

The Precursor



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Montreal, July-August 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.

The Precursor

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Contents

<i>Our Lady's Assumption.</i>	Donald Stephen MacDonald	184
<i>Buccaneer of Christ.</i>		185
<i>The Plea of Mizu.</i>	The Catholic Hawaii Herald	189
<i>God Guards His Missionaries.</i>	Bishop J. L. A. Lapierre	191
<i>The Pope's Prayer for the Holy Year.</i>		192
<i>Jennie Gets It Off Her Mind.</i>		193
<i>Mission Intention for July</i>	Most Rev. T. J. McDonnell, D.D.	195
<i>My Mission.</i>	A Sister, Shek Lung, China	196
<i>Mission Mailbag.</i>		197
<i>A Conversion At the Movies (Canton, China)</i>		200
<i>Our Tsungming Mission, China.</i>		207
<i>Soul-Baiting in Sukagawa.</i>	A Sister, Koriyama, Japan	210
<i>Three Little Shepherds.</i>		214
<i>Adversity Comes to William (Chinese Mission, Manila).</i>		216
<i>Unforgettable Day at Immaculate Conception Academy, Manila.</i>		219
<i>Life Goes on at Las Pinas, Rizal.</i>		223
<i>Wedding Bells in Haiti.</i>	A Sister, Haiti	229
<i>Crusaders of Roche-A-Bateau.</i>		230
<i>St. Joseph's Feastday in Marti, Cuba.</i>		233
<i>Catholic News Briefs.</i>		235
<i>The Martyr of Futuna.</i>	Florence Gilmore	236
<i>Novitiate Doings.</i>		238
<i>Rays From Mary's Hands — Petitions — Our Dear Departed.</i>		241

COVER PHOTO : To the Japanese soul the cherry trees in full bloom
speak of fortitude, and courage, and kindliness.



Our Lady's Assumption

*Earth's sojourn soft-severed, and soon with thy Son —
Borne Homeward by Angels—Assumption's Blest One!
Thy form, fair and fragrant, is wafted Above
Immaculate in beauty to litanies of love.*

*O Person Most Spotless — so sinless from birth —
Art shielded and saved from defilement of earth ;
Resplendent in glory, to paeans of song,
Transported in triumph by Heaven's bright throng!*

*O Vision the fairest, Earth's orb e'er hath seen,
Now reignest so regal, so gracious, our Queen ;
Thy word, or thy wish, at the instant obeyed
As tender thank-token, thou humble Handmaid!*

*O cherished Co-agent, how poignant thine heart
In unison throbbed in Redemption's grim part ;
Became, there, our Mother, to whom we may go —
Can wing thee our yearnings, our worries, our woe!*

*Then, Mary our Mother, assist us to rise
To Heaven's bright Portals where Day never dies ;
Feast onward Forever on blisses so rare
Where naught can diminish, imperil, impair!*

*Kind gain us the graces to conquer each sin —
Thus merit God's guerdon — our Heaven to win ;
From pitfalls that wait, to entrap and ensnare,
O Mary, our Mother, we crave for thy care!*

RONALD STEPHEN MACDONALD



Buccaneer of Christ

QUADRICENTENNIAL OF XAVIER'S ARRIVAL IN JAPAN

Some have called him "A Saint in a Hurry." The title suits him to perfection. It took him only forty-six years to make the heavenly grade. Now, as he looks down from celestial portals at all the celebrations in commemoration of the fourth centenary of his arrival in the Land of the Rising Sun, may we not imagine hearing him extolling before the angels the glory of his people: "The Japanese Christians are my delight"?

When in the full bloom of his young prime that black-cassocked foreigner stepped off a Chinese pirate junk one August day of 1549, the Japanese must have wondered why he was coming to them. But Xavier, for it was he, knew what he was about. The University of Paris graduate was a conqueror at heart; having himself been conquered by Loyola, the Captain of Pamplona, he in turn would conquer Japan, even if it cost him the red coin of his own blood. Japan he would lay at the feet of his God, even if his own life he had to lay down in the strenuous campaign.

Xavier knew his Gospel. Christ had commissioned the Twelve and those to come after the Twelve to preach the Truth to every nation. Personally, he had set his heart on the Far East; the lure of the Indies was tingling in his veins. Seven years already he had been doing some hook-and-line fishing for souls among the turbaned natives of India.

One day a Japanese came up to him with his worries. Would the missionary priest kindly give him a spiritual uplift so that he might turn over a new leaf and start on a record clear? The onetime brilliant lecturer of philosophy refrained from lecturing, for an interior voice told him that here was a prodigal son he could mould into a precious right-hand man for the missions to be. Xavier fingered the mop of luxuriant black hair tumbling across his brow. He looked that prodigal straight in the eyes.

"I'll send you to Goa, if you wish."

So Anjiro went to Goa. There the grace which had transformed Saul to Paul changed the alleged murderer into a fervent catechumen. He was baptized Paul in honor of the Apostle of the gentiles, who had been knocked off his horse on his conversion day.

Xavier had always loved Japan, but his dark, expressive face lit up with emotion at Paul's glowing accounts of a people "morally and culturally mature to appreciate the high ideals of the Christian Church." People returning from Japan, too, told him he would be able to work on a bigger and better scale there. Paul was not remiss in pressing his point; he wanted to persuade his kinsfolk to say goodbye to their myriad deities in the Japanese pantheon.

Paul had his way. In June of 1549 he left Malacca with Padre Francisco, Cosme de Torrez, and John Fernandez. During the latter part of the journey they encountered heavy seas, but at last the Chinese junk, after a record slow voyage, tied up at the port of Kagoshima. Paul was home. It was the feast of the Assumption.

The local Daimyo, Shimazu, received them in friendly fashion, and so did his subjects, wondering as to the reason of the coming of those monks from Portugal. Xavier was allowed to preach on the streets of Kagoshima, where, it is said, the tonsure he wore attracted a great deal of attention. Crowds attended him everywhere. No one objected to Paul's sudden religious turn of mind; indeed, all had the deepest respect for him. The lord of the province was delighted to see him back, and plied him with endless questions on the customs, military daring, and riches of the Portuguese. But other questions he did not ask, so Paul gave the answers uninvited. He showed the king a treasured keepsake of the Blessed Mother and her divine Son. The lord of Satsuma, recovering from his astonishment, venerated the image on bended knee, and commanded the others to follow his example.

The king's mother, too, fell in love with the holy picture; at any cost, she must have one like it. Much to his regret, Xavier had to refuse her request, as means were too slender just then. But the buccaneers for Christ had started something; soon the queen mother asked them for a written account of the articles of the Roman Church. Paul got out his paper and in his native tongue wrote a lengthy explanation of the mysteries and practices of the true religion.

Yes, the alert priestly figure in the black soutane had his hands full from the beginning. Japan was ready for the message of the Gospel he had to give. Here was treasure trove for the ambition freebooter.

In letters of his he deplored that he did not possess the gift of tongues. "If we had mastered the Japanese tongue, by now we should have garnered in an abundant harvest of souls."

With his usual energy and enthusiasm he attacked the language stumbling block. The Holy Spirit must have had a hand in it, so rapidly he became

proficient in the tongue of the people he wanted to convert. Within forty days he was able to translate the *Explanation of the Apostles' Creed*, a compendium of Christian doctrine from his own pen.

Meantime Paul, like his namesake of Damascus, preached Christ in season and out of season, winning all his relatives and countless others, and leading them to his master to be baptized.

Presently Xavier called on the lord of Kagoshima, who expressed wonder that a man should thus come from half a world away to preach without any human interest prodding him on. "Keep the doctrine," he told the dauntless Companion of Jesus. "I authorize you to preach it to my people and permit all my subjects to embrace that creed."

Blessed by some, cursed by others, and simply ignored by still others, Xavier had before long talked one hundred Japanese into accepting the Treasure he had to give. But, as Herod once decreed the death of Jesus, so now the enemies of the Christian name, the Buddhist monks, unleashed a violent persecution against the son of Ignatius. Then God had His say; God's arm, never shortened, worked miracles through Xavier, thereby setting the seal of approval upon his teaching and confounding his persecutors.

Thus, it is related that death had claimed the daughter of a pagan, whose anguish it was a pity to see. Christians who visited him urged him to have recourse to the wonder-worker they knew so well. As a last resource the bereaved parent threw himself down at the priest's feet, begging that his daughter be restored to life again. One moment Xavier and John Fernandez implored the mercy of the God of Love. Then, turning to the afflicted man still on his knees, "Go your way," spoke Xavier reassuringly. "Your daughter is alive."

But the pagan would not be so easily convinced.

"This gentleman must be trying to dupe me," he muttered under his breath.

Sad at heart he was turning on his heels when servants ran up to him, assuring him his daughter was alive and well. Why, there was the dear little one in person! Before the astonished gathering she made it known that, immediately after her death, two horrible-looking devils had dragged her into hell, where she would have stayed forever, had not two venerable men come to her rescue and led her out. The pagan father, overjoyed, knelt at Xavier's feet again to speak his thanks; while the girl, recognizing her saviors in John Fernandez and his companion, also voiced her gratefulness and asked them to baptize her father and herself.

As the days wore, the enraged bonzes wheedled the king into changing his attitude toward those foreigners and forbidding them to open their mouths on matters religious. Leaving Paul at that first beachhead of Kagoshima, they headed for Hirado, where they were welcomed with a salute of guns. There also souls would be Xavier's trafficking; within three weeks one hundred had been baptized. Entrusting the new mission to Father de Torrez, Xavier went along, still plundering for spiritual booty,

as far as Yamaguchi. He told the Daimyo he was bringing the Word of God, which he and his subjects must accept in order to obtain life everlasting. The Daimyo was impressed and agreed to listen to a reading of Scripture. "When they came to a passage on Sodom and Gomorrah," says a Japanese writer, "the Daimyo is alleged to have been visibly embarrassed." Perhaps that passage censored too openly the far-from-exemplary morals of his people. At any rate, not much could be done there, but at least the missionary established a basis for future work. In later years it was seen "he had builded better than he knew."

Around Christmas of 1550, Xavier packed up and went to Kyoto. In that centre of Buddhistic learning he preached whenever anyone would lend a listening ear. There, too, the "success of failure" soon became apparent; the grace of God pierced the wall built against Him. A few years later, Christ was known and loved in Kyoto.

Back in Yamaguchi, Xavier obtained permission from the king to stake his tent where the monks used to live. People flocked to hear him. In January, 1552 he wrote:

My hair is white now, but I am still strong, as strong as I ever was. The efforts we put forth for the conversion of a highly intelligent people bring us great consolations. When the king allowed us to preach the Gospel in Yamaguchi, crowds gathered around us, so that there I tasted fruits of life more delicious than at any other time. I could see the minds of the bonzes lowered before God by means of our ministry, and the most signal of victories won over those dread foes of ours. I admired the joy of our neophytes at the bonzes' defeat, their ardent zeal to declare war on the pagans or bring them to the true Faith, and finally their triumph in victory and their accounts of their conquests, of the ruin and overthrow of pagan superstitious beliefs. And these consolations of the soul are so pure, so exquisite, and so constant, that they take from me all sense of my corporal sufferings. Would to God that these divine consolations, effects of grace and alleviation to our labors, could be disclosed not only to the ears but also the hearts of those who abound in learning in our European academies! How many of those young men devoted to study would turn their zeal and knowledge toward the conversion of the heathen, after having known the heavenly sweetness that follows from so holy an occupation! If the world knew how the souls of the Japanese are auspiciously disposed to receive the seed of the Gospel, how many learned men would close their books, how many canons, priests, and prelates would not hesitate to set sail for Japan!

Xavier, rock of courage, buccaneer of Christ, was always cruising the deep for heavenly spoil; in the space of two months he enriched the Church by five hundred converts in Yamaguchi. In spare moments he preached to the Chinese merchants who traded there. The prince, however, had always held out; docile to the tattletale bonzes, he began to persecute the Christians. How well Xavier had done his work was proved by the fact that the persecuted neophytes remained faithful through thick and thin, and were still found faithful after twenty-five years they lived without a father in Christ to comfort them.

The Xaverian flame had also been lighted in Funai, on the island of Bungo. However, there as elsewhere, Xavier had probably been asked many a time, "How can this be the true religion when the Chinese have never heard of it?" That searing query determined him, an undernourished,

fever-ridden, broken man, with only the citadel of his warm, pulsating heart unconquered, to win China the Impregnable to Christ.

Accordingly he set out for China. In a little grass hut on the lonely rock of Sancian, off Canton, counter orders reached the hardy adventurer from the Great Headquarters.

"Give up your dreams, son, and die the good death."

The tiny candle sputtered out; the cross slipped from his fingers. That night the Basque soldier, conquering not China but himself, accepted to step forward to render his accounting. There was no Red Badge of Martyrdom for him; unwept, unsung, he slipped away to God in the dead of night, passing on to others the fulfillment of his dreams.

What glorious plunder he had plucked in Japan! Other Jesuits widened and lengthened the beachheads gained. Feudal lords capitulated to the yoke of Jesus Christ. When the Shogun Iemitsu declared Japan forbidden to foreigners, in 1640, his country already numbered nearly one million Christians, and had so far given thousands of martyrs to Heaven. Then followed the grim isolation of Japan throughout two centuries, but still the Christians kept the treasure of Faith intact. It is true that today Japanese Catholics are only 119,707 on a total population of 80,000,000. Mindful of the words of St. Francis Xavier, "Millions of idolaters might be easily converted, if there were more preachers," let us pray that Christ's modern buccaneers may be legion in Japan, and that soon, in the magic beauty of cherry blossom time, armies of loyal Christian *samurai* may adore God, and Jesus Christ His Son, whom He has sent for our Redemption.



The Plea of Mizu

A REMARKABLE STORY FROM JAPAN

HIMEJI, Japan (NC) — A unique request to bring the faith to a Japanese town in the Hyogo prefecture has been received by the Immaculate Heart of Mary missionaries here. The request was made in a letter signed by the mayor, the first alderman and a prominent businessman of Mizu, a town of 9,000 people and without a single Catholic.

The letter pleaded for priests and Sisters because the citizens of that town, it stated, are convinced that "the Catholic Church alone holds the key to social peace and happiness." The officials promise to provide the priests with a church and rectory and a site that is the "best place in town" and offer a large apartment house as a convent for the nuns.

While the Catholic mission here has only ten priests, with most of them newcomers to Japan and only one able to speak Japanese fluently at present, the Rev. Joseph Spae, I.H.M., superior of the mission, said that the request of the Mizu people would be granted.

"Our town wishes to initiate a movement," the letter stated, "which we believe will lead towards a better place for us to live in and towards a better world. While there are no Catholics in this town, we have come to the conclusion that the Cath-

olic Church alone holds the key to social peace and happiness. Some of us have seen the self-sacrificing life of your missionaries in China and the care you take of orphans, old people and all destitute persons.

"We, the mayor and aldermen of this town, with the exception of the one communist council member, have unanimously decided to invite your collaboration to make our town a true Catholic center from which truth and happiness will radiate many miles around. We do not know how to accomplish this purpose, but we do know that we want it and are willing to force you, as it were, by the earnestness of our appeal to accept our invitation. We do not think you can refuse.

"Without wishing to vaunt our town above other communities, we like to point out that it is situated along the Inland Sea at a most scenic spot, which before long may become a national park. Our people are mostly farmers, devoted to their families and their land. But they need guidance and instruction if they are to improve themselves and the productivity of their fields.

"This place has since times immemorial been spared from earthquakes and floods. But worse than these, we now fear the confusion, which, since the end of the war, has crept into our minds. We believe that life should have a higher purpose than that of this earth. We have until now been able to stem the tide of civil strife at our very doors, but in the neighboring cities, communism, which seeks to destroy our country and our homes and our fields, is rearing its ugly head.

"Lest you should mistake this desire of ours as a mere flight of fancy, we have decided in plenary session of the town's people upon the following measures:

"1 — We shall purchase and donate to the Catholic Church a government-owned property of 55 hectares (about 150 acres) along the shore of the Inland Sea. This property has a private beach and we think it is the best place in town.

"2 — The town shall transfer to the Catholic Church ownership of two hectares (five acres) of rice fields now owned by the town people; also a public hall and adjacent house which could be used as church and rectory.

"3 — The first alderman shall donate to you two small houses and put at your disposal a large apartment house which could be used as a convent by the Sisters.

"4 — The township shall landscape the aforementioned terrain for building purposes, and collaborate in every way to make your stay with us a happy one.

"5 — The township shall extend a highway to the aforementioned place . . .

"In exchange for these sacrifices, we ask you to give us the full collaboration of the Catholic Church, represented by your mission society in the sector of Japan. We want to make of this town a center of Catholic life and activities. What Ise has become to Shinto, Kyoto to Buddhism, we would like Mizu to become to Catholicism.

"We beg you to send us Sisters to instruct our children. There is no high school or college in this sector. Our children get up at four o'clock in the morning to go to school. But over and above a school where they learn merely worldly wisdom, we wish them to be brought up in an atmosphere of love and concern for their neighbors. Therefore, we invite you to start a girls' center which, we hope, will become a general education center and the hub of social and welfare activities.

"We earnestly hope that you shall accede to our request. Perhaps we are the first town in Japan to address ourselves to the Catholic Church in this way. We feel proud of it. For we want our town to be a beacon not only for ships on the sea lanes, but also for travelers on the road of life. We shall have everything ready for you and the Sisters by the spring of next year. Come and stay with us."

The Hawaii Catholic Herald

God Guards His Missionaries

Excerpts From a Letter Written by Bishop J.L.A. Lapierre, of Szepingkai, Manchuria, to Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary.

Szepingkai, Catholic Mission, April 1, 1949

Monsignor,

It is nearly fifteen months since I was last able to write to Canada. We are told that communications are now open with Canada; although I have my doubts, I am losing no time in giving you the news.

I have been at the Catholic mission of Szepingkai since March 21, 1948. The last engagement here was fought in the night from March 12 to 13, 1948; the nine days following we did some journeying and then some sojourning in a building occupied by prisoners. With me were Father L. Pilon, C.S.V., Brother G. Pineault, Brother Bourgault, and Father Jos. Guntern, Swiss Missionary of Bethlehem. At the Catholic mission we met the young Fathers Paul Tchao and Andrew Han; the native Sisters were dispersed. At present the following priests are stationed here: Fathers Caouette, Pilon, Paul Ting, Paul Tchao, and Andrew Han, the last three being Chinese. Since December last, Father Jos. Guntern is giving spiritual help in Pamientcheng.

Three Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have been in Szepingkai since the last days of October. They are: Sister Marie des Cinq Plaies(1), Sister St. Emerentienne(2), and Sister Marie de la Charite(3). By mid-November we had our permit to run the dispensary. Things crawled along at first, but at present patients are swarming and home visits are many. Sister St. Emerentienne has no leisure moments. The native Sisters, who had to break up community life, at least those in Szepingkai, are gradually gathering together again.

In Paitechentze, where are stationed Fathers Laurent Beaudoin, P. E. Lachapelle, and Lucien Lafond, four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Sister Marie du Perpetuel Secours(4), Sister Marie Emmanuel(5), Sister St. Elisabeth(6), and Sister St. Pierre de la Croix(7), are operating an ever busy dispensary that is a real blessing for all. There are also three native Sisters.

In Leaoyuan, with Fathers Ant. Bonin and Sylvester Wong, are four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception: Sister Marie Josephine(8), Sister St. Rosalie(9), Sister Marie Mediatrix(10), and Sister St. Bernardin de Sienne(11). It is also reported that the dispensary is kept in full activity all of the time, and a few orphans and crippled people are said to be harbored by the missionaries.

Father Quenneville is in Tungleao since December. He has obtained permission to open the dispensary. Two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are ready to accept the management, but travel is difficult on account of the permits that are so long in coming. The native virgin Ts'ien Agnes is also in Tungleao.

How are we all? The Fathers and Sisters are in good health, it may be said. We have had to suffer, but it was not so bad as you were told. If we are not rich, neither have we suffered from hunger, although we have had to reduce on our meals.

1. Blanche DION, Montreal.
2. Marie Berthe FLEURENT, St. Germain de Grantham.
3. Corinne BOURASSA, St. Barnabe.
4. Florine MORIN, Montreal.
5. Berthe CREVIER, St. Anne de Bellevue.
6. Blanche MENARD, St. Elisabeth, Joliette County.
7. Sidonia ROUSSEL, Montreal.
8. Eliane GRAVEL, St. Prosper de Champlain.
9. Ursule CHARETTE, Three Rivers.
10. Aline MALOUIN, Quebec.
11. Antoinette FOISY, Waterloo.

What we could complain most about is clothing. We have no more decent cassocks; I have lost all of mine; at present we have only our underwear and it is getting quite ragged. It has been impossible to procure more suitable clothes. We had lost our blankets, those of the convent and orphanage; so was it with the clothing, bed-clothes, food, furnishings, and so on. In spite of it, Providence has helped us all the time. We have had the necessities of life and nobody feels sorry about anything. I was ill with Manchurian fever last year and had several malaria attacks since. In spite of inevitable fatigue, I am still relatively well, considering my age; I shall soon be sixty-nine. Malaria it is that saps my strength the most.

I have just received your letter of March 14. Thank you for the news. I am ignorant of nearly everything that has been happening in Canada. No papers nor letters have we. We are very anxious to welcome missionaries — veterans or beginners. Our trust is in God's Providence. Pretty soon a dire need of missionaries will be felt in Manchuria.

† LOUIS LAPIERRE, *Bishop of Szepinghai*

The Pope's Prayer for the Holy Year

The *Osservatore Romano* of January 1, 1949 published the text of the prayer composed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII for the Holy Year. An English translation follows:

Almighty and Eternal God, with our whole soul we thank Thee for the great gift of the Holy Year.

Heavenly Father, Thou who seest all things, Who searchest and dost guide the hearts of men, make them responsive, in this time of grace and salvation, to the voice of Thy Son.

May the Holy Year be for all men a year of purification and sanctification, of interior life and reparation, the year of the great return and of the great pardon.

Bestow on those who are suffering persecution for the Faith, Thy spirit of fortitude, to unite them inseparably with Christ and His Church.

Protect, O Lord, the Vicar of Thy Son on earth together with all bishops, priests, religious, and all the faithful. Vouchsafe that all, both priests and laity, the young, the mature, and the old, intimately in thought and affection, may become as a solid rock, against which the fury of Thy enemies will break in vain.

May Thy grace enkindle in all men love for the many unfortunate people, whom poverty and misery reduce to a condition of life unworthy of human beings.

Arouse in the hearts of those who call Thee "Father" a hunger and thirst for social justice and for fraternal charity in deeds and in truth.

"Grant, O Lord, peace in our days" — peace to souls, peace to families, peace to our country, peace among nations . . . May the rainbow of peace cover with the sweep of its serene light the Land sanctified by the life and passion of Thy Divine Son.

God of all consolation! Deep is our misery, grave are our faults, countless our needs . . . But greater still is our trust in Thee. Conscious of our unworthiness, we lovingly place our lot in Thy hands, uniting our prayers to the intercession and the merits of the most glorious Virgin Mary and all the Saints.

Grant to the sick, resignation and health; to young men, the strength that is born of faith; to young girls, the gift of purity; to fathers, prosperity and holiness in their families; to mothers, success in their mission of rearing their children; to orphans, affectionate protection; to the refugees and prisoners, their fatherland, and to all men Thy grace, in preparation and in pledge of the unending happiness of heaven. Amen.

PIUS PP XII

His Excellency Archbishop Valerio Valeri, president of the Central Committee for the Holy Year, in an editorial published in the *Osservatore Romano*, warmly recommends to the faithful this efficacious prayer, in union with the Father of Christendom. *La Croix*, France's great national paper, says in commenting the prayer, "Catholics of France and of the whole world will be happy to recite this ardent prayer sprung from the heart and the pen of His Holiness Pope Pius XII."



Jennie Gets It Off Her Mind

"August is laughing across the sky..." Jennie stopped short, as if shears had clipped the next line of that favorite poetic gem of schooldays. Ten times that afternoon, while out canoeing with her sister, she had started to say things, and just as abruptly switched the conversation off to something else.

"Let's call it a stop, Ella," she suddenly shifted from that poetic blackout.

"As you like it," rejoined Ella, quoting Shakespeare; then, more scripturally, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

"Sometimes you shame me down to my bootstraps," returned Jennie, tossing a pair of meddlesome brown locks out of eyes' way. "Always at my orders as if I were the Queen of Sheba and you my maid-servant."

"The honor is mine, noble dame!" smiled Ella. "I'm basking in your reflected glory."

"No fooling, please. I'm more serious than the prophet who sang the 'Jerusalem blues,' as the Trappist puts it — or is it the Jesuit? Anyway, the point is, I've got something on my mind."

"A respectable place for things, if you don't let them rust there!" philosophized Ella, her eyes alight with eagerness.

"How am I going to say it?" blurted her younger sister.

"Let me inside your mental machine and I'll put the lights on," laughed Ella, thoroughly convinced she had a queer bird holding the oar that afternoon.

Jennie gulped twice and put a stickily damp ringlet in place. "It's about being a nun."

"A Reverend Mother? A while ago you were Queen of Sheba! What'll it be next, Your Majesty?" teased her big sister, raising her eyebrows in question.

"Have you any objections to my entering the convent?" came Jennie's question sharp as a needle point.

"Indeed, and if I may express my humble protestations, you might dismiss the project for another three or four years."

"Want me to be all wrinkled and fortyish for vow day?" inquired Jennie, digging the toe of her foot into the bottom of the canoe.

"Hardly," answered her sister, with an amused twinkle in her eye, "but you've still miles to go before your fortieth birthday. Why give up your thrilling, exciting, fun-packed twenties?"

"Give *up*. Yes, that's how I see it. Give them *up* to God because He is asking me."

"But surprises of this sort nearly knock me dead," Ella protested mildly.

"Just as I expected. There has never been much of a nun in me. My knees are always more impressionable than my heart and soul when it's time to pray. Anyway, before you drop dead and your bones begin to dry up, here's another. I don't want to be just a Sister, period. It's a missionary Sister —"

"Because the pagans can't get along without you?"

"Put it the other way. They can't get along without God, and I'd be a link in the chain that would bind them to Him."

"But, Miss Beethoven, will that music diploma of yours find the wastebasket?"

"Over my dead body, perhaps," replied Jennie humorously.

"So you believe that every now and then the white-robed jungle nuns ring the bell for a grand concert, and day in and day out give piano and violin lessons?"

"My notions were like yours, about as clear as a thick London fog," returned the Sister-to-be. "But luckily Father Donald got me thinking straight. He says that missionary Communities have a crying need of girls with no vacuum space in their head. Talented, capable, clever —"

"I don't quite understand."

"You will," promised the ever patient Jennie, "if you only follow. Some missionary Sisters take care of the children in nurseries and baptize them; others in hospitals and old folks' homes brighten the last days of the dying, and give a smile to those fighting a winning battle with death; others, too, round up lost lambs for the heavenly sheepfold; the teachers, whether B.A.'s or not, spread the Glad Message via the schoolhouse. Father says that after a year or two of music lessons, some pagan girls ask to be taught the Catholic doctrine, and find their way to the baptismal font," finished the future Reverend Sister with all the enthusiasm at her command.

"Ow! Scales are falling off my eyes as off St. Paul's! I didn't think it was like that." There was more of seriousness than of amusement in Ella's tone.

"Here's another argument in my favor," continued the irrepressible Jennie. "Peoples of mission lands are, generally speaking, music fiends."

"You win," admitted Ella. "Everything's in your favor and, what's more, you've got the enthusiasm that can shake the world on its foundations."

"Well, honestly, I do feel shaky myself when I think of bringing up the matter with Dad and Mom."

"Stand firm in your boots, then, if that's all that worries you," answered Ella. "I'll do the proposing."

"You're one in a million, Ella! Thanks as many times!" Jennie groped for words to express her thankfulness.

The oar didn't feel so heavy now. Or was it that load off her mind? Yes, Ella had a sparkling diamond on her dainty finger, but that didn't dazzle her younger sister. She knew that "there are treasures that the worm will take by stealth," and that there are others, pearls of great price, worth each a God's lifeblood. For these she would give *up* her roseate girlhood dreams, that they might be lifted *up* to God's great Heart of compassion.



Mission Intention for July: Higher Education in the Missions

There are most grave and urgent reasons for the Catholic Church to establish Catholic colleges and universities. In certain regions of an ancient and advanced culture, the Catholic University gives the Church prestige among cultured unbelievers so that they do not exclude the Church from their consideration. In this way, the rights of Catholics are often safeguarded. Works of charity in themselves and the simple manner of preaching to the people do not often reach these more intellectual groups. There is only one means, namely to open universities for their children. These universities must be of such a standard that they are equal or superior to other universities. Such universities are of an immediate necessity to form well trained Catholics who might assume leadership in their communities.

In India, for example, the rights of the Church were recognized by the Indian Constitution and the works of some Catholic representatives were approved. These men were former students of Catholic Universities. The proportion, however, of Catholics to the total population is slightly more than one percent. On the other hand, in Indochina, where Catholics make up ten per cent of the Annamite population, the Church could not find similar representatives properly trained to meet the present critical situation there. Not the least reason for this failure seems to be that in Indochina there is as yet no Catholic University.

The following are the figures for the number of Catholic institutes of higher learning in the foreign mission lands: 1 in Syria, 1 in Japan, 3 in China, 14 in India and 1 in Southern Africa. As for Africa there is greater need than ever of colleges. Up to now, the only schools of higher studies which the colored were able to attend were either Protestant or secular. Today, if the Catholic population of Africa is to be kept untainted by the materialistic opinions which are being introduced among these primitive peoples, it is necessary to develop as soon as possible a strong Catholic elite. The need for Catholic Universities for Africa cannot be ignored. Pray according to the Pope's intention.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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



Between Friends

To be His does not mean that we merely share the privilege of His brotherhood and dwell in the sunshine of His Father's love. To follow Christ is to follow a Victor in life's battle — a real battle entailing darkness and hazard and love. And so we call Him Saviour.

Christ has asked us to suffer with Him; a friend can ask no more. It is the highest test, the ultimate revelation of love, when one man allows another to share in the sorrows of his soul. He has left us His Cross to bind us closer to Himself. Not the honors with which He has crowned us, nor the love that revealed itself in the weakness of a child's body and the agony of a broken Man can so quite break our stubborn hearts and bring us to His knees, as does this other more intimate, personal thing — Christ asking us to suffer with Him, and for Him, and in Him, that all men may know His pity and His love. This is the rare privilege of a Catholic, this co-working and co-suffering, this "filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ." In this way indeed does every Catholic share in His royal priesthood.

My Mission



*There is a place on China's distant shores
"Where e'en a fool is silent and adores."
There Passiontide will never, never pass,
With lepers Christ a Leper lives His Mass.*

*Unsearchable, in truth, the ways of God!
That I should dwell on foreign, far-off sod ;
That here, a world away from cherished ones,
My joy should be with China's leper sons!*

*As once they went to Christ, they come to me,
These banished ones who know Gethsemane.
I cannot cure and send the leper whole —
With words of hope I heal the bleeding soul.*

*My Lord will not ordain it otherwise,
Some days are drear — I search beyond the skies,
Where Mary, loving, looks the China-way
To temper heat and burden of the day.*

*My love I lay upon the altar blest
Where Jesus takes His Eucharistic rest.
The morn's oblation gives me strength to tread
All day with smiles among the living dead.*

*Beloved Christ! in every leper face
I see Your own devoid of charm and grace ;
In every body, bloody, broken, bent,
I see Your own on Calvary's ascent.*

*Not all have Faith to guide their course aright,
Not all have seen the splendor of the Light,
Not all have knelt for pardon and for Bread,
These souls for whom Your Precious Blood was shed.*

*Dear gentle Savior, save the erring sheep,
And in Your love the little lambkins keep.
The souls estranged, oh, fold them to Your Heart,
For each in pain becomes Your counterpart.*

*My days, my years to them I consecrate
To solace pain and suffering abate,
To keep them Christ's, one heart, one soul in prayer,
That Lepers' Isle be Heaven's Silver Stair!*

*Remember, Christ, the morning of my vows,
I pledged to labor as Your will allows.
In life and death I'll follow at Your side,
The lepers' slave, the Royal Spouse's Bride!*

APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS

Shek Lung Leprosarium, China
November 1948



Mission

Mailbag

Manila, February 21, 1949

"My good little ones," as I fondly dub my "aides-de-kitchen," are easy to get along with. We are the best of friends. Without them, smiles would be fewer and farther between at the Immaculate Conception Academy.

First to come was Gloria, one of my kitchen pals whom you already know. She is always busily astir, or ready to be, about pots and pans, and as ever is making "sacrifices for Jesus," as she says. Her knowledge of things religious was so pitifully little when she tripped in two years ago, that she politely inquired whether killing a tomcat would be sinful, and said she had no mind to go to Mass on Sundays, seeing her wardrobe couldn't produce one decent dress. But now the heart of an apostle is throbbing in her breast. If she has her way, her family, and perhaps her entire home village, will learn the Christian technique of life.

Already her three-year-old sister, Penny, understands the meaning of the Act of Contrition. We sometimes hear a chagrined voice seeking to propitiate Jesus, "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having asked Mummie for money to buy sweets." Indeed, with time and grace we heartily believe Penny will be able some day to recite her Act of Contrition without skipping any words.

Gloria and this mischievous Penny have another sister, Concita, who has been living with us these nine months and made her First Communion last August 15. Being a native of the Philippines, she naturally loves flowers, singing, and music, this last so much that melodies from inside or outside send her into ecstasies . . . and the broom into the corner. At all other times she keeps our rooms and the chapel without a speck of dust. Her favorite pastime is hatching surprises on the sly for the unsuspecting sacristan Sister. She likes to scurry first into the chapel to say "Good morning!" to Our Lord and keep the sanctuary lamp burning.

As great rushers as Concita — although on a different field — are Gregoria and Aniceta, who came last November. They swung into action with so much of good will and application that we had a hard time checking them. Many a time I came upon them blissfully dozing on the table where, their chores not dodged but darted through, they were simply awaiting my return. Soon I told them about the first coming of the Jesus they hardly knew, and by December 18 they had wriggled out of catechism difficulties enough to make their First Communion. But they still need your prayers more than ever, if they want and if you want their barrio (home village) to be one hundred percent Catholic.

Those are the girls, God bless them. Now we have two boys, Teofile and Theodore, to tidy the classrooms and do other odd jobs, since running a school of 730 pupils means no mercy for leisure-loving nuns. Phil and Teddy, being no Rockefellers,

have to work out of school hours in order to scoop in a little amount of the jingling variety. Whether they become engineers, or notaries, or lawyers, or anybody else, they will be self-made men undaunted by strenuous work. Phil and Teddy are only two of countless boys who secure jobs for education's sake. We wish them all the scholarly luck in the world.

SISTER ST. MATTHIEU, M.I.C.

Agnes Guenette, St. Anne des Plaines

* * *

Katele, Nyasaland, March 12, 1949

To a Benefactress.

Since November I have been cramming knowledge into thirty kinky-haired dark heads. I am sure you would love my little pupils. They all want to do things the right way, but waddling out of the wilds as they are, they need a big amount of help both from the material and the spiritual standpoint, chiefly the spiritual, since the majority have never even lisped God's Name.

These black boys and all their youthful compatriots are not pampered, I can tell you. Give them a loin cloth, one or two meals a day, and leave them their happy, smiling face. Sometimes my thoughts flash back to the children of Canada, favorites of Providence, who need more than my blackies do to call life a grand thing.

The offering you have sent us on behalf of Mrs. X. proved a godsend. We have thus been enabled to realize a long-cherished dream, that of providing dresses for our wee boarders. It was an impressive sight indeed, when, on January 16, feast of our devoted Prefect Apostolic, they slipped with smiles and chuckles into their dresses for the programme to be executed in honor of Monsignor. Just think of it! This was the very first dress they had ever called their own! Thanks in the name of all our happy ones!

Our girl-boarders, twenty-two in all, scamper to their earthen hut homes every afternoon. For mattresses they have mats rolled out on the bare ground; for utensils they use their pudgy fingers; for food, they gulp down broth and greens. And they are all as happy as the man who had no shirt on his back! We pray that Divine Providence will improve the status of our pocketbook, so that we may be able to receive a greater number of children and give them sound training in Christian principles.

SISTER MADELEINE MARIE, M.I.C.

Madeleine Loranger, Westmount

* * *

Koriyama, March 6, 1949

Although I have been scarcely two months in Japan, I have already three baptisms to my account. My spiritual children are: Marie Carmelle, a six-year-old child ill with tubercular meningitis; Marie Delia, a young woman of twenty-three; and Marie Pauline, a two-months-old baby.

Marie Delia is still lingering on earth preparing herself a beautiful crown for eternity. Her parents being dead and her brother too afraid of the contagion to call upon her, she is living out her last days alone and forsaken in the Sukagawa Sanatorium. It was a hard blow to find herself thus solitary in her suffering. When Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ and our devoted Ai Ko San hurried to her bedside, she gave them a rather cold reception, but agreed to keep the miraculous medal they gave her. Thereafter she plunged into the study of the catechism, and did so well that she was to be baptized at Easter with two other patients. However, her illness having suddenly taken a turn for the worse, I was on hand to make her sure of Heaven. I wish you had been here to see her features lit up with joy. She was too weak to speak, but her smile and glowing eyes told what happiness had come to her. She has been confided to one — our venerated Mother Foundress — who will

give her a glad welcome above. My own happiness is so great that I count as nothing all the sacrifices I had to bear at parting from my country and two families I loved so well.

Thank you for having chosen me to work more directly for the extension of the kingdom of God and His Immaculate Mother. May I be not too unworthy of so noble a calling!

SISTER FRANCOISE DU CARMEL, M.I.C.
Madeleine Coursol, Montreal

* * *

Shameen, Canton, February 14, 1949

To a Benefactress.

You must be anxious about my doings over here. It is a pleasure for me to write, for one is always glad to speak about the things one loves. According to me, no spot on earth can match my mission of Canton. We are conducting interesting and varied works. Our orphanage counts some 125 orphans ranging from six to eighteen springtimes. All of them were quick in winning my sympathy, for I can never get used to the thought that they have always been deprived of parental love. We teach them all that may come handy later, either in earning a living or bringing up a family. Housekeeping, sewing, weaving, knitting, and cooking are so many subjects they are perseveringly seeking to master. Those who have skill for the violin, piano, guitar, or painting, follow special courses. Thus life for them glides happily on with the Sisters near.

At Holy Ghost School, more than 500 boys and girls are delving into the intricacies of Chinese science. The greater number are still pagan, but we hope that they will some day learn to call God their Father.

At the dispensary more than one hundred patients are treated daily. Misery teems in China.

Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home is located in the outskirts of Canton. There we receive about ten abandoned babies each day, and each time our hearts are torn with pity. I have had the joy of christening several babies since my arrival.

While going out on an errand one morning, I noticed in the first narrow street next to the convent a gathering of men and women around a pile of rubbish. "Something must be amiss there!" I said to myself as I stepped closer to take a good look. My heart had not been mistaken; a whimpering baby girl dressed in filthy rags had been thrown there with the refuse. The onlookers were totally indifferent to the fate of the little baby; not one would have stooped down to pick her in loving arms, so true is it that charity never makes its home in a heart not enlightened by faith. But the story of this tiny dear is not all tearful; there is a silver lining, and joy, and comfort. We picked Baby up, cuddled her close, christened her, for she might have gone to the angels any time, and put something into her empty tummy. So hungry was she that she choked in her haste to drink. Then, comforted and merry-hearted, she drifted into slumberland.

Life is real, life is earnest too at our Shameen convent, where I am now stationed. This morning we opened our school doors for the second term. We are in a predicament similar to that of the old woman who lived in a shoe — we have so many pupils we know not what to do. If we could push the walls farther apart, maybe that would help; however, as things now are, we have to say no to a good number of youthful applicants. We have about one hundred coming daily for the regular classes, and seventy-five for the private courses. English is living its boom day among our students.

The Chinese way of life is brimming over with interest. I thank God daily for having been missioned here.

SISTER VERONIQUE DU SAUVEUR, M.I.C.
Veronique Delcourt, Westbrook, Me.



Canton

China

A CONVERSION AT THE MOVIES

On December 24, 1948, in Canton Cathedral, His Excellency Bishop Deswazieres administered solemn baptism to a group of sixty catechumens, six among whom had been prepared by our Sisters, either as pupils or parents of our pupils and professors. Mr. Cheung, husband of Professor Choy at our Holy Ghost School, was among the latter.

Mr. Cheung belongs to a noted non-Christian family of Nanking. Employed as a secret agent of the Government during the war, he was transferred to Kouk Kong, where he met Miss Choy. This young lady, a former pupil of the Salesian Sisters, had been baptized during the course of her studies at the convent. As she was now of age to get settled in life, her pagan family, without consulting her, as is the custom in China, chose Mr. Cheung as their eventual son-in-law. Anxious and distressed, Miss Choy consulted a missionary priest who had personally known the young gentleman in question, on the measures to be taken in order to ensure a marriage approved by the Church. Everything turned out for the best; Mr. Cheung agreed to all the conditions required by the Church in such circumstances; and the marriage took place to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The young gentleman was as good as his word in keeping the promises made to his Catholic wife, but he stubbornly refused to listen to any religious instructions. Whenever his wife tactfully tried to draw him to our holy Faith, he would always reply, "Not now. I cannot believe as easily as all that, and I do want to know what I am doing if ever I become a Catholic."

Years sped by and two charming children, a girl and a boy, were born and baptized as Catholics. He fairly idolized these little ones, whose daddy, in turn, meant all the world to them.

"The children," laughingly remarked Mr. Cheung, "are more devoted to me than they are to their mother. But the reason doubtless lies in the fact that my pockets are always full of sweets for them."

And so life went smoothly on for the Cheungs, with nothing to mar their earthly happiness. Deep down in her faithful heart, Mrs. Cheung

felt sure that some day her prayers would be heard and that her husband would become a Catholic. On Sundays she never failed to take her two children along to hear Mass. As Mr. Cheung could not bear the thought of being parted from his darlings, he never failed to accompany the trio to church.

Last year, when his wife decided that she needed the invigorating spiritual benefit of a closed retreat at our convent, he volunteered to keep house while she was gone.

Still he hesitated to embrace the Catholic Faith, too proud to admit that his wife had all but won him over to her persuasion. The hour of grace, however, was about to strike for him; and of all places it was in a theatre, where a friend had invited him to see a film on a priest martyred in Mexico, that Mr. Cheung finally surrendered to the inner invitations of Our Blessed Savior.

As he sat with his wife and children that memorable evening, he suddenly exclaimed, "How could that priest suffer so much for God and souls unless divine grace assisted and strengthened him? How could he have died for his religion unless it were true? I am completely convinced now that the Catholic religion is the only true one."

Our happiness was indeed great when his wife, who taught at our school, asked us to give doctrine lessons to her husband. Mr. Cheung was an eager and docile student, who wanted to investigate thoroughly the great Christian teachings in order to live according to his new-found Faith.

A few days after Mr. Cheung's baptism, one of his relatives requested his help in arranging the funeral of her deceased non-Christian husband. Joseph Cheung came at once to inquire whether he could do so without any qualms of conscience.

He could not rest satisfied with the recitation of his morning and night prayers; he also learned to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, and recited his beads daily as far as possible.

"When all is quiet in the evening, I always retire to the library," he told us one day. "My little daughter, knowing that this means prayer hour for her daddy, never fails to bring me my rosary and prayer book."

Such a conversion cannot fail to draw many other souls of good will to Him who is the Way to eternal life.

THREE SACRAMENTS WITHIN ONE HOUR

John, Elizabeth, and Paul are now enjoying the liberty which is the right of every child of God. Rev. Father Le Barron, V.G., baptized them on January 23 in our little chapel.

It was still dark that morning, as if to signify that the three catechumens were stumbling out of the heathen shades into the full Christian light, when the priest asked the usual questions to the candidates for baptism. How impressive, in the solemn stillness of the breaking dawn, the officiating priest's command to the Spirit of Evil to depart from the souls wherein he had made his abode!

Into their purified hearts Mr. and Mrs. Leung then received their Lord in Holy Communion. Not so their young lad, however, for Paul has still a few things to learn before being allowed to kneel for the Banquet of Angels.

Paul's mother, before her marriage, had done some needlework for the Maryknoll Sisters, had listened to a few chapters of Christian doctrine, had gone to Mass several Sundays, and in God's house had been overwhelmed by some mysterious impression of the divinity there present. Most of all she had been touched by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Stations of the Cross on a certain Good Friday. In her heart of hearts she hoped and sighed, and sighed and hoped, "When will I have the happiness of serving in very truth the Lord of Heaven?"

As for Mr. Leung, in his young days he had pored over books in Catholic schools and, although unacquainted with St. Thomas Aquinas' subtle



SISTER PHILOMENE DE JESUS (AZELLA PARIS, ST. PHILOMENE DE FORTIERVILLE),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON,
GIVING FIRST-AID TO A BABY.

theological works, knew more about the Faith than many a Catholic. Still he feared it might be a misstep to walk into the Church. He therefore studied Buddhism, Islamism, Protestantism, and Catholicism; in this last he found the complete answer to all the aspirations of his soul.

It was through their little girl, however, that they came to the fullness of truth, and they took a long time in coming. Two of their four boys died in an epidemic. Everything was tried, even the impossible, even having them admitted into Catholic hospitals, but all to no avail. The boys departed, luckily for a better world, for at the hospital some kind heart had made them children of the Father in baptism. Then a fifth child, a girl this time, was born; but a few months later she too winged her way to Heaven. Yes, to Heaven, for the parents, loath to have their darling die in the house, had brought her to our creche, where God, through His human instruments, had the little bottle of baptismal water at hand. Sister Directress told the grief-stricken parents that their tiny one couldn't live very long.

"We really can't do anything to save her," she admitted, "but we can make sure she will be happy in the other life."

These words prompted the Leungs to express their desire of embracing the true religion. Sister referred them to Holy Ghost School, located near their home; thus it was that, in sacrificing their beloved and only daughter, they found the address of the door to salvation.

It was this same little daughter, Mary, who looked down from Heaven's portals a few months later, to see her seventeen-year-old brother being led to the baptismal font. It was this same little girl, too, who could tell the angels, before bedtime in Heaven on January 23, that her dad and mom and little brother were now Catholics. They very probably owe it to her if they can now pride themselves on being a hundred percent Catholic family.

Besides Baptism and the Blessed Eucharist, the worthy husband and wife received a third sacrament before the ceremony ended; the priest gave them the nuptial blessing and blessed the ring symbolical of their union. They thus received three sacraments within one hour.

Staunch is the faith of these, and as edifying is that of their sponsors, Mr. Lao Kwok Ying and his wife. When we casually mentioned that a six-o'clock ceremony might mean very early rising, "Oh, don't bother about that," he answered. "My wife and the children accompany me to six-o'clock Mass every morning. I belong to a family that has been Catholic for seven generations, and my wife, for five generations. When we begin our day with Mass and Holy Communion, we feel bucked up for anything we may have to face. No matter what happens, we are happy."

All that remains to be said now is, that we hope the godchildren will "go and do likewise." May they find in the sacrifice of the altar the courage and steadfastness they will perhaps need in a future whose overhanging clouds are beginning to cast their fearful shadows on China.

SISTER MARIE CELINA⁽¹⁾

1. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville.



SAMPA THE GARDENER



AT THE CANTON FOUNDLING HOME, CHINA.
SISTER JOSEPH DE LA ST. FAMILLE (JEANNETTE DELISLE, WORCESTER, MASS.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH SOME HAPPY PEOPLE.

THE PRETTIEST FLOWER OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD

"But she is not a baby!" Wait a minute! Once, she was — and a Holy Childhood baby too! Seventy-three years ago, Sampa was brought to a Foundling Home. Her parents had no place for this little girl. The baby was cared for and soon became a happy little flower, loving the Sisters as her own mother and very anxious to help around the place. She was very active and was loved by all at the Home. "A Sam" (we cannot add the Pa yet, because it means old granny) would have liked to stay with the Sisters forever, but it would have seemed wrong to go against all rules. A Sam must marry and start a home of her own. At that time, girls were not emancipated as they are now and marriage was a duty that all more or less feared. The French Sisters who had charge of the orphanage at that time arranged all, and one night the Sister in charge said to her, "A Sam, you are now old enough; we think you should marry. We have found a party for you and hope you will be a dutiful girl."

"Oh! no, no, I don't want to marry," replied A Sam.

Six o'clock the following morning a stranger heard Mass in the chapel and after Mass wedding bells rang for our dear A Sam. She was told not to worry, he would go back to his village and return in a week to fetch his bride! She consented and was married to a man ten years her senior. Can you imagine how the poor girl must have felt? In the village, with her husband, she was often very lonesome and often longed to come back to the Sisters. She had five children, but they all died young except one girl who is still

living. Ten years after her marriage, her husband died leaving her a poor widow with a child. She was now free and hastened back to the Sisters, but she could not bring her little girl, as her husband's parents wanted to keep her. From the age of thirty to this very moment, A Sam never lost a minute and worked for us with a faithfulness and devotedness that cannot be surpassed.

Since A Seuil's death, A Sam has made great efforts to spend more time in the chapel and to pray more so that she might be better prepared for the great day. However, nature is there, and if any extra work is asked of the children, Sampa is always the first one there on the spot. The only work she now does is to weed the garden and that when she feels that doing nothing is not an easy life.

You may think that dear Sampa has no weaknesses? She has one, very pardonable, and we all admit it very willingly. Can you guess? She likes Chinese wine. Whenever she has a few pennies she buys a small bottle. During the war, it was one of her great sacrifices; pennies were scarce and she had to do without wine. She never complained although we knew it meant so much to her. This year at Christmas when the children came for their stockings, Sampa came the first and with her stocking she received a nice bottle of Chinese wine. Do you think that St. Peter will reproach her for this small satisfaction? We don't, and we believe she will have a nice place in Heaven among the Holy Childhood flowers that, through that wonderful organization, matured and carried fruits of holiness.

SISTER JOSEPH DE LA ST. FAMILLE, M.I.C.(1)

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REPORT OF CANTON MISSION FOR THE YEAR 1948

Orphans.....	108	Primary Course Pupils....	463
Kindergarten Pupils.....	202	English Course Pupils....	86

CLINIC

Patients.....	16,663	Treatments.....	8,684
Dressings.....	9,428	Injections.....	5,242
Medications.....	29,662		

* * *

REPORT OF OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME, CANTON, FOR THE YEAR 1948

Children received at the creche	2,464	Children at the orphanage....	236
Child Baptisms.....	2,464	Adult Baptisms.....	8

CLINIC (Opened April 26)

Patients.....	2,228	Treatments.....	1,058
Dressings.....	2,169	Injections.....	321

1. Jeannette DELISLE, Worcester, Mass.

Our Tsungming Mission, China

If you had happened to be on Tsungming Island November 24 last, you would have seen a procession of tearful, sad-faced orphan girls surrounding a group of seven Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception about to leave definitively the island mission.

Was the war forcing the Sisters to leave these girls, whom they had tenderly brought up from babyhood, and all the other flourishing mission activities established on the island, you will ask? No, the red tide of Communism has until now spared the peaceful island, as World War II has also done. Another reason, altogether in accordance with the true missionary spirit, demanded this departure.

In 1928, upon request of His Excellency Most Rev. Simon Tsu, Bishop of Haimen, China, our Community had agreed to send a few Sisters to this mission especially for the formation of a native sisterhood which would eventually be expected to take over. The new Society, placed under the patronage of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, grew and waxed strong, so much so that today its forty-two professed Sisters are ready to assume the responsibility of the different charitable works of the mission.

The task for which our Sisters had been called to Tsungming being accomplished, and the pressing need of our numerous other mission fields urging us for more and more laborers, the Community decided to withdraw our Sisters from Tsungming with the permission of His Excellency Bishop Tsu and the assent of Propaganda.

It was a heart-rending sacrifice both for our Sisters and their charges. In the letter giving the required permission to leave, the good Bishop wrote:

Very Reverend Mother General,

Need I tell you that your letter of July 17 came as a painful surprise? Although I am aware that such is the normal evolution of missionary enterprises throughout the world, still I cannot but feel deeply affected by the departure of your Sisters, who founded here flourishing works of mercy and labored in my diocese during all of twenty years.

Your late Mother Foundress sent some of her Sisters to Tsungming at my request in 1928, to undertake the formation of a native sisterhood. During the first seven years, your Sisters worked untiringly to form the nucleus of our Society of St. Therese, until these Sisters could begin to govern their own association. This is a splendid work, magnificently accomplished. At present the Society numbers forty-two professed members, seven novices, and four postulants.

I also wish to recall the constant devotedness displayed by your Sisters at the orphanage, the foundling home, the workroom, and the dispensaries.

In my own name, as in that of my Chinese Sisters and of my Christians, I wish to thank most sincerely your Community and every one of its members who worked in the Tsungming mission field, as well those of the past as of the present. Thank you, also, for the stringless gift you make us of the buildings put up thanks to the generosity of the benefactors won over to this cause by your Sisters.

It is my intention to have memorial slabs put up before the departure of your Sisters, if possible, that future generations may know all that we owe your Community.

As Bishop of this diocese, I cannot but feel that your devoted Sisters are, alas, leaving too soon. Still, taking into consideration that our Chinese Sisters must

sooner or later stand on their own feet, and, on the other hand, the numerous and pressing demands made upon your zeal, I readily submit to the decision of your Council, finding solace in the thought that this decision is in conformity with the Roman Catholic missionary ideal luminously recalled by Sovereign Pontiffs and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

May the blessing of God descend upon your Society. My especially fatherly blessing goes to the "Tsongminians" of the past and of the present. Assuring you, Reverend Mother, of our deep-felt gratitude and our faithful and prayerful remembrance.

SIMON TSU,

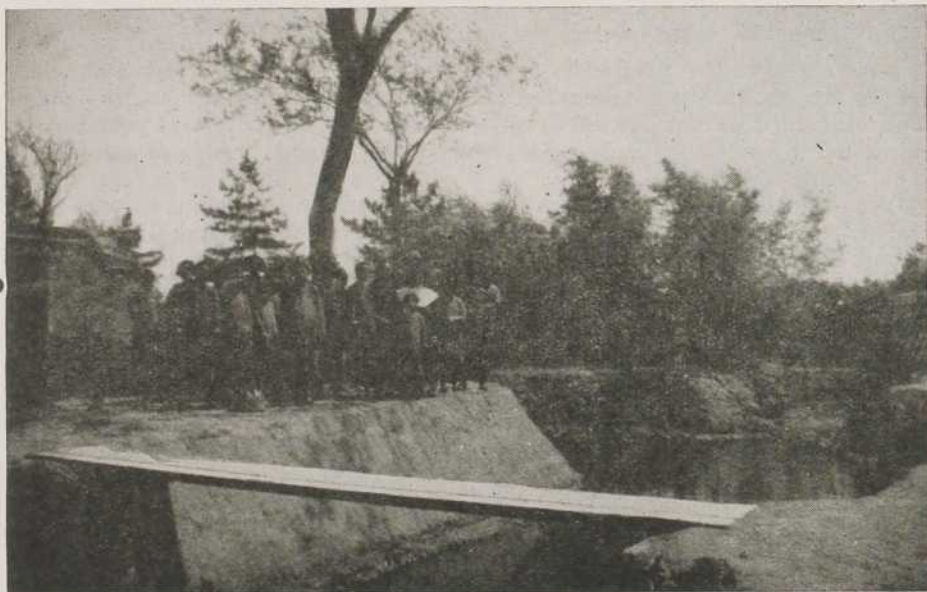
Bishop of Haimen, Kiangsu, China.

As may be gathered from this letter, our Sisters had, beside the formation of native Sisters, undertaken several missionary activities such as an orphanage, a creche, and the direction of two dispensaries. Before their departure, they saw to the adoption of the older orphans into good Christian families. The Superior, Sister Marie Lucie⁽¹⁾, wrote:

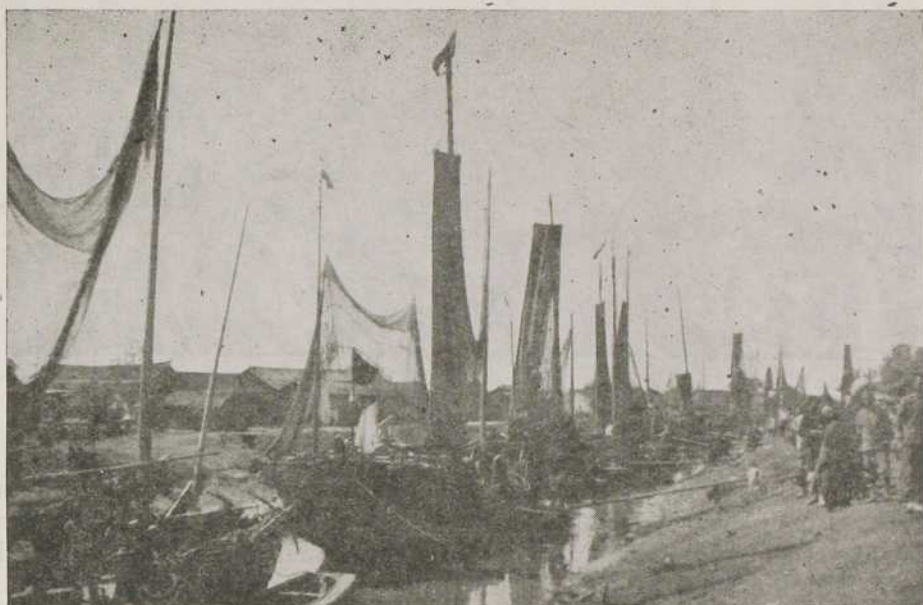
We are kept very busy arranging the marriages and the adoptions into good families of our older girls. We thought that only a few would have to be arranged, but the Vicar General wishes us to see to the adoption of as many as possible, especially those who want it. If you knew the heart-rending scene we had when the orphans heard of our impending departure. You are too far away or you would have heard the echo of their sobs and wailing. They could or would not understand that we had to leave them. "But why?" their questions tugged at our heart-strings. "You are our mothers. Why are you leaving us alone?" Really, even a heart of stone would have been moved by their sadness.

The saddest day of all, departure day, dawned on November 24, anniversary of the death of one of our pioneer missionary Sisters here, Sister

1. Marguerite GAGNON, Quebec.



SISTER MARIE DE JESUS (ELMINA MELANSON, ROGERSVILLE, N.B.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
WITH A GROUP OF ORPHANS, TSUNGMING.



TSUNGMING WHARF

Whole Families May Live on These Fishing Boats

Marie de Sion⁽²⁾, who lies buried near the mission church. Sister Marie Lucie also wrote re the final parting:

The day had come when we must leave our family of orphans into the care of the Chinese Sisters. Mass had been said earlier than usual that morning, because we did not exactly know the time our boat would leave for Shanghai. The native Sisters had taken charge of the breakfast, and had laid out on our modest refectory table an elaborate Chinese banquet. We had hardly time to taste a few dishes, however, when a messenger entered saying that the boat would reach Paochen wharf earlier than we had expected.

In compliance with Bishop Tsu's desire, the Mother General of the Chinese Sisters together with a few of the senior members of the Community accompanied us to the wharf.

The orphan girls, who would take orders from no one on that memorable morning, walked beside us as far as they were able. Some even trudged the whole way to the wharf, while the servants brought up the rear with our luggage.

In spite of orders to the contrary, all accompanied us on deck to bid us a last farewell. Perhaps will you hardly believe me when I tell you that Sisters who had been able to leave Canada without shedding a tear, broke down completely at parting with these children to whom they had been real mothers. Many outsiders who witnessed the scene from far drew near and asked: "Why are you leaving these children behind, since they love you so much?"

The ordeal of separation is over at last, and we are here, the seven of us, at St. Joseph's with the devoted Helpers of the Holy Souls.

From Shanghai, our seven missionaries from Tsungming will soon leave for the mission field of the Philippine Islands, where ripening harvests call for harvesters in ever increasing numbers.

2. Florida RAVARY, St. Clet, Soulanges Co. Another of our Sisters, Sister Marie d'Ephese (Jeannette LUNEAU, Princeville), also died in Tsungming.



JAPAN

SOUL-BAITING IN SUKAGAWA

Sukagawa is a pretty hamlet at about twenty minutes' train ride from the city of Koriyama. Its principal attraction for us missionaries lies in the huge sanatorium built by the Government for returned soldiers afflicted with T.B., but which now houses tubercular patients from all walks of life. Ideally located, the hospital is composed of numerous pavilions with a total capacity of seven hundred beds. At present there are three hundred and fifty patients, attended by a personnel of one hundred and twenty, comprising doctors, nurses, and aides. Since October last, Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ and our faithful Ai Ko San pay weekly visits to the hospital to instruct catechumens, console the afflicted, and dispense what material help they can.

Obara San, a newly-made Christian, is their aide-de-camp. He may not yet know the Catholic Action theory, but he most certainly knows the practice of it.

No scholar is this Obara San to toss about subtle arguments with Protestant or Communist pals; yet none like him can speak words of consolation about our dear Savior and Our Blessed Mother to the ailing and the dying. He goes about from morning till night doing good to all around him, leading prayer groups, instructing those who are about to die, and baptizing them when their condition is such that they might die before the next visit from the missionaries.

This devoted lay apostle also prepares the way for many a conversion among the more active patients. Many, in fact, owe him their very life, in that his kind words and prudent advice have prevented them from committing suicide in a fit of despondency.

Individual catechism lessons only were given during that first month of October, but in the beginning of November a large room, the nurses' dining room, was put at the disposal of the Catholic Mission Professors, as they came to be called. The doctors and nurses were very considerate and showed willingness to cooperate with our missionaries for the greater benefit of their patients. The Sister's Tuesday visit soon became the talk of the whole sanatorium. At the first public catechism course, twelve

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

patients were present, each hugging his or her portable *hibachi* (Japanese heating apparatus), the Sukagawa establishment being innocent of central heating. The patients must bring their own *hibachi* and charcoal and see to the cooking of their own food, as there are no general kitchens in the hospital. Those who are too weak request the help of some friend or member of their own family, or, if their means allow, of a servant to fetch and carry for them.

By December, twenty-two eager catechumens were following the study-the-doctrine classes. The milieu in which they are forced to live is far from being conducive to the peaceful enjoyment of their new-found faith. Communists are hard at work throughout the hospital, striving feverishly for the forwarding of the red cause by lectures, magazines, speeches, slogans, etc. One of the party leaders keeps up a nefarious propaganda even though his weakness is such that he can no longer rise from his bed. The walls of his room are graced with the portraits of the fathers of Marxism and Leninism, while his bed is littered with books on atheistic doctrines. The party's board of councillors meets in the misguided man's room to devise plans and means to further the Big Lie. In January, this council had the audacity to call our catechumens and the few Christians of the hospital for a meeting, where they were severely rebuked and insidiously questioned before being treated to a speech on the benefits of Socialism.

"Comrades," wound up the orator, "once the Communists take over, all the *futons* (padded quilts) will be warm and light." Imagine the effect of this bit of oratory on poor patients scantily clad and shivering with cold!

Sister Agnes d'Assise and Ai Ko San never failed to call on this leading Communist every time they visited the hospital. The first visit was anything but cordial on the patient's side; he even sneered and jibed when Sister offered him warm clothes for his three little children. The next Tuesday came along, and our Communist seemed nettled over the fact that his visitors were obviously unconcerned about his behavior of the previous week. He called Ai Ko San back to his room and apologized for his rudeness.

"I was glad to receive the clothes for my little children, you know, but it humbled me too much to accept kindnesses from people like you," he added by means of explanation.

Ai Ko San deftly made use of this occasion to show him the superiority of the Catholic religion and to talk about the immortality of the soul. She was invited to come back again and discuss these subjects at length. Perhaps he hopes to win Ai Ko San to the cause; however, he will find that he is not the only one with convictions to his credit.

One Tuesday evening, as the red leader was sleeping soundly, the visitors from Koriyama tiptoed past his room without disturbing him. Great was his annoyance when he learned that he had missed the Catholic Professor's visit. He especially requested that he should be awakened the next time rather than be deprived of this consolation. One day, Ai Ko San called as he was in deep conversation with his right-hand man in the party. He introduced her saying, "This is the lady I told you about who has had such a wonderful influence over me. Every time she comes she never fails to boost my morale."



KINDERGARTEN CAMERA SHOT, KORIYAMA, JAPAN

Ai Ko San was then courteously invited to be seated for a pleasant chat on the realities of life. They talked for a whole hour, and the devoted catechist tactfully drove home many a truth.

That does not mean, though, that these two are as good as converted. Both wield a tremendous influence for evil over their compatriots, indoctrinating them in the Soviet philosophy of life. In spite of all their efforts, however, many are the souls in Sukagawa that have passed from the disheartening shadows of paganism into the full light of the Gospel. Among them let me introduce a few. Joseph Armand, who decided to leave this vale of tears one blessed day that Sister Agnes d'Assise had been called to the bedside of another dying patient; she hurried to his room, poured the saving waters over his brow, and saw him smilingly passing away into the Valley of the Shadow. Then there is Francis, who dreamt of leaving the San and returning to die in his native village, but who thought the better of it and decided to stay, for no doctrine lessons would he have any more if he left. A young soldier of twenty-two had been wounded aboard a sub during the war. So repellent was the smell of his wound that hardly anyone had the courage to dress it for him. Poor, broken-hearted lad, whose entire family had been wiped out during the war, and who learned to hope and be happy again when the Sisters spoke to him about the heavenly compensation in store for those who believe in the one true God. A young lady of thirty-two who had wept so much that her eyelids were red and sore, and who felt the burden of her trials lightened by the strength of her faith in God. That poor boy whom nobody wanted and who died with a smile on his lips, well knowing that the Father in Heaven would care for him and love him for endless years. Mrs. Sato, who murmured with her dying breath, "I know now where I am going." Marie Bernadette who was made heiress to a heavenly kingdom one stormy day that the Sisters had come just the same all the way from Koriyama. "Now I understand that some mysterious strength is certainly given you to lead such selfless lives. I believe in your God. I want to follow the way that leads to His kingdom."

How many others we could mention, who apparently entered the San merely to secure their celestial visas. Soul-baiting is indeed a fascinating business in Sukagawa, the shark of Communism notwithstanding.

A MISSIONARY, Koriyama

Communists Helped God's Work This Once

PEKING (AIF) — A missionary just arrived in Peking relates how the Communists sometimes become unawares the best propagandists of the Catholic Faith. In the mountainous region he is holding for Christ in the confines of Mongolia, live a great number of Chinese who have never had the occasion to see a Catholic priest or hear a word about the Catholic religion. Through the anti-religious propaganda of the Communists, today lords of the land, came their initial revelation of Christianity. Acting on the principle that one must believe the exact opposite of what the reds preach, these Chinese residents of Mongolia immediately gathered that the Catholic religion must be a sublime institution, for the Communists were decrying it with might and main. Consequently, they searched for a missionary who would explain it to them. For many the atheistic propaganda has thus been the primary step towards conversion.

Fides

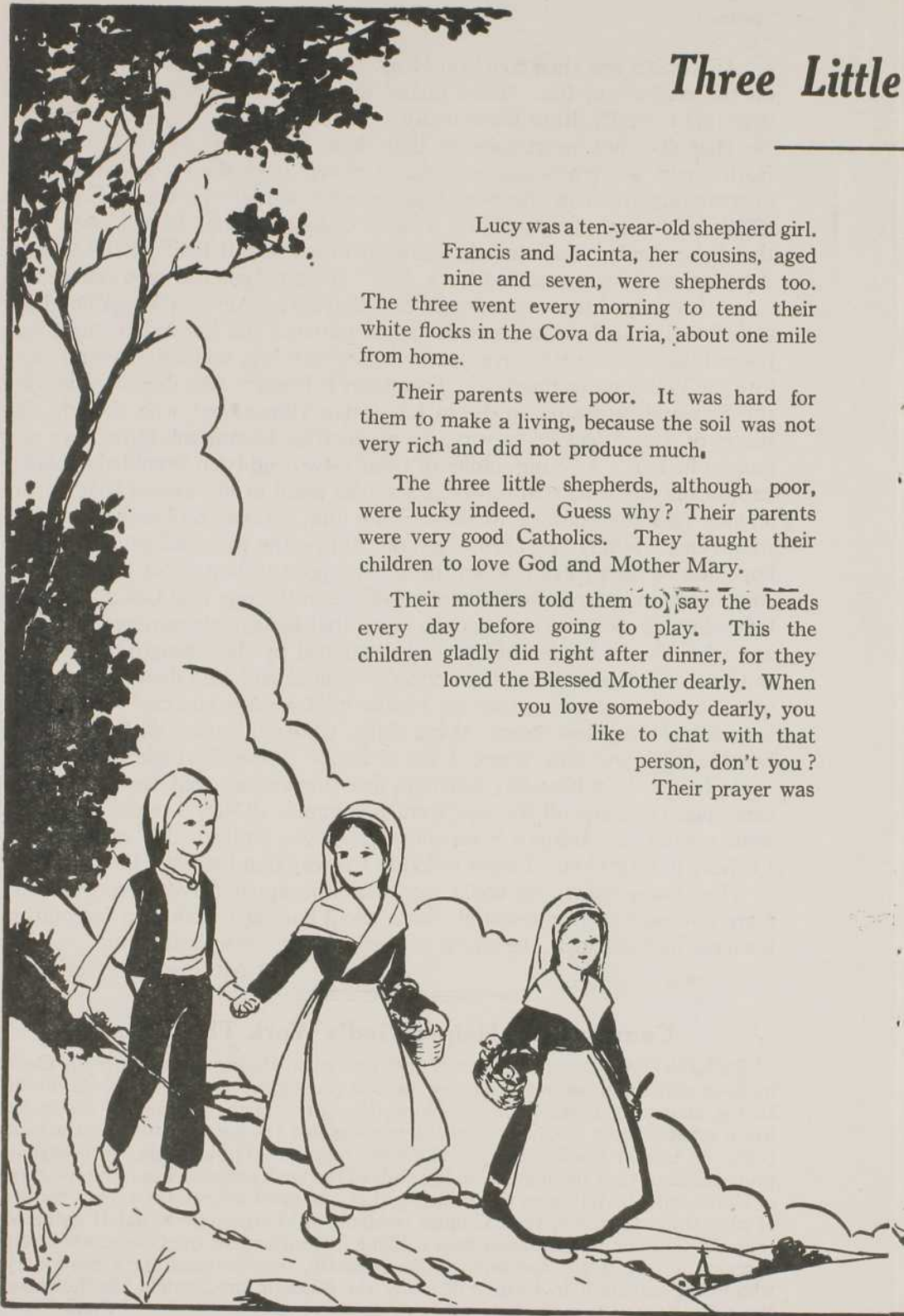
Three Little

Lucy was a ten-year-old shepherd girl. Francis and Jacinta, her cousins, aged nine and seven, were shepherds too. The three went every morning to tend their white flocks in the Cova da Iria, about one mile from home.

Their parents were poor. It was hard for them to make a living, because the soil was not very rich and did not produce much.

The three little shepherds, although poor, were lucky indeed. Guess why? Their parents were very good Catholics. They taught their children to love God and Mother Mary.

Their mothers told them to say the beads every day before going to play. This the children gladly did right after dinner, for they loved the Blessed Mother dearly. When you love somebody dearly, you like to chat with that person, don't you? Their prayer was



e Shepherds

their heart-to-heart talk with God's own dear Mother.

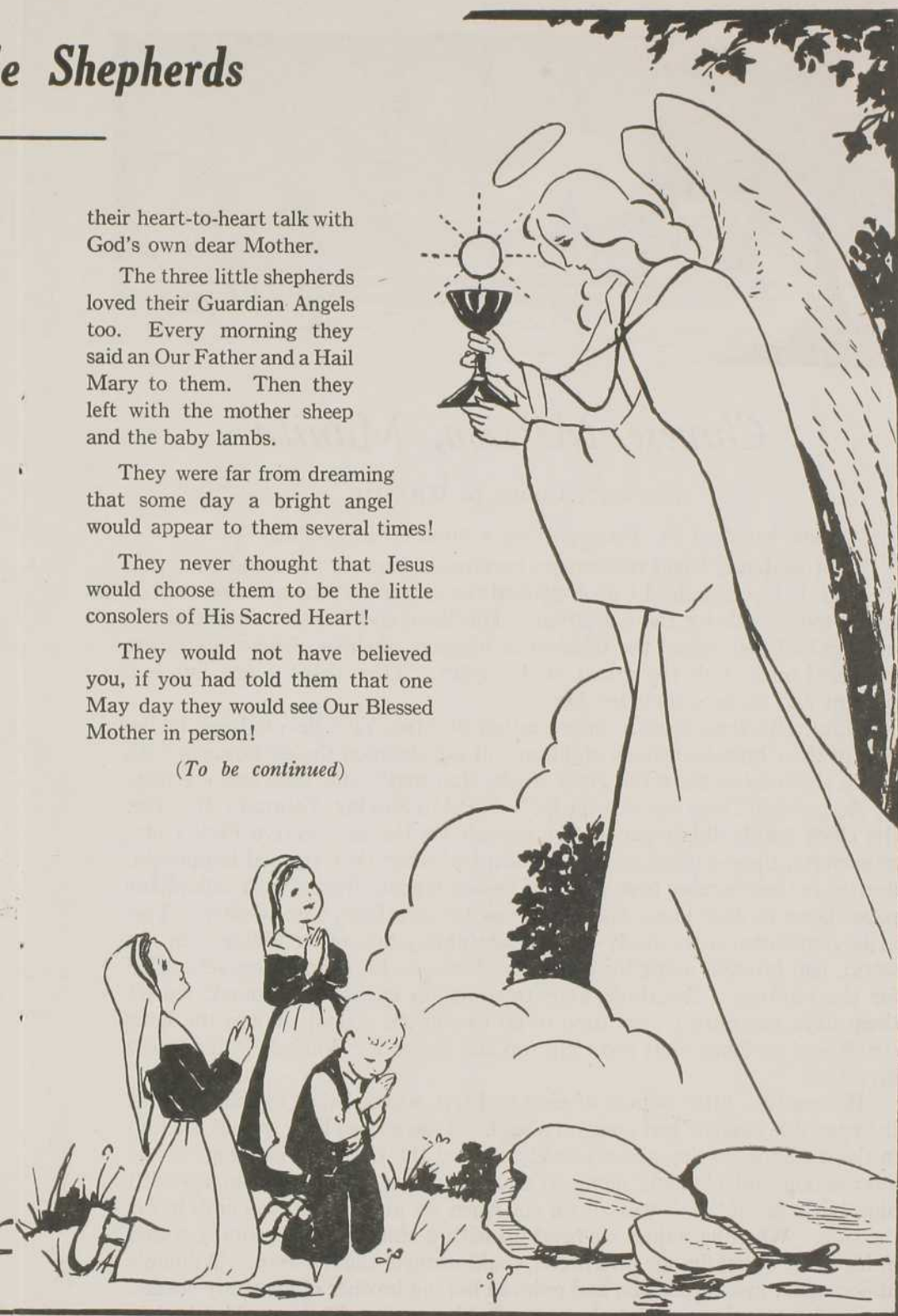
The three little shepherds loved their Guardian Angels too. Every morning they said an Our Father and a Hail Mary to them. Then they left with the mother sheep and the baby lambs.

They were far from dreaming that some day a bright angel would appear to them several times!

They never thought that Jesus would choose them to be the little consolors of His Sacred Heart!

They would not have believed you, if you had told them that one May day they would see Our Blessed Mother in person!

(To be continued)





Chinese Mission, Manila

ADVERSITY COMES TO WILLIAM

"Never heard of St. Peter getting a hundred in spelling!"

That sentence I had read somewhere raced back to my mind the other day, but half-scandalized I pooh-poohed the idea away; the occasion seemed really too solemn for the quotation. The Reverend Father of the Chinese mission had just tested the theological baggage of three under-ten Chinese pupils of ours, with the grand final verdict, "They deserve one hundred percent and so does their teacher!"

Naturally, that priestly appreciation of Miss Yu's devotedness in behalf of the Chinese-speaking children will not dampen the enthusiasm with which she teaches them the great truths that matter for time and eternity.

Accordingly, baptism was set for 4.00 P.M., Sunday, February 27. But the clock hands didn't gallop fast enough for the prospective First Communicants; three o'clock was yet unheard of when they tripped happily in, dressed in their Sunday best, the little lassies in print frocks with cellophane paper bows in their locks, and the young lad in a light-blue sweater. This little gentleman, more study-loving than ninety-nine other Williams in the world, had brought along his character sheets, as his exams were scheduled for the morrow. The three were treading on enchanted ground; we let them have fun until it was time to go to church. Alas! When the hour struck and we looked left and right, up and down, for William, William was invisible.

His aunties, little women of nine and ten, succeeded in explaining that their terrible nephew had gone on ahead. True as you live, we did see him in the distance, having already safely crossed the bustling Ascarraga street intersection and plodding along to church. Soon we had caught up with him, but a blunt "No" was all we got when we invited him to climb in for the ride. When he jerked his head up with a start, unshed tears sparkled in his eyes. Luckily our interpreter could unravel the mystery. William's junior sister, just turned six, had relieved her big brother of his study sheets. A world revolution couldn't have upset him more. The catechist had to

resort to all the eloquence at her command to persuade the boy about the "sense of values" he would shortly be receiving, and to make him forget, like many a boy before him, that many little girls are born naughty.

This incident reminded me of another that happened on the First Communion Day of our venerated Mother Foundress, and that spread a veil of sadness over the joy which is the right of every First Communicant.

William recovered and comforted, we continued on our way to the Chinese church. The Reverend Pastor greeted the little ones with his habitual smile and went about the impressive baptismal ceremonies with all the kindness of a father, gently waiting for the answers that sometimes took a long while in coming. My companion, Sister Marie de l'Assomption⁽¹⁾, and myself felt deeply moved when, pouring the saving waters on their brows, the priest said: "Joseph William Ovid . . . Maria Antonia Eva . . . I baptize thee . . ." Sister's father and my own beloved mother had each a little namesake.

How fervently we thanked God for those three conquests! How heart-sprung our thanks, too, for the great gift of Faith. Truly, in the words of the poet, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" but what is a truism for us is not always the case for so many other human beings deprived, through no fault of their own, of the Sacrament that gives rebirth in Christ.

Could we only, we who have no copyright on Faith, go out into the highways and hedges to all those for whom the tabernacle has no meaning! On Chinese New Year's and last Monday the buddhas were the recipients of all kinds of honors at the pagoda hard by. Endless supplies of food were offered on the altar of the make-



1. Alice LAROCHE,
Sweetsburg, P.Q.

Pupils at the Chinese School, Manila

believe divinities; paper was also burnt and the smoke of incense kept curling up all the time. The odor reached our chapel and filled our hearts with nausea and disgust. How I should have liked, last Monday, to have those scouts honoring gods made by human hands turn in and kneel close to our God of Love! They were a goodly number, erect as fighting men, entering the temple with banners flying. Baden-Powell's boys are boys who should have the best. God grant their characteristic preparedness be spiritualized, so that they may be able to answer His call when it comes to enter the pale of Christendom. That would certainly be a good deed worthy of a Boy Scout!

SISTER MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

The Little Saint

We should ever try to model our daily lives after that of our modern saint of Lisieux, the Little Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus. She shall teach us how to make of our day one continual prayer; she will show us how to become saintly sons and daughters of our common Father, even in a world literally flooded with temptation and sin. Theresa, although having spent her religious life entirely behind cloistered walls, never having entered a foreign land, was proclaimed by Pope Pius XI Patroness of the Missions, on equal footing with Saint Francis Xavier, the apostle of India, and universal Patron of Missions. All her actions, all her sufferings, her miseries and her sorrows, all her joys and moments of happiness, she offered all as a holocaust to the Lord for the benefit of the Missionaries in far-off lands. Even as she walked to and from her cell, to the refectory, to the chapel, to the recreation, in the garden, she offered all these little walks for some missionary tired from the long walks over rough and rocky roads necessary to bring him to his far-spread mission posts. Could we not do likewise? Nothing is small in the service of God and nothing is too big to be refused to God.

Edward McCarthy, C.S.C.

Sacred Vessels for the Missions

Several new missions to be opened in 1949 have a pressing need of chalices, ciboria, monstrances, and patens. Priests who could dispose of vessels not on "active service" at the altar, or persons desirous of contributing towards the purchase of firsthand sacred vessels, would be doing a most charitable and meritorious deed.

Our Savior, whose blessed Humanity will come in contact with these precious objects, will certainly bless the liberal donors and shower His choicest favors upon them.

The sacred vessels will be sent to Japan, the West Indies, the Philippine Islands, or Africa.

Any offering, large or small, will be gratefully accepted. Address:

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

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.



Manila, Philippine Islands

UNFORGETTABLE DAY AT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ACADEMY

This year we chose February 11 as Field Day and School Feast at our Immaculate Conception Academy. All the previous week teachers and pupils marshalled their talents and means to decorate the convent and invent surprises so that the feast might strengthen in our pupils love for their *Alma Mater*. We missionaries of the Spotless Virgin were anxious to present to our heavenly Mother a sheaf beautiful enough to attract her maternal smile.

How lovingly we had been preparing them, these eighty-six First Communicants, boys and girls, the babes of the school, along with the few belated oldsters!

The chapel being too narrow to admit parents and children all, our Most Reverend Archbishop had willingly granted permission to have Mass said in the open on the school grounds. The altar was erected at the entrance with vines and stalks of wheat twining around. The Madonna of the Hall, in festive decoration, held her arms outstretched in a welcoming gesture to the pure souls that would draw close to Jesus, the Bread she has prepared for her children of earth. The other pupils with their teachers and parents formed a crown around the privileged ones of the day.

The High School seniors, alternating with the little ones' prayers, sang in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes and of Jesus' first visit to a loving soul.

Rev. Father Pajarillo, parish priest, who had accepted to preside over the day, officiated at the altar and spoke to the pupils in Tagalog on the unforgettable joys of First Communion.

After Mass and thanksgiving, the "angels of God in disguise" had their pictures taken; then, with Reverend Father at the table they ate their Communion breakfast of hot cocoa and biscuits. A simple banquet it was, scarce worthy of the name, but the children relished it, and joy was written all over their bright young faces.

First Communion diplomas were afterwards awarded, following which the little recipients thereof began to leave one by one.

After Heaven's share in the feast came earth's own. The yard, that that blithe morning, was alive with the merry prattle of our seven hundred

pupils, every one of them in expectation of what would follow. At 9.30 the school bell pealed out calling all to assemble around the devoted pastor, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, and the teachers. The High School pupils formed a symbolical M to intone the school song. The last strains had hardly died away when the music broke forth in a jolly march and the seniors of the Academy executed a perfectly rhythmic physical drill exercise, after which the whole school went into action, each class in turn taking part in games and races for which prizes were awarded.

All the forenoon seniors and juniors vied in exhibiting their energy and skill. Prizes were given to the lucky winners; then the Angelus bell invited all to say their prayer of praise in honor of the Queen of the Day. We fancy how the angels of God looked down from the portals of Heaven to catch those heart-sprung Aves to bear up to their Lady in the glorious home which will one day be ours. In shaded nooks little groups gathered for the picnic dinner.



*Sister St. Louis (Fleur Ange Pelletier,
St. Francois Xavier de Madawaska, N.B.)
With Her Third Graders, Immaculate Conception Academy,
Manila.*

In the afternoon a display of historical, manual, scientific, and artistic productions was visited, to the great satisfaction of its sponsors, the three classes of the High School.

All swarmed to the grounds again at 2.30 for a grand game of softball. Each team had its particular banner, colors, song, and cheering crowd. Eye-witnesses will tell you that the game was hard fought and ended with a 25 to 16 score, leaving the seniors champions. That triumph ended the day. After the distribution of prizes the softball enthusiasts went home, wondering about the date of the next tournament.

1. Sister Madeleine du Sacre
Coeur (Madeleine PAYETTE,
Montreal).

" I WAS SICK AND YOU VISITED ME "

Thoughts of Our Lady's smile to Bernadette haunted me yesterday as with Sister Joseph Arthur⁽¹⁾ I left to round up children or grownups who had come in contact with tubercular victims. February 11 notwithstanding, not to the miraculous spring of the Pyrenees but, more prosaically, to the Anti-Tuberculosis Society were we to lead our new found patient prospects.

A trio of little damsels led our escort. The baby of the three, her fourth birthday just gone by, had been baptized only two days before, and Maria Lourdes Carmen was her new name in God's address books. The biggest of them had only recently received the White Guest's first visit in Communion. Sisters have to find out all those delightful details, because they want to give a lift to the immortal soul while fighting against microbes and diseases.

Farther on we came to a group of fifteen miserable looking hovels. As we were deliberating about the chances we had of reaching, still alive and on our feet, the top steps of a rickety staircase, a kind-faced old matron jogged on to us and kissed our hands as reverently as we would have kissed the Pope's ring. Many in the Philippines still observe that old custom, which expresses so well the respect and thankfulness in their hearts.

A blubbering little mite of humanity was next to pull at our heart-strings. On a bed as bare as his Brother's Manger, the month-old baby lay, his tiny hands clutching the air and his frail body twisted in pain. Sister poured a few drops of the miraculous water of Lipa on his head, which relieved him momentarily. After comforting the young mother we continued on our errand of mercy.

We were still thinking of that baby boy when we were introduced to a tubercular patient in whom the disease had made alarming headway. Mr. Caguco had told us on our first visit that being short of money he had to do without medicine. We have since been giving him injections and tonics, and will see to it that his wife and baby are vaccinated.

Lastly came a little toddler whom the dread T.B. seemed to have marked for its own.



High School Pupil of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception Manila

1. Laura THERIEN, St. Leonard d'Aston.

Accompanied by our recruits, we climbed into the "transportation" (bus) bound for the dispensary; there, leaving our new arrivals in the care of the nurse, we proceeded to visit a patient in the tuberculosis pavilion. "Seven youngsters at home" is only part of his sad story. As captain of a sea-going vessel and with money to burn, he didn't take time to look at both sides of a coin before spending it; therefore, when illness came to him, the small nest egg was soon nonexistent. Once when our nursing Sister paid him a visit, of victuals there were none in the house save one bowl of rice for all the family. After plenty of red tape we had him admitted at San Lazaro among the poor. Since then, thanks to injections, the onetime capitalist has been getting better all along.

Last on our programme was a genial Chinese baptized a few days back and having yet to get over the thrill of the wonderful gift that has come to him. It delighted him to hear Sister, who has been fifteen years in China, converse in his native tongue with perfect good grace.

Physical and moral miseries teem in the Manila we love. Even in a lifetime we'll be able to do only a fraction of the good there is to be done. Please pray that God may work overtime to compensate for us poor weaklings, and ask Him to see that many go down to the sea in ships with the Philippines as destination.

SISTER MARIE ALBERTINE, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

Manila, February 12, 1949

1. Jacqueline BLONDIN, Longueuil.



SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERIEN, ST. LEONARD D'ASTON)
LEAVING ON A HOME VISIT



Life Goes on at Las Pinas, Rizal

Philippine Islands

HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR BATH?

As original as any under the sun is the custom prevailing in the Philippines which says you must take a sea-bath on June 24 in honor of the greatest of the sons of men, who, between his meals of locusts and wild honey, baptized on the banks of the river of Jordan!

All day long the thoroughfares leading to the sea are jammed with pleasure-seekers; those who can afford a holiday take things easy in the water for hours on end; others stay on firm land to provide free of charge a thorough sprinkling for some unwary neighbor. It's against the rules to take offense, for anybody is allowed to give anybody a douche on June 24; it is a custom, however strange, and all know it and "forewarned is forearmed." There is mercy for none; whoever is foolhardy enough to venture out on the street without raincoat, rubber boots, and sense of humor, will rue the day and the hour. Streetcars are practically air- or rather water-tight in spite of the suffocating heat, which is as welcome as a shower from the bystanders. People resign themselves to the inevitable douches; nobody has protested so far and nobody will likely ever protest, for what would be the height of outrage on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year is considered lawful on St. John's Birthday.

RAIN OR SHINE

One must have been a denizen of the tropics to understand what is meant here by the rainy season. It is the time when the waterspouts of heaven are given leave to overflow houses, trees, and every living thing. Nine times out of ten the rain stops as quickly as it began, and it is wonderful to see how soon the sun can come out again with merry face. In less than an hour you would look all in vain for traces of the washout of an hour before with water, water everywhere, and lots of it to drink. In all its splendor the old daystar shines once more, and the parched ground in its own way says grace for a good sip of the refreshing beverage. Thanks to those daily cloudbursts the vegetation can bear up under the burning sun and do a thriving business of growing. When the downpour is over, the



PUPILS OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

palm trees hold their branches up in self-confidence again; the flowers recover their gracefulness and perfume; even the sons of Adam bless the welcome showers which moderate the heat and make life more livable.

HONOR THE DEAD

The father of one of our young pupils died some months ago, and was given a remarkable funeral by the aviation company in which he had been occupying a prominent position. If you want an insight into local customs re bearing the body to its last resting place, we have first-hand information to give.

The burial ceremony is held in the afternoon. The priest wearing the cope goes to the house of the deceased, where the cortege forms as follows: in the lead, the processional cross and torches carried by surpliced altar boys; then, the orchestra with its funeral elegies; thirdly, the silver-colored casket, all but buried under wreaths and sheaves of flowers. Naturally, the distance is covered on foot and at snail pace, however far it may be, however blazing the sun, however rainy the day.

The bells, which have tolled every hour since the death, get at it again, while the orchestra lords over it all with its jeremiads. Then all is hushed at the church door; buried under white blossoms, the bier is carried inside. Palms surround the catafalque and the altar is draped in black for the *Libera* and the usual prayers.

Following the ceremony, the procession forms a second time in the same order to escort the body to its last resting place. The wife of the deceased,

in sombre mourning clothes and covered with a long veil reaching down as far as her dress, comes first of the mourners. Two neighbor women support her on either side, thereby expressing the sympathy of all. Funerals in the Philippines, for all they are not cut on the same pattern as funerals in the Maple Land, are not lacking in piety and respect for the beloved dead.

ONLY ONE BAMBOO ORGAN

Thousands of visitors come yearly to marvel at the bamboo organ which is now safely past the teens of its second century. The church which owns the treasure dates from 1762, and was erected by Spanish missionaries. In 1818, the parish was in charge of Rev. Father Diego Cero, Spanish member of the Society of Augustinian Recollect Brothers, a kind priest, maestro in the art of music as in the art of loving God. Many a time he had deplored the fact that his church had no organ to take care of God's glory during ceremonies. Acting on the principle that the shortest answer is doing the thing, he went right ahead and did it. Finding the required materials was a thorny problem indeed; it was impossible to procure them on the Islands, and he was too much of a pauper himself to think of importing them from his native Spain. After playing some vigorous mental football with the idea, he thought of making the organ pipes with bamboo stalks, which were very flexible and were found in the Philippines. Carefully he selected trees for the purpose, prepared the 950 pipes he would need, and buried them six months under a heavy layer of sand, in order to preserve them from the attacks of what for want of a better term we might call bamboo ants. When the wood was dry enough, Father got busy and four years later he had an organ on which even Holy King David would have been delighted to try his skill.

So far the organ has weathered two doomsdays and has come out alive and in good shape. When in 1862 a hurricane blew off the roof of the church, the organ was repaired, but only partly. Later, Rev. Father Faniel com-



RICE HARVEST IN THE PHILIPPINES

pleted the restoration with the help of the people of Las Pinas. Until 1932, human hands furnished the air power for the organ by means of an air pump. The instrument was repaired again six years ago, and, although it will probably not live so long as Methuselah, its insides are still in pretty good health. The many visitors enjoy listening to the dear old bamboo thing and like to make money offerings so that the custodians of it will see that it keeps in playing trim.

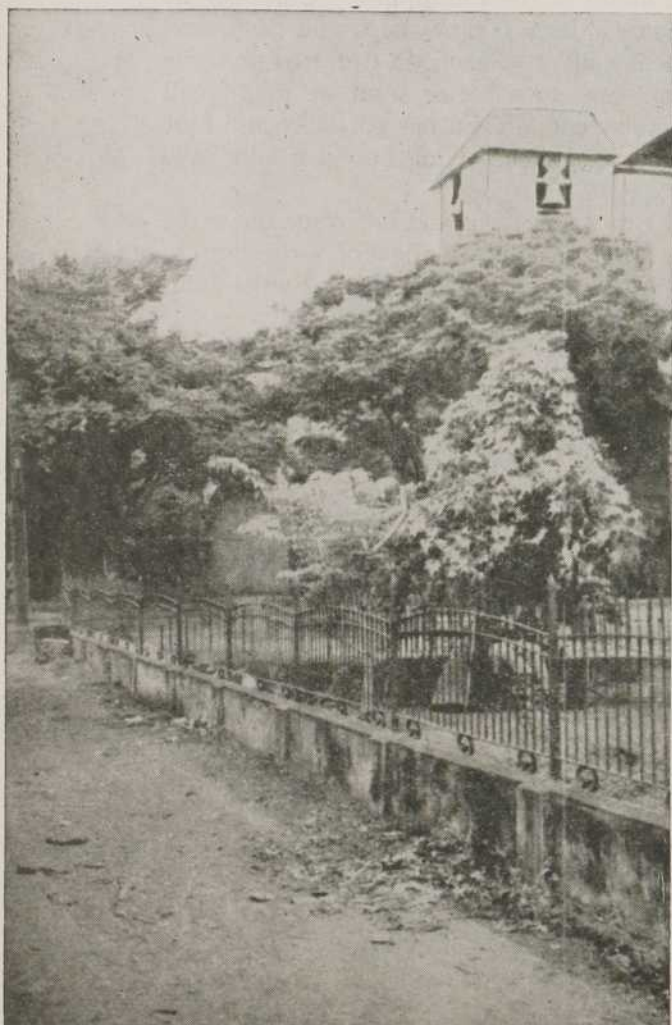
MYSTERY OF ROSES AT CARMELITE CONVENT

Thousands who have flocked to the old cathedral town of Lipa in recent weeks believe a miracle has been wrought. They call it the mystery of the rose petals. The central figure in the mystery is a 21-year-old novice, who is reported to have seen the Blessed Virgin several times. Occasionally, showers of roses within the cloister and outside have been seen by a good number of people. "I saw crowds of people with their hands cupped and raised heavenward to catch petals and a photographer with his camera raised skyward," writes Father Patrick Shanley, O.C.D., in the *Mount Carmel* magazine. Lipa City, at two hours' distance from Las Pinas, has since become a boom town for the visits of the devout and curious.

On January 30 we accompanied our fifth and sixth graders to the scene of the Blessed Mother's apparitions. Fresh showers of red roses had fallen early in the month and people were all enthusiastic about the happening.

It was an ideal morning when the fifty of us set out from Las Pinas. On the way we said the Rosary as required by Our Lady of Fatima, and sang our favorite hymns to Our Blessed Mother as required by our own filial piety.

When at ten o'clock we walked into Lipa, the Carmelite monastery was already a scene of activity. The grounds were literally strewn with buses and vehicles of every description; people filled not only the temporary chapel, which consists of poles and a roof, but many of the devout faithful had to stay outside and gather in the convent yard. Persons of every age and condition, laughing little laddies, serious-minded young ladies, thoughtful fathers and mothers, wrin-



kled old grannies knelt on the bare ground, forgetting they were tired and the day was hot, so absorbed were they in hearing Mass where the Carmelite Sister had talked with the Blessed Virgin.

"I am Mary, the Mediatrix of All Grace," the Vision Beautiful is reported to have declared. That explains why popular devotion acclaims the miraculous statue of Mary Mediatrix enshrined in a niche in the side wall of the Carmelite monastery. In two places pilgrims await whole hours under a blazing sun their turn to be given a precious portion of the water into which the miraculous petals have been dipped.

With the approbation of the Bishop of Lipa, the construction of a vast sanctuary has been begun near the convent. It was our privilege to hear two Masses said by pilgrim priests. Of the Virgin who is reputed to have told the novice, "I shall always bless the Community morning and evening," we asked blessings upon our own religious family, upon our beloved ones, and upon all souls.

All day long the place is alive with people. It was our joy to meet there our Sisters from Manila, who had come on a pilgrimage with their students. In the afternoon the pilgrims gathered for prayer around the modest altar of the temporary chapel. Although the chapel is fairly large, half of the faithful had to remain outside for want of room. The Rosary was said in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed; the mysteries were sung before each decade by all present. How could the Mother of God fail to heed those heart-sprung prayers and pleas of her devoted legions of children?

Father Shanley also quotes the Sister as repeating the words of the Apparition: "My child, you must love and obey your Mother Prioress. Tell your sisters to love one another as true sisters, to practise humility and simplicity, the virtues I love most. Tell them to love and obey their superiors and not to forget the things I ask. I shall not ask bigger things from you, as you expect, because you are my little ones. Do not forget to consecrate yourselves to me on October 7. Be very good."

The Auxiliary Bishop of Lipa, Most Rev. Alfredo Obviar, told the press, "All I can say now is that this is something extraordinary. The matter is at present under study by theologians." The Church is always prudent in expressing her views. Supposing, however, that the rose petal mystery were a fake of the spirit of evil, its disreputable author would have evidently put spokes in his own wheels, for he has procured still greater glory to God and His Blessed Mother. People in Lipa pray as never before.



*Rose Petals Fallen at Lipa Convent,
Philippine Islands,
on February 19, 1949.*



WEDDING CORTEGE, HAITI

HAITI, WEST INDIES

WEDDING BELLS IN HAITI

Wedding bells can serve a variety of purposes. In Haiti they take the place of grandfather clocks. Three-quarters, two-quarters, one-quarter of an hour before the Nuptial Mass they merrily call the church-goers who want to be on hand to pray and have a look.

That's what happened today, when Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So had their wedding blessed. Somehow it had never entered their minds, all through the years, that God would be interested in giving them a blessing. Their children were born, grew up like mushrooms, went to the Sisters' school, and still Dad and Mom ate, drank, slept, and made merry, never bothering about that blessing that should have come first of first things. It almost seemed as if the grace of God would never, never climb up to their mountain home. But it did. Nor did the missionary Father do it single-handed. No, sir, along came the youngsters with little folded hands too, asking God to make things right.

The wedding cortege had no streamlined autos to boast of — just thirty or so prancing steeds like Lochinvar had to come out of the west. Some friends followed on foot. Mrs. So-and-So wore her white dress, Mr. So-and-So his white suit, and the godparents and relatives were groomed well enough to call on the Queen of England.

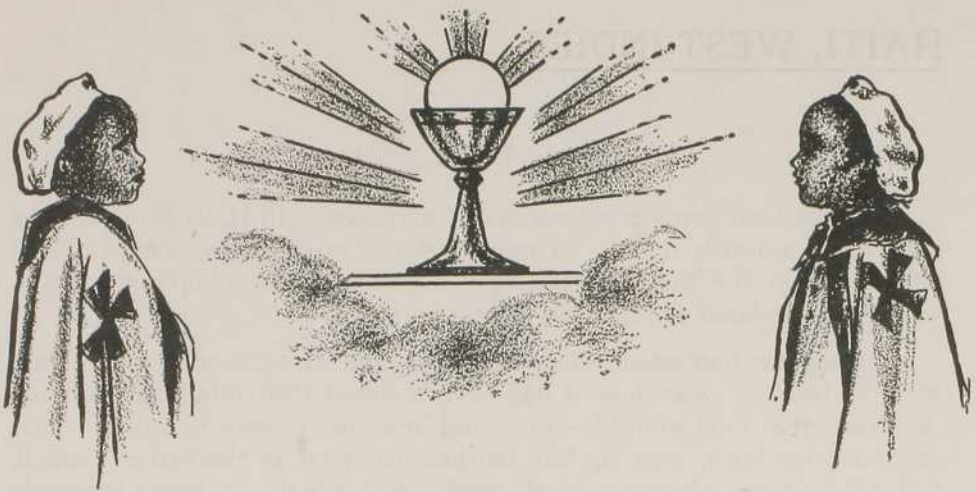
In cases where the couple is well-to-do, the husband will bring three or four wedding rings and will take three or four minutes to lay them on the platter. One can't always manage one's emotions, and fingers get so clumsy and stupid sometimes. Then, too, the bride isn't expected to be able to slip the rings on unaided; godmother will give her a helping hand, and if that isn't enough, godfather will come to the rescue.

The *Veni Creator* opens the ceremony and the *Magnificat* sung by all closes it. Then the bells gaily peal out, telling the world that one more Christian family will serve God as He wants to be served.

It is a custom too strong to be overlooked to congratulate the bridal couple after Mass. That done, the cortege sets out once more, and the horses stamp their feet until you let them have their way, which is gallop.

Way up on the mountain where the grace of God found them, there is going to be plenty of rejoicing. "Now tread we a measure," says middle-aged Lochinvar, "and we'll have the tam-tam to provide the music."

Way down in the valley where the missionaries "say it to God with prayers and sacrifices," some little Sister on her knees will thank the loving Shepherd for hemming these two safely within His Fold. "But please, dear Lord, see that the wedding bells ring on time, and not so many years late!"



CRUSADERS OF ROCHE-A-BATEAU

In January, the General Director of the Eucharistic Crusade proclaimed a rally of all the Crusaders for a grand drive of prayer, a novena of prayers and sacrifices to obtain unity in the great human family.

Badges bearing the slogan "Unity!" were made for the occasion and worn by all junior and senior Crusaders. However, no special form of prayer, no prescribed practice of self-denial hampered the initiative and fervor of the staunch Crusaders.

On the third day of the novena, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, coming out of the convent into the schoolyard for the pupils' recreation, heard murmurs of prayers floating on the air from the open windows of the near-by chapel. Entering she found, circling the Crib, four groups of Crusaders fervently telling their beads, while three or four other companions were making the Way of the Cross. Surely the Christ Child, heedful of these innocent prayers, will soon deign at last to link the nations of the world into a unit, the unit of His Love.

On the last day of the novena, Mass was offered at six o'clock with all the groups of Crusaders in attendance. After Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, during which all prayed with increased fervor for the great intention.

CRUSADERS GO PICNICKING

Our Crusaders know how to pray, which does not in the least keep them from enjoying themselves when the time comes.

In the schoolyard, one early morning, forty sturdy mounts were neighing impatiently and sniffing the exhilarating sea breeze. Their riders, our Crusaders, were anxiously scanning the convent windows for a sight of their teachers. What if the Sisters had forgotten that today was picnic day for St. Joseph's School? The sun had not yet peeped from behind the hills and the children had already been up for hours.

— 1. Sister St. Olive (Jeannette DUFRESNE, Val David).

At long last three white-robed teachers came out in the cool of the morning to greet their pupils and accompany them on the way. Sister Marie Theodore⁽¹⁾, Sister St. Rita⁽²⁾, and Sister Jeanne d'Orleans⁽³⁾ relished the picnic idea.

A few words of advice, the roll call, and away swung the gay cavalcade. Photos were taken at a first stop; then the more hardy riders decided on some speed and led the gallop.

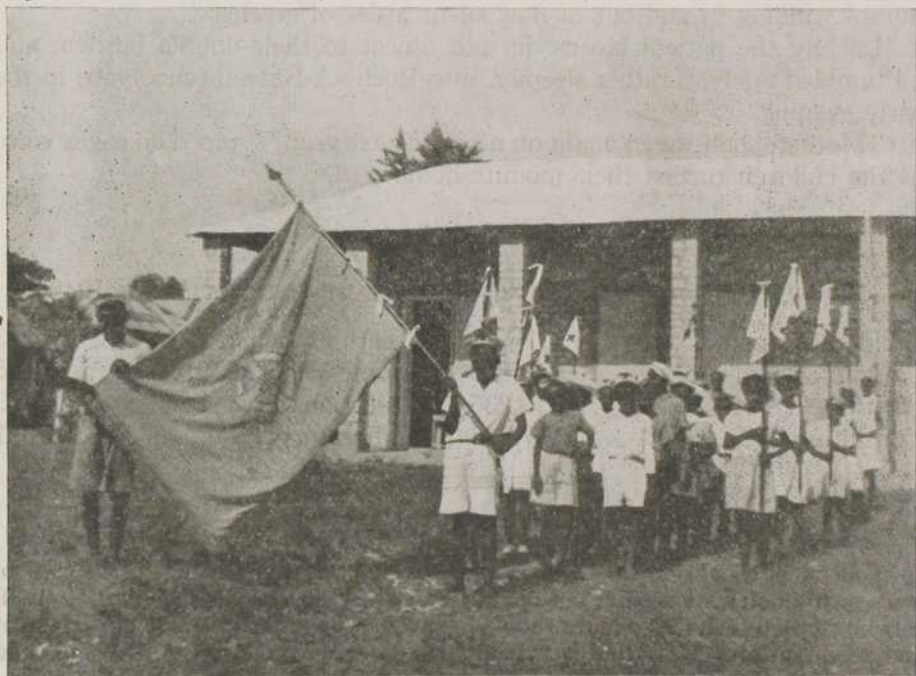
Just then the sun rising over the Caribbean staged a pageant of gorgeous hues and colors. Gaudy-plumed birds filled the air with their warbling, while the children kept up a lively chatter. All about us everything was green and gay and free.

The cavalcade had to pussyfoot across a lazy little river, and Gisele suddenly called out, "*Tend, ti-moment!*" (Wait a moment!) Her hat had fallen into the stream, and someone had to leap down and rescue it from a watery grave. On and on we rode, stopping only once again to say a fervent prayer before a huge wayside cross bowered in trailing vines. It was still early when we rode into Les Coteaux, where our Sisters bade us a cheery welcome and their pupils took charge of our Crusaders. Games and songs filled the rest of the forenoon, sharpening mighty appetites for the noonday festive spread of national rice mixed with red beans. Our seventy lusty Crusaders had soon licked their banana-leaf platters clean and were up and ready for more fun.

1. Lucienne GADOURY, St. Elisabeth, Joliette Co.

2. Rita LEGRAND, St. Philippe de Laprairie.

3. Jeanne d'Arc NOLIN, Quebec.



NOT ONLY PICNICS. PROCESSIONS TOO!



GOING A-PICNICKING.

Sister St. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philippe de Laprairie), Sister Marie Theodore (Lucienne Gadoury, St. Elisabeth), and Sister Jeanne d'Orleans (Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec) Accompany the Merry Group.

At four o'clock we rounded up all our children and struck for the home trail. Some of the little ones who had gaily walked their miles in the morning freshness begged for a place astride the mounts of the more fortunate riders. From afar, one would have thought of a row of camels with two humps winding in and out of now silent aisles of greenery.

Luckily the patient steeds did not object to their double burden, and all tumbled safely, if rather sleepily, into Roche-A-Bateau schoolyard in the early evening.

"Mother, shall we go again on a picnic next year?" piped an eager voice as the children turned their mounts homeward.

* * *

REPORT OF ROCHE-A-BATEAU DISPENSARY FOR THE YEAR 1948

Child christened.....	1	Teeth extracted.....	123
Patients.....	13,800	Home Visits.....	475
Dressings.....	5,236	Injections.....	8,743
Consultations.....	7,928	Laboratory Tests.....	321

World Vision

Your ideal should not be confined to individualized worship, or to the care of one's own sanctification only, but ought to go as far as that of Our Lord Himself, carrying out His will that all men should be saved. That ideal should find lodgment and acceptance in the soul of every Christian so that each in his own sphere, and according to his abilities, would be a missionary.

Pope Pius XI

CUBA

St. Joseph's Feastday in Marti

How often the best laid plans of mice and men . . . and roosters . . . go astray! Yes, Marti the innocent thought it would be allowed to doze till Angelus time, for now the chanticleers were nodding in their sleep. But alas! at four-thirty someone unblushingly trumpeted reveille, unashamedly set off firecrackers and fireworks, and lustily whooped, "Padre Fernando! Padre Fernando! Time to get up!"

That was enough to awake the Padre, his people, and the peals. Half an hour later Rev. Father Guilbault set the bell of his mission church ringing solemn as a sacred chant. "*Sursum corda!*" was its burden. "Lift up your hearts. Today is *la fiesta de San José*. You must celebrate the feast of your glorious patron with pomp and prayer."

Now all was right with the world again, as Pippa's Song says it; the church bell had said its morning antiphon, for which everybody had been waiting. Wide-awake and ready for more crowing and piping, the roosters and their cousins of the feathered species intoned the *Benedicite* pigeonholed for very special occasions.

At seven o'clock Mass that morning, ten persons knelt for Holy Communion. Before the Solemn High, which was sung by Rev. Father Michaud, parish priest of Santa Cruz, Miss Paquita Gurruchaga, throwing human-respect caution to the winds, followed the example previously set by the ten. This young acquaintance of ours, of the most lovable type God ever created, wields a good amount of influence wherever she goes. If the contagion of her inspiring example spreads, and if St. Joseph releases "grace power" from above, the gigantic Catholic Action task to be done in Marti will prove so much easier.

Sisters, women, and girls sang the Common of the Mass of the Angels, as they did last Christmas. Graciously Miss Paquita (don't be shocked! first names and not family names are used in conversation here) accepted our invitation to play an offertory, and later accompanied a hymn sung with gusto in honor of the Carpenter Saint of Nazareth. The excellent rendition intensified our desire of grouping all the young girls of the village and the Central in a choir, so that they won't have to keep silent in their and our Father's House.

A procession was also on schedule, but, owing to the great heat, it was postponed till five o'clock. Long before the appointed hour, the far-famed band of the school operated by the Oblate Sisters of Providence, Cardenas, had marched in with flying colors under the supervision of Madre Clara, Superior, and Madre Marie Rene, Directress. It was amusing to watch the thirty-four lassies, colored girls most of them, making elaborate plans for the big outing. They looked for all the world like little princesses escaped from books of fairy tales, with their blue dresses all alike with white satin trimmings.

Still more heart-warming was it to observe their perfect decorum and unruffled dignity during the procession as they marched behind the cross.



Sister Marie Alice (Alice Ladouceur, St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Marti, Cuba, Teaches English to Willing Pupils.

The Oblate teachers they love were on the prayer line with our Superior⁽¹⁾, Sister St. Joseph Calasanz⁽²⁾, and myself. All of us vexed, as we said, St. Joseph with litanies of things needed for the Church in Cuba.

The parishioners prayed too. They wouldn't have missed the procession for anything under the sun. On the way a cluster of public school pupils asked to be sandwiched in our ranks, which they readily obtained. They were proud, and so was everyone, to march before the life-size statue of the Saint of the day; this statue, which usually thrones on the main altar, was

carried by *muy catolicos* (most Catholic) notables of the place divided into four groups. St. Joseph had, beyond all doubt, chosen the privileged ones who would carry his statue.

As the procession was winding in to the church to recite the Litany of St. Joseph, something — someone, rather — high in the steeple, drew the attention of all. He was a devoted friend and well-wisher of the Padre; rather short and stout, he had clambered there, like Zachaeus of Gospel fame in the sycamore tree, neither to see nor to be seen, but only to ring the sarcastic bell that refused to have anything to do with ropes of any kind. Even bells will get moody at times.

These processions are a necessary ingredient to any *fiesta*; so are the *verbena* (bazaar) and the dance. For the last month a good hundred persons had been racking their brains planning and installing the several booths. Loudspeakers did much propaganda as well. So did the press launch its appeals in honor of the most urgent cause of the hour, the *colegio catolico*. Thanks to the capable management of Padre Fernando, who is the idol of his parishioners, the enterprise was as successful as could be expected, seeing that unwelcome drops of rain sent many would-be buyers scurrying to shelter. In spite of the Weather Man's vagaries, however, the fair scored a grand success, for which thanks are due to St. Joseph, Padre Fernando, and all our generous benefactors of Marti. Long may they live!

SISTER MARIE ALICE, M.I.C.⁽³⁾

1. Sister Marthe de Bethanie (Berthe POTHIER, Three Rivers).

2. Jeanne Berthe MORIN, Mont Laurier.

3. Alice LADOUCEUR, St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds.

Catholic News Briefs

New Apostolic Delegate to Japan

Msgr. Maximilian de Furstenberg, former Rector of the Belgian College in Rome, has recently been appointed by the Holy See, Apostolic Delegate to Japan.

The distinguished prelate, of Belgian descent although born in the Netherlands, speaks French, Flemish, English, German, and Italian fluently, and hopes to master the Japanese language without great difficulty.

With her 120,000 Catholics on a total population of 80,000,000, Japan is, statistically speaking, the smallest of all apostolic delegations. Nevertheless, in postwar Japan the Church is called to play a paramount role; indeed, everything seems to indicate that the elite of the country intend to build the future of their homeland on the unassailable principles of the religion of Christ.

Archbishop Marella in Australia

His Excellency Archbishop Marella, transferred from the apostolic delegation of Tokyo to that of Sydney, Australia, bade farewell to Japan on February 12 last.

Before his departure, the Archbishop was received in an audience by His Imperial Majesty, who invited him to a breakfast at which were present Prince Takamatsu, Emperor Hirohito's brother, the Prime Minister, the Grand Master of the Palace, and other distinguished Japanese personalities. His Majesty spoke of his desire of working for peace and harmony among the nations, and expressed his gratitude towards the Holy Father and all Catholics the world over for the assistance given to Japan. The Emperor also voiced the hope that every success attend the forthcoming celebrations in commemoration of the fourth centenary of the landing of St. Francis Xavier on Japanese soil.

Archbishop Marella was also welcomed at the various embassies and by General MacArthur, who spoke at length on the coming feasts in honor of St. Francis Xavier, for whom he professes profound admiration. The General likewise spoke to censure the mock "trial" of His Eminence Cardinal Mindszenty.

The newly-appointed Apostolic Delegate to Australia arrived at Sydney on the morning of February 14, where several bishops and eminent personages were awaiting him. Shortly after his arrival, he received the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney.

The next day began the series of receptions which enabled the Representative of the Holy Father to observe how ardently the Australian people love their Faith and how strong is their devotion to the Holy See.

Catholics in Great Britain

LONDON (CIP) — The Catholic Yearbook of England for 1949 announces that the number of Catholics in England and Wales is at present 2,600,000, an increase of 120,000 over the preceding year.

New Dominion in Central Africa

ROME (AIF) — In an article titled "Project of a Dominion in Central Africa," the *Times* of February 16 speaks of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland as of a new Dominion in process of formation. The population of the three regions is distributed as follows:

	<i>Europeans</i>	<i>Africans</i>	<i>Asiatics, etc.</i>	<i>Total</i>
Southern Rhodesia	110,000	1,870,000	8,500	1,988,500
Northern Rhodesia	30,000	1,700,000	2,500	1,732,500
Nyasaland	2,200	2,220,000	3,700	2,225,900
	142,200	5,790,000	14,700	5,946,900
				<i>Fides</i>

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)

Having determined to become a religious, the question arose, what Order he should join, keeping in view the work of the Foreign Missions. There were, of course, the great Orders: the Dominican, the Franciscan, the Benedictine, the Society of Jesus, and others which, through long centuries, had produced saints and done inestimable service to the Church; there were newer congregations, born after the Revolution, but already grown strong and rivalling the old in holiness and devotedness. There were active and contemplative Orders. While Father Chanel revered them all, not one forcibly attracted him.

But there was a new Society⁽¹⁾ little and humble, an infant still in swaddling clothes, whose simplicity and humility won his heart. The idea of this new congregation had been conceived in 1816, at the Seminary of Saint Irene, in Lyons; it was born at the feet of the Blessed Virgin in the old church of Fourviere. The Queen of Heaven had given it her name, thereby adopting it for Her own.

The members of this Society called themselves Marists, and recognized Mary as their Mother and perpetual Superior. They were few in number, but among them there were several who had been schoolmates of Father Chanel's; and he knew intimately Father Colin⁽²⁾, founder of the Society, who at that time directed, under the authority of Bishop Devie, the parochial missions of the diocese of Belley.

Father Chanel went to see Father Colin, told him of the thoughts that filled his mind, and the longings that burned within his heart, and after further reflection, much prayer, and advice from those whom he trusted most, he begged to be admitted into the Society. Father Colin received him with fatherly tenderness. Another appeal was made to Bishop Devie, and this time he gave the desired permission. Father Chanel's joy knew no bounds.

1. The Society of Mary now has six provinces; two in France, one in the British Isles, one in the United States, one in New Zealand and one in Oceania, and numbers among its members about a thousand priests and many lay-brothers.

2. Venerable John Claude Mary Colin was born in 1790 and died in 1875. The idea of a Society dedicated to the Blessed Virgin originated among the seminarians at Saint-Irene. Although the most retiring of the group, he became its leader, and drew up provisional rules. From Bishop Devie he obtained permission to take a few companions, and to preach missions in the neglected parts of the diocese. The Society grew rapidly, was canonically approved by Gregory XVI, and entrusted with various missions in Oceania, to which Father Colin sent as many as seventy-four priests and forty-three lay-brothers.

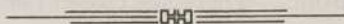
But few heaven-made plans succeed without overcoming opposition. A religious vocation is a grace so great and so precious that God ordinarily demands that it be bought with sacrifice. His affection for Crozet became a sword in Father Chanel's affectionate heart; and like many others, he had to withstand the importunities of friends and relatives. The members of his family felt that they would lose him forever, and grieved deeply; but they were too sincerely good to refuse any sacrifice demanded by God. Among his friends he had to fight against many objections, some of them plausible enough. In his own parish no one knew anything of his intentions until the end.

Before leaving Crozet, Father Chanel wished his sister's future to be settled. Following her own inclinations and his advice, Mary Frances went to Belley and sought admission to the convent of Bon Repos, mother house of the Religious of the Holy Name of Mary. She was received and, a mere postulant, became angelically devout, obedient, and humble. In time she took the veil, and received the name, Sister St. Dominic. At Crozet many tears were shed over her departure. The villagers little suspected that a still sadder separation was to come. But though Father Chanel said nothing of his plans, he could not entirely conceal his secret. The nearer came the hour he was to leave his dearly loved parish, the more did his people remark the sadness of his ordinarily happy face; and they were amazed when he stripped his house and distributed his furniture among the poor.

"The last Sunday he spent at Crozet," a priest related, "he consecrated the parish to the Blessed Virgin. After Vespers and the recitation of the beads, he intoned the canticle, 'We fly to thy patronage,' in a voice full of emotion. As he sang, tears flowed over his cheeks. Afterwards, he spoke a few words on devotion to Mary and conformity to the will of God. The evening of that same day he went to the chateau to say good-bye to M. Girod and commissioned him to express his loving regret to his people. At the close of this visit, he got into a carriage and drove away alone into the night. Undoubtedly, if his parishioners had known of his departure, it would have been opposed."

The next morning the news plunged all Crozet into deep grief. The people wrote to Father Chanel, imploring him to return, but touched though he was, his resolution was unshakable. "What consoles me," he wrote to them, after the installation of his successor, "is that I leave you in the hands of a priest who will strengthen your souls in good, and whose zeal will repair my faults and negligences."

(To be continued)



It is not the type of talent that determines a man's dignity and a man's success, but rather the use he makes of the talent, big or small.

John P. Delaney, S. J.



Novitiate Doings

Monday, March 7, 1949

To G.K.C.'s "If you want an exciting life, try virtue," we apostles in embryo feel like adding, "or missions." Four visiting missionary Sisters, two veterans and two apprentices, are responsible for this record high surge of our enthusiasm.

They came today to speak to us on the ever fascinating mission theme, thereby providing us with raw material for many a day's conversations and many a night's dreams. Our 1949 castles, we must say, are not in Spain, but farther on where Chinese coolies, pickaback Japanese babies, and skinny African youngsters are in need of something more eternally durable than buddhas and fetishes. Some day we shall give God to so many waiting millions.

Thursday, March 31

Right before the examination of conscience it happened. So far the novice leading the night prayer had had no memory blackouts, and the prospects for a faultless rendition seemed very good. But alas! it was not always thus. Presently the devil of distraction slipped into the chapel under the grey coat and bonnet of a bat.

This little winged creature having a bad hairdresser reputation, every Sister present instinctively thought of her coiffure. On similar occasions one is apt to forget that the veil, whether black or white, means "all quiet on the upper front."

Intruders of the bat sort, the Sister sacristan reflected, had no business in the chapel. Accordingly, she switched on the light, opened the window, and eyed the impudent thing as if to say, "Out, you fool!" But no! The saucy bat had the nerve to choose the vicinity of Our Lady's statue as the terminus of her evening frolic. There she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Like so many erring souls, mused we in serious vein, the poor fluttering bat prefers the darkness to the light. Her destiny, of course, matters even less than the midget size of her body; when she goes, the remembrance of her will go too. But not thus is it for the immortal souls of men; they will

live on for all eternity. How beautiful, in this light, looms the missionary vocation! The Master has singled us out to lead souls to Him who gives life everlasting.

Sunday, April 17

To the Mother of the glorious Victor of Easter morn arose, at break of day, the strains of our jubilant *Laetare*. Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven, for thy Son will die nevermore! Now that the Lenten season is over, we can read the wonderful letters from home. "Some are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," as Bacon would say. We certainly relished every one of them, just as we enjoyed beyond telling the delightful personal calls from the ones we have left behind in order to follow the Master.

Monday, April 18

Mr. Ho Li Fang, a distinguished Chinese whom the hazards of war have unfortunately expatriated, related today to the novitiate personnel the highlights of his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

When as a little boy he left home to get acquainted with that wondrous thing called knowledge, his mother whispered in his ear a watchword that he adopted as a practical code of life. "Go, son, and become a man!"

In school, as previously in his family, the little pigtail Chinese found a distinct monotheistic atmosphere; his professor, a gentleman of the old school, stressed the existence of one true God and taught his disciple the principles of the natural law.

A few years later, the brilliant scholar left China in order to continue his scholarly training in Paris. At the Sorbonne he cherished one sole dream, namely, that of grasping from every branch of knowledge all that might serve to improve the social and economic situation in his native land. In vain the surging waves of Communism and Marxism that devastated France at that time beat against the adamant rock of the words of his mother and the advice of his wise old professor; the young student bravely stuck to his guns.

One fateful day, however, following a disastrous chemical experiment, he fell ill and had to go to Switzerland for the sake of his health. There Providence placed at his side a Catholic engineer, who was to become the instrument of his conversion. Often of an evening the two would have lengthy discussions on some point or other of the Catholic Faith. Truth-starved, Mr. Ho appealed for instruction to the Canons of St. Augustine, whose monastery was located near his boarding house. In the holy Gospel placed at his disposal by the monks, the fervent patriot sought first of all what might serve the cause of his country.

Three passages struck him with all the force of a revelation. To begin with, under the traits of the woman taken in adultery he saw China in all her degradation and misery, and asked himself, "Are there any other nations without sin that can cast a stone at her?" Farther on, the text, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," confirmed

his belief in one Lord who will remain eternally, even ages after heaven and earth and China shall have passed away. Still reading on, Mr. Ho came to the chapter on the fast of Our Lord in the desert, and was struck by the answer with which the Savior silenced Satan. "Not in bread alone doth man live," had Christ said, and His words seemed to the future convert the best remedy for the ills of his nation. Not in rice alone must the Chinese live, he reflected; he must be given a more substantial and noble food; his soul, his aspirations, his ideal must be elevated, so that he may reach the level of his brethren.

The Canons of St. Augustine then instructed Mr. Ho, who received baptism shortly after. Now the happy child of the heavenly Father is again a man of one idea, and it is a big one; he wants to spread the knowledge of God in China through the written word.

We missionary novices are sharing his big idea; through prayers and sacrifices we are striving to help our Sisters already at work in the vast spiritual fields of China Unlimited.

Those Who Stay Behind

TO THE PARENTS OF DEPARTING MISSIONARIES

Great though our tribute be to those who go, greater still must be our homage to the dear ones who stay behind, and especially to the ageing fathers and mothers of these boys. It is not unlikely that a missionary career was not the life they had dreamed of for their sons. Perhaps they dreamt that their lads would be near them in their last hour. Is it hard to sympathize with the first shock at contrary news? The Recording Angel alone knows the unseen tears, the heartbreak and the final triumph of Faith. Spare a prayer, then, for the Mothers and Fathers of the Missionaries who go.

From a Departure Ceremony Message

Mary's Mission

The Blessed Virgin accepted the weighty task that Jesus bequeathed to her, namely that of mothering the child born upon the Cross, the Church. She received it and for twenty-four years, according to Saint Epiphanius, or twelve years according to other Saints, like a loving grandmother, watched over this frail little being that the *New Herod*, the Universe, sought from all sides to strangle. She formed the Church, she planned its trade of fisherman of souls; she was the first mariner of the little boat which was beginning to launch out on the great sea of the world. When she died she had been both Martha and Mary. She had united the active life and the contemplative life, and that is why the Gospel of the Mass for the feast of the Assumption is justly taken from the passage in Saint Luke in which he tells of Christ's visit in the home of the two sisters. Her mission was then complete. The Church, in the hands of Saint Peter, was sufficiently developed to sail without towing.

J. K. Huysmans



A thousand thanks to the Immaculate Conception for having obtained the desired job. Enclosed you will find five dollars for a Chinese baby in fulfillment of my promise. V., **Montreal**. — I have received many favors through your wonderful prayers. Will you please pray for my intention. A. J., **Montreal**. — Please have a low Mass said in thanksgiving for my daughter's success in her Christmas exams. Mrs. S. G., **Ont.** — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. G. F., **Warren, R. I.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. I am asking another favor. Mrs. U. T., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for remarkable improvement in my health. I hope to obtain a complete cure. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor received. Anonymous. — I have been granted the favor I was requesting; I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother. Miss E. M. — A great favor has been obtained. Mrs. J. A. F., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank the Blessed Mother for my cure. Mrs. J. M., **Thetford Mines**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Immaculate Conception for the sale of a property. A subscriber. — In fulfillment of a promise. Mrs. A. L., **Sacre Coeur, Saguenay County**. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother. Anonymous, **Danielson, Conn.** — I owe a great debt of thanks to Mary for the protection she has granted me. Please pray for seven sick persons, several deceased, and other intentions. T. V., **Montreal**.

— Thanks for the settling of several matters. Mrs. O. D. — I have obtained a good position. Mrs. A., **Lowell, Mass.** — I heartily thank our heavenly Mother for the favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. J. H. B. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. I am requesting other favors. Mrs. E. P., **Thetford Mines**. — Thanks for a favor received. I would like to ask prayers for the success of an operation. Mrs. R. G., **Batiscan**. — Our Blessed Mother has answered me partly; I thank her with all my heart and feel hopeful she will continue. M. de P., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for recovery from an illness. Mrs. A. D., **Jonquiere**. — Please publish my thanks to the Immaculate Conception for favors received. A subscriber. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for protection granted my son during his five years of military service. Mrs. D. D. — A favor has been obtained. Mrs. E. L. — Thanks for favors received through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. A. P. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for favors received. Please help me pray to obtain peace in our family and success in an undertaking. Anonymous. — Thanks for a favor received. I am asking prayers for my son who is half paralyzed. Mrs. E. V., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Thanks to our heavenly Mother for the recovery of a stolen article. Please pray for the cure of my two daughters and another intention. Mrs. R. B. — Thanks for the cure of my daughter-in-law. Will you kindly pray that my son may find work. Mrs. M. B. — All my thanks to Mary Immaculate for the favor she has obtained for me. I am requesting another special favor. Mrs. T. B. — My four-year-old child has been cured miraculously through the Miraculous Medal. Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Anonymous. — Sincere thanks for a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Mother. Mrs. W. Q., **Granby**.

Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and St. Jude for favors received. Mrs. B. E., **Verdun**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for improvement in my husband's health and protection for me. Mrs. L. H., **Verdun**. — Heartfelt thanks to Ven. Father Pampalon for a favor received through his intercession. Mrs. G. P., **St. Zacharie**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for a favor received. Mrs. J. M. B., **Rosemont**. — I heartily thank St. Frances Cabrini for a favor received. F. D., **Outremont**. — A favor has been obtained through the intercession of Ven. Marguerite Bourgeoys. Mrs. A. B. — Thanksgiving to Mary, St. Joseph, and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. W. M., **Montreal**.

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



PETITIONS

Will you please pray for all my intentions, especially that I will have peace of mind and that the trouble and worry of the past months will cease. I need your prayers desperately. — Think of me in your prayers. **Mrs. L., Montreal.** — Pray that my son will start going to Mass. Please pray for me to get cured of my nervousness and for the health of my children. **Mrs. F., Montreal.** — Please say prayers for me. **Mrs. D., Montreal.** — Will you please say a special prayer sometime for me and my family. **Mrs. M. B., Montreal.** — Will you please enter my petitions in all the prayers and good works of the Sisters. **B.P., Montreal.** — Please pray for my intention. **A. L., Montreal.** — Would you please make a novena in honor of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a special favor for my sister and myself. Also that my other sister and brother may be cured. Other favors are also requested. **F. H., Montreal.** — I ask your prayers for my son who has got very fond of drink and makes it very unpleasant in the home. **J. D., Montreal.** — Please pray for my son that he regain his health from nervousness and keep his job. Other favors are also desired. A widowed mother, **Montreal.** — Please pray for me. **Mrs. W., Outremont.** — Please pray that my husband will keep his job. **Mrs. J. O'C., Verdun.** — Will you please make a special novena to Our Blessed Mother for my daughter, that she may have better health. **Mrs. O'R., Westmount.** — Would you be so kind as to pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary that my son may keep well; also for his First Communion. **Mrs. R. L., Terrebonne.** — Enclosed is an offering that I promised monthly to Our Blessed Lady in hope of receiving a petition which I am praying for. **Mrs. D. A., Laprairie.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother for two special favors I have been asking for a long time. **Mrs. B., Granby.** — Please pray for us. **Mrs. A. G., Sabrevois, Iberville County.** — Please make a novena for me. **Mrs. L., St. Janvier, Terrebonne County.** — Please pray for some very special intentions

of mine, to Our Blessed Lady of the Missions. **Mrs. M., Riverside, Ont.** — I am asking a favor from Our Blessed Mother. **Miss M., Cornwall, Ont.** — Please pray so that my daughter will find a place to be closer to church and the Catholic school, so that her children will be able to attend. **Mrs. D., Windsor, Ont.** — Please remember me in your Masses and prayers for the cure of a strained kidney and a special intention. **X., Greenfield, Ont.** — Please pray for many more favors I am asking. **Mrs. C., Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray for me and my work. Also pray for my wife that we remain both in good health. **E. D., Lewiston, Me.** — Would you please make a novena for my husband and son to make their Easter duty. A subscriber. — Please pray for a son to get work soon. A subscriber. — Please have my intention for a cure of a throat obstruction remembered in your prayers. **J. L., Lowell, Mass.** — Please pray for world peace and peace of mind. **Miss M., Lowell, Mass.** — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for the return of my health and also pray that we may find a place to live. **Mrs. B., Lowell, Mass.** — Will you kindly pray for my family, especially my little girl who is very nervous. **Mrs. F., Warren, R.I.** — Will you please pray for me that I may find a steady job in my home town, and that things will turn out all right this fall for me. **Miss T., Swanton, Vt.**

GENERAL PETITIONS

Please have a Mass said in honor of St. Jude for my brother; also, please make a novena for the same intention. **Miss K., Westmount.** — I am desperately in need of prayers. Won't you please pray for my intentions to the Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne. A subscriber. — Will you please make a novena for me to St. Joseph that my special intentions may be granted. **Miss M. C.** — Will you please have low Masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory that they will obtain a complete cure for my husband and myself. **K. H., Montreal.** — Kindly remember me in your prayers and have two low Masses said for the souls in Purgatory. **Mrs. W., Kenogami.** — Please pray to Jesus, Mary, St. Joseph, and St. Anne for my intentions. **X., Gamelin, P.Q.** — I am asking three favors from Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. **Mrs. McM., Chatham, Ont.** — Please pray to the Little Flower that we may find a place to live because we are being evicted. Also please pray for my two daughters that they may remain healthy. **Mrs. D., Lowell, Mass.**



PAX IN DEO

(From notifications received before May, 13)

Rev. Father Adrien Perrault, [Pont Viau; Mrs. Irene Giguere, St. Marie de Beauce, mother of our Sister St. Irene; Mrs. Roch Bournival, Three Rivers, mother of our Sister St. Febronie; Mr. Emile Leblanc, Jonquiere, father of our Sister Pauline Marie; Mr. Romulus Bilodeau, Montreal, father of our Sister Jeanne Leber;

Mr. Gustave Chauvin, Montreal, brother of our Sister Marguerite du Sacre Coeur; Mr. P. E. Mathieu, Montreal, brother of our Sister St. Angelique; Mr. Pierre Renaud, Loretteville, father of our Sister St. Jerome, novice; Mr. Wilfrid Corriveau, St. Sebastien d'Iberville, father of our Sister St. Serge, novice; Mr. John McCarthy, Mrs. Margaret McIntyre, Mrs. Margaret Neville, Mrs. Elisabeth McIntosh, Montreal; Mr. L. Bracken, Verdun; Mrs. John Breslin, Pt. St. Charles; Mrs. Francis Dunn, Granby; Mrs. Edwin Poirier, Maniwaki; Mr. Eudore J. Tache, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Laura Masse, Mrs. Marie Anne Marino, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Arthur Mullins, Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Adelina Descoteaux, Mrs. Flora Desilets, Mrs. James Powers, Mrs. Rosanna Ives, Mr. Octave Gagnon, Mr. Louis Cyr, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Ladouceur, Mrs. Cecile Filion, Mr. Al. Moreau, Mr. F. X. Mochon, Mrs. A. Allaire, Mrs. J. O. Racicot, Mrs. Lucien Labelle, Mrs. Ant. Simard, Mrs. Theo. Cantin, Mr. Aquilas Roy, Mrs. Jos. Drolet, Mrs. F. Richer, Mrs. Alf. Cabana, Mr. C. A. St. Germain, Mr. R. Rainville, Mrs. Delorme, Mr. Alb. Turcotte, Mrs. Art. Lemay, Mr. A. Caron, Mrs. J. Corneillier, Mrs. F. Major, Mrs. Jules Lapalme, Mrs. B. Georges, Mrs. J. A. Guay, Mrs. H. Montreuil, Mrs. F. Pichette, Mrs. G. Carbonneau, Mr. Ad. Hunter, Mr. G. Merineau, Mrs. J. Gratton, Mrs. J. E. Nelson, Mr. J. E. Cordeau, Mrs. R. Patenaude, Mr. Seraphin Taillefer, Mr. Art. Dubuc, Mrs. F. Lavallee, Mr. Lionel Lafond, Mrs. Leon Filipo, Mr. O. Perron, Mr. R. Godin, Mr. Alb. Cote, Mr. Arcade Carreau, Mrs. J. Trottier, Mrs. H. Therrien, Mrs. L. Beauchamp, Mr. J. N. Chausse, Mrs. Alexina Gibbons, Mr. Ant. Letourneau, Mr. Jos. Goyette, Mrs. Eug. Chartrand, Mr. H. Mathieu, Mrs. A. Boissonnault, Mrs. J. Allard, Mr. Benj. Decary, Mrs. Alph. Jette, Montreal; Mrs. E. A. Matte; Mr. Romeo Rainville, Mr. Roger Rainville, Outremont; Mrs. Noe Hogue, Mrs. Art. Archambault, Mr. Josaphat Fortier, Verdun; Mr. Andre Sauve, Mrs. Emery Sauve, Mr. P. P. Sauve, Ville Emard; Mrs. T. Lescadre, Mr. Leon Mercier, Miss B. Bedard, Mrs. Jos. Vermette, Rosemont; Mr. C. Boucher, Cote St. Paul; Mrs. F. Jarry, Mr. C. Deslauriers, Mrs. L. Trudel, Bordeaux; Mrs. M. L. St. Amand, Mrs. A. Montreuil, Maisonneuve; Mr. Paul Marchand, Ahuntsic; Mrs. E. Lebeau, Mrs. H. Emond, Ville St. Laurent; Mrs. D. Lefebvre, Cartierville; Mrs. John Cox, Pont Viau; Mrs. O. Pare, Mr. Alf. Fortin, Riviere des Prairies; Mr. E. Dionne, St. Anne de Bellevue; Mrs. A. Chouinard, St. Therese de Blainville; Mrs. Jos. Hamelin, Sherrington; Mrs. C. St. Aubin, Dorval; Mrs. Odilon Bertrand, Mont Rolland; Mrs. D. Vaillancourt, Oka; Mr. Jos. Archambault, St. Paul l'Ermite; Mr. Eugene Senecal, Mr. Alf. Lamarche, Mrs. Aurele Bonneau, St. Jean; Mr. Jos. E. Menard, St. Jerome; Mr. J. M. Menard, St. Agathe; Mrs. H. Bienvenue, St. Joseph de Sorel; Mr. A. LaSalle, Mrs. S. Vendette, Joliette; Mrs. Jos. Chalifoux, St. Marie Salome; Mrs. Noe Allard, St. Elisabeth; Mrs. M. Descoteaux, Pierreville; Mrs. Moise Morin, Foster; Mr. J. E. Lacombe, Maskinonge; Mrs. P. Bergeron, St. Hyacinthe; Mr. L. Dupras, St. Chrysostome; Mr. A. Gauthier, St. Justine de Newton; Mrs. L. Perreault, St. Denis; Miss Ildea Choiniere, Farnham; Mrs. Art. Manton, Les Cedres; Mrs. Pilon, St. Telephore; Mr. J. A. Daoust, Dalhousie Station; Mrs. J. Van Chesteing, St. Jovite; Mrs. Alf. Martel, Mr. Alp. Caron, Mrs. E. Ayotte, Mrs. O. St. Hilaire, Three Rivers; Mr. Art. Gelinias, Mr. Rene Desaulniers, Yamachiche; Mrs. Jos. Laberge, St. Maxime; Mr. Adelard Blais, St. Francois de Montmagny; Mrs. Alb. Turgeon, Plessisville Station; Mrs. E. Frenette, Mr. C. Labrecque, Quebec; Mrs. P. Tremblay, St. Luce; Mrs. Noel Laplante, Riviere du Loup; Mrs. G. Senecal, Mont Joli; Mr. Philippe Bouchard, Cap a la Branche; Mr. Amable Lavoie, Miss Rose Lavoie, Petite Riviere St. Francois; Mrs. F. Lajoie, Mrs. J. P. Dufour, St. Louis de Ile aux Coudres; Mrs. Jos. Leger, Dalousie, Ont.; Mr. Dan. O'Brien, Alexandria, Ont.; Mrs. James Forestall, Saskatoon; Mr. Pierre Caron, Nashua, N.H.; Mrs. E. Goudreau, Mr. H. Paquin, Mr. N. St. Louis, Mr. Jos. Lachance, Mrs. Eddie Roch, Mrs. Rose A. Dubois, Biddeford, Me.; Mr. Nap. Barton, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Alb. Hannah, Barton, Vt.; Mrs. Ed. Paulhus, Springfield, Mass.

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spirit of the Community.—The virtues which should characterize the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are these: 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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Province of Matanzas, Cuba

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MARTI, Iglesia Parroquial

Province of Matanzas, Cuba

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AFRICA

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(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.

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

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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.