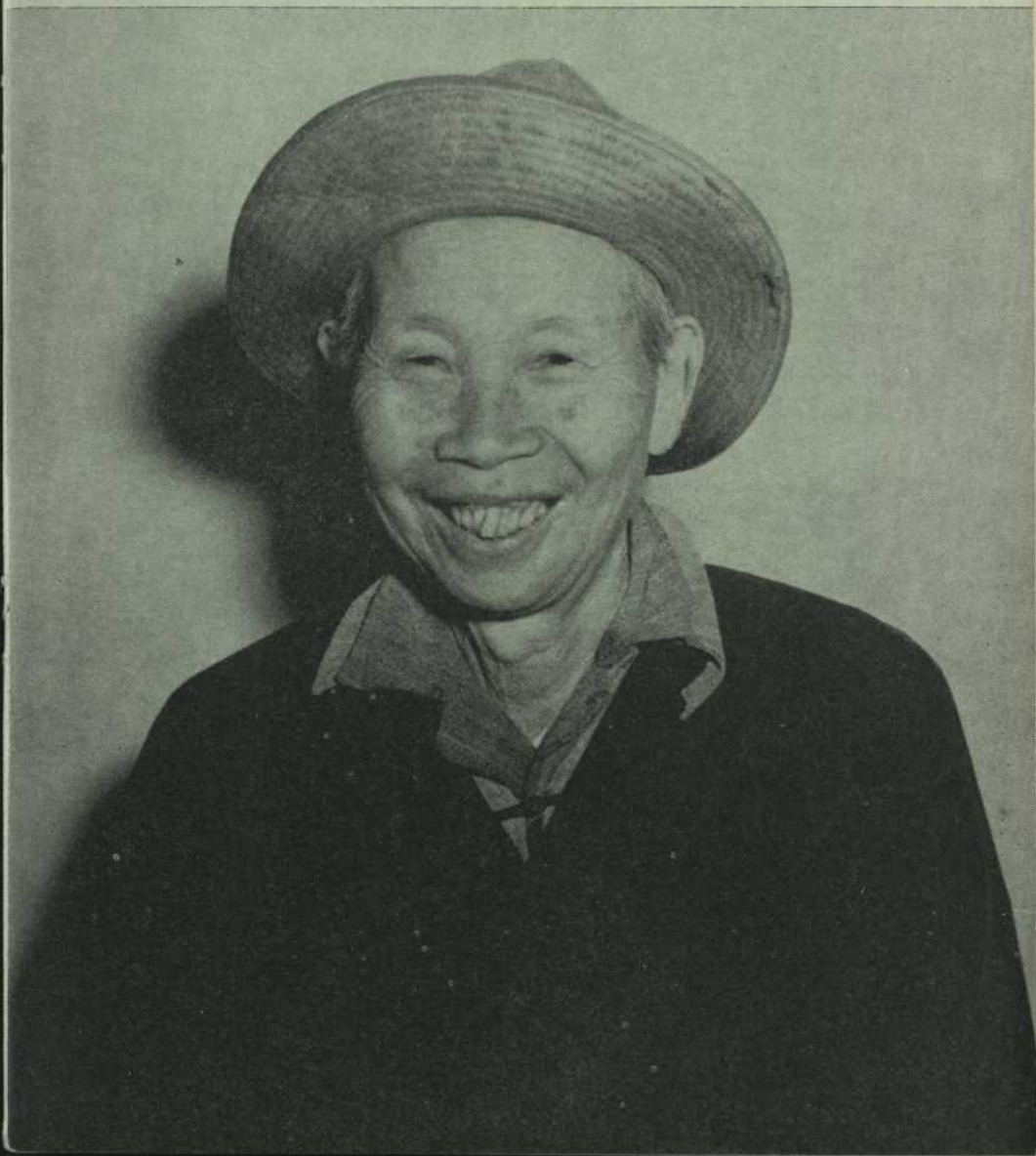


The Precursor

Vol. XXI, 34th Year, No. 5 — September - October 1956 — Montreal



The Precursor

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Our cover-picture: front: *Industrious Formosan
Farmer.* — Back: *Plowing the paddies in the
Beautiful Isle.*



She Who Reflects Celestial Light

SISTER MARY OF THE REDEMPTION¹, M.I.C.

Where is the image of Santa Maria Sama?

Not until 1859, when several ports were opened for trade with the western world, were any foreigners again allowed to live in Nippon proper. In 1864, the Protestants first to reach Nagasaki, had built there a small church and rectory. It is recorded that a group of Christians visited the missionary in charge. But finding that he was a married

man and indifferent to the Mother of God, they never repeated their visit although they had been kindly received.

Father Petitjean who arrived in Nagasaki some time later obtained a permit to erect a church which was completed in 1865, and where Our Lady's statue occupied a place of honour. On March 17, of that same

¹ Basillise Maillet. West Bathurst, N.B.

year Father Petitjean knelt in fervent prayers before this statue pleading for a clue to the whereabouts of descendants of the old Christians. Suddenly, he heard a slight commotion in the rear of the church. Turning around to investigate, he noticed a group of people standing diffidently near the entrance. Drawing near, he courteously invited them to visit the church but they at first demurred. Cautiously looking around to make sure they were not being followed they finally did venture to the front of the church. After bowing repeatedly in the direction of the altar, an old woman, apparently the leader of the group, drew closer to the priest and asked in mysterious whisper, "Where is Santa Maria Sama?" Father Petitjean then led them to Our Lady's shrine. All constraint vanished as with radiant faces they tramped about it as joyful as children who have come home to their mother after a prolonged absence. "Yes, indeed, this is Santa Maria Sama," they ecstatically repeated to one another. "See, how she clasps her noble Child to her breast! Arigato! Arigato! (expression of gratitude)".

From neighbouring hills and islands, in the days that followed, numerous other groups of Christians visited the Catholic church in Nagasaki. To Father Petitjean's joyful amazement, they knelt and recited the Hail Mary and the Hail Holy Queen, prayers secretly taught by succeeding generations since the days of Xavier.

The ardour of these newly discovered Christians soon got the better of their prudence and aroused the old hatred. In July 1867, the persecution broke out again. It scat-

tered into nineteen different provinces some four thousand Christians of Nagasaki and its neighbourhood. Like their forefathers who had courageously trod their bloody way of the Cross in union with the sorrowful Mother, these noble exiles clung to the Rosary as to an anchor of salvation. In the filthy dungeons where so many were left to pine away, the Rosary was recited as often as ten times a day. Though, under unspeakable torture, a number did weaken, the great majority preferred martyrdom or a lingering death in prison rather than deny Mary and her divine Son.

Our Lady Queen of Martyrs hovered near her persecuted children, soothing their distress, imparting strength in their terrible ordeal. Among the most renowned martyrs of this period was John Baptist Yasutaro. Confined to a cell built of thick boards and measuring only three feet deep by three feet square, he was left alone to die since he refused to apostatize. For three days he had thus been caged when Dominic Zenyemon Fukahori, a catechist, crept to his side under cover of darkness to comfort and encourage him. To his surprise, he found the martyr calm and even joyful. They conversed for a while, then Dominic ventured, "Are you not a little dismayed at being thus left alone to die?"

"Dominic, believe me, I am not alone!"

"What do you mean? Has anyone been here before me?"

The martyr smiled a heavenly smile and his haggard unkempt figure seemed already ablaze with glory.

He joined his emaciated hands and beckoned the catechist closer.

"You have been kind to me", he whispered, "I am going to tell you a secret... a wonderful secret which you must promise me not to reveal before I have been called away. Every night, a beautiful lady appears to me. She gives me good advice and her gentle hands relieve my tortured limbs. I am sure it is *Santa*

Maria Sama." Our Lady tenderly stood by him until the bitter end, comforting his dying agony, ushering him into his eternal home when he died five days later. She stood also beside all those who until the close of the persecution in 1873, lived the Passion over again. Their perseverance they owed to her motherly assistance as to her they owed the palm of victory.

Mary and Modern Nippon

Winter, the long winter of persecution passed at long last. Henceforth the government was silent regarding religion and disturbed no one provided public order was not troubled. A regime of tolerance began. Purified in the crucible of suffering, the Church in Nippon held pregnant promise for the future. The first care of the missionaries in their work of reconstruction was to entrust anew their apostolate to the Queen of Missions.

Over the years, other missionaries joined the priests of the Paris Foreign Missions Society. They also, following the example of their predecessors, continued the tradition of placing under Mary's gracious patronage their churches and establishments. Trappists in the far north dedicated their first monastery to Our Lady of the Lighthouse, teaching Brothers and Sisters in the capital and elsewhere gave their schools and convents such appellations as School of the White Lily, Morning Star School, Star of the Sea School, Garden of Mary Kindergarten, Our Lady of the Rising Sun Academy, to mention only a few. The first community of Nipponese Sisters was called by the

name of Sisters of the Visitation.

In the South, the saintly missionary who boldly asserted in life and proved in death that "with the Immaculate there is no heroic deed of which we are incapable", Father Maximilian Kolbe, founded in her honour the review *Seibo no Kishi* (Holy Mother's Knight) which was instrumental in deepening devotion to Mary from one end of the country to the other. *Mugenzai no Sono* (garden of the Immaculate) was the name with which he graced the novitiate of his Order built on one of the hills which girdle the city of Nagasaki. The atomic blast left it standing and not one of its inmates perished.

Who has not read or heard of the Nipponese best sellers *The Rosary Chain* and the *Bells of Nagasaki*? The author, Doctor Paul Nagai, devoted his life and sacrificed his health in researches on atomic energy. His motto, "The Rosary in every place, the Rosary for everything, the Rosary for everyone, the Rosary for all places" is an eloquent proof that modern Nipponese Catholics have remained tenaciously faithful to a devotion inherited from their forbears. Another evidence of this

might well find its place here. It happened in May of the Marian Year. An old man carrying a knapsack arrived late one evening at the little mission rectory of Nibuno. The missionary in charge invited him inside and offered him supper. He acknowledged the invitation with a smile explaining, however, that he could not stay long as he had many miles to cover before his mission would be fulfilled. Over a steaming bowl of rice, he further revealed that he was resolved on celebrating the Marian Year by visiting all the churches of his country from south to north, and by reciting a rosary before each altar dedicated to Mary. The most amazing part of his story was that he had once been a "bonze" or Buddhist monk. It was only three years since he had been baptized. This devout knight errant of Our Lady had started his pilgrimage on the feast of her Purification and he expected to be on the roads until December.

Not only the Rosary but the Angelus continues to be prayed as fervently as of yore in the Land of Cherry Blossoms. A few years after the close of the war, the Superior of the Brothers of Christian Schools in Japan travelled to Kagoshima where the Prefect Apostolic, Msgr. Ideguchi, wished to discuss with him the preliminaries for the foundation of a school. Difficulties once experienced in this sector by other religious societies; the distance of 940 miles from the capital and various other factors, left the Superior perplexed and hesitant in spite of most advantageous propositions. It was nearing the noon hour and still

he could not make up his mind to accept. He stepped out of the rectory just as the bell of the mission church rang out the Angelus. In the yard the kindergarten pupils were then engrossed in a noisy game but at the first sound of the bell they immediately grew silent, folded their tiny hands, and bowed their heads in prayer as they recited the salutation to *Seibo Maria Sama*. Before this spontaneous manifestation of piety, the aged Brother felt all his hesitation vanish. Mary had showed him that her divine Son really wanted this work in favour of Kagoshima children. Reentering the rectory he gave his assent to the foundation of the projected school much to the Prefect's satisfaction.

Even the non-Christians feel the powerful attraction of the "Merciful Mother in White" and deem it a privilege to do something in her honour. Thus was organized five years ago in Koriyama among our English Course pupils, the charitable association known as Our Lady's Little Messengers. Its objective is twofold: to initiate youthful non-Christians in the practice of charity and to afford them an acquaintance with Catholicism under its most attractive aspect — the Marian aspect. Every Saturday, these boys and girls go out by twos under the direction of a teacher to distribute food and clothing to destitute families. One of them was lately heard to remark "Only in *Maria Sama's* (honourable Mary's) house do we learn how to make others happy. For seven among her first "Little Messengers" last Christmas the Virgin Mother obtained the priceless boon



of holy Baptism.

If it were our privilege to make the rounds of Nippon's 500 parishes, to be admitted into all its charitable and educational establishments we would doubtless discover enough interesting facts regarding Marian devotion in this country to make a volume which might adequately be

titled "Bounties of Mary in Nippon." But this would go far beyond the scope of this modest paper. Let the few white and blue milestones mentioned here suffice to show that today as in the past Mary remains for her beloved people of the Land of the Rising Sun "She who reflects celestial Light."

Guiding and

FORT JAMESON, NORTHERN RHODESIA



the Missionary Life

Sister ST. RODRIGUE¹, M.I.C.

Pedaling along the bustling city streets or the quiet country lanes of this my adopted country, I often think of you, dear Girl Guides of my homeland. Why? Because I like to dream of the day when it will be your turn to quest for souls along the sunlit trails of our beloved Africa.

Trained as I was in the scout traditions of cheerful service and noble idealism, I am convinced that one day or other, many among you will hear the call to the foreign mission apostolate. You will hear and you will heed. Where better than in the missionary vocation will you be able to put to use the precious lessons learned while going through your tests, pioneering, camping, hiking? If you could experience the distress of souls hungering after truth, after all that constitutes their spiritual heritage and of which they are still debarred, you would not want to delay even a moment to bring them the succour they need.

Come, where Africa lies gleaming in the sun.
.....

Come, where we learn the wisdom of the wood,
Come, where we prove that simple things are good . . .

Your divine Scout Master waits at a turn in the winding road of life. As of yore to His disciples in Galilee, He points out the broad harvest fields where so many precious souls are waiting. He knows He can rely on you to keep your pledge. O He is tenderly patient, our divine Master! I can hardly believe in my happiness to be privileged to work in the missions of Africa. Being so, so happy among my dear people over here, I cannot help yearning to have you share my happiness. And ever as I cycle from one mission post to another I find myself humming a childhood song that brings back a host of memories,

There's a long, long line agrowing
(a line of white-robed, black veiled missionaries)
From north to south, from east to west,
(in my own beloved homeland across the seas)
.....
There's a place awaiting in it, too, that you'll fill best.

¹ Françoise Pageau, Quebec.

Quebec. You can hardly imagine how rudimentary things were bound to be when the movement was still new in our Province.

Experience had not yet introduced the dynamic modern formulas. We had gone out camping, two companies of ten guides each. During the first two days, there was unavoidable friction, the result of wide differences in education. On the second evening, while we were making our preparations for bed, the retiring signal sounded before we had finished. Cries of protest arose. "Wait a minute, I'm not ready." "Where's my blanket?" "Did anybody find my shoulder knot?" "My hat, O where's my hat?" Our little Captain admonished "Girls, you've all heard the bedtime whistle. It's just too bad for you all but I must put out the light." I was one of those who had to undress in the dark. When the morning sun filtered through the cracks in our tent, I found my new hat crushed under my mattress. I nearly cried of mortification, for I had no money to buy another and it would have to do for at least a year more.

Life is often like that. Our "hats" (fond hopes or cherished desires) often get squashed by unforeseen circumstances. But Guides with the true spirit of Guiding will not let themselves grow downcast. They will sing their troubles away, and forget their disappointments by being always prepared

Will you heed their insistent appeal for help?

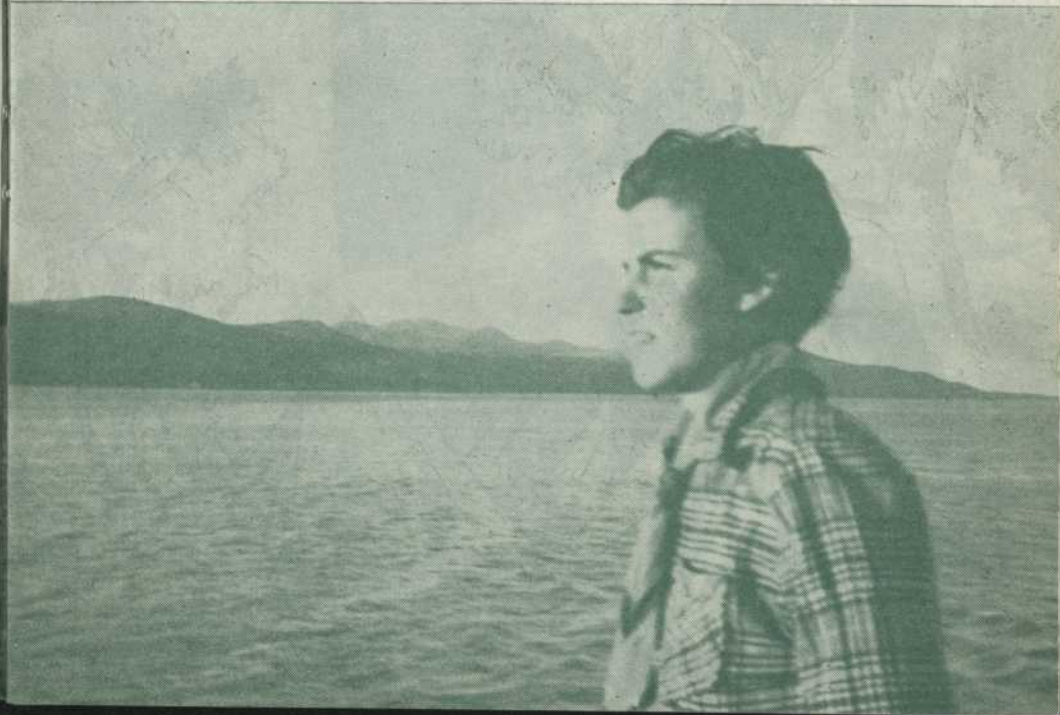


to lend a helping hand to others. In the Guides' wide programme they will find plenty of scope for their youthful activity. With love and reverence they will look up to Our Lady, the Guide of Guides. Is she not the spotless mirror of the qualities demanded of them: serenity, simplicity, obedience, prudence, purity, constancy, endurance, fearlessness?

A Girl Guide of my acquaintance wrote to her Captain on the eve of her departure for the Convent. "It is thanks to you that I am choosing this way of life. Your explanations of the great moral value of the Scout Law and the Scout Promise, gave me to understand that true happiness here below may be found only in the complete surrender of self for the love of God." This young woman is at present a Sister-Nurse of the sick poor. True to its motto "Be prepared" the Guide Movement appropriately prepares women for all vocations. It trains them to be admirable mothers, the joy and light of their homes, tireless social workers, devoted teachers . . . But, I do not hesitate to repeat that it is eminently the practical training needed to mould future missionaries.

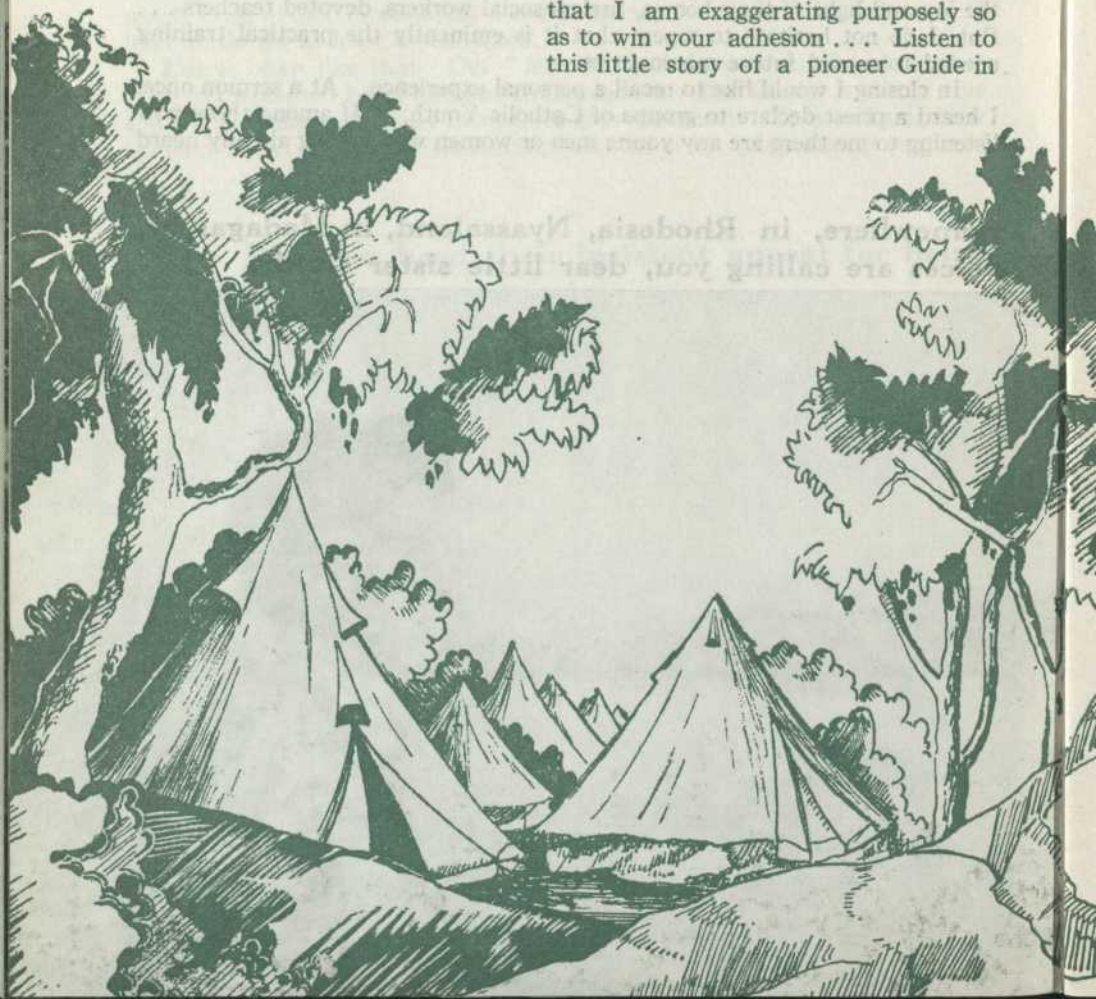
In closing I would like to recall a personal experience. At a sermon once, I heard a priest declare to groups of Catholic Youth, "If among those now listening to me there are any young men or women who having already heard

**Somewhere, in Rhodesia, Nyassaland, in Madagascar,
voices are calling you, dear little sister Guide.**



Outdoor pursuits and practical training for emergencies will have prepared you for the great adventure of the missions. You will find mountains to climb, steep lonely mountains that will not only teach you the value of continuous effort but will reveal deep down inside your own being, hidden reserves of physical and moral endurance. Camping will have trained you in habits of supple adaptation, readiness to oblige, detachment of the comforts of life. Nothing that you have acquired will be wasted. I will even go so far as to say that the missionary life seems to be the complement of guiding, its perfecting. Whenever I examine the World Flag, I am always struck by its universal symbolism . . . The base of the trefoil stalk as you know, represents the flame of the love of mankind, a genuine missionary ideal.

Perhaps you are beginning to think that I am exaggerating purposely so as to win your adhesion . . . Listen to this little story of a pioneer Guide in





in their heart of hearts the call to the foreign mission apostolate have deliberately turned a deaf ear, let me plead with them today to reconsider. They have only to beg for the light and the strength they need. It will surely not be refused if they persevere in their prayer." These words heard long ago re-awakened me to a sense of my responsibility towards the salvation of souls. Perhaps they may help some among you who are

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet.

Rosary Crusade

AFRICA — Father Patrick Peyton's Rosary Crusade through Mau Mau territory can be labelled as "phenomenal". Sympathy and support were found in places blanketed by death and terror a few years ago. Even the Moslem Arabs of Kenya Colony were greatly impressed. An average of 20,000 to 30,000 persons were attracted to each of the 14 rallies. Three school girls walked 17 miles to hear him. An extra talk was made to 1,500 hard, embittered men at the Athi River detention camp, home of some of the toughest Mau Mau gangsters caught. At the end of the sermon 500 were on their knees saying the Rosary. Others asked for rosaries and to have them blessed by Father Peyton.

* * *

FAMILY PRAYER HAILED BY MOSLEMS

Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., spoke to large numbers of Kikuyu tribesmen, who make up a good share of the Mau Mau movement, at three different Family Prayer Rallies in Nairobi, Africa.

Thousands attended his rallies, many coming from great distances. A group of young Kikuyu girls insisted on walking 17 miles each way to the rally, as a sacrifice, that God would bless their land.

Since the rallies, the Rosary is being recited nightly in many homes in the hills and valleys of Africa.

Following his appearance in Zanzibar, many Moslem leaders joined in praising Father Peyton's family prayer crusade and urged the Moslem population to recite prayers together in the family.

PAGAN FESTIVAL

at Kuanhsi

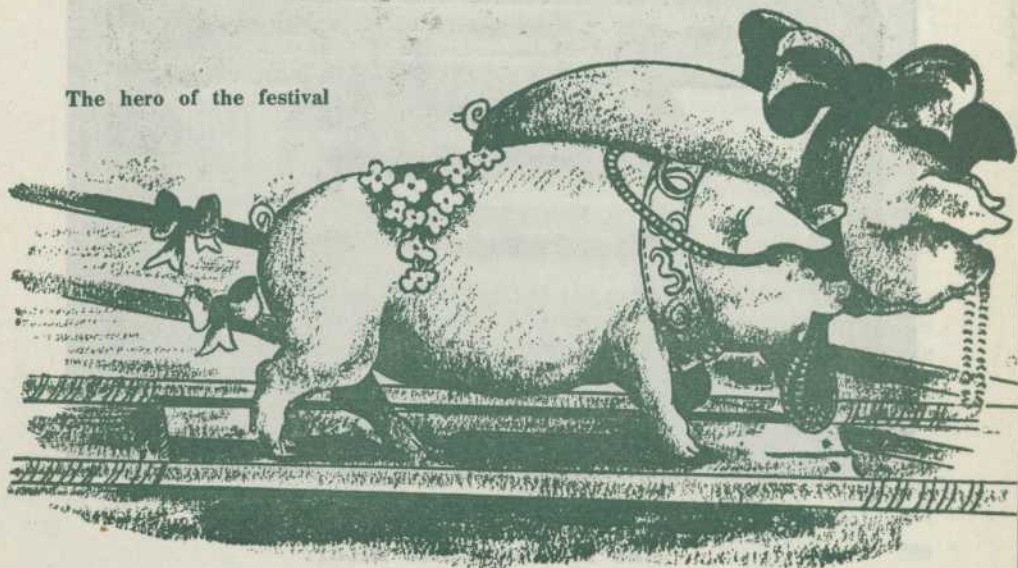
Sister MARY XAVIER¹, M.I.C.

According to the ancient lunar calendar, the Formosans hold the festival of mid-autumn on the fifteenth of August. On this occasion various votive offerings are made to local divinities. Although this celebration originated on the Chinese mainland, the Formosans have introduced into it peculiar customs of their own.

Several months before the feast, a young pig is set apart to be offered in sacrifice. Because of his exalted role, Piggy enjoys the distinction of having his carefully prepared meals served before the family repasts. Rice, vegetables, and even eggs figure on his menu, for his weight must be brought up

¹ Berthe Paradis, Tingwick.

The hero of the festival





Every pagan home in Formosa
has its domestic altar.

to record. It is related that the Kuanhsi champion pig of the 1955 autumn festival weighed all of 862 pounds.

At dawn, on the appointed day, people busy themselves tidying their yards in preparation for the festival rites that will unfold there during the day. Chickens and ducks are plucked and set to boil for the noon banquet. The sacrifice pig is then led forward to be immolated at the front doorstep. Armed with brushes and cloths, the participants shave and scrub the animal clean. This operation over, he is made to stand on his four legs, then he is decked in sacrificial finery consisting of red scarves, garland of flowers, and various other ornaments according to the devotion of the people. A gilded ball is placed in his open snout.

On a table set beside the pig, are placed several trays holding red coloured buns, smoked fish, fruit, and various other eatables together with an incense burner. Finally, a pennant is hoisted over the sacrificial altar, and the entire household gathers to accomplish the ritual offering to the gods.

The initial salutation *Pae T'ien Kong* is addressed to the Lord of Heaven. The second, much more formal and elaborate, invites the *Koei* (demon) to eat his fill of this delicious meat and afterwards to refrain from annoying human beings. What festival in this part of the world would be accounted as such were it not punctuated by the bang of firecrackers? The crackling goes on for hours on end as each family proceeds with its own ceremony. Towards five o'clock, a holocaustal pig may be seen gracing every front door of every street. Children cluster around, naively admiring his gay trappings, while adults gravely discuss on the efficacy of his mediation to ward off the evil spirits during the year. Bonzes garbed in rich vestments of purple and yellow, walk up and down the streets to the solemn throbbing of drums. They are supposed to be officially sent to meet the spirits.

The climax of the festival is reached late in the evening when the votive offerings are carried to the pagoda in a noisy procession. There the ritual of the oblations is publicly renewed after which the latter are taken back home by the faithful. Divested of his decorations, poor Piggy is mercilessly slashed into pieces. Each family keeps a certain amount of the meat while the rest is distributed as none of it may be sold. For the celebration of this festival, Kuanhsi is divided into four sections. Every five years, each section in turn is made responsible for the fattening of the votive offering and must, moreover, provide refreshments for the entire locality.

Among decorations used on this festival, the most remarkable is the statue representing some sort of evil spirit. Measuring thirty feet in height, it is dressed in brilliant red and gold garments. From its forehead protrude two huge horns. One of its arms is lifted in a gesture of defiance while the other brandishes a large spear. A small statue of Kuang, the goddess of mercy, sits atop this monster's head as if to signify that she alone can set bounds to his power.

To us, this seems a mysterious detail recalling Mary, the genuine mother of mercy, whose virginal foot once crushed the serpent's head. With all

our hearts
we entreat her
to oust from Formosa
the archenemy of souls
and to bring about the
coming of her Son's reign
all over the Island.





Watery Road to Mati

I travelled from Manila to Davao aboard a *Pal* plane in a little less than five hours including a stopover in Cagayan, land of the pineapple. Our Mati Sisters had invited me to attend Commencement exercises at their Immaculate Heart of Mary

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

(Rhea Allard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.)

Academy. As Msgr. Maurice Michaud, V.G., was also going that way, Sister Therese of St. Augustine¹ asked him to take me under his high protection for the rest of the journey to be made on barge and jeep via Lupon.

Early on Saturday evening, Monsignor and Rev. L. C. Sabourin,

p.m.e., called for me, together with Estrelia, a young girl who was going home to Mati for the holidays. Although we were to leave Davao only past midnight, the Vicar General advised us to go on board as early as possible so as to secure at least the space to lie down. I understood the reason for his concern the mo-

¹ Beatrice Cornellier, Lowell, Mass.

THE TRACTOR PULLING OUT THE JEEP.



ment I stepped on the swaying deck. The numerous passengers were already settling down for the night on cots which covered every available inch of space except for a narrow passage left on one side. On this empty spot, even now two cots were being prepared for Monsignor and Father L. C. Sabourin, p.m.e. Estrelia and I carried only sleeping mats. True, there were still two empty cots

but we were told they had been reserved for Mati students who were to come in later.

Some time before midnight, the young men from Mati climbed on the barge. Courteous as all Filipinos are towards priests and religious, they offered to exchange places with us. I would have given much to have my Canadian friends see me in this situation. Never before in my life

HAPPY LANDING AFTER ALL.



as a Sister had I travelled in such unorthodox fashion. On my left lay a portly Filipino matron who had considerably awakened her snoring son and sent him further down the row. Estrelia was on my right, then the young men from Mati and another woman. At our feet, on the edge of the passageway, stood Monsignor's cot while Father Sabourin lay on the right at my head. Men, women, and children slept all over the barge as packed as herrings. Whenever anyone felt the pressing need of going forward, he had to skip delicately over each sleeper in the rows.

A few minutes after midnight, the barge lumbered out on its journey; despite the pitching and rolling, I managed to enjoy a few cat naps. We reached Lupon at cock's crow. The barge having stopped about fifty yards offshore, porters swarmed up to the sides and promptly began carrying passengers pickaback to a happy landing. As I stood there watching the antics of the porters half amused and half apprehensive, Monsignor drew near and encouraged "Your turn now, Sister. Ride on this stout fellow's shoulders! There don't be afraid. He won't drop you!" Clutching the man's neck and almost choking him in the process, I found myself on land before I had time to worry over a possible spill in the cold water. In Canada, this scene might have been amusing to onlookers but not in the Philippines.

Picking our luggage we followed Monsignor to the house used as rectory by Rev. Germain Pelletier, p.m.e., pastor of Lupon. The caretaker told us Father was absent on a

tour of his mountain outposts. When Monsignor opening the door of the makeshift chapel, pounded out a summons on a piece of corrugated iron, young and old came pouring out of the nipa huts. While Father Sabourin offered a low Mass, the Vicar General heard confessions then celebrated High Mass and gave an inspiring sermon. The Lupon parishioners were delighted with their good luck.

After Mass we took the breakfast prepared by Father Pelletier's housekeeper — buns, cold fried eggs, and coffee, the everyday menu. Leaving the missionaries to chat with the people, I made the rounds of the rectory. What poverty! And the material privations are surely not the hardest to bear. We have only to think of the isolation in which our missionaries live, of the indifference of those for whom they have given up all things, of the anguish which wrings their hearts when they witness the eternal loss of so many. At what high price souls must be won!

Hardly had we swallowed our last mouthfuls of coffee when the jeep sent by our Sisters from Mati honked at our door. Declining the invitation to ride in front, I managed to squeeze in the back between Estrelia, the two young students from Mati, and a man who fondly carried a fighting cock in his arms.

After we had rolled a few miles, Monsignor announced that I had better prepare my camera, for we were nearing a remarkable spot. There was a certain river we would have to ford as there was no bridge to accommodate cars. Our jeep unconcernedly rolled ahead into the

shallow waters near the shore. All went well for a few minutes and I was adjusting my lens for a shot when the jeep started to plunge forward and backward in an alarming fashion. Soon the water came up to our insteps. While the passengers tensely awaited further developments, Chantecleer in a panic flapped his wings in my face and struggled desperately. I heaved a sigh of relief when his master stepped out of the jeep and waded ashore.

Meantime, Father Sabourin stripped his cassock, took off his shoes, and jumped into the river with the two young men. Monsignor, Estrelia, and I passed out to them handbags, parcels, and cases beginning with my precious cameras which they carried to safety. I began unlacing my shoes to jump out after Monsignor and Estrelia but the former halted me halfway, "Sister, there's no need for you to get wet," he declared as he beckoned to the students from Mati. Making an improvised seat with their sturdy brown arms, they carried me swiftly ashore. Monsignor who had hurried on ahead, tried his best to turn his camera on me but I was too fast in dismounting for him to succeed.

The first thing to do now that we were all in comparative safety, was to open our bags and parcels to ascertain what damage the water had done. I helped my fellow travellers wring out their cassocks, stockings, napkins, towels. Just then Estrelia dragged forward my own personal

valise and I hastened to open it. Every single piece of clothing was soaked. Monsignor and Father Sabourin helped me to wring out everything and pack again as best as possible. We were rather crestfallen as we boarded another jeep called to our rescue. "If Mom could see me now!" ruefully exclaimed the irrepressible Father Sabourin. Until then, I had somehow failed to see anything ludicrous in our adventure, but for the rest of the trip I had a hard time keeping a straight face whenever I remembered that wringing bee on the shore of a certain river . . . As for Estrelia every time I caught her eye she burst out laughing.

The last lap of our journey was pleasant even thrilling as we rode through scenes of breathtaking natural splendor. At some sharp bends in the mountain road we glimpsed far below gamuts of shimmering blues and greens dancing over the expanse of the Bay of Mati. It was nearing noon when at last we reached Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy where our Sisters were awaiting us for a belated dinner. Before saying our Benedicite, however, we changed into dry clothing. As we did not have even a dry handkerchief left, we had to borrow wherewith to change.

From my heart depths, I thank dear St. Joseph who granted us such fatherly protection on our journey. Grateful thanks also to Our Lord for letting me have a taste of the beautiful missionary adventure.

This Catholicism has to give to the world, to all men everywhere; that God and His saints will save the world. We can say this, yes; but more effective than words is demonstration.

Citizen of the World

*No longer of Him be it said
"He hath no place to lay His
[head.]"*

*In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and
[mighty camp.]*

*There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.*

*And every nation kneels to hail
The splendor shining through Its veil.*

*Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.*

*Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.*

*And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.*

Joyce Kilmer





REJOICINGS

at Charity If You Please

Sister ST. ROBERT¹, M.I.C.

It may perhaps seem strange that joyful events should mark the feast of Our Lady's Compassion. But this date is the patronal feast of the charitable institution with the significant name "Charity If You Please". Our Lady who holds an especially tender spot in her heart for all its inmates, maternally smiles upon their rejoicings and accepts their filial homage. Besides the usual ceremonies of First Holy Communion and Confirmation we had, this year, the blessing of a new centre where Home Economics will be taught and a joyful reception in honour of Bishop Collignon's silver jubilee and of Msgr. Le Net's golden anniversary of ordination.

As early as half past six, the able-bodied patients, the little girls attending our classes, and the First Communicants stood in line on either side of St. Vincent's oratory, waiting to acclaim His Excellency as he passed to enter the chapel. In preparation for Mass, Maurice, the catechist recited morning prayers in Creole at the microphone. Eleven little girls and twelve adults received Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for the first time. Among the adults were two badly crippled young men in their twenties. Before their arrival here, they were absolutely ignorant of religion but now they have learnt the priceless value of suffering offered in union with the Saviour's Passion and Our Lady's Seven Sorrows.

After Mass, His Excellency administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the First Communicants. He then spoke to the inmates of "Charity If You Please", telling them how dear to him was this haven of mercy where the little ones of his flock, the ailing, the outcasts could find loving care and security from a pitiless world.

Reverend A. Bedard, O.M.I., chaplain of the establishment, offered to the revered jubilarians the homage of the personnel and added, "The words of the Gospel that the last should be first finds its full application here this morning since the poor and the afflicted are the first to greet Your Excellency on this happy occasion."

Breakfast over, Bishop Collignon accompanied by Msgr. Le Net and his missionaries, proceeded to the school building for the blessing of the Home

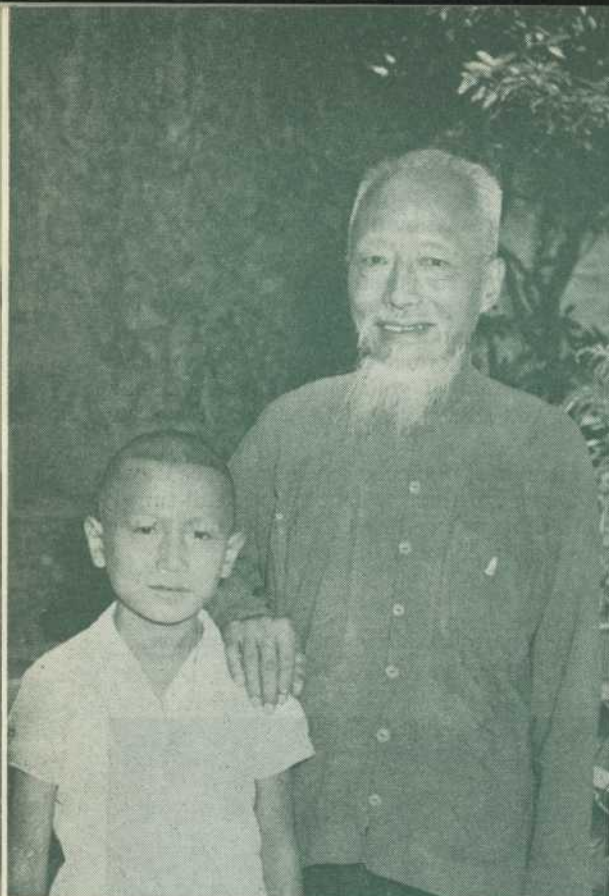
Economics Department inaugurated in October 1955. Thanks to the generosity of American and Canadian friends of the missions, the premises are attractive and commodiously built. On one side, is found a kitchenette and a laundry while on the other is a large sewing room which also does duty as classroom. What young girls could fail to enjoy attending classes in such cheerful quarters?

Following this ceremony, our distinguished guests were invited to the reception hall to assist at a Jubilee program presented by the pupils of the "Charity If You Please" primary school annex. His Excellency deigned to congratulate and encourage the youthful actors, "Children dear, we love you with a fatherly love and we are proud of your achievements. Thank God in our name for the many silver and golden years He has granted us to spend in your beautiful country."

This will serve to explain what manner of rejoicings are held at Les Cayes Refuge on the feast of Our Lady's Seven Sorrows. Far from being ill-timed, they must be a consolation to the Mother whose heart ever goes out to the poorest, the most unfortunate among her children of earth.

His Excellency Bishop Collignon administers the Sacrament of Confirmation to the patients of "Charity If You Please."





An Ill Wind That Blew Good

Sister ST. JEAN BAPTISTE¹
M.I.C.

HONG KONG, ST. PIUS X
CATECHUMENATE

Mandarin Wong and Tze Fay

When Wong Shao Yu stumbled into Hong Kong after a nightmarish flight across the border to escape being engulfed by the red tide of Communism, he wept for joy. Exhaustion, hunger, utter destitution, all seemed forgotten now that he could breathe like a free man once again. Oh! this wine of liberty, how heady it was!

With a sympathy born of having plumbed the same depths of human misery, kind refugees shared their meager rations of rice with him and pointed out an empty shack where he would at least find some shelter from wind and cold. How could Wong foresee that his present misfortune would be the low gate through which he would enter into the kingdom of Heaven?

Wong Shao Yu had once been chief and ruler of a vast district in Hunan. The finely wrought iron gates of his property opened into lovely gardens

which girdled a sumptuous dwelling. There he lived in almost princely style with his aged mother, his wife, and his twelve clever, handsome children. Five sons were officers in the Nationalist army. All seemed to promise that this life of ease and prosperity would last until the time came for Wong to be gathered to his fathers.

He had reckoned without Communism. The Red armies overran the province and the distraught father soon learned that his sons had been made prisoners. How could such "criminals" as they were — at once nationalists and capitalists — hope to avoid being immolated to Communist vengeance? Before many days had passed the parents learned the tragic sequel from faithful attendants. Their five sons had been liquidated with groups of other "running dogs of capitalism", shot to death on the edge of a common grave. Convinced that a similar fate awaited him unless he sought safety in flight, old Wong discarded his luxurious garments and, disguised as a coolie, fled at night taking only his four-year-old boy, Tze Fay, with him. In vain did his wife urge him to sew some gold pieces in the seams of his coarse coolie suit. He refused to take such a risk, for if he were caught, what refined tortures would he not be made to endure! Hunger, poverty, insecurity — these had been but empty words for him until their meaning had been hammered into him by the stern blows of adversity. Travelling on foot, nearly always under cover of darkness for fear of being recognized, he made good his escape from Hunan. Finally, exhausted and nearing collapse, he found himself lucky to end his toilsome journey, crouching in the corner of a freight car.

In Hong Kong, this erstwhile Chinese Croesus opened a small shop and lived from hand to mouth, like the poorest among the thousands of refugees. A few months after leaving his native province, the terrifying news seeped through that his mother and his wife had been brutally done to death by the Reds. He never heard of his daughters again. Although a pagan, this venerable patriarch bore up nobly and courageously under the weight of his heartbreaking sorrow.

Did not the Lord intend to reward his patience when He guided his steps to our catechumenate? A friend of his, a refugee, introduced him one day. From that time onward, the neophyte regularly attended the courses on religious doctrine and while the boy Tze Fay learned the catechism in mandarin, his father preferred to study it in his own familiar Cantonese.

But the Evil One could not stand passively by and let these souls slip from his grasp without putting up a struggle. He very nearly succeeded in his wily plans. Because of some regrettable misunderstanding which deeply hurt his feelings, Mr. Wong stubbornly refused to be baptized in his parish church. It took him a long while to learn the lesson of Christian meekness and forgiveness of injuries. Finally, grace triumphed and the former mandarin from Hunan became a child of God under the name of Joseph. Baptized on the same day, his son was called John. Both made their First Holy Communion on the Feast of the Propagation of the Faith. A serene happiness flooded their existence, a happiness that was like a rosy dawn after a stormy night



Refugees from Communist China
Opening packages
Received from "Catholic Welfare"



They have preferred to live homeless in
Kowloon streets rather than stay in the
Red Paradise behind the Bamboo Curtain.

ON THE BANKS OF THE KASITO

Sister ST. BONAVENTURE¹, M.I.C.

Some time ago, among the patients waiting to be treated at our Mission dispensary, I noticed Nya Gondwe, a black mamma, carrying her baby on her back. I beckoned her forward, "Monire Amama...". She bowed smilingly and explained "Amayi, I don't know what is the matter with Ciheni (bad thing). He has not been well for over a week..."

One glance sufficed to convince me that the poor mite was indeed in a bad way. His little head hung limp, his eyes were glazed, his skin was dry and cold. Before coming to the mission dispensary the parents had consulted the witch doctor who had, of course, tried his stock of fake medicines on him. I hardly dared mention Baptism. What if I frightened the mother away before I had time to make of her little "Bad Thing", a thing of joy forever? Instead, I bade one of my assistants prepare a clean hut nearby where Nya Gondwe and her child were made comfortable. Every now and then, in breathing spaces between attending new patients at the dispensary, I looked in on the pair. How I prayed that a favourable occasion would soon allow me to baptize Ciheni!

Despite my vigilance, however, when I slipped into the hut late that afternoon, I found it empty. "Have you seen Nya Gondwe anywhere?" I anxiously inquired of a group of women who had been watching my comings and goings with intrigued curiosity. One toothless old crone announced with a somewhat sullen look, "She's gone... There was just enough time left for her to reach her tribal village before the baby died... You know we people around here must not die outside our own lands, don't you?"

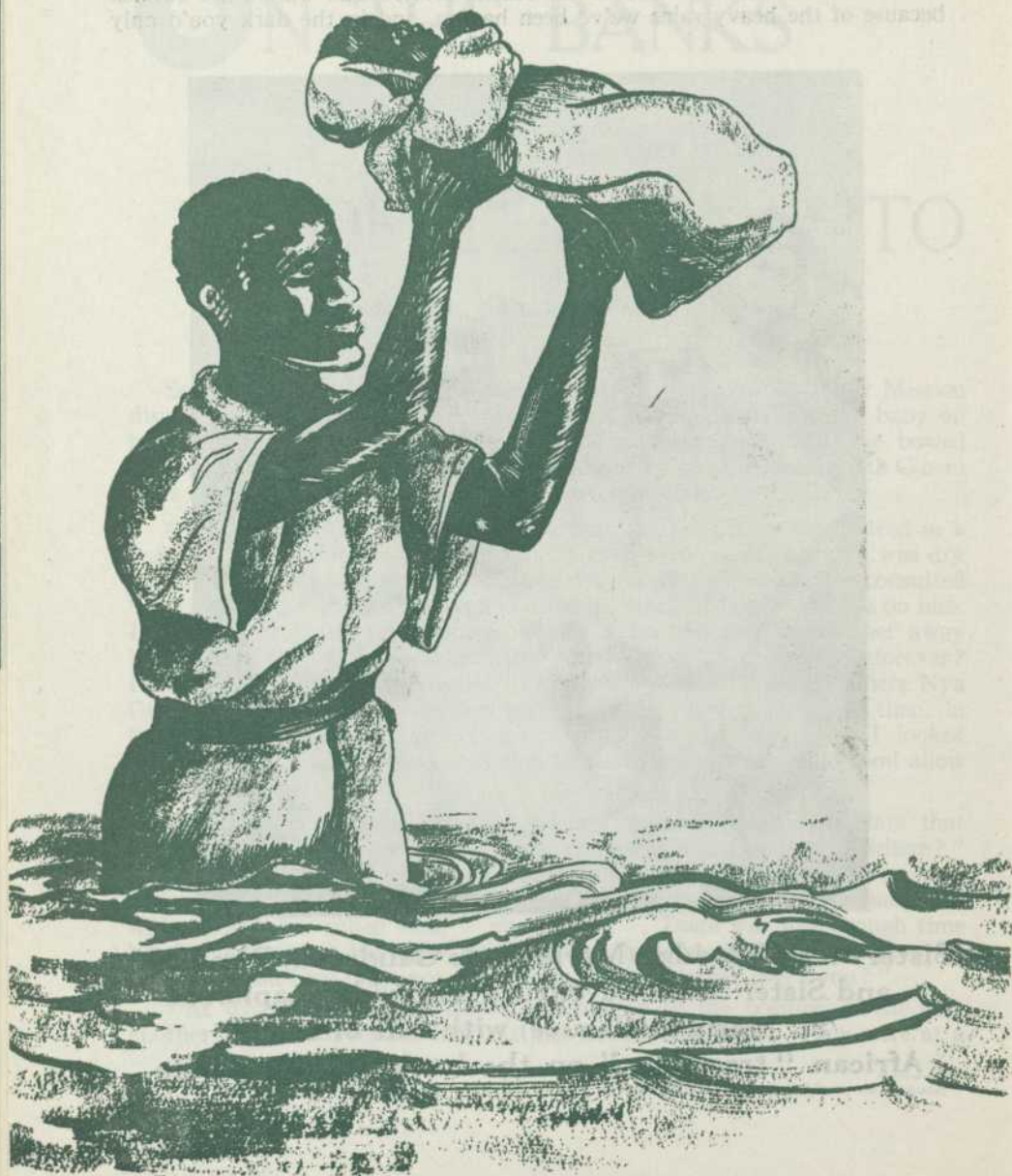
"At what time did she leave?" Pointing to the position of the sun, another old woman replied that she had left around three. They were at a

loss to understand why I looked so put out because of the child's departure. "Why worry over him?" they asked. "He's probably dead by now. At any rate you can't hope to reach that village tonight, for it is at least five miles from here, on the other side of the Kasito river. The waters are swollen because of the heavy rains we've been having, and in the dark you'd only



**Sister Marie Edwidge (Marie Paule Gaudreau, Rimouski)
and Sister St. Bonaventure (Hedwidge Lapierre
St. Marie de Beauce) with one of their
African "treasures" on the banks of the Kasito.**

to understand why I failed to put out because of the child's departure. "Why worry over him?" they asked. "He's probably dead by now. At any rate you can't hope to reach that village tonight, for it is at least two miles from here, on the other side of the Kasai river. The water is too shallow because of the heavy rains we have had. The boat you're only



risk getting drowned." There was nothing left for me to do but to beg Our Lady to keep poor little Ciheni alive at least until morning.

Immediately after breakfast, the following day, I set out accompanied by Nya Cilembo one of my dispensary aides and Wellington, our gardener. How to get across the Kasito was my chief worry. A kind white who met us on our way offered to drive us down to the water's edge. There, our troubles began in earnest. We found the narrow river transformed into an angry, tossing torrent which even husky black men, water up to their waist, crossed with difficulty. Would it not be sheer imprudence for us women to attempt the crossing?

Wellington at length decided that he would go alone and bring the child safely to me, dead or alive, according to my injunctions. One . . . two . . . then three hours crawled past while we scanned the further bank where we had seen Wellington safely land. A man who had just crossed from the opposite direction announced, "Amayi, you're loosing your time if you're waiting for Nya Gondwe's baby. The child is dead." Tears stung my eyes as I cried out to Our Lady in my anguish, "Dear Blessed Mother, you can't let me down this way. I will not take a refusal. Ciheni must be baptized!" Another hour went by and still no Wellington appeared on the further bank. Almost beside myself with worry, I took off my shoes and stockings and resolutely stepped into the foaming Kasito. I had not gone more than a few steps when the river savagely threw me off my balance. With a cry of terror Nya Cilembo pulled me out and helped me to my feet. Decidedly, the wisest thing for me to do was to wait patiently while the warm African sunshine dried my sodden skirts.

It was noon when at long last my eyes made out the figure of Wellington gesticulating on the further side of the river. Nya Gondwe was with him. Above the roar of the swirling waters, she cried, "It's no use taking any more trouble, Amayi, Baby Ciheni is dying. You can't do anything for him." But I shouted back, "Yes, yes, I can still do something for him . . . I have brought a very powerful medicine . . . Let Wellington bring him over. I'll send him right back."

Nya Cilembo and I watched breathlessly while the ebony "Christopher" slowly advanced bearing his precious burden aloft. No sooner had he stepped ashore than I hastened to pour the waters of regeneration. "Josefe — Johane, I baptize thee . . ." A few minutes later, the gardener carried the dying baby to his mother.

It was pouring rain as we turned homewards but in my heart all was sunshine. Even my companions who are as yet non-Christians rejoiced when I explained how they had helped push ajar the gate of heaven for this tiny heir to eternal glory. Early the next day, a messenger from across the Kasito told us that Nya Gondwe's child was dead.

Deep-felt thanks to Our Lady for this precious favour, one among many, many others. Daily, we missionaries are witnesses to the mysterious workings of divine grace. Daily, it is given us to sing the mercies of the Lord.

Ouan Fouc Malia

SHIH KUANG TSE FORMOSA

Once or twice a week Sister Mary of the Assumption¹, accompanied by a young Chinese lady, visits a pagan family on the outskirts of Shih Kuang Tse to teach the doctrine to a group of forty persons. She had a pleasant surprise recently on one of these visitations. On the bare wall of the house she found displayed a large representation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The picture although yellowed with age was beautiful in its every detail. How had it come into possession of this entirely non-Christian family?

Upon inquiry, her hosts replied that it was a precious family heirloom handed down from generation to generation. Nobody remembered exactly how or when it had become theirs. During the fifty years of Japanese occupation, they had carefully concealed it from prying eyes in a clothespress drawer with a false bottom, for the overlords of the regime looked askance at any other cult but that of their divine Emperor.

Now that religious liberty once more reigned, this Formosan family had remembered the treasured picture, and taking it from its hiding place had hung it in a place of honour. How proud they are of their Madona! They willingly display it for all the townspeople to admire. The Holy Mother as she is devoutly called over here, will doubtless not tarry in leading these devotees of hers safely within the Fold of her divine Son.

In closing, let me cite an example of instinctive Marian devotion among our good people. One afternoon, Sister Marie Xavier² sat alone in the house, busily writing letters. I must explain that at present we are sharing lodgings with a Chinese family, our apartments being separated only by a flimsy half wall partition. Suddenly, Sister heard the Chinese mother on the other side of the wall admonishing her four-year-old-daughter, "Why don't you pray, little one..." and forthwith she herself intoned *Ouan fouc Malia* (Hail Mary) while tending her one-year-old twins. With what tenderness Our Blessed Mother must look down upon these her pagan children who from the midst of their darkness praise her with such loving simple hearts.

¹ Alice Larouche, Sweetsburg.

² Berthe Paradis, Tingwick.



Sister Mary of the Assumption is privileged to teach the Rosary prayers to her Formosan friends.

Persecution in China

That the religious persecution in China is no myth, has been amply corroborated by numerous Catholics as well as by a number of Protestants and Russians belonging to the Orthodox Church. Statements made by these witnesses who have recently left Shanghai and who belong to all classes of society may be resumed in the following declaration of a Swede to a group of newspaper men upon his arrival at Hong Kong. "I am a Protestant but I raise my hat to the Catholic Church. The Catholics of Shanghai are wonderful."

A Russian lady of the Orthodox Church thus spoke her admiration: "God alone can impart such unflinching courage to the Christians. To me a brutal death would seem preferable to the long drawn out daily martyrdom they must endure. I mean not only those who are left to rot in foul dungeons but also those who live in their homes, apparently free. Besides being the target of constant police surveillance, they are completely at the mercy of "block wardens" and "house wardens", watchdogs of whatever goes on inside people's homes, who report to the police the most insignificant events or conversations usually giving them a suspicious slant. Nights are rendered hideous by the apprehension of raids made by "security agents" who can haul people out at a moment's notice for endless questioning on their supposedly reactionary activities.

If these Christians refuse to accuse their Bishop they are courting starvation. I am acquainted with entire groups of Chinese Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Franciscans, Little Sisters of the Poor, and others who live in utter destitution rather than sign certain documents they cannot in conscience approve. I am not myself a Roman Catholic, but I have done everything in my power — although that everything was forcibly little — to relieve their distress. What a terrible thing it is to know that Christians who want to remain faithful have no alternative but to consent to being reduced to the condition of pariahs! This, in our own enlightened twentieth century. How can such injustice be allowed to happen?"

A young man who lived several years in Red China states: "I am a twenty year old Asiatic Catholic, born in Shanghai. I speak Chinese fluently. All my friends are Catholic Chinese whose studies and games I have shared. I

can affirm that very few have turned Communist either through fear or lassitude. Catholics as a body have remained staunchly attached to their Pastor Bishop Kiung (Bishop of Shanghai, arrested on September 8, 1955) and to the Catholic Church. From a human point of view, their situation is desperate. Barred from educational establishments and universities, unable to obtain any employment whatever, they are branded as reactionaries. Will many among them survive? I doubt it, for a good number are at present, like walking skeletons. Despite this fact, they are forced to assist at party meetings often lasting throughout the night. Silently they crouch on their seats without daring to budge. But in Soviet controlled countries, not to budge, not to accuse, not to join in popular acclamations is in itself a crime . . . Their ranks are daily thinning out. Prisons are crowded and so are punitive labour camps. There is not one member of the Legion of Mary left at liberty in Shanghai.

What I have just stated of youth may equally be applied to everyone. The progressive Nationalist Church sponsored by the Government fails to recruit any more adepts. In all parishes, where the entrance gate used to be, now stands a bureau of progressive Catholics. They swagger under Mao's portrait, and coldly go about performing their work as spies and informers; but their numbers do not increase. They are regarded as a public nuisance. As Christians must pass in front of their Bureau to attend parochial services, some are intimidated and keep away. Church attendance, however, is still regular although it appears that since September last, it has gone down about one third. I can assure you that nothing but the pure and simple Gospel message is being preached in these churches as it was before."

At this point we interrupted this young man's testimony, "We have heard it reported that some priests and Sisters have taken the liberty of accusing Bishop Kiung in public speeches. Is this true and if so what has been the reaction of Catholics in general?"

"As I was not a Chinese, I was not obliged to attend meetings so I do not know exactly what happened. It would be understandable that a few defections might have been noted; but I have never heard tell of any and to my knowledge *not a single priest, not a single sister*, has weakened. Alone, an aged Sister whose mental faculties were impaired did go off the track but she was not really responsible for her actions. Before leaving Shanghai, I visited the Sisters at X . . . Many members of this community are imprisoned. The Sisters requested, 'Please tell the people over there not to believe the Communist lying propaganda about us.' Their eyes were bright with unshed tears as they made this request. One of their keenest sufferings is the thought that the Reds may succeed in having the world believe they have been unfaithful to the Church."

We then questioned the youthful witness about the churches of country districts. "I do not at all know what is going on there," he replied. "One of my friends attempted last year to go on a pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine, at Zo Ce. He found the basilica on the top of the hill, with its doors barred,



Those who were then dubbed Christian knights
are today His witnesses in the face
of persecution.



A Pentecost Sunday morning in the
happy days when the Church in

Suchow

China, enjoyed its freedom.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

SEPTEMBER: *The expansion of the Catholic Press in the Missions.*

OCTOBER: *That the generosity of the faithful may provide for the present needs of the missions.*

its windows smashed. The rectory was also boarded up. I don't think any priests remain there, for the whole area has been occupied by the military."

The following is a testimony of a fifty-year-old man: "I am a Catholic engineer. My family came to China from Europe and I have always lived in Shanghai. What you have heard of Bishop Kiung's public trials is true. However, I think that more than two such trials took place. Six or seven priests were dragged out of prison on these occasions and forced to appear on the platform. I am not sure if Bishop Kiung was present at every one of these trials."

"Communist newspapers have published a declaration allegedly made by the clergy of Shanghai against Bishop Kiung. The names of at least seventy-five Catholic priests were appended to this document. Have you heard anything about it?"

"I'll admit that we also, were at first shocked and deeply grieved by this supposedly true document. How could the priests have suddenly turned against Bishop Kiung whom they had always faithfully supported? We made careful inquiries which brought us the welcome assurance that this declaration was an *imposture and a lie*. Because we did not want to risk receiving the sacraments from priests having betrayed their own Bishop, we secretly questioned a few whose names had appeared on the document printed by the Communists. They indignantly denied having signed such a paper."

Here is another testimony which, although it does not concern the Shanghai community, naturally finds its place here. It emanates from a member of the French Economic Mission who visited Peking in February. "We were at X... or, if you prefer the classical expression, somewhere in China. One afternoon, successfully eluding for once the Chinese Intourist Guides, I found my way to the cathedral. The doors were opened and a few women were praying inside. After a time as I looked around I saw a Chinese in civilian clothes coming down a side aisle. His general appearance and the breviary he carried made me guess that he might be a priest. Purposely going forward to meet him, I said, 'Father, I am a Catholic of French nationality passing through Peking. I have come to pray in your church.' He darted a frightened look at me. 'Father' I went on, 'May I ask whether you have many Catholics in your parish?' Looking fearfully about and behind, he whispered five words, 'I cannot talk to you.' I hastened to reassure him, 'Father, I understand. You may be sure I will remember you in my prayers.' Never will I forget the grateful expression mirrored in the eyes of this priest. Visibly moved, he turned and swiftly disappeared through a side entrance. I also was profoundly affected by what I had just witnessed. To hear a priest declare to a Catholic passing through his church 'I cannot talk to you', made me understand better than long speeches might have done, what kind of religious liberty exists in this unfortunate country."

These testimonies of various persons have been cited without comment. Even if their reports should prove erroneous in some slight details, their

concordance on the whole is remarkable. In the throes of martyrdom the Church of China remains unshakably faithful. More than ever before in its history it has a right to the fervent prayers of Catholics everywhere.

EXILED FOR THEIR FAITH

Numerous Shanghai seminarians and other Catholic youths have received sentences of from three to fifteen years of hard labour. The region to which they have been banished is known as Hei Lung Kiang and is situated in northern Manchuria, on the banks of the river Amour. This country is remarkable for its severe climate.

These youthful heroes were arrested in September 1955, with Bishop Kiung or shortly after his arrestation. Condemned as reactionaries, they are in reality made to suffer for their faithfulness to the Pope and to their Bishop.

In Hai Lung Kiang they will find numerous political convicts whose strain of thought needs reformation through forced labour. How long will their exile last? Their sentences may be indefinitely prolonged. According to Article 72 of the legislation of communist labour camps, *criminals* who at the expiration of their original sentence have not been *reformed* may be condemned anew. In this case, repatriation would be equivalent to apostasy. These Christian heroes may therefore be considered as condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Let us bow low before the dauntless courage shown by these Chinese youths, convicts for Christ, who give the world such a shining example of fidelity.

Adapted from FIDES

WITNESSES OF CHRIST IN CHINA

Of the brave Chinese Legionaries, the Communists themselves have been forced to confess, "They are but a wretched fistful of people but they are giving us more trouble to subjugate them than the whole of vast China."

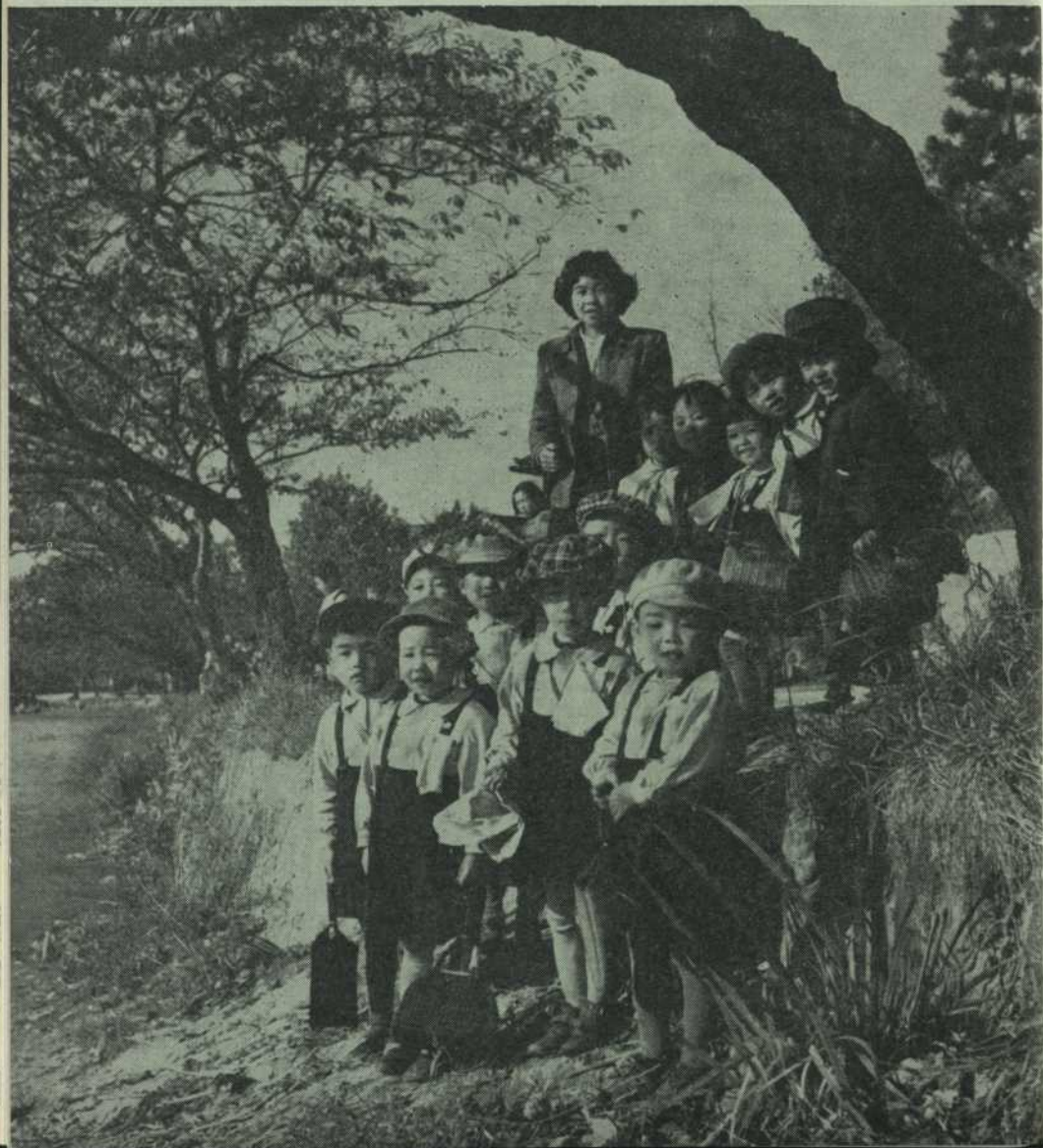
Most of these Legionaries are under twenty years of age. Their parents as a rule staunchly stand by them. Mothers accompany their young daughters to the Court, carrying wadded quilts and wash-basins under their arms in readiness for possible imprisonment.

The kingdom of Christ continues to grow often by means of very small instruments. A child of five had been incarcerated with her mother for the crime of religion. Unusually precocious she would often succeed in helping the priest enter the jail to secretly distribute communion to the imprisoned confessors of the Faith. When asked what reward she would like she replied: "Give me That which I have helped so often to bring to others." Not only was she allowed to make her First Communion but means were found to have her confirmed. "Now," she exclaimed, "I have truly become a little soldier of the good God."

KORIYAMA, JAPAN

Hope for Tomorrow

Sister MONICA of the BLESSED SACRAMENT¹, M.I.C.



Missionaries who teach catechism to the children of their mission schools, cannot but wonder if the precious seed cast into these youthful hearts will ever bear fruit. So many pagan influences are at work everywhere to stifle its growth! Occasionally, though, little facts such as the following cause them to hope for the best.

Sumiko (corner child) confided to her mother one day, "Mamma, this morning I hated to get up in time for Mass. It was so warm and comfortable under my *futon* (Japanese padded blanket) . . . I felt like turning over and sleeping all morning. Just then, something Monica Sama had once told us came into my mind. At one of our doctrine lessons, she had explained how Jesus always stays close to us so we can call Him to our help when the bad devil tempts us. So I cried out to Our Lord, 'Jesus, help me quick 'cause I'm afraid of giving in to the old devil!' Then, Mamma, I felt Jesus rushing into my heart and the devil scampering away. Making use of the strength that Jesus gave me, I jumped up and in no time I was ready for Mass." Don't you think that Sumiko had a clear grasp of her catechism lesson?

One day, Takano San (Miss Long Plain) returned home from school in a despondent mood. "Mamma," she confided, "Jiro, one of my classmates, snipped a pretty artificial flower I was making. I can't tell you how bad I felt about it but I held myself in and did not slap him as I felt like doing. Instead, I said to him, 'Jiro, you must ask Jesus to forgive you for your naughtiness.

You know Sensei (teacher) has taught us that those who annoy others do not love Jesus. You must hurry and tell Him you are sorry if you do not want Him to think you do not care for Him . . .'" Although as yet unbaptized, little Miss Long Plain possesses a remarkable delicacy of soul as revealed by the foregoing incident.

"Monica Sama, I have great news for you," Hanako (flower child) announced as she gaily skipped into the school yard the other morning. "Just think! My brother Taro who is two years old can now make the Sign of the Cross unaided. It has taken him ages to learn . . . And he is so awkward . . ." Hanako, herself a graceful sprite, sighed virtuously. "He can't pronounce the words right just yet but I'm going to repeat them ever so often so he can soon learn to say them after me." The rosy clapper of her tongue remained still half a minute, then, "Perhaps, he'll know the words next week," she mused. One week is such a long long time for a five-year-old.

Once, on her morning rounds, the Directress found two little Japanese boys kneeling before Our Lady's statue set at the end of a corridor. So absorbed in their prayer were they, that they paid not the slightest attention to the noisy comings and goings about them.

Yukiko (snow child) has learned well the noble lesson of forgiveness of injuries. To a neighbour who saw her returning home from school in tears, she explained that one of her companions had pushed and knocked her down. The woman remarked, "I hope you got even with her . . ."

¹ Monica Cloutier, Ottawa.

But Yukiko hastened to protest, "Oh, no, obasan. Don't you know we must forgive those who hurt us, and try to do them good? I forgive her with all my heart and I ask Jesus to bless her even though she did hurt me enough to make me cry."

On the lips of a little pagan girl, these words are particularly touching. In our era of cold wars they could advantageously be pondered over by those who have forgotten the gospel lesson "Love your enemies . . . Do good to those who hate you."

In Memoriam

Rev. Mother St. Mathilde, Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, **Montreal**; Rev. Sister Marie de St. Sylvestre, Sisters of the Holy Cross, **Montreal**; Rev. Sister Marie Agathe of Jesus, Daughter of Wisdom, **Montreal**; Mrs. J. A. Campbell, **Bedford**, mother of our Sister St. Jean l'Evangéliste; Mr. Ulderic Langevin, **Quebec**, father of our Sisters Marie Corinne and Marie of Pontmain; Mr. Remi l'Ecuier, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Marie Lucille; Mrs. Pierre Levesque, **Price**, sister of our Sister Mary of Compassion; Mrs. Romeo Da Sylva, **St. Leonard de Port Maurice**, sister of our Sister Helen of the Cross; Mrs. John Kearney, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mrs. Mary J. Bennett, **Montreal**; Mrs. Elsie Simoneau, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Gedeon Vachon, **St. Joseph de Beauce**; Mr. J. L. Bourbonniere, **Cote des Neiges**; Mr. T. Desy, **St. Tite**; Mrs. F. Laflamme, Mr. J. A. Pouliot, Mr. Mastai Leclerc, Mr. Elzear Gauvin, **Quebec**; Mrs. Victorine Lafleur, Mr. Eugene Paquin, Mr. Aime Diotte, Mr. Patrick Logan, Mr. Elzear Massé, Mrs. Maurice Pageau, Mrs. J. Eugene Guilbault, Miss E. Robert, **Montreal**; Mrs. Josaphat Girouard, Mr. Joseph Bisailon, **Saint Lambert**; Mrs. Joseph H. Beaudry, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Georges Filion, Mrs. Gaston Belanger, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Victor Senecal, **Boucherville**; Miss Corinne Desilets; **Trois-Rivieres**; Mr. Jean Paquette, **Verdun**; Miss Celina Gratton, **Rosemont**; Mr. Thomas Brazeau, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mr. Alphonse Caron, **Granby**; Mrs. Joseph Royer, **Sherbrooke**; Mrs. Hormisdas Lapalme, **l'Ange Gardien**; Mr. Joseph Gauvin, **Riviere a Pierre**; Mrs. Henri Labrie, **Godbout**; Mr. J. B. Cadrin, **St. Anselme**; Mrs. Antonio Hamel, **St. Croix**, Lotbiniere; Mr. Napoleon Begin, **Levis**; Mr. Emilien Carrier, **St. Henri**, **Levis**; Mr. Joseph Mathieu, **St. Joachim de la Plaine**; Mrs. Arthur Bergeron, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Alphonse Dumas, **St. Pascal**, **Kamouraska**; Mrs. Wellie Rioux, **Trois-Pistoles**; Mrs. Roland Bilodeau, **St. Gervais**, **Bellechasse**; Mrs. Napoleon Dusseault, **Deschambault**; Mr. Leonidas Roberge, **Fortierville**; Mrs. Philias Boucher, **Matane**; Mr. Napoleon Laurent, **St. Luce**; Mr. Jules Perron, **Les Eboulements**; Mrs. Wilfrid Laliberte, **Normandin**; Miss Rose Alba Daoust, **Lavaltrie**; Miss Alma Gagne, **Edmundston, N.B.**; Mrs. Narcisse Pelletier, **Cap Chat**; Mr. Edmond Cossette, Mr. Elphege Proulx, Mrs. Mary Roux, Miss Valentine Bisailon, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Emma Surprenant, **Webster, Mass.**; Mr. J. Jodoin, **Beverly, Mass.**; Mme M. Hongo, **Tokyo, Japan**, mother of our sister Marie Xavierio.

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Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
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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.
Port au Prince, cité Magloire, No. 2
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.,
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Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Rumphi P.O.,
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