippon. The ship bearing Father Forcade to Okinawa arrived April 28, 1844. While awaiting the permit to land, he consecrated the country he was about to evangelize to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. This act of consecration was solemnly reaffirmed by the Nipponese Hierarchy in 1944.

(to be continued)

Kenneth Tang explains our Cover Picture

DEAR SISTER,

Sister Superior told us you had liked the picture we sent to your office and that you wanted to know our names. We are four little brothers. Kenneth is my name and I am ten. I am now in Grade 5. Robert is eight and is in Grade 4. We are very proud of our six-year old twins, Charles and Eugene. All of us attend Tak Sun School in Kowloon because Mamma likes this school a lot. She says it is the best for boys of our age.

The picture we sent you was taken by a Sister after the distribution of prizes. I got a prize for singing; Robert got one because he was first in piano. He was even invited to play on the air by Dr. Morrison, the London examiner. My elder sister, Priscilla, is fourteen. She studies Music at Tak Sun and is now preparing for her seventh year examinations. On the picture we sent you, the twins are holding their kindergarten certificate. How pleased we were that day to show Mamma our beautiful rewards!

Our littlest brother, Patrick, now comes to school with us at Tak Sun. If he gets a prize at the end of the school year, I will see to it that the five of us have our picture taken to send you another.

Our names are: Kenneth, Robert, Charles, and Eugene Tang because our papa is a Mr. Tang and our Mamma is a Mrs. Tang.

Activities of Junior Legionaries

SISTER JOSEPH OF THE HOLY FAMILY¹, M.I.C.

Junior praesidia have their specialities. One day, before the opening of a session, one member exclaimed, "Sister, I have recruited a new member. She's a Protestant." Before I could ask a question the session had started. Our newest member, the Salutatorian of Davao City High for 1955, lent her undivided attention to Legion proceedings. I scribbled a note to the President inquiring whether we should accept her. She replied that she thought we could but that it might be better to interview her on her religious convictions after the meeting.

Accordingly, when the others had gone, I managed to keep Gloria in for a friendly chat. Her case proved to be like many another in these Islands. She had been baptized and had made her First Communion as a child, but her family living far from a Catholic centre gradually drifted away from the practices of our holy Faith. The girl's friends were nearly all Protestants so she found it natural to follow them to their meetings. For the last eight years she had not been inside a Catholic church. It was not difficult to lead this soul of good will back to the divine Shepherd. Indeed, until now she had only lacked a friend to help and to advise her. So loyally did she respond to the promptings of divine grace, that on August 15, she was ready to make the second confession of her life and to receive Holy Communion. All her companions of the Legion rejoiced and thanked God with her for this precious grace of conversion.

Even during the years when she wandered far from the Fold, Gloria never let a single day go by without saying a prayer to our Lady. Nothing, others could say or do, was able to make her give up this pious practice which finally brought her safely home to Holy Mother Church. Her dearest ambition now is to spend all her energies in helping the 6 members of her own family and many other souls to find Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

No time for Mass

"Father, can't we organize a praesidium for the boys?" one of the most active among our girls asked Father Montenbault at a Legion meeting some time ago. Father who never turns down a chance of winning souls replied, "Of course we can; that is if you bring us the boys." The girls of the fourth year took this to heart. Almost before we knew it, they had brought twenty of their acquaintances to be enrolled as Legionaries. Who were these boys? Nearly all of them were "good boys" who, until the girls got at them, never found time to hear Mass on Sundays. During the eight months that re-

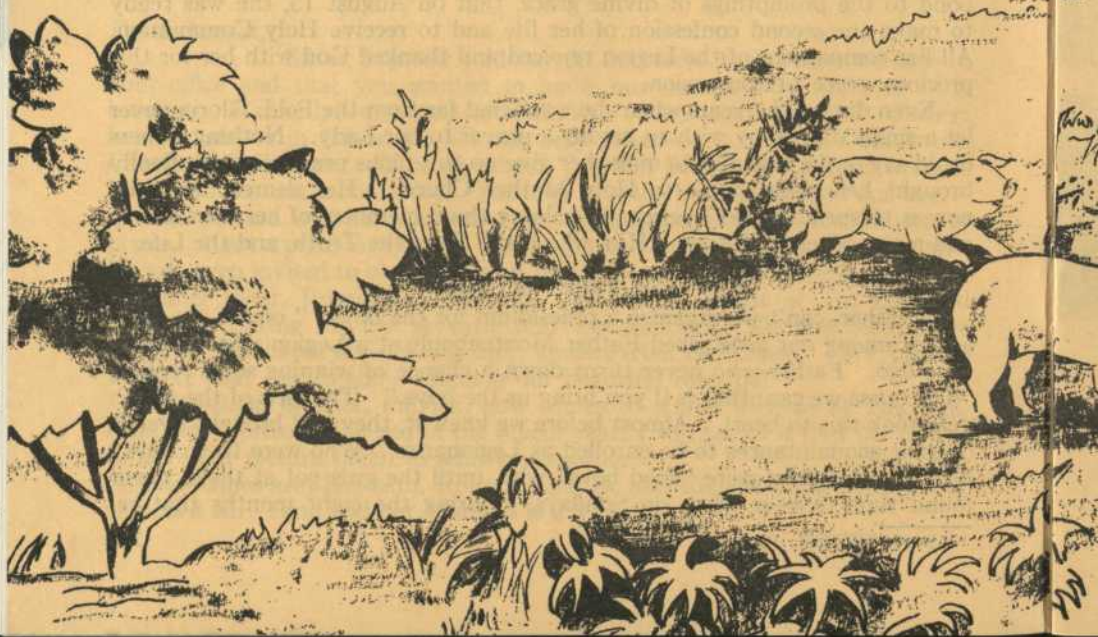
¹ Jeannette Delisle, Worcester, Mass.

maintained until their graduation, the Legion worked wonders for every one of them. First, they began to attend the sessions regularly; then, they took up again neglected religious duties; finally, they became regular Church goers and staunch apostles among their companions. Were the girls ever proud of this splendid achievement! I am sure you will agree with me that they had every right to be.

Riding Eighteen in a Jeep

Every Saturday morning a jeep stops in front of our convento, and a Sister steps in to accompany the Legionaries of Mary on their visits to outlying *barrios*. Mr. and Mrs. Jalondini, two fervent Legionaries, furnish the jeep and sponsor the expeditions. The presence of a *Madre* is such a great encouragement to these zealous volunteer catechists that no occasion is missed of accompanying them.

The jeep usually starts on its rounds carrying eight passengers. This does not seem crowded to people around here, for they love company. The more, the merrier. Our first stop is for Maa where we leave two girls who will teach catechism to children and grown ups. After distributing a few medals and holy cards to the more meritorious students, we jounce along to another village. You should see the joyful welcome that greets the arrival of the jeep! We have only to ring our hand-bell and children of all ages and sizes come tumbling out of the nipa huts into the bright sunshine. Some youngsters in their eagerness to reach the *Madres* show up wearing only a great big smile, but most of them are tidily dressed. A few more Legion-





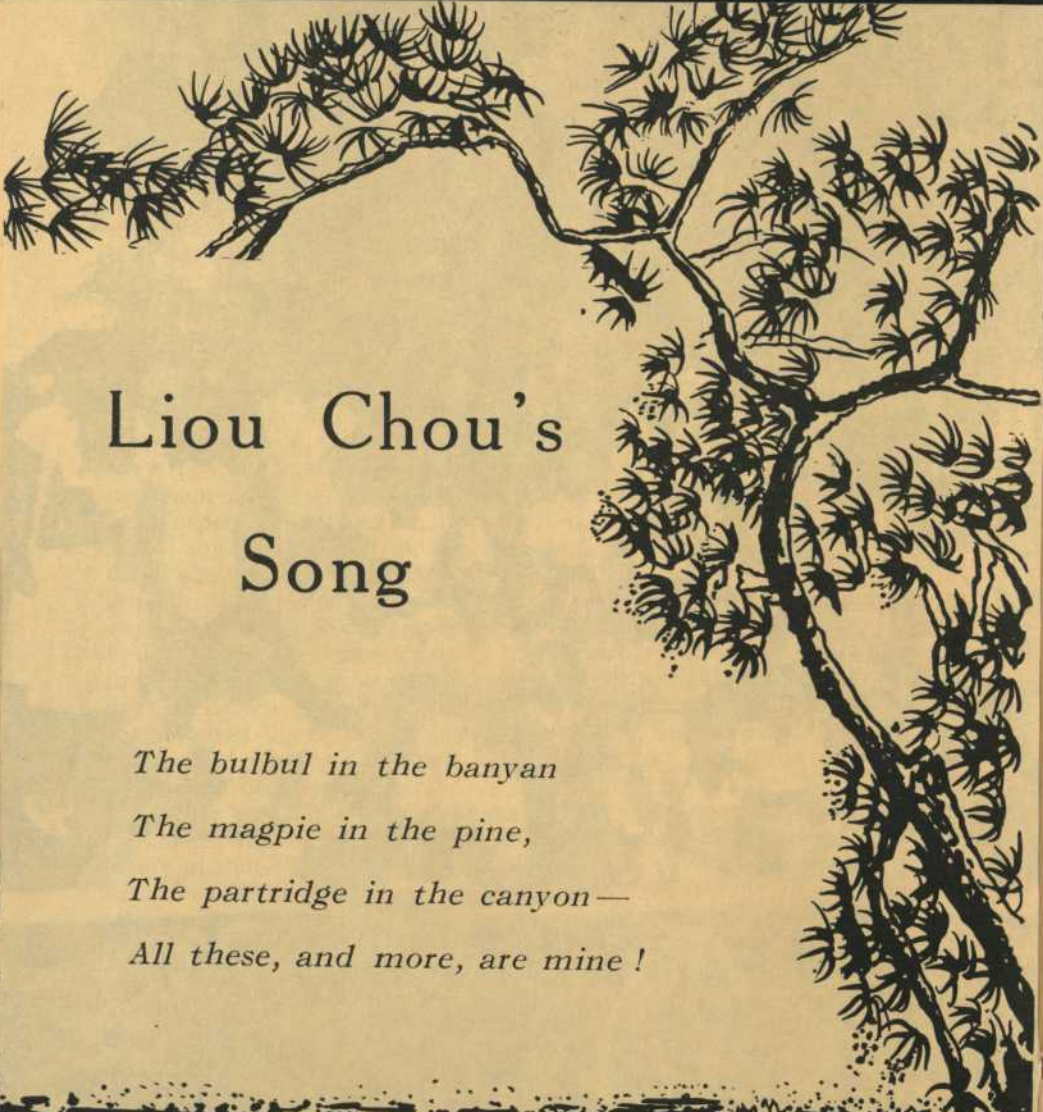
aries alight to hold doctrine classes and the jeep rolls on its way to some other village chapel. These places of worship are very crude structures merely consisting of a roof upheld by shaky pillars, a rudimentary altar, and a few benches, but the Lord of Heaven and earth deigns to descend there once a month for the consolation of the country folk. On *fiestas*, people bring draperies, flowers, and holy pictures to decorate these rustic shrines.

Lately, we visited San Miguel, still a very backward *barrio* notwithstanding the fact that it is on the main road. Next door to the chapel we found a family of nine. The mother takes in sewing to make both ends meet and to feed all those hungry little mouths. She is kept so busy that religious practices are neglected. Her daughter Sally, a pretty, lively girl of thirteen, was delighted to meet us. To my inquiry as to when she had last received Holy Communion, she replied that she had made her First Communion seven years ago and had never been to church since. Poor ignorant people! I was amazed to hear that the child had, during the last year, attended the most expensive and fashionable school in Davao, if you please! When I voiced my surprise, the mother explained that Sally had wanted so much to go she had not had the heart to stop her. Working at the cock-pit grounds, the girl had managed to earn enough to pay her tuition during one year. There was no question of her going again this year. Turning to Sally, I suggested, "Since you can speak English so well, it should be easy for you to prepare for your second confession. How about riding back to town with us?" She was more than willing. So while we drove a little further on, she reviewed the catechism instruction on the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. When we returned an hour later she was ready and eager to accompany us back to Davao.

On our way home, we picked up the teachers left at various spots along the main road. At the last outpost, the volunteer catechists who had had plenty of time proudly announced that a few of the children wanted to ride with us to Davao in order to go to confession. The few turned out to be nine rather stocky youngsters. At first it seemed an impossible and even dangerous feat to squeeze all these inside the jeep. Mr. Jalondini tips the scales at a good 204 lbs, Mrs. Jalondini and myself are no light weights, and the teachers are all healthy, plump girls. However, as we were unwilling to deprive these children of the chance to receive the Sacraments, we squeezed and squeezed until all of the nine found place inside. The last ones scrambled in through the window. The ride to Davao was effected without the slightest mishap. And how happy we all were! As we drove along, the children with delightful simplicity went over their prayers and their examination of conscience so that all were ready when the jeep jerked to a stop in front of St. Peter's rectory. Onlookers chuckled as they saw six persons piling out of the front and fourteen others extricating themselves from the back seat of an ordinary small jeep. We were all a little stiff and our clothes were more or less crumpled. But what were these inconveniences compared to the joy of leading these children back to God? Jeep rides such as I have just described are among the most interesting items on our missionary program in Davao.



YOUNG DAVAO LEGIONARIES
assembled at Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall
for a day of study.



Liou Chou's Song

*The bulbul in the banyan
The magpie in the pine,
The partridge in the canyon—
All these, and more, are mine !*



*The lily on the mountain,
The orchid in the tree,
The lotus in the fountain
All these belong to me !*

*The rippling green of rice field,
The buckwheat's misty pink,
To me their harvests twice yield
By rights not writ with ink.*

*My riches pay only pleasures
That last but for a day;
Yet I gladly share my treasures
With all who come my way.*



Since 1948, the growth of the Legion of Mary in Japan has been phenomenal. The latest statistics reveal that there are now in Japan 216 Præsidia, comprising 2,275 active members and 4,153 auxiliaries.

GOLFE DU MEXIQUE



CUBA

• MISSIONS DES SŒURS MISSIONNAIRES DE L'IMM



L'IMMACULÉE-CONCEPTION



Angels

SISTER MARIE CORINNE¹, M.I.C.

Corpus Christi was only a few days away. One afternoon after class hours, a delegation consisting of Imelda, Terezas, and Ernestina, the only lay teachers on the staff of our mission school, knocked at Sister Superior's² door. "*Amayi Nulala*," they candidly requested, "We would like to be chosen as angels for the repository, next Sunday." Sister Superior smilingly remarked that only small girls were in general chosen for such a role, but they were not to be put off. "*Amayi*, please do not refuse to grant our request," they pleaded. "Never in our life have we enjoyed such a privilege." Tradition or no tradition, these young ladies could not be made to suffer a disappointment. It was, therefore, resolved that with three of their

¹ Rollande Langevin, Québec.

KATETE,
NYASSALAND

Are Ageless!

pupils, Leoniya, Vestina, and Magdalena they would figure as angels.

The sun was hardly up when, on Sunday morning, the group arrived at the convent where *Amayi Korina* was to clothe them in celestial apparel. It surprised me to see what a recollected air Leoniya assumed with her angelic trappings. At first, I thought she might be playing her role just for the fun of it but no, her recollection lasted until after the procession. Nothing people said or did about her was able to give her any distractions. She had indeed taken her role in earnest. So had her companions for that matter. Kneeling at a short distance from the repository, I was alarmed to notice that Ernestina seemed to be feeling sick. Her

² Irene Champagne, Montreal.





CORPUS CHRISTI at KATETE

features were drawn, she breathed with difficulty, her eyes were strangely dilated. For a few moments I worried lest she collapse. When I questioned her later she replied simply, "*Amayi*, I thought I would die . . ."

"What was the matter? I suppose you were too excited to eat reasonably at dinner time . . ."

"Oh, *Amayi*, it wasn't that, I assure you. I did not feel really sick. But, when the Blessed Sacrament passed in front of me, I imagined that I was truly an angel in the presence of my God and my heart just ran a wild race, that's all."

I knew she spoke in all sincerity, for I had watched her unobserved grow livid with emotion. May she always keep herself as pure as she is at present.

It was certainly not from a movement of vanity that these girls had pleaded to figure as angels for the Corpus Christi procession. You certainly would have thought they were sights for sore eyes if you could have seen them costumed in faded bedspreads of blue and pink nylon. We received these relics of ancient splendour in cases from the homeland a few years ago, and ever since I take them out every year to transform our black damsels into angels. Of course, seen from the front, the effect is not bad but woe is me if the girls should turn their back to you. You would see quite an array of safety pins used to hold the folds in place. Sometimes in imagination I find myself relieving some of our Canadian stores of so many odds and ends of cloth that nobody wants! We could put them to such good use here.

No, it was not because they wanted to cut smart figures that our African girls begged to impersonate adoring angels. Rather, their motive sprang from a lively spirit of faith and of reverence for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. When they came to thank Sister Superior and me on the evening of Corpus Christi, they could only repeat in joyful exaltation. "*Yewo, Yewo*, (thanks) *Amayi Mulala. Amayi Korina!*"

If next year finds me still missioned in Katete, I will again when Corpus Christi comes around, take out my ancient bedspreads and lovingly drape them about my beloved charges. I can only wish that they will never wear away so our little and big African children can long enjoy the privilege of imagining themselves adoring angels.



GARDEN OF MARY

Men employed at the observatory of Mirador, at Baguio in the Philippines, have planted a special "Garden of Mary".

This Marian garden contains at present about twenty kinds of flowers bearing various titles honouring the Immaculate Queen. The ordinary flowers bear their pre-Reformation names: the pansy is Our Lady's Delight; the violet, Our Lady's Modesty; the morning glory, Our Lady's Mantle...



Shih Kuang Tse's graceful spire points skyward.

Bay of Terraces

SISTER ELIZABETH OF THE TRINITY, M.I.C.

FORMOSA

Shaped like a huge tobacco leaf, Taiwan emerges from the turquoise waters of the Pacific at about 100 miles off the Chinese mainland. The island favoured with a pleasant climate and famed for its marvelous natural scenery, is 240 miles long and a maximum of 85 miles wide. Its area is approximately twice that of the Hawai Islands. A chain of steep rugged mountains some of whose peaks scratch the clouds at a height of 11,000 feet, divide it in half.

On the western coast facing Asia, lie lush fertile plains while on the eastern coast, the mighty mountain range descends to the sea in precipitous strides.

Taiwan's first inhabitants seem to have been aborigines from the Malay peninsula. Explorers from Portugal who discovered it in 1590, christened it Formosa, "Beautiful Island"; the Chinese and Japanese to this day call it Taiwan which literally translated means "Bay of Terraces". Colonized by the Portuguese, it fell to the Dutch in 1622, and became part of the Chinese Empire in 1668.

China's occupation of the island lasted until 1895, when the first Sino-Japanese war caused it to be allotted to Japan together with the Pescadores. Japanese rule which lasted fifty years although rather harsh, especially at first, brought the island certain benefits. Railways were built, power plants

**Rev. A. L. Levesque, S.J., pastor of Shih Kuang Tse, welcomes
Reverend Mother Magdalen of the Sacred Heart, Superior General,
and Reverend Mother Julianne of the Blessed Sacrament, Councillor General,
on a visit of the Taiwan Mission outposts.**



set up, agriculture improved. Nevertheless, the conquerors looked down on the conquered forbidding them to hold public offices, refusing to allow their children access to higher studies exception made for medicine.

In 1945, Taiwan was returned to China, pending a peace treaty with Japan, and all the Japanese were deported. After four mainland capitals had fallen to the Communists in one year, the nationalist chief, Tsiang Kai-Shek, sought refuge on the island with his troops in 1949. At that time, the population was evaluated at seven million inhabitants. The Tsiang government soon came to realize a peaceful reform. Industries were nationalized and agriculture was developed along practical lines. Owners of vast properties were authorized to keep six acres of land but were asked to sell the remainder to tenants on an average of six acres per holding. Peasants thus continue to till the self-same plots of lands. Instead of indefinitely paying leases, they now hold title to their small farms. The new government, moreover, organized irrigated farming in the fertile lowlands, causing rice to become the island's major crop, developed sugar cane plantations, established hygienic service in remote villages, and opened schools for the young without any racial discrimination.

Struggling with chopsticks,... two missionaries from the good city of JOLIETTE, P.Q., Sister St. Elizabeth (Blanche Menard) and Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, (Rhea Allard) editor of "Le Précurseur".





Downtown Taiwan

Today, Taiwan teems with a population of 10,000,000 divided into three distinct groups — the Formosans, 7,000,000, migrant Chinese from the crowded coastal provinces of Fukien and Kwangtung who settled here three centuries ago; the refugees fleeing before the Communist onrush in China, 2,000,000, who swarmed into Taiwan between the years 1946-1950; the aborigines of Indonesian stock who number around 200,000. These live mostly in the densely forested hills and mountains; there are seven major tribal groups, well organized, each with distinct language, dress, and customs. It seems that of late, however, they are trying to merge themselves with the Chinese population.

What a friendly, hospitable, hardworking people these Formosans are! Amoy is the language mostly spoken in towns while Hakka is used in country places. As Mandarin Chinese is now on the curriculum of all the schools in the island it will soon come to be used everywhere. Most homes built of unbaked clay brick with dirt floors and thatched roofs, afford very little protection from the weather. I had never imagined people could be content

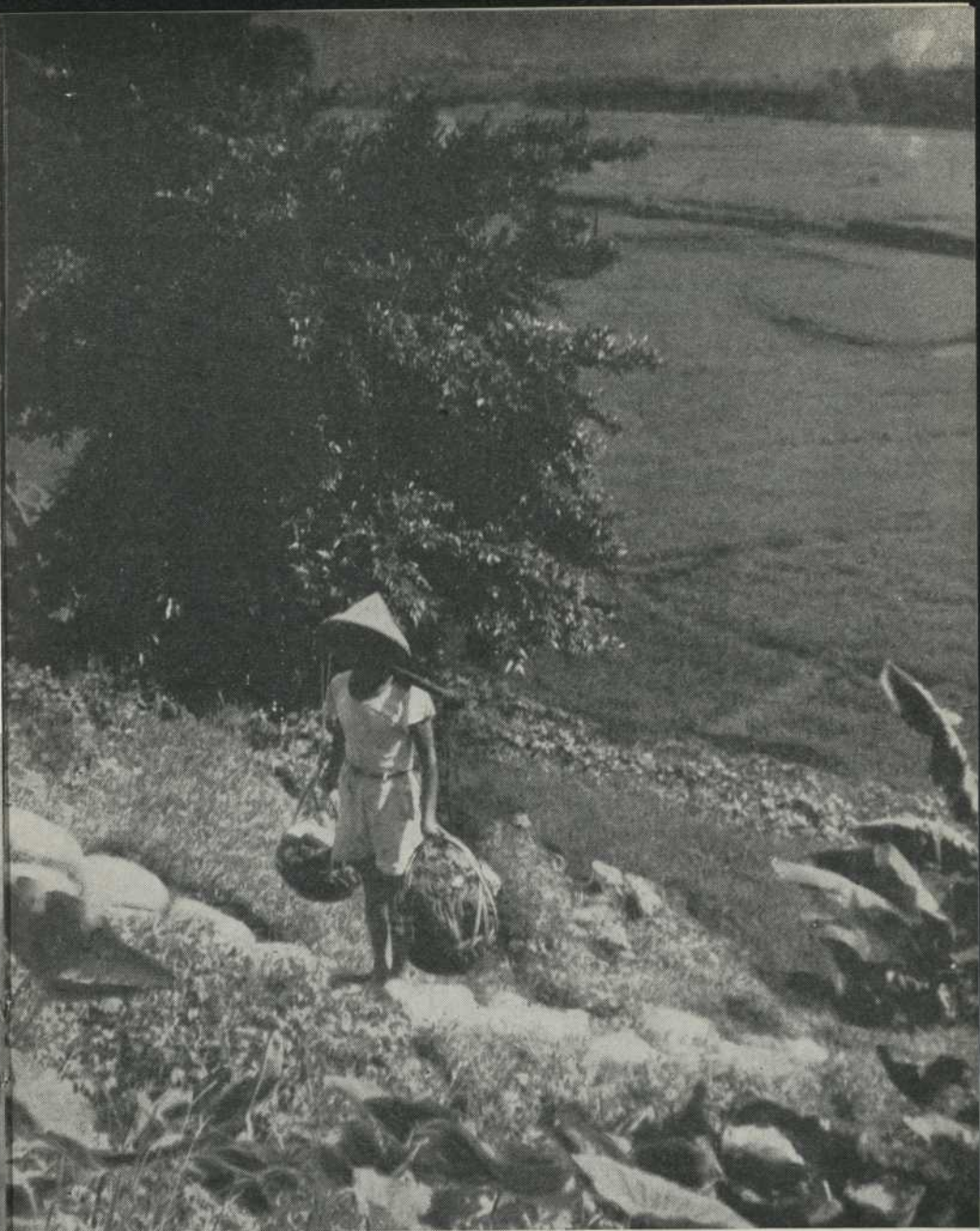
to live in such primitive fashion. In Taiwan hardly any difference may be noted between rich and poor, for all dress alike, use wooden clogs, and wear quaint volcano-shaped hats. When it rains, and there are light squalls almost daily, they throw around their shoulders palm-fiber raincoats or just any old gunny sack they happen to lay their hands on. Young and old alike are of a practical turn of mind. I once watched a distribution of rewards for good marks in our mission school. The pupils were quick to choose bars of soap, hankies, stockings, combs, tooth brushes while nearly all the toys were left untouched.

There are no beggars in this small country inhabited by a highly industrious people. Everybody works hard for a living. When the rainfall is abundant, the farmers easily obtain two and in the southern part even three crops a year. In autumn, many plots of lands are transformed into vegetable gardens. Neighbours often help one another, a dozen or more combining their efforts in one small field. The raising of pigs and poultry more especially ducks, is another prosperous farming activity. Sampling Formosan pineapples, oranges, bananas, and enormous grapefruit can be an epicurean delight.

Taipei, capital of Free China and seat of its government, has a distinctly original appearance. How can this be explained? Well, it seems that the Chinese nobility nearly all resettled here when driven out of the mainland by the Communist advance. This is the reason why the population is mostly made up of high officials, University professors, scientists, military officers.

PEDICABS, Taiwanese taxis, waiting for customers





Smiling landscape of Taiwan

KUANHSI MARKET

Whence an air of refinement and distinction seldom found elsewhere. Its citizens do not wear the usual Formosan garb but are dressed much like Americans or Canadians back home. How original are Taipei's broad, arched streets! Stores, in the business section, contain quantities of imported goods from gum and soap, to clothes and cameras. Automobiles are rare but everyone here seems to own a bicycle, certain parking areas being reserved for cyclists. The Taiwanese are great travellers before the Lord. Buses and trains loaded with nationalist soldiers and civilians continually shuttle back and forth between the capital and outlying districts. Travelers board conveyances according to their ticket numbers.

As regards religion, Buddhism seems to have the largest number of temples and adepts. Each individual pagan family has its own domestic altar or shrine. The Protestants who came to the island in 1895 before the Japanese occupation, have lately intensified their activities and have called numerous ministers to help them evangelize the population. Until 1945, there was only one Catholic Vicariate in Taiwan with a mere handful of missionaries ministering to the needs of 8,000 faithful. It must be admitted that the Japanese regime was definitely hostile to missions and missionaries. As soon as peace was restored, several Chinese priests arrived from the mainland. These soon received precious collaboration from the many missionaries expelled from China by the Communists.

Today, Taiwan has become a thriving centre of apostolate. Since 1950, the once lone Vicariate has been subdivided. Taipei is at present the seat of an Archbishop and there are besides four prefectures. According to 1955 statistics, there are in Taiwan 374 priests 170 of whom are Jesuits, 275 religious of both sexes, 48,148 faithful and 44,224 catechumens. What tremendous progress in a few short years!

The Kuanhsi district with a population of 35,000 where our Sisters settled in 1954, comprises three centres each having its own parish church. There are 200 baptized Catholics and 5,000 catechumens. Every week, the missionary Fathers make the rounds of some forty villages nestling in the clefts of surrounding mountains. When our Sisters arrived at Shi Kuang Tse in December 1955, there was not a single Catholic in the entire village. On Christmas Eve, the Jesuit Fathers baptized 36 catechumens, the first two baptized serving as sponsors for the others. The Mass server himself is as yet a non-Christian. Although the faithful are few, a pretty new church has been erected at Shi Kuang Tse.

Entire liberty of action is granted for the evangelization in Taiwan. Despite obstacles such as superstition strongly entrenched and secularism progressively infiltrating a good number of Taiwanese, a splendid task is being accomplished by missionaries of various congregations and nationalities and by the zealous Chinese clergy. May we not assert without fear of being gainsaid that the people of Taiwan, its aboriginal mountain tribes not excepted, now feel irresistibly drawn to the one true Church? Where the apostolate proves particularly fruitful is among the thousands of refugees



KUANHSI MARKET

forced to leave their Chinese homeland under tragic circumstances. Nearly all of them belong to a social class formerly all but inaccessible to Catholic missionaries. Chastened by misfortune, thirsting after a religion that will help them carry their crushing weight of sorrow, they are at present ready to accept the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the God of peace and mercy upon whom they call even without knowing His name. How deeply touching it is to hear certain of these catechumens proclaim themselves unworthy of the grace of Baptism! Newly baptized Catholics spread the glad tidings of the Gospel among their pagan relatives and acquaintances so that the number of aspirants to Baptism is forever on the increase. The missionaries have their hands full instructing catechumens, training catechists, building chapels, organizing new districts.

The fields of Taiwan are indeed whitening unto the harvest but alas the apostolic laborers are overpowered by the manifold tasks confronting them on all sides. Hundreds of helpers would not be too many. Pray, therefore, the Master Missioner to send numerous apostles to this beautiful uneasy island which God seems to have chosen in a particular manner to manifest the wonders of His infinite tenderness for mankind.

OUR BELOVED DEPARTED

Rev. Ivan d'Orsonnens, S.J., **Montreal**; Rev. A. Pellerin, **St. Boniface of Shawinigan**, brother of Sister Candide of Jesus, m.i.c.; Rev. Mother St. Paul of Jesus, Abbess of the Poor Clares-Colletines, **Bellerive**; Rev. Sister Eusebe of Milan, Sister of St. Ann, **Lynn, Mass.**, sister of Sister Mary of the Reparation, m.i.c.; Mr. Theotime Frigon, **Cowansville**, father of Sister Mary Theotime, m.i.c.; Mrs. J. A. Rivet, **Montreal**, mother of Sister Joseph Andrew, m.i.c.; Mrs. Ozanam Seguin, **Les Cedres**, mother of Sister St. Ghislaine, m.i.c.; Mr. Arthur Girard, **Claremont, N.H.**, brother of Sister St. Aloysius, m.i.c.; Mrs. Octave Chicoine, **Beloeil Creek**, sister of Sister St. Aglae, m.i.c.; Mrs. Eusebe Breault, **Rogerville, N.B.**, sister of Sister Mary of Jesus, m.i.c.; Mr. Albert Talbot, **Comeau Bay**, brother of Sister St. Marc, m.i.c.; Dr. Paul Labrecque, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Benson, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. John J. Carney, **Verdun**; Mrs. Ed. Liston, **Town of Mount Royal**; Mr. J. P. Royer, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Miss Denise Marchand, Mrs. E. Mousseau, Mrs. Adolphe Boucher, Mr. Charles Gauvin, Mrs. Adelaar Paulet, Mr. Romain Page, Mrs. Emile Pelletier, Mr. Joseph Meloche, **Montreal**; Mr. Ernest Payment, **Garden City**; Mr. Laurent Guerin, **Rosemont**; Mrs. J. Riedl, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Camille Biron, **Point du Lac**; Mrs. Joseph Morin, **Louiseville**; Mrs. Anthony Gauvin, Mr. Omer Laroche, **Pierre River**; Mrs. Joseph Fiset, **Champigny**; Mr. Joseph Lirette, Mr. J. B. Plamondon, **Quebec**; Mr. J. P. Boisvert, **Longueuil**; Miss Mary Jean Paquette, **Chambly City**; Mrs. Felix Archambault, **Assomption**; Mrs. Wilfrid Ranger, **Joliette**; Mr. Normand Beausejour, **St. Michael of the Saints**; Mrs. Alice Tremblay, **Oka**; Mrs. Camille Payette, **St. Lin**; Mr. Andrew Leveillee, **Mount St. Michael**; Mr. Alfred Remillard, **Ile aux Noix**; Mrs. Henry Godin, Mr. A. Desharnais, Mrs. D. V. Morin, Mrs. Albert Tremblay, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Andrew Tremblay, **St. Henri of Taillon**; Mrs. A. Lindsay, **St. Monica, Lake St. John**; Mrs. Duncan Dube, **Amqui**; Mrs. Louis Belanger, **Bic**; Mrs. Ferdinand Labonte, **St. Euphemie**; Miss Jean Lafond, **Parisville**; Mr. Donat Beaudet, **St. Ludger**; Mrs. Aurele Gagnon, **St. Sabine**; Mr. Eddy Jacques, **Gallichan**; Mrs. Anthime Lafrance, **Proulxville**; Mr. Henry Bru, **Jackfish Lake, Sask.**

SKY STANDS FOR GOD

Joseph Halsey FUNG

It was a few days before Christmas 1937. The Chinese land forces had just launched a counter attack at a strategical point on the outskirts of Hanchow, a stronghold of south eastern China. They were endeavouring to defend the city against Japanese invading units vastly superior in numbers and equipment. I followed the army as war correspondant of a certain Chinese news agency and special war communiqué columnist for another Chinese newspaper.

At the front, I found our soldiers fighting under pitiable conditions. So poor was their diet that it did not provide them with half the standard calories needed. Not even in imagination could they picture a large bird named turkey on their Christmas menu. Because of communication difficulties, they had not received their supply of warm padded cotton coats. Thinly clad as they were, the sharp cold of winter days in sectors near Shanghai was all but unbearable. If at least they had had sufficient modern equipment to fight successfully for the freedom of their country. But the only weapons they could boast of were old fashioned rifles and a small quantity of grenades.

One day, just before a decisive attack, a young private asked me as he prepared to move up to the front lines, "Please pray that *Sky* will bless and protect us." His strange request aroused my curiosity. "What do you mean by *Sky*?" I asked. "*Sky* stands for God," he replied gravely. "There is a God way above the sky, who is powerful and good."

"How do you know?" I countered. "Well, I have fought in many a battle and my own personal experience has taught me that there is a God standing above us. Some day he will be our judge. If a man's life span has run, death will overtake him one way or other even if he escapes the enemy's bullets. But if God wants him to go on living, he need not worry; the bullets will not hurt him. All this I know to be God's Will. Having had no schooling I have not been taught the things of God but this I firmly believe — that He exists and that He will reward the good and punish the wicked."

"Tell me, what religion do you profess?"

"I have no religion. The only thing I know is that there is a God. This is beyond my power to explain in so many words but I trust in His good-

ness. I believe that's the reason why I am one of the few infantry men in my unit who has so far been spared."

At that time I myself was a pagan so I was not much impressed by the words of this farmer lout turned soldier. I dismissed him from my mind as an ignorant simpleton who trusted in someone he did not even know. On Christmas Eve, the Japanese captured Hankow despite stout resistance on the part of its brave defenders. Later that Christmas day, I learned that the soldier who had placed such confidence in a god he called *Sky*, was reported missing. This encounter with the enemy had been his rendez-vous with death or so I believed.

Seven months later I was assigned to Chungking, wartime capital of Free China. What was my surprise to come unexpectedly upon my Hanchow acquaintance! He told me something of his adventures since we had parted; his name I learnt was Liu Chung Yen and he had now fallen on prosperous days since he had been promoted to the rank of Colonel in the army. Unshaken was his belief in his *Sky*. Somehow it made me happy to find that he had been spared but I still thought of him as a simple-minded fellow, a man who knew nothing about the god in whom he had such faith.

Ten years went by, years laden with anxiety and suffering for me and mine. I was lucky enough to escape from my doomed homeland in 1949, just a few hours ahead of the Communists. Politics hold no special interest for me but I must admit that I scarcely liked the way they acted. They killed one of my brothers, a professional auditor, without any reason. My family was robbed of all its possessions. I suffered greatly during these years and in my distress I remembered the words of the simple-minded soldier. Like him I began to believe in a God I did not as yet know.

My daughter Loretta was the first in the family to become a Catholic. She it was who led us through the gateway of truth. After a series of instructions I was baptized and confirmed thanks to the kind help received from Sister Saint Denise¹, Reverend Fathers de Angelis and Alleta, Mr. Lopez, chairman of the Legion of Mary, and numerous other Catholic friends. My beloved wife, Maria Helen, the mother of my nine children, also entered the Church at the same time. How happy we all are now to be Catholics! It seems that we are living in an entirely different world, a world shining with the glory of God. Never have we felt deeper contentment than in performing our duties as children of God and of the Church, and as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

I consider it my most important work from now on to guide others who believe in their *Sky* like the young soldier I met seventeen years ago, to their true Father who is in heaven above.

¹ Odile Malboeuf, Sudbury, Ont.

Secular power may possibly unify a world through force; only love can unite a world in freedom.

Rev. Gerald Vann, O.P.



Meet the lovable Fung family.

Proverbial

MERCEDES

Lives there a single thirsty traveller journeying across the immense plains of Cuba, who has not at one time or another been graciously served with a bracing cup of coffee or at least a refreshing glass of water? Who has not been charmed with the invitation to come in and rest from the glare of the sun in the cool shade of straw huts along the way?

It all started back in 1570. At that time, Don Francisco Correno, Governor of Cuba, was endeavouring to solve a difficult problem. As yet no regulations existed regarding the ownership of plantations and farms throughout the island. Correno finally enacted a simple and original decree establishing the right of property. He decided that whoever wanted a plot of land he could call his own, should apply to the municipal council. After inquiry and upon the deposition of three witnesses testifying that the land

Sugar cane plantation, Cuba



Cuban Hospitality

in question was free from encumbrance, the solicitor was granted possession of the plot. Two conditions, however, were laid down by the wise governor: (1) the new proprietor must allow a given section of his fields to serve as pasture land for a determined number of cattle; (2) within one year from his acquisition he must build for the benefit of travellers a *casa de Viajeros*, where water and kindling could always be found in readiness for travellers, Cuba at that time being sparsely inhabited.

This was the origin of the vast rural habitations and the foundation of the Cuban law of hospitality. Deep in the heart of all inhabitants is this virtue ingrained. Considered as the primary obligation of all peasants it has flourished for hundreds of years and it has been the favourite theme of poets and singers everywhere in the island.

SISTER JOSEPH ARSENE, M.I.C.

(Jeanne Berger, St. Epiphane, P.Q.)





Sister Catherine of Jesus worries not only over Pierrette's future
but also over loose stitches . . .

**Pierrette
Needs You!**

HAITI, CAMP PERRIN

SISTER CATHERINE OF JESUS¹
M.I.C.

It was Friday evening. My classroom, a centre of bustling activity the whole week through, was now strangely silent and empty; all my girlies except two had left to spend the weekend at home. Not the leisurely weekend you enjoy dear Canadian readers . . . Going home for these children too often means household chores, such as doing the family wash down at the riverside, hoeing the vegetable patch under a burning sun, carrying heavy jugs of water a long distance. If their weekends are far from being leisurely, they at least afford them a timely relaxation from study hours.

While I put my desk in order, Pierrette and Marie Rose, the two who had stayed behind in Camp Perrin, busied themselves sweeping and dusting. They chattered and giggled as they worked like schoolgirls the world over. But their conversation suddenly took a more serious turn. The dusky faces usually wreathed in smiles now looked like banked up summer storm clouds. I drew near and questioned Marie Rose, the oldest of the two, "What's the matter? You seem way down in the dumps . . ." She looked up at me, a world of childish concern in her liquid brown eyes. "Mother, we're sad, Pierrette and I, because we can't see our way to coming back to school next year."

"What's to keep you away?"

"It's like this. My papa is a cripple and all the work falls on poor mamma who is not very strong. So next year, I'll have to take my share of the housework." I turned to Pierrette whose mouth twitched nervously to keep from crying. "What about you, Pierrette? Surely you will be able to continue . . ." But, no, she could not. I drew as much from the mournful shake of her kinky braids.

The distress of these pupils of mine at not being allowed to keep on with their studies, causes me many a sleepless night trying to devise ways to help them. Perhaps you who read this little paper will feel touched by the problem of my black girls with the lily hearts who would so desire to become the brides of Christ. Shall the precious seeds of a religious vocation sprouting in their youthful hearts be left to wither and die? How the Evil One would like to succeed in turning them away from their ideal!

Many among our lovely Haitian girls feel the call to a higher life. But unless someone helps them they will not be able to realize their noble ambition. The very slight baggage of a primary school education cannot adequately prepare them for a future of usefulness and entire dedication. Let those who have not the means of helping them in a financial way however small, succour them by their fervent prayers. An illustrious Bishop and educator, St. Charles Borromeo, once declared, "*The education of youth appears to me the greatest service I can render the Church.*"

PLEASE NOTE

Pierrette would be enabled to start her higher course in Home Economics if some kind friend of the missions sent her \$10.00 a month, or \$100.00 for the whole year.

¹ Catherine Drolet, Three Rivers, P.Q.

Rosary

Crusade Doings

The Rosary Crusade continues to spread everywhere in our district and some of us Sisters are privileged to do our share in its expansion. In the late afternoon hours, before the natives return to their villages after their labours in the fields, the *Wamayi* go out to teach them the beauties of the Rosary devotion and its priceless advantages. Our Lady is winning her way into their loving hearts. Not a day passes but groups of grandmothers and youngsters, men and women call at our convent, asking for a *korona* (rosary). In payment they each offer a handful or two of corn. Several bags of the golden grain are tell-tale tokens of the Crusade's success. About six hundred rosaries have already been distributed and demands daily increase. Angels must be kept particularly busy offering to their Queen, the innumerable Aves rising from our bush villages since the Rosary Crusade was launched.

May these fervent prayers obtain the conversion of Northern Nyassaland in the not too distant future.

SISTER MARIE OF LOURDES¹, M.I.C.

¹ Irene Champagne, Montreal.



They bore her in a reverent group
To a holy place,
Left her body in the earth —
Her body, "full of grace."
But Thomas, tardy, slow of foot,
Absent when she died,
Spent with sorrow, craved to see
Her of the Crucified.
There was a swift intake of breath,
A hurried silent prayer;
Startled they opened the new-made tomb
To find but lilies there.

Sister M. Angeline, S.S.N.D.

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 Street West,
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, 1325 de la Terriere 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.
Perth, N.B.
Ottawa, Ont., 211 Bronson.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

Kuanhsi, Catholic Church, Hsinchu
Hsien, Taiwan, Formosa.
Shih Kuang Tse, Catholic Church,
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan, Formosa.

JAPAN

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

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, Immaculate Conception Anglo
Chinese Academy, Gen. Luna St.,
Intramuros.
Manila, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao Province.
Davao City, Our Lady of Good Counsel
Hall.
Padada, Davao Province.
Baguio City, 11, Pacdal, Mountain
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.
Trou-du-Nord, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

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

MADAGASCAR

Morondava, Madagascar

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

