

No. 6, Vol. XVII, 27th Year.
Montreal, November-December 1949

THE PRECURSOR



*She May Be China's First Lady
Some Day*

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,

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

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

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

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

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

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

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

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

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

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

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

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

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

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.

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

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.

(Founded in 1921)
Hospital and Clinic for Orientals. Religious instruction of Chinese.

THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.

(Founded in 1926)
Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.

(Founded in 1930)
Closed retreats for women and girls. Recollection days. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Parochial school.

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.

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

GRANBY, 279 Main St.

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

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.

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

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

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

VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.

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

The Precursor

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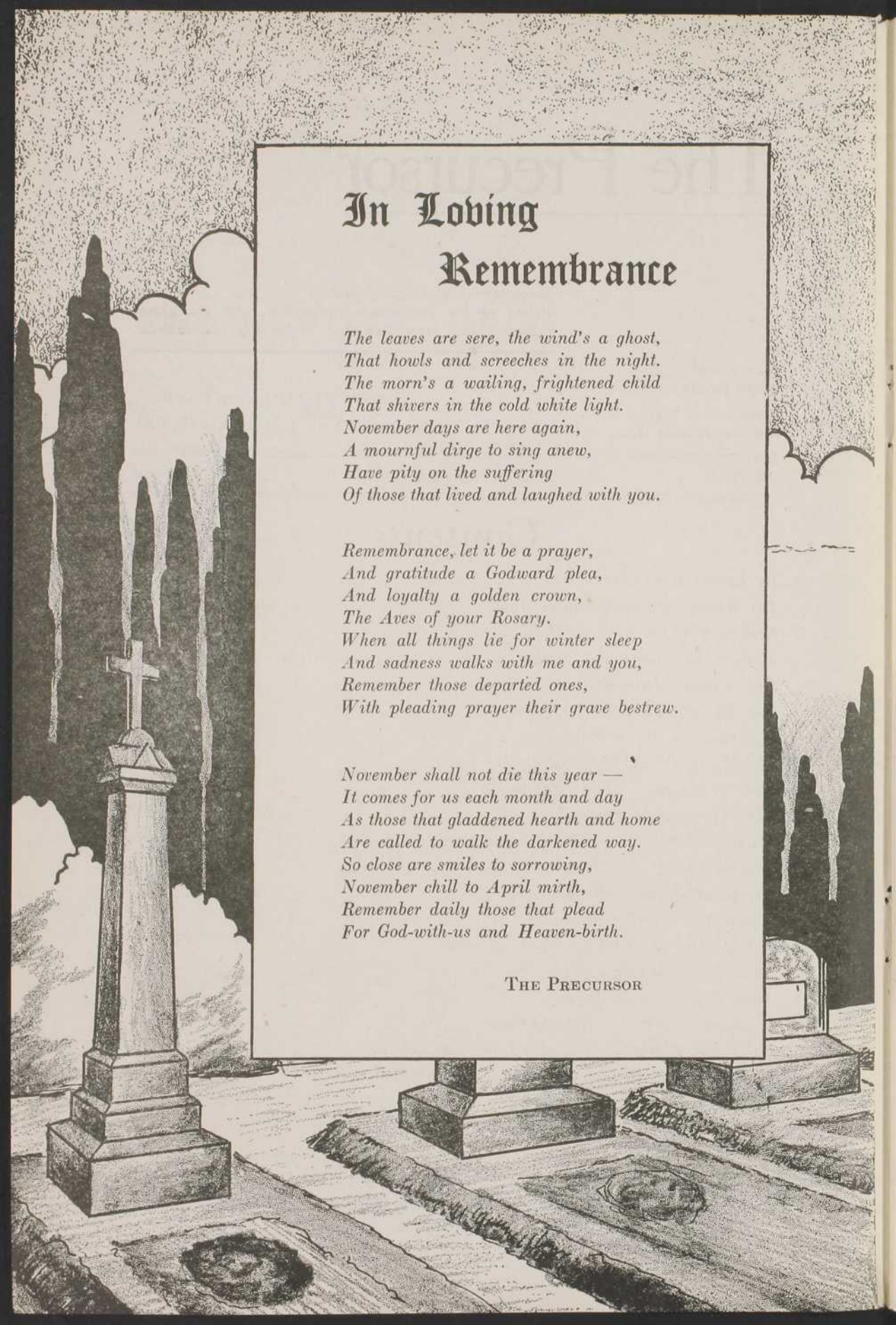
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In Loving Remembrance

*The leaves are sere, the wind's a ghost,
That howls and screeches in the night.
The morn's a wailing, frightened child
That shivers in the cold white light.
November days are here again,
A mournful dirge to sing anew,
Have pity on the suffering
Of those that lived and laughed with you.*

*Remembrance, let it be a prayer,
And gratitude a Godward plea,
And loyalty a golden crown,
The Aves of your Rosary.
When all things lie for winter sleep
And sadness walks with me and you,
Remember those departed ones,
With pleading prayer their grave bestrew.*

*November shall not die this year —
It comes for us each month and day
As those that gladdened hearth and home
Are called to walk the darkened way.
So close are smiles to sorrowing,
November chill to April mirth,
Remember daily those that plead
For God-with-us and Heaven-birth.*

THE PRECURSOR

The Mission of the Guardian Angel

It is generally believed that the mission of the Guardian Angel closes at the death of his earthly charge. But such is not the case.

When death separates body and soul, the soul soars to its Creator and Judge, and the body is confided to the grave. Does the Angel still care about the destiny of the body lying beneath the sod? He does!

As soon as the soul has been judged, the Angel, faithful to the ministry to him entrusted by Providence, returns to sentinel the lifeless body. In time the mortal remains decay, pass by the various phases of dissolution, return to cold clay and ashes, and mingle with the elements. But, according to the magnificent doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas, there still subsists of the body the primordial matter, an irreducible germ. Over this part of the corporal being that has belonged to human nature the Angel keeps vigil and accompanies it everywhere. Whether it remain under the tombstone six feet beneath the ground, or whether it be borne across the seas or on the wings of storms, everywhere the constant keeper, fleetier than any human speed because he is a pure spirit, abides at its side.

What a glorious doctrine! May we not infer therefrom with what certainty and promptness the resurrection of the flesh will come to pass? "In the twinkling of an eye," says St. Paul, "at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible," — each Angel shall present to the Most High the corporal germ to him confided. The Almighty shall recall therein the soul that abode in it, and the general resurrection shall take place.

This beautiful doctrine falls like a soothing balm on the bereaved heart. It reminds us that *the beloved ones we have lost are never alone in their secluded graves*. God has gathered their souls to Himself, and on the ashes of their bodies an Angel is commissioned to watch.

Like the child-martyr St. Agnes let us love Him whom the Angels serve; Him whose beauty the Sun and Moon contemplate; Him whose breath calls the dead to life.

Abbe Lemann



ANGEL OF GOD, MY GUARDIAN DEAR

Remembering the Dead

in Haiti

The people of Haiti don't write elegies in country churchyards, but they certainly remember those who have gone on before them.

Mr. Moneybags and Lazarus — the rich man and the beggar man — want their very own tombstone. This explains why your eye may catch sight of as many as ten cement stones, generally topped by a cross, on the same piece of land.

The first of November brings special duties the people are faithful in carrying out in honor of their dead. Lamps filled with vegetable oil or dozens of candles are put out to burn in remembrance of the regretted deceased. In many cases the priest will even be requested to sing a *Libera* for those laid to rest beneath the sod.

When the Angel of Death strikes a household, all of its members give expression to inconsolable grief; strangers are even appealed to in order to mourn with the bereaved. How similar to the procedure recounted in the Gospel! For instance, when the Lord of all wished to bring back the daughter of Jairus to life, did He not first dismiss the mourners, who had already begun their lamentations?

The climate being too hot in Haiti to keep the dead very long, they are usually buried a few hours after breathing their last. A "novena" is then begun in honor of the departed one. In the main room of his or her house, around an altar made bright with flowers and lights, relatives and friends



HAITIAN MAUSOLEUM

will gather for nine evenings in a row, to recite prayers and sing hymns.

Do the Haitians wear black in token of mourning? They all do; nobody, not even the penniless, will overlook that custom. If at the time of her father's or mother's death a young lady hasn't enough gourdes in her purse to buy black clothes, she will put it off six months, or one year, or ten years. When the money comes, it will go for the black things, and the dear child will be sure of having fulfilled her duty of filial piety.

No, the people of Haiti do not forget. They have Masses said and *Liberas* sung. The beggar man remembers. Like the young widow spoken of in the Good Book, he will drop a cent or two now and then into the Money Box for Poor Souls, and some day, when the priest announces a Requiem Mass paid for by the "population," he will have the satisfaction of having contributed to the relief of his regretted dead, and will feel more assured of their protection and love.

Whether of stately granite or of whitewashed cement, the gravestones speak their message, telling the passerby that the people of Haiti remember those "that rest their head upon the lap of earth."

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

Les Cayes, Haiti

How to Stay Young

Young friends of mine often wonder how an old man of my age — I am now eighty-four — can remain young at heart. "Here is my secret," I tell them. "Always have something to love, something to plan, something to do. By the time I finish one task another is well under way. When I preach in Bordeaux I know I am expected in Lyons or Marseille. And that's all there is to it."

The man who retires on a pension is done for, as everybody knows. But there is no retirement for the soul. Paradoxically, the older we grow the younger we should become — we who are allied to eternal youth and who are daily marching on to it. Would not this be the best way to reach that coveted eternal springtime?

Passing days are necessarily finite; but not so eternal years. Were there no glad return of the seasons, winter in spite of its beauty would but mark the requiem of nature; its mantle of white would no longer be suggestive of swaddling bands, but of a shroud to fit the pattern of earth.

Yet another spring will come; the Orient sleepeth not. And thus the seasons roll solemnly on, each a poem of beauty, because each bears witness that it is the prelude to another. None is desolate, none forlorn, not even the last. Similarly, the December of human life has faith in the May-time eternal and reflects its symphony of color. The snowy summits gleam purple in the setting sun; but tomorrow in the fair blue dawn when the lamps of night die out, the golden peaks will be glorious in the rising light.

REV. FATHER SERTILLANGES, O.P.

Mission Intention

for November 1949: Peace and Concord on the Island of Madagascar

On the great Island of Madagascar, a French colony, after almost 60 years of unhampered activity, the Catholic missions have shown abundant fruits. In the ecclesiastical regions there are 700,000 Catholics, 2,700,000 unbelievers and 600,000 Protestants. Of the first two colored Bishops consecrated up to now in Africa, one is from Madagascar, namely, V. A. Miarinarivensis. But during the past year, the missions in Madagascar have begun to meet difficulties.

In the month of March 1947, a revolution on a large scale suddenly arose, first against the French colonists and then against the Catholic missions, but the uprising burned itself out on the eastern shore of the Island where the churches, schools and orphanages and other buildings of the two vicariates, Tamatave and Fianarantsoa, were almost completely destroyed.

The uprising, fomented by a gathering called the Movement for Malgache Renewal, arose in France through certain young men of Madagascar and was without doubt given aid by the Communists. The way for the uprising was prepared by a war of calumny and news accounts directed against Europeans under the pretext of injuries inflicted upon natives. It must be admitted that these injuries in part did exist. The leaders of the uprising were witch doctors or magicians who were trying to regain their power partly lost through the progress of Christianity. These men aroused the opposition to the missions. The missionaries, however, had noticed that they were no longer being sincerely received by the people.

At the end of March rioters with lances, knives and guns attacked the colonists and missionaries whenever they were far from military garrisons and killed them. They looted and burned everything. Only 3 or 4 priests were killed, but on the eastern shore almost all the chapels and churches were profaned and destroyed in the vicariate of Tamatave. Of 783 churches and chapels, 758 were destroyed.

The fierce contest continued for several months. Rosaries, statues, and medals were taken from the Christians. Young men fit for military service were ordered by threats of being lanced to take seditious oaths and drink a superstitious potion called "golden water", "blessed" by the witch doctors. Moral damages were added to the material ones. The Christians fear that they might be accused of being collaborators with the foreigners and although they are not lacking many examples of bravery, not a few who were recently converted have left the church and some have returned to their superstitious ways.

Prayers are needed for concord, in justice and peace, among Europeans and natives in Madagascar, a necessary condition for continuing the work of evangelization as before so that the whole Island may one day be converted.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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



New Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines

ROME (A.I.F.) — On Sunday, May 22, His Excellency Most Rev. Egidius Vagnozzi, newly appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, received the episcopal consecration at the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Piazza, Secretary of the Consistory, in S. Maria Sopra Minerva Church. The new papal representative to the Philippines has previously served the Church as Secretary and Councillor of the Apostolic Delegation to the United States, Councillor of the Nunciature in Portugal and France, and Councillor of the Apostolic Delegation to India.

The territory of the Apostolic Delegation of which Archbishop Vagnozzi will assume the charge comprises, according to recent statistics, 19,234,184 souls, 14,032,236 among them Catholics, scattered in eighteen ecclesiastical districts. These figures indicate that Catholics in the Philippines are more numerous than Catholics in all the rest of Asia added together. Unfortunately, large areas of the Islands are practically No Priest's Lands; there is one priest for 8,881 Catholics — 2,012 priests in all. Major seminarians are only 334, a very small percentage of priestly vocations indeed when one looks at the total population statistics. The crying need of the hour in the Philippines as elsewhere is undoubtedly an increase of ecclesiastical personnel.

Fides

The Christopher Page



Now is the moment when everyone who still treasures in the depths of his soul a spark of Christian spirit must wake up.

POPE PIUS XII

Who Are the Christophers? The Christophers were founded in 1945 by Father James Keller, a Maryknoll priest, who was convinced that Our Lord's command to "go into the whole world" could be fulfilled if lay people would do something about it personally and individually. "Christopher" is defined in the Standard Dictionary as "bearer of Christ;" such is the noble purpose of these modern apostles. To be a Christopher one need join no special movement or association. Personal

responsibility is the keynote; each Christopher works as an individual. There are *no* meetings, *no* dues, *no* fees. The Christopher formula is simple: complaining, wishful thinking, armchair planning can do little; real constructive action is needed. The Christopher believes the best way to fight the darkness of error is to light the spark of truth; enough light will automatically take care of the darkness. Says an old Chinese proverb, "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness."

The Purpose of the Christophers. Christophers are lay persons interested in bearing Christ to others. Individually and personally they carry the love and truth of Christ into the four fields of education, government, labor, and communication of ideas (books, papers, radio, stage, etc.). Christophers take Christ to their jobs, their clubs, and all their social contacts. They start on their knees, and from there carry the light of Christian principles where there is the darkness of error. Christophers *know* the way, *go* the way, and *show* the way. Their purpose is to recapture this world of ours for Christ, to whom it belongs.

Who Can Be a Christopher? Anyone who does not want to leave the running of the big world to those who hate Christ or know Him not. Anyone who refuses to remain aloof and alone in his or her own small world. The teen-ager, the college student, the working girl, the businessman, educators, wives, daughters, writers, nurses, office workers — anyone who, looking at the sick and faltering world, resolves that he is going to do something to bring it back to normalcy. In the army, in business, at parties, on trains, in taxis, on the street, with people in trouble, with the poor, always, everywhere, the Christopher, like Christ, "goes about doing good." To be a Christopher calls for no special talent. If you love God, go on; don't underestimate your power. "Launch out into the deep." Go to the millions; don't wait for them to come to you. You are not asked to go half a world away; just operate with home as your headquarters. From home be a partner with Christ, sharing with Him the building, shaping, and extending of His Mystical Body.

The Central Headquarters of the Christophers is at 121 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y. It exists, not to organize groups, but merely to serve individuals who may be interested in the Christopher idea; to prepare and offer suggestions and encouragement; to point out the good that can be done in a personal, individual, Christlike way for the welfare of the nation and all mankind. Available at all bookstores is Father Keller's book, *You Can Change the World*, which shows that something can be done yet about the world, and that lay people can help in a wonderful way.

Vocations to the Priesthood

Since the beginning of the current year, the most up-to-date crusade of prayer for priests, known as the PRIESTHOOD YEAR, has roused widespread enthusiasm.

Our call on the young flock in our schools, the religious communities, and the sick people has met with a result far exceeding our expectation.

Printed forms, "Intentions of prayers," widely distributed, were quickly filled and returned. For the first half-year we obtained these surprising results:

Masses.....	3,608,371
Communions.....	2,818,204
Hours of Adoration.....	981,275
Rosaries.....	5,467,710

Priests are always in need of prayers; they must also be relieved sometimes. This is evident from the fact that they are so few in number, and so numerous is the flock they have to attend to.

They are also wanted in mission fields. In continental French Africa, there is only one priest for 1,443 Catholics; in British Africa, one for 1,474; in Congo, one for 1,812; in Uganda, one for 2,311; in Indonesia, one for 1,299. And, needless to say, after having attended to their congregations they must also endeavour to make new converts among those almost entirely pagan populations.

If we now come to our European and American countries, the disproportion is about the same. How many parishes without a pastor! In South America, the shortage of Christ's ministers is almost catastrophic. Parishes with sometimes 40,000 and 50,000 people have only one priest to attend to their spiritual needs.

And so the number of the clergy is absolutely unsatisfactory all the world over. Also in our midst, in Canada, though the need of priests is not so acute, their number is far from being adequate.

Since a good many years our Bishops sound the alarm and try to raise vocations, and it is necessary indeed. But prayer is most important. Let us then address our fervent supplications to the Almighty for more and better religious vocations. Let us raise our hands to the Master of the vineyard for the young people who are receiving from above the divine calling. May they all be faithful to the invitation of the Lord! May none of them turn a deaf ear to Him! Let us hope that an always increasing number of Levites will shortly fill the ranks of the depopulated army of priests and missionaries.

Again, the most efficacious means is prayer. Canadian Bishops had in mind the words of the Gospel, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He may send forth laborers into His vineyard," when they were asking the Holy Father to add to the Litanies the following invocation, "That You may send laborers into Your vineyard, we beseech Thee, hear us."

To this official prayer of the Church let us add our own fervent supplications.

The Eucharistic Secretariate, 4450 St. Hubert Street, Montreal 34, will graciously send, on demand, printed forms, "Intentions of prayers," for distribution.

CONTRIBUTED



General de Sonis to His Daughter

Others might dread to see a beloved child binding herself by such unalterable promises. However, you have so often told me of your joy in dedicating your whole life to Our Lord, that I cannot doubt that yours is a true vocation, one in which I rejoice to think you will be perfectly happy. Borrowing the words of St. Augustine, I shall tell you as you stand on the threshold of a new life, "Love and do what you will." Love is a golden key that unlatches all doors leading to Jesus. With Him you will be filled with peace even in the midst of tribulations. Because you will soon be the Bride of the Prince of Peace, my wish to you is *Pax Christi!* Much to my sorrow I shall not be able to be present on the day of your espousal, but St. Joseph will take my place beside you. My beloved daughter, my dear, my blessed child, may you be Mary of Jesus for time and eternity. With this wish I shall close my letter, embracing you tenderly and offering to God in sacrifice the tears that I cannot help shedding over you.

The Mystical Body Of Christ In My Life

Through courtesy of The Ensign, we are able to present to our readers "The Mystical Body of Christ in My Life," by Shirley Mae Gallagher, Winnipeg, Man., First Prize Winner in the National Essay Contest sponsored by The Ensign.

I am one of the richest, most valuable persons on earth although I have neither wealth nor possessions. My friends and acquaintances are few in number, and, in all probability, most of them do not recognize my greatness. I am, however, so very important in the universe because Christ lives in me, and who can claim more than this? I am a part of the living Mystical Body of Christ!

It is a wondrous thing to awake in the morning and to know that I am a sharer in the beloved personality of Christ and that everything I do, each fleeting action and thought, is infinite in merit because the very life of Christ flows in me. I open my eyes to see the beginning of a new day. I dare to say, though, that it is not I who opens my eyes, but Christ Who opens them for me through His grace so that I may see the good things of earth, made beautiful by His presence in me. An action of Christ merits infinite grace and so I believe that the simplest movement of my eyelids becomes something extremely wonderful in the sight of God the Father, for is not Christ, the Son, fused into me?

How important in my daily life to have a means such as this whereby I can merit eternal life and eternal union and make appeasement to the wronged heart of the Divine.

I make the Sign of the Cross, but it is really Christ's gentle fingers which are directing mine, and it is the Rabboni's sweet voice which really whispers, "I do this action in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost". My life, the most ordinary, everyday life, becomes magnificent and full of meaning when Christ is part of me. Each good thing I choose to do is Christ's choice, it is Christ's act, for His personality dominates me.

Therefore, how consoling it is for me to know that my degree of happiness in heaven depends on the grace I merit here on earth. God is the end of my life and nothing is so important in my daily life as my preparation to greet Him. So that the amiable Savior will give me grace to unite myself to Him in Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction at the hour of death, I will live each day united to the Mystical Body of Christ — through reception of the little white Host, through my morning offering, through "all my prayers, works and sufferings". Surely, Christ cannot refuse me eternal union if I give Him daily union in my heart.

Union with the Mystical Body influences my relationship with each person I meet and think of during the day. Because I am a part of Christ, I feel the responsibility that weighs upon me. I know my dignity as a Christ-bearer and I see the splendid, glorious dignity of the people I know, who are Christ-bearers also. My union to my Lord, consummated in the reception of the Holy Eucharist, enables me to treat my neighbors as Christ would treat them.

Today I meet a little Negress in the school hall, and because I see through Christ's ever-loving eyes, I can perceive Christ glowing in the dark skin of my friend. There are no racial problems in my life when the Divine Pilgrim makes His abode within my heart. Sometimes I find it difficult to be nice to people — but when I think of the Mystical Body nothing I can do is too much for them. For did not Christ establish the Mystical Body for these, also, and, therefore, are they not worth an infinite amount?

Then, because I am a part of Christ I must also love them and die to myself for them as He did. It cannot be possible for me to place too much value on my fellow creatures. Each girl and boy I know is sacred because of the presence of Christ in them. Union with the Mystical Body makes it impossible for me to harm my fellow-members-in-Christ in any way, and my dates must necessarily be dates which I have with other Christs. How simple and splendid my life becomes when I possess Christ in the Mystical Body.

Christ is mine. Christ also lives in every member of the Church in the state of Sanctifying Grace. In this way are all the members of the Church made one in Christ. My union with Christ and every other member makes it so important for me today to perform this special act of charity, this special duty. If I do not live well I hurt myself and I therefore injure a part of Christ's Body; the wound I make throbs through the entire body. Each work I do, each thought I think, affects the Mystical Body, for Christ presses all His members so closely to His heart that I cannot possibly move a fraction of an inch without rubbing against another member of the miraculous Mystical Body of Christ.

I know that love in the Mystical Body is the solution of the present day ills. If I live as if complete union with Christ is the end of each moment, then I shall never sin. Jealousy, hate, greed, materialism, the ills of the modern frustrated world, will have no place in my life. If men also reform their lives by living as other Christs in the Mystical Body, they will not overflow with zeal for Communism and the State. Their work in life will rather be for Christ and the members of His Mystical Body.



Catholic Schools — Your Patron!



From the Normal School of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal, where it originated, devotion to Our Lady of Schools has gradually spread to numerous educational houses not only in the City of Montreal, but also in many other sections of the province.

Yet we haven't done half enough for Mary our Mother. If we want our students of today to stand up for Mary's Son tomorrow, we must train them in Marian piety from their earliest years, we must bring to Mary in our schools, we must crown her Queen and Lady of Schools!

It was on her knees that the Christ Child learned to lisp His first baby prayers; it was close to her that He grew in age, wisdom, and knowledge. Even God couldn't find a better teacher-mother for Himself! Let us learn from Him. Let us ask Mary to guide our student youth in the straight path of duty and crown their noble efforts with the best kind of success.

If you will contact the Normal School of the Congregation de Notre Dame, 2330 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, you will find teaching Sisters glad to tell you more about devotion to Our Blessed Mother under a beloved title — Our Lady of Schools.

The Missionary's Farewell

*Dear gentle Christ, the time is come
To face the highest test,
To leave behind at souls' sweet call
The things I cherish best.*

*What jewels can I offer You
This moment as I part?
Oh, take my country's skies so blue,
And take my Mother's heart!*

*A trembling shadow still I seek
And tears my lashes touch.
O Christ, You left Your Mother once —
For You, I leave That Much!*

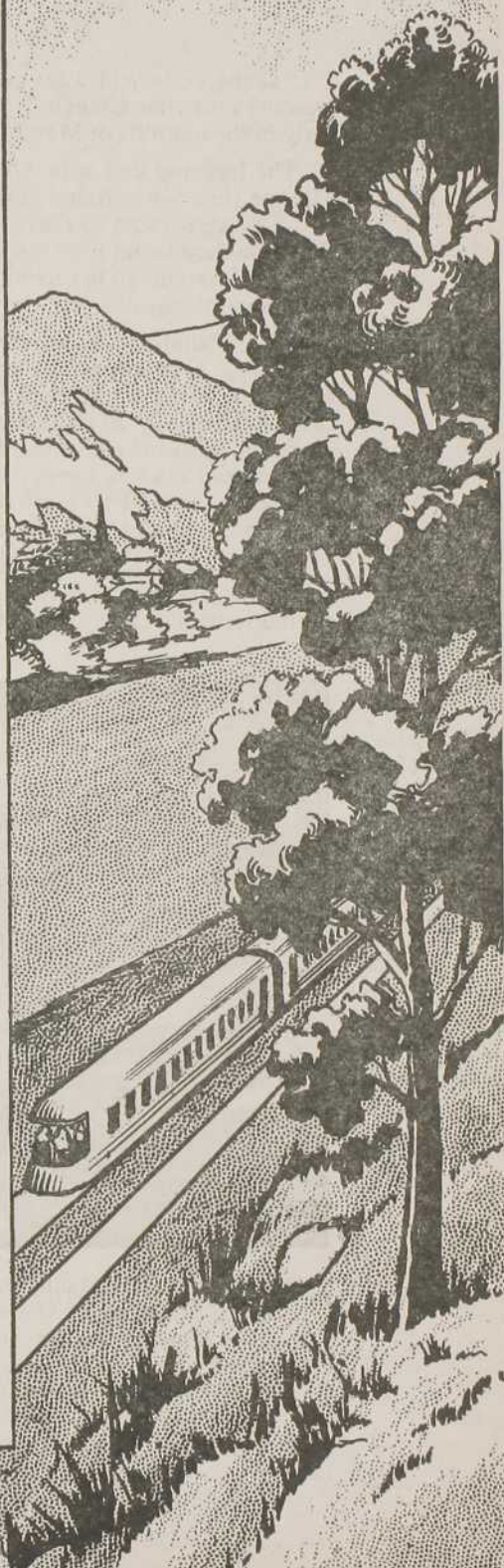
*The Cross and sorrow will be mine,
The gladness and the smile.
I'm going into partnership
With You for souls awhile.*

*My Mother smiles through searing tears,
My calling is her pride.
O Jesus, take her offering,
Replace me at her side.*

*She taught to me the helplessness
Of souls the Crucified
Has never gained; she thrilled to learn
Her child would be Your Bride.*

*Accept, dear Christ, my sacrifice,
And pleasing let it be,
A ransom for the souls You bought
On cross-crowned Calvary!*

A MISSIONARY SISTER



Mission Mailbag

Sei Maria Ryo, Koriyama

May 24, 1949

"Come, Sister. I want you to tell my wife what she must believe and do to be received into your Church." Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ heard those wonderful words early in the morning of May 16. Seldom do missionaries hear more delightful music!

The husband and wife, both in their twenties, were patients at Sukagawa San. Many a time Sister Agnes and her catechist had called on the young woman, without, however, trying to hurry things up, as she was not in immediate danger. But this time they found her very low. What would the husband say if they attempted to ask his consent to her baptism? Luckily they met with no opposition; the gentleman made things easy for them by granting permission even before it was asked.

Sister found the dying woman ready and waiting to be made a child of God. Meanwhile Aiko San was called to an adjoining room to assist another patient about to breathe his last. He had not followed doctrine lessons regularly, did not know God as intimately as the little wife above-mentioned, but had done a lot of eavesdropping when his pal in the next bed had been instructed. When he noticed how baptism had made a happy, contented man out of a patient in the depths of despondency, he said to himself there must be something to that religion of Christ that can bring out the best in a man's character, and decided to investigate further.

Sister and Aiko San were still occupied with those two when a hurried phone call summoned them to a given number in another wing. There they made secure the eternal happiness of a third patient, who knew enough about God to be given the baptismal open-sesame to bliss in His Heaven.



SISTER ST. ANNE (MARIE LOUISE GOSSELEIN,
ST. SOPHIE DE MEGANTIC),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION, KORIYAMA, LOVES TO BE
WITH HER DISPENSARY PATIENTS

Deaths are many at this time of the year, and Sister Agnes is busy with her innumerable calls. No part-time job this apostolate of hers, this visiting of the sick. One of our patients, seeing how Sister's moments were all taken up, generously agreed to do without the weekly lesson he liked so much.

"Sister," he said, "go to those who need you most. Go to those who haven't the Faith. I'll study by myself this week."

Twenty odd patients assist at the once-a-week get-together where Sister Agnes and Aiko San teach them how life must be lived when one has the Christ-life, when one is a Catholic. Soon, we pray, that privilege will be theirs. There are also many other hurried, unexpected calls upon Sister's time.

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

On their way back from Sukagawa on the 16th, they stopped at the hospital near Koriyama Station. The director, having noticed that Sister Agnes had not called at the hospital for several months, had asked the nurses, "Why aren't the Sisters coming any more? Has anything happened?" On several occasions he had said how glad he was to have the Sisters visit his patients. "It cheers them up. A big change comes over them when the Sisters call." It was his way of putting it, that Sisters can go about doing good and can do a lot towards making this world a better and happier place in which to live. Two nurses at that hospital have begun to follow catechism lessons at the convent on Thursday evenings.

Patients swarm to the dispensary. Some come long distances and must walk many miles before boarding the train. Most of them bring their dinner, for each must have his turn at the clinic, and by noon some ills still remain to be attended to. Always we try to stretch ourselves to the measure of Christ's sympathy for all. Are not these His suffering members in fact or potential members, at least, of His Body?

We have 250 kindergarten pupils and 400 English-course students, besides two classes — 250 additional pupils — in the city. Nobody has any time to spare, and if we want to conquer all those souls nobody has any time to lose. Please pray that we may always play our role as real partners of God and Mary in renewing the face of Japan.

SISTER ST. ANNE, M.I.C.

Marie Louise Gosselin, St. Sophie de Megantic

* * *

*St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver
August 14, 1949*

Yesterday I had the happiness of preparing for the last journey home a poor Chinese who arrived here a week ago. He was a good-natured patient who readily listened when I spoke about God. I had hardly gone beyond the first explanations when he opened wide eyes and whispered in a scarcely audible voice, *Nga sune, Nga seung!* "I believe! I want!"

With feelings you can well imagine I poured the saving waters on the brow so soon to be chilled in death. The poor man, a pagan one minute before, smiled and offered to kiss the crucifix I held to him.

I am an old missionary and have several baptisms to my account. But the giving of that Sacrament is something new and tremendous each time; one never gets into the habit of doing it. Oh, how beautiful is our vocation! I often think that our convent doors would be besieged with applicants if young women only knew the joys we experience as missionaries.

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and all my Sisters are well and kept very busy. The hospital never empties; when a patient goes out, another comes in. Please remember in your prayers our dear suffering ones, who are often more ill of soul than of body.

SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE, M.I.C.

Anna Girard, Claremont, N.H.

1. SISTER ST. JEAN DU REDEMPTEUR (Marcelle St-Arnaud, Ahuntsic).



Those who enter the Church, whatever be their origin or their speech, must know that they have equal rights as children in the House of the Lord, where the law of Christ and the peace of Christ prevail.

Pope Pius XII



CANTON

CHINA

Now They Are Christ's

Years ago, a little boy and a little girl were trying to master their Chinese characters in a Catholic school. The Sisters might have thought their efforts in teaching them ill-spent, for the little boy and the little girl sometimes lent a deaf ear to explanations. When you are only seven or eight, merry holidays and fun-packed outdoor games hold more appeal than study. We've all been through it and we know.

Days and months tumbled along, some quickly, some slowly. The little pair smiled their way through childhood, weathered the storms and sunshine of High School, grew up to young manhood and womanhood, and eventually decided to go through life together. So they were married and, now that they are Christ's, they will live happily ever after. But we are anticipating.

Deep in their hearts remained and grew a longing to serve the true God and save their souls. One morning they knocked at our convent door with words similar to those addressed to the nun in Tokyo, "Teach me Christ."

Mr. Wail is an engineer. He keeps the wheels of a refinery turning three miles from here and many more miles from any other Catholic mission. In October and November of 1948 he found time to follow a few lessons of Christian doctrine, but with December business reached a new high; the factory was busy twenty-four hours a day with no holidays possible. But the old proverb says, "Where there's a will there's a way." And Mr. Wail surely had a will. So he of the cheerful yesterdays and hopeful tomorrows found a way out; he took to books.

New Year's was the occasion of four holidays. Eager as a schoolboy for each glorious Saturday, Mr. Wail grasped the opportunity to make last-minute preparations for his baptism and that of his wife. They looked

through their little catechism book again and chose their godparents for the ceremony that would incorporate them into Christ's Mystical Body.

Then it happened. Following the eight o'clock Mass on January 30, Louis and Joan were made kith and kin of the Blessed Trinity. Their little ones, Martin, aged three, and Yvonne, aged one, "tiny gems of purest ray serene," were also given into Jesus' keeping.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Wail had a Mass said for their intentions. The curate made it a regular nuptial Mass with First Communion for husband and wife. Old China counted one Catholic family more on her records. Many months ago, Mrs. Wail had hung pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary above the door of their home. She is now a Catholic, and glad to let the world know it. She and her husband gave a dinner on that same evening of January 31, at which they invited priest, witnesses, godparents, and all of their pagan relatives. Thus did they mark officially their adoption by the Lord of Heaven, an event which will be for them a golden memory.

This young couple's case is one of hundreds that prove the value of good books in teaching to catechumens the main tenets of salvation. So much has to be said in order to lead a soul from the chaos of paganism to the Cross of Christ, and to make the new Christian ready to stand up for the Faith that is in him. Preaching and teaching are the main agents of propaganda, and missionaries are not found remiss in doing their part. But the trouble with missionaries is that they are far too few. Books must be provided to double for them and talk about God and Heaven and Mary in their name. Books, however, do not grow on trees; not even in the Garden of Eden was it thus. Books cost dollars and cents and a big amount of thoughtful charity. May some who believe in the power of the printed word be prompted to send along a dime or a quarter or more, so that all those around us still groping for Truth may read the Word of God!

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

DOORKEEPER WITH THE ROSARY

The Sisters of Canton love to remember dear old A Seuil fingering her worn rosary beads. She loved God with all the love her old heart could hold, and she loved Mother Mary too. In fact she loved her so much that she stopped in her Hail Mary's just long enough to tell an incoming or outgoing Sister, *Tin Tsu po yao!* "The Lord of Heaven protect you!" By her kindness to all and her never-failing readiness to help she has preached a sermon that we shall remember, one that will hearten us when the going gets hard and the clouds turn grey.

Life had been hard for her; yet she never lost her smile. It was irrepressible. It flashed like a streak of sunshine and lasted long in her wrinkled cheeks. To be in the service of God's missionaries she considered a privilege.

She came to us long years back, crippled in body and sad of soul. Her step had lost its spring, and her eyes their youthful eagerness. Her story

1. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville.



AT THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL, CANTON

runs like this. Handsome and young and desirable, she had been promised in marriage by her family, had said yes, and was looking forward to the happy day, when spokes pried into the wheels of her happiness. She fell off a tree, injured her right arm and leg, and from that day on was a cripple. Some time after the mishap A Seuil began to have fits of epilepsy. Marriage being now entirely out of the question, the poor girl became an object of ridicule in her family. But wonderful are the ways of God. Her earthly future shattered, A Seuil found a means to make secure her eternal destiny. She came to our convent and discovered the way that leads to the kingdom of Heaven. In our chapel she found One whose Heart is so large that it takes the whole world in, and she, poor suffering soul, was part of that world.

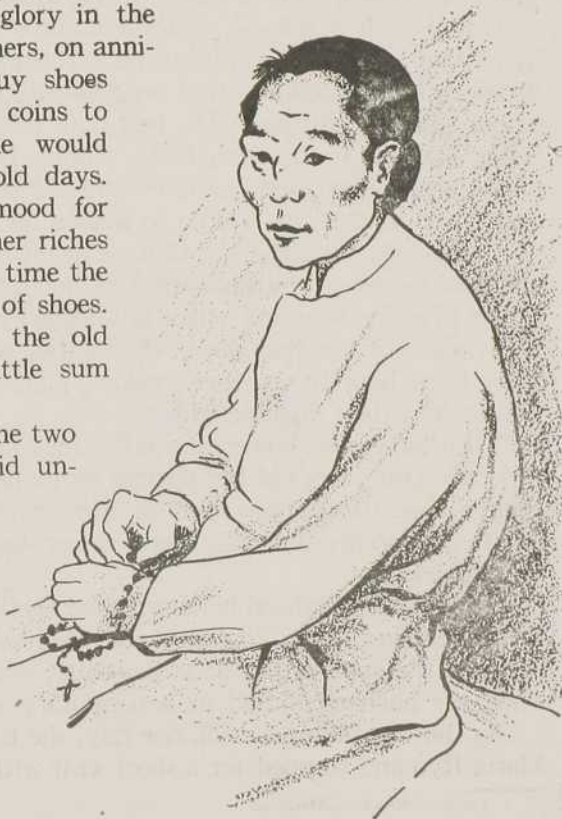
Once more life smiled upon her, the Sisters loved her, and she called herself happy. Wishing to repay in some way what we had done for her, she offered to remain at our service. A faithful servant she has been.

It would have been imprudent at that time to appoint one of our orphans doorkeeper. A Seuil, outwardly unattractive as she was, seemed well fitted for the difficult post. So to the door she went.

True, the crippled woman had lost her physical charms; but that in no way spoiled her outlook on life. She loved people and soon had many friends among the baby gleaners. These latter were often given large sums of money by heartless parents who wanted at any cost to be relieved of their children and have them accepted at the creche. While not seeking to glory in the wealth thus acquired, the gleaners, on anniversaries or feasts, liked to buy shoes for A Seuil or gave her a few coins to make merry. Painstakingly she would store the gifts away for her old days. One afternoon when in the mood for confidences, she displayed all her riches for a Sister to behold. At that time the wealth comprised fifteen pairs of shoes.

"And besides," whispered the old doorkeeper, "I have set a little sum aside to buy myself a coffin."

A Seuil was seen safely Home two years ago. No, she was not laid uncoffined in the grave; but instead of the beautiful thing she had dreamt she accepted a simple, humble coffin. That sacrifice will surely have merited for her a richer throne in glory than that of the most moneyed Emperor of old Cathay.





Mitsuko

Mitsuko was among the first to enroll as a pupil when we opened Sei Maria Ryo in Koriyama. Her mother, a cultivated lady of varied social activities, brought her to us one day saying, "Mitsuko is my only daughter. Train her to be a good girl and a true Japanese."

Gifted with a refined, delicate nature, the child felt naturally drawn by all that was noble and beautiful. Even at that early age her voice held such a haunting sweetness that people delighted in hearing her sing the simple school songs and ditties. The best hour of the day for Mitsuko came when Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ taught her nimble fingers to make friends with the piano keys. Such rapid progress did she make in music that her mother decided to send her to Tokyo to pursue her musical studies.

It was only after the war that we again heard from our little friend, who had now blossomed into beautiful girlhood. She had met with great success at the Conservatory and was a full-fledged professor of music in her native Koriyama. A few years later, she married a young artist from the Capital. They lived happily together, making plans for the future especially after the birth of their little daughter.

Their happiness, however, was destined to be short-lived, for when Ai Ko was only two years old her darling mummie began to cough a nasty little cough, while two telltale spots of crimson stained her hollow cheeks. She had to give up her beloved musical career, for she no longer had the strength to sing and play.

Back in her childhood home with her mother, who was a registered nurse, to care for her, Mitsuko rallied and decided to fight dearly for her life if only for the sake of her little daughter, whom she had brought with her when her husband hinted at a temporary separation.

As she was taking a walk one day, she happened to pass in front of Sei Maria Ryo and stopped for a short visit with the Sisters she had known as

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

a child. The sight of the piano brought back a flood of memories. Fondly she caressed the keys; then, turning to Sister Agnes d'Assise, her first music teacher, she said, "Oh, how I wish I could play again and sing as I used to sing before my illness."

"Why not come and play once in a while, when you feel like it?" suggested Sister. "You will always be welcome here, you know. Then you might sing in the choir and thus make use of your voice for the glory of God."

A few weeks later, Mitsuko came back to Sei Maria Ryo, this time in order to register as a catechumen. "Sister," she confided, "while I was happy and healthy I never felt the need of religion, but now I want to know God and love Him as I should."

Faithfully the young catechumen came for her weekly lessons until the day when the disease got the better of her again. Her mother being a fanatical Buddhist, it required a great deal of tactful maneuvering to obtain permission to visit the patient.

On one of our visits Mitsuko told us of the great sorrow that was killing her. Her mother-in-law had taken her darling little daughter away from her for fear that the child might contract the disease. The blow had robbed the young mother of what little reserve of strength she had. Still, she rallied this time again, and after a few months of rest felt equal to con-



SISTER MARIE ALIDA (ROSE AIMEE DEMERS, QUEBEC), SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE (RITAL MARTEL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.), AND SISTER FRANCOISE DU CARMEL (MADELEINE COURSOL, TETREAULTVILLE), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WORKING FOR GOD AND SOULS IN KORIYAMA, JAPAN.

tinuing her doctrine lessons. She even accepted to play the role of the Blessed Mother in a play entitled "Lourdes" given at the graduation exercises of our kindergarten pupils.

She was looking forward to singing at the Easter Mass of 1948 when a serious relapse confined her to her bed. The best specialists were called for consultations, but they gave no hope. It was then that Mrs. Ishida offered to take her daughter's place in the church choir at Easter. In her sorrow she was trying every means in her power to save her beloved child. Time and time again she came to pray in our chapel. Alas, Mitsuko was daily losing ground as the unrelenting disease devoured her youth and beauty, and her mother's devotion to the God of the Christians cooled, together with her friendship for the Sisters. She forbade us to have any more relations with the family, while she turned with renewed fervor to the gods of her ancestors.

One bright November afternoon, Mrs. Ono, a fervent Christian neighbor, noticed that Mitsuko was lying on her verandah attended only by her servants. She ventured to call on the patient, who exclaimed as soon as she saw her, "Why don't the Sisters come to see me? Please tell them to come right away as I wish to be baptized while Mother is absent."



MITSUKO SAN AND HER MOTHER

Mrs. Ono ran first to the mission church, but Father being away she hastened to our convent with her message. Sister Agnes d'Assise with a companion visited Mitsuko, who pleaded as soon as she saw them, "Sister, quick, baptize me."

"But does your mother allow you to become a Christian?"

"Mother now wants me to be a Protestant, but I know that the Catholic religion alone is the true one."

The young woman went on to say that her husband had called earlier during the day. "Mitchan," said he, "if you do not hurry, I shall be baptized before you. I'm taking doctrine lessons, you know."

Still Sister Agnes deemed it more prudent to urge Mitsuko to try again to win her mother's consent. She reluctantly agreed.

At five o'clock Mrs. Ono once again rang the convent bell. Mrs. Ishida had finally given her consent to her darling's baptism.

What patroness more appropriate could be given this music lover than St. Cecilia, celestial queen of melody? "Cecilia, I baptize thee . . ." The drawn features of the young sufferer were now suffused with unearthly joy. Her mother looked wonderingly on as the Sisters helped her daughter to thank the Lord for the priceless favor just bestowed upon her.

A few days later Cecilia made her first Holy Communion. On that same day, the patient's high fever dropped to normal, and so it happened every time Jesus was brought to her. Noticing the wonderful effects of the "little white wafer," as she called It, on her daughter's health, Mrs. Ishida wished to have this most wonderful of all remedies brought daily to her home.

Mitsuko is now always radiant with happiness, for the grace of God has wrought wonders in her soul. "I no longer fear death," she told us one day, "for now that I am baptized I am God's little child."

To a very dear friend she confided, "I can't tell you what I feel. I am all changed inside. When I gaze on my crucifix I think of Jesus who suffered for our sakes, and my own sufferings are forgotten. Before my baptism I enjoyed reading newspapers. Now I no longer wish to read them, because Jesus wants me to offer Him this little sacrifice as a thank-offering. I think He is pleased with me."

Mitsuko has become an apostle through prayer and suffering. Her greatest spiritual victory was won when, on May 17, 1949, her mother, giving up the cult of her household gods, asked to be instructed in the truths of our holy Faith, together with her husband and a faithful servant.

"SISTER AGNES' GOD . . . I WANT NO OTHER!"

Last year we met Mr. Ojima for the first time. He was a real gentleman of the old school, whose fortune had been shattered by the war like that of so many others. Although he was a very sick man, he refused to apply for relief from the city, because he dreaded being accused of laziness, as he was still quite young.



Sister Françoise du Carmel (Madeleine Coursol, Tetreaultville) and Sister Agnes d'Assise (Lucienne Renaud, Montreal), Missionaries to Koriyama, Japan.

He had been married for three years and lived with his wife and only child in a six-mat room behind a row of dilapidated shacks where fresh air and sunshine were strictly rationed. Needless to say that food in sufficient quantity and quality was also lacking. The brave young wife tried to earn a few yen going out to work with her baby strapped to her back, but she could not do so often, for the sick man could not always safely be left alone. Never had we seen such misery and distress.

As we brought Mr. Ojima a few delicacies one day, he broached the subject that had us worrying but which we had

until then refrained from mentioning — possible contamination for his dear ones. We suggested Sukagawa Sanatorium as being the nearest place to where his condition would allow him to be removed. Still there was the objection of having no one to cook his food and take care of him, as regulations here demand.

Obara San, our devoted catechist at the San, came to the rescue. "Sister," he said, "just bring your patient along. There is an empty bed in my room, and as I am now strong enough I will fetch and carry for him with the greatest of pleasures."

As Mr. Ojima was in a state of great exhaustion, we could not take it on our own responsibility to have him removed without first consulting our good Doctor Fukuhara, who refused to have us pay a conveyance to take him to Ojima's house.

"Sister, since you are kind enough to trouble yourself with a poor man of my own nation, allow me to do my share. If you insist on paying my visit, I will have to ask you to call another doctor. I'll go on my bike during my noonday rest."

Dr. Fukuhara decided that the patient was too far gone to be moved without danger. And so we had to be resigned to see him die in his cheerless hovel.

On the morning of December 7, at six o'clock, a messenger called to tell us that Mr. Ojima was dying and that he was asking for the Sisters. His wife had been awakened during the night to hear her husband saying, "The Sisters are supposed to come for a visit tomorrow. They usually do not arrive before noon. That will be too late — too late."

To Mrs. Ojima it was plain that her husband had not many more hours to live. She heard him murmur this naive profession of Faith, "Sister Agnes' God . . . I want no other."

When we reached the poor little shack, the patient opened his eyes and smiled his gratitude at our coming so early. Sister Agnes instructed him in a few plain words, then inquired whether he would like to be baptized. He whispered an eager assent.

A few moments more of pain and the soul of Mary Joseph Ojima fled from its mortal prison into the splendors of the heavenly court, where angels and saints were preparing to celebrate the feast of their spotless Queen.

FUMIO COMES BACK

Eighteen years ago Fumio had been a happy kindergarten pupil at Sei Maria Ryo. Hardly had we come back to Koriyama after the war when he visited his former teachers asking to be given lessons in English and music. The convent was still in a ramshackle condition, but Fumio was so eager to begin that he was quite satisfied with a corridor as provisional classroom.

This young gentleman had kept all his former teachers in grateful remembrance. We were happy to see that the good qualities noticed in the boy long ago were still more remarkable in the man. He had successfully obtained his credentials as an engineer, but was without prospects of a suitable position, as a man who had promised him work had been untrue to his promise.

Looking for employment Mr. Sato visited several establishments. These visits convinced him that a certain moral guidance would not be amiss for the young employees who lived far from their families in hostels and boarding houses. Their conduct outside of working hours was anything but commendable. Our young friend then made up his mind to learn music and foreign languages in order to be able to draw these young people to him and keep them from evil company. A resolution like this showed the noble aspirations of this non-Christian. One of the Sisters gave him a miraculous medal which he accepted gratefully; she suggested at the same time that he try making a novena in order to secure work.

Another one of our English-course pupils, Mr. Matsuba, happened to be the owner of a large silk-weaving concern. He agreed to give Fumio a chance and our young friend fully justified his employer's expectations, working his way from promotion to promotion.

Mr. Sato had been deeply impressed by the power of humble prayer. All his leisure hours were now given up to the fascinating study of the Catholic doctrine. On December 8, 1948, he was baptized in the little mission church. Devoted Catholic Actionist, Fumio will draw many of his compatriots to the true Fold.

Wakamatsu Sunday Morning

Japanese Christians are very fervent and know how to make sacrifices to beautify their souls for Jesus' coming in Holy Communion.

There were new faces at Mass this morning; but there were familiar ones as well. For instance, that young mother of three as she walked up the aisle at Communion time. How we wished we'd brought our camera along! As it is, for want of a snapshot we can only pass along a pen picture, but it is true to life.

All is quiet in the little church as the faithful advance to the altar rail; wooden clogs have been left at the door. Along she comes, that mother of three, one hand for each baby, and the youngest from his privileged place on Mummie's back surveying the scene. With awe in their almond eyes the trio watch the priest dipping his hand into the golden cup and laying a tiny little white Thing on their mother's tongue. Then, clutching her clothes — the child gesture universally known and accepted — they lead her back to her place. One little darling kneels beside her, but the others prefer to sit quietly by while their mother reverently holds sweet communing with her Creator.

This poor Christian woman lives at a good distance from the church and early Mass means very early rising for her and the three wee ones. But she will not do without her Sunday morning Communion, and no sacrifice for her is too costly, for she feels the need of that heavenly food to strengthen her and make her equal to another week of hard work.

May God hear our prayers and send more sterling-souled laborers into the Japanese harvest. Here as elsewhere there are millions crying out for guidance, help, and consolation. In Christ, who is the Way, they will find Someone to lead them; in Christ, who heals all our infirmities, they will find the assistance they need; in Christ, the Consoler Supreme, their bruised hearts will rejoice to find another Heart that has suffered and that understands what they are called upon to bear.

ENGLISH COURSE PUPILS

Teaching English to boys who seem hostile even to the mere mention of things religious is tedious work indeed, and calls for a big amount of patience and personal love of God. Lately, however, the work has had its consolations for us. We have had the joy of seeing two of these young gentlemen show interest in the Catholic Faith we are trying to make them love and embrace.

Kagawa Nonobu decided to attend Holy Mass with the Christians once a week in order to obtain success in his studies. Then one Sunday he decided upon something better; he made up his mind to do as the Christians do every Sunday of the year. His weekly meetings with the Pastor and his flock have wielded the best of influence over this truth-seeking soul. He was delighted to tell the Sisters that he had applied for entrance into the University staffed by the Jesuit Fathers in Tokyo, and had been accepted.

He sees now that his Sunday morning bargain with God has had happy results, and nobody is happier than he.

Iki Teruo has also determined to launch into the study of the Christian doctrine. So far he has been present for only three catechism lessons, but he thinks everything so wonderful and inspiring about our holy Faith that we really believe he will keep on studying it. Some day, God and Mary willing, Iki Teruo will be one of Japan's Christians, bulwarks of the Faith in their homeland.

Pray for these boys so that they may be won over to the good things the Catholic Church has to offer them, and that the Young Man of Nazareth may be able truly to call them His Brothers, members of His Mystical Body, and fervent apostles of His goodness and mercy in the land of their birth.



A RAY OF THE RISING SUN



SISTER THERESE D'AVILA (THERESE SAUVE, ST. SCHOLASTIQUE)
FINDS THEY HAVEN'T ENOUGH INCHES AT WAKAMATSU KINDERGARTEN, JAPAN.

GIFTS THAT ARE APPRECIATED

In the generous cases packed in Canada and forwarded to our mission we found a heavy overcoat that was just what Mr. Wakabayashi, our faithful gardener, needed. The old man was almost speechless with joy when Sister Superior put the precious bundle in his outstretched hands. Just think! Until now Grandfather and Son had one threadbare coat made of an army blanket between them both. Now big-hearted Grandpop insisted on giving the warm Canadian overcoat to his son, while he was content with the old one. Thus warmly clad, the pair celebrated by going out for a walk all around the city.

We visited the repatriates housed in the former military barracks the other day, bringing them clothes and shoes sent in the Canadian cases. One little boy jumped up and down when we gave him a pair of shoes, then ran out minus stockings to play in the snow.

Another boy made the rounds of the barracks showing everybody the mittens we had given him. I wonder if he took them off even to go to bed. Mittens or gloves are such precious items here in this cold region that the children who are fortunate enough to have a pair take them off only at mealtime.

Thanks to the generosity of our Canadian benefactors we have also been able to contribute our share towards furthering the priestly vocation of one of our former graduates. Nagatsu Fumio wanted to enter the Seminary, but his parents were too poor to supply him with suitable clothing. How happy his poor mother felt when we provided her with a decent wardrobe for her priest-to-be! Thank you for the happiness you have allowed us to give, dear Canadian friends. God bless you and inspire you to keep up your good work in favor of the missions.



EDUCATE — LEAD TO CHRIST

Just as today when her missions scatter schools by the thousands in districts not Christian, from the banks of the Ganges to the Yellow River and the great islands and archipelagos of the Pacific, from the Dark Continent to the Tierra del Fuego and to frozen Alaska, so in every age the Church by her missionaries has educated to Christian life and to civilization the various peoples which now constitute the Christian nations of the civilized world.

Pope Pius XI

* * *

The scent of sweet flowers does not travel against the wind; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place with his presence.

The Bengalese



Marian Day at Manila Chinese Mission

Mary had her unforgettable day on the 15th of her fair May-month. Bright and early arrived in gala array the Guest of honor, *His Majesty the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus*. With lighted tapers in their hands the noble guard of thirty formed into a half-circle around the *carroza* bearing the beloved statue. Presently the band players joined the reverent group, and to the strains of a regal march the Lord and Master passed under an arch beautifully embowered in blossoms, lights, and green foliage.

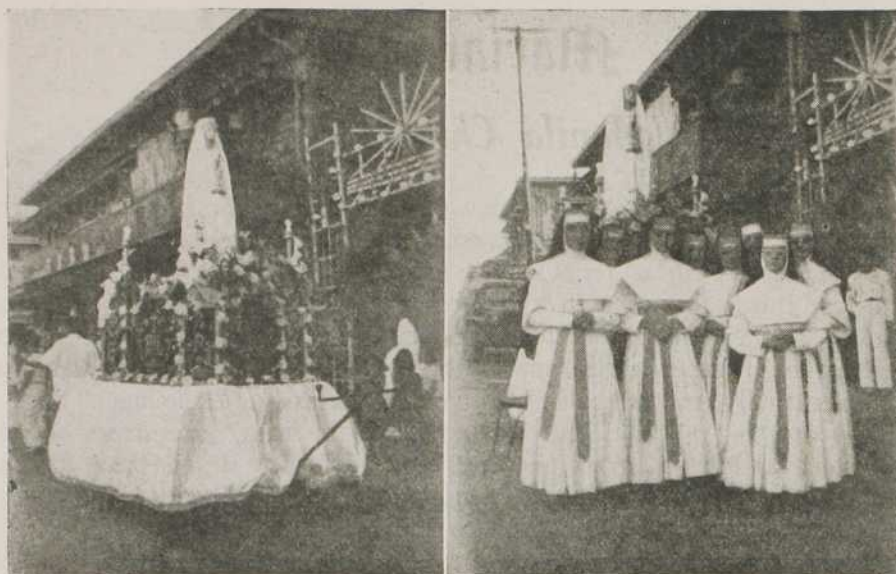
Far as the eye could see on Narra and the transverse streets, silver streamers crisscrossed gracefully overhead to form a fragile roof for the moving City of God and Mary in full panoply. The Filipinos love exterior pomp and show, and are not afraid to "advertise" their Faith. They have small taxis here, jeepneys they call them, with inscriptions like these in large letters: "God Bless Us! Sacred Heart, Help Us!" And over the windshield they pin large pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin. Always to Jesus through Mary! But when all's said and done, we wager that there are not many modern versions of the Filipino jeepney that express their religious beliefs with so little human respect.

On May 15, as always, Mary would be leading us to her Son. The statue of the Sacred Heart, an artistic masterpiece of skill and love, was placed at the right of the altar, where smiled from among clusters of *azucenas* (little white lilies that emit an exquisite fragrance) the picture of Our Blessed Mother surrounded with white and blue drapings.

Thanksgiving was the keynote of the whole celebration. We owed a heavy debt to Mary. She had graciously given us coins of the Realm — choice heavenly favors; and we were eager to repay her with the coin of human love — thanks. Twice, one month previously, our neighbors and we had rubbed shoulders with danger — the danger of death by fire. After the first token of Mary's protection we decided upon a novena of thanksgiving. But after the second and still more tangible proof, we planned an unprecedented triumph in honor of the *Kamahalmahalang Virgen Maria* (Most Holy Virgin Mary). The ladies of the parish brought flowers and decorated the chapel. Every afternoon the little singers of Santo Tomas University lent grace to the occasion by their superb rendering of the hymns, the *Salve Regina*, and the final *Adios Madre del Salvador*.

Little girls dressed in white offered the gay flower sheaves, *flores de Mayo*, while we Sisters sang a favorite hymn to the best of Mothers. Every day the number of devotees grew, until by the last day of the novena twenty flower girls, eight violinists, and one violincellist were on hand to help, while devout friends of the Queen of May thronged the chapel and the corridors.

Then dawned May 15. At the seven o'clock Mass our chaplain delivered a stirring sermon in English. He stressed the point that the *fiesta* should be above all "a day of prayer, adoration, and thanksgiving for favors re-



OUR LADY'S CARROZA FOR MAY 15. GROUP OF MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION STAFFING THE CHINESE MISSION, MANILA

ceived; a day of supplication for our Holy Father the Pope and for the obtention of a durable peace. To our great satisfaction there were many "rails full" at Communion time. Without a suggestion of human respect men and boys knelt along the corridors for their thanksgiving.

At the eight o'clock Mass with deacon and subdeacon the boys of Santo Tomas took over the singing, the eight violinists and one cellist providing the accompaniment. Following the Tagalog sermon and the Last Gospel the Blessed Sacrament was enthroned in exposition for the very first time. Groups of teachers, pupils, alumni, benefactors, friends, neighbors, old people, and eager little children came in turn for their guard of honor audience. To each group of adorers a member of the Community added her own prayers, glad to re-live the happy hours of adoration in the Mother-house chapel.

When towards the King of Love arose our grateful thanks, it seemed as if other thanks, infinite because they were divine, were wafted down to us. After all, what Treasure had we rushed to make safe if not the divine Captive of the altar, whose Sacramental Self we had carried in our own unworthy hands? And who better than the Victim offered at every moment in the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Mass can render thanks, even to us His humble creatures?

The evening celebration was as impressive. After Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the priest intoned the *Procedamus in pace*, and the torchlight procession swung into line, with cassocked altar boys in the lead and the band playing at its best. Groups of our pupils, boys and girls alike in white uniforms, preceded the float of the Sacred Heart. Following the float marched the members of our Community, the broad moving mass of worshippers, Santo Tomas' bright-faced youngsters, and the orchestra. Girls dressed to represent angels, others carrying a letter of the

word MARIA, and still others dressed in ankle-length gowns and bearing bouquets of garden flowers formed a court of honor to the Immaculate One, whose *carroza* was a blaze of light and beauty. The pilgrim Virgin was none other than the statue of our corridor garbed in white and blue satin and crowned with sampaguitas; leis of the same flowers also graced her neck and arms.

As onward poured the procession for fully an hour and a half, devoted clients of the Sacred Heart threw on the floats or suspended from the arms of His statue fragrant leis of sampaguitas; leis are decorative flowery necklaces with which they honor the persons they love.

Something would have been missing, however, had firecrackers failed to accompany the procession. So, while the music swelled along the line of march, and while the faithful said their beads to the Mother of Christ, firecrackers did their duty as only they could — and God accepted their staccato homage.



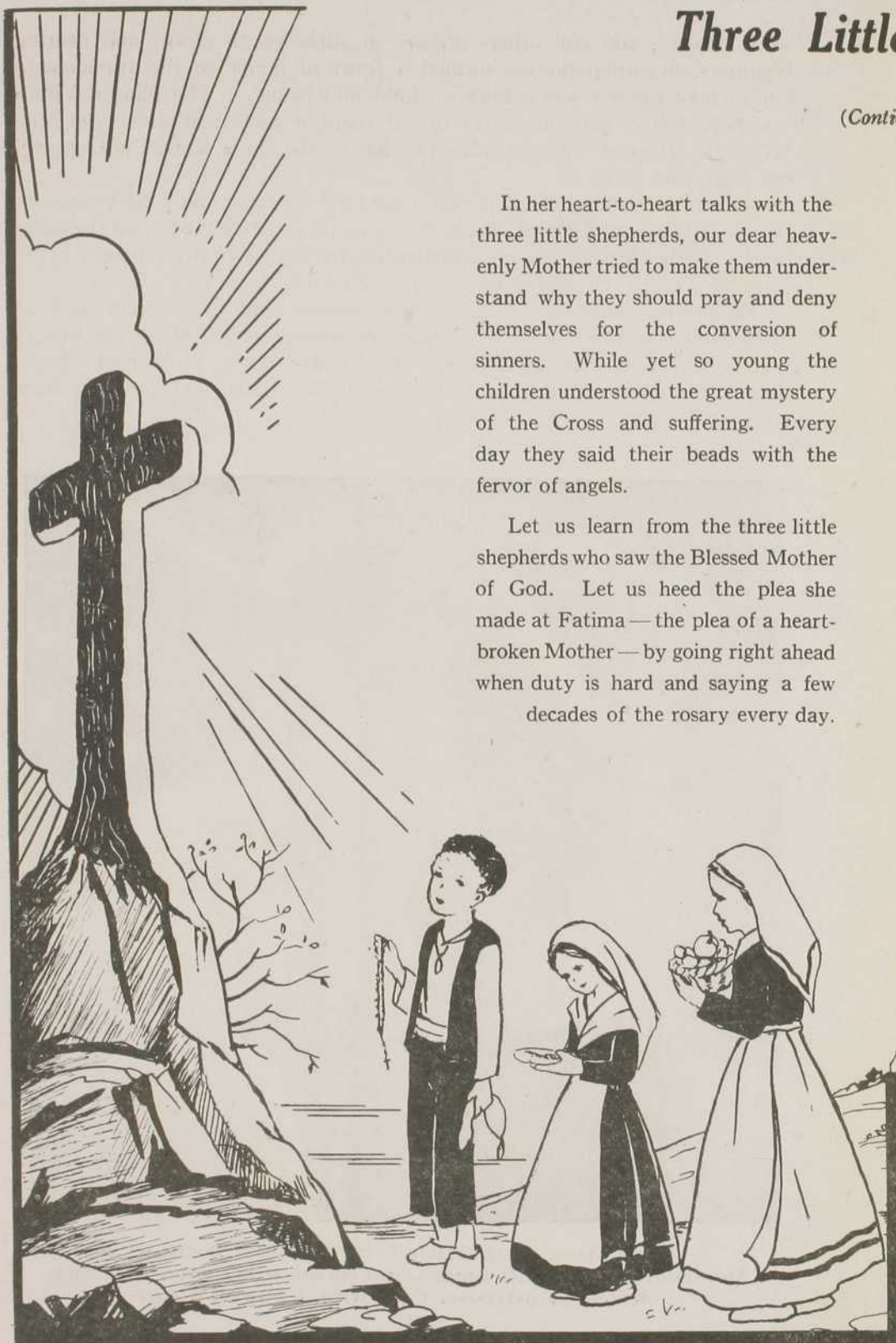
SISTER MARIE PAULE (MARIE PAULE LAROCQUE, MONTREAL),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION STATIONED IN MANILA,
ENJOYS AN AFTERNOON CHAT WITH A FILIPINO WOMAN

Three Little

(Continued)

In her heart-to-heart talks with the three little shepherds, our dear heavenly Mother tried to make them understand why they should pray and deny themselves for the conversion of sinners. While yet so young the children understood the great mystery of the Cross and suffering. Every day they said their beads with the fervor of angels.

Let us learn from the three little shepherds who saw the Blessed Mother of God. Let us heed the plea she made at Fatima — the plea of a heart-broken Mother — by going right ahead when duty is hard and saying a few decades of the rosary every day.



e Shepherds

inued)

Let us, like little Jacinta, bring Daddy and Mother over to the recitation of the beads in common. "The family that prays together stays together"—here on earth and in Heaven above.

Thus we shall be consoling the loving Hearts of Jesus and Mary, doing something for the conversion of poor sinners, and calling down Heaven's choicest blessings upon ourselves, our beloved country, and all those we hold dear.

THE END



All along the way decorations had been put at the windows and people held lighted tapers. At a certain moment Bengal lights around the floats added their magical glow to the maze of beauty.

Back at the starting point the three priests intoned a solemn *Salve Regina*, which the juvenile choir took up with its usual zest as the beloved statue of the Mother of God and men was incensed. Then it was time to bid farewell to Mary, and the Marian clients sang it with gusto:

Adios, reina del cielo,
Madre del Salvador,
Adios, adios, dulce prenda adorada,
De tu divino rostro
La belleza al dejar,
Permite me que vuelva
Tu plantas a besar;
He quedado, Maria,
Abrasado en tu amor
Que date aios senora.
Adios, adios,
Dame tu bendicion
Madre del Salvador,
Madre Amorosa,
Prenda de amor, adios, adios!



Christmas Story — Lincoln Style

Catherine Delzetiz, an eighth grade pupil of St. Joseph's School, Amherst, Ohio, employed a construction parallel to that of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, to compose the following impressive story of the Nativity:

"Two thousand years ago the Blessed Virgin brought forth into this world a new king, conceived of the Holy Ghost and dedicated to the saving of man's soul.

"Now, we are engaged in a great task, testing whether our faith or any faith so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met in a small church to pay homage to the Infant Jesus. We have come to dedicate this day to the Babe who was born upon this earth to die for the sins of man. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, nor can we consecrate this day. Our Dear Lord by coming upon this earth, has consecrated it far above our own poor power to add or detract. This world will little note nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget what Christ has done for us. It is for us, the living, to carry on the work which He who has taught here has thus far so divinely advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from His death we take increased devotion — that we highly resolve that His death was not in vain; that His world under God shall have a new birth of religion and that Christianity of and for the people shall not perish from this earth."

The Catholic Mirror

News From Mati, Davao

When the holidays began we invited the public school pupils to catechism classes. They came, one hundred and forty strong. The number seems large, but it dwindles when one reflects that seven hundred are attending public school and know next to nothing about our holy Faith.

Sister Marie de Liesse⁽¹⁾, with the help of a young lady, sees to the class of thirty First Communicants. Among my pupils are some twenty who have already made their First Communion and who think themselves bachelors of religious science. But if you ask them how many mortal sins a person must have on his soul to be lost, the answers will vary from one to one thousand. They are eager to learn, however, and don't miss any lessons. Attendance at Sunday Mass is not so easy to obtain. The littlest ones, taught by the seniors, are as usual the most edifying of the lot, and as lovable as the Cote des Neiges kindergarten tots.

A few days ago we came upon a truly miserable little family. A nine-year-old trying to mother three wee ones still younger, because their own dear mummie had been called by death. Three were sick; we kept Angelita here to follow her more closely and gave medicine to the other two. The baby of the four, Erlinda by name, is very proud of the white-and-blue dress which the pupils of Granby have sewed for her. Poor child, she makes us feel so sorry! She is a babe of three whose only mother hasn't gone far beyond her ninth birthday. "Warphans" are legion here. Luckily the neighbors, being very fond of children, play father and mother to the parent-

1. Georgine BENETEAU, Amherstburg, Ont.



SUNDAY SCHOLARS, MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



IN THE CENTRE, REV. FATHER ALAIN LECOMTE, M.E. AT HIS RIGHT, THE OWNER OF THE PANOMBON COCONUT PLANTATION. SISTER ST. LEON (IRENE NADEAU, BEDFORD), SISTER MARIE DE LIESSE (GEORGINE BENETEAU, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.), SISTER THERESE DE LA STE. FACE (THERESE LEBLANC, MONCTON, N.B.), SISTER BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS (JEANNE THIBOUTOT, ST. JOSEPH DE KAMOURASKA), ALL MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

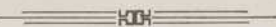
less; in certain cases they even pay their schooling. Four of their own and three adopted children have been sent to our Academy by a Filipino-Spanish father and mother.

We went to Panombon last Sunday to sing the *fiesta* Mass. A distinguished Chinese lady, owner of a coconut plantation, served us an excellent breakfast, during which a maid had to keep a fan in operation to give us the possibility of breathing. The thermometer is a regular jack-in-the-box; it jumps up to 140° in the sun during the daytime and ducks down to 75° when the stars peep out. That's one good reason why Sisters who dislike cold-catching must cover themselves warmly at night.

SISTER THERESE DE LA ST. FACE, M.I.C.(1)

Mati, May 22, 1949

1. Therese LEBLANC, Moncton, N.B.



Modern Simons

Like Simon we do not know whose cross we are carrying; we do know that we are not carrying it for profit, for imperialism, for the subjugation of other peoples, but only to relieve the burdens of our fellow creatures. Despite our failures, our compromises, our want of insight, our breakdown of leadership, we are doing a nobler work than we know; we are espousing a higher cause than we suspect. Conscripted to serve and feed and clothe a weak and weary world, we are without knowing it carrying the very Cross of Christ.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen



Help, Please!

SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR⁽¹⁾
FINDS SHE HAS TOO MUCH TO DO
AT GAGALANGIN, MANILA

Manila, June 1, 1949

Sister Superior⁽²⁾ had a lovely gift for me on New Year's. She said I was to visit the poor, the sick, and all those who might need me. So now I go along every day carrying Christ into the dust and heat of highways and byways, glad to spend myself in His service.

My first visit I made to an old sea dog who had once known what it felt like to be rich. He was now the father of seven children and too poor to buy himself a bottle of medicine. Thanks to the intervention of Rev. Father Mathias, a German missionary who had met our Sisters at the Chinese Hospital, the ailing seafarer was admitted at San Lazaro, in the poor people's pavilion. Regularly once a week I call to give him a streptomycin treatment. In a few weeks the doctor will let him go home. He is pulling through fine and will soon be back on his old job. His wife is delighted over his recovery.

"Sister," a woman stopped me in my tracks the other day, "this girl has been spitting blood these last few days." I looked at the fifteen-year-old child accompanying the speaker; certainly she was not the picture of health. Her parents, the lady said, had lost everything in the war, and couldn't buy any medicine. A calcium treatment at the clinic helped Leonila on the way to improvement. Her last radiograph marked her off as cured. Now of her own accord she has appointed herself my helper and sometimes accompanies me on my calls. During her treatment she used to read a little catechism book I had lent her; she knew enough of it by February 11 to be allowed First Meeting with Jesus in Holy Communion.

Another morning I saw a young mother washing baby clothes in a tub. Smiling but bashful she looked up. I stopped for a chat and asked about her husband and children.

"Romeo is sick," she said.

We entered the house. Little Romeo, burning with fever, lay on the bare earth, his tiny hands clutching the air. With a few remedies for the baby I made my way into the good graces of the mother, and gradually

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

2. SISTER MADELEINE DU SACRE CŒUR (Madeleine Payette, Montreal).

she and I brought the conversation on a more intimate level. Before long I discovered a matter more urgent than the baby's grippe; this mother of four was not married in the eyes of the Church! You should have seen her grateful smile when I told her that all was not lost, and that it was still possible for her to have her marriage blessed by the Church and lead a good Christian life as God intended a mother should.

The next morning I made another discovery of the kind, and the next day still another. A few days later some telling figures stared at me from my records; five marriages to be blessed, several baptisms to be administered, and quite a number of First Communions to be prepared. Really, I was beginning to wonder how things would turn out. I could see that I was going to be very busy. With so many people to marry I couldn't find time to open my medicine kit; with so many old ladies who had shied away from the confessional for twenty years, with so many little ones to be made



Sister Joseph Arthur (Laura Therien, St. Leonard d'Aston) With the First of Her Many Patients. She Has Too Much Work to Do. Help, Please!

friends of Jesus, I had something on my shoulders to occupy twenty Sisters. So I knocked at Sister Superior's door and spoke thusly, "Sister Superior, couldn't we have a Sister to see to all those marriages? You said I was to visit the sick, and here I haven't a minute to care for them, because nobody seems to be married. I need help, please!"

Sister Superior laughed. Here I was asking for a Sister to see that all those marriage wrongs be righted. No Sister had we for that job, and I knew it, but the affair seemed so important and so urgent.

Sister Superior settled the whole matter in two seconds. "Sister, you'll go to the most pressing cases; you'll do what you can and God will do the rest. All right, Sister?" Of course it was, for God had spoken. But since then I have been the target for much good-natured teasing. The Sisters call me *the old parish priest!*

Since December we have registered twenty baptisms, one of which was administered at the candidate's home by Sister Genevieve de Nanterre⁽¹⁾; also fifteen marriages, fifty-one First Communions, and several conversions. I like to see the old ladies, crookbacked and hobbling painfully along, glad to kneel at the altar rail and glad, too, to end their days so close to God.

Just now I am trying to convert a freemason. I have handed the case to Our Blessed Mother, as it promises to be a hard one that will need heavenly

1. Genevieve ST. PIERRE, Montreal.

handling. The old fellow hasn't been inside a church these last twenty years. I gave him a catechism and a rosary the other day. Now his wife tells me that he studies a little of it every night.

When novenas or other religious ceremonies are to be held in the parish church, I, *the old parish priest*, gather all my converts and anybody else who wants to join us, and we go to Juan Luna at some twenty minutes' walking distance. The other day, on our return, I asked Grannie Aquino how she could be so smart for her age.

"Oh, I'm tired," answered she of the white locks, "but I'm glad, because I have served God."

This old lady hasn't given all of her life to Him; she strayed away for twenty years and more. But now she is back in the straight path and has made friends with her Maker.

"Sister," called Sister Anne Marie⁽¹⁾ the other day, "you are asked at the parlor. It's important."

So I went to the parlor. A young couple sat there.

"What can I do for you?" I asked the young gentleman.

He smiled bashfully, but not a word said he.

"What can I do for you?" I asked the young lady.

She twisted her handkerchief, but not a word said she.

1. Anne Marie TESSIER, Ottawa.



SISTER ANNE MARIE (ANNE MARIE TESSIER, OTTAWA)
TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE TO POOR LITTLE ONES IN MANILA

I saw there should be no beating about the bush. Let's go to it, I said to myself. An *old parish priest* like me knows the knot has to be tied before they can live happily ever after. So I put the question more simply.

"So you want to get married?"

Poor little things, what a relief the question brought them! But what a deception, too, when I told them I did not have the powers of the Catholic priest, and consequently could not marry them! So I did the next best thing, and told them the conditions of a good and valid marriage. They went away not a little nonplussed. I must locate them again after my retreat to see whether they have acted upon my advice.

Enough has been said to show you that nobody can take any rest who wants to make the Philippines one hundred percent Catholic. It's much easier here than in China, for instance, to talk with the people in their homes. We don't need to introduce ourselves, as we are known everywhere and are very popular with everybody, from old grannies to little toddlers. Our visit is considered something like a heavenly blessing, and even the littlest ones are delighted to have the *Madres* come. They run away from their games to meet us and chorus *Madre! Madre!* Then, in keeping with the custom here, they kiss my hand; everybody does it, even the old ladies before whom I would feel like kneeling.

Every Sunday afternoon around four o'clock I call my new converts together for a catechism lesson. All who care to assist are also welcome. Sister Anne Marie is always busy on those afternoons with her courses for the poor children.



SISTER GENEVIEVE DE NANTERRE (GENEVIEVE ST. PIERRE, MONTREAL),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA,
WITH THREE PUPILS OF HERS, NEWLY BAPTIZED CHRISTIANS

I am perfectly happy in Manila, but for all that I don't forget my dear old Manchuria. Our apostolate is of a different kind. We do not have to convert pagans, though that happens once in a while; rather have we to bring back lost sheep, and God knows they are legion. We also have to teach the ignorant who call themselves Christians because they have been baptized, but who know next to nothing about the obligations of a Catholic. Pray for the success of our work and ask Our Lord to send thousands of missionaries to step right into the thick of things in the Philippines and train the millions here to direct their lives Godward.

SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR, M.I.C.

A World to Win

"What we give you doesn't belong to you! You mustn't keep it to yourself! Get in where you can reach the masses!" This is what the Communists hammer into the minds of their victims. This is what they preach from the housetops. This is how they employ the mission tactics of Christ's Church.

"What we give you doesn't belong to you!" How true it is of the priceless gift of Faith! This Faith through which we call Christ our Brother and Mary our Mother doesn't belong to us. We have no copyright on it. We cannot adopt a "hands-off" policy. We cannot pocket it as "my-own-personal-property."

Our Faith belongs to all — to banker, business man, stenographer, student, street sweeper, to Jew and Gentile, to bond and free. We too should reach the masses — we must! If we don't, the satellites of Satan will sow their cockle where we fail to sow the good seed of the Word of God.

We must reach the masses! We must be Christ-Bearers to all. We must so live and so act that men will say of us, "Christ is passing by." When we will have enough of these human ectypes of Christ, we will win the world. "A World to Win" is the Red's slogan. What do *we* say?

A MISSIONARY SISTER

Missionary Rosaries

Did you ever try to say a missionary Rosary? Let me tell you how I manage mine, at least the first five decades — Mary's Joyful Quintet. During the first decade recalling the Annunciation, I ponder the fact that the Message of Gabriel has never been announced to the God-hungry millions of heathen lands. While running my fingers along the beads of the second decade, with Mary's Visitation the theme of my thoughts, I ask our Mother to give Christ her Son to those that know Him not. My Nativity decade I offer for all the eager, wistful little specimens of humanity who have never been told the Christmas story. With holy Simeon I pray during the fourth decade that all the Gentiles of today may see the Light of the World. In the fifth and last decade, I ask the Little Lord who taught in the temple that His teachings may become the foundation stones of the edifice of every human life. Thus do I pray my Rosary for the missions; before I know it my fifty Hail Mary's are said and done. You may do the same — no rights reserved on my prayer plan.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

LEIS FOR ST. JOSEPH

St. Joseph has always been a great favorite with the Filipinos, and his *fiesta* is one of the most solemn of the year.

On that day the statue of the beloved Saint is clad anew in rich garments and carried to the parish church in a triumphant procession.

This year, during the children's Mass which preceded Solemn High Mass, our pupils recited out loud the principal prayers in English. The surprise had been prepared in honor of St. Joseph and also of dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, who bears the name of the Carpenter Saint.

One morning during Lent, on our early visit to the parish church, we became aware of the subtle fragrance of sampaguitas. Strange, we reflected, for there were absolutely no flowers on the altar. Suddenly our gaze wandered to the small shrine of St. Joseph and the perfume mystery was solved. Over the liturgical purple covering the statue during Passiontide hung a fragrant lei woven with sampaguitas. An enormous bouquet of the same flowers decked the Saint's wand.

St. Joseph's shrine is never without devotees, not even during these days dedicated by Holy Mother Church to the mystery of the Cross. At all hours of the day groups may be found kneeling before the statue; mothers fondly entrusting their offspring to his fatherly protection, students praying for success, very small children offering the candid homage of their love. They have so often seen the grownups paying their respects to St. Joseph that they know the "ritual" by heart.

On arriving at the shrine the custom here is to switch on all the electric lights, even in the noonday glare. Follows a deep salutation along with a short prayer. Rising, one then ascends the steps leading to the statue to kiss the hem of the Saint's robe, his hands, and finally the Infant Jesus all dressed up in red. The face of the Holy Child is fondly caressed as also His hands. Now comes the closing ceremonies of dipping one's fingers in one of the vigil lights burning upon the altar, reverently making unctions with it on some afflicted part of the body if sick, or, if whole, on one's eyes or mouth or ears. All these rubrics are meticulously observed even by the small fry, who go about it with a comical dignity all their own. Surely St. Joseph must shower down special blessings upon his devoted Filipinos.

1. SISTER St. Joseph de Bethleem (YVONNE ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton).

CONSOLERS OF THE SORROWFUL MOTHER

You can never have too many statues in your church. So say the old ladies of Las Pinas, and I won't deny it. All the year round they have in their House of God one statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, one of Our Lady of Consolation, plus a third, of Our Lady of Lourdes. But when comes Friday of Passion Week, a fourth is brought in of Our Lady of Sorrows garbed in a purple dress and blue mantle decorated in silver.

The old ladies all gather on that Friday afternoon to say their prayers close to the Sorrowful Mother. Naturally, they present an original sight; so oddly dressed are they, so wrinkled and bent, that you would fancy they are stepping out from the pages of a pre-Victorian story book. Along they come, hobbling, tottering, limping, some on crutches, others leaning on the shoulders of more able-bodied grannies, and still others holding on to a friendly hand. They must have taken hours to come, judging from the time they take to cross the threshold and stumble up the aisle.

The dear white-haired grannies have granddaughters displaying modern dresses from other lands. But the oldsters have not followed suit; they still prefer the ancient mantle dropping down over a double or triple skirt — skirts of varying lengths and colors, the underskirt sweeping the floor, the next touching the ankles, and the next-to-next reaching down to the



YOUNG SCHOOL-GOERS UNDER THE CONDUCT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LAS PINAS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

knees and draped on the side. Add to this a flowered or checked shawl, or maybe a simple bath towel hooding the silver locks or floating on the shoulders according to the wind's wild will. Handkies are pinned to collars, so as to be always within reach and never lost. And lastly, the ample white scapular held by ribbons and always worn as a coverall, and the fan, *sine qua non* of every Filipino costume.

The dear old grannies are unquestionably behind the times, and as unquestionably above human appreciations. At the moment their sole concern is to sympathize with the Mother of Sorrows. One by one they arrive, until the little community is formed, for that is what they do form. They have no fixed hour for their prayer meet, as they have never quite gotten the habit of calculating the time, there being no clocks nor watches when they were young.

Grouped around the Blessed Mother they light their own candles from home and begin their broken, stammered prayers. The Mother of Sorrows understands them and they understand her, so often the cup of suffering has touched their lips. Yes, deep down in their hearts they know what Mary went through beneath the Cross of her Son, in order that they and all of us might find someone to turn to when the going up our own Calvary gets hard.

They don't seem to tire keeping vigil with God's Mother. On their knees they will make the Stations as a last proof of sympathetic love. Then out again they will hobble, glad of their role of consolers of the afflicted Mother, and still more deeply attached to the One they will soon be contemplating in the Land where there shall be no more sorrow and no more tears.





A LITTLE NOOK OF THE MARKET, PORT SALUT, HAITI

AFRICA

Mission Doings at Cimbaranjala

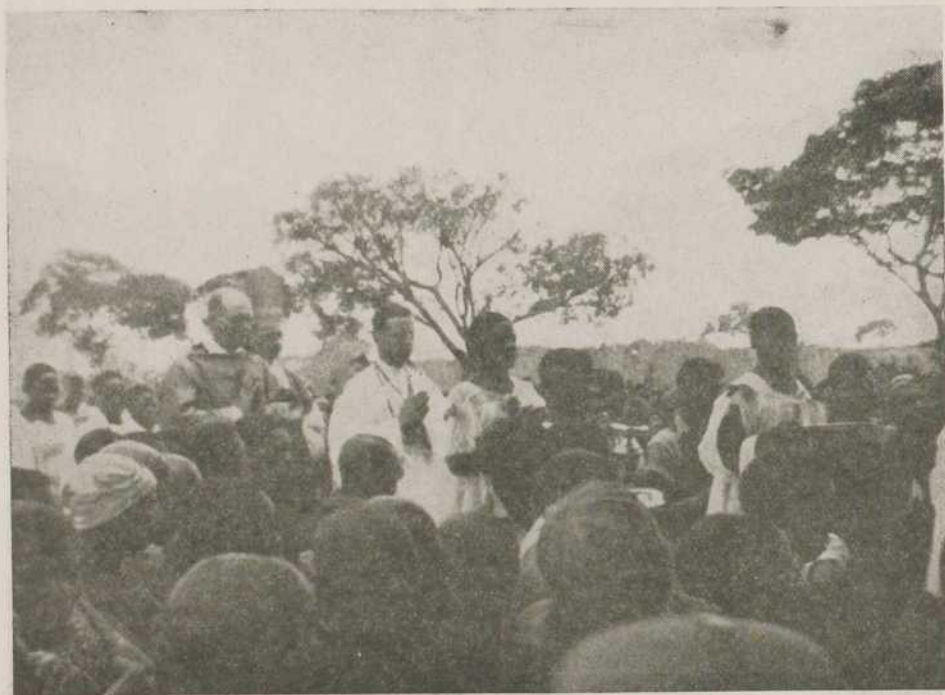
Cimbaranjala is a mission outpost situated at about thirty miles from Katete as the crow flies. On the first day of May, Msgr. St-Denis kindly invited us to accompany him there for a double ceremony of Baptism and Confirmation.

The outpost was reached after one hour's tramping through the bush. As it was the very first time that Sisters had ever set foot in this territory, the good people trooped out to see the strange sight, greeted us with shouts of welcome, and insisted on shaking hands.

Missionary Fathers had already been at work for the last few days, putting up a rustic chapel with tree trunks supporting a thatched roof. Ours the pleasant task of decking the altar with white cloths and jungle flowers. Such was the crowd of natives milling around the makeshift chapel that we had to elbow our way about to prepare the altar.

We were pleasantly surprised to meet at Cimbaranjala two French-Canadian reporters from Montreal, covering the African missions for their respective newspapers *La Patrie* and *Notre Temps*.

Thirty catechumens, nearly all of a respectable age, gathered around the altar to be made children of God. We cannot help thinking how privileged we are to have been baptized while we were yet tiny infants. So many souls here are groping in the dark after the true God, while too few, alas, are the missionaries to reach them all with the glad tidings of salvation.



MSGR. ST-DENIS, PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF NORTHERN NYASALAND,
WITH DEACON AND SUBDEACON AT THE BAPTISM CEREMONY, CIMBARANJALA, AFRICA



SISTER JOSEPH DU SAUVEUR (BERENGERE CADIEUX, MONTREAL NORTH)
WITH BLACK FACES EVERYWHERE

Solemn High Mass was celebrated after the baptismal ceremony. Thousands of natives were present, a great number being as yet non-Christians. Berua, native chief of the district, also attended. In spite of the late hour numerous Christians received Holy Communion.

Mass over, Msgr. St-Denis dubbed the newly-made Christians knights of Christ through Confirmation. These splendid missionary ceremonies afford us heartfelt joys and renew our gratitude to God for our sublime vocation.

We were exchanging a few words with Brother Jean Marie and the two reporters when a very old negress came forward with a request. She had been baptized with the others and her wrinkled old face was alight with joy. But one thing was missing to make her happiness complete; she wanted very much to have a pair of beads to hang around her neck, as the Christians here usually do. Would Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ give her the large rosary hanging from her belt? How sorry we felt to be obliged to refuse! Granny was about to take her leave when one of the reporters, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a handsome black rosary he had brought from Basutoland, and gave it to Sister Superior as a gift for the old lady. You should have seen the joy of the poor old soul. She dragged herself on her knees before her benefactor, bowing to the ground and repeating *Yewo, yewo comene!*

With prayerful pleas to the Queen of May to bless these good people and their missionaries, we struck for the home trail.

SISTER MARIE DELIA, M.I.C.⁽²⁾

1. SISTER MADELEINE MARIE (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount).

2. Marie Marthe TERRIEN, Ottawa.



GETTING READY FOR DINNER, AS IT IS DONE IN NORTHERN NYASALAND

MERCEDES, CUBA

Youth Earns for the Bread of Life

Our Lord now has twenty-eight more flesh-and-blood tabernacles in Mercedes.

The little ones, pupils of ours, knelt for their first host in the morning of May 7. Of course it was in the parish church, you will say — nay, not so! Our church being of nutshell size, when twenty-eight youngsters meet for the Great Day it has to be in the kiosk on the park grounds. Our convent altar, which had been carried there for the occasion, looked prettily from out the red blossoms and thick greenery all around. Mass was offered under the glorious ceiling of a sunlit Cuban sky, in God's great outdoor cathedral, with a red majestic backdrop bringing out the white of the lilies on the altar. A little above the tabernacle had been placed a cardboard chalice surmounted by a glowing host. Graceful palm boughs made the rendezvous still more attractive.

Kneeling in their makeshift pews, the proud dads and mommies watched the white cortege coming forward with two "angels" in the lead. Boys and girls alike were dressed in spotless white; each carried a candle and a lily made gay with ribbons.



SISTER LEON JOSEPH (SIMONE SABOURIN, ST. ISIDORE DE PRESCOTT, ONT.)
WITH THREE OF HER PUPILS



REV. FATHER LEMIRE, M.E., SISTER MADELEINE DU SAUVEUR (ALICE LABELLE, MONTREAL),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH THREE CHILDREN
BAPTIZED ON JUNE 24 AND THE TWO "ANGELS" OF THE MORROW'S FIRST COMMUNION,
MERCEDES, CUBA

Rev. Father Langlois said Mass and Rev. Father de Charette addressed a sermon to the little communicants. Hymns and prayers were also designed to prepare the twenty-eight young souls for the coming of the King. At last it was the solemn moment. There being no altar rail, the two "angels" had to hold the Communion cloth while the children knelt at the Eucharistic Banquet.

Not many of the parents partook of the same Banquet offered to them; but all were evidently impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. One lady present whispered in a Sister's ear, "Oh, isn't it beautiful! May those dear little ones remain always as pure as they are now!"

In keeping with the local custom we served breakfast to the First Communicants in one of the classrooms gayly decorated in white and pink.

This was our first event of the kind in Cuba, and being one of our firsts, has left us simply thrilled. It was still the topic of conversation when, on June 25, twenty-six other students, public school pupils for the most part, became in their turn presence chambers of the Lord of Heaven.

Three of these had been baptized in our chapel the previous day. They were Rosendo Carrillo, colored boy of seven, a pupil of ours; Lazaro, ten, a public school pupil; and Gilda Carrillo, a winsome black girl of ten. This little girl almost had to fight for her dear little white Jesus. Her father and mother didn't care to have her baptized and even seemed to be opposed to that. Several times wee Gilda came to us, sobbing pitifully, telling us she *was* going to be baptized at any cost. Not to be daunted, she brought forward all the arguments a ten-year-old can think of, and finally her parents gave in. Feeling like a million dollars, the loving friend of Our Savior came at the appointed hour with her godfather and godmother.

Gilda is only a little girl, and we're sure she doesn't know much theology; but her heart tells her that Jesus is the One she must love. This dear ten-year-old — black skin, white soul — is living proof that the Cubans hunger for the Bread of Life as much as any other people. May hundreds of priests come over here to break It for them!

Catholic News Briefs

Ukraine Keeps Faith Intact

VIENNA, (NC) — The Catholic Church exists only in the "catacombs," in what is today the Soviet Ukraine. They are the twentieth century catacombs: old barns and mountain recesses in the Carpathian wilds.

This is the picture gathered from reports of refugees from this area, which once boasted of a flourishing Church with a number of Bishops, thousands of priests and millions of faithful, belonging mainly to the Greek rite.

However, while the Catholic Church in both the Latin and Byzantine rites has been officially banned, with its property being turned over to the Orthodox (schismatic) Church, these reports state that Catholic religious life has actually been intensified. It is being practiced with a heroic tenacity.

Because no Catholic priest is permitted by law to exercise pastoral functions and the number of priests, who now live in disguise, has been sharply reduced by persecution, religious services are few and distant.

Dr. Friedrich Funder

Catholics Total 104,907 In Syria

DAMASCUS, Syria, (NC) — The Catholic population of Syria totals 104,907, according to an official census. The various rites are divided as follows: Melkite, 49,543; Syrian, 17,613; Armenian, 17,493; Maronites, 14,133, and Latin, 6,125.

The schismatic Orthodox church, comprising believers of the Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean and Nestorian Rites, numbers 307,144 followers. Protestants total 11,959. This makes the total Christian population of Syria 424,020 of 3,043,310 Syrians altogether. That includes 2,488,901 Moslems and the remainder are composed of Druses, Jews and Yezids, a Kurdish sect.

Syria has the largest Christian population of any Middle East Moslem state after Egypt, which has 1,999,000 Christians in a population of 19,060,000.

Foe of Church Dies In Faith

MEXICO, (NC) — Dr. Rafael Martinez, known by the pen-name "Rip-Rip" in the field of Mexican journalism, who once abjured the Faith, has died in the fold of the Church.

Also a legislator and diplomat, Doctor Martinez was the man who, 32 years ago, was responsible for the enactment of Article 3 of the Mexican Constitution, which deprives the Church of any influence in the nation's schools. He died at Guadalajara after having made a public confession of renewed Catholic faith, a solemn retraction of his errors and attacks on the Church and renouncing masonry on his death.

"I wish to live and die within the heart of my Mother, the Catholic Church," he told Rev. Ambrose Gonzalez, chaplain of the Guadalupean Hospital at Guadalajara, where he lay seriously ill.

Church authorities authorized Msgr. A. Ruiz Vidaurri, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in the same town, to receive from Senor Martinez the adjuration of his errors, to absolve him from all Church penalties, to administer to him conditionally the Sacrament of Baptism and to revalidate his marriage. Doctor Martinez attended the Mexico City seminary for six years.

"After receiving Holy Communion," says La Voz Parroquial, published by the Guadalupe church, "the chaplain helped him to offer thanks, which the patient did with fervor; when he was being congratulated by the priests, doctors and others around him, he exclaimed: 'This is the greatest day of my life.'"

Tokyo Reports Catholic Gain

TOKYO, (NC) — An increase of 21 per cent in the number of baptized Catholics, as also of the catechumens, in the Archdiocese of Tokyo is revealed by a comparison of official statistics issued by the Archdiocese in 1948 and 1949.

The percentage of increase in the Catholic population in 1947 was only 19 per cent above the 1946 figure. The number of Catholics, which was given at 10,307 last year, has now risen to 12,441, while catechumens still under instruction now number 4,209 as compared with 3,480 last year.

The total of baptisms for this year is 3,465, including 1,727 adults as compared with 1,413 adults last year and only 943 in 1947. Another encouraging feature of this year's report is the number of annual confessions which rose from 6,099 to 7,711, an increase of 26 per cent since 1948.

The report lists 26 parishes this year as compared with 21 last year, and of these six had more than 100 adult converts.

The new monastery of the Conventual Franciscans in the Akabane sector of Tokyo, has been inaugurated. By acts of Archbishop Peter Doi of Tokyo a new parish was erected there on the same day. The Conventual Fathers have likewise purchased property for the establishment of their own major seminary in the Oji sector of Tokyo.

The Conventual Fathers have also purchased property in Osaka for the erection of the Order's printery in that city, according to the Rev. Donatus Goscinski, a native of Poland, who is Superior of the Conventual Monastery here. The printery is in Nagasaki now.

Another activity of the Conventual Fathers here is the building of a workshop for poor widows near the monastery. The workshop will enable these widows to do needlework to obtain additional funds for their family budgets.

Rev. W. A. Kaschmitter, M.M.

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)

Direction, given in confidential talks in his room, supplemented his work in the confessional, and was productive of hardly less good. Two or three instances have been preserved which illustrate its effectiveness. A student who, during the preceding year had taken first prizes, fell lower and lower in his class until he ranked with the laziest and most stupid. The prefect had the happy thought of recommending him to Father Chanel, to whom he said, "Have a special care over that child; his mind is ill at ease because his conscience needs to be set in order." So well did Father Chanel succeed that soon the boy was again at the head of his class.

An older student, against the rule of the college, had received a bad book. Father Chanel learned this and at once sent for him. As the young man afterwards related, he refused to give up his book until he was so earnestly besought that his heart was touched by the priest's solicitude and zeal, and he sacrificed it willingly.

But zealous as he was, Father Chanel urged none of the students to a degree of perfection which God did not seem to require of him. The greater number were destined, not for the priesthood, but to live in the world; and for these it sufficed that they should be faithful in essentials. He aimed to uproot their evil tendencies, and to inspire a love of duty strong enough to enable them, in after years, to stand firm amid the temptations certain to assail them.

Father Chanel was not content with devoting himself only to the souls of those sheltered within the school; he directed, also, many others whom God sent to him in various ways. Sometimes he had the joy of reclaiming a sinner; sometimes a priest would make a retreat under his guidance, and often he was called to a hospital across the street from the college, where God's work was white for the harvest. Many a night his sleep was interrupted by a call to attend the sick.

One patient was for months under his care, a poor unfortunate who was subject to attacks of insanity in which he sometimes became so violent that the attendants were obliged to bind him and put him in a padded cell. When the man was sane he displayed every evil passion and spoke only blasphemy. Father Chanel, thirsting to gain his soul for God, applied to the convent of Bon-Repos for the prayers of the nuns, and then began to go often to see him, taking gifts and delicacies. Little by little he won the man's heart; he instructed him and received him into the Church; and when the end came the poor fellow died peacefully.

During the vacation following Father Chanel's first year as spiritual

director of the college, he had the joy, the unhopd-for joy, of going to Rome. At that time — 1833 — the Society of Mary had been in existence for seventeen years, and Father Colin believed that the moment had come to submit to the Pope an account of its spirit and its works and to beg his approbation of them. He consulted Cardinal Macchi, then nuncio at Paris, who advised him to go to Rome, assuring him that the approbation of the Holy See would be given readily, if it was desired by the Bishops of Lyons and Belley. At once Father Colin appealed to both bishops for letters which he might present at Rome; they gave them gladly, and the Bishop of Grenoble begged to be allowed to add his commendation to theirs. These letters obtained, Father Colin drew up an address to Gregory XVI, and had it signed by the seventeen priests who formed the Society. This address, dated August twenty-third, 1833, gave a summary of the rule of the new institute, which proposed to comprise, in time, priests, lay-brothers, sisters and a third order. To one who was surprised by the vastness of the plan about to be submitted to the Holy Father, Father Colin thus explained his purpose: "The object of my trip is only to get advice about our enterprise and to fulfill a vow I made long ago, to work at it until it has been submitted to the Sovereign Pontiff. I have, in the opening lines of my address, said emphatically that there is now no question on the approbation of the Society; that, later, we will present a more detailed rule; that, at present, we seek only the advice and the approbation of the Holy See for the continuation of the enterprise."

Father Colin chose Father Bourdin and Father Chanel for his companions, and the three set forth on the twenty-sixth of August, the day the college closed. They began their journey with a pilgrimage to Fourviere, dearly loved as the cradle of their Society. On September fourth they embarked at Marseilles on a brig called "Madone de Bon-Secours." As they left port two vessels a short distance ahead of theirs collided, damaging them so seriously that both were unable to proceed on their way. "We need fear no disaster," Father Chanel said; "Our ship belongs to the Blessed Virgin." The voyage was, indeed, made without accident, but it was not until the fifteenth of September that the party reached Rome.

Their first visit was to St. Peter's. After having satisfied his devotion by praying for some time, Father Chanel admired the vastness of the great Cathedral of Christendom, and the treasures enshrined within it. "The church dedicated to my patron saint is indeed worthy of him," he remarked, with a smile. The next morning he said Mass at the Confession of St. Peter, and afterwards, impelled by love of his patron, he went to the Mamertine prison and Mount Janiculum.

His visits to the catacombs of St. Sebastian and St. Lawrence filled his soul with awe and joy, and surely it was but fitting that he should drink deeply of the sweetness of treading the ground hallowed by the feet of many destined to be martyred and of praying close to the tombs of those who long, long ago shed their blood for Christ. "To make a retreat here one would need the help of neither book nor preacher," he said enthusiastically. "Every step suggests holy memories; the very air is sweet

with the perfume of faith and piety; it is impregnated with the blood of martyrs."

He did not forget St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, whose name he had chosen when he was about to be confirmed. He said Mass on the tomb of his patron and prayed there particularly for the students of Belley, to whom he had often recommended the boy saint as patron and model. And, ever mindful of his dear Sodalties, before he left Rome he had them affiliated to those of the Roman College, that his boys might share in the privileges which various Popes had lavished on the Roman confraternities.

He loved Rome — loved it intensely. As he said, in the Eternal City he breathed everywhere the perfume of devotion to Mary. It rejoiced his heart to see her image in all the houses and sometimes even on the exterior; and he was even more deeply impressed to behold the beauty and magnificence of the churches which Roman piety had raised to honor her under her sweetest and most consoling titles. It made him happy, too, to pray in churches where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for Forty Hours Devotion. "In France," he said sadly, "we have Forty Hours but once a year. If, following the example of Rome, it could be made perpetual in our great cities, what graces countless souls would reap, and what reparation might be made to Our Lord for the outrages to which He is subjected in the Sacrament of His love."

But the piety which attracted Father Chanel to every spot hallowed by the blood of martyrs, or rich in association with some great servant of God, did not crowd out all desire to see works of art and places of historic interest. He visited galleries and public buildings in the time left him after he had satisfied his devotion, and had given a part of each day to the service of his superior. He acted as Father Colin's secretary, accompanied him when he was obliged to make visits, and to spare him fatigue, attended to all business matters in which Father Colin's presence was not indispensable.

On reaching Rome the little band of Marists had taken to Cardinal Macchi the letters they had brought with them, and he had charged himself with presenting them to the Holy Father. But so many were clamoring for audiences that they feared it would be impossible for them to obtain one. Father Chanel told Cardinal Macchi of their deep regret at this, and the kindly prelate said, "Do not grieve. I shall ask His Holiness to grant my dear Marists an audience." Thanks to his intercession in their behalf, Gregory XVI received them on September twenty-eighth. That same day Father Chanel wrote, "Our audience lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. I could never tell you all that I felt. I seemed to be in a dream. After leaving the Vatican we went to a nearby church and said the Te Deum and the Magnificat in thanksgiving for the great favor we had received." In blessing them the Holy Father had said, "Increase and multiply and spread over all the earth," and the zealous Marists kept these words in their hearts and prayed for their accomplishment, for God's greater glory and the honor of His Holy Mother.

(To be continued)



Novitiate Doings

Wednesday, July 27

The foot-falls of the Angel of Death have echoed sorrowfully within our hearts. One we have loved during the two short years we have known her has been called to her Maker; our beloved Superior, after long months of suffering borne with resignation, has passed on to God, her deeds for Him and souls going on before her.

Sister Marie de la Visitation (Elise Croteau, St. Antoine de Tilly) was a veteran missionary who had labored eight years in the Philippine Islands and eighteen more at our Vancouver Oriental Hospital. The call of Obedience brought her to us in November of 1947. Since then, as Superior of the Novitiate, she had ever been a perfect exemplar of fervor, of fidelity to the rules, of loyalty to the Community, an inspiring model for us who are beginning the religious life.

Following the Requiem Mass sung at the Motherhouse, relatives and friends accompanied the mortal remains to our Community cemetery at a few stones' throw from the Novitiate. After the usual prayers the cold clay was rolled upon the coffin to hide it from our sight forevermore. Close to the great white Christ our beloved Superior now sleeps awaiting the glorious Resurrection Morn.

O kind, O loving Virgin Mary, lead our dear one close to your divine Son, whose Mystical Body she has so often increased when on the missions she gave Baptism to poor hapless pagans.

Thursday, August 4

The annual retreat is over. With Rev. Father A. M. Bissonnette, O.P., as retreat master, we have spent eight days checking on how best to live the remaining 357. Now everyone's spiritual forces are keyed up for the duration of another year, and everyone is going back to the good old place assigned by Holy Obedience.

Friday, August 5

Retreat closing brings the longed-for day of consecration to the divine Bridegroom. During holy Mass fifteen Junior Professed Sisters renewed their sacred pledges in happy protestation of their desire to take back nothing of what they have so generously given to God.

Later on in the morning the Community assembled in the chapel to assist at the first taking of vows of eighteen novices. Black veils, silver crucifixes, and rosaries were blessed and distributed by Very Rev. Canon E. de Carufel, pastor of St. Anne de Yamachiche parish. At the Clothing ceremony in the afternoon seven postulants were invested in the livery of the Lady of Lourdes. Very Rev. Canon V. Rochette, procurator at the Archbishop's Palace, Quebec, received their initial promise and gave reading of the new names they will bear in their new calling. They will in the future be known as follows: Miss Eveline Bourassa, Paincourt, Ont. (Sister St. Felix); Miss Francoise Cote, Danville (Sister Francoise Cabrini); Miss Therese Fong, Canton, China (Sister Teresa Marie); Miss Denise Larose, Montreal (Sister Rose de Viterbe); Miss Floriane Gagnon, St. Jean de Matha (Sister St. Jean de Matha); Miss Therese Deziel, Cote St. Paul (Sister St. Pascal Baylon); and Miss Georgette Barrette, Montreal (Sister St. Georgette).

The youngest of the religious family were enjoying their happiness to the full when eleven Junior Professed Sisters took their places in the sanctuary for the final consecration and reception of the blessed ring that will mark them off forever as Christ's own. The Sisters were: Sister Raymond de Jesus (Laurette Edger, Montreal); Sister St. Imelda (Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba); Sister Marie Adrienne (Aline Vincent, Montreal); Sister Marie Andre (Lucille Michaud, Plessisville); Sister Marie Donalda (Marguerite Cloutier, Montreal); Sister St. Yvette (Yvette Carle, Joliette); Sister St. Pierre (Jeanne Guinois, Cote St. Michel); Sister St. Omer (Madeleine Delorme, Worcester, Mass.); Sister St. Germaine (Germaine Laflamme, St. Luc de Bellechasse); Sister St. Francoise (Lucienne Dandurand, St. Clet, Soulanges County); and Sister Marie Eugene (Simonne Perreault, Joliette).

Monday, August 8

Above the din of the world sounds still the quiet call of the Savior to come and follow Him. In the silence of the heart thirty young ladies have heard it, and today they have come asking to be admitted as postulants to learn of the religious life at close range.

Welcome, little Sisters! We need thousands like you to help us win the world back for Christ and Mary!



Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; potters mould the clay as they will; carpenters give shape to the wood; good people fashion themselves.

Indian Proverb



Rosemary, Gerald, and John Take the Pumpkins in After Class

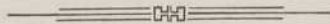


Thanks for past prayers said for me. S., **Montreal**. — I sincerely thank Our Blessed Mother for all the favors she has obtained for me. Please help me pray to obtain peace of mind for my brother, that he will be able to go to Mass again and receive the Sacraments. Miss B., **Montreal**. — Thank you for your prayers. Mrs. D. A., **Laprairie**. — Please publish my thanks in **The Precursor**. Our Blessed Lady has cured me without any operation. Miss L., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a great favor received. Mrs. D., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Thanks for a cure. Mrs. R. T., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. B. L., **Pointe aux Trembles**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. I. K. B. — All my gratitude for a favor that has been granted me. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Anonymous. — Grateful thanks for a cure obtained. J.C.H., **Montreal**. — Please publish my heartfelt thanks for a favor received. I hope Our Blessed Mother will keep on protecting us. A.L. — I wish to fulfill a promise in honor of Our Immaculate Mother in thanksgiving for a favor received. I am also requesting another favor. Mrs. M., **Northampton, Mass.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor attributed to her intercession. Mrs. R. L., **Outremont**. — Grateful thanks for improvement in my health. Mrs. W. B. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother

for a favor received. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. — I wish to publish my thanks to Mary for a favor received. Mrs. D., **Montreal**.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Please have a Mass said to the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother for looking after Mother and Dad in the past; I hope they will do so in the future. H. P., **Montreal**. — Please accept an offering for the Little Flower Burse for a favor asked and granted. J. O'D., **Westmount**. — Please have some candles burn before the Sacred Heart of Jesus in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. O. B., **Conn.** — Please join me in thanking St. Therese for her many kindnesses. I am recommending two special intentions to her. Mrs. M. — Gratitude to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received through her intercession. G. G., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank St. Jude for the sale of a house and for another great favor. E. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Sincere thanks to the Holy Family, St. Anne, and St. Therese for relief in an illness. Mrs. P. B. — Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor obtained through her intercession. L. L., **Lowell, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to Our Heavenly Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the happy solution of a financial problem. Mrs. J. L. — Grateful thanks to Our Lady of Fatima and the Little Flower of Jesus for many favors received in the past. May they keep on protecting me and mine. M., **Montreal**. — Please publish my thanksgiving to St. Martha. I have made novenas to her on several occasions and have never known them to fail. Mrs. D., **Keegan, Me.**



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



PETITIONS

Will you please pray for me as my nerves have been bad lately. M. G. — Will you kindly make a novena for all my intentions right away: for my only son and his wife, for my daughter, and for other intentions. Mrs. C., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for all my intentions, especially that I will have peace of mind and the trouble and worry of the past months will cease. Mrs. M., **Ont.** — Please pray for all my intentions. Mrs. M., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please have prayers said for me and a dear one. I want a special intention so badly. Mrs. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — Will you please join me in prayer to the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of a loving friend. Mrs. O., **Ont.** — Please remember in your prayers and Masses spiritual favors I ardently desire. Mrs. D., **River Canard, Ont.** — Please make a novena for my intentions. A. G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Kindly say special prayers to Our Blessed Mother that I may receive an answer to my prayers as soon as possible. Miss B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Would you please make a novena so we could sell our property soon and get our price. Mrs. A. A., **Bath, Me.** — Please have Masses said with the enclosed offering so that members of our family will find work. M. B., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Would you kindly have a Mass said for my favor. Mrs. N. LaF., **West Springfield, Mass.** — Will you please make a novena in honor of the Blessed Mother for my intentions. Mrs. X., **New Jersey.** — My aunt, who is suffering from a paralytic stroke, would like you to pray for her. Mrs. M. S., **Woonsocket, R.I.** — Will you please pray for my daughter who was born partly paralyzed and who will be operated on in two weeks. Mrs. N. M., **Woonsocket, R.I.** — Please pray for my family and my husband; also have a High Mass said for a special intention. Mrs. O. D., **Grosvenordale, Conn.** — Please continue with prayers for our health and our intentions. Mrs. M. S., **Norwich, Conn.** — Please say a prayer for me. Sister P., **Philadelphia.** — I would like to get three favors:

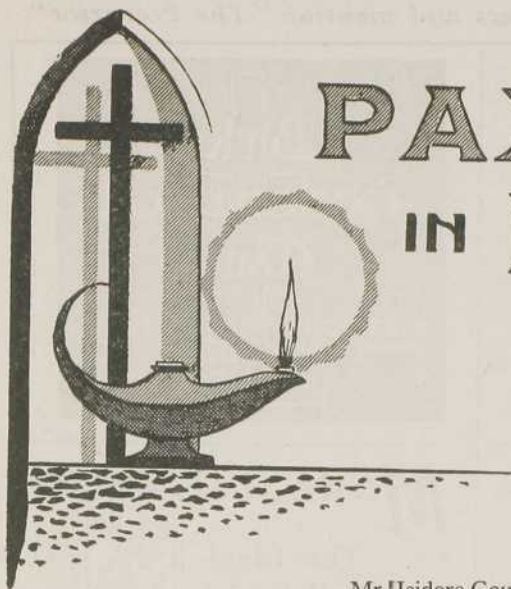
perfect health for my husband, my nine-months-old baby, and myself; a worthwhile job for my husband; success in an undertaking. Mrs. G. A., **Ville Emard.** — Please pray for the father of a family who has long been neglecting his religious duties and whose conduct is far from edifying. Please pray also for peace in a family. Anonymous, **Sorel.** — Will you please pray for peace in a family and success in my little undertakings. Anonymous. — Please pray for several intentions. A subscriber.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Please pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph so that things will change and we may be able to overcome our debts. Mrs. H. G., **La Salle.** — May I ask that my prayers be united with yours in a novena to St. Jude, patron saint of the impossible. I need help desperately. Mrs. MacD., **Montreal.** — Please find enclosed one dollar for a low Mass for the Holy Souls in Purgatory for a special intention. Kindly remember us in your prayers. Mrs. H. W. — Could you please pray to the dear Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne so that my prayers and wishes be answered and we may have a family. Mrs. X. — Please have the good Sisters make a novena for me in honor of the Sacred Heart that my health may be restored to enable me to do my own housework and look after my family. Mrs. I. M. — Knowing your revered Mother Foundress' great devotion to Our Immaculate Mother, we appeal to your good prayers asking you to intercede with your revered Foundress for a special intention. Sister X., **Alexandria, Ont.**

Readers are requested to remember in their prayers the following intentions: conversions, 3; vocations, 3; cures, 23; employment, 5; special intentions, 38.

MASS is celebrated once a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all living Benefactors.



PAX IN DEO

(From notifications
received before
September 10)

• Mrs. F. X. Lanctot, **Montreal**, mother of our late Sister Therese du Carmel; Mr. Henri Yergeau, M. A. Donato, Mr. G. Vaillancourt, Mrs. Andre Villeneuve, Mrs. Pradet, Mr. Henri Marengo, Mr. M. A. Amphion, Mr. Leopold Presseau, Mrs. Victoria Vincent, Mrs. Leandre Lefebvre, Mr. Albert Blouin, Mr. Elié Narbonne,

Mr. Isidore Gougeon, Mr. Napoleon Pelletier, Mr. Alphonse Robillard, Mrs. Marie Leblanc, Mrs. Geoffrion, Mrs. Ernestine Lange, **Montreal**; Mr. J. C. Shea, **Notre Dame de Grace**;

Mr. Alphonse Chartier, Mr. and Mrs. William Latendresse, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. Ovide Clairmont, **Montreal North**; Mr. Henri Sirois, **Montreal South**; Mr. Alphonse Drouin, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mr. C. Dutrisac, **L'Abord a Plouffe**; Mr. Marc Archambault, **St. Antoine de Vercheres**; Mrs. J. B. Letourneau, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Ovide Bertrand, **La Providence, St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Camille Martin, **St. Pie**; Mr. J. B. Langlois, Mr. Philias Lamothe, Mrs. Donald Robillard, Mrs. Chas. Bourret, **Granby**; Miss Laurea Masse, **Roxton Falls**; Mr. F. X. Piche, **Upton**; Mr. J. E. McComber, **Chateauguay**; Mrs. G. A. Charbonneau, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs. Pierre Lapointe, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Joseph Laliberte, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mrs. Florence Turgeon, **St. Ferdinand**; Miss Edwidge Labelle, **St. Louis de Gonzague**; Mrs. Thomas Ferland, **St. Marie**; Mr. Alfred Jacques, **Tring Junction**; Mrs. Basile Lemieux, **Charny**; Mrs. Joseph Veilleux, **Daaquam Station**; Mrs. Ph. Tremblay, **St. Luce sur Mer**; Mr. Joseph Cloutier, **Luceville**; Mr. Alphonse Roussel, **Les Hauteurs**; Mr. Henri Paul Tremblay, Mrs. Ernest Tremblay, **Bagotville**; Mr. Andre Levesque, **Kenogami**; Mrs. L. N. Asselin, **Hebertville Station**; Mr. Emile Beaugard, **St. Liboire**; Mrs. Ludger Tremblay, **St. Hilarion**; Mr. Archange Lavoie, Miss Elisabeth Lavoie, **Petite Riviere St. Francois**; Mrs. Luc Castonguay, **Mansfield Centre, Conn.**; Mrs. Delia Garipey, **Putnam, Conn.**; Mrs. Martial Michaud, Miss Marie Candide Anctil, **Salem, Mass.**; Miss Rose Anna Gagne, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Denis P. Martin, Mrs. Zephirin Daigle, Mr. Jean Paul Beaulieu, **Madawaska, Me.**; Mr. Olivier Craw, Mr. Leon Gauvin, Mr. Ovide W. Thibault, Mrs. Jos. Boutin, Mr. G. Emond, Mr. H. Cormier, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mrs. Thomas Violette, **Old Town, Me.**; Mrs. Rose E. Lawlis, **Haulton, Me.**; Mrs. Philomene Caron, **Presqu'île, Me.**; Mr. Honore Hebert, **Fort Kent, Me.**; Miss Katherine Burke, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mr. Edwin Burke, **Bath, N.B.**; Mrs. Elm Drew, **Montreal**.

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

All the way to Heaven is Heaven, for Christ said: I am the Way.

St. Catherine of Siena

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The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

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

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

Closed retreats for women and girls.

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

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

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

Main Feasts.— Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 HANG, 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,
Setagaya 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.



Philippine Photo