

The Precursor



No. 5, Vol. XVII, 27th Year.
Montreal, Sept.-Oct. 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

Bimonthly magazine published by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, with the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal.

\$1.00 a year
\$20.00 for life

Subscriptions begin
with the January issue.

2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P.Q.

Vol. XVII

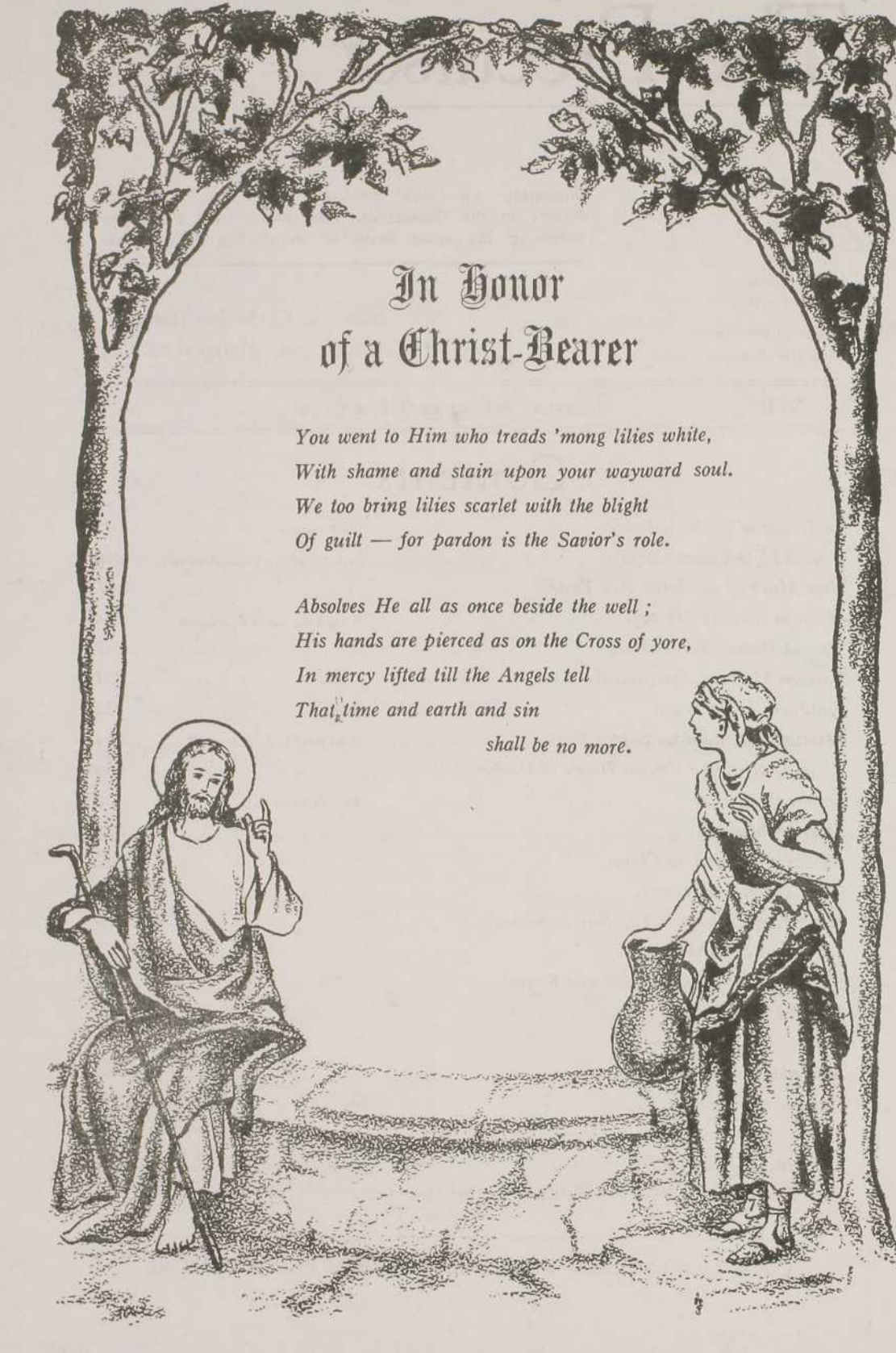
MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1949

No. 5

Contents

<i>In Honor of a Christ-Bearer</i>	The Precursor	244
<i>Pius XII to Canon Cardijn</i>	Catholic Action Priests' Bulletin	246
<i>How Much of an Artist Are You?</i>		247
<i>Mission Sunday Message</i>	Most Rev. Celso Costantini	248
<i>Stay-at-Home Missionaries</i>		249
<i>Foreign Mission Assignments</i>		251
<i>Kindness Is the Word</i>	Xavier	252
<i>Mission Intention for September</i>	Most Rev. T. J. McDonnell ¹	254
<i>Blessing of Closed Retreat House at Quebec</i>		255
<i>Follow the Leader</i>	Rev. P. Toner, S.J.	256
<i>Mission Mailbag</i>		259
<i>Shades of Lisieux in China</i>		261
<i>Chou Tchen Goes Home</i>		267
<i>Hong Kong, China. Tak Sun School</i>		270
<i>Three Little Shepherds</i>		274
<i>Shek Lung. Vocation Lost and Found</i>		276
<i>Mati Mission, Davao</i>		279
<i>It Happened in Africa</i>		283
<i>Mercedes Colegio</i>		288
<i>Vancouver Variety</i>		292
<i>The Christopher Page</i>		296
<i>The Martyr of Futuna</i>	Florence Gilmore	294
<i>Rays From Mary's Hands — Petitions — Our Dear Departed</i>		301

COVER PHOTO : Chinese Daddy and Sonny Home From the Market.



In Honor of a Christ-Bearer

*You went to Him who treads 'mong lilies white,
With shame and stain upon your wayward soul.
We too bring lilies scarlet with the blight
Of guilt — for pardon is the Savior's role.*

*Absolves He all as once beside the well ;
His hands are pierced as on the Cross of yore,
In mercy lifted till the Angels tell
That time and earth and sin
shall be no more.*



*Samaritan-with-sin, He sought for you ;
That tryst of His was stratagem sublime.
Today He keeps with us a rendezvous
At altar rail in every land and clime.*

*Samaritan, we know the gift of God;
Who spoke to you more wondrous words has said.
His Blood is drink for souls that Homeward plod,
His Body gleams at Breaking of the Bread.*

*The thirst of Christ we vainly seek to slake;
We give to Him the finite things of earth,
So late we sense His love and kindness ache
For souls, of which His Blood has told the worth.*

*Samaritan, you left your waterpot
And went your way His message to reveal —
Messiah-Bearer was a scoffer's lot,
So lovingly the Master's hand can heal!*

*" O kinsmen, come and see! " — Repeat the word
The Gospel cites, and sound the Christly call,
That souls become, by grace and mercy stirred,
In spirit and in truth adorers all.*

*Samaritan, at final rendezvous
Above the dust of every clime and land,
Our places keep with Mary, Christ, and you,
At happy haven on the Golden Strand.*

THE PRECURSOR

Pius XII to Canon Cardijn

General Chaplain of the Young Christian Workers:

TO OUR DEAR SON JOSEPH CARDIJN



ALTHOUGH we are oppressed on all sides by cares and worries, it seems that among the joys that Divine Providence intends for Us during the coming Holy Year, there will be one particularly dear to Us. That is that the Jubilee Year of Christendom coincides with the celebration by Our sons and daughters of the Young Christian Workers of the XXVth anniversary of the foundation of their great and glorious movement. Who would have thought that when you laid the foundations of the structure a quarter of a century ago, in the midst of a great deal of difficulty and opposition, that in a few years it would reach such vast proportions, and indeed would soon spread from Belgium to most of the countries of Europe, to far-off America, and almost to the whole of the world.

In God's plan it came at the right moment to help solve a problem which is not peculiar to any country or continent. In our time the Christian conscience is faced with the condition of a great number of workers whose most precious possessions, faith in God, supernatural life and the salvation of their souls, are in grave danger. The ideal that inspired you from the outset was, beginning with the young, to bring them — or to bring them back — to Christ and the Church. This ideal you, in your turn, have transmitted to thousands of upright and generous hearts. The results are obvious to Us: wonderful groups of young men and women leaders of whom the Church is rightly proud, because She sees in them a guarantee and a promise that the world of work will be rechristianized.

It is well that the results of the intense and often hidden devotion of these disciples of Christ should be made clear to all, as will be done on the occasion of the Jubilee Congress.

The presence of delegates from forty-two nations at the recent Study Week at Montreal showed in striking fashion how it has spread over wide areas. The Y.C.W., in the coming memorable Congress, will show to the world how much more it has done and wherein lies its true greatness. This is its deep Christian training, the apostolic and conquering enthusiasm that it instils in its members. These young heralds of the good cause are like the leaven in the lump, fearlessly confessing their faith in the face of those who have lost it, of those who despise it, of those who fight against it. We are too appreciative of the merits of these young workers, boys and girls, who care nothing for the mockery and gibes they encounter and who pursue with perseverance their work of conquest, not to accord them here the praise that they have earned. May they continue, and may their enthusiasm never wane. At this decisive point in history, present conditions demand their apostolate more strongly than ever.

Each social group has an important role to play in the transformation that the world is undergoing, and it is only too clear that the working class — in matters that concern it — is called today to assume responsibilities that it has never known in the past. It is not less clear that many of its members have been carried away by a false ideal of human redemption, and claim that in the erroneous theories of atheistic materialism are to be found the only solutions to the anguishing problems of the world of work. One cannot hope to solve these problems by a negative attitude or a simple warning against false shepherds. What is needed is the active presence in factories and workplaces of pioneers who are fully conscious of their

double vocation — as Christians and as workers — and who are bent on assuming their responsibilities to the full, knowing neither peace nor rest until they have transformed the environment of their lives to the demands of the Gospel. The Church, by this positive, constructive work, will be able to extend her life-giving action to the millions of souls for whom she has a maternal and ardent solicitude. And it is in this sublime task that the Young Christian Worker leaders trained by the Y.C.W. are called to share.

They will find the strength to accomplish this work, which must seem super-human, in the practice of a sacramental and eucharistic life which becomes ever deeper, in a constant union with the Master of all purity, of all love and of all apostolates: our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and in a filial appeal to His Mother, the most holy Virgin Mary. They will find it too in following loyally and generously the directions of the Hierarchy and especially the social teaching of the Church, and in a fraternal and happy co-operation with the other movements of Catholic Action, with a view to submitting the whole of society to the rule of God.

We know that it is towards this end that the personal efforts of all are directed, leaders, members, chaplains, who are now preparing methodically for the XXVth anniversary of their movement. We have a deep conviction that this fact is the guarantee that the Congress will mean effective and lasting action. Over and above the external and passing triumph, it must be the occasion of a deepening and renewal of the apostolic spirit, methods and influence of the Y.C.W. in the world.

So, We call down from on high a great abundance of graces on those who are preparing the Congress and on those who will be there. So that We can give you a new proof of the constant benevolence, prayer and good wishes with which We have followed the development of the Y.C.W. and the imposing work which the coming celebrations will dedicate, We send our affectionate and paternal Apostolic Benediction to you, dear son, to all the members of the Y.C.W. in the world, and in particular to those who, representing their brethren, will come together from far-off lands to form a glorious crown around their founder and their father.

Given at the Vatican the 21st March 1949,

PIUS PP XII



How Much of an Artist Are You?

There is a scintilla of the artist in us all, that traces to a heavenly heridity, but it is feeble, limited, particularized. None of us is divine, and most of us are not even Michelangelos or Shakespeares. So we must pick and choose in the exercise of our tiny talents, and it is a good step to choose correctly. Some can make a cherry pie, and that is no inconsiderable contribution to the well-being of the world. Some can deal with sounds, weaving them into the graceful harmonies that soothe men's souls, and we call them composers. Some can make sermons with words and we call them writers, and some can make sermons with stones and they are architects. And some can go deeper under the surface of both words and stones, dealing directly with the raw and quivering feelings and convictions of the human heart, and we call them dramatists. And some can go deepest of all, penetrating with swift precision to the inmost citadel of the human spirit, understanding and applying the divine principles that mould and bless and save the souls of men; and we call them missionaries. We are all artists, in our modest measure, but there is an art of arts: it is the shaping of souls.

The Field Afar

Mission Sunday Message

October 23

Following is the message delivered to Catholics throughout the world by His Excellency, Most Reverend Celso Costantini, D.D., President of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith and Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda — Vatican City.



MALEDICIMUR ET BENEDICIMUS (1 Cor. 4, 12)

(We are reviled and we bless)

THE missionary apostolate proceeds with an accelerated and vigorous rhythm in Africa and it gathers in an ever-increasing harvest. Everywhere works of charity and education flourish, especially seminaries where native priests are prepared, the foundation of a most promising future.

In India the Christian apostolate is also winning the laurels of a most cherished fruit which has been maturing for a long time as foreign missions are transferred to the native Church.

Foreign missionaries are remaining in their posts in order to assist the Indian bishops. This is a marvelous success in which, as St. John says, "the sower and the reaper may rejoice together" (John 4, 36), the sower and the reaper, the foreign missionary and the native priest, participate in the same joys.

In some regions of the Far East, however, the missionary Church suffers and bleeds as did the Church of the Catacombs. A cry of pain rises from those devastated fields, a cry of faith and a begging for spiritual and material assistance. It is the mystical body of Christ that suffers; and if one member is wounded all the others feel it.

This is a moment in which, more than ever, we ought to have a living spirit of Christian solidarity and come to the aid of our heroic evangelical messengers with prayer, alms and by becoming members of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

We are reviled and we bless (1 Cor. 4, 12). We exult in tribulations (Rom. 5, 3), said St. Paul; and these great words are lived today by our admirable missionaries: *we are reviled, but we bless; tribulations are our glory.*

I would ask you to listen to these words of an aged bishop: "We do not know what will be our lot or that of our undertakings. We are in the hands of God. I confess that the hope of martyrdom smiles upon many. If that grace is reserved for me, I promise to pray in heaven for all of you, directors and benefactors of the Pontifical Missionary Associations."

And here are the words of another bishop: "Up to the present, one part of our diocese was sufficiently free. Now it has fallen into the hands of the enemy. May Divine Providence be merciful toward my suffering children for the sufferings of missionaries and of Christians! God is our good Father and, in spite of everything, that which we suffer for His sake cannot be without its reward. May our Lord be praised always. The priests, confined from the beginning to their residences could no longer have contact with the faithful for the exercise of their ministry; later they were driven from the residences, thrown in dire prisons and finally driven from their mission territories. Some died as a result of prison hardships; a native priest died a courageous martyr's death amid atrocious torture. Our seminarians have been dispersed but they have all resisted wonderfully against attempts to make them apostatize.

"A small number of native priests, in secret, can still perform a bit of their ministry. Of forty residences six were burned and almost completely destroyed and thirty-one were so sacked and pillaged that only their walls remain. Everything that belonged to the Church was stolen. Books and records have disappeared. Refugees live in extreme misery. We confide in God and in the help of our more fortunate brothers. We shall not cease to beg in our prayers and fasts that this storm will pass so that we can take up our work again and restore these great ruins."

Another bishop writes: "All of us, priests and Sisters, will remain at our post as long as it is possible because this is the will of the Holy See and hence the will of God.

"Nearly all of the diocese is in the hands of enemies who rob everything that the people possess. Eight of our priests are in occupied territory and they are encountering many difficulties. A very fine young native priest, while giving a mission some weeks ago in enemy territory, was torn from the altar just before the Consecration of his Mass, brought to command headquarters and accused of treason. He defended himself well and was finally released.

"We ask priests, Sisters and students of Rome to pray for us!"

I have quoted the living words of three bishops; it would be too long were I to give you the tremendous descriptions that come to Propaganda: devastations, flights, deportations, dispersions of seminarians, breaking up of Christian communities, rapine, murders and deaths from hardships.

Although the flesh is weak the spirit is willing. In the darkness of this fierce and vast persecution the light of the spirit shines forth. Not a word of hate or discouragement has come to Propaganda, there are only words of deep pity. WE ARE REVILED AND WE BLESS.

At Propaganda we are in continual contact not only with natural but also with supernatural things.

The Church suffers and prays, hopes and resists. A native bishop, in order to be able to remain with his people made himself a peddler of tufu (a kind of cheese made of soya); others take up ordinary occupations, one is a roving photographer and another a barber. At night they collect the people in some secluded place and administer the Sacraments to them.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII whose heart beats in loving sympathy with the missionary church has given special indulgences for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The days of the catacombs are being relived exactly.

It is my duty and pleasure to echo the petitions of our missionaries. They have never deserved our aid more than they do today. I turn to the Missionary Union of the Clergy and in the name of Propaganda reverently salute the bishops, the directors of Pontifical Mission Aid Associations and priests, the providential supporters of the works of missionary cooperation. In the name of all of our missionaries I direct to them and to all Christians heartfelt thanks for their inexhaustible charity in prayer and alms.



Stay-at-Home Missionaries



CANADA and the United States are doing their share in winning souls for God. Thousands of their sons and daughters have crossed the seas to swell the ranks of Gospel-bearers in the farthest corners of the mission world.

All our admiration goes to those heroic heralds of the Faith, and well it may; but equally worthy of commendation are the zealous stay-at-home missionaries who provide the ammunition for the fighters of the Lord's battles on the mission front.

Among these unassuming apostles we cite for special devotedness the members of the various workrooms who provide mission chapels, creches, and orphanages with linens and other indispensable items it would be too long to mention.

The charitable genius of these volunteers works marvels; year after year through their kind cooperation the distressed and needy are heartened and, at long last, influenced to seek the motive of that charity — God.

To all the untiring seamstresses who "sew for souls," we extend our most grateful thanks. May they all, after the summer holidays, return to their mission-aid post, bringing, if possible, new recruits for the workrooms.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception



S.St. Gabriel Lalemant S. St. Justine S. St. Charles Garnier S. St. Vincent Ferrier



S. St. Aline S. Marie Theotime S. St. Robert S. Marguerite des Anges S. St. Ludger



S. St. Pierre S. M. de la Reparation S. Anne des Anges S. Georges Aime

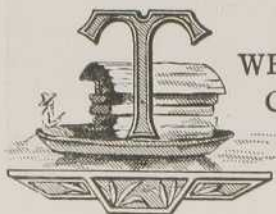


S. St. Yves S. St. Bernadette S. St. Emile S. Francoise de Lisieux S. St. Imelda



S. M. Hermine S. St. Odilon S. M. Conrad S. St. Maxime

Foreign Mission Assignments



WENTY-TWO Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will leave their Motherhouse in September with the foreign missions as destination.

Five will sail for Africa, where our second mission will shortly be opened in the Prefecture Apostolic of Msgr. St-Denis, in Northern Nyasaland: Sister St. Yves (Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere), Sister St. Bernadette (Marie Fyfe, Laprairie), Sister St. Emile (Annette Corbeil, Montreal), Sister Francoise de Lisieux (Marie Claire Lacombe, Montreal), and Sister St. Imelda (Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba).

Six have been assigned to Japan. To our new mission of Tokyo: Sister St. Gabriel Lalemant (Francoise Lacoursiere, Three Rivers), Sister St. Charles Garnier (Graziella Langlois, Quebec), Sister St. Vincent Ferrier (Isabelle Ethier, Montreal), and Sister Marie Theotime (Simone Frigon, Cowansville); to Koriyama: Sister St. Justine (Cleona Robitaille, St. Flore, Champlain County); to Wakamatsu: Sister St. Aline (Aline Ratel, L'Epiphanie).

Four Sisters will leave for Cuba, where a new mission will also be founded at Manguito, Matanzas Diocese: Sister Marie Hermine (Veronique Bernatchez, Pont Rouge), Sister Marie Conrad (Yolande Mercier, Thetford Mines), Sister St. Odilon (Constance Dubois, St. Ferdinand de Megantic), and Sister St. Maxime (Jeanne Pelletier, L'Islet).

Have been missioned to Haiti: Sister St. Robert (Marguerite Hetu, St. Sulpice), Sister Marguerite des Anges (Marguerite Maltais, Chicoutimi), and Sister St. Ludger (Claire Gauvin, Jonquiere); to Les Coteaux: Sister Marie de la Reparation (Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington), Sister Anne des Anges (Mariette Toupin, Montreal), and Sister Georges Aime (Marguerite Lamoureux, St. Laurent); to Les Cayes: Sister St. Pierre (Jeanne Guinois, Ville St. Michel).

A prayer is asked for the success of the apostolate of these twenty-two missionaries about to leave their country and all they hold most dear, in order to carry to souls the charity of Christ and the light of His Gospel. Whoever helps the apostle, either spiritually or materially, will share in the apostle's reward.



Kindness Is the Word

Chemistry I have learned in school; kindness, from Grandpa. Frail as a white-haired dandelion ready to go with the first wind, Grandpa was what I would call "old gold" through and through, a thoroughly good fellow mellowed and matured by the hard knocks of four score years and ten.

He was a man every inch of him, but his heart was tender as a mother's. With the Rabbi Joshua Liebman he believed and lived the belief, that "next to bread, it is simple kindness that all mortals most hunger for."

I was fun-loving, foolish, and fifteen when the grand old man taught me a certain aspect of kindness — fraternal correction I might term it, or, in a more whimsical vein, "bringing up the poplar."

My brother and I were hanging around the place, arguing on how best to keep cool in the blistering July heat. It was so hot that the leaves of the maple, had they had the choice, wouldn't have had the courage to move six inches away from the sun-propelled jets of flame. Under our feet the parched ground opened its cracked lips in a prayer for rain.

"Say, Paul," I suddenly shot at my brother, "how old them poplars be?" There being no Mrs. Grundy within miles, and my brother being too lazy to bang a fist on my grammatical sin, I let it go at that.

"Ask Grandpop," squeezed Paul from behind tight lips, probably because he felt it too strenuous an exercise to open his mouth. "Here he comes!"

"Hi, Gramp!"

Here was Grandpa in person, smiling from ear to ear.

"Coming to get roasted?" I tossed from my fifteen-summer height.

"Now, now," Grandpa shook his shillelagh of a finger at us, "you boys mustn't be complaining. Some people have to be out working like beavers to get a crust for supper, and you just dawdle around berating the weather. We little pygmies can't teach God any new tricks about that."

There it was again, that streak of kindness. It struck me later that kindness might probably be defined as being nice to everybody from God down. Dad's dad was a man who surely lived the beatitude of kindness.

The poplars, Grandpa told us, were his first kiddies. He had watched them shyly peeping at the wide world above them, shooting up like blades of grass in the early days of April.

"Grandpa," I grinned, "where did your poplars learn Swiss-Guard-standing-at-attention?"

"Huh!" the old man peered over his spectacles. "They were regular black-guards years ago. They're veterans now, but do they stand straight!"

"Never stepping out of line. When I come back from college your couple of Swiss Guards ahead is all I see."

Grandpa laughed heartily.

"Poplars are silly things in their young days. This one was a real weather vane; he didn't have the spunk to stand as I said he should. His neighbors to right and left turned disgustedly away. One of my poplars had sea-fever; another gasped for mountain air. There was still another always tiptoeing above the rest like an old goosey gossip. To each of my wayward sons I had to give a prop, lest the juvenile delinquents scold me later for having let them grow as shapeless as the letter S."

"Did you have any incorrigibles?" I teased.

"Yes, one Robin Hood or two, but I only let them be bossed longer than the others. When they saw I meant business they stopped their nonsense, as school-boys would do when ascares of the strap. Intelligent boys give in —"

"So ho!" I whooped. "Another five-minute sermon, eh? Righto, Gramp, give us the bosses, but only half of the time. Sitting still and keeping still is a tremendous proposition for a boy of fifteen"

"It's a killing proposition," grunted Paul. "But your lesson's driven home like a nail in a board, Gramp. Now let's be seated and enjoy life a bit."

It so happened that same afternoon that our next-door neighbor was taking in his last load of hay. Grim and muscular, Sim was lashing two skinny horses too exhausted to move another inch.

"The brute!" growled my brother.

"The fool!" I snapped furiously.

"Poor things!" finished Grandpa.

Grandpa was like that. He wouldn't have lifted a finger to hurt any of God's dumb creatures; he wouldn't have kicked a dog; he wouldn't have snuffed the life out of a caterpillar.

"A brute who will whip a horse half-dead will stab a man to death if he gets the chance."

"Sure thing; but," I showed the optimistic streak, "there are still millions of good people this side of the grave."

"So there are. And people do get better as long as they feel they are going to get better. The idea is to get all the good people to overcome evil with good. I have known many good people in life, but one of the best is your own mother. When Rosie stumbled in yesterday with a bleeding arm, your mother gladly played nurse, after she had been sick all night and had hardly slept a wink.

"Kindness is like that. Putting oneself in the place of the Rosies of life, forgetting one's aches to think of theirs, hiding one's sorrow to comfort their own."

"That's a tough programme, Grandpa," I spurted. "When things go against the grain I wear a face like a fellow in a hearse. When I have a headache the whole house gets wind of it."

"Why wait till you're really and truly in the hearse to learn the lesson of kindness? When it's gloomy in your valley, why let your temper flare like Vesuvius because on top o' the hill they're havin' sunshine? Have a shelf somewhere for your worries, but go out and meet the world with a smiling face

"You boys were kind to Frankie the other day. Poor chap, he's been terribly hurt by his father's sudden death. I was proud of you when you left your croquet at its hottest to brace Frankie a bit."

"Well," said Paul, "I for one would have been like a kitten with sharp claws ready to unsheathe if anybody else had tried to coax me away from croquet."

"All the Frankies of life need sympathy," continued Grandpa. "Sympathy does wonderful things to a man, it does. Sympathy is the kindness that makes us shoulder half of the other fellow's burden.

"Kind people are sowers, harvesters, conquerors. Angels love to linger in the presence of a kind man, for kindness in men is that quality which most resembles the quality of mercy in the God they adore. Kindness is something we can't give to others without getting a few drops of its perfume on ourselves. And kindness

is something magical that brings out the best in others. As St. Francis of Sales says, though in other words, we'll catch more flies with a spoonful of syrup than with a barrellful of Paris green.

"Kindness is the greatest sermon a man can preach. It is the sermon that alters the most chapters in the lives of men. It is the sermon we must preach at home and not only at the Joneses. Whatever your station in life, boys, remember you have the power of making the world happy, of making it a better place in which to live. Kindness can change the world."

That was Grandpa again. A regular gold mine of precious gems of thought. Being a man who lived up to his creed, he found happiness. As his years went, he was ninety; but as his heart beat, he was still as young as when he told the poplars to increase and multiply.

I often wonder whether he was not the type Father Faber had in mind when he wrote: "The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindliness of thought is greater than our words can tell. To such a man life is a perpetual bright evening, with all things calm and fragrant and restful. The dust of life is laid, and its fever cool. All sounds are softer, as in the way of evening, and all sights are fairer, and the golden light makes our enjoyment of earth a happily pensive preparation for Heaven."

XAVIER

Mission Intention

for September, 1949

Catholic Action in India

On the 13th of January 1948, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII wrote the following letter to Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries of India praising their Catholic Action and outlining the scope of that work. "For the benefit of your most dear region," the Holy Father wrote, "there has begun a new order of things. A new era as it were has been born. Burning torches of liberty with justice have warmed your hearts and set on fire the spirit of your beloved people. In the burning fever of the newly acquired freedom of your country, the future fortune of your great nation is in a manner outlined. In this moment of your history when most grave questions must be examined and solved, it is of great importance that the faithful committed to your care be for their part fitted for cooperating in a worthy manner with the future destinies of your people by sharing with their brothers of the same blood that sound doctrine which they have received as an inheritance as Catholic."

"... Catholic Action, which to the first and essential duty of one's own sanctification unites an intense apostolic labor under the leadership and guidance of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, is an excellent means whereby the faithful by fostering their own spiritual life and studying their religion more carefully, obtain for their nation those blessings which arise for civil societies from the observation of the divine law and the fervent fulfillment of Christian duties. This exalted end of Catholic Action was most aptly described by my predecessor of holy memory in these words, 'The function of this action is to establish a large army of good citizens, men and women, and especially youths of both sexes whose first and most cherished desire is to have some part in the sacred ministry of the Church and in a true and effective way to struggle under the direction and rule of the Church to spread the kingdom of Christ in private and public life.' Such an aim is for human society the greatest of all goods."

From the above, it is clear that for our time Catholic Action is of the greatest importance for India. His Holiness also warmly recommended to the Bishops the national organization of Catholic Action for all India whose president is the Archbishop of Madras.

We ought, therefore, to pray that that structure of Catholic Action may flourish in new India and bear rich fruits.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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

Blessing of Closed Retreat House

at Quebec



SUNDAY, June 12, marked the official opening of the new Closed Retreat House "Our Lady of the Cenacle" directed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in the city of Quebec.

During the early morning Mass pious hymns arose calling the blessings of Heaven on the new haven, where souls will gather to rest awhile and pray.

Long before the hour appointed for the afternoon ceremony a compact throng filled the retreat chapel and the corridors. The opening march was played by Professor Guy Ducharme.

His Excellency Most Rev. C. O. Garant, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, preceded by several members of the clergy, made his solemn entry with troops of Guides and Scouts on either side to form a guard of honor. Rev. Father Guy Laramee, S.J., gave a substantial sermon on the advantages of the life hidden with Christ in God which the closed retreat offers to its followers. His Excellency then spoke a few words on the importance of the closed retreat movement and its benefits to Church, society, and souls. The venerated pastor also expressed his pleasure in being called upon to bless the Cenacle where, before his elevation to the episcopacy, he had exercised his priestly ministry.

Following the allocutions, His Excellency and the clergy left the chapel to proceed to the blessing of the various rooms of the Cenacle.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was sung by the choir of Sisters and the Misses Gabrielle and Jeanne d'Arc Pouliot, with Miss Solange Denault as accompanist.

After supper, which was served on the grounds of the Cenacle, the doors were opened in welcome to all who might wish to visit the different parts of the Retreat House, until the hour set for the recreational programme given by the several categories of retreatants, such as pupils, young ladies, fiancées, married women, Catholic Action members, etc.

Thanks to the good will and devotedness of all those who so freely gave of their time and talent, the evening success outdid all hopes. A heartfelt thank you is addressed to all by the directresses of Our Lady of the Cenacle Closed Retreat House.



Follow the Leader

This is a true story. It happened about the end of the 16th century. The name of the priest alone has come down to us: the famous Father Matteo Ricci. Yet the main details, although extraordinary, are quite true.

Old Wong was dying. He had been wounded before but had always recovered quickly. But this time he could not recover. His strength began to leave him and he began to worry about death. He

had heard that there was a foreign priest in Shiuhing who could tell much about the Next Life. Old Wong had reason to be worried because his trade had meant fighting, robbery and murder. He had been a bandit, the leader of a gang that made travelling an exciting business along the West River and he had a shrewd idea that he had often offended the gods.

He sent for his son. "Ah Kwong," he said, "you will go in disguise to Shiuhing and find the foreign priest there. Tell him that I am dying and wish to know about the Next Life and what I should do to be happy there."

When Ah Kwong heard these words he was very sad, not because of the danger of the task before him but because he dearly loved his rough old father who had led them so bravely and cunningly.

He made his way into Shiuhing, a thriving town on the West River, and had little difficulty in finding the foreigner. He was surprised that it was so simple to interview a man who was said to be a great scholar. Ah Kwong had never seen a foreigner before. He did not know what he expected to find but he was again surprised that the priest looked quite ordinary, except that his skin was reddish as if he had taken a lot of wine and his eyes had a green colour in the middle of them like some cats. He was more surprised when the foreigner spoke Chinese clearly.

Ah Kwong introduced himself, without mentioning his trade, and found that the priest's name was Father Lee, or something like that. Then he spoke of his dying father and noticed that the priest was at once interested and willing to help.

"My father cannot move," continued Ah Kwong, "and he cannot come to you nor would it be wise for you to go to him."

He did not add that the bandits had a fixed law that anyone who found their hiding-place must die.

"But my father wishes to know what he should do to be happy in the Next Life. If you tell him what he must do he says he is prepared to do it."

Father Matteo sufficiently understood the situation to ask no awkward questions. He told Ah Kwong about God and how there was only one God and that He rewarded the good and punished the wicked. Ah Kwong asked many intelligent questions and soon showed that he understood the arguments and the teaching. He thanked the priest and said he would be back again.

When he returned to the hills and his father he had much of interest to relate but the old man wished to hear only the teaching about the one True God. He

listened eagerly, argued, made Ah Kwong repeat the teaching many times and then lay back to think about it.

Next day Ah Kwong was back again with the priest and heard for the first time the story of Christ. This fascinated him especially the part about Our Lord carrying His Cross behind two bandits, dying between them and promising one of them, called Dismas, a place in Heaven. Old Wong was as pleased as his son when he heard this story.

"Indeed," he said, "the God of the Christians is the God for me. He will understand even a poor robber."

This was the first time Ah Kwong had ever heard his father suggest that his profession was not a noble one, fit only for brave men. On his next visit to Father Lee he mentioned these worries of his and the priest explained God's teaching about stealing, murder and such like things. Ah Kwong was almost afraid to bring back this news to his father but the old man received it calmly and became sad.

"Ah Kwong," he said, "I have taught you many things that are wrong. What the priest says is true. Listen to him."

Two weeks went by and every day Ah Kwong made the journey to and from the priest's house. By this time Father Ricci understood the whole situation and even taught Ah Kwong how to baptise his father if the old man were in danger of death. Then one day the young bandit did not turn up. Three days passed and still he did not come back. On the third night, however, very late, Ah Kwong arrived, broken-hearted and downcast. His father was dead.

"But I baptised him before he died. He believed all the doctrine," sobbed Ah Kwong. "The last thing he said was, 'Ah Kwong, boy, you are leader now. Lead them to God. He forgives even bandits who turn to Him in the end.' But how can I do that, Father?"

"Do you believe, Ah Kwong?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I baptised myself a few times!"

Father Ricci laughed at this and explained to Ah Kwong that he could not baptise himself. The young man was disappointed at first but was consoled when the priest promised to baptise him and teach him how to win around the others.

It was early morning when he left the house with all his plans clear.

* * *

The bandits had been called together for a "Council of War." This was not a surprise. They had expected that the new Leader would have something to say to them when he took over from the old man. They had all looked upon old Wong as a man of almost superhuman courage and intelligence. They had followed him, without question, into the most dangerous places.

Ah Kwong knew this when he began to speak to the crowd of men before him.

"Men," he said, "my father, who has gone to his ancestors, was a man you could trust."

Rough voices said, "That's true! Yes! Indeed!"

"When he led you into Tau Tau," went on Ah Kwong, "you might have thought it was a trap but he knew how to lead you out again. When the soldiers surrounded us in the Seven Star Caves it was he who led us to safety through the tunnel that nobody knew."

Many of the bandits cheered and Ah Kwong continued, "He still wants you to follow him — through me. His last words were these, 'Ah Kwong, you are leader now.'"

"We'll follow you, son. You've the old man's courage and the old man's cunning," roared an old bandit, who had lost an eye.

"But my father said more," added Ah Kwong. "He said, 'Lead them to God.'"

There was a stupefied silence for a moment and then a volley of questions, but Ah Kwong went on in the way he had decided.

"My father has never deceived you, never cheated you. He worked and fought for the good of us all. Now he has gone — gone where? He has gone to Heaven."

More questions — but Ah Kwong went on.

"He wants to meet you all there. You remember he used to send you word to meet him in various places. He used to invite you to what he called a Council of War. Well, our next Council of War with him will be in Heaven. He has gone there. He wants you to follow him. Your old leader wants to have you all around him forever. What do you say?"

They asked a thousand questions. They demanded explanations. They were astonished, bewildered. But the answers they received satisfied most of them at last. Especially were they pleased when Ah Kwong told them again the story of Christ's death and how a bandit was the only one to stand up for Him before the mob. And hope came into their eyes when they heard that the thief had gone from the Cross to Heaven, where old Wong was now.

They talked and argued all through the night and when the sun came up on their camp they lay down, the whole band of them, Christians at heart.

But that is not the end. When they had been instructed and baptised by Father Ricci, he formed them into a Sodality of Our Lady — the first Sodality in China.

That is in keeping with the Rules of the Sodality: for people of the same profession are encouraged to organise together!

P. TONER, S.J.



U. S. A. Colored Converts for 1948

NEW YORK (A.I.F.) — According to recent statistics, conversions of colored people to the Catholic Faith for the year have reached the hitherto unequalled total of 8,857 in the United States. Of the 15,000,000 colored people now living in the U.S.A., 362,427 are Catholics, that is, a proportion of one Catholic to forty non-Catholics. Inveterate prejudices against the Catholic Church and religious indifference constitute the two greatest obstacles to conversions.

Ten million souls, roughly speaking two-thirds of the colored population, live in the Southern States. The remaining 5,000,000 are found in the largest cities, namely, 750,000 in New York, 400,000 in Chicago, and as many in Philadelphia.

Outside of the Southern States, colored parishes are everywhere on the increase, both because of the number of conversions and of the influx of Catholics from the South. Twenty new churches and schools have thus had to be opened during the year 1948, and the number of colored children attending Catholic schools has increased by 800.

At the beginning of the present school year more than 700 colored students were enrolled in the different Catholic Universities. St. Louis University had 276, Loyola 236, Detroit 100, and Fordham, New York, approximately the same number.

Fides

Mission Mailbag

Kowloon, Hong Kong
March 19, 1949

The stream of refugees pouring in from Shanghai has increased the number of pupils applying for music lessons. The music room has been enlarged and a statue of Our Blessed Mother put up in a conspicuous place. The pupils daily bring fresh flowers to deck their schoolroom shrine.

Inclosed you will find Vivian's picture. Don't you think she looks handsome? She is one of my best pupils, bright, serious, and studious. Her little brother also learns music, for which he shows a real talent although he has the reputation of being the school's most mischievous imp. Besides these, ten young Chinese ladies are pursuing their musical studies under my direction. All of them are talented and eager to learn.

Yvonne deserves a special mention, for she is really an ace on the piano. She is only ten, a non-Christian as yet, and unable to speak even a word of French. How come, then, that she is called Yvonne, you will ask? She is the namesake of a little Canadian lassie in California, where her father lived for a few years. On Sundays Yvonne likes to say the beads with the Sisters in the chapel. She kneels or sits with the greatest religious respect for God's house. As her eldest sister, who takes music lessons here, is being instructed in view of baptism, we hope Yvonne will also soon become a child of God. She loves music and her agile fingers fairly fly over the keys.

Ronald, aged eight, stars in French. Mine has been the consoling task of preparing him for his first Holy Communion and Confirmation. In order to explain about the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, I showed him a picture representing the Holy Ghost under the form of a dove. Ever since Ronald asks at every lesson, "When will the *little bird* come into my soul?"

Yesterday he said to me, "Mom often commits sins and doesn't go to confession. When I think she has too many on her conscience, I remind her that she should hurry and confess, but she says, 'Dearie, do mind your own little affairs!' Dad also has a lot of sins, but he is too busy to go to confession. When he is free and I remind him to go, he says that he just forgets."

Precocious, don't you agree?

Conchita, a young Catholic Chinese lady, is very proficient in languages and in vigorous Catholic Action. Her father lives in Chile. Conchita is secretary to the Filipino Consul in Hong Kong. She speaks fluently Cantonese, Mandarin, Spanish, English, and Tagalog, a language of the Philippines. Learning music here might be called her hobby. She still finds time outside of her working hours to teach a class of destitute children once a week, aided by eleven of her Catholic Action co-workers.



*Showing the New Music Book
to a Pal . . .*

Some time ago, as I was teaching catechism to a prospective convert, I told her that she, like every other human being, had a guardian angel all her very own. She had me repeat what to her was startling, unbelievable news, and when she had grasped all that this truth implies, tears of joyful gratitude coursed down her cheeks. This young lady has hardly ever known her mother dead long since, and has been on account of her studies separated from her father, who lives in Java. Never had she been told anything about her Creator or her immortal soul.

SISTER ST. PHILIPPE, M.I.C.

Annette Beaudoin, Champlain

* * *

Our Lady of Providence, Canton

April 26, 1949

Two years ago, while I was hastening through Tung Shan, where the well-to-do Cantonese live, I noticed a young woman holding a miserable-looking boy of two or three years. Touched by the sympathy showed her, the mother told us her story. She had been married in Japan for some years when her husband died just before the birth of her little son. It was soon all too evident that the child was a cripple and an idiot unable even to hold up its head or sit. After going through a lot of red-tape formalities, the young widow had at last been able to return to China with her poor baby. Her brothers had agreed to share their home with her.

I suggested that she might have her afflicted child baptized. She readily acquiesced, but said that she preferred consulting her brothers about the matter, as they had been so kind to her. The following Wednesday she called at our convent with her son in her arms, ready and happy to have him made a child of God through baptism. A few days later, as we were on our way to do errands, we met Mrs.

To coming out of a jewelry shop, where she had bought a lovely chain and cross for her little Jean Marie.

After her child's baptism, Mrs. To never failed to assist at Sunday Mass and during Lent she even went to daily Mass. Catechism lessons were proposed and gratefully accepted. On Easter Sunday the happy mother was baptized and made her First Communion.

"Sister, pray for me, please," she asked when the ceremony was over. "I would so want to remain as pure as my little Jean Marie. He cannot offend God, poor innocent child that he is, while I shall have to struggle with the forces of evil. Perhaps God will give me special graces because of the care I take of Jean Marie. My boy will be for me, as it were, the key of Heaven. Never will I abandon him and I hope God will take us both together into His Paradise."

Jean Marie has indeed brought his mother great happiness through his misfortune. Her patient resignation will doubtless win her the grace of perseverance.

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

Doris Hague, Montreal



*Sister St. Alphonse du Redempteur
and Sister St. Jean du Calvaire
Snapped With Mrs. To
and Little Johnny.*



Shades of Lisieux in China

When Jeannette Som asked for a place on the teaching-staff nine years ago, we Sisters shrugged our shoulders and saw interrogation marks. Would so diminutive a person lead or be led?

Little Miss Som, in fact, had forgotten to grow up. She had laughing lips, full cheeks, bright eyes with never a worry in their depths; she had youth, ambition, daring; she had capacity, will power, endurance; but, sad to say, she had not enough inches from head to foot.

A pagan notwithstanding, Mr. Som wished that his daughter should make her teaching debut at the Sisters' school in Canton, where he already had a sister-in-law cramming knowledge into heads of young hopefuls. Probably he thought, like the humorist Mark Twain, that a convent would be a pretty good place for his Jeannette.

To the pretty good place, accordingly, came his Jeannette; to the baby class she taught the Chinese ABC; to the little ones of four or five spring-times she became the most important woman in the world next to Mum-mie. She had a way with her that won every wee heart. Never did pulling of hair, wagging of fingers, or dramatic tearful outbursts mar the day; the deportment of her pupils bordered on the angelic.

It was at our convent that this little teacher learned from the Great Teacher the lessons that matter for the eternal years. Every day upon her spiritual horizons the Faith in splendor grew, until half a year after her first forenoon in the baby class she wrote to her parents about her intention of becoming a Catholic. Mr. Som, however, would not give permission so quickly. Letter after letter was rushed to Dad, but Dad only said that

baptism was a serious matter, and that prolonged reflection must precede so decisive a step. Jeannette's dad was every inch a father. Although he had seven daughters to make home a happy place and of sons to carry on the family name only one, he never wanted to introduce another wife into the household. Was not so upright a man worthy to see the Light?

In her heart of hearts Jeannette believed so. Convinced that prayer is ten thousand times more powerful than purely human means, she got down on her knees and prayed for a miracle. Months later she hastily tore open a letter from home. Her shattered ideal took shape again; her father was saying yes. Like the dutiful Chinese parent he was, however, Jeannette's father told his daughter that it would be impossible for him to find her a Christian husband, for very few Christians he knew. Some Chinese parents prefer to decide who shall be whose, instead of leaving that decision to sons and daughters; but many progressive Romeos and Juliets go right ahead and settle everything for the matrimonial leap. It remains true, nevertheless, that some of our Western methods are taking as long as the lone drop of water upon the rock to carve their way into the very heart of China. Unshakable as her Great Wall still stand her age-old traditions which tell how people shall marry and give in marriage. We Westerners cannot easily believe that Miss China will hesitate to walk to the baptismal font for fear that she will have to find a mate for the Nuptial Mass and the ever-after. One must have lived with the Chinese to chart the inner feelings of young converts, the depth of suffering and the anguish of isolation they know in their heathen habitat.

All this Jeannette had weighed in her mind; but her great love for Our Lord silenced human motives. What of the future? Today she had today's heavenly aid; tomorrow she would have tomorrow's.

Not too many days after she was baptized Teresa in Canton Cathedral. How joyfully the bells pealed the happy news that the infinitely loving Lord had made another conquest! Deep in the soul of her Chinese namesake the Rose Queen of Carmel must have poured something of her burning zeal, for, from then on, the goal of all Teresa's efforts was the conversion of her family. But at the moment that goal seemed more remote than ever. The Soms had scraped up their belongings and scurried ahead of the Japanese occupation; they were now in Free China, and Free China was about as reachable as the stars. Strong in her belief that one is crushed to rise again, is baffled to battle anew, Teresa brought once more into action the broadsword of prayer. Under a peace regime it would be easy as ABC to tell her people by word of mouth the wonderful story of God's love. Little she thought at the time that she would never go beyond the opening chapters.

* * *

One young sister, alas, did not live to hear that story. It tore Teresa's heart to think her sister had died before making friends with Jesus. Later, in the summer of 1944, the girls' mother fell seriously ill. Teresa's cup was filled to the brim. She had the happiness of Faith, and the divine restlessness of St. Paul urged her to give it to her groping relations; but she

was like one with feet in fetters. The thought that her mother might die unbaptized tortured her into ill-health. In spite of fever and fatigue, however, she dragged herself to church every morning for Mass and Communion. A dwarf in body she was, but a giant in spirit withal. At any cost, even of life, she must share with her kith and kin the treasure that was hers. Did anyone counsel her to rest in the morning, she always brought forth the undefeatable excuse, "How can I, when my family needs prayers so much?" Teresa had paid the price. While her mother gradually recovered, the willing victim continued to live a life that was half death, until finally she closed her books, smiled, and called her teaching career finished.

Thereupon, Mr. Som sent a faithful servant over to bring her home. Only after having made sure that there was a Catholic church near her home village would the dear child, a Christian to her finger-tips, agree to leave Canton — Canton, where God and she had met and understood each



SISTER ST. FOY (ELISABETH LEMIRE, BAIE DU FEBVRE),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON,
WITH T'IN SING, ORPHAN SHELTERED AT THE MISSION.



ALBERTINE, CANTONESE ORPHAN, HAS A CANADIAN "MOTHER" WHO SEES TO HER UPKEEP. IN HER DAILY COMMUNION THE GRATEFUL CHILD PRAYS FOR HER GENEROUS BENEFACTRESS. SHE ALSO REMEMBERS HER WHEN IT'S TIME TO WORK AT THE ORPHANAGE.

other; Canton, where faith, hope, and love had come into her life. There was a Maryknoll mission at hand, her father learned upon exploration.

For nothing more could Teresa ask. At once she bought doctrine books for her prospective converts, and bravely said goodbye to all she had loved in Canton. Mr. Som's sister-in-law, deeming the girl too weak to set out on the long and wearying journey, tried to persuade her to put it off. But it would have been easier to stop a forest fire. While one last ounce of energy kept body and soul together, Teresa would be Christ's apostle — and an apostle is not for herself, but for others. One lesson, indeed, she had thoroughly mastered — to keep Christ one must give Him.

It was then July of 1945; visions of Peace in the East were bringing new hope. Of strength Teresa had little, but of courage she had much. With plodding patience aunt and niece journeyed on, until at last, almost within sight of home, Teresa could go no farther. They stopped at the house of an uncle, who immediately sent for Mr. Som. The poor father could hardly recognize in the sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked invalid the happy-go-lucky youngster always so full of life and mirth. He called a doctor, who shook his head hopelessly; Teresa was lost. With the infinite precautions of love she was lifted from her travelling pallet and made comfortable in her own bedroom. Home again after the long stretch, she rallied long enough to preach her first and last sermon; its theme was the love of God, the joy of Heaven, and the song that sings in the Christian soul. Eagerly her mother and sisters listened to the uplifting revelation.

But the strength of their suffering one was spent; already all was going black around her. As the Soms were living in a rented house, the owner demanded that the dying girl be removed from the premises. A Chinese superstition says that if a person dies inside a house, the evil spirits molest the inhabitants thereof to such an extent that finally the owner can find nobody to rent it.

The village Christians were thus given the opportunity to harbor their sister in the Faith. Time being too short to have recourse to the priest, they had the catechist assist at the deathbed. Suddenly Teresa, for some time apparently deprived of consciousness, opened big, luminous eyes and burst into a hymn to her beloved patroness, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Bewildered, Mrs. Som asked the meaning of that song in which the name of her child often recurred.

"They are Christian hymns to a holy one in Heaven named Teresa," explained the catechist. "She died a nun at the age of twenty-four."

"Twenty-four!" echoed the disconsolate mother, brushing away her tears with a toil-worn hand. "How like my Teresa!"

* * *

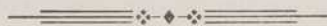
On the wings of song the soul of God's little saint soared to Beauty and Joy. The sense of utter desertion that had engulfed her parents at the death of their youngest was replaced, on the occasion of Teresa's passing,

by a feeling that somewhere, somehow, she whose death had been peaceful as the evening calm was living again, nevermore to pass through the Dark Portals.

His Excellency Bishop Paschang, who was immediately notified, came that same afternoon to confide to the grave the mortal remains of his spiritual child. The next morning all the family attended Mass for their dear lost one. That very evening, while gathering like precious keepsakes all the pious books of her daughter, Mrs. Som discovered, in Teresa's best handwriting, the song she had sung down into the Valley of the Shadow.

Two years rolled on before the Soms came to the Canton convent again. Teresa's young sister then asked to be admitted into the English class. Six months later she obtained, most probably through the intercession of her saintly sister, permission from her father to be baptized. On Pentecost Sunday of 1947, Pauline Som, fourteen years old, could really call Jesus her Brother and Mary her Mother. She is a rather bashful child, not given to self-expression; but deep as the sea is her faith. How could it be otherwise, since that faith is rooted in the heart of a big sister who, having been conquered by Christ, gave her life to conquer for Him?

Today, all of Teresa's dear ones are sincere admirers of our holy Faith. We hope that, through the prayers of her who was their daughter and sister by nature, but their mother by grace, some day Christ will be formed in their hearts.



Whom God Chooses

The call to service on the missions is one of the choicest graces God grants to men. It is a trust confided to man in the house of God. The Lord commits the care of His honor, of His interests to man's love, to his loyalty and devotion. In the divine plan, the missionary vocation is an honor conferred by God, who entrusts the missionary with the most precious and important of all treasures, the happiness and eternal salvation of souls redeemed through the Precious Blood. It also furnishes man with the occasion of accumulating a greater sum of merits in the exercise of charity towards God and neighbor, charity that often scales the heights of heroism or reaches out for the martyr's immortal palm. Vocation to the missions means vocation to live over again the life that Christ our Redeemer lived while He dwelt among the sons of men.

Rev. Robert Streit, O.M.I.



"We must not fail them, for if we do, we are halting the furtherance of Christ's cause. We can economize on luxuries, we can curtail our pleasures, but we must not fail the missionaries in the field and slacken the progress of the missionary movement by paring down contributions."

Cardinal Mundelein

Chou Tchen Goes Home

Chou Tchen was introduced to you a few months ago as a poor abandoned waif brought to our creche by a kind-hearted policeman who had picked her off the streets. There was to be a happy sequel to her story, as you will learn from the following account from Our Lady of Providence.

A few days after her arrival here, Chou Tchen had been made a child of God and named Mary Eliane. Soon she learned to make the Sign of the Cross and lisp her baby prayers along with the other children. She was a gentle, lovable mite, who had soon made friends with all around her in her new family.

One cold January morning a few months later, a stranger called at the convent to inquire whether a child by the name of Lom Chou Tchen had not been brought to our creche. The portress at first replied in the negative, but as the man insisted she went to investigate and learned that Chou Tchen and Mary Eliane were one and the same girl. The stranger then asked to see the little one, as he was her own father. No sooner had Chou Tchen peeped through the open door than she ran up to the man, threw her chubby arms about his neck and cried, "*A-pa! A-pa!*" (Papa! Papa!)

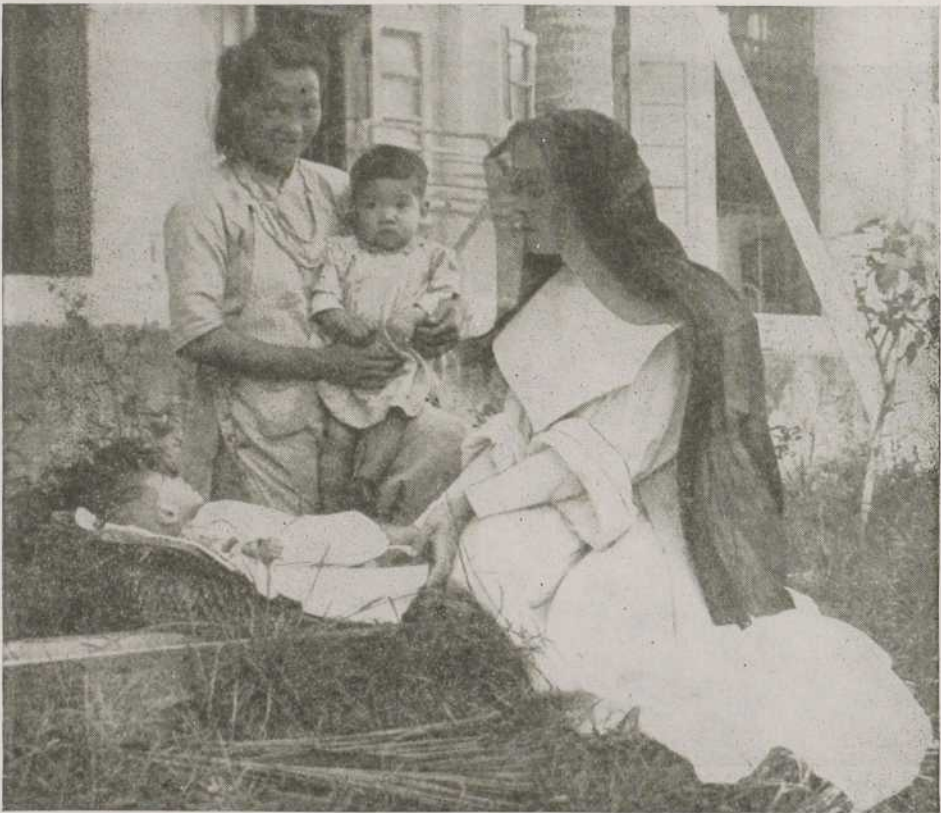


SISTER ST. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELA BENOIT, THREE RIVERS), SISTER ST. ALPHONSE DU REDEMPTEUR (ANTOINETTE COUVRETTE, ST. DOROTHEE), SISTER ST. AMEDEE (EMILIENNE VEZINA, QUEBEC), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND A FEW ORPHANS AT OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME, CANTON, CHINA.

Chou Tchen had found her daddy! Climbing on his knees, she prattled away her story while A-pa caressed her, showing her the nice presents he had brought and assuring her that he had come to take her home, as her mother was now well enough to keep house for them.

Sister then had to explain to Mr. Lom that the baby having been brought here as an abandoned child with nobody to claim her, we had her baptized and had adopted her as one of our big family of orphans. A Catholic she now was, with the responsibility resting upon us to have her brought up as such. If Mr. Lom wished to have the child back, he and his wife would have to be instructed as Christians. After talking it over for quite a while, he finally agreed to call upon the pastor of the neighboring mission church in order to make arrangements for taking doctrine lessons.

Two days later Chou Tchen's father called again and this time he was accompanied by his wife. Mrs. Lom, we learned from the Chinese parish priest, had been born in a Catholic family but had unfortunately lost both her parents while yet a mere child. Entrusted to the care of a pagan relative, she had grown up entirely unconscious of having been deprived of her precious spiritual heritage, and finally had been affianced and married



AT OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME, CANTON, CHINA.
SISTER MARIE AUGUSTE (BLANCHE GERIN, COATICOOK),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

to a non-Christian man. Now she was willing, however, and eager to see to the Christian upbringing of her darling.

Her husband showed us a catechism given him by the priest and assured us that he also wished to learn all that was to be learned in order to become a good Catholic father. Mr. and Mrs. Lom then signed a contract ensuring their child's Christian education. You should have seen the joy of the reunited family as A-pa and Mother and Chou Tchen prepared to leave!

In the evening the happy trio called again at the convent, bringing fruit and a little money as thank-offering.

Once again a little child had been a leader. Tiny Chou Tchen had led her father and mother to the feet of the divine Shepherd.

VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION

In January a sullen, miserably-clad woman brought her two-year-old baby to our nursery. As the child was covered with what we suspected to be leprosy spots, we had to refuse admission for fear of the danger of contagion for our healthy children.

Gently we instructed the mother to take the poor little patient to a hospital staffed by Sisters who take care of such cases in this city.

Hardly had the woman left, however, when we heard cries and sobs just outside our garden wall. Hastening to the spot we found that the poor little one had been abandoned by her mother and left to die in a ditch. Her plight would have moved a heart of stone.

She was brought to the convent and put to bed where she finally fell asleep still sobbing and crying for her heartless mother, who had left her to her fate. The following day, two Sisters took the child to the hospital, where a medical check-up showed her to be very sick indeed.

Poor little girls of China, how often, alas, do they become the innocent victims of superstition! Pray that the reign of Christ may come at last in our war-weary China.

SISTER ST. ALPHONSE DU REDEMPTEUR, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

1. Antoinette COUVRETTE, St. Dorothee.

Your Grand Old Faith...

Raise up your spiritual standards, and let your light shine as model Catholics. The days in which we live are evil, and the fight against the devil, the world and the flesh, must continue to the end. Be a "live wire", in the performance of your religious duties, an earnest and zealous worker in your parish activities, a shining light to others, leading them to God by word and example, thus adding to your own happiness and to those you come in contact with, in spreading the beauties of your grand old Catholic Faith, the great virtue of Hope, and the everlasting Charity of God that will cover a multitude of sins, and merit for you hereafter, the Crown of Eternal Glory.



HONG KONG, CHINA

Tak Sun School

Chewing gum can be fun. So can eating chocolates or going to the movies. My thirty-five pupils wouldn't be real flesh-and-blood boys if they didn't thrill at the prospect of one of the Big Three. Seven times seven and ten minus four are indeed dull as a doornail when the show comes to town, or when Chinese Spearmint and Oh Henry's beckon from the counter.

Thoroughly convinced that none of my thirty-five would sprout angel wings on Ash Wednesday, I decided to do something for God during Lent via the Big Three. Accordingly, I told the boys about our suffering Savior, suggested little particles of sacrifice they could offer, and let grace take over the management. Would you believe it? The pennies that usually went for gum, candy, and shows nose-dived into thirty-five toy banks instead. Within two weeks some lads had saved two, three, four, and even seven dollars! Grace and maybe my little sermon had done it.

Another Lenten practice was that of bringing fresh flowers for the picture of the Carpenter Saint honored in March. Did I seem to forget St. Joseph's programme of hymns and prayers, I was sure of getting thirty-five reminders from as many eager, bright-faced laddies. Now with June just around the corner, I can imagine how they will stampede to the statue of the Sacred Heart in the classroom.

We have consolations of another kind too. At least Sister Marie Alvarez⁽¹⁾ has with her cherubs who will receive Jesus for the first time on Easter Monday. How well Sister succeeds in winning wee hearts is illustrated by the following incident. A little boy, Dit by name, came last week with his grannie. This mite of a Dit, although a pagan, had been listening with both ears and a loving heart to Sister's instructions, until at last he gathered it must be glorious to receive Jesus all for oneself. Would Sister let him?

"Little Jesus comes only into the hearts of Catholic children," Sister gently protested.

"Oh, he can become a Catholic if he wants to," Grannie put in her word. "Grandpa and I have no objections."

1. Noella BRISSON, Cornwall, Ont.

Sister made Grandma understand that she and Grandpa must be converted before Dit can tell his pals, "I'm a Catholic too!" Dit is really a gifted boy; explanations are clear as day to him long before his chums have grasped their meaning. He is so well loved at home that we believe he will be a helpful little convert maker.

Later on, when, as we hope, Dit will be a Catholic, Sister St. Etienne⁽¹⁾ will welcome him into her First Communion and Confirmation classes held especially for the Chinese. The majority of her pupils from Shanghai and the North are pagans or Protestants. I have five of them in my class; these and the neighbors, at least a goodly number of them, often give us the occasion of using the mandarin dialect, as they come from Communist-dominated territories. We only hope the red tide will not reach them here.

Sister St. Philippe⁽²⁾ is also kept busy with her many piano pupils,

1. Aurore PLOUFFE, Montreal.

2. Annette BEAUDOIN, Champlain.



THREE PUPILS OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
HONG KONG, CHINA.



SISTER ST. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELA BENOIT, THREE RIVERS)
AND SISTER ST. DENISE (ODILE MALBŒUF, SUDBURY, ONT.),
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH A GROUP OF PUPILS,
HONG KONG SCHOOL, CHINA

scholars or outsiders. At the kindergarten, Sister Therese du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾ finds the hours fleet-winged with her seventy tots of first and second grades.

They and all the other boys are real little gentlemen. Most of them pay a regular morning call to Our Blessed Mother in the grotto facing the convent. The best of mothers will surely spread her protecting mantle over the children who so assiduously pay her a good-morning filial call. Strangely enough, our pagan charges are devotees just as fervent as the Catholics; their prayers are said as attentively and lovingly.

"All pray and no play," however, has never been our motto; to wit, the large playground we consider a must for our students. Once when we stressed the importance of keeping the playground tidy, we told the boys to pick the odd scraps of paper lying around. A few of them took the remark as addressed to themselves personally; thereafter they believed themselves responsible for the looks of the playground. Among them was George, a pupil of Sister Marie Florida's⁽²⁾ class. Sister seeing him staggering along his hands chockfull of odds and ends, bent down to whisper in his ear that he had likely saved many souls for Jesus through his generous deed. A glorious grin overspread the boyish face. The joy of that apostle in the making reminded me of what Our Lord once said about the clean of heart fathoming hidden mysteries. We hope George will have his hands chockfull of great actions, too, when he shows the odds and ends of his life to the Master in Heaven.

We have two kindergarten classes, one Chinese and the other English; two groups come in the morning and two in the afternoon. In all, Tak Sun School comprises a dozen classes with 450 pupils. This, however, is the space limit, not the prospect limit; had we only room we could easily find one thousand pupils. Let's all pray for more elbow space!

SISTER ST. DENISE, M.I.C.⁽³⁾

1. Therese GUENETTE, L'Original, Ont.

2. Clara LEBLANC, Glen Robertson, Ont.

3. Odile MALBEUF, Sudbury, Ont.

Humorist in Serious Vein

"I am glad, very glad, Jean is in a convent. I was astonished at myself that I had never thought of a convent. And away down deep in my heart I feel that if they make a good, strong, unshakable Catholic of her I shall not be in the least bit sorry. It is doubtless the most peace-giving and restful of all religions. If I had it I would not trade it for anything on earth. If I ever change my religion I shall change to that."

(Extract from a letter written by Mark Twain to his wife, then residing in Europe, on the subject of educating his daughter in a convent school.)

Three Little

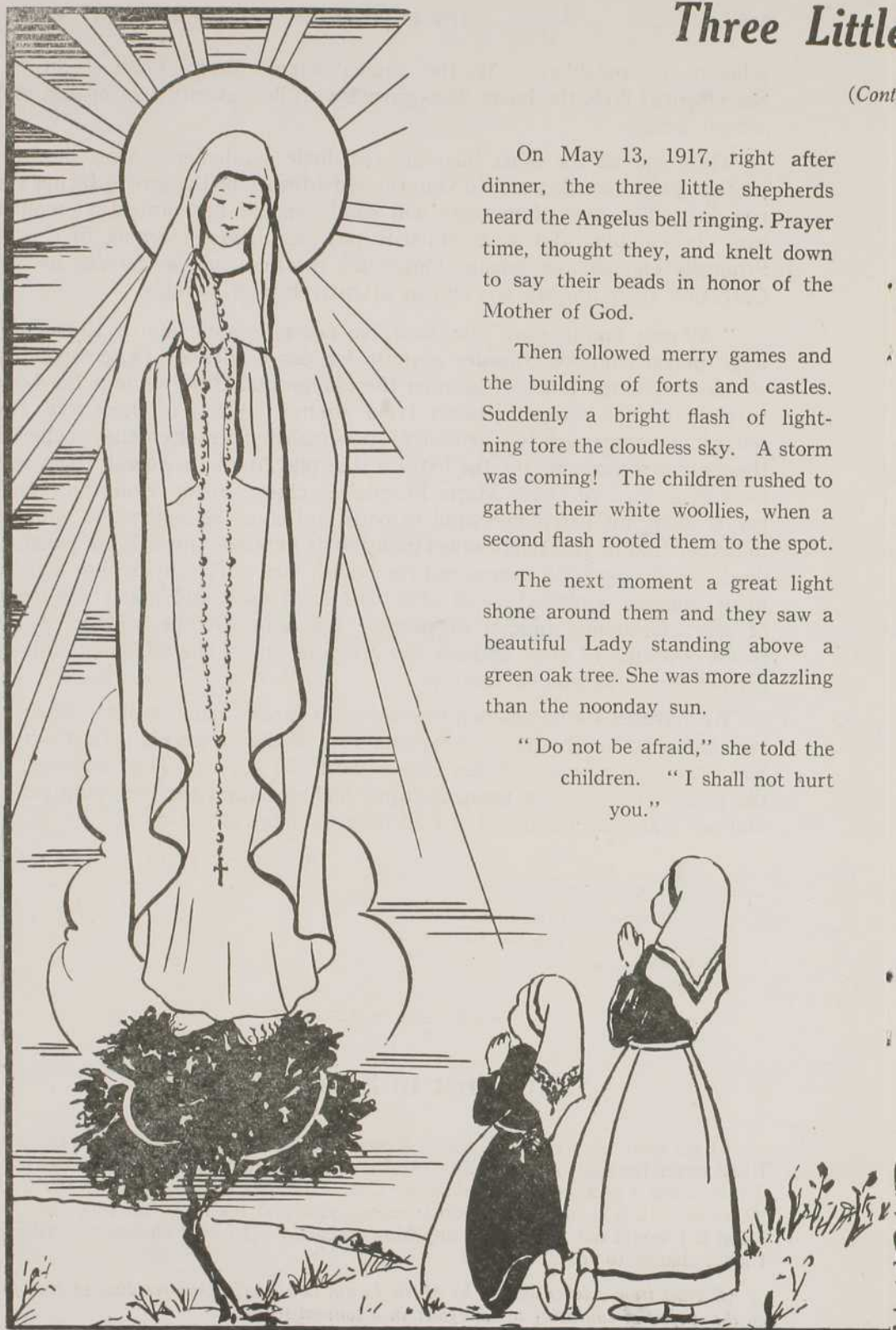
(Cont)

On May 13, 1917, right after dinner, the three little shepherds heard the Angelus bell ringing. Prayer time, thought they, and knelt down to say their beads in honor of the Mother of God.

Then followed merry games and the building of forts and castles. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning tore the cloudless sky. A storm was coming! The children rushed to gather their white woollies, when a second flash rooted them to the spot.

The next moment a great light shone around them and they saw a beautiful Lady standing above a green oak tree. She was more dazzling than the noonday sun.

"Do not be afraid," she told the children. "I shall not hurt you."



le Shepherds

ontinued)

"Where do you come from?" It was Lucy, the oldest, who spoke.

"I come from Heaven."

"And why have you come down here?"

"Because I want you children to come here on the thirteenth of each month at the same hour. In the month of October I shall tell you who I am and what I want you to do."

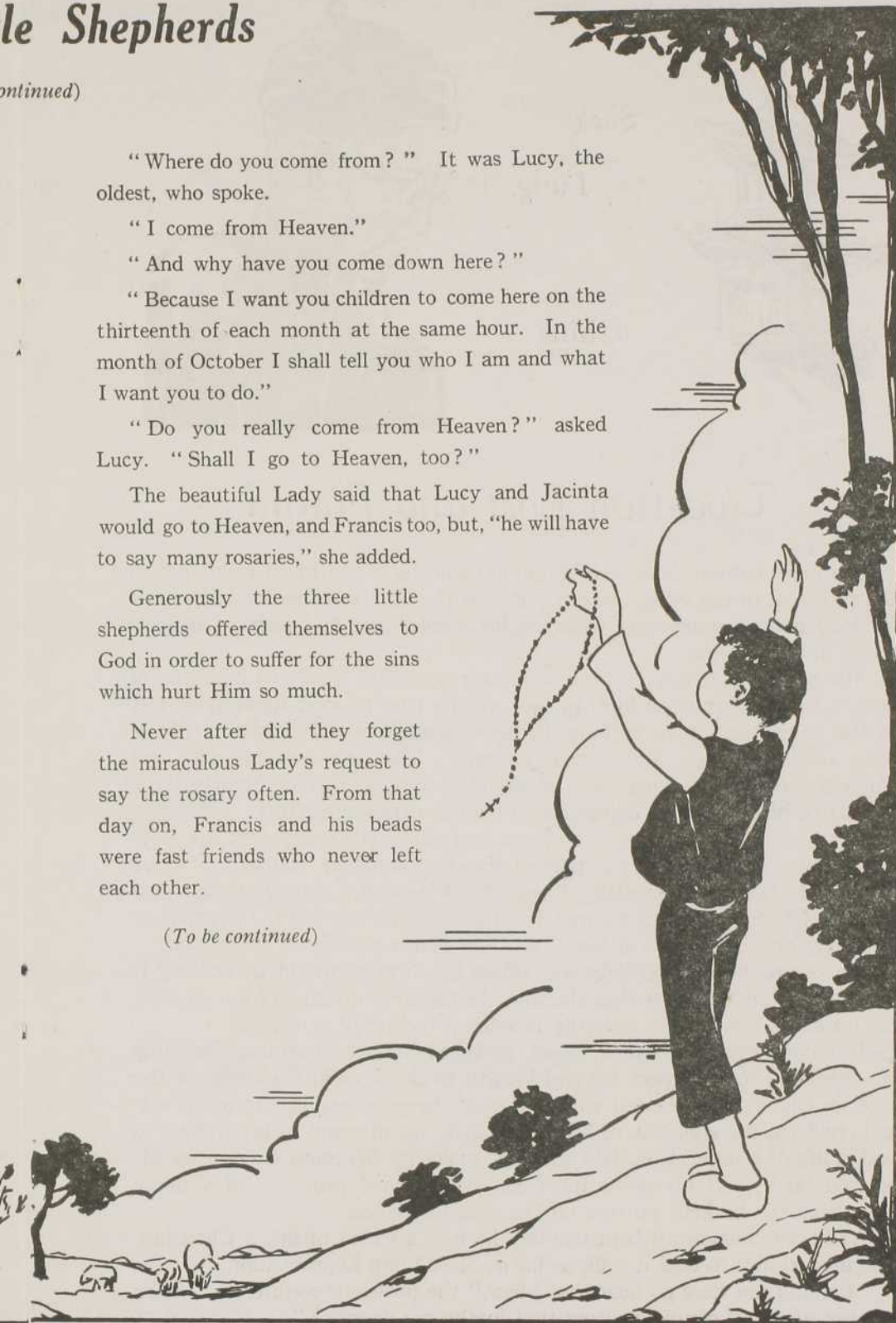
"Do you really come from Heaven?" asked Lucy. "Shall I go to Heaven, too?"

The beautiful Lady said that Lucy and Jacinta would go to Heaven, and Francis too, but, "he will have to say many rosaries," she added.

Generously the three little shepherds offered themselves to God in order to suffer for the sins which hurt Him so much.

Never after did they forget the miraculous Lady's request to say the rosary often. From that day on, Francis and his beads were fast friends who never left each other.

(To be continued)





Shek

Lung,

China



Vocation Lost and Found

No more fervent devotee of Buddha could be found in all Laklan than the professor of the village school. Before the family shrine he daily knelt for long hours, communing with the household gods and burning incense sticks in their honor.

His devotion, however, in no way interfered with a shrewd handling of affairs which permitted him, in late middle age, to look forward at last to the realization of his lifelong dream — leading a contemplative life in some remote, austere Buddhist monastery. The future of his wife and children securely provided for, the would-be monk one day broached the subject of his impending departure to his unsuspecting mate.

"I have made up my mind to leave you all." His hand went up, forestalling any objections on the part of the dumbfounded woman. "I have fortunately been able to settle all my affairs in such a way that your own and our children's future is assured, so I feel perfectly entitled to the privilege of ending my days in the peaceful solitude of a monastery."

To say that the good lady was taken by surprise would be putting it mildly. Yet, dutiful wife that she was, she tactfully refrained from crossing her husband in what she inwardly labelled a foolhardy enterprise.

But days lengthened into weeks, and still Mr. X. continued instilling into youthful souls respect for and loyalty to the age-old traditions of the sages of China; for, if he felt within himself the generous urge to leave wife and children, the comforts of home life, and the affection of his friends to lead a life of renunciation, he could not make up his mind to give up his beloved books and his noble functions as esteemed professor of Chinese literature. So he kept putting off the dread sacrifice.

As he was homeward bent one day he met a friend of his, a Christian, who invited him to take a walk as far as Shek Lung Leprosarium.

"I would not dare go near that place," the professor countered. "Are you not afraid of contagion from that loathsome disease?"

"You need not be afraid. The Sisters who take care of the lepers are very particular about the laws of hygiene; you may feel perfectly safe."

The professor still appeared dubious about the opportuneness of a visit to such a place; he finally went along, however, to humor his friend, and also with the secret desire of obtaining some medication for his sore eyes.

He wondered as he saw the nursing Sisters dressing with tender compassion the gaping, foul-smelling wounds of the poor lepers. They were actually smiling as if they enjoyed their gruesome task. There must be some secret reason for this devotedness, mused the would-be monk as he approached the director of the Leprosarium to inquire.

"Father, do these foreign ladies get paid for their work in this hospital?"

"No other reward do they look forward to," came the unexpected reply, "than that promised by the Lord of Heaven to those who work for His love."

The love of God, of the Lord of Heaven! Never before had Mr. X. heard these words, but thenceforth they constantly re-echoed within the sanctuary of his soul. Out of Shek Lung he came a changed man, with a newly found vocation, a vocation of love for the Lord of Heaven.

Up with the dawn the following day, he hied to his Christian friend's house and queried,

"Can you lend me a catechism?"

"What do you intend doing with a catechism, if I may inquire?"

"I wish to study the Christian Religion, for now I know that mine is a myth. How can I ever thank you for suggesting that trip to Shek Lung! I saw there with a blinding clarity that a religion which could inspire those Sisters with the courage of leaving their homes and country to minister to the needs of leprous outcasts, must surely be the true one, and I believe in their God of love."

Slowly the professor walked home leafing through the precious little book his friend had given him. As he sat at the breakfast table he suddenly announced,

"Two more weeks and the new year will be here. From now on and forever we will give up all the superstitious ceremonies we usually go through on that day. No more incense nor votive offerings; no more idols in this house. We will throw them all, or rather we will burn them so that others may not be tempted to use them."

"My dear," replied the astounded wife, "you are positively out of your senses."

"No, no, I was never more sensible than I am now. My eyes have been opened at last; I firmly believe in the God of the Christians."

No procrastination kept the professor from being faithful to this his true vocation. His entire family, following his example, has entered the Fold of the divine Shepherd.

FAMILY ROSARY AT THE LEPROSARIUM

Our patients have waxed enthusiastic over a clipping of a news item, "The Time for Family Prayer," carried by the Annals of St. Joseph's Oratory. One picture represents the world as a huge globe showing ominous cracks wrought by diabolical efforts to upset the Creator's plan of redeeming love. But the rosary, like an unbreakable chain, binds these cracks and keeps the world secure.

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ went in all the wards showing the lepers the picture of Mary's powerful, prayerful chain, and urging them to make full use of this weapon to guard the world and especially China from the subversive peril of Communism. Since then, our poor patients have kept with renewed fervor their unceasing vigil at Mary's altar, doing their share in welding ever stronger the mysterious chain of Aves that will save the world.

Even when the patients are laid low on their pallet, they still keep up their prayerful pleadings for peace. Pagans kneel beside their Christian pals and join in the grand drive of prayer.

Surely Our Blessed Mother will look down in pity from her throne in Heaven above to listen to the plea of her leper children entreating her to cleanse the souls of sinners from the leprosy of sin.

1. SISTER MARIE DU CENACLE (Marie Gerin, Coaticook).

Wake Up and Dream a Bit !

I want you to wake up and dream a bit. What would you like to do in life? What about the greatest career of all, the following of Christ the King? Did you ever think of the religious or priestly state as a possible career in life?

Not long ago a young lad was making the way of the Cross. It was in the chapel of one of our Catholic colleges. He was alone in the dim chapel and so he passed slowly from one Station to another. When he came to the Eleventh Station, where Jesus is being nailed to the Cross, it seemed to the lad as if a voice within him were calling: "He loved Me and delivered Himself up for Me." And then and there the lad, repeating a word which he had read in a book some time before, cried out in turn: "Blood for blood, and life for life." Then and there he dedicated himself and his all to Jesus Christ.

Are other boys less generous, less loyal?

A Missionary Priest

Sanctify yourself and you will thus save hundreds of souls, yours firstly. Little Therese, the greatest of modern missionaries, saved more souls than ten thousand preachers. A whole army of sermon givers have not accomplished what she achieved through the genuine holiness of her life.

Rev. Mateo Crawley



Mati Mission, Davao

Unforgettable Days for "the Least of These"

March 25 was a radiant day for our student family. One of their number, a kindergarten pupil named Libertad Yap, was baptized a child of God and Mother Mary on this her beautiful Annunciation Feast.

Most of our pupils made it a point to attend the baptism ceremony, following which they eagerly surrounded their classmate to tell her with all the conviction of a St. Paul, "Libertad, you have no more *Panulondon sala* (original stain)." The bonny Chinese *mistisa* seemed to understand the great privilege that had come to her, and had smiles for all her chums.

We with our pupils dutifully joined Catholics everywhere over the globe, on April 2, to celebrate the golden jubilee of the priesthood of His Holiness Pope Pius XII. A novena of Masses, Communions, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and sacrifices (this last couldn't be left out!) preceded the great day. A tin box labelled "Special Sacrifices for Our Holy Father" served to collect the slips of paper on which were scrawled the trifling as well as the tremendous sacrifices offered by our students. Some anonymous papers carried records like these: "I cooked the rice one morning before anybody asked me." — "I studied my lessons when I didn't feel like it." — "I didn't complain when I had a raging toothache."

Other sacrifices were made too, by midgets who can't yet hold a pencil successfully; this explains the papers with little or big circles in green or red representing self-denials small as atoms or big as mountains offered by kind-hearted kindergarten tots. Here follow some self-denials of the towering type: "I drank an egg stirred in milk and offered a big sacrifice at each mouthful." — "I ate a pill." — "I went to bed without pouting." Thus did our pupils prepare for the feast of the Common Father of the faithful. Yet they were not satisfied; they believed that a local demonstration was called for as well as a spiritual drive, and suggested that we hold a procession.

So, everyone was notified to be at the Academy by four o'clock. Runy Catap, five summers young, wore the mitre with the three crowns; and Runy Catap, let me tell you, with the triple tiara looked twice the height of his small person. He must have been told by some angel that Holy Fathers in Rome have a heavy burden on their shoulders, for he went so



CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MATI, DAVAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

far as to exact much coaxing, two old Christmas cards, and smiles innumerable before accepting the big responsibility. Once nature had been brought under control, however, a happy grin on his face told the world that Runy was proud of his papal status.

Snapshotting over — they don't omit that at the Vatican — the procession headed not for the great Roman Basilica but for the little church of Mati, to the lusty strains of *Viva Pio!* At the church the children said the rosary and sang appropriate hymns. The *Guards* were then supposed to escort the temporary Pope to the altar, where he would lay the spiritual bouquet in front of the tabernacle. But lo and behold! suddenly the gloriously reigning Pontiff was hoisted high on the main altar by his youthful admirers. The anti-liturgical act, wholly unexpected by the "mistress of ceremonies", can be explained and excused by the bubbling enthusiasm of all present. After another hymn, "Long Live the Pope, the Great, the Good," which could have been heard in Rome, the procession-goers returned to the Academy proudly bearing papal flags and singing with gusto their *Viva, Viva Pio!* Then Pope Pius became Master Runy, and all was over.

Catechists Carry on for Christ

"One of the easiest ways to keep your Faith is to give it away." Our catechists know it from experience, now that they have been at work for over a year, capturing souls for the Master. Never have we regretted the hours spent in training them for their noble apostolate among their kinsmen.

Conchita, especially, has been doing very effective work at La-Union, where she began with heart and will in April of 1948. She didn't wait for the fathers and mothers to come to her; she went to them simply, humbly, and asked them to send their children to the doctrine classes she was planning. Despite the fact that the holidays were in full swing, thirty pupils registered for the lessons. Human nature being what it is, with youngsters not overfond of vacation-time study, thirty was truly a remarkable number that spoke well for the enterprise and patience of this enthusiastic promoter of the Faith. Two months later, twenty-seven of them were ready for First Communion.

Conchita had wanted to do things as they were done at the Madres'. The boys wore white suits and the girls white dresses, veils, and shoes. When one takes into account the distance from Conchita's barrio to the large towns, one can understand what setbacks the girl must have had to put up with in getting everybody ready. She succeeded in forming a choir, and taught the Mass of the Angels and hymns in the Visayan language. She saw to it, too, that there should be a new floor and decorations for the altar. When Father went for the ceremony she had a good hearty meal ready for him. The joy of service is always beaming on her face.

May the King of Love choose many generous souls of Conchita's stamp, glad to reach for other souls as far as they are able, glad to do their share in making the earth a happier place with more of God's grace on it!



NATIVES HAILING FROM MOUNTAINS OF DAVAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

It Happened in Africa

SISTER MARIE DELIA⁽¹⁾ WRITES FROM KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND

Our Lady of Africa Mission, Katete

May 14, 1949



Between the aviation field where we said goodbye to the plane and Katete mission where we greeted our beloved pioneer Sisters, fully 250 miles of bushland lie lazily under the hot African sun. All along the way, the hum of the motor drew jovial black faces to the windows and jolly pickaninnies on the doorsteps. We gathered that Sisters didn't pass by every day.

Nature is beautiful in Africa, beautiful in the waking dawn, beautiful in the glory of midday, beautiful when the flowers close their petals and the birds go to sleep. Now that Africa is steadily coming nearer to Christ, her flaming sun setting in the west reminds one still more forcefully of the Sun of Righteousness whose rays are making their way into souls on the Dark Continent. Please God, it shall become the Bright Continent some day, if enough missionaries keep lighting little candles of Faith.

Katete and its natives welcomed us royally and enthusiastically. Endless rounds of applause hailed the coming of the new missionary Sisters. At last we managed to elude the cheering throngs; for another welcome we were longing — we had not yet seen our Sisters! With apologies to David, I feel like writing, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Sisters to dwell together in the missions!"

Our first African Christmas we shall never forget. People flocked to the mission church heedless of the rain and the unpredictable weather; many had walked miles in order to hear Mass. Some stayed at the mission overnight to spare lions and such like the temptation of a meal of human flesh.

Young and old crowding around the Crib the better to see the Christ Child made a pretty picture. Their church, though small and poor, looked glad and gay. Those who could find room stepped inside, but above and beside the candles in the windows, kinky-haired lookers-on who had to remain outside for want of space peeped at the beauty of it all.

Shortly before twelve the pupils' choir began the "Holy Night" so dear to Christian souls. During High Mass, which was sung by two choirs of natives, a great number received Holy Communion.

After four Masses in the night hours, we heard Pontifical High in the morning. For Msgr. St-Denis' Mass the faithful succeeded in occupying

1. Marie Marthe TERRIEN, Ottawa.



THUS THEY COME TO THE CONVENT IN KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.
SISTER ST. JUSTINIEN (PAULE IDA COULOMBE, MONUMENT)
AND SISTER JOSEPH DU SAUVEUR (BERENGERE CADIEUX, MONTREAL NORTH).

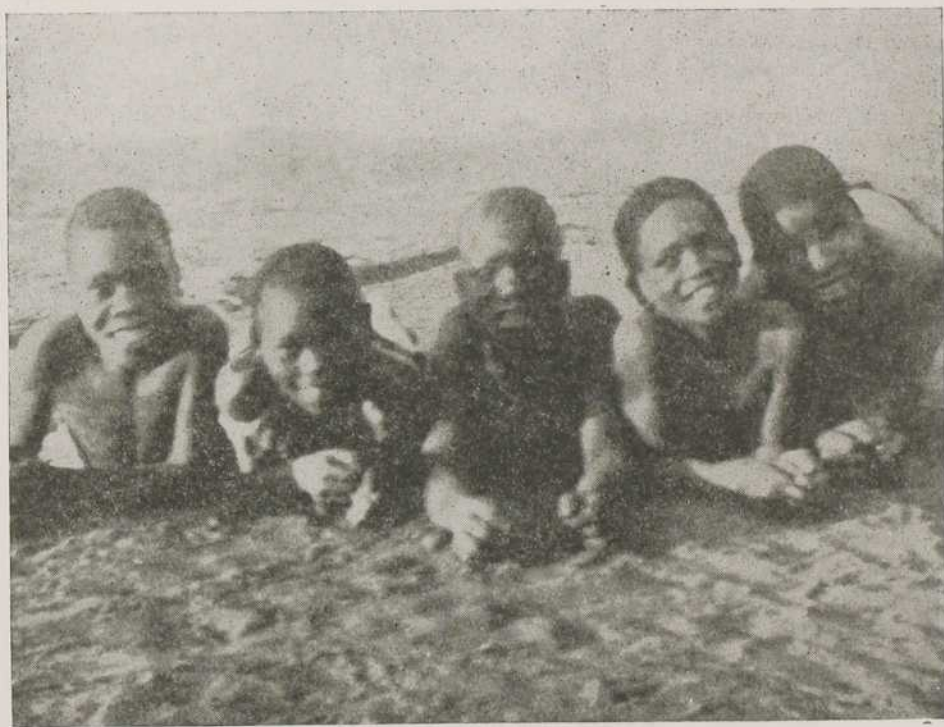
every available inch of space; the congregation was even more numerous than for Midnight Mass. Then followed the traditional dance with mostly pagans taking part — a trick of the trade to bring them to the mission.

As original as any under the sun — blazing hot in this case — is the sight of the dancers. Some wear shirts all but fallen to pieces; others display "patchwork-quilt" shirts of ten to twenty hues, innocent of any regard to straight lines and right angles. The men don't mind being collar-less, but not one will do without his necktie. In the hair are stuck combs and decorative pins of all sorts; around the legs dangle a collection of utensils and — of all things — toothbrushes! Over their feet they pull shoes twice the convenient size; some even prefer ski shoes. Altogether their Christmas finery is fine! Tree trunks and horns are adapted to provide the music.

Our little helpers also had a merry Christmas with the pleasantest of surprises — real dresses every inch like Canadian ones! I don't know how many times they said "Thank you very much, Sister Superior!" In their native parlance it goes like this, *Yewo comene, Amayi Mkuru!*

Our twenty-three boarders, also happy people, live in large tidy-looking huts about 250 feet from the convent. A hedge of tall reeds around our boarding school gives it a delightful African touch.

At first the girls were models of passivity. Children of nature, they didn't have the slightest notion of how civilized people thought, said, and did things. Since last year, however, a surprising change has come over



AFRICAN BUSH BOYS

them. They are kind, helpful, and always laughing. If smiles are a necessary ingredient of holiness, these girls will say hello to halos some day. When school is out, they take turns in preparing the altar and vestments for the next Mass; the privilege is a coveted one, as is also that of gardening with Sister Marie des Anges⁽¹⁾. Poor little girls, they are thankful for the least tiny gift — even Christmas candy treats from the Sisters prompted thanks without end. So did the real balloon that came from Canada in one of the gift boxes.

One day they decided that the best way to show their gratefulness would be to gather firewood for the convent people. With smiles aplenty they presented their armfuls to Sister Superior⁽²⁾, who hadn't expected that little girls could find such clever ways to say thanks. We love them dearly and cannot help it. Some are still catechumens, but judging from their generosity you would never know Jesus has not yet come to them.

When the bell rings prayer time each night, our little ones run over to the convent to wish goodnight to the Sisters. *Amayi!* is the way they say it, and always on their knees. In the darkness we can see only laughing eyes and smiling lips with two rows of white pearls between.

We are by no means exaggerating when we speak about the poverty of the bush folk. The other day Raphael, a gardener, asked Sister Marie des Anges kindly to patch his coat of a dirty green color. Sister sewed a neat khaki patch on each shoulder. You should have seen Raphael! He fell on his knees thanking Sister over and over. The next day he showed up

1. Alice PEPIN, Warwick, P.Q.

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



SISTER MADELEINE MARIE (MADELEINE LORANGER, WESTMOUNT),
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND,
PROUDLY ACCEPTS THE LITTLE BOARDERS' SPECIAL GIFT.

with a chicken. Since then, when a feast comes along, Raphael proudly displays his After-the-Restoration coat.

The purple undershirts sewed by the workroom members have been greatly appreciated. I feel sure our charitable providers would smile with satisfaction could they see our Blacks pulling the undershirts *over* the over-shirts! They don't think the purple things should be worn on any other day but Sunday; so the Lord's Day sees them in the color of penance.

In Africa, as you know, the wild beast is king. Only recently the Fathers had to turn over three pigs and a dozen chickens to hungry hyenas. Lions have not yet ventured as far as the mission — much to our satisfaction. Once Sister Superior and Sister St. Justinien⁽¹⁾ saw with their own eyes a lordly panther sitting on his haunches right in their path. Luckily the stor had no unhappy ending. Snakes have risked themselves inside the house these last days; unhappy was their ending. There are also other species of little beasts we wouldn't miss if they decided to buy migration tickets. Should you like to behold royal spiders two inches in diameter from right side to left, plus a collection of every kind of insect under the sun, do come to Africa; almost every night, clusters of them are on hand to welcome us in the dormitory and wish us goodnight.

Sister Joseph du Sauveur⁽²⁾ is preparing some thirty pupils varying in ages from six to fourteen years, for their First Communion, which will take place on Pentecost Sunday. The parents accompany their little ones to the mission. Several pagan children also steal in with the others and would like "to belong." Often, too, women coming to the dispensary sit down and listen to the catechism lesson. We long to see our dusky friends draw near to Jesus for the first time. Pray for them, please!

SISTER MARIE DELIA, M.I.C.

1. Paule Ida COULOMBE, Monument, Quebec.

2. Berengere CADIEUX, Montreal North.

A Gentle Lesson

In a city of the Middle West, a large sign catches the attention of the automobilist and other drivers approaching a large hospital. It reads: "Hospital Zone". And after the vehicle has passed the hospital, another one comes in sight; on the reverse side of the warning there appears in large letters, the legend: "Thank you."

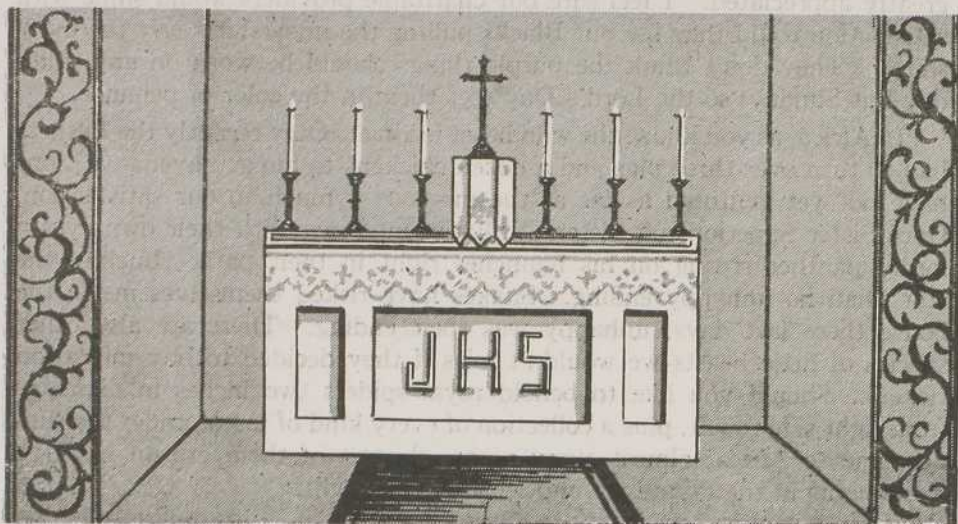
"I rattled by that hospital once," a burly driver confessed to a friend, "and when I saw the 'Thank you' staring me in the face, I felt pretty small. Whenever I've been by there since, I've driven as if I had a load of loose eggs."

The New Freeman

It is God's will that we should become saints and win souls to Him. The means are prayer, recollection, fidelity and above all forgetfulness of self . . . we can only make others what we are ourselves. Saints produce saints; at least they set others on the road to sanctity.

St. Madeleine Sophie Barat

Mercedes Colegio



We are steadily inching on to progress. Thirty-seven boys and girls are now coming to fill their little pitchers at the well of knowledge which is, or should be, our *Colegio*.

In mid-January, one week after its opening, we could already notice a remarkable change in the pupils, for whom school discipline has always been as foreign as Esperanto. If ambition be the special hallmark of student youth in any one country, we are ready to give Cuba the palm. Here little trifles and nothings spur the laziest student to action; the vision of a reward however small will make him keep silence like a Trappist and delve into his books as if every day were the last before exams.

Lovers of knowledge, our pupils are also patriots to the core, as can be gathered from their flag salute on Friday afternoons. They sing the national anthem and march before the two flags, the boys touching their forehead and the girls bowing, their hand on their heart. Never was the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes revered more solemnly to the north of us.

Sunday Mass being another must on their programme, all the pupils flock to the parish chapel on the Lord's Day. Some fathers and mothers who accompany their young fry remain for the ceremony, to the evident satisfaction of the pastor. Rev. Father Landry, P.M.E., often reminds his parishioners that they owe much to the Sisters. "The coming of the Sisters," he remarked on one occasion, "is a gift of God and a pledge of His mysterious designs upon our parish; so many larger parishes long in need of Sisters are still waiting for them."

Sisters, in fact, are a major need of Cuba, for her boys and girls, if they would be bulwarks of the Faith tomorrow, must be tutored today; and who

better than our Catholic Sisterhoods can teach them the great truths that matter?

Another January venture was catechism lessons to the public school pupils. In time we hope to reach and teach all the children of Mercedes. As things now stand, with religious instruction forbidden in the schools, six hundred little people cannot make the Sign of the Cross without mixing the Persons.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

One little boy we know received two wonderful birthday gifts from God. On his ninth birthday, Ivo José knelt for his first white Host and was dubbed a knight of Christ in Confirmation.

Now, a custom on Ivo's island says that the godfather must meet the expenses occasioned by his godchild's baptism and the rejoicings that follow. It happens not seldom, as a result, that for reasons of ready cash the would-be godfather persuades the parents to postpone the baptism. So it was in Ivo's case.

The boy's father had told us Ivo would be baptized next summer with his brother, whose godfather would be coming from the U.S.A. Just the same, Dad gave in with good grace, so that his son might be confirmed with the class. Parents and sponsors alike say they will never forget the ceremony, nor the picture made by little Ivo as, wide-eyed and serious-miened, he followed the prayers, which had been explained to him previously. The boy really wanted baptism; he prepared for it as a deacon would for Ordination morning. There is an idea in Ivo's small head and big heart that he must excuse his companions and help them all he can. God's grace will have good chances to work wonders in a heart by nature so loving and kind.

This privileged Ivo and his pals were confirmed by Bishop Martin, of Matanzas. We Sisters were proud lookers-on at the ceremony, which, incidentally, had to be rehearsed three times on account of the extremely cramped quarters. His Excellency was minus crozier, mitre, and rochet; but the Holy Ghost could operate without them.

GOD WITH US

No longer will it be said that in our midst there is no tabernacle. Since February 9, He who is seated in glory above the Seraphim is our permanent Guest, the Sharer of all our sorrows and joys.

His coming was one we disliked having to delay; yet the Administrator



*Sister Angele du Sacre Coeur
(Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta)
Chats With Ivo José Rodríguez*

had hinted that our chapel might have to wait a few months, as the carpenters of Mercedes were all very busy elsewhere. What was to be done? The Sisters gathered all the materials at hand, brought native genius into action, and built an altar for the Almighty. A gift tabernacle came from the Sisters of the Assumption, of Miami. Everything is poor in our little chapel, but God is on the altar and all is well.

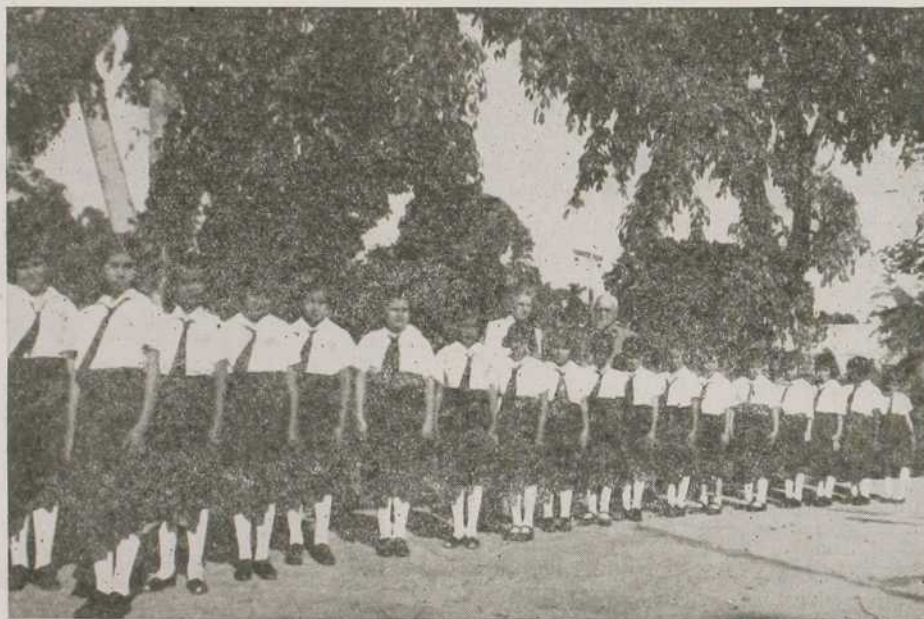
SUGAR CANE, SOOT, AND CENTS

February brings back the *safra* season (sugar cane harvest) which may keep all hands astir for three months, if a boom crop be gathered, or, otherwise, only a few weeks if the sugar cane decides on a strike.

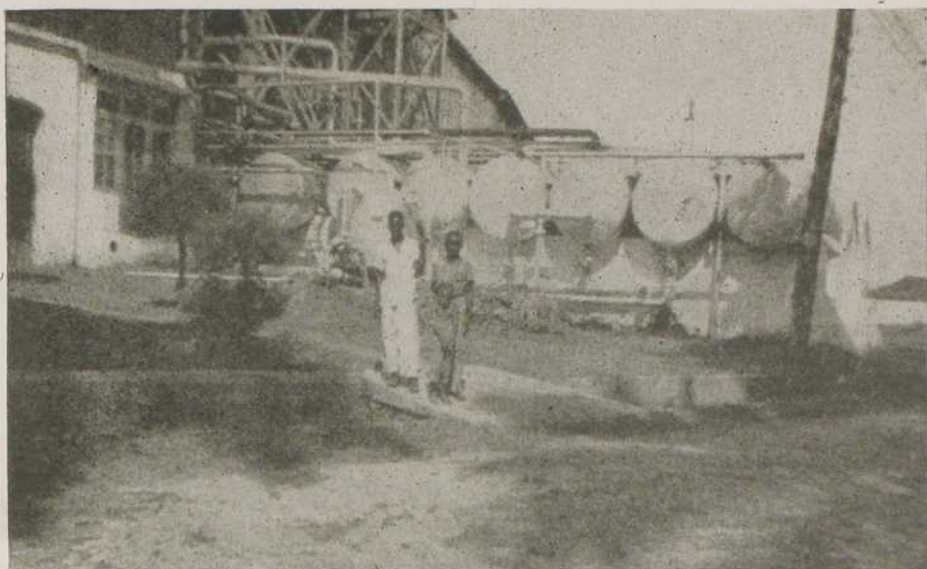
If strike there was this year, the sugar cane is surely not to blame; the cyclone of last fall and the drought of this spring are the guilty ones. Although there are misgivings in the minds of the people who look ahead at 1950, in our section there is not much reason for complaining.

This sugar cane harvest is done on a large scale. Thousands of harvesters stab the stalks with the skill of long experience, pile them on carts drawn by three or four oxen, and dump them at the nearest railway station. There trains of ten, fifteen, and even twenty-three cars speed them to the next Central, that is, to the factory usually located in the middle of the plantation.

One of these cars may contain as many as 1,800 *arrobas* (Spanish measure of about twenty-five pounds) of sugar cane relieved of its leaves. Pulleys lift the load on movable rails to let it fall in the gaping hole at the entrance to the factory. Automatically the cane dives into a machine for juice extraction; the liquid flows down in troughs, while the pulp is discharged



PUPILS ATTENDING THE COLEGIO NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LAS MERCEDES,
CENTRAL MERCEDES, CUBA



A SECTION OF THE SUGAR FACTORY, CENTRAL MERCEDES, CUBA

a little farther and, following an indicated trail, rushes to the furnaces to serve as fuel. Before the big job is done there will be clouds of smoke and soot escaping from the tall chimneys and impolitely blackening the buildings hard by. But the annoyance is quickly forgotten, for, "when falls the soot, in comes the money," say the poor people. Since the sugar cane is their only breadwinner, the soot, which is certainly not their only worry, is, figuratively at least, soon brushed aside.

More important than that is the liquid extracted, called *guarapo*. After several cleansing operations it becomes syrup, then sugar, is put into bags and stored in the warehouses. One million pounds of sugar is the daily output in Mercedes. A portion is sent to Cardenas, thence to be exported as white sugar; but a great quantity, without detouring to Mercedes, is immediately shipped to the United States.

There are other figures, however, more saddening than those; for instance the total of practising Catholics. It is estimated that ninety-nine percent of the employees at Mercedes do not even hear Sunday Mass. They keep fresh flowers before Our Blessed Mother's statue and a light at her feet, in order to be spared accidents. May this act of devotion, however superficial, spare them the saddest of all accidents, that of going through life alone, without the hand of God for support and the heart of Mary for mother love.

Guests are still lacking, O Lord, at the heavenly table, at which, in the twilight of the upper room, Thou didst invite us all to take our place. Is it impossible to love these brothers whom we have never seen but whose voices are known to us? The day when the Chinese join us in the grand *sursum corda*; the day when the whole of India shall sing our Preface; the day when Africa will hold aloft the white Host in its black hands; the day when all Thy people will present in one immense offering the souls of all Thy creatures; on that day will Thy redemption of the world be whole and complete in the sight of all men.

Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.



Vancouver Variety

Our two Vancouver hospitals, Mount St. Joseph's and Campbell Street's, are always in full activity. Chinese, Britishers, Canadians, Swedes, Indians, Hindus, and all the others that come, find relief for their bodily ills and an atmosphere of brotherliness which is not the least helpful of tonics.

Many are also provided with the spiritual visa that gives right of residence in the Mansions of Glory. With God's grace to precede, accompany, and follow us we hope to save every single soul that comes our way.

Along with that grace we need Sisters to serve as its human channels. Three others came on March 18. Two are veterans from the foreign mission field recently assigned to the Campbell Street hospital, namely, Sister Julianne du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Louis de Gonzague⁽²⁾. The former replaced Sister St. Marguerite⁽³⁾, who has been transferred to Mount St. Joseph's; Sister St. Louis is preparing the way of the Lord by teaching Christian doctrine. The last of the three newcomers, Sister Gabriel de l'Incarnation⁽⁴⁾, is on the nursing-staff at Mount St. Joseph's. All three have already had the privilege of opening Heaven to souls through baptism.

Few, indeed, are the patients who meet God unprepared. Not even Mrs. Pinto, with so many years of estrangement from Him on her account, failed to submit to the gentle pleadings of conscience and grace. All the last weeks of her life she made fervent acts of love, and at the end the divine Shepherd opened His arms to her.

1. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly.

2. Anna GIRARD, Claremont, N.H.

3. Marguerite FARRELL, Plantagenet, Ont.

4. Lorette LAURENT, Quebec.

As glorious a conquest was that of Henry Hay, who was brought to us in a dying condition. He made it a duty to tell everyone that he believed in nothing and practiced as much. At a loss to know what to do with a man who had only curses on his lips, Sister St. Marc⁽¹⁾ turned his bed so that it faced a picture of the Sacred Heart, which seemed to fascinate all the patients who looked at it.

"I am leaving you alone with your God," she spoke her parting words. "You are going to die soon; better think it over."

During the night hours Henry kissed the crucifix and listened to the prayers that the nurse said for him; then he lapsed into coma. The priest gave him conditional absolution and anointed him; a few minutes later, the eleventh-hour convert breathed his last.

Two others to follow Henry Hay were Mr. Wah Wee, who was christened and died the next day, and Mr. Wong Ting Sing, also made a child of the Father a few days before his death.

Fred Jung's story, too, ends beautifully. He was nineteen, dying, and still hoping against hope; he did not want baptism so much as health. But the Blessed Mother, to whom he prayed fervently morning and night, was the Lady of the miraculous medal he wore; she would not let his soul be lost.

"Sister," he smiled at Sister Marie de Bethanie⁽²⁾ one night, "Sister, I can't tell you now, but I have a big surprise for you tonight."

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna.

2. Berthe PICHE, Quebec.



SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N.H.)
REGISTERS NAMES AT THE ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.



SISTER MARIE DE LA PRESENTATION (BERTHE SURPRENANT, SWANTON, VT.),
ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

"All right, Fred," Sister returned the smile, "I'll be back when your family retires."

When Sister returned to his bedside at nine that night, Fred was a very sick boy. He told her his fears about being unable to fulfill his obligations as a Catholic.

"Maybe I won't be able to go to Mass every Sunday," he faltered.

Five minutes later, reassured and consoled, the young fellow begged Sister to baptize him. In the silence of the night, with the angels of God alone to see, the peace above understanding came to Fred, as Faith was born in his soul.

"Sister, I am so happy!" It was the broken, fainting voice of a boy whose earthly Way of the Cross was all but ended. Two days later Heaven opened to receive him.

Then there was Mrs. Cheng, a middle-aged Chinese woman bedridden for years. She was of the kind and gentle type that endears one to all around. All our efforts to bring about her conversion, however, had fallen on desert ground, even the fateful day when she had a severe hemorrhage. Still, she had accepted a miraculous medal — Mary would win! On July 2, feast of the Visitation, feeling that her life was spent, Mrs. Cheng lovingly kissed the crucifix and consented to see a priest. That same evening she was made God's child, strengthened with holy oils, and safe in the arms of her Father slept the beautiful sleep which is death.

As consoling was the deathbed conversion of a young prisoner of twenty-four. The priest who had often visited him behind the bars all but despaired

of his conversion. Illness having suddenly come to the prisoner, he was brought to our Campbell Street hospital. Tender care, kindness, and devotedness, like mysterious borers, pierced the supposedly stony heart, bringing out a flood of noble sentiments; acts of love and repentance worked the marvel of his reconciliation with his Maker. After having confessed, he rallied enough to speak his grateful thanks; then, peaceful and confident, he passed away.

"He must have had a very good mother," his fellow patients agreed, "or else someone must have prayed a lot for him."

And we could go on thus, filling pages with accounts of the wondrous workings of divine mercifulness. May we in closing ask the spiritual help of our kind readers, so that through their prayers all the stray sheep led to our two hospitals may find the Sheepfold and the forgiving Heart of the Shepherd.

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
Vancouver

* * *

REPORT OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER FOR THE YEAR 1948

Adult Baptisms.....	26	Pneumothorax.....	742
Communions.....	181	Laboratory Tests.....	2,285
Extreme Unctions.....	8	Dressings.....	1,302
Confirmation.....	1	Injections.....	5,571
Home Visits.....	173	Various Treatments.....	1,939
Radiographs.....	389	Medications.....	21,332
Fluoroscopic Examinations	828	Patients admitted.....	108

REPORT OF THE CHINESE CLINIC, Vancouver

Patients.....	212	Physical Examinations..	58
Various Treatments.....	65	Medications.....	152

REPORT OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER

Baptisms.....	62	Patients admitted.....	714
Operations.....	366	Hospital Days.....	19,090
Radiographs.....	647	Fluoroscopic Examinations	53
Laboratory Tests.....	3,302		

Real Catholic Action

Unless a Catholic man or woman loves the Faith and is filled with the desire to see it spread, his or her work on behalf of the Church will be dry and lifeless. Such Catholics may indeed lead very correct lives, but they are not persons who will participate actively in spreading the Faith and who will shed the radiance of Catholic life upon those around them; they cannot be real leaders in Catholic Action.

The Christopher Page

No matter who you are or what you are or where you may be — you can do something to change the world for the better. You are important. You count!

One of the most poignant yet dramatic illustrations of that belief in action is contained in the story of Ah Chai, an eight-year-old leper girl in South China. Hungry, alone, and wasted away with the disease which gnawed at her young flesh and bones, Ah Chai's life reached its supreme tragedy, so she thought, one hot summer's day when she was driven out of the village that had been her home by the villagers who hoped thereby to rid themselves of her pollution. So heartless and cruel was the fury of the mob which, armed with sticks and stones, shoved and pummeled her, that leprosy seemed fated to be cheated of its victory.

And then it happened. A missionary approaching the village from the opposite direction saw the commotion and quickened his pace . . . A glance told him the child's condition, yet he didn't stop. Bending down, he picked up Ah Chai in his arms while the crowd fell back shouting in warning, "Unclean . . . unclean!"

Cradled in the missionary's arm, the child stopped crying, but only for a moment. Then the torrent of tears began anew, yet this time they were tears of happiness, tears of gratitude that someone cared.

"Why . . . why do you bother about me?" she asked between sobs. The priest swallowed hard and answered:

"Because God made you and made me. That makes you my sister and makes me your brother. I'm going to take care of you. You'll never be hungry or homeless again."

"But how can I pay . . . ?" Ah Chai started to ask.

"All you have to do — all God wants you to do — is to return His love by showing that love to as many others as you can. Promise?"

A nod of a tear-streaked face was the eloquent reply.

That was when Ah Chai was eight. She died three years later, not long after her eleventh birthday. But in those three years she did much to bring the love of God and His Peace into the lives of all the other lepers with whom she had to live. She sang to them, she dressed their sores, she fed them, but most of all, *she loved them*. When she died, they expressed their gratitude, and thousands of other Chinese from the surrounding countryside echoed their feelings in these simple words: "Our little bit of Heaven has gone back to Heaven." And they would point upwards.

* * *

. . . And just as she thought with the vision of Christ, in terms of herself and the world, so you can do likewise and your power for good becomes more effective and far-reaching. Once a person gains even a partial comprehension of the role he or she can play, personally and individually, everything takes on a new and hopeful aspect.

From *You Can Change the World*, by James Keller, M.M.
Quoted With Permission From the Author

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)

His letter closed with a plea for their prayers, some touching words of adieu and a little good advice: all in the language of a father speaking, heart to heart, to his children. He loved Crozet too much to forget it. Ever afterward, in France and across the sea, the village and its needs held their place in his prayers. He liked to talk about it, to be reminded of it. And in Crozet his name is enshrined. Fathers tell their sons about him; mothers love to talk of him to their daughters. He remains for all an example of everything holy. More than once the mention of his name strengthened the people to generous sacrifices; for example, seven years after he went away, when he was already in Futuna, Father Levret, his successor, undertook to establish in Crozet a branch of The Propagation of the Faith. Seeing, to his sorrow, that his plea was arousing no interest, he said sadly, "Ah, my brethren, how disappointed I am! In many places this Society is the sole support of the mission; consequently, Father Chanel is vitally interested in it. From the distant island where he labors he unites his voice to mine, begging the help of your prayers and your alms. After all he did for you, I thought you loved him more than this!" Many of his hearers were moved to tears, and all hastened to enroll themselves as members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

CHAPTER VII.

First Years in the Society of Mary

When Father Chanel joined the Society of Mary, it was engaged in only two works: the giving of missions, principally in neglected country places, and the management of the College of Belley which, not long before, had been placed in Father Colin's hands by Bishop Devie. He was assigned to the college and given a class of little boys, a kind of work for which he had had no preparation. There is a great difference between the direction of a parish, however humble, and the management of a class of children; and, so employed, how was he ever to realize his long cherished dream of the Foreign Missions, for which he had sacrificed all else? Father Chanel asked himself no such question. His superior had spoken; like a good religious he obeyed, certain that in obeying he fulfilled God's will. He did even better, and thought himself honored to be placed over a band of

the little ones for whom Our Lord has such special love. They reminded him of the ragged peasants of Crozet, to whom he had taught catechism, and he loved them as he had loved his wild little villagers. To their religious instruction he gave very special care. He had the knack of drawing beautiful and ennobling thoughts from sources which others would have found dry, and of arousing in the hearts of his boys, enthusiastic admiration for the heroism of really great men and of God's saints. On their part, the children, ordinarily restless and inclined to be lazy, worked hard in their eagerness to please him.

Remembering his own not very distant boyhood, Father Chanel knew that it is natural for the young to learn far more through their eyes than their ears; that they are guided by example, rather than by sermons, and he watched his own conduct most closely, aiming to be not only a good professor, but above all, a perfect priest, whose every word and least action would be above reproach even in the keen eyes of the children.

He was often to be found on the playground during hours of recreation. As soon as he appeared the boys would run to him, instinctively attracted by the gentleness and amiability which, all his life, won such tender affection. His presence added zest to the games, prevented incivility and roughness and the little quarrels which so easily arise among children constantly thrown together. He was always willing to help or to replace an over-worked prefect, and his watchfulness made him an invaluable assistant. "I love the children as if they were angels," he said, "and mistrust them as if they were demons."

His relations with each member of the community were marked by deep affection and delicate consideration. Some of them chose him for spiritual director, and these he urged to pray — to pray always for the students, especially to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and their Guardian Angels. Every week he gave a conference to the community, usually choosing as subject some ceremony of the Church.

But he was doing too much. Reminded that he was not robust and advised to moderate his zeal, he paid but little heed and gave himself no rest until his health broke so seriously that all were alarmed. Pain in his chest, slight hemorrhages, and extreme weakness at last confined him to bed. The boys of his class were distressed. Every morning they asked for news of him, and prayed with childish fervor for his recovery. All begged to be allowed to help about the infirmary, and at each recreation they took turns in going to see him and keeping him company for a while. Rest and tender nursing did their work. Little by little his strength returned, and he was able to go back to his class and to keep it until the close of the scholastic year.

Young as he was, Father Chanel had already shown unusual aptitude for the guidance of souls, so it is not surprising that after his first year spent in the class room, his superior appointed him spiritual director of the college. When the students returned in October he took up this new work. Having a deep sense of the value of every Christ-bought soul, his duties seemed to

him difficult, though beautiful; but nature, grace, and experience had given him that sweetness which, as Bossuet said, "Carries with it three virtues absolutely necessary in those who direct souls; patience, to put up with faults; sympathy, to compassionate them; condescension, to cure them." Father Chanel himself said, "The spiritual father of any community should be not a man, but an angel. Confident of every fault, even of those that escape the vigilance of prefects and teachers, he has a chance to check evil tendencies before they grow strong. He can prevent and reprove not only exterior faults, but because he sees secret thoughts and desires, can cure the most hidden wounds. He forms the consciences of the children, points out to them their faults, teaches them how to conquer them, and gives the necessary strength through the grace of the Sacraments. It is he who must awaken and develop vocations to the priesthood and guard them against all that might tarnish or stifle them."

As was customary in the diocesan colleges, a retreat was given to the students soon after the opening of the school year. Father Chanel was overjoyed by its results. "Our retreat has just closed," he wrote. "It produced splendid fruit. We had the consolation of seeing the confessionals besieged with fervent penitents, and with what piety our boys approached the Holy Table! They have now set to work with earnestness and are so docile that it is a delight to be among them. Several came to tell me how happy they were and I could not help weeping for joy."

That the excellent dispositions produced by the retreat might be lasting Father Chanel obtained permission from Father Colin to establish in the school the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Angels. He remembered too well the good they had accomplished at Meximieux not to be eager to see them flourish at Belley. The result was all he had dared to hope. "Our young sodalists," he wrote some time later, "have their own little oratory and are interested in beautifying it. It is there that I gather them once every week to do all that I can to keep alive their fervor. Please do not forget them in your prayers. Here we look upon the two congregations as a stroke of Providence."

The Blessed Virgin's Sodality had for prefect, George Vibert, a rhetorician, hardly fifteen years of age, but angelically good and pious. Young as he was, he showed real love of prayer, mortification and humiliations and longed for the day when, a priest of the Society of Mary, he might leave all for some distant mission among a heathen people. Father Chanel loved this soul, so like his own. "Who knows, George, but that some day we may go together," he used to say. But the lad did not live long. Before the end of his first year of theology he was sent home very ill and died in January, 1837. If all the sodalists were not as edifying as George Vibert, at least all gave evidence of hearty good will and went frequently to confession and Holy Communion.

As spiritual director of the college it was Father Chanel's duty to preach often in the chapel, and he prepared each instruction, with utmost care. His respect for the word of God, so marked when, as a student at Meximieux

and Brou, he had listened reverently to every sermon, had but deepened with the passing of the years and he always spoke from the pulpit with a simplicity and unction which touched the hearts of his hearers and strengthened their wills to do whatever God might ask of them. To the boys at Belley he insisted much on man's obligation of serving God from the days of his youth. Our Heavenly Father, he would say, is jealous of the first fruits of our hearts; and, ordinarily, faithfulness in youth means faithfulness to the end. Because life looks long to the young, he tried to impress upon their minds its uncertainty and the swiftness of its passing. "Do not forget that we are walking toward eternity," he said to them one day. "A few years more, perhaps, only a few months — who knows? And the time for merit will have passed, and eternal reward or eternal punishment will have begun."

But if he knew how to inspire fear of death and judgment and hell, he liked best to make love triumph over fear, by arousing boundless confidence in God's love and His tender mercies. He wished the students entrusted to his guidance to think habitually of God, less as a severe judge than a most loving father; he could not conceive how a soul could serve so sweet a Lord more through fear than love.

But however efficacious sermons are to enlighten, instruct, and strengthen souls, they cannot enter into the details of each hearer's life. Differences in age, intelligence, natural disposition, and state of soul make a more individual direction necessary: and this can best be given in the Sacrament of Penance. Towards children and young men, the confessor needs to be not only doctor, judge, and father, but a loving mother, as well, and Father Chane! had a truly maternal heart for each one of his penitents. Nearly all of the students chose him for confessor. He never hurried or slighted even the smallest children, and contrary to a custom all too prevalent at the time, did not wait until the eve of their First Communion to give them absolution. He was the confessor, too, of most of the teachers and of the servants of the house.

(To be continued)



How to "Release" the Power of God

By the will of man, through the power of prayer, God's grace and help come to men. He is more ready to hear than we to pray, but there must be earnest, prevailing prayer to release His help. God will not force any person to do His will, nor any nation. He gave us free-will, and it is for us to release His mighty power by prayer, just as that lever releases the unbounded electric power. The more prayer, the more power! The greater the volume of prayer for all parts of the world, the sooner wars will end. Prayer is the fulcrum that moves even the Divinity. The very omnipotence of God Himself is at the service of one who prays with faith and confidence.

The Field at Home



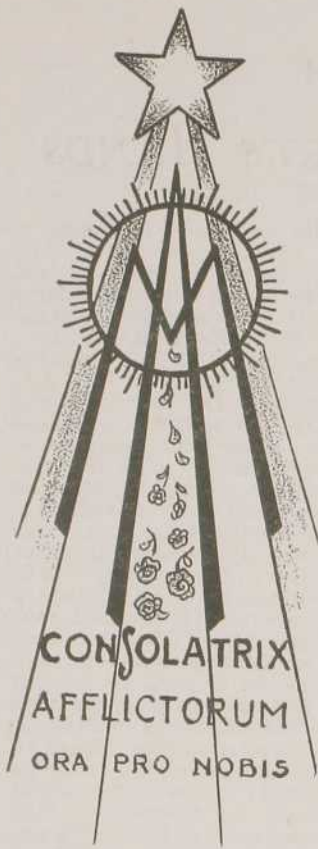
I am sending an offering for Masses I promised so that my husband could recover good health. Mrs. A. B., Skowhegan, Me. — Thanks for favors received. S.D., Dundee, P.Q. — Please have a Mass said in honor of Our Blessed Mother, who is so very good to my husband and myself. Mrs. W.C., St. Andrews East, P.Q. — Thank you for your prayers. Mrs. D.A. — The Blessed Virgin Mary has answered my prayers. Mr. A.F., Worcester, Mass. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. H. B., Ville Emard. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Anonymous, Jonquiere. — Grateful thanks for a cure obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Cape. Mrs. A.G., Montreal. — With grateful soul I wish to sing the great kindness of Our Blessed Mother, who has granted me special protection since childhood. She has recently obtained two special favors for me. One has reason to hope in Mary! M.C., Kamouraska Co. — I wish to thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for the favor she has obtained for me and would like to ask for another favor. Mrs. J.E.M. — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. A.B. — Grateful thanks for a special favor. Mrs. C.H.S., St. Emile. — My foot has been promptly cured. Mrs. H.H., Brouillette. — Sincere thanks to Mary for special favors and the grace of perseverance. Mrs. A.M., Montreal. — Thanks for a favor received; I am asking another grace, the conversion of two persons and a special

intention. A subscriber. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. A subscriber. — My kind heavenly Mother has answered me; I heartily thank her and am glad to fulfill my promise. Mrs. J.H.B. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. C. — I have been granted a favor. Mrs. H.D. — Grateful thanks for great favors received. Mrs. A.D. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection. Mrs. V.D. — Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for success in our son's studies and a special favor. Mr. and Mrs. E.D. — I have been granted a great favor. H.G. — We have found work; thanks to Our Blessed Mother, to whom we pray for protection. Mrs. L.A.P. — Thanksgiving for a favor received. I am praying to Our Blessed Mother for the grace of a happy death, grace to know my vocation, and health for my parents. O.D. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mrs. O.D. — I heartily thank Our Immaculate Mother for a favor received and am asking her protection for myself and family. Mrs. A. — I have obtained a favor. R.B. — Grateful thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor received. Mrs. R.C., Montreal.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Please have a Mass said for the souls in Purgatory in honor of Our Blessed Mother for the request granted that my husband may get employment in the mill. Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady and the souls in Purgatory for their intercession. D.D., Haverhill, Mass. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of St. Jude. Mrs. R., Montreal. — Thanks to the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph for favors received. Miss M.G., Grand'Mere. — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. H.L., Lauzon West. — Thanks to Blessed Martin de Porres for a favor. Mrs. M.C., 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

Would you please pray to the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Holy Rosary, for my husband, who is suffering from a leg ailment. Mrs. H.P. — Please pray for my husband, who is seriously ill in the hospital. Mrs. F.C. — Please pray for me as I am very nervous and have difficulty to sleep. Mrs. E.B. — Would you please pray for me so that my health will improve. A subscriber. — Will you please offer a novena for two favors I wish to be granted. Mrs. F., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena in honor of Our Blessed Mother, Queen of the Holy Rosary, for my daughter. A subscriber. — Please pray for my mother that the treatments she's to have will do her good. Miss K., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my son. Mrs. R., **Montreal**. — Please pray that I may become in a better state of mind. C. — Please pray for my husband's good health and for the successful sale of his business. Mrs. K., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena that my father may obtain relief of his affliction through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother, Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. G.B., **Montreal**. — Please have a low Mass said and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for the sick. Mrs. N.M., **Maniwaki**. — Will you please pray that my father may have good health and my uncle may come back to his Faith. R.I. — I would appreciate a remembrance in your pious prayers for a happy death for an ailing old lady of eighty-eight years who would be happy to have God relieve her of her suffering and take her home to Himself; also for the return to the Faith of a sick and wayward brother. J.H., **Quebec**. — Please pray for my intentions and for my return to good health, that I may not go blind. Mrs. E.P., **Riverside, Ont.** — Please pray for me so that I may get better if it is God's holy will. Mrs. T.D., **Woodslee, Ont.** — Please have the good Sisters pray for my son-in-law so that he will make his Easter duty this year, and please pray for me that I will regain my health. Mrs. E.N., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please ask the kind Sisters to pray for my

intentions, in particular for three special intentions. Mrs. F.D., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please have a novena said by all the Sisters for a very special intention. A.G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother that I may receive two special favors I am asking of her. Miss R.B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Will you please have the good Sisters make a novena to the Blessed Mother that my son may be admitted to the Seminary of his choice this coming September. P.G.M., **White Plains, N.Y.** — Please make a novena for my cure and that of my daughter. C.A.

GENERAL PETITIONS

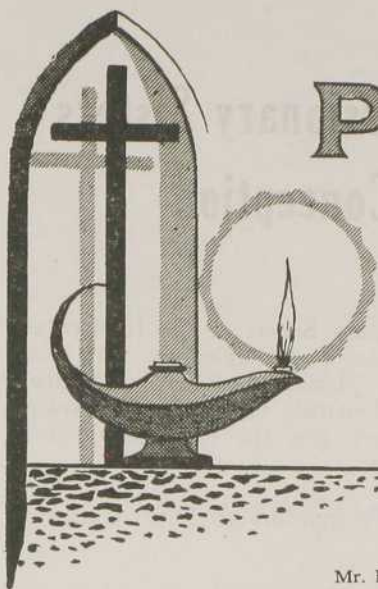
I am enclosing an offering for Masses for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory, asking them to obtain for me a complete cure. Will you please remember my husband and me in your prayers. Mrs. H., **Verdun**. — Please have a Mass said in honor of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph so that my brother-in-law may keep on improving. Please pray that I will get my favor too. Mrs. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please make a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary for my daughter. Mrs. E.P., **Detroit, Mich.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 5; conversions, 10; cures, 34; employment, 6; special intentions, 75.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$25.00
Vigil Light or candle.....	10 cents each. 75 cents for a novena. \$2.00 for a month. \$20.00 for a year.



PAX IN DEO

(From notifications
received before
July 13)

Rev. Father Arthur Quenneville, Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society, MANCHURIA; Rev. Father Raoul Coulombe, MONTREAL; Rev. Father Joseph LaRocque, COCHRANE, Ont.; Mrs. Pierre Letourneau, LA SARRE, mother of our Sister Jeanne de Jesus; Mr. Hilaire Comeau, MADDINGTON FALLS, father of our Sister Rose de Marie; Miss Antoinette Provost, SHERRINGTON, sister of our Sister Marie de la Reparation; Mr. Wm. McFee, VERDUN;

Mr. Bernard Applebee, POINTE ST. CHARLES; Mr. Josaphat Latour, ST. AGNES DE DUNDEE; Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, ST. ODILON, DORCHESTER CO.; Mr. T. La-traverse, Mr. Theodule Goyer, Mr. Edmond Duhaime, Mr. A. Boucher, Mr. Lucien Allard, Mrs. Thomas Leonard, Mrs. Edgar Dedieu, Mrs. Jules Tremblay, Mrs. Joseph Rivest, Mr. G. O'Kane, Mr. J. W. Ouimet, M. D., Miss Carmelle Morin, Mr. Armand Thomas, Mr. E. Cote, Mrs. J. L. Caron, Mr. Elzear Bouchard, Mrs. O. Rolland, Mr. A. Nadon, Mr. Edmond Rolland, Mrs. Jos. Anctil, Miss Febronie Charest, Mrs. G. Gibeau, Mr. Delphis Boulais, Mrs. Ursule St. Ours, Miss Sophie Pepin, Mr. J. Bourgouin, Mr. A. Souchereau, Mr. J. C. Primeau, Miss Edith Lachaine, Miss Angelina Arpin, Mr. J. H. Montpetit, Mr. Emile Begin, Mrs. Juliette Mongeon, Mr. J. A. Girard, Mrs. E. S. Marseille, Mrs. Wilfrid Dupont, Mr. Wilfrid St. Georges, Mr. Alfred Quesnel, Miss Blanche Courchesne, Mr. Henri Millette, Mrs. Philippe Fournel, Mr. Guy Leduc, Mrs. Emile Lacoste, Mrs. J. Beaumont, Mr. N. Tremblay, Mrs. Ovide Brouillard, Mrs. G. E. Huneault, Mrs. Nap. Rousseau, Mrs. Joseph Beaumont, Mr. Raoul Allard, Mrs. Joseph Giroux, Mrs. Etienne Leblond, Mrs. Calixte Chartier, Mrs. Nap. Picard, Mr. Telesphore Maisonneuve, Mrs. Henri Long, Mr. A. Briau, Mrs. Onesime Plouffe, Mr. Georges Syrie, Mr. Rosaire Leclerc, Mr. Jean Guy Thivierge, Mrs. Joseph Berry, Mr. J. B. Gregoire, Mrs. S. Saad, Mr. M. Meunier, Mr. Arthur Morin, Mr. L. St. Onge, Mrs. Charles Fortin, Mr. Alphonse Cloutier, Mrs. Janvier Lalande, Mrs. Emile Carpentier, MONTREAL; Mr. Joseph Carriere, Mr. Emile Borduas, Mrs. F. Vachon, VILLE EMARD; Mrs. L. J. Beauvais, Mr. Philibert Dion, Mr. Lucien Viau, OUTREMONT; Mrs. Arthur Leblanc, GAGELIN; Mr. Ovilva Corbeil, Mrs. Rene Brisebois, MONTREAL NORTH; Mr. Gilbert Morin, Mr. Alderic Parent, Mrs. Aug. Cuerrier, VERDUN; Mrs. Arthur Fugere, Mr. Alex. Lalonde, LACHINE; Mr. Jules Godcharles, Mr. A. Leboeuf, POINTE ST. CHARLES; Mrs. Arthur Laniel, Mr. Fernando Boissel, VILLE LASALLE; Mr. Lucien Aitken, COTE ST. PAUL; Mr. Joseph Alexander Aird, AHUNTSIC; Mr. Cyprien Perron, Mrs. Ernest Beaudreau, HOCHELAGA; Mr. Paul Primeau, Mrs. Calixte Provost, Mrs. Alex. Favreau, Mrs. J. Trotter, TETREAVILLE; Mrs. Jean Perras, ST. LAMBERT; Mr. Paul Aubuchon, MONT ROLLAND; Mrs. Lorenzo Lefebvre, DELSON; Mrs. Damien Fortier, HUBERDEAU; Mrs. Wilfrid Morand, ST. JEROME; Mrs. Wilfrid Lussier, ST. MADELEINE; Mrs. Josephus Gendron, BELLEVUE; Mr. Ernest Boileau, Mr. J. F. Delisle, ST. CHRYSOSTOME; Mr. Francois Brabant, VAUDREUIL; Mrs. Edmond Groulx, Miss Camille Viau, Mrs. Delphis Cousineau, VALLEYFIELD; Mrs. Alfred Denis, Mrs. Duncan Wood, Mr. Auguste Brazeau, Mr. Georges Carpentier, Mrs. Arthur Giroux, Mrs. J. B. Charbonneau, FARNHAM; Mr. Alcide Cournoyer, Mrs. Albert Gagne, Mrs. Aime Denis, Mr. Donat Bergeron, Mrs. Nap. Peloquin, Mrs. B. A. Falardeau, Mrs. Joseph Mongeau, Mrs. Lionel Bellerose, Mr. Philippe Deguise, Mrs. A. Desjardins, Mr. J. A. Quintal, Mrs. J. A. Chapdelaine, Mr. Leo Vilandre, Mrs. Adolphe Lamothe, Mrs. Pierre J. Cournoyer, Mrs. H. P. Cartier, SOREL; Mrs. Samuel Vendette, Mr. Prosper Levesque, JOLIETTE; Mrs. Narcisse Gouger, ST. MICHEL DES SAINTS; Mrs. James Laliberte, RAWDON; Mrs. Gedeon Bissonnette, Mr. Albert Inkel, SHERBROOKE; Mrs. J. P. Grimard, YAMACHICHE; Mr. Epiphane Ferron, ST. TITE; Mrs. Albert Matteau, CHARETTE; Mrs. Pierre Poirier, CAP ST. IGNACE; Mr. Ferdinand Leclerc, PONT ROUGE; Mrs. Arthur Dumont, ST. HENRI DE LEVIS; Mr. Joseph Simard, BAGOTVILLE; Mr. Louis Forget, ORMSTOWN; Mr. Dosithee Thibert, ST. ETIENNE; Mr. Orphee Viau, ST. STANISLAS DE KOSTKA; Mr. Leo Anctil, ST. PHILIPPE DE NERI; Mr. Vital Richard, HAVRE AUX MAISONS; Mrs. Eugene Lacombe, L'ISLET; Mrs. David Dallaire, ST. COEUR DE MARIE; Mrs. Nap. Lariviere, ST. ZACHARIE; Mrs. Sylvio Girard, Mr. Joseph Villeneuve, POINTE AU PIC; Mrs. Johnny Therrien, Mrs. Alfred Gauthier, ST. SIMON; Mrs. Alex. Chamberland, PORT AUX QUILLES; Mr. Meridee Lapointe, ST. FIDELE; Mr. Onesime Giguere, LAC DES AIGLES; Mr. Narcisse Cote, ST. FABIAN; Mrs. Adrien Gauthier, Mr. Adelard Duchesne, Mrs. Henri Gauthier, Mrs. Eugene Girard, ST. IRENEE; Mrs. E. E. Castonguay, Mrs. Jos. Girard, Mrs. Francois Gauthier, LES EBOULEMENTS; Mrs. Onesime Gilbert, ST. URBAIN; Mr. Aug. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Camille Dufour, Mrs. Joseph Tremblay, Mr. J. B. Gauthier, Mr. Robert Fortin, Mr. Emile Cimon, Mr. Jules Gobeil, Mr. Evard Tremblay, Mr. Joseph Potvin, Mr. Johnny Cote, BAIE ST. PAUL; Mr. Elie Villeneuve, LA MALBAIE; Mr. F. A. Dumas, M. D., Mrs. Olivier Boudreault, CHICOUTIMI; Mrs. William Gagne, NOTRE DAME D'HEBERTVILLE; Mr. Henri Tremblay, ST. FELICIEN; Mrs. Fabien Mailloux, OTTAWA; Mr. Joseph Bernard, MASS.; Miss Therese Lampron, Mr. Louis N. Guilbault, Mr. Joseph Richard, LOWELL, MASS.; Mr. B. Deslauriers, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.; Mrs. Luc Dumais, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Lepage, AUBURN, ME.; Mr. Salvatore Pistone, BOSTON, MASS.; Mr. J. E. Tetu, Mr. James F. Kearns, M.D. Horrigan, LEWISTON, ME.; Mr. Paul Beaulieu, MADAWASKA, ME.; Mrs. Celina Provost, BIDEFORD, ME.; Mrs. Moise Aube, WESTBROOK, ME.; Mr. David Mathieu, WATERVILLE, ME.; Mr. Harvey Page, SANFORD, ME.; Mr. Thomas Michaud, SPRINGDALE, ME.; Mr. Joseph Gauthier, Mr. Louis Gauthier, RUMFORD, ME.

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 Tétreault, Marieville, Rouville County), June 3, 1902, at Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal, under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi and the direction of Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa.

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

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

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

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

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

Spirit of the Community.—The virtues which should characterize the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are 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.

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish

WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

**Atlas Asbestos Co.
Limited**

MANUFACTURERS
♦ OF ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

110 MCGILL STREET . . . MONTREAL



MURESCO

The Ideal
Wall Finish

18 colors
and white



Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd.

141 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Ask your grocer for

OGILVIE OATS



They Taste Better



They ARE Better!

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

Buy from **D. FURLONG, JR.**

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER

5385 GATINEAU

COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry.

Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.

TEL. AT 1108

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 187 Pleasant St.
(Founded in 1946)
Closed retreats for women and girls.
Mission workroom.

CHINA

CANTON, 135 Tai San Lo
(Founded in 1909)
School. Orphanage. Foundling Home.
Workrooms. Clinic. Closed retreats.

TO KOM HANT, Postal address:
135 Tai San Lo, Canton
(Founded in 1933)
Foundling Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN, Canton, 12 Chu Kong Road
(Founded in 1917)
St. Therese of the Child Jesus School.
Courses in Christian doctrine and special
courses for adults.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton
(Founded in 1913)
Leprosarium. Clinic.

KOWLOON,
103 Austin Road, Hong Kong
(Founded in 1927)
Procure. School.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1934)
Training of native virgins. Clinic.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
Clinic. (Founded in 1927)

SZEPINGKAI (Founded in 1931)
Clinic.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission
Clinic. (Founded in 1933)

TUNGLEAO (Founded in 1932)
Clinic.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru,
Koriyama Shi, Fukushima Ken
(Founded in 1930)

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

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu
(Founded in 1933)

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

TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho,
Setaaya ku. (Founded in 1949)

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 1111 Narra St.
(Founded in 1921)
Anglo-Chinese school.

MANILA, Gagalangin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo
(Founded in 1946)
School.

LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)
School.

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

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti (Founded in 1943)
Clinic. School. Workroom. Refuge for
old people.

LES COTEAUX, Haiti
(Founded in 1944)
Clinic. School.

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti
(Founded in 1945)
Clinic. School.

PORT SALUT, Haiti
(Founded in 1947)
Clinic. School.

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

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

MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
School. (Founded in 1949)

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Mzimba P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.
Clinic. School. (Founded in 1948)

MZAMBAZI, Mzimba P. O. Nyasaland,
B. E. Africa. (Founded in 1949)
School.

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.
(Founded in 1925)
Procure. Kindergarten.

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.