

No. 8

Vol. XVI, 26th Year

March-April 1948

THE RECURSOR



The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,
2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q.
(Founded in 1902)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Mission procure. Workroom for making
church vestments, embroidery, lace and
painting for the support of the Mother-
house and Novitiate. Chinese catechist
training school. Sewing circles. Publica-
tion of a mission magazine, *The Precursor*.
Free missionary library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

OUTREMONT, Montreal 8, P. Q.,
314 St. Catherine Road

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Sewing circle. Kindergarten.

CHINESE HOSPITAL
and **DISPENSARY,**
112 Lagachetiere West, Montreal 1
(Founded in 1918)

Religious instruction for Chinese.
The Sisters also visit Chinese patients
in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when
requested to do so.

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)
(Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Promotion of the Holy Childhood Work.

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.
(Founded in 1918)

Apostolic School for prospective mis-
sionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy
Childhood. Workroom for making church
vestments. Mission workroom. Kinder-
garten. Private lessons in French, Eng-
lish, music and painting.

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.
(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Workroom for making church vestments.
Mission workroom.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St.
(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Recollection Days for girls. Mission

workroom. Private lessons in painting.
The Sisters also visit Chinese patients
in hospitals and in their homes. Religious
instruction for Chinese children and
adults.

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.
(Founded in 1921)

Oriental hospital. Chinese refuge and
dispensary. Private lessons in languages
and catechism for Chinese children and
adults. Home visits to Chinese.

THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.
(Founded in 1926)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.
(Founded in 1928)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Mission workroom.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.
(Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Hostel for girls. Mission workroom.
School. Kindergarten.

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.
(Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Mission workroom. Hostel for girls.

GRANBY, 279 Main St.
(Founded in 1931)

The Immaculate Conception Hostel
for girls. Kindergarten.

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.
(Founded in 1932)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

ST. JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain St.
(Founded in 1935)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Workroom.

VANCOUVER, Mt. St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward St.
(Founded in 1946)

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER)

The Precursor

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EASTER COVER: *A smile and a serious mien from Suchow Mission, China.*



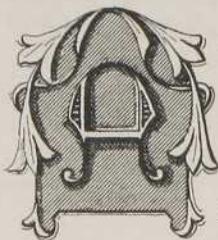
To the Mender of God's Playthings

*St. Joseph, when He brought to you
His little broken toys,
I'm sure you put the plane aside
To cheer the Best of Boys.
You never sent the Toddler back
With wistful, worried face ;
You made the plaything good as new,
You wiped each tearful trace.*

*St. Joseph, we, the grownups, too,
For all our boastful pride,
We have our little broken toys
At times we'd fling aside.
Our hearts are hurt a hundred ways
And sorrows mar our joys —
Be mindful of each pleading face,
Please, Joseph, mend our toys!*

THE PRECURSOR

Guardian of His Lord



ACCORDING to St. John Damascene, to have been the father of Jesus was not for St. Joseph a mere, empty title, but, inasmuch as is possible to man, a deep reality.

Generation, in fact, does not alone constitute paternity: the exercise of paternity and the management of the household appear also as important factors. Can there be found one function of the best of fathers that has not been gloriously exercised by the faithful and prudent servant to whom the Lord entrusted the care of His family? Joseph it was who received the newborn God in his arms, and laid Him in the manger; Joseph, who reddened the knife of the circumcision with the Most Precious Blood, in obedience to the law; Joseph, who saved the Christ Child from the fury of Herod, His wily persecutor. Was it not he also who, during the thirty years of Christ's hidden life, by the labor of his hands and at the sweat of his brow, provided for Jesus food, clothing and lodging?

How often did Joseph's arms cradle the Infant God, and what tender, reverent kisses the happy father must then have lavished upon Him! How often did he nourish Him with his own hands, clothe His tiny body, and teach the Word Incarnate to speak and, later, to toil in the workshop of Nazareth! How many times, after Jesus had grown to manhood, did Joseph repose from his labors, gently pillowed upon His heart!

Now, if Joseph was so perfect a father to Jesus, what must have been Jesus' relations with Joseph? There is no doubt but that He was unto him the most dutiful of sons, submissive, obedient and respectful as a child to its father. O blessed roof and walls that sheltered this incomparable family, silent witnesses of its labors and repose, tell us how Joseph often repeated the sweet Name of Jesus, and how the Eternal Boy ran up to him, as if He had been called, and asked with His most engaging smile: "Father, what do you wish?" And Joseph, the humble Joseph of whom the Evangelists do not report one single word, would occasionally answer: "Come, my son, give me a hand with this." I like to picture the Divine Carpenter helping His father, and fancy I hear Joseph asking Him: "Son, where is the plane?" And Jesus would carry His foster father's tool with such charming simplicity that the denizens of Nazareth would gather to wonder at the work of this Child.

But they were not the only ones to come; all the prophets had preceded them. O blessed Joseph! exclaims Isaiah, that child who labors with you and calls you his father, is "*the Prince of Peace, the Angel of Great Counsel.*" — He whom you acknowledge as your son, says Micheas, is "*the ruler of Israel; and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity.*" — I recognize Him also, says the royal prophet, the child who calls you his father is the Lord to whom belongs "*the earth and the fulness thereof.*"

The Apostle finds a proof of Christ's sovereignty over all creatures in the name of Son which God has given Him: "*Being made so much better than the angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they. For*

to which of the angels hath He said at any time: Thou art My Son?" May we not, in like manner, establish Joseph's superiority over all the Saints and Angels, by the name of father which God Himself bestowed upon him? To whom among the Angels has He said: "Thou art my father?" If God, in presence of the whole heavenly court, calls him His father and honors Him as such, judge therefrom of Joseph's eminent dignity as a father!

St. Leonard of Port Maurice

Saint Joseph

A herald preceded the ancient Joseph to ensure that all should bend their knees before him. Would that I were the worthy herald of our own Saint Joseph! According to Saint Bernard, his superiority over the first Joseph is unquestionable.

This privilege had the ancient Joseph been granted: *Thou shalt be over my house, and at the commandment of thy mouth all the people shall obey; only in the kingly throne will I be above thee* (Gen. XLI, 40).

Vicar of God the Father, Saint Joseph was entrusted with the care of His family on earth and had authority over the Son and the Mother of God. Although his "people" were numerically inferior to the people of Egypt, from the spiritual standpoint they have never been nor ever will be equalled.

Saint Joseph's commission to the management of this home is, to all evidences, divine. To him, and to him alone, did the Angel bring the message of the flight and also that of the return. And Saint Luke says most explicitly that Jesus *was subject to them*. The ancient Joseph was called the *Savior of the world*; our Saint Joseph may be said to be the savior of the Savior of the world.

Saint Francis of Sales

Joy in Love

Bounteous is the cheerful love. It does not stop to choose, it gives all, regardless of sacrifice, deeming itself sufficiently rewarded by the happiness it bestows.

How lightly that man bears his sorrows, trials and sufferings, who has donned the armor of true love! He is sublime without realizing it, a hero without knowing it, a saint without finding the cost of perfection too high. Nothing seems too dear for the dear one!

Penance wearies at length; love never wearies, never halts.

To live thus, courageously, steadfastly, one's heart must be aflame with love, a cheerful love. This happiness will be within our reach inasmuch as the Kingdom of Jesus, who is the sole fountain of true joy, will be deeply established in our soul.

Then, and only then, shall we be free from worries and all vain desires; no more schemes of earthly bliss shall we elaborate, schemes often unrealizable because of the manifold vicissitudes of our earthly life. When God will have gained complete admission into our soul, then shall we rely upon Him, as a child upon his loving father, leaving Him the care of our happiness and of all things. He may have joys in store for us, perhaps all different from those we had dreamed of; we shall accept them in all simplicity and bless the Hand that dispenses them. Sorrows we shall receive with equal serenity, knowing that Our Crucified Lord will bear the heaviest part of our burden, and that everything turns to the advantage of those who love. Making ours the admirable motto of Father de Ravignan, we shall give to God all that He may ask and accept all that He may give: the courtesy of the children of Christ.

Then shall the sweet laws of God direct our march toward His Kingdom of Love.

(FROM « Lui »)

St. Joseph's Bonze



PAI T'SIAO MIAO (Clever White) was a pagan, but the experience of years had opened his heart to the great pity of human miseries.

Such indulgent kindness and benevolence radiated from his gaunt features that you wondered if you really had to do with an old Buddhist bonze.

Hardly had he reached his tenth year when his father, a pagan countryman of northern China, had dedicated him to the service of the pagoda, in a hopeful attempt to appease the anger of the gods, to which he attributed the premature death of his three oldest sons.

The Buddhist monks had readily initiated young Pai T'siao Miao in his new career. He was instructed in the principles of the Buddhist doctrine; learned the Chinese characters and special prayers to be recited before the *stupa* (shrine containing some relic of Buddha's mortal remains); accompanied the monks' psalmody with the drum; went about the streets ringing a small bell, asking for alms in behalf of the pagoda; and, especially, gave himself like all his Buddhist brothers to those endless quietist meditations taught by Cakia Mouni.

Thus had his sixty-year-long existence smoothly glided along in the peaceful shadow of the rich pagoda that dominated the hill upon which leaned his monastery. Buddhism's easy morale holds few restraining laws for its adepts, and even in monasteries the necessity of fighting one's passions remains practically unknown. Monks and nuns have only to let themselves live, follow their natural tendencies, and practice the great ecstatic rest which, through forgetfulness of earthly cares and trials, leads to the Paradise of Buddhism, the Nirvana or final reunion with Brahma.

Those long hours of idle dreaming, however, had had on T'siao Miao an altogether different result than that of luring him into the land of oblivion. Far from giving way to listlessness, his quick, active mind had indulged in serious reflection and eagerly sought to fathom the sense of human destiny. A vague feeling of anxiety had gradually taken possession of his soul. No longer could the usual lectures at the pagoda satisfy him, for now burned within his heart a vehement desire of searching elsewhere for the answer to his innermost longings.

So off he went, at seventy, scouring the city and country, addressing this one, questioning that other. He was thus strolling along one day, feeling more uneasy than ever, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a tattered book lying by the roadside. Its partly opened leaves offered to sight the vividly colored picture of an old man holding in his arms a child of ravishing beauty. Curiosity got the better of T'siao Miao. Whose picture could that be, he wondered. A little fingering through the book soon informed him that it was a Chinese translation of the life of St. Joseph.

That was that, but St. Joseph's identity still remained a mystery to the pagan priest. With childlike avidity T'siao Maio quickly looked the

characters over and, strangely enough, the more he pursued his enigmatic reading, the more the hero of the story captivated him. Who could be this God of whom St. Joseph was the father? Never in his life had he heard of Him.

Again the white-haired bonze took up his travelling stick and, clasping his precious godsend, turned his steps towards the pagoda. That night as he lay on his straw mat sleep refused to come. Outside, the moon was shedding its mellow radiance over the gorgeous landscape. Slowly the old monk rose from his pallet and wended his way along the silent corridors, until he came into the monastery courtyard. There he stopped to admire the magic of moonbeams among the branches of the dark cypress trees.



MENDICANT BONZES

then resumed his walk until he came to a lonely, secluded spot behind the hill. He sat down upon a moss-grown stone and perused once more the mysterious book he had picked up by the roadway. He had come to the relation of the birth of Our Savior when approaching footsteps startled him. What if a monk caught him in his strange moonlight study!

"I'm afraid I frightened you, my friend," said the intruder in reassuring tones. "You must have mighty good eyes, Grandpa, to read like this by starlight."

"True," answered T'siao Miao, recovering from his surprise enough and mechanically thumbing "St. Joseph's Life."

"Mine couldn't give me such gallant service," continued the stranger. "Pardon me, my good friend, but if my eyes are not fooling me just now, that is St. Joseph's picture. Are you by any chance a Catholic?"

"Catholic? What do you mean? I am a bonze attached to the service of that pagoda over on the hilltop."

"A Buddhist monk, friend of St. Joseph! How strange!"

"Maybe so, but you seem to know him well, this St. Joseph?"

"Do I! He always has been a most devoted father to me."

"I love him too, even though I have never known him. I would be very grateful if you could explain all the wonderful teachings I have found in this book. It seems to me that only when I shall have grasped all this will it be given me to die in peace."

To this man of good will St. Joseph had sent the Catholic priest who could reveal to him the Truth and introduce him into the way of salvation.

So the missionary sat beside the old monk and in the impressive stillness of the night explained the Gospel of love and peace. Slowly light dawned in T'siao Miao's mind and when rose the morning sun, the dazzling rays of Faith had also brought daylight to his soul.

For yet some time, St. Joseph's bonze pursued his religious instruction, then, six months later, having given up Buddha and pagoda, he was made a child of God on the feast of his glorious Protector.

To know the true God and cherish the hope of seeing Him forever face to face proved too much for frail old T'siao Miao; soon after his baptism he intoned his *Nunc Dimittis* and left this land of exile to immortalize his happiness in Realms Above.



The Changeless Friend

Precious and rare as a pearl in ocean depths is the true friend.

I know of only one, and He suffices me. O beloved Christ, my loyal and changeless Friend, You are severe and yet so loving, so infinitely loving; You chastise, but Your hand even then is gentle and tender; Your heart harbors no rancor, and soothing is Your word. You are greater than we, petty creatures of a day who dream of eternity and know naught of love.

False friends may prove treacherous, flatterers may grow indifferent, relentless enemies may beset me, but Christ will never abandon me! Well does He know, He who searches the innermost heart, that everything in me yearns to extol His Name!

What are to me the judgments of men? Christ, alone, judges and He suffices me. Who will ever be able to sever the bond that unites us?

Oh, who can tell the love of Christ, who has never experienced it? And if once, be it but for a brief instant, one has tasted its sweetness, who can tell its inexhaustible effects? Those who have quaffed this cup even once in their manhood know that I speak the truth, and that the thrill of that blessed moment is one from which one never recovers.

Rene Bazin



Congratulations

The "Precursor" is pleased to offer respectful wishes for a fruitful episcopal career to Most Rev. E. Jette, Vicar General of the Diocese of Joliette and Rector of the Cathedral, who has been appointed by the Holy See, Titular Bishop of Tabe and Auxiliary to His Excellency Most Rev. J. A. Papineau.





RICE THRASHING, JAPAN

Mission Intention for March

*"That Christian Principles Be Followed in Dealing
With Japanese Workingmen"*

The cessation of hostilities in Japan brought into being the nation's first real contact with Christianity. True, missionaries had been working, sporadically but none the less effectively, for intervals during the past 400 years, but the people as a whole, the 70 million Nipponese of the island kingdom, had had little actual understanding of Catholicity due to the restrictions of Shintoism.

Now, with the defeat of the nation's militaristic aspirations, Japan stands upon the threshold of a new era — an era in which two mighty forces may be said to be struggling for supremacy. The one, founded upon Christian principles, would recognize the rights of employer and employee, as well as the inalienable justice of private ownership for rich and poor alike. The other, stressing the supreme importance of the state, would usurp the rights of the individual by allocating to the government complete control over industry. All class distinctions would be levelled by the institution of national collectivism, while the efforts of every man, woman and child would be transformed into a mere cog of state.

It was this latter condition which Pope Leo XIII tried to forestall in his famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum* almost sixty years ago. "The great mistake," he wrote, "is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital."

The solicitude of the Holy See in regard to the future of the workingman in Japan may be better understood when one appreciates how receptive the people of Nippon have always been to national directives. Under Shintoism belief in the infallibility of such directives led the nation into a devastating war, even though the militarists constituted but a small minority in state affairs. It must be remembered also that, as in most countries in the Orient, labor by human beings is the cheapest available. However, the Japanese have a frugality, an industry, as well as a dexterity and power of assimilation which differentiates them from other nationals in the Far East.

Unless, therefore, Christian principles are judiciously and faithfully applied in Japan, the future of the workingman in that country may be seriously jeopardized. An obedient people might easily fall prey to Marxist doctrines, especially if they were sanctioned by the state. Now, therefore, is the opportune time for the leaders in Japan to realize that Christianity alone represents the measuring rod of true justice for rich and poor alike.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U.S.A.

Mission Intention for April

"That the Social Order in China Be Preserved From Atheistic Communism"

This intention proposed by our Holy Father for the month of April does not call for a lengthy commentary. The effects of atheistic Communism in China and more especially in Manchuria are generally known, namely, untold misery, upheaval of the social order and in places complete devastation of once flourishing missions.

What weapons shall we use in our struggle to restore social peace and prosperity to war-weary China? None will prove more efficacious than prayer, fervent, entreating prayer, rising as an immense clamor from every point of the Christian world to the Sovereign Lord and Master of human destinies.

Let us heed Our Heavenly Mother's oft-repeated advice to use her Rosary as a spiritual machine-gun to destroy the batteries of the enemy of God and of mankind. Thus shall we be enabled to succor our unfortunate brethren of China.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII, VICAR OF CHRIST ON EARTH
AND BELOVED FATHER OF CHRISTENDOM.

Daily Prayer for the Holy Father



NCE again March 2 brings the joyous anniversary of the accession of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the See of Peter. From Catholics the world over prayerful tributes of thanksgiving will then be rendered to the God of all goodness in behalf of His Vicar on earth; and yet, sad to say, many are those who will prove too engrossed in worldly affairs to remember, much less to pray for the Father who bears the heaviest of responsibilities, the responsibility of immortal souls entrusted to his solicitude or still waiting to be gathered within the True Fold.

Much consideration is given at the present time to the messages that the Queen of Heaven delivered to the world through the medium of the three young shepherds of Fatima. From these heavenly communications springs a most practical conclusion which drew the attention of the favored children and which they immediately put into practice in their daily life, thus setting an example to all Catholics, namely, the habit of praying every day for the Holy Father.

Right Rev. Canon Marthas avers that after the third apparition, Mary's confidants readily gave the first place in their thoughts and love to the Holy Father, for the beautiful Lady had revealed, along with other secrets, that "the Pope would have much to suffer." From this time also dates their spontaneous decision to add the words "for the Holy Father" to the formulae of their sacrifice offerings, and three extra Aves to their daily beads, for the same intention.

To those who would be tempted to deem these practices childish and of small moment, let it be recalled that the Apostleship of Prayer requires as second obligation, the daily recitation of at least one Pater and ten Aves for the Head of the Church. A former Director General of the Association, Very Rev. Father J. B. Jannsens, S. J., wrote: "The daily recitation of at least ten Aves for the apostolic intentions of Christ's Vicar on earth is one of those practices which even less cultured minds clearly understand and willingly perform."

Easily conceived are the motives which make this prayer a sacred duty for every Catholic. Is not Our Holy Father the head of the great human family, just as the father is the head of the natural family? Consequently, his deepest concern lies in the welfare both material and spiritual of his children, and their sorrows, cares and trials become his very own. Words fail to describe the anguish of Our Holy Father at this dark hour of universal unrest. He suffers from the dire misery of wartorn countries: from the distress of thousands of homeless children exposed to every danger of soul and body; from the dissension which reigns among political powers, under the cover of fictitious peace; from the ravages wrought everywhere by the scourge of Communism; from the cruel misfortune of millions of pagans who will never hear of the priceless boon of Redemption, for lack of Gospel preachers; and, again, he suffers from the blindness of a multitude of souls who scorn his advice and hasten to their eternal doom.

His paternal solicitude extends not only to his own flock but, as his

various Christmas messages, letters, encyclicals, and reiterated appeals in behalf of the starved and destitute populations without regard to color or creed eloquently prove, to the whole human race. It seems that Christ Himself would have lent to His Vicar that heart of infinite tenderness which was moved at the mere thought of the evils that threatened Jerusalem, and went with divine predilection to the least, the most suffering and the poorest of earth's children.

The eminent and worthy predecessor of His Holiness Pope Pius XII was most accurately explaining one day to a visitor how the Holy Father could have a very special love for each nation in particular. "When we receive pilgrims from this or that country," he said, "we always assure them that we hold their country in very special love. And yet, truth is not impaired: a father, you will notice, bears a special love to each of his children. He loves his eldest because he is the eldest; his second son, because he is the second; his youngest because he is the youngest; or, again, this one, because his strength and beauty are the pride of the family; that other, because he is weak and sickly and calls for pity. These are nothing but different shades of a unique love."

If we look among these various distinctions for that which characterizes Our Holy Father's love for the Canadian people, this do we find: His Holiness especially loves the Canadian nation because it has remained true to its ancestors' strong faith, attachment to Holy Mother Church and beautiful Catholic traditions; and also because he builds on it great hopes for the future.

To this fatherly love justice bids us answer with a return of filial affection which will find its expression in a fervent daily prayer for the intentions of the Roman Shepherd and in complete submission to his mandates, our own humble way of collaborating somewhat in the gigantic apostolic works of the common Father of Christendom.

Manila-Bound



Sister Marie Aristide (Alice Carrier, Worcester, Mass.) and Sister St. Patricia (Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass.), Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who left their Motherhouse, Cote des Neiges, on January 18 last, en route for San Francisco, their first stopping point on their way to the Philippines.



Both Sisters have been assigned to our new Mission on Narra Street, Manila.

Excerpts From the Pope's Christmas Message

Unwitting Agents

"When Herod of old was plotting anxiously to slay the Babe of Bethlehem he hid his plan under a pious mask, and tried his best to make the honest men into unwitting spies. Likewise today, his modern imitators move heaven and earth to conceal their real purpose from the masses, and make them the unconscious instruments of their designs.

"But once they have won power and feel the reins securely in their hands, little by little they let fall the veil, and pass by successive stages from oppression of the dignity and liberty of man to abolition of all authentic and independent religious life.

"Here, then, is the question We put to all honest men: How is humanity to recover, how can any 'New Order' worthy of the name emerge from the mistakes and agitation of this present hour of confusion, if the lines which mark off friend from foe, yes from no, and faith from lack of faith are to be erased and moved about?

Church Neutral

"The Church, though her heart is ever full of love and sympathy for these erring souls, cannot fail to denounce error, in loyalty to her Divine Founder's declaration: 'He who is not with me, is against me' (Matt. 12, 30). She cannot but tear the mask from the 'forgers of lies' (Job 13, 4) who come forward as wolves in sheep's clothing (CF. Matt. 7, 15), as founders and pioneers of a new golden age. She cannot but warn the faithful not to let themselves be lured from the path of rectitude, or be deluded by fallacious promises.

"Our position between the two opposing camps is exempt from every prejudice, from any preference for this or that people, for this or that bloc of nations, as it is foreign to any sort of temporal consideration. To be with Christ or against Christ: That is the whole question.

"Each of the opposing sides believes itself constrained to this mistrust, as by a duty of elementary precaution. Obviously, this very fact leads to the building of an immense wall which renders hopeless every attempt to bring to the bewildered human family the blessings of true peace.

Honesty Needed

"Have we not had occasion, even during the past few weeks, to experience the tangible results of this mistrust? Have we not seen a most important conference of the great powers adjourn without having taken those essential and decisive steps along the road to peace for which the world in its anguish was waiting?

"There can be but one way out of the straits to which the cult of 'Insincerity' has brought the world: The return to the spirit and practice of straightforward honesty.

"No one today — to whatever social or political movement or party he may belong — who wants to bring the weight of his convictions and his public acts to bear upon the present or the future destiny of nations, has any right to wear a mask, to appear to be what he is not, to avail himself of the strategy of the lie, of tension and of threats, in order to restrict the honest citizens of every land in the exercise of their just liberty and civil rights.

"You will readily understand, then, how pained We are to see hostile propaganda distorting what We think and say, embittering men's hearts, hindering the peaceful exchange of ideas, and deepening the chasm which separates from Us so many souls redeemed by the Blood of the same divine and loving Savior. At the bottom of it lies, unfailingly, the same identical duplicity, deliberately adopted and ruthlessly employed as the most incisive weapon with which to combat justice and truth, and hinder mutual understanding, reconciliation and peace.

Truth Makes Us Free

"The inevitable outcome of such a situation is the splitting of humanity into powerful and rival groups, whose highest law of life and conduct is a basic and invincible mistrust. Here is at once the tragic paradox and the curse of our time.

"That is why We would remind you, dear sons and daughters, that we celebrate tomorrow the birth of Him from Whose lips one day escaped the cry: '*Veritas liberabit vos*' (John 8, 32); the truth (which is His teaching) shall make you free. Never, perhaps, has this cry re-echoed so loudly as it does today in a world hungry for peace but forced to groan beneath the oppressive yoke of falsehood.

"Let all Christendom, too, make answer — to Him Who was made flesh that He might be for all 'way, truth and life' — in a prayerful plea that the truth may find its way back to the hearts of the rulers of nations, whose yes or no may determine the fate of the world. And with the truth may there shine out upon the earth no deceptive mirage, but Bethlehem's bright star of peace divine.



In battle or in great danger, a brave man may be very useful; but if he does as he pleases, he is not half so valuable as the man who, besides being brave, has also learned to obey orders.

Sir Baden-Powell

The meek and lowly Joseph is the Patron of the Universal Church. So deep was his humility on earth that he seems to us to be no more than the unconscious agent of the miracles of Heaven.

Canon Sheehan

Mission Quiz...

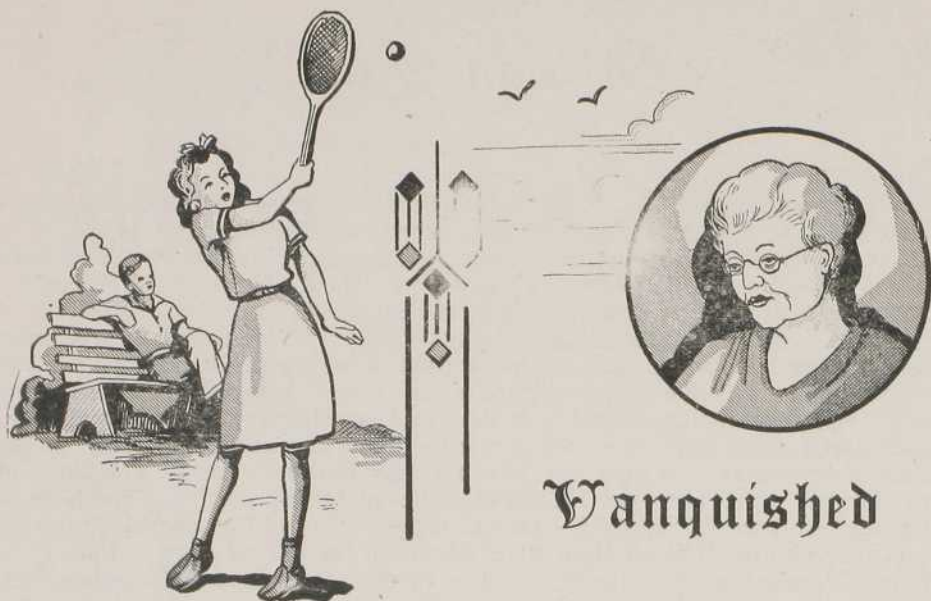
DID YOU KNOW THAT

Thomas Cardinal Tien, China's first Cardinal, was baptized at the age of eleven? . . . St. Francis Xavier himself first brought the Faith to Japan in 1549? . . . 12,500 native students are attending seminaries maintained by the Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy? . . . The Catholics of the Philippines have less than eight percent of the priests they should have? . . . Two Catholic missionaries were among ten social workers singled out for special distinction recently by the Japanese Government? . . . As far back as the thirteen hundreds a Chinese emperor and his mother were buried in the Habit of St. Francis? . . . If there were only twenty-five million Catholics in the world, and if every Catholic would win each year a single convert, we would win the whole human race for Christ in less than seven years? . . . China now boasts a daily Catholic paper, "The Voice of the People"? . . . There are 191,000 Catholics in Madagascar? . . . The King of England has honored Sister M. Laetitia, of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, with the Kaiser-I-Hind Silver Medal for her pioneer work in India? . . . Every Catholic has, individually, a mission to effect the spread of God's kingdom, as a member of the Mystical Body? . . . The first Mass ever celebrated on the Antarctic continent was offered on the afternoon of January 26, 1947, by Rev. William J. Menster? . . . The Belgian Congo has 3,000,000 Catholics? . . . During the internment of the Jesuits in Manila, thirty native Filipinos voluntarily entered prison to start their religious life as Jesuits? . . . 500,000 converts are made in the mission world each year? . . . The population of the Philippines is 18,000,000? . . . Christians in China number 5,000,000 out of a total population of 471,000,000? . . . The world's tallest tribe has been found in the Belgian Congo of Africa. The men average six feet six inches? . . . The first martyr of Canada was Father Nicholas Viel, O.F.M., who was slain, together with an Indian convert, in 1625? . . . Malay is one of the easiest languages to learn — it has few verbs, none of them irregular; no articles, no prepositions and no grammar? . . . "*Regina Polaris*" (Queen of the Pole) is the name of the new missionary vessel of the Oblate Fathers in Hudson Bay? . . . The greatest number of converts is made in Central Africa, with about 160,000 a year? . . . More than 150 distinct languages, not merely dialects, are spoken in India? . . . Father Finaz, S.J., the first Jesuit missionary to labor in Madagascar, entered the island disguised as a leper in 1871? . . . It is estimated that by birth rate the pagans are increasing at the rate of at least 10,000,000 a year? . . . There are hundreds of millions in paganism, none of whom are more than forty hours away from a priest?

REPORT OF THE MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL

FOR THE YEAR 1947

Baptisms.....	20	Dressings.....	1,340
First Communions.....	7	Electric Treatments.....	1,340
Extreme Unctions.....	11	X-Rays.....	107
Confirmations.....	7	Injections.....	3,960
Hospital Patients.....	72	Operations.....	6
Dispensary Patients.....	4,348	Deaths.....	17
Hospital Days.....	3,956	Home and Hospital Visits....	402
Prescriptions Filled.....	4,328		



Spring was in the air. In the topmost branches of an old elm tree that sheltered the Foster homestead, two orioles were discussing household matters in excited chirps. In the sugar maple by the driveway a bluejay hopped gaily about, cocked a wise head at Gran who sat knitting out on the porch, and suddenly burst into a blithesome tune. Evidently his business was progressing satisfactorily. How Gran loved to sit at this vantage point, whence she could drink in the fair beauty of bursting bud and unfolding bloom, and listen to the melodious symphony of Spring, symphony that always brought back tender memories of yesteryears, when the old house had re-echoed with the laughter and boisterous games of eight sturdy children.

Gran's knitting lay unheeded in her lap, as her thoughts wandered back over the trails of a happy past. What a blissful time she had had, caring for her large family! She was all alone now, for Jim, her devoted husband, had gone on ahead of them all to the eternal mansions, while the children had left, one after the other, for their different callings in life. Prayerfully Gran murmured their names: Freddie, her eldest; Ralph and Ronald, the mischievous, fun-loving twins; Gladys, so thoughtful and helpful always; studious, dependable Francis; frail, dreamy-eyed Richard; demure, beautiful Carol and tomboy Sue.

Gran's fondest memories always centred about her last-born, who was now in the mission field afar, winning souls for Christ. She could almost see her romp about the old-fashioned garden, as a tiny sprite of five. Dear, madcap, tousled-haired Sue! Even then the girl had been a leader in all the games of childhood, and woe to the child who dared question her authority. Sue's sturdy fists never missed their mark and the fiery look in her brown eyes could quell the most rebellious into submission. When once she had decided that something must be done, nothing could make her change her mind. It was just too bad if anyone even hinted at the impossibility of doing such and such a thing, for Sue needed no further incentive to try doing what others would not dream of attempting.

Her brothers had teasingly nicknamed her "Captain," for she never missed the occasion to fight, much to the despair of her elders. Sue grew up, but the years at first did not greatly improve her. At school, few teachers understood the fiery, stubborn nature, because they could not or did not plumb its depths. She was thought to be cold and unresponsive, but under its rough sheathing, her heart was tender and loving.

Still this haughty, imperious character must be curbed if Sue's life was to blossom forth into devotedness to others. Gran sighed as she thought of the many, many decades of the Rosary she had said, when all the household slept at night, that she

might be given the wisdom to train the will of her stubborn child without breaking it. She had studied her weak points and lovingly, patiently tamed this resourceful nature until Sue at eighteen blossomed forth into lovely, attractive girlhood.

Tall, sun-tanned, with flashing brown eyes that faced life fearlessly, Sue revelled in all outdoor sports. She loved to man her own canoe on the waters of the nearby lake and climb on the foothills, there to enjoy the magic of beautiful landscapes and dream of doughty deeds to be done for the welfare of her fellow-beings.

At this period of her budding life, Sue had first visualized the apostolic ideal and her ardent soul was at once attracted. A missionary Sister had given a heart-stirring talk to the Seniors at the College she attended, and that day, Gran remembered it as if it were only yesterday, Sue had first confided her wish to work at the harvest of souls in heathen lands afar. But alas, the flame of that youthful enthusiasm had soon abated, and the girl had found herself as if bewitched by the world of sports where she was now a noted figure. Strong of limb, lithe and graceful in all her movements, she excelled in tennis matches. Her brothers were proud of her, especially when she scorned playing with girl friends whom she found much too weak as partners, and pitted her strength against their own college pals.

At twenty-one she was a perfect sportswoman. One June evening, she had come home late from a tennis match with Francis and his friends.

"Say, Sis," Francis said admiringly, "you're getting stronger and stronger at tennis. I'd like to see the guy who could beat you at it."

"Bet you'd like to take another match after supper, young man. What say you?"

"No, thanks for me, milady. I have to dig in my math if I don't want to fail at the coming exams. Do you know, Sis, that Dennis Lafferty was telling me today how Teresa Dale and Evelyn Burton were going to try for the provincial championship in tennis? Dennis opined that you would have no difficulty at all in carrying off the cup. O boy, wouldn't that be just the thing to boost up our sports club!"

"Why not try my luck, then? Do you think it would be too late to enlist for the champ?"

"Let me handle your inscription, Sue. Tell Mom I may be a little late for supper. So long."

The provincial tennis championship proved an easy victory for her, but no sooner had she won the silver cup than she began to dream of the national championship.

Nothing else seemed to matter, in the months that followed, but the attainment of her heart's desire. Sports was always the theme of conversations when the young people were around, and Sue spent most of her time in the tennis court rehearsing for the final victory. Only during the last few weeks did she consent to relax in order to preserve all her alertness and buoyancy for the tournament.

Two days before the eventful date, Sue had gone out for a walk in the late afternoon. A letter had come for her during her absence; a letter from a devoted nun who had been her teacher in High School, and her mother had thoughtfully put it where she would see it as soon as she entered the house. Humming a popular tune, she had flipped open the envelope and scanned the contents. Sometime ago she had written to tell Sister of her triumphs and hopes in the sporting field, and the wise old nun had answered to congratulate her dear pupil. Only at the end of the letter had she written that short but meaningful sentence. "After having sent so many balls flying for the glory of Sue, and for the sake of winning a silver cup, may I hope that you will not forget the mission field where so many souls are waiting to be won for Christ."

It was supper-time and the family had gathered round the table. Sue took her accustomed place minus her usual appetite. That letter had upset her more

than she cared to admit. What had Sister hinted at anyway, with that tantalizing closing sentence? She glanced again at the letter as she nibbled a sandwich, then crumpling it impatiently, she pushed back her favorite caramel dessert and fled from the dining-room, into the sanctuary of her own room. There she unfolded the crumpled letter and read it over again.

For hours, the battle raged within that heart still haunted by dreams of human glory, but powerfully drawn by the call to a higher life. What should she do? Break off at once and sever the ties without waiting to disentangle them, or make just this one more concession to worldliness? What would people say if she withdrew at this last moment, from the contest where her triumph was assured? She would be laughed at, called a bigot, a crabbed character . . . And yet she felt that this was the decisive hour when her vocation to the religious and missionary life was at stake. The Master was knocking at the door of her rebellious heart . . . He might never knock again, but leave her to a frivolous, useless life!

Sue's devotion to the Mother of God had always been sincere and childlike. To her she now turned in her anguish. Kneeling before the modest shrine at the foot of her bed, she prayed as she had never prayed before, for light and guidance. "O Gracious Mother of Our Savior," she entreated, "you know how very hard it is for me to come to a decision. All is dark and stormy within my soul. O Star of the Sea, see my hopes in fragile vessel tossing; be the pilot of that trembling crew! Have pity on your child in this her hour of struggle. Give me the strength to follow where the Master beckons."

So long and so fervently did she pray, that from sheer weariness she went asleep kneeling there at the foot of the Madonna, with the still crumpled letter in her hands. Hours later as moonbeams playfully caressed her upturned, tear-stained face, Sue suddenly awakened, feeling all cramped and chilled. It took her a few moments to realize what had taken place and why she had gone to sleep in such a strange position. Ah, yes, she remembered now the poignant hours she had just gone through. But peace flooded her storm-tossed soul, for she had surrendered at last to the divine Lover of souls.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed, "I have wandered long enough far from the pathways You would have me tread. But now, I am Yours, all Yours and forever. I will work only for Your glory and the saving of souls. Grant me grace to be faithful until the end."

She spent almost the whole of the following day in her room, not feeling as yet equal to tell the world what had happened. At supper, she came to join the family. As soon as he saw her Francis banteringly called out:

"Just one more day and we'll sing, 'All hail to the champion!'"

A wan smile was Sue's only answer. For the first time, Francis realized that something was wrong.

"Say, Sis, why the gloomy looks? Surely the eve of a certain victory is no time to mope. Cheer up and smile." Then noticing the dark shadows under the lustrous brown eyes, "You're not sick, are you, Sue?"

Everybody at table anxiously scanned her face.

"No, I'm feeling all right, so don't worry. Just do me the favor, Francis, to have my name cancelled from the final tennis match."

"What's come over you, Sue? You really don't mean that, do you?"

"I mean just what I said. Be a good boy and have my engagement cancelled."

Supper that evening was a dismal failure. Appetites were suddenly gone and conversation lagged. Instead of tuning up the radio for her favorite broadcast, Sue had gone back to her room to pray for courage to keep her heroic resolution, cost what it may. Later, when she had been sure to find her mother alone, she had come down and confided her great secret. Gran's heart still grew exultant when

she thought of that blessed evening when her dreams had come true at last, her dreams of seeing the lamb of her flock dedicate her ardent young life to the service of God. How fondly she had caressed the dark head that leaned against her knee, and tenderly wiped away the tears that fell unbidden from the sparkling brown eyes, tears of joy and repentance at the wasted years.

* * *

The orioles in the old elm tree were now warbling happily; a catbird tried to emulate the bluejay's peal of joy and of course failed miserably. Gran smiled as she listened to nature's serenade and, picking up her knitting which had fallen to the floor, prepared to go in for supper. Absently she thumbed through the *Precursor* and a letter, the last one received from Sue, slipped from between its pages. How happy she was, and how busy in her beloved China where the harvest of souls was great.

As Gran moved about her spotless kitchen, she silently prayed as she always did for God's blessing upon her missionary daughter's work. Every tiny action of the day, her prayers, her loneliness, all was offered for that grandest of all causes, the salvation of immortal souls.

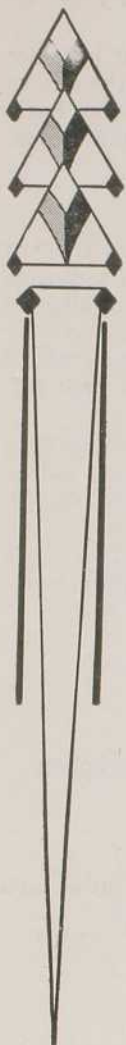
May many young girls in love with life and its potential thrills follow Sue's noble example and give their all that Jesus may reign and be loved the world over!

Statistics of Closed Retreats

in the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

For the Year 1947

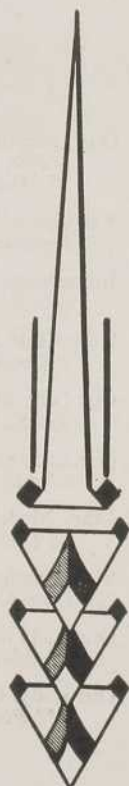
	RETREATS	RETREATANTS	DAY-RETREATS	DAY-RETREATANTS
Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House 314 St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal(8)	133	3,734	31	2,917
"Bethany" Retreat House Nominique, Labelle Co.	19	313		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette	80	1,861	8	334
Holy Child Jesus Retreat House 4 Simard St., Quebec	36	871	4	67
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec	83	2,699	2	94
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House 61 Jacques Cartier St., Chicoutimi	74	2,018		
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby	83	1,731	10	591
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, Quebec	57	1,623	2	72
Our Lady of the Rosary Retreat House St. Marie, Beauce Co.	47	1,322		
Our Lady, Queen of Missions Retreat House 187 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.	11	280		
Totals :	623	16,452	57	4,075



Resurrexit

'Tis Easter Morn!
O Queen of Heaven, glad rejoice!
The Victor speaks with thrilling voice;
The Friday's sorrow nurtured bliss:
He comes to you from Death's abyss.

O Magdalen,
The tomb is empty, weep no more,
The sweet Rabboni come adore.
Your soul from sin He purified;
The "Gardener" is glorified.



*O Marys, see,
The stone is rolled and Angels speak:
The Lord is risen, do not seek
The living God in ranks of death,
The Lord is risen, as He saith.*

*His chosen ones
So soon to fare o'er land and sea
To save the Gentile, bond and free,
Rejoice this Resurrection Day,
Sing Alleluias as you pray.*

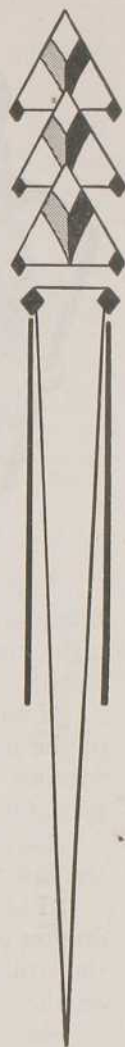
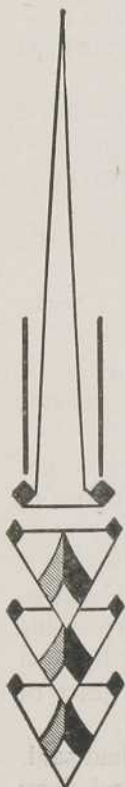
*Poor bleeding world,
Look up beyond the tawdry things.
He solace for your sorrow brings.
Christ Triumphant will bind and bless,
His Hand is soothing gentleness.*

*He died for all,
And so for all His death is gain:
That we might live He rose again!
And Christian hearts His triumph hail—
With Him as guide they never quail!*

*Christ lives fore'er!
His rising from the silent tomb
Gives human hope its blithest bloom—
So shall we rise from dust and dim
To join the grand eternal hymn!*

*'Tis Easter Morn!
O Queen of Heaven, glad rejoice!
Your Son is risen — hear His voice,
The voice that gladdened Nazareth —
In Him we rise and conquer Death!*

The Precursor





Bridge to Faith

A mist stung Jean's eyes and a little nervous tremor shook her slight frame as the sound of the clock brought her to reality. It was almost midnight and her father had not returned. What could be delaying him she wondered, as the knitting fell from her tired fingers.

"Dear Blessed Mother," she instinctively turned toward the picture of the one to whom she had recourse in all her difficulties, "dear Blessed Mother, please see to it that nothing happens." With quivering hand she picked up her rosary, the tried and trusted confidant of her sorrows and joys.

A knife-like fear clutched her heart as through her worried mind wandered the last words of her dying mother:

"I know how deeply and truly you love your father. Now I am counting on you to convert him. For years and years he has been straying far from the straight path of duty. Jeanie dear, I began to suffer for his conversion on the day he first refused to accompany me to Sunday Mass."

She recalled the little rebellious thought that had pushed itself to the very forefront of her mind.

"But, Mother darling, you've always kept your sunny smile. I never suspected —"

"Sacrifice is the wellspring of joy," her mother had replied with the particularly meaningful smile of those who have grown strong and courageous at the foot of the Cross.

It all came back to the young girl of twenty-two as (Mary forgive her pious distraction!) she fingered the glowing beads of her rosary in honor of the Mother of God.

Sobs choking her voice, she had promised to be a mother to the two boys, Michael and Larry. Above all, she had assured the beloved soul about to cross the great borderland that the father of the family would return to his Faith. Mother could go in peace to meet her God and Savior, for here on earth someone would remain to suffer and pray, that the priceless grace of conversion and amendment might be obtained from Divine Mercy.

"Prayer and sacrifice alone can obtain that for us," her mother had said. "If you want to save your father's soul you will have to pray and deny

yourself. Ever since the Redeemer of mankind shed His blood for our sinful selves, souls have been purchased only through prayer and suffering."

And Mother had closed her earth-weary eyes to open them on the splendors of the many Mansions of our Heavenly Home.

Then had begun for Jean another milestone of life — or rather, had it not been the series of her Sorrowful Mysteries? Courageous and serene, she gave up once for all her high hopes of the realization of the rosy visions that glittered up the paths of the future. Someone had to take Mother's place and give mother-love to those who were orphaned so early in the springtime of their gay young lives.

One day she had casually told her father that she might do three-in-one work and thus enable him to dismiss their two hired hands. Forthwith he had acted on her suggestion, with the result that Jean remained alone to see to the upkeep and well-being of the palatial home.

She had been thrilled to have to manage the house, and the two servant girls calling no more for their portion of the family income, she could set aside regularly a worthwhile sum which she forwarded to the foreign missions as ransom money for the rescue and baptism of pagan children and adults. Had not an inner voice whispered that those souls purchased for God would be so many intercessors in Heaven to plead for the miracle she implored herself?

Daily or almost, all during those four years, she had slipped out of bed with the first faint flush of dawn to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion for the great intention. How many times also she had prayed her Rosary to Mary, beseeching the Mother of Mercy to have pity on this all-but-lost soul.

Lent was almost over now. It was Holy Wednesday. Would the Risen Savior grant her this most coveted of favors on the glorious morning of His Victory over death?

She glanced at the timepiece. It was one o'clock. For the twentieth time the screeching of hastily-applied brakes brought her to the window to search the darkness for the familiar silhouette of the long-expected one. Here he was at last! In a moment the porch was flooded with light and the door open in a warmly welcoming gesture.

"Oh, Daddy, how late you are!"

"Yes, Jeanie, I'm very late, but let me tell you for your consolation that your father is a changed man."

"What happened, Dad? Tell me quickly," gasped Jean, all the color drained from her face.

"He who holds in His hands the destinies of men has changed me completely."

In the full light Jean saw a hurt, hunted look in her father's eyes, although there was a faint flicker of a smile across his straight-set lips. Suddenly her happy mood had dissolved like raindrops in a hot wind.

"Oh, Daddy, you were in an accident? Your face is so pale and drawn," she said, as she tightened her eyelids to keep back the tears.

"Yes, darling, it was a terrible accident. But brace up, you can see with your own eyes that body and soul are still together. Boy, but that was a dreadfully close call —"

"Here, Daddy, take this chair and tell me all about it."

Jean drew a footstool near the chair and with a deep sigh of relief let herself fall on it. Her father's excited greeting had given her the certainty that her long years of prayer and sacrifice had not been wasted on the desert air, but she was burning to get more light on the matter. Anyway, she could gather from her father's expression that he wanted nothing better than to tell his story to a sympathetic listener.

"When I left this afternoon I was far from guessing what was in store for me. I motored straight to Alberton, dispatched my business matters, had supper with some of my friends and rode back home, my hand on the wheel but my thoughts groping for ways and means of business successes. I was so taken up by my reflections that I didn't notice, or rather, I noticed too late the alarm signals near the cement bridge at the limits of Coleman."

"They've been repairing that bridge, I believe?" Jean struggled to find her voice.

"Repairing? I know now that it just crumbled down the day before yesterday, but I didn't know anything about it then."

"How did you ever get out of that accident alive?" queried Jean.

"I took in the grim situation at the last second and jammed on the brakes, but it was of no use — the car was going at a good speed and broke through the makeshift barriers they put up for public safety, and —"

"Poor Dad!" interrupted Jean, tears stinging her eyelids, "so you plunged down from that height?"

"Yes, and I should have fallen down into the deep if through a miracle of God's goodness my car had not remained caught in a pillar of the old bridge."

"I shudder to think of it. How did you ever come back home?"

"With that yawning gulf below me I didn't dare move a finger lest that should mean the beginning of the end. The least movement of the car made me hold my breath with dread. Then, Jeanie, I thought of the God of my youth and I prayed as never before. I cried out in anguish to the Lord, beseeching Him to help me and promising to mend my ways."

"And God heard you?" Jean's blue eyes sparkled like sapphires.

"He did, for all my unworthiness. People came and with infinite precautions installed a huge crane that lifted the auto in the air and laid it down on firm ground. I was rescued. 'That's what I call missing death by an eyelash,' some fellow said. I thanked everybody there and got on the road again, but in what a different frame of mind! When I saw light in the rectory I said to myself: 'Here's your chance!' Father welcomed me kindly and — well, you can guess the rest, can't you? For months I had been feeling differently. God was inviting me to return to my former Catholic practices, but always I kept putting it off and off. But tonight there couldn't be any postponing, so here's your dad, Jean, ready to do his duty and live up to his religious beliefs."

Jean's lips framed a grateful smile. "Oh, I'm so glad you came out all right, and gladder still that Mother's prayers have been heard. I can't bear to think of what might have happened —"

"Don't think of it anymore, daughter. As I was telling Father a while ago, I don't understand how I could have deprived myself, through my own fault and for so many years, of the happiness which is mine tonight. But I'm all tired out, Jean, let's be off to bed — and don't forget to wake me up in time for Mass tomorrow morning. I'm going to St. John's with you and we'll kneel side by side at the Communion railing."

"Mother darling, you were right. Sacrifice means joy in the end," Jean smiled at the cherished photograph on her bedroom table. "And we're going to have a Joyful Easter after all!"



Joy is the portion of God's children, sadness is the property of the enemy of souls and his satellites.

St. Francis of Assisi

Live to communicate, and communicate to live holily.

Ven. Father Eymard

We can never do enough for the Church, to whom we owe Truth and Life.

Lacordaire



Art Incentive to Piety

On February 25, 1947, the Central Pontifical Commission for Sacred Arts in Italy, under the signature of its President, the Archbishop of Colossae, Right Rev. Giovanni Constantini, recalled the following grave caution emanating from the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office:

"Your Excellency is doubtless aware that among aesthetic tendencies of the present times, the fashion of the difformed and grotesque has appeared in numerous public manifestations regarding art in general, and has even lately attempted to desecrate sacred art itself.

"We need only instance a few of the representatives of this tendency, to prove that their works provoke both the repulsion and the reprobation of the faithful whose pious taste they offend. This is particularly true of the entirely nude aspects which profane representations of the crucifixion of Our Divine Redeemer.

"At the Roman Art Exhibit, July, 1946, similar deformations and profanations were produced by their authors as novel manifestations of sacred art.

"This state of things cannot but draw the attention of competent ecclesiastical authorities, whose duty it is to preserve Christians from the multiplication of such artistic manifestations which scandalize, to safeguard the dignity of the cult and of sacred edifices and also the true sense of religious art, whose aim is to give birth, in the hearts of the faithful, to sentiments of piety and devotion.

"Therefore, the Sacred Congregation demands that the Central Pontifical Commission give diocesan committees the necessary instructions in order that the above-mentioned deplorable tendencies be kept from infiltration into domains entrusted to their vigilance."

Semaine Religieuse de Quebec

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

Prepared from the French by Florence Gilmore

(By kind permission of the Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York)

(Continued)



Blessed Peter Louis Marie Chanel

But his books and his devotions did not fill Peter's time. He had a little plot in Father Trompier's garden on which he lavished much care; and all his flowers found their way to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. His classmates thought him a merry companion, and they loved and admired him. One day, seeing him come out of the church, a mischievous boy proposed playing a trick on him, but another objected: "We had better not. Everyone will be angry with us if we hurt him. Besides, he is so good-hearted." Peter played all games with charming gaiety, delighted to win, but losing with perfect good humor, saying that it made

him happy to see other people glad because they were winning.

The climate of Monsols proved to be injurious to Father Trompier's health, and a change having become necessary, it was decided that he should return to his beloved Cras. His parishioners were distressed to lose him and the child whom they had learned to love. Many, many years afterward they still cherished Peter's memory, proud to have known an apostle and martyr. They talked of his goodness, his piety, his angelic candor, and of the reverence with which he served Mass; they said that he sang exquisitely. Fifty years after he left Monsols, an old man there loved to tell that one day when Father Trompier was teaching the children he was called away, and told them to be good and very quiet while he was gone. He was hardly out of sight before the boys began to misbehave, all but Peter, who obediently remained silent in his place.

CHAPTER II

At School in Cras

The good people of Cras had grieved to lose Father Trompier, and rejoiced when he returned to them. As for Peter, his heart overflowed with happiness at seeing again his relatives, his old schoolmates, and the little church he loved; and although he had been away only a year, one

and all observed that he had improved in many ways. With fresh ardor for his studies he took his place once more in the school, but did not return to his aunt's house. Father Trompier wished to keep him near, and arranged that he should live at the presbytery with several other boys whom he was training. One of these, who became a priest, wrote of Peter, in 1843, "I love to remember the happy days at Cras when I first knew and loved my dear friend, Peter Chanel. Ah, if I could have foreseen that one day he would win the palm of martyrdom and be proposed by the Church for our veneration, how I should have observed his least acts of virtue! I can almost see him still as he was with his companions, both in class and at recreation. Although his health was frail he was very industrious. He was intelligent and truly pious, and as merry as the merriest at our games. We never saw him sad unless one of us was punished; then he always had a word of excuse for the culprit, and did not rest until he had obtained his pardon. We all loved him, and although we knew well that he was Father Trompier's favorite we never felt the least twinge of jealousy."

Of Peter's school days at Cras several incidents have been preserved, trifling in themselves, but precious in the light of the glory that awaited him. One day a classmate asked Peter to lend him his exercise book that he might copy from it the work he had been told to do. Peter, listening only to the dictates of his heart, gave it readily. The little fraud was discovered, and both boys were punished. On another occasion Peter was deprived of a visit to his relatives, because his theme showed signs of carelessness. One of his companions murmured at this, but he said cheerfully, "I'd be very foolish if I did not understand that it is all for my own good." Against the wish of Father Trompier some of the boys would steal away to bathe in the river, and more than once they tried to persuade Peter to go with them, saying that no one would ever know. "God knows; that is enough for me," he would reply; and not once did he go.

His lively faith filled him with intense love of God, which, in its turn, taught him to love those about him, and to be tender towards the poor. Young as he was, he had taken to heart the words of the Master, "As long as you did it unto one of these My least brethren, you did it unto Me." The sight of a beggar, ragged and hungry, would move him to tears. Nor did he content himself with sympathizing with the sufferings of the poor; he did all in his power to lighten their misery, giving away the whole of the slender allowance he had for little boyish pleasures.

It was customary, at that time, to wait long before admitting a child to the Holy Table. Peter, intelligent and unusually devout, was thirteen and a half years old before he made his First Communion. When he was told to prepare himself for the great day he was overjoyed. He wrote to his father and mother a letter fairly radiating happiness, and spent the intervening weeks in constant, loving preparation. Some one who was present at the First Communion Mass said, long afterward, "I shall never forget Peter as he was on that day. There were many children in the class, all sweet and edifying, but I could not take my eyes from his

angelic face. It seems to me I can still see him, kneeling as he did, with clasped hands, his face betraying the joy of his soul. He looked more like an angel than a child. His father and mother were there, proud, *so* proud of their little shepherd boy."

That he might persevere in the good resolutions made at this time Peter arranged for himself a rule of life, regulating his prayers, his confessions and Holy Communions, his little charities to the poor. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin inspired him to promise to say the Rosary daily; and a spiritual insight, remarkable in a boy, enabling him to understand that all perfection lays in the doing of God's Will, he determined to follow it joyfully in all things. The resolutions, as a whole, were such as a seminarian might make at the close of a fervent retreat, rather than what is expected of a boy of thirteen. Best of all, he not only made but kept them. His First Communion was the starting point of an effort for higher things. He redoubled his ardor for work and his zeal for the service of God.

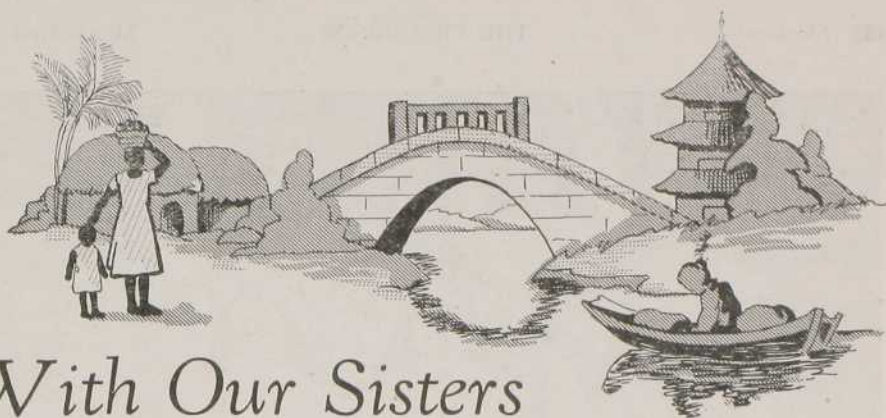
Not long after this there came to him one of those bitter trials with which God sometimes tries even great saints. Who does not recall the temptation to despair which pursued St. Francis de Sales so relentlessly that at last he became seriously ill? A temptation of like nature assailed Peter. Suddenly he felt a deep disgust for study, and a sense of discouragement which he vainly tried to overcome. He became sad and dreamy and his health suffered. One day he felt that he could bear it no longer, and taking his books he started homeward without saying a word to Father Trompier. As he passed the village church he met a woman, whose goodness had long before won his confidence. She stopped him and inquired where he was going. Peter told her, and she asked anxiously, "Have you spoken to your aunt? And to the cure? Have you, at least, consulted the Blessed Virgin?" Peter made no reply, and the woman added, "Go into the church and pray to the Blessed Virgin, and do as she bids you." Peter obeyed. Leaving his books in the nave he went to his Mother's feet and said his beads. For him, as for St. Francis, prayer proved all powerful. He hurried back to the old woman, all trace of discouragement gone. "Well?" she said, smiling. "I will stay," Peter promised; and returning to the presbytery he resumed his studies with hearty good will.

Twenty years later he referred feelingly to this day. "I don't know what had come over me," he said. "The devil was surely getting the best of me. A little more and he would have done me an ugly turn. Without understanding why, I was in an agony that bordered on despair. I owe it to the Blessed Virgin that I regained my courage." Nor did he ever forget his debt to the woman who had counseled him so wisely.



Work for the pagans abroad will react favorably on the work of the Church in America.

Pope Pius X



With Our Sisters in Fields Afar

SUCHOW

MISSIONARY REINFORCEMENT

Fourteen Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception knelt at the communion railing, on Saturday, October 25 last, in our little chapel of Suchow. The veterans, who were seven, had had the joy of welcoming, just the day before, seven new recruits — we say new, for new they were to our Mission, but seasoned missionaries they were the seven of them, having only recently managed to cross the borders of Communist-ridden Manchuria, where hardships unnamable and innumerable had been their lot through several dark years of warfare.

Indeed we do sympathize with them in the true spirit of sisterly charity, but we cannot help feeling glad over the final issue of all the events that have led to their coming to Suchow. Thus do the laborers of the Gospel, driven out of one territory, stake their tents in another and keep on their noble work of making Christ known, loved and served.

In the morning hours, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ accompanied the new arrivals to the Bishop's Residence, where His Excellency Most Rev. P. Cote, S.J., received them with the great kindness we know him. The seven from Manchuria could not but recall the many deeds of paternal goodness they owed to another devoted spiritual shepherd, His Excellency Most Rev. L. A. Lapierre, of Szepingkai.

On the morrow, the Feast of Christ the King, our revered Pastor kindly agreed to offer the Holy Sacrifice in our modest sanctuary. The Rev. Fathers Gariepy and Laramée accompanied him. "I am very glad, I am very glad," was His Excellency's oft-repeated comment on the increase of mission personnel. Suchow's harvest of souls needed more willing hearts and hands, and here they are . . .

Our refugees from Szepingkai did not have anything superfluous along the line of clothing. One of Sister Superior's first cares on the following Tuesday was to purchase the necessary material for the making of them. When

1. Sister Marie Xavier (Berthe Paradis, Tingwick, P. Q.).



CENTRE : Sister Marie Xavier (Berthe Paradis, Tingwick), Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Suchow ; to her right, Sister Julianne du St. Sacrement (Beatrice Lareau, Chambly) ; to her left, her sister, Sister Marie de Fourvieres (Lucie Paradis, Tingwick), Missionary in Tsungming, on a visit to Suchow.

BACK ROW : Sister St. Catherine d'Alexandrie (Catherine Lebel, St. Epiphane), Sister Marie du Crucifix (Eva Tessier, St. Bonaventure), Sister Gabriel de Marie (Gabrielle Filion, Lachute), Sister Marie Celine (Regina Beliveau, St. Paul de Chester) and Sister Marie Esther (Alice Buteau, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe), former Missionaries in Manchuria.

she saw that the bill was far in excess of her means at hand, she told the clerk that she would pay the balance the next day. That very evening the man came to the convent, saying he was willing to give a marked discount on the purchase, as his personal contribution for the Sisters who had had to give up their Mission. May this act of generous charity merit for its doer the blessing of Faith in the God who is Charity.

AT THE DISPENSARY

The line-up of patients at the dispensary lengthens with every new day. The midsummer heat waves have caused their number to soar beyond the two hundred and fifty mark within twenty-four hours; but now that we are fourteen we have reason to believe that each and every one will be given what he needs, both from the bodily and the spiritual standpoint.

One morning a dutiful son who knew the doctrine of filial piety as we do the Fourth Commandment brought us his old mother in his arms. Her



Young Patients at the Suchow Dispensary

foot had been crushed in an accident the week before, and the initial dressing, a mixture of earth and oil covered with a water lily leaf, had prepared the way for the ravages of gangrene. The gaping sore was so horrible to see that all the patients took to their heels when we began the treatment, to return only after the mangled foot had been properly bandaged.

It was indeed touching to see with what delicate kindness this son treated his aged parent. Over and over he knelt with his brow almost to the floor, to implore us to spare nothing in order to prolong the life span of the one he loved, "for," said he, "my dear old mother is ninety-eight, and my greatest desire is to see her reach the century mark." So saying, he showed us an identification card by way of proof. Not one of us doubted the sincerity of his words, though, for the charm of her eighteen springtimes was to all appearances a thing of the long lost and distant past for the anonymous grannie. True, it is commonly said in China that at thirty no woman is young: the hard life of labor meted out to those who have just outgrown their girlhood makes for early wrinkles, and by the age of fifty you would take them for old grandmothers long past sixty. Of wrinkles this particular grannie had more than her share; but she was still in real good spirits and looked vigorous enough to cause us to begin to entertain doubts . . . maybe filial reverence had added ten more years to what looked like eighty-eight. Another maybe: she had possibly spent a term in jail, there where the years fast follow one another, being periods of ten months only, and where one day and one night are counted as two days. But those were only maybe's. In peace and quiet we will let Old Gran finish her life's long, long day, while we readily give her a top place on the list of the privileged ones for whom we daily pray to God. Long her earthly pilgrimage will have been, but we trust that ere she reaches the last milestone Christ will be her Pilgrim Friend.

CLOSED RETREATS

The Closed Retreat Work, although carried on on a lesser scale, seems for us truly blessed by God. The list of aspirants lengthens daily during the vacation months, and those who have experienced the benefits of the three days of prayerful quiet leave with happy hearts, determined to influence others to go and do likewise.

Mrs. Tch'en, a dear old lady of seventy-odd years, who longed for a few days of calm and repose to prepare for the long journey to Heaven, told us as she left that they had been among the happiest of her life.

At any time of the day we come upon our dear old ladies kneeling in the corridor or in the parlor or, again, in the classrooms or at the foot of the crucifix. Many are also great devotees of the Mother of God. Their pious colloquies are not hushed at bedtime; some continue on their knees in bed.

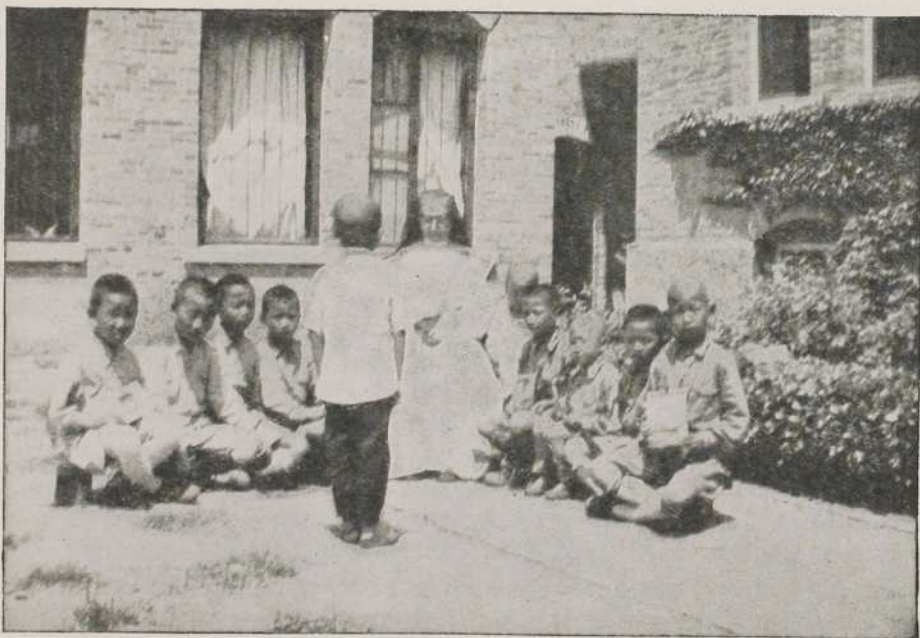
When they make the Stations of the Cross, each of the fourteen representations is the object of many and diverse prostrations, and certain prayers are said with arms extended. Such faith and piety cannot but be most pleasing to their Father in Heaven.

It is to be hoped that Providence will enable us to recruit many of those aged grandmothers for our retreats, since they hold undisputed sway in their respective homes, and their degree of fervor in fulfilling their religious duties is in most cases the barometer of the fidelity of those of their household.

" SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES "

Twenty boys and girls who were unable to go to the Mission school followed regular catechism lessons here last summer, preparatory to their First Communion.

Ten of their number were admitted to the Eucharistic Banquet. Early on the morning of the great day they ran to the convent, their faces bright and smiling. With what piety and candor they recited the invocations taught them: "Little Jesus, come into my heart! O Mary, my good Mother, please help me receive Jesus. My dear Guardian Angel, protect me!" Then they donned their all-white clothes and went to the church for High Mass, at which the girls of the primary school sang appropriate hymns, among them one being a Chinese translation of the "*C'est le grand jour*," the great favorite of First Communicants. The little ones who received for the first time prayed like angels, and we who were there to behold that



Sister St. Alice (Jeanne Bastien, Montreal), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Suchow, Presides at the Schoolboys' Catechism Exam.

pageantry of purity asked their Divine Visitor to keep them always innocent and clean of heart.

One of our pupils, a girl of seven, decided to convert her brother, a rascal of six, who often said naughty words to his parents and grandparents and went so far as to threaten to strike them. Determined to correct him at any cost, she explained how she had heard it said at school that there is a God, who does not like ill-tempered and disobedient children. "When somebody annoys us," she told her would-be convert, "we must not get cross. If you believe in God, you will not cause Him any more sorrow."

The six-year-old took the matter seriously and not one naughty word fell from his lips after that. One of his cousins having struck him once, instead of plotting a revenge he simply said: "Thank you!" The cousin could not but be impressed by a like heroism — an armistice was soon declared.

One day when he accompanied his sister to school, someone asked him: "How did you ever succeed in correcting yourself?" — "Oh, it's just because I believe in God now," came the edifying answer.

When we teach catechism to those tiny ones who often seem to understand next to nothing, we are sometimes led to think that nothing much will remain of what we say. This six-year-old boy and his sister have given us proof that our efforts are not in vain, and that in those souls fresh from the hands of their Maker the seed of Faith finds a soil most fertile for its growth.

HOME VISIT

On a certain feast day in honor of the moon, knowing that dispensary patients would be very few, we decided to make it a holiday. Quite early, however, the nursing Sister was asked for a home visit. Believing it might be an urgent case, Sister Superior left immediately by rickshaw with a companion. They had been riding for a good while when they came upon a market-place and the rickshaw man hesitated, for there were crowds of people; but at last, since there was no other way out, he determined to keep on. Presently the vehicle was caught in the full of the throngs: there could be no forward nor backward move, nor could we think of alighting. After fifteen minutes of anxious waiting a soldier brandished his lance and forced a way through the seething crowds. We were free once more, but had to return without having reached our journey's end.

In the afternoon came the summons a second time. The patient, it was said, eagerly awaited our call. When we spoke about our morning misadventure, we were told that the way was clear now. So Sister Superior left once again; but this once again the market-place was thick with people. A boat was then offered her. Many artistically decorated boats were at that moment sailing on the river close by, inviting persons with leisure to pay themselves the pleasure of a sail on the blue. Not with a view to the pleasure, but with that of a soul in jeopardy, Sister Superior agreed to the rickshaw man's proposal. A light breeze gently rocked the frail embarkation and all was quiet around in the solitude. After a long moment of silence the rickshaw man brought the topic of conversation on religious matters.

Gradually, Sister Superior and her companion came to know that their guide had been baptized in the Christian Faith, but had abandoned it five years previously. In that hour he heard the call of Divine Grace in the bottom of his heart. From there to promising to Sister Superior that he would go to confession and hear Mass on the following Sunday, the step was easy. That was a first and truly consoling result of the day's apostolic round.

Soon they had reached their destination. Sister Superior and her companion found themselves in front of a hovel a few square feet in size. Two little tots and a woman led them to the far end of their poor home where lay the husband and father about to be called by death. As he was still fully conscious, however, Sister Superior spoke to him of hope, love and forgiveness, and, upon his request, made him a child of the heavenly inheritance.

CHINESE WEDDINGS

The accompanying photo shows a newlywed Christian woman coming out of the church. In China the religious ceremony generally precedes by a



MRS. NEWLYWED

few days the civil marriage. The wife therefore returns to her home, while her husband goes back to his work or to his lessons, if he so happens to be a student still.

On some favorable day indicated on the imperial calendar and ordinarily selected by the young man's family, the bride is carried in state to the home of her intended for the celebration of the wedding. Her arrival constitutes for the pagans the essential deed of the marriage. Then follows the prostration before the in-laws, and, since the saying goes here that a banquet is the centre and the soul of all rejoicings, the joy of the day cannot be

expressed but by a good meal. A banquet is offered, more or less sumptuous according to circumstances, and the celebrating goes on for several days.

The age-old custom of marriage by proxy is gradually waning away. Convinced that personal sentiment must be brought into play, the betrothed try to find occasions of meeting each other, and who could blame them for it?

However, just a few months ago we witnessed one of those pre-arranged unions where the two concerned had had no say whatever in the matter. She was a young lady who came to the dispensary for treatments, her head being covered with sores. Before each treatment the parents begged the nursing Sister to apply remedies that would make a quick job of the ailment. Finally, one fine morning, the father clearly revealed his intentions, asking that the dressing be done as perfectly as possible, "for," added he, "I am marrying her this morning."

Imagine the disappointment of the bridegroom, who, beyond all doubt, was expecting a paragon for a bride.

RECENT CONVERT

Shortly after our return from internment in Shanghai, back in September, 1945, a young lady of a distinguished family came to our convent for French lessons. A few weeks later, she expressed the wish to know the Christian doctrine, rather more out of curiosity than with a sincere desire to learn the truth. Catechism lessons were given her without any apparent result. Miss S. was in no wise averse to the things of our holy Faith, but she did not show any real interest in them.

An unforeseen event then came to interrupt her course for the space of a few weeks. When she returned she spoke not a word about the Christian doctrine, and we on our side kept a prudent reserve. Did she ask certain questions, we answered as discreetly as we could. "You cannot understand those things," did we sometimes tell her, "since you are ignorant of the principles of the Christian Faith." Our brief explanations set her wondering. She did express her admiration of our respect for her liberty, but Grace had not as yet touched her heart. Her parents were fervent Buddhists and did not want a word about a foreign religion breathed within their hearing. The young girl took only an apparent interest in superstitions, but she believed, so she told us, in metempsychosis. "When I die," she informed us one day, "I should like to be changed into a swallow, for that is my favorite bird." We were so sad at heart to see a person so gifted from the intellectual and the moral standpoint express her belief in a doctrine as ridiculous. Still, we had confidence that Our Blessed Mother, whose medal she wore, would not let her die in her pagan tenets.

Meantime, Miss S. had decided to study at the Aurora, Catholic University of Shanghai. As she was about to pass her exams before her admission, she received a message from her brother who had left home several years previously and who now lived in a distant city. The young man was urging her to meet him at X., telling her how a most desirable position would be hers there, and how he would personally assume the expenses of



*Rev. Father T. Ts'ien, Suchow, Sister Marie Xavier (Berthe Paradis, Tingwick),
Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Suchow,
Sister Imelda de l'Eucharistie (Simone Boisclair, Almatville),
Four First Communicants and Their Classmates.*

her university studies. A fierce combat ensued in the soul of the poor girl; the eternal enemy of souls suggested all kinds of reasons why she should not go to Shanghai. Seeing her intense struggle, we judged that the moment had come to let her follow the desire she had once expressed to make a closed retreat. On the very first day, the light of Faith pierced through the darkness of her mind and the operations of Divine Grace changed her soul. Driven to his wits' end at seeing his plan wrecked, the devil returned to the charge. "I couldn't sleep at all last night," she told us. "I was not sick and yet I suffered terribly and couldn't keep still." But her praiseworthy straightforwardness rendered all the attacks of Hell unavailing. Miss S. was now determined to ask for baptism. As to seeing her brother again, she gave as excuse that she wanted to wait for the result of her exams; however, a relative of hers having to go to X., asked the young lady to accompany her. It was another cunning trick of the evil spirits, and only by dint of prayers and prudent advice could she be dissuaded from falling into the snare.

At last, on August 8, she received the welcome news of her admission to Aurora. She was at a loss for words to convey her joy. Having thanked God in the chapel, she stopped in front of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes placed at the entrance and, like a child in its mother's arms, she caressed the dear Madonna through whom had come for her enlightenment and protection. No doubt our kind Heavenly Mother cast an eye of special predilection on this favored child of hers, and inspired her with the wish of

being entirely devoted to her. The new convert would have liked to be baptized on August 15, but the Reverend Father who had preached the retreat preferred that she should continue her religious studies at the University.

Before leaving, the happy catechumen brought her mother to the convent. Mrs. S. is sympathetic to her daughter's intentions and intends to become a Catholic. Her father also has feelings more favorable towards our holy Religion. Both wear the Miraculous Medal which their daughter left them as a token of remembrance when she went to Shanghai. May Our Blessed Mother continue protecting her child and grant her the grace to spread around the consoling influence of the Christian virtues and draw many other souls to Christ!

* * *

MANILA

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF OUR MISSIONARY SISTERS,
GAGALANGIN, MANILA.

Sunday, May 4, 1947

It was our good fortune to be present this afternoon at an exquisite ceremony much in fashion in the Philippine Islands, and commonly called: FLORES DE MAYO (Mayflowers). Adorned like little queens, twenty young maidens in robes of spotless white, holding each a basket, a sheaf or a bouquet of natural flowers, gracefully advanced toward the brightly decorated altar of the Blessed Virgin, there to sing pious hymns and offer their flowers to the Queen of May. This touching gesture will be renewed daily in most of the Catholic churches until the last evening of the Marian month.

May the devotion of this people to the Mother of God be the warrant of its unswerving allegiance to the laws of her Divine Son.

Sunday, May 25

On this blessed day of Pentecost, which ever remains the greatest feast in our dear Community, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in our humble chapel.

Fragrant flowers spared by the destructive hand of war gaily enhanced the modest beauty of our sanctuary. God, who sees beyond our gifts, does not ask for more, for well does He know our poverty and — our love.

During the Solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Ulric Arcand, our two Filipina helpers partook for the first time of the Eucharistic Banquet. Words fail to describe our deep emotion at the sight of these two young girls of eighteen and twenty receiving in their hearts the God whom lately they had not even heard of. The two came from a barrio in the vicinity of Mandaluyon and were entirely ignorant of our Holy Religion. Most devoted, intelligent and obedient girls, they daily thank God for having chosen them among so many others to live under His roof and be instructed in the truths of religion.



"Immaculate Conception Academy of Manila"
First communion taken at Sagalangin Church
Nov. 27, 1947

Photo by F.C. Reyes

Friday, June 6

His Excellency Archbishop O'Doherty, of Manila, granted us today the authorization to resume our activities in the Chinese district, which apostolate we had been forced to interrupt since the beginning of the war. The organization of our school will soon be undertaken.

Monday, September 1

Exultant joy greeted the rising day for this morning the "Marine Adder" docked at Manila with its precious cargo from distant America: dear Sister Claire de l'Eucharistie⁽¹⁾, appointed Superior of our new Chinese School of Narra Street, and Sister Marie Immaculee⁽²⁾, who had joined her at Canton.

Hearts aglow with gratitude, we gladly welcomed the newcomers and accompanied them to their new Mission. Overwhelming was their emotion as they entered the small sanctuary so soon to be the permanent abode of their Eucharistic Guest.

Our travellers had dinner with us, after which they definitively left for their allotted portion of the Lord's Vineyard.

Tuesday, September 2

Redletter day for our companions of the Chinese Mission! Very Rev. L. Jocellanos, V.G., delegate of His Excellency the Archbishop, offered the Holy Sacrifice in their chapel for the first time, and called down God's blessing upon the convent. The distinguished visitor expressed his satisfaction and also that of His Excellency that our Sisters should resume their educational work among the Chinese children, and his sincere wish that the heavenly dew of divine grace may fecundate their labors.

The school has an enrollment of 170 pupils, of whom hardly twenty are Catholics, and of these twenty very few are those who have made their First Holy Communion.



*Immaculate Conception Academy,
Conducted by the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception,
Narra Street, Manila,
for the Education of Chinese Children.*

East is East, and West is West, but Christianity bridges that and all other chasms, proclaiming to all men their common origin and their dignity as children of God.

The Far East

1. Claire Fontaine, Quebec.

2. Alice Vanchestein, St. Michel de Napierville.

LAS PINAS, RIZAL

HOLY WEEK IN LAS PINAS

According to our humble opinion, it would seem that Holy Week shou'd be a time of pious recollection and religious silence in remembrance of the sorrowful Passion of Our Lord. But to the Filipino mind it behooves rather that there be much hustle and bustle, except, however, on Holy Saturday. Could we blame our adopted countrymen for it? How could anyone think that all was quiet and calm in Jerusalem on the far-off Friday when Christ died for all men?

The apostles of the Gospel who in times of old led the Savior's Blessed Feet in Filipino wildernesses, resorted to pageants, dramas and processions to render the sacred events of Passiontide familiar to the natives. The customs by them established are still prevalent today. Every feast, even if of lesser importance, has its own special procession.

Holy Week opens with the blessing of the palms. Immediately after the six o'clock Mass the sanctuary is thronged with little children carrying graceful palms from six to eight feet in length and brilliantly decorated with flowers, gold and silver paper and small banners of various colors. When seen from the nave the effect is simply delightful and gives one the illusion of being in a thicket of palm trees in full bloom gently swaying in the light breeze that steals in through the open windows.

Benediction over, the procession forms singing hymns and antiphons. Four stopping points have been prepared beforehand.

The women of the parish spread garments where the priest is about to pass and there the little flower girls shed their daintiest petals. One cannot but think of the people of olden Jerusalem going forth to meet Our Lord and rendering glory to Him.

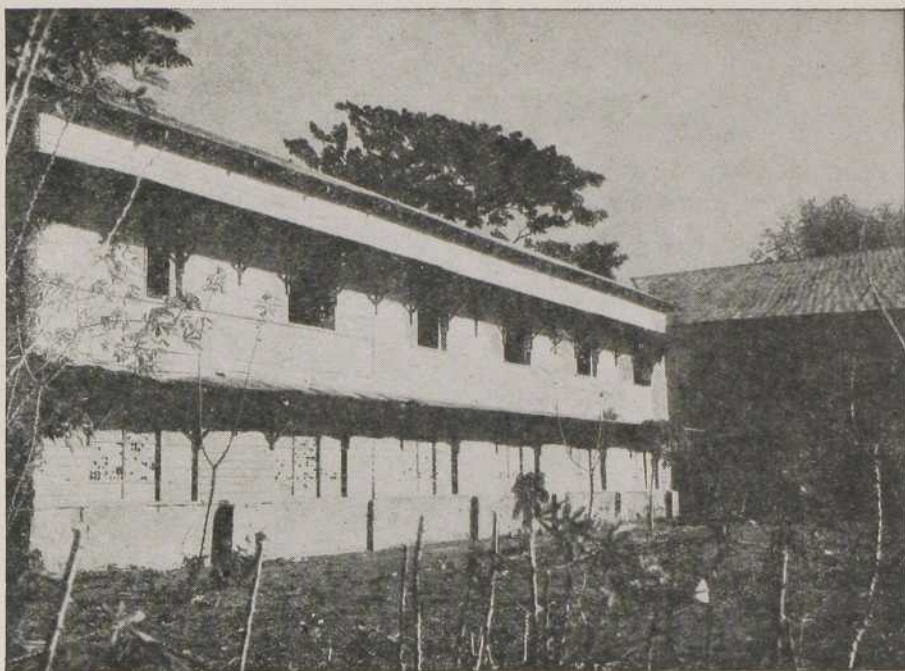
Following Holy Mass on Maundy Thursday, the Sacred Reserve is borne to the repository altar and a large black curtain shrouds the sanctuary. Numerous adorers come in the daytime to keep company to the Divine Prisoner.

In the evening a torchlight procession is held to which all the parishioners assist, singing hymns and reciting prayers. Representations of Christ on the Cross, of Christ bound to the pillar and of Our Lady of Sorrows enhance the pathetic solemnity of the pious function.

The Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday is said at a provisory altar draped in black outside the large black curtain in the sanctuary. A cross fifteen feet in height is then set in the centre of the church and a life-size Christus is nailed to it, with the two thieves on either side on smaller crosses.

From then on until the evening the faithful kneel around the crucifix. All want to kiss the wounds of the Redeemer and bring various objects to touch the Christus. The aged and the ill are helped by the more able-bodied, and the littlest ones find kindly persons to lift them up to kiss the sacred wounds.

At four in the afternoon the Savior is taken down from the Cross. So



*School Operated by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Las Pinas, Rizal.
The Sisters' Convent May Be Seen to the Right in the Background.*

reverent and attentive are the faithful charged with taking the Body down that one would really believe himself present on Calvary on the first Good Friday. Two men draw out the crown of thorns, then the nails from the hands and feet, giving them to a woman who receives them in a white cloth. Piously the Body of Christ is laid in the tomb. With emotion the crowd looks on the poignant scene whose representation makes meditation on the sufferings of Our Savior easier and more fruitful.

Still more solemn than the Thursday's is the procession of Good Friday. It lasts two hours and is followed by a greater throng.

An atmosphere of hushed silence enshrouds Holy Saturday, in remembrance of the first Holy Saturday of the Christian era when the disciples remained in concealment, silent and sorrowing.

Then dawns Easter morning radiant and glorious. Heavenly joy beams on every face.

After the first Mass the faithful form in two processions, the first having at its head the Risen Savior, the second Our Lady of Sorrows draped in mourning. At a given place the two corteges meet, and to the strains of joyful *Alleluias* the Mother of Jesus is relieved of her black veil, after which the corteges blend into one and proceed to the church for High Mass.

Thus is celebrated Holy Week, the solemn memorial days of the sublime mysteries of our redemption, everywhere in the Philippines.

ONE YEAR OF ACTIVITY

We observed our first anniversary in Las Pinas on May 23, 1947. Ardentely we thanked God whose Providence has watched over us and through whom much good has been done during the year.

The main school has registered four hundred and fifty pupils, and the two schools of Pulanglupa and Talon, barrios of the parish, have a total of one hundred and fifty. Catechism lessons have been followed with heartening results, for one hundred and forty-two youngsters have made their first Holy Communion. The little ones are keen on hearing Mass and more eager to go to confession and Communion. No First Friday or feast slips by unheeded.

Our school is proud to have its own troop of boy scouts and choir that enhances the solemnity of Masses and other religious ceremonies. Music is likewise taught.

The modest dispensary we opened on our arrival for the benefit of our pupils acquires more popularity all the time. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, who is in charge of it, treats several cases each day. Children who would flatly refuse to see the doctor gladly make friends with her and let her minister to their needs. So far God has seen to the expenses by suggesting to kind friends and benefactors to send us medicine and material for dressings.

So has Divine Providence seen to our horticultural problems. Our garden is a delight to the eye, and the fruits therein ripening prove matchless tidbits for the palate. In January a mango tree gave us a relish of its first fruits. Considering that the mango season was still a good distance off, and, secondly, that this particular tree is in no great hurry to yield fruit and may take seven or eight years before deciding to do so, the treat was appreciated all the more. Oddly enough, only a part of ours bore mangos; the other part was still in bloom. Candidor, our gardener, affirms that the phenomenon is due to the fires he lit in the garden when he cleaned up. Be that as it may, we were the beneficiaries and thanked God for His munificence.

Not only we, but our older pupils as well, agree that "a garden is a love-some thing, God wot!" Imagine the pride and joy of the boyish landowners who can speak in the possessive case of two squares three metres long and one metre wide! They sowed peanuts and corn that brought forth a hundredfold. You should have heard the farmers in the making bubbling out all their "admiring" adjectives in front of their personal property morning and night. While thus occupied, our youths do not let their fancies roam along the paths of leisure-time amusements that are not in every case the best for them. It was with this in view that the Reverend Pastor launched the undertaking and spared nothing to ensure its success. He has enclosed the garden with a strong fence to keep the fowl at a respectable distance and has provided a well for watering purposes. His efforts are rewarded, for our pupils are all-out farmboys and seem to be less concerned about the sun rising and setting in movieland.

1. Sister St. Joseph de Bethleem (Yvonne Routhier, St. Pierre de Broughton).

The kindergarteners come to class from 7.30 to 11.30 in the morning, and glorious liberty is theirs in the afternoon. The pupils of the other courses keep at their books until 3.30 P. M.; then the boy scouts and all the boys of ten and over have one hour of military training. Our student hive is always buzzing with activity. Study periods are wedged in among prayers, singing and physical drill exercises. The half-hour of religious instruction which is a daily must is to all appearances a daily pleasure as well.

It came to the knowledge of a tiny kindergartener one day that Almighty God had given a kind Guardian Angel to every little boy and girl, and that the said Guardian Angel shed bitter tears when his boy or girl companion was naughty. A few days later, Lorenzo, the lad in question, was chatting with his sister Gertie.

"You disobeyed Mother," said he with the air of a Supreme Court judge, "you didn't want to go to school, so your Angel has gone away and the devil's right on your heels. I wouldn't do that to my Angel, never!" Mother and Grannie heard the reasoning "from the mouths of babes," but deemed it prudent to refrain from adding their own reflections; they felt that the lesson was getting its proper application and would be understood. So it happened. Half an hour later the diminutive culprit ran up to her mother

"Mummie dear, I'll go to school tomorrow if you want me to. I don't care whether my teacher is Miss Cruz or somebody else, I just want to make my Guardian Angel happy."

ST. JOSEPH'S

The parishioners of Las Pinas never forget that St. Joseph is their patron Saint and their celebrations around March 19 are proof enough of their devotion toward the foster father of Our Lord. During the preparatory novena two and even three Masses are sung each morning, with most of the faithful present to receive



ST. JOSEPH'S STATUE IN FEASTDAY FINERY

The glorious Spouse of Mary wears a green velvet dress embroidered with gold; a yellow draping hangs from his shoulders. The Child Jesus is garbed in a gold-decorated red garment; in His hand He holds a little pail in the guise of a plaything. The hair of both is natural.

Holy Communion. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given in the afternoon, followed by the novena prayers.

The great feastday is marked by great rejoicings. Bells and bands are at their best: gaily the former peal out, calling willing worshippers to three, four, and even five Masses; while musicians from the outlying districts join those of Las Pinas to provide melodies more worthy of the day. Joyfully the parishioners hie to the temple of the Lord, which has taken on a festive air; the statues, especially that of St. Joseph, are draped in their feastday finery; the streets and dwellings have also been beautified for the unique occasion. All the day long, and nearly all the night long, singing and music honor the Carpenter Saint of Nazareth. The church, convento and plaza constitute the centre of the grand rejoicings. The avenues are thronged with complacent dealers who offer playthings, sweets, toilet articles and souvenirs for sale.

A torchlight procession in the evening crowns the unforgettable day. How could St. Joseph remain unmindful of so many pledges of veneration and honor? And how could the same gracious patron of Las Pinas withhold his most precious blessings from the little corner of this far-off field which is forever his?

PRESIDENT QUEZON'S SON AT THE SEMINARY

On July 7, 1947, Manila newspapers headlined the entry of the son of President Quezon in the Santo Tomas Seminary. The young man's decision was no haphazard choice: as a boy of ten he wanted to dedicate his life to God in the religious state. The resolution grew with him, especially during the years he spent with his family in the United States when the war was working havoc in the Philippines.

President Quezon, his father, died a truly edifying and Christian death. His mother and his two sisters are also Catholics fervent in their Faith. Young Quezon's decision gives reason for rejoicing and rendering thanks to God, for it can be readily understood that it will wield a most beneficial influence and prove an inspiration for the youth of the Philippines. Vocations to the religious life are so few here, and yet how necessary they would be, for the Islands sorely lack priests and nuns. Today as in the times of Our Lord, it might be said, speaking of the Philippines, that "their harvest is great, and the laborers are few."



Be ready at every moment to help your neighbour, whoever he be.

Bl. Mary of the Incarnation

In this country we are not being asked to die for our faith. But surely we are expected to live for it.

The prayer most likely to be heard by God is the prayer that is backed up by works of charity.

St. Leo the Great

MATI, DAVAO

The Mother of God has her devotees in Mati as everywhere else, and we who are consecrated to her as Missionaries of her Immaculate Conception were delighted to find this out.

Following the chronological trend of events, however, we must say that the first great religious celebration for which we joined our new parishioners was St. Joseph's feastday, sixteen days after our landing in Mati.

The Filipinos triumphantly bore the statue of the "Man nearest to Christ" on a royal throne decorated with palm branches and blossoms fresh from the springtime gardens. Stores and homes alike had candles burning in the windows in honor of the Carpenter Saint. The people here favor colorful religious demonstrations, and even the recalcitrants who overlook the precept of Sunday Mass make it a point to attend any and every procession.

We had been figuring on launching into the study of the Visayan dialect on that very day, March 19. But our teacher, a young lady of the place, would hear nothing of the kind. "What are you thinking of anyway!" she exclaimed in a half-scandalized tone. "It's *la fiesta de San Jose!*" It came to our knowledge later that the Filipinos make of the feast of the Guardian of the Lord a regular holyday.

After *la fiesta de San Jose* came Holy Week. Our Catholics here observe certain time-honored customs both touching and symbolical regarding the mystery of Our Savior's death and resurrection. On Good Friday night, after the faithful have made the Stations of the Cross, they form in a procession and escort two platforms, one bearing a representation of the tomb of Christ and the other a statue of the Blessed Mother draped in black.

On Easter morning immediately before High Mass the men with the priest accompany the representation of the Risen Savior, while the women and children follow the statue of the Blessed Virgin still draped in her mourning attire.

Both corteges meet under an arch of greenery decked with flowers. At a given moment an angel personified by a girl comes down from the arch, and, singing the *Regina Cali*, uncovers the Madonna. To the heart-stirring strains of jubilant hymns the faithful then return to the church.

MARIAN DEVOTION

Our Filipino Catholics of Mati love the Mother of God and prove their love. Every Saturday of the year, if nothing prevents, there is High Mass in honor of the Blessed Mother. The Children of Mary are there garbed in the distinctive white and blue livery of the one God loved enough to choose as His Mother. The *Salve Regina* is sung, and very solemnly so, after Holy Mass. The Month of Mary devotions are remembered here as in Canada. There are prayers and the usual selections of pious hymns. Then follows a unique ceremony. Before the congregation scatters, eight young girls gather close to the Blessed Mother's altar, singing the Hail Mary in their native dialect, and holding a gaily decorated letter in their hands.



*Merry Youngsters of Mati, Philippine Islands, on the School Grounds
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.*

One by one they lay down their letters on frames so as to form the words *Ave Maria*. When the hallowed title has been read by all, the eight little handmaids drop flower petals at the Madonna's feet, singing their sweet goodnight to the one they love so well: *Adios, adios, Virgo Maria*.

FUNERALS

Death in Mati is as common and as real as in any other part of God's world. Considering the ultra-warm climate, however, the dead have to be buried not later than twenty-four hours after death. If a person breathes his last around noontime, his burial will take place the next afternoon at three o'clock.

The celebrant in black cope proceeds with a few altar boys to the house of the deceased. After the recitation of psalms and a *responso*, six men lift the coffin on their shoulders and, followed by the priest and the relatives, head for the church where a *Libera* is sung.

Filipinos do not go unwept to the grave. Their relatives would consider it a breach of custom to cease their deafening cries and jeremiads ere the grave-diggers have finished throwing up the last shovelful.

The Requiem Mass is sung only the next morning, or even later — at the end of the month or maybe only on the first anniversary.

On the night of the funeral, relatives and friends gather in the death-house. Prayers are said, hymns sung, and not the least, everyone eats and drinks to his stomach's content. If you are wealthy, you have to repeat the party nine consecutive evenings; if you are poor, you serve the meal only on the first, third, seventh and ninth evenings.

It is a tradition too solid to be overcome by the missionaries' simple counsels. The mourners fear to lose face if they replace the receptions with Masses for the departed soul. If only they knew more about their Faith, they would understand that it is the Mass that matters.

SWEET SYMPHONY

Filipinos are born musicians. The guitar, which is, so to speak, their national instrument, is found in the home of the rich man and the poor man alike.

If some new selection is sung over the radio, there is sure to be some guitar-player under the window to catch the strain and "broadcast" it to the townsfolk.

Languid notes float along the streets any time, but serenades are mostly evening features. As soon as it is dark — the Philippines have no twilight in-between — when all is so quiet that you could believe yourself alone in the world, a singing voice reaches you, then another and another, all accompanied by the inevitable guitar.

The strains of a lullaby sometimes float to us on the midnight air. Neighbor Greg is trying to put his whimpering offspring to sleep.

The people of Mati enjoy the piano — but in the whole town there are only two of them! Piano lessons for our pupils begin at 7.00 A. M. Each pupil has a time assigned, but they generally pop up one or two hours too early, to make sure they won't be too late.

Passers-by, men, women and children, crowd in front of our convent to hear the music that hath charms for them, and also steal a glimpse at the *Madre* giving the lessons.



*Neighbor Greg
crooning his youngest to sleep.*

GOD'S RESIDENCE

No stately cathedral this. Only a poor little wooden temple bomb-beaten and ant-eaten, with the beams and rafters showing inside. The walls have never known the tickle of a paint brush and the pews departed when the Nipponese did. An empty tin can serves as sanctuary lamp. The vestments are becoming ragged and of tabernacle veils there is only

one. Our church is truly of the Bethlehem type, but God is with us and all is well.

HOUSES

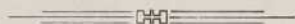
Wooden houses are the exceptions, as bamboo and straw serve the purpose oftener. The buildings stand on "stilts" and the basement is rented by hens, roosters, ducks, and piggies waiting to go to market.

You don't need to have a Master of Arts degree to build a house in the Philippines. You coax four poles to stand up at the four corners of the home-to-be. Then lay a few poles in the horizontal position and you have the frame. Add some more poles for the roof. Bring bamboo or *rolang* for the walls, thatch the roof with the right kind of leaves, without going to the trouble of driving in one single nail unless you care to, and you have a house that can live to the ripe old age of two or three years — if the wind blows gently meantime.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST ?

Just next door lives a Chinese grocer wedded to a *mistisa* (Filipino and Chinese half-breed). Money cannot buy everything, for a good portion of that everything is lacking. There are canned goods from the U.S.A. marked at skyrocketing prices. Butter sells at \$1.65 a pound (American money); cheese at the same price; sugar at 50 cents; salmon and sardines at 70 cents per box. Fresh meat — ultra-rare — is 75 cents a pound. Bananas, and bananas only, sell at a reasonable price.

Farther on, a Filipina damsel sells fruits, eggs and vegetables. The soul of courtesy, she always has her errand boy carry our basket. To call the young fellow she jerks not one finger, but the five of them, and her gesture is the opposite of ours. The first time we saw it, we thought she meant simply that he shouldn't bother about anything. "East is East and West is West."



Report of St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver

Adult Baptisms.....	30	Pneumothorax.....	408
Holy Communions.....	241	Laboratory Tests.....	2,163
Extreme Unctions.....	7	Dressings.....	1,541
Home Visits.....	50	Injections.....	2,829
Radiographs.....	313	Various Treatments.....	1,676
Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	468	Medications.....	19,490
Hospital Patients.....	106		

Report of the Chinese Dispensary

Patients.....	161	Physical Examinations.....	36
Various Treatments.....	47	Medications.....	209

Report of Mt. St. Joseph's Hospital

Baptisms.....	49	Laboratory Tests.....	1,951
Extreme Unctions.....	5	Dressings.....	1,833
Home Visits.....	19	Injections.....	8,209
Radiographs.....	454	Various Treatments.....	1,711
Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	34	Medications.....	22,509
Operations.....	186	Hospital Patients.....	684

The Mission World

News Flashes From Japan

Unto the End

NAGASAKI — Following experiments with radium and X-rays, Mr. Nagai Takashi, a well-known professor at the Medical University of Nagasaki, fell grievously ill. In spite of painful sufferings he refused to interrupt his studies, alleging that "one must search for the truth even at the risk of one's life." The explosion of the second atomic bomb which ruined part of the city of Nagasaki, annihilated the flourishing mission of Urakami and caused the death of ten thousand Catholics, dangerously aggravated Mr. Nagai's illness. For yet two months, undaunted by fatigue or danger, painfully hobbling on crutches, he devoted himself to the relief of the countless war victims, but soon his physical handicap proved too great and he was compelled to surrender. Since then, confined to his bed in a miserable shanty near the ruins of the church of Urakami, Mr. Takashi, who has lost all his relatives in the dreadful tragedy of August 9, 1945, dictates his "Treatise on the Atomic Disease" while calmly awaiting the end of his earthly career. By his bedside, a white statue of the Madonna recalls to the visitors that the erudite professor is also a fervent Catholic for whom death holds no terror.

(Fides)

Vitality of the Catholic University of Tokyo

TOKYO — In spite of the damages caused by war, the Catholic University of Tokyo has not only recovered its pre-war position but, by reason of the freedom of worship, has become an important centre of Catholic learning, wielding a marked influence especially in intellectual milieus. Of the eight hundred and twenty students enrolled this year, one hundred and five are Catholics, which means an average not attained previously. In September last, seventeen students received Baptism in the University chapel, and thanks to the doctrinal lessons which are now given at the University, the number of catechumens is on the increase.

(Fides)

Persecutions in Japan

ROME — (A.I.F.) The most tragic period of the terrible wave of persecution which swept across Japan during the 16th and 17th centuries was undoubtedly that which extended from 1615 to 1678. Until recently it was also the most obscurely known owing to the fact that since 1640 there remained not a single missionary in the whole country.

Ten years ago, Rev. Father Marega, a Salesian Missionary, discovered in the archives of an old feudal castle weighty documents emanating from the functionaries of the Japanese justice centuries ago, and recording the names of the imprisoned Christians, of those who had apostatized and those, more important by far, of the martyrs with the place and date of their martyrdom and their burial ground. Father Marega scoured the villages mentioned in the documents and finally his researches were crowned with success upon the discovery of more than two thousand tombs of martyrs, easily recognizable by the absence of all names on the gravestones. Martyrs were considered as pariahs and as such were tortured, killed and buried by the "etas" or Japanese pariahs.

An interesting detail: among the Christians put to death in 1668, youths of fifteen and twenty could be found who had been instructed and baptized exclusively by their parents or by the chiefs of their villages, as the last missionaries to dwell in Japan had been martyred twenty-eight years previously. Thus became tangible

the first elements of that religious organization which was to ensure the survival of Catholicism for more than two centuries until the day when, in 1865, Msgr. Petitjean, of the Paris Foreign Missions, discovered sons of the martyrs of the 17th century, the old Christians of Nagasaki and Urakami.

The results of Father Marega's researches have been published in two volumes, written in Japanese: the first, containing two hundred pages, gives the list of the martyrs of 1668, the year of the most violent persecution; the second, of one hundred and fifty pages, includes the list of the Christians put to death between 1635 and 1678, along with a study on the "ye-foumi," a ceremony during which the Japanese were compelled, under penalty of death, to trample upon the crucifix or a religious image. Father Marega, during a short stay in Rome, recently offered the two volumes to the Holy Father. The ardent missionary will soon return to his mission of Miyasaki in southern Japan. *(Fides)*

In Red Manchuria

ROME — News has recently reached us from reliable sources, giving most painful details concerning the present condition of the Apostolic Prefecture of Lintung in the Communist-occupied zone.

Rev. Father Ho, first Chinese priest of the Prefecture of Lintung, was shot by the Reds in July, 1947. After seven long months of confinement, during which he constantly refused to cooperate in any way with the Communist regime, he was dragged to the gates of the Christian village of Taingtze and ignominiously executed. His priestly career had lasted but eighteen months.

The assassination of Father Ho gave rise to more vexations in that part of the Mission. Of the two Chinese priests who until then had been able to exercise their ministry without serious hindrance, the younger has been condemned to forced labor at the service of the Reds, while the other, after having been despoiled, has had to flee to escape death, with the result that, at present, there is not one priest free to minister to the faithful in the whole Prefecture.

The Christians are deprived of all religious assistance; the children are compelled to attend Communist schools; the well-to-do Catholics are robbed of their belongings and have to face either death, incarceration or exile; the Catholic orphanages are reduced to utter misery and the orphan girls married against their will to Red soldiers; the Chinese virgins are left to shift for themselves without money or protection in the midst of the Communist troops that occupy their dwellings; churches and residences have been seized by the army.

Of the forty seminarians who were preparing for the priesthood in 1942, there remain but five; two are continuing their studies in Rome, and the other three are in Peking where relative security prevails. *(Fides)*

Mission Personnel

ROME — In these years of economic depression, war and religious persecution, it is indeed surprising that the number of Catholic missionaries in the territories placed under the jurisdiction of the Propagation of the Faith, should have almost doubled from 1917 to 1947.

In 1917, there were approximately twelve thousand priests and twenty-seven thousand nuns on the mission front; in 1935, sixteen thousand priests and thirty-eight thousand nuns; in 1947, twenty-two thousand priests and fifty-four thousand nuns. For the first time in history, the United States rank among the leading missionary countries. France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain and Italy formerly supplied the greatest number of missionary priests and Sisters.

Another fact worthy of being brought to public attention is the growing participation of the laity in missionary activities. Organizations like "Ad Lucem" in France and "Aucam" in Belgium have trained an intellectual elite to exercise lay apostolate in foreign missions.

We must not forget, however, that even if the number of missionaries has considerably increased, it nevertheless remains far from sufficient when compared to the task that lies ahead. In Bengal, for instance, there is but one priest for nine thousand Catholics, and all of one million five hundred thousand pagans have not yet been enlightened with the rays of Divine Light.

L'Action Catholique

Ministering Angels

OUT of a population of nearly fourteen millions within the territory of Dacca diocese in India, fully six millions belong to the gentler sex, according to a statement just received from Bishop Crowley. Owing to the age-old custom of purdah only the few women who have adopted European cultural habits ever leave the precincts of their homes. Here no man, who is not a near relative of the family, may speak to a Hindu or Moslem woman. In places, however, where no man may enter the Sister is at home. In her house to house visitation through the villages (and there are 700,000 villages in India) the Sister is everywhere welcome. She is the ministering angel for she, alone, may associate with the womenfolk as one of themselves. In this way she brings a knowledge of the charity of Christ to one half the population — and that the more influential half. As no other agency she prepares the soil for the divine Seed.

S.P.F. News Notes

The Catholic World

THE total number of Catholics throughout the world is now about 400,000,000. After this, the largest group of religionists, come the Confucianists and Taoists, with 393 millions, the Mohammedans with 293,177,000, the Hindus with 252,462,000, the Protestants with 201,868,000, the Greek Orthodox with 161,305,000, and the Buddhists with 118,199,000.

The Christian Family and Our Missions



A Tabernacle, Please

The Guardian Angel of Nyasaland must have undoubtedly whispered to more than one of our readers the kind thought of helping our new Mission of Katete, Africa, for many have already heeded his inspirations.

We heartily thank our benefactors for their generous contributions to our African Mission and fervently ask Our Lady of Missions to reward them in her own motherly way.

We would also be very grateful if some other friends of the Missions would help us to provide an altar for Katete's chapel. Can one dream of a greater honor than that of giving an earthly dwelling to the Almighty?

Offerings to that end may be addressed to:

Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.



Jottings

By A Novice

November 2, 1947

Someone has written that happiness is a perfume you can't pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself. This evening especially I agree wholly and entirely with the author of the above-quoted gem, for I have made somebody happy and just as truly have I made myself happy. Indulged visits for the poor souls in Purgatory were the "order of the evening" and gladly did I grasp the opportunity to form or strengthen friendships in the everlasting dwellings. No one can claim to have been forgotten: relatives, friends, benefactors, all had their share; nor did I fail to pray for the poor departed ones who have no friends on earth to pray and intercede for them.

November 9

Last night — or should I say last midnight? — while according to schedule I was expected to make my "Guard of Honor" vigil at Our Blessed Mother's altar, the little imp commonly called distraction persuaded me to glance out the window. Obediently my eyes followed the impulse and what did I see! Thick, fluffy snowflakes falling earthward! It does one's eyes good to see snowflakes after one whole year. With the Franciscan Poverello's enthusiasm I greeted "Sister Snow" with my best smile and thanked her for the twin lessons she always tries to drive home: "Keep your soul as pure as my white crystals," and "Be docile to the touches of divine grace."

November 15

I went to the basement this morning on an errand. Our Postulants were busy peeling off the outer garments of potatoes and carrots as first prelude to cooking-stove operations. Minnie the Cat crept behind me with velvety steps and, without more ado than one could expect in Minnies of the feline specie, landed on all fours right in the middle of the table strewn with peelings of the said eatables. But more astounding than the bewhiskered pussy's feat was the reaction of one among the Postulants. I mention this fact so nobody will think she could ever manage a zoological garden. When pussy came on the scene she made the speediest exit you ever heard of; maybe she thought it was a tiger! I might be mistaken, but I really think I read Minnie's expression aright that time and here's what it said: "Little Postulants like you won't be ready for internment camps if another war comes." Of course it wouldn't have been polite for me to express my thoughts at the moment, but here's what my thoughts were saying: "Just wait a few years, Pussy, and you'll see what wonders grace can work in a soul of good will."

November 20

If I had my way this date would go down in Novitiate History as that of "The Exile of the Novices." In Canadian History we speak about "The Exile of the Acadians," and the similarity between both events prompts me to choose that heading for the Novitiate History I may or may not write. Imagine! We Novices were forbidden to enter the novitiate hall! I worried terribly at first but then I

thought of King David who didn't worry about anything because God was his shepherd, and that somehow restored my spirits. If the Acadians had to distrust Lawrence, I need in no wise distrust the intentions of my dear elder Sisters.

November 21

Today is the Feast of the Novices.
Now, I believe I am a Novice.
Therefore, this is my Feast.

From the very first days of my religious life (not a hard problem to count them!) I have been convinced that the little Virgin of the Temple is my special Patroness, but I experienced today for the first time what choice favors she bestows on the white-veiled personnel of the novitiate on the anniversary day of her Presentation.

Today the Postulants busied themselves with all the chores, and we the veterans were left in peace to fulfill the duties of our state at the moment: to rejoice and be glad and grateful. I didn't dare mention a word about "The Exile of the Novices."

Here is my spiritual posy for the day: "In the footsteps of Mary I will enter into the Temple of a fervent life."

December 5, 6, 7

A pious triduum of silence and recollection prepares our souls for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. A Marian conference is given us each day, throwing light on the great dogma which is the joy of Israel and the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem.

December 8

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast." So have poets written about the spotless Mother of God. So would I write if I had the gift of working wonders of beauty with words, but humble Novice that I am, I would rather pray to that masterpiece of the Divine Artist that He may extend her name and her glories to the furthest confines of the earth.

Never before had I realized the treasure God has given us in His Mother. Never had I experienced the wealth of love concealed in her maternal heart and expressed in the manifold favors she lavishes upon her children of the novitiate.

Really, I wonder if Christmas and New Year's will bring me greater joy than this feast in honor of the Immaculate One.

I played cards — Perfection, I mean, today, or maybe should I call it the game of contrasts? Imagine my discomfiture at being told within the hearing of all: "Sister, you have all the virtues!" What a blow to my deep-set humility! My cheeks became the color of the "Charity" card I held in my hand. But one fleet moment later, when my cheeks were becoming normal again and a complacent smile lit up my features, came the appalling antithesis: "Sister, how can you ever hope to win when you haven't a single virtue to boast of?" The paths of glory have zigzags in them, if I may venture my opinion.

December 25

I had been dreading Christmas Day, to tell the truth; one never knows what one's first Christmas in a novitiate will be like. Now I know and I would be inclined to call a Convent Christmas one of the most beautiful inventions of Christian genius.

Midnight Mass was wonderful, according to me. The earthly angels who disturbed our dreams half an hour before Mass continued their heavenly hymns during the Holy Sacrifice; then followed a light repast with the regular Canadian relish to close the first act of what I called "the drama" with or without reason, before its episodes had been lived through.

If drama there was, it was for the poor Novice who had to sing a solo immediately

before Midnight Mass. Her larynx (still in the apprentice stage) couldn't get the better of the impediments that sprang up in its vicinity and the notes refused to come out. Moreover, she told us and wishes to be believed that the floor was shaking nervously under her feet when she began. I tried to put the word "feet" instead of "floor" but so far she refuses to be convinced.

The Sisters had put up a Christmas tree in the novitiate hall. Thanks to them for that kind attention!

The Forty Hours Devotion, coinciding as it does for us with the feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, cast a Eucharistic note over the touching solemnity.

Parents and friends and all I love, rejoice with me, for Christmas 1947 has made me very happy.

December 31

"The year is dying in the night" with a hymn of thanksgiving. How fortunate and privileged I am to raise my eyes toward Heaven and express in words of thanks and gladness my gratitude and the gratitude of all men, especially those who seldom have words of thanks on their lips! Indeed, the spirit of thanksgiving is that which should animate every true Missionary Novice of the Immaculate Conception. How many times has not Mother Mistress reminded us that each Sister, on taking her vows in the Community, consecrated her whole life to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ and His Immaculate Mother, as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving, in her own name as in that of all mankind!

Dear Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, to You goes my last loving song. Bless my relatives and friends, console all who suffer, and be blessed for ever and ever for Your innumerable bounties, through Mary, with Mary and in Mary!

Why Be A Missionary?

Here is the answer to that question given one hundred years ago by a famous Jesuit. Writing from the west coast of Malabar, India, in 1845, Father Brissaud inquired:

"Why have I quitted those who love me and fled the land of my birth? Why have I travelled four thousand leagues to reach this land of scorching sun and burning sands? For my answer I shall show the cross that glitters on my breast; I shall show you Jesus Christ. It was to promote the glory of God, to imitate my Redeemer and to die, if necessary, for Him Who died for us. I have no doubt He will give me the courage to do so if the opportunity offers."—*The Catholic Record*

What Are You Doing...

To win souls?

To bring the Peace of Christ to the world and to souls?

To strengthen the faith of weak, lax Christians?

To make others mission-minded?

To make the Precious Blood of Christ more fruitful in the salvation of souls who know Him not?

What does a missionary need most? The prayer of a child, the rosary of an aged man or woman, the breviary of a priest, the little sacrifices of all those long in the Faith. These are what count, and they help the missionary to win when alone he would fail.

The Catholic Transcript



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Just a few minutes ago I was reading an article on Good St. Joseph, and I came across a sentence that made a deep impression on me: "Never by thought, or word, or deed did the great Saint cause pain to Jesus and Mary." Right away I thought my young friends would like to adopt that as their motto or slogan during the month of March, St. Joseph's own special month. And right on the spur of the moment I said to myself: "Let's tell our boys and girls about it!"

"Never by thought, or word, or deed cause pain to Jesus and Mary." There's the great watchword for all of you who want to make friends with St. Joseph and the two wonderful persons he guarded on earth, I mean the dear Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother Mary.

Why not try the new programme during St. Joseph's month of March? It would certainly help you be dutiful scholars and youngsters helpful and obedient at home.

Today I had planned to introduce Jack and Frank in our chat.

TWO RASCALS

One bright sunny morning Mrs. B. was peeling the potatoes for dinner. Between the strokes of her sharp knife she managed to keep a watchful eye on her youngest, ten-months-old Mary, who was enjoying herself to her heart's content with little pink and blue toys and trinkets. Baby didn't have a large vocabulary as yet — I mean, she didn't know many long words nor many short ones, but the two she liked best were always on her lips:

"Mummie! Jesus!"

And with a chubby finger the child pointed to the picture on the wall that showed the Boy Jesus in His Mother's arms, holding a white dove in His hand.

"Where's Jesus?" asked Mother.

"Jesus! Jesus!" glowed the child, again pointing to the gay-colored picture.

"Throw Him a kiss, Mary, throw a kiss to dear Jesus."

Baby pressed three tiny fingers to her rosebud lips.

"Jesus! Jesus!" she lisped.

What a happy, charming scene, thought Mrs. B. So absorbed was she that she forgot to wonder what might have happened to Jack and Frank, Mary's two brothers, lads of five and four. Something *had* happened, for not a sound reached her, not a boyish voice.

Presently, however, a sound did reach her — was one of the boys banging the back of a chair on the floor to find out how strong it was?

"Frank! Jack! Where are you anyway?" she called out, heading for the staircase.

"Here, Mummie!" blithely answered a very young voice from upstairs.

"What in the world are you up to now?" questioned Mother, who was not at all reassured.

"We are painting the chairs, Mummie. Come and see our fine job!" This from Frank, the more enterprising of the two.

Mother didn't need to be invited. Even before her boy had finished speaking she was on hand to admire the "fine job" her two laddies had done since morning. Two chairs that had already had a good coat of varnish had, under the brush of Master Frank and Master Jack, acquired a top coat of white paint so thick that it ran down on every side and down every leg. Mother saw that a third chair was about to share a like fate;

and that the furnishings, the floor and the walls had also had their splashes and stains. As to the truants, they had not forgotten to get a fair amount of the white paint on themselves. Shame-faced and anxious they awaited their sentence.

"Why did you do that, boys?" Mother inquired at last.

"We wanted to help you," answered a contrite Frank.

"But why didn't you tell me before you started?"

"We didn't think of it."

"So you didn't think of it? How many times did I tell you that boys of your age should always ask permission from a grownup before undertaking something important?"

"Aw, yes, you did tell us that often, Mummie."

"And this once again you forgot. It's just too bad for you, because



A third chair was about to share a like fate.



*And popping your head
out of the tiny window . . .*

I'll have to teach you how to remember it. You were supposed to go to a maple sugar party with your cousins and I was so glad to have you go—"

"O Mummie, we're going, aren't we?" chorused the two.

"No," firmly replied Mrs. B. "I see only that penance to make you remember in the future. Now let's wash that paint off and not another word about your misdeed."

In spite of the tears of the repentant rascals and the pleadings of their cousins, Mrs. B. would not let her boys go to the party. They had to learn their hard lesson!

"I feel more sorry over it than you," Mother explained to Frank and Jack. "But my sons need to be taught to obey, and it is my duty to teach them."

Colleen, a ten-year-old cousin of theirs, came after the party to tell the two little culprits all about the great day they had had.

"Aunt Bertha said she would organize another excursion to the sugar camp next year, and you'll be with us for sure," she cheered Frank and Jack. "You'll have lots of fun dipping the ladle in the syrup, and popping your head out of the tiny window of the camp, and running till you're out of breath."

* * *

Days, weeks and months have gone by since the painting accident. Jack and his brother have long since mastered their disappointment at having missed the fun and frolic through their fault. But the lesson was a success. Of course the boys are still rascals and truants, but that is all right, isn't it, when you're only four or five? Never do they "undertake anything important," as Mother said, without asking permission, and that prevents many a mishap and many a scalding tear.

A few weeks from now, in April, Uncle will invite them to the annual maple party. They are counting the days until then, for they are very eager to dip the wooden ladle in the hot syrup and run in the woods and pop their laughing faces out of the tiny window Colleen spoke about.

* * *

"I'm going to be a missionary later on," says Frank, "and I'll spend my whole life in a hut or a cabin — See if I don't!"

"I would be very glad to have my son a missionary among the poor pagans, if God will have it so," answers Mother. "But it's not enough to say: 'I'm going to be a missionary!' You must remember to make a few sacrifices each day for the salvation of souls in order to strengthen your will power, for missionaries need to be very brave and strong-willed to go on enduring all their hardships."

"Righto, Mummie, I'm going to make a whole mountain of sacrifices so the pagans will become Christians."

"I'm proud of you, Frank. I'm sure you'll pray for them too. God doesn't expect long, long prayers. A short prayer like this one: 'O my God, convert the poor pagans!' soars up to His Heart and may obtain the grace of conversion and eternal salvation for a pagan."

Jack never speaks about becoming a missionary; but he, too, offers many sacrifices for those who have not been told about God, so that they may be saved and enjoy His company in Heaven.

The Child Jesus, who was one a Lad of four, must have special blessings and favors for those two rascals who, for all they are rascals, as Mummie says, have kind, thoughtful hearts and know how to make a sacrifice for Jesus.

* * *

May you all, dear boys and girls, learn the sweetness of sacrifices offered for Jesus and souls. This is my Easter Wish for all my youthful readers.

Ever devotedly yours

THE PRECURSOR



A Touching Incident

The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down a long ladder from a very high roof and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said: 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid — you had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and, by God's blessing, I never will."

The Catholic Deaf Mute



The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

Morell

Pick up a pin from a motive of love and you thereby save a soul.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus



I wish to ransom a dying baby in thanksgiving for favors received through Our Lady's intercession. Please pray that my husband will be able to get more work next year. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — I am getting much better now. Please still say a prayer for me. Mrs. A. S., **Verdun**. — Enclosed please find a donation in thanksgiving to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. Mr. and Mrs. L. D., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — I have obtained a cure for my son. Mrs. E. L. — I want to thank you for prayers; they have done me so much good. Mrs. F. Q., **Fort Covington, N. Y.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor she has obtained for me and pray she will grant me improved health. B. L. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. A. P. — Thanks to Mary Immaculate for favors obtained. Mrs. P. B., **Rosemont**. — Thanks for a cure and other favors. Mrs. E. G., **St. Roch de l'Achigan**. — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother for a cure obtained. Mrs. E. P., **Montreal**. — My daughter had been operated on six times and was supposed to have a seventh operation. I promised to have her cure published if her health improved. I have been granted the object of my prayers and with joyful heart I wish to fulfill my promise. Mrs. E. R., **North Adams, Mass.** — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. A subscriber, **St. Dorothee**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my husband. Mrs. O. T., **L'Epiphanie**. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor. A subscriber, **Longueuil**. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother. May she protect me. C. L. — All my gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother. I ask her to protect my family; obtain the conversion of a sinner; grant peace and happiness to our home. A subscriber. — Thanks for a favor received. I am also asking other favors. Miss F. B. — Please publish my thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother; I have found a home. Mrs. H. O., **Montreal**. — Lively thanks to Our Blessed Mother, Mary Immaculate, for a cure. Mrs. J. B. P., **St. Francois, Ile d'Orleans**. — Please thank Our Blessed Mother for the favor I have received. I am entrusting my son to that kindest of Mothers. A subscriber. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady, Queen of Our Hearts, for my cure. Mrs. A. M., **Verdun**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor obtained after promising to publish. L. L., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for a favor. Anonymous, **St. Sophie**. — A thousand thanks to Our Blessed Mother for having preserved me from a serious operation. Mrs. H. L., **St. Julie**. — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Sorrows. Mrs. J. B., **Montreal**. — I have obtained a cure through the intercession of Our Lady of Fatima. J. S. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for her protection. May she take care of the future of a growing boy and obtain health and courage for the mother of a family. A young girl. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for the cure of a ten-year illness. Mrs. D. R. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. E. P. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. I am asking another favor. Mrs. N. S., **Yamachiche**. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother who has heard my prayers for the recovery of my little girl. Mrs. L. F. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection during the year. Mrs. E. N. — Thanks to Mary Immaculate for favors received. Mrs. F. C. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for the cure of a fractured leg. A. D. — Sincere thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. B. — Please publish my thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a position I have had the good fortune to find. Mrs. H. G., **Montreal**.

Thanks to St. Jude for a favor received. Mrs. F. L., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a cure. A subscriber. — Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart and St. Therese for a favor received. Mrs. T. R., **Lachute**. — Homage of thanksgiving to St. Therese of the Child Jesus. May she always grant us her protection. C. C. — Please publish my thanksgiving to the Patroness of Missionaries for a cure obtained. Mrs. R. G., **St. Martin**. — I have obtained a favor from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Mrs. E. P.

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all living Benefactors.



REMEMBER

Please say a little prayer for my sister. Miss M. McG., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me. Mrs. M. D., **Montreal**. — Please ask Our Blessed Mother to help my brother, also that my eye may get better. X., **Montreal**. — Will the Sisters make a novena for the cure of my niece who has several diseases. Mrs. L. McG., **Verdun**. — I would like you to make a novena for my eyes to be cured. Mrs. W. M., **Verdun**. — Kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a special favor. A subscriber to **The Precursor**. — Would you kindly pray for our health. Mrs. J. P., **St. Leon de Chicoutimi**. — I would like to ask you to pray to Our Blessed Mother for my youngest brother's health and also for me; I have not been feeling good for quite a while. Mrs. E. D. — Kindly say a very special prayer to Our Blessed Mother that she may once again aid me with her divine help. Miss R. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Kindly pray for my intention. R. K., **Norwich, Conn.** — Pray for my intentions, please. G. D. — Employment for the father of a family. S.S.F. — A cure. Mrs. A. R., **St. Constant**. — Please pray for my son, who has been drinking for some time. An afflicted mother. — The conversion of my husband. Mrs. J. B. B., **Quebec**. — The conversion of a young girl; a special favor. Mrs. N. T. — The cure of a boy. Mrs. A. A., **Salem, Mass.** — May Our Blessed Mother protect my son. Mrs. D., **Haverhill, Mass.** — The cure of a

sick person. Anonymous. — I am asking the cure of my daughter through the intercession of Our Lady. Mrs. A. J. P. — The conversion of my brother and a successful operation for myself. A subscriber. — I am asking my cure from Our Lady of Banneux, the Mother of the poor and sick. A subscriber to **The Precursor**. — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for two special favors. Mrs. J. N. L. — May Our Blessed Mother preserve my eyesight and cure me from another illness. A subscriber, **Quebec**. — One of my daughters is very sick and the doctors cannot understand her case; please pray for her cure. Mrs. H. D., **Montreal**. — I am imploring Our Lady to intercede for the Poor Souls in Purgatory, especially those dear to me, and to grant us her protection. Anonymous. — I would like you to make a novena to obtain four graces which I would need within the briefest delay. M. D. A. — Prayers for my husband who has great difficulty in walking, following an accident. Anonymous. — Would you kindly make a novena for my intentions; I need special graces. M. D. — I would like you to pray that I may find a home in the country. Mrs. L., **Montreal East**. — A special favor. Anonymous. — The conversion of my young daughter and son who are straying from their religious duties; the sale of our business; an important decision for the future of another daughter. A subscriber. — Please pray for my grandson who has been ill since birth; for an uncle and aunt, both suffering from paralysis; for a person who never receives the Sacraments. Anonymous. — I am asking Our Blessed Mother to obtain health and courage for a mother. Mrs. A. B. — Please pray for a special favor on which our happiness depends. We are very unfortunate; may God grant us strength and courage in our trial. Anonymous. — May our kind Heavenly Mother obtain for me success in my work. M. L. V. — Please join me in asking our kind Heavenly Mother to bring my husband back home. May she also protect me, that I may be able to earn my living and that of my son. A subscriber to **The Precursor**. — The sale of a house in the Laurentians; two persons mentally ill; my elderly father; health for a mother of two children; a young wife who leads a reprehensible life; other graces. Anonymous. — The conversion of my sons who drink and are unmindful of their religious duties. Anonymous. — I am coming to recommend my brother who is very ill and does not want to be converted. Please whisper his name to Our Lady. Anonymous. Please make a novena for health and other intentions. Mrs. M. L.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Could you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother, Good St. Anne and St. Jude for a special favor for a friend of mine. A subscriber, F. G. — Please ask for better health for myself and my boy; other intentions are recommended. Thanksgiving to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. May Good St. Anne protect us. Mrs. M. C., **Verdun**. — Kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Theresa of the Child Jesus for two special favors wanted. Mrs. E. G., **Cowansville, P.Q.** — Will you kindly make a novena to St. Therese for a special favor. I would like you to pray for me to have better health as I am very nervous. Mrs. B. Z., **Bristol, Conn.**



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before January 15)

Very Rev. A. Chausse, Superior of the Seminary, **St. Johns**; Rev. Father W. Tremblay, **Chambord**; our Sister Gilberte de Jesus (Lucienne Brais, **Montreal**); Rev. Sister Marie de la Providence, of the Sisters of Charity, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Eusebe Provost, **Sherrington**, mother of our Sister Marie de la Reparation; Mr. Louis H. Demers, **Quebec**, father of our Sisters St. Louis de France, Marie Alida and Jeanne de la Croix; Mr. Henri Fyfe, **Montreal**, father of our Sisters Saint Constance and Saint Bernadette; Mr. Donald Caza, **St. Anicet**, grandfather of our Sister Saint Ambroise; Mrs. Sophie Ganley, Mrs. Mary Eliz. Taylor, Mrs. T. Kavanagh, Mr. D. A. McDougall, Mr. Robert Shan, Mr. E. C. Wattier, Mr. Morgan Lumbertus, Mr. Arthur A. Cantwell, **Montreal**; Mrs. Pauline Normand, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. W. Kennedy, **Strathmore**; Mrs. Ernest Dionne, **Methuen, Mass.**; Mrs. Caroline Naworska, Mrs. T. B. Flynn, Mr. James Crowley, Mr. Cleophas O. Pariseau, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. C. Lanthier, **Newburyport, Mass.**; Mr. Fortunat Filion, Mr. Henri Cholette, Mr. Albert Desrochers, Mr. Aime Brais, Mr. J. Emile Hamel, Mrs. Basile Noel, Mr. Dominique Gauvin, Miss Berthe Roy, Miss Jeannette Saindon, Mr. J. Bryant, Mrs. J. A. Champigny, Mrs. Moise Ayotte, Mr. David Joly, Mr. Jos. Tremblay, Mr. Alexandre Dupuis, Miss Yvonne Dupuis, Mrs. Jean Laflamme, Mrs. A. Martin, Mrs. Ulric Sauriol, Mrs. J. E. Desjardins, Mr. Remi Carignan, Mrs. Joseph Brunet, Mrs. Emery Bedard, Mr. Ulric Boucher, Mr. Pierre Royer, Mr. A. G. Boyer, Miss Berthe Gendron, Mrs. Alph. Dube, Mrs. J. A. Labrecque, Mrs. Anthime Lamothe, Mrs. L. N. Massier, Mrs. Paul Dufort, Mrs. Oliva Mallette, Mrs. Donat Mallette, Miss Yvonne Eymard, **Montreal**; Mrs. J. T. Thibault, **Villeray**; Mr. Gustave Poirier, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Goyer, Mr. Joseph Pinsonneault, Mr. H. McAlear, **Outremont**; Mr. Levis Francoeur, **Montreal North**; Mr. J. H. Lussier, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Rodrigue Chartrand, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mrs. Edouard Alain, **Verdun**; Mr. Joseph De Pietro, **Longueuil**; Mr. Leodas Fournier, Mr. Urgel Lafortune, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Louis Seize, Mr. Albert Lamarre, Mr. Amable Tessier, **Lachute Mills**; Mrs. Jos. Belanger, Mrs. Arthur Larocque, **Lachute**; Mrs. Ernest Cyr, **Napierville**; Mr. Louis Lebeau, Mrs. J. L. Laforest, **Marieville**; Mrs. Jos. Saingelais, **St. Brigide**; Mr. Louis Desroches, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Felix Moreau, **Iberville**; Mr. Z. Ducharme, Mr. Patrick Joly, Mr. Evariste St. Martin, Mrs. P. E. Cournoyer, Mr. Antonio Joly, Mr. Alcide Courtemanche, **St. Joseph de Sorel**; Mrs. Elie Deschenes, **St. Blainville**; Mrs. Jos. Roussel, **St. Fabien**; Miss Lucille Gauvin, Mrs. David Belanger, **St. Simon**; Mr. Majoric Lagace, Mr. Ernest Dionne, **St. Matthieu**; Mrs. Ambroise Voyer, **St. Valerien**; Mrs. A. D. Gregoire, **Henryville**; Mrs. J. O. Dansereau, **St. Madeleine**; Mr. Moise Savignac, Mrs. Chs. Edouard Menard, **St. Elizabeth**; Mrs. J. B. Beaudoin, **St. Esprit**; Mr. Michel Shewchuck, **L'Epiphanie**; Mr. Gaspard Lahaie, **Lavaltrie**; Mrs. Moise Durand, Mr. Lactance Martineau, Mr. Stanislas Dalfond, Mrs. Albani St. Jean, Mr. Louis Denomme, **Joliette**; Miss Armande Rioux, **La Ferme**; Mr. Ephrem Prevost, Mrs. Ed. Poulin, Mr. Gedeon Jacques, Miss Antoinette Briere, Mr. Sam Bisson, Mr. Euclide Nadon, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. W. Maxwell, **Verdun**; Mr. Desimone, **Milwaukee, Wis.**; Mrs. Alph. Michaud, **St. Cajetan**; Mrs. Victor Lacelle, **St. Jean sur Lac**; Mr. R. Mercier, Mr. Henri Ledoux, **Maniwaki**; Mrs. Wilfrid Tourangeau, Mr. Roger Pharand, **St. Anne du Lac**; Mrs. Ernest Jutras, **La Baie**; Mrs. J. Manville, **Nominigues**; Mr. Moise Perrier, **L'Ascension**; Mrs. Louis Plouffe, Mr. G. Gauthier, Mrs. Alph. Adam, Mrs. E. Depelteau, Mrs. Alcide Tremblay, Mrs. J. B. Daigneault, Mr. F. Raymond, Mr. Jules Trahan, Mrs. Jos. St. Jean, **St. Johns**; Mr. Ernest Lacerte, **Yamachiche**; Mr. Alf. Poirier, Mrs. David Giroux, **Three Rivers**; Mr. Jos. Lachance, **St. Thecle**; Mrs. Alf. Goyette, **St. Georges**; Mr. Eug. Bellemare, **St. Barnabe**; Mr. Nelson Lacerte, **St. Elie de Caxton**; Mr. Marcel Libersan, **St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds**; Mr. Eugene Poitras, Mrs. Francois Fournier, Mr. Jules Gamache, Mrs. G. McCallum, Mrs. A. Cote, Mr. G. Boule, Mr. Octave Dube, Mr. Emilien Gamache, Mrs. Regis Guerard, Mr. and Mrs. Arsene Trepanier, Mr. F. X. Therrien, Mr. Pierre Mundviller, Mr. W. Coulombe, Mr. Alf. Jeffrey, Mr. Placide Prevost, Mrs. W. Blais, Mr. Gerard Laberge, **Quebec**; Mrs. Joseph Auclair, **Cap Rouge**; Mrs. Marion, **Lotbiniere**; Mr. Alf. Dube, **St. Romuald**; Mr. Cyrille Roussin, **St. Narcisse**; Mrs. Victorin Jean, **Rimouski**; Mr. Arger Ruest, **St. Anaclet**; Mr. Fernand Morel, Mrs. P. Pelletier, **St. Hubert**; Mrs. Jos. Laferriere, **St. Modeste**; Mr. Aug. Rioux, **St. Arsene**; Mr. C. Gasseau, **Cocoua**; Mr. W. Topping, Mr. W. Labrie, **Ile Verte**, Miss M. B. Coady, **St. Catharines, Ont.**; Mr. Ivory Goodwin, **Mexico, Me.**

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for deceased subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased benefactors.

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Foundation. — The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, destined to foreign mission apostolate, was founded by Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit (Delia Tetreault, Marieville, Rouville County), June 3, 1902, at Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal, under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi and the direction of Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa.

May 1, 1903, the nascent Community took up quarters at 27 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

December 7, 1904, His Excellency the Archbishop of Montreal, being in Rome for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, submitted to His Holiness Pope Pius X the projected missionary Community. "Proceed with the foundation, Your Excellency," answered the august Pontiff, "and all the blessings of Heaven will descend upon the new Institute, to which you will give the name 'Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.'"

August 8, 1905, anniversary of his episcopal consecration, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi received the religious vows of the first two Sisters and gave the Holy Habit to three postulants.

In response to an appeal from His Excellency Bishop Merel, Vicar Apostolic of Kouang-Tong, the Community opened its first mission in Canton, China, in 1909. Four years later, it was entrusted with the management of the Shek Lung Leprosarium. In 1916, the Chinese government gave it the direction of a foundling home in Tong Shan, near Canton.

Aim of the Community. — The aim of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception is the propagation of the Faith among infidel nations, in a spirit of thanksgiving. Consequently, each Sister on taking her vows in the Community consecrates her whole life to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ and His Immaculate Mother, as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving, in her own name as in that of all mankind.

Spirit of the Community. — The virtues which should characterize the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are: gratitude, humility, obedience, charity, spiritual joy, love of work and of a hidden life, a spirit of faith and prayer, zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Works in infidel countries. — The practice of all spiritual and corporal works of mercy: the education and instruction of native children, catechumens and neophytes; the training of native religious and virgin catechists; assistance to dying pagans and Christians; orphanages, workrooms, dispensaries, leprosaria, industrial schools, training schools for nurses, etc.

Works in Christian countries. — The diffusion of the Holy Childhood Association and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as well as of publications whose aim it is to make the mission cause more widely known.

The erection of apostolic schools and houses for the recruiting of aspirant missionaries.

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

Schools for pagan children residing in this country; the conduct of special courses for pagan adults; the religious instruction of catechumens and assistance to the dying Chinese, Negroes, etc.

Leagues of prayer and sacrifice for the suppression of anti-religious societies.

Closed retreats for women and girls.

Spiritual exercises. — Convinced that charity and zeal spring from a deep spirit of piety, and that without this spirit they will be unable to fulfill their missionary vocation, the Sisters unite to the office of Martha the holy occupations of Mary. Spiritual exercises are as follows:

Holy Mass, morning and afternoon meditations, spiritual readings, recitation of the Rosary in common, Way of the Cross in common, monthly and annual retreats, hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar.

On Sundays and Fridays, as well as on every Feast of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed after Mass until 5 P. M. It is also exposed daily where the Ordinary of the diocese so desires.

Main Feasts. — Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

Conditions for admission to the Novitiate. — First among the qualities required from aspirants to the Novitiate is an ardent desire of devoting themselves to the missions. They should also possess certain natural qualities, such as, sound judgment, straightforwardness, simplicity, generosity and strength of character.

The Community consisting of but one category of members, all must be able to render themselves useful by some special aptitudes. Young persons who have not completed their studies are admitted, provided they possess at least elementary instruction and aptitudes for domestic economy, cooking, sewing, etc., or a knowledge of either music or painting.

Aspirants are also required to present Baptism and Confirmation certificates, recommendations from their Pastor or spiritual adviser, as also a certificate from the doctor, and the written consent of the parents, if the subject is not of age.

After six months of postulancy, the aspirants pass on to the Novitiate, which lasts for a period of two years.

During their Novitiate, the Novices study the religious life, apply themselves to the practice of virtue, become impregnated with the spirit of the Institute, learn the Rules and customs and prepare for the apostolic life to which they will later be more directly called.

Annual vows are taken for the first three years following first vows.

During annual vows, the newly professed Sisters prepare in a more direct manner for mission life.

When the three years of annual vows are expired, the Professed Sister consecrates herself irrevocably to God by final vows.

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TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission,
Nan Paochen, Kiangsu
(Founded in 1928)

Orphanage. Foundling Home and
school. Workroom. St. Therese of the
Child Jesus Native Novitiate.

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu
Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1934)
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MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1927)
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PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)
Dispensary. Orphanage.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1930)
Dispensary.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)
Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)
Apostolic School. Dispensary. Our
Lady of the Holy Rosary Native Novi-
tiate. Boarding School.

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1932)
Dispensary.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1933)
Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1933)
Dispensary.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken
(Founded in 1930)
Kindergarten. Works of charity.

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi, Aizu
Wakamatsu
(Founded in 1933)
Kindergarten. Works of charity.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 2250 Juan Luna, Gagalangin
(Founded in 1921)
School.
1111 Narra St. (Founded in 1947)
Chinese school.

LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)
School.

MATI, Davao (Founded in 1947)
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Dispensary. School. Workroom.
Refuge for needy children and the aged.

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(Founded in 1945)
Dispensary. School.

LES COTEAUX, Haiti
(Founded in 1944)
Dispensary. School.

PORT SALUT, Haiti
(Founded in 1947)
Dispensary. School.

ITALY

ROME, 8 via Giacinto Carini Mission procure. (Founded in 1925)

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
 2. — **Protectors**, those who provide the dowry and trousseau for a needy Novice (\$500.00). Parishes, communities, families or individual persons may have a right to this title, provided they give in the required amount.
Diplomas will be forwarded in acknowledgment of the above-mentioned donations.
 3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
 4. — **Associates**, those who give an annual offering of \$2.00.
-

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

The Society also considers as Benefactors all persons who in any way help its Canadian or foreign establishments.

While commending their Benefactors to the Master Missionary, that He Himself may reward their generous support a hundredfold, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the spiritual value of their apostolic labors, as also in the prayers and sufferings of the destitute members of Christ confided to their care.

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — All the Sisters have a special intention for them in their Masses and Holy Communions.
2. — A Mass is said once a month for their intentions.
3. — The Sisters offer for the same intentions their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Motherhouse every Friday and Sunday of the year. The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition.
4. — Benefactors are likewise remembered by the members of the Community in the daily Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Mother. This Guard of Honor is also made at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, China, where the poor lepers in groups of fifteen continually recite the Rosary for the intentions of our Benefactors.
5. — A solemn Mass of requiem is sung once a year for deceased Benefactors.
6. — Deceased Benefactors share in the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross made each day by the Sisters.
7. — Holy Mass is offered twice a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for all Subscribers to **The Precursor** and all living and deceased Benefactors.