

THE CURSOR

No. 3, Vol. XVII, 27th Year.

Montreal, May-June 1949



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 people.

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER)

The Precursor

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COVER PHOTO: *Missionary Sisters know no greater joy than that of making souls sure of their eternal salvation through Baptism.*

Our Lady of Good Counsel

*Remember how your Little Lord
His toddling steps first tried
Among the shavings on the floor,
With Mother at His side.
Remember how He learned to lisp
His prayer at Mother's knee,
And for the sake of Christ your Boy,
Give guidance — hear our plea!*

*In childhood days, remember how
He brought His hurt to you,
And how your words of comfort made
His heaven bright and blue.
Remember all the many times
He asked you "when" and "how"
And "where" and "why," and all those things
That laddies ask e'en now.*

*Remember, Mother, how you climbed
Your Son's stark Calvary,
And how you stood beneath His Cross,
Your sorrow as the sea.
Remember yet the dying sigh
That gave you mother-love
For wayward humankind like us —
Oh, help us look above!*

*Remember, Mother, that the Son
You cradled on your breast
Is first of generations great
Who need a Mother blest.
The path that leads to God is steep
And darksome is the way;
Oh, give us counsel as we plead,
And hear us when we pray!*

The Mother of God in Warring China

We were in mid-June of 1947. The Communist armies had circled the city of X. in North China. Machine-gunning and bombing blasts had worked havoc on every side, and from the west the Palous (Communists) were marching forth to victory.

In a poor hovel of beaten earth a retired soldier of the regular army, a pagan of forty-three, trembled with fear like all the defenceless human beings around. With pleading eyes he turned to the buddha that often careened on its precarious perch on a primitive shelf, when the death-dealing war machines spread destruction and desolation everywhere. Kneeling prostrate at the foot of the statue, the veteran feverishly clutched the beads of his big buddhistic chaplet, frantically whispering on each bead: "*O mi to fouo!* Save my life!" Humanly speaking, the situation was desperate; with infernal turmoil the firing neared each moment. It was sheer agony. If he resigned himself to stay, it would mean death; if he attempted to make good his escape, the Reds would get him. "*O mi to fouo!*" repeated the helpless Chinese, and closed his eyes for the end. Suddenly light broke all around, compelling him to look at a mysterious being standing at his side. No, it was not a dream: a goddess, or maybe it was a fairy, had come to his aid. Light and peace and gentleness escorted her; in her right hand she held a shining cross.

"Follow me . . . do not fear!" she spoke reassuringly. And farther on the road to safety: "Follow the teachings of this cross and it will save you."

Always led by the Beautiful Lady, in less time than it takes to say so he had left behind barbed wires, trenches, ambuscades, soldiers, and all that could spell danger, all that scene of fire and steel which is war.

At last he found himself safe in a neighboring village where the din of battle and the zoom-zoom-zoom of bombing aircraft did not reach him. Thanks to the kindness of his devoted leader, who disappeared before he could speak his gratefulness, the happy Chinese stood in front of the house of a friend he had not seen in twelve years. Over the cup of tea which is offered every visitor in the Orient, he told all that had happened, how he would love to see his rescuer again, and learn more about the mysterious object she held in her hand.

His friend, a recent convert, gave him summary instructions and directed him to a priest. From the latter we learned about the Blessed Mother's visit and his own deep happiness in having to teach the Faith to so privileged a catechumen.

One day, pointing to a picture of the Madonna, he asked the Chinese: "Have you ever seen anybody like her?"

"No," answered the catechumen, "but one sure thing is that the Lady who freed me was much more beautiful."

So saying, he grasped the picture with both hands, gazing long and lovingly at the one who had too soon been lost to his mortal eyes.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

Our Lady of Fatima

Tours the World

The statue of Our Lady of the Rosary revered in the national shrine of Fatima, Portugal, has been borne to the Spanish capital at the occasion of a Marian Congress held there to commemorate the silver jubilee of His Excellency Most Rev. Leopold Eijo, Bishop of Madrid-Alcala.

Through a special favor of His Excellency the Bishop of Leiria, to whose diocese belongs the shrine of Fatima, the exquisite statue of Our Lady left Portugal for a few days to be borne in triumph through the streets of Madrid. This miraculous statue is different from the Pilgrim Virgin touring the world since 1947 to spread everywhere the message of Fatima. These travelling statues are but replicas of the Fatima statue. The genuine Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima at whose feet was laid the homage of the Spanish nation at Madrid, immediately returned to Covadaria after a few hours' stop at Toledo upon request of its Cardinal Archbishop.

The Pilgrim Virgin, a faithful reproduction of Fatima's miraculous statue, has already travelled far and wide over the highways of Europe and America. Her triumphant world voyage will be brought to an end by her arrival in Rome for the holy year 1950.

Russia Bound

The Pilgrim Virgin, in her recent journeyings, after crossing Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Holland, returned to Fatima, thence to travel to Portuguese Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands. In another pilgrimage she will visit Malaga, Mellila, and Spanish Morocco; then Mozambique, Angola, South Africa, the Belgian Congo, the French Congo, and Egypt. The Pilgrim Virgin will afterwards journey through England, Germany, Poland, and, if possible, will even reach Russia.

During 1949, Our Lady of Fatima is scheduled to visit India and Australia; thence she will travel to Rome after having toured the world. On December 8 the statue of the Pilgrim Virgin will be offered to the Holy Father on the occasion of the Jubilee of 1950.

The passage of Our Lady of Fatima has everywhere wrought marvels of conversions and physical cures. In Mary lies the hope of earth's oppressed nations; she alone can lead her erring children back to God. As she approaches Russia, her luminous presence will dissipate the gloomy darkness of atheism lying thick over the land, and free the unfortunate victims of Communism.

Translated From a Madrid Magazine, 1948

Congratulations and Best Wishes

To His Excellency Most Rev. Romeo Gagnon

*former Vicar General of the Diocese of Nicolet,
who has recently been appointed successor to the late Bishop Roy,
on the See of Edmundston, N. B.*

*The Precursor offers its respectful salutations
and prayerful wishes for a long and fruitful episcopal career.*

Bomb to Rosary

The green oak on which the spotless feet of the Queen of Heaven reposed at Fatima has been blown up in the explosion of bombs laid by criminal hands. Recently, however, a similar attempt was nipped in the bud.

A procession was to be held on one of Our Lady of Fatima's principal feasts and her statue was to be carried in the streets of the city. Two anarchists resolved to blow up this statue causing as many deaths as possible among the faithful following the procession. "We'll see who will be able to save them," they cynically countered. "Stuff and nonsense all this talk about the Virgin! Rotten lies of pious reactionaries!"

Both criminals joined the procession, one carrying the murderous weapon in a leather handbag. At the signal of his friend, he was to throw the bomb where it would work all its havoc. The friend motioned that it was the right moment, and the bomb carrier put his hand into the bag, only to draw it out again immediately, terror-stricken, for the bomb had disappeared as if into thin air. The anarchist's fingers had clutched, instead of the violent explosive, a rosary!

Rooted to the spot, paralyzed with fear and emotion, the poor man ignored his mate's second frantic signal to act quickly. Angered at this failure of their plan, the friend edged through the milling crowd until he stood beside his companion, whom he found sobbing and crying: "I have seen her, I have seen the Blessed Virgin!"

Later, the convert called a sculptor to carve a statue of Our Lady as he had seen her when he was about to throw the bomb. It was carved according to the instructions given and turned out to be a masterpiece.

The pilgrims who visit the Fatima shrine often kneel to pray before this beautiful statue offered by the former anarchist, now a devoted client of Mary Immaculate. Many sculptors have tried to imitate this statue, but none have quite successfully reproduced the admirable expression of the *Anarchist's Madonna*, as it is called.

MARTIN DE LOS HEROS

in a Madrid Magazine

Mary's Rosary

Even if our age in its pride makes light of the holy Rosary and refuses to accept it, there still remains a countless multitude of saintly men and women of all ages, and of every condition of life, who have always loved it deeply, recited it most devoutly, and used it at all times as a most powerful weapon to put the demon to flight, to preserve the integrity of their life, to acquire virtue more easily, and, in a word, to obtain for men the peace that is truly peace. This mystic crown is found, therefore, not only in the hands of the poor, it is held in honor among citizens of every social class.

Pope Pius XI

Quoting the President

The basic source of our strength is spiritual. For we are a people with faith. We believe in the dignity of man. We believe that he was created in the image of the Father of us all . . . This is a time to remind ourselves of these fundamentals.

President Truman

May, Moderns, and Missions



Breathes there the girl with soul so dead who doesn't feel it's grand to be alive when the balmy May-month steps merrily out into God's good old world?

If such there breathe, I should like to tell her that May-month, in my opinion, is the perfect image of that wonderful thing called youth, and of the wonderful people whose future is right ahead of them. May brings blossoms; youth bears the promise of fruits.

Is prying into the past one of your favorite hobbies? If so, just open your Gospel book — you have one, haven't you? — delve nineteen hundred and some years back, and see the Young Man of Nazareth. See Him, yes, but especially hear Him — hear Him cursing the barren fig tree whose pride was up in its green leaves. The Master was hungry, but the fig tree hadn't expected God would stoop so much to our human way of life.

If Christ happened to be going your way today, what kind of fruits would you, modern youth, have for Him? Are not your leaves masquerading as fruits before the eyes of men? You who could give fruits, you who could give Faith and Christ and the Christ-life, are you exhibiting anything but leaves? How many, when age has crept upon them and they sit lonely beside their fire, will mourn the wasted beauty of their dreams, the longings of their youth to follow Christ! Oh, the tragedy of lost vocations!

Will the mission intention for the month of May give you the impulse to become a career woman in the service of the Master? Only He knows. Your call may be such a knocking-off-a-horse type as was St. Paul's. It has happened before and it will happen again.

Even as you read this, fifty-four thousand girls like you, gentle nuns of the Savior, are "riding the range" for lost souls. Whereas the pagans would have need of hundreds of thousands of those angels of mercy, the



WHERE HARVESTS ARE GREAT

best we can do is to send them by fours and fives and other one-digit numbers.

No, I don't want to minimize the priests' role — never. They are Christ's commissioned envoys, His human ectypes, His twentieth-century voices. But you can't rest satisfied with building a chapel and saying Mass at six-thirty for five or six kinky-haired Blacks. No, Miss, in mission lands the mission people need schools, dispensaries, creches, orphanages, refuges, hospitals, and whatnot. And here's where you come in. Whimpering castaways and lonely orphans need what you have to give — a mother's heart, a mother's love. School-goers smile to see a Sister at the desk. A career woman in the service of the great Teacher has this to say: "Catholic schools are the pillars of the Faith. Without them, the future is Satan's; with them, the future is God's." The poor, the sick, the maimed need sympathy, gentleness, understanding — the three gifts you have for them in the recesses of your heart.

The ups and downs of missionary Sisters don't make headlines here below. Guffaws of praise and congratulations never reach their ears. Yet day after day they embrace the monotony of it all for love of God and souls. Movies, sports, radio, parties pitch stars overhead in the capricious firmament of earthly fame and glamor; the mission apostolate pitches its own in the heavens of eternal glory, where God will see that they remain until time shall be no more. Gladly the missionary Sister will die in her boots for her Lord, knowing as she does about the reward exceeding great that comes after the final roundup.

Dear girl, you want to be happy and I want you to be. Have you ever thought about the happiness of teaching Christ to truth-hungry boys and girls who have never been told a story half so beautiful and half so true? The chances are that if once, just once, you give Christ to waiting souls, you will give yourself to Him for keeps. Can you imagine what joy wells up in a Sister's heart as she bends over her firstborn in Christ, her first baptized child or adult? If *you* can imagine that, *I* can imagine you'll be ready to make the sacrifice of those vanities and nothings that seem so tremendously important to you. You're a smart young modern, which I cheerfully concede, and being so, you aim at breaking records. Why not board a plane and break records of love and devotedness in lands where Satan is undisputed champion? If once Christ looks you straight in the eyes, as He did for the rich young man and the woman who came to the well, as He did for Peter at cockcrow, really, you cannot permit yourself to dally any longer.

Girls, want to read and digest the following lines from the pen of a missionary in Abyssinia? "Some draw back, some let on they don't hear, some dread adventure, some turn their head in order to escape the Divine Magnet. Then they go away sad at heart, far from Christ and His battles. They who could have been apostles will be only ordinary Christians, in many cases middlings, not to say worse. Trying to forget, trying to silence the still, small voice, they will drag along a dull, drab life full of bitter deceptions. They will bear in their eyes a full light nothing will extinguish; always they will hear the voice hounding and haunting them; the divine

gaze, infinitely sad, will follow them everywhere, chiding them for having doubted, for having counted the cost, for having been afraid . . . ”

Dear girls, if God is beckoning you to the ends of earth, think that V depends on you — Victory for Christ, Victory for Souls!

May, Moderns, Missions. Think over the three. And keep it in your bright young mind that God's chosen moderns are expected to fill the granaries of Heaven!



Vocation

There was once a little French boy named Peter who told his father and mother he would be the happiest boy on earth if they would let him study for the priesthood.

“You should know we are too poor to pay all those expenses,” answered they.

Peter didn't insist further that day, but the answer started a big lump playing seesaw in his throat.

One evening on his way home, our young friend saw the parish priest of St. Andrew's walking leisurely on ahead of him.

“Oh-ho!” he smiled to himself. “Father has lost his sermon!” So saying, Peter stooped to pick a little roll of paper on the ground. He ran home to tell the family about his find.

“All right now, you boy with the wonderful memory,” challenged his father. “See if you can learn that sermon during supper.”

Gladly Peter accepted the challenge. Supper over, he leaped onto the table and delivered the sermon word for word. To say he was congratulated would be putting it mildly. Why, the family went so far as to express the belief that “Peter might have the vocation!”

So the little sermon-maker set to mastering Latin with his cousin Claude, a future missionary. In the evening he would ask the necessary explanations and determine upon a certain number of pages to be learnt the next day. As he had to mix intellectual labor with manual, he took his book along to the vineyard, read a few lines, threw the book five or six paces ahead, then went to work while tossing the Latin words about in his mind. When he reached the dear old Latin grammar, he picked it up, read a few more lines, and again threw it ahead, keeping up the trick until he knew by heart the lesson decided upon for the day.

Such was the child's will power and love of labor, presaging days of sterling manhood.

Peter Retord entered the Seminary of Verrieres a few years later. The honor of the priesthood was his in due time, and one day Heaven appointed him a chief Shepherd of souls: he became the saintly Bishop Retord.

Adapted From MSGR. MILLOT



*All that I am and all I have
My angel mother gave to me!*

My Mother

*The little boys are fast asleep,
In ships and planes they dreaming sweep,
She kneels her morning tryst to keep,
My Mother!*

*She must have heard how Mary prayed,
So Mary-like her prayers are made,
She calls all Heaven to her aid,
My Mother!*

*Their knuckles in their eyes they stir,
And smiles are there where yawns there were,
Another day begins for her,
My Mother!*

*There's morning prayer, there's breakfast food,
There's combing hair ; that little brood
Is whisked to school in happy mood
By Mother!*

*When Daddy bangs the door and frowns
(For Daddy has his ups and downs)
She smiles and all his worry drowns —
That's Mother!*

*She toils and slaves from morn till night
So very late still burns her light —
For deep devotion let me cite
My Mother!*

*When sorrow comes and laughing eyes
Are pools of woe, nobody tries
To give us comfort, sympathize,
But Mother!*

*Some day the Golden Gates will swing,
And I'll have done my wandering —
I wonder, will I hear her sing,
My Mother?*

THE PRECURSOR



Mission Mailbag

Anglo-Chinese School, Manila, January 13, 1949

I must tell you about the happiest ten minutes of my life on the missions. As you know, we Sisters of the Philippines have every reason to envy our Sisters of China their great privilege of making little dying tots heirs to Heaven. Here in Manila the few priests there are do all the baptizing. You can understand, then, how happy I was to mark one baby soul to my account with the angels. It happened thusly:

We were folding our table napkins last Sunday evening when a gentleman all out of breath came to beg us to go and see a week-old baby who, he said, was just about dying. The parents of the child had first sent for the priest, but he being absent, they had thought of the Sisters. Needless to say I didn't wait for a second invitation. In less time than it takes to tell, I was ready to go, a bottle of holy water in my hand and the best wishes of the Sisters in my heart. Sister St. Jean d'Ephese⁽¹⁾ accompanied me. On the way out I whispered a prayer beside the Child Jesus' Crib so I would be in time. The little victim of tetanus lay on the floor in a room where poverty was everywhere in evidence. The parents, both in their early twenties, were in the depths of anguish at the thought of losing their firstborn.

"Sister," pleaded the young mother, "do something for our little one. Bless him and save his life." To which the father added: "We called you for that. Help our baby. Baptize him."

Seeing my hesitation, the nursing Sister assured me the case was urgent, and at once I christened the dying baby. "Rosario Omer, I baptize thee..." The pain-puckered little face seemed to have become more composed under the beneficent dew, while I felt moved beyond words by the privilege that had been mine to call sanctifying grace into a soul that would so soon intercede in Heaven for the one that had given it a right to endless happiness. At that solemn moment I thought of my beloved father and with grateful heart offered him my first conquest.

A joy like this one is the joy I'm wishing you all, dear Sisters. It is joys like these that make us forget the little and big sacrifices of mission life.

SISTER CLAIRE DE L'EUCARISTIE, M.I.C.

Claire Fontaine, Quebec

¹ Lorette MORAN, St. Boniface, Manitoba.



SISTER CLAIRE DE L'EUCCHARISTIE
WITH A FEW CHORISTERS OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE SCHOOL

Immaculate Conception Academy

Manila, December 5, 1948

Nowadays we are busy preparing one hundred young hearts for First Communion. Yesterday, seeing several baptism certificates were still lacking, I left with a senior pupil to call on the parents. The first family we visited consists of six persons, cramped together in a single room, there being no second one. The two girls, thirteen and fourteen, had misgivings about following the doctrine lessons, as they had no dress for the big day. Settling that proved brief business, after which I went to the neighbor's.

From the mother of a sixteen-year-old boy whose civil certificate of baptism was all I had, I learned that her son had been baptized in the Aglipayan creed. That meant the Sacrament would have to be administered. I then inquired of the lady of the house whether she was a regular Mass-goer, and invited her to pay God a Sunday morning visit in our chapel. She arrived ten minutes early on the appointed day. In some future conversation I will probably learn that the couple are counting on me to have their marriage regulated. Match-re-making seems to be one of my sidelines! At the present time I am giving six doctrine lessons daily. What strikes me most is that the children should be so eager to learn about God and the things of Him.



*Sister Marie Albertine
Teaches the Word of God to These*

Recently we took part in a Congress sponsored by the Catholic Education Committee of the Philippines. There we learned that "the austere poetry of numbers" can be truly "austere." The Catholics are said to be teaching to only one-tenth of the total population of the Philippines. Do send more laborers!

SISTER MARIE ALBERTINE, M.I.C.

Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil

Statistics of Closed Retreats

In the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

for the Year 1948

	Retreats	Retreatants	Day Retreats	Day Retreatants
Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House 314 St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal 8.....	126	4,175	26	2,655
Bethany Retreat House, Nominingue Labelle County.....	19	301		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette.....	84	1,890	8	495
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec.....	112	3,597	17	707
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House 61 Jacques Cartier St., Chicoutimi.....	77	1,902	3	97
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby.....	77	1,848	17	740
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns.....	58	1,487	2	233
Our Lady of the Rosary Retreat House St. Marie, Beauce County.....	44	1,249		
Our Lady Queen of Missions Retreat House 187 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.....	21	422		
Canton Retreat House 135 Tai Sun Road, Canton, China.....	2	32		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Les Cayes, Haiti, West Indies.....	2	56		
Totals.....	622	16,959	73	4,927

How Many Can You Identify?

Ten celebrated personalities are each given a thumbnail sketch below. How many can you identify? Perfect score: 10; excellent: 8; fair: 6. Turn to page 172 for the answers.

1. I was born in France in 1825. My real name was Charles Martial. The Moslems called me "the only Christian marabout (holy man) who would not go to hell." I was the founder of two missionary Communities laboring in Africa. I was a Cardinal of the Roman Church.

2. I was a convinced doubter. I preached Christianity in India in the very first century. I was one of the twelve Apostles.

3. I was ordained an Oblate priest in 1899 and was a missionary to the Eskimos. The Little Flower helped me make converts. I was named first Vicar Apostolic and then Bishop of the North Pole. Father Morice, O.M.I., has written about me in *Thawing Out the Eskimo*.

4. My Christian name was Marie Teresa. At school I edited a little paper called the *Butterfly*. I wrote for the *Echo From Africa* and the *Negro Child*. My brother was once Superior General of the Jesuit Order. On my thirtieth birthday, Pope Leo XIII approved the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, of which I was foundress.

5. I was a Dominican lay Brother, at one time assistant curate at St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D.C. I was of the colored race. I labored in South America. The Church has declared me Blessed.

6. I was once a Flanders farm boy living a few miles from Ypres. I enriched the Church in Chota Nagpur, India, by 50,000 converts. I was a Jesuit priest, and a missionary seven and a half years. A monument stands in my native village depicting me on my famous horse, General.

7. I was once an Anglican clergyman. My conversion to the true Faith marked the beginning of the Oxford movement. I was the author of *Lead, Kindly Light*. On my tombstone is inscribed: "Out of the shadows into the light of Truth."

8. My father was a silk merchant in Lyons, France. My story is written in *Difficult Star*, by Katherine Burton. I founded the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Association of the Living Rosary, and helped in the founding of the Holy Childhood.

9. I am the once-pagan child of originally Buddhist parents. I am the first Divine Word Missionary to be made a Cardinal. Pope Pius XII made me the first Chinese Cardinal.

10. My Chinese name was Lei Ming Yuan. I am of Belgian birth. I founded the Little Brothers of St. John the Baptist in China. At the age of fifty-one I became a Chinese citizen. Communist soldiers often asked me to say Mass for them.

The Right Question

Ninety per cent of us Catholics are trying to solve the wrong problem. The great question today is not "How can I be a Christian in this society?" but "How can I make contemporary society Christian?" We are not supposed to fit into the world, but we are supposed to make the world fit to be in.

Peter Michaels

Is Manila a Mission Territory?

It sure is, I answer without fifteen seconds of hesitation. We live in Tondo, the poorest and the most densely populated section of the city. When he came to bless our convent home, our Most Reverend Archbishop congratulated us in a very special way for having staked our tent here. We are the only Sisters for a total population of more than 200,000 souls. St. Joseph of Trozo is a parish the likes of which you won't find in Canada: its 225,000 souls have only one resident Padre. At Las Pinas, ten miles from Manila, the parish priest is the only spiritual father of from sixteen to twenty thousand souls. On Sundays he says three Masses, but what are those three for so many thousands! This is the distress of the Philippines: the harvest is ripe unto harvesting, and priestly hands are pitifully few to do the garnering.

Roughly speaking, 80% of the population of the Philippines are Catholics, though their observance of the Faith from the baptismal font is nothing angelic, for want of priests to tell them what to do and give them the spiritual uplifts which are the Sacraments. It is estimated that 60% of the faithful die without a priest to help them over the last mile.



The annoying Aglipayano sect must also come in for consideration. The originator of the schism was a native priest, Gregorio Aglipay, who arrogated to himself the title of "Pontifex Maximus" and declared he could get along without foreign priests. Such was the apostate who founded the independent Church of the Philippines in 1902, and appointed himself its supreme Pastor. He discarded nothing of the Catholic liturgy, continued to say Mass, honored the Saints, organized processions, etc. The people, already so ignorant of their Faith, were easily drawn to the ex-priest's allegiance, for they saw no difference in the error which spread like wildfire across the land. The Aglipayan baptism, being administered in the name of the national Church, is never considered valid; that explains why, when the children enroll and we give them a blank to fill on which the date of baptism is mentioned, with the name of the officiating priest, we often make discoveries, and that's where the apostolate begins. There are pagans in Manila, yes, there are; we Sisters have some in our school.

When I came to Manila the classes had been in operation since July, and of teachers we had the required number (fifteen lay teachers are helping us). Sister Superior, who didn't want to leave me idle, and who didn't want to change anything in the classes before Christmas, handed me full responsibility of two First Communion catechism classes. My pupils vary in ages from six to eighteen years. One of them, a seven-year-old tot, is not baptized; her parents, who have long since forgotten their duties as Catholics, are awaiting some extraordinary occasion to have their only son baptized. Two other Aglipayans have been entered into God's books: one last Sunday, the other this morning. Fourteen of my pupils made their First Communion this morning; six others who forgot to come today will join the junior group for First Communion tomorrow. Those days of preparation for Baptism and First Communion have been tiresome truly, but another truth is that they have afforded me much joy. I don't believe that Sisters could be happier in Africa or in China; nor do I believe they have more right to label themselves missionaries. I love Manila because in Manila I have found the sacrifices and the happiness about which I, as a missionary Sister, had been dreaming and annoying the Angels and Saints.

The majority of the schools, being public, are financed by the Government. Unfortunately these establishments are neutral and disadvantageous to the Catholic Faith. Religious instruction is tolerated twice a week for a period of one-half hour. Fervent Catholics, our senior High School pupils among them, make it a duty to go into these schools to teach catechism to the children. Others do still more: they take the street urchins home and tell them about Jesus. One morning not long before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there arrived at the chapel at the regular hour for Mass a gentleman with his wife and ten tots in First Communion finery. The children, five boys and five girls, were placed in the pews by the gentleman, who went about it as paternally as if he had been their own daddy. He said the Mass server's answers with them, had them sing hymns, and led them to the altar rail when came God's hour; then he made an appropriate thanksgiving aloud for all to hear him and join in. After Mass, he told Sister Superior that the ten were children of poor families whom his wife and he had instructed and were offering to Our Blessed Mother as a feast-day bouquet. Then the two took the ten home for breakfast, and a good breakfast it was.

That great devotee of Mary is none other than Mr. Balthazar, president of the Legion of Mary, who was delegated by the Philippines in 1947 to the Ottawa Marian Congress.

From the material standpoint, Manila is in a mess God alone can straighten; it still bears the gaping wounds it has been dealt. The stern struggle in which the country has been engaged has piled sad-looking ruins on every hand.

When I cross the threshold of God's house in Gagalangin or Las Pinas, one thought comes to me: "What a wonder is that Eucharist! My God, how You must love us to stay here!" Of a truth, neither the dark days of



PUPILS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ACADEMY, MANILA, WEARING NATIONAL COSTUMES
Josephina, the Younger, Wears the BALINTAWAK Dress ;
Rosalinda, the MESTIZA, Half National, Half American.

war nor the dinginess of poverty have been able to dim the lustre of His everlasting love.

Our new school looks trim and neat in its pale attire. With its two floors it is a regular monument for the place, but don't for a moment believe yourself at Cote des Neiges! The exterior and interior walls are formed of a single block of cement painted cream yellow, without any adorning of any kind. And what about the floors? The ground floor is of cement; we hope that the little pattering feet will finally give it something of a smooth finish. On the first floor the boys have "planed" the wood innocent of paint with coconut shells, which gives a certain glossy finish.

Narra Street has its *convento* stuck to the neighbors' houses, which reminds me of our Chinese Hospital on Lagauchetiere Street, Montreal. Our Sisters of Las Pinas have the advantage of living on the seaside right in the country, but the convent is a modern replica of the stable of Bethlehem. Looking at the eight-foot-thick walls and the undergrounds, you would think yourself in the Roman catacombs.

Close to three hundred persons heard Christmas Midnight Mass in our chapel. We were all packed like sardines, but we were happy to crowd so as to enable all who wished to enter to do so, for the parish numbers 90,000 faithful for a church about the size of the recreation hall of the Motherhouse kindergarten, with a single priest to do all the work. While we were singing in Latin, French, and English about the cold stable, fans were in full swing and the people wiped their foreheads. After the three Masses, the faithful came to kiss the feet of a little stone Infant; it is a local custom. Outside, the houses were decorated with large stars of colored paper gaily illuminated. Such was our Christmas of 1948.

SISTER GENEVIEVE DE NANTERRE, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

Gagalangin Mission, Manila, Philippine Islands

December 27, 1948.

1. Genevieve St. PIERRE, Montreal.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

"Mary had a little lamb, little lamb —" Bang! Bang! What had happened to interrupt the nursery game? Two dark little bodies had suddenly struck against the piano keyboard and seventeen pairs of big black eyes turned accusingly on Marian and Charlotte. Sister, too, in great surprise, turned to the offenders. She didn't need to ask the trouble. Charlotte was already explaining indignantly, "Marian's done biting God!"

Never before in all of Sister's experiences with her nursery charges had she heard such an astounding accusation. These children under her care were true little friends of God. Many of them were not baptized, but they were learning more each day of God's love for them, and they had seemed to respond. But what was this? Marian biting God?

The small offender, encouraged by Sister, defended herself. "I loves God so much," she said, "I could eat Him up." Her black eyes danced as she emphasized, with exaggerated movements of her mouth, "I could eat Him up!"

Sister's chuckle assured the scandalized children that it was really all right after all.

The Mission Helpers' Review

Goings-On at St. Joseph's School

Las Pinas, Philippine Islands

R STANDS FOR RELIGION

Thoroughly alive, wide-eyed, and enthusiastic are the school-goers of Las Pinas. With reason we are staking high hopes on them for tomorrow in the land of the Philippines.

Our four hundred pupils, ages varying from four to eighteen, are grouped into eight full classes. Why pupils of fifteen and eighteen should be so retarded is explained by the grim fact that the chariots of war have been riding the homeland.

Christian doctrine is at the very top of the school programme. The children love it, and did we forget that item on the schedule, we can rest assured of getting about four hundred reminders. Some of the pupils haven't the wherewithal to purchase school textbooks, but not one will do without his catechism. Here we speak about Jesus in two tongues: Tagalog for the babies, and English for the rising generation. Unfortunately, the public schools, which are being established and financed by the State, and consequently prove a great attraction for the majority of the pupils with slender means, do not copy the example set by the Catholic private schools in teaching religion. Along with Catholic knowledge, our pupils acquire the practice of Christian living, the habit of prayer, and a love of the Sacraments, so many factors long neglected by the people. Every

Sunday that comes into the world, teachers and students hear their own special Mass in the parish church. None are required to keep mum in their Father's House: hymns, prayers, preparation for Communion and thanksgiving after, all are full-throated. After the last Gospel, St. Joseph is sung a vibrant hymn.

We love to think that the perfect praise of these candid children is most acceptable to the Child who is Brother of them all, about whose fondness for little ones the Holy Spirit could not keep silent in the Golden Book.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Born artists and lovers of beauty, the people of our adopted country are passionate admirers of music. By a little stretch of the imagination we could advance that the year-old knows as much of it as the ten-year-old child prodigy in America. Babes in arms can beat the measure



with as much precision, or almost, as seasoned orchestra directors in the big cities you see on the map of Canada. Naturally, all are taking singing, and some, piano lessons, without it meaning too much trouble for us. Once a week the pupils, eyes riveted on the flag of their beloved land, gather in front of the school for the singing of the national anthem. For Sunday High Mass they take the singing in hand and do it very well. Even the plump little urchins of just a few years can sing and do it at the tops of their very young voices. Often of an evening fresh voices float to us on the breeze: the neighbor's young brood is rehearsing the *Ave Maria* or the *Laudate Mariam* learned from the Mothers.

We fancy how fondly the Mother of God looks out the windows of Heaven to smile downward upon these pure of heart.



"Big Day" in Las Pinas, Philippine Islands

FAIRY FINGERS

The girls have a natural bent for intricate needlework, lace making, embroidery, etc. You can imagine how eagerly they drink in every word of instruction along that line. Lassies of ten can round out real masterpieces. Oh, enthusiasm may dwindle a few degrees when comes the sew-the-plain-clothing time; still, they don't say no. There, as elsewhere, devotedness and patience from the teachers play a large part towards achieving success.

A GARDEN IS A LOVELY THING

As for the young gentlemen of the land, their favorite pastime out of school hours is gardening. Everyone has his very own small section in which he may sow whatever vegetables a young man's fancy may turn to. One minute after school is out and all the morning minutes before school

is in, the boys can be seen keeping themselves busy watering the harvest-in-the-growing, laughing their way along the rows of Indian corn or the peanut squares. But boys will be boys: while Sister turns her head, the owner of one of the sprinklers decides upon giving a thorough douche from the neck up to his neighbor. The said neighbor looks up, eyes blazing, with a Be-donebyasyoudid scowl on his features. Pretty soon the two will be quits.

It's a good thing for the boys that they take to gardening as they do; it keeps them on the go after school, so they don't have to fish out all sorts of arguments to fool the big devil of laziness.

FIRST COMMUNION

On Mission Sunday, the Banquet of Angels was spread for the first time for thirty of our boys and girls. Ours had been the happiness of preparing those thirty little hearts that shone out of as many pairs of wondering eyes.



*This Little Boy Has Just Made His First Communion
in Las Pinas*

At last the great day dawned. Candles were lit on the lily-decked altar. Silently and in perfect order the first communicants waited at the door, clad in spotless white and each holding a candle made gay with ribbon. Suddenly the bells pealed out their happy message. The priest wearing the cope came from the sanctuary along the nave and towards the door to meet the children, who knelt for his blessing at the entrance. Followed by the first communicants with their lighted tapers, the priest then proceeded towards the altar. While the little ones took their places in the pews, the Mass servers laid their candles on candelabra in the sanctuary.

Hymns and prayers in turn rose to the Giver of the Eucharistic Bread, pleading that the privileged ones of the day might always be worthy tabernacles of the God of Love.



SEXTON NUMBER ONE AND SEXTON NUMBER TWO, LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On Their Way to South China

Two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception took the route to the Orient on April 10 last. Sister Marie Vianney (Marie Therese Savaria, Montreal) is bound for Canton, China; Sister Marie de la Réparation (Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington) will labor among the poor lepers of our Shek Lung Leprosarium, near Canton.

May Our Lady of Missions bless the apostolate of our two newly appointed missionaries!



Assignments to Vancouver

Three other Sisters left their Motherhouse in March to labor in our Vancouver mission. They are: Sister St. Louis de Gonzague (Anna Girard, Claremont, N. H.), Sister Julienne du St. Sacrement (Beatrice Lareau, Chambly), and Sister Gabriel de l'Incarnation (Lorette Laurent, Quebec).

Mati, Philippine Islands



GANGPLANK ADVENTURE

What kind of sea-goer is the *Captain Verano*? I will tell you negatively that it isn't a *Queen Elizabeth* nor a *General Gordon*. Lately it had the honor of bearing Praxedes Yap, one of our helpers, and myself in its insides.

Only when necessity gives us a push do we undertake those tedious journeys to Davao. That particular time we had to see the baker, the carpenter—though not the candlestick maker.

Towards evening we went to the barge, but it being taxed to capacity, we murmured an invocation to Holy Job and waited for our assignment to night quarters. Luckily Divine Providence, the mainstay of missionaries, had seen that Therese Bacani, a devoted friend of ours, should be on board. In her own microscopic nook she had barely room to unfold her own and her old grannie's cots, and seeing we weren't any better off, she coaxed the Captain of the *Captain* to provide something more conventional for the Madre and her mate. After much ado about that something we were sent for: our quarters would be at the other end of the vessel. On our way we cast a surprised glance at the human beings sharing life in common with dogs, pigs, roosters, hens, and more of the menagerie. At last we got to where we were going—a narrow cabin with five beds, likely as not the employees'. The sea breeze pushed its way in through a penny-sized window; the incessant hubbub kept sleep away at a respectable distance all night. Early in the

morning Teresita the faithful tiptoed in to tell us we were nearing Davao.

Then the *Captain Verano* decided not to get into port. I questioned Teresita, who, by the way, was no travelling greenhorn. Her answer was about as welcome as a cloudburst when your umbrella is at home and you are on the street: there was no room at the wharf, and our boat would simply have to remain at sea, while we, in the event we wouldn't want to remain there, would have to stumble down a rope ladder and get a footing in another boat. Immediately Teresita, with the two of us escorting her, began to elbow her way among the crowd. What bravery I had fell down to my boots as the said boots touched the rope ladder about as stationary as a shoelace. And so we reached the second sea-goer without any mishap. But a big question mark popped up in my mind when number two stopped right in its tracks twenty or thirty feet from shore. How would we get out? However, the interrogative sentence quickly gave way to a simple assertive one. I saw how we would get out. Strong, sinewy men rolled up their trouser legs, leaped into the water, took the women on their shoulders, and carried them pickaback to firm land, whence they could climb the rock up to the heights of the wharf. From my sitting position in the bottom of the boat I could hear a chorus: "Madre! Madre!" It occurred to me that they were discussing who should or who should not carry me across. Teresita, who stayed close to me like my shadow, called two brave-looking fellows and explained in her native dialect how to make a chair with their arms. The two made quite a success of it. Resolutely I settled in the ancient conveyance ever new which I had not tried since childhood days. All went well and I am still alive to tell the story.



TAKING IT EASY IN MATI, DAVAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Adventure enthusiasts may well envy missionaries: one never knows just what is going to turn up here. If you like adventure, by all means buy yourself a one-way ticket to the Philippines.

SISTER BERNADETTE DE LOURDES, M.I.C.(1)

FIESTA IN THE BARRIO

Fiesta in the barrio of Panombon, seven and one-half miles from Mati, falls on May 15. With Rev. Father Giraldeau, P.M.E., we left by truck after a suggestion of a breakfast, for we had been invited to take over the singing at Mass and the inevitable procession. The church bell, a car wheel minus its tire, had a brawny beater that fiesta morning, one who determined every mamma and every *tot* to come and say hello to the Madres. The little ones hadn't enough of their two eyes to take in that first precious picture of the Madres.

About fifteen minutes later the beater went back to the bell: Holy Mass would begin in a few moments. The diminutive chapel had been artistically decorated. Intertwining coconut tree leaves framed the entrance; crepe paper streamers from each corner clasped hands at the centre of the nave. Near the altar, banana tree trunks relieved of their bark and carved in some spots gave the impression of being marble pillars.

The altar was ready, when all at once Father discovered he had forgotten the crucifix. At his request, one of the Sisters triumphantly produced her crucifix of Vow Day to satisfy the liturgical requirement. There being no pews in the chapel, chairs had been lined in a row for us. Everyone was the soul of courtesy to the Madres. Our helpers, a few other persons, and we sang the parts of the Mass. At Communion we expected there would be a general turnout, for only once a year is the Bread of Angels served to them. Alas! we watched them shuffling to the altar rail — not a hundred, not fifty — only two! Only two for the Living Bread! A few hours later, crowds would enjoy the *litchoun* or fried pork which is the *piece de resistance* on their main feasts. May they all learn some day the priceless worth of the Blessed Eucharist!

Following the Holy Sacrifice, the statue of St. Isidore was removed from its pedestal and installed on a portable stretcher decorated with banana leaves and bright-colored paper. Having made sure that the statue was solidly fixed, the people took their candles and the procession set out. On the way the rosary was said and hymns were sung. Then all returned to their homes until the great family dinner.

With Father and a few other persons we were invited to a light luncheon, which we accepted to please our genial hosts. Canadian dishes peeped at us from the table: white bread, butter with a remarkably good taste, potatoes the likes of which we hadn't seen since we left Manila, and, to top it all, real cow's milk which our hostess was proud to serve. After breakfast Father administered thirteen baptisms and blessed a few marriages.

While waiting for our return-trip truck, we had time to satisfy our curiosity re the famous *litchoun* already mentioned. This is a recipe for

1. Rachel DEMARS, Newport, Vt.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MATI, DAVAO,
READING NEWS FROM THE MOTHERHOUSE.

Left to Right: Sister Marie de Liesse (Georgine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ont.), Sister Joseph Armand (Gertrude Gagnon, Petit Saguenay), Sister Bernadette de Lourdes (Rachel De Mars, Newport, Vt.), Sister Bernadette Soubirous (Jeanne Thiboutot, St. Joseph de Kamouraska), Sister Therese de la Ste. Face (Therese LeBlanc, Moncton, N.B.), and Sister St. Leon (Irene Nadeau, Bedford, P.Q.).

roasting quite in vogue here. Mr. Butcher kills the animal, scrapes off its black silk coat, removes the innards, drives a stick through the body, and from both protruding ends of the said stick hangs the dead grunter above a moderate fire that roasts and slowly cooks the flesh, which turns a pretty golden yellow. *Litchoun* is a general favorite with the natives, but we with the Canadian stomachs find it could stand a lot more cooking and still be uncooked. So we had to go easy on the flesh of the grunter, lest the flesh of the grunter prove not so easy on us for a few hours after the meal.

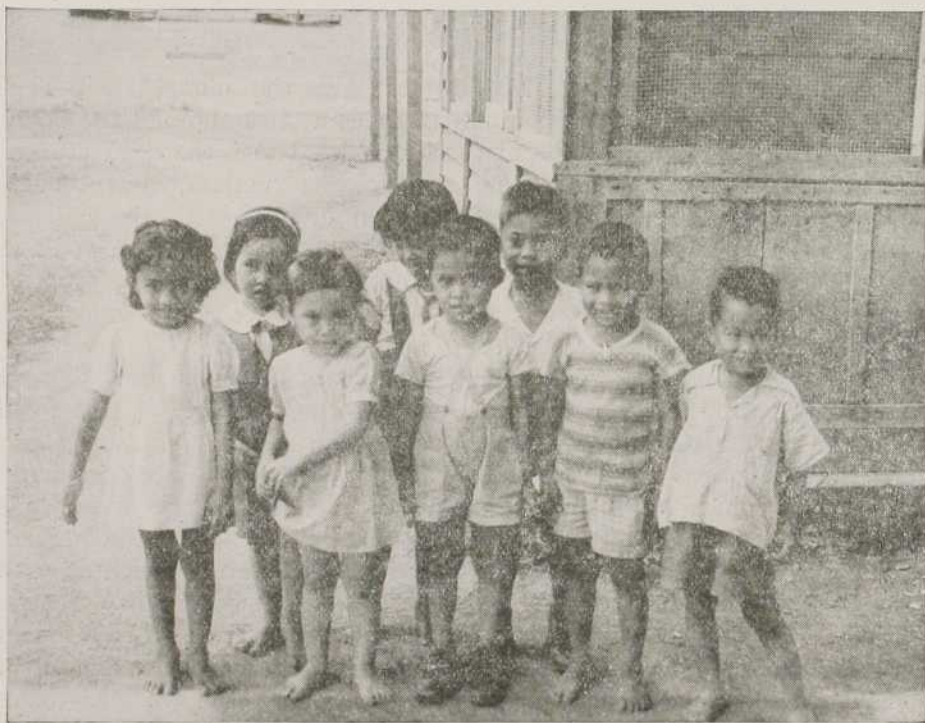
Our visit did not end without a few beams of apostolic joy. Several youngsters trotted along at our side, and for the privilege we had them make the Sign of the Cross and recite the Hail Mary. Not many can make the saving Sign without somebody's help, yet all want to be considered Catholics. Still less know how to greet Our Blessed Mother the Archangel's way. That each and everyone might enjoy the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, we distributed medals to all of the children. Delighted with their tiny gifts they galloped off to tell brothers, sisters, cousins, friends, and neighbors that the Madres had heaps o' medals to give. Little brown and yellow faces know how to compose themselves so as to wheedle out of one all the affection at his or her command. They feel we love them, and love them we do. Wasn't it to give them to Christ that we left mother, home, and all we held dear?

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

"Good morning, Mother!" The smile on bright little faces proves beyond all doubt that the children of Mati are just as mischievous, loving, and lovable as any five-springtime Jimmie back home. Let me whisper confidentially that here in kindergarten the Sunday smile is worn seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Susano and his chums are grinning to their ears, and the cheerful face of their motherly teacher, Miss Aludia Rufin, is enough to soothe your fears if you have been worrying about goings-on at the kindergarten.

Do you want to hear the Our Father in the Visayan dialect? Each word repeated after Teacher sounds like a wild jargon to you: "*Ka-ka, ho-ka, mga, nge, ipa, etc.*" Eventually St. Joseph receives attention: "*O Senor San Jose (Hosé)*" a dozen voices sing in honor of Jesus' foster father. Junior has a very personal hymn for each Friday. This is how it goes: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my truck (trust) in Thee." Mind, now, all rights reserved on that line! So says Junior.

Rudy bounded in this morning to tell Teacher all about the visit he and his pals paid to Jesus in the church. Gesturing more significantly than he spoke, the boy began: "We went right up to the front pew and said, '*Sa ngalan sa amahan* (In the name of the Father).' Then: 'My Jesus, bless my papa. My Jesus, I love You.' We also sang *Maghimaya Ka* (Hail



YES, THIS IS OUR BABY CLASS IN MATI!



Mary). When we got to the middle we had all forgotten the rest, so we stuck out our tongues; but then we thought it wasn't right to do that and we said, 'Excuse me, Jesus.' Before leaving we sang, 'Goodbye, my teacher, goodbye, tomorrow we will come again.''' (The children sing that noon and evening before going home.)

"You sang that in church?" asked Teacher half-scandalized.

"O-o!" came the ready rejoinder, which means "yes, and proudly!" Jesus must have had a good laugh over it.

You should see and hear our juvenile orchestra! Babes of three and men of six can do a grand job on the brand-new instruments that have come from Canada, where the Madres used to live.

Nineteen pupils of our Academy made their First Communion on October 16. A second group will be ready for February 11, feast of Our Lady's Smile. Jesus must be so happy to come down in young hearts that are preparing so fervently for His coming. We pray and would ask you to pray that all will remain faithful to the God of their first white Host. Prayers, also, for the Eucharistic Crusade we are desirous of establishing in the school. Parents being so little proficient in the knowledge of their Faith, the missionaries have a big affair on their hands making the children staunch Christians. Processions, candles, interminable novenas often get more attention than Mass and the Sacraments. It is so sad to think that these Christians (the majority in the Philippines are baptized) lose their faith or vegetate in religious indifference because of the scarcity of apostles. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send thousands of laborers into His harvest.

Beauty Parlor Convert-Maker

In St. Louis there is a young lady named Ruth. For years Ruth had a beauty parlor and did such a rushing business that she had to employ two helpers. But the press of work became too much; she sold her shop and now serves a smaller clientele in her own home. Ruth is a militant Catholic, and amid permanent waves and radiant rinses she has managed to persuade numerous fallen-away Catholics to come back to the fold. In addition, in recent years she has talked four or five non-Catholics annually into taking instructions and entering the Church.

The remarkable part of this is the fact that Ruth is *totally deaf*, has not heard a sound since the age of nine. With the deaf she can expertly converse in signs, but with the hearing she has to read lips and then carefully speak without knowing how her words sound. Yet she has taught more speaking people the rudiments of faith than have most people with full power of speech!

The Liguorian

Providence

Provides ...

A winsome child of four was brought to the Home some days ago by a policeman who found her straying about the streets with a few pennies clutched in her grimy hands. It turned out that her mother had been taken to a hospital for the mentally afflicted, while the father had left for an unknown destination. As the agent was about to leave, the poor baby sobbed out: "Mummie! Mummie! I want to go back to Mummie!"

Gently Sister Superior took her by the hand, whispering in her ear: "Come with me, dear, and have a good supper. Afterwards we will look for Mummie."

Soothed by Sister's kind words, the child obediently followed her to the nursery, where a warm bath was given her followed by a tasty, heaped-up bowl of rice. Hardly had the chopsticks been laid aside, however, than she pitifully cried out again: "Mummie! I want to go back to my Mummie! I know the way — please let me go away."

Annap, the children's kind nurse, hugged the baby to her heart, crooning: "Not tonight, dearie. The big black dogs might gobble you up. Hush-a-bye! Close your almond eyes, dearie!"

Poor Chou Tchen! She probably will never see her darling mummie again. Months will be needed for her to forget her home and to get used to her new family. Mother Mary, whom she will learn to love and invoke, will heal this poor little bruised heart as she has done for hundreds of others.



"Light Primeval" was twelve when a kind friend of Our Lady of Providence brought her to us. Born a hunchback in a wealthy family, Tin Tchoua suffered the disdain and the rebuffs of her pagan father and his three wives. Finally she was thrown out of her home into the streets and told to earn her own way. Life was dark indeed for poor "Light Primeval" until the friend mentioned above came to her rescue and brought her to the home prepared for such as she by an all-wise Providence.

In September, 1945, three children were sent to Our Lady of Providence from the Fong Ping Government Hospital. Ka Tail, a baby of five, was in very delicate health upon her arrival here; in December, pneumonia set in, putting her days in danger. The Sister who watched by her cot poured the saving waters over the burning forehead, calling the child Agatha in honor of the arrival of a newly-assigned Superior to our Mission. The little one died that very day.

Seven-year-old Tsan Ka Pick had lost both her parents during the war. She was a quiet little girl with a remarkably gentle character. Upon her arrival at the Home, she was in rather poor health, but careful nursing and good food soon rounded out the wasted limbs and wan little face. On the feast of St. Joseph she was baptized under the name of Gabrielle. Gifted with a bright intellect and a retentive memory, she soon mastered the whole catechism, being allowed to make her first Holy Communion on Christmas at the Midnight Mass.

N'g Lo Sick, the oldest of the trio, aged thirteen, had had such a hard life that she appeared dazed and almost like an idiot. She was sent to school with other orphans of her age, but was unable to understand anything. Three months later N'g Lo Sick declared: "I don't want to go to school any longer. At Fong Ping, I used to wash the babies' clothes all day to earn my food. Please let me do the same here."

Evidently the poor girl would never become a scholar, so she was allowed to help with the babies as she had asked. Enough catechism had to be mastered, however, to make her First Communion. Father Lou, pastor of the mission, showed himself lenient in the poor girl's exam, and admitted her as a first communicant at Midnight Mass.

Ten years ago Marie Wong was brought to Our Lady of Providence by her own father. The tiny two-months-old baby closely resembled her mother, a Hindu woman married to a Chinese. As the child showed a lusty will to live, Sister Superior thought it best to entrust her to a wet nurse, who brought her regularly to the Home for inspection and to receive her own monthly salary of six dollars. In 1940, as war threatened, the child was brought back to the convent, much to the regret of her foster mother and her husband who had grown very fond of her. As the child was baptized, she could no longer be left with this non-Christian family.

For three whole months the baby cried for its mother, but gradually her sorrow was forgotten as she grew accustomed to the Sisters and the



SISTER ST. JEAN DU CALVAIRE (DORIS HAGUE, MONTREAL),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TO KOM HANT, CHINA,
IS SNAPPED WITH THREE OF HER PROTEGES.

children. When she was seven years old she was allowed to make her First Communion. Many were the sacrifices she made in order the better to prepare her heart for Jesus' coming. Instead of stamping her foot as she usually did when her playmates teasingly called her *Mo la tsa* (little Hindu), she put down on her tiny notebook still another sacrifice smilingly offered to Jesus. Marie has been a daily communicant for three years now, and the nickname of *Mo la tsa* no longer annoys her. She is a lovely child with a perennial smile lurking in her lustrous black eyes.

SISTER ST. JEAN DU CALVAIRE, M.I.C.

*Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home,
Canton, China*

Chinese Baptism at Quebec

Another Wise Man from the East has seen the Star. His wife and three little ones were happy lookers-on last January 6, as Mr. Freddy Wong, of Quebec, accepted Holy Baptism in the chapel of Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House. Several compatriots of Mr. Wong's, among whom Lieut. Col. Cheng, were also present.

Rev. Father Michaud, P.M.E., with Rev. Father Caron, chaplain of the Chinese mission, assisting, made the privileged young Chinese a son of God in the regenerating Sacrament. Sponsors were Mr. and Mrs. Amedee Dufour, two zealous co-laborers of the chaplain of the Chinese mission and of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in their labors for the conversion of the Chinese.

Rev. Father Caron pleasantly reminisced how, a quarter of a century ago, while he was yet a simple seminarian and benevolent teacher of Sunday courses at the convent on Simard Street, he had assisted at the baptism of another Chinese adult. Very Rev. Canon Gignac, with the present Bishop of Valleyfield as assistant, had administered the Sacrament. Two other seminarians, the Rev. Fathers Lacroix and Berger, both in later years members of the Foreign Mission Society, were also present, as also Mr. Paul Bernier, now Msgr. Bernier, a sterling friend of the Quebec Chinese colony.



ON THE DAY MR. FREDDY WONG WAS BAPTIZED



Wakamatsu, Japan

Japanese Festivals and Customs

On each seventh of the first lunar month, a gay festival is held in Japan in honor of all the seven-year-olds of the year. Up with the dawn, the whole family hies to a neighboring temple, there to give thanks to household divinities for this first short lease on life happily passed. All forenoon the bonzes in their flowing robes are kept busy reciting prayers and blessing the children. Pennies are dropped in the coffers, while flowers are piled high before the altars. Once this religious part of the festival over, the seven-year-old heroes and heroines of the day make the round of their relatives, beginning with grandpa and grandma; everywhere these little guests are welcomed and feted.

Meanwhile, Mummie, who has hurried home from the temple, has been cooking the delicious pink rice mixed with beans served only on very special holidays. *Nanagusa*, as this festival is called, is among the red-letter days of Japanese childhood. The gaily flowered kimono used, as well as the fan and silk sashes, are kept as carefully in Japanese homes as baptismal sets are in our own. In well-to-do families each child keeps the *nana-gusa* finery to be used again on special occasions, while in poorer homes it is carefully put aside to be used for the younger children as they come.

On March 3 is held the *hina matsuri* (doll's festival), another celebration dear to Japanese children. This very ancient festival is of Shintoist origin. On storied

shelves are placed dolls clad in stiff brocaded attire representing on the top shelf the Emperor and Empress, and on the lower shelves lords and ladies in waiting, court musicians, attendants surrounded by tiny kitchen utensils or toilet articles. Plum blossoms deck the whole, to remind the Japanese girlie of the gentle virtues she must practice in order to become later a faithful subject of the Imperial family, a dutiful wife, a devoted, industrious mother.

Koi-nobori, the boys' festival, comes in May when all nature is at its best in the Land of Cherry Blossoms.

The home alcove is decorated with a bowl of irises with their sharp sword-like leaves, symbols of the warrior's straightforwardness and bravery. In every family the boys enjoy a hot bath perfumed with iris roots.

TOKAICHI AT WAKAMATSU

Come to Wakamatsu on the tenth of the first lunar month, if you want to benefit by the *tokaichi* market.

On that day every merchant sets up a booth or booths on the market place, bent on getting rid of last year's stock at reduced rates. Once you



JAPANESE MOTHERS WITH THE WEE GENERATION



THEY CALL IT WASHDAY IN JAPAN

enter the market place on that day, you have to follow it from one end to the other, a good-natured, bustling crowd pushing you along. Lacquer ware, parasols, umbrellas, wooden clogs in all sizes, second-hand lingerie, for Wakamatsu boasts no first-hand along that line since the war; chopsticks in gay colors, pots and pans, tiny charcoal stoves, dried fish, salted vegetables, etc.

Here and there among the booths stand bonzes beside makeshift shrines of Buddha. They distribute amulets to the devout and chant weird prayers and invocations.

JAPANESE BLUE MONDAY

Few are the private homes in Japan that can boast of running water. In nearly all the provincial towns and cities water may be had only at certain street corners, each family of different sections holding a key to public reservoirs set up at convenient intervals.

In the early morning one may see busy housewives hurrying to these public waterworks to wash the rice for the morning meal and the children's school lunches. The whole family follows in any weather, each with a tiny basin and towel, and proceeds to morning ablutions. Hands and feet may be blue with cold but faces glow, clean and happy, while tongues prate merrily.

This custom certainly helps to maintain the wiry endurance for which the Japanese are noted.

Later in the day the housewives gather again at these modern editions of the patriarchs' wells to tend the family washing while exchanging good-natured gossip.



Catholic Catholics

By Baptism, we become members of Christ's Church, and by us, in whatsoever station in life, He carries on His saving mission. In the degree that we as Catholics are lacking in a zealous appreciation of what is expected of us, we interfere with the free flow of His grace into the world about us. We have received richly, and therefore, we are obliged to give an account of all that we have received.

Very Rev. J. J. Scally

One World

"ONE WORLD," "UNITY," and "UNITED NATIONS" are the most common expressions we hear these days. The ideal of ONE WORLD was the strongest hope that drove our armed forces to victory. ONE WORLD, in fact, is in reality the most vivid desire of the Sacred Heart. "ONE FLOCK AND ONE SHEPHERD," He uttered so vehemently just before He died. To bring this about, He gave His Church Her undying charter: "GO INTO THE WHOLE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."

Very Rev. J. J. Scally

When You Visit Les Coteaux, Haiti

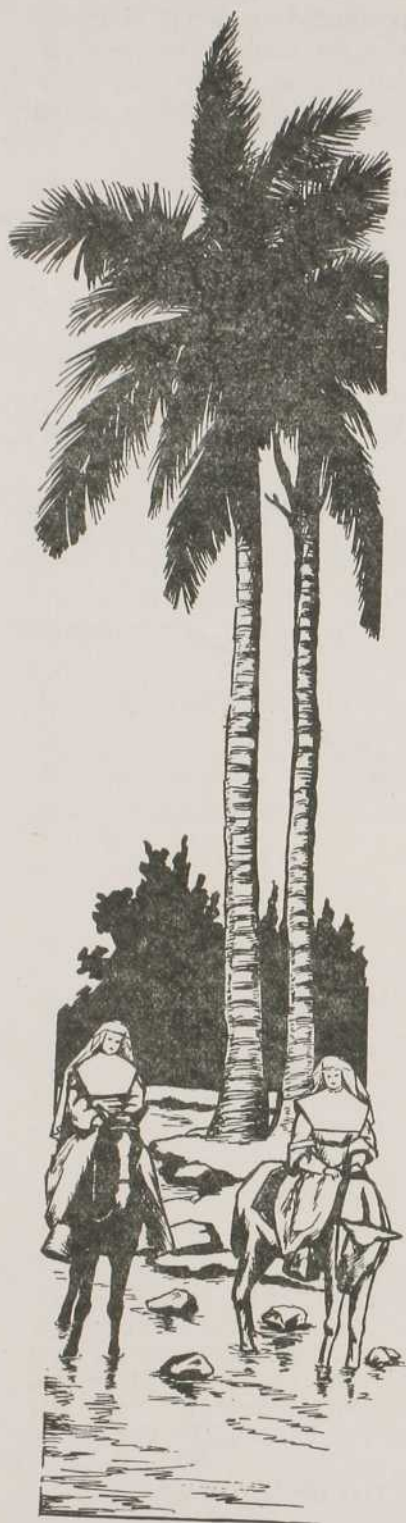
SISTER MARIE ROSE⁽¹⁾, SUPERIOR
OF OUR MISSION OF LES COTEAUX,
WRITES TO HER SISTERS
AT THE MOTHERHOUSE.

Les Coteaux, January 11, 1949

'Tis the easiest thing in the world to promise a letter; but 'tis the hardest on earth to get down to the writing of it. At long last here are news from Les Coteaux with my signature below.

To begin by the beginners, I should like you to meet the forty-eight little men and women into whose heads Sister Maurice de Thebes⁽²⁾ is patiently hammering the rudiments of science human and divine. The majority of them are preparing for First Communion. There isn't a single one who will turn his back to you, or who will keep his rosy tongue in check when the class will sing their welcome song. Maybe some notes will strike you as doubtful, but surely the smiling faces and pearly rows of loveliness in every little mouth will afford some compensation.

Sister Marie Aline⁽³⁾ comes next with her thirteen boys and thirty-one girls, second graders all, as erect as GI Joes. Nineteen will soon be making their First Communion. Sister won't forget to mention that they are preparing the right way — via sacrifices — so Jesus will feel at home when He comes. Some hear Mass daily; others keep silence in class as perfectly as nuns at the Motherhouse; still others pay more attention to their personal appearance. Sister feels heartened to go on at her task, which is not child's play; she has to teach in French, the official tongue but not the one usually



1. Cecile PILON, Montreal.

2. Yvonne CLOUTRE, Montreal.

3. Anne Marie LAROCQUE, Rawdon.

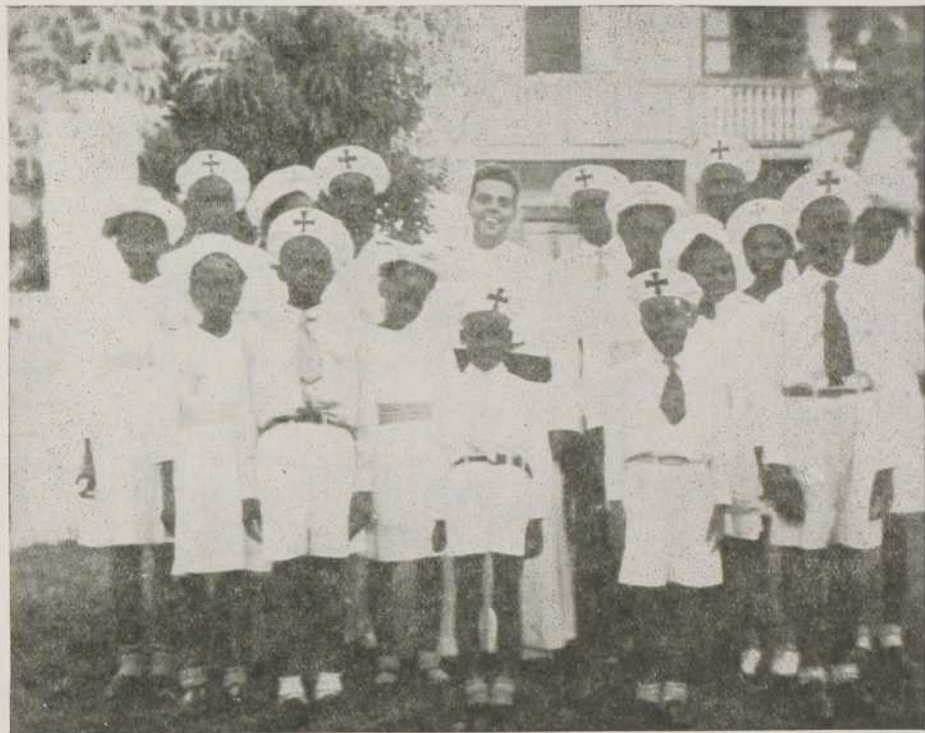
spoken here, and hence not easy to understand for our youthful scholars. Once upon a time one of the boys told a lie to escape punishment. Teacher made him understand he had done wrong, and had grieved his Guardian Angel, adding in energetic terms that he should always tell *la verite* (the truth). Thereupon, the six-year-old began to sob: "*La verite, la verite, la verite, yes, Mother.*"

In Sister St. Lucille's⁽¹⁾ classroom, thirty-two black faces are wearing their pleasantest grin. Sworn enemies of effort, fast friends of liberty, "when they are good they are very good, and when they are bad they are horrid."

To Sister Catherine de Jesus⁽²⁾ are entrusted the older pupils, who are beginning to understand the importance of study. They are generous enough to observe their watchwords about prayer, Communion, sacrifice, and apostolate, and are faithful to the meetings of the Crusade they love. True, much remains to be done, for our young Haitians are new at Catholic Action and apprentices at cooperation; still, we trust the grain of mustard seed of today will become a great tree, under which the generations of tomorrow may find rest. Please pray for that infant movement to help our pupils be better students and better Christians.

1. Adrienne de GRANDPRE, Pawtucket, R.I.

2. Catherine DROLET, Three Rivers.



AT-TEN-SHUN! CRUSADERS DON'T GET THEIR PICTURE TAKEN
WITH REV. FATHER BEDARD, O.M.I., EVERY DAY.

Shake hands with our *philosophers* now. Sister St. Germaine Cousin⁽¹⁾ suggests that days should have thirty-six hours to supply the time shortage being felt in trying to answer the exigencies of a chock-full programme. Even during the hours of recreation the *philosophers* sing their lessons at the tops of their voices. Those pupils come in handy at religious ceremonies; without them our choir would be very poor indeed. On national feastsdays or other special dates they also do us honor; thanks to their help Midnight Mass was pious and beautiful. We hope their generosity will merit for them graces of courage for the day when, left to their own devices, they will have to dare to be different from the majority of their religiously-indifferent compatriots.

Now that you have made the acquaintance of our young scholars, let us stop at the dispensary. Here we see misery personified: some patients have a part of their face eaten up by ghastly-looking sores; others have limbs decayed so far that the bones show. The poor people often come long

distances to be treated at the dispensary. Their resignation is admirable. It is so sad to see those unfortunates who still have to learn the value of suffering borne with love. Never should we cease thanking God for the great grace He has granted us in teaching us the priceless worth of suffering.

Several patients unable to come to the dispensary call the day happy when the nursing Sister visits them. A young girl we had treated here for T.B. was soon unable to cover the long distance from her home to the clinic, so we decided to call upon her. After one long hour on horseback along a narrow, rocky path we reached her miserable hut home. The poor patient, stretched full length on the bare earth, could not have many more hours to live. At sight of the Sisters she broke forth joyfully: "Oh, Mothers, you are still thinking of me!" Then her mother told us how often Jacqueline



*The Little Haitians Like to Study
With One of Their Own, Too!*

1. Marie Anne LEGRIS, Montreal.

had expressed the wish to see us before going to God. What we could give humanly by way of medicine we gave the almost dying child, adding words of encouragement and inviting her to say the Hail Mary and three or four invocations after us. Her soul, made pure by the sacramental grace of Baptism she had accepted on one of her first visits to the dispensary, could go to meet its Maker with confidence. She longed for death to end her exile and bring her into the presence of the God she loved. After a last farewell we took to the home trail, happy at the thought of having made a suffering member of Christ happy.

Every one of our home visits tears our heart with pity as we think of the physical and moral distress so far unconsolated for want of missionaries in our little corner of Haiti.

Dear Sisters, we can't leave you this once again before whispering a heart-deep thank you one and all for the priceless mission boxes you so kindly forward us each year and that help us relieve the poor and the needy. They are real treasure-trove for us. Thanks to the women and girls of our workrooms who are giving so unsparingly of their time and means that we may have dresses, aprons, and other articles of clothing for children and grownups. They would feel amply rewarded for the trouble they go to, if they could see the joy that brightens every face on D-Day (distribution day). In return for such great generosity we offer our kind benefactresses the prayers of our proteges and our own, asking the Child Jesus to shower His choicest blessings on all who do us good for love of Him.

SISTER MARIE ROSE, M.I.C.



*Fresh From the Baptismal Font,
Macaya, Haiti*

All Men Are Brothers

It is an axiom of Catholic faith that the more we do for the missionaries the more we do for those nearer home. To the lover of souls there is no distinction between home and foreign missions. All creatures are equal in the eyes of the Creator. Color does not matter, neither does race nor clime. One and all, are we called to be cooperators with Christ in extending the fruits of Redemption to all. We must pray, work and give . . .

Archbishop Spellman, New York

So This Is Cuba

Beautiful, bustling, cosmopolitan — this is Havana. When you come on your maiden trip, you will wonder why the main buildings that first greet your eye should be so ancient-looking. Another thing that will puzzle you not a whit less: why do people in this hot tropical country dress so modestly? Not one of the men will be seen without shirt and stockings; not one of the fair sex seems to know the more or less convenient dress-lengths exhibited in lands above the tropics.

A third matter for surprise is the circulation law — or rather the absence of it. The right of way belongs to everybody, and everybody may keep to the right or to the left according to the fancy of the moment, without fear of any molestation whatsoever from any police at all. When you step off the streetcar you may take, as I said, to the right or to the left and zigzag all you want among vehicles and pedestrians. The queerest thing about it all is that nobody runs, but just strolls leisurely along as if he were the only creature afoot on God's good earth. If you are Canadian-born and would blush to let your nerves take the upper hand, close your two eyes by all means if you are on the streetcar, even if that means you'll hit against ceiling, floor, left wall, and right wall.

Just outside the city limits stretch far-flung plains cut here and there by a double row of palm trees. Palms are as plentiful here as they were in Jerusalem in 33 A. D. When the leaves begin to dry up, they become yellow, then red, and finally display a silver edging of about six inches. Some say that explains the silvery appearance of our artificial death wreaths. The then entirely withered leaf is severed from the parent trunk; its fall is enough to set the surrounding foliage quivering, for some of the leaves measure fully nine or ten feet. Some palm trees reach high up towards the skies, while others, dwarves of their specie, push their way directly out of the soil, looking for all the world like graceful green jets from some public park fountain. The royal palm is the national tree.

Cuba, it has been said, is the land of contrasts. So it is. The luxuriant vegetation shades magnificent villas, like Mr. Matacena's, for instance, but it also conceals modest thatch roofs and dilapidated walls that are home for the poor country people. The inside of the houses is usually very tidy, although from the outside you don't get the best of impressions. Even in well-to-do families the outside of the dwellings generally looks shabby and weather-beaten; the decrepit walls would need a good reconditioning; however, when you step inside, the flawless tile floors and elegant furniture tell you this palace would be fit for a king.

Our Mercedes Convent, which has been home since December 2, pays tribute to local customs. Its two spacious whitewashed balconies really improve its looks, which can stand a lot more improvement. The ground floor is in cream-colored and green tiles. In the classrooms the desks, chairs, and library, all in varnished pine, command the admiration of visitors. However, "all is not gold that glitters." In the ceiling of our "Buckingham" we can count as many as seventeen holes; for shelves we have the beams that go into the skeleton of the house; upstairs, in our little cloister, the

floor is in the plainest of boards and shrinks when we risk a foot on it. Still, we have beauty there: the tables of the refectory and the community room are of mahogany, and the best kind of it. Naturally, we Sisters with our vow of poverty would prefer something more sober; but it happens that in Cuba the busy ants beat a retreat only before mahogany and cedar. Around those two princely tables stand, bashful and mortified, our made-in-Cuba chairs, each of which comprises four sticks of wood, one wooden seat, and one wooden back, the last two covered with untanned cowhide!

Kitchen and refectory are as they should be, gay, white, and sunny. Spotless green tiles cover the floors; six large windows with movable Persian blinds allow the air free play, which free play is favored by the fact that the surrounding buildings are of more moderate height. Our convent and the Administrator's villa are the only two that can boast of more than one story.

Not one inch of ground will you find around our convent. To the right a narrow street leads to the Blacks' meeting house; that of the Whites is on the next street. Back of the *colegio* stands the theatre. The stately foliage in the nearby park hides the factories of Mercedes from view, without, however, diminishing the rumpus of machines and sirens. A few steps farther you will meet the homes of the Blacks, and right in their midst the chapel where they pray. The huts of the Blacks, each separated from its neighbor by a single wall, are all gathered together around a spacious yard where all is done in common and in common poverty. We are told that those dwellings formed only one building in the ancient days of slavery; the one and only opening was keyed by the lord of the place after his slaves had all come in.

God's shanty home measures twelve by twenty feet. The roof bends downward in the centre, where odds and ends of metal thread are suspended



OUR SISTERS OF MERCEDES AND MARTI, CUBA,
HAVE THEIR PICTURE TAKEN IN FRONT OF MR. MATA CENA'S RESIDENCE, MERCEDES.



WHERE THE BLACKS LIVE

to serve the purpose of a bell. On the walls you look up at several holy pictures, as well as the fourteen Stations; under each holy picture some pious hand has placed a crystal bowl with flowers in it. A beautiful statue of Our Lady of Ransom stands above the altar; at her feet, a Christus of Limpas fosters devotion to the Redeemer. Little Therese has not been overlooked; she has her place to the right of the altar.

On ordinary days two tiny candles burn on the altar for the liturgical functions; on special days the exterior pomp resides in twelve little candles instead of two.

The women and girls took over the singing for the feast of the Immaculate Conception; twenty-six persons received Holy Communion. Rev. Father Landry told us later that twenty-six was a record number. On another occasion only one of the ten persons who formed the congregation had knelt at the communion rail.

There was a great turnout on Christmas eve; the chapel was crowded to the doors, and about sixty parishioners had to stay outside in the park. Christmas in Cuba is different from Christmas in Canada: we had all sorts of natural flowers on the altar. With the help of two women of the parish we sang the common of the Mass of the Angels, and Spanish Christmas carols at the Daybreak Mass.

On Christmas morning people from the country arrived with an eight-months-old baby they wanted to get baptized. It is a custom here to administer baptism on the great feasts of the Church; hence, the Fathers

have a busy day of it. After a long day out in the country, Rev. Father De Charette came back at nine that evening; without bothering about his supper he took the trail to Los Arabos, half an hour's distance away. He registered nineteen baptisms, while his confrere, Rev. Father Landry, had twelve to his credit. The Foreign Mission Fathers are splendid missionaries, sparing neither trouble nor weariness when it is a question of extending the kingdom of their Master.

Several visitors knocked at our door to offer their best Christmas wishes. During our afternoon meditation about the Babe of Bethlehem, two little winged messengers, probably bearers of greetings from Canada, came to warble on the balcony, right near the open window. Did we tell you how glad we were to hear the birdies again in Cuba? Someone had told us birds in Cuba kept silence twenty-four hours a day! Now we are wiser in the knowledge that Cuba is a favorite haunt of our wee Canadian emigrants. So all winter we will be hearing the feathered choristers.

Nature is especially beautiful in December; all is abloom. The bright red poinsettias are legion; they grow on a bush about fifteen feet in height. There are also paper flowers, *flores de papel* as the Cubans say, thus named on account of their delicate, dainty appearance. The sidewalks are edged with those blossomed bouquets. You should see them when the sun is shining in all its glory.

However beautiful that may be, we missionaries remember that what attracted us to Cuba was the beauty of souls, and consequently we would request your prayers, as well as the prayers of all who are interested in our apostolate, that we may be able to do a little of the vast amount of work to be done here for the Master. It is such a pity to see the spiritual status of our baptized population. Priests, more priests would be needed, along with Sisters, hundreds of them, to make Cuba not only the land of tropical splendor, but also and especially the land where Christ is King and Lord.



Postage Stamps Can Help the Missions

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception wish to extend most cordial thanks to all who so kindly forward used postage stamps for the benefit of their missions.

Cancelled stamps are very tiny mites, we must agree, but, as little drops of water make the ocean, so tiny mites, when you have enough of them, can become very mighty helpers in the cause to which God's missionaries are devoting themselves.

Cancelled postage stamps, many or few, will always be received with thanks. Address:

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

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

The loving nearness of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament was the joy of Father Chanel's life. It made him love his little church with a consuming love, which showed itself even in small and homely details. He could not tolerate the least trace of dirt or disorder there. Each week he swept the sanctuary and carefully dusted everything. A letter written to one of his friends in Amberieux gives evidence of his zeal for the fitting celebration of the feasts of the Church and consequent increase of piety among the villagers. "We have just celebrated Corpus Christi, for which great preparations had been made. Foreseeing that a banner ordered in Lyons would not reach us in time, I set to work and made three: one of crimson velvet and two of white silk, and ornamented them as nicely as I could. Will you believe it? My good people were enchanted with the result of my work. The procession was very edifying, all taking part, and all most reverent. The houses were decorated with flags; the streets and paths were strewn with branches, with here and there an arch made of flowers and leaves."

But though Father Chanel was giving himself, heart and soul, to his work and the villagers loved and venerated him, his superiors, who had sent him to Crozet only in the interest of his health, were thinking of placing him in charge of a more important parish. As he said, "They do not intend to leave me long in my dear Crozet. Father Ruivet, the vicar-general of the diocese, came to see me when I was away from home. He told one of the priests that he wished to offer me the parish of Douvres. Humanly speaking the place is attractive. But I am putting myself in God's hands and offering to Him the sacrifice of all that is pleasant. His will, not mine, be done! I doubt if I could leave my people here without real pain; I have found in their midst so many consolations! I will never part from them, I hope, but to go to work among the heathens. For many a day I have felt that God has that in store for me. Father Bret and Father Maitrepierre, now head of the boarding school at Marboz, are eager to be my fellow travelers. It

is agreed that we three would willingly, more than willingly, follow Bishop Loras to the United States." But, convinced though his own heart was that God destined him for the Foreign Missions, Father Chanel waited week after week for Him to say, through the mouth of Bishop Devie, "God wills it, go!"

Considering Father Chanel's life only as it was seen by men, his holiness was not extraordinary. Many, many priests, engaged in work similar to his, perform it with equal zeal. It was the spirit which animated all he did that made the heavenly sweetness and beauty of his daily routine; a spirit which kept the thought of God always present, and made His will and His glory the sole object of his desire. Thus did he resemble the holy Cure d'Ars, his contemporary, also pastor of a small rural parish of the diocese of Belley. "I must strain every nerve," Father Chanel said, "to save those confided to my care; but what would it profit me to guide them to heaven, if I do not also save my own soul? Should I not be like a sign post which, always pointing out the way to travelers, never moves, but rots in the earth? Some day a storm sends it to the ground, and it is picked up to be thrown into the fire."

Not stopping short at the virtues which make the good priest, Peter rose to those that make the perfect one. Bishop Devie and Bishop Depery both testified to this. The latter said, "I saw him in the humble presbytery of Crozet, and later, a member of the Society of Mary, acting successively as professor, spiritual director and superior of the College of Belley. Afterwards, from afar, I watched his apostolic work in Oceania, with all the interest one feels in a fellow countryman and friend; and always and everywhere I found him the same: unpretentious in his habits, meek and humble of heart, making heroic sacrifices simply and unostentatiously."

As a means to perfection, Father Chanel mapped out for himself a line of conduct from which he never deviated. Day after day he was exact about his prayers, his particular examen, spiritual reading, and visits to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin's altar. Besides making the yearly diocesan retreat, he set apart one day in every month as a day of recollection, and found the practice so beneficial that he recommended it to all aiming at perfection. He never allowed more than two weeks to pass without going to see his confessor. Knowing that without mortification it is impossible to make real progress, he sternly refused himself all that pampers the body or enervates the soul. He slept little and on a hard bed, rising long before his parishioners and giving to prayer the first hours of the day, the only ones he could call his own. His meals were always frugal, and to the fasts commanded by the Church he added others: the Saturday of every week and the eves of Our Lady's principal feasts. He wore habitually an iron belt lined with sharp points. For everything contrary to the spirit of poverty he had real repugnance, and more than once reproached himself with having accepted the gift of a small ivory figure of Christ. "I am afraid that it is luxurious of me to keep it," he said. "I would give it away were it not enriched with indulgences."

He never permitted himself to be idle for a moment. Small as was his parish, he was always busy in the house, church, or school, or among the poor and the sick. He was so careful to lose no time that if he went to see any one living at a distance, he said his beads or read some book, as he walked along the road. But with all his love of work, he was never impatient of interruption. A caller was always welcome; no bore was ever a bore.

Visits from the priests of neighboring towns were a joy to him, and one he often had, for all loved to go to his poor little house, certain of a cordial reception and stimulating companionship. But Father Chanel's friendship for them did not crowd Father Colliex from a place in his heart. Full of gratitude towards the holy old priest, he wrote to him regularly. Once while he was at Crozet, he was surprised and delighted by a visit from Father Colliex.

Not long afterward Father Chanel spent a short time at Amberieux, and from there he went to Cuet. "Thanks be to God," he wrote, on returning to Crozet, "I found all my relatives well. My visit was a real joy to them. After leaving home I went to Cras, as dear to me as my own father's house. When from a distance I saw the presbytery and the church tower, my eyes filled with tears. Both reminded me of the most signal graces of my life. A little farther on, I came to the fields where, a child, I tended my father's sheep. I saw the spot where God called me, as He did the boy David, to make me a shepherd of souls. Absorbed by these thoughts I walked slowly, so slowly that it was late when I reached Father Trompier's house. It is to that venerable priest, after God, that I owe the happiness of being a priest; it was he who providentially met me when I was a little shepherd, and who charged himself with my education. Oh, but I did embrace him with a full heart! And how swiftly the hours passed while I was with him! I had the joy, before I left, of kneeling in the spot where I made my First Communion, and of saying Mass at the altar at which I celebrated the Divine Mysteries for the first time."

At the close of this letter he spoke again of his ever growing yearning for the Foreign Missions. "Father Bret joined me at Brou, and together we went to Marboz to see our dear friend, Father Maitrepierre. We consulted together as to what means we should take to hasten the



moment when we should be free to leave all and hurry away to the poor savages."

To his desire for the Missions, that of the religious life was soon added. "In July, 1831," related Father Bernard, a relative of his, "I visited Peter at Crozet. He was cordial and affectionate as only he could be. I remember that he recalled many little incidents of our early childhood and of our school days at Cras. While our talks were always easy and friendly, and I could open my whole heart to him, in his presence I always had a feeling of awe. I knew him to be my superior in wisdom and virtue; besides, he had been my mentor at Cras and Meximieux.

"In the course of our conversation that day, some words of his gave me to understand that he was thinking of a manner of life more in accordance with the aspirations of his soul. I remember I teased him a little about his monkish tendencies. He only smiled, and said, 'And if I become a monk or a religious, will you love me less?' I replied that I should always love Peter Chanel, but no dignity he might ever reach could add to my friendship. Then, speaking more seriously, Peter said we must hold ourselves ready to enter, with closed eyes, in the way God points out.

"Two weeks later he returned my visit, coming to Ferney where I had been a professor for several months. He found himself to be of one mind with Father Cretin, pastor of Ferney and president of the college, who had, after long deliberation, determined to devote the remainder of his days to the Foreign Missions. He was preparing himself by mortifications and a rule of life which we thought excessively severe. Peter and he strengthened each other in their longing for apostolic work in a distant land: I knew, because on leaving, Peter spoke rapturously of the happiness of belonging entirely to God and our neighbor by sacrifice and renouncement; and that evening Father Cretin said that he was happy to have come in contact with so beautiful and priestly a soul." (1)

Father Chanel had been pastor at Crozet for three years when he made another effort to obtain permission from Bishop Devie to join Bishop Loras in the United States. The thought of the Missions was giving him no rest. "I seem to see," he said, "the poor savages whom the devil is claiming for his own. They are stretching out their arms to us. I think I hear them say, 'Who will bring light into our darkness? Who will break the chains of sin that bind us? Come to our aid! Teach us your Faith! Come, close for us the gates of hell and open those of heaven!'"

Bishop Devie took Father Chanel's apostolic vocation into serious consideration. He asked for time before giving his reply, but he was not discouraging. He advised patience, at the same time praising the zeal that so longed for the salvation of heathens. Far from mourning over this delay, Father Chanel was convinced that it hid some design of Providence. He thought that God wished of him a more intrepid spirit of sacrifice and higher sanctity. His desire for the religious life was growing apace with that for the Missions, and he often said to himself, "When God wills it, I shall be both apostle and religious."

1. Not long after this Father Cretin came to the United States, and in time became first bishop of St. Paul.
(To be continued)

Millionaires I Have Met

I have never met a millionaire. I mean a millionaire in the ordinary sense, though that's just the sense in which they are decidedly out of the ordinary. Perhaps I have met one, but he was wise enough not to reveal himself. I have read of millionaires, of course, and of their donations to various causes. But I do not remember ever reading that the Catholic missions in barren sections of this country or in lands afar were made the million-heir to a millionaire. In fact, I feel that many millionaires, if approached by a missionary or a beggar for the missions would be far more likely to give him the air than the million.

But during the past fifteen years, I have met many millionaires whose wealth is not of this world. Met them in person and especially through the mails. The postman never came to the Propagation of the Faith Office without bringing princely gifts from these friends of mine. Princely? — Yea — and why not? For so are they recorded by the angel who keeps the ledger-books of Heaven.

They are the kind — these millionaires of mine — that the world fails to notice. But the world never had good sight. That Our Blessed Lord Himself certified to their wealth one sunny morning long ago in the Temple is proof enough to me of the reality of their riches.

You remember the incident, don't you? He was seated there by the Temple Gate, as the magnates of Jerusalem went in to say their prayers. See them! The wealthy citizens, the successful men, the millionaires of Palestine. Good men they were, too — or at any rate they were not too bad. And as they walked in — a little pompously, perhaps — they tossed their shekels into the treasury, tossed them in plentifully until the coffer rang and clanged and rang again.

Then came a faded old widow. Perhaps, though, she wasn't so old at all. But her dress and her shawl were. Both had seen better days, and both had often been "on the mend." She walked with a stoop, a little wearily. She had to work hard for small pay. Perhaps she took in washing or was just a scrub-woman, a maid, a working-out girl, in the house of some of these big business men who were going in before her.

As she passed in, she tossed — no, dropped — two little coppers on top of the shining pile of coins. Just two. They barely made a tinkle as they fell. Two little brown coins. They wouldn't buy even a handful of grain for the pigeons that flew around the outer courts of the Temple.

She would have gone in quietly and humbly, and nobody would have thought twice, or even once, about her, only for Our Lord. He suddenly revealed one of Heaven's little secrets — gave the show away, as it were.

"This poor widow has given more than all the rest," He said. More than all the big business men and wealthy citizens together, with their clanking shekels that they could so well afford. The poor, bent little widow had given millions. And she had earned an unending reward of heavenly millions. For it's sacrifice and not a fat purse that makes the real millionaire.

And that's the kind of millionaire that I meet every morning in my mail. Oh, I'd like to steal a whole hour and more, just to tell you something about those letters. It is as good as a sermon. All who write them, and all who never write them, because they did not have quite as much courage as the little widow — we thank them from our hearts. May God bless you over and over again! Your kindness, your good-will, your sacrifices, are not forgotten. Every day you are remembered at God's Altar, not only here but in many a mud cabin throughout the mission fields.

Times are bad all over the world and no one realizes better than we how much poverty and suffering there is, and how much wrong-doing and injustice. But no one appreciates more than we how much good there is in the world, too. For the world is good and the times are good when there are so many millionaires to be found — millionaires of sacrifice — millionaires of love — millionaires whose kingdoms are not of this world — millionaires who invest in Heaven, captains of souls in the kingdom of God, lay apostles, sub-missionaries supplying the sinews to the heroic workers along the front line trenches of Christianity. God bless Them All.

Propagation of Faith Pamphlet

ANSWERS TO HOW MANY CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

1. Cardinal Lavigerie.
2. St. Thomas.
3. Bishop Arsene Turquetil.
4. Marie Teresa Ledochowska.
5. Blessed Martin de Porres.
6. Father Constance Lievens.
7. John Henry Newman.
8. Pauline Marie Jaricot.
9. Cardinal Thomas Tien.
10. Father Vincent Lebbe.

Catholic News Briefs

The Jubilee of 1950

It is a time-honored tradition in the Roman Catholic Church that the first year of each century shall be a year of jubilee, during which signal spiritual favors are granted to the faithful who fill certain prescribed conditions, particularly, visits to the Roman basilicas. For several centuries this prerogative attached to the opening year of the century has been extended to the fiftieth, and even to the twenty-fifth. Thus, the coming year of 1950 will be an outstanding year in the annals of our twentieth century.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII has indicated the intentions for which the faithful of his vast human family should celebrate the jubilee year: the sanctification of souls through prayer and penance; unshakable fidelity to Christ and His Church; action for peace and the defense of the Holy Land of Palestine; the pagans and the godless; the practice of social justice; welfare works for the benefit of the humble and the needy.

E.S.P.

Canonizations and Beatifications

The Holy Year of 1950 will be the occasion of ceremonies of canonizations and beatifications in St. Peter's majestic basilica, Rome.

Canada will rejoice in a special way at the beatification of Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal.

Among the other Servants of God who will be glorified are: Blessed Jeanne of France, Foundress of the Order of the Annunciation; Blessed Giuseppa Roseleo, Italian, Foundress of the Institute of the Daughters of Our Lady of Mercy; Blessed Bartolomea Capitanio, Italian, Foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Charity; Blessed Martin Porres, Dominican Brother, Peru; Blessed Jeanne de Lestonnac; Venerable Anne Marie Javouhey, French, Foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny.

Mission Statistics

In a recent issue of the *Western Catholic*, Edmonton, there appeared interesting figures compiled by the Most Rev. T. J. McDonnell, Auxiliary Bishop of New York and Director of the Propagation of the Faith in the United States.

From the statistics quoted we learn that in the last fifteen years, the Catholic population in mission territories the world over has been increased by close to 10,000,000 souls. This raises to 27,843,762 the Catholic population in territories considered exclusively missionary. These zones of missionary apostolate comprise 560 dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures in Asia, Africa, the Americas, Europe, the East Indies, Oceania, Australia, and New Zealand. The active mission personnel numbers 261,895 missionaries, of whom 25,494 are priests, 9,093 Brothers, 54,892 Sisters, and 91,677 catechists.

In stating the above-quoted figures, the Most Reverend Bishop draws attention to the fact that they concern only the territories under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and do not cover the zones where the oriental rites prevail.

At the present time, 2,714,746 adults in those territories are preparing for Baptism; in those zones are found 10,414 churches and chapels.

The missionary effort of the natives themselves was also stressed. In the territories under the jurisdiction of Propaganda, 8,303 natives have been raised to the sacred priesthood; besides, there are 2,213 Brothers and 21,289 Sisters. It is also stated that 17,516 native boys are studying for the priesthood in 437 minor and major seminaries.

O.A., in *L'Action Catholique*

Japanese Composer Becomes Catholic

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) Mr. Hashimoto Kunihiko, for many years professor at the Tokyo Conservatory and one of the most celebrated Japanese composers, was baptized on November 12, 1948. For several years Mr. Hashimoto has borne special interest to the great masters of religious music, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and it was through their works that there grew upon him a consciousness of the grandeur of the Christian Faith. Mr. Hashimoto's ambition is to dedicate his talents to the creation of religious music, and it is hoped he will be able to finish a first work for the great international pilgrimage organized for 1949 in honor of the fourth centenary of the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Japan.

Mrs. Hashimoto, who was led to the Catholic Church mainly through her relations with Miss Arishima, daughter of a renowned Japanese painter, received Baptism on the same day as her husband.

Fides

Protestant Missionary Becomes Catholic Nun

TOKYO (A.I.F.) — When Miss Ruth Downing, Protestant missionary, arrived in Japan fifteen years ago, she was far from thinking that she would one day find the way to the true Faith in a concentration camp. It was at the contact of the Mercedarian Nuns interned with her that Miss Downing could see clearly through the fogs of prejudice that had blinded her, and from them also that she received her Catholic formation. She later succeeded, after many efforts, in obtaining from the Japanese authorities permission to leave the camp long enough to be baptized. On September 8, 1948, Miss Downing became a Mercedarian Nun under the name of Mother Mary Mercedes.

Fides

Japanese City Consecrated to Mary at the Request of a Pagan

MATSUMOTO, JAPAN — The picturesque city of Matsumoto, in the heart of the Japanese Alps, has just been consecrated to Our Blessed Mother at the request of a pagan war veteran. The strange story deserves to be told once more.

When the director of the local newspaper, who also happened to own the largest movie establishment in the city, had to leave his peaceful life and mingle in the turmoil of warfare, he took with him a small statue of Maria Kannon. Kannon, who is traditionally venerated in China and Japan, is a Buddhistic goddess whose image strangely resembles that of the Virgin Mary. This resemblance was exploited by the Christians in the years of persecution: forbidden to retain any religious object whatsoever in their homes without risking to be submitted to the severest chastisements, they thought of engraving a cross on the statue of Kannon, their revered goddess, and thus transform it into a statue of the Blessed Virgin. It was one of those statues of Maria Kannon the Matsumoto soldier had on him, and to her protection he owes having escaped the most terrible dangers during the war years. The grateful soldier, wishing to show his thankfulness to the one who had guarded him so well, had her statue placed on the facade of his cinema, and asked his fellow citizens that the city be consecrated to his protectress. Rev. Father Raymond, O.F.M., Catholic missionary in Matsumoto, suggested that the Blessed Mother could be truly honored only in the Catholic manner. His point of view was accepted, and thus it was that Maria Kannon has become, according to all the exigencies of the Catholic ritual, patroness of the city of Matsumoto.

Fides

Support of Missionary Enterprises

The chief support for the works of the Church has always been the simple offerings of the poor. While the need of money is urgent, still more needed is the help of prayer and sacrifice made in union with our Saviour on the cross. If only money were needed, the good Lord could easily shower the world with gold. The evangelization of the world is a supernatural work and must of necessity depend on supernatural means, prayer and sacrifice. Faith is a supernatural gift. Mere natural works will neither merit or retain it. "Without Me you can do nothing."

The Voice of the S. P. F.

Co-Redeemers With Christ

BY MEMBERSHIP in the Catholic Church we become co-Redeemers with Christ in the work of Redemption. As members of His Mystical Body, the Church, we have a very special role in bringing to others the benefits of our faith. Faith has so ennobled us that God depends on us for the redemption of our fellow-men. As He depended on Mary for the Incarnation, so we are all in spirit other Marys. God must have our cooperation in order to be born in the pagan heart. This depends on our "yes" and our "no."

The Voice of the S. P. F.

Suggestions for "Mission Week"

AS A SIMPLE MEANS of sanctifying daily life and offering priceless prayers for the missions, we suggest that you offer all your daily works on this schedule.

SUNDAY, for the Final Triumph of Christ in the world;

MONDAY, for the Church in North America;

TUESDAY, for the Church in South America;

WEDNESDAY, for the Church in Europe;

THURSDAY, for the Church in Africa;

FRIDAY, for the Church in Asia;

SATURDAY, for Our Lady, Queen of the Missions.

The Voice of the S. P. F.

We Are Needed

WE MEN have a knack of finding pretexts and excuses when we like to shirk a task. We say, and perhaps we believe, that since God is powerful enough through His grace to save souls by Himself, our contribution to His work, though very valuable is not essential. When we fail, God, if He means business, will step in alone and do the thing, just as a locksmith will open a door even without any key.

This false assumption is likely to cut the nerve of the missionary effort. God, with His limitless power, will always save the situation. Some people believe in the same fashion that since the Church cannot perish they may blunder along to any degree without causing irretrievable harm. But theologically speaking, all this loose and easy thinking is mere nonsense. *In order to build His Church God needs us the same way He needed a body to be crucified.* To expand His Church He needs us in the same way He needed a woman that He might be born. There is no possible substitute for His cross and those two Hands nailed on it. Some things cannot be done by proxy.

The Church is made of men. Neither the angels nor even the Holy Ghost can replace them. A piece of bread, not only a beautiful soul, must be on the altar to be changed into the Body of Christ, and when the bread fails the Holy Eucharist goes away. The Holy Ghost cannot run the Church without a priest, nor without the Faithful, no more than you can have tea without the leaves of a certain tree or a river without some water.

Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.

Novitiate Doings

Tuesday, February 1, 1949

Some day the postulants now making their religious debut will be going forth East or West to conquer souls for Christ; today, however, they are beginning at the beginning, and have yet to experience what first night in a convent means. Thrice welcome, little Sisters! Unpack your suitcases and make yourselves at home in Mary Immaculate's novitiate!

Friday, February 11

The Holy Spirit must have had a busy time of it; the angels must have had to work overtime most of the time; Our Blessed Mother must have wished for thirty-six-hour days to answer all our needs. Why? When? How? Oh, just this: the feast of Our Lady's Smile marked the closing date of our annual retreat.

At nine-thirty, twelve novices plighted troth with the Divine Lover in First Profession. The ceremony, although held in private, was nonetheless an occasion of heart-deep happiness for the new wearers of the black veil, rosary, and silver crucifix.

In the afternoon, relatives and friends thronged our chapel for the Clothing Ceremony and Final Profession.

After the *Veni Creator*, Very Rev. J. A. Mousseau, Procurator at the Archbishop's Palace, delivered a stirring allocution, of which we reproduce herewith a summary:

Dear Sisters, how happy you must be today to dedicate your lives to your Lord and Master! I have no doubt that your parents are sharing in your joy. Never forget that to them you owe the priceless gift of life, and to the sound Christian upbringing they have given you, the first stirrings of your sublime vocation.

You have been privileged indeed in drawing upon your young lives the special affection of Almighty God. Surely the world must have smilingly beckoned, but with generosity of soul you have forsaken all things to follow where Christ was leading. The invitation to holiness is extended to all Christians, but in a very special way to religious souls; to the former God presents the Commandments; to the latter, He presents both Commandments and Counsels. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor: and come follow Me." Holiness consists in receiving divine life from Christ, in preserving it jealously, in increasing it by an adhesion, a union made daily more intimate with Him who is its source. To do our duty faithfully, according to the Christ-given pattern, is the main, if not the only condition, of our sanctification. As the little grain of incense thrown upon hot coals exhales a pleasant odor, so our actions, when love is their main-spring, shed the sweet odor of Christ around them.

The religious life brings you numerous means of sanctification. First of all come the three vows that crucify your natural inclinations. Your vow of poverty mortifies the love of wealth; that of chastity, indulgence in bodily pleasures; while the vow of obedience gives the death-blow to pride which makes us believe we are our own best masters.

Another important means of sanctification at your disposal is the Community of Sisters with whom you will be living. Your days are spent in the company of Jesus who invites you from His tabernacle to come to Him. You are surrounded

by fervent religious, steeped in the spirit of their Foundress: the spirit of humility, of faith, of charity. And lastly, you have as a precious factor of holiness, magnificent works both in Canada and abroad. Always, under one form or another, you are repeating the act of the Good Samaritan; always you are exercising the eminent virtue of charity. Need I tell you how dear to the Heart of Christ is your apostolate?

It is true that when Christ enters into a soul, He enters with His cross. You will be called upon to suffer, but you know by experience that sacrifice does not exclude happiness, rather, that it increases it. Did not St. Paul say: "I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulation." God is never outdone in generosity. To those who follow Him He gives the hundredfold in this life and eternal joy in the life to come.

Twenty-five postulants then knelt before the altar to make their initial promise. Their new names in religion will henceforth be:

Miss Gisele Lambert, Quebec (Sister St. Fidele); Miss Rita Granger, St. Marie Salome (Sister Marie Salome); Miss Veronique Therrien, St. Julien de Wolfestown (Sister Marie Honorius); Miss Therese Pare, St. Denis sur Richelieu (Sister St. Josaphat); Miss Denise Dieumegarde, Montreal (Sister St. Celestin); Miss Denise Leger, Hull (Sister Marie Rosalie); Miss Mariette Provencher, St. Sylvere (Sister Marie Rene); Miss Berthe Laporte, Charlemagne (Sister Gerard Majella); Miss Yvonne Juneau, St. Augustin (Sister Marie Alma); Miss Lorraine Laflamme, Willimansett, Mass. (Sister Lucien d'Antioche); Miss Blandine Masse, St. Sylvere (Sister St. Blandine); Miss Lucette Tremblay, St. Therese de Blainville (Sister St. Rodolphe); Miss Eliette Gagnon, L'Anse St. Jean (Sister Marie Elias); Miss Yolande Moquin, Chambly Bassin (Sister St. Raoul); Miss Berthe Beaumont, St. Pierre de Montmagny (Sister Marie Laure); Miss Marcelle St. Gelais, Ahuntsic (Sister St. Jean Eudes); Miss Berthe Phaneuf, La Presentation, St. Hyacinthe County (Sister St. Ladislav); Miss Ginette Gendron, St. Antoine de Richelieu (Sister St. Hermenegilde); Miss Suzanne Lachapelle, Montreal (Sister Marie Florence); Miss Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides (Sister Marie Viateur); Miss Therese Blais, Sherbrooke (Sister Marie Christine); Miss Ruth Laplante, St. Germain de Kamouraska (Sister St. Anastasie); Miss Noella Parent, St. Ambroise de Kildare (Sister St. Eleonore); Miss Gabrielle Vallee, St. Elzear de Beauce (Sister Eliane de Jesus); Miss Michelle Gravel, Limoilou (Sister St. Anicet).

After the Clothing Ceremony, nine Sisters of annual vows pledged themselves forever to the Divine Spouse of souls. They were:

Sister Lucille Marie (Lucille Talbot, Montreal); Sister Marie Anthime (Yvette Desnoyers, St. Henri de Mascouche); Sister Marie Emile (Rita Ouellette, Lewiston, Me.); Sister St. Alexis (Dolores Tremblay, Port Alfred); Sister St. Ferdinand (Lucienne Ferland, Lac Megantic); Sister Joseph Albert (Juliette Morneau, Kamouraska Moulin); Sister Rita du Sacre Coeur (Rita Ready, Montreal); Sister St. Josephine (Marie Jeanne Tanguay, La Providence, St. Hyacinthe County); Sister Marguerite de l'Enfant Jesus (Fleur Ange L'Heureux, Montreal).

In our Nominique convent, this morning, dear Sister St. Irene (Irene Hetu, Montreal) also made her Final Profession.

With the happy privileged ones of the day we worded our evening thanks to God in a fervent *Te Deum Laudamus*.

Joanna's Day



"Dear Jesus, I give You my heart. Bless me, bless my day!"



Joanna believes a little girl should make her own comfy bed.



Combing Sister's tangled locks isn't fun, but Joanna does it.



"Bless me, Jesus." Now breakfast is going to taste better!



"Bye, Mom!" And Joanna goes off to school right early.



Does a schoolmate need help? Joanna is willing to help her.



After school, Joanna gets busy with that nightmare called homework.



Supper is over, and our young friend doesn't mind doing the dishes.



Here we see her dutifully drumming at the ivory keys. Piano lesson!



Little Sister's lesson must be given too. Well done, musicians!



Mother sings a lullaby for which her daughter provides accompaniment.



After night prayers, Joanna drifts happily off to slumberland.

Your Mother

She is God's most exquisite gift to you, after the gift of His own love. Her name is tenderness, self-forgetfulness, self-devotion.

As a little child you took her for granted, as one takes for granted the air one breathes, the sunlight one drinks. But it was her joy to have you wholly hers, and to be for you nothing short of a divinity. But now you are a man: you must understand her love, you must answer more consciously to that very love of your mother's. Are you doing all that? Or are you, alas, like so many ungrateful young men, indifferent about her kindness full of concern, tired of her repeated advice, overbearing because she lacks your culture, impatient when she tries to interfere with your moral and religious life, and a cold brass wall when you see her desirous of being allowed into your secrets as she was allowed years ago?

Love your mother, venerate her, stay close beside her, give her the joy of being your confidante. Be always worthy of her and so live that she may always be proud of her son.

May the remembrance of her give you strength to overcome all difficulties; may it foster in you the respect of all that is beautiful, and pure, and delicate; may it awaken, if ever that were necessary, contrition for your misdeeds, and hope, and faith.



The Duet

of the Cross-Patch Twins

Mildred

I don' wanna' white shoes!
I don' wanna' Sunday frocks!
I don' wanna' white ribbons!
I don' wanna' comb in my locks!

Gertie

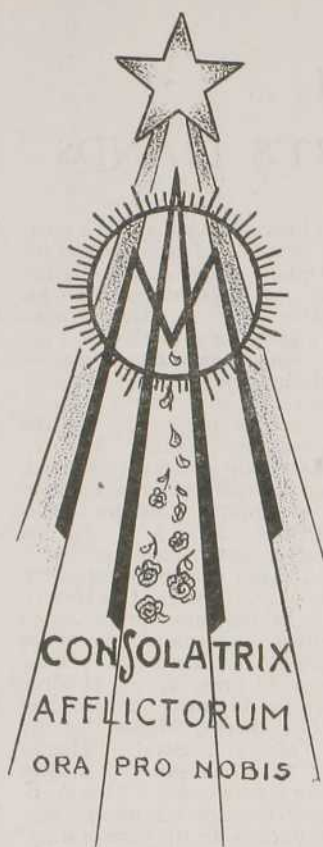
I wanna' my coveralls!
I wanna' my shovel too!
I wanna' my dog and pail —
And I don' wanna' smile—do you?



I wish to thank our kind heavenly Mother for a great favor she has granted me. Please publish in the **Precursor**. Mrs. L., **Tilbury, Ont.** — Please help me thank Our Immaculate Mother for my son's success with his seventh standard examination. J. A., **Gold Coast, West Africa.** — Thanks for a great favor received. I am praying for another favor. Anonymous, **St. Alban.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. P. D. — Sincere thanks for my cure of a heart ailment. Will you please join me in praying for the prompt settling of an important family affair. Mrs. V., **Ferme Neuve.** — Thanks to Our Lady for a favor obtained. Anonymous. — I am coming to fulfill a promise made to obtain a favor, which has been granted. Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. J. A. T., **Val Morin.** — Our Blessed Mother has helped me find a lodging. A thousand thanks to our dear Mother! Mrs. E. L., **St. Julie.** — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a cure and other favors obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. S. P., **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks for two favors received; prayers for the cure of my little son, my own cure, and grace to bring up my children well. A subscriber, **St. Jean sur le Lac.** — Please pray for my cure. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for my husband's improved health. Mrs. J. L., **Sorel.** — Thanks for a painless operation. Z. O., **Rimouski.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a conversion. Mrs. A. B.

— Sincere thanks to our heavenly Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Anonymous. — Please publish my thankfulness to Our Lady of Fatima for the cure of a leg. Mrs. P. C., **Roxton Falls.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors obtained. Mrs. I. P. — Lively thanks to our heavenly Mother for a favor. Pray for me. Anonymous. — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. F. P., **Outremont.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a favor. Mrs. J. A. T. — Thanks for favors received. Mrs. F. V., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother for the cure of an arm without any surgical intervention. A subscriber, **St. Hubert de Temiscouata.** — Homage of gratitude for favors received. O. R., **Montreal.** — Please publish my thankfulness to Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained. I am again asking the protection of the Blessed Virgin. M. H. N. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Please pray that my children will be successful. Mrs. E. C. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for the favor I have been granted. Mrs. L. P., **Montreal.** — Thanks to our dear heavenly Mother. Mrs. M. M. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. F. G., **St. Agathe.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Miss G. R., **Lachine.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my baby. Mrs. H. C., **St. Roch.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother. D. M., **St. Tite.** — Thanks to the Immaculate Conception for a favor received. Please pray for my son. Anonymous. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection, and would ask her to continue assisting us. Mrs. J. B. G. — Our best thanks to Mary for the favor she has obtained for us. M. L. P. — I have received the favor I was requesting. Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. M. B. — Grateful thanks for the success of an operation. R. A. D. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. J. P. — In acknowledgment of a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. E. L. — Thanksgiving for a cure. Mrs. R. M.

Enclosed please find a donation in thanksgiving for a favor asked from the Little Flower and granted. Mr. O'D., **Westmount.** — Many wonderful favors received from Our Lady under many titles, St. Joseph, Little Jesus, St. Anne, St. Jude, the Little Flower, St. Anthony, Blessed Martin, Brother Andrew, Bishop Mazenod, and many saints and suffering souls. Mrs. D., **Wolfe Island, Ont.** — Enclosed please find offering for Mass for the souls in Purgatory for favors received. A subscriber, **Lowell, Mass.** — Please publish my special thanks to St. Jude for favors received through his intercession. Mrs. L., **Tilbury, Ont.** — Please accept an offering for the Little Flower of Jesus for a favor asked and granted. I would like the Sisters to make a novena to St. Therese for myself. Mrs. Z., **Bristol, Conn.**



PETITIONS

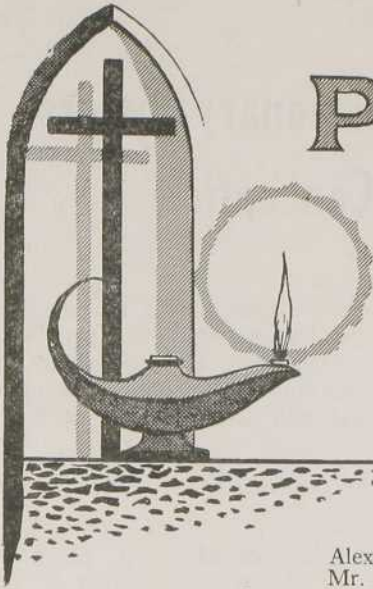
Will you have the good Sisters say a prayer for my husband for the success of his business, and for my mother to regain her health. Mrs. O. B. — Please pray for my husband that he will make his peace with Almighty God. Mrs. V. — Would you be kind enough to make a novena for my brother-in-law who is losing the sight of one eye. Also would you make a novena for my father-in-law who is having a second operation for cancer in about ten days. Mrs. L'E., **Montreal**. — I would ask your prayers for my son who is in the Jesuit Order and who is now taking his Theology, that he may have success; also for my youngest son that he may find his true vocation, and for my husband and myself. Mrs. T., **Montreal**. — Please make a novena for my intentions. Mrs. D., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my daughter's happiness. Mrs. A., **Montreal**. — Please pray for our little boy so he will not change his mind about becoming a priest. Mrs. E. H., **Montreal**. — Please join me in my plea to Mary that I may find employment. Mr. J. O'B., **Cote des Neiges**. — Kindly remember me in your prayers so that God in His mercy will cure me, so I will be able to go to church as I miss the Mass so much. Mrs. T. F., **Outremont**. — Please continue to pray for me. K. H., **Verdun**. — Will you please ask your good Sisters to remember us in prayer; pray for my sister's health and mine, also for my sister's boy. Mrs. M. L., **Verdun**. — I am making a novena to Our Lady of the Rosary. Would you please ask in your prayers for a special favor and the right decision to make. Mrs. B., **Granby**. — Please continue your prayers for my intention. Mrs. D. A., **La-prairie**. — Please pray for us for better health and success; also for the conversion of some dear ones. Mrs. X., **St. Leon de Chicoutimi**. — Will you please help me make a novena to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception for my young daughter who is keeping company with a non-Catholic, that she gives him up or that he be converted to the Catholic Faith. Mrs. X., **Amherst, N.S.** — Please remember my two

girls and myself for courage and health; cure for my girl; financial help; many other favors needed. Mrs. A. D., **Ontario**. — Please make another novena to the Blessed Virgin that my husband will keep away from hotels and drinking and be a more home-loving father and husband. Mrs. L. — Will you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for my intention. R. C., **Caribou, Me.** — Please pray for my son. Mrs. P., **Methuen, Mass.** — Will you kindly pray and make a novena for two special favors: the cure of a bad case of neuritis and the breaking of a bad habit. A subscriber, **Lowell, Mass.** — Please pray for my husband who has been sick so long with a stomach ailment. Mrs. L., **Lawrence, Mass.** — I am asking you to make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for another favor so that something would come up that we may be able to pay our debts. Mrs. T., **Swanton, Vt.** — Please pray for a Catholic friend of mine who is keeping company with a divorced woman; also that I will get my job back that I lost. Miss K., **Vermont**. — Please remember us in your prayers for health and help in our little business. Mrs. S., **Norwich, Conn.** — Please pray for me sometime. M. R. R., **Norwich, Conn.** — I need your help again. Please pray for me. Mrs. L. F., **New Haven, Conn.** — Will you please join me in prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary for my son. Mrs. DeS., **Milwaukee, Wisc.** — Will you kindly have prayers offered for a very special favor which I have been praying for a long time: for my present difficulties and affliction and remedy my distress. Please pray for my son that he may find work. Other intentions are recommended. J. A., **Gold Coast, West Africa**.

GENERAL PETITIONS

I am still suffering from a very nervous experience. I promised if God would give me strength to take me out of it, I would take the Precursor for life. A. C. — Would you please pray to the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Holy Rosary, and to St. Therese, the Little Flower, that my husband may receive the promotion he has been wanting. B. D. — Please pray for my son who is in service. Enclosed is offering in honor of Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and Brother Andrew. L. DeS., **Wisconsin**. — Will you please make a novena to St. Anne and St. Therese that the pain in my head and the side of my face be cured. Mrs. Z., **Bristol, Conn.** — Will you please say a novena to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony for six special favors I ask. A subscriber.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 13; vocations, 10; cures, 53; employment, 7; special intentions, 70.



PAX IN DEO

(From notifications received before March 15)

Our Sisters St. Cecillienne (Cecile Forest, **Three Rivers**) and Therese du Carmel (Therese Lanctot, **Montreal**); Mr. Romeo Giguere, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Marie Gabriel; Mr. Maxime Caron, **Tourville**, father of our Sister St. Clement; His Worship Mayor J. Beaubien, **Outremont**; Mrs. John Breslin, Mrs. Georges Trott, Mrs.

Alexis Martin, Miss Margaret Ryan, Mr. Albert Gauthier, Mr. Henri Brisebois, **Montreal**; Mrs. Ed. Flynn; Mr. Geo. Casey, Sr.; Mrs. G. Chenier, Mrs. Normand Girard, Mr. Jean Moreau, Mr. J. E. Myrand, Mr. Frederic Lavigne, Mr. J. H. Laberge, Mrs. Amelia Sirois, Mr. Jos. Thouin, Mr. George Brunelle, Mrs. Cleophas Gendreau, Mr. Joachim Laperriere, Mr. Ulysse Dansereau, Mr. Edgard Thibodeau, Mr. Dominique Gauvin, Miss Jeanne Constantin, Mrs. Romeo Gauvreau, Mr. Agapit Quevillon, Mrs. Louis Clermont, Mrs. Thos. Goyer, **Montreal**; Mr. Alb. LeCavalier, **Lachine**; Mr. P. E. Brousseau, **Montreal North**; Mr. Louis Champagne, **St. Therese de Blainville**; Mrs. Amedee McNeil, **Napierville**; Mrs. Ed. Laframboise, **Dorval**; Miss Germaine Lemire, Mr. Gustave Lemire, **L'Assomption**; Miss Rejeanne Leger, **Choisy**; Mrs. Jerome Gauthier, **Huberdeau**; Mr. Eugene Guay, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mr. Art. Therriault, **Sherbrooke**; Mrs. J. Racicot, **St. Damase de St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Marin, **St. Simon**; Mrs. J. B. Dube, **Granby**; Mr. Art. Menard, **St. Marcel**; Mrs. Alph. Lapointe, **St. Hilaire**; Mrs. Joseph Pilon, **Lanoraie**; Mrs. Art. Tucket, **Sorel**; Mr. Louis Boucher, **St. Felix**; Mr. Jos. Ed. Lacombe, **Maskinongé**; Mr. Donat Carle, **Grand'Mère**; Mrs. Hermenegilde Gelinas, **Charette**; Mrs. Philippe Gagnon, **St. Prosper, Champlain Co.**; Mr. Victor Costello, Mrs. R. Lapointe, Mr. Louis Robitaille, Mr. Cyrias Leclerc, Mr. Alph. Coulombe, **Quebec**; Mrs. Adelard Lapiere, **Breakeyville**; Mr. Alfred Gagne, Mrs. Nap. Jobin, **Thetford Mines**; Mr. Charles Landry, **St. Marie de Beauce**; Mrs. Damase Baillargeon, **St. Claire de Dorchester**; Mr. Evangeliste Lessard, **St. Evariste Station**; Mr. Joseph L'Ecuyer, **St. Alban**; Mr. Pierre Ouelon, **St. Andre de Matapedia**; Mr. Jean Bernard, **Anse au Griffon**; Miss Angelina Beaulieu, **Riviere Ouelle**; Mrs. Ephrem Ouellet, **St. Simon**; Mr. Ivanhoe Darisse, **St. Andre de Kamouraska**; Mrs. Hermas Morel, **B. P. Couturier**; Mr. Jean Rioux, Mr. Jean Deschenes, **St. Jean de Dieu**; Mr. Alph. Malenfant, **St. Hubert, Riviere du Loup Co.**; Mr. Onesime Morin, Miss Beatrix Morin, **Roberval**; Mrs. Johnny Blackburn, **Grande Baie**; Mrs. Pitre Boudreault, Mrs. Eddy Martin, Mr. Bertrand Harvey, Mr. Alb. Tremblay, Mrs. Antonio Bouchard, Mr. Achille Potvin, Mr. Alf. Page, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. W. Paradis, **Arvida**; Mr. Alfred Harvey, **Cap à la Branche**; Mr. P. E. Laplante, Mrs. Jos. Girard, **St. Gedeon**; Mrs. Ernest Tremblay, **Sacre Coeur**; Mr. Etienne Tremblay, **St. Felicien**; Mrs. Emile Gosselin, **Armagh**; Mr. Raoul Drolet, **Dolbeau**; Mrs. Jos. Thauvette, **Dalkeith, Ont.**; Mrs. Jos. Lafrance, **Hawkesbury, Ont.**; Mr. Ph. Sauve, **Tilbury, Ont.**; Mr. Camille Gour, **Chatham, Ont.**; Mr. A. Toulouse, **Grande Pointe, Ont.**; Mrs. Z. Gagner, **Pain Court, Ont.**; Mr. Conrad Gregoire, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Samuel Daoust, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Raymond Bernier, **South Bellingham, Mass.**; Mrs. A. Plourde, **Frenchville, Me.**; Mrs. E. Pontbriand, **Biddeford, Me.**

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

Missionaries do not have to waste any time worrying about the advisability or otherwise of the work of the foreign missions. As far as we are concerned the issue was settled 1,900 years ago. It is for us no longer an open question. It was decided by One Who said: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath

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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UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 187 Pleasant St.

Closed retreats for women and girls. Mission workroom.

(Founded in 1946)

CHINA

CANTON, 135 Tai Sun Road

(Founded in 1909)

School. Orphanage. Foundling Home.
Workrooms. Clinic. Closed retreats.

TO KOM HANT, Postal address:

135 Tai Sun Road, Canton

(Founded in 1933)

Foundling Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN, Canton, 26 Chu Kong Road

(Founded in 1917)

St. Therese of the Child Jesus School.
Courses in Christian doctrine and special
courses for adults.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton

(Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium. Clinic.

KOWLOON,

103 Austin Road, Hong Kong

(Founded in 1927)

Procure. School.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Clinic.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1927)

Clinic.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1933)

Clinic.

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.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 1111 Narra St.

(Founded in 1921)

Anglo-Chinese school.

LAS PINAS, Rizal

(Founded in 1946)

School.

MANILA, Gagalangin,

Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo

(Founded in 1946)

School.

MATI, Davao

(Founded in 1947)

School. Boarding School. Training of
catechists. Clinic.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti

(Founded in 1943)

Clinic. School. Workroom. Refuge for
old people.

PORT SALUT, Haiti

(Founded in 1947)

Clinic. School.

LES COTEAUX, Haiti

(Founded in 1944)

Clinic. School.

MERCEDES,

Province of Matanzas, Cuba

School. (Founded in 1948)

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti

(Founded in 1945)

Clinic. School.

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.