

THE RECURSOR

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Montreal, March-April 1949



Jewels for the Missionary Sister

Sister Marie Germaine (Germaine Gravel, St. Prosper de Champlain)
Missionary at Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home, Canton, China.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,

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

National and Diocesan Offices of the Holy Childhood. Publication of the Holy Childhood Messenger and a mission magazine, The Precursor. Mission workroom and procure. Tabernacle guild. Kindergarten.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

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

⌘ Closed retreats for women and girls. Recollection days. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Catholic Action Movement meetings.

CHINESE HOSPITAL and DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetiere St. West, Montreal 1

(Founded in 1918)
Visits to Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals.

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

(Founded in 1914)
⌘ Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

(Founded in 1918)
⌘ Apostolic school for prospective missionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Kindergarten.

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

(Founded in 1919)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.

(Founded in 1919)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Recollection days. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Catholic Action Movement meetings. Chinese mission.

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.

(Founded in 1921)
Hospital and Clinic for Orientals. Religious instruction of 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)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Recollection days. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Parochial school.

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.

(Founded in 1930)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

GRANBY, 279 Main St.

(Founded in 1931)
The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.

(Founded in 1932)
Closed retreats for women and girls.

ST. JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain St.

(Founded in 1935)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for needy churches of the diocese.

VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.

(Founded in 1946)
Mt. St. Joseph's General Hospital for Orientals. Clinic. Refuge for old men.

The Precursor

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	J.M.A., Miss. Apost.

Golden Gleams From Vatican

50



Fifty years ago two consecrated hands thrilled to the touch of chalice and host. Eugenio Pacelli was a priest forever.

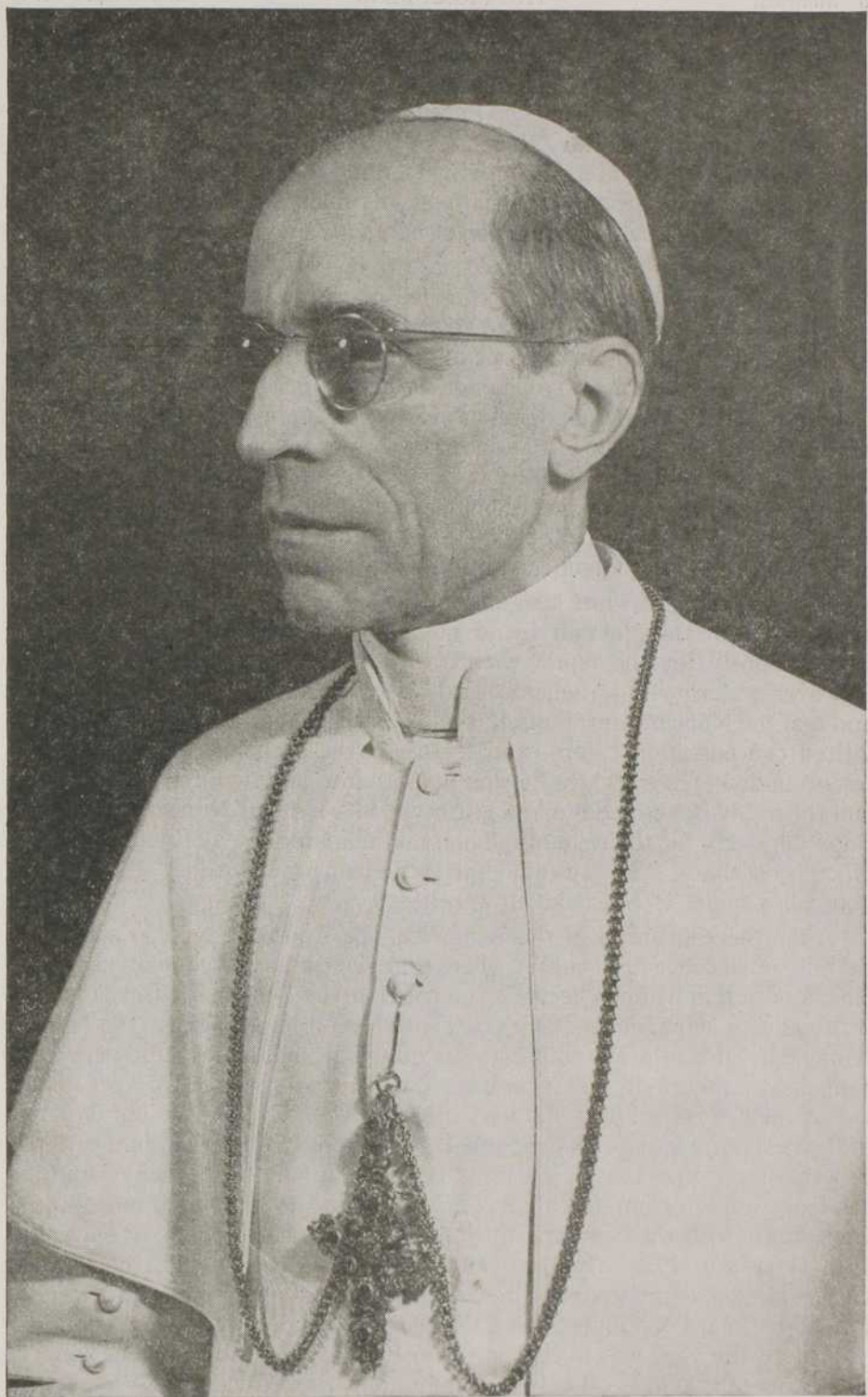
When, on the morning of April 2, at the altar of God "who giveth joy to his youth," he will offer the Divine Victim for the sins of the world, Eugenio Pacelli, the humble priest raised to the summit of honor as Plenipotentiary of the Savior, will add the last of fifty links to the golden chain of his sacerdotal years.

Let us turn back the pages of time to that April dawn of Pacelli's first *Introibo*, and with grateful hearts render thanks to Providence for giving to the storm-tossed Barque of Peter the calm and steady hand of an indomitable helmsman.

Even as a young priest, Eugenio Pacelli was regarded by all as a man of outstanding moral qualities and sound scholarship, deeply supernatural in all his ways and afire with love for God and souls. When as Professor of Canon Law at the Roman College, the brilliant Doctor of Theology, Canon Law, and Civil Law had to forego his personal inclination for pastoral

ministry, he loved to consecrate his free moments to the religious instruction of children, the preaching of sermons, and the hearing of confessions in the *Chiesa Nuova*, where so often he had served Mass. As might be expected from one who will all his life stress the primacy of the supernatural, he delighted in kneeling before the tabernacle in intimate converse with his Lord.

Five years after his ordination, Father Pacelli first probed the problems of Church Government in the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, to which Cardinal Gasparri had called him. The next year the capable ecclesiastic, who had already been appointed *Cameriere Segreto* of His Holiness, was made a Papal Prelate. In 1909 he was named Professor of Canon Law at the *Seminario Romano*, and shortly after Professor of the laws concerning concordats at the *Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*. In spite of his colossal work at the Congregation (the codification of the canonical laws, undertaken by Cardinal Gasparri), the future Servant of the servants of God still found time to be a simple priest. Political imbroglios once solved, he sought relief from the strain by giving spiritual exercises to the workers grouped by the Sisters of Mary Reparatrix, or to the Children of Mary at the convent of the Cenacle nuns. Still oftener he was the "minister of the Word" to the Sisters of the Holy Assumption, who dedicated a large part of their activity towards the education of girls. To the pupils he taught catechism; to the religious he gave inspiring spiritual conferences.



OUR BELOVED PONTIFF, POPE PIUS XII

Presently greed and hatred lighted the first fires of war. In his capacity as Secretary of the Roman Congregation, the Vatican's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, if we may so speak, Msgr. Pacelli penned, under the direction of the Cardinal Secretary of State, the series of "Notes" that solaced prisoners in captivity, procured internment in Switzerland to the sick and the seriously wounded, assured group repatriations of many families of occupied territory, and saved a great number of human lives.

When Pope Benedict XV looked around in 1917 for someone to send as Apostolic Nuncio to Munich, his eyes fell upon the brilliant diplomat who was the Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. The throbbing actualities of that war-torn period made the Nunciature not so much a post of honor as one of peril. Consecrated Archbishop of Sardes at the hands of the Holy Father in the Sistine chapel on May 13, 1917, the Nuncio left at once as a messenger of peace to the German Emperor. He admitted later that he had trembled under the weight of the burden thrown upon his shoulders. But he whose motto bears the word "Pax" and whose coat of arms depicts a dove carrying an olive branch in her mouth, fearlessly launched into the campaign of reconciliation.

Men's passions at white heat are tameless as the sea: the peace plan of the ambassador of the Vatican found no ready response with the Emperor, who evidently set the laurel wreath above the bough of the olive tree. However, "charity is patient, is kind." With all his accustomed energy and zeal the Nuncio threw himself into a labor of love. He helped prisoners, visited concentration camps, and furthered the exchange of captives and war-wounded. Everywhere he won his way into hearts, for to the suffering and the needy he showed himself a father. "I hope that Nuncio will become Pope some day for the sake of religion and mankind." A French Socialist officer said that. "To my mind the gentleman we have just seen is what you call a saint." So spoke an unbeliever.

After the conclusion of the Armistice, the Apostolic Nuncio continued his mission of peace in a country where were now lighted the fires of civil war. The situation in Munich became so tense that the Diplomatic Corps judged it prudent to leave; alone at his post, with serenity and dignity, the Nuncio remained. It is related that a number of revolutionaries armed to the teeth came, saw, and were conquered by the personal prestige of the Pope's ambassador. Speaking of that very prestige, Their Excellencies our Bishops, in their Pastoral letter of January, 1942, write that its secret lies in the deeply supernatural spirit that is ever his prime characteristic. That same ascendancy and diplomatic ability he brought into action in negotiating Concordats with the German State: one with Bavaria in 1924, and another with Prussia in 1929. In that same year he was recalled to the Eternal City. His departure from Berlin stirred all souls; 20,000 men bearing torches formed his guard of admirers from the heart of the city up to Anhalt Station.

Before the year was over, the Consistory had bestowed on the Nuncio the sacred purple of Cardinals. Shortly after, Pope Benedict XV chose the new Prince of the Church to succeed to Cardinal Gasparri as Secretary of State. In an autograph letter written on that occasion, the Holy Father

touched the main aspects of Pacelli's eminent personality: the spirit of piety and prayer which "will not fail to draw the assistance of God;" and the qualities and talents "so excellently put to advantage in previous appointments to the glory of the Divine Benefactor and the service of His Church."

Nine years during, Cardinal Pacelli was the efficient, energetic right-hand man of Pius XI. At Rome as at Munich, he made negotiations for the signing of Concordats, concluding one with the Republic of Baden in 1932, and another with the Reich in 1933. The Sovereign Pontiff, who appreciated the personal value and merits of his distinguished Cardinal Secretary, is thus quoted by Camille Cianfarra in his *War and the Vatican* as having said to Michael Cardinal de Faulhaber: "If the Catholic world only knew all that Pacelli represents for the Church!"

What Pacelli meant to the Church, Catholics the world over, and those of Latin America first, gradually came to know. The Eucharistic Congress of Buenos Aires, in 1934, was signally honored in welcoming him as official representative of the Vatican. Cardinal Pacelli also acted in similar capacity at Lourdes in 1935, Lisieux in 1937, and Budapest in 1938. In 1936 the world-famed Prince of the Church visited the United States. Wherever he went, he won universal respect and admiration, not only because of his ready eloquence and condescending kindness, but also by that "super-human impression of interior peace and union with God" that struck everyone who came within the radius of his sympathetic smile. Like an example and an edification he rose before all, as he had been commissioned to do by the Viceroy of Him who is the Light of the World.

But a greater burden was about to be placed on his shoulders. The valiant Pontiff of intrepid faith who had guided the Ship of Peter under the gust of the Bolshevist and Nazi tempests; the common Father whose voice had flayed the new Slaughter of the Innocents in Spain and Germany; the gentle Vicar of the gentle Christ had, like his Master, given up his life for his brethren, that the horrors of a second World War might be spared them. On March 2, a light cloud of white smoke from the Vatican chimney announced that the successor to Pope Pius XI had been elected. Eugenio Pacelli was thenceforth the Shepherd of shepherds; the humble priest had become the white-cassocked Vicar of Jesus Christ; the Prince had become King, and the world would be his kingdom; the son of the Church had become a Father, and the world would be his family. He who had longed, in the first days of his priesthood, to tend a little parish flock, was now the Supreme Shepherd, the *Pastor Angelicus* of 400,000,000 souls!

Like his predecessor, the new wearer of the triple tiara chose to be called Pius, for Pius is the name of peace. His first message to a world that had wandered far away from its God was a plea for universal concord, an appeal for world peace, for that peace of God which "surpasseth all understanding," that peace which is the work of justice and brotherly union.

It would be impossible to state all the efforts made by the representative of the Prince of Peace to spare the earth from becoming a vast battlefield. On the very eve of the invasion of Poland, the martyred country, he made an eleventh-hour appeal to the leaders of nations, but his voice was the voice

of one crying in the wilderness; the blast of Nazi steel monsters covered the call of him whose only weapon was that of fatherly affection for his warring children.

While nations gone mad spread tribulation, terror, and tears, that same kind voice arose, dauntless and unafraid. It would not be silenced, for it was the voice of a Father. It was the voice of a Father, pleading for pity on unfortunate populations, censuring ruthless destruction, massacres, and inhuman deportations, requesting tolerable living conditions for prisoners, stressing the advantages of spiritual assistance, and proclaiming in season and out of season, to all who would hear, the dignity of the human personality. In the dark days of conflict he spoke to God and to men, he toiled, he studied, he wrote, and Peace was his theme, Peace to souls of good will, Peace to the sons of men.

But God, St. John tells us, "God is Charity." Christlike, His Vicar went about seeking to whom he might do good, whom he might relieve and inspire. In response to the cry of the desolate of all nations, he opened the Vatican Information Office for the collecting and delivering of personal messages from prisoners, internees, or displaced persons to their families, and vice versa. The Office resorted to every available medium of reception and transmission. Early in 1940 it received about 60 messages a day, but as the conflict grew in intensity, the messages increased in number; later, in 1944, 10,000 messages were handled daily, in 60 tongues, keeping busy a personnel of 600. Between 1939 and 1944, it is estimated that 1,000,000 radio messages were relayed to relatives of war prisoners. Rev. Father Cavelli, S.J., has justly been able to write that "the radio thereby made up for the voices of hatred, for the news of fratricidal slaughters and merciless destruction propagated by the air waves."

Looking down on a war-ravaged world from Vatican Hill, Pope Pius conceived in his great heart the idea of a Papal Relief Commission to assist the Pontifical Representations in the distribution of assistance to war victims, without distinction of race, creed, or tongue. Twenty-five peoples were thus comforted and helped! General Lowell Rooks, last director of the UNRRA, congratulating the Vatican for its extensive collaboration, has revealed that the Papal Relief Commission in 1947 organized 3,000 summer camps — "the camps of the Pope" — for the benefit of 850,000 poor Italian children.

Rome, not spared by the grim hand of battle, has felt the ministering hand of mercy which is that of her Bishop, the Pontiff of the Catholic world. Soup distribution centres handed out soup 10,741,844 times during the first eight months of 1944. The ONARMO, hospitals, and religious communities were also relieved through the all-embracing charity of His Holiness; while Catholic scouts and Palatine Guards carried to destitute families "the gift-parcels of the Holy Father."

The Pontifical Residence of Castelgandolfo became the rendezvous of people whose living-deaths were terrible testimony to a world playing with fire. To his children about to take the hard road to exile, the Pope saw that worthwhile supplies of flour be distributed.

Now that the guns have ceased to thunder, Pope Pius XII is the Grand Crusader of charity to the homeless and hungry. For shrunken little bodies in Europe and the Far East, for lips dead to laughter, for the poor little ones of his Master who loved children and let them come unto Him, he begs their morsel of daily bread, their requisite of daily love; the quality of his mercy is always Christlike.

In presence of so many charitable enterprises and ceaseless efforts, one cannot but marvel at the wealth of fatherly compassion in the heart of our Pope, in that heart that beats in unison with the Heart of Him who went about doing good. High Protestant and Jewish dignitaries have hailed in the Pope the "highest moral authority on earth and the greatest benefactor of humanity."

But we of the household of the Faith cannot stop there. In our Pontiff we love above all to see the undaunted Leader who is victoriously guiding Holy Church on to new conquests. Figures are singularly eloquent. Under the present Pontificate have been founded 47 archbishoprics and bishoprics, 26 vicariates apostolic, 29 prefectures apostolic and one Mission. Close to 1,000 bishops have been consecrated.

We who are led by our Father in Christ along the paths of virtue and good, must love him, respect him, and thank him with full hearts. May Heaven hear our prayers in this jubilee year of his priesthood, and make Pope Pius gloriously reigning the Sovereign of a peaceful and happy world, for Pius is the name of peace.

With him let us pray that all of the "other sheep," the countless millions still wandering outside the Pale of Christendom in the midnight of pagan darkness, may come within the saving influence of Holy Mother Church, and be folded to the Heart of Jesus, in whom is plentiful redemption. With the Vicar of Christ at the altar on the morning of April 2, let us give thanks to the Giver of all gifts for the graces of Pope Pius XII's fifty sacerdotal years!



Prayer Is Not Enough

THE FULL responsibility of the Church lies on our shoulders. If tomorrow all the priests would suddenly say good-bye to their vocations, the Church would instantly collapse. There is an apostolic succession because there are always volunteers ready to take their cue when death silences the former generations.

Therefore, it is not enough to pray for the missions. It may be enough to save some souls but not to build the visible Church. The Church does not only save souls; she takes care of men. She must be planted everywhere in the world. With prayers alone it is impossible to build a seminary or to stave off starvation. A good dispensary has to be supplied not only with wishes and many prayers, but with a full array of bottles and books and medicines for sick people. Grace alone has never written a book, nor even built a chapel. To train a native clergy, to train it properly, you must provide them with a library, with beds, food and clothing. This may sound very prosaic indeed but we don't yet live in the heavenly Jerusalem. We are here on earth to build the eternal abode of the Word made Flesh, and flesh sounds prosaic too.

Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.

Mission Intention for March

The Christians of Manchuria and Korea



MANCHURIA, which along with Jehol during the Japanese occupation formed the independent state of Manchukuo, was occupied almost immediately by the Soviet Army after the defeat of Japan. The Soviets took as a prize of war nearly everything that had been built up by the Japanese for the industrial development of the region. They left the inhabitants without work in the midst of poverty. Seven months later, the Soviets were replaced, not by the central government of Nanking but by a government of Communists under the dictator Mao Tze Tung, who with his communist forces not only prevented Manchuria from being united to the

Chinese Republic but also tried to enter the southern provinces from the north. His sole purpose was to prepare the fall of the Chinese republic and to establish a Communist government in its stead. At present the whole of Manchuria, with the exception of the municipalities of Mukden, Chang-chun and Kirin are in the hands of the Communists. These now occupy the whole region as far as the Yellow River, Pekin and Tientsin excepted.

The condition of Manchuria after three years of Communist occupation has become worse. The people are without work, have no feeling of security and are now starving in what was once called the granary of China. Liberty has been suppressed everywhere. On all sides there is fear together with the teaching of materialistic atheism. The Catholics and their missionaries suffer more than the others. In the ten ecclesiastical divisions of Jehol and Manchuria, the 140,000 Catholics there are almost without missionaries. Their schools and churches have been destroyed or put to other uses. Two hundred foreign missionaries have been expelled, imprisoned and, in some cases, slain. The Chinese priests are gradually being killed off. Their feet are barbarously tied up and they are dragged great distances until they die or are shot. Even women dedicated to religion have been slain.

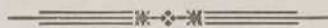
In short, if the conditions in Manchuria of today are not changed, after some time there will be no Christianity in this region.

Korea, where there are 150,000 Catholics out of a total population of 20,000,000, has been divided into two parts. In the region under communist control, the same persecution goes on as in the region near Manchuria.

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

National Director

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



Report of the Montreal Chinese Hospital

Baptisms.....	22	Dressings.....	1,930
First Communions.....	14	Electric Treatments.....	1,800
Extreme Unctions.....	17	X-Ray Examinations.....	134
Confirmations.....	17	Injections.....	3,580
Patients admitted.....	80	Operations.....	16
Dispensary Patients.....	4,384	Deaths.....	16
Hospital Days.....	2,885	Prescriptions filled.....	4,030
Home and Hospital Visits.....		175	

The Cross

In a world of misery and sin, flashes a symbol of glory and virtue; in a world where too often, alas, might makes right, appears a symbol of eternal justice and holy liberty; in a world of ceaseless suffering, shines forth a symbol of eternal consolation. Jesus, Son of God, has donated the instrument of His painful death to mankind, and for eighteen centuries men have knelt in prayerful adoration before this sacred and divine legacy. Until the Son of God became the Son of man, kings and potentates alone had flaunted standards and banners. Jesus gave the poor, the down-trodden a glorious ensign which was presently adopted by the whole human race.

Over the destinies of our modern world the Cross of our Savior has presided. It has been associated and closely linked to all its glories and adversities. It has served as the foundation of its institutions and the standard of its armies. It has enhanced the pomp of its civilization. From the pulpit of the Cross, mankind has received its initial lessons in the only true liberty and the only attainable equality. The Cross is the summary of our history, the code of our duties, the guarantee of our rights, the seal of our future.

Montalembert

St. Joseph's Role in the Church

St. Joseph was invested by God with a paramount mission in His Church. How is the holy Patriarch considered by the Church? Is he not the divinely-elected and privileged individual beneath whose guardianship Christ came into the world? If the entire Church must render thanks to Mary for having given her Our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Heaven, this same Church owes to Joseph, second only to the Virgin Mary, her greatest tribute of thanksgiving and veneration. The Joseph of ancient times, who was charged with providing wheat for all peoples, aptly represents St. Joseph. But how strikingly superior to the figure is the reality! The Biblical Patriarch dispensed to the Egyptians transient food for the body. St. Joseph nourished and preserved with solicitude no human tongue can express, for all the elect of Ages yet unborn, Him who is the Bread of Heaven and who gives life everlasting.

St. Bernardine of Siena

Exit Mr. Scrooge

BABIES, like men, see through their eyes; and when they listen, they use their ears; and when they sniff, it is with their nose. A little child must grow and when he grows he grows all over. You can't affix this growing activity to any one part of the body. Skin, bones, nerves, sinews, everything must expand, and become larger. If only one bone refuses to grow, the child, however well fed, is a cripple.

Through our baptism we are the members of the Church; and this Church, too, must grow. She has not yet reached her full stature. She is destined by God to cover visibly all the earth, to embrace all nations and races. This process has scarcely begun. No Christian understands the first implication of his baptism if he does not realize that he has a duty towards the expansion of the Church, if he is not a missionary at heart. A growing organism has a two-fold duty: to maintain itself and to grow. The heart of the child cannot say: "I'll beat regularly according to the time table. I am perfectly satisfied with my shape and size. Why should I grow?"

A member of the Church, a Catholic, cannot say: "I am concerned only with my own soul, or with my parish, or with my race. Why all this fuss about the expansion of the Church? Like Scrooge, 'I want to be left alone.'" He must help somehow, to the best of his ability, the extension of the Church. A Christian is not a shell but a cell; and a cell is a growing organism.

Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.

Szepingkai and a Saint

Domine, non sum dignus! Little Japanese grannie, are you going to meet your God?

Sure enough, if the calendar said summer and the day the Lord's, Grandmother Nishida would be kneeling at the Communion rail. She was anything but a slacker in the practice of her Faith. The cathedral bells of Szeping-kai pealed out more joyously, some believed, when Grandmother was there, for the old lady, God bless her, was nothing short of an uncrowned saint. "Was," is the correct tense, for her coronation day is now a thing of the past — if that present, past, and future technique of ours about computing time holds beyond the blue of earth.

Clad in her dull-grey kimono, a white veil on her white locks, Mrs. Nishida would have made a likely snapshot for angelic cameras. Not many among the worshippers knew her name; still fewer knew her magnanimity and soul-deep piety.

At that time, the chariots of war were riding the earth. With the cessation of hostilities and the surrender of Japan in 1945, Nipponese families had been scattered and the number of orphan children daily soared. The Nishidas, until then friends of fortune, had to lift to their lips the cup of bitterness. The head of the house was arrested and deported to Siberia, his goods were confiscated, and the young mother, penniless, with her five daughters and their grandmother, was compelled to join the other hapless families assembled helter-skelter at Eul Mai Lou, in the western part of Szepingkai.

Shortly after the Nishidas had become acquainted with people and things at Eul Mai Lou, Bishop Lapierre, with a view to relieving the pinchings of poverty for the most abandoned of Japanese mothers and their offspring, opened a house for them in the south-western section. A few weeks after the inauguration of the Good Samaritan project, Grandma Nishida stepped into the picture with her daughter-in-law and the quintette. Gladness and hopeful anticipation accompanied their coming, for they were the first Christian family to be harbored; the hopes staked on them for making contacts with prospective converts were fully realized.

Time crawled on at snail pace; the days of hardship didn't "football" by. After a few months of hand-to-mouth existence, orders were issued for the repatriation of the Japanese, and it was goodbye to the Bishop's haven. However, as the orders did not bind the sick, Grandma Nishida, no longer sprightly, had to stay alone in



Manchuria, while her beloved ones returned to their native Japan. The Catholic Mission then took her in its custody.

There we found "old faithful" squatting on her heels in Japanese fashion, her treasured belongings spared by thieves piled to the north, south, east, and west of her rickety cot. The dear old Japanese grannie had only one valid eye, but it could do double work without any complications setting in. As soon as she saw the Sisters she made the usual down-to-the-earth prostration; it was only a matter of a second, for from chin to knees the distance for Grandma was daily diminishing. Then, with all the innate graciousness and courtesy of the Orientals: "*O hayo gosaimasu! Bonjour!*" But she could do still better than that. She could tackle the King's English too! "Good morning!" When you are welcomed in three tongues, you feel like pooh-poohing miles away the idea that it may be just social veneer.

The Nagasaki-born heroine was faultless; there was only one freakish foible to her: she was too fond of washdays. Being paralyzed, she had to sit twenty-four hours a day on her long-suffering heels, and couldn't fetch the water for herself. However, if you fetched it for her, the chances were that she would paddle her long bony fingers in it all day, washing ten times over a wisp of a handkerchief, a dust cloth, a bag, or anything along that line. Last of all, for the grand finale, she would dip her slightly wavy locks into the bucket. Another washday was done.

Of necessity, she with the pleasant wrinkles had to observe Trappist-like silence, since only Sister Superior (1) could launch into a Japanese conversation. That was just too bad for us; Grannie would have been such a charming conversationalist. The devoted missionaries of Nagasaki, whom she held in benediction; the beautiful liturgical ceremonies and the celebration of religious feasts by the old-stock Christians of Japan; the solicitude of her tender-hearted mother for the Christian upbringing of her children: all these were favorite topics of hers, on which she never fell short of conversation material.

Grandma had hardly known her father. Her widowed mother, who could have found a needle in a haystack, went right on making sure the orphaned children would grow up into fine men and women, bulwarks of the Faith she loved and lived. Holy Mass rose like a blessing upon their every morning. Convinced that to the idle the twenty-four hours of a day are thirty-six, she trained her family in habits of activity and go-to-it-iveness.

Consequently, anyone who knew her, knew also that there had been nothing soft-boiled about her education, and that for her youthful world the definition of "university of hard knocks" would fit like a glove. It showed in her. Do you know what she did when she wasn't washing? She sent prayers up the stairs to Heaven. She had written on a bit of paper the names of all those who had been kind to her, and those names often marched into her prayers. She prayed for Bishop Lapierre, of Szepingkai; for all the missionaries; for those who were taking a ship for their homeland. Not a suggestion of sugar, sweets, or biscuits passed her lips during the war years; everything that could please a sweet tooth was hoarded for her little darlings and the children who did her good turns. When some kindly soul decided once to share a bit of riches with her, she gave the money to Sister Superior as Mass stipends. She could hold her end of the conversation, too, when the topic was God and the things of Him. A priest brought her Communion now and then; God seemed to be the great pivot of her drab life.

Sad days were upon Szepingkai; the viciousness of some of humanity was making headway, and we had to seek the cellars of the Bishop's Residence. Already the cannon was rumbling in the distance. Sister Superior didn't see the situation through rose-colored glasses, and told her old Japanese charge so. Prospects were about as gay as a dull winter sky.

"Won't you be afraid in your little bedroom?" she asked the old lady.

"Afraid! Not at all!" countered she whose faith was bred right into her bones.

1. Sister DU SAINT COEUR DE MARIE (Agnes Lavallee, Winnipeg).

"I made a good confession on Pentecost Sunday, and now I'm not too frightened about anything. My crucifix is with me, and with it I have no fear."

And the conflict moved on like a forest fire. Grandma would perhaps be out of harm's way if she were removed to the Bishop's Residence. So it was agreed that she would be installed on the ground floor. One morning when things had quieted a little, we went upstairs for a "how do you do." The night had been nerve-racking; a heavy-calibre shell had flitted like a feather across the room next to hers. All was topsy-turvy, the furniture was damaged, but the blanket looked intact, and the little old lady tugging at it in perfect good spirits — paralyzed, but not with fear. Oh, she did get a scare that time, but she was soon her brave self again, smiling her worries away and thanking God it wasn't worse.

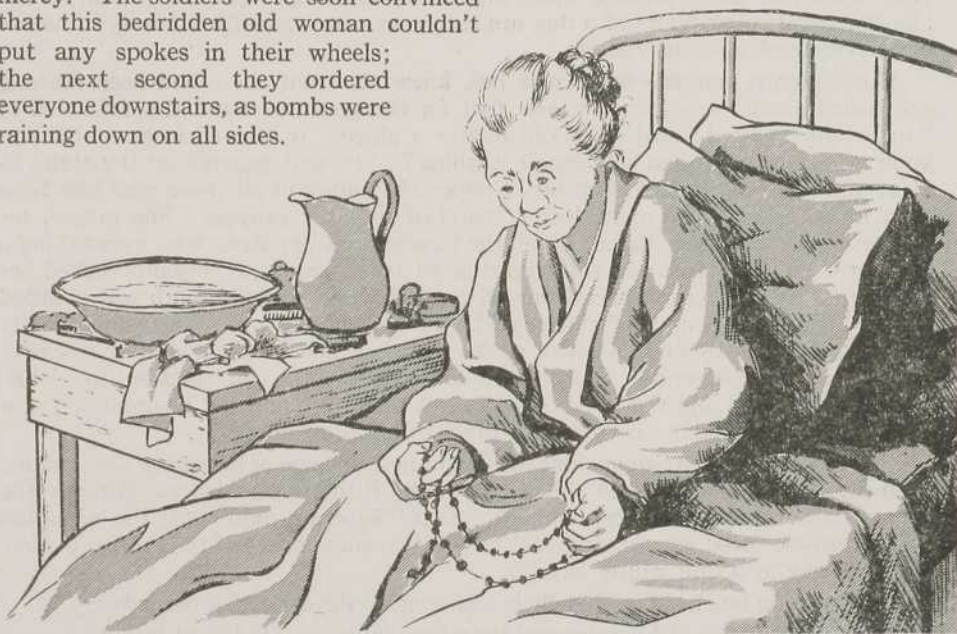
In the morning of June 23, the Bishop's Residence had to be evacuated; the sanctuary was no longer a safe place. All the refugees of the Catholic mission fled towards the eastern section of the city, and poor Mrs. Nishida remained alone, like the paralysis victim of the Gospel. When the fleeing Christians reached the College of the Clerics of St. Viator, they were forced by the military lords to turn back on their heels. But of what help could they be to the old dear?

In the night from June 24 to 25, a grim combat left the Communist legions masters of the situation. Sixty soldiers hurriedly installed a machine-gun on the third floor, while other fighting men looked the refugees from head to toe, after having called them out of the cellar and cooped them inside the kitchen. When the examination was over, the *palous*, dreading retaliation, inquired whether there was anybody else in the building. One of the Christians casually mentioned the old Japanese woman.

"She can't do any harm," he explained. "Why, she can't even stand on her feet! She's paralyzed."

"Bring her at once!" came the freezing command of the officer, his chin jutting out like the stubborn rock of Corregidor.

Four of the men forthwith hurried to the room of the invalid and brought her wrapped in the bedsheet. There she was deposited on the floor in the midst of the crowd — certainly not by gentle hands of mercy. The soldiers were soon convinced that this bedridden old woman couldn't put any spokes in their wheels; the next second they ordered everyone downstairs, as bombs were raining down on all sides.



SHE SENT PRAYERS UP THE STAIRS TO HEAVEN...

All stampeded for the staircase, all except Grandma, who remained at the mercy or rather at the cruelty of the bombing blast. When the tempest had quieted somewhat, four charitable refugees went to her rescue and placed her on a couch in the corridor. The rain of fire, that had abated, grew in intensity. Already flames were escaping from the Bishop's Residence. While the refugees were creeping out of their hiding place, Mrs. Nishida, sitting on her heels in front of an air-hole, could see the licking flames consuming the building; powerless, she commended herself to God. His Providence was on the alert. Plunging headlong into the fire, a hazard that might have cost his life, a seminarian only recently in the military ranks ran to her assistance, carried her on his back to the men's refuge, and stole back to his post. Life was hardly more livable there for Mrs. Nishida. One of the old men died at her side, and there being no one to lay him in a coffin, his lifeless body remained for three days exposed to the excessive heat that hastened its decomposition, and nasty green flies ceaselessly droned around the corpse and around the invalid.

In the first hours of peace, on June 30, two missionaries who were going to the mission to see the ravages of the struggle, nearly fell back with surprise when, as they opened the door of the refuge, old Mrs. Nishida held out her arms to them, begging to be removed from that intolerable nook. That very afternoon she was carried to the College.

But so much suffering had sapped her strength. Resigned and grateful, she accepted the last drops of the cup of pain. On a first Saturday of the month, July 5, our heavenly Mother beckoned her servant to everlasting glory. From earth to Heaven was only a step for Mrs. Nishida, for the dross of earthly things had been burned away for her in the purifying fire of sorrow.

I dare say that Our Lord didn't give her time to say: "*Domine, non sum dignus*" as she used to in Szeping kai, but on the spur of the moment folded her to His loving Heart forever.

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
SZEPINGKAI

1949 Year of Priesthood

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PRIESTS' EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE — PRAYER CRUSADE

It is common knowledge that a great National Eucharistic Congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League is scheduled to be held in Quebec from June 20 to 24 next. On this occasion, as also to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, His Excellency Most Rev. C. O. Garant, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec and President of the French section of the Priests' Eucharistic League, has recently launched a great crusade of prayers under the caption: Priesthood Year.

The organization of the Priesthood Year has been confided to the People's Eucharistic League, which is the laymen's own, as the Priests' Eucharistic League is the clergy's special movement. Families, parishes, pious associations, institutions, communities, everyone is invited to do his share in this important spiritual campaign.

The Eucharistic Secretariate, 4450 St. Hubert St., Montreal 34, will furnish free of charge any number of leaflets on which to inscribe Masses, Communions, and other spiritual works offered for the Priesthood Year.

When one reflects on the social and universal role of the priesthood; when one ponders the sad fact that the world is passing through unprecedented difficulties; when one grieves with the Church in the hour of her trials, one will readily accept with enthusiasm this occasion to do his personal share in the salvation of the world. The Master has promised that prayer would win everything and would be the condition of success in all undertakings.

Let everyone, therefore, remember the 1949 watchword: Priesthood Year!

CONTRIBUTED



SISTER ST. ANGELIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE, BEAUCE CO.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, GIVES FIRST-AID TO TWO YOUNGSTERS WHO FOUND OUT THAT GRENADES MUST NOT BE TOYED WITH.

— CH —



POOR CHILDREN HAVE A GOOD MEAL AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, CHINA.

Our Missionaries in Suchow

As news flashes everywhere have announced, the city of Suchow fell under Communist control on December 1, 1948.

In mid-November a great battle was fought at a distance of about six miles from the city, battle in which the government troops were victorious. This event greatly encouraged the missionaries, who thus hoped to be enabled to remain at their mission posts. On November 19, however, His Excellency Most Rev. P. Cote, S.J., was obliged to evacuate St. Louis College in favor of the Nationalist troops, who wished to transform the building into a base hospital. Their sick and wounded soldiers had been lying for days on the battlefield deprived of food, shelter, and medical care. All day long the Reverend Fathers and Brothers helped to convert classrooms into wards, where the wounded soldiers were carried and made as comfortable as circumstances allowed. They were provided with bedding and food, while medical care was given to the most critical cases. All worked far into the night; a few Christians among the patients were anointed, and twenty dying men summarily instructed and baptized. On the following day, Sister St. Angelique⁽¹⁾ and Sister Jeanne Marie⁽²⁾, accompanied by two native helpers, began their work of mercy, dressing wounds, extracting bullets, shrapnel, and even bits of clothing imbedded into the flesh, dispensing medicine and kind words to all the ailing soldiers, who showed themselves deeply grateful. A Brother Infirmarian remained constantly at their beck and call, while Rev. Father Superior encouraged everybody.

Our Sisters had thus worked for some time as charitable Samaritans beside the wounded, when an unexpected wire from the Motherhouse ordered them to leave their mission immediately. With saddened hearts the six remaining Sisters prepared to leave by plane, the only available means of transportation left.

Bishop Cote blessed them with paternal emotion, calling down upon them the protection of the Immaculate Virgin. On the 28th, they enplaned for Shanghai, where they found refuge with the ever hospitable Helpers of the Holy Souls. They had left just in the very nick of time, for on November 30 the plane that usually made daily trips to Suchow was forced back, and on December 1st the city fell into Communist hands without a battle even being fought.

On December 13 the six Sisters left Shanghai for our mission in Canton.

Thirty-six Jesuits have remained with Bishop Cote in Suchow. May our Immaculate Mother protect her missionaries and their missions!

1. Cecile MATHIEU, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe, Beauce Co.

2. Jeanne BRASSARD, Montreal.



A Pathway of Light

Together they sat on the vine-wreathed veranda of their commodious home shaded by tall spreading maples: youthful, vivacious Mrs. Starr, whose piquant little face wore a halo of chestnut brown curls, and sedate, motherly Mrs. Harrison, whose raven hair was already threaded with silver. The soothing calm of twilight had fallen over the countryside, and a gentle wind, like a friendly spirit, flitted from tree to tree. In their cosy cots upstairs the children were already fast asleep. How the younger woman enjoyed this hour of calm and friendly chats with her kind landlady, who showed her always a loving interest! That particular evening they had discussed trivial household matters for a while, then Mrs. Starr suddenly remarked:

"Do you know, Mrs. Harrison, that ever since I came to Riverside as a bride, I feel as if I'd been living almost like a real pagan?"

Mrs. Harrison looked up from her knitting, a quizzical look on her usually placid features.

"What makes you say that, my dear?" she parried. "I can't for the life of me see anything pagan in your behavior."

"Oh, it's rather hard to explain, but I feel that way just the same. From the time I get up in the morning until late at night, I haven't a minute I can call my own: cooking, washing, feeding the children, mending, cleaning, sewing, that's about all I do day in and day out from one end of the year to the other. No time to pray, no time to hear Mass on week days, and even my Sunday Mass is spoiled by Betty's giggles and Bruce's fidgets. Really, Mrs. Harrison, I have no time to pray, no time to think about God."

"Too bad Our Lord made such a stupid mistake, isn't it?" dryly remarked Mrs. Harrison, as she picked up her needle which had fallen.

"What do you mean by God making mistakes? Are you laughing at me?"

"Well, according to what you've hinted at a few moments ago, God really must have made some sort of mistake. He orders us in the Holy Book to pray always, and you have just been about proving me that in your case at least such a thing is practically impossible. So what?"

"How you do carry on, Mrs. Harrison! Or did I really say that? I surely didn't mean it that way. Fact is, I . . . don't quite know how to put it. There . . . maybe . . . or is there really a way of praying that I don't know anything about?"

"Now that's a lot better, dearie. Of course there's a way to pray always, no matter how busy a body may be. Doesn't the great St. Teresa tell us

that the Lord walks among the pots and pans? So it's possible, it's even easy to live a holy, prayerful life even if, or rather especially if, one has a large brood of children to care for."

"Do explain yourself, Mrs. Harrison. It seems rather late for me to try, but then your recipe might enlighten me. I'm afraid I don't know much of convent ways."

"There's no need of living in a convent to lead a life of prayer. You can continue living exactly the same life you have lived since you came here. But, first of all, do tell me what you mean when you say you've no time to pray."

"Oh, just this: I've no time to tell my beads, recite long prayers, make visits to the Blessed Sacrament —"

"All splendid things when God allows you to do them, and in your case it's easy to see you haven't all the time you would like to do all this. But these acts do not constitute the real essence of prayer."

"Please don't talk in riddles, Mrs. Harrison. You know, I've never been very sharp-witted."

"Well, prayer, my dear, is the raising up of our heart and spirit to God, to adore Him, thank Him for His mercies, implore His forgiveness, and entreat the graces both spiritual and temporal we may need."

"That's plainer and much like the catechism definition of prayer."

"It's all the surer, then. Yes, prayer is the raising of our heart and spirit to God, but more especially the raising of our heart. It is the love glance of our heart, so to say, and here the body is not needed. The heart may talk freely with God even when 'brother ass' is busy with manifold tasks."

"You have used a strange verb there, Mrs. Harrison. Is it the right and respectful one, I wonder? Can we 'talk' to God?"

"That's the point, dearie, which I want you to grasp. Prayer is not a stilted formula used in addressing a cold and distant Majesty. Prayer is a heart-to-heart communing with a tender, all-compassionate Father, who is always present within the round tower of our hearts."

"I still can't understand how poor, frivolous me can put that wonderful recipe of yours into practice."

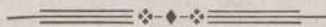
"Nothing complicated there. When you rise in the morning, offer to God through Mary, all the works, joys, and sufferings of the whole day. Thus your work done in conformity to God's holy will and with the intention of pleasing Him, will become the most eloquent of all prayers. Don't forget, though, to do all things through Mary, for she will mend all the human imperfections which might otherwise mar your life. Choose some short, loving ejaculations which agree with your particular soul needs, and repeat them often during the day. Make God a sharer in all you do and say; consult Him in your difficulties; share with Him your little daily joys; request His help in your daily annoyances. Remember that Jesus lives within your heart, that He is your Emmanuel, if you wish your whole life to be flooded with genuine happiness."

"You've just about convinced me, dear Mrs. Harrison, that such a life of prayer is not at all impossible. Now I understand why you are always so

serene and undisturbed by the ups and downs of life; you know all the secrets of this wonderful life. I'll no longer complain, I assure you, of not having time to pray, for I'll turn all my actions into prayerful supplications. Thanks so much for having made me understand the real meaning of prayer."

Long after her kind friend had retired for the night, Mrs. Starr still sat musing over the unexpected things she had learned that night about making her life more Christian-like. In starlit sky-meadows above the harvest moon rode her queenly way, her silver radiance flinging, as it were, an arch of light linking heaven and earth.

"A pathway of light!" soliloquized she. "Isn't that exactly what prayer is to us, poor creatures? A pathway leading to God, our Creator."



Test Your Knowledge

How many of the following statements can you answer correctly by adding the appropriate word or words? A score of fifteen means you have a superior Mission Intelligence Quotient. A score of ten might win a silver star under the heading Missions. A score below seven suggests that you will have to learn more about God's missions before entering God's cosmopolitan Heaven. The answers are on page 84.

1. Aurora University was founded by the Jesuits in (Baghdad, India, Shanghai, Peking).
2. St. Francis Xavier died in (Tokyo, Manila, Sancian Island, Solomon Islands).
3. The most missionary country in all the world is (Holland, France, Canada, Ireland).
4. Emperor worship in Japan was called (Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism).
5. St. Teresa in her Carmelite convent is said to have saved more souls than the great missionary (St. Paul, St. Francis Xavier, St. Thomas).
6. The words Fu Jen mean (Chinese Empire, Help Humanism, Golden Text).
7. L'Osservatore Romano estimates that at the present rate of conversions it will take another (1,000, 3,000, 5,000) years to win the world for Christ.
8. Catholics constitute (1%, 10%, 25%) of the population in India.
9. Central Africa has (25, 100, 250) native languages.
10. A neophyte is a (new Christian, inveterate pagan, native catechist).
11. The Dark Continent has still (50,000,000, 140,000,000, 200,000,000) Africans to be brought to Christ.
12. The motto of St. Francis Xavier was (All for God; Give me souls; *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*).
13. The Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary was founded in (1888, 1905, 1921, 1928).
14. The Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is (Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Msgr. Mar Ivanios, Most Rev. Celso Costantini).
15. Pope Pius XI's mission encyclical was (Maximum Illud, Rerum Ecclesiae, Casti Conubii).
16. The first Catholic missionary to penetrate into China to spread the Faith was a Franciscan named (Matthew Ricci, Constant Lievens, John of Monte Corvino).
17. What do missionaries need most of all on their foreign mission fields? (The prayers of the faithful at home; their monetary support; their sympathetic brotherliness).

Random Writings

From Our Sisters Afield

Shek Lung Leprosarium, October 31, 1948

TO A BENEFACTRESS:

Letters are wonderful things. When yours came in the mail an hour ago, I felt like clapping my hands for joy. You must have thought long and kindly about Christmas and New Year's just two months away, and told yourself that we of leper land would enjoy having something extra to relieve the monotony of vegetables and rice rations. Thanks from the bottom of my heart, one thousand times and more!

How powerless we poor Sisters would be without your helping hand stretched out to us! May God bless you and reward you a thousandfold for your charity towards those who are trying to make life more livable for the suffering members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Here on our isle far removed from the outside world, we dwell in an exquisite solitude, a solitude anchorites would envy, a solitude that makes us feel very, very close to Almighty God. If in the Gospel only one out of ten lepers returned to thank Mary's wonder-working Son, here every soul is whispering thanks to you and prayers for you and all our kind benefactors.

Could I give you a detailed account of our leper work, you would understand still better the vast amount of good your donation will do. It would wring your heart with pity to see the hideous sores which we bind every day for love of the One whom the Prophet considered as a Leper, and who is the consolation of the poor victims of leprosy, once they come to know and love Him. Some of our dear patients have half-decayed arms and legs; others are completely disfigured — the "foretold Leper Face" exists today in twentieth-century members of the Mystical Christ. All have great physical sufferings to bear, and still their moral distress is greater as they see themselves outcasts of society, unclean leper folk, undesirable beings from whom all instinctively shrink with horror. Those who live here are happy in the knowledge that we love them and want to help them; but how many others aimlessly wandering in towns and villages are put to death each day!

Please say a prayer for all our beloved "sons and daughters," that the star of Faith may rise for them and lead them to the Crib of the Christ Child.

SISTER MARIE DU CENACLE, M.I.C.

Marie Gerin, Coaticook

* * *

Shek Lung, October 17, 1948

I am delighted over my mission assignment to the land of the lepers. We can do so much good to the poor pain-racked victims of the dread disease. Please remember them all with a daily prayer, that they may die in the love of Our Lord, and exchange their leper cot for the beauties of the Land of Vision, where they will be made clean for all eternity.

They look at me with longing and awe in their eyes each time I tell them that in Heaven "there won't be any lepers, not one. Their bodies will be beautiful and glorified, and nobody will be afraid of them."

A Fong, who comes right after the leader, is a real saint minus a halo. These last days have been very painful for him.

"A Fong," I told him today, "you'll be having a beautiful place in Heaven, and you won't be sick any more."

"I hope so!" he rejoined, a smile lighting his distorted features.

Our dear sick are almost five hundred. On the feast of the Assumption we had a baptism ceremony; thirty-three adults were made heirs to the kingdom of Heaven. Msgr. Deswazieres will probably come in November to dub them knights of the Savior in Confirmation.

SISTER ST. CHARLES DE MILAN, M.I.C.

Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi

Koriyama, Japan, October 7, 1948



ITH the Good Shepherd we are rejoicing today, for we have found a sheep that seemed hopelessly lost.

One of my piano pupils, who was also clever with the violin, had begun to study Christian doctrine when a series of untoward happenings came to blight his happy prospects, and left him in the depths of discouragement. During the boy's absence, his stepfather in Tokyo had sold the treasured piano which the family had managed to keep in spite of losses occasioned by the war. Then Mr. X. went further, forbidding his son to bring his violin to the Sisters' convent, claiming that too much attention to music would make for careless and hence unprofitable studies. One month later the mother succeeded in persuading her husband to relent; she came herself, bringing the boy's beloved violin, and telling our student how glad she was about his going to church and convent. But the list of mishaps was not ended: while the lady of the house was absent one day, thieves broke in and ransacked everything.

The young man, true to Japanese filial piety, was too dutiful a son to expect his parents, whom he knew in need, to furnish the money to pursue at his books; he racked his brains to find a way out. The very thought that he might have to give up his music course grieved him beyond words. One morning, then another, and still another — and the student did not ring our doorbell. About one month ago his friends told us he was in the depths of despondency. Confidently we entrusted the sad case to Our Lady of the Rosary, and it was not in vain that we did so. She brought him back by the hand, utterly worn out but a hero in one of life's hardest battles, the battle against discouragement. He began by apologizing for his prolonged absence, then told us how, when he was on the point of yielding in to the temptation, his mother saw him in a dream about to commit suicide. Being in Tokyo, she had no knowledge whatever of her son's disposition at that hour. The dream made such a strong impression on her that the next morning she told her husband: "We must go to Koriyama. I am so anxious about my boy." Never did mother and son embrace more lovingly. The poor boy's joy was so great that he suddenly felt an altogether other person. "I never thought Mother loved me that much," he added. "I want to live honorably and be worthy of her."

Our Blessed Mother isn't short of means, as you can see. Grace still has many victories to win in that soul; that is why we would ask your prayers, not only for the piano pupil I told you about, but also for all the souls that come within our sphere of action — or should I say sphere of battle, since we are really battling in the valley? You are like Moses praying on the mountain. Look downward and Eastward once in a while: we of Japan need praying souls still more than we do toiling hands.

SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE, M.I.C.

Lucienne Renaud, Montreal

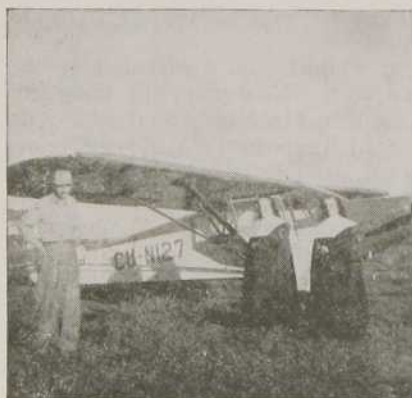
* * *

Mercedes, Cuba, November 21, 1948

Here I am by air mail, as promised, to tell you about my trip to Marti with Sister Superior(1). It had been decided that we would go to that parish to see to the furnishing of our Sisters' home, and Rev. Father Guilbault, the pastor, had given us to understand that a parishioner of his who owned a plane would come for us. That would be a great time-saving idea, for the trip by train or bus means a good half-day.

Wednesday morning, bright and early before seven o'clock, we were in the neighboring field that serves as local airport. Not without misgivings did we step

1. Sister MADELEINE DU SAUVEUR (Alice Labelle, Montreal).



Boarding the Plane for Marti

into the innards of that giant silver bird, whose wings would be rocking us air passengers for the very first time. But apprehension soon gave way to a feeling of perfect security. We had been painting a dark cloud for ourselves, and all we had of it was a silver lining. When seen from the air, the far-stretching fields of sugar cane look like green squares in a checkerboard, happily contrasting with the bright red, almost brick-colored soil, which is highly productive, we are told.

In fifteen minutes Marti saw the plane gliding down earthward. We landed right close to the home of our obliging pilot. He owns a large farm, and besides sugar cane cultivates vegetables of every kind: cabbages, carrots, celery, etc. November notwithstanding, the green shoots are already a few inches high. December or January will be harvest month.

The sky pilot then became jeep driver, and on we rode with him to the village three or four miles farther. Marti counts about one hundred families. It is an attractive place; the church is neat and its atmosphere prayerful. Our Sisters' home-to-be is located about one hundred feet to the left. The repair work is well under way; the tile floors are green and the walls spotless white.

Thence we rode on to Gardenas, a fair-sized modern city where we had some shopping to do. The Oblate Sisters of Providence, a Colored Sisterhood dedicated especially to people of their race, received us kindly and kept us for the night. The next morning, at seven-thirty, we took the road for Colon, an hour's distance from Gardenas. As the bus was not leaving before eleven, we had plenty of time to do our shopping before going on to Mercedes, where we arrived for dinner.

We will soon be living in our little convent home. The classes will be on the ground floor. The Cubans all live in hopes of learning English, so we can count on many pupils to take up our school days. If we can persuade the people to come to Mass on Sunday, many will be unable to enter their Father's House, as it is taxed to capacity with forty persons, and the village groups about 250 families in all; but as things now stand, some seats remain empty. The religious indifference of the people in general may be explained by the fact that the parish has long been priestless.

I should like in closing to express my thankfulness to all my kind friends and devoted benefactors, who were so generous on the occasion of my departure for Cuba, as well as during the years I worked for the spread of the *Precursor*. May our Immaculate Mother bless them all and repay them a thousandfold!

SISTER LEON JOSEPH, M.I.C.

*Simone Sabourin,
St. Isidore de Prescott, Ont.*



*Our Second Mission Band to Cuba:
Sister Leon Joseph, Sister St. Alban,
Sister St. Colette, and Sister St. Andre.*



Sister St. Mathieu
(Agnes Guenette, St. Anne des Plaines)
With Her Washday Helpers.

Manila, November 1, 1948

I am sending you a snapshot of our washerwomen. Now you will know all about the blue Monday procedure as it is done in Manila: tub on the floor, laundresses all around. Vicenta and Secondina are very likable companions for as Sister to have. Sister St. Louis(1) is preparing Secondina for her First Communion, for, sad to say, the eighteen-year-old miss knows very little about the Catholic religion — or maybe should I use the past tense, since she can now recite all her prayers and loves Mother Mary with her whole heart. She has her very personal way of expressing her affection: with a peculiar smack of her lips she says that the person she loves best, the person who is the most beautiful, the person who knows her to the

bottom of her heart, is the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Gloria it was who told Secondina about the *Madres*. Who is Gloria? A future Blessed with a halo on her locks. I often tell her: "Each time you make a tiny sacrifice your Guardian Angel writes it in his book, and it will help to save souls in your barrio (parish)."

She is a very generous child, I can tell you, but sometimes she feels a teeny bit afraid that if she makes too many sacrifices, she will finally turn into one!

SISTER ST. MATHIEU, M.I.C.

Agnes Guenette, St. Anne des Plaines

Chesterton Speaks

When people ask me, or indeed anybody else, "Why did you join the Church of Rome?" the first essential answer, if it is partly an elliptical answer, is "To get rid of my sins." For there is no other religious system that does really profess to get rid of people's sins. It is confirmed by the logic, which to many seems startling, by which the Church deduces that sin confessed and adequately repented is actually abolished; and that the sinner does really begin again as if he had never sinned.

Well, when a Catholic comes from Confession, he does truly, by definition, step out again into that dawn of his own beginning and look with new eyes across the world to a Crystal Palace that is really of crystal. He believes that in that dim corner and in that brief ritual, God has really remade him in His own image.

Gilbert K. Chesterton

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ANSWERS

1. Shanghai. 2. Sancian Island. 3. Holland. 4. Shintoism. 5. St. Francis Xavier. 6. Help Humanism. 7. 3,000. 8. 1%. 9. 250. 10. New Christian. 11. 140,000,000. 12. Give me souls. 13. 1921. 14. Most Rev. Celso Costantini. 15. Rerum Ecclesiae. 16. John of Monte Corvino. 17. The prayers of the faithful at home. Say a decade of your beads for them.

1. Fleur Ange PELLETIER, St. Francois Xavier, N.B.

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

Father Chanel's tireless energy and his effort by many means to improve the condition of his parish would have proved unavailing had he not used that most powerful means: good example. His goodness to the poor and the suffering, his patience, his gentleness, his reverence, and his love of prayer were sermons more eloquent than any words could possibly have been. His devotion to the welfare of the schools proved that the good of the little ones lay very close to his heart. But for him the children must have remained illiterate, for the council of the poor, little village could set aside no fund for educational purposes. The very moderate tuition fee paid by the parents hardly sufficed to support the boys' teacher. Still more precarious was

the condition of the girls' department, especially in the beginning, when Father Chanel, poor himself, divided each day's bread with the Sister of Providence. Matters having come to such a pass that even bread was lacking, he begged from door to door. His zeal touched all hearts, and M. Girod took upon himself the support of both schools.

His love of the poor was beautiful to see; his goodness to them tender even as His who in Galilee went about doing good to all, the sick and the sinful, the unfortunate and the shiftless. Perhaps, following the example of St. Francis de Sales, Father Chanel had made a vow to help all the poor who appealed to him. Certainly he received with compassion every one who knocked at the door of the presbytery, and sent none away empty handed. When he had no money he gave food or clothing. If a man was cold or wet he made him sit close to the fire, and took advantage of this opportunity for a chat to drop some word of advice or encouragement. Many beggars, especially those of Crozet and its neighborhood, knew his boundless charity too well to fear to ask his help again and again. Needless to say, he was sometimes imposed upon. Told one day that a man to whom he had given alms was a professional beggar, wholly undeserving, he said placidly, "I am sorry, because such as he do harm to the worthy poor; as for me, I have lost nothing in God's sight."

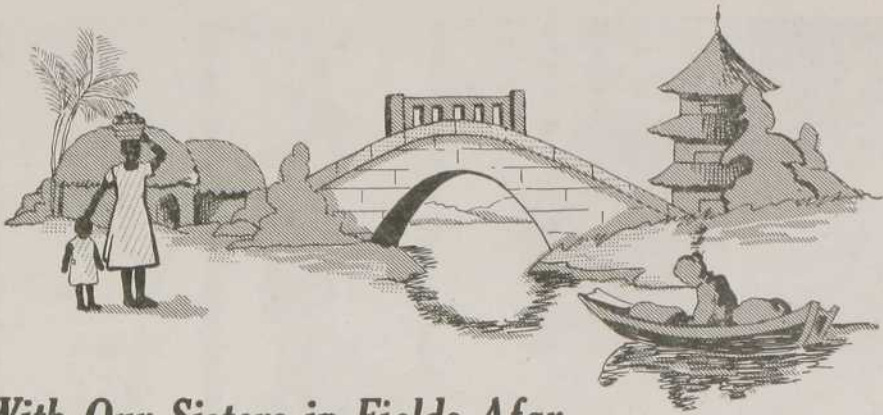
In the interest of the needy he deprived himself of all but strict necessities. His cassock, shoes, and hat testified to this; his house was almost bare of furniture. He had found it in need of repair, but refused to spend on it more than was absolutely necessary. His meals were always frugal, and more than once it happened that he had none. In spite of these privations, which reduced his own expenses to a trifling sum, it is not easy to understand how he managed to do so much for the needy. Perhaps M. Girod's generosity offers the key to the riddle.

Everything that belonged to Father Chanel seemed to him less his own than the property of the poor. One day his servant went to him in great distress of mind. "I don't know, Father," she said, "what happens to your clothing. Day by day your wardrobe becomes more nearly empty. I have just looked everywhere for your overcoat, and I cannot find it!" "Don't trouble yourself about it," he replied. "I hope God will not allow the things to be lost." "Until they turn up," she went on, "you had better buy others — though I doubt if you have enough money." "Now, don't worry," Father Chanel said, soothingly. "Only I am concerned, so I beg you to think no more about it." And under his breath he added, "Dear Lord, how many poor there are!" The last words were not meant for the servant's ears, but she heard them, and never again asked an explanation of the disappearance of Father Chanel's belongings.

A source of real sorrow to him on his arrival in Crozet was to find there a church badly placed and small, with cracked walls and miserably poor furnishings. The deplorable condition of the presbytery troubled him little: God's house was another matter. He did nothing hastily, but it was not very long before he broached the subject of a new church, and consulted his people about a suitable site for it — a question upon which it is often difficult to reach an agreement, especially in country districts. In time he appealed to his parishioners for the necessary funds. Even families of small means responded promptly and willingly, and the Bishop, M. Girod, and other people of note in the department promised hearty cooperation. But after sufficient money was assured, such difficulties arose as to the choice of a site that the project had to be temporarily abandoned. In fact, it was not until 1833, after Father Chanel had left Crozet for the College of Belley, that ground was broken. When he learned what location had been decided upon he thought it unsuitable, and wrote to his successor, "How unfortunate that your church is to be built above the village, and on a steep incline! If my tears could wash it down, I would shed them in torrents." Too late the people of Crozet regretted that they had not followed his advice.

Obliged to be content with his poor church Peter consoled himself by remembering that Christ was born in a stable and passed thirty years in the humble home of a village carpenter. However, to reawaken the faith and piety of his people, and at the same time give God, in a suitable manner, the homage due Him, he repaired the church, beautified it as best he could, and celebrated the Sacred Mysteries with all possible pomp. "Thanks to his zeal," said an eye-witness, "the church at Crozet was transformed; it became one of the neatest and most devotional in that part of the country."

(To be continued)



With Our Sisters in Fields Afar

CHINA

CANTON

MOSTLY THIEVES

Since the day the earth-canonized highwayman answering to the name of Dismas walked into Heaven his head held high, many are the thieves who have heard what he heard on his gibbet: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." But thieves are not all grown-up people; they are not all rough gangsters. No, the heavenly thieves we want to tell you about are of every sort and size: men and women; rosy-cheeked boys and girls; even toothless infants of a day or of a month. The banditti you will shake hands with in this article are now making merry in the place whence all sorrow is banished as long as God is God.

MARY ANNA

We gave her Mary's name and Mary's Mother's name, to make sure her life would have a happy ending. One of the Sisters on her way to Mass found her lying half-dead on the stone-hard pavement, right near the French bridge. Little Miss Anonymous was about eight years of age, and apparently had long since had nothing to fill out the hollows in her cheeks. Her head was all but buried in the depths of a rice bowl, and her two hands were outstretched in a gesture of despair.

Sister, who knew she had no monopoly on the gift of Faith, wanted to share it with this dying girl. In a few words she told Little Miss Anonymous about God, Heaven, Jesus, Mary, and Baptism, and there and then christened her Mary Anna in honor of the world's two best Mothers. Before the end of the day, God had stooped to pluck that rose for His gardens forever abloom.

ALBERTINE

A motley crowd of homeless unfortunates are in the habit of spending their days in a narrow lane near the Doumer Hospital; unceasingly pushed



OLD-FASHIONED WATERWORKS, CANTON

along by the police, they cannot seek any cosier place. At night the tattered beggar folk stretch on the doorsteps of shops or offices, or under the arcaded streets of Canton. When we go out early, we can see hundreds and hundreds of knocked-about beggars stretched on old mats on the hard pavement, their pain-racked bodies trying to keep warm under covers made with old bags. The majority can shift along on what food they get by begging, but when they try to beg hospitality, it isn't a very rosy business, they soon find out.

The God of Mercy had set His eyes upon a soul there. One day Mary, our catechist, found among the destitute a poor woman almost at the point of death. She instructed her in the main truths of our Faith and left her with hopeful prospects: the woman wanted to be baptized. The catechist hastened back to the convent, asking for a Sister to go at once to christen the moribund. One of us hied to the place indicated. There she lay, only skin and bones, covered with rags, that daughter-to-be of God, her soul already prepared awaiting with eagerness the grace of graces. Mary Albertine, purified in the saving stream, will soon go to increase the number of the blessed.

LITTLE JOHNNY

The sun was a ball of fire that morning. A miserable-looking lad of twelve winters and one summer less lay on the bare ground near a Chinese hotel on Hoi Tsu street. Try as the sun did, it was powerless to warm the numb limbs of the poor child whose swollen, bluish feet told that he could not live very long.

Chance, or more likely her Guardian Angel, directed the steps of a Sister towards him. Like the Good Samaritan she stopped in her tracks, lifted the dirty bag that covered the dying boy, and with tears in her eyes looked at the skinny face covered with dust.

It was all a revelation for that somebody's son to hear the wonderful eternal truths. In a few moments he was ready to receive the passport he would be needing soon. What was his name? Did anybody know his Chinese name? Would anybody bother to find out? . . . His new name in Christ Jesus is the name of John, Mary's adopted son, the one who came after Jesus in her love. The soul of the new Christian was confided to our heavenly Mother, while around him the turmoil of the street grew and busy shoppers went about their business. John stayed alone with his happiness. Baptism had brought God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost into his heart, that was big enough to hold Them and love Them. Now Little Johnny has long since been introduced to the other John, the beloved disciple; the Angels have been given the precious commission to trip down the avenues of clouds and carry him to Heaven's Upper Room.

NOT IN BREAD ALONE DOTH MAN LIVE

Our English course pupils for first year are fifty-three. In order to avoid babel at roll-call time, the pupils choose Canadian or English names, Chinese ones being tongue twisters even when you are experienced in the



YOUTH AND OLD AGE MEET
A YOUNG ORPHAN GIRL ACCOMPANIES OLD ASSAM.

matter. Now it happened that at the very first catechism lesson one of the pupils came with four others, asking to know more about that religion she had been told about. Among the five was Delia, eyes a-luster, face a-light, who begged to be baptized as soon as possible. When the catechist had told her all she knew about God, seeing the girl was still hungry for more knowledge, she was directed to the priest. Over and over she asked us to send for her sister and her aunt, who were Catholics, she said. At last we sent for them. The latter told us that Delia had already been baptized; that she had even made her First Communion; but that her instruction had been very rudimentary and very brief, so she couldn't remember anything. The priest asked for the baptism certificate. The child having been born in Guatemala, before receiving the document it would be necessary to wait longer than the time it takes to go to the corner grocery. However, believing in the truthfulness of the relatives, the missionary allowed the child to prepare for her second communion.

Happy as an angel, Delia showed herself more faithful than ever in coming to catechism lessons and preparing fervently for Jesus' second coming, to make Him forget the cold reception at Bethlehem.

"Will I receive Communion in the Shameen Cathedral or here in the convent chapel?" she inquired one day.

"As you like it, for this once," Sister answered.

Once, twice, three times the lass returned to the charge, asking the same question in different terms. Finally Sister grasped the situation: Delia



YOUNG CHINESE MOTHER, CANTON



MERRY ORPHAN AND FAITHFUL GUARDIAN, CANTON

wanted to receive Holy Communion in our chapel; our sanctuary seemed more pious to her, and for that reason more proper for the great act to which she was preparing so lovingly.

More details have been furnished us on the present situation of the dear child: at the outset of the Sino-Japanese conflict, she had to go and live in the country with pagan relatives of hers. There all her remembrances



SISTER ST. JOSEPH DU SACRE COEUR (MARIE LOUISE CHEVETTE,
ST. MAJORIC DE GRANTHAM) IN HER EARLY DAYS IN CANTON.
THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL IN THE REFUGE

of Jesus and the story of Bethlehem were slowly erased from her mind. Alone grace remained latent in her heart, and surely it must have been very powerful, for, on the very first day of her contact with things of the spirit, the flame grew bright. May it never die out!

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR . . .

Death is beautiful when the life before it has been beautiful. How truly the saying could be applied to dear Sister St. Joseph du Sacre Coeur (Marie Louise Chevette, St. Majoric de Grantham), whom God found ready, on April 28, 1948, for the eternal reward.

Thirty-seven years of religious life and thirty-four of devotion in mission territory make a well-filled career, a thing of beauty, a joy forever in the Land of Joy. We fancy with what jubilant rejoicing and grateful acclamations Sister was greeted above by the 12,000 little children and the 500 dying adults she, Mary Immaculate's untiring baptizer, had during her mission years marked with the seal of the elect, as over their brows she had whispered: "I baptize thee . . ."

Sister St. Joseph landed in old Cathay in the fall of 1912. Her companions of those old days of pioneering recall with edification the serene smile she habitually wore and the compassionate kindness that characterized her,

causing young and old to hold her in respect and affection. When she arrived in Canton, she was in turn charged with the Foundling Home, the refuge, and the orphanage. It was also during those first years in China that she shared with a few of her Sisters the meritorious but very heavy duty of baptizing infants in the pagan creches of the city. That apostolic work had her walking four miles each day, in any kind of weather.

The regretted deceased did pioneer work at Our Lady of Providence, To Kom Hant, where, especially in the beginning, she had to suffer from a great sense of loneliness and all sorts of privations; however, her generosity was never found wanting. The people of the place remember with gratitude the kindnesses of *Sam Kou Leung* — Chinese name of our Sister.

But it was here at 135 Tai Sun Lo that our beloved missionary spent the last years of her long and fruitful career, which we would have liked



SISTER ST. ALPHONSE DU REDEMPTEUR (ANTOINETTE COUVRETTE, ST. DOROTHEE),
SUPERIOR AT OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME,
BAPTIZES A DYING CHILD.

God to prolong many years more. Alas! a deathly illness laid her low early in 1948, and soon for her the summons would be coming. Resignedly and happily she answered the call of her Maker on Wednesday, April 28, at eleven in the forenoon. Peaceful and gentle was her life; calm and untroubled was her death. She lost consciousness during the night from April 27 to 28, but one hour before breathing her last she opened her eyes, her face lighting up with a heavenly smile she was to bring with her to the grave.

All night long, the children took turns beside the remains, praying at their love vigil. There were many Mass and floral offerings and several notables of the city were present at the funeral, among whom the consul and the two vice-consuls from France. The funeral service was sung with deacon and sub-deacon; Msgr. Deswazieres, after having addressed a kind letter of sympathy to our little Canton community, deigned to assist at



SISTER BLANDINE DE JESUS (BLANDINE SIMARD, ROBERVAL)
WITH A FEW ORPHANS OF CANTON.

the burial, as did also five other Fathers of the mission, several religious, the professors of our schools, the pupils, and still others.

Immediately after the funeral service, the procession formed and proceeded to the cemetery of To Kom Hant, where our lost one is now sleeping her last sleep beside five of her predecessors in the Land of the Living, valiant missionaries fallen like her on the battlefield of souls, where so many heroes and heroines have lovingly laid down their lives.

* * *

JAPAN

KORIYAMA

FAITH THAT ENDURED

In the little town of Shirakawa, outpost of our Koriyama mission, there died on July 29, 1948, a young woman of thirty who endured extreme want rather than forfeit her right to live according to the teachings of our holy Faith.

While yet belonging to the Protestant persuasion, Miss Akabori, together with a very dear friend, attended the classes of a denominational seminary in Tokyo. During the school year her friend became grievously ill and sought admission as a patient in a Catholic hospital. Miss Akabori frequently visited her, secretly admiring the cheerful, unassuming devotedness of the nursing Sisters. So deeply impressed was she that then and there she resolved to investigate into the teachings of the Catholic religion. Weeks lengthened into months, during which the young patient's health rapidly declined, while her soul grew strengthened by the catechetical instructions she had eagerly requested as soon as she realized that her life's day was waning. At the close of 1943, after having been made a child of God through Baptism's regenerating waters, she went home to her heavenly Father.

The storm clouds of war were gathering all over Japan, sending anguished city-dwellers scurrying to possible refuge with friends living in the country or in small, unimportant cities and towns. Miss Akabori, accompanied by her aged mother, thus left the Capital to live with a friend in Shirakawa. This young lady shared her aspirations for leading a truly Christian life.

Both decided one day to call on the Catholic priest living in Koriyama, in order to clear a few objections they still retained from their Protestant upbringing. They left, fully satisfied with the explanations given and determined to follow a course of instruction in order to be baptized. Koriyama's devoted Pastor usually managed to call at Shirakawa every other month, so as to minister to the needs of the few Christians scattered thereabout. To secure more frequent instructions, Miss Akabori and her friend resolved to make a weekly trip to Koriyama. Fair weather or foul, on foot they bravely trudged the ten miles from their home to the mission, for money was scarce and they could ill afford to spend it on car fare; their

lesson taken, they would eat their lunch of skimpy rice balls at a friendly Christian's house and strike for the home trail.

Making a living at Shirakawa was no easy matter, although Miss Akabori worked hard all day and often far into the night, taking in sewing and knitting in order to earn enough for her own and her mother's subsistence and lodging.

On Easter Sunday, 1944, the two courageous young women were baptized at Koriyama, much to their joy and to the edification of the Christians.

After their baptism, they still continued their weekly trips on foot to Koriyama to hear Sunday Mass. It was thus that we met them, for they would call at the convent after Mass to secure medicine for the aged, ailing mother who remained at Shirakawa.

A few months after their baptism ceremony, Miss Akabori's friend left her to enter the novitiate of a recently founded native congregation in Osaka. Miss Akabori's own yearnings were also for a religious life of complete devotedness, but her duty of filial piety forbade her leaving her mother whose sole support she was, and whose prejudices against the Catholic religion had but recently abated.

Meanwhile the former Protestant teachers of these girls tried, by all available means, to win them back to their sect again. They promised Miss Akabori, whom they knew to be quite impecunious, a well-retributed career if she but renounced what they chose to call her Roman Catholic



SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE (RITA MARTEL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KORIYAMA, JAPAN,
PAYS A VISIT TO MRS. AKABORI.

fallacies. All these tempting offers were turned down, however, Miss Akabori wisely preferring the pearl of great price to the baubles of earth, a life of extreme want to one of leisure, in order to make sure of her eternal fortune.

On June 30, 1948, Sister Superior (1), accompanied by Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze (2) on a return trip from Tokyo, was hailed at the Shirakawa station by a young Christian who called out: "Sisters, Miss Akabori died yesterday!" Imagine the Sisters' surprise, for the young lady had walked her ten miles to Mass only the preceding Sunday. Thinking they might have misunderstood, they queried:

"Do you really mean that Miss Akabori is dead? Why, we met her at church only a few days ago."

"Her death took us all by surprise," quietly replied the boy. "She succumbed yesterday to an attack of acute appendicitis. I went to Koriyama to arrange for a Catholic burial, but Father Koyama had just left for Sendai, so I decided to wait for you here in order to decide what should be done. In this extreme heat, the body cannot be kept much longer."

In order not to incommode the non-Christian neighbors, we concluded that it would be best to proceed with the burial, while the Catholic funeral could be held later on. The young Christian added, as our train was pulling out of the station: "Her case would not have been desperate if only she could have been taken in time to a hospital. However, because she had no money to defray her expenses, she suffered silently, hiding her illness to all except her poor mother, who was powerless to relieve her."

Sisters Agnes d'Assise (3) and St. Gregoire de Nazianze went to Shirakawa with a group of Christians on the following day to pray beside the remains and assist at the burial.

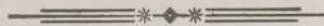
How deeply affected they were to discover in what a hovel this hidden heroine had lived and died to preserve the treasure of Faith: a lean-to, former henhouse, neighboring the premises of the goats and rabbits. The afflicted mother begged us to take her to Koriyama, where she could be instructed in the holy doctrine and be made one with her departed daughter in baptism.

Surely the mother's conversion was due to the courageous sacrifice of her child, who suffered and endured that the kingdom of Christ might come within her own heart and also within the hearts of all in the Land of the Rising Sun.

1. Sister ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville).

2. Rita MARTEL, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

3. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.



I believe zeal can only be maintained by continual struggles and trials, just as the hardiest warriors are those who have accustomed themselves to every species of fatigue.

HENRI DORIE, *Martyr in Korea*

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS CHINESE MISSION, MANILA

IN HONOR OF "OUR TAINTED NATURE'S SOLITARY BOAST"

Have you heard? Something extraordinary must be going on at the Chinese mission on Narra Street. Only this afternoon, four persons came, arms flower-laden and faces wreathed in smiles, smiles that said much and that were really more attractive than the blossomed beauties. Listen and I'll whisper the secret; or rather, our callers will let you in on it: "Sister, today (or tomorrow) is my day for the novena. What programme am I going to have?" — "Will these flowers help for the altar?" — "All the family will be coming to Mass. My husband and I would like to go to confession and communion."

With variances, such are the themes of all the Filipino clients of Mary who want to take part in the solemn novena immediately preceding the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in which we are endeavoring to get all our kind friends interested. Interested is no longer the exact word now, so enthusiastic are they all about preparing for December 8. Some pay the Mass stipends; others, the Father's travelling expenses, and even the fare of their own friends; still others take in hand the decoration of the chapel.

A few evenings ago, a group of ladies came, asking the privilege of decorating for the feast and using a time-worn statue of Our Lady, said to be beyond the century mark. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ hesitated a little, but at last, to please the generous souls and encourage their zeal, she gave her consent. As might be expected, the Madonna is not exactly of the Mother-house chapel type; however, she is not too disgraceful with her natural hair and lashes, minutely waved, her ivory face with glass eyes, and her long ivory fingers. Her attitude is pious, and when you see what piety she provokes in all who pray to her, you might yourself believe you are kneeling in front of Raphael's greatest Madonna.

All the evening, the benevolent helpers decorated, going from homes to convent, and from convent to homes, to obtain all the necessary equipment without disturbing the Sisters too much. With the next sun-up they brought wreaths of roses, a dainty lace centrepiece, flowers and flowers . . . so much so that in our little sanctuary the vigil lights blinked and blinked, wondering if they were really on the usually bare altar of the Narra Street mission. Our Filipina friends were ever so happy to be able to do something for Our Blessed Mother; in proof of our statement, we saw two clasping each other before the tabernacle, whispering their satisfaction over it all.

Every afternoon at a quarter to five, the Reverend Chaplain gives Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rosary is recited, broken by the *Ave, Ave Marias* of young and old. Then follows the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, with special prayers for the novena and the preservation of peace in the Philippines. After Benediction we sing the *Salve Regina*, during which the altar is solemnly incensed as during Sunday Vespers; the

1. Sister CLAIRE DE L'EUCARISTIE (Claire Fontaine, Quebec).

statue of Our Lady is also incensed. The ceremony is most impressive.

Our Blessed Mother is too kind not to be moved by the perfect praise that goes up to her from this perfectly pagan centre which is our Chinese mission section; when her earthly children are touched, how could she fail to be impressed, she whose heart is more loving and tender than any earthly creature's?

O Mary, from your throne on Narra Street, where you are acclaimed Queen and Mother, please shed on those who have taught us to love you, on those who have missioned us here to make you known, on all our benefactors and friends of Canada, your own fair land, the fondest blessings of your maternal heart!

SISTER MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.(1)

* * *

GAGALANGIN, MANILA

Leaves From the "Pacific" Diary of Sister Genevieve de Nanterre(2), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Who Left for Manila October 8, 1948

Thursday, October 21

Panama Canal rubbed sleepy, sea-briny eyes this morning to behold two missionary Sisters, who opened theirs as wonderingly for first acquaintance. The view was glorious, every inch worthy of the Divine Artist who fashioned it. Two giant piers of massive stones, each holding a lighthouse on the fingertips of its long outstretched hand, hem in an interior body of water the ports of Cristobal and Colon, leaving steamships a narrow, corridor-like passage. We docked at 9.30.



Fifty miles from Cristobal the Maryknoll Sisters have two convents in Balboa, on the other side of the Isthmus. Hoping some of their Sisters would be on hand to greet them, those of the Community who were our fellow passengers had donned their white garb so as to be more easily recognized. While we were busily making use of our eye-kodaks, Sister Superior(3) suddenly exclaimed: "Two of your Sisters on the wharf!" — "Too good to be true!" — but in that case it was really true: two Maryknoll *Madres* were gaily waving handkerchiefs to catch the attention of the newcomers. Gladly we joined in the rejoicings; had they been Sisters with the white wimple and the blue sash, I doubt if we, so far away on God's great little ball, could have been more delighted.

Patience is a necessary ingredient in the traveller's grip: parleys can stretch so elastically before the captain lets you go. Such being the case

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.

2. Genevieve ST. PIERRE, Montreal.

3. Sister MADELEINE DU SACRE COEUR (Madeleine Payette, Montreal).

here, the Sisters from Balboa were allowed on board. Naturally, we wanted to leave them to their family gathering, and stole into our cabin. In came the stewardess with our mail: letters from Reverend Mother General and our beloved ones back home. In our own way, mindful that there are bonds no distance can sever, we held our own family reunion. But our religious companions believe in doubling joy by sharing it; consequently, they came to the cabin asking that we join them. We made the acquaintance of the Superior, Sister Martina, and her companion, Sister Patricia Marie. Then we were let in on the secret plans for the day. If we have leave to go down and if our time isn't too short, they will bring us overnight to their Balboa convent, which will mean Mass and Communion for us early risers; then we will return to our ship for the crossing which is, it seems, the world's eighth wonder. Sister Martina asked permission for us to get off a few hours, during which the captain would be at ease to smoke his pipe and decide the long and short of his stop. The heat was suffocating and Sister longed to see us out of that blazing furnace. The captain said yes, yes until dinner: it was ten o'clock. We were seven Sisters and Joan Wou, a young lady, the only lay woman on board, who for that reason shared life with the convent people; however, the kind Superior left nothing untried in order to make us as comfortable and happy as can be this side of the heavenly Jerusalem. Twice she made the trip to a charming site under palm trees near the sea, bringing each time a number of Sisters, until all were there. Under the vast-spreading veranda of the Washington Hotel, we enjoyed a refreshing breeze and enchanting scenery, free for the seeing. At dinner time, about one o'clock, we returned to our boat for the meal. The Maryknoll travelling Sisters had their Balboa companions for the occasion, so we had a regular community dinner, where fraternal affection added its own appreciable flavor. After the meal we were allowed off the *City of Lucknow* until evening. Sister Martina phoned to the Balboa Sisters, asking that one from the other convent come for half of the group. At 2.30 we took to the road, crossing Cristobal and Colon, two towns that follow on each other's heels, like Montreal and Outremont. The part appropriated to the Americans and the Spanish has beauty of every color within the rainbow's arc; but the streets where the Blacks live don't present a picture half so pretty. Everywhere the houses are built on series of piles; the roofs of the balconies stretching as they do like mammoth umbrellas above the sidewalks, there is shade for everybody.



Filipina Lasses in National Dress

The route across the Isthmus snakes its way right into the heart of the jungle. On each side the tropical forest looks up to the sun: giant palm, coco, mango, banana, and many other species of trees are doing their growing job well. Tropical creepers intertwining form arches of greenery above the road. The monkeys gave us free of charge their most unharmonious concert, while the bird folk showed off their gaudy plumage for our congratulations. We were still staring wonder-eyed at the beauty of it all, when suddenly the car ahead zigzagged precariously and came to a dead stop. Sister at the wheel had remembered the beatitude of mercy and spared the sloth — strange creature if God ever created and Adam ever named one — that barred the way as on it crawled at snail speed, its belly in the dust. Picture a monkey the length of a yardstick, having borrowed its head from a tortoise, and its claws from Minnie the Cat — with this exception, however, that the sloth's are fully three inches long, just the perfect thing for a super scratch! That one was apparently a mother sloth, for a minor edition hanging on to its skirts was crushed to death under the wheels.

Panama has brick-red soil and all-the-year-round verdant vegetation, which reminds one of mistletoe and red berries. The houses in the clearings are built with nipa leaves. That holds good for the Philippines, my Philippines, too, and it won't be long now before the eyes I have will see! At four we were at Balboa. The Sisters had us visit all their works, except the leprosarium located on the other side of the canal. After supper, we went to the Rosary devotions, where we met a lady from Sherbrooke. Result: after the devotions, we indulged in our French vocabulary for the first time since Cote des Neiges.

The Anglican clergyman was pacing the deck when we returned long after sunset. "You are very lucky, Sisters! You have friends everywhere!"



ANOTHER VERSION OF THE MANILA CHEVROLET

— "And real good friends," added we enthusiastically. May the charity that reigns among the handful of Catholics on board open his eyes to the splendors of the true Faith!

Friday, October 22

Long before the day got bright-eyed we left our pillows; the hope of a communion, after a long Eucharistic fast of two full weeks, gave us wings. We asked to be conducted to the nearest church, which, by providential coincidence, is dedicated to the Miraculous Medal. We were just delighted to hear that and, as usual, gave Mary a large share in our Eucharistic gladness. We returned to the liner at 8.30; the Protestant clergyman was there awaiting us; he had already asked us whether we expected to find a Catholic church in South America. He lost face when told that Latin America has a large number of Catholics, whereas he has not yet discovered, alas for him, one Anglican house of prayer!

We were at table when the departure signal was given. All the passengers trooped on deck to lose nothing of the scenic wonders. One would have believed oneself in the Thousand Isles of Canada, "jewels of the azure waves," as sings the home poet.

But all beautiful things get "finis" written below them, and we left the enchanting lake to enter the river where the mountain side has been chopped off. There again, the genius of man has worked wonders to blast away the rock and carve a passage. Night fell early and the electric lights — the same a little girl believes God put on when He said: "Let there be light!" — were on when we left the Isthmus of Panama. The Pacific! Here is our real water route to the Orient, to work for that other Orient brightness of eternal light! Goodbye, America! On deck, looking at the fast receding brick red, we sang in the black night our prayer to the Master of Missions.

Thursday, October 28

What a swimming hole the Pacific Ocean is! We have been sailing on its breast for six days, and it seems that there are still seventeen to come. Mrs. McKay, the stewardess, keeps telling us we are bringing luck, for the crossing is about as quiet as the bottom compartment of an Egyptian pyramid. The Pacific, as everybody knows, isn't always pacific with a small p.

Sunday, October 31

At seven this morning we were trying our voices in praise of Christ the King. Far over the sea a thick fog sat on its haunches, taking life as leisurely as the laziest of mortals. Suddenly the rising sun began to etch a rainbow with hues so bright that we had the impression our S.S. *City of Lucknow* would be gliding under it as under a triumphal arch. It was magnificent and truly befitting the royal day of the Royal Christ.

Friday, November 12

All hands on deck when the clock announced, for Sisters at least, the morning *Angelus*. We were skirting the Ladrone Islands: land after twenty-

one days of sea and sky! The liner sailed about one mile from a rocky, cloud-capped island. From the distance we could make out a few houses, a large-size plantation, rocks, as well as the color of the vegetation. At last the Pacific is behind us! Things are getting pacified, and the thermometer is so glad about it that its mercury heart leaps up.

Thursday, November 18

"See Naples and die!" But: "See Manila and live, work, work, work, with heart, hand, and head!" Our last two days on sea were as agitated as possible: waves in fury, wind, lashing rain, all we wanted and more. Tuesday morning we awoke in the Bay of Manila, with ideal weather to boot. At six we stood on deck for our spiritual exercises, eyes strained towards the port. The Bay of Manila is an immense interior lake of at least twenty miles; the city sleeps in the background. Everywhere traces of the grim hand of war are visible: boats sunk but not completely covered by the sea; broken masts, overturned hulls, sterns and stems strewn about on the shore. It is all so sad to see!

At seven o'clock the officers of the Immigration Office arrived by yacht and, climbing on board, one of them came at once to greet the Sisters. He is the father of one of our pupils. There being nine boats at anchor, he visited ours first, for he wanted us to be off as early as possible, as our Sisters and their pupils were eagerly expecting Sister Superior and her companion. That gentleman was very kind and courteous. Two hours later we were making for the wharf. Sister Superior knew the familiar faces of her own adopted people: ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, 120 of our pupils, and Sisters from our three convents. The parish pastor was there also with the children, who intoned the *Gagalangin* hymn while waving bouquets of flowers. The demonstrations provoked tears of heart-deep feeling. Then followed "Hurrahs for Sister Superior!" Only the orchestra was lacking to make the reception just grand.

Our Manila Sisters crossed the gangplank and came on board for the fraternal, I mean sisterly, accolade. It's wonderful to think and know you *are* on the missions! I hope all of you will experience that third-heaven happiness. Later on I will write about Manila with long paragraphs. Our convent is spacious, colonial style, in cream yellow cement. As we came, the entrance was thronged with children who have learned from Sister Marie de Massabielle⁽¹⁾ how to keep orderly ranks. There is a lovely statue of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal on the first landing. As Sister Superior was passing, the pupils broke into cheers and offered their blooms: it was truly a maternal return! We went to the chapel to sing the *Magnificat*. So far the same prayer always pops up: "My God, here I am to do Your holy will!"

1. Anne Marie LEVESQUE, Westmount.

"You cannot carve rotten wood," says the Chinese proverb. Nor can you carve decayed character into the durable underpinnings of a better race.

Alexis Carrel, M.D.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

FIRST CLOSED RETREATS AT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION HOUSE

What is a retreat? Someone has explained it as "a walk with the unhurried Christ," and surely that must be of all definitions the most appropriate. Lately, such a tryst with the Master brought within our convent walls two groups of retreatants for three blissful days, far from the hustle and bustle of the outside world. Our kind bishop, His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. Collignon, O.M.I., had previously granted the new venture his paternal approbation.

From September 25 to 28, twenty-six tertiaries spent in our new "cenacle" three days of deep recollection and fervent prayer. Rev. Father B. Letarte, O.M.I., pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, Les Cayes, led them along the highways and byways of Christian life as it should be lived by people in the world. All were delighted with the novel experience, and doubtless many will return when the invitation is sent out again next year; that was their promise, at least. Our first retreatants made a lasting impression on us by their religious silence and truly exemplary behavior in God's house.

The second closed retreat, from October 30 to November 3, grouped a little band of thirty members of the Catholic Independent Youth Movement. The young ladies, the best of Les Cayes, ready for service, strife, and suffering, came for spiritual and moral "helps" for their Catholic Action enterprise to Rev. Father M. Bolduc, O.M.I., who painstakingly served them to their heart's content.

During the closing Mass, which was celebrated by Bishop Collignon, our retreatants, renewed in their noble resolves, sent towards Heaven their hymns of praise, love, and thanks. In gratitude to the Sacramental Guest who had sought the haven of their pure hearts they intoned their rally song for youth. In French poetry they sang what we shall try to render into English prose:

"Yes, God wills it, proud Youth! Christ is King, make Him victorious! Without prayer, the world is sad and cold; without Bread from Heaven, it is dying. Fill Thou my heart, O Eucharist, and my power will be divine. Since to live I need Thy life, O Jesus, my heart will be Thine!"

Immediately after Mass, the President of the Youth Movement knelt at the feet of our white Madonna to recite in the name of all her companions the act of consecration to Mary Immaculate. A touching farewell hymn to that kindest of Mothers brought tears to many bright eyes.

Then all passed into the reception hall to thank His Excellency. Extending his hand in blessing upon them, their spiritual Father prayed that their apostolate might be fruitful, that they might pour out their strength in work for souls, and thus tip the scales for God. Our young conquerors left proud and joyful, saying in their heart the favorite stanza of their favorite hymn, of which a literal translation follows:

"Yes, God wills it! Friends, let us be off to conquer as in the days of old! Like Columbus tossed by the tempest, let us seek a world for the King of



Twenty-Six Tertiaries of Les Cayes, Haiti, After a Closed Retreat at the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, From September 25 to 28, 1948. Rev. Father B. Letarte, O.M.I., Preacher, Sister Gertrude du Sacre Coeur (Gertrude Papillon, Quebec), and Sister St. Emilien (Emilienne Marchand, Tetreaultville).



AFTER THE CLOSED RETREAT FOLLOWED BY THIRTY MEMBERS OF THE CATHOLIC INDEPENDENT YOUTH AT LES CAYES, HAITI. His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. Collignon, O.M.I., Rev. Father B. Letarte, O.M.I., Pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, Les Cayes, Rev. Father M. Bolduc, O.M.I., Preacher, Sister Gertrude du Sacre Coeur (Gertrude Papillon, Quebec), and Sister St. Jean Bosco (Angela Desilets, Montreal).

kings. To serve God is to be noble; to fight is the lot of the brave. Joy and pride — that goes into the making of youth! Here are our hearts and our twenties!"

May that grain of mustard seed dropped in Haitian land sprout and develop under the warm sun of the tropics, and with the blessing of the Sun of Righteousness, bear fruit a hundredfold!

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ROCHE-A-BATEAU, HAITI

SUNDAYS AND WEDDINGS

It is Sunday morning. For the second time the sexton is tugging at the bell, telling all who are interested that High Mass will begin in half an hour. Little by little, groups gather on the church grounds; the Haitians are coming to pay their Sunday respects to the holy, holy, holy Lord.

All these last weeks the temple of the Most High has been crowded to the doors. Couples are coming to get their wedding straightened. If the expression sounds strange to you, we won't lose any time in getting your own impressions straight.

Things stand thusly: A great number of native couples, who until lately had hardly thought it might be a good idea to have a priest bless their union, take advantage of God's grace coming "from above and below and on the slant," and the special privileges granted by His Excellency to make the duty easier. On week days the Pastor goes to the homes or the chapels to bless matrimonial contracts; besides, a few couples come to church to receive the marriage blessing. The following Sunday all hear Mass in their parish church; this in their typical language they express by the creole equivalent of "getting weddings straightened." So great is their poverty that



*Mepricia, a Good All-Round Helper
at Roche-a-Bateau Convent, Haiti*

many have to borrow decent clothing from a neighbor's wardrobe; but happiness, as everybody knows, doesn't depend wholly on delicate pastel hues and unwrinkled tuxedos.

After the Holy Sacrifice, the newlyweds thread their way to the convent to wish top o' the morning, however late it may be, to the Mothers. That goodwill call is part of the programme, and may not be dispensed with any more than Mass. Our house is soon bulging with blissful Darbys and Joans who have found happiness at the end of the rainbow. We take the opportunity to slip here and there among two greetings words of advice and encouragement for those who have thus stretched their hand to God, and want to walk along life's pathway with Him close by.

Naturally, wedding day connotes gifts. At first we had little framed pictures, which one of the Sisters had received from her family; but the supply was soon reduced to zero. Then we ransacked the house for all the medals and holy pictures that might be hiding here, there, or anywhere: more things are wrought by a medal than this world dreams of. Little Mrs. N. would have liked a rosary, but of rosaries we had no more.

Unfortunately, the majority of those married couples have never made their First Communion. They live at great distances and are unable to follow Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ catechism lessons. We have been thinking of a summer school project that might enable a good many to come within hearing distance of God's holy Name. If things go on smoothly we will be able to make our ambition a reality. Prayers, please, for smooth sailing.

SISTER JEANNE D'ORLEANS, M.I.C.⁽²⁾

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

Between Les Coteaux and Roche-a-Bateau lies a picturesque hamlet peopled with families whose even tenor of life nothing seems to mar. The land, which is quite fertile, is watered by the charming little river that marks the line of separation between the two parishes mentioned. Nature is extravagant in its beauty, and many a time the setting sun, God's flaming monstrosity over the Caribbean, leaves us groping for words to express our admiration. On every hand there is magic beauty, splashed by Him "who pitched the Dipper in the sky and filled the night with stars."

In that enchanting nook, Chevalier by name, was born the little girl I am going to tell you about. Illamerite saw the light of day on April 22, 1937. Three little ones had preceded her in the family, and three others came after her. Baptized a month after her birth, the little fourth one was named Mary, but called Illamerite. Mary didn't promise to live to a ripe old age; from the very first she was delicate and frail.

We first met the child on October 9, 1945, when the pupils came for admission to St. Joseph's School. Bright-eyed and intelligent, she was classed among the first-year pupils, and on January 14 was at her books with her forty-eight classmates.

It was not long before Illamerite had the spotlight turned on her, so

1. Sister Sr. OLIVE (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David).

2. Jeanne d'Arc NOLIN, Quebec.

studious, obedient, and on the alert was she. A desire from her teacher had all the importance of an order in her dutiful mind.

May month was getting nearer, and with it First Communion. Little Miss Haiti was all agog at catechism, and was already thinking how wonderful it would be to welcome the Child Jesus into her heart. Alas! her childish world of dreams had its atom bomb. She failed in her exam. But obstacles, someone had told her, are not sent to lose heart; they are intended to be stepping stones. So, atop that failure she tried to raise herself and find her way to the Communion rail, only to be told that regulations are regulations. It was a hard blow for the poor girl. However, she didn't lose courage, and bravely set to mastering her knowledge about the things of God. She ran to church every morning, and ran back home to be in school for the appointed hour. Never did Teacher write an A for Absent beside her name at roll call. She loved study and a whole series of question marks popped up in her mind when a lesson was in process.

At the end of the school year, Illamerite headed the class. The following October she trotted into school, glad to settle down to study once more. Her prayers were more fervent and heartsprung than ever, and her school work deserved gold stars all along. When an appeal was launched out to generous souls for the purpose of organizing the Eucharistic Crusade in the parish, our young pupil was the first to give her name. Already she seemed to have understood the virtue of humility, for she wrote her name at the bottom of the list.

More exams followed and success attended them, with the grand consequence that Illamerite, true to her name, deserved to be ranked among the First Communicants of Ascension Thursday.

Jesus, however, wanted to prick His little ball. In the last days of April the child developed a high fever, so much so that it was judged advisable to send her home.

"No! I'm staying here," she countered. Her head



Sister St. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philippe de Laprairie), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Roche-a-Bateau, Haiti, Meets the Starch Vendor.

pillowed on her desk, she listened to the doctrinal explanations. Presently her strength wore out and she couldn't come to school; however, energetic to the last, she came to follow the exercises preparatory to First Communion. She rode on horseback, with her mother or dad holding her on the saddle. At last dawned the great day. Illamerite, as she had deserved, ranked among the first, and looked winsome as an angel in her white frock. Her happiness was her very own, for she couldn't mix with the crowd. She came back to church for the afternoon ceremony; that was her last visit to her Friend on the altar.

On May 24, Our Lady, Help of Christians, stooped earthward to pluck the drooping little blossom for heavenly gardens. On the morrow, Pentecost Sunday, the funeral was held in the presence of most of our pupils. All mourned her like a well-loved sister.

Illamerite had not reached her teens yet, and at that early age there burned in her heart the flame of apostolate. We hope that from on high she who always gave good example here below will continue her apostolate, and persuade everybody in Heaven to get interested in making Haiti more like God intended it to be.

SISTER ST. RITA, M.I.C. (1)

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AFRICA

*Sister Joseph du Sauveur(2), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception,
Writes From Katete, Northern Nyasaland*

Katete, October 14, 1948

Imagine the Governor General coming to our convent and visiting the clinic and the workroom! Yes, indeed, our mission was honored with the presence of His Excellency E. F. T. Colby, Governor General of Nyasaland, on Friday, August 13. "Some walk with kings nor lose the common touch," would Kipling say. And *we* say that Friday and number thirteen should no longer be considered unlucky!

The workers, all fifteen of them, sitting on mats in the farthest corner of the yard, were so taken up by their task that they forgot to kneel, according to their custom, to welcome the distinguished visitor. Our honorable guest showed himself much interested in the few stitches already mastered — our dear women were only at their fourth lesson — and told Msgr. St-Denis how happy he was to see that the Catholic mission sought to lift the status of the black woman, make her bondage a thing of the past, and teach her useful handicrafts. He showed his gratitude to the Prefect Apostolic by stressing that his greatest desire was to do all in his power to develop our undertakings for the benefit of the people; an assurance coming from the highest Protestant authority in the country certainly holds weight and import.

On the morning of August 15, the great feastday of *Amama Maria ku canya* put everybody happily astir. During the Pontifical Mass sung by Msgr. St-Denis, a choir composed of the women of the workroom executed the *Ave Maria* under the direction of Sister Superior(3). African critics, we know, haven't wooden ears for music: you should have seen the astonishment depicted in every face! Did

1. Rita LEGRAND, St. Philippe de Laprairie.

2. Berengere CADIEUX, Montreal North.

3. Sister MADELEINE MARIE (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount).

the Sisters really believe men could find their match in women, where singing was concerned? Yes, Africa is still old-timer enough to put man far ahead of woman in importance. Oh, if you could have seen the smiling faces after that initial success! And the clothing, oh me! For that occasion the wives of the *wasambizgi* (professors) had all donned European dress instead of the traditional *saru*. One of them exhibited real shoes — a luxury here — and, of all things, golf stockings! Here, where the natives are mostly grown-up barefoot boys and girls, the advantage was extraordinary indeed.

Our first feast of St. Therese of the Child Jesus on the missions brought us great joy. Up with the larks, we went to the mission church at 6.15 to lend our assistance to the five priests charged with administering the Sacrament of Baptism to 275 catechumens, who, for four, five, six, or even eight years had been preparing to that all-important act by prayers and sacrifices only God knows.

For the last month, the catechumens had been living far from their villages, which are located in some cases forty, fifty, and even sixty miles from Katete. They were gathered in separate groups: men, women and children, in houses belonging to the mission. These dwellings are quite similar to their own earthen home huts, with this difference however, that each is spacious enough to accommodate 150 to 175 persons. Let us say in passing that the whole household sometimes accompanies the catechumen who wishes to be instructed in the Catholic Faith; a mat, a few utensils made of empty gourds, a supply of corn to prepare their *sima* (national dish), and the furnishings are complete!

How do our natives get ready for the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Eucharist? A glance at their daily programme for the last preparatory month will show you that they don't step blindfolded into God's Church. For



FIRST SEWING LESSON AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KATETE, AFRICA. SISTER JOSEPH DU SAUVEUR (BERENGERE CADIEUX, MONTREAL NORTH) AND SISTER THERESE MARGUERITE (THERESE GOUIN),



KATETE DANCERS SNAPPED ON THE PATRONAL FEAST OF THE MISSION

one month, there is word for word recitation of the penny catechism, practical applications of the theoretical knowledge, prayers in common, assistance at Holy Mass as far as the Offertory, as in the primitive Church, Benediction from the monstrance King: the whole wedged in between hours of manual labor for the benefit of the mission.

Finally, on September 30 and the first two days of the Rosary month, a retreat, whose purpose was to intensify the religious instruction of the catechumens, brought them to the modest church for more hours of prayer and more hours of probing the depths of Catholic doctrine.

In the afternoon of October 2, twenty catechumens enrolled in some Protestant sects just why they didn't know, pronounced their abjuration.

Then dawned the day of days; it was October 3, and the Church was gay in honor of the Rose Queen of Carmel, the Patroness of Missions. Little Therese undoubtedly showered her rose petals on the happy privileged ones of the day. As early as six o'clock all gathered in the chapel, at the places assigned, each one sitting on his heels and keeping an impressive silence. In their hands they held a piece of paper indicating the name they wanted to have, along with the approximate date of their birth. The majority haven't the faintest idea about the exact day and year; they were born the year of the great famine, or of the great earthquake. On the paper were also mentioned the names of father, mother, and sponsor. Behind each group the sponsors stood. To avoid the annoyances resulting from spiritual relationship created by sponsorship, the men have no godmother and the women no godfather; the sponsors assume four, five, and even ten responsibilities. Being godparent is a pleasant affair, you gather.

At six-thirty began the imposing ceremony with its symbolical rites. When came the time for the pinch of salt, several smiled blissfully, for salt is their great favorite; they like it as we do sugar. And the rites went on. One Sister went from group to group to give a last-minute look, and also to see that nobody would scoot away when came the time for the unctions. Sisters are almost as necessary as water in Negro baptisms.

The administration of the purifying Sacrament over, a new ceremony began: His Excellency Most Rev. Louis Durieu, Superior General of the White Fathers, providentially at Katete for his regular visitation, conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on those who had been made children of God at the baptismal font.

A few minutes later, our devoted Prefect Apostolic celebrated Holy Mass. At Communion time the neophytes all had the happiness of making their First Holy Communion. His Excellency, prompted by truly apostolic ardor, left his throne and came to help Msgr. St-Denis to nourish with the Bread come down from Heaven hungry souls destined to eternal happiness in Heaven. When First Communion is distributed by a bishop and a prefect apostolic, well, that deserves to be mentioned in red letters. How God must love His dear children of the jungle to treat them that way!

During those religious ceremonies in which more than 3,000 persons took part, vibrant hymns of thanksgiving arose towards the Most High. May Our Lady of the Rosary and St. Therese of the Child Jesus make these new Christians happy in their Faith and proud of it, and give to that Faith a Gibraltar-strong foundation!

In Africa, you must dismiss the idea that a feast can be complete without a *Mganda* (national dance). That is why after dinner a group of thirty men dancers came to execute their most typical exercises in front of the Fathers' house. Msgr. St-Denis, wishing to make us share in the general joy, sent the athletes to begin over again their rhythmic steps on our grounds. The men kept it up all the afternoon.

Towards three-thirty the bell called the elect of the day to the chapel, to consecrate their budding Christian life to the Queen of Heaven and earth, following which they were given rosaries, while the congregation sang a pious hymn in *citumbuka*.

Later in the afternoon, the visiting Superior General came to our convent with



KATETE. HOW THE NATIVES TURN OUT ON THE FEAST OF ST. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Msgr. St-Denis. After having expressed his satisfaction to find himself with us on this feast of the mission, His Excellency kindly gave us practical spiritual counsels, the practice of which will surely help us in advancing the reign of Christ and His Immaculate Mother on the Dark Continent. As His Excellency was still speaking, the habitual shout "*Odi!*" came to interrupt him, and in the doorway appeared a boy of ten or so brandishing a leg-o'-gazelle still bleeding. Nothing abashed by the assistance, the little Black took out his big boyish voice, and: "The Fathers from Bambo are sending you this!"

Let us now look at things in lighter vein. Our young helper, Rozalina, has a very unique manner of self-expression. The other day when Sister Therese Marguerite(1) asked her to leave the kitchen door open on account of the heat, she candidly countered with: "I'm not surprised that you're hot. You have one million *saru* (one million articles of clothing) on you!" Even if we did reduce our normal allotment of clothes as Sisters, we would be still decently garbed, but I'm afraid I couldn't say the same for the natives, and still say the truth.

Mr. Motori had come twice already to the clinic to have a tooth removed from its offended neighborhood. Glad over the result, he popped in a third time, opened his mouth like a saucer, pointed to an ivory tooth, and told Sister St. Justinien(2): "A *Mayi*, I wish you'd pull out half of this tooth." Sister confessed to being puzzled about the half-and-half business. "Because the other half is good," replied Solomon of Africa! But the best was yet to come. When Sister had removed the bad part of the tooth, and was getting ready to finish the operation, Motori bowed himself out and took to his heels, proud as Punch to keep his precious half.

Before coming to a final stop, may I tell my little Blacks to pass in straight ranks and tell you their names . . . They wear their best occasion smile and say: "Please

1. Therese GOUIN, Montreal.

2. Paule Ida COULOMBE, Monument, Quebec.

come, all of you! We are waiting for you and will welcome you with all our hearts!" Are you going to heed the plea of Stara (star), Lose, Wines, Boyrate, Ticky, Herod, Zabulon, Botoni (button), Gareta? They are still pagans. Here are some of our dear little Christians: Maria, Anna, Yohane, Magdalena, Alberto, Afredi, Yosefe, Ignacio, to mention only seven plus one.

Please remember in your good prayers our dear Blacks, who have such great need of spiritual and material help.

SISTER JOSEPH DU SAUVEUR, M.I.C.

Catholic News Briefs

Eight Months in the Communist Prisons of Jehol

PEKING (A.I.F.) — Rev. Brother Li, member of the teaching congregation of the Sacred Heart Brothers, has just arrived in Peking, having regained his freedom after eight months of imprisonment in Communist hands in Jehol. Brother Li was arrested on November 28, 1947, with five Belgian missionaries and two Chinese priests. The missionaries were liberated in January, 1948, and expelled from the Communist zone. The Chinese priests, however, were not so fortunate. One of them, Rev. Father Peter Chang, fell under blows on January 8, and the other is still in captivity.

In the eight months from November, 1947 to July, 1948, Brother Li went successively to four prisons: those of Meiliyintze, Erthanawantze, Shantsuitzo, and Lingyuan. Seven times he had to defend his cause before Communist tribunals, and on innumerable occasions was beaten with rods and struck in the face. Once he was suspended from a tree for two hours, his arms tied behind his back, which torture left him half paralyzed for several days. For two months night and day Brother Li had his wrists tightly manacled, first with brass handcuffs, then with iron threads which gradually dug their way into the flesh, and became so excruciating a torment that sleep was utterly out of the question. Twice a day the prisoner was given a meagre ration of soup. The guards on those occasions unloosed his handcuffs, but when it was time to clasp them again on the burning sores, the poor prisoner's sufferings were an indescribable martyrdom. Still other tortures made his prison days a nightmare of horror: the vermin with which the prisoners were infested, and still more the cold, for the prisons were never heated, even in the heart of winter, and no glass or paper shut the windows from the icy blasts of Manchuria.

Several times the Communists attempted to wheedle an apostasy from Brother Li. He had only to deny his Faith and freedom would be his, and plenty of money for the journey home. Always he refused, in spite of the blows that rained on him each time he answered: "Yes, I believe!" On the day he was suspended from the tree, his guards urged him: "Come down from your tree and then we also will believe in Him."

The Reds also censured Brother Li's vow of chastity; a like practice, they said, tended to depopulate China. The prisoner explained that the Brothers offered the sacrifice of not marrying so as to be able to dedicate themselves more completely to their apostolate. He added further that the fact that millions of Communist soldiers were living so long separated from their wives might be still more prejudicial to the Chinese birth rate. For this simple exposition of matters he was cruelly beaten by his captors.

The Sacred Heart Brother was at long last liberated in July. By dint of persevering effort he finally succeeded in reaching Chengteh, 180 kilometres from the prison of Lingyuan. But he had no sooner reached the governmental zone than he was arrested on charges of espionage, as he still had Communist money on his person,

and was again thrown into prison. It was only on the intervention of Rev. Father Camille Van de Kerckhove, Belgian missionary in Chengteh, that he was liberated and could reach Peking.

Fides

After Fourteen Christmases

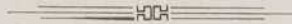
Last December 25, (1947) after fourteen Christmases without Mass, the natives of the Ryukya Island of Amami Oshima were very happy again. They were happy because once more they had a priest — he was the Capuchin Father Felix Ley — and not only Mass but Midnight Mass. Lovingly they prepared the altar, enthusiastically did they sing the *Missa de Angelis*, and great were the numbers who approached the sacraments. Especially interesting is the fact that the altar linens and sacred vessels of the former mission on this island had been carefully hidden away these fourteen years by a faithful old woman who had been afraid they might fall into the hands of sacrilegious pagans. She brought them from their place of concealment and they were used once more on this joyful occasion.

The Catholic Mission Digest

Sisters' Role in Missions

WITH THE MOTHER OF GOD as their model the Sisters have succeeded in bringing Christ to millions in pagan lands. "No place has been too primitive or too dangerous for them. In numberless hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, refuges and asylums they have taught a lesson of Christianity sorely needed in so many lands — the value of every living human being without regard to race, class, condition or sex. By their presence and dignity they are gaining for womanhood in pagan lands that respect and honor which false religions have denied to womankind. In their schools, academies and colleges they are forming the active leaven of an intelligent Catholic womanhood which now, and more so in the future, will transform the surrounding masses of humanity into the body of Christ."

The Voice of the S. P. F.



Novitiate Doings

Friday, December 24

If our opinion may be ventured, we think Christmas Eve an ideal time to close the Forty Hours devotion: the Host and the Crib of the Christ Child complete each other, do they not? Both lead us to a hidden God: hidden under the species of bread, hidden under the appearance of a frail child, Mary's Son.

Need we say that parents, friends, benefactors, well-wishers, and the whole wide world were remembered in our prayerful supplications in presence of our Eucharistic Savior?

Saturday, December 25

Christmas! Apprehensions topple of their own accord, fears are soothed by gentle carols, and the youngest of the family, the postulants, are happier

than they ever thought they would be; had they not been hugging the impression that the first Noel away from home would be a sad, long-faced affair?

At the twelve strokes of midnight the Nativity Feast was ushered in, and the priest entered the holy place to offer to the heavenly Father, in three successive oblations, the beloved Son in whom He is well pleased.

Following the three Masses, we went down to the refectory for a light repast; then back again we sought our pillows.

It goes without saying that distractions — in the guise of gifts, letters, visits, sweets, etc. — crept into our morning meditation. However, the half-hour passed, as they all do, and breakfast too, and then the bell called us to make merry. You would have thought, judging from its glad voice, that it had been keeping monastic silence all during Advent. After the merry Christmas greetings, we proceeded to relieve bulky envelopes of their precious burdens: letters from home.

Some say that the convent is the place where you can stay young forever, if you want to. So it is, so it is, we soliloquized, as once again the thrills of a Christmas tree filled our hearts and eyes with merriment. Oh, there may have been wrinkles on some foreheads, but of the best kind — laughter wrinkles they were! While some of the novices went to the parlor to see dad and mom and the family, the others gathered around the piano and took out all the musical instruments in the immediate vicinity. Those (not the musical instruments but the Sisters) whose vocal cords have never enjoyed a good reputation were allowed the benefit of full expression; on the whole, the result was not too bad.

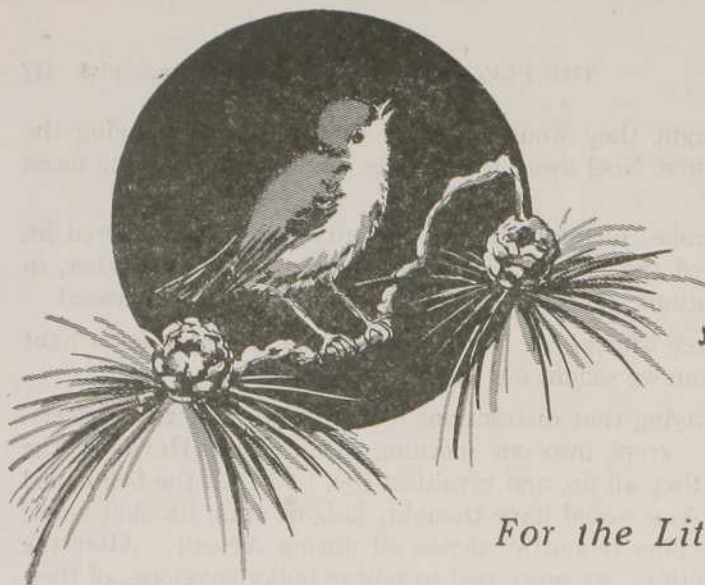
At the feet of the Child of Bethlehem we ended our day, imploring Mary to sing in our name the exultant *Magnificat* of her far-off Visitation Day.

Friday, December 31

You would have thought we were all prominent business women if you could have seen us figuring out our budget for 1948. Fact is, we are engaged in the grandest business ever: saving our own soul, saving the souls of all men.

A year is just a year, but it is at the same time a particle of our life, and hence deserves to be lived well: if we want our life to be beautiful, each series of 365 days must be made such. We who have entered into a grand partnership with God did feel somewhat ashamed today, seeing we hadn't made any spiritual millions for our Master, and our act of contrition did come from the depths of our souls. Now we are given a brand-new chance to start over again. With God's grace our spiritual Wall Street transactions will be prosperous all during the coming year.

Our first greetings for the New Year were addressed to our heavenly Father, during the midnight holy hour. "Our Father in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."



Twitt
Twitt
Twitt

For the Little Ones



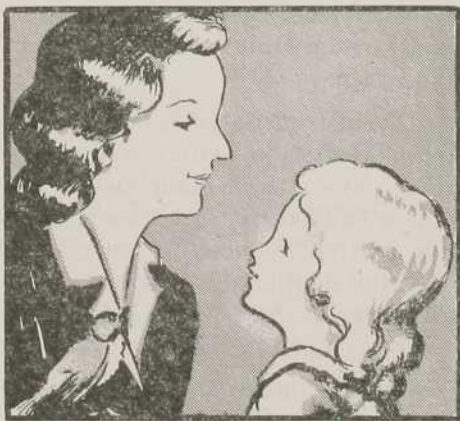
Joanna, for all she isn't an angel, never forgets her prayer first thing in the morning.



Then comes the singing lesson. Tremolo is a very talented songster of whom Joanna is justly proud.



Number Three is the catechism lesson, for Joanna — bless her heart! — will soon be making her First Communion.



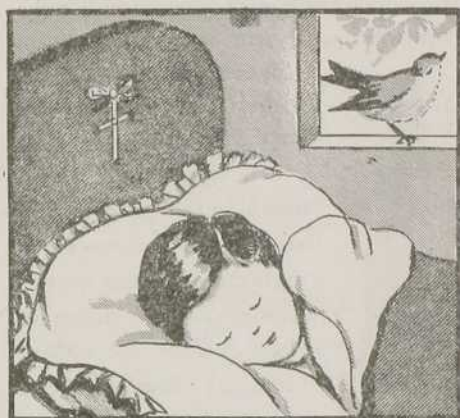
Mother is there to help her little daughter prepare well for Jesus' very first coming in the Host.



One day Peter's mother (Peter is Joanna's cousin) went to Heaven, leaving her boy alone and sad.



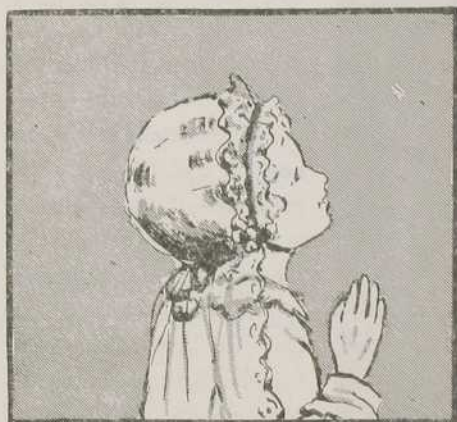
Joanna, wondering what new sacrifice she could offer to Jesus, decided to give Tremolo to her cousin.



Alas! Peter was thinking only of his mother and longing to be with her. He didn't play with Tremolo.



The poor bird missed his little mistress ever so much. On her First Communion day he felt so lonesome



that on fleet wings he hurried to church, and from a high window looked down at Joanna in prayer.



Then, gathering his bird friends, he prepared a little concert for the First Communicant, his own dear Joanna.

A Child Martyr of Japan

Read this delightful page taken from the Japanese martyrs' honor roll concerning the Mianami and Taketa families, who died for Christ in the persecution of 1603.

When Magdalen, wife of John Minami, had been fastened to the cross where she was to die, her voice rose in a hymn of thanksgiving to God, who allowed her to suffer for His Name's sake. Louis, her tiny son, seeing the soldiers rudely binding his mother to the cross, ran to her side begging to be fastened also beside her.

"Beware, little one," someone called out in the crowd, "are you not afraid of death? It is staring you in the face."

But the heroic child quietly replied: "I'm not afraid to die. I wish to follow my mother."

Roughly the soldiers then seized him, binding him to a small cross beside his mother's. These cruel men having bound him too tightly, Louis cried out in pain. So deeply moved was the president of the execution that he ordered the child's bonds to be loosened. As the crosses were being lifted upright, the boy martyr kept his eyes fixed upon his mother hanging from the cross in front of him. Lovingly she would call out: "My child, be brave. We are going home to Heaven. Repeat the holy Names of Jesus and Mary."

Together mother and child would then fervently call on the blessed Names which make the dying live. Tears spilled from the eyes of all those who were present, and angels doubtless

bent over heavenly parapets to hear the ravishing concert.

The ugly point of a lance flashed in the sunlight, and a moment later was buried in the breast of the tiny martyr, drawing forth a stream of blood; however, the soldier's hand had missed the heart and the child still breathed. A second time flashed the cruel lance, and Louis' soul sped on its way on the trails to eternity. With his lance dripping from the blood of the innocent lamb, the soldier pierced the side of the courageous mother. Fervently she murmured the holy Names as a second blow severed the thread of her life and reunited her to John, and Louis, her martyred husband and son, to share with them eternal bliss as she had shared earthly trials.



WINSOME JAPANESE YOUNGSTERS

J.M.A., Miss. Apost.



Thanks to the Immaculate Heart of Mary for favor received. Mrs. D. A. — Enclosed find donation for Masses said in honor of the Blessed Virgin for favor obtained. Please pray for me and my family. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving for special favors obtained from Our Lady. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N.S.** — My favor has been granted. Many thanks. Mrs. N. LaF., **West Springfield, Mass.** — Please have a Mass of thanksgiving said in honor of Our Blessed Mother. M. C. — Enclosed is donation for a favor received. Anonymous. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber. — Thanks to the Immaculate Conception for a cure obtained. Mrs. E. B., **St. Therese.** — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for numerous favors attributed to her intercession. P. X. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Anonymous. — Sincere thanks for a successful operation. Mrs. H. F. — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother for all her favors. I hope she will protect my children. Mrs. H. H. — Will you please publish my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. A. B., **St. Anastasie.** — Heartfelt thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. I am asking her holy protection and health for my family. A subscriber. — I have obtained a great favor through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, after promising to publish. A subscriber, **Joliette.** — Thanksgiving to

Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained. Miss J. C., **Montreal.** — I would like to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. T. L. — Our Blessed Mother has helped me enjoy complete nights of sleep. Miss E. G., **Three Rivers.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the conversion of my brother. Anonymous. — Thanks to our kind heavenly Mother for my cure. R. P., **Thetford Mines.** — I have been granted a great favor after promising to publish in the Precursor. Mrs. X., **St. Maxime.** — Sincere thanks for the cure of a violent headache. J. D., **Montreal.** — Homage of thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. P. L. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor. Mrs. O. D., **Sorel.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for having answered my prayers. M. L. P., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor. Mrs. A. B. — All my thanks for a favor received. Mrs. A. C., **Montreal.** — Thanks for a favor. Mrs. L. G., **Pt. St. Charles.** — Our Blessed Mother has heard our prayers. Please help us thank her and ask her to keep on protecting us. Mrs. E. H., **St. Gabriel de Brandon.** — Would you please help me thank Our Lady of the Rosary for all her favors during the past year, and ask her protection for the New Year. A. B. — I am coming to thank the Immaculate Virgin for two great favors obtained through her intercession. Mrs. Y. L., **St. Hyacinthe.** — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. A. D. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection during 1948, and ask a novena that 1949 may be prosperous. C. L., **Montreal.** — Thanks for favors received. Miss B. D., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks for visible protection granted my son in an automobile accident. Mrs. E. L., **Willimansett, Mass.**

Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate and dear St. Anne for the recovery of a sick child and many other favors. Mrs. O. H., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Sincere thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese. A friend of St. Therese. — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Ven. Mother Bourgeoys and Blessed Maria Goretti. Mrs. O. D., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and St. Anne for favors received. I hope they will again protect our family. A subscriber. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne for the cure of a stomach ailment. D. L., **Newton Falls, N. Y.** — Sincere thanks to St. Therese for her protection. I am asking prayers for my sister's health. Miss A. B.

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.



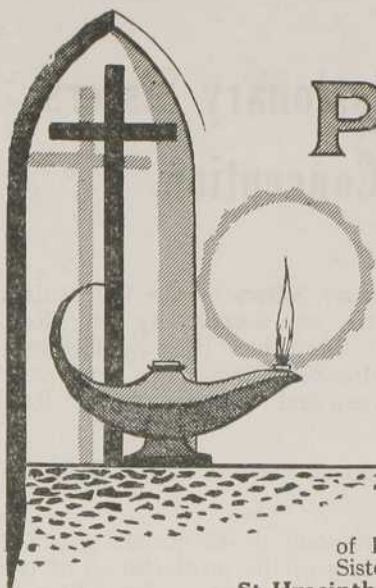
PETITIONS

I would like to ask the dear Sisters for their prayers for my health and my husband's health. Mrs. S. L. — Please pray for my son to come back to his Faith and for me to recover from my nervousness. Mrs. X., **Montreal**. — Would you kindly make a novena to Our Lady of Fatima to intercede with our dear Lord to restore my husband's sight. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena for a little boy who is suffering great pain in his leg and the doctors don't know what is wrong. May Our Blessed Mother grant him a speedy recovery. M. M. C., **Montreal**. — Please pray to our dear Immaculate Mother to hear and answer our pleadings. Mrs. L., **Montreal**. — Please say a prayer for the return to the Sacraments of two persons very dear to me. M. K., **Montreal**. — Enclosed please find my humble offering for my novena for a very serious intention. Mrs. P. C., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me. Mrs. M. D., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. D. A., **Laprairie**. — Please remember me in your prayers for a complete cure. Mrs. H., **Verdun**. — Please pray for me. J. E., **Ottawa**. — Would you kindly make a novena for my special intention that my son may overcome the liquor habit. Mrs. X. — Please pray to the Immaculate Conception for the cure of our daughter-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. G. C., **Kitchener, Ont.** — Will you please pray to the Immaculate Conception for a very special spiritual favor on Christmas; also one for my son, that he may get a place to stay. Mrs. H. D., **Ont.** — Will you ask Our Blessed Mother to help a dear one who needs it. Mrs. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — Please have a vigil light burn for a special intention. Mrs. T., **McGregor, Ont.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary for my favor. A. G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray for me so my favor will be granted. A. C. — Please remember me in your prayers for a special favor I am asking Our Blessed Lady. A Client of Mary, B. H. — I would like you to beg prayers from your

many readers for the cure of a friend of mine who is seriously ill. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Will you pray for my special intention. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — Please pray for my husband so he will take the will of God and not worry so much; also for my health. Mrs. B. — I hope the Blessed Virgin will keep on helping me, also my dear children who are in great need of her help. Mrs. A. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please remember me in your daily prayers. R. LeB., **Van Buren, Me.** — Will you please say a prayer for my son who has a serious back ailment. Mrs. J. G., **Mexico, Me.** — A little offering from my boy in honor of Our Blessed Mother that his job be safe for him. Mrs. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Please pray for me. My heart is still weak. V. C. — Would you please pray for my eyesight. Mrs. M. M., **Moosup, Conn.** — Will you kindly pray for my intention for a favor I wish to obtain. Mrs. LaF., **Bay City, Mich.** — Will you please pray for me. I have been very ill. Mrs. W., **Brooklyn, N. Y.** — Please pray for my mother and myself. L. C., **Warren, R. I.** — Please pray hard with me so that I will get the favor that I have been asking for. Mrs. A. L. — I need the help of the Blessed Virgin as I am ill. Please pray to her for me. Mrs. L. DeS., **Milwaukee, Wisc.** — Please have prayers offered for a young mother who is ill, that God may grant her a speedy recovery. Another intention is recommended. Mrs. J. F. M. — Please pray for me to get cured of my neuritis from which I have suffered a lot for nearly two years. Mrs. W., **N. S.** — Please pray for my intention. Mrs. N. LaF., **West Springfield, Mass.** — Please pray for my husband and my health, as we are both advancing in years. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena for a very special favor for me, in honor of Our Lady of the Cape: I have great faith in her. Mrs. A. P., **Jewett City**.

GENERAL PETITIONS

I am asking you to have a novena made for my intention, "preservation of my home," to the Infant Jesus. J. L. R. — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, and Good St. Anne that my daughter may be cured. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph for my recovery. Mrs. U. LeC., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Please make a novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague, Our Blessed Mother, St. Anne, St. Anthony, and Mother Cabrini for a special intention. Mrs. R., **Baltic, Conn.** — Please pray to St. Joseph and Our Blessed Mother that my parents may regain their health and strength, and that all will be well. Also, thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a successful operation. Anonymous.



PAX IN DEO

(From notifications received before Jan. 15)

Msgr. Henri Jeannotte, P.S.S.,
Montreal; Rev. Father E. Therrien,
Cote St. Paul; Rev. Father Maurice
 Legault, C.S.C., **Bengal**, brother of
 our Sister Marie Cecilia; Rev. J. P.
 Whelan, **Brudenell, Ont.**; Rev. Sister
 Therese de l'Enfant Jesus, Sisters of
 the Precious Blood, **Montreal**; Rev.
 Sister Madeleine du Sauveur, Sisters
 of Perpetual Help, **Quebec**; Rev. Sister M. Josapha,
 Sisters of St. Joseph, **Ontario**; Mrs. Napoleon Desmarais,
St. Hyacinthe, mother of our Sister St. Raymond; Mr. Jules Clement,
Montreal, brother of our Sister St. Paul; Mrs. A. Hetu, **Chester, Pa.**; Mrs. F. Kane, Mrs.
 Edward Everett Wescott, Miss Mary Jane Rinaham, Mrs. G. Blackburn, Mrs. Agostina
 Cerizzi, Mrs. Joseph Gauthier, Mr. John Purcill, Mr. Dominique Gauvin, Mr. Edgar Thi-
 bodeau, **Montreal**; Mr. J. Scanlan, Mr. James Norcott, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. J. A.
 Corrigan, **Quebec**; Mrs. Delia F. McCann, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Vincent D. O'Leary,
Dracut, Mass.; Mrs. Walter R. Perry, **Waterbury, Conn.**; Mrs. Johnny Paradis, **Ting-**
wick; Mrs. John Swancon, Mr. Garfield Mullins, Mr. Nelson Paquin, Mrs. Arthur Sauve,
 Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Mrs. Arthur Fleury, Mrs. Albert Bougie, Mr. J. Azarie Lamarche, Mr.
 Joseph Belanger, Miss Antoinette Allard, Mr. Simeon Lacombe, Mrs. Ulric Sigouin, Mr.
 J. A. A. Ayotte, Mrs. N. Malouf, Mrs. O. Charbonneau, Mr. Chrysanthé Julien, Mr. Arthur
 Goyer, Mr. E. Chapman, Mr. Alex. Lemay, Mr. Pierre Journet, Mrs. Narcisse Goupille,
 Mr. Albert Ducharme, Mrs. A. Gougeon, Mrs. Ernest Roy, Mrs. F. J. Rouleau, **Montreal**;
 Mrs. S. Gelinas, Mrs. J. Panneton, **Outremont**; Miss Marie Louise Goyer, **Cote des Neiges**;
 Mrs. Rosaire Chayer, **Lachine**; Mr. Wilfrid Chenier, Mr. Napoleon Tison, Mr. Romeo
 Chevrier, **Ville St. Pierre**; Mr. Philias Girard, **Cote St. Paul**; Miss Cecile Laflamme, Mr.
 Harold Thomas Gilmore, Mr. Rosario Dubuc, **Longueuil**; Mrs. Joseph Vermette, Mrs.
 Arthur Gilbert, **Rosemont**; Mr. L. L. Legault, **Lachute**; Mr. Athanase Chouinard, **St.**
Therese; Mr. Armand Landry, **Mont Carmel**; Mrs. Racette, **St. Augustin**; Mr. and Mrs.
 Napoleon Couture, **Napierville**; Mrs. David Deschamps, **St. Elzear**; Mr. Rene Wiseman,
Delson Village; Mr. Emile Gravel, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Joseph Blais, **St. Isidore**; Miss
 Therese Poulin, Mr. Onesime Leblanc, Mr. A. Lamoureux, Mr. J. B. Beriault, Mr. Joseph
 Michel Daignault, Mrs. Valentin Trahan, Mr. Wilfrid Langlois, **St. Johns**; Mrs. Zenon
 Parent, **St. Antoine sur Richelieu**; Mr. Aime St. Onge, **Granby**; Mrs. Hormisdas Iclerc,
Iberville; Mrs. Joseph Robidoux, **St. Jean Baptiste**; Mrs. Joseph Belisle, **Farnham**;
 Mr. Napoleon Leduc, **Bellerive**; Mr. Jean Frederic Audet, Mrs. Achille Girard, **St. Cesaire**;
 Mrs. Jacques Tringle, **St. Sabine**; Mr. Leo Poirier, Mr. Louis Paulhus, Mr. Albert Gosselin,
 Mr. Adelard Cournoyer, Mr. Francois Audet, Mr. Maurice Laurent, Mrs. Jean Marchildon,
 Mrs. Felix L'Ange, Mrs. Wellie Cournoyer, **St. Joseph de Sorel**; Mrs. Joseph Chausse,
St. Ignace de Stanbridge; Mrs. E. A. Butler, **Caledonia Spring, Ont.**; Mrs. Michel
 Lariviere, **St. Robert**; Mrs. Lionel Benoit, Mrs. Quiric Sauve, **Valleyfield**; Mr. Alex T.
 Poitras, **St. Helene de Bagot**; Mr. Xavier Ratte, **Arthabaska**; Mr. Edmond Doyon,
Frampton; Mr. Ludovic Regis, Mrs. Omer Coulombe, Mr. Noe Lafreniere, Mrs. Wilfrid
 Miron, Mrs. Arthur Dalphond, Mrs. Josaphat Ferland, Mr. Jos. Alfred Desrosiers, **Joliette**;
 Mr. George Beaudoin, Mr. Wellie Henry, Mr. Magloire Hetu, **St. Esprit**; Mrs. J. L. Lacha-
 pelle, **St. Liguori**; Mr. Horace Lasalle, **St. Paul**; Mr. Joseph Lantagne, **St. Marc de Figuery**;
 Mr. Louis Chevalier, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Ph. Canle, Mr. Martial Mondor, Mrs. J. Tessier,
 Mr. Alfred Lapolice, Mr. J. V. Hamel, **Grand'Mere**; Mrs. J. B. Tessier, **Shawinigan**;
 Mrs. Joseph Lapointe, Mr. Abel Drouin, Mrs. G. S. Marceau, **Quebec**; Mr. Kelly, **Montreal**;
 Mrs. D. Murphy, **St. Justine de Newton, P.Q.**; Mrs. M. Muraco, **Grosvenor Dale, Conn.**

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

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

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

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

Closed retreats for women and girls.

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

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

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

Main Feasts.— Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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SHEK LUNG, near Canton

Leprosarium. Clinic. (Founded in 1913)

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135 Tai Sun Road, Canton

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103 Austin Road, Hong Kong

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SHAMEEN, Canton (Founded in 1917)

School. Courses in Christian doctrine and special courses for adults.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission

Training of native virgins. Clinic. (Founded in 1934)

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission

Clinic. (Founded in 1927)

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission

Clinic. (Founded in 1933)

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru,

Koriyama Shi, Fukushima Ken

(Founded in 1930)

Kindergarten. Clinic. Private lessons in Christian doctrine and languages.

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi,

Aizu Wakamatsu

(Founded in 1933)

Kindergarten. Private lessons in Christian doctrine and languages. Closed retreats.

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MANILA, 1111 Narra St.

Anglo-Chinese school. (Founded in 1921)

LAS PINAS, Rizal

School. (Founded in 1946)

MANILA, Gagalangin,

Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo

School. (Founded in 1946)

MATI, Davao

School. Boarding School. Training of catechists. Clinic. (Founded in 1947)

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti

Clinic. School. Workroom. Refuge for old men. (Founded in 1943)

PORT SALUT, Haiti

Clinic. School. (Founded in 1947)

LES COTEAUX, Haiti

Clinic. School. (Founded in 1944)

MERCEDES,

Province of Matanzas, Cuba
School. (Founded in 1948)

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti

Clinic. School. (Founded in 1945)

MARTI, Iglesia Parroquial

Province of Matanzas, Cuba
School. (Founded in 1948)

AFRICA

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

Clinic. School.

(Founded in 1948)

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8. Procure. Kindergarten.

(Founded in 1925)

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
2. — **Protectors**, those who provide the dowry and trousseau for a needy Novice (\$500.00). Parishes, communities, families or individual persons may have a right to this title, provided they give in the required amount.

Diplomas will be forwarded in acknowledgment of the above-mentioned donations.

3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
4. — **Associates**, those who give an annual offering of \$2.00.

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

" Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa "