

No. 1, Vol. XVII, 27th Year
Montreal, January-February 1949

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 mis-
sionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy
Childhood. Workroom for making church
vestments. Mission workroom. Kinder-
garten. 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)

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COVER PHOTO: One of Japan's Christian Mothers.



New Year Prayer

*December days are going
Where all Decembers go,
A year is born this midnight
'Mid silence, stars, and snow.
My hand in Thine, O Father,
I'll live from day to day,
And make my life a model
For souls that walk my way.*

*The days that I have squandered,
The days I loved Thee not,
The days I spurned Thy mercy
By Thee are now forgot.
Another year is dawning,
Another chance to show
That I am sorry, Father,
For wrongs of long ago.*

*I shall not fear the future,
The secret of Thy love ;
In Thee, O God my Keeper,
I'll trust and look above.
With cheerful heart and gladness,
With singing in my soul,
I'll walk with face uplifted,
Thy Heaven as my goal.*

*Thy hands are filled with blessing !
O Father, give to those
Who guide my soul e'er upward,
Who watch upon me close.
That none may be forgotten,
I breathe a prayer for all.
Be merciful, O Shepherd,
Thy tenderness recall.*

*Thy kingdom come, O Father,
Of love that drives out fears ;
All souls be saved and sheltered
For God's eternal years.
Grant all Thy mission heralds
May pen in splendor's glow
More sagas of the heroes
Who heed the Master's "Go!"*

New Year Blessing

*Another year is born within the winter night,
A year to laugh and love, a year to do the right.
They kneel in simple faith—their forebears did the same—
To crave the care of Christ and blessing in His Name.*

*Sublime the gesture in the year's auroral prime :
With hands that bear the scars of toil and pain and time
Uplifted to the blue, the father on them calls
The blessing of the Christ, from whom all blessing falls.*

*" May Heaven ratify the blessing that I give!
Be blessed, beloved ones, and nobly may you live!
Be happy on this earth and tread the higher way,
And Heaven ope for you when ends life's little day! "*

THE PRECURSOR



Peggy's Christmas Tree

Strange how Peggy was bent on having a Christmas tree this year. A full month in advance she had entrusted her brother Paul with the supremely important mission of finding the concrete expression of her ideal fir tree. And every one of the four subsequent weeks she had refreshed her brother's memory with an insistence which none in the family quite understood.

Tall, handsome Paul had come back from the Army only the year before. Though he was now twenty-two, he still loved his big sister with the same boyish admiration which made him look up to her, when he was just a mischievous urchin and she a sedate young lady three whole years his senior. During his years of military service overseas, she had stayed with their beloved parents and, her charming personality and filial love concurring, had softened for them the long hours of separation from the boy they loved so well.

Paul's return had been greeted in a right merry way, but oh! how swiftly earthly joys recede into the background to let sorrow step forth! In the corrosive atmosphere of the barracks Paul had lost the vibrant religious enthusiasm which was so distinctive a trait of his in pre-war days. It seemed as if the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and the bombing blasts had blinded his vision to spiritual things, and left his soul a bottomless abyss of wild medley he feared to probe. The sad realization of this radical change had dashed to pieces the lofty hopes Paul's parents had fondly built on their only son. With what desperate urgency they had endeav-



ored to reopen his eyes to the light of faith, only to beat unavailingly against an insuperable spiritual barbed wire. In silence and suffering they now waited, prayed, and wept.

* * *

December 24 dawned with unusual splendor. Under cover of darkness earth had donned her padded winter garment. Majestically draped in a soft mantle of white, embroidered with sparkling sun-creation diamonds, she was now ready to celebrate in unison with the whole world the birth of Jesus, Son of the Almighty, who, centuries ago, came to walk the ways of earth for love of straying men.

Such were the thoughts that soared in Peggy's mind as, through the frosty window of her room, she admired the immaculate beauty of nature. Soon, however, a shadow passed over her clear brow: the so eagerly desired Christmas tree had not yet made its appearance, and these last few days her brother hadn't even breathed a word about it. Tossing her curly head as if to dismiss the sad reflection, she hurried downstairs to help her mother prepare breakfast. There a surprise awaited her: Paul, the laziest of mortals, was already in the kitchen, warming his hands over the crackling fire.

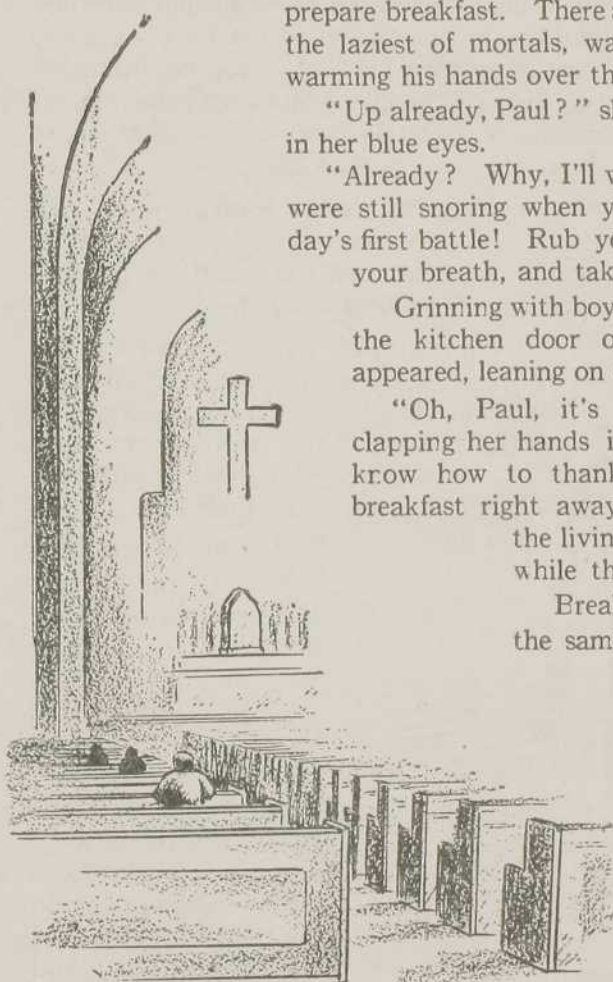
"Up already, Paul?" she queried, a look of surprise in her blue eyes.

"Already? Why, I'll wager the Cistercian monks were still snoring when your pagan brother won the day's first battle! Rub your eyes, sister mine, hold your breath, and take a look!"

Grinning with boyish satisfaction, Paul swung the kitchen door open. A superb evergreen appeared, leaning on one of the veranda posts.

"Oh, Paul, it's a beauty!" cried Peggy, clapping her hands in delight. "I really don't know how to thank you. Come, let's have breakfast right away, so we may prop it up in the living room as soon as possible while the day is still young."

Breakfast was taken in about the same manner as the Hebrews' last repast before bidding a hasty farewell to Egypt. Relatively early in the forenoon, Peggy's Christmas tree, placed in the brightest corner of the living room, was laden with toys, colored lights, candy canes, tinsel-winged angels, candles, surprise



Seeking Strength Before the Altar of God

net stockings for the little nephews and nieces, and ever so many other Christmas dainties. Brother and sister vied with each other in giving expression to their creative genius to make the tree worthy of the occasion.

"How happy the children will be!" exclaimed Peggy as she threw a last handful of tinsel on the shaggy branches. "And all because of you, Paul!"

"Don't say that, Peggy. You're the one that's doing everything. I'm just looking on."

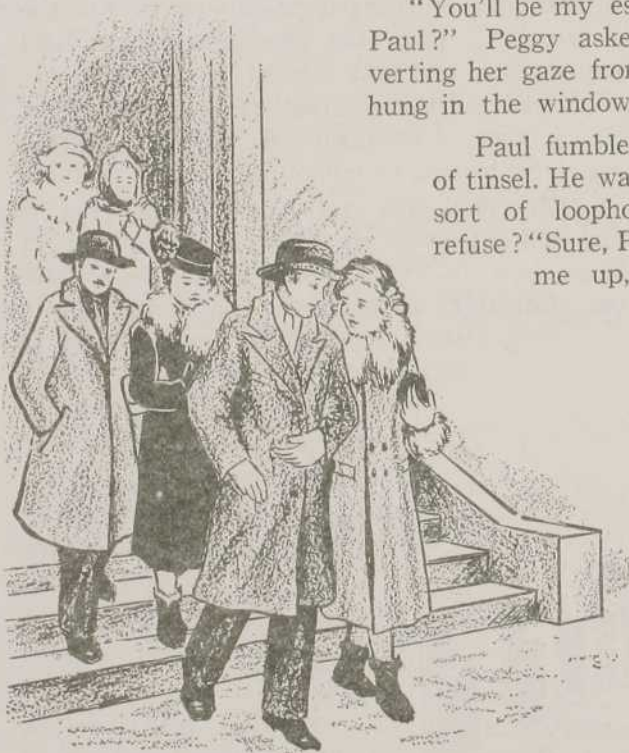
At the foot of the tree Peggy laid a small manger filled with golden straw. "I'll put the Child Jesus in His little Crib just before Midnight Mass," she said simply.

While Paul, to give pleasure to his sister, was thus busying himself about the Christmas evergreen, in his heart surged memories of his happy childhood days. He visualized himself, a mere boy of seven, going to Midnight Mass for the very first time. He had made his First Holy Communion then, and had accompanied his proud daddy and mummie to the altar rail. Years had sped by, bringing back the ever old and ever new Christmas joys, until the fateful day when Paul in action for his country had spent his first Nativity Feast away from his God. Had he, from that day to this, lifted even once to his lips the cup of unalloyed happiness? He dared not say yes. Scepticism and bitterness had, on the contrary, so thoroughly poisoned his life.

"You'll be my escort tonight, won't you, Paul?" Peggy asked suddenly, without diverting her gaze from the wreath she had just hung in the window.

Paul fumbled awkwardly with a bit of tinsel. He was thinking hard for some sort of loophole. But how could he refuse? "Sure, Peggy, provided you wake me up," he finally answered sheepishly.

Deftly changing the subject to pull a curtain over the joy of her first victory, the young lady undertook a humorous description of the relatives who would come to the family get-together, all the while fully aware of the scant attention given her monologue. So engrossed in his thoughts was Paul that he had just laid



A Brother and Sister Secret

his cigaret butt in the fruit platter instead of in the ash tray, and when she had discreetly repaired the blunder, he hadn't even noticed his mistake. All was well!

In the evening, Peggy saw to the last-minute preparations of the feast, while her parents retired early. As for Paul, he disappeared right after supper, during which, incidentally, Peggy had remarked that her usually famished brother had scarcely deigned touch his food. A few athletic strides brought the young gentleman to the church. For a long time he knelt in the shadowy nave, fervently asking for strength to open his soul to the minister of God. Back home around eleven, he found his sister in prayer before the Babe in the little wooden manger.

"Ready to leave, Peggy?" he called, still standing in the doorway. His voice was young again, young and buoyant and cheerful.

"In a minute, sir," Peggy tossed back as merrily. "Just the time to slip on my coat."

Outside, the night was clear and cold, and the first Christmas bells were ringing out their message of joy and peace.

Hardly had they left the house than Paul abruptly turned to his sister. "Peggy," he said, "I have something to tell you which I believe will please you. I just went to confession and will accompany Dad and Mom at the Communion rail tonight. Guess they won't mind," he added with an impish grin.

"Paul!" Peggy clasped her hands over her heart as if to stop its pounding. "Paul, this is the most wonderful Christmas gift you could give them — and me! But listen, I also have a secret to share with you. You have often wondered, haven't you, why I insisted so much on having a tree this year. One reason, brother, was that it would be my last at home. Don't look so surprised. Yes, I have decided to enter the religious life. I want to be a missionary Sister to bring the Christ of Christmas to the poor pagan world. As for the other reason, I think my brother's own experience will have made him guess it."

The Test of Catholic Life

Speaking one day on the subject of Foreign Missions, Cardinal Manning, whom many would think to be deeply interested only in his work for England, gave expression to a Catholic principle too often forgotten. Among other things he said: "It is because we have need of men and means at home that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad. In exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received will our work at home prosper, and the zeal and the number of our priests be multiplied. This is the test and the measure of Catholic life among us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth, and if the faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our aiding to carry it abroad. To say that we are overwhelmed with local claims and home wants, and that the money expended for Foreign Missions had better be spent on the spiritual destitution at our own doors is the most shallow and the most miserable of delusions."

The Christian Family and Our Missions



OTCHANG

HAI TCH'EN

It was spring in Manchuria and spring in the heart of Tch'ang Hai Tch'en. As the far-stretching plains of her country donned their green livery, so was her soul tinged with exultant hope: at last the day was drawing near when she, a poor pagan girl, would be made the child and tabernacle of the one true God, the God of the Christians! After a year of earnest pleading, Hai Tch'en had only lately won the consent of her mother, a fanatical Buddhist if there ever was one. Forgotten and things of the past were all the vexations and annoyances she had had to put up with; soon she would share in the triumph of the Risen Lord! And in spite of the sadness which pervaded the Catholic mission — for this was the Sorrowful Week — the young catechumen found it hard to conceal her boundless joy: all the bells of the glorious Easter morn were already ringing in her heart.

Hai Tch'en was sixteen years old and had been attending the Sisters' boarding school for nearly four years. She had come under pretence of learning English and music, but with the secret intention of studying the Catholic religion, which her elder brother had embraced at college.

The young girl had never revered Buddha, whom she found disgustingly ugly, as she said. So strong was the instinctive repulsion with which he inspired her that, whenever incense was to be offered at home, she cleverly managed to elude the ceremony. In truth, sincere worshippers Buddha had in her mother and junior brother only, her father's sole divinity being trade and money.

When Hai Tch'en had expressed her desire to attend the mission boarding school, her mother had yielded as reluctantly as ever mother did, as she feared that the influence of a Catholic milieu might prove prejudicial to the Buddhistic tenets of her daughter. Yet she dared not refuse, so convinced was she that the soul of an illustrious ancestor lived over again in her brilliantly intelligent child. Such being the case, how could she disappoint the one without risking to offend the other? Hai Tch'en, who had never accorded much belief to this theory of the reincarnation of spirits, found the freedom given her most convenient, and put it to such advantage that she had now come to the eve of her baptism.

But "There's many a slip 'twixt the rice bowl and the lips," says an old Chinese proverb. Hai Tch'en's Easter dream was not to be translated into reality. On Holy Friday, her father presented himself at the convent. "My wife has thought the matter over," he said, his face as expressionless as that of Daibutsu; "Hai Tch'en is too young to be baptized. I am bringing

her home, and she will not return to the mission." Which meant — it was clear as day — "Hai Tch'en is young and pretty, and of age to be married. We have found her a rich suitor."

The poor child was disconsolate, but her father remained adamant. Six months elapsed before she reappeared at the mission. By that time, parental severity having gradually relaxed, Hai Tch'en was seen in church, at distant intervals, praying before the Blessed Sacrament or making the Stations of the Cross. One day she even ventured to pay a visit to her former teacher, Sister Martha.

There was pain in her eyes and pain in her voice as she related her sad story. "My parents wanted to promise me to a wealthy pagan. Naturally, I said, 'No, thank you.' But they didn't seem to find it so natural that I should refuse. Finally, I had to protest that I would rather run away from home, to persuade them that further harping upon the subject was useless. You cannot imagine, Sister, how disheartening it is to be ever living amid statues of Buddha, incense jars, and spirit plaques! When I am alone at home I take Buddha down from his niche and put the small statue of the Blessed Virgin which you gave me in his place. Every day I say my Rosary at her feet, asking her to settle matters for us. Oh, Sister, perhaps if you talked to Mother . . . ?"

As Christmas was nearing, it was decided that Mrs. Tch'ang would be invited to the convent on the day before the feast, and that Sister Martha would try to obtain her consent.

* * *

Mrs. Tch'ang did come to the rendezvous. For a good sixty-minute hour the conversation rolled on the season, the weather, the snow, and all



Sister Martha Serves Tea

that trite nomenclature. Mrs. Tch'ang was polite, frigidly so, until a warm cup of tea broke the ice. That was all Sister Martha had been waiting for (not the cup of tea, but the thawing of the atmosphere).

"May I inquire as to the motive of your opposition to Hai Tch'en's baptism?" she asked her visitor. "Your refusal makes her very unhappy."

"I don't want her to become a nun," crisply answered Mrs. Tch'ang, eyeing Sister's black veil with evident displeasure.

"But, my dear woman," replied the nun, not too surprised at this pagan misconception of baptism, "the fact of being baptized does not in any wise oblige your daughter to enter the religious life. She remains absolutely free to marry if so she chooses. Is not Young Tsen, your son's wife, a Christian?"

"The wealthy merchant Li Goe In wishes to marry Hai Tch'en. She will be rich and happy!"

"You don't seem to notice," Sister Martha stressed, "that you yourself are robbing your child of every chance of marriage. As I know her, she will never accept to marry Li Goe In, nor any other pagan for that matter, rich as he may be. What she wants above all is to become a Christian. But you know that no Christian will ever ask her hand while she remains a pagan."

Visibly impressed by the argument, Mrs. Tch'ang sat in silence, presumably weighing the pros and cons of baptism in regard with the future of her daughter. The vision of a fairly well-to-do Christian must have presented itself to her mind, for she eventually came to terms.

"Since such is the case, you may tell Hai Tch'en that I allow her to receive baptism, but that never, never will I consent to her entering the convent."

"This is your last word?" Sister prudently queried.

"It is. And you may give her this from me."

Solemnly rising, Mrs. Tch'ang took off one of her rings, which she tendered the nun.

Meanwhile, Hai Tch'en was reciting the thousand Hail Marys in the mission chapel with her companions of yore. The sight of the empty manger waiting for the Child King strengthened her hope, and filled her heart with new courage. How could He who had called to His Crib all men of good will reject her who desired nothing but to be His?

"Come," whispered Sister Martha, touching her lightly on the arm. Startled out of her meditation, Hai Tch'en followed the nun outside the chapel, where the latter informed her of the happy news, and gave her the token of her mother's consent. Overwhelmed with joy, Hai Tch'en sent for the pastor immediately, lest an untoward event should yet forestall her baptism.

* * *

At Midnight Mass, surprise was depicted in every face as the daughter of the Tch'ang household walked up the aisle to the Communion rail. All

dressed in white, a seraphic glow upon her delicate features, Hai Tch'en, now Mary Theresa, made one dream of those privileged Angels who, on the first Christmas Night, knelt in adoration before the newborn Child. Tenderly Mary Theresa whispered to her Divine Guest: "Little Jesus of Christmas, thank You for this great favor of which I was not worthy. Lovely Child, You are so small and yet so mighty." And then she added with candid boldness: "And let poor Hai Tch'en tell You that she finds You even mightier on this night of abasement than on the glorious day of Your Resurrection!"



Our Bethlehem

The Mass

The crib and the manger and the stable have gone the way of all perishable things. Ours is with us today. It will last to the crack of doom.

Our Bethlehem is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is the Church, the Sanctuary, the Altar, in a word, the Tabernacle. Every morning of our lives when we see a priest enter the Sanctuary to perform the Holy Sacrifice, he is again accompanied by Joseph and Mary, on their *Introit* to Bethlehem. The *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, is but the echo of the angelic choir announcing the birth of the Infant to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the new Manger. The *Credo* sees the shepherds and ourselves bending the knee of adoration. And at the *Consecration* of the Mass, the Son of God is born again, coming down not into the tender hands of His Mother, but into the rough hands of His priest. When He came on that first Holy Night, He was wrapped in the swaddling clothes of His Mother's making, now in the Mass He is wrapped in the swaddling clothes of His own choosing, the lightness and the whiteness and the appearance of Bread. On that night He came under the appearances of Flesh and Bone and Blood, as the Way, the Truth, and the Light. Today in the Mass He comes under the *appearances* of Food.

Which after all is the greater miracle?

The Jesuit Seminary News

Epiphany

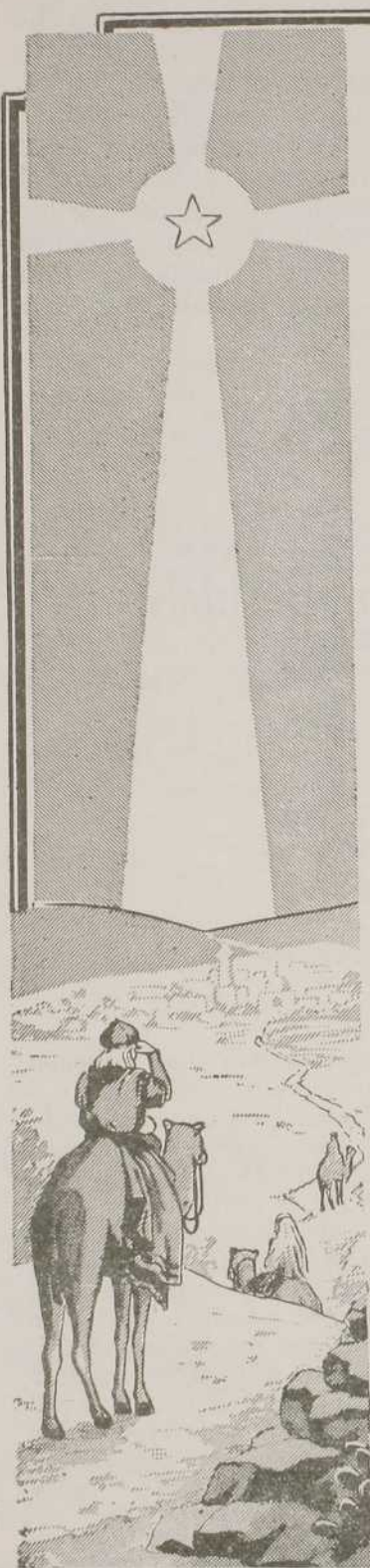
A caverned cave He chose, an Israel maiden's knee,
Four thousand years He yearned to heal humanity;
But comes one winter night to lowly Bethlehem,
The skies their sable shed for robe of pearly gem.

In depths cerulean a sanctuary light
Makes old Judea's hills resplendent in the night,
As Angels sing of glory, peace Messiah-made,
And on the altar-straw God's Sacrament is laid.

The meek and humble kneel, as Angels' anthems ring,
The watchers of the night their adoration bring,
The breath of kine is warm where Heaven blends with earth,
When earth is raised to Heaven — night of Jesus' birth!

Now solemn silence broods o'er David's ancient hills,
The blithesome bands have hushed their great celestial thrills,
The joyous tidings none but simple shepherds know,
The Joy for all the world in manger lies so low!

In heathen lands afar the Gentiles shall adore,
The royal three recall prophetic words of yore;
From storied Orient with regal pomp they ride
Through wastes of desert land, the wondrous star their guide.



A grotto for His palace, manger for His throne —
The little Stranger King is stranger for His own!
But triumphant in faith the Magi recognize
Divinity sublime in helpless Infant's eyes.

With reverential awe their Lord and God they greet,
The wealth of Araby they lavish at His feet,
Their myrrh of bitter-sweet, the ruddy gold of kings,
Their frankincense, the best for godly offerings.

Here worldly ways and wisdom, majesty and pride,
For Christ the Man-God Monarch humbly tread aside;
Here lords with mighty sceptre, rustic mountaineers,
With turbaned slaves are one, as God's Redemption nears.

Here Christ is King and kings to Him their homage pay,
Here Christ is King and Lord with meek and gentle sway.
Him whom the nations sought, for whom the prophets prayed,
Is come to walk with men the ways of earth He made.

Epiphany — with cymbal clash the Gentiles come,
And Bethlehem awakes for Eastern music's hum.
Epiphany — the God of Glory reigns supreme,
And manifests His grace — high Heaven's holy theme.

No longer now the message told by lustrous star
In Bethlehem abides; it hies to climes afar.
The Magi Missioners will bring the Orient
To kneel before the Host, His Snowy Sacrament!

THE PRECURSOR



The Art of Growing Old

"Growing old!" It means to see others dying, to see oneself die.

The art of growing old! It means to welcome the winter of life as blithely as one welcomed its summer.

Treatises have been written on old age. Youth in the twenties will not peruse them, for old age is still eternities away in the dim, distant future. Men of thirty have no time for them; men of sixty elbow them out of their sight, feeling that the last hour is still remote. To the man of eighty winters whom he saw sowing, the fabulist expressed his astonishment: "One can build at your age, but sow!" The comment was pertinent, for, if youth wants everything, old age will let nothing go.

Little children, you may have noticed, very often exhibit a closed fist. "Mine is the world!" they seem to be saying. Old people in despair clutch their bedsheets, as if they would hold on to everything.

The law of physical deterioration weighs upon all; no one can escape its consequences. But the sentence pronounced by Mother Church: "Remember, O man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return," cannot reach the soul.

The years that wear out the body should be for the soul wellsprings of moral wealth. It would even seem that, as we go on in life, our physical energies retire into the recesses of our soul. Well indeed he spoke who has said: "Experience is the fruit of life, but that fruit we have only when the flower has fallen;" or again: "Life is a panoply composed of all the weapons that have wounded us." Man, therefore, must not dread old age, but look it well in the face with hopeful, serene eye.

Growing old is the art of arts. It is not an easy matter. One must accept to be old when one is really. Elderly persons there are who always want to appear young, and in cases so insistently as to become ridiculous. They will neither submit nor resign.

But this I call beautiful in him who has grown old: to know how to adapt his mentality to the mentality of the rising generation. Many aged persons could repeat the words of Joseph de Maistre: "I die with Europe." The great man is dead and Europe still lives on.

On the lips of the old how often one culls the saying: "In my time!" They are the praisers of bygone days who often become disdainful of modern times. Growing old gracefully means to adapt oneself willingly.

Let us admit frankly (but perhaps is it I who am beginning to be old) that, in these our days, life and its succession of events are fleet-winged. The aged in years can hardly keep up with them. One understands that some must of necessity lag behind. Life is a stream. For the child, its waters seem lazily asleep. The young man keeps step with them, but the old cannot follow. Everything goes on ahead of him. To tell the truth, the stream has not altered its course, it is we who are dallying. The art of growing old consists in being day in and day out the contemporary of one's life.

They who grow old the right way will love youth. The instinctive tendency of youth is to face those who attack. Claudel has aptly remarked that the real tendency of youth is not pleasure but heroism. Granting the

truth of the assertion, we must admit that the aged love quiet, silence, tranquillity, as do those "whose future is behind them." It is especially in the social and the religious spheres that the venerable in years must stride in harmony with the present. If they cannot follow at youth's happy pace, they are expected to admire, to encourage, and enlighten with their advice the magnificent conquistadors who sally forth seeking the soul of the nation.

I am not drawing the conclusion that an old man need not work. On the contrary, let him never cease nourishing his life with hope, that milk of action and of misfortune, for hope will always be a Christian virtue! If nightfall brings with itself its own lamp, the aged must always carry it lighted to labor at some appropriate task, for, at whatever age it may be, life is too short to be little, and no one may lose sight of the truth that he never makes one step but it weighs on the whole universe.

CHARLES CHALMETTE in *La Semaine Religieuse de Montréal*





THE BOY SCOUTS OF CANTON SCHOOL HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN ON CHILDREN'S DAY.
SISTER AGATHE DE JESUS (GABRIELLE MORISSET, QUEBEC) AND SISTER MARIE CELINA (GRACIA BLANCHET, DRUMMONDVILLE).

Mission Intentions for January and February

January :

Catholic Schools in China

Catholic schools in China are now in danger.

a) The Communists, according to their usual custom, are using every means to take the formation of the youth out of the hands of the Church. They put every obstacle in the way, multiplying annoyances and even using violence so as to render the existence of Catholic schools difficult, if not impossible.

b) The Congress of Catholic Schools in China (Feb. 15-22, 1948) has shown that the maintenance of the schools in even free China is meeting with difficulties.

There are approximately 300,000 pupils in the Catholic primary schools and 32,000 and 7,484 students in the high schools and higher institutions of learning respectively. These figures indicate that the high schools at present cannot absorb all the possible candidates. At the same time all the schools lack adequate finances and teaching staffs. They receive nothing from the State. Moreover, they do not enjoy the usual freedom required in Catholic schools; for even though Article 13 of the Chinese Constitution guarantees religious freedom, the present laws absolutely forbid the teaching of religion and the holding of sacred functions within school buildings. Archbishop Yu Pin of Nanking has vehemently condemned these laws, saying in part: "Religious freedom presupposes the freedom to know and learn religion. It therefore supposes the right to give religious instruction in the schools."

The National Government however is not hostile to the Church. In fact, it asks her aid in the work of reconstruction and encourages all Christian schools, including universities. We must hope that these unjust laws will soon be repealed. We ought also to pray that some material aid be appropriated for the Catholic schools.

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

National Director

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

* * *

February :

The Church in the Belgian Congo

The missions of the Belgian Congo, which have been active for more than fifty years, now have 4,000,000 colored Catholics. The total population including Ruanda and Urundi, amounts to 14,000,000. There are some Vicariates Apostolic where half the population is Catholic. The annual increase of Catholics is 200,000. One may hope that it will not decrease within the coming years.

Nevertheless, since the recent war, some difficulties have arisen which might tend to lessen this increase. The missionaries are obliged to give nearly all their time to the care of the Catholics and cannot engage as before in the work of making new converts. Moreover, Western civilization, through commerce and industry is penetrating the region more and more. There are some among the colored who prefer to obtain a veneer of culture through contact with Europeans without adopting the deeper bases of that culture to be found in the Catholic religion. These people have influenced a good number to avoid the missions and to prefer the industrial centers, where they often accept false standards and become addicted to the vices of modern paganism. Journals and other literature from Europe spread materialistic views, even communism.

The other difficulty arises now from Protestantism. A new law grants subsidies to the Protestant missions, whereas before only missions to Belgians — of whom the majority are Catholic — had the right to subsidies. As a matter of fact, Protestant missionaries are coming into the Belgian Congo in greater numbers than ever before. At the same time, those who are indifferent, if not hostile to the Church, are erecting secular schools, which in fact are atheistic, near the Catholic colleges and schools.

There is today an urgent need in the Congo, first of all, to increase the number of secondary schools and then to found a University for the formation of Catholic leaders, before another generation follows, infected with the materialistic ideas of modern paganism.

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

National Office, New York.

Appalling as is this vast number of souls (over one billion pagans) uncovered by the Mantle of Truth, they can, must and will be conquered by the Missionaries if a loyal Catholic laity is one hundred percent behind them, ready and willing at all times to lend Catholic support and assistance.

The Boston Pilot

Africa Bound



Sister Marie des Anges (Alice Pepin, Warwick, P. Q.) and Sister Marie Delia (Marie Marthe Terrien, Ottawa), of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who left their Motherhouse on November 2, with as destination the mission of



Katete, Northern Nyasaland, Africa.

They embarked at New York for Holland, where a special mission plane will take them, with many other missionaries, to Rome, there to implore the blessing of the Holy Father on their apostolic venture. Their plane will then stop at the Sudan and at Uganda before reaching Nyasaland.

May Our Lady, Queen of Missions, bless their flight to Africa, and grant them a happy landing on their mission field.

What's Your Mission I.Q.?

How many of the following questions can you answer correctly? A score of 15 is excellent, 10 is good, and 7 means you need to brush up on your mission knowledge. Do your level best, then turn to page 734 for the answers.

1. Who is the Patroness of Catholic Missions? (St. Margaret, St. Frances Cabrini, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, St. Catherine)
2. Who are the real heroes of God? (Soldiers, aviators, missionaries, nurses)
3. Who will go down in history as the Pope of the Missions? (Pius XI, Benedict XV, Pius V, Leo XIII)
4. What does the word missionary mean? (martyr, envoy, follower, opponent)
5. Who founded the Society for the Propagation of the Faith? (Bishop de Forbin-Janson, Bishop Lavigerie, Pauline Jaricot)
6. The words "Going therefore teach ye all nations" were first spoken by whom? (St. John, Our Lord, St. Francis Xavier, St. Paul)
7. What continent is called "The Church's Bright Continent"? (Africa, Australia, South America)
8. Where are made more than half of the world's converts each year? (India, Japan, Central Africa, Latin America)
9. *Shen Fu* is the Chinese word for what? (Church, priest, convert, nun)
10. What mission country is called "The Land of the Morning Calm"? (Korea, China, Nyasaland)
11. What percentage of the world's population has still to be brought into the Roman Catholic Church? (Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety)
12. Who are the living dead? (Pariahs, lepers, pagans, the poor)
13. How many converts is the Church making each year? (100,000, 500,000, 800,000)
14. What percentage of the world's population does Buddha claim? (Five, ten, twenty)
15. What is the best way to keep your Faith? (Keep it to yourself, spread it, don't do anything about it)

Fatima Seer Enters Carmel

Sister Lucia Maria Das Dore, only survivor of the three Portuguese children who witnessed the apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima in 1917, has entered the Carmelite Convent of Santa Teresa in Coimbra. The celebrated visionary was formerly a member of the Sisters of St. Dorothy.

Her new name in the contemplative Carmelite community is Sister Lucia de Jesus.

Sister Lucia has confirmed that the Blessed Virgin appeared as Our Lady of Mount Carmel in one of the Fatima apparitions.

The Carmel in Coimbra was founded only a few years ago. In the past ten years there has been a considerable increase in vocations of Portuguese women to the contemplative life, and there are now about six Carmels in Portugal, including one at Fatima itself.

Coimbra is 50 miles from Fatima, and contains one of the oldest universities in Europe, begun in the year 1290.

Quoted by *The Miraculous Medal*



Greater Love Than This . . .

"Badera Baptista, look! We are nearing Nagasaki. We can already see the outlines of the holy mountain." Antonio's eyes were luminous, while his voice trembled with ill-suppressed emotion. How ardent the faith of these Japanese neophytes, reflected Father Baptista as he lifted his greying head to gaze lovingly on the youngest of his flock, Antonio, a lad of thirteen summers.

"Father, I can hardly believe it is true that the great day has at last dawned, the day of our martyrdom. Oh, the joy, the happiness that will be ours soon!"

"Yes, my child, the great day has dawned, the full day that will know no waning, the day when we will behold *Deus Sama* (honorable God) face to face."

Father Baptista's stooped shoulders straightened; the weariness suddenly dropped from his tortured limbs. There he stood, tall and stately, at the head of his noble band of martyrs marching onward to the ultimate victory.

"Thomas, Louis," called out the irrepressible Tonio, "rejoice, my friends! Father Baptista says the great and wonderful day has arrived."

The guards frowned sternly at the boy. Fool that he was, did he not know what was awaiting him and his companions in Nagasaki? This was no time to chatter and laugh, when a cruel death loomed ahead.

But the boy went on, heedless of the guards' withering glances, "Thomas, Louis, tell me, are you not overjoyed to think that soon we shall lay down our lives for Jesus, our Savior?"

"You still have need of a lot of patience, Tonio," answered Louis, "for the holy hill is on the other side of the city, and we will have to walk for hours yet before reaching our goal."

"I can't help wondering what it will be like to be martyred." Gentle, sedate Thomas spoke. His voice suddenly rose on a triumphant note: "O my friends, behold! Twenty-six crosses are awaiting us on the holy hill. Thousands and thousands of Christians press about, eager to see us cull the martyr's palm. Do you not hear exultant voices singing to cheer us on to victory?"

"There certainly are many Christians around here," remarked Louis. "One so easily distinguishes them from the pagan throngs."

The three boys looked at the crowds that lined both sides of the road. On many faces they read a silent look of sympathy that stole into their hearts. A feeling of awe and respect hovered in the air.

"A few days ago, we were still in non-Christian territory. Pagans did not look at us as these people are doing," observed Thomas. "Do you remember the insults that were shouted at us and the abuse we endured?"

On and on they walked, while the guards kept close watch. Christians and pagans alike wondered at the look of serene happiness which transfigured the drawn features of these who were doomed to a cruel death.

The officer rapped out a sharp command. The party swerved to the left, following a narrow path beyond the city limits, into a plain of rolling green. Ahead loomed a verdant hill, the holy mount of Tateyama.

"Father," cried the overjoyed Louis, "behold, the holy hill, our very own Calvary!" The martyrs gazed on the spot where soon they would offer up their holocaust, and heavenly joy flooded their hearts. Ten thousand Christians pressed about the sacred precincts; for hours they had silently and prayerfully waited for the martyrs to arrive.

"Badera, we have reached the hill at last." Tonio wept for joy as he made his way to the old missionary's side.

"God be praised, my son," said the priest, tracing a cross on Tonio's brow. "The time has come for us to exalt the Cross of our Savior Jesus Christ."

"We will exalt it, Father, with all the love in our hearts. But, we must not forget to sing our hymn of triumph, *Laudate pueri Dominum.*"

"Never fear that we forget, Tonio. Have we not been rehearsing it over and over again these past weeks?"

Annoyed by the prisoner's conversation, the officer of the guards snapped: "What are you dogs of Christians commenting upon? Are you supposed to be laughing when the Taicosama's orders are that you die because of your disobedience to his orders!"

The prisoners were not abashed nor were they disturbed by the harsh words of their guards. For days and weeks they had suffered much during their dolorous Way of the Cross from Kyoto to Nagasaki.

Tonio, Thomas, and Louis slowly wormed their way to the front, just behind the heavily-armed guards. All eyes were irresistibly drawn to this youthful group pressing onward to the death of the cross. Many and varied were the comments that flew from lip to lip upon this wonderful religion that infused such dauntless courage into mere children and feeble old men.

"Look at those children! One would think they were hurrying on to some pleasure party!"

"And yonder, six foreigners, grey-haired and bowed with the weight of years; they also hurry forward as if to a banquet."

"Did you see those three black-robed men of our own nation? Their eyes are fairly glowing with an inner, mysterious light, as if they beheld some heavenly vision afar."

"Really, one would rather think these people were out to see the cherry trees in full bloom than going to their execution. It is hard to believe them to be the dangerous apostates they are supposed to be, believers in that infamous Christian religion."

* * *

A cry rang out: "Stop them before they escape!"

The three boys had a plan of their own, which they finally put to execution, heedless of ensuing consequences.

"Ready, forward!" whispered Louis, and the three broke through the restraining cordon and bounded up the hill, for all the world like children bent on a playful race.

"Stop them, stop them!" snarled the excited guards, fearful lest they be blamed and sternly punished for this eleventh-hour escape. Six brawny men sprang forward to halt the fugitives. Foolish boys, those three! Did they really think to elude the executioners' clutches? On the other side of the hill, a double row of grim warriors barred the way. Suddenly the six men stopped in their tracks and breathed a sigh of relief. The boys were not fleeing, after all. There they were now, on the hilltop, kneeling beside the twenty-six crosses and happily talking among themselves.

"Tonio, look! Here is your cross; it is the smallest of the twenty-six!"

Tonio, the impetuous, hastened to the spot pointed out by Thomas and exclaimed:

"My, but they did take the exact measurements, didn't they? See, it's a beautiful fit, boys," and the heroic child lay down upon the grim instrument of torture and flung out his arms.

The guards had reached the summit of the hillock and stood awkwardly looking on this scene worthy of the Church primitive.

* * *

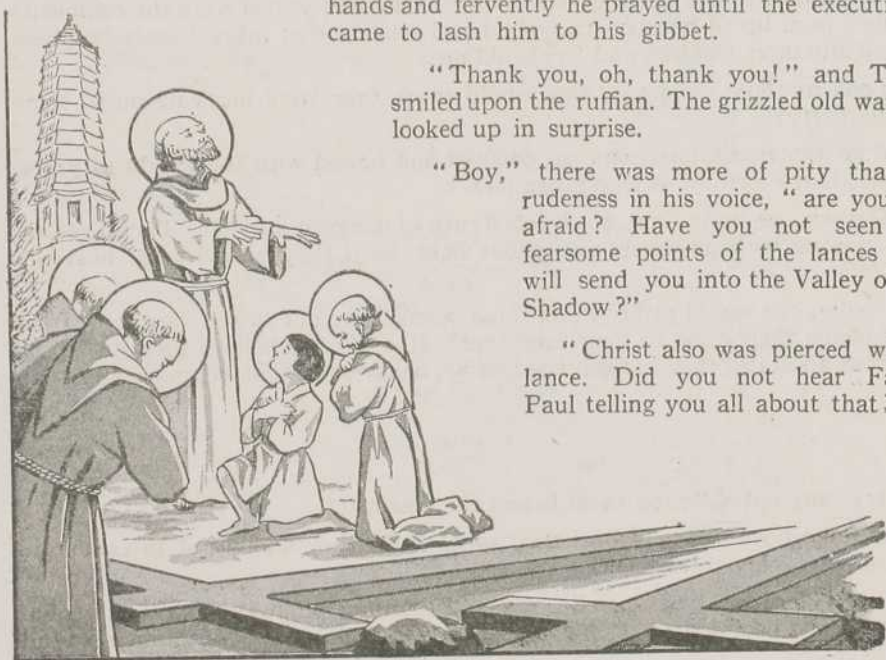
Silence fell on the thousands thronging the slopes of the holy mountain, a silence pregnant with respectful awe. Father Paul Miki, a young Japanese Jesuit, not yet ordained, rose to speak to his own people, as was his right. With the solemn majesty of one about to die, he expounded the sublime truths of the one true religion. "Greater love than this no man hath . . ." Gladly he and his companions were about to offer up the holocaust of their lives to prove that greater love spoken of by Jesus. Then, turning to the aged Father Baptista and kneeling at his feet: "Bless us, that we may valiantly die."

A few moments of ardent, silent supplication, and the twenty-six martyrs stretched themselves upon the wood of their sacrifice. Antonio's eyes shone like twin stars and he softly called out to Father Baptista who lay on the cross beside his. No answer coming, the boy concluded that the holy Father must be praying in preparation for death. Reverently he crossed his hands and fervently he prayed until the executioner came to lash him to his gibbet.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" and Tonio smiled upon the ruffian. The grizzled old warrior looked up in surprise.

"Boy," there was more of pity than of rudeness in his voice, "are you not afraid? Have you not seen the fearsome points of the lances that will send you into the Valley of the Shadow?"

"Christ also was pierced with a lance. Did you not hear Father Paul telling you all about that?"



With a shrug of his shoulders, the soldier went on about his business of firmly tying the boy to his cross. Then he stood back a few paces awaiting further orders.

* * *

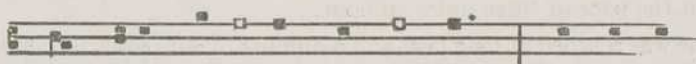
Twenty-six crosses stood clearly etched against a flawless sky. In the awful silence rose a voice, vibrant and powerful, intoning the victor's hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus*. All the martyrs' voices blended in perfect unison. *Tu Rex gloriae, Christe* . . . Ah, yes, a few short hours now and the King of Glory would crown them in His everlasting kingdom. Many within the throngs were sobbing outright, overcome by their emotion. Even the executioners felt their hardened hearts stirred by the sight of such courageous serenity in the face of death.

The officer in charge of the execution fumed, stamped about, muttering scathing remarks. How he wished something would happen! An apostasy, a protest, even an attempted escape — anything to ease the tension on his wrought-up nerves and give him the chance to brandish his sword, shout orders, and put an end to this stupid comedy.

"What are you waiting for, dolts?" he barked to the guards, as they listened entranced to the martyrs' chant. "Are you all old women to be softened by sentimental poses and plaintive songs? Prepare your weapons and be quick about it, too."

Twice twenty-six gleaming lances flashed in the air.

"Badera Baptista, Badera Baptista! Hurry, the time has come to intone the *Laudate Pueri!*" Antonio cried from his gibbet. But the aged missionary remained silent. His eyes held a faraway look as if they already gazed on the heavenly glories. A halo seemed to hover over his crown of silvery hair, while an unearthly light suffused his pale features. Voices and sounds of earth no longer reached his ears. A clear childish treble rose, shattering the impressive silence.



Laudate pueri Dominum: laudate

Praise the Lord, ye children, praise the name of the Lord."

The executioners, ready to strike the fatal blow, once again faltered. With scowling looks and angry shouts, the officer turned to silence the youthful singer. Too late, for all the martyrs had taken up the sacred song, led by the three boy martyrs. Even Father Baptista joined in, but his eyes never wavered from the enraptured vision of Christ beckoning him to glory eternal. "*Gloria Patri, et Filio, . . .*" Tonio's voice rose triumphantly above the others. A sharp command, and he suddenly choked over the "*Spiritui Sancto.*" Two gaping wounds in his breast let forth two crimson streams of blood, his head drooped, while his soul, all resplendent, sped to the eternal mansions. All the soldiers had not simultaneously obeyed the command to strike. Louis finished the *Laudate*, then, turning to Father Baptista: "Badera, what shall we sing now?" he queried.

Hardly had he spoken than the gruesome lances flashed anew, and Father Baptista's noble heart was stilled forever; his faithful altar boy followed him up to the altar of his supreme sacrifice.

The twenty-six bodies hung limply from their crosses, but the features of these martyred heroes were radiant with a joy and peace infinite.

* * *

St. Antonio, St. Thomas, St. Louis, martyrs of the holy hill, give us something of your courage, your love, and your faithfulness. Obtain for us eternal joy. Amen.

Pro Apostolis

Random Writings

From Our Sisters Afield

Roche-a-Bateau, August 26, 1948

Would you like me to tell you about my first visit to the sick? One Thursday afternoon I left on horseback for Chevalier, one of the neighboring villages. Carlo, my splendid brown steed, did not quite relish having me as a rider, and at first even pretended not to understand French. However, after we had crossed a shallow stream where I allowed him to drink his fill and cool his fiery temper, off he went in a prancing mood. I literally flew through space until the rocky road narrowed to a path, and he was forced to slow down. Perched in my saddle I evoked the gallant figure of my holy patroness, the warrior-maid of Orleans. What must have been her feelings as she rode at the head of the king's armies!

At last we reached our destination. In a two-room caye lay our patient, a young lady who has suffered a fracture of the lower limbs. Her husband, who made his First Communion this year, showed himself very happy over our visit. While Sister took care of her patient, I chatted with the two little girls who sat in a corner of the room. When Sister had done all she could for the crippled lady, we left for Labiche, our second halt on the way. As this was the first time I had ever travelled in these parts, I could not help wishing I could borrow Carlo's eyes to drink in the fair beauty of the panorama. On one side of the road, the rustic homes stood close together like children dancing hand in hand in front of the babbling river on the other side of the road. The weather was cool and the luxuriant vegetation formed green arches over the road where we travelled. Oh, the entrancing beauty of nature, where traces of God's artist hand are everywhere visible! Even Carlo could not help being impressed, with the result that he now jogged along leisurely at the pace of three miles an hour.

Labiche was reached at long last, and a number of our pupils living in the village came out to greet the Sisters. Enide, a demure little damsel, pulled on my skirt to call my attention on the pretty dress she was wearing, a gift from her Canadian friends. Janet, scarcely as tall as her desk, flashed her most winsome smile, while Abdon, a bright, sturdy boy, gravely saluted. Fita's laughter rang out as clear as a silver bell when I jestingly threatened to enter her caye on horseback.

I'll have to put a period to my letter, for it would take too much time to relate the rest of our visit. Let me conclude with the words "thank you." Yes, thank you all from my heart-depths, you who helped me attain the cherished ideal of life in the missions.

SISTER JEANNE D'ORLEANS, M.I.C.
Jeanne-d'Arc Nolin, Quebec

* * *

Canton, September 4, 1948

Here I am in the land of my mission dreams. There is no more room for doubt: the drops of perspiration that trickle down my chin and fingers, and the Chinese hawkers crying their wares are enough to bring me back to Canton and reality.

We had smooth sailing until two days before reaching Yokohama. Then, so we were told, our S. S. hit the tail of a typhoon. Whether or not this came in answer to my prayers I know not, but to tell the truth I did find the sea too thoroughly benign until then. Anyway, the night my wishes were heeded, I had to hold on with both arms to my bed — holding on for dear life is the exact phrasing. Over and over I said acts of contrition and of love, persuaded, like my companions, that

after the typhoon it would be eternity. Only a few priests could say Mass in the morning, and those who took the risk had to call a brother priest to hold the chalice and the paten in order to reach the last Gospel. Things had quieted a bit by breakfast time, and we had prospects of a peaceful meal ahead, but hardly had we sat at table than passengers, chairs, and dishes were whisked against the wall and back to the table again with a crash that would have brought any stone-deaf person to his right sense of hearing again. I gather that a double-fisted typhoon with head, arms, and trunk must be doomsday on the sea, if the tail of one can sweep people off their feet as easily as a broom sweeps feathers.

Yokohama presents a rather painful sight. Poverty is written everywhere, and the faces you meet tell of sadness and discouragement. With the few mouthfuls of cake left in my bag I bought myself a smile from a three-year-old and an eighty-year-old. When Grandpa caught sight of the treat, he almost bounded to my side and literally tore it from my hands. His smile I shall never forget: one remembers always the smile of thankfulness. Probably the poor old fellow had fared for days on an empty stomach.

Shanghai, where we stopped one day, is also keeping tryst with poverty. We met very few trucks and horses: the vehicles and carts are drawn by men. It hurts one to see them on the job in the blazing sun. How little we know the meaning of poverty!

I consider myself really lucky to be on the missions, and luckier still to be in China. You may be sure we have plenty of outlets for our enthusiasm. Pray for me that I may do God's holy will gladly and generously.

SISTER VERONIQUE DU SAUVEUR, M.I.C.

Veronique Delcourt, Westbrook, Me.

* * *

Mati, Philippine Islands, October 22, 1948

You are all eager for news from Mati, they tell me. Hear and be convinced that it is utterly impossible not to be happy in this little mission outpost, where I have now been living for almost two whole years. We are as busy as bees all day long; musical exercises begin as early as 6.30 A.M., and "as the shades of even fall," the last liquid notes of the "Flower Song" die away.

Because of the terrific heat, school begins very early, almost with the dawn. High School opens its classes at 7.00, Public School at 7.30, and our Academy at 8.00. There are only two enrollments lacking to bring the number of our pupils to the hundred mark. They are the pride and joy of Sisters Marie de Liesse(1) and Therese de la Ste. Face(2).

Four lay teachers help the Sisters with the classes. We have fifteen boarders, much too many for our cramped quarters, in which, as a visiting American missionary humorously remarked, "there is not one square inch left unemployed."

Sister Bernadette Soubirous(3) helps with the care of the boarders, does a few sketches with her artist brush, and caters to the needs of the patients who call at our clinic. Sister Joseph Armand(4) looks to the ways of our household: sewing, cooking, washing, dusting, etc. She even deftly handles a hammer or a saw when

1. Georgine BENETEAU, Amherstburg, Ont.

2. Therese LEBLANC, Moncton, N.B.

3. Jeanne THIBOUTOT, Notre Dame du Portage, P.Q.

4. Gertrude GAGNON, Petit Saguenay.

occasion demands. Like the great St. Paul, Sister Superior(1) strives to be all in all to all. You may find her sometimes among the boarders, often in the school-rooms, and always at our community recreations, where she scatters sunny smiles and joyful repartees.

At present I have as pupils, 5 ladies, 6 boys, and 22 girls. We have to refuse many pupils, as we have only two pianos and the majority of our pupils cannot practice outside of school hours.

Mati is a picturesque spot of God's beautiful earth, but its chief attraction lies in the fact that here we may work unhampered at the greatest and most sublime of all works: the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

SISTER ST. LEON, M.I.C.

Irene Nadeau, Bedford, P.Q.

L. Sister BERNADETTE DE LOURDES (Rachel DeMARS, Newport, Vt.)

Our Missionary Sisters in Manchuria

A letter written on October 7 by Rev. Father L. Guilbault, P.M.E., to his Superior General, Msgr. E. Laroche, gave the following news of our Sisters still in Manchurian territory:

Our Sisters in Paichengtze are again operating their dispensary. The Sisters are in good health, as well as the Rev. Fathers Cossette, Lachapelle, and Lafond, who have been able to remain at their post.

In Leaoyuansien, our Sisters have their living quarters on the second floor of the Fathers' residence, while the Reds occupy the ground floor. The mission has been priestless for a long while, ever since the departure of the Rev. Fathers Bonin and Wang, whose whereabouts are unknown. The Sisters are not directly subjected to any maltreatment; nevertheless, as they are obliged to work for the Communists in order to earn their living, their position is precarious to say the least.

In Szepingkai, the Reds have forced His Excellency Bishop Lapierre to finance the school they have opened on the mission grounds. The missionaries are still hoping for better days ahead, and their life is not unbearable. They can say Mass, while the Christians are allowed to assist and hear the sermon preached afterwards. Many native Sisters have, however, been obliged to retire into their own family circle.

ANSWERS TO WHAT'S YOUR MISSION I.Q.

1. St. Therese of the Child Jesus. 2. Missionaries. 3. Pius XI. 4. Envoy.
5. Pauline Jaricot. 6. Our Lord. 7. Africa. 8. Central Africa. 9. Priest
10. Korea. 11. Eighty-five percent. 12. Lepers. 13. 800,000. 14. Ten.
15. The best way to keep your Faith is to spread it.

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

He saw that ignorance is religion's most dangerous enemy, and against it he directed his best efforts. He taught catechism several times a week to the children in the schools, and every Sunday, at Mass and again at Vespers, he preached to the handful of faithful ones who were present. How his heart was wrung, at first, because they were so few! Preaching in his church was little better than preaching in a desert. So, from house to house he went, trying to gather into the fold souls which could not be reached by his sermons. In these visits he did all that he could to dispel the people's ignorance and to show them how sweet and light is the yoke of the Lord. If he chanced to meet a peasant on the road, he would accost him in that irresistibly friendly way of his, and he never left such a one without having dropped some pious or enlightening word. Children, and above all the little shepherds, awoke within him the liveliest interest. Before he had been many days in Crozet, he knew each one by name. He liked to talk to them, instruct them, and give them medals or pictures of the Blessed Virgin. Having, by such means as these, succeeded in winning love and confidence, it became easy to prevail on one, and then another, to attend Mass, and apart from the graces showered upon them through the Holy Sacrifice, they heard an instruction on some fundamental truth. Numerous conversions followed to rejoice his heart.

Whenever he learned that one of his parishioners was ill, he hastened to his bedside, and by sympathizing with his suffering and talking freely of everyday matters, won a way, little by little, into his heart, and then into his conscience. "I knew an old sinner in Crozet," related Father Bourdin, "whom Father Chanel converted during his long last illness. He often went to see the man, and never empty handed; he instructed him, and exhorted him to patience; and when the poor fellow was released from his suffering, he exclaimed feelingly, 'How that good man edified me! I hope that he is praying for me in Heaven.'"

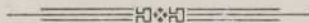
Father Chanel knew that the success of his work in Crozet depended much on the cooperation of M. Girod, mayor of the village, who had disliked his predecessor and taken a prominent part in having him removed. By tact and gentleness Father Chanel soon won his good will, even his friendship. M. Girod invited him to come often to the chateau, and contributed generously to the support of the church and schools and the fund for the relief of the poor. He returned to the practice of his religion, and occupied himself seriously with the thought of death. To Bishop Devie he said, "How can I thank you for having given us so good a pastor! The zeal and sweetness of St. Francis de Sales have come to life among us."

Nowhere did Father Chanel show greater charity than in the confessional. He received all with fatherly tenderness; and however long the confession or trying the penitent, he never lost patience. Each one felt himself to be the object of a very special care and interest. Nor did he ever put off until another day the confession of man or child.

Concluding that the reformation of the parish was too stupendous a task for him to accomplish alone, Father Chanel decided to have a mission given in Crozet. Some of his fellow priests tried to dissuade him from the project. "You will find," they said, "that people will be moved at the moment, but no lasting conversions will result." Far from agreeing with them, Peter believed the exercises of a retreat or mission to be a powerful means of winning sinners and safely housing them within the fold. The mission given at Crozet was indeed blessed by Heaven! No cross was raised to commemorate it, but confraternities were established which long preserved its fruits.

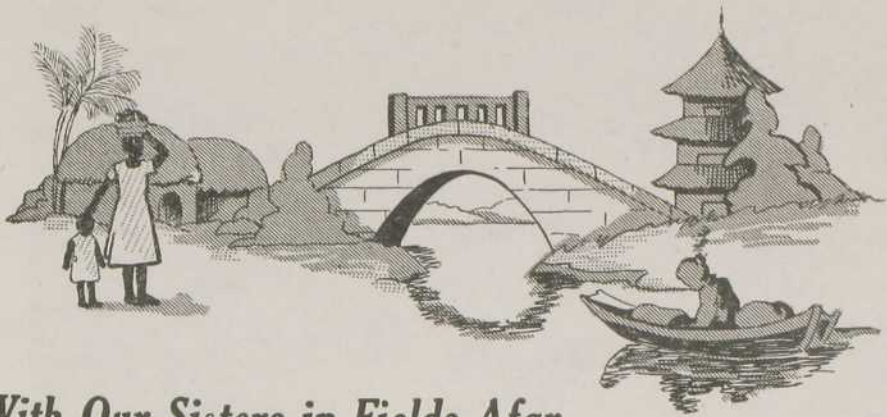
In short, before Father Chanel had been many months in Crozet the place was transformed. Dances, public houses of ill-repute, the profanation of Sunday, and other scandals were all of the past. Certainly, a few held aloof, most of them Protestants. Among these there was a poor, feeble, old woman whom Father Chanel often visited and treated with extraordinary kindness, taking her meat and bread and wine, encouraging, cheering, and entertaining her. He longed to win her back to the Faith, and when it became evident that she could not live very long, he redoubled his tenderness and the number of his visits. But, to his sorrow, the woman died in heresy. "Ah," he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "if she could only have now the graces she despised! I thought for many a day that, perhaps, she would return to the Church, but when she obstinately refused to invoke the Blessed Virgin, I lost hope."

(To be continued)



True democracy is the child of Christianity and democracy is the only true expression of Christ. True democracy and the Church can never be divorced.

Most Rev. Philip Pocock, D. D., Saskatoon



With Our Sisters in Fields Afar

JAPAN

KORIYAMA

A PLAY THAT LEADS SOULS TO GOD

In our non-Christian milieu where the charity of Christ is still practically unknown, class prejudices often wield a disastrous influence. For instance, rich and poor students will not mix easily. It is not rare that children from well-off families will refuse outright to attend school with pupils of inferior social condition.

To cope with the heavy task of uprooting these age-old, deep-set prejudices, missionaries must resort to more than one scheme. It was with this end in view that we recently organized a play among our English course pupils. "Charity Well Rewarded" draws the attention upon a young student, an only child of a wealthy family, who has understood the true sense of Christian charity, as exemplified in the life of the missionaries who spend themselves body and soul for the cause of the Gospel of Love. Noticing that a destitute pupil has not appeared in class for several days, she makes inquiries as to the reason of her absence, and upon information that sickness detains the girl home, decides to visit and assist. The good Samaritan finds her companion in a most pitiful condition. Cheerfully she does all that lies in her power to alleviate the misery of the sick girl and that of her invalid mother. Visits succeed one another; undismayed by the taunts of snobbish classmates, she continues to take interest in her proteges and share with them sweets, fruits, and other little extras which the poor so rarely enjoy. Nonplussed by the kindnesses and delicate attentions showered upon them, the penniless two finally voice the question in their minds: "Why are you so kind to us?" The young lady gladly takes occasion of the inquiry to explain the main truths of the religion of the Lord of Heaven, not forgetting to tell her enthusiastic hearers of the eternal happiness and everlasting reward promised to all who love and serve the God who made the world and all in it. Her sickness having led her to the threshold of eternity, the poor girl asks to be baptized, and shortly



MOTHER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG), PHOTOGRAPHED DURING HER RECENT VISITATION OF OUR EASTERN MISSIONS,
WITH SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE (RITA MARTEL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.) AND A FEW ENGLISH COURSE PUPILS
AT OUR KORIYAMA CONVENT, JAPAN.

after dies the peaceful, happy death of God's own children. In a last tableau she appears to her benefactress to express her unbounded gratitude for the gift of unending joy granted her.

Our youthful actors — our should we say stars? — can rightfully be proud of their debut on the stage, especially when one reflects that the said debut was made in the English language. Yet the end would not have been attained, had the outcome of the performance been limited to warm congratulations. Our ambition was hitched to a higher star, and, thanks be to God, it was not to be frustrated. Back for their regular course the next Tuesday, six of our eight students asked to be initiated in the principles of the Catholic Faith. We were far from expecting so sudden a change; some of them had been attending our convent for ten months, others six months, and never had there been any question of studying Catholic truths.

"Are you in earnest?" was the first query that escaped our lips.

"Yes, Sister," they assured us. "We want our happiness to last longer than the duration of a play, and wish that our entire life be filled with charity and self-giving. Please ask the Reverend Father to teach us all that we need to know to become good Christians."

Needless to say, the proposition was accepted, with the result that our six young ladies are now probing the depths of the one and only Science — further evidence that when God's hour has come, anything, even as simple a thing as a dramatized deed of charity, can give birth in pagan hearts to the lofty ideal of Christian life.



Sister Agnes d'Assise (Lucienne Renaud, Montreal), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, With Three Patients at the Koriyama Clinic.

WITH THE LITTLE ONES

Two kindergarteners were having a serious discussion on how to fashion a cross out of the mica sheet they had just found. "It's easy," guaranteed the little lass, showing her friend, a man of five, how the operation should be done. "And when it will be finished, we could paste the picture of a crucified Jesus on it." — "Oh, but you're forgetting something," the toddler pointed out with importance. "What about the nails? The wicked Jews drove nails into the hands and feet of Jesus, you know. How it must have hurt Him! And the thorns around His head! Wonder if there would be a way of taking them out?" Entering at this moment, Sister questioned the girlie, who will soon be graduated from the kindergarten. "Do you love the good God?" — "Oh yes!" replied the little one, her eyes brightening. "But," asked Sister, "what will you do when you will have to attend a school where there is no chapel?" — "I'll come to say my prayers here after class!"

The mother of another of our charges was sick and had to stay in bed when her tiny daughter left for the kindergarten. All day long the child seemed worried and could hardly wait for the dismissal bell to have news of her mother. "No wonder Mummie is feeling better," she told her father that evening, "today I went to see Jesus at the chapel and I asked Him to cure Mummie. He just has to listen to me." Little did she realize the effect produced on her father by this simple expression of her thoughts. "I did not believe in the existence of God," he found himself saying, "and now my own daughter is proving it to me." Then he added: "All of my other children went to kindergartens where they did not even learn the difference between good and evil. This little girl of mine is the only one to have attended a Catholic school, and yet with what appropriateness she tells us, when occasion offers: 'Daddy, you mustn't do such and such a thing, it is wrong and grieves Jesus;' or again: 'This is how you should act.'

A sickly tot who professed deep horror for injections surprised his parents one day with the perfect submission with which he accepted the dreaded medicine. "Now you're beginning to act like a man," his father congratulated him. "Daddy," replied the boy, "I have learnt to know God at the kindergarten, and was told all that the wicked men made Him suffer. It's really nothing to stand an injection, when one thinks of Jesus' sufferings."

The lad was baptized on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and is most fervent in his new religion. On one occasion when he had been greatly annoyed, the interior fight he had to put up was so violent that his astonished father asked him: "What is it that changes you so? Not so long ago you would have answered with your fists." This time again, the worthy scion of the Japanese martyrs evoked our crucified Lord. His pagan daddy, long a fanatic, could hardly repress his tears and remained absorbed in thought. Who will tell the wonderful influence wielded upon his life by the example of this generous little son of his?

WAKAMATSU

RAYS OF THE RISING SUN

The grace of God is working wonders in the land of Shintoism. Whoever has known the hardships and hostility, not to say open persecution, which missionaries and Christians had to endure, cannot but marvel and thank Heaven with tear-wet eyes at the sight of overcrowded churches and frequent entries into the Fold of Christendom.

Wakamatsu had five new Christians on Whitsunday. Among these was a teacher at the young men's lyceum and two of our helpers at the kindergarten. On the eve of the Assumption, eight other catechumens were enrolled in God's great family. One of the eight was our own kitchen helper, Sato Noriko San, now Rita Sato. With angelic fervor she prepared for Baptism and First Communion. A hard worker and the soul of kindness, she let her light shine even when still in the pagan night. Her fervor shows that she believes not in pocketing the Faith for herself only, but in giving freely what she has received freely.

The catechism lessons given here weekly by Rev. Father Fukazawa, are regularly followed by some thirty Japanese, among whom several of our English course boys. The latter would perhaps not care overmuch to be seen at the Mission, but a room already familiar to them and private meets instead of public are factors that win them over quite easily. Our chapel can barely accommodate all of the doctrine students who wish to assist at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after the study periods.

What remains of our Japanese library after the war enables us to place Catholic works at once edifying and instructive in the hands of our senior pupils. For many it means a first focusing of the spotlight on that truth they sought in vain in classic or scientific books. Interest soon develops into desire: Young Japan will delve into lexicons of the Christ-life, because Young Japan knows it is the faith in the heart of Christ's followers that makes for true nobility and magnanimity of soul. Before long the student says he would like a doctrine book for his own use; soon he asks Father whether he would accept another willing pupil. The daughter of a Protestant clergyman came, read, and was conquered while browsing in our library. She will be a full-fledged Catholic before too long.

For the first time in twelve years the Christian community of Wakamatsu had full liberty to hold a public Corpus Christi procession. Naturally, the faithful did not come by the thousands, nor did we pass in the most distinguished sections of the town; supernaturally, however, the triumph in honor of the Sacramental Savior was truly heartening. The Catholic young girls and a few of our devoted non-Christian friends had made it a point to help us decorate and prepare sheaves of flowers for the repository. At six o'clock the gathering left to the strains of the *Pange Lingua*, with our convent main entrance as destination. There an altar had been erected and decked with the blooms provided by our private course pupils. A Latin and a Japanese hymn were sung, following which Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament passed among the pious throng that had been drawn by the



MOTHER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG) AND SISTER MARIE LEONISE (RACHEL GERIN, COATICOOK),
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH THREE YOUNG GIRLS PLAYING KOTO, A JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

novelty of the spectacle. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the May devotions were afterwards held in the chapel. Soon, we hope, things will be done more gloriously and royally for Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love.

We are now at full liberty to visit hospitals, which enables us to spread the divine seed of Faith. All of the Sisters have hospital baptisms to their credit.

We went to Sendai last summer and saw for ourselves that prospects are very encouraging for the Catholic religion. The church, spacious as it is, cannot contain the throng of the faithful; the late comers must hear Mass through the open windows, and the priest has to say three Masses on Sunday.

The nine hundred pupils at the Girls' High School of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres follow catechism lessons regularly. Fifteen of the thirty teachers are Catholics, and the remaining half are getting acquainted with our religious doctrine. A minor-scale association founded to keep fervor at high pitch by binding its members to hear Sunday Mass and practice other devotions, has already an enrollment of six hundred young ladies. More than two hundred pagan urchins are learning about the Boy of Bethlehem at the catechism lessons for the primary grades.

CLOSED RETREAT

On August 17 last, twenty young ladies followed the exercises of a closed retreat at our convent. Consoling fruits were reaped therefrom, judging by these jottings from the pen of one of the retreatants, a non-Catholic, by the way.

"In my retreat I learned many things that were new to me. It is easy for me to love God now, and my days are filled with deep gratitude. It seems to me that now I too can address a pure prayer to Heaven. Prayer is a pleasure for me; never before have I felt the presence of God so near. How was it that I was never struck by that before? In my retreat I understood that by the fact that I am not a Christian, something is missing in my life. My elder sister, who died ten years ago, adored the true God. She was in a situation worse than mine. In those days my grandfather was very severe, but she cheerfully went her way, loving her God and studying as much as she was allowed. Before her death she told me: 'Do not be weak. Be firm in your faith and strive to attain to your ideal.' And then she departed for another world, leaving behind her that last enlightening smile. Her last recommendations came to my mind during my retreat, inciting me to remain steadfast in my determination. My mother would not agree to my becoming a Christian just now; she lets me go to church, but is against my hearing Mass. This last sacrifice I offer to obtain her permission."

And the jottings went on in that vein, telling of the joy of a soul at having found the truth, and of the obstacles to be mastered before entering the Church whose Founder is Truth itself. Need we dwell further on the benefits of closed retreats even in a pagan land?

AS LITTLE CHILDREN

Not in vain did Catholics the world over beseech the Mother of God, last May, to lead the children of Japan to Jesus. The wealth of prayers offered has not been without its spiritually happy effect on the Japanese youngsters. Several times we have had proof of the assertion.

Yoichi is no philosopher; nothing singles him out from among the boys of his age; but his upright soul keeps faithfully the imprint of Catholicism we are striving to give to it. The boy with the makings of a hero is not afraid to make known his convictions. One instance will be enough:

The time for the great traditional spring outing had come. The previous evening, the mothers had prepared the special luncheon to be eaten under the *sakura* (cherry trees in full bloom). You have to be in Japan to understand how eagerly the little ones look forward to that day. Alas! how early deception knocks at a child's heart: it was raining cats and dogs when morning came. Believing his six-year-old son must feel ever so blue about it, Mr. Sato, teacher at the young men's lyceum, told him rather sorrowfully: "Isn't it too bad there won't be any outing today!" — "Oh no," came the bright and ready response, "if God sends rain, it's because it's better that way. He knows what's the best thing to do, so it isn't so bad after all."

The learned professor hadn't been expecting that wisp of wisdom out of the mouth of a babe. As a consequence of Junior's outburst, Mr. Sato decided it would be altogether the proper thing to investigate the Catholic doctrine, and at once acted on the decision. Rev. Father Fukasawa hasn't many pupils more avid of Catholic learning.

And what shall we say of six-year-old Hiroko San, whom God has just called to His Kindergarten above? Didn't she need special help from Jesus in order to live, as she did, on the thought of becoming a Christian one day? That thought haunted her night and day, at work and at play. Her mother told us about that. "While we were but slightly preoccupied by the question of religion, Hiroko was all engrossed in it. Never did she omit her prayers, and it is my consolation to think that Maria Sama helped her at the last moments, for in her child prayers she always ended with: 'Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.'"

The dear girl loved to look at pictures. When someone asked her why she thus stayed still as a mouse in front of her favorite pictures, she would answer with that childlike candor of hers: "I am talking to Little Jesus." She is, we trust, one of the tender Nipponese blooms that Our Blessed Mother could present to her Divine Son in return for all the prayers that arose towards Heaven during the month of May. It is true that the waters of baptism never irrigated her soul, but if ardent desire can supplement baptism in action, there is no doubt that to Hiroko who longed to be Jesus' own, the doors of Heaven were flung wide open.

Her daddy and mother, thinking a six-year-old much too young to have anything to do with so serious a business, had forbidden her to come to church, although they allowed her to spend part of her Sundays here with the teachers. Hiroko found the minutes short-lived, so many



JAPANESE SCHOOL-GOER



OUR GARDENER, WAKAMATSU

questions she had to ask about things Catholic. God didn't like to leave His treasure too long on earth, and without asking her daddy's permission kidnapped Hiroko for Heaven. She will remain for everyone the model we love to set before our pupils: at prayer, pious as an Angel, as candid with Father-in-Heaven as with Daddy-on-earth; in school, obedient to the wishes of her teachers; on the playground, always ready for any kind of game and gay as a lark. It was a delight to hear her little French song: *Petit Zezu, bonjour!* We like to fancy that when she tiptoed into the Wonderful Home beyond the blue, Little Jesus had a very special smile and a fond "*Hiroko, bonjour!*" for His tiny Japanese lover.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

CHINESE MISSION, MANILA

GONE TO HER ETERNAL REWARD

Campaigning for the Missionary Christ in far-off Canton, China: such was the glorious life work of the mission-souled Sister who has just passed on to God, but whose memory remains our inspiration and a mute appeal to give and give for Christ and souls. Sister Marie Immaculee (Alice Vanchestein, St. Michel de Napierville) went to her eternal reward on July 1, 1948, leaving her Community and the missions the poorer, but Heaven richer in the joy of welcoming Home, after a hard and strenuous campaign, one who had not been afraid to do battle with the Dragon of paganism in its very den.

Years of worry and weariness were those when war rode the earth, and our dear Sister, whose health could not stand the strain, was assigned to Manila, where it was hoped she would have better chances of recovery. September 1st, little more than a year ago, saw her at the Chinese mission on Narra Street. To the Chinese Work that was coming back into its own after war had thrown it so out of joint, she gave the best she had to give: her wealth of experience, the beacon brightness of good example, her unswerving loyalty, and her all-consuming love of souls.

At the end of June the doctor warned us that Sister was utterly spent. Could there not be some error to his verdict? She who had suffered so much already believed she could bear up longer, and eventually recover fairly good health. So it seemed to her; yet with admirable confidence and tranquillity of soul she prepared for the Last Anointing. Her companions on the mission field knelt around her bed, as the consecrated minister of God fortified her with holy oils for the long journey to Eternal Glory.

All that day there was ringing joy in her voice, and her face was suffused with supernatural contentment. If tears did trickle down her cheeks now and then, she hastened to assure us they were tears of happiness. In her sweet smile and the unearthly gladness that radiated on her features we could read, as in an open book, the beauty of her soul. Truly her lamp was trimmed and ready for the coming of the Bridegroom.



REV. FATHER A. GARCIA, PASTOR OF THE CHINESE MISSION OF MANILA,
SISTER CLAIRE DE L'ECHARISTIE (CLAIRE FONTAINE, QUEBEC), AND SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N. H.).
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. WITH THE NEW CHRISTIANS OF THEIR ANGLO-CHINESE SCHOOL, APRIL 23, 1948.

Days passed, bringing no change in the dear patient's condition. From the bottom of our hearts we offered our novena prayers to our venerated Mother Foundress, in front of a statue the latter had given Sister Marie Immaculee at her departure for Rome, in 1926. Our novena, we kept assuring Sister, would unfailingly be heard in the Realms above, where Mary is Queen. "God's holy will! God's holy will!" she would reply. "Our venerated Mother often said that." As she had rejoiced when told she would be going into the house of her Lord, so did she remain joyful through the days of suffering she still had to live. Prayers arose uninterruptedly from her heart to her lips, while the little acts of virtue she had loved to offer her God in days of action she now offered Him in days of "passion," in suffering.

June 30 was a fairly good day, but towards evening Sister developed a violent headache and complications set in. A little after six that evening, we sent for the priest and the doctor. During night prayers we said with her, she seemed to be resting more calmly. When, with the hundreds of our fellow Sisters who wear the white and blue of the Immaculate One, we sang the night invocation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, she recollected herself as if in fervent prayer. Then, when the Sisters intoned the *Salve Regina*, she folded her hands, doubtless singing in her heart the words on every lip. But ere we had reached the "*O dulcis Virgo Maria*," she had lapsed into coma. Only on the beauties of the Land of Vision would her eyes open again. It pleased our Immaculate Mother that the last conscious act of the consecrated Bride of Christ who had borne her name, should be the "Hail, Holy Queen," which we address to the Mother of God every night until the last, when she will call us from exile to introduce us into the presence of her Son.

After a night of pain and struggle, morning brought quiet and calm; however, it was plain to see the beloved Sister had all but come to the last station of her Sorrowful Way. In the late afternoon hours she fell into her last agony. Aves we prayed over and over at the bedside, trying to relieve the poor sufferer in the only way we knew, and to give her proofs of our sisterly affection. Around nine o'clock she grew peaceful; then gently the ripened fruit was severed from its stem; the arms of a Father and the heart of a Mother opened to receive their faithful child. It was 9.20 on the Eve of the Visitation of Our Blessed Lady.

Towards midnight we laid out the mortal remains of the one who had shared with us the sorrows and joys of a mission career. In the house of her Lord we laid her, in the presence chamber of her Spouse, close to the tabernacle before which she had prayed, loved, and said "yes" to the adorable will of the Master. The following morning the body was removed to the chapel of our Sisters on Del Rosario Street, where our chaplain sang the Requiem Mass. In front of a statue she had only recently adorned, she remained all that last day of her earthly pilgrimage. Children formed her a crown all day, reciting the beads to Mary. But at last all that was mortal of our regretted Sister had to be confided to the grave. It is a



*The Coffin of Sister Marie Immaculee (Alice Vanchestein, St. Michel de Napierville)
Being Carried to the Cemetery. Notice the Niches at Right.*

consolation for us to know she is sleeping the sleep of the just close to dear Sister St. Maurice⁽¹⁾. Twice lately on visits to the cemetery we had remarked on that empty niche, little suspecting it would so soon receive one of us. She who now awaits there the glorious Resurrection Dawn might have had some forewarning of her nearing death, for she often spoke about it and tried so sweetly, so simply to sanctify her every moment. Beyond the cold unfeeling stone that conceals the Sister we loved and still love so well, we lift our eyes and hearts upward as we pray that Sister Marie Immaculee will add more heavenly chapters to the beautiful saga of her mission apostolate.

GAGALANGIN, MANILA

Our new convent on Del Rosario Street, gift of Divine Providence to us poor missionaries, opened wide its doors to welcome the Sisters on June 14. Thanks to St. Joseph's miraculous protection, the construction of the building went so rapidly that by the end of June our Academy of the Immaculate Conception was ready to accommodate its 720 pupils.

Our new home is a haven of calm and tranquillity for which we thank God from our hearts. The silence and quiet are surely appreciated after the turmoil of past years. We moved in on June 14.

1. Juliette SIMONEAU, Gardner, Mass., who died in Manila on June 17, 1943.

His Excellency Most Rev. J. Jovellanos blessed the chapel on June 19, and offered the first Mass within its walls. Numerous friends and benefactors were present, rejoicing with us that one more tabernacle had been erected to house our Eucharistic Lord.

Mr. Suiza, our architect, a fervent Catholic, donated two magnificent holy water fonts, his share, he said, in the decoration of our modest chapel. His four children were among the first to be enrolled in our school.

On the feast of St. Aloysius, model and patron of Christian youth, the Academy welcomed its army of students. Parents and pupils alike are greatly pleased over the site chosen for the establishment, overlooking the sea and enjoying beautiful and peaceful surroundings. The grounds are spacious and the pupils can play their games in all security, as the whole property is surrounded by a high stone wall.

The buildings are of cream-colored stucco. The main entrance bearing a large inscription is situated on Del Rosario Street. Graceful palms and delicate ferns adorn the portico opening on a spacious vestibule, where one's gaze is at once attracted to a beautiful statue of Our Lady at the head of the stairs leading to the chapel. A wide corridor divides the house in two, and on both sides open large, airy classrooms. The furniture is adapted to the needs of the various classes, and our pupils really cannot help but feel proud of their Alma Mater. Luxury is indeed banned from their



*Sister Madeleine du Sacre Coeur (Madeleine Payette, Montreal),
Superior of the Immaculate Conception Academy, Manila,
Gives a Catechism Lesson to Filipina Girls.*

premises, but they can enjoy space and sunshine and fresh air to their heart's content. The greatest of all boons tendered them, however, is a sound Catholic education.

Heartily do we thank God for His gracious bounties, and our generous benefactors for their share in this great work of the education of Filipino youth.

* * *

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

THE PRESIDENT VISITS "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE"

The visit of His Excellency President Dumarsais-Estime, of the Haiti Republic, at our mission of Les Cayes, was one of the most outstanding events of the year. All the city of Les Cayes was astir to do honor to the nation's leader, and the schools were given one whole week of holidays in order to allow the pupils to share in all the festive demonstrations.

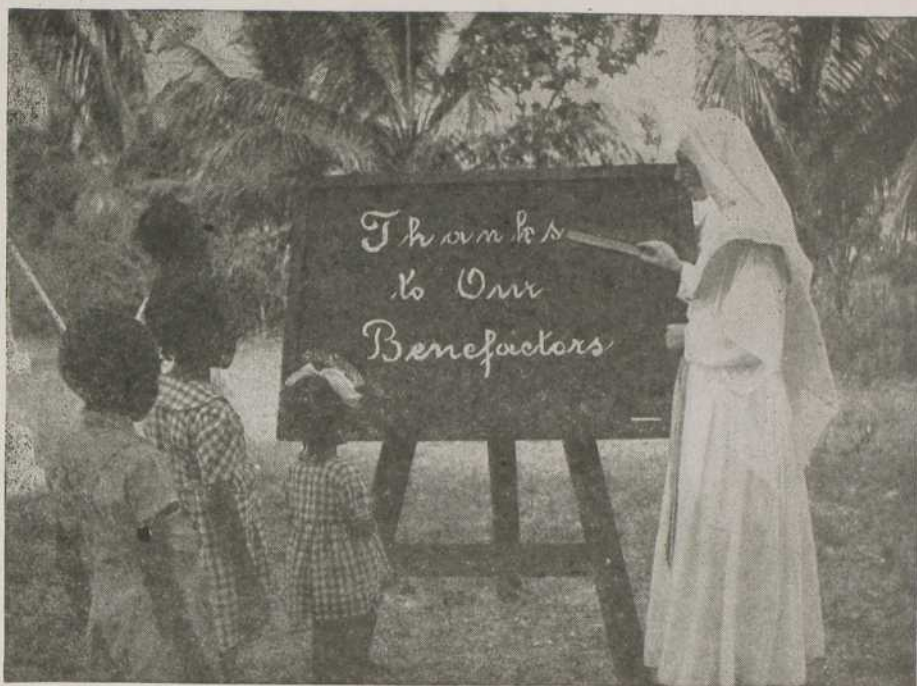
On Tuesday noon, April 20, Haiti's First Lady let us know through the Prefect of the city, that at 5.00 P.M. she would pay an informal call at our convent and at "Charity, If You Please."

At 5.30, Mrs. Dumarsais-Estime arrived at our convent, with an escort of eight other ladies, the City Magistrate, and an aide-de-camp. After the first greetings had been exchanged, our distinguished guest asked to see the chapel which she found much to her liking. She then minutely inquired after the patients of "Charity," their medicine, food, clothing, bedding, etc. The Refuge was then visited. The patients felt greatly comforted by her kind words and cheering smile. Meanwhile, a crowd had gathered outside the Refuge, eagerly awaiting a glance at the First Lady of the Land, who graciously ordered that gourdes (Haitian monetary unit) be distributed to all the mothers with children in their arms. The presidential car then took her and her escort back to our convent, where refreshments had been prepared. The party left at 6.30, apparently well pleased over their informal visit.

CHURCH AND STATE MEET

Friday, April 23, was the day chosen by His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, O.M.I., our kind bishop, for the blessing of the clinic and the newly erected women's ward. The President's official visit happily coincided with the religious ceremony.

Church and State met before "Charity's" votive Calvary. There, at the foot of the Cross, the two Pastors were acclaimed by the least and the most suffering of their flock. The ceremony was really impressive, and tears flowed silently on many a furrowed cheek. An address was read to the President by a tiny damsel, who then offered him a magnificent bouquet of roses.



Reading Time at "Charity, If You Please," Les Cayes, Haiti

Benevolently the President called her to his side. "Come, little one, let me embrace you." At this, the crowd became delirious and ovations rang out.

Our 125 pupils were on their best behavior throughout, and we really felt very proud of them all. Our kind spiritual Head and the President of the Republic also expressed their deep satisfaction.

After the ceremony, His Excellency the President, our pastor, Rev. Father Letarte, O.M.I., and one of his curates, thirty deputies, ministers, and doctors, as well as thirty Haitian guards, partook of the refreshments prepared at our convent, and afterwards visited the whole establishment.

"Sisters, you have spoiled me with so many kind attentions!" exclaimed the President, as he presented us with an envelope containing five hundred gourdes, to be used for the needy children of "Charity, If You Please." As he left us he again promised to help the work of mercy further, which promise he had already made to His Excellency Bishop Collignon.

"CHARITY'S" CHILDREN WRITE TO BENEFACTORS

*"Charity, If You Please," School Section
Les Cayes, Haiti, September 27, 1948*

Kind Benefactors.

We, the children of "Charity, If You Please," unite to thank you as gratefully as we can for the warm clothing you so kindly sent us, and which



LOLO, MONA, GRACIA, AND RACHEL LOVE MILLET BROTH. PHOTO TAKEN AT "CHARITY," LES CAYES, HAITI.

Mother Superior has just distributed among all the pupils. Thanks to your generosity, each one of our school's 125 pupils will be properly and neatly clothed this year.

We are only children, it is true, but in the garden of our hearts thrives the fragrant flower of gratitude. May Our Blessed Mother reward you for your generous kindness: such is our daily prayer for our dear benefactors. Every day we say a special prayer in our native tongue for all the people who so kindly help us. We feel sure that Heaven will answer us when we pray for you, who are so thoughtful and helpful.

May we hope that you will remember us again next year, when you sew for God's poor little children the world over? Our clothes will soon wear out, and if you did not provide us with new ones, we could no longer attend school, where we learn to love *Papa le bon Die* and to become useful members of society.

Once again, kind benefactors, we thank you with all our hearts, and we ask our dear Blessed Mother to bless you, and to keep you for many long years to our grateful affection.

YOUR 125 PROTEGES OF "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE"

* * *

CUBA

FROM DAY TO DAY

WITH OUR SISTERS WHO LEFT FOR CUBA ON AUGUST 15

Monday, August 16

Your Cuba-bound Sisters reached Washington at 12.20 P.M., left their valises and parcels at the wicket, and went to pay a surprise visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor. There we were welcomed not only like Sisters, but also like real sisters — with a small s. The Community is managing a home for elderly people of both sexes. The dear old grandpas and grandmas look as happy as children in the comfortable home they owe to the charity of the Little Sisters.

Tuesday, August 17

We said goodbye to the city with the White House last night at 7.30. Now we are speeding on to the land of our dreams. On our way to Miami, where the majority of the passengers will stay, the train crosses far-flung sections of woodland and vast extents of red clay. Once we have Georgia behind our backs we meet with our first palm trees. The heat, as we ride southward, is not only tropical but exceptionally so, which makes the weather forecasters broadcast the probability of a cyclone just around the corner.

Friday, August 20

One of the pleasantest surprises we ever had was given us today by the Sisters of the Assumption, of Bay Haven, whose convent has been home for us these last few days. While we were taking care of our correspondence, one of them invited us into the next room. Imagine our delight when Reverend Mother Superior, who was awaiting us there, displayed, not only for seeing but for keeping as well, a complete altar set, liturgical vestments, and sacred vessels, in a word, all that goes into the composition of a Mass outfit. This was the Reverend Mother's charitable gift for our first mission station in Cuba.

"Sisters," she told us, "we are so glad to see you opening a mission in Cuba that we want the foundation to be yours and ours. In thought and prayer and sacrifice we will be with you and we will do our share for the Cubans."

There are moments in life when we grope for words that say more than "thank you." That was one of them. Between thanks and grateful smiles we packed our sacristy kit, for our ship will soon be a-sailing.

At six o'clock we crossed the gangplank. People, people everywhere — they are very nearly eight hundred week-end pleasure seekers on the excursion boat, the *Florida*. Music, perfumes, singing, and "no sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet," all these couldn't divert our minds from the great central thought which comes to all foreign-going missionaries: in a few moments it will be goodbye to America, our own homeland. It is a far cry from Montreal to Miami, but at least you know that you are still on the home continent. A Negro untied the cables; the siren shot its shrill blast; on deck and on shore people elbowed themselves a passage. Something like a magnet held us at our vantage point on second deck, trying to catch a last glimpse of the dear ones we should have so liked to be with us. We were still busy with our thoughts when the band broke into the Cuban anthem. America, adieu!

Saturday, August 21

At 9.30 this morning we were at the port of Havana. Kind Father Morin, brother of dear Sister St. Joseph Calasanz⁽¹⁾, was on hand with friends to greet us. God has been very good to brother and sister in turning the wheels of destiny in such a way that they will now be winning souls for Him on the same apostolic field. Father saw to the removal of our belongings to the Procure of the Foreign Mission Fathers at Havana, where they will remain until our Mercedes home will be ready and we can unpack. It was pouring rain when we took to the San Antonio trail, but more would have been needed to dampen the enthusiasm and expectation of Sister St. Joseph Calasanz, for there at San Antonio her venerable father and her brother Andrew, who are staying with their missionary priest, were eagerly counting the weeks, days, and minutes. Joy beamed on every face. Mr.

Jeanne Berthe MORIN, Mont Laurier.

Morin, whose health is failing, cannot leave his room. Delighted as he is to see one of his daughters, the dear old father cannot but think wishfully and wistfully of the only child remaining in Canada, Sister Marie Victoire, of the Sisters de l'Esperance; but with his usual generosity he accepts the sacrifice of distance and separation.

Our first Cuban meal we took at three in the afternoon. The menu consisted of a substantial vermicelli and pea soup with little cubes of ham swimming in it; chicken stew with bacon and potatoes; yellow rice (the feastday fare) replacing white; vegetable salad sprinkled with vinegar. For dessert we had bananas, oranges, and guayaba jelly. At table the people generally drink clear water or some effervescent drinks. Strong black coffee is also a favorite, while tea is almost taboo. Coffee with milk is a morning beverage.

Cubans are demonstrative. Several had already arrived to welcome the new Sisters, and especially the sister of the *Padre* they love so much and with so much reason, for Father Morin is always in action for his little flocks of San Antonio and Caraballo.

Monday, August 23

Today we went to Havana for our passports. From the Immigration Office we proceeded to the Cardinal's Palace, where His Eminence Cardinal Arteaga y Becancourt greeted us with great benevolence. He spoke in French and, while giving us his blessing, said he would pray that God may bless our work in Cuba, adding the hope that we might some day be able to settle in the diocese of Havana. He also dwelt on his happy remembrances of the Ottawa Marian Congress.

Thursday, August 26

We left San Antonio for Matanzas, episcopal city of the diocese that will now be ours. With the Rev. Fathers Morin and De Charette we went to the Bishop's Residence, where the Vicar General, Msgr. Trabadelo, received us, His Excellency Bishop Martin being at present in the United States. Msgr. Trabadelo gave us a paternal blessing and wished us the most cordial of welcomes. He had us visit the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, a favorite resort of the faithful. Monsignor also organized an excursion to the underground grottos of Matanzas. The grottos, one hundred feet deep, are reached by flights of stairs with long corridors from one to the other. Some say that the excavations are the remnants of an ancient sea bed. Skeletons of mummified sea animals hanging on the walls confirm us in the idea. Only the illumination is the work of man, or so it seems; all the rest is the outcome of the ageless activities of nature, which has formed on every side the most symbolical designs that ever will be. The corridor we walked along leads to a path with no outlet. We could have trudged on for nineteen hours without seeing any suggestion of an ending.

From the underground grottos we went to the convent of the Daughters

of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who will be so kind as to give us hospitality until our Mercedes home is ready for occupation.

Friday, August 27

We were at Mercedes today. Mr. Matacena, Administrator of the Central, who has contributed to our establishment in Cuba, received us with great kindness. Gladly we explored the little two-story house which, through his medium, has been ceded to the parish by the Company whose Administrator he is. Mr. Matacena told us how eagerly the people were expecting our arrival; some parents have even delayed sending their children to the public school, believing we would be able to open classes in our home-school in November at the latest.

Tuesday, August 31

At 9.15 we rode into Marti. From the station Rev. Father Guilbault accompanied us to his rectory — the poor rectory of a poor *Padre*. Adventure enthusiasts who would see his or any other missionary's abode in Cuba would certainly change their minds if they had thought apostles were fortune seekers. Father Guilbault's house is nothing beyond a bedroom above the chapel, an office to talk things over with his parishioners, and a diminutive sacristy, antechamber and library, etc., all in one.

Our house will be only one story high. The grounds, spacious and shaded, push their way up to the mountain. The church is very near.

Monday, September 6

Another trip to Mercedes. Repair work on our home-to-be is well under way. On the ground floor some worn tiles have been replaced by fresher ones. Wooden floors are as rare in Cuba as fruits are aplenty; tiles, which are manufactured on the spot, are much more economical.

On our way home, we met the milkman on horseback: the horse answers to the "mule type" description. On each side the milk bottles are pocketed in pieces of heavy fabric. Farther on came the water vendor. Not many of the villages have running water; it is distributed in a huge cask equipped with a faucet. Water for kitchen uses is delivered in glass containers of a capacity of five gallons. Mineral water and effervescent drinks are consumed in a fantastic quantity.

Wednesday, September 8

September 8 brings the feast of Our Lady of Charity, patroness of Cuba. The celebration is religious and up to a certain extent civil; it is observed with much pomp on the whole Island. People who forget to go to Mass on Sunday consider it binding to take part in the demonstrations and processions held on this occasion.

His Excellency Bishop Martin, who returned from the States two days ago, came to say Mass in our convent. After breakfast he received us kindly and assured us that God will bless our Cuban venture. The diocese

of Matanzas, whose vigilant and devoted pastor he is, sorely needs more priestly hands. The priests scattered here and there have several parishes to minister to. The five Foreign Mission Fathers at work in the diocese are entrusted with the spiritual welfare of more than 200,000 souls. How ardently we ought to implore the Lord of the harvest to send thousands of laborers here, where laborers are needed so desperately. Most, if not all of the Cubans are baptized; but with no Fathers to see to their spiritual wants, with no *Padre* to turn his key in the church door, the light of faith is gradually dimming in souls. Masonic schools are moreover doing their bit to extinguish the already flickering beacons.



Introducing the Milkman, Los Arabos, Cuba

Sunday, September 12

The thermometer hovers between 90° and 102°. Nights are a fraction cooler, but our sleep is often disturbed by the mosquitoes, who certainly relish Canadian red corpuscles. But we'll be used to it by this time next year. The denizens of the poultry yard enjoy full liberty in the open beneath the blue ethereal sky. Usually they set their alarm clocks for midnight, and their serenading goes on until four or five in the morning. Roosters are reared for food, and so are hens — which explains how the choristers can be so many. All of the domestic animals have forgotten to grow up. The goats and their kids pry into the garbage cans early in the morning to see what they will find for their palate. Father Morin is harboring more than a hundred bats on the roof of his church at San Antonio.

Monday, September 20

All day long people got ready for the cyclone in the offing. Doors and windows were provided with bars of iron and wood; fences and roofs that looked a bit frail were made more solid. The radio didn't tend to boost the spirits up and, as a burnt child dreads the fire, the Cubans, who have already weathered cyclones, have reason to feel concerned not a little. It rained heavily since morning and the wind kept increasing all the time. There was no electricity, the telephone service stopped at 4.00 P.M., as also that of the telegraph. Messengers ran in the streets announcing that the typhoon would strike Havana at six, and that we would have a sorry night of it.

Windows and double shutters were painstakingly shut and bolted everywhere. Darkness came earlier than usual, so that it was complete night at six. A heavy wind was blowing and, contrary to the Observatory forecast, the cyclone headed straight for Matanzas, getting fiercer and fiercer all the time. In order to avoid panic the nuns marched the young boarders off to bed, but pleasant dreams stayed far from their pillows. At nine, a heavy blast broke into bits the large-size window of the sacristy, right behind the altar. Rain poured in under the lashing wind; the panes of a window near the altar crashed in their turn, leaving free access to the hurricane that swished by lightning-like. Many of the neighbors, fearing ill at ease in their little houses, had sought a haven at the convent. As the men did not feel equal to entering the chapel to rescue the Blessed Sacrament, two of the nuns resolutely stepped into the water, bravely fighting against the violent blast. One of them grasped the tabernacle, and with the help of her companion, came to rejoin the group of Sisters at the chapel door. The precious Treasure was borne upstairs, while Sisters and refugees recited the *Miserere* more fervently than ever. Aves rose towards Heaven, interrupted by invocations: "Lord, have mercy on us! My Jesus, mercy!" Suddenly the door of the room cracked ominously; three of the men rushed to hold it in place, because they knew if the door gave way the roof would follow suit. Boards were nailed crosswise to keep the wind at bay. Outside, trees were cracking and wooden walls dislocating, which made us surmise that the morrow would point to sad-looking ruins left in the wake of the cyclone.

On the ground floor three large windows in turn gave up the struggle: the community room, the dormitory, and the portico of the Sisters became easy prey to the elements. Implacably the typhoon stormed its way across iron rods, pulled out windows and window frames, and turned the furniture over. It was useless to think of going there without risking to come back — or rather to stay there lifeless — and nobody attempted the foolhardy deed. Slowly the night hours crawled on. It was only at five o'clock that things quieted down enough to allow us to take a bit of rest. At 7.30 we were again on our feet. The part of the building hit by the cyclone presents a sad sight indeed. Our next-door neighbor has no more roof on his house. Here the fence is broken, five or six massive trees are uprooted and lie prone on the ground, and the roofs of garage, shed, and carpentry

shop have been swept clean off. At the sacristy, Mass vestments and all of the altar linens are literally soaked. Miraculously enough, the statues have not been thrown down; only the two adoring angels of the altar need a good cleaning, and one of them will need to have his drooping wing set in place again.

Convent losses are estimated at close to three thousand dollars, and the poor Sisters were already finding it a big problem to make ends meet. Could we only help these who are so good for us and to whom we shall always owe so much!

Wednesday, September 22

The cyclone and its ravages are the great topic of conversation. The province of Matanzas was the hardest hit. Nearly five hundred houses have been swept away or almost completely demolished. The families without a home are harbored in public buildings, where the Government sees that they be relieved. Losses of life have not been reported officially. In the long hallways of the convent the church and altar lingerie has been stretched to dry. The vestments are in a piteous condition and, since the poor Sisters haven't the means necessary to renew the outfit, they will have to serve again for religious ceremonies, until kindly souls see to it that something more convenient be provided for the House of the Lord of Glory.

Friday, September 24

Man proposes and God disposes. It was understood that we would be at Mercedes for the feast of Our Lady of Ransom, patroness of the parish; the Reverend Pastor and the parishioners were expecting us, and Mr. Matacena had directed the preparation of a room for the Sisters. But an untoward accident reversed all of that.

At 8.15 this morning we left the Matanzas convent. There being no tramways, we took the bus to reach the station. Hardly were we in than the driver lost control of his vehicle while launching into a fairly steep ascent. He tried to follow close to the sidewalk; but the bus, with a desperate grinding, leapt to the bank, turned over, fell upside down in the street, then turning half over remained on its side. Window panes broke into bits, and blood flowed among the passengers. Meanwhile the engine was doing its usual work. The windows that now formed the roof were smashed in to rescue the prisoners. Those who were able climbed on the seats and were pulled out through the windows, at the risk of cutting themselves on the fragments of broken glass remaining on the frames. Sister Madeleine du Sauveur, whose leg was crushed by she didn't know what, fearing that the engine would explode, made a superhuman effort to extricate her foot. She succeeded with the foot, but the shoe remained squeezed under. As she was too weak to stand and hold her arms out to be rescued, she slipped out by the front window that had also been smashed in. Sister St. Joseph Calasanz had already done just that, but in so doing had lost her veil, which a policeman went to fish in the gasoline.

From there we were directed to the house of a kind lady, who did her best while waiting for the ambulance to arrive. It came and took us to the first-aid station, where several doctors were already on hand to examine and bind. Several persons were seriously wounded; but thanks be to God we weren't much the worse for our experience, and are grateful to our Immaculate Mother for having taken such good care of us. We still wonder why the engine didn't blow up when we were imprisoned in that unlucky spot.

The doctor thinks it would be advisable to radiograph Sister Madeleine du Sauveur's leg, but there being no electricity, he prescribes compresses meanwhile. We were then removed to the convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, where the kind nuns are sparing nothing to make us comfortable and happy.

Sunday, September 26

The ever renewed compresses have done away with the edema and much of the pain that Sister Madeleine du Sauveur felt in her leg. When the electricity returns, radiography will be out of the question, for there is evidently no fracture. Sister St. Joseph Calasanz still suffers from bruises on her lower jaw, but we hope that frictions will get the better of that.

Monday, September 27

Sister Madeleine du Sauveur was compelled to go to the Palace of Justice this morning to make her declaration concerning the accident of last Friday. Fortunately, a private interview was obtained for her, and it was dispatched briskly. It goes without saying that the only thing she can affirm is this: "We didn't see anything and cannot tell whether the driver was careless or not."

For a week of experiences, this was an exceptional one: a cyclone, and not a miniature one, we are told; then this accident, the first of its kind we ever had, and whose remembrance will stay when many others go.



Catholic News Briefs

Preparations for the Holy Year

NEWS DISPATCHES swarming into the capital city of Italy from the four corners of the world give evidence that the coming Holy Year will bring an unprecedented number of pilgrims to the City on the seven hills. Competent organizations have already approached the study of the housing problem that will have to be met in 1950. The president of an air company has arrived in Rome to study the organization of air lines direct between America and Rome. "It is estimated," he declared to a Roman newspaper, "that more than 250,000 pilgrims from the United States will visit Rome during 1948 and 1950. Steps must therefore be taken in view of the influx of people. The majority will have only a limited

time to dispose of and will want to see much in a short time. For those pilgrims the journey by air will be the proper one."

Among the many demonstrations scheduled for the Holy Year there will be a large-scale mission exhibition. It is reported that the exhibition will not be held at the Vatican, but rather in the heart of the city, in the Palace of Exhibitions, not far from the station. On the ground floor there will be a universal exhibition of Christian Art, which the world will owe to the Academy of the *Virtuosi del Pantheon*, which goes back to Raphael. The halls on the first floor will be reserved to indigenous Christian Art. The executive committee, under the presidency of His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, has already made arrangements with the mission procurators, present in Rome; it has been decided that objects of art will be exposed according to regions.

Clergy Information

Twenty-Four Million Catholics

CHANGHAI — (C.I.P.) — According to recent statistics, the Far East has a Christian population of 35,000,000. Of this number, 24,000,000 are Catholics and 11,000,000 Protestants.

Mass in the Cenacle

IN OCTOBER last, High Mass was celebrated in the Cenacle where the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist was instituted on the first Maundy Thursday. The Jews having captured Mount Sion in greater Jerusalem and the sector that contains the Upper Room where Christ took the Last Supper with His disciples, the conquerors gave permission to a few interned monks in a nearby convent to hold religious offices in what they called the *Tomb of David*, which is in reality the site of the institution of the Mass and the Priesthood. The religious, three Benedictines and a Franciscan, eagerly grasped the opportunity. While one of the Benedictines offered the Holy Sacrifice, the others sang the sacred chant.

Low Masses have already been furtively said in the Cenacle after arrangements with the guardians, but it is apparently the first High Mass since the expulsion of the Franciscans, in 1552.

Memorial Church at Hiroshima

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) — A Catholic church will be erected at Hiroshima as a national monument to the memory of the victims of the first atom bomb. From the 177 projects received and displayed at the Catholic University of Tokyo, the jury has chosen thirty-four. To each of the architects, who are their authors, a prize has been awarded. The initial idea of erecting a church as a national monument is owed to Rev. Father Hugo Lasalle, Superior of the Jesuits in Japan. The *Asahi*, one of Japan's three leading dailies, communicated its own enthusiasm to the masters of Japanese Art by placing its columns at the service of the praiseworthy plan. Four conditions had been prescribed to the contestants: they were requested to prepare the plan of a church with a character at once modern and religious, designed to remind the people of the victims of the atom disaster, and answering to the tastes of Japanese artists. In order to enable the public in greater numbers to admire the sketches chosen, the Mitsukoshi House has agreed to exhibit them in its eight main Japanese branches. The novel contest, while mobilizing the best talents Japan has produced, will not fail to give a new orientation to Japanese ecclesiastical architecture.

Fides

A First Mass in Kenya

NYERI — (A.I.F.) — Twenty-three years ago, an ex-seminarian brought to the Seminary School his unruly little brother, a pagan lad of thirteen. The young rebel openly declared to the Sister in charge of the seminarians that he wouldn't sleep there, not even one night. Sister even had misgivings about giving him a blanket, for the imp might run away with it. But anyway he did have his blanket — and many other blankets as well, during his twenty-three years at the Sem. Despite forced suspension of studies during the war years, when the Italian Fathers of the Consolata were interned, the seminarian persevered until the end. Benedict Mary Thuo, the onetime headstrong pupil, has just been raised to the sacred priesthood by the Most Rev. C. Cavallera, Vicar Apostolic. On the morning of his first Mass, the newly ordained gave to fifty black children their First Communion Host. Thirty years ago, when the Seminary was founded, it seemed too lofty an ambition to hope to lead young Blacks to the holy priesthood. Now Father Benedict is the tenth priest to come from the Seminary.

Fides

Catholic Students at the Catholic University of Tokyo

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) — Of the 800 students at the University of Tokyo, 160 are Catholics, hence, about one-fifth of the total number. Since April, 1947, fourteen months ago as we write, 41 students have received baptism at the University. Thirty belong to the Catholic University, and the remaining eleven, to five or six other universities of the capital.

Fides

From American Army to Mission Field

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) — A major of the American Army who was with the occupational Army at Tokyo is now a student at St. John's College, Minnesota, U.S.A., preparing for the priesthood and service in Japan as a Catholic missionary. Four other ex-servicemen, two Americans and two American-born Japanese (Niseis), are also studying for the priesthood at the same college, eagerly looking forward to the day when as Benedictine monks they will be able to conquer the soul of the Nipponese for the Savior.

Children of Pagan Chief Become Religious

The son and daughter of a Congo pagan chief recently took their vows in native religious communities. Said their father: "As a chief I must give good example. If I hesitate to give my approval when my children want to dedicate themselves to God, who can be expected to do so?"

The Catholic Mission Digest

Martyrs for Christ

The Communist persecution, according to fully documented evidence which reached the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in Rome last spring, has given China eighty-two new "Martyrs." About 150 more nuns, priests and faithful are imprisoned, and hundreds of other missionaries have been expelled from districts where they had flourishing missions. The documentation reveals that the persecutions took place in Mongolia, Manchuria, Jehol, Shesi, Shansi, Hopeh, Shantung and Kiangsu provinces.

The Catholic Mission Digest



Saturday, September 25

We were beginning to wonder how long a General Chapter could possibly last, when today a telephone call from Cote des Neiges informed us that the assize held at the Motherhouse since September 8 was terminated, and that dear Sister Superior and Mother Mistress, both delegates to the Chapter, would soon be among us once again. Wonderful news like that deserves to be published, we all agree.

When at long last the doorbell rang, into the entrance hall we flocked to greet our very-much-missed ones, who had been gone so long. "Long," here, is no breach of truth, for separation — who has not experienced it? — is not measured so much by time as by affection. Tongues vainly tried to deliver all at once the wealth of greetings, news, and queries stored up in everyone's heart during the past three weeks. Strange how in small, insignificant matters we often act as if today were the end of the world, while so seldom we adopt the same judicious attitude toward the most important matter of our sanctification.

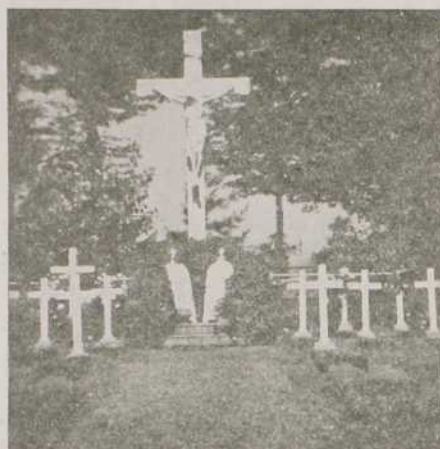
Monday, September 27

If little girls like to hear fairy tales, little boys, cowboy stories, there is nothing missionaries in the making relish more (in that line, of course) than a mission tale. This is one reason why we were so happy this morning, to welcome fifteen of our beloved elders: mission veterans temporarily in Canada for the General Chapter of our Community, and newly assigned Sisters who will leave shortly.

Early this afternoon the novitiate personnel gathered into the reception hall, where true tales of apostolic labors and conquests made us long for the day when our wings will be judged strong enough for an overseas flight.

How true it is that, if missionaries must sometimes return to their homeland, their minds and hearts never leave the little spot of pagan earth assigned to their zeal! The resurgence of Catholic Faith in Japan was enthusiastically described by one of her faithful missionaries. If privations are countless in the Land of the Rising Sun, the great number of conversions makes them light and easy to bear. Although a victim of the modern scourge of Communism, wounded China leaves in the hearts of those who labor for Christ the consoling hope that from so many sufferings will spring up in God's own good time and choosing, an abundant harvest of souls. The Philippine Islands and the West Indies in turn presented to our eyes the heart-stirring tableau of spiritual distress and material want.

We sincerely thank you, dear elders, and we shall treasure your last visit among our fondest remembrances. May we impress in our souls your wise counsels and inspiring examples, and may we one day share in your redemptive work in the fields afar!



*Burial Ground of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception,
Pont Viau*

Wednesday, October 20

"Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

One by one the Aves of the Rosary, winged messengers of love, waft our humble praise to the Queen of Heaven, as slowly we walk the lanes of the grove. At the fifth decade of the Sorrowful Mysteries, asking for the relief and the liberation of the poor souls in Purgatory, the remembrance of our dear departed Sisters and beloved parents wells up in our hearts, and the low white gate of our cemetery yields to give passage to the novices, who do not forget. The denuded trees, faded flowers, and parched earth, everything whispers a sad farewell dirge. As our misty

eyes look up to the white Christ standing guard over our loved ones, our bereaved hearts feel comforted. When all creatures will have failed us, He alone will remain, faithful to the end.

Dear departed ones, even if you have vanished from our earthly gaze, in our hearts, as in a jewelled frame, how tenderly we treasure the never-fading portrait of your beloved features and the sweet memory of your noble virtues! The month about to begin is especially dedicated to all who have gone on before us; we will not, for we cannot, forget; and every morning the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for your intentions.

Sunday, October 24

We older novices know all about it, but as the personnel of the novitiate changes periodically, newcomers need to be initiated in the customs of the Community. This morning, Mother Mistress reminded us all, in a few words, of our duty on the occasion of Mission Sunday. If the Church orders her priests to wear purple vestments of sadness today, it is that she deplores the fact that so many of her children — millions strong — have not yet entered the fold, and the thought comes to mind: "What have I done so far for the missions? What do I intend to do?"

Then followed the traditional ceremony of mission adoptions. After the recitation of a Hail Mary and three invocations to Our Lady of Missions, we drew at random a bit of paper bearing the name of one of the mission outposts where our elder Sisters are spending themselves. This particular mission will be the field assigned for the year to our prayers and sacrifices. To hear the names which everyone elaborately reads, one would believe oneself a witness of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Some of these Chinese, Japanese, African, Filipino, and Haitian words are genuine tongue twisters; but it takes more than that to discourage us. Language difficulty is but a speck on our bright vision of our missionary tomorrows.

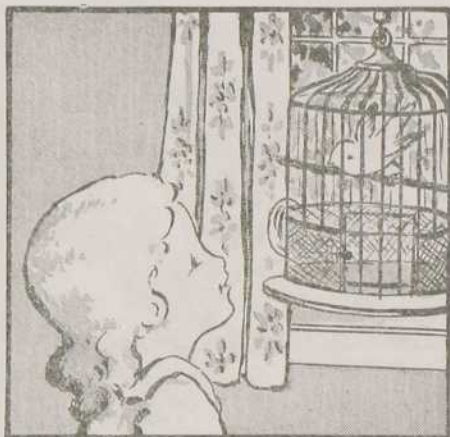


Twitt
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For the Little Ones



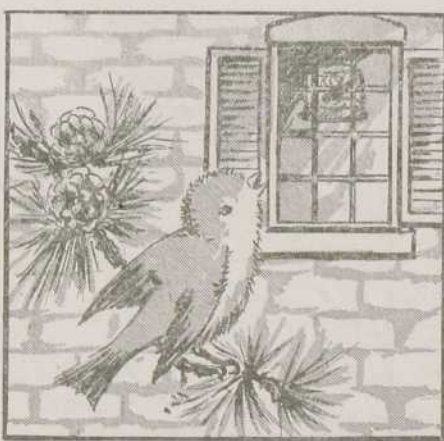
Joanna lived in a pretty house on a little hill.



Her favorite pet was a dear wee birdie called Tremolo.



When Tremolo saw his brother birds gaily flitting about,



he always felt lonely and blue in his iron cage.



He would so have liked to sit on tree branches with his pals.



One day Joanna found her birdie dead. "Poor Tremolo!" she cried.



On Christmas Eve, when the family was getting ready for Mass,



Joanna had a bright idea. "O Jesus, please give me another bird!"



Five minutes later, a tiny bird peeped in through the window.



Now Joanna is taking very good care of the birdie, Jesus' gift.



Please accept this offering in thanksgiving for my daughter's successful operation. A subscriber. — Thank you, dear Sisters, for all your prayers. Mrs. R. S., Montreal. — I have received a favor through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, and would like to have it published in the Precursor. Mrs. D. A., Laprairie. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. T. McG., Quebec. — Many thanks for your prayers. Mrs. O. P., Holyoke, Mass. — Thanksgiving for a special favor I have received from Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber. — I wish to thank our kind Heavenly Mother for the great favor she has granted me. Mrs. A. G. — I wish to acknowledge a debt of thanks to Mary Immaculate for the sale of a house. I am asking a prayer for my cure. Mrs. V. F., Montreal. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for success in an undertaking. Mrs. R. B., Montreal. — Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for the choice favor I have obtained. Mrs. E. D., Montreal. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a successful operation. Mrs. S. J., Sherrington. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for favors received. H. R., Jonquiere. — Thanksgiving for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. C., Breakeyville. — Sincere thanks for a successful operation. Mrs. J. B. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. A. D., Montreal. — I wish to thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Please pray for my husband's health. Mrs.

X. B., St. Lucie de Doncaster. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for my husband's cure. Mrs. A. T., St. Remi d'Amherst. — I wish to express my gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. M. M. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. I. M., Montreal. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. A prayer for my husband who drinks and does not go to Sunday Mass. Anonymous. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received through the intercession of the Immaculate Conception. Anonymous, Montreal. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. D., Montreal. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother, who has found us a home. M. A. G.

Please accept an offering towards the "I Little Flower of Jesus" Burse for a favor asked and granted. J. O'D., Westmount. — Will you please have Masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a favor received. K. H. — I have received a favor from St. Christopher and St. Expedite. M. A., Montreal. — Thanks for a favor obtained through St. Therese. Mrs. J. L., Ludlow, Mass. — Please have three low Masses said for the holy souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a special favor received through their prayers. Kindly include in your prayers my intention, that of the conversion of my non-Catholic husband to the true Faith. Mrs. W. — Thanks to St. Jude for a favor received through his intercession. Mrs. J. P., Putnam, Conn. — Thanks to St. Therese and St. Jude for several favors obtained. Please pray for my son. Mrs. P. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for her protection. O. T., St. Sulpice. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and the Poor Souls for cures obtained. F. R., St. Ubald. — Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received after promising to publish. G. G., Montreal. — Thanks to Ven. Mother Bourgeois and Blessed Maria Goretti for a favor received through their intercession. Mrs. O. D., Montreal.

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



REMEMBER

Please pray for me. A. C. — Please have a novena of prayers said for my deceased husband, and also for my son that he will reform from bad companions and the habit of stealing. Mrs. X., Montreal. — Will you please say some extra prayers for my daughter as she is not well. Mrs. B., Montreal. — Will you be kind enough to make a novena for the conversion of my daughter, who has lost her faith. Pray that God will give me more courage. Mrs. Y., Montreal. — Please pray for me and those dear to me who need your prayers. Mrs. A., Montreal. — Please have a novena of lights burn in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary for my intentions. A subscriber. — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that my husband will give up his drinking. A subscriber. — Would you be kind enough to make a novena for me in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help that I may find suitable employment. V. G., Montreal. — Please pray for me and my family and that my daughter's baby may be baptized. Mrs. A., Montreal. — Please say a prayer for me. Mrs. J. C., Robertsonville, P.Q. — Will you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for my intentions. W. M. — I would like the Sisters to continue their prayers for my husband's recovery. Mrs. K., Pt. St. Charles. — Please pray for me. K. H., Verdun. — Would the good Sisters please pray to Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima for a very special intention. Mrs. D. A., Laprairie. — Please pray for my daughter who has just taken her vows as a nun; she is suffering from a nervous breakdown. Mrs. H. D. — I am going to ask your prayers for a very special intention. J. M. M., Verdun. — Please pray for my husband that he will stop drinking. Mrs. T. — I would like to ask your good missionary Sisters to pray for all those dear to me and for a special intention for myself. S. H., Chatham, Ont. — Will you please make a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a very special favor. V. Z., Windsor, Ont. — Please have a low Mass said and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a very special favor I need so badly. Miss A. G., Amherstburg, Ont. — Will you be so kind as to pray for me as I have been sick for six years. Mrs. A. K., Amherstburg, Ont. — Please pray for a great favor. Mrs. J. M., Cornwall, Ont. — Will you please offer a novena to our Mother for our special intention. Mrs. C., Kitchener, Ont. — Would you please offer a novena to our Immaculate Mother, that I may find success and contentment in my job I recently started. E. C., Kitchener, Ont. — Please pray so that my hands will be cured. Mrs. B., Lowell, Mass. — Please offer some prayers for the repose of my husband's soul. Mrs. V., Lawrence, Mass. — Please pray for my daughter and myself. Mrs. L., Mass. — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. J. L., Springfield, Mass. — Please pray for a favor. N. LaF., West Springfield, Mass. — Please remember me in your prayers. H. E. T. — Please pray for my intentions, for my husband's protection at work, also that we may soon find a home that we can purchase. Mrs. H., Schenectady, N. Y. — Will you please remember me in your prayers as I have been confined to my bed in sickness for many months. Mrs. J. McD. — Please make a novena to our Immaculate Mother for a favor. We are having a hard time to meet payments on our house. Mrs. T., Vermont. — Again I am asking you to please pray for me that I may recover my billfold. Miss F. — Please pray for our dead. Mrs. A. St. M., Putnam, Conn. — Please pray for my health. Mrs. V. D., Hartford, Conn. — Please say a prayer for my husband and myself. Mrs. A. M., Port Huron, Michigan. — I have confidence in your prayers to Our Blessed Mother to obtain grace from God to be successful. J. F. A., Gold Coast, West Africa. — Kindly pray for me. A poor client of Mary.

GENERAL PETITIONS

I would like the Sisters to make a novena to St. Joseph for my father. Miss L. V.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 2; conversions, 16; cures, 16; positions, 6; special intentions, 68.



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before November 15)

Rev. Father P. Valois, **Montreal**; Rev. Father Jos. Lemay, **St. Hyacinthe**; Rev. Sister Marie Albertine, of the White Sisters of Africa, **Ottawa**; Rev. Sister St. Marcel, of the Grey Nuns, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Sigefroid Raynault, **L'Assomption**, father of our Sister St. Marthe; Mr. Adelard Frappier, **Sorel**, father of our Sister St. Adelard; Mr. Vincent Clarke, **Fort William, Ont.**, brother of our Sister du St. Nom de Jesus; Mr. Donat Couvrette, **St. Dorothee**, brother of our Sister St. Alphonse du Redempteur; Mr. Aurius Cormier, **New Bedford, Mass.**, grandfather of our Sisters St. Sylvere and St. Felicite, novice; Mrs. Edouard Labossiere, **St. Pie de Bagot**, grandmother of our Sisters St. Josephine and St. Hyacinthe; Mrs. John Andrews, Mr. Henry Horan, Mrs. Ed. W. Parkinson, **Montreal**; Miss Catherine Ouellette, **Outremont**; Mr. James Lyons, **Kenogami**; Mrs. Violet Ducross, Mr. F. L. Deer, Mr. Peter Rice, **Caughnawaga**; Mrs. Rose Beaudry, **Waterbury, Conn.**; Mr. R. Dorion, Mrs. Aubert Laganier, Lieut. Col. P. E. Belanger, Mrs. Louis Laberge, Miss Marie Louise Goyer, Mr. Alex. Groulx, Mrs. Flavien Bourgon, Mrs. Thomas Farrell, Mr. D. Campeau, Mrs. Louis J. Marien, Mrs. Frank Vezeau, Mr. Joseph Daviau, Mr. Albert Menard, Mrs. Godefroi Pilon, Mr. X. Champagne, Mrs. Joseph Dufour, Mrs. Gustave Simays, Mrs. Hector Allard, Mrs. Alfred Brissette, Mr. Joseph Trudeau, **Montreal**; Mr. Eugene Beaudoin, **Verdun**; Mr. Aubry Deneault, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. Louis A. Beaudry, **Longueuil**; Mr. Louis Doris Manseau, **Tetereaultville**; Mr. Jos. Martin, Mr. Jean Daoust, Mrs. Joseph Carriere, **Pointe Claire**; Mrs. Anthime St. Denis, Mrs. W. Robitaille, **St. Genevieve**; Mr. Arthur Alary, Mrs. Paul Emile Lapointe, **St. Janvier**; Mr. Philippe Beaudry, **Chambly Canton**; Mrs. Sylva Dupuis, **St. Bruno**; Mrs. Petrus Cyr, Mr. Joseph Robert, Mr. Albert Laurin, Mr. Sylvio Laurin, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Euclide Charbonneau, **Napierville**; Mrs. Eugene Monette, **St. Mathieu**; Mr. G. A. Poulin, **St. Sulpice**; Mrs. Cleophas Perreault, **St. Basile le Grand**; Mr. Joseph Mailloux, **St. Maxime**; Mr. Joseph Dagenais, **St. Sauveur des Monts**; Mr. Alphonse Blain, **St. Leonard de Port Maurice**; Mr. Ferdinand Picotte, **St. Paul l'Ermite**; Mr. Omer Marcil, **St. Luc**; Miss Gertrude Samoisette, **St. Jean**; Mr. Arthur Cloutier, **Oka**; Mr. Henri Gaudet, **St. Jacques de Montcalm**; Mrs. Azellus Savoie, Mrs. Joseph Asselin, **St. Elisabeth**; Mr. Joseph Manegre, Mr. Barthelemy Farley, Miss Therese Coulombe, **Berthierville**; Mr. Anthime Bonin, **Lanoraie**; Mr. Omer Courtemanche, **St. Calixte**; Mr. Joseph Riopel, Mrs. Ludger Riopel, **St. Emile**; Mr. Arcade Brault, **St. Melanie**; Mrs. Hildege Rondeau, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mr. Hormisdas Guerard, Mr. Nazaire Guerard, Mr. Alphonse Guerard, **St. Felix de Valois**; Mrs. Ovila Genereux, Mr. Gaspard Ducharme, Mrs. W. Simard, **St. Ambroise de Kildare**; Mrs. Desire Champagne, Mrs. Arthur Dubeau, **St. Norbert**; Mrs. Damase Gregoire, Mr. Antoine Chenevert, **St. Cuthbert**; Mr. Wilfrid Champagne, **St. Barthelemy**; Mr. P. C. Guevremont, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Mr. Joseph Ritche, **St. Donat**; Mrs. Joseph Lupien, Mr. Ald. Brunet, Mr. Raoul Chalifoux, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mrs. Thomas Leonard, **La Conception**; Mr. W. Dussault, **La Minerve**; Mrs. Adrien Desjardins, **Lac Carre**; Mr. D. St. Pierre, Mrs. S. Miljours, **Labelle**; Mrs. Jos. Lajeunesse, Mr. H. Groulx, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Chs. Robitaille, Mr. S. Morin, Mr. Alph. Villeneuve, Mr. Palmas Joanis, **Maniwaki**; Mrs. Jos. Payette, Mrs. Payette, **Bois Franc**; Mr. J. D. Menard, Mrs. C. Lachapelle, **Gracefield**; Mrs. Ernest Alie, **St. Famille d'Aumond**; Mrs. Louis Piche, Mrs. Anthime Piche, Mrs. Omer Brunet, **Ferme Neuve**; Mr. H. Quevillon, **Lac St. Paul**; Mrs. Odilon Roby, **Mont St. Michel**; Mrs. Olivier Valiquette, **Kiamika**; Mr. Osias Legare, **St. Anne du Lac**; Mr. Esdras Clement, **L'Annonciation**; Mr. Omer St. Louis, **Lac des Ecorces**; Miss Rita Piche, **St. Antoine des Laurentides**; Mr. Achille Desmarteaux, **St. Jerome**; Mrs. Jos. Ayotte, **St. Eulalie**; Messrs. Aime, Gerard, and Rolland Chapdelaine, Mrs. Charles Lanteigne, **St. Ours sur Richelieu**; Mr. Antoine F. Ducharme, **Granby**; Mrs. J. E. Hamel, Misses Zephirine and Cordelia Martin, **St. Hilaire**; Mrs. Trefle Perron, Mrs. Adelard Marceau, **Thetford Mines**; Mr. Joseph Pare, Mrs. Edmour Gaucher, **St. Valerien**; Mr. Angelbert Lussier, Mr. Nap. Legrand, Mr. Rosario St. Pierre, **Acton Vale**; Mr. M. Picard, **St. Theodore**; Mrs. Adelard Niquette, **St. Nazaire**; Mrs. Louis Bois, Mr. C. S. Millette, Mr. Urgel Lavigne, Mr. Ed. Gaumond, **St. Simon**; Mr. Nap. Dion, Mr. Jos. St. Jacques, **St. Cecile**; Mr. H. Lafontaine, **St. Hugues**; Mr. Felix Desjardins, **St. Joachim**.

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2. — A Mass is said once a month for their intentions.
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