

No. 12

Vol. XVI, 26th Year

Montreal, November - December 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 hand-painted items for the support of the Motherhouse and Novitiate. Chinese catechist training school. Sewing circles. Publication 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 Lagauchetiere 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 missionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making church vestments. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, 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, 651 St. Cyrille St. (Founded in 1919)

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

Recollection Days. 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.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St. (Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. 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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MONTREAL, November-December 1948

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COVER PICTURE: *Mona Returns From the Spring, Les Cayes, Haiti*



MARY IMMACULATE, OUR HOPE

Then and Now

*You taught His little feet to walk
Upon the earth, His own.
You followed Him one Friday noon
To Calvary, His throne!*

*O Mary, lead His wounded feet
To wilds He never trod;
Still stand upon the heathen hill
Beneath the Cross of God.*

*The neighbors loved your Jesus-Lad
Because they loved you so;
Your cottage door was never locked,
You heard their tales of woe.*

*We take the cue from Jewish folk
And seek to lead you where
We fain would make your Son the King:
That place is Everywhere.*

*Remember how He brought you gifts,
Those thousand baby things
Not worth a penny — flowers, toys,
A tiny toddler brings.*

*Today we give you gifts for Him:
We bring you souls you love.
The heathen host is yours for keeps —
To keep for Christ above.*

*You taught His lips the word of prayer,
He knelt upon your knee.
His human brothers come to you,
O Mother Mary, see,*

*Our minds, like weary little birds,
To Heaven cannot soar.
Oh, teach us what a child must say —
You knew so well of yore!*

THE PRECURSOR

Winning Father Over

Ellen's lips, made for smiling, were curved in wistful lines. The doctor's verdict had made her heart hammer all day. "No hope, no hope," rang in her anguished mind like a funeral dirge.

And yet the poor girl felt that the crushing thought must be shooed away. She must remain brave, as much of a heroine as her angel mother who was fighting it out on a hospital bed, battling with death for the sake of her children.

Tall, fair-haired, fun-loving — that was the most fitting three-word description of Ellen Peterson. There was more gold to her, however, than just her pretty locks. God had gifted her with the most affectionate of hearts, and in the great crisis the family now had to face she sensed that she had a leading role to play.

"Hear you, everybody!" There was a stinging mist behind the girl's eyelids, but by sheer strength of will she made her voice buoyant and cheerful.

Four youngsters and a little sister bolted in, feeling it in their bones that Ellen had something tremendously important on her mind.

"Listen, dears. Doctor Myers says there's no hope for Mumsie. But we're going to show him. We're going to make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for her recovery. They know up in Heaven that we're too young to lose our treasure. I'm sure everything will be fixed all right by December 8 if we pray with confidence."

Don, Mark, John, and Rob, for all they unanimously professed deep-set horror of any effort that had even a remote connection with the nauseating object called an alarm clock, didn't breathe a syllable of rebellion.

"Okay, Ellen," snapped Mark of the hair-trigger temper. "Just pull the ears of the gentlemen here present if they don't kick the blankets down right early. You hear me, lazybones!" he added, grinning at the three boyish rascals.

"I'm going too," coaxed Dora of the six springtimes, two roses blooming on her white cheeks.

"Babies mustn't be seen in church, darling," objected Don, playfully tossing her blond curls. "Besides, you can't even read the prayers."



"But I can say my beads, Don. May I, Ellen?" and her loving heart pleaded in the depths of her brown eyes.

The next morning it was pouring rain, but the six slipped out of bed as speedily as if the alarm clock were ringing a fire bell. Mass over, they took to the home trail, one thought pounding against their brain like a pulse. What would their father say?

Mr. Peterson no longer believed in novenas, much less in miracles. He had neglected his Easter duty, and had unleashed an outburst of mockery and scorn the morning he had caught a light burning before a statue of the Blessed Mother. How his blood would have boiled had he spotted his children lighting more candles to Our Lady!

A nasty scowl on his features, the irate parent hailed the dripping wet Mass-hearers.

"You're a fool, Ellen!" he squeezed out between clenched teeth in a voice I don't know how many degrees below freezing point.

"Maybe so, Dad," blurted the fifteen-year-old girl, biting her lips to stop their quivering, "but one must hope against hope."

"Hang that stuff! It's downright silly to go out in that kind of weather."

"Don't be angry, Dad," pleaded Ellen, trying to ease the icy atmosphere. "We simply can't bear to think of losing Mother. You know that, humanly speaking, all is hopeless. So why not ask God's help? We began a novena to Our Blessed Mother this morning. Maybe if you joined in..." Ellen shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

"You'll drive me crazy with your novena racket!" retorted Mr. Peterson, his features glooming darker than the Jeremiad and his eyes darting fire. "Make hundreds of them if you have a mind to, but I absolutely forbid you to take Dora along."

Dora was her dad's favorite. In her winter togs she looked for all the world like some Little Red Riding Hood just escaped from a book of nursery tales. Parental wrath usually stopped vanquished at her feet.

"Daddy, don't be cross, please don't!" her voice stamped its foot a little. "It wasn't Ellen's fault at all. I coaxed her so much she had to let me go. And your Dora's going to Mass tomorrow, and the day after — and — Please say yes, Daddy darling, or your Dora's going to cry." Dora's sweet voice was one that could have melted icicles.

* * *

Faithfully the six kept their appointed morning tryst with the Blessed Mother. Before the ninth day the tide had turned: their mother was slowly but surely recovering from the illness that had all but led her to an untimely grave.

On the morning of December 8, Mr. Peterson made known his intention of accompanying the children to Mass. "I must help you thank your Blessed Virgin," he sheepishly confessed to his elder daughter.

He had long since mislaid his prayer book; but during Holy Mass a tender hand softly opened his closed fingers to slip a pair of pearly beads inside.

Happy as a child in his newfound faith, the convert fell on his knees, murmuring with the legions of Mary's children: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

In Praise of Our Lady of the Assumption

ON the historic mount of Ville Marie the Lord God has spoken to His people, the sons and daughters of Canada, by the voice of prelates and scholars, of historians and theologians, assembled to discuss in a four-day unique reunion the great privilege of Mary's Assumption into Heaven.

After having examined the problem from various angles, the eminent conference speakers are unanimous in their firm conviction that the entire Catholic world is looking forward to the day, perhaps not far distant, when the Church, by the solemn definition of the Assumption, will set the last jewel in the crown of Our Blessed Mother.

Pleas for the definition of Mary's Assumption as a dogma of Faith are not a novelty in the Catholic Church. Already in 1870, at the Vatican Council, 200 Fathers appealed in its favor. And since those seventy-odd years there have poured into Rome, according to figures quoted by Rev. Adrien Malo, O.F.M., the petitions of 116 cardinals, 18 patriarchs, 2,505 archbishops and bishops, 32,000 priests, 50,000 religious, and 8,000,000 faithful. "There," declared the organizer of the Marian triumph, "you have a movement that bespeaks an intuition of the Holy Spirit."

Pope Pius X, under whose pontificate thousands pleaded for the proclamation of the dogma, declared that the question demanded further study. However, it may be said of that preparation so prudently recommended by the Father of Christendom, that it is now ended: learned theologians have given much consideration to the problem so much to the fore today.

Thanks to the enlightening papers read during the Marian celebration, the Archdiocese of Montreal has minutely explored the field of revelation and tradition, and is basing on inescapable arguments its ardent appeal to Christ's Lieutenant on earth, His Holiness Pope Pius XII. All the Scriptural passages considered by doctors of Mariology as bearing reference to the prerogative of the Assumption have been probed both in their literal and their spiritual sense. From this severe examination it is shown that the Scriptures contain no explicit testimony in favor of the doctrine, but that several implicit texts provide excellent ground on which theologians may base their opinions. For instance, from the Scriptural texts whence has been gathered implicit testimony in favor of the dogmatical definition of the Immaculate Conception, that of Genesis, Chapter III, verses 14 and 15, and that of the greeting of Elizabeth to Our Blessed Lady, may also be inferred others referring to the Assumption. "The Immaculate Conception," emphasized Rev. E. Longpre, O.F.M., "postulates the resurrection of Mary shortly after her death and her bodily Assumption into Heaven: the Assumption is a consequence of the Immaculate Conception."

Who could fail to admit that the victory of the Immaculate Virgin over the serpent had to be a triple one to be complete: victory over concupiscence, victory over sin by her unstained conception, and victory over death by her glorification in body and soul in Paradise immediately after her passing from this life? Where, may we ask, would be Mary's triumph over death, if her most holy body had been humbled into the dust of the tomb, and if, like all mortals, she had to await the moment of the general resurrection to be glorified? No, such a doctrine has no foundation; it was in no wise fitting that the unsullied Mother of God, before whom the snow is not pure, should be required to bow submission to those two purely penal conditions.

But the proposition being not explicitly revealed in the Bible, one must ask from tradition the fundamental argument in its favor. The first three centuries of the Church, it must be said, are silent on the privilege of Mary's exaltation; but the silence is not an absolute silence, and may be explained, as has been demonstrated by Rev. F. Cayre, A.A., by the historical methods of those olden centuries, by the hidden role of the Blessed Virgin in the Church, or by the general state of the doctrine at that time. The earliest testimonies date from the fourth century; they are found in the writings of the Palestinian priest Timothy and of St. Epiphanius. The latter, while expressing doubts as to Mary's death, does not hesitate to believe in the privilege of the Assumption. Later in the sixth and seventh centuries, the Fathers of the Church are unanimous in their support of the belief that Mary was assumed body and soul into eternal glory. The liturgical calendar, formally constituted, mentions from its origin the apparition of a feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This feast, whose object was everywhere the Divine Maternity, in Gaul exalted the Assumption. Towards the latter part of the sixth century, the Eastern Church celebrated the Dormition of the Mother of God; in the seventh century, the Western adopted the Assumption, and extended to the universal Church the proposition that has become so much a part of Catholic thought.

The Archdiocese of Montreal aiming in its discussion periods to know the belief of its Catholic population, had the duty of searching our national history. There the answer is crystal clear: the first pages of Ville Marie are marked with the seal of the glorious Virgin. On August 15, 1642, the founders of the colony consecrated it solemnly to the Queen of Heaven.

As the years wore on, the doctrine of the Assumption struck deeper roots in Canadian hearts. It may well be said that the triumph of August 15 of this year was not only the climax of three Marian Days, but also the happy expression of a deep and intimate conviction tested throughout three centuries.

The official petition drawn up in historic Notre Dame Church and signed by Mayor Houde, expresses the ardent wish of Montreal Catholics "that this last great jewel in the crown of our holy Mother Mary may be soon securely set." The petition of the Archdiocese of Montreal, one of vast numbers of similar requests, sets in broad light the Marian faith and piety that are one of the noblest heritages of Ville Marie, Mary's city of Montreal.

Mission Intentions for November and December

November:

*That the Rights of the Workingman in Africa May Be Vindicated
in Accordance With Christian Principles*

The social problems of the continent of Africa present a situation for the Church markedly different from that in Europe and America. The colored population of Africa increases steadily, whereas the white cannot keep pace with it. Africa for all time must remain the homeland of the colored. The whites, by their control of industrial facilities, will continue to exercise a tremendous influence directly upon the economic life of the colored and thereby affect, for good or evil, their social life.

But the white in Africa refuses to put himself on a par with the native colored. Even they who are born in the land regard themselves as "colonials" of some Western Power and indignantly, at times, reject the appellation "native". Africa for them is a land to be worked for the benefit of the mother country. One missionary from Elizabethville, in the Belgian Congo, recently wrote: "It is rare to find a white who loves the colored, or who at least, not despising them can treat them as man to man." One of our native teachers, who is an excellent musician and composer of Africa music, said: "I can be very friendly with certain whites, but never in public. In the presence of other whites they do not dare show any interest or sympathy towards me."

As a result of this attitude, the progress of the African is materially hampered. The better positions are denied him, so that he is employed in the least lucrative position and even here is given a minimum of wages. This is done notwithstanding the fact that the natives have shown themselves capable of complicated technical training and intelligent, willing workers who are fully aware of their responsibilities.

More than any other institution, the Church has made the African conscious of his dignity before God and has striven to develop his talents. It has raised to the priesthood of God 500 African young men and has entrusted a Vicariate in Uganda, staffed with native priests, to a native Bishop consecrated in Rome by Pope Pius XII. At present it has 900 African youths in its minor and major seminaries. What the Church is further doing to raise the social standard of the people can be shown from the following. For this year of 1948, there has been an enrollment of 832,330 pupils in 17,688 schools (primary and higher); youths of both sexes to the number of 3,752 in 117 Normal schools are being trained to become teachers, and in 32 Vocational schools, 4,357 students are receiving technical instruction to fit them to become leaders in the business, industrial, and agricultural life of their country.

These figures indicate clearly how the Church, often with the cooperation of the State, is improving the social condition of the African and is making him realize that he is not a slave of the more fortunate in the things of the world.

The grave danger at the present time in Africa, as elsewhere, is communism. The Church there is entering upon a crucial period. Africa's economic problem is closely linked with religious and social foundations. A prayer this month of November in union with the Holy Father, for the vindication of the rights of the workingman in Africa in accordance with Christian principles, is a prayer for his salvation.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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

December:

Those Who Exercise Authority in Japan

While Shintoism, with its worship of the Emperor as divine, has been abolished in Japan, the spirit from which Shintoism grew is not dead. The Japanese people since earliest historical times, have been trained in exercising the greatest respect towards those in authority, not only in the family but also in the State and its subordinate institutions. The American forces of occupation have wisely recognized this important point and have endeavored to train the Japanese people by retaining as much as possible of the old form of government. They see that by gaining over to their side the good will of the leaders of the people, the rank and file of the population will follow them.

The abolishment of Shintoism has opened the Japanese mind wide to other influences in the field of religion. The Japanese is now free to accept Christianity without being suspected of lukewarm patriotism. He is in fact encouraged by the general atmosphere of the times to consider every form of religion. At the same time, this readiness to accept new forms finds its expression in educational circles as well as business and social life. The Communists are making a determined effort to influence labor unions. In the field of education, all the text-books for the schools have had to be rewritten since the war. There already has been noted a tendency to make light of Catholicism in these by scant, grudging treatment in historical works and by minimizing the role of the Church in the formation of Western culture. As there will be no state Church in Japan, the attitude of the government will be molded in large measure by officials who for the most part are less influenced by religious motives than political ones. The Protestants have been most active in the circles of higher education from which these officials will be chosen.

Fortunately, at the present moment, there is in evidence a most favorable attitude towards the Church on the part of government officials. They are ready to consider the application of Christian principles to the social and economic problems of their country. On the other hand, there is in proportion to the golden opportunity offered the Church, a dearth of missionaries and of means for adequately supporting those who are already in Japan. It is of primary importance for the growth of the Church in Japan that she seize the chance given her. The conversion of leaders would most certainly aid the Church both directly and indirectly. As leaders of the people, the example of their conversion would move many others to follow them. Their position in government would enable them to defend the Church from attacks and at the same time present the aims of the Church in a most favorable light.

The good will and spirit of fair play shown the Church by the American authorities in the past three years in Japan cannot be too highly praised. In this respect, however, it is important that the Church have, directly or indirectly, an active voice in formulating principles of government. For the most part, this influence will remain indirect because of the small number of Catholic Americans in positions of authority. This spirit of good will already evidenced by the American authorities is a potent force for the spread of the Gospel in Japan and will do much to offset the inadequacy of our means there. Still, one should not lose sight of the fact that the Church must give visible proof of her present ability to work extensively in Japan. Otherwise, the need for encouraging the growth of the Church there will be minimized by those who look upon the Church as a force for education and welfare work. Realities must be faced. Non-Catholics cannot be expected to be ready to help the Church because she is a divine institution. The greatest possible support by prayers and contributions should be given the work of the Catholic missionaries in Japan. It requires more than a handful of missionaries.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.
National Director

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



The Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood in Eastern Canada

O our Holy Childhood Associates the September-June school term presents a wonderful opportunity for intense, steadfast mission work.

At the opening of the school year, the devoted Directors or Directresses of our educational establishments, and the zealous Teachers of our colleges, convents, academies or schools make it a duty to remind their young pupils of their obligations as Members of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood: prayer, alms, and sacrifice for the salvation of the poor unfortunate children in heathen countries. Once a year, Propagators of the Work also visit the schools of most of the dioceses to fan the mission enthusiasm of our student youth, to distribute pictures, cards, and other devices likely to ensure the progress of the Association.

A child's heart is naturally opened to pity and inclined to be generous. Never has this appeared more true than in the admirable ardor with which our boys and girls respond to the appeals of the Holy Childhood Promoters. The following list of the contributions offered the Work for 1947-1948 by the various dioceses of Eastern Canada comes as a heartening and tangible proof of the praiseworthy successes achieved by our mission-minded Associates:

Quebec.....	\$ 52,068.76
Montreal.....	42,181.55
Chicoutimi.....	25,056.00
Three Rivers.....	15,776.35
Ottawa.....	11,335.22
St. Hyacinthe.....	10,579.84
Rimouski.....	8,748.84
Nicolet.....	8,101.71
Sherbrooke.....	7,658.41
Joliette.....	7,122.89
St. Johns.....	4,933.49
Gaspe.....	4,724.15
Mont Laurier.....	3,708.71
Gulf of St. Lawrence.....	3,205.52
Amos.....	3,002.56
Edmundston, N.B.....	2,684.12
Valleyfield.....	2,669.37
Moncton, N.B.....	1,441.42
Bathurst, N.B.....	
Timmins, Ontario and Quebec sections.....	1,000.00
	\$215,998.91

Don't Be an Exclusivist!

We must not be content with our own personal salvation and sanctification. We must be Christ, must share Christ with all men. The seed of His life is in us. It in turn must bear fruit and multiply. We cannot isolate the love of His Sacred Heart to our own little selves. In that Heart, as in nature, is the urge, the longing to impart His life to all men.

Jesuit Missions



Mary's Birthday in Quebec

SPIRITUAL "birthday party" was given for the Gentle Maid of Nazareth when, on September 8 last, our Retreat House "Our Lady of the Cenacle," of Quebec, held its first Marian Day.

The "guests," a few hundred young girls and ladies, ex-retreatants for the majority, gathered in the new chapel for the Holy Sacrifice, which was celebrated by Msgr. G. Prevost, Prefect Apostolic of Lintung, Manchuria, assisted by Rev. Father M. M. Cadieux, Superior of the Montfort Fathers, of Nicolet. Following Mass, Monsignor spoke a few words to the praise of the Heroine of the Day. Breakfast was then served in the open air by the Quebec Girl Guides.

During the day, substantial allocutions were delivered by Rev. Father Cadieux, who also presided over the recitation of the Rosary and meditation of the Marian Mysteries.

At 7.30 in the evening, the white statue of the Immaculate, borne by four Girl Guides, on a carrier of gold and blue, undertook her first "landowner" visit around the new convent building. A prayerful procession accompanied her statue, while more than five hundred torches illuminated the impressive line of march. A pause was called at the garden Oratory, where Rev. Father V. Lelievre, O.M.I., captivated his audience by a brilliant eulogy of Mary, the worded expression of an Oblate's love for his Mother and a Missionary's enthusiasm for the glory of his Queen. Followed an act of consecration to Jesus through Mary, after which the procession once again formed into line, and wended its way to a temporary altar erected on the retreatants' grounds, for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Although the evening demonstration had lasted two hours, everyone seemed reluctant to leave.

This Marian Day will henceforth be celebrated each year, on September 8, at Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House. A cordial invitation is extended to all our former retreatants for next year's rally.

Congratulations

*The Precursor is happy to present
its respectful greetings and prayerful wishes to:*

His Excellency Most Reverend M. Baudoux

recently appointed by the Holy See

First Titular of the Diocese of St. Paul des Metis, Alberta;

His Excellency Most Reverend P. Caza

named Auxiliary to Most Reverend A. Langlois

Bishop of Valleyfield.



Peace to This House

*Peace to this House! O Thou Whose way
Was on the waves, Whose Voice didst stay
The wild winds' rage, come, Lord, and say,
Peace to this House!*

*Thou, Who dost all our sorrows know,
And when our tears of anguish flow,
Dost feel compassion, come, bestow
Peace on this House!*

*Peace to this House! Sweet Lord, e'er say,
In Life's joy and sorrow near us stay,
Oh, give and never take away
Peace from this House!*

*And when at last our fainting breath
On trembling lips scarce quivereth,
Oh, bring us through the gate of death,
Lord, to Thine Own House!*

Prayer for the Poor Souls

IT WAS ALL SAINTS' DAY. As she was kneeling in prayer, a young lady was suddenly aware of some other-worldly presence at her side. She recognized at once the soul of a woman she had known and whom God had only lately called to Himself. The holy soul revealed that her only suffering was the privation of God, but that that very privation was an unnamable agony. Several times thereafter she reappeared, usually in the church, for, unable to behold her Maker in glory, she yearned to contemplate Him under the Eucharistic species. No words could convey an idea of her spirit of adoration and reverence in the House of God. When she assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, her countenance lit up with a truly seraphic glow at the moment of the Elevation. The young lady, lost in awe and admiration, confessed she had never looked on anything so beautiful. When she received her Sacramental Guest in Communion, the holy soul accompanied her to the altar rail, and remained close by all during her thanksgiving, as if to share in the happiness of the earth pilgrim and enjoy the sweet presence of the Savior. She wore a white robe, a veil of the same color, and usually carried a rosary in her hand, which fact made one surmise she must have been an ardent devotee of the Queen of Heaven.

Once when the young lady with a few companions was decorating the Blessed Mother's altar, all reverently bent in turn to press their lips on the feet of the Madonna. When her turn came, she kissed them twice, once for herself and once for her spiritual visitant, who immediately appeared with a radiant and grateful expression on her features. On that particular day, the young lady learned that the deceased had made a vow years ago to have three Masses said at the Blessed Mother's altar; having been unable to fulfill her promise, she still felt it weigh upon her as a sacred obligation. She therefore implored the young lady to accomplish it in her name and stead. After the condition had been filled, the deceased appeared to thank her benefactress, and warned her never to bind herself by any vow unless she were determined to acquit herself of it come what may, God's justice exacting everything in that matter to the last jot and tittle. She exhorted her at the same time to place all her trust in Mary, and to remember her sorrows on Calvary. "When you meet any of her pictures," she counselled, "do not forget to bow before it and to recite the three invocations of the Litany: *Mater admirabilis, Consolatrix afflictorum, Regina sanctorum omnium*. The more ardent your love for and devotedness to Mary, the more assured and efficacious will be her assistance in that terrible hour of judgment that will decide your eternity."

The poor soul also admonished her to bear tender devotion and charity towards the Souls in Purgatory, whose state is so distressing and who can do nothing to help themselves. "Offer your penances and good works for them. They will repay you when they will be with God." One day when, in accordance with her oft-repeated plea, the young lady was saying five *Patens* and *Aves* for the dead, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, the apparition hastened to where the girl knelt and held the latter's arms in prayer. On another occasion when the deceased was speaking to her earthly friend in the church, she heard the Elevation bell at a nearby altar. Falling on her knees, she adored Our Lord with the greatest respect. Every time the sacred names of Jesus and Mary were pronounced in her presence or fell from her own lips, she bowed and remained as if absorbed in angelical recollection.

Days passed, however, and in spite of the heart-sprung prayers said for her, the pious soul had not yet been granted the Beatific Vision. December third having brought the feast of St. Francis Xavier, she was invited to assist at the morning services in the church of the Jesuit Fathers. The deceased faithfully kept the appointment, accompanying the young person to the communion rail and remaining all through her thanksgiving. Then she thanked her, saying the

trial was about to end. On December eighth, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, she appeared again, so dazzlingly beautiful that mortal eyes could hardly look upon her. Finally, on December tenth, during Holy Mass, the young lady saw her still more brilliant. She drew near the altar, before which she reverently bowed, thanked her friend for the prayers offered, and winged her way to Heaven in the company of her Guardian Angel. At last she would enjoy the vision of Him whom her soul had so long and so eagerly sought.

Bulletin of the Holy Child Jesus of Prague



God's Acre

God's acre eloquently teaches us the sanctity and dignity of man's body and, more especially, of the Christian's body. Effectively, after man's soul, there is nothing on earth so noble as our flesh when it has been kept pure and unsullied from the stain of sin. "The first and foremost claim of your body to your affectionate respect," remarks Tertullian, "lies in the greatness of the divine artisan who fashioned it with such fatherly wisdom. This artisan was neither a man nor an angel but the Almighty Himself. There exists a great difference in the manner

in which God created all beings and His masterpiece, man, the king of creation. To create the first, God merely said the creative word; to create the second, He used both word and deed. Destined for the use of man, all other creatures were drawn from nothingness at God's command. But man, the lord of creation, was fashioned by God's own hands, and therein lies the sign of his sway over creation. Remember that man is properly called "flesh." And God breathed into this flesh a spirit immortal; at first merely a creature of clay, man was thus made a complete being. By this I wish to show and to make you grasp this truth, that all that God has done for man and all He has promised him is due not merely to his soul but to his body as well."

God's acre is a dormitory in the truest sense of the word, a word first coined by Christianity. "Oh, the beautiful name!" exclaims St. John Chrysostom; "how redolent with consolation and holy philosophy it is! How adequate its meaning! How true that death is not really death but a peaceful, passing slumber! Whenever you accompany your loved ones to God's acre, do not grieve and think that you are leading them to decay, but to slumber. Reflect over the name of the place where you are taking their mortal remains; it is a dormitory, a place where they may rest after the death of the just." What is our earth itself but a vast graveyard where at a few feet's depth lie generation upon generation of human beings who have preceded us here below.

Let us thence learn the importance of life. Every evening we die, and with every dawn we live once again; every day we take up a new life complete and different from that of yesterday. As we can never bathe twice in the very same waters of the same river, so we never wake up twice to the very same life. The stream of our days and the flow of the tide are ever changing without seeming to change. We never remark on this immense volume of water and days which is forever engulfed in the ocean of seas and of time. Amused and distracted by frivolous enter-

tainments, we gaily follow the tide of the years; swiftly, unconcernedly, with unseeing eyes, we go down the rapids of life. Then suddenly loom treacherous shoals. The thunder of madly swirling waters shocks us back to painful, fearful consciousness. Vainly we struggle against the foaming tide; our frail bark is dashed to pieces and its debris disappear into the seething abyss.

Happy the man who has so lived that his soul thus freed may find Jesus waiting on the eternal shore with the crown promised to those who live their lives according to His designs.

CANON V. POSTEL

Random Writings

From Our Sisters Afield



Canton, May 2, 1948

WAS so glad to receive your welcome letter that I really don't know how this little message of mine could give you as much pleasure. Perhaps you would like to hear about the private lessons at which I spend most of my waking hours.

Every Sunday my "lambs" all follow me to High Mass. This gives me the opportunity to show them how Catholics can best put to eternal advantage the Sunday hour they spend close to God. Sister St. Alexandre⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Therese⁽²⁾ usually accompany us to church. Last Sunday we took time off to make an inspection tour of the steeple. You have already seen the cathedral, at least on a picture post card; well, when we had climbed as high up as the clock, Big Ben decided to hammer out his eleven deafening strokes. We visited all that could be of interest. Everything is finished in a masterly way and well lighted, which makes us proud to tell our pupils or chance visitors that the liberalities of Napoleon III have made possible the erection of the magnificent temple to the glory of the Most High. Brown eyes glow with pleasure and surprise when the grand old story is told to our pupils.

Now for a peep in the little corner where I teach. Our Lady of Fatima above the crucifix presides over the lessons. Each group as it comes to "fill its pitcher at the well of knowledge" is told the story of the Beautiful Lady and the three seers of the Cova da Iria.

My class is right across the music room where Sister Marguerite Marie⁽³⁾ gives her lessons. My pupils in groups each have one hour of class. Sometimes I have as many as twenty for one period.

I must tell you how the 2.30 class of six senior pupils was formed. I had accepted a youth for lessons, but I was quite perplexed as to what class he should belong to, and kept putting him off and off again. Once or twice I was on the verge of dismissing him with his money, because the hours he could spare were my busiest. On Wednesday in Holy Week the lad was again in the room, patiently awaiting his "sentence." I had just finished the 2.00 course that had meant a full job on my hands, and two other courses were to begin the next minute. What could I tell the steady and faithful one? No solution presented itself to my mind. Suddenly he turned searching eyes upon me.

1. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Majoric de Grantham.

2. Marie Therese ROUX, Montreal.

3. Marguerite LATOUR, Montreal.

"How do you say the word *sai* (to be baptized) in English?" he asked point-blank.

"Baptized!" came my astonished answer. "But why do you ask?"

"I want to be baptized," he replied simply.

"Let's be seated, and you will tell me more about it," I offered.

He told me how some American priests had first introduced the Faith to him in his home village. He loved the doctrine and had begun studying it, but here in Canton he felt quite at sea, and, besides, his studies at the University took most of his time.

"God is sending him to me, and here I am hesitating to accept him," I chided myself. The boy was admitted. I gave him a Bible History in English. Later on more pupils with about the same intellectual equipment joined him, and found it altogether natural to be satisfied with that great little book. And that explains how, for the last two months, the sextet and I have been plumbing the depths of the precious gold mine which is the Catholic Faith. Three of the six are newly baptized Christians who promise well for the future. The other classes also offer priceless ears of grain; but, until the harvest moon rises, one must be prepared for hailstorms, and wait to sing victory only when the hour has come, so often are our fondest hopes dashed. Still, the joy of sowing, watering, or hoeing the grain that has already sprung up, is enough to sustain us in our daily labors.

SISTER MARIE DES VICTOIRES, M.I.C.

Josephine Bolduc, St. Victor de Tring

P.S. We are mourning dear Sister St. Joseph du Sacre Coeur⁽¹⁾. She was so joyful even in the face of death that we were all edified. Right until the end her soul was filled with confidence in God.

* * *

Mati, Davao, June 10, 1948

It looks as if I had taken the resolution to write often only to break it. I am counting on your indulgence, for you know that it is through no ill will on our part that we fail to keep our promise. The main ones to be blamed are the clock hands, that are always racing around the timepiece. Now with classes in operation again, we have less time than ever to spare. We have ninety-one pupils registered at the school and twelve boarders, plus the professors, who also board at the convent.

At present I am initiating one of our helpers in the secrets of teaching kindergartners, and when school is out I supervise the boarders. Both occupations are more than enough to steal away the rare minutes of liberty I may have.

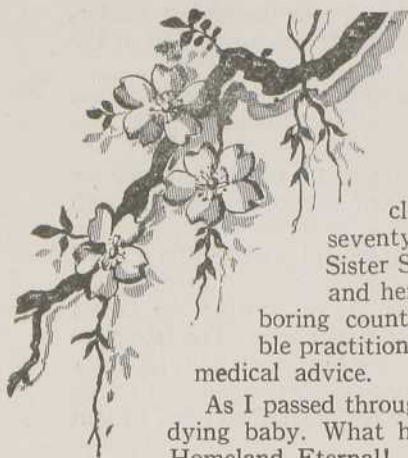
Two of our catechists left in mid-April to begin catechism classes in their respective barrios. The hour has struck for them to pass on to others what they have learned on the consoling truths of our Holy Faith. They were sorry to go. "We won't have our daily Mass and Communion," they grieved. Previous to their coming, Mass and Communion they had only once or twice a year, but in our midst every morning saw them drawing near to God's altar and His Banquet of Love.

I am recommending to your kind prayers all the souls God has place in our pathway. Pray also that we may not linger too long on the bottom rung of the ladder of holiness, so that our apostolate may be successful in every way.

SISTER BERNADETTE DE LOURDES, M.I.C.

Rachel DeMars, Newport, Vt.

1. Marie Louise CHEVRETTE, St. Majoric de Grantham, who died in Canton, April 23, 1948.



Koriyama, Japan, July 19, 1948

While three of our Sisters have gone to Wakamatsu for their annual retreat, I am keeping house here alone with Sister St. Anne⁽¹⁾. School-rooms are silent now, with the two hundred kindergarteners and the one hundred and sixty English-course pupils gone for the summer holidays. The clinic, though, still carries on with a daily total of seventy, eighty, and sometimes even one hundred patients. Sister St. Anne, R. N., has been dubbed *the American Doctor*, and her medications have grown famous all over the neighboring countryside. People come to be treated by the honorable practitioner who puts in a word about the true God in all medical advice.

As I passed through the clinic today, Sister called me to baptize a dying baby. What happiness to make sure of this soul's visa for the Homeland Eternal! I gave the boy the names of Joseph Emilien in memory of our regretted Msgr. Masse, who died in a Manchurian concentration camp during the war.

The patients come from far and near; some on foot, some on bikes or small rickshaws which do the duty of ambulances. Sister St. Anne and her three Japanese helpers are thus kept busy from morning until night. Even so, we are sometimes obliged, much to our regret, to send the people home without having been able to attend to their needs. And yet in this city of 80,000 inhabitants there were seventy-two private and general hospitals registered before ours. This great increase of sick and ailing people is an aftermath of war and its years of terror and privation. Caring for sick bodies enables us to reach the immortal souls in far greater need of help. During the month of July alone, we had the happiness of baptizing fourteen dying patients. This spells a greater success attained in a single month than in the eleven pre-war years since our Koriyama Mission was opened.

The harvest of souls is indeed whitening in the Land of the Rising Sun, and many could make theirs the words of a pain-racked patient whom we urged to look forward to Heaven and its eternal reward: "I have never heard about Heaven or God, Sister. Tell me about Him that I may at last know and love Him." Several English-course pupils have also been baptized, and others are on the catechumens' list. On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, a young mother and her five children, kindergarteners at our school, will be made heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Trustingly we cast the seeds of faith and love into the open furrow of souls of goodwill. Our Blessed Mother will see to it that these seedlings will fructify and bear fruit a hundredfold. Around her shrine set up in a pretty nook of our garden, gather visitors and patients to implore her maternal assistance. Always and everywhere Mary is the beloved Queen of the Missions.

Dear Sisters, we rely on your prayers and acts of self-denial to help us till the field unto us entrusted by the Divine Master. Thanking you heartily for your cooperation and inviting you to come and share our apostolic joys and labors, I remain,

Affectionately yours,

SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI, M.I.C.

Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville, P.Q.

* * *

Wakamatsu, May 2, 1948

Mission life is wonderful. I don't know how to thank God for having chosen me for that greatest of privileges to be working for the extension of His Kingdom.

As I have not known pre-war conditions in Japan, I cannot tell you that things are changed very much; but you can guess for yourselves when you learn that not

1. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie de Megantic.

a lesson is given without being preceded by a prayer. From the tiniest kindergarteners to the grownups who come for private lessons, all make the Sign of the Cross and are able to recite some prayer or other.

We have 113 kindergarten tots. Sister de l'Enfant Jesus⁽¹⁾, directress, teaches catechism to some fifty lassies, and we have in all 200 private class pupils, not counting the newcomers that arrive every day.

Sister Therese d'Avila⁽²⁾ has twenty-five piano artists, and Yatsuda San, teacher at the Kindergarten, also gives lessons when we are at our spiritual exercises, which goes to show that the piano keys are never idle.

All our hours being taken up, we have had to refuse several persons who wanted to learn typewriting.

Most of the Sisters have already experienced the joy of pouring the sacred waters of Baptism, on hospital visits or calls upon the repatriates. The latter are temporarily lodged in the barracks. The sick people greet us favorably; all seem athirst for more knowledge of God. An invitation has been extended us to visit patients at Takeda Byoin, to tell them about our Holy Religion. Sister de l'Enfant Jesus christened a dying man there.

Do not forget our beloved Wakamatsu in your prayers. One of our French-course pupils is dying of tuberculosis, and has not yet been baptized. She promises to study the doctrine if she recovers, but there is no hope for her, unless God does something about it — a miracle. So we must pray for her cure, or ask Our Blessed Lady to inspire her to call the Sisters to her bedside, for no one is allowed to go into her room. Oh, how many anxieties the dear souls of our Japanese give us!

SISTER DU ST. NOM DE MARIE, M.I.C.

Rita Blais, Thetford Mines

Mission Quiz

Did You Know That

The son and daughter of a Congo pagan chief recently took their vows in native religious communities? . . . Father George Dhamar is the first known Kabyle native to be ordained a priest? . . . Three out of seven students in China's Catholic schools are non-Christians? . . . Approximately 4,335,000 Catholics are in the Hindu-dominated State of India? . . . Of the total population of the Huchow Vicariate, China (2,000,000), only 2,827 are Catholics? . . . There are approximately in the mission fields of the world: 22,500 priests, 53,000 nuns, 76,000 teachers, 92,000 catechists? . . . One-fifth of all the people of the world live in India? . . . Lepers of Molokai, as many as 1,200 in Father Damian's time, thanks to improved methods of sanitation are now decreased to 320? . . . There are 40,000 words in the Chinese language? . . . Of the 5,000 priests now laboring in India, 3,480 besides 15 bishops, are natives? . . . Two million children are being taught in mission schools? . . . The present population of Korea is over 24,000,000, of whom about 200,000 are Catholics? . . . Literacy in India is only 12% for men and 2% for women? . . . South America has need for 40,000 priests immediately? . . . There are 150,000 Christians in the Holy Land, almost two-fifths of whom are Catholics? . . . There are now 77 distinct communities of Sisters in China? . . . The Pope has given instructions to proceed with the Japanese dubbing of the "Pastor Angelicus" film, a copy of which will be sent to Emperor Hirohito? . . . India has the second highest infant mortality rate in the world, 16 per 100, and the shortest life expectancy, 28 years? . . . The reading public in China is practically 99 percent non-Christian? . . . Adult baptisms in Japan tripled in 1947 over the previous year's total? . . . Rev. Joseph Chang, S.J., the son of a Boxer martyr, has been named Head of the St. Joseph's regional seminary, Peiping, China?

1. Florentine DANSEREAU, Vercheres.

2. Therese SAUVE, St. Scholastique.

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

A little child, Peter had loved to build tiny altars which he decorated as best he could; a priest, he was better able to satisfy his love for his Eucharistic Lord. In preparing for feast days, and especially for Corpus Christi, he studied how he could best show forth all the richness and beauty of divine worship. With utmost care he directed the erection of altars at different points in the parish, where the King of Glory might pause in His procession through the streets, to bless His devout people. M. Bret helped him in these preparations for Corpus Christi, beautifully training the children of his choir, and others who scattered flowers or carried censers.

May Devotions, now held everywhere, had not been begun in the parish of Amberieux. Father Chanel loved them too much not to try to introduce them. After a little coaxing he obtained permission from Father Colliex, to whom all innovations were distasteful. "Do as you like," he said. "Make the devotions as attractive as you can. I leave all in your hands." Armed with this permission, Father Chanel elaborately decorated the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. The parishioners came in crowds to the opening exercises and Father Colliex himself presided. When he saw Our Lady's altar covered with flowers and ablaze with lights he was surprised by the extent of the preparations, and after returning to the presbytery he was not slow to voice his displeasure. "Truly," he scolded, "this is going too far! Why all this display? What more can we do for Easter?" But his first impressions gave place to intense satisfaction as the month of May wore on. He saw that neither a jubilee nor a mission could have done greater good.

Father Chanel's health had little chance of improvement in the midst of the constant work of Amberieux; in fact, it failed noticeably. He became extremely pale and thin, and his weakness increased from day to day, arousing well-founded fear in the hearts of those who loved him. "Ah, what a pity!" the people said, "Our dear Father Chanel cannot live long."

Frail as he was, he did not spare himself, but continued to preach in his turn, to teach the children their catechism, and to refuse no one who came to his confessional. One evening, exhausted after a day's hard work, he was preparing for bed when word came that a poor laborer had been seriously injured, and could live only a few minutes. Forgetting to put on his shoes, he flew to the dying man's side. M. Bret was not less prompt and zealous, and reached the place — a miserable garret — as soon as he. The man lay on a bed of straw, mangled and bleeding and unable to speak, but retaining a glimmer of consciousness. He was a sinner who, for thirty years, had not approached the Sacraments. They exhorted him to repentance and to confidence in God, and soon tears began to flow from his eyes and he lovingly kissed the Crucifix held to his lips. Father Chanel had hardly time to anoint him before he breathed his last.

Thus did Peter wear himself out, forgetting that he was not robust. He gave his whole heart to every call of his sacred ministry. But, all the while, it seemed to him that deep down in his soul he heard a voice calling him to an even more sublime vocation, an abnegation more complete; he yearned for the Foreign Missions, that difficult field of which Father Loras had talked much and ardently. The attraction became so strong that he felt it his duty to open his heart to the bishop. Bishop Devie was slow to make any reply, and Peter calmly awaited his decision. A former curate of Amberg, Father Bonnard, by dint of prayers and entreaties, had obtained permission to go to India, and letters telling of his apostolic work there served to intensify Peter's desire. "If I cannot join Father Loras in the United States, how happy I should be to go to India!" he exclaimed. "I will start at once if God gives the sign."

When Bishop Devie's answer came it was not what Peter had hoped; he was made pastor of Crozet, a village at the extremity of the diocese, not far from Geneva. It was not thought that this parish, numbering hardly eight hundred souls, was worthy of Father Chanel; he was sent there in the interest of his health. Doubtless it would have cost Bishop Devie dear to have lost so good a priest from his struggling diocese, where priests were sorely needed; besides, it was necessary for him to be convinced that the attraction for the Foreign Missions was more than an idealistic longing; but satisfied as to the reality of such calls, he never held any of his priests. He had deep veneration for the holy founder of the Society of Mary and, new-formed though his diocese was, few others gave so many missionaries to the Society of Mary in its early days.

CHAPTER VI

Pastor of Crozet

Father Chanel's appointment as pastor of Crozet dismayed and distressed Father Colliex. For several days he kept the news secret in the hope of having the order revoked. He had placed implicit confidence in Father Chanel and could not imagine how he would do without him in

the work of the parish. But his supplications were unavailing. The inevitable had to be accepted, but what tears flowed in the presbytery and at every fireside! For Peter the voice of God had spoken, and despite his regret at leaving a village where he had done good and had been beloved, he made no complaint, but went joyously and confidently to the new post assigned him.

Crozet is a little, isolated village at the foot of the Jura Mountains, and not far from Geneva. At that time it had a modest church, surrounded by some small poor houses. A short distance away, in an arid spot deeply cut by ravines, were other groups of homes, and still farther from the church a few cottages clung to the mountain-side. An old Roman way cut through the country in the direction of Berne. Such was, topographically, the village of Crozet.

From a religious point of view it was even poorer than in worldly advantages. The disciples of Calvin had used it as an outpost from which they spread broadcast their errors. They had been strongly entrenched in the village, and as elsewhere, their domination had been the signal for deeds of cruelty whose story makes men shudder after hundreds of years. Although the Catholics had rebuilt their church, some of the people were still Protestant, and among the faithful, what prejudice and what errors! What ignorance and what license! The nearness of Geneva whence came unceasingly the breath of heresy; young people, eighteen and twenty years of age, who had not made their First Communion; a constant influx of ex-criminals and workmen from no one knew where: such were some of the conditions Father Chanel found in Crozet. "At the time of his arrival," an old man related to Father Bourdin in 1841, "our parish was in the saddest possible state. No one went to confession. On Sundays and holydays the church was almost empty; some were working, as usual; others had gone to a dance, and the greater number were loitering about the saloon. Left to themselves, the children had no thought but for pleasure, and learned only evil. Our former pastor had been learned and zealous, but perhaps a little quick-tempered, and the people had taken so strong a dislike to him that they would listen to nothing that he said. They sent petition after petition, asking that he be removed, and at last Bishop Devie condescended to yield to their stubborn ill will. How good God is! Instead of punishing us, He sent Father Chanel to Crozet. The face of the parish was soon changed!"

The new pastor had indeed great obstacles to overcome, but he set to work determined to do everything possible for the reformation of the villagers, and full of confidence in Him who holds the hearts of all men in the hollow of His hand. As a beginning, he invoked the aid of Our Lady and of St. Francis de Sales, for nine days paying a special morning and evening visit to the Blessed Virgin's altar, and making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the great Bishop of Geneva. Realizing full well his utter impotence in the face of such difficulties as confronted him, he continued to put his whole confidence in prayer. He never mounted the altar steps, never said a Hail Mary, never even genuflected without reminding Our Lord of the

needs of the flock committed to his care. Sometimes he passed whole hours at the feet of Her whom the Church invokes as Refuge of Sinners. Not satisfied with storming heaven alone, he asked the prayers of the nuns of several communities, begging that Crozet be remembered in their religious exercises, Holy Communion and austerities. He sent far and near to plead for the prayers of holy persons whom he knew to be zealous and generous.

On reaching the village, Father Chanel hastened to make the acquaintance of his parishioners. He went to their homes, neglecting no one, not even members of Protestant families. Everywhere he was received kindly, even joyfully. From time to time he repeated his visits, making a few every day. He did not wait to be sent for, but went unasked, though always tactfully choosing a favorable occasion — or making one, if necessary. From the first the hearts of the people were attracted by his bright face, his affectionate smile, the simplicity of his words and the modest dignity of his bearing. They recognized in this new pastor the face of a friend and the heart of a father. Each one of his parishioners might have quoted the words which St. Augustine used, speaking of St. Ambrose: "I began to love him, not because he taught truth, but because of the kindness and affection he showed me."

Father Chanel knew that effectually to remedy the evils of Crozet he must, first and last, concern himself with the instruction of the children. Having found a young man of solid piety and sufficient instruction, he won him to his cause and confided to him the little boys of the village. The young girls he placed under the supervision of a Sister of Providence, who was soon unable to instruct all the children who flocked to her, for she not only taught, but cared for the altar linens, decorated the church, visited the sick, and performed other works of charity. Father Chanel soon saw that she must have a helper.

Mary Frances, his own dearly loved younger sister, was then twenty years of age. She was still at home, but longed for the religious life and even for work in a missionary country. It was impossible for her to enter a convent at the moment, and she begged her brother to allow her to join him in Crozet. After much thought, Peter decided that he could find no better assistant for the overworked Sister of Providence, and he bade her come. From the beginning the arrangement proved to be ideal. Mary Frances lived with the Sister, and helped in all the good works of the parish. Her piety and simple, friendly manner soon won the esteem and affection of all. She taught the little girls their catechism, and prepared them for confession and Holy Communion; she taught them to sew and to sing hymns. It was her delight to visit the sick and the very poor. Day after day she was to be seen with a basket on her arm, carrying food to the most needy families. She had charge of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary and of the girls' Sodality, and was able to impart to the members a little of her own fervor. All the mothers loved her. Charmed by her gentleness and sweetness they gathered about her on every holiday, only too happy to show their affection and their gratitude for all the good she was doing

among their little ones. Mary Frances took advantage of her influence to say a word, now and then, about their duties to their children, and her advice, tactfully given, helped much towards the reformation of the village.

Having provided for the Christian education of the children, Father Chanel turned his attention to the most scandalous disorders of the parish; but while endeavoring to correct them, he forced himself to keep in mind the words of Holy Writ: "Wisdom reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly." He made it a rule never to say a harsh word to any of his people; to every one he spoke as the kindest of fathers, and one and all felt that he loved the whole world. He often said, "The more we study the human heart, the more deeply are we convinced that there are sparks of virtue in the most depraved souls; and that the most wicked would be judged with less rigor, if we kept in mind the strength of passion and the force of adverse circumstances."

(To be continued)

Christ Died for Every Man

Christ died for every man. He died as much for you as He did for me. He died as much for the atheist, the scoffer, the agnostic and the pagan, as He did for the most devout Catholic who ever lived. There are no favorites with Our Lord. The repulsive outcast is as precious to Him as is the most virtuous saint who ever trod the earth. He wants every man within His fold. But how can they come into His loving shelter, if we are too busy, too indifferent, too proud, too lazy to help them on their way? How can they find the courage to present themselves to Him, when there are no Missionaries to instill the Gospel of Hope into their souls?

It is right that you should feel sorry for China; pity the Untouchables of India and shudder at the cannibalistic capers of the African aborigines; resent the dastardly pillage in Spain; the persecutions in Germany; but if you do nothing to lessen these hardships for our brethren, then again you fail in your mission as a Catholic.

There is work to be done and there are plenty of Catholics to do it. Let us be about our Father's business, before He calls us to give an accounting of our stewardship here on earth. The spread of Catholicity is not entirely in the hands of our Hierarchy. We are as much a part of that program as they are and although we have not been especially chosen to the life of a religious, yet we are as much His disciples today, as were the first men who walked in the footsteps of the Master.

"China", Scarboro, Ont.

On October 5 last, the Divine Master called to Himself one of His faithful servants, in the person of Mr. J. A. Champagne, M.D., well-known member of the Montreal medical staff and father of our dear Sister Marie de Lourdes.

Our Community had for many years the advantage of being the beneficiary of his professional services. In grateful return it will make it a duty to remember the regretted deceased in prayer, pleading with God that He may richly reward him in a happy eternity.

Sincere sympathy to the family of the venerated deceased.



Mission Meditation

First Sunday of Advent

What matters is the Word of God, for it alone will not pass away.

Let us then make sure that, as far as in us lies, man's only permanent possession, the Word of God, shall be made available to all mankind.

The distribution of it is left to us, as a personal responsibility. To the missionaries, who are called to the far corners of the earth. To the home-folk, without whom the missionaries are helpless. They must "go and teach"; but how will they "go" if we, who are the Church, do not pay their passage? How will they "teach" if we do not keep them alive, provide them with little chapels, enable them to maintain schools?

The missionaries go and do; if we stay, we must pray and pay. The praying is easy; it is only a question of not forgetting. The paying should be easy, too, when we think that every penny we possess will "pass away", except what we shall have sent ahead of us into eternal life by the exercise of charity.

Second Sunday of Advent

"The Gentiles" (the pagan peoples of the world) are to rejoice with us, God's people, and share our hope in Him.

As long as they are pagans, they (more than half of all mankind) have no hope, nothing but a religion of fear and filth.

Christ showed Himself on earth for a few years and laid the foundations of His Kingdom; He proved that He was God, by doing things that none could do but the Master of life and death. Then He went away, leaving it to those who understood to make Him known. He made us all our brother's keepers.

He tells us, in the Gospel, how highly He regards Saint John the Baptist who prepared His way before Him.

Our missionaries fulfill the very same function in pagan lands as John did among the Jews: they announce the coming of God's Kingdom. And the

catechists, the lay teachers whom the missionaries employ to do the "contact-work", are the "precursors" of the missionaries; they break the ground for sowing the seed.

Is it not an astounding thing that so many Catholics, who think they have the Faith, are not eager to do their part in this wonderful work, by which help is given to the missionaries, hope to the pagan word, and His due triumph to Jesus Christ and His eternal truth?

Third Sunday of Advent

We are sometimes inclined to use arithmetic in our estimate of missionary work. We have the audacity to ask a missionary "how many converts" he has made. The whole world will some day know the truth and will some day be baptized; but the glory of an apostle is far more in witnessing to truth than in counting heads upon which he may have poured sacramental water.

Our Lord said of Saint John that there was no greater man born among men; and John, although he did no doubt practice some kind of preliminary baptism, gloried rather in being "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Think of the missionaries in the same way. They live in the wilderness of paganism, often as poorly clad and fed as John; they have the courage to stand alone and preach unwelcome facts to hostile peoples. They would suffer far less from the lonely pressure of their task and its immensity if they could honestly feel that the Catholic world was intelligently and generously behind them.

Yet they "rejoice in the Lord always"; they love their vocation; they have the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding". This inward peace in all the turmoil of our time, this happiness in the prevailing discontent, is the promised hundredfold return on their investment of devotion; a goodly share of the same return is no less available to the folks at home, if they will but take a *real* (and not perfunctory) interest in the missions and if they are lavish with their time and money to assist those who prepare Christ's way before Him.

Fourth Sunday of Advent

All flesh shall see the salvation of God.

There is plenty of good and necessary work that must be done to save for God the people of this parish, this diocese, this country. But if we wait till all the local needs be met, how under heaven will "all flesh" ever come to know the truth and find salvation in eternal life?

If we love God, our Father, if we desire the coming of His Kingdom and the doing of His Will, surely we must be enthusiastic for His Plan as a whole. And what we know of His Plan is this: that He did create all men, that He wants all men to be saved, and that He has left it to His Church to bring them all to Him.

Who is the Church? You are. We are. None of us can rightfully escape the solicitude of Christ and of the Pope for the universal spread of truth, for the salvation of all mankind.



But not all the members of the body have the self-same function: the feet walk, the hands make, the brain plans; in the Church there are those who go abroad to preach, those who build at home, those who direct and plan the work of others. But, just as the blood races to every part of the body and sustains it, so must zeal and charity give life to all the works of the Church, near and far.

Do not be anemic but full-blooded in supporting God's Plan in the missions (home and foreign) and you will have "praise from God" in the Heaven which you will have helped to populate.

Christmas Day

In the beginning was the Word. And the Word was made flesh.

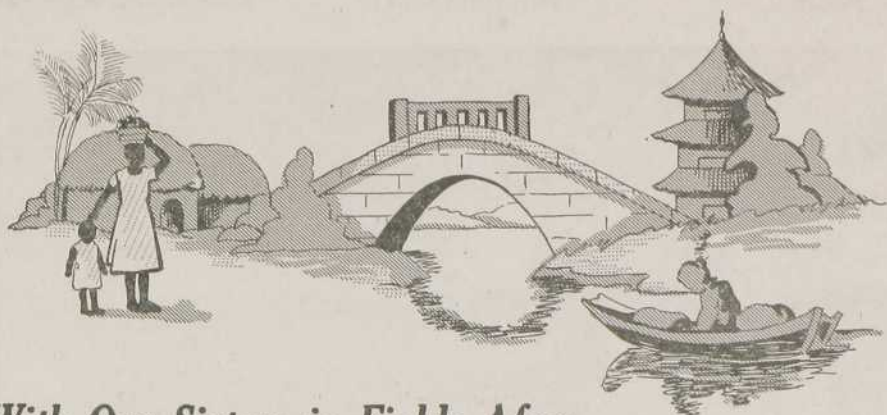
When I want you to understand me, I speak to you in words, which express my thoughts. When God wants mankind to know Him, He sends His Word to us, and Christ is born.

But my word is wasted if you will not listen; and Jesus (God's Word made man) is wasted unless people receive Him with good will. Therefore should our prayer, at Christmas time, be for a greater *receptivity*, a greater willingness to listen to God's word and to conform our lives to Its teaching.

And not only for ourselves should we thus pray, but for all humanity. Our missionaries, here and abroad, need help in many ways. But what they perhaps need most is a softening of the world's heart toward truth. This is a grace that we must pluck out of God's willing hand, as a small child tries to force open its father's fist to get the candy that has been shown, that Daddy wants to give, but that must be won from love's grasp by some little show of effort.

Christ is born. We have Him and we hold Him. Our Merry Christmas has come to us. But let us not be selfish. There is a whole world of men waiting to share our joy. Let us resolve to make them, through our missionaries, a present of the Word, which was in the beginning and which we and they will fully understand, enjoy and live by in the eternal reality of Heaven.

Rev. T. Gavan Duffy



With Our Sisters in Fields Afar

CHINA

SHEK LUNG

IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEATH

Teen-agers are not all happy-go-luckies. One of the most unfortunate we Sisters have ever known dragged himself to the Leprosarium, with fifteen companions in misery, some time around last New Year's. The poor boy was a leper. He knew how the wasting, terrific disease sometimes deformed its victims into hideous objects, but did not seem to think it likely that he would be a leper very long.

Days crawled along like years for the lad who felt terribly homesick. The only thing he wanted was injections and more injections that would speedily cure him, so he might be able to go home to his loved ones. Once when Sister Superior was trying to make him understand how he could be a happy boy even in a leper asylum, a big sob shook him. "I was so happy at home!" he sighed.

One day A Yut, a leper woman, came upon Sister Superior doing her best to comfort the young sufferer. The sight moved her deeply. "We feel that you really love us, and that helps us bear our sufferings," she told Sister Superior.

Our dear leper folk have drunk all the bitterness of life's cup. How we long for the day when their dull, drab, sorrowful lives will be brightened by hope in the infinitely loving Father who is in Heaven!

In the arms of that best of Fathers, A Leung's Little Boy is now resting. A Leung's Little Boy owed his original name to the fact that the great chief of the lepers, A Leung, took a special fancy to the boy when the latter first came to the Leprosarium.

The chief's protege carried his heavy cross right up to God's throne. All during the last months of his life, his body looked like a skeleton and his arms and legs were one ghastly-looking sore. The hearts of all were torn



*Sister St. Raphael (Malvina Biron, Coteau Landing),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Shek Lung,
Has Her Picture Taken With Three Youngsters Born of Leper Parents.*

with pity at the sight, and many a time his sick-bed visitors prayed that the boy's soul might soar up to Heaven. On Sunday, January 19, their prayers were heard: Little Boy's sufferings ended.

The next morning all our dear leper people made it a duty to hear Mass for the young deceased. Many accompanied his mortal remains to the boat and followed all the customs usually observed on like occasions. A Leung, the great chief, old in years and unsteady of step, led the procession and presided over the prayers, which arose uninterruptedly from the church to the river for his little mate.

To nameless graves many of our lepers will go like the laddie, but, please God, all will have their names written on the sacred scrolls alongside that of A Leung's Little Boy.

CLINIC HOUR

The clock hands pointed to nine. Nurse, helpers, patients, and door-keeper were all at their post. On the spotless white tables, awaiting to relieve broken leper bodies, dressings, compresses, and medicine had been laid in order by some gentle hand. The last hammer-like blow fell on the large bell at the entrance. From everywhere more patients came hobbling to the clinic.

In the forenoon hours seventy-six were treated. Truly we are in the land of the living death. The arms of one victim were one loathsome sore; another had stumps instead of fingers; the feet of another were one mass of decaying flesh; a fourth had lost the fingers of his hands, and his feet presented a pitiful sight; the fingers of another were twisted out of shape . . .

and so on to the seventy-sixth, each one exhibiting in his mangled body the ravages of the most dreaded of diseases. The last one offered the most complete image of the leper. Not one inch of his wasted body has been spared. His state is such as to draw the compassion of all who see him. Life in our grave land being for him one long nightmare of agony, we pray that soon the all-loving Father in the Mansions of Glory may see fit to beckon him above to enjoy eternal happiness.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S

On the eve of the Chinese New Year's Day, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the men's chapel was followed by the singing of a solemn *Te Deum*. The triumphant hymn of Mother Church, in union with the prayer of our lepers bore to God all their thanks for the many benefactions showered upon them, especially so for the gift of faith they have found hidden like a pearl in the sufferings meted out to them.

Very early the next morning, Sister St. Raphael⁽¹⁾ heard one of the lepers shouting at the top of his voice: "*Tin Tu pao iao san nin!* God protect the New Year!" No sooner had the words been spoken than thirty or forty voices took up the chorus as lustily: "*Tin Tu pao iao san nin!*" God bless all the New Years to be, and may He take very special care of our beloved suffering brethren in the grave land of Shek Lung.



Sister Claire de Jesus (Exilda Cote, Montreal),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Shek Lung,
With a Few Leprosarium Patients.

TSUNGMING

AT THE FOUNDLING HOME

One thousand little white flowers too delicate to thrive on earth have blossomed in heavenly gardens during the year 1947.

Only a few days ago, the nursing Sister met a Chinese gentleman who inquired whether the Da Kon Sou establishment still accepted castaway infants. "In a certain village," said he, waving both hands as if to shake off falling leaves, "there are ever so many abandoned children. They are thrown away like that."

A formal order had been given us in the war years not to open our door to any newcomers. When the babies were brought to the Foundling Home, we had to turn the bearers away with a heartbreaking "We are not allowed." However, when it was plain to see that the babe in arms could not live long, we would throw the bearer off his guard and equip the tiny one with his pair of spiritual wings before letting both go.

One April morning two years ago, the doorkeeper found a package on the steps. "Another one of those hidden treasures!" she said to herself. Pulling the ragged covering off, she smiled into the eyes of a newborn babe, on whose shirt was pinned a red paper telling it was only a day old. Born on April 1st — that was all we knew of the history of "April Fool," who was baptized Mary Anna.

Today, Nana, as she is known to her intimate friends, is a winsome two-year-old. She can toddle on her fat legs, give her heart to Jesus, make the triple Chinese bow, and say thanks. The older orphans are very fond of the girl with the winning smile. One of them once wrote to a companion who had entered a novitiate: "Nana and I are hoping to be with you some day." Our Nana is so much of a treasure that she won't even have to worry about her choice of a vocation.

TWO BIRDIES FALL FROM THE NEST

In March last our orphanage opened its door to two new birdies, Vie Faong, an eight-year-old deaf-mute, and Yin Faong, a bonny baby of two springtimes.

Their father and mother, model Christians of Poussoh, had been dispossessed of all their goods by the Communists and reduced to start again from nothing. For a time they shifted along as best as they could. The father tried buying vegetables from the farm folk and selling them on the town market, but he didn't make enough to provide for his four children and their mother. The latter had to go to work, but before doing so had to part from her well-loved family. A pagan household offered a fat sum for the youngest child. With the wolf at the door, the money would have proved a godsend. But that Chinese mother was a rock of courage. She

wanted her baby daughter to be well brought up, and decided the best course to adopt would be to confide her to the Tsungming Orphanage.

One morning the deaf-mute girl was led to the children's rendezvous. When she found herself all alone among so many strange people, she burst into tears and would not be comforted. Even the promise that her sister would soon be coming to stay failed to bring back the sunshine. Someone gave her a stick of candy; it just melted in her hand: she didn't have the heart to eat. But her tear-dimmed face brightened up like flowers after a July rain when Yin Faong arrived on the scene. Instinctively she set about to playing the part of mamma to the tiny darling. She had Yin Faong eat with her own chopsticks, after having made sure the rice wasn't too hot. But alas, when eight o'clock brought bedtime, the make-believe mother found herself powerless to replace the real one. A whimpering Yin Faong cried for the mummie whose arms had cradled her from birth. The Sister on duty tiptoed over to the cot to heal the heartbreak. Soon all was quiet and Baby was dreaming of elves and fairies and so many other wonderful things that people a child's world.

Now the two birdies thrown down their comfy nest by the cold Communist hand seem perfectly at home in the new one Providence has given them.



Youthful Choristers, Tsungming Orphanage, China

ME PAH

Our music world will likely topple down the day we lose the eight-year-old songbird who answers to the name of Me Pah. She is so small for her eight years that she has to stand on a bench near the accompanist. Believe it or not, but she did sing a solo to the Child Jesus last Christmas. She knows the *Benedicite* by heart and sings it with the Sisters after Mass. But if Me Pah has a pretty voice, so has she everything needed to make her pride reach up at least to her shoulders. One morning she of the rising generation noticed that the voices on the other side were too few and too feeble. With perfect good grace she crossed the aisle to help Sister Superior, as she said later. Then, when the singing was over, she went back to her place.

WEALTHY CHINESE IS INVITED TO WEDDING FEAST

On one of her home-visit rounds, our nursing Sister was asked to stop at the house of a wealthy pagan merchant who was said to be very ill. He had taken consumption and was in the second stage of the disease. From his half-reclining position on brightly colored cushions decorated with

fabulous birds he didn't move so much as a little finger when Sister entered. Evidently he would have preferred to know her at the other end of the world. His eyes held fire and he looked daggers as he growled that no doctor had been called.

"I've been told that you are a very sick man," explained Sister, "and that's why I'm calling upon you. It's true that I have a number-one medicine that can lessen your sufferings, but you are altogether free to accept or turn down my offer. If you will allow me, I shall visit you again. I know that sick people always find the time so long." At that, the Croesus put his dagger look away and began to chat about his health and business prospects. When Sister was about to leave he asked for an injection and some medicine.

With God's blessing and God's grace the medicine produced the most favorable results. So de-



Sister St. Camille de Lellis (Yvonne Jolicoeur, Joliette), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Tsungming, Welcomes Another Little Waif.

lighted was the aristocrat that, two days later, he sent for Sister, who became from then on his own doctor.

Gradually, along with the regular treatments the nursing Sister gave *injections* of Christian doctrine. The patient listened willingly enough, approved every word that was said, but that was all. Health came back, at least enough of it to enable him to go to work again, which made him defer his religious training: the guests invited in the Gospel narrative refused to partake of the royal banquet: one had just bought a pair of oxen, another had to visit his property . . . Our Chinese magnate had his rice business, his commercial relations, and goodness knows how many other demands upon his time. Two years passed and God was still waiting.

Meanwhile the Chinese merchant failed to take his strength into account, and before long Sister was called to the bedside of a dying man. It was useless to persuade him that he could get well a second time, so Sister warned him to settle his spiritual accounts before too many sunsets. He agreed and listened attentively to the catechism lessons. Then one morning a messenger came with the sad tidings: "He is much worse today; do come at once."

Two Sisters hurried to the dying man, and through Baptism this Chinese Rockefeller could be received into everlasting happiness.



Sister Marie de Jesus (Elmina Melanson, Rogersville, N. B.), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Tsungming, Marks a New Name to Her Account With the Angels.

It is a great mistake to think that clouded and heavy looks, mournful tones, and great words of humiliation are signs of deep contrition. Even in its lowest depth, the spirit of penitence is a spirit of praise.

Cardinal Manning

Every now and then somebody takes Christ seriously, and you get a Saint.

Fr. F. H. Drinkwater

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

LAS PINAS, RIZAL

MANILA — A POSTWAR PICTURE

You remember having seen snapshots of battle-scarred, sad-looking ruins during the war years. Manila of 1948 presents such a picture. The proud modern city, that ranked high among the great centres of the Orient, has been tried and tested in the crucible of suffering. Little by little things are returning to normal, but the piles of rubble and the shattered wrecks everywhere are proof enough that the capital city of the Philippines has been the theatre of a grim drama it will not soon forget.

Like robins that come out after a rainstorm, the Filipinos are bravely repairing or rebuilding their home-nests. Religious communities devoted to teaching or works of charity were the first to struggle back to their feet. Unsparingly and with consecrated zeal the heralds of the Gospel have hurled themselves into the task of alleviating misery spiritual, moral, and physical.

Manila is as busy as a beehive. Since war has wiped out the tramways, public vehicles swarm in the streets for the convenience of the people, who seldom go any distance on foot. The stores are latest fashion and well stocked; fruits are aplenty on the market.

Next door to Manila stretches the picturesque countryside. Rice paddies unroll their emerald green as far as the eye can see, or rather, as far as the row of trees that seem to be hemming them in at the horizon line, while behind your back the blue of the bay looks up to the blue above. A refreshing breeze from the sea helps the foreign-kingdom peoples in the land to bear the suffocating heat of the perennial dog days.

The houses are gems of ingenious workmanship. Diminutive buildings they are mostly, propped on "stilts" and topped with a variety of roofs. From a distance one often mistakes them for bird houses set in tall trees by schoolboy Audubons. Many of the homes, especially in these after-war years, are very poor and built of straw, dried herbs, or even of simple cardboard. Others in light-weight wood are artistically wrought. The inside is always spick and span. There are no windows: transparent contrivances close the openings when it rains. The houses being constructed five or six feet from the ground, the family can easily find room under for every purpose: cooking, washing, carpentry work, etc. There the sun's rays are intercepted, and the air circulates freely. Narrow boards with wide spaces between form the floors; the openings are left to allow the air free play.

Banana plantations and vast orchards of mango or papaya trees provide for the needs of the population. Palm, coconut, bamboo, cotton, and sugar cane trees, in a word, all the vegetation of tropical zones, are found in the Philippines. Flowers are in full bloom all during the four seasons, if indeed one can divide the year into quarters, it being a twelve-month summer.

The countryfolk are born farmers. Many also raise fish. Near the shore they scoop up large artificial ponds into which the sea water collects. The ponds are then blocked by dams that can be opened or closed at will



During the dry season the sea salt, which is a great source of wealth for the country, gathers into the ponds. Unfortunately, it happens not seldom that heavy rains make short rift of hopeful prospects by melting great masses of salt, or driving the fish to the sea when the ponds overstep their boundaries.

CATHOLICISM IN THE PHILIPPINES

It is common knowledge that the Glad Message of the Gospel was first introduced to the Filipinos by the Spanish, in the opening years of the sixteenth century. Today nine-tenths of the population are baptized Catholics; the remaining one-tenth bow to Mohammedan tenets. In the course of the centuries, the faith of the people has had many whirlwinds to weather, not the least being the scarcity of apostles. Left to their own devices, the Christians gradually came to reduce the number of their religious practices, and finally rested satisfied with having their babies baptized and the coffins of their dead blessed. Strangely enough, while the Sacraments became discarded things of bygone times and civil marriages the rule, the treasure of Faith was nevertheless always handed down from father to son, which miraculous fact the missionaries of today attribute to the great love of the natives for the Blessed Mother, and their cult for exterior demonstrations.

From time immemorial, when came the Church feasts the Christians took it upon themselves to organize processions and other public demonstrations of faith, to which the whole population streamed; however, there being no consecrated ministers of God to direct the ceremonies, some of the religious acts sank by degrees into real superstitious practices. To cite only one instance, some Filipinos there are who, while holding to certain devotions as the bark sticks to a tree, will without much ado make light of the most important precepts. Missing Sunday Mass they consider a trivial misdeed, but does chance lead their steps in front of a church on a Sunday, they would think it a crime as big as the seven capital sins all together to go on their way without paying their respects to good St. Joseph.



SISTERS AND TEACHERS, ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, 1948.

Front row: Sister St. Eugene (Diana Chaine, Arthabaska), Sister St. Gabriel (Brigitte Auger, Les Ecureuils), Sister St. Joseph de Bethlehem (Yvonne Routhier, St. Pierre de Broughton), Sister Marie du Precieux Sang (Aurore Racette, Limoges, Ont.), Sister St. Edmond (Irma De Ladurantaye, Cap St. Ignace).

In the rear: Sister Pierre Julien (Jeannette Tremblay, St. Fulgence), Sister Gabriel de L'Annonciation (Ida Carriere, Hammond, Ont.).

A person for whom holydays of obligation mean next to nothing, will gladly accept a real sacrifice in order to hear Mass on Tuesday, in honor of St. Anthony. Long after the *Ite missa est* he kneels in front of the statue of his heart, as steady in prayer as the candle beside him is steady in burning itself out. Then, as peaceful as one who has just been confirmed in grace, he saunters off, persuaded, nay, convinced that he needn't show his face there the coming Sunday: his religion extends no further than his devotion to the Wonder Worker of Padua. Now, you mustn't throw him a stone and brand him guilty. If there be 2% of guilt in him, the other 98 is certainly ignorance.

Statues are very popular here. The people dress them in almost any conceivable color, according to the inspiration of their piety; one of their fondest occupations is decking them with garlands, lighting vigil lamps all around them, and bearing them in procession.

Nine days before Christmas, the statue of the Blessed Mother is enthroned upon the main altar, in honor of the time during which the Mother of God expected the birth of the promised Messiah. The wooden statue is garbed in a white dress and a blue silk mantle. Upon the white veil, Canadian eyes are shocked to behold a broad-brimmed white hat. Oh, why did we never, in our morning meditations, visualize Our Lady with that peculiar headdress going off to the market before the Sabbath rest!

Three days before the solemnity, St. Joseph takes his place beside his holy Spouse. Invariably he wears his yellow and green robes, a grey hat, and carries his pilgrim staff in his hand. Hundreds of years ago, on such a day as this, the holy two were leaving their home, so Joseph could write his name on the Emperor's scrolls.

You have never seen the miraculous St. Joseph of Las Pinas? The statue would never win first prize for artistic beauty, nor would the Angels call it anything celestial; still, the Filipinos are in love with that statue. Anybody here will tell you that St. Joseph burst into tears when someone undertook to repair it, which made the people decide to leave the statue *status quo*. No hand has dared touch it since, and it is held in great veneration in an oratory where lights keep vigil.

In one of the churches of Manila is venerated a statue of Our Lord carrying His cross, and known as the miraculous Christ of Quiapo. It is said to have been miraculously saved from destruction by fire. The wooden statue, blackened but otherwise undamaged, was later enthroned on the main altar of the new sanctuary, where devotees and pilgrims throng at its feet in prayerful supplication.

The Virgin of Antipolo is also the object of much veneration. It is sometimes called Our Lady of a Happy Voyage, because the Spaniards in centuries past used to take it along with them on their perilous voyages from Spain to the Philippines. When Our Lady accompanied the mariners, their trip always proved happy, but when she did not, misfortunes rained upon the expedition. Our Lady of Fatima also has countless clients.



THE VIRGIN OF ANTIPOLO

This statue which had been carried to Manila returned of its own accord to Antipolo and placed itself in a tree. A magnificent shrine has been erected to Our Lady at Antipolo, where devout natives love to kneel in prayer.

More than ever the land of the Philippines lies open to the appeal of the Gospel. What is needed now is missionary volunteers to see to the march of the Church to the four corners of the Islands. But alas, as someone has humorously remarked, the missionaries who should be sent by the hundreds are sent only by the drop. God grant that the few of them may teach the Filipinos to walk in the charity and brotherhood of Christ.

SUCH IS THEIR LIFE

The Filipinos may be classed among the men of the brown race. Physically, nothing particularly salient singles them out. Genial and kind when all is quiet on their front, they may flare up to barbarity when provoked. They are avid of progress and science, much like graders longing to be college graduates, but unfortunately they are fonder

friends of pleasure than of work. Nonchalance, which is greatly favored by the heavy heat, is a distinctive trait of their character. The Filipinos don't worry about the future; they ask for their daily bread, not enough for the next three years. "Provide for winter days" is an unheard-of slogan. Fruits and harvests being an all-the-year-round affair, why should they store up for days of arctic weather?

Lovers of beauty, the people have artistic tastes and aptitudes; they are extremely fond of decorations, feastday finery, and above all of music. As regards the latter, they are gifted with marvellous aptitudes which make them leaders among music enthusiasts. Music is so deeply a part of their life that it seems as if it were their daily bread. At any hour of the day, even in the humblest hamlet homes, one hears joyful notes escaping from everywhere. The evenings are harmony-laden. Groups gather at the home of a friend or on the sidewalk, and to the accompaniment of musical instruments sing and enjoy themselves until late in the night. Even the

dead are carried to their last dwelling accompanied by the orchestra. But it is especially on wedding feasts that the concerts are at their best and may be stretched for days on end. Music lends charm to every feast however stately or unimportant. Someone has called the Philippines the kingdom of sun and flowers; just as truly can we add that it is the land of music and singing. So is it the land of enchanting sunsets. Here one can admire at leisure what is termed from pole to pole the beautiful Oriental sky. When the royal orb comes majestically down the bay of Manila, splashing the heavens with beauty, the sight is one which human beings would grope for words to express. There are beauties that the finite speech of man cannot tell. Spontaneously the Christian lifts his heart and soul to the Eternal Artist: *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini Domino!*

* * *

MATI, DAVAO

IN COCONUT LAND

Does the thermometer hold its breath at the golden medium in the Philippines? If so, the rare occasions should be spoken about in the past tense, for, ever since we pitched our tent here, its mercury mind has stubbornly stuck to its own red-hot ideas.

One morning when it registered a figure that makes one hanker after frost and snow and forty below, we decided to get acquainted with Mati and its outskirts.

Mati resembles Montreal as night resembles day. Bamboo walls and nipa roofs form the rudiments of the Filipino homes. Upstairs father, mother, and the young fry live and laugh and love; downstairs the domestic animals in wild rumpus do their housekeeping. In the streets, portly black swine with their progeny go grunting along, winking as they meet henny-pennies and their cheeping broods that are allowed as much freedom as in their own back yard. A specimen of the buffalo family, the carabao, is as serviceable a cart-drawer as any old Dobbin back home.

At the town limits, Matiaw with its trio of houses basks in the scorching sun. A few stones throw from that barrio stands the aerodrome.

In our Promised Land, the coconut spells beauty for the eye and pesos for the pocket. No matter how hard the wind may blow, the leaves of the majestic uprush of fifty or sixty feet are rocked but slightly. In their early youth, the coconut and the palm trees look as much alike as two drops of water. The former, a fine producer from its third year on, can bear a peak crop of four hundred nuts. When the nut is ripe, it drops of its own accord or is severed from the parent limb by means of shears clamped to a long bamboo pole.

Mrs. Lopez, whose husband was killed in the war, owns in Panombon, eighteen kilometres from Mati, the largest private plantation in the region of Mindanao. So far, only one-third of it is being turned to account. The grim hand of war has reduced vast areas to a wilderness of ruins. Of the famed castle of the Lopez only the tile floors remain; they now serve for



THE CARABAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

the drying of copra. In the orchard a few banana, orange, and mango trees are the sole survivors of the whirlwind of conflict.

Have you ever wondered how coconuts are prepared? The very first number on the programme of transformation consists in peeling off the outer bark, which may end its days as firewood, or, more gloriously, be carved into clothes- or floor-brushes.

Following this, the second covering is split and discarded, the contents removed, hashed, and spread in the sun to dry. One person, we are told, can prepare a thousand coconuts all in a day's work. The Filipino who wants to be quick about it dries the nuts in ovens heated with the coco bark that didn't climb the heights to glory, but was pitched headlong into the woodbox instead. A moderately heated oven does the trick in twenty-four hours. But the oven-dried copra is inferior to the sun-dried, so true is it that the genius of man cannot match the might of his Maker. After the drying process, the product is put in bags for exportation to other countries.

The coconut tree might well be labelled the symbol of generosity. It gives and gives and gives. Its fresh young leaves, very similar to our Palm Sunday greenery in Canada, are used for ornamentation purposes. On procession days the houses, wayside altars, arches, etc., are beautifully decked with them. From the larger leaves brooms spring up under the deft Filipino fingers. From the nut the natives extract oil for cooking uses and the making of soap, and this isn't mentioning the dessert that tickles your palate, as well as the substantial milk for the preparation of toothsome dishes.

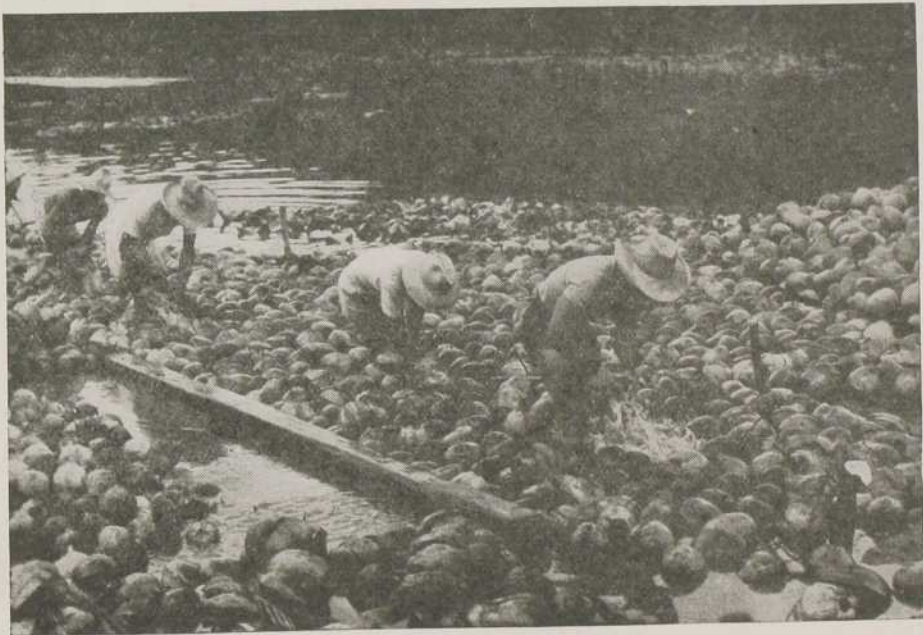
Before leaving the plantation, we knelt for God's blessing in the small chapel dedicated to St. Isidore the Workingman. Poverty is written everywhere, and loneliness, and longing for consecrated hands to break oftener than twice a year, as is now being done, the Bread of Life for the God-hungry Christians. On Sundays and holydays, an old wheel relieved of its rubber tire is the only church bell they have.

NOT JOLLY ST. NICK

What does September 10 mean to you? For the parishioners of Mati it is a red-letter date, the feast of St. Nicholas Tolentino, their patron. A novena of prayers precedes the day, but one can see that the people are more taken up with the material preparations. Mati must be clean as a whistle when the visitors come. The proprietors who forget to keep their "zoo" cooped up can be sure they will have to ransom their livestock with big money at the Municipal Building. In that way the authorities can foot the bill of the fiesta.

At cockcrow on the great day, the band players awaken the whole town. Goodly folk from villages hard by are already on the spot to join in the celebrations. The Catholic ladies of the parish, with the help of the Children of Mary, have outdone themselves in church and altar decorations. Garlands in subdued tones gladden the statues, while on the main altar St. Nicholas is half buried in a wealth of flowers and lights.

At each of the three Masses that were offered on September 10 last, the church had no empty seats. Many of the faithful received Holy Communion. High Mass with deacon and subdeacon was appointed for a quarter to eight, but unfortunately the public school parade fifteen minutes



PREPARATION OF COPRA



SUNNY SMILES FROM MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



*Two Filipino Lads Training Their Cocks to Fight.
This Kind of Amusement Is Very Popular in Mati.*

earlier proved more magnetic in attracting the Filipino lovers of pomp and show. When the celebrant entered to offer the Holy Sacrifice, only four singers were on hand. But missionaries, both in the literal and in the figurative sense, must face the music. Confident in God's help we played, or rather sang, our part. At the *Credo* a fourth voice came to strengthen the disabled choir. Finally we reached the *Deo gratias*, and were later complimented on our *very good singing* by a very indulgent pastor.

Our pupils down to the littlest were asked almost at the last minute to take part in the five o'clock procession. In a twinkling two Sisters had written "Academy of the Immaculate Heart of Mary" in blue letters on a large sheet of cream-yellow paper. A pole and four blue ribbons were added, and thus our banner for the day came into being.

Our pupils and we walked the first after the processional cross. We had the children say the beads and sing hymns. Most of the devout worshippers carried a lighted candle, while in nearly every window more candles burned in honor of St. Nicholas. Never, perhaps, did the good Saint hear so many firecrackers as on that occasion, when his statue was borne in triumph along the main streets of the town. The procession ended at 6.30 with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by invocations to the heavenly protector of Mati. May the great St. Nicholas obtain for all the Filipinos strong faith and solid religious convictions, and send them thousands of saintly missionaries to lead them in the paths of goodness and truth.

WEST INDIES

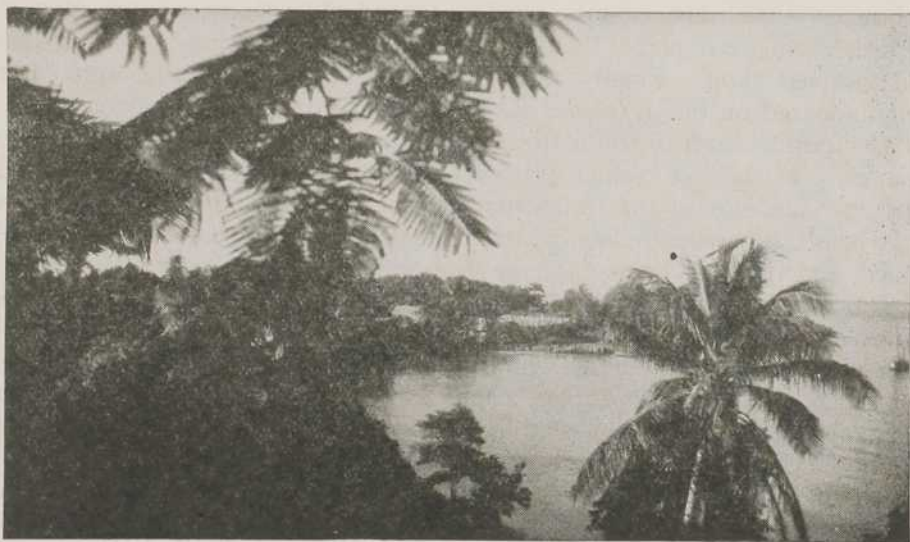
PORT SALUT, HAITI

On February 8, His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. Collignon, on a pastoral visitation to Port Salut, deigned to bless our altar, sacred vessels, and vestments, and to celebrate Holy Mass for the first time in our convent chapel.

We enjoy a wonderful panorama here on the one-hundred-foot bluff where school and convent have been built. White sails dot the peaceful bay which gives its name to the place, while in the distance glistens the matchless Caribbean where fishermen from our shores ply their trade.

Needless to say, we are very happy in this our beloved Mission. For forty-five years, the devoted religious, Daughters of Wisdom, worked here at the harvest of souls. Ours now to enjoy the fruits of their apostolate. A remarkable movement of conversion has been noted since the Bishop's visitation. Up to date, Port Salut Parish has attained topmost rank in the diocese with a total of seven hundred and ten marriages regularized in the space of two short months. The wonderful force of grace in souls of goodwill is apparent and consoling.

But these converts must be given religious instruction to ensure their perseverance. On the territory of Port Salut Parish are ten rustic chapels, so many mission outposts, which the Oblate Fathers visit as regularly as possible to teach their parishioners the truths of our holy Faith. Unfortunately, frequent diluvian outpours mess up the primitive highways so that it is practically impossible to get through. Here as elsewhere in the mission world, the harvest is indeed great while the laborers are few.



THE CARIBBEAN SEA SEEN FROM PORT SALUT



*Sister St. Valentine (Gladys McLean, Cabano),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception,
Port Salut, Haiti.*

In our classrooms, catechism courses have been inaugurated with the aim of forming native catechists who can wield such tremendous influence for good among their own people. Our pupils being still mere children, years will be needed before they are ready to assume the task.

A few days ago was laid to rest one of our most promising candidates to this vocation of catechist. Chrysanthé was a bright, studious girl of twelve, always at the head of her class, and a model of piety. Every day during the last Lent, she attended Holy Mass with truly religious fervor. On the Sunday before her death, she took part and won in a catechism contest organized among the Crusaders of our school. Monday did not see her in school, and as Sister inquired of her friends about the motive of Chrysanthé's

absence she was told that the child had a fever; nothing to worry about, so common is this complaint among the natives. Still, the father who returned from a short trip on Tuesday was surprised to find that his little girl had changed so much for the worse in a few short days. He called at our convent for medicine, and Sister St. Valentine⁽¹⁾, R. N., went to visit the girl. Chrysanthé lay on her pallet, her already wasted limbs shaking with fever. The Sisters did all in their power to relieve her suffering and save her life, but it was too late. Early on Wednesday morning, this black child's snow-white soul winged its way to the eternal Homeland, leaving her parents and friends a prey to consternation at her sudden departure from this life. At roll call that morning, all the pupils of our school burst into tears upon hearing of their beloved companion's death. As is usual here in Haiti, sobs and lamentations were kept up from the moment of the girl's decease to her funeral, which took place on that same

1. Gladys McLEAN, Cabano, P.Q.

Wednesday afternoon because of the great heat. Our young Crusaders had strung a wreath of white laurel which they carried to the cemetery. Our pupils walked in perfect order down the streets, and it was really touching to see them silent and recollected, while the people in all the cayes (native houses) uttered weird wails and lamentations. Chrysanthé was well known by all, her father being a notable of the place. She was his only child and he had always been very proud of her. As we had taken a photo of our Crusaders where she figured, we gave him a small copy, and it soon had gone the round of all the cayes.

Our clinic is greatly appreciated by the sick people all around. They come from far-off villages on foot, or riding mules or horses. Grateful thanks to our generous benefactors from Canada and the United States for the precious medicines which enable us to reach souls while relieving ailing bodies!

* * *

AFRICA

Sister Madeleine Marie⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Katete, Northern Nyasaland, Writes to Her Sisters at the Motherhouse.

Katete, July 21, 1948

Dear Sisters,

Two months have already elapsed since our arrival in our beloved Promised Land.

The Catholic Mission of Katete is situated in a mountainous region in the heart of the bush, at an altitude of four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above sea level. This explains why we enjoy relatively cool weather all the year through. These days, it may even be said to be cold, since we are now in the winter season. Far from you, though, to think of snowbound woodlands and gleaming mountain tops: the trees are green, green are the fields all around, and vegetables and flowers thrive in our garden. It is cold for the Africans, however. Poor people, they are so scantily clad that they shiver and are really miserable during this season, especially when icy night winds blow.

The natives here belong to the Atumbuka clan. Generally speaking, they are a gay lot and active workers. All day long we can hear the merry songs of the brickmakers at work in the mission compound.

Thanks to the benevolent kindness of Msgr. St-Denis, we are comfortably housed in a one story brick convent. Inside, the walls are adobe and there is no ceiling, so we can see the rafters and admire the ingenious split bamboo roof. The rusticity of the whole building pleases us, and I am sure you would fall in love with our pious little chapel. On the very night of our arrival, our revered Pastor had us gather within its walls and addressed us as follows: "You feel overjoyed, I am sure, to have at long last reached

1. Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount.



KATETE MISSION, AFRICA, THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE SISTERS' ARRIVAL.
THE NATIVES KNEEL AND TAKE THE MISSIONARIES' HANDS IN A WELCOMING GESTURE.



NATIVE WOMAN, KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND. BABY BUNTING DOES NOT STOP HER FROM WORKING.

your Mission. Thank God from your heart depths to have deigned to choose you as founding Sisters of this the first African Mission of the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. A practical way to thank Him will be faithfulness to your holy Rule and generosity in accepting the privations, labors, and trials God may send you in your missionary life here. I can assure you, though, that, trials notwithstanding, you will always be happy, for God is pleased to reward all efforts for the spread of His Kingdom. And now, dear Sisters, I would have you renew your total donation to Christ for the salvation of souls, while I give you my blessing."

On the following Monday, May 24, Msgr. St-Denis celebrated the first Holy Mass in our little convent, and left us the Eucharistic Guest in permanence within our tabernacle. A few days later, we had the honor of welcoming His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the East African British Colonies, who also said Mass in our chapel and gave us precious counsels for our apostolate among the Africans.

Corpus Christi was a gala event when we assisted at our first Pontifical Mass on the Missions. Hundreds of Christians, catechumens, and even pagans from the neighboring villages gathered here for the procession. Two old ladies walked fifty miles to do honor to Our Blessed Lord in His Sacrament. Never will we forget the touching fervor of these children of the bush, heartily and lustily singing the praises of the one true God, before the repository set up in front of our convent entrance.

After the procession, our new home was solemnly blessed, and all day long people came in through the doors and even the windows to have a looksee at the Sisters lately arrived from Canada. Even now, the doorbell scarcely ever enjoys a holiday. When we inquire about the business that brings our visitors, they merely answer, "We only want to meet the Sisters and have a good look at them."

Some weeks ago, Sister Joseph du Sauveur⁽¹⁾ and I had the advantage of visiting Central Nyasaland for the settlement of several business questions. At the flourishing mission convent of the White Sisters of Lekuni we enjoyed heart-warming hospitality. We also visited Guilleme, where Grey Nuns of the Cross from Ottawa conduct a day and boarding school of over 150 pupils, assume the direction of the native novitiate, and also take care of the sick in a maternity and general clinic. An orphanage is moreover attached to the convent. In Kasina, we had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Father P. Laurin, W.F., Superior of the minor Seminary and brother of our dear Sister Marthe du Redempteur. The White Sisters have been in Kasina for scarcely one year, yet they already conduct a school, a maternity clinic, and a small-scale hospital. At Bembike, the formation of the Sisters of the Vicariate's native congregation has been entrusted to them. These native nuns prove precious auxiliaries to the missionaries in mission outposts; their charming simplicity left us greatly edified.

Visiting these flourishing mission centres has fanned the flame of our enthusiasm to a still greater heat. How eager we all are to begin our apos-

1. Berengere CADIEUX, Montreal North.



The People of Katete Mission, Africa, Are Hard-Working and Cheerful

tolate as soon as possible! But one must first of all master the *Citumbuka* dialect, and it is no easy task. Still, we hope to succeed with God's help.

With the month of July, we opened the doors of our temporary clinic. Sister St. Justinien⁽¹⁾, R.N., has already attended to the needs of more than a thousand patients in her makeshift dispensary. This is quite an impressive number when one reflects on the long distances between neighboring villages and the Mission.

Everybody here goes barefoot, and black ladies as well as swarthy gentlemen have their heads cropped close: no worry about the hairdo! The mammas bear their young hopefuls on their backs securely strapped with a goat skin or a cotton band. Thus shouldering their precious burdens, they see to the ways of the household, for theirs are the hardest, most back-breaking tasks. We often catch a glimpse of them pounding the corn with a heavy beetle. A sort of corn mush called *sima* mixed with vegetables is the only food of the natives in this part of Africa.

We have just been informed of the June mission assignments. With the newly assigned Sisters we rejoice, and wish them as much happiness as we enjoy in our corner of the bush. We also venture to send you all, who are still waiting on the home front, a hearty invitation to come and share our labors and consolations in the whitening harvest field of Nyasaland. Laborers are few and the Africans are calling. Come, one and all, where a thousand welcomes await you.

SISTER MADELEINE MARIE, M.I.C.

1. Paule Ida COULOMBE, Monument, P.Q.

The Mission World

ROME — (A.I.F.) Three nuns held captive in the Communist zone of the province of Hopeh were recently afforded the consolation of hearing Mass thanks to the surreptitious visit of a Chinese priest to their prison. A clever disguise had enabled this priest to penetrate into the Communist-held territory and dispense the Sacraments to the Catholics of the place. Under cover of night, these had then helped him to climb over the prison wall. Through him the nuns sent a note to their Superior telling of their joy at receiving Holy Communion after nine long months of spiritual fast. This apostolate, which recalls that of the Catacombs, is now quite common in Red China. Our correspondent adds: "Unfortunately, nights are getting shorter and shorter!"

Fides

First Catholic College for Women in Japan

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) In the Japanese capital, May 9, 1948, was inaugurated Sacred Heart College, first Catholic college for women to be opened in Japan. The new college, which is under the direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, occupies the former palace of Prince Kuni, father of the Empress.

Were present at the formal opening ceremonies: Prince Mikasa, brother of the Emperor; Princess Takamatsu, the Emperor's sister-in-law; Princes Kuni and Higashifushimi, brothers of the Empress; Prince and Princess Ri of the royal house of Korea; Mr. Tanaka Kotaro, ex-minister of Public Instruction and member of the House of Councillors; Japanese diplomats and government officials. The importance of the occasion was also underlined by the presence of Generals Tansey, Hopping, and Fox of the American occupation army, and of Generals Pechkoff, de la Chevalerie, and O'Brien, representatives of France, Belgium, and Australia respectively.

Following the speeches delivered by Reverend Mother Britt, Directress of the College, Mr. Tanaka Kotaro, Reverend Father Bittler, and Prince Kuni, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency Most Rev. P. Doi, Archbishop of Tokyo.

The raising of Sacred Heart School to the rank of an officially recognized Catholic College comes as crowning achievement of the work accomplished by the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Japan these last forty years. At the outbreak of the war more than sixty among their pupils were daughters of high officials in the Foreign Office, and many of the leading Catholic women in Japan have received both their education and their Catholic Faith in schools conducted by these nuns.

With a view to ensure perfect homogeneity in the educational training of the pupils, only the first year courses will primarily be given; other courses will be added at the beginning of each of the four coming years leading to both Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees. Moreover, in order to maintain a high intellectual level, the discriminating tests have been particularly severe, with the result that of the ninety-seven candidates, fifty-one only were admitted.

Fides

Resurgence of Catholic Apostolate in Japan

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) Since the end of the war, 238 Catholic missionaries have arrived in Japan, and ten other Missionary Societies have accepted to labor among the Nipponese. In the educational and social fields, figures are nonetheless impressive: 9 new schools and 48 new social works.

There are actually 17 boys' schools, with 8,287 pupils, and 46 girls' schools, with 21,466 pupils. Most of these institutions are secondary or high schools.

Postwar statistics also reveal that 166 new Catholic books have been published, which means an average of one book every five days.

In Tokyo, the number of catechumens has reached an average of 100 per priest; in other parts of Japan, it has increased in still greater proportions. Hence, missionaries now find it impossible to attend personally to the instruction of all of their catechumens.

Fides

Conversion of a Hindu Writer

KRISHNAGAR (Bengal) — (A.I.F.) Mr. Chuni Mukerji, Hindu writer well known for his philosophic and religious works in English and Bengali, recently entered the fold of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Chuni Mukerji was seventeen when he publicly renounced Hinduism. Rejected by his family and friends, he was compelled to leave Krishnagar for Calcutta, where he lived several years in a state of poverty akin to misery. Then it was that he began to write and give lectures in favor of Brahma Samaj, religious sect founded in 1830 by a Brahman of Bengal who endeavored to conciliate Brahmanic and Catholic principles. A close study of the Brahma Samaj doctrine, however, soon convinced Chuni Mukerji that truth he must seek elsewhere. In 1922 he became a member of the Anglican Church. Most of his religious works go back to this period; so eager was he to share the light of Christian Faith with his kinsmen. Intimately acquainted with Rabindranath Tagore, he frequented intellectual milieus, and spent in the Anglican Church "the best years of his life," as he himself put it.

Yet Chuni Mukerji was struck with the wonderful unity that prevails in the Catholic Church, and felt deeply attracted by the liturgy of Mass. When at long last he embraced Catholicism, he could write: "After five years of hesitation and desperate struggle, I have finally decided to submit to the Roman Church. Until the day of my complete surrender, I had always deemed it my duty to combat the Catholic Faith. But doubt is no longer possible: the simplicity, sincerity, love, and heroic charity I have found among missionaries, priests, Brothers, and nuns establish more eloquently than words the truth of the Catholic Church."

Fides

Proportion of Catholics Among the Colored Population of the United States

The *Interracial Review*, organ of the Catholic International Council, breaks down a series of statistics which once more stress the urgency of apostolate among the colored population of the United States: colored population of the United States, 13,000,000; Protestant negroes, 5,000,000; Catholic negroes, 330,000; agnostics, 750,000; negroes attending colleges, 30,000; Catholic schools for the colored, 274; Catholic churches, 351; negroes attending Catholic schools, 58,065; missionary priests for the colored population, 500; missionary nuns, 1,600; colored population of New York, 478,346; of Chicago, 277,731; of Philadelphia, 268,000; of Detroit, 225,000; of Washington, 187,166.

C.I.P.

God's Grace Is Necessary

Neither discipline, nor chastisement, nor recompense; neither paternal authority, nor maternal tears, no human means whatever is sufficient in the sublime task of correcting the whims of a child and educating him to virtue — divine aid is required. The reason is that, however charming the child, he remains nonetheless a son of Adam, a fallen being; his nature is ill, his heart and senses inclined to sin, his will weakened. In order to cure that illness, resist to those inclinations and strengthen that weakness, he needs to be given that remedy, that brake, that succor we call grace.

Grace is necessary in the formation of every man worthy of the name — how much more so in the formation of the Christian! For the Christian is a divine plant that must bloom and bear fruit for Heaven. He cannot live and bloom without supernatural sap, without heavenly dew, without the rays of the divine sun. Jesus Christ is that sun; He it is who sheds that dew and makes that sap to run. He is the Author and Dispenser of grace.

Cardinal Amette



Novitiate Doings

Thursday, August 5, 1948

Once again the all-white feast of Our Lady of the Snow brought rejoicing to the novitiate personnel.

During Holy Mass, a group of Sisters of annual vows renewed to their Heavenly Bridegroom the promise to labor under the banner of the Immaculate One for the extension of our most holy Faith. At the 9.30 ceremony, Msgr. J. B. Poitras, pastor of St. Pierre de Sorel, assisted by Rev. Father C. Nadeau, brother of one of the elect of the day, gave to nine novices the black veil of the Spouses of Christ, emblem of humility, to the practice of which they bound themselves by the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity.

In the afternoon, our flower-decked chapel opened its doors to a throng of relatives and friends. Rev. Father J. Poitras, Provincial Superior of the Congregation of Holy Cross, presided over the ceremony of Clothing and Final Profession. In words full of counsel and consolation the Reverend Father encouraged and comforted both those who were giving and those who were giving themselves. Here follows a summary of his substantial allocution:

"Lord, everywhere I have met with trouble, desolation, misery; in Thee alone have I found happiness. These words render the feelings of the holy king David, at a time when he was disgusted with all earthly things. He admits frankly that not the possession of wealth, but solely the possession of his God, can bring to him the happiness he covets. To remain close to God, such is, therefore, David's secret to be happy. Dear Sisters, you also have feelings similar to the holy king's; with the Apostles you can tell Our Lord that you have left all things to follow Him. Truly, I cannot keep myself from congratulating you on having left all things to answer the Master's loving call. For He it was in very truth who has told you: 'I have chosen you; even before you were able to think, I had cast My eyes upon you.'

"If it is an honor for you to have been chosen, it is likewise a duty for you to fill your hearts with the virtues you will need to fulfill the mission God has entrusted to you. In giving yourselves to the Lord, you show Him the greatest possible proof of love, for through this self-offering you sacrifice to Him what you hold most dear: earthly riches, honors, and a still greater good, your personal will. How many sacrifices will be entailed by that separation, how many privations you will have to impose upon your senses and your imagination! But all this will help you have easier access to your God.

"Certainly all those sacrifices are not painless; but, whoever looks seriously how things go on in the outside world, sees very well that even the most perfect unions have their grey clouds. Whoever judges not by the exterior only sees before long that, of all human situations, yours is the most beautiful and desirable.

"Dear Sisters, you who are taking the holy habit and you who are consecrating yourselves forever to the Spouse of souls, be faithful to your lofty vocation. I know it will ask sacrifices from you and from your beloved parents, but you have already heard your Bridegroom saying that whoever prefers father or mother to Him is not worthy of being His disciple.

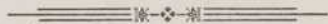
"And you, dear parents, perhaps you think your sacrifice will not be repaid by Almighty God. Do not harbor such distressing thoughts. As your daughters will spend themselves for souls, they will call down upon you graces and blessings untold."

Twenty-two postulants donned the white livery of the Virgin of Lourdes: Miss Suzanne Huot, St. Redempteur, Levis Co. (Sister Marie Fernande); Miss Lea Chenier, Hull (Sister Marie Regina); Miss Jacqueline Bastien, Ottawa (Sister Joseph du Sacre Coeur); Miss Gabrielle Michaud, Plessisville (Sister Gabriel de l'Immaculee); Miss Francoise Beaulieu, Loretteville (Sister Jean Marie); Miss Therese Couture, Lambton (Sister Marie Cleophas); Miss Pierrette Belainsky, St. Basile le Grand (Sister St. Scholastique); Miss Rita Plasse, Acton Vale (Sister St. Romuald); Miss Pauline Tremblay, St. Malachie (Sister St. David); Miss Marguerite Marie Legendre, Lac Megantic (Sister Marguerite d'Ecosse); Miss Helene Fontaine, Charny (Sister Stella Marie); Miss Marie Claire Adam, Montreal (Sister Marie Eva); Miss Therese Boutin, St. Marc de Figueray (Sister St. Praxedes); Miss Marguerite Roy, Paincourt, Ont. (Sister Marie Angeline); Miss Suzanne Rinfret, Ottawa (Sister Claude de la Colombiere); Miss Therese Leblanc, St. Sylvere (Sister St. Felicite); Miss Jeannine Moreau, Quebec (Sister St. Leandre); Miss Madeleine Amyot, St. Paul de Joliette (Sister St. Joachim); Miss Francoise Derome, Montreal (Sister Francoise de Rome); Miss Yvette April, Notre Dame du Portage (Sister Marie Alphee); Miss Helene Labelle, Marlboro, Mass. (Sister Anne Helene); Miss Jeannine Coulombe, Giffard, Quebec (Sister Lucia de Jesus).

Three Sisters of annual vows then knelt to receive the gold ring, symbol of their everlasting union with the Divine Lover of souls: Sister Georges Aime (Marguerite Lamoureux, St. Laurent); Sister St. Andre (Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale); Sister Marie Aurore (Jeannine Proulx, Riviere du Loup).

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the impressive ceremony.

Were present: Rev. Father D. Barillec, O.P., retreat master; Rev. Father L. P. Pelletier, O.M.I., Ottawa; the Rev. Fathers J. Falardeau, Notre Dame de Grace, Quebec; Eug. Foley, Sherbrooke; F. O. Lariviere, Marlboro, Mass.; L. Labelle, O.F.M.; Sylvere M. Leblanc, O.F.M.; Marie Antoine, S. S.S.T.; J. M. Beaulieu, W.F.; C. E. Turgeon, Quebec; E. Marsan, Montreal South; H. Lavallee, St. Paul de Joliette; L. Lacroix, P.M.E.; C. Belanger, S.S.S., Montreal.



Man is worth what his soul is worth.

St. Augustine



The Children's Share

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Are you going to keep the Angels busy carrying your little "telegram" prayers to Heaven? I'm sure they won't mind it if you give them a lot of extra work, because they know your messages, however short, can help the poor souls in Purgatory. November, I needn't remind you, is the thirty-day feast of the dear departed ones who have to suffer in purifying flames until Heaven's doorkeeper ushers them in. In case you don't exactly know how your telegrams should be worded, here are just two suggestions: "My Jesus, mercy!" and "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." Keep the Angels on the wing, dears! Why not try to make a record of the telegrams you send above? Just think: Suppose you send thirty-five a day, why, that adds up to a thousand within the month! Let's begin.

How would you like to meet

MARTHA

"Who's listening at the end of the line?" asked Mummie, coming unexpectedly upon her four-year-old daughter busily engaged in a toy-telephone chat.

"I'm talking to Bernie," answered the tiny miss, trying to swallow a hard lump that was playing seesaw in her throat.

"And Bernie talks to you?" continued Mummie, her hand playing in her angel's brown curls.

"No, Mummie, he doesn't. I can't hear anything and I have to do all the talking myself. But I know Bernie is listening, 'cause he's up in Heaven with Jesus and knows everything."

"Who told you so?" questioned Mummie.

"Jerry did the other night when I was so lonesome for Bernie," answered Martha, lifting a chubby finger to dial HE for HEaven.



"Who's listening at the end of the line?"

I must tell you that Jerry and Bernie were Martha's very special pals. Of course, Dad and Mummie came first and second — or maybe I should have said Mummie and Dad! — but right after them, in Martha's sweet loving heart, the places belonged to the two boys already named. Jerry was all of eighteen years older than her, as tall as Long Tom, and a student of law at the university. Bernie was Martha's little bedridden cousin. Every time she went to see him she brought him one of her favorite playthings. How they loved to chat together, with Mary, the boy's young sister, to add in a word when the two stopped to breathe!

"Bernie," his sister had coaxed him one day, "ask Little Jesus to make you well. Surely He won't say no."

"No, no," the brave boy had answered, smiling up at the cross that hung above his bed, "Jesus knows what is good for me. It's all right, Mary."

Bernie was right: Jesus knew best. Jesus would cure him or bring him up to Heaven as a playmate.

A few months later, Jesus sent one of His Angels down to Bernie's bedside. Bernie wasn't surprised for he had been expecting this "Heavenly Thief," and he was glad to go, because Jesus needed him above.

That was a cruel blow for Dad, Mummie, and all the family. Little cousin Martha, too, was hurt deep down in her heart. Bernie had meant so much in her four-year-old world!

Between two law lessons, Jerry saw that he must do something to cheer his baby sister. He taught her to think of Bernie not as just simply *gone away*, but as *gone to Jesus and Mary*, happier than anybody on earth, and still eager for a chat with his cousin. That was why she would take her toy telephone down from the shelf every afternoon. Bernie would be expecting a call.

Every evening, when Jerry knew the morrow's lessons on the tip of his fingers, he would play with his junior sister or take her out for long walks. When she grew tired he stooped and picked her up in his strong, manly



"Bernie, ask Little Jesus to make you well."

arms. Together they would talk about many things, about Jesus, Heaven, Bernie, and half a hundred other things.

One evening, Jerry, guessing that the two chubby legs must feel like resting, bent down to reach for his beloved burden.

Then, while Martha's brown head leaned against his sturdy shoulder, he told her a big secret.

"I'm going away, darling. Your Jerry's going to be a missionary."

Martha looked up into his dark eyes to see whether he really meant it. "Honest, my girl! I had almost finished at the university when one day I heard a sermon that changed everything for me. The preacher said there weren't enough missionaries to fight God's battles in pagan lands. Gosh, darling, I had to fight too, because it was so hard just to think of leaving you all. But now I've spoken to a priest about it, and he told me to go on right ahead. So I'll soon be off to some missionary novitiate."

The young law student defended his cause so well that Martha didn't let her sisterly affection get in the way too much. Besides, she might meet him on the missions some day, since the pagan tots were already the object of her sympathy and love.

Then came Jerry's first letter — a long one. Martha lost no time in getting out paper and pencil: her brother must not be kept waiting.

What do little girls write to their big brothers? Martha didn't know very well, so she just let her heart tell the words to her pencil.

"Dear Jerry, I miss you so much. I offer it to Jesus for the poor pagans. I'll try to be a good girl to please Jesus and save many souls. But now that you're gone I sometimes forget. Goodbye, Jerry. Your loving little sister, Martha."

"That's the spirit, darling," whispered the budding seminarian to the dear name of the writer. "Just stay at it and I won't be surprised to say hello to Sister Martha on the missions before I'm forty. Come on, my pretty one, the missions need thousands like you!"

* * *

Dear little people, you see one is never too young to help the missionaries save souls. Of course, you're not expected to cross the ocean just now, oh no! But you can share



She just let her heart tell the words to her pencil...

your good things — prayers, studies, merits, sacrifices — with the pagan boys and girls. Be model youngsters behind the desk, on the playground, everywhere, and through you many souls will come to know and love Jesus. God knows there is work for ten thousand Father Jerrys and ten thousand Sister Marthas in the far-reaching heathen fields!

Goodbye, you of the ten thousand!

Until we meet,

THE PRECURSOR

Young Italy Called to the Mission Colors

On Monday, June 23, 1947, in the church of the Gesu, Rome, where is religiously preserved an arm of St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of India, was held a ceremony in honor of the two saints who were canonized on the preceding day by Pope Pius XII, St. John of Britto and St. Bernardine Realino. After the panegyric, a Hindu prelate, His Excellency Bishop Roche of Tuticorin, ascended the pulpit and, amidst an imposing silence, addressed the congregation in Italian.

"You can see by my features," he began, "that I am a Hindu. I am happy and proud, though very unworthy, of being the first Jesuit of the *paraver* caste and the first Hindu bishop of the Latin Rite. India is a country of 400,000,000 inhabitants, that is, one-fifth of the total population of the world. Well, twenty centuries after the Redemption and two centuries and a half since St. John of Britto sealed the Christian Faith with his own blood, India still numbers but 5,000,000 Catholics. Why? It is indeed a mystery."

The Bishop of Tuticorin then spoke of the future of India and stressed the urgent need of missionaries of John de Britto's stamp. Appealing to Italian youth, he said: "Young men of Rome and of beautiful Italy, if ever you hear the Lord's call in the depths of your heart, do not spurn that voice! And you, fathers and mothers, imitate the mother of St. John of Britto. For the great mission cause be ready to give your son to God. What an honor, what a joy for parents to have in their son a priest, another Christ! You will be fathers and mothers of Jesus Christ."

Thunderous applause greeted the stirring appeal. When the Bishop descended the pulpit he was surrounded by a throng of mothers holding their little ones in their arms and saying: "Your Excellency, bless my child!"

(Fides)

The Mission Spirit

As the mission spirit that overtook the Church in the 18th century made it strong and a real force for good, so will the mission spirit of our modern day keep it a powerful leader in the struggle against evil. Mission interest must not be permitted to abate for a single moment. Children should be acquainted with the work of the missionary in far off lands . . . hence the Holy Childhood. The problem of the missions should be presented as a constant challenge to youth . . . the *raison d'être* of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Adult Catholics should be invited to share the burdens of the mission Church and of its heroic workers . . . the aim and work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Truly the great hope of our day, at home and abroad, lies in the cultivation of the mission spirit.

Very Rev. R. H. Ackerman



REMEMBER

Will you please have two low Masses said in honor of the Blessed Mother for a favor I am asking of her. Miss A. C. — Kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin to obtain work for my son within a month. Anonymous. — Will you kindly burn a vigil light to the Immaculate Conception and pray for me to have better health as I am very nervous. Mrs. I. B. — Please burn vigil lights to the Immaculate Conception for my intentions. Mrs. R. A. L. — Would you be so kind as to continue your prayers to Mary Immaculate for my dear father that he may be relieved from his affliction and regain his health. I would be very grateful if you would burn a large vigil light for this intention. Mr. G. E. B., **Montreal**. — Please do not forget my aged parents in your prayers. Mr. H. P., **Montreal**. — I am to submit to an examination to ascertain the reason for my very poor health. Will you please join me in a novena to Our Blessed Mother that the results may be favorable and that I may be restored to vigorous health. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal**. — Would you be so kind as to pray to our dear Mother Mary for the success of an operation I am about to undergo; also that she may help me to raise my four children to be good Catholics. Please say a prayer of thanksgiving for heavenly help in the past and recommend several other intentions. Mrs. J. J. K., **Montreal**. — Please burn a vigil light to our Immaculate Mother that my husband may become more dutiful.

Mrs. M. T. — Please ask the Sisters to make a novena to Our Blessed Lady that I may be successful in a financial transaction. Mrs. W. D. J., **Montreal**. — Kindly have a novena made to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a special favor. Mr. A. G., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my intentions. Miss H. O'H., **Montreal**. — Please make a novena to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, that the serious operation I am to undergo will prove successful and that I may get strong enough to return to work; also for news from a missing member of my family. Mr. F. M., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a special favor concerning my future happiness. Miss G. C., **Pointe St. Charles**. — I am suffering from heart disease and am practically impotent. Will your kind Sisters please pray for me? Mrs. M. G., **Ville Emard**. — Kindly remember my father and mother in your prayers. Mrs. M. C., **St. Andrews East**. — Kindly pray for my intentions. Miss C. L., **St. Agnes de Dundee**. — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Mother that my daughter may meet a good Catholic man soon, that we may sell our house, and that a sore on my nose may be cured without an operation. Mrs. D. B., **Tilbury, Ont.** — My brother, sixty-eight years old, is still a liquor addict. I am imploring special prayers that he may be cured completely and return to the Sacraments. I have already obtained many favors from the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. X., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Please pray that a husband and wife may be reunited. A client of Our Blessed Mother, **Lewiston, Me.** — My daughter wants to marry a Protestant. Please join me in asking Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, to guide her in a wiser choice. Kindly pray that my husband and son may find a good position. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please say a prayer for a near relative of mine, a man of seventy, who drinks heavily. Mrs. L. C. B., **Three Rivers, Mass.** — Would you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for two special favors. Mrs. A. B., **Lowell, Mass.** — I wish to obtain a very important favor for my son through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Would you be so kind as to make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for three special intentions of mine. Mr. V. C., **Danielson, Conn.**

GENERAL PETITIONS

Could you please make a novena to the Infant Jesus for a special favor I wish to be granted on Christmas Day. Miss B. P., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne for my husband who is suffering from mental trouble. Mrs. D. DeL., **Montreal**. — I would be very grateful if you would make a novena to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and to St. Joseph for the cure of my husband who is suffering from a stroke which has affected his mind, that he may be able to return to work. Please pray for my family and myself as I am not in very good health. Mrs. E. K., **Pointe St. Charles**. — Do remember my family in your prayers. Mrs. W. H., **Verdun**. — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother and St. Gerard for a special intention, and an increase of faith for persons dear to me. Mrs. A. R. G., **Moosup, Conn.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 8; vocations, 2; cures, 23; positions, 3; special intentions, 44.

RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS



I am enclosing a donation in thanksgiving for a great favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Please pray that I may see the realization of a lifelong dream: vocation to the priesthood of one of our sons. Mrs. A. G., **Montreal**. — The father of two little girls has now completely recovered from a serious illness. All thanks to Our Lady. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Please help me thank Our Lady of the Cape for having obtained for me courage to return to the practice of my religion. Mrs. F. A., **Prince Rupert, B. C.** — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. L. W. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — My health has greatly improved; I am glad to fulfill my promise to Our Blessed Lady. Please pray for my complete recovery. Mrs. V. C., **Jewett City, Conn.** — Will you kindly have a Mass said in honor of Our Blessed Mother in thanksgiving for a favor obtained. Please pray for me. Miss A. C., **Waterbury, Conn.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise I made if my daughter's operation proved successful. I also want to thank Our Blessed Mother for other favors received through her intercession. Mrs. M. D., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a grace obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. G. R. B., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. M. M. — Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a cure obtained. Mr. R. L., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mr. A. D. V., **Montreal**. — Homage of thanksgiving for a favor obtained. Mrs. N. — Our Blessed Mother has answered my request and found a position for my son. Mrs. C. — Thanksgiving for a signal favor I have obtained. May Our Heavenly Mother keep on protecting our family. Mrs. D., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Lady for a grace obtained. Mrs. E. L. — This is to acknowledge a debt of thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the success of an operation. Mrs. L. P. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady for her protection. Miss E. L., **Montreal**. — I wish to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. A subscriber, **Gallican**. — My best thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a grace received through her intercession. I am requesting the cure of my son-in-law who is dangerously ill. Mrs. A. St. J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Enclosed is a small offering in thanksgiving to St. Jude for a favor received. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary Immaculate for a favor received. Miss A. P., **Westmount**. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Therese for a favor obtained. Please pray for me. Mrs. F. M., **Maniwaki**. — Please have a Mass said in honor of St. Anthony and burn vigil lights to St. Joseph in gratitude for a favor I have been granted. I am requesting the cure of my husband. Mrs. C. K., **Millbury, Mass.** — Lively thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a great favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. E. C., **Montreal**. — Many thanks to Our Blessed Mother, Good St. Anne, and St. Joseph for a cure and two favors obtained after promising to publish. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving to Good St. Anne for a favor received through her intercession. Anonymous. — I wish to thank St. Therese of Lisieux for a favor received. I am requesting another favor. A subscriber, **St. Therese de Blainville**. — Homage of gratitude for the cure of my little boy after a novena made in honor of St. Gerard Majella. Mrs. R. B., **L'Ascension**. — Sincere thanks to Good St. Anne for a grace. Mrs. M. L. — Thanksgiving for a position obtained from the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. J. D.

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.



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before September 11)

Rev. Father A. Duplessis, Chaplain at our Outremont^T Retreat House; Rev. Father Henri Bouchard, **Montreal**; Mr. Amedee Caron, **Pont Viau**, father of our Sister St. Jeanne de Chantal; Mrs. Richard Bolduc, **St. Pierre de Broughton**, mother of our Sister St. Odile; Mr. Jean Marc Talbot, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Lucille Marie; Mr. Arthur Picard, **St. Anne des Plaines**, grandfather of our Sister St. Vincent Ferrier; Mr. H. Reiben, **Montreal**; Mrs. Francis Dunn, **Granby**; Mrs. Adelina Descoteaux, Mrs. Flora Desilets, Mrs. James Powers, Mrs. Rosanna Ives, Mr. Octave Gagnon, Mr. Louis Cyr, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Laura Masse, Mrs. Marie Anne Marino, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mr. Arthur Mullins, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Eudore J. Tache, **Salem, Mass.**; Miss H. Niessen, Miss E. Clarkson, **Plainfield, Conn.**; Mr. Oscar Montreuil, Mrs. Gareau, Mr. Alfred Harvey, Mrs. Alexandre Dandurand, Mrs. J. B. Cadorette, **Montreal**; Mrs. Joseph Roy, **Montreal East**; Mr. J. Bouchard, **Dorion**; Mr. M. A. Rice, **St. Rose**; Mrs. Wilfrid Robitaille, **St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds**; Mr. Claude Yvon Taillon, Miss Yvonne Belisle, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Alphonse Piette, Mrs. Zenon Bellerose, Mr. Alfred Ducharme, **Joliette**; Mr. Georges Beaudoin, **St. Esprit, Montcalm County**; Mr. Eldege Gaucher, Mr. Aristide Cyr, Mr. Jos. Paulhus, Mrs. Hubert Foisy, Mr. Donat Tetreault, Mrs. Louis Dupaul, Mr. Ovila Brodeur, Mr. Ephrem Charbonneau, Mr. Alexandre Brosseau, Miss Marcella Duchesneau; Mrs. Onesime Durocher, Mr. Albini Jeanson, **Granby**; Mr. Heliodore Royer, **Waterloo**; Mrs. Xavier Blain, Mr. Ovila Desnoyers, Mrs. Ovide Desmarais, Mr. Honore Guillaume, Mr. Aurele Beaudoin, Mr. Nap. Michon, Mrs. A. B. Delage, Mrs. Alex. Painchaud, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. A. Lavallee, Mr. Lucien Brodeur, **La Providence**; Mrs. Hector Tremblay, Mrs. Vital Bisson, **Sherbrooke**; Mr. Frederic Guidon, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mrs. Georges Giroux, **L'Annonciation**; Mr. Edouard Lariviere, **St. Jude**; Mrs. Edmond Bailly, Mr. Camille Martin, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Donatien Grandmont, **Champlain**; Mr. Arthur Bordeleau, Mrs. Leger Lafontaine, **St. Stanislas de Champlain**; Mr. J. A. Bedard, Mrs. Joseph Trempe, **Quebec**; Mrs. Louis Cyr, Mr. Eugene Begin, **Thetford Mines**; Mr. J. S. Poulin, **St. Marie de Beauce**; Mr. Joseph Pilote, **Les Eboulements**; Mr. Edmond Rioux, **Trois Pistoles**; Mrs. Leonard Brochu, Mrs. Alphonse Saint Pierre, **Amqui**; Mr. Damase Larouche, **St. Henri de Taillon**; Mrs. Harry Gagnon, **St. Coeur de Marie, Lac St. Jean**; Mrs. Joseph Danis, **Baie St. Paul**; Mr. Philippe Belley, **Jonquiere**; Miss Liliane Carignan, **Chapleau, Ont.**; Mrs. Napoleon Roy, Mr. Joseph Robert, **Pain Court, Ont.**; Mrs. T. J. Seguin, Mr. A. Bondy, Mr. A. Gallagher, **Windsor, Ont.**; Mr. Leo Gosselin, **Hozlton, Penn.**; Mrs. Anna Levasseur, Mr. Jos. Durand, Mr. Jos. Lemerise, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Alb. Gagnon, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mr. Joseph Lapierre, Mrs. Delia Lapierre, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Marcellin Gagnon, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Lazare Gamache, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Flore Morin, **Chelsea, Mass.**; Mrs. Honore Laurendeau, **Lewiston, Me.**

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

At a moment when we would be tempted to see in "Our Father in Heaven" a debonair Provider, and in His eternal Son a companion our equal, it is indispensable for us to recall our nothingness.

This conviction will command all our prayer. Instead of being satisfied with one request, as often happens, we shall turn towards Him who is the splendor of Truth, infinite Power, and, St. John tells us, Love. Do not be of the opinion that this prayer of adoration demands that you be a theologian or a great mystic. All of you can attain to it. You need only let your soul sing; you need only tell God all your admiration of the world He has created, your thankfulness for His unbounded goodness. You need only offer Him your deeds, your joys, your sorrows, your dear ones and especially your own selves. And if you lack formulas, simply recite the *Pater*, taught to us by Our Lord, or the *Magnificat*. The more we lower ourselves before God, the more will He fill our soul with His fortitude and mildness. You know that He resists the proud and grants every prayer of the meek and humble of heart.

Card. Suhard, Archbp. of Paris

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 founding 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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SHEK LUNG, near Canton

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KOWLOON, 103 Austin Road, Hongkong

(Founded in 1927)

Procure and school.

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)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, 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 Novitiate. 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, Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo
Gagalangin

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1111 Narra St.

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Chinese school.

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School.

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School. Dispensary.

WEST INDIES

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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, via Giacinto Carini, 8

Mission procure.

(Founded in 1925)

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Mzimba, P. O., Nyasaland, B. E., Africa

Dispensary. School.

(Founded in 1948)

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.