

THE PRECURSOR

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*To the revered and beloved Head of the Church, Vicar of Jesus Christ,
His Holiness Pope John XXIII*

"The Precursor" offers the homage of its profound respect
and its ardent wishes on his 80th birthday, November 25, 1961.



Woman Clothed With the Sun

by Sister MARY OF THE REDEMPTION¹, M.I.C.

In the vesper hymn of the liturgical office for the feasts of the archangels Gabriel and Raphael Holy Mother Church sings the praises of Mary, *Genetrixque lucis*. What more appropriate title could be given to the Woman above all women blest whom God chose to mother Christ, the Light of the World? Queen of the cosmos, garbed with the sun, crowned with the ageless stars she, forever, holds mysterious sway over the hidden sources of energy and light. In the atmosphere of a culture

whose gods are science and technology, she is the warm radiance of pitying love; in an age that shudders at the power unleashed by atomic fission, power that may yet obliterate our civilization, she is a serene effulgence bidding us her benighted children, turn to her in whose virginal hands our destinies lie.

It is of deep interest for our consolation in these troublous times to recall how every time Our Blessed Mother deigns to appear here below, she is always heralded or accom-

¹ Basillise Maillet, Saint Louis, N.B.

panied by an aura of supernatural radiance.

History has not kept trace of every one of her merciful visitations but a sufficient number have been recorded to bolster our hopes. In the year of the Lord 1251, in the midst of a violent persecution that threatened the life of his order, St. Simon Stock, General of the Brothers of Mount Carmel, had recourse to his Queen for guidance and protection. One night as he knelt absorbed in prayer, his cell was suddenly filled with a light beside which that of the sun would have seemed dark in comparison. The Queen of Heaven appeared cradling her divine Babe in her arms and smiling down upon her astounded servant. Provided with the shining mantle he received from her hands, Simon Stock, henceforth, proved victorious in all his battles with the archenemy. In the course of ages millions of souls wearing this blessed livery would be preserved from the dark dungeons of hell and be instead introduced into the kingdom of everlasting light.

In the second decade of the 16th century, Mexico, capital of the ancient Aztec empire, fell to the conquistadors. Throughout the land religious cannibalism was practised in such an appalling degree that some Spaniards declared there was no reason to evangelize the Aztecs, for they could not be considered as human beings endowed with reason and goodness. The more moderate held the opinion they were undoubtedly possessed by the devil. At this moment when the fate of the missions in newly conquered Mexico hung in the balance, Our Lady took matters into her own hands. On

December 9, 1531, a convert, Juan Diego, an authentic Indian perhaps a former cannibal making his way to the Franciscan Church where he wished to hear Mass, had reached the barren summit of Tepeyac hill, in the greyness of dawn, when a scintillating cataract of light suddenly swept across his path. In its glowing heart stood a beautiful maiden garmented in robes of blue and rose and gold. She smiled upon him and her voice sweeter than music called to him in his own dialect, "Juanito, Juan Dieguito!" In an ecstasy of delight, the Indian fell upon his knees. The Lady continued, "Know and take heed, thou, the least of my sons, that I am Holy Mary ever Virgin, Mother of the Creator of all the world... I am a merciful Mother to thee and to all thy fellow people..."

We need only turn to history to ascertain the reverberations of Our Lady of Guadalupe's visit to Mexico. By the end of the century there were about two thousand priests in this land and millions of Indians had been baptized. To us who live in America, Our Lady of Guadalupe should be especially dear since in 1895, Pope Leo XIII had her crowned Empress of all the Americas as well as Queen of Mexico.

The darkest hours of history are illuminated by the most touching interventions of the God of infinite mercy whose chosen ambassadress is Mary Immaculate. In the era of mental confusion following the French Revolution, at a time when rationalists and pseudoscientists strove to demolish the last bastions of belief in the supernatural, Our Lady repeatedly appeared to give us tangible

Fifty years ago, Saint Pius X proclaimed Our Lady of Guadalupe patroness of Latin America. To commemorate this event, the bishops of Mexico decided in October 1960, to hold a Marian Year. His Excellency Archbishop M. J. Lemieux of Ottawa, President of the Canadian Episcopal Mission for Latin America, launched a campaign of spiritual collaboration under the aegis of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Empress and Mother of the Americas.



proofs that the supernatural does exist and that no amount of negation can do away with it. Like a mother anxious lest her erring children suffer the punishment their misdeeds so

richly deserve, she came personally to teach them what they must do to reingratiate themselves with their Father in heaven. Prayer and penance — a return to the spirit of the

To her
the Miraculous
Medal
was revealed.



Gospel — such is the résumé of her messages delivered in Paris, 1930, in La Salette, 1846, in Lourdes, 1858, in Pontmain, 1871, in Fatima, 1917, to mention only these.

First in this luminous cycle of manifestations is that which took place in the chapel of Rue du Bac in 1830. To the wondering gaze of Sister Catherine Labouré, Mary showed herself as a Queen arrayed in rustling garments of silk holding in her bejewelled hands the ball of the world, thawing the icy barriers of incredulity through the warm rays of her love. She told Sister Catherine how she holds in trust countless graces for mankind, graces that can be won only by humble and fervent prayer. Before returning to her throne of glory, she left us, as pledge of innumerable favours to

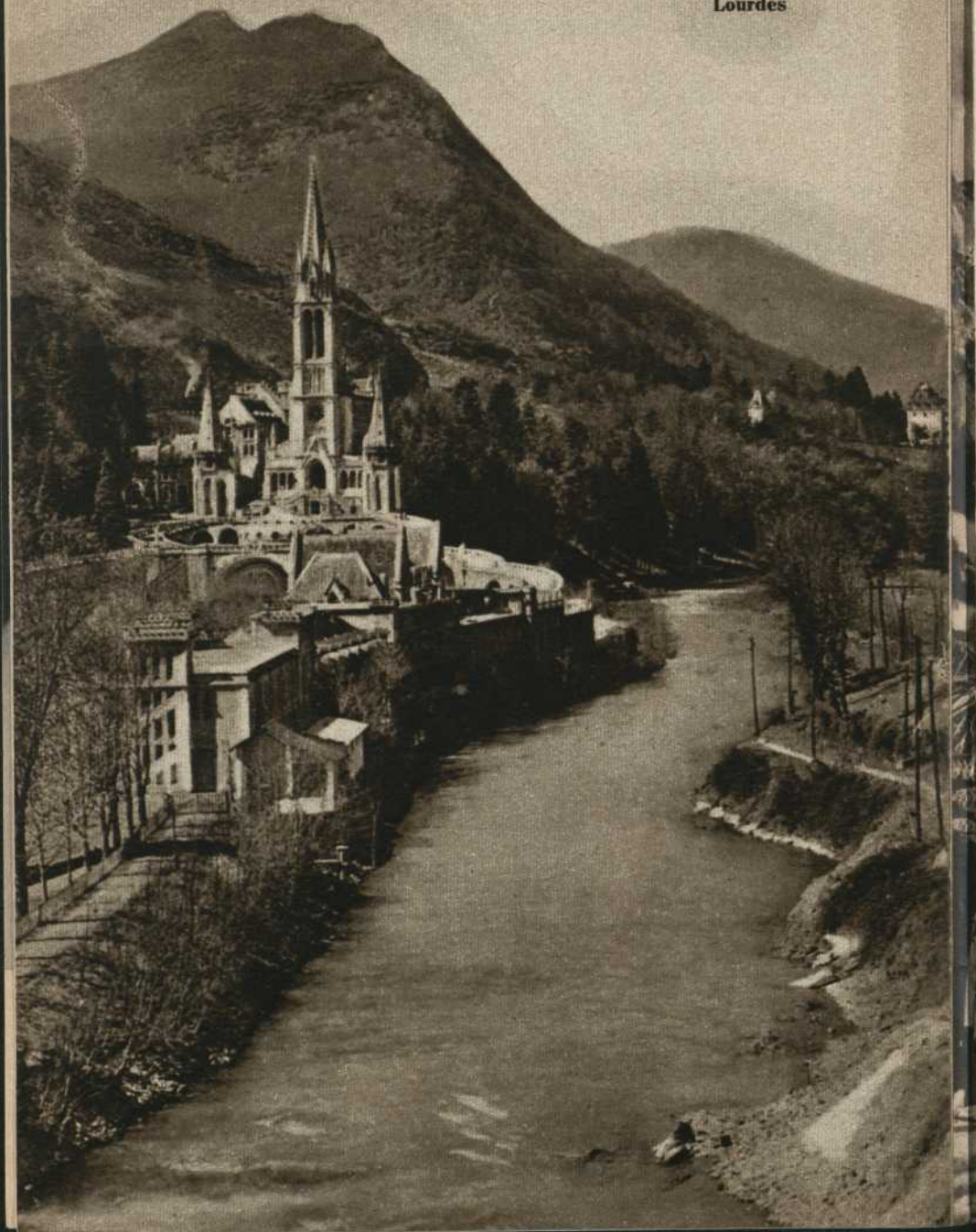
follow, a small oval medal bearing her image. May we not see in this parting gesture of hers, a gently humorous rebuke to the smug self-complacency of 19th century philosophers? Wonders far beyond human ken, genuine miracles in the spiritual and temporal order she would work but only for those who would accept her maternal keepsake with child-like simplicity and unwavering faith.

The Revolution having worked havoc with the ancient guilds and corporations, the world of labour found itself enslaved under the system of liberal economy with its pagan laws. Workers were left completely at the mercy of callous masters who imposed their own conditions of pay, housing, hygiene, length of working hours. Unthinkable then were the eight-hour days of our present times;

Our Lady of La Salette.



Lourdes



men sweated in backbreaking labour twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch, eight days a week, the observation of Sunday being considered an unaccountable loss of time. Even women and children of six or seven years were caught in these cruel toils. Perhaps it was the cries and tears of these innocents immolated on the altars of the modern Moloch that drew down Our Blessed Mother for yet another luminous visitation. She came to brighten the joyless existence of the workers and restore their human dignity. It happened in September 1846. Two peasant children saw her seated on a boulder in a ravine of the mountains at La Salette, weeping like a mother who being ill-treated by her own children might have looked for a solitary spot in which to cry her heart out as the seer Maximin naively put it. At first the two were intimidated by the vision wrapped in splendour far more brilliant than the noonday sun. Then as they noticed details of her star-spangled costume such as the kerchief and apron similar to those worn by peasant women, they felt emboldened to respond to the Lady's gracious invitation. "Come nearer my children", Our Lady urged. "Do

not be afraid. I have great news to tell you." While her tears kept falling like so many drops of light, she patiently explained to Mélanie and Maximin using their homely patois, the portent of her message. Queen and mistress of creation because of her Son and through Him, she had come to rebuke those who lost sight of the aim of all creatures — to give glory to the Lord of the universe.

Bernadette,
privileged child of Mary.





Jacinta

Francisco

Lucia

She went on to complain that the arm of her Son had grown so heavy because of man's prevarication that she could no longer hold it back as she had been doing for centuries past. "I have to pray without ceasing lest my Son abandon you, and you do not appreciate what I do for you." Our Lady of La Salette's parting injunction, "Let my people be told about this" was a missionary appeal, one that has been heeded not only by her priestly sons and apostles, but also by innumerable secret missionaries, for the mystery of La Salette is one of interior illumination.

While the Church universal in the office of Lauds (March 25) chanted the praises of the "Lady throned... amidst the stars... the hall whence Light shone through the gloom," Mary appeared to a young shepherdess in a lonely spot of the Pyrenees. "I am the Immaculate Conception," she declared in reply to the child's oft-repeated plea that she tell her name. This remarkable event took place in 1858, ten years after the publication of the Communist Manifesto. "I am the Immaculate Conception." Was not this the Blessed Virgin's own manifesto, the manifesto of her humility and of her sublime grandeur? Instead of the wild schemes of a revolutionary mind for bettering the world, she urged the simple acknowledgement of God's power and the humble submission to his designs. Eighteen times she kept heavenly tryst with Bernadette at the rock of Massabielle to repeat the lessons and warnings she had given at Rue du Bac and at La Salette. Fair as the dawn, she appeared, robed in the shining glory of eternal

youth. Roses bloomed at her bidding in spite of winter's frost, the waters of the Gave grew "warm as dish water" to use Bernadette's quaint expression, a miraculous fountain flowed at her word, a fountain whose waters would prove far more powerful against disease than any vaunted wonder drug of modern times.

Initiated by the Protestant Reformation, fomented by 18th century rationalists and encyclopedists, the disintegration of Christian thought was hastened by the schemings of Freemasonry whose aim was to destroy the old religious, political, and social order and to establish in its stead another order based on pure naturalism. Nurtured in Voltarism, a new generation rose, which pretended to make a clean sweep of original sin and of man's dependent position in regard to his Maker. In this ever deepening twilight of spiritual values, Mary shone like a bright star of hope, a beacon of salvation. The time was the late evening of January 17, 1871; the place Pontmain, a modest hamlet of France; the message, a renewed and pressing appeal to return to the spirit of prayer and reparation. There was hope in her message; there was also a discreet warning of impending catastrophe should men refuse to turn to their Redeemer. As with a badge of mourning her head was covered with a black veil; her garments also were of a sombre blue. But as prayers and hymns of reparation rose from the throng which had gathered her face gradually assumed its serene and triumphant expression. Was she not reminding us that no matter how desperately he may try, the infernal dragon can never



hope to vanquish her, the "Woman clothed with the sun", given to our darksome age as a sign of hope and exultation?

After the apparition at Pontmain Our Lady held her peace for nearly fifty years. She had given more than sufficient warning of what would be the logical outcome if men scorning her maternal injunctions continued to burrow deeper into matter without first seeking the kingdom of God and His justice. Meanwhile, the storm clouds of modern paganization continued to spread, threatening to envelop the world in frightful blackness. The Mystical Body of Christ entered the Gethsemani of the 20th century. In the one small country of Portugal during the sixteen years which followed the overthrow of the monarchy in 1910, occurred sixteen bloody revolutions and forty-three changes of ministry. To this same troubled land which for centuries had been called *terra de Santa Maria* came in 1917, the luminous Lady who has so often changed the course of history. Heralded by flashes of lightning and claps of thunder she rode like a queen in a celestial airship which sailed from the east and alighted on a small holm oak at Cova da Iria, in a remote wilderness of undulating moors. "She was more brilliant than the sun," relates Lucy, "clearer and more intense than a crystal cup full of crystalline water penetrated by the rays of the sun." Even her vesture seemed woven of the same white sheen. Her face, indescribably beautiful, was neither sad nor gay according to the seers, but wore an earnest, half-reproachful look. At Fatima, her maternal tenderness stressed the im-

minence of the cataclysm about to engulf the world unless men at last heeded her warnings and her pleas. To a publicity-mad generation she stooped to give a display of her unchallenged dominion over the forces of nature; to modern scientists inordinately proud of their achievement in ferreting out the secrets of the atom, the wise and humble Virgin recalled that far deeper than theirs was her knowledge of the inner workings of matter and far more prodigious her control of its hidden strength. On October 13, 1917, to thousands of people assembled at Cova da Iria, she gave the spectacle of the marvellous dance of the sun. Forced to their knees, sceptics and freethinkers were heard to cry out her name as a supreme safeguard against the hurtling ball of fire. In their hour of peril they did what all men naturally do when danger threatens — they turned to their Mother. Would, that once the danger had passed, they had remembered her ultimate message to the three little children, "Let men amend their lives... offend Our Lord God no more..." the nations of the world would then have been spared the sorrow and passion of war. For although she enjoys unlimited power, Mary cannot save us in spite of ourselves. Her ultimate victory over Satan is certain; what is less so is our own salvation.

Let us then turn to this tender Mother, this Woman clothed with the sun, entreating her to help us radiate the light and power with which our souls were endowed in Baptism. "Let your light shine before men," that all may attain salvation.

YOU ARE TO BE MY WITNESSES



by Sister DOMINIC OF THE ROSARY¹, M.I.C.

(continued)

Rear Guard Missionary
Very Reverend Mother of the Holy Spirit

Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit truly belongs to our national history through the foundation of the first Canadian Missionary Society, that of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, as well as through the important part she played in the elaboration of the Canadian Foreign Mission Society.

This woman apostle whose influence affected and continues to affect the remotest borders of the earth never laid foot on alien soil. Before she had grasped God's providential designs with regard to her vocation, she had made up her mind to go to Africa. On the eve of her departure with Reverend Father John Forbes, W.F., illness forced her to alter her plans. Later in life the physicians who attended her would not allow her to visit the missions established by her daughters in China, the Philippines, Japan... Obviously, God wanted her to be a missionary of the rear-guard, but in a key post which she accepted in *loving submission to His Will*, in *profound humility*,

and in *ardent zeal*. These were indeed the characteristic virtues of the Foundress, this the spirit in which she performed her part as witness.

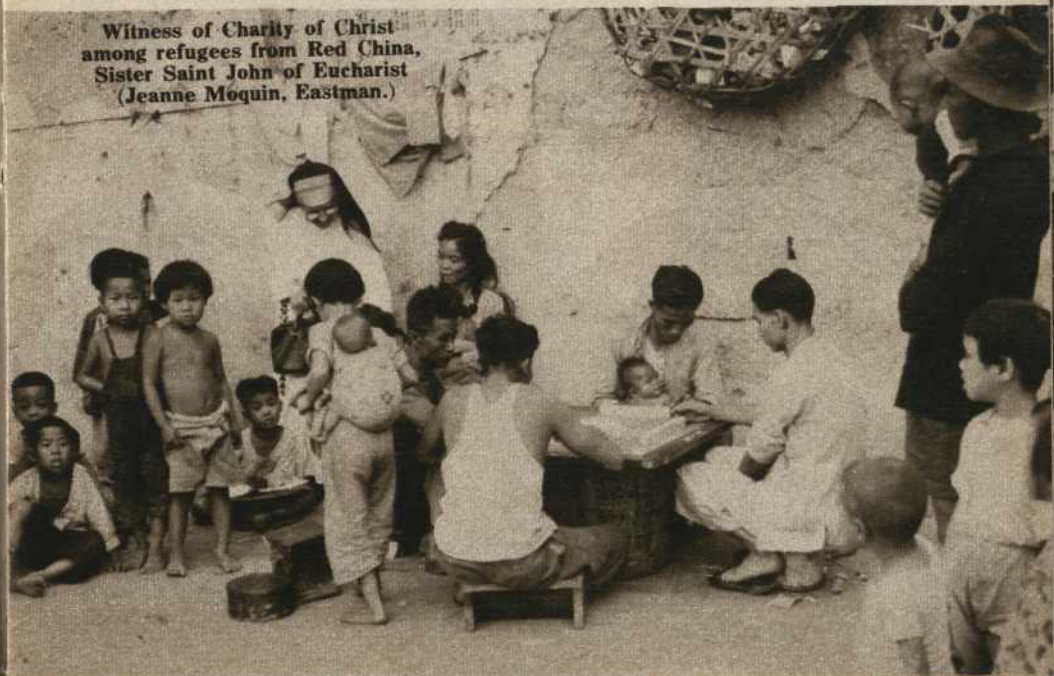
In the following lines penned, July 10, 1904, Miss Tétrault then directress of a modest apostolic school presents as it were a synthesis of her spirituality. Although kind and comprehensive, Archbishop Paul Bruchesi had his doubts regarding the foundation. The Foundress poured out her heart in fervent prayer.

Submission to Divine Will

What is it you require of us? Somehow, I fear that we are not what you want us to be. Oh, my God, let me die if I am not to do Your Will... What is the precise goal You want us to pursue? Do You desire only this school or the foundation of a real missionary Community? Manifest Your Will. All I desire is to accomplish it or die... Beforehand I thank You for what You will do, for all You do is good..."¹⁸

Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit loved and worshipped the Divine Will. Reaching far beyond mere resignation and submission, she made herself its slave by a special vow. Once her Superiors and Directors had recognized

**Witness of Charity of Christ
among refugees from Red China.
Sister Saint John of Eucharist
(Jeanne Moquin, Eastman.)**







Sister Catechist
in
the service
of the Church
in Formosa.

Sister Imelda
of the Eucharist
(Simonne Boisclair,
Almaville.)



Witness of the Charity of Christ for little ones, Sister Saint Gerard
(Anna Roberge, Granby).

the supernatural origin of her aspirations, she forged ahead undismayed in the face of humiliation, fatigue, setbacks. Well might she make hers the words of Saint Paul, "The spirit He has bestowed upon us is not one that shrinks from danger; it is a spirit of action, of love, and of discipline". (2 Tim. 1, 7)

Despite her precarious state of health she displayed extraordinary courage in inspiring and developing the works willed by God.

Of her Reverend E. A. Langlais, O.P., wrote:

Hers was an upright, luminous soul totally consecrated to God, to her Community, and to the mission apostolate; a soul extremely sensitive and attentive to the Will of God in order to act solely under its impulsion.¹⁹

Humility

The lines quoted above have shown the ardour of the *ancilla Domini* seeking to know the Will of her Master. Her humility stands revealed in this excerpt from her personal notes:

I want to love You and to make You loved as much as it is possible for poor creatures... Grant us that we may be mere instruments without any will of our own, without any other desires than Yours... If we can render the Church and souls some slight service favourably incline the heart of our good Archbishop that he may obtain for us the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. Here we are, dear Master, make use of us even though we are unworthy. Uproot, cut out, suppress everything that may be an obstacle to your designs upon us...²⁰

In her instructions to her religious family, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit frequently emphasized the necessity of humility:

Remember that we are but little Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, poor tools in the hands of the Divine Gardener. If anyone among you should think otherwise... let her return into the world, for she is not a suitable instrument for the works of God.²¹

These words call to mind a remark made by Reverend Jean Bouchard in a conference on missionary spirituality:

The apostolate is essentially an act of faith not in human means but in the grace of God. We must relinquish our ideas of strength and power if we are to become humble instruments!²²

Zeal for the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls

The soul of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit may be compared to a burning bush wherein the human ego was consumed in the flames of zeal.

Dear Master from whom I have received all good, how I yearn to make You some return of love... Oh, my God, I cast myself and all my house in Your adorable Heart that You may make us all loving slaves of your sacred interests, true apostles who breathe and love only for Your glory... Grant that our Society may be a nursery of apostles fired with zeal... What shall I do to prove my gratitude for the great happiness of working at the salvation of souls? I will again put myself in Your hands, surrendering all things to You, beloved Master.²³

The zeal of the Foundress had its source in the spirit of thankfulness, spirit which she made the keynote of her Society's apostolate. Fifty-five years later an apostolic document was to place the seal of authority on the views of this Canadian apostle. In the encyclical *Fidei Donum* Pope Pius XII declared:

The missionary spirit animated by the fire of charity is... the first answer of our gratefulness toward God in communicating to our brothers the faith which we have received.²⁴

Our revered Mother did not rest satisfied with the development and administration of her own Society.

Years before Benedict XV and Pius XI wrote their missionary encyclicals, Very Reverend Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, worthy ectype of Paul-





The Missionary Sister

bearing witness by

initiating the young in

the service of the altar,

Sister Marie Albertine,

(Jacqueline Blondin,

Longueuil).



Side by side at Pont Viau, the Seminary of the Foreign Mission Society and the Novitiate of the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, two apostolic nurseries created under the inspiration of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

Photo John E. Jenness.

ine Jaricot had launched in her home province a well-planned if discreet campaign to arouse Catholic interest in the Pontifical Works of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Holy Childhood. As early as 1908, she multiplied her activities in this regard, fearlessly exposing herself at times to painful annoyances in order to ensure the success of the great cause for which she personally pleaded with the Bishops of her province before introducing it into the schools.²⁵

The servant of God did more. It became known after her death that she had repeatedly entreated the bishops of Quebec to favour the foundation of a Foreign Mission Seminary in Montreal. Back in 1902, when she was laying the foundations of her Society, she spoke to Archbishop Bruchési of this second project inspired to her at the same time as the first. A letter of the Archbishop while in Rome that year mentions this fact. Certain letters of Reverend A. M. Daignault, S.J., also prove that the Foundress had consulted him on this matter during the years 1903 and 1905. "Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit visited the spiritual leaders of various dioceses to expose her reasons and projects knowing in advance that they would probably not at first share her views... she understood that for their part this was only being prudent."²⁶

Once, in 1913, she grew worried over this plan of hers, dreading illusion.

... However, I said to myself that it was a loss of time to give way to doubt, since souls must be saved and that while we keep on hesitating we endanger their salvation. But, then, who was I to meddle in this while I had so much to do already? I asked myself what I would want to have done if I were about to die and I felt that I would then surely further this work instead of thinking about myself. I would plead with the Bishop to hasten the foundation. I feel urged to do something about it...²⁷

The ardent apostle neglected no opportunity. Time and again she brought up the subject with Archbishop Bruchési, insisting that this should be a *national society*.²⁸ The prelate once parried, "Since you are so keen on having a Canadian Seminary, find me some priests."²⁹

Encouraged by these words which seemed to her like a trumpet call to action, she returned to her convent with the conviction that her most ardent desires were soon to be accomplished.

A short time after this event, a priest was returning home one day from presiding a funeral at the Cote des Neiges cemetery. It was nearing the noon hour and as he was still fasting, he felt overcome with fatigue. Passing by the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Outremont, his gaze alighted upon the beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother set in a green plot at the entrance. He gathered that this might be a convent and decided to stop and ask for a cup of coffee. His simplicity of manner charmed Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit who graciously entertained him while the Sisters served his meal. When, during the course of the conversation the topic of the missions



His Excellency the Most Reverend
L. A. Lapierre, P.M.E.
first bishop of Szepingkai, Manchuria.

was broached, the priest admitted that ever since his ordination he had always desired to dedicate himself to the missions. As she listened to him something stirred within the soul of the hostess; she clearly understood that the Lord had at last sent His herald for the Mission Society in the person of her guest, Rev. Adelmair Lapierre. (He later became the first Vicar Apostolic of Szepingkai, Manchuria.) She suggested that he offer himself to Archbishop Bruchesi for the foundation-to-be which suggestion he was only too happy to act upon. The saintly Archbishop saw in this event, trivial in appearance, an indication of the divine Will.³⁰

The first priest had been found.

On February 2, 1921, the archbishop of Quebec assembled at the Cardinal's palace decreed the foundation of a Foreign Mission Seminary.

Once the project was safely launched, the Foundress' sole concern was to withdraw into the shadow of the hidden life and to work through suffering at the consolidation of the new Society. When a storm of trials and opposition assailed her work, the Foundress thought it her duty to make the following declaration :

My dear children, I think it my duty to tell you what follows so that you may not let yourselves be disheartened or perhaps *scandalized* by the trials of all sorts now assailing our Society. Two years ago I was interiorly pressed to entreat God with all the energy of my soul to make me endure until the end of my life all sorts of oppositions, sorrows, and humiliations, provided these did not hamper the development of our community. In return for this offering, I wished to obtain for all of us the grace of becoming saintly nuns, genuine apostles, in a word, the grace of possessing the spirit of our vocation which is a spirit of humility, obedience, charity, and complete donation of self to Our Lady. It was, furthermore, my ambition to obtain at all costs the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary. After I had made this offering, Archbishop Bruchesi who was then so ill that he scarcely had the strength of signing his name, wrote a long letter to Coadjutor Bishop P. E. Roy, of Quebec, urging him to co-operate in this foundation. This was to be the last administrative act of the Archbishop who expressed his surprise at this unexpected surge of energy.³¹

Concerning the action of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit in the foundation of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Reverend Clovis Rondeau, one of the pioneers acknowledged that "this action was foremost and decisive."³² Of the Foundress, Reverend E. A. Langlais, O.P. said "She was the moving spirit, the mother, one might say, of the Society of the Foreign Missions of Quebec".³³

Through the numerous apostles for whom she blazed the trail but even more through her virtues and merits Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit has in truth without ever leaving her homeland carried the Christian testimony to the ends of the earth.

The Password of Christian Testimony

For all witnesses of Christ, the secret of a fruitful apostolate lies in genuine devotion to Mary "living link between Jesus Christ and His Church,"³⁴ and, it may well be added, between the Church and non-Christian peoples.

The Mother of Jesus is also the Mother of all His members³⁵ over whose life and growth she watches with a love full of solicitude. Succour of Chris-



**The Seminary of the Pont Viau
Foreign Missions.**



Witness
in Latin America,
Reverend Laurent
Beaudoin, P.M.E.
This kindergarten
at Puerto Inca,
Peru,
is conducted by
Spanish
Franciscan
Sisters
of Good Counsel.

Photo L. Labelle, p.m.é.





tians and Queen of Apostles ³⁶ she helps the disciples of her Son effect their personal sanctification and strengthens them in the arduous labours of their apostolate.

Her influence is not limited to the boundaries of the Kingdom. She is the universal co-redemptress and the mediatrix of all graces. ³⁷ Is she not the Queen of all creatures and the Sovereign of the universe? ³⁸

Reverend Jean Danielou, S.J., speaks of her all-embracing love, of her universal motherhood, of her particular part in the redemption of mankind, of her mysterious presence, of a mysterious Marian preparation being wrought in the bosom of non-Christian peoples, of a particular relation of Mary to pagan nations. ³⁹

The way is then open for all missionaries. Hearts reaching out to this Marian presence, relying on her who is the all-powerful suppliant ⁴⁰ "They will find no deeper happiness than to be... witnesses of the Incarnate Love". ⁴¹

² M. Lacroix, *Course of Christian Apologetics*, 2nd part., p. 434.

³ R. P. J. Bouchard, S.J., *Témoins de Celui qui vient. Cours de spiritualité missionnaire*, 17.

⁴ H. de Lubac, *Meditations on the Church*, p. 22.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 196.

⁶ Roger Marien, ptre, *Témoignage de Lumière, Nos Cours, L'Institut Pie XI, 7 février 1948*, p. 9.

⁷ Quoted by Reverend Roger Hasseveldt in *The Mystery of the Church*, p. 194.

⁸ R. P. Pierre Duchaussois, O.M.I., *Joy of the Missionaries*, *Annals of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux*, Feb. 1928, p. 27.

⁹ Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., *The Canadian Martyrs*, p. 92.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 93.

¹¹ *Ibid.* p. 305.

¹² *Ibid.* p. 303.

¹³ H. de Lubac, *Meditations on the Church*, p. 197.

¹⁴ Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., *op. cit.*, page 99.

¹⁵ *Bulletin du Cercle St-Jean-Baptiste*, Oct.-Nov. 1958, p. 7.

¹⁶ A. Elchinger, *Présence de Dieu et présence à Dieu, Fiches de Pédagogie religieuse, Vérité et Vie*, No 283, p. 22.

¹⁷ Willa Cather, *Shadows on the Rock*, p. 153.

¹⁸ *Annals of First Thirty Years of the Society*, pp. 33-44.

¹⁹ Rev. E. A. Langlais, O.P., *A great Missioner, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, The Precursor*, May-June 1952, p. 104.

²⁰ *Annals of First Thirty Years of the Society*, pp. 33-34.

²¹ *Ibid.* June 1922, p. 216.

²² *The Place of Christ in Missionary Life, Missionary Spirituality*, p. 5.

²³ *Annals of First Thirty Years of the Society*, pp. 33-34.

²⁴ *Encyclical Fidei Donum*, April 21, 1957.

²⁵ Reverend Joseph Gariépy, P.M.E., *Tribute of the Foreign Mission Society, The Precursor*, May-June 1952, p. 103.

²⁶ *Dreams of Soul Harvests Come True (Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit)*, p. 60.

²⁷ *Ibid.* p. 62.

²⁸ *Ibid.* p. 64.



Reverend Guy Leduc, P.M.E., administers Baptism to a group of Japanese.

²⁹ *Ibid.* p. 68.

³⁰ *Ibid.* p. 68.

³¹ *Ibid.* p. 74.

³² Reverend Clovis Rondeau, P.M.E., *Mère Marie-du-Saint-Esprit, L'Œuvre des Tracts*, Montréal, no 294, p. 11.

³³ Reverend E. A. Langlais, O.P., A Great Missioner, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, The Precursor, May-June 1952, p. 105.

³⁴ H. de Lubac, *Meditations on the Church*, p. 291.

³⁵ Pius XII, Encyclical *Mystici Corporis*, Epilogue.

³⁶ Litanies of Loretto.

³⁷ A. Ouimet, ptre, *Marie et notre Rédemption selon saint Bernard, Tracts marials*, nos 47-48, p. 50.

³⁸ Pius XII, Encyclical *Ad Celi Reginam*.

³⁹ Rev. J. Daniélou, S.J., *Mystery of Advent*, Part 2, Chap. XXX.

⁴⁰ R. P. J. B. Terrien, S.J., *La Mère de Dieu et la Mère des hommes d'après les Pères et la Théologie*, Part 2, Book 1, p. 507.

⁴¹ R. P. Jean Bouchard, S.J., *Témoins de Celui qui vient, Spiritualité Missionnaire*, p. 17.



Missionary Prayer

Kneeling at your feet tonight, dear Lord, I can scarcely stop to think of my own needs; my heart is full of the souls entrusted to my care, of my beloved Chinese neophytes.

Of course they are adults, capable of looking after themselves, these Hong Kong policemen whose life is spent courting danger. How self-

reliant they look standing at their beat, sturdy and unruffled! And, yet, they cannot walk alone and unaided the trails that lead to eternal life... They stumble at every step.

Whenever they meet with the trials that beset every human life, they grow lost and bewildered. Who can blame them? They have not

benefited as we who were born of Catholic parents by a prolonged formation in the principles of the Faith wherein may be found the strength to endure. Their souls have not had as nourishment the Bread of Life. Like the neophytes Saint Peter addresses in his epistle, they have only just begun to "crave spiritual milk". Their growth in the life of the soul is hampered by traditional practices which they find it hard to abandon, by money worries and worldly ambitions, by the arch-enemy of souls always on the watch to lure them away from God.

Dearest Saviour, You understand them better than anyone else. Do grant them Your help and Your grace in order that they may keep the lighted taper of Faith shining bright as they make their way to the eternal Home.

The worst pitfall for them You know what it is... They cannot resist a game of mah-jong. I have watched them crouching around their tables and wished that I could snatch from their hands those tiles which hold such weird fascination for the Chinese and which they shuffle with such deadly intent. How many families have been ruined by this passion of gambling! My neophytes need Your help badly, if they are to be saved from their own weakness. Who better than You can teach them to turn all their attention to the great gamble of Christian living?

Hong Kong policeman.



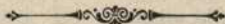


Dear Lord, I beg of You tonight,
do grant me to see at the close of
time my beloved Chinese seated at
Your feet in the Palace Beautiful
playing in earnest the all engrossing
game of love.

I, Your old missionary, beseech
You to please grant my prayer.

Sister Blandine of Jesus, M.I.C.

(Blandine Simard, Roberval, P.Q.)



MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

November : The formation in a great spirit of faith of the
pupils attending technical mission schools.

December : That under the direction of the Sacred Congrega-
tion of Propaganda, the redeeming light of the
Gospel may reach unto the ends of the earth.

Sunday, October 30, feast of Christ the King dawned bright and clear. The good folk of Pucallpa heaved sighs of relief: their favourite procession in honour of *Senor de los*

Milagros, Lord of the Miracles, would take place.

For several centuries past, the Peruvians have nourished tender devotion to a miraculous image of Our Lord crucified painted in 1651, by an African artist born in Angola. Placed in a church of the city of Lima, the picture escaped destruction during the great earthquakes of

EL SENOR DE LOS MILAGROS

by Sister Francis of Providence, M.I.C.

(Gisele Guinois, Chateauguay Bassin.)





Market place in a Quechua Indian Village, Peru.

the 17th and 18th century. After remaining buried under piles of debris pending the terrible quake of 1655, it was rediscovered as fresh and as intact as when first painted.

Around that period, devotion to the blessed image having apparently grown excessive, the authorities decided it was about time to put a stop to what they deemed was threatening to turn into a religious fad. They, therefore, ordered the representation of Jesus crucified to be daubed over. But the workers sent to perform this unwelcome task met with a mysterious fate; the first who climbed the ladder to take down

the picture frame tumbled unconscious to the floor, then began to fall into convulsions; the other about to splash paint across the canvas felt his arm suddenly stiffen with paralysis... At the same time a terrific storm hit the region. Thus it happened that the daubing order was not only revoked but the authorities caused a chapel to be built in honour of *Senor de los Milagros*. Graces and favours of all sorts soon followed and the devotion knew a remarkable resurgence throughout the country. The month of October was especially dedicated to the *Senor* and religious exercises were performed

honouring His sufferings during the Passion.

In token of sympathy, it has become a tradition that women and young girls wear purple dresses with white cords as belts. Some even wear the penitential colour all the year round because of a promise made to obtain favours. One sees even little children and babes in arms at times garbed in violet frocks because their fond mammas have promised this in their name.

On the feast of Christ the King, then, in the streets of Pucallpa an immense purple cortege filed for three hours in the broiling sunshine. Behind the banners of the various confraternities, the image of the *Senor de los Milagros* was borne aloft by sturdy porters hemmed in on all sides by a prayerful throng. Walking backwards in front of the picture were two women and a small girl all robed and veiled in deep purple looking up in veneration. Twelve girls garbed like angels escorted the group. Once in a while the porters let the women, eager to share their privilege, relieve them of their burden.

During the procession, *Aves* were said and hymns especially composed for the occasion were sung with great gusto. In between time, rhythmical mournful music punctuated the march. Such music I was told is particular to the manifestation honouring the *Senor* and is used in both Lima and Pucallpa.



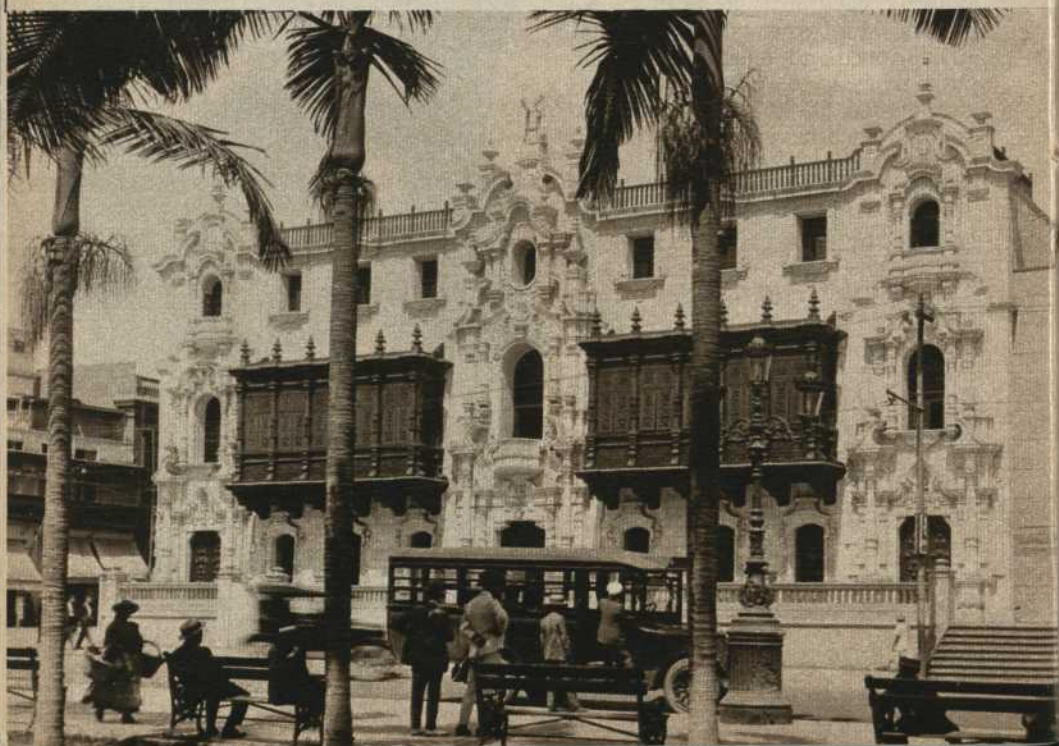
Quechua India, Peru.

We were edified by the silent respectful bearing of the participants. There was no bustle, no hurry, just a beautiful serenity. Nobody gave any hint of fatigue, not even the mothers who carried babies during the three hours the procession lasted. This ceremony seemed extremely important for all. The young people held lighted candles and as night fell on the scene, the dark streets began to glow with hundreds of winking, glittering, sparks of fire.

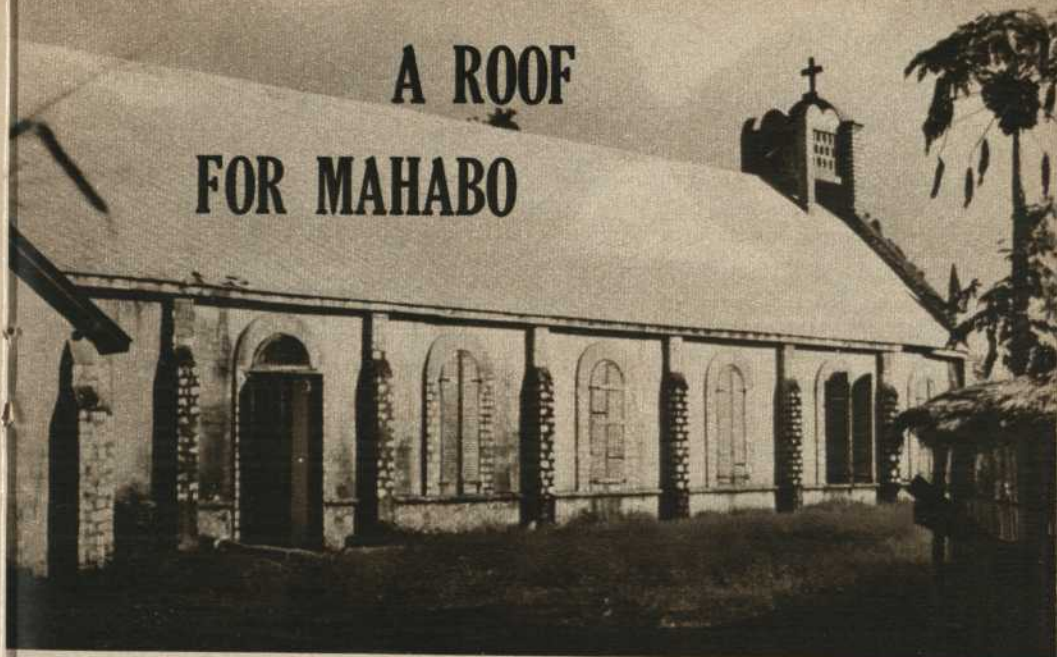
At long last, the cortege reached the cathedral where the Sacrifice of the Mass highlighted the demonstration. Confessions and Communion were numerous. This feast of Christ

the King so well adapted to the festival of the Lord of Miracles, gave us an insight into the religious sentiments of the Peruvians. Unfortunately, many of these people attach importance merely to traditional rites and neglect obeying the precepts of God and of the Church. Their Christian life is too often confined to processions, to the wearing of medals, the adorning of statues, the lighting of numberless candles... But, after all, ignorance not ill will is at the bottom of this irrelevant conduct. *The Senor de los Milagros*, taking this into account will undoubtedly work the miracle of a genuine religious revival.

Palace situated close to Lima Cathedral.



A ROOF FOR MAHABO



MORONDAVA, MADAGASCAR

by Sister SAINT FELICITY¹, M.I.C.

The parishioners of Mahabo had one big worry. For some time past, the roof of their church had fallen a prey to marauding ants who were making short rift of rafters and boards. At any moment these might collapse bringing down the outer tiles. There was no stopping the ants. The only remedy lay in building a new roof, but this meant money and the villagers were poor.

Through the mission grapevine this predicament came to the knowledge of our boarders who immediately

set about making plans to help the good folk of Mahabo. But how? One bright Miss suggested, "Why not give the play we have just successfully presented here, in Mahabo? We could charge so much as entrance fee..."

"Fine! Fine!" her companions approved. "We will start Operation Roof with the money thus collected."

The girls decided to give their play titled "Monica's Vocation" in the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday. Un-

¹ Thérèse Leblanc, Saint Sylvere.

fortunately, the girl who played one of the leading roles was called away early on Saturday to her dying grandmother. She returned in time, however, after having had the consolation of seeing Grandma reject the tenets of Mahomet for the true religion.

Sister Saint Clement¹ and I accompanied the group of young girls. All along the way they sang hymns to Our Lady under whose protection the trip had been placed.

Outside the city we rode through rice fields, peanut and sugar cane

plantations. Here and there rose huge gnarled baobabs. As it sped along, our car frightened herds of cattle placidly munching the little clumps of grass they could find. On the outskirts of Mahabo we met groups of parishioners who had come to greet the young people.

Piles of bricks accumulated with a view to building a future school had been used to make a temporary hall where the people assemble for Mass. This was placed at our disposal and the play was given within its walls.

¹ Carmelle Caron, Tourville.

Leaving for Mahabo.





The catechist's house.

Monica captured her audience by her fine acting. Her farewell song to her dear ones whom she was about to leave to enter the cloister caused many a tear of emotion to be shed.

The play over to express the gratitude of the whole parish, the Catechist's wife prepared a copious lunch; rice, fried fish sweets, peanut cakes, to which our pupils did full justice.

When we set out on our way back to Morondava, night had already fallen. Riding high in the star-studded sky a huge silver moon lighted up the road ahead and flung a web of magic over the countryside. The girls were at first awed by the mysterious beauty of the scene, but soon their youthful enthusiasm poured itself out in songs of praise and of love in honour of Our Lady.

The ilocano Farmer



by Sister MARIA FELICIDAD¹, M.I.C.

Meet Ramon, a typical farmer of the Philippines, wiry, cheerful, hard-working, wise with the wisdom of those who have always lived close to nature. In the mad twentieth century scramble for technical advancement, he calmly keeps "the noiseless tenor" of his way.

With the help of kind neighbours he builds his house, somewhere in a remote barrio of northern Luzon, with materials scattered in profusion by a kindly Providence throughout a land where perpetual summer reigns. Stout bamboo posts go into the framework; flexible strips of bamboo are deftly laced into walls and flooring; stout *cogon* grass provides a snug roof. After the Padre has blessed this light airy home consisting of three rooms plus a *sala*

furnished with a small table and a few bamboo chairs to welcome visitors, rice is carried in first so that no one under the new roof shall ever hunger.

In the kitchen the food is cooked over a primitive stove of baked clay. Rice straw is kept handy to light the fire replenished with twigs and branches. In the left hand corner of the room on a bamboo shelf the pots and pans stand in a neat row; plates, cups, and saucers are stacked in a small cupboard fitted against the kitchen wall; ladles and dippers hang from nails within the housewife's convenient reach. Next door to the kitchen is the dining room where the family takes its meals seated on stools around a low table.

Electricity and running water be-

ing still an unknown luxury in Ramon's barrio, one of the first morning chores is to clean the jars destined as recipients for the fresh water which the young girls fetch from the village well gracefully balanced on their heads.

The heaviest agricultural work starts with the first days in May, when the rainy season is about to be ushered in. While the farmer ploughs and harrows the fields, his wife prepares the planting of the *palay*, (rice). Stalks are carefully trodden under foot in such a way as not to harm the precious seed. With the coming of the heavy July rain-

fall, the seedlings are ready to be transplanted into the rice fields. The whole family then works hard from early morning until late in the evening. Dinner is eaten on the fields so as not to lose time. The laborious process of rice planting has been aptly depicted in the words of the popular song:

Planting rice is never fun
Bent from morn till the set of sun.
Cannot stand and cannot sit,
Cannot rest a little bit.

The rice planting season over, the farmer sees to needed repairs on his house and out-buildings. His wife busies herself with the kitchen garden

Ilocano farmers planting rice.



where she grows peppers, tomatoes, cabbage, onions, and other vegetables. In the evenings, she sits at her home-made loom and weaves cloth or mats for household use.

The rice harvest is usually done in bees. Wearing shady *salakot*, hats made of nipa or palm leaves, and armed with sickles, the harvesters spread out in the fields where the golden grain awaits to be cut. In the evening, to the accompaniment of merry songs, the rice is bound into sheaves and placed under shelter for the night. Every morning during the next fortnight, these sheaves are taken out and exposed to the warm rays of the sun. The rice is then put into sacks and loaded on lumbering carts to be hauled to market.

Immediately the rice harvest completed, the tobacco crop is sown. This cultivation requires much work as the plants must be watered every morning and every afternoon. Three months later, the crop is ready to be gathered. Piled high on sledges drawn by *carabao*, the stalks are transferred to sheds where they are sorted according to colour and size, and spread out to dry. This work sometimes lasts until the month of March.

In between time, corn, sugar cane, and beans are also cultivated. Sugar cane provides Ramon with sugar, wine, and vinegar; vegetables not needed for daily consumption are sold at the local market. With the money thus realized, clothes and other useful items are bought.

What about the educational problem? Although he knows the importance of this matter, the poverty of the Ilocano farmer is such that it





usually does not allow him to give his children more than a few years of schooling. He cannot do without their help for the numerous morning, noon, and evening farm tasks so that very little time is left for them to study or to do homework.

It sometimes happens that to allow an exceptionally gifted son or daughter to pursue higher studies, a piece of ground is sold to secure the money needed. Later on, the privileged one will prove his or her

gratitude to self-sacrificing parents by caring for them in their declining years. Among our people, filial piety is considered a most sacred duty. It is unheard of that a member of the family, father, mother, brother, sister, grandparents should be left uncared for.

And when the time comes for him to rest, his labours over, he serenely hears the call beckoning him to a land far more beautiful than his own, a land where God Himself will be his reward exceeding great.





The corpse wrapped in a new "lambamene" is carried through the village.

The Famadiana

by Reverend FATHER RAZAFIMANANTSOA

Among our people of the high plateaux still exists an ancient custom which to outsiders may appear futile and even gruesome but which in reality is most expressive of the deeply religious character of the Malagasy and of their belief in life beyond the grave. The *Famadiana* or turning over of the dead remains as a link with the dear ones who have gone on ahead into the land of unending happiness.

In Madagascar as in nearly all

Oriental countries, the deceased are not buried. They are instead introduced into what is considered as their ancestral home, a rectangular room built of bricks with a single door facing the West. Along the southern and northern walls of this room are slabs of carefully chiseled stone on which the dead lie coffinless, shrouded in *lambamene*. They appear to rest much as they did at night when alive wrapped up in their *lamba*.

To this sanctuary, the Malagasy

turn in all their joys and sorrows to pray and to recall the memory of the dead. There also, families make it a duty to assemble at least once a year to proceed with the ceremony of *Famadiana*.

Grouped about their dear departed ones, the people in holiday attire listen attentively while the genealogy of forebears is retold. Then, if need arises, worn-out shrouds are replaced by new ones lovingly prepared beforehand. This part of the ceremony is marked not with funeral dirges but with joyful songs and dances.

Carried outside the "cool room" as the tomb is called, the remains are deposited upon a freshly woven mat and carefully wrapped up again in a new *lambamene*, shroud. Then, the young men carry them on their shoulders for a triumphant round of

the village while the women and girls accompany them singing and dancing. At sundown, the dead are duly reinstated in their ancestral domain.

Catholic pastors are doing all in their power to christianize these ancient customs which occasionally degenerate into drunken revels. When they are invited to take part in a *Famadiana*, the priests cause hymns to be sung during the shrouding; if there is a church in the neighbourhood the customary procession around the village is replaced by a visit to the sanctuary where the prayers of absolution are recited over the remains. A religious turn is thus given which corrects the superstitious trend of these ceremonies. Our good people return home in a quieter frame of mind, better instructed on the vanity of wordly things and on the absolute transcendence of the soul.

INDIA : RETURN OF 1,300 TO THE FOLD

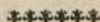
ROME — (AIF) His Excellency The Most Reverend Gregorios B. Thangalathil, Syro-Malankar archbishop of Trivandrum, at present in Rome taking part in preparatory work for the Council with the Commission for the Oriental Church, honoured our office with a visit. "Since December last," His Excellency related, "I have received 1,300 Orthodox Christians into the Fold. They came to us in more or less numerous groups; once 98 were received at the same ceremony. Last month the entire parish of Cenkulam (about 60 families) entered the Catholic church." To our question, "Has the news of the future Council met with a sympathetic response at Trivandrum?" the Archbishop replied that his people were overjoyed. He went on to say that on January 30, all the Christians of Trivandrum had assembled to take part in a religious ceremony during which their leaders spoke each in turn. Protestant Bishop Legg included.

FIDES

Favours obtained

through the intercession

of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit



Thanksgiving for a position obtained through the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. J. Perreault, Quebec.

My husband was threatened with amputation of a leg. After a novena made in honour of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit he was completely cured. As a token of gratitude I enclose the fee for two sung Masses to obtain the glorification of your revered Foundress.

Mrs. R. Trudel, Montreal.

Heartfelt gratitude to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. My husband choked while eating. Already his face was blue. When I applied a picture of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, he was immediately relieved.

Mrs. Oscar Robert, Ville Emard.

PRAYER

for the Beatification of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

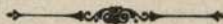
Almighty and eternal God Who hast deigned to make use of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for the expansion of Thy kingdom and that of Thy Immaculate Mother here below, we trustingly beseech Thee to glorify Thy faithful servant by granting us for her glorification, if such be Thy Will, this (such and such a grace, a cure...) and may this favour incite us to follow the examples and imitate the virtues of her whose memory we revere.

Hail Mary... O Mary, conceived without sin...

Persons who obtain favours after prayers offered for the glorification of the servant of God are requested to inform the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception 2900 Saint Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal (26).

Our Dear Departed

Very Reverend Canon Zenon Alary, **Montreal**; Rev. Armand Groulx, C.S.C., **Saint Laurent**, brother of our late Sister Marie de la Paix; Mr. Albert Beauchemin, **Saint Clotilde**, father of our Sister Saint Clotilde; Mrs. Edouard Sanschagrin, **Charlesbourg**, mother of our Sister Saint Rose; Mrs. Charles-Edouard Leblanc, **Saint Sylvere**, **Nicolet County**, mother of our Sisters Saint Sylvere and Saint Felicité; Mr. Ludger Gauvin, **Saint Hyacinthe**, father of our Sisters Saint Ludger, Gertrude of the Blessed Sacrament, and Céline Martin; Mrs. Joseph M. Turgeon, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Marie Hélène; Mr. John Demers, **Mont Laurier**, father of our Sister Cecile of Milan; Mrs. Hi Fong, **China**, mother of our Sister Teresa Marie; M. Ohashi Ichigoro, **Wakamatsu, Japan**, father of our Sister St. Paul Miki; Mr. and Mrs. Tsi Hsin Hsu, **Peking, China**, parents of our Sister Lucy of Fatima; Rev. Sister Albert du Divin Cœur, Sisters of Providence, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Saint Henry; Mr. Seraphin Bolduc, **Beauceville**, brother of our Sister Marie des Victoires; Miss Inette Malouin, **Quebec**, sister of our Sister Marie Mediatrice; Mrs. Lauda Garceau, **Saint Donat**, sister of our Sister Saint Joseph; Mrs. Alexis Marchand, **Saint Barthelemy**, sister of our Sister Saint Clémence; Mrs. Georges Aurele Rivard, **Saint Genevieve of Batiscan**, grandmother of our Sister Clemence Marie; Mrs. F. J. Topp, Mr. Victor Moquin, Mrs. Lionel Leduc, Mrs. Arsene Dubé, Mrs. Eddy Pilon, Mrs. Joseph Saint Germain, Mrs. Arthur Denis, Mr. Narcisse Boutin, Mrs. Achille Leroux, Mr. Fernand Quintal, Mrs. J. Leopold Théorêt, **Montreal**; Mrs. Joseph E. Milard, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Laurent Derome, **Laval des Rapides**; Mrs. Leon Claude, **L'Abord à Plouffe**; Mr. Albert Brisebois, **Saint Denis sur Richelieu**; Mr. Armand Archambault, **Saint Henri**; Mr. Charlemagne Lauzon, **Saint Anne des Plaines**; Miss Irene Geoffroy, **Joliette**; Mrs. Joseph Saint Denis, **Oka**; Mr. Joseph Dubé, **Saint Honore de Shenley**; Mr. Octave Villeneuve, **Quebec**; Mrs. Ernest Michaud, **Saint Roch des Aulnaies**; Mrs. Elzear Pelletier, **Saint Leon**; Mrs. Joseph Angers, **Saint Cesaire**; Mr. Polydore Langevin, **Vercheres**; Mrs. Nazaire Bouchard, **Sayabec**; Mr. Louis Laplante, **Saint Helene de Kamouraska**; Mr. J. Amédée Gaudet, **Mont Joli**; Mr. Emile Levesque, **Causapscal**; Miss Henriette Ruest, **Saint Anaclet**; Mrs. Saluste Theriault, **Saint Jean Port Joli**; Mrs. Jacques Pelletier, **Saint Bruno**; Mr. Dombrowski, **Chateau d'Eau**; Mrs. Pierre Himbeault, **Notre Dame d'Hebertville**; Mrs. Horace Guay, **Roberval**; Mrs. Francis Michaud, **Siégas, N. B.**; Mrs. Claudia Tétreault, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Miss Rosanna Lagassé, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Arthur Lemoine, **Brockton, Mass.**



The Precursor

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COVER : Hong Kong

Life on a sampan is a pleasant one.

