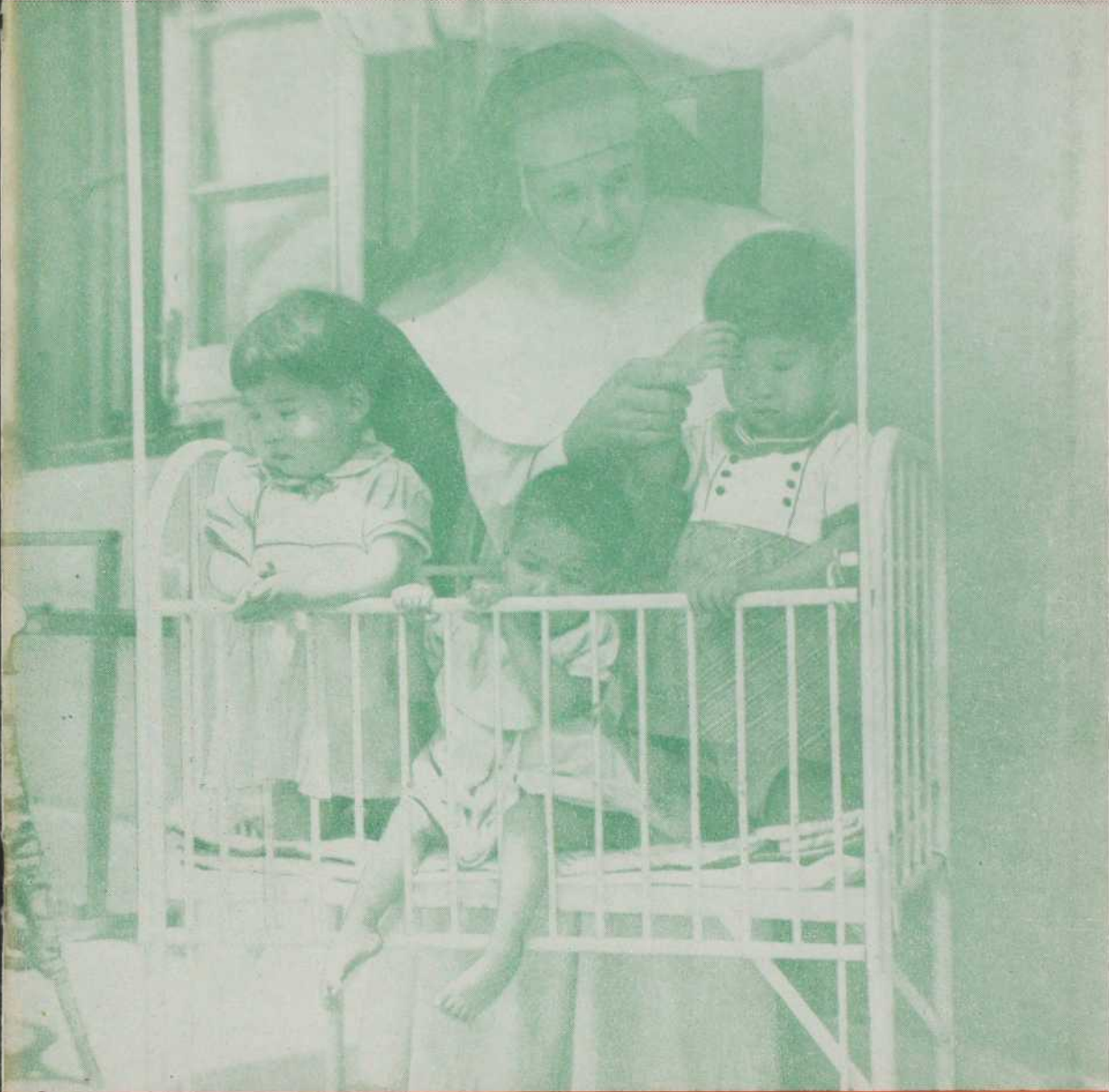


No. 7, Vol. XVII, 28th Year.  
Montreal, January-February 1950

# *The Precursor*



*Canton, China -- "In the Name of the Father"*

# 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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*A Child Is Born to Us  
Come, ye Gentiles, and adore the Lord*





# A Blessed Year to All

Our prayers and praise to Thee again arise,  
O Father in Heaven.  
Grant us in Thy bounty a Happy, Holy Year,  
a golden milestone on the way to Thee.

On souls of good will  
in this Holy Year of Benediction  
shower the abundance  
of Thy favors.

Graciously grant peace in our days,  
the Peace that sanctified the hour  
wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of Peace upon our universe began.

Grant that the affliction of Mother Church  
may be her penitential season,  
her Advent — heralding Thy Nativity  
in the hearts of those that love Thee,  
in the hearts of the strayed,  
in the hearts of those elected  
Thy witnesses unto the ends of earth.

In the dawn of this consecrated twelvemonth  
remember with the favors of Thy choice  
Thy missionaries,  
their parents, friends, benefactors,  
and all readers of the Precursor,  
that wishes ever to prepare Thy ways, O Father!





## Holy Night

*The night was filled with glory  
When Heaven stooped to earth,  
And Angels sang the story  
Of midnight manger birth.*

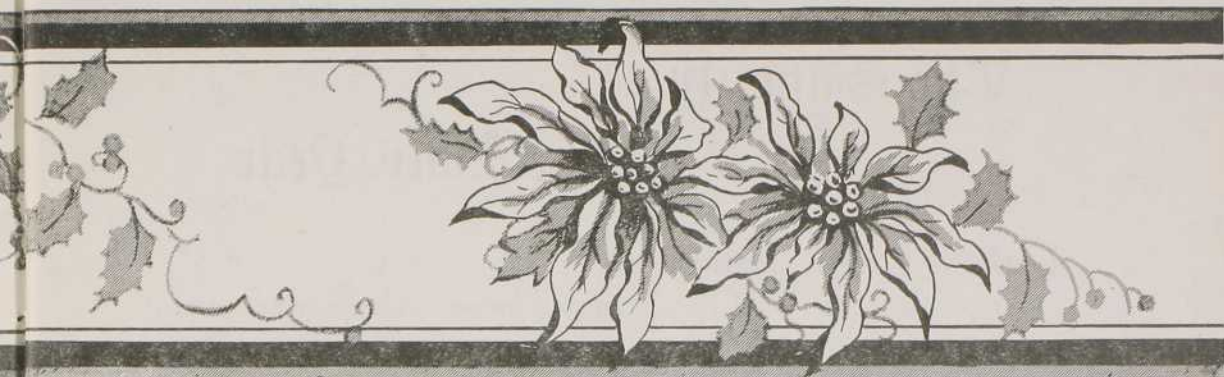
*The night was hushed and holy,  
A red-robed acolyte,  
What time the Host was lifted  
In hands of lily white.*

*The Angels paved a pathway  
From Heaven to the hill  
To chant to wond'ring shepherds  
The anthem of good will.*

*The stars rejoiced, exultant ;  
Alone, detached and free,  
One swung through space God seeking  
And vigil kept o'er three —*

*A guardian and a mother,  
A Baby bosom-pressed ;  
Two mortals with the Deathless,  
Divine on human breast.*





*His Mansion was in Juda,  
His earthly Paradise ;  
The Godhead gleamed with glory  
In newborn Infant's eyes.*

\* \* \*

*In temples of the pagan  
More herdsmen have adored,  
But heathen shrines are soulless,  
Bereft of Christ the Lord.*

*One night has never marvelled,  
Its heart has never thrilled ;  
The heathen hills are dreary,  
Their longing unfulfilled.*

*O Savior, pave a pathway  
To where the Gentiles sit  
In shades of death and error,  
In night ne'er Heaven-lit!*

M.S.I.C.

# The Sanctity of the Holy Year

The Holy Year is drawing near.

O God, how Thou must be yearning to impart Thy goodness to men!

If only for one moment, just one moment during the generous respite of the Holy Year, men could be made to sense the awful majesty of Thy holiness and the unbounded sweetness of Thy love in every fibre of their being!

If only old men and young, mothers and maidens, those who toil and those who pray, the priest at the altar and the faithful kneeling round it, all men of all tongues and all races, could just pronounce the word holy and realise that they were created to be holy like Thee, that they have been destined to walk untrammelled by evil!

Will such a prayer remain unanswered? Is it impossible that a flood of goodness will pour through the Holy Doors and flood the whole earth?

For the Israelites, the Jubilee was a year announced by the very trumpet which summoned them to the foot of Mount Sinai, that same trumpet at the sound of which the walls of Jericho crumbled to the ground. Under the Mosaical Law, there were other years consecrated to God, such as the Sabbatical Year which fell every seven years, a period during which the Jews were forbidden to till the earth and had to devote themselves to meditation on God, the Sovereign Master of time and space.

But the year which followed the seventh Sabbatical Year, the fiftieth year, was a milestone in the destiny of Israel. It was seven times holy and overflowed with a sanctity which frustrated the plans of men and the calculations of the worldly-wise.

God reminded the Jews that the earth He had created was holy and that it was His. But sin had brought slavery and misery into it, a dishonour He would bear with patience seven times seven. At the fiftieth year, however, He insisted that His victory must be complete. Work which gave creatures the impression they were creators had to be suspended. The earth which He had distributed with justice but which men had re-appportioned by the fruit of their labour had to be returned to its rightful owners.

God wished all men to be equal in His sight. That mockery of a man, the slave, a name that filled Him with horror, had to be released in the fiftieth year as a reminder to other men that they came from Him and would return to Him; as a reminder of the Goodness which made them and of the Goodness which awaited them . . .

The recollection of the Old Testament Fiftieth Year will help us prepare for our Holy Year because this Jubilee will be holy in the measure in which

God takes possession of us. A certain preacher speaking at the funeral of a king, reminded his hearers that God alone was great. If we have belittled God, we should remember that He cannot be restricted. We must listen to Him, for He wishes to cleanse our souls and purify them from the riches we refuse to surrender, from the slaves we will not liberate, from the idolatry of selfishness we call conquest and success.

Like the guests at the Supper described in the parable of the Gospel, we find a thousand excuses. But woe to those of us who do not realise we are closing our hearts to a generous God. Woe to those who refuse to hear the voice of the sufferers around us, or who do not discover the point where the road forks and leads to God.

Whether our lives have been good or bad, the goodness of the Holy Year will re-fashion them.

The Holy Year comes to us through him who holds the keys of justice and mercy. There are many souls on earth through whom the Holy Ghost operates, and they are more numerous than they seem. But the only one who promulgates the truth, the only one who, be he saint or sinner, spreads the goodness of God throughout the earth is he towards whom penitents walk in endless procession.

For them he is no human idol but a living symbol given to all men for their sanctification. When they approach him, therefore, inspire their hearts, O God, and give them the grace to understand something of the goodness which makes men die of love. And when they have touched the Rock on which Thy foot rests, grant that they may return to their homes, their daily toil enlightened by the grace which will guide their steps for ever.

MSGR. ANDRE BARON

---

## HOLY YEAR CALENDAR

### DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY

- December 24 : The Holy Door of the Vatican Basilica will be solemnly opened by the Holy Father; those of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major by the respective Cardinal Archpriests as Legates *a latere*; that of St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls by a Cardinal Legate *a latere*.
- December 25 : Christmas Day at St. Mary Major. Solemn Matins and Pontifical Mass.
- January 6 : Solemn Octave at S. Andrea della Valle, with offices in the different rites.
- January 18 : Church Unity Octave.
- January 20 : Seventeenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Fabian, Pope.
- January 25 : Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Basilica of St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls on the occasion of the anniversary of the great Apostle's conversion.
- February 2 : Traditional presentation of candles to the Pope, on the occasion of the Purification of Our Lady.
- February 10 : Commemoration of the death of Pope Pius XI.
- February 22 : Solemn opening of the Lenten Stations at Santa Sabina, Ash Wednesday.





## The Black Devils' Christmas

Noel! Noel! The nation that carols Noel is a nation that marches toward Redemption. In the sublime mystery of Christmas Night the goodness and kindness of God our Savior appear; with peace and love and faith the Eternal One comes to dwell among men, and a Son is given to humanity.

In a rustic manger in the wilds of Gondwana, one silent night of winter the Son of God was born — to the Black Devils!

Rakshasas — Black Devils — by this accursed appellation the Hindus in their sacred books designate the rugged mountain people of Gondwana.

In days of yore when all India save the Rakshasas bowed to their yoke, the Hindus retaliated by marking the limits of hell at the border of the impenetrable forests of the Rakshasas, devils with human faces, fiends beside whom in comparison the marauders of the wild were harmless and innocent. Thus it has happened that, while three thousand years ran their course, the Black Devils inhabited a world to all unknown, sequestered from the Hindus, who remembered them only to jeer and curse.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, however, the Black Devils saw their solitude invaded. With clashing of bells and fife symphony, modern civilization scaled their forbidden plateau. In pomp and splendor the goddess of human achievement danced before their dazzled eyes and entreated them to attend her ball. But they with their primitive way of life ignored the significance of her contortions; unmoved they remained before the goddess whose beauty the white men — White Devils in the Rakshasas' vernacular — vaunted and eulogized.

With a peacock plume stuck behind their ear and a cotton loin cloth wound around their limbs, they considered themselves contented enough to look askance at the goddess of the white men and derisively demand: "What about your ancestors? We have a long line of fifty generations, destitute as beggars but free as the mountain air. Suffer that we follow in their footsteps."

You dreamed the unfeasible, poor Black Devils! The barriers to your eerie habitat had crumbled; the maddening thirst for pellets of gold had goaded human beings to the furthest confines of the earth. Invaders by the hundreds traced a pathway across your Hades, clambered up your mountainside, trod the trails of your virgin forests, and hurled at you their tantalizing "Here we are!"

At so galling a spectacle you set your teeth and turned your gaze away, feeling instinctively that you had reasons manifold for refusing them your affection.

\* \* \*

In more recent years a solitary pilgrim plodded up the plateau of the Black Devils' stronghold. Gentle and understanding as a mother, he conversed with the pariahs of Hindu society, entered their villages, and sought access into their very hearts — hearts real, hearts human, hearts that too long have suffered and bled.

This stranger no one resented. To them he spoke as never man had spoken, and their love he conquered. His advent no clang of bells, no blaring of trumpets announced, as they had the goddess of the white race. In soul-sprung accents he addressed the outcasts of humanity.

"How you suffer, poor children! Here am I coming to share your sorrows and teach you how to bear them. Lost forever is the freedom of your forests. But another freedom I bring you — freedom of the soul, which no man can take from you. It will make you kindly and forbearing, and will lead you to everlasting happiness."

That voyageur, dispenser of manna in the way of a starved people, was the Master, Christ.

## II

Noel! Noel! Peace and love to all mankind!

O night of mystery, sacred night when among the Black Devils there came to dwell the Messiah, and to them were revealed the beauties of the true Faith!

No palace had they to present to Him except that which received Him on a wind-swept hill nineteen hundred years ago, that palace which awaits His coming among primitive tribes. But is not such the palace that He prefers? Beneath the humble roof of a hovel His children of the wild kneel with greater confidence than they would in the splendor of a majestic cathedral.

These reflections comforted Father Alexander who, since early morning, had been painstakingly endeavoring to beautify with multicolored garlands the abode wherein his Master would tarry. All along the walls and windows undulated colorful streamers suggestive of arms extended with anticipation toward the Redeemer who would come and save.

\* \* \*

Then the day grew nightward. Weary of hearing confessions, Father Alexander cast a last critical look at his Christmas preparations. Green carpets concealed the unsightly earthen floor; a gilt antependium made the altar a more presentable throne for the Holy One; around the humble wooden tabernacle flowers crushed on twenty festive occasions essayed to recapture their first fragrant freshness; near the right-hand wall on a decrepit table a three-franc Infant raised His little arms in a gesture of sublime abandonment. What more could the missionary, whose only resource was his love, do for the Babe in swaddling bands?

As neared the mysterious moment, the herald of the Savior's Redemption meditatively scanned the distance. Beauteous in its serenity and starlight was the night of nights. Seemingly forgotten by some royal wayfarer above the star-studded horizon, the flaming Southern Cross projected its five nails of purest gold. The forests were silent; silent, also, the beasts of the wild; silent, the small villages nestling in the valley below. Before the missionary, like an ancient monk telling his orisons to God, knelt in purple cope the towering cliff of Digy. Overhead, in the flawless heavens, smiled myriads of stars — or were they myriads of angels?

O Jesus! how perfect a setting for Your descent to a Bethlehem of today as poor as that of Caesar's time!

Reverently the missionary walked to where between two posts he had installed his church bell, a diminutive affair of five hundred francs given him a fortnight previously. No sonorous, ample call could it send forth; but the priest was satisfied with it and the valley of Digy throbbed with joy as poured the silver stream of melody. Clear and vibrant as the soul of the young mission lovers who had purchased it, the sweet, true tones of the bell carried on the wind their soul-compelling call to the Black Devils. "Arise, be enlightened; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

## III

"Noel! Noel!" sang the metal gift of exuberant youth. In silence and peace the Redeemer came. All the choirs of Heaven, singing of His birth, gathered in the cold grey hut where the Black Devils knelt in loving worship. A solemn sense



of mysteriousness pervaded the silent atmosphere telling of a Sacred Presence there. In a swaddling-clothed Infant the Rakshasas adored the Savior of humankind.

\* \* \*

Mass was over. Before returning to their peril-fraught jungle the Black Devils knelt a last time for their affectionate farewell to the Son of Mary born. Tambourines, cymbals, guitars were brought into contribution. Two soloists intoned the Rakshasas' Nativity hymn to which all united for the refrain. It was charming, moving, captivating. Never had the Black Devils sung so earnestly, so beautifully as on that first of holy nights in their forbidden land. Tambourines and guitars lent a mellow Oriental savor which old missionaries come to love.

Languorously the silver moon tilted its radiant horn toward the forest of Koussipanga. The natives had better depart on their journey before its white light should die. Reluctantly, one by one the Black Devils stumbled by the manger of the God-Child, replica of the first caverned stall on the hillside of Judea. Adoringly they touched His little feet with fingers they immediately raised to their lips.

It was their adieu.

\* \* \*

And the Child from Heaven opened His eyes. Before Him He saw the long procession of the Black Devils now of His family. Then He accompanied them along the treacherous jungle path where every clump of green, ghostly in the dark, looked like a crouching devil.

And still they sang as they had sung beside the manger of the King of the world, to ward off all famished seekers of human flesh.

Out of his humble cabin stole Father Alexander as the last faint strains lingered on the air, notes that made him calm and pensive. A beautiful dream was forming in his mind. These Rakshasas were so interesting, while the Hindus with their complex and savant paganism were so difficult to convert. With their primeval cult and centuries-old civilization, with the suffering and agony they had suffered the Rakshasas were ripe for the Gospel. Oh, could he only make their forbidden land the dominion of Christ the King! Could he only shepherd their souls to the arms of his beloved Christ!

\* \* \*

Still echoed the Christmas melody borne upon the midnight air. In the distance it lost itself and died. To their huts, their holy revelry over, the Black Devils returned.

On the plateau of Digy the Peace of the Nativity enveloped all nature. Toward Koussipanga, among the tall herbs, the moon dropped its white sickle and the glory of the starlit heavens made it a night of mystery sublime, that night on which the Black Devils became brothers to the Son of the Most High.

*Msgr. Rossillon*

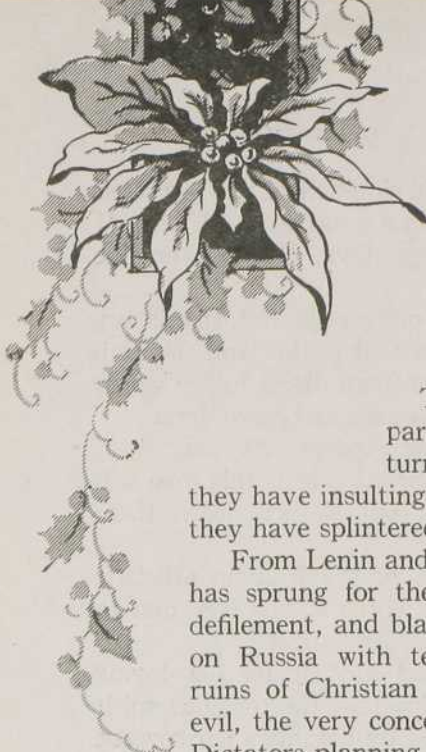
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### Shoes For the Child Jesus

A priest friend and benefactor sent us the following story along with a donation to our work. Explaining his request that the money be used to buy shoes for some child, he says: "We had in our house a large picture of Our Lady of the Chair, with the little bare feet of Jesus turned up on His Mother's knees. When I received my first pair of shoes (I must have been very tiny), I tried to put them on the bare feet of the Child Jesus. So since then I have always liked to help put shoes on the feet of His little ones."

*A Sister of Service*





# Picture

## From Russia

There is nothing very heavenly about the red paradise of atheistic Communism. Its leaders have turned their backs on Christ. His proffered love they have insultingly hurled back into His Sacred Face. His Cross they have splintered with hammer and sickle.

From Lenin and Stalin, those architects of destruction, a pattern has sprung for the world of tomorrow, a pattern with murder, defilement, and blasphemy the ghastly outlines. It has been tried on Russia with terrific consequences. There on the crumbling ruins of Christian civilization arises a kingdom of darkness and evil, the very concept of which seems to be a diabolical blueprint. Dictators planning a paradise have sketched an inferno.

Thirty years of tears and toil and bloodshed, however, have not stifled the life of the spirit. Even now in hearts that love Him Christ the Savior still lives. Our Sisters in China have a story of beautiful faith brought from the heart of Soviet Russia by a disguised Catholic priest.

"For months and months," related the priest, "I had been living in Communist fashion in the Communist zone. Whenever chance and privacy gave me the occasion I fingered my rosary beads asking the Mother of God to keep the faith on Russian soil.

"One evening I knocked at a strange door and without further ado told the lady of the house, 'Citizen, I am sleeping here tonight.'

" 'Indeed you may,' answered the woman courteously. 'Do wait a moment while I tuck the children in bed and prepare a couch for you.'

"Curiously I observed my hostess. I could hardly repress my surprise when I heard her saying with the little sleepyheads, *Gloria Patri! Gloria Patri! Gloria Patri!* Then, having left a motherly kiss on each upturned brow, she came back to me.

" 'Do you believe in God?' her question was point-blank.

"Of course I did. But in Russia there's nothing to beat the cardinal virtue of prudence.

" 'Oh,' I answered casually, 'I used to go to a foreign country college a good many years ago and Catholic books had me spellbound.'

"My hostess threw prudence to the wind, as she had done by the children's cots. 'I believe,' she told me simply; then she added, 'Perhaps you have understood the words we said, the children and I. These are the only prayers I can remember. Mother taught me many when I was little, but with the new government coming in she was torn from me. The only two words I can recall are *Gloria Patri*. Now that the children know them we say them often during the day.'

"Though moved by her rugged faith and candid simplicity I still hesitated to disclose my priestly identity, and observed in a noncommittal way, 'I remember some beautiful prayers from my college days. Would you like to hear them?'

"In the silence of the night broken only by our words and the heavy breathing of the drowsy young ones, I recited the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Weeping for very joy, the poor peasant woman drank in my words as once, beside old Jacob's well, the Samaritan sinner must have done.

"Before I had finished she had awakened her oldest. 'Quick, dear, get out of bed. Find your pencil and write the pretty words this man will dictate to you. I can neither read nor write, but we will learn them together.'

"And that evening, in a certain little corner of the Russian atheistic paradise a family learned to pray to God in the words of His Son, and to Mary with the praise wafted earthward by God's Archangel.

"Personally, I am still thanking Our Blessed Mother for her loving answer to my rosaries. I understood that evening how the religious spirit still persists, a spirit that can neither be shattered by hammers nor severed by sickles. But the Christ-loving are shackled; souls grope for the Light of the World and shiver with a cold that only God can lessen. Let us hope that the fervent prayers of Christians the world over will presently rend the Iron Curtain asunder. On that glorious day a beautiful drama of faith resurgent, nay, of faith persistent, will be enacted, and the words of Christ will be justified; the gates of Hell shall prevail against His Church neither in China nor in Russia."



## *Faithful Urged to Restore Sunday Observance*

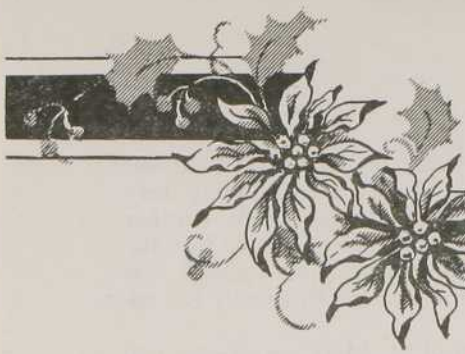
SUNDAY OBSERVANCE WEEK JAN. 29 — FEB. 5

What has happened to Sunday, the day set aside by God for worship and rest? Someone has declared that our Sundays could best be described as lulls and hangovers from our Saturdays. "The only Christian unity on Sunday lies in the united wills of priest and people for the shortest Mass possible."

Sunday must become a day for greater peace and brotherly love, a spiritual preparation for the duties of the coming week. The Lord's Day must remain the Lord's and not the day of man.

In his encyclical, "Action Now," Pope Pius XII says: "Sunday must become the day of the Lord again, the day of adoration, of glorification of God, of the Holy Sacrifice, of prayer, of rest, of recollection and reflection, and the day of happy reunion in the intimate circle of the family. Sad experience has taught us that for not a few of those who devote themselves to honest work during the week, Sunday has become a day of sin."





# Our Mission World

---

*Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia, September 29, 1949*

I had hoped to send you the account of our voyage from Katete, but unforeseen circumstances are keeping us grounded here longer than we intended.

We reached Fort Jameson airport on October 24 at two p.m., accompanied by Rev. Father Buttzelaar, of the White Fathers, who is like us assigned to a mission post in Nyasaland. Evidently we were not expected, no one being at the airport to greet us. The customs officers offered to drive us to the village at a distance of about one mile and a half. There our party decided to hire a car that would take us to the Catholic Mission some six miles further inland. At four thirty we entered the mission compound taking everybody by surprise. Tea was served, and as we relaxed we discussed the situation. Either Msgr. St. Denis was expecting us at the Lilongwe airport and not finding us there would come to meet us that evening or the next morning, or he did not expect us so soon and we had better let him know of our whereabouts. As no message could be sent through on Sunday, we would have to wait patiently until Monday to send ours.

The missionaries destined to the mission territories of Bishops Lacoursiere and Cabana were luckier than we, as Their Excellencies met them at Entebbe. Bishop Cabana would have liked very much to keep us Sisters in his Vicariate. Really we could not help wishing we could double up to meet his desires.

We tried to make up for the trouble caused the missionaries by dropping in on them unannounced by repairing the vestments and washing the altar linens. Since the last three days my room resembles a real workshop, and the Sisters are as busy as bees trying to do all they can to relieve the distress of this poor mission church.

Our stay in Rome was very short. We arrived at seven p.m. and were cautioned to meet our party the following morning at eight, in order to visit a few famous sanctuaries and historic places. Then we left together for Castelgandolfo where we had an audience at eleven. Oh, the wonderful moments we lived there in presence of the Father of Christendom! The Holy Father after granting us his blessing was about to speak when a mentally deranged person suddenly threw herself forward. The audience was abruptly brought to an end and we had to retire without having had the consolation of hearing the Pope's words.

We spent the evening with our dear Sisters resident in Rome. They were very happy to have news from the Motherhouse and their loved ones at home.

Then on silver wings we sped on our way to Africa. We spent the first night of our trip at Malta, the second at Wadihalpa, the third at Entebbe, and the fourth at Fort Jameson. Six thousand miles in four days! Not such a bad record, eh? Now we have only two hundred and fifty miles more to reach our mission, but it may take us a whole week to get there!

We remain full of trust in Divine Providence, sure that God will watch over us and lead us safely home to Katete.

This short message is replete with our affectionate remembrance to all.

\* \* \*

*Katete Mission, October 3*

Thanks be to God and Our Blessed Mother, we have at last reached our beloved Promised Land, safe and sound. I will not attempt to retrace all the emotions of meeting once again our beloved Sisters.

On Saturday morning, October 1st, immediately after breakfast, we went out to scan the highway for the sight of a truck or a jeep. We had been standing there only for a few minutes when we spied a jeep and then a trailer. Rev. Brother Jean Marie told us he had been travelling all night in order to bring us all into the Katete Mission by five thirty. There was no time to lose. Our luggage was loaded on the trailer and seven passengers boarded the jeep which usually accommodates four persons.

Handshakes and good-byes to the kind personnel of St. Mary's where we had been living for the last eight days, and at last we were on the rocky road to Katete. Brother Jean Marie told us how Msgr. St. Denis had written to Entebbe and Lilongwe asking to be apprised of our arrival by wire. Every day he had travelled eighty miles to get the mail and still there was no news.

On Friday he had been called away to Fort Hill on important business. He left early saying, "If a telegram should come, I will return this evening and leave during the night to meet the caravan." Our wire sent on October 24 reached Katete on the 30th. As the Fathers feared that Msgr. St. Denis might not return on time, they decided to send Brother Jean Marie.

Meanwhile our jeep had reached the boundaries of Rhodesia and was now entering the Nyasaland territory. We had to spend a whole hour going through a lot of red tape. At last we were on the road again. We took a light dinner while rolling along in order to save time. In the afternoon we were blessed with a flat tire. Brother did all in his power to fix it, but at last we had to leave the boy behind with the trailer and luggage while we made for a neighboring station. Gone with the wind was our dream of reaching Katete by supertime, for at four o'clock we still had one hundred and forty miles over uneven roadways.

At long last we arrived when the shades of night were already fallen. The avenue leading to the mission grounds was lined with natives gesticulating and shouting a right royal welcome. We had a hard time elbowing our way through the crowd of Blacks to follow Msgr. St. Denis and the Fathers to the missionaries' residence. His Excellency was disappointed not to have known the date of our arrival, but happy to learn we had come through without any serious mishap.

All our dear Sisters here are well and happy, and their slogan is, "The African missions are the world's best!"

SISTER ST. YVES, M.I.C.

*Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere*

\* \* \*

*Manila Chinese Mission, October 2, 1949*

Sister Superior has probably told you how hard it is to make ends meet. We could do so much good if only we had the means. Several times we Sisters have had to call upon our pupils' families to have them pay overdue school bills in order that our convent might have money for the chaplain, the teachers, or the tenant. Even if the people have to be coaxed into paying school fees, they give us a hearty welcome and are glad when the *Madres* turn the conversation Godward or Maryward.

Today I met a young Catholic father who has never had his three children baptized. The biggest, a six-year-old, comes to kindergarten.

A few days ago, as we had no money for two teachers' salaries, we decided to ask two kind ladies whether a delay would inconvenience them. Unfortunately, one of them needed her salary entire to pay her rent. We were next to penniless and did not know where to turn for help, as all the other teachers had gone. So while on her knees at the chapel door prayed our needy one, we did vigorous mental work on the problem, and were going to tell the teacher that we would do the impossible so that we might have the required sum for the next morning, when in ran a pupil whose parents, five times reminded, had overlooked paying her school



bill. The girl's money we passed on to the teacher, thanking Providence for having done a small-scale miracle when we needed it most.

Sister Marie des Victoires<sup>(1)</sup> does wonders in the catechism class; we say she has no equal. Thank you for having assigned her to Manila. Every Sunday sees new faces at Mass. On the feast of Christ the King we are going to have a First Communion Day; also in the near future Baptism and Confirmation ceremonies are to be held. I am still thrilled through and through with the joy of my first baptism; it is a privilege not easily forgotten. I should have liked to share this happiness with you before, but changes in the school program and requirements of the Department of Health have given us plenty of reports to fill out, and I could find no time to write.

Rumors of war were afloat this week. Should there be war, please, Mother, allow me to stay in Manila even if the others are repatriated. And if you should like to give a furlough to one of our Sisters in China, I will be glad to take her place there. Any little corner of the earth will be all right, provided I can be of use to someone. Remember, Reverend Mother, that I am ready and willing to do anything, anywhere, at any time you wish.

SISTER MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.  
*Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal*

\* \* \*

*Wakamatsu, Japan*

*October 3, 1949*

At last I have a few moments to myself. I have been wanting to write for a long time, but somehow the hours fled by too rapidly, so rapidly that I thought days here were twelve-hour ones. On investigation, itself only once in twenty-four hours. Time flies so fast probably because in Japan I have had to be born again, or almost; language, food, house, horizon, sights, etiquette, social life — everything is so different from what I was used to. But now first impressions are gradually wearing off and the Japanese way of life is becoming a second nature. One first impression that doesn't wear off, though, is my joy at being really and truly on the missions. Almost daily something happens to increase that joy. Lately I had the great happiness of baptizing a dying person. Now I know by experience that the thought of that soul so close to Heaven can make me forget all the sacrifices entailed by mission life. But my patient did not die at once; instead he lived a few weeks more, during which our pastor instructed him in the main truths of our Faith and prepared him to die a good death. The new Christian accepted God's will with resignation, glad that Baptism would mean eternal happiness for him.

According to custom the body was cremated and the ashes deposited in a box; but, as he had asked his pagan relatives to give him a Catholic funeral, a Requiem Mass was sung followed by the *Libera* and the other usual prayers. For the occasion the ashes had been placed on a table in the nave with the photo of the deceased



*Sister Marie de l'Assomption (Alice Larouche, Sweetsburg), Teaching the Rosary Devotion to the Pupils of the Anglo-Chinese School, Manila.*

1. Josephine BOLDUC, St. Victor de Tring, Beauce Co., P.Q.

and black ribbons around. Immediately after the ten-minute sermon all the people — close relatives first, then acquaintances — came to pray before the ashes and blessed them. In Japan, everyone is fond of personally blessing the dead, and everyone (Catholics, of course) does it very reverently, makes a solemn Sign of the Cross, and bows deeply before taking the holy water sprinkler, which never seems full enough. When it had thus been done for my baptized one, the ashes were taken home and pagan ceremonies were begun, to last for several days.

The sick we christen seldom pass by the church. In most cases the relatives hold pagan ceremonies for their dead and nothing beyond is done. You see how lucky the gentleman I christened was to have a Mass sung and prayers said for him.

I should like to tell you about my very interesting pupils in the English class. As soon as they catch a glimpse of me in the far end of the corridor they tell their Japanese teacher, *Eigo sensei, eigo sensei!* "Our English teacher!"

Then, to me, "Good morning, Sister! How are you?"

These seven- and eight-year-olds love English and have good memories.

Do come to Wakamatsu, all of you Sisters! There is so much work to do. Conquering a Japanese soul is a difficult task, but with time and especially grace we hope to lead a great number to our blessed Faith.

SISTER ST. ADELINE, M.I.C.

*Juliette Villeneuve, Quebec*

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Shek Lung Leper Asylum

Shek Lung, August 3, 1949

Dear Sisters St. Raphael, Claire de Jesus, and Marie Bernadette,

We received your ever-longing letter sent from Honolulu and it was extremely hard to tell you how rejoicing we were to hear from our dear Mothers. In fact, you have been more than Mothers to us, which we couldn't think of the right word for that, for even our own mothers sometimes deserted us, but you never desert us. You may be upset and angry with us when we disregarded your advice, but you never did as our own mothers would have done to us. You have gone through many hardships with us for a great many years and though we may foresee many more hardships ahead, yet we have full confidence that Father Chevalier and those Sisters remaining here will do whatever they can for us and you can be assured that they shall be having our fullest cooperation.

We whole-heartedly accept your kind recommendations of doing our best to get everyone baptised before leaving this sad world, and to fulfil our duties as Christians while still in this sad world.

Father Chevalier is very generous in renting a radio for us which we are able to have some amusement during these hot summer days. It has been very hot the last fortnight and many storms were said to have formed, but so far none has passed through here. You might have heard of all the floods happening again in this country, but this year, at least so far, we are left out of such a menace. The river around us is exceptionally shallow at this time of the year which we can go across on foot.

Doubtless you will be kept informed of all what's going on here by the Sisters, so we won't repeat them. As a whole we are keeping quite well and a great many has asked to add a few words of remembrance to you which are rather impossible



to write them all down. You are always in our hearts and thoughts and whatever hardship may come upon us we will be joyfully glad that you are not present.

May God give you mercy and comfort.

Affectionately yours,

*Mar Ying Sam*

(A. LEUNG) *Fung Ping San, Lee Sung, Kwook Choy, Ah Ting, Lum Jim,  
Yaw Fai, See Lum, Ba Tak, and all*

P. S. Kar Tai is well taking care of the church and she has asked to send you her best regards.

Su In He said he couldn't manage the garden without your guidance. He also sends you his best wishes.



## The Holy Father's Mission Intention

JANUARY, 1950

### MISSIONS THREATENED BY ATHEISTS

Although Communism is not the only form of atheism, Communism has taken advantage of the difficulties and disturbances of the postwar period to present a most dangerous threat to the missions. Where want and disease have been rampant they have deceived many who were only too ready to accept any kind of hope. They have been successful in establishing their regime in regions where the Church had for centuries flourished. The danger in the mission countries where the light of the Gospel is only beginning to shine is all the greater. It is with regret that any interested observer of the mission lands and their history for the past fifty years will have to admit that the Western world has not brought to these countries high ideals so much as technical skill. The Oriental has been taught to desire the comforts and advantages of the Western world on a grand scale. The missionary from that same Western world was not given the opportunity to develop as were the commercial and industrial interests. Communism preys on the poverty of these people.

In China, at the present time of writing, there is no open sanguinary persecution of the Church but every effort is being made by the Communists to hinder the exercise of religion. Schools are not confiscated but the teaching of Marxism has become obligatory.

Korea has been divided into two parts. Ever since the withdrawal of American troops from the southern part in July of 1949, the threat of Communism is becoming all the more present.

In Japan, the extreme poverty of many favors the subversive activity of Communists. Indo-China has been placed in the anomalous position wherein the Communists have been claiming that they alone are the true patriots and under the guise of patriotism are gaining followers.

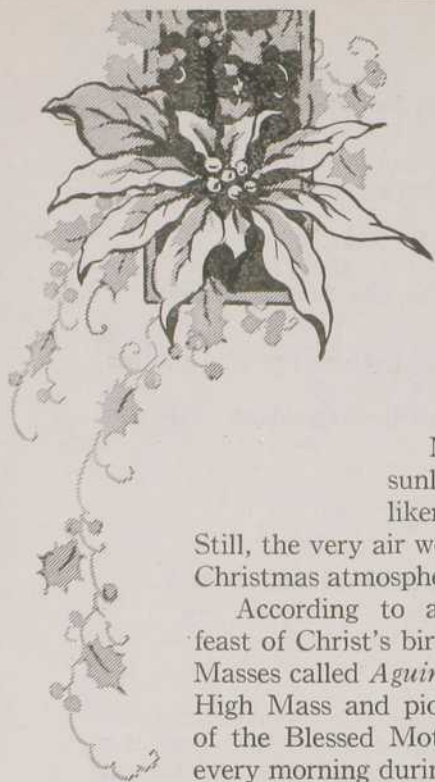
In Siam, where previously Catholics had been persecuted and Buddhism favored, the government is more and more recognizing the Catholic religion as its powerful ally for fighting Atheistic Communism.

The misery of India is being exploited by the Communists to the extent that they can make inroads with the help of foreign subsidies. The Communists are seeking to gain a strong foothold in those places of Africa which are being developed by foreign capital.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

*National Director*

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



## Christmas in Mati

No white, frosty Christmas do we enjoy here in sunlit Mati, where the December weather may be likened to the hottest of July weathers in America. Still, the very air we breathe is permeated with a particularly joyful Christmas atmosphere.

According to an unforgettable Spanish custom the blessed feast of Christ's birthday is heralded by a novena of early morning Masses called *Aguinaldo*. This novena is inaugurated by a solemn High Mass and pious selections are sung during the votive Mass of the Blessed Mother, which priests are here privileged to offer every morning during the novena.

Naturally, we have to rise as early as the proverbial bird to assist at these votive Masses offered in Mati at four thirty in the morning. After Holy Mass begin the novena prayers which, incidentally, are anything but short — a fervent act of contrition usher in a particular prayer of indefinite length which varies every morning. The picturesque Visayan language next comes in as the Litany of the Blessed Mother is recited, followed by an antiphon, the *Sub Tuum*, and the *Salve Regina* with versicle, response, and *Oremus* in Latin. Just as you wishfully think these morning devotions have thus been brought to a welcome finale, husky voices trail through an interminable prayer with a hymn to Our Lady of Belen as sequel. As the people do not all know this hymn by heart, one zealous parishioner gives out two lines at a time, which all repeat on a monotonous undertone. One last antiphon brings the novena devotions to a close. Forty or fifty persons regularly take part in these exercises, which constitute the spiritual side of the Christmas novena.

Comes the gloaming when youthful troubadours roam the streets stopping to serenade under every balcony. Guitars fill the tropical night with melody. Silent Night, Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come, are rendered by bell-toned youthful voices. Visayan carols are also sung and wishes of Merry Christmas, *Maayoung Pasco*, merrily tossed at the benevolent listeners, who are expected to reward the carolers with pennies and sweets. Even the youngest children try to imitate their elders. They troop under our balcony lisping unintelligible carols of their own composition.

On Christmas Eve a huge star glittered, not in heavenly depths but right beside our convento, on our good neighbor Gregorio's thatch-roofed hut.

Hoping to snatch a few winks before the midnight celebrations, we repaired to our dormitory around nine that evening. We had quite forgotten about enthusiastic serenaders who kept the evening hours throbbing with melodious hymns in English and Visayan. Some Sisters did manage



to sleep and even dream of a white Canadian birthday for Our Lord. Then as midnight neared we all set out for the parish church. Lanterns tried hard to illuminate the dilapidated walls of this Bethlehem, Mati edition. Dark was the night, but deeper still the darkness in hearts cold and indifferent. Very few received within their hearts in Holy Communion the Infant Savior, while many curious or superstitious pressed around to kiss the figure of the Nino Jesus in the manger.

Poor Ninito! We were shocked to see in the makeshift Crib a dirty, messy doll minus arms and dress. The arrangements for the Crib being the responsibility of the Children of Mary, we had not known about this state of affairs. After Midnight Mass, Father invited the parishioners, as is the custom here, to "come and kiss the sweet Jesus." We Sisters then and there made up our minds that we would do something to make the figure of the Christmas Child appear a little more respectable. So as soon as breakfast had been dispatched, two Sisters stole the Bambino from the manger and proceeded to freshen it up. Of course we could not restore the missing arms, but at least we could paint it up and clothe it in a pretty silk dress. Was it just imagination, or did Our Lady really smile her thanks as we brought back the holy Babe?

Beside the manger a chubby angel watched serenely. We looked twice before making sure that it wore the dress we had lately given one of our neighbors for the baptism ceremony of her little Bernaditta!

After breakfast our aides had a very pleasant time with their own Christmas tree, Filipino style, hung with practical presents for all.

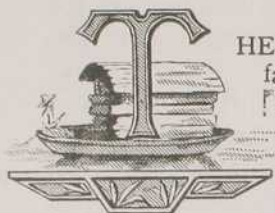
Thanks to you all, kind friends and generous benefactors, for giving us the chance of making happy the small ones of the flock. Through your loving kindness we missionaries thus enjoy the hundredfold promised to those who leave all to make Jesus known and loved through His Immaculate Mother.



MERRY CHRISTMAS ORCHESTRA, MATI

# Mission Study Week

SPEAKERS DISCUSS ADAPTABILITY OF HEATHEN RELIGIONS



THE missionary idea is so potent a factor for good that the very fact of focusing attention upon it does one good," declared His Excellency Most Rev. C. O. Garant, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, in the opening address of the Mission Study Week held in Quebec from October 17 to 20. After having voiced the greetings of the beloved Archbishop of the diocese, he expressed his firm conviction that the Mission Study Week would mark the inception of a new campaign of missionary zeal among the faithful committed to the care of the episcopacy of Quebec.

His Excellency emphasized the need for an increased missionary personnel not only to labor in the mission lands proper, but also to carry the consolations of the true Faith to the peoples so tragically persecuted behind the Iron Curtain; for, if the atheistic regime lasts any length of time they will have forgotten the idea of God and will have no priests to re-educate them in matters religious.

Rev. Father J. E. Champagne, O.M.I., presented the general theme: "The religious value of pagan religions and their adaptability to the mission apostolate." He said that to the reports that would be grouped under this heading three additional ones had been inserted on the Canadian Martyrs.

Closing his talk on the minor Seminary of the Hurons, a Jesuit priest, Rev. Father A. Pouliot, declared: "Admirable doers of yesterday, our inspiration today, the Holy Martyrs of Canada must, in God's mind, share in our apostolic deliberations. May they obtain for us the grace to be directed in all things by the spirit of God, as they were."

The sessions of the next three days discussed the various pagan religions — of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Eskimos, and others, and their adaptability to Christian principles.

Citing the religious value of Japanese paganism, Rev. Father A. Morin, C.S.V., stressed the splendid expansion of the Catholic Faith in Japan since the end of the war and the success that attends the efforts put out by the missionaries. He quoted General MacArthur's words to the effect that "in another ten years, thanks to a judicious adaptation of its doctrine and the capacity of Nippon minds for assimilation, Catholicism will have patterned the thoughts and views of the Japanese nation."

His Excellency Most Rev. L. Sheffer, Oblate Vicar Apostolic of Labrador, related the hardships that confront the mission apostolate in Eskimo land. Fourteen years of strenuous toil have resulted in appallingly few conversions — only twenty! Mighty obstacles bar the inhabitant of the North from the religion of Christ; yet the missionaries have confidence that their preaching will not always be wasted on the desert air. With the grace of God and their own boundless charity they will win their faith and their love for Christ. But the tremendous power of hastening their conversion lies in the hands of Catholics — if Catholics will pray and give for the realization of that beautiful dream of apostolic conquest.

To the provocative title of his conference, "Were the natives of the Gilbert Islands ready to receive Christianity?" Rev. Father G. Leclerc, M.S.C., answered that the Gilbert Islanders were by their mythology inclined to accept the Christian religion. The first missionaries who set foot on the Islands found the natives acknowledging the immortality of the soul. Moreover, their tradition concerning creation bears striking similarities to the text of Genesis.

Rev. Father Lessard, O.M.I., declared that the religion of the Blackfeet Indians in Southern Alberta also contains elements that can stand the Catholic missionaries



in good stead. The belief of the Blackfeet Indians in the sun-god, their fixed rites, their prayers and hymns — all these make their religion a social and family matter rather than a purely individual one. Thus is it for all the other heathen religions.

In the concluding sermon, His Excellency Most Rev. J. Kiwanuka, Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, Africa, lauded the work accomplished in his Vicariate by the Canadian White Fathers. "I take this opportunity," said the distinguished prelate, "to expose the message I hold from His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi: 'Thank the Canadian people,' the Cardinal told me, 'not only in your own name but also in the name of the head of the Congregation of Propaganda. The mission world is vastly indebted to Canada.' Personally," continued His Excellency, "I should like to convince my hearers that it was the Church in Canada that saved the young and struggling African Church during the dark years of war. It is therefore meet that I express the deep gratitude of the Christians of Uganda, first to God, then to His missionaries — not only those who dedicate their lives, but also those who contribute their share in prayers, sacrifices, and material help. Neither can we render an adequate tribute of thanks to these missionaries, instruments of divine grace; but we trust that God will one day reward every man according to his works for the missions, and that He will grant us happiness in proportion to the ardor with which we shall have labored to spread His kingdom in our souls, in our neighbors' souls, and even to the farthest corners of mission countries."

His Excellency Archbishop Maurice Roy stressed the fact that all pagan peoples, tending to the knowledge of the true God, need the assistance of their Christian brethren who walk in the splendors of the Light of the World. His Excellency reminded his audience that every heathen is a treasure that must be given to God; and that so long as there still remain souls to be converted, the Mystical Body of Christ will not have reached its full development. After underlining the great missionary output of Canada, the Most Reverend Archbishop deplored the sad fact that in certain countries the extension of the Gospel message is very difficult, not to say impossible. "But," added he, "in many other countries the field is open and free. We must therefore beseech God to inspire the faithful in Catholic countries with a stronger zeal for the conversion of souls."

In the words of Rev. Father Muller, S.J., a former missionary to Suchow, "The mission enterprise is everybody's concern; the successes and trials of missionaries are our own; they are our envoys, for they are the ambassadors of Jesus, the Mystical Christ of today, the ambassadors of the living Church, that wishes to lay down its life for the salvation of those that still languish in the valley of the shadow of death."

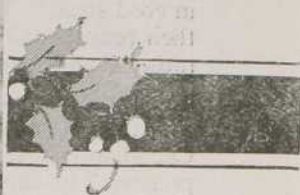


## Teachings Fulfill Men's Aspirations

The basic teachings of Christ are attractive because they closely conform to our natural aspirations. Liberty is always a human objective, though it cannot be realized except where the spiritual nature of man is recognized. Equality is a natural desire, though it can be approached only by means of the second and more difficult of the two great commandments. Brotherhood is the goal of all generous thinkers, but it needs the cement of a common bond in God. These ideals are difficult of attainment under any conditions, but when they are sought without the driving force of religious truth, they end in caricature.

The Church has been fragile in its humanity, but it has withstood all the storms and tempests of the ages. The answer is clear from the Gospels: while the laborers are of all kind, the Vineyard is His, and nothing can destroy it.

*Rev. Joseph N. Moody*



## Heavenly Counterpoison

"Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life." On a day like this the immortal Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence for Aunt Polly, and had a "nice, good, idle time all the while."

Away in China we Sisters have met a modern Tom Sawyer, as lovable as Mr. Twain's famous boy. To this almond-eyed Tom, too, "life seemed hollow, and existence but a burden." Not that he had a meticulous Aunt Polly surveying his work — no, for the boy could not even work; he couldn't have managed a paintbrush. Illness had come upon him; he was a leper.

That Saturday morning as he lay on his hard bed staring at the ceiling, a dazed look on his sunken features, the full reality of his hopeless condition suddenly dawned upon him.

"I can't bear it any longer!" he tugged at his bedclothes. "A leper — a leper — a useless being — people laugh at me — the children are afraid — nobody loves — nobody cares —"

Piteous sobs shook his wasted frame. Life was beautiful outside; the children were making mud pies; the birds were chirping; the breeze was singing in the tall bamboos. But inside, in the inside of this boyish heart, it was night — horror — agony!

Straightway he released his hold on the bedsheets. His fluttering eyelids dropped over two pools of tears. No, he couldn't stand this living death any longer. Surely he would be able to buy a little bottle of poison without arousing any suspicion. That was it — he would commit suicide.

That evening, when the mud-pie little people were slumbering and the birds dreaming of new carols for the morrow, the leper Young Seng crept home, cautiously and painfully, a harmless-looking bottle thumping against his trouser leg. Tucking himself back in bed he read the directions, removed



the cork, and lifted the container to his lips; but — was it really true that all would be over? Was there not some other life beyond the cold, cheerless grave?

Anxiously he scoured the surroundings with tortured eyes.

"Coward!" he snickered, and in one gulp had absorbed the deadly poison. Moments crawled on, moments like eternity.

"Oh! Ouch!" It was the terrified moan of a child suffering intense pain.

"What is it, brother?" his older sister rushed to the bedside.

"Oh, nothing."

The little bottle told its story. Luckily A Seng's sister had a counter-poison at hand to save from death the boy who did not want to go on living.

A Seng did not deal himself the deathblow that fateful night. Instead of the Buddhistic nirvana there has come into his life the hope, the faith, the bliss which only Christ can give.

As the boy was no hermit and liked to have company, his family decided to send him to a Catholic leprosarium to make him forget his harrowing



SISTER MARIE DES OLIVIER (GERTRUDE LAFOREST, MONTREAL),  
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SHEK LUNG  
WITH TWO LEPERS



SISTER ST. ALPHONSE DU REDEMPTEUR (ANTOINETTE COUVRETTE, ST. DOROTHEE),  
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON,  
WHILE ON A VISIT TO THE LEPROSARIUM IS SNAPPED WITH TWO PATIENTS

escape. There his days grew brighter; he learned to love Christ made a leper for sinful man, Christ bruised for our iniquities. In baptism he became a joint heir with the Son of God. What a thrill for our beggarly Tom Sawyer!

\* \* \*

Then ensued the grim tragedy of war. The Japanese occupation compelled the leper home to put up its shutters. No rice, no roof, no love for A Seng, a boy at sea who didn't know where to cast anchor.

"Oh, perhaps I could go to Shek Lung," he finally hit upon a solution. "The Canadian Sisters are running a leprosarium there. Distance doesn't matter, as long as I can still drag my bones along."

It was a long, wearisome trek of four days without a bowl of rice, without comfort, without the sympathy for which his heart hungered more than his stomach did for food.

"If I am a leper," A Seng told a Sister later, relating his painful journey, "at least I am still human. Every night I cried myself to sleep. Like Jesus I drank the bitter cup to the last drop. I was lying exhausted by the



roadside when along rushed a soldier. I held out my hand. He gave me something smaller, meaner than a penny. He pointed his bayonet and struck me so cruelly that the scars still show. 'Leper,' he jeered, 'leper, useless creature, you deserve only scorn.' Oh, Sister," finished A Seng, "had I not been a Catholic then I should have bought myself another little black bottle. But God helped me out."

A Seng, painsweat beaded on his face, stumbled into the leprosarium, dragging his blistered feet like a tired child to whom the night has brought no rest. Since then he has been a beacon on which all eyes are set. Gladly he has offered to lighten the burdens of fellow sufferers by sharing them. He is kind to the ailing, kinder to the bedridden, but kindest of all to those whose life is a perpetual uphill calvary.

One April morning he wore a very special smile. Sister, who could read between the lines, surmised that there was something amiss.

"What's wrong, A Seng? Are you sick? Better go back to bed."

"Yes, Sister, I'm suffering much today. I couldn't sleep at all last night."

Big tears made two sad little pathways down the boy's cheeks.

"But," his face brightened, "I'm happy. At Mass I told God it was all right. I thanked Him for my cross. I offer everything for Holy Mother Church. She is going through her Passion too."

A Seng harbors no more resentment than a child, one that will get a good spanking and let the hand that spanked fondle his mop of hair and brush the tears away. Once when another leper had been unjust to him, A Seng asked that the matter be dropped. "I forgive everything. Life is so short. And then it will be Heaven forever."

\* \* \*

Saturday mornings will rise over the horizon again — that A Seng knows and that he expects. Jolly imps will shout; jubilant birds will warble; the wind will sing in the tall bamboos. For him there will be neither pleasure nor song, but only, only, only the cross the Savior has patterned for him.

Bear it nobly, Tom Sawyer of China! You are not alone to stagger under its weight; your Friend will lift the heavier end. When you go home to Him you will have a nice, good time — not idle unless you wish it — with plenty of gay company in Heaven.

### **The Philippines in Mourning**

His Excellency Most Rev. M. J. O'Doherty, Archbishop of Manila, died in October at the age of seventy-three.

In his passing the Church in the Philippines loses a venerated, zealous leader, and our missionaries in Manila a father ever solicitous for their welfare.

On the grave of the regretted prelate our Community lays the grateful tribute of its fervent supplications for the repose of his apostolic soul.

His Excellency Most Rev. G. M. Heyes, successor to Archbishop O'Doherty, is the first son of the Philippines to be appointed an Archbishop.

*Fifth Miss --**A Spiritual Saga*


N'g Kou, Fifth Miss, is the fifth daughter of a wealthy business man of Canton, a non-Christian as yet, whose three wives have borne him eleven children. Hers is an unusual story. A good subtitle for it would be, "God moves in a mysterious way." Personally, however, the dear child, into whose life there has been more prose than poetry, might prefer to put it in three simple words, "I Saw Him." N'g Kou has found out for herself that God loves His creatures infinitely more than they can suspect.

No fairy godmother ever wielded her magic wand over this little girl's cradle. Tongue-tied, shortsighted, mentally deficient — or so it seemed — N'g Kou from childhood days has received a modicum of kindness. Once tightly bound in keeping with the old custom, her feet have never felt "natural" enough to make hiking a favorite pastime. Naturally, thoughts of a young and robust Prince Charming have but slightly bothered her parents. N'g Kou isn't good enough for men; but for God she will do.

In the school of adversity — the only one she could ever attend — the poor girl has accordingly been chosen by Him as an apt pupil. From Him she has learned humility, generosity, sacrifice; from Him, the concept that life should be measured more by "outgo" than by "income;" by service rendered rather than by service received. N'g Kou has kept the natural law as only the best of pagans would. She is honest to her fingertips.

Surely a soul of her stamp would be ready for God's greatest gift. Thus thought Helena, her half-sister, a recent convert to the Faith; and forthwith she began to wonder about doing some little spade work to draw that sister with the heart of gold to Holy Ghost School. It would mean persuasion and prayer aplenty, though, for nieces and nephews said they absolutely needed her sister on the spot. Who doesn't like aunties?

Presently a good occasion offered; we needed a doorkeeper and told Helena her sister would suit our purpose. Fifth Miss said yes but couldn't say when. More fervently than ever we prayed that she might come soon, for a Chinese proverb preaches that "Good intentions, like good eggs, are soon spoilt unless hatched."

Then it happened. One Sunday morning in Macao, Fifth Miss offered out of politeness to accompany one of her father's wives to Mass. As the good pagan girl had yet to learn the alphabet of the spiritual life, she spent the half-hour drinking in the beauty and quiet of the holy place. At the Blessed Mother's altar she saw people saying their beads. Flooded with light, thrillingly beautiful, Our Lady was walking among them. Her



curiosity piqued to the breaking point, N'g Kou went to investigate after Mass, but all was normal; the statue was lifeless; the worshippers had gone. No information could Sam Tail give, for the dear old soul, Heaven bless her, had seen nothing unusual. She had said her beads, and that was all.

Came another Sunday, and the two Mass-goers returned to keep the Lord's precept. Again the Madonna, lifelike and motherly, found a way down deep into the girl's soul; when N'g Kou tried to hide behind the Christians, she leaned forward and looked upon her more lovingly than any earthly mother could have done. Thereupon the young lady asked her little nephew what was going on, but he couldn't tell; he had seen nothing beyond the brown altar and the stone statue of the Mother of God. Only the pagan girl had been privileged.

Obviously the Beautiful Lady was expecting something from her. Fifth Miss understood. She came to Canton. After the school year at the door and holidays in Hong Kong, she returned here to care for old and sickly Sam Tail. Filial piety is the Fourth Commandment in China as in Canada.

Thus, in between her hours at the bedside, Fifth Miss could attend Mass and study the doctrine of the Master. Faith had come to her; the Hound of Heaven was pursuing His prey; yet she never hinted at a possible conversion, and her days were sad. Evidently the devil was playing his last trump card. Among the girl's handful of friends was an old caustic Buddhist woman, who wanted no Christ to come between them both; the younger one held it would be a breach of fidelity to change her faith unbeknown to the other. Loyalty was bred into N'g Kou's bones.

This God knew. He would find a way out. Kneeling in our chapel on the feast of Christ the King, N'g Kou had a vision of Our Blessed Lord. Right after Mass she tiptoed over to the altar rail for a looksee. To Helena, whose features registered puzzlement, she said, "I just wanted to have a good look at the statue the Sisters put up for the feast. Your God is alive and He looks at me. He wants something. Must I really be baptized?" Then, by way of explanation, "This isn't the Blessed Mother of the Catholics. It's a young man with a blue cloak; his feet are buried in flowers; his head is radiant; his forehead is so bathed in light that I can't tell the color of his hair."

Yes, God would come out winner, for all the old Buddhist fretted and fumed. With childlike candor N'g Kou prayed, "Lord of Heaven, if You really want me to be baptized at Christmas, do show Yourself to me again and I will do Your holy will." Not many days after, the Lord of Heaven appeared to His young friend as a gracious Infant. A little Child came to lead her.

Happy was the sequel to that vision. In Canton Cathedral, on the day before Christmas, N'g Kou was baptized Bernadette in honor of the humble peasant girl who had eighteen visits from Our Lady. God and Mary had won.

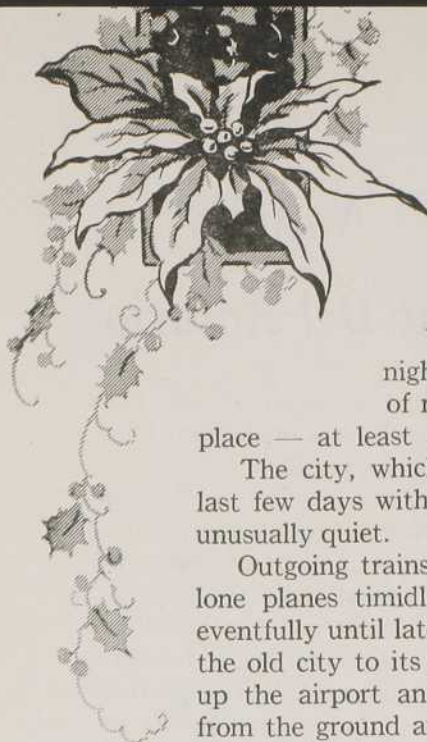
On Christmas night she again visited her bedridden Buddhist friend. When the old woman heard the news she sat bolt upright upon her springless bed to indulge in curses on the new Christian. Bernadette, who had anticipated the storm, had prayed to her God for strength and help. Truly her courage that night was "fear that has said its prayers."

Helena's half-sister is a Catholic now, and glad to be. In the valley of sorrow, when life should have been for her a long vista of potential thrills, she bravely went "to shake hands with God and feel the grip of Christ." Had she been attractive and desirable like her sisters, she would have married a non-Christian husband; God, however, would have it otherwise, that He might take her to His compassionate Heart, and teach her that, if life can truly be called the university of hard knocks, just as truly can it be called the God-given gift whereby we can attain to the reward unending, Life Everlasting in the Kingdom of Glory. Yes, Bernadette, our God works wonders. He is wonderful; He is merciful; so merciful that we who know say that "His mercy is above all His works."



SISTER ST. ALEXANDRE (ALEXANDRINE SURPRENANT, ST. ALEXANDRE D'IBERVILLE),  
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON  
WITH A DYING SON OF CHINA





# Canton News

RECEIVED FROM SISTER ST. ALEXANDRE(1),  
SUPERIOR OF OUR CANTON CONVENT

Visitors arrived in our doomed city during the night of October 14, heralded by the grim chatter of machine guns. However, no fighting at all took place — at least so we were told.

The city, which had been in a turmoil of excitement for the last few days with hasty departures by rail and by sail, was now unusually quiet.

Outgoing trains and boats had all been cancelled. Only a few lone planes timidly circled overhead. The day dragged by uneventfully until late afternoon hours when a terrific explosion shook the old city to its foundations. The nationalist troops had blown up the airport and the Honan Bridge. Our house seemed torn from the ground and flung into space by the impact, while clouds of dust blinded us and glass splinters flew everywhere. Thank God, to whose protection we owe that none of our little family were harmed! On the Holy Ghost School premises we counted over four hundred panes of glass shattered. The walls had also been crashed in many places. Huddled together in an underground corridor of the school building, we spent a sleepless night expecting at any moment to see the city electric plant going up in flames as the nationalists retreated. In the early morning hours, as the noise had somewhat subsided, we ventured to the ground floor hoping to snatch a few hours of rest. No sooner had we begun to relax than soldiers came battering at the door. They wanted to enter, but finally went away after being told that this was an orphanage.

On October 15 we had Mass as usual, and how heartily we thanked God for His fatherly protection! We learned later that two thousand victorious soldiers had entered Canton during the night. Policemen had been dispersed and other city officials liquidated. At eight o'clock people came and went as if nothing at all had happened in the city.

In the afternoon we set out to visit our Shameen Sisters, who were pleasantly surprised as they did not expect to see us so soon.

Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home also had military visitors, we heard; but when they saw the numerous babies in their cribs they retired saying, "We hope you will be able to keep your house for the babies' sake."

Holy Ghost School was reopened on October 18. We had a letter from Shek Lung Leprosarium yesterday. Sister Superior says the personnel and patients are fine, and that our "friends" arrived just in the nick of time to prevent a wholesale looting of the Island and premises. All is now quiet on the Shek Lung front.

Please do not worry about us. Our Immaculate Mother will have us in tender keeping always.

SISTER ST. ALEXANDRE, M.I.C.

1. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Alexandre d'Iberville, P.Q.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

## Our Lady's Nativity at Del Rosario

September 8 was a gala occasion at our Del Rosario convent, for it was First Communion Day for forty-six of the Academy's pupils.

In the chapel all was gleaming white and glowing red — the white innocence of spotless souls, the glowing red of ardent, child-like love for the Lover of little ones. Prayers and hymns arose in clear tones dedicating youthful lives to the Queen of purity.

At three in the afternoon the whole student body gathered on the campus for another nativity, that of the school flag or banner. In the Philippine Islands, where all schools boast of their respective flag, the "nativity" is a red-letter event. The devoted pastor of our parish church attended the ceremony to bless the banner and encourage the pupils by his presence. At the feet of Our Blessed Mother the flag was laid while its godmothers, our lay teachers, stood around in a circle. A fervent *Ave Maria* was sung after the blessing; then the pupils lustily broke into the strains of the school song. The *Magnificat* brought the touching ceremony to a close.



KINDERGARTEN GRADUATES, MANILA, ABOARD THE *Immaculata* — SO NAMED IN HONOR OF THEIR TEACHERS, THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION



Proudly now it flutters over Del Rosario's cream-colored walls, the blue and white banner with its golden fringe. On one side lilies twine around the armorial bearings of the school and a silver star bears the blue monogram of Our Lady. Around this is written the school motto, *Ad Jesum per Mariam*. Our Blessed Mother is the Star whose radiance will guide and beckon to the heights.

On the reverse side the blue silk bears in gleaming letters the title of the Immaculate Conception Academy twined with the national flower, the sampaguita.

Del Rosario's students are proud of their newborn banner. May it lead them always in the straight paths of duty and honor!



## Mission Intention for February

### *Christianity in Japan*

There is scarcely a person who has not heard of the profound changes which Japan and its people have undergone since the war. The most significant change to be noted was seen in the attitude of the whole Japanese population to the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Francis Xavier on the shores of the land of the Rising Sun. At every outdoor celebration of Solemn Mass, the number of Catholics present was matched by their compatriots who had not accepted the faith.

Catholics in Japan number nearly 130,000, which is a remarkable advance of 18,000 since the war. They have been able to exercise in public life an influence much greater than their number would give one to expect. Catholic Action is most intensely exercised among the workers, often with great success. Previous to 1948, Communists occupied many of the important posts among the dock workers of the city of Nagasaki. In that year, not one Communist was chosen by the workers and this is due in great part to the efforts of 3,000 Catholic laboring men.

Shintoism and Buddhism, however, are not dead. The proponents of these religions hold them up as something truly national and Japanese, and claim that Catholicism is foreign to the life of the Japanese and even contrary to it. The Buddhists and Shintoists are having a degree of success among the chief leaders of the nation. The recent intensive propaganda for birth control, spearheaded by Christians, has offended the moral sense of the Japanese and causes them to look with hesitation on the Christian message of faith. These people of the Orient do not have the background for understanding the controversy that has arisen among Catholics and Protestants in their own midst.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

*National Director*

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

# Life at Providence

By Sut Fan, a twelve-



Every day ten, fifteen, and even twenty little children are brought here because their parents want to get rid of them. That happened to me once, but I was very lucky to find other kind mothers. Today Sister Marie Auguste welcomes the coolie's "catch."



As soon as the babies come we tell Sister Superior, because she has to make arrangements with the coolies. She is very glad to shelter the babies from all harm. Life at Providence is pleasant, for we are well cared for and learn to know and love Jesus.



When other Sisters come visiting, Sister Superior gives them the joy of baptizing a dying baby. Today a missionary from Shameen, Sister Lazare de Bethanie, has the happiness of preparing the soul of "Mary Lucy" for Heaven.



We have good white rice at every meal. Thank you, dear Canadian benefactors, for sending money to Sister Superior! Her family is so big that she would never be able to feed us all if you didn't help.



# ce, Canton, China

e-year-old orphan girl



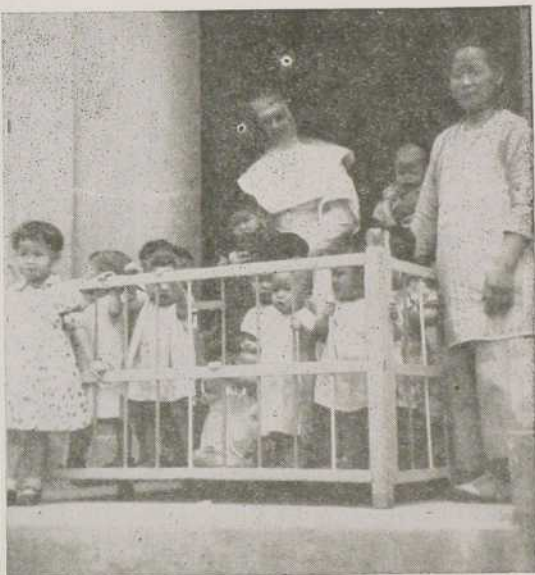
The oldest orphans take their meals at the table, but the babies are too small to do so. They would drop all their rice. Sister Lazare de Bethanie likes to help at difficult moments.



The crib babies are not forgotten. A bigger orphan holds the bottle while the hungry little one drinks good milk. See Tin Sing's pretty dress? It's a gift from Canada.



We haven't many toys. We have no dolls, no carts, no teddy bears. Jesus instead has given us live playthings — two lovely doggies. They like to bite our fingertips, but they are careful not to hurt.



The tiny toddlers must hold on to the bars or they would fall, as they are not yet strong on their legs. It is easier to keep an eye on them there. Here they are making a feast for Sister Agathe de Jesus.



In the afternoon the big orphans carry the little ones pickaback. Chinese children seldom sleep in bed; they sleep on their mother's back. They don't wake up even when we jump and romp. We are always glad to meet Sister St. Victor.



How do you like our hats? Maybe they're not the style you wear in Canada. Anyway, they are very useful to keep the rain and burning sunrays away. Even the babies wear them. Don't you think they look like walking mushrooms?



We always end our day at the feet of our dear heavenly Mother. We tell her our best good-night prayers. You know, of course, that we ask her to bless and protect our Canadian friends.



The big orphan girls pray more. They know the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Sister St. Alexandre is telling a forgotten word to Tak Fan. Yes, we are very lucky to be living at Providence. It is the best place next to Heaven.



## Of Such Is the Kingdom



In his sermon on May 1st the missionary Father told his little flock that the *Wamayi* (Sisters) were ready to teach the way to Heaven. School-agers, he said, should not miss these lessons on how to prepare for the great Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist, and Confirmation. The willing flock heard "and came to see what the wonderful *words of God* might be."

We had hardly touched our breakfast dessert on Monday morning when the warm sound of children's voices told us that the early ones had arrived to register. Accompanied by their mother, like the sons of Zebedee, came Anjelo and Augustino, not to ask permission to sit at Our Lord's right and left, but only to find the footpath to His Kingdom. We shall be glad to guide them along the highways and byways of the Christian Faith.

Then frisked in more old friends of ours — Monika and Leoniya the inseparables, girls as lovable as ever danced out of Heaven's workshops; Beata and Kristini, favorites of the Father, who arranged matters so that they were baptized in babyhood; Adriyano, the two-fisted Dictator, who breaks rules wooden and otherwise, walks like a drum major, and leads where a leader is needed. They all wanted to know what the Sisters would say and teach.

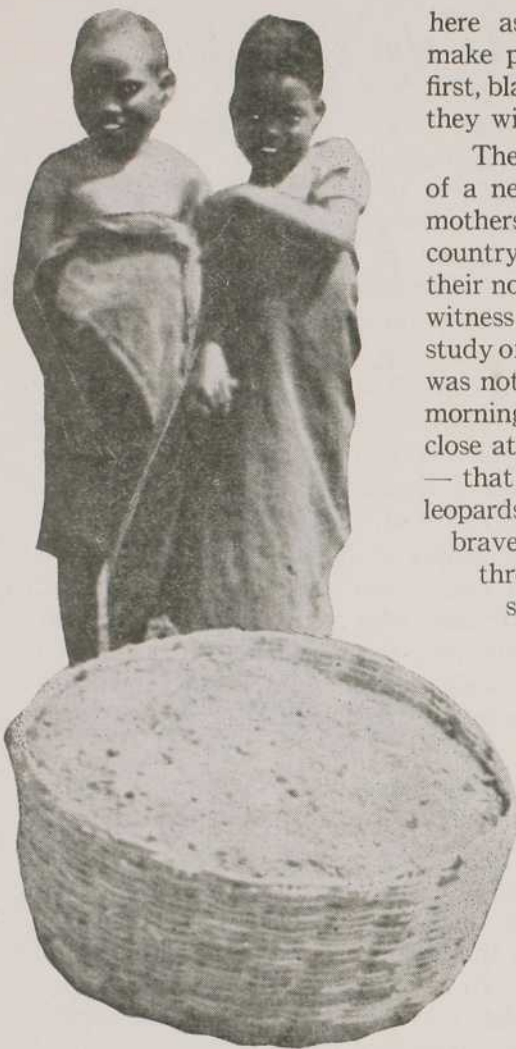
The only daughter of our catechist Simeoni romped in with the others. She is our Girl Friday, always ready to do a good turn or relieve an over-busy one of the busy Sisters we are.

"Lo, Sister!" Someone tugged at Sister Joseph's sleeve to draw attention. Not the inseparables, not the Dictator, not the Girl Friday — but a gentleman of four, small and lithe, who can endear himself to ten persons out of every nine, Bonifasi. To people of his respectable age must be revealed the uncomfortable fact that they will have to accumulate more inches in every dimension before being presented to the missionary Father as prospective First Communicants. In three words, three verbal wet blankets to his hopes, we told the truth to Bonifasi. Poor little fellow with the heart-hungry eyes, he pocketed his vast grin and walked off.

"Come, Bonifasi, you'll receive Jesus in two years' time and He'll grow up along with you." Bonifasi had flitted in like a cherub with a pair of secondhand wings; out he dragged his little listless feet after his universe had toppled.

When these had arrived with a good dozen more, Sister Superior rang her bell, gathered her dark lambs, and said school had begun.

"*Mu Zina la Wadada . . . Timuwoneni Mariya (Ave).*" They knew their Hail Mary fairly well, but beyond that their ignorance could have worn any deep-set patience thin. Buckling down to the grind of teaching is about as hard as doing so to the grind of learning. Missioners still far from impeccable linguistic habits must teach and learn at the same time;



THE INSEPARABLES

But when the bell rang dismissal, the wild African in them was thrilled not a little to have free rein again.

\* \* \*

On the last days of Mary's month the final exams were in full swing. The quiz children were in turn quizzed by the missionary Father, and after the quizzing pronounced ready for First Communion. Prior to First Communion, however, the Church prescribes First Confession; so boys and girls took a headlong plunge into their consciences to pluck out any small sins that might be lurking there. Black knees pressed against the kneelers, the wee penitents confessed and were absolved.

Out of the confessional marched Kizito, a solemn procession of one. Father and he had apparently talked things over with their guardian angels,

here as elsewhere, however, practice will make perfect. If the youngsters are shy at first, blame it on their backwoods upbringing; they will grow better and learn more easily.

The children of Africa are the children of a new and bright era, the fathers and mothers of tomorrow in a great Christian country. It is a joy to prepare them for their noble mission, as it is a consolation to witness their generosity and zeal for the study of the doctrine. Marselina, for instance, was not afraid to walk nine or ten miles morning and afternoon, with peril usually close at hand, as long as the classes lasted — that is, all the month of May. Lions, leopards, tigers — nothing stopped this brave girl from hacking a path for herself through the thick jungle growth; surely she deserved a smoother one to the Communion rail. She had it.

A born fighter, Adriano is just as stalwart. When a friendly voice reminded him to offer a sacrifice to Jesus, he released his tense muscles, gulped the nasty words about to spill out, and gave Sister a smile wide enough to eat a banana sideways.

Two others, Charlesi and Bartholomeyo, mouths open in a perpetual grin, when at prayer put the grin away and looked as God-absorbed as fervent monks. That was a sacrifice for Jesus.



*On the Way to  
Church for First  
Communion,  
Katete*



*Breakfast and  
Dinner in One*

*Where Grilled  
Grasshoppers  
Are Delicious!*



and Kizito was converted. Indeed he was! When a boy doesn't bother to pull his fists out of his pockets when a rowdy comes to bully him, that boy must have been converted as was St. Paul on the day he lost his hold in stirrup and saddle.

At last dawn put out the stars, and arose the day of days. Thanks to the generous aid of Canadian benefactors — doers of good — our twenty-two First Communicants wore spotless white uniforms that fairly took their breath away and made their heart skip several beats. They had never expected anything half so gorgeous.

They made a picture an angel would have liked to sketch as they tripped up the aisle, all eyes on them and all thoughts about them. Little black hands folded for all they were worth, the dusky dears greeted the divine Guest so soon to be wholly theirs in a first embrace of love. One moment they hesitated. Should they thus princely clad sit down on the bare floor? The Dictator couldn't bring himself to do it. Half of him knelt and half of him sat on one heel.

All of the faithful helped in the liturgical singing and prayed with Msgr. St. Denis, the officiating prelate and beloved spiritual leader. Traditional First Communion hymns were sung, the kind we heard back home on like occasions; but here, if the heart is the same, the language differs. God, however, understands loving praise in the *Citumbuka* lingo as He does praise in French or in English; so our bush babes have nothing to envy their Canadian cousins. God's heart is big enough to take the whole world in, and His mind wonderful enough to understand any word in any language.

Slowly the clock ticked the seconds and the hands moved to the bliss of ONE MOMENT. The twenty-two knelt for their initial meeting with the God made Bread, the Food of souls destined to live forever.

Immediately after Mass, Msgr. St. Denis exchanged his chasuble for a cope to administer the Sacrament that makes one a perfect Christian. At eleven thirty the children, all in a hilarious mood, sat at an open-air breakfast — quite a late hour, we admit, to break their fast.

What did we have on the menu? First came the *sema* (corn broth) with boiled beans as *dende* (seasoning). More tasty than these, however, were and always are the *mphalata* (grilled grasshoppers)! The whole was laid in *visero* (baskets) wherein each one plunged his black arms dimple-deep. Sunny faces and boisterous laughter, together with a rapid-fire disappearance of the dainties, said it all tasted like more. With an eye to the future, Fransisko made ample provisions of the grasshopper titbits for his brother and himself. When one is a bushboy before First Communion, one remains a bushboy after it; one can still play hooky and be miles from angelic.

For dessert the children had golden taffy (*swili*, as they say with a smack of their lips.) It is an axiom from Lapland to Cape Horn that sweets in a grownup's hand have magnetic effects on the "growing-ups" around.

At last it was time to go home. With flashing smiles they folded their white uniforms, said good-bye to the *Wamayi*, and trotted away to Father and Mother. Gone was the feast, but the remembrance of it would last.



Up with the dawn, these dear friends of the Savior often come to Mass and kneel at the Sacred Banquet laid out for them. In their grateful hearts is a warm place for the Lover of children and for all who have helped them know and love Him.

#### FRESH MEAT AND A PENNY

The little girls had been quietly at work turning over a small square of land for gardening purposes. Suddenly the silence gave place to hop, skip, jump, laugh, shout.

"*Amayi! rati! rati!*" they chorused.

Sister Marie des Anges<sup>(1)</sup>, eager for explanations, questioned the merry party.

"*Amayi!* We've found good fresh meat — a nest of rats." With all the pride of a conquistador Melina caught the biggest one by the tip of his tail. What a good dinner they were going to have!

"*Amayi*, I give it to you as a present!"

Had Sister been given a check for one million dollars she wouldn't have been more surprised. Indeed, she was so delighted that she felt very happy. Now, a happy mood is almost sure to bring on generous thoughts. So Sister in one gush of generosity told the girls she preferred to let them enjoy the feast of the dead and fried rodent, and left it to them whole and entire!

\* \* \*

July 22 brought a red-letter occasion to Katete Convent — Sister Superior's<sup>(2)</sup> patronal feastday. The girls delved into their limited repertoires



*Rozalina, the Sisters' Helper,  
With a Sheaf for the Next Hut to Be Constructed*

1. Alice PEPIN, Warwick, P.Q.

2. Sister MADELEINE MARIE (Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount, P.Q.).

for playlets, songs, dances, and games in honor of their and our beloved Superior. In the evening, a girl in raggedy dress, with timid voice but with eyes aglow, asked to see Sister Superior. Vikitoriya, for such was her name, stood sentinel by the chapel door where she knew the Sisters would appear shortly. Shyly she held out a copper coin, saying, "*Caka ciweme Amayi Mkuru! Happy feastday, Sister Superior!*"

Generous to the core, the destitute lass had made a heroic sacrifice. That copper cent, likely one of the first she had ever manipulated, was a treasure. How well her kind deed proves the beauty of her soul! Uncouth and untutored many of our bush people are in truth; but beneath the outer crust is something finer, something greater, something that bespeaks their nobility as actual or potential members of Christ's own Body.



### Converts Seek to Win Russia

LONDON (NC) — Two priests of the Byzantine-Rite Catholic Church, who are converts from the Russian Orthodox (schismatic) Church, will arrive here shortly from Rome to begin an apostolate among the hundreds of Russian Orthodox Church members in exile in this country. They are Marian Fathers.

This was disclosed here by Byzantine-Rite Bishop Peter Bucys, 77-year-old Superior General of the Marian Fathers. Bucys, who is titular Bishop of Olympus and consultor of the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church regards this work as preparation for the task of converting Russia.

"The work of evangelizing Russia," he said, "is in a state of preparation, but actual good and efficacious work, can be, and is being done, outside Russia — among the emigrants."

"Our work," explained Bishop Bucys, "is not so much a matter of numbers being received . . . but of placing our point of view in regard to union before the Orthodox, particularly among those who so earnestly pray and long for the unity of Christendom."

*The Providence Visitor*



### Shortage of Priests in Belgian Congo

LUMA (Lake Albert) — Essebi District, Lake Albert Vicariate, has a Catholic population of nearly 20,000 faithful. To minister to the spiritual needs of this vast population the Catholic Mission has only three priests, two White Fathers and one Congolese priest who are literally crushed with the tremendous task. Last year these three priests heard 78,000 confessions (an average of 120 confessions a day per priest), baptized 1,200 children born of Christian parents, prepared 600 little ones to their first Holy Communion, and blessed 400 marriages. A greater number of missionaries are needed at any cost to minister to the Christian community and to reach the yet non-Christian masses with the glad tidings of the Gospel.

*Fides*



# The Christopher Page

CHRIST-BEARERS IN WORD



The best way to keep one's Faith is to give it. One of the greatest services we can render a non-Catholic — and ourselves at the same time — is to spend five minutes instructing him in any one facet of the glorious Faith we possess. And yet, have we not reason to deplore our tongue-tied attitude in matters religious as being one of our capital sins, our number-one outstanding deficiency? In how many cases can we give a clear-cut, intelligent answer to queries from non-Catholic friends? Do we not find it easier to remain neutral, to imprison the Truth instead of releasing it? Are we sharers, or only keepers?

If so we have been feeling we are good witnesses to the Truth, we might still find matter for self-examination in the following excerpt from Thomas Merton's autobiography. In *The Seven Storey Mountain* the distinguished convert, speaking of his father, has these thought-provoking words: "He would have felt less hesitant if he had only had some Catholic friend of his own intellectual level, someone who would be able to talk to him intelligently about the Faith. But as far as I know, he had none. He had a tremendous respect for the good Catholic people we met, but they were too inarticulate about the Church to be able to tell him anything about it that he could understand — and also, they were generally far too shy."

Many converts, unfortunately, could make similar distressing accusations. Some, in their spirit of overcoming-evil-by-good, have upon their conversion joined Share-the-Faith Clubs to deepen their knowledge of the sacred boon that has come to them at the baptismal font, to become more competent spokesmen of Christianity, more efficient Christ-Bearers, and to correct misconceptions in the minds of those who darken the door of no church.

If we tried to imitate them, would we not be happier? If, as has been said, happiness comes from squandering ourselves for a purpose, are not our spiritual miserliness and possessiveness responsible for much of the mental frustration and emotional disaster in the world today? Happiness springs not so much from "having" as from "giving" and "sharing."

It was in this happiness that should be every Catholic's that a young woman Communist begged to be allowed to share. She was twenty-one, capable, enthusiastic, all-out for the Commies. She told her Christopher caller that she didn't believe in God.

"I do believe in God," answered the Christopher. "And because I believe in God I believe in you. You were made in His image and likeness and all humanity is you, over and over again."

The young woman had nothing to say. Finally she bit her lip and burst out, almost pleadingly, "Why don't you . . . you Christians tell that to the whole world instead of keeping it to yourselves?"

No, the perpetrators of evil must not put us to shame. We must work as hard for the good of all as they do for the tearing down of Christianity and civilization. We must, in accordance with the command of Christ, spread His Gospel of love into the whole world, and surely the whole world includes our next-door neighbor, our fellow workers, our classmates, and all. In this day and age we who would bear Christ must be able to discuss our way of life with others, or they will take our silence as proof that the Church and we who belong to it have no convincing explanations for our doctrine and practices. Today there is no niche in the Catholic Church for a tongue-tied Catholic.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

## Builder for Eternal Years

God likes variety. No two sunsets are exactly alike. No two roses have identical beauty of form. No two poplars stripped by the October wind have dropped the same number of gold pieces upon the breast of earth. In the world of souls, of the thousands God chisels and carves no two are precisely similar, for the Master Artist designs originals, not duplicates.

In the journey to God, too, there are variations. Some souls will never seek Him. Some souls will never find Him. Some He will bid arise from their sleep with the admonition that salvation is at hand.

John Sum was of these last. The world had been good to him. Like thousands of other Chinese school-goers he had skimmed over the fourth R — Religion — and had made human science the be-all and end-all of his student life. As he had acquired a good working knowledge of English, he decided to make that his specialty for the time being; accordingly, he asked to take an English course at our school. He came, saw, and set to conquer.

Conquer this young man would, for he had talent, liked study, was no mere sponge absorbing facts but an enthusiastic learner with a keen mind and fine ideas in his young head. He was building for the future.

And his edifice would last, for he made God its Master Architect. Among his English textbooks he secretly slipped a little catechism; before long he knew it on his fingertips. He had high hopes that the parish priest would give him permission to be baptized as a Christmas gift. Came the Nativity Feast, however, with John still a non-Christian; the priest had put the great day off till February to test the boy's resolution and sincerity. John had gasped, gulped, and finally grinned. For God he would bear the delay; had not the Master waited eighteen long years for him?

John Sum is a Catholic now. He has knelt at the Sacred Banquet in which Christ is received. In Mary, whose Brown and White livery he wears, he has found a mother who will follow him wherever he goes. In Christ her Son he has made friends with the Changeless One who will walk with him along the streets of Hong Kong. Until we see John again, our prayers are for him.

### LIFE IN A BOAT

How would you like to live and die in a boat? Thousands of sunny-faced Chinese will tell you that the experience is great and life in a boat something not to be missed this side of the grave. Indeed, they like their

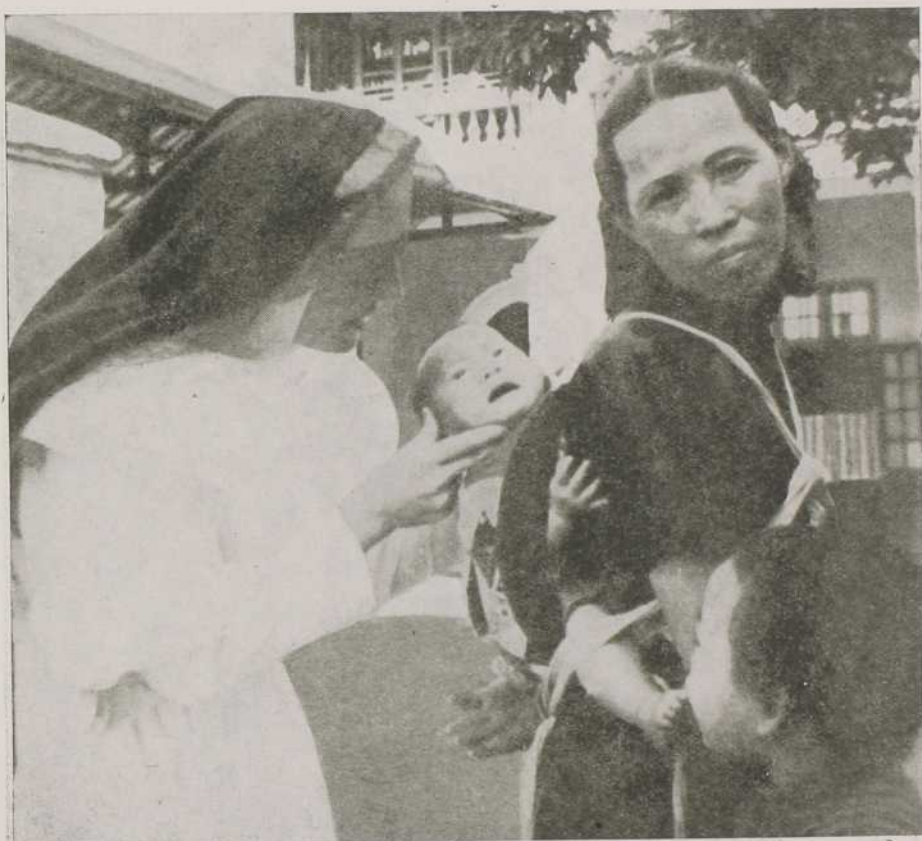


nomadic lot so much that they seldom go ashore. They have everything they need, and they don't need much.

Watching these boat-folk is fun. Here's a ten-year-old girl beside a washtub singing and doing the Chinese version of "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes." There goes an old matron to scoop up a cupful of water for her tea at the very spot where, sixty seconds ago, another emptied her tub of rinsing water. Let's hope the tea will have no Chipso flavor.

We see mammas, too, tying Juniors they want to keep from watery graves; mammas scrubbing the floor of their boat; mammas mending technicolor sails for their movable sweet home. They are satisfied with life. Beyond a bowl of rice, a many-seasons' suit, and a boat to call their own, the junk-people want nothing.

Nothing, that is, except a merry heart; and they have it. They are happy-go-lucky folk, trusting the gentle breast of Mother Sea because they have never pillowed their heads on the Heart of God. Pray for the sampan-people of China, that they may moor their boats at Heaven's port.



SISTER VERONIQUE DU SAUVEUR (VERONIQUE DELCOURT, WESTBROOK, ME.),  
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SHAMEEN  
MEETS A CHINESE MOTHER WITH HER SICK BABY

## TRAIN TACTICS

Chinese trains are cousins neither to Washingtonians nor to New York Flyers. Train travel in China dares to be different.

Riding in a Chinese train affords you more distractions in ten minutes than you have in an hour of meditation in chapel. I am trying to write, but my pencil rebels and so do my thoughts. Here they come, Pa and Mom plus two boys, plus enough parcels and boxes to fill the inside and top of a car. Orange skins, banana peels, apple cores, egg and peanut shells pile on the floor while the edible parts pile into two bottomless tummies. By and by the conductor will stop, stare, and stampede for his shovel.

Peels and shells, however, are not so interesting as I am. Never have these urchins seen a creature dressed as I am dressed. When I risk a smile they whimper as if I had bitten their round cheeks; when I venture a word, they run to Mom as if I were Bluebeard and wanted to eat them for my dinner. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. I'll keep smiling, and the whimperers and I will likely pick up a fast friendship before the next stop.

SISTER VERONIQUE DU SAUVEUR, M.I.C.<sup>(1)</sup>

1. Veronique DELCOURT, Westbrook, Me.



CHINESE JUNK





"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES" — CHINESE VERSION

### Shinto Temple to Be Church

AKO, *Japan*, (NC) — The Church's progress in evangelizing pagan Japan was illustrated when Belgian missionaries bought the Shinto temple here to convert it into a Catholic church.

The transaction was made between Io Ituo, the Shinto priest, and two Immaculate Heart of Mary missionaries from nearby Himeji, the Revs. Joseph Spae and Joseph C. Jennes.

The Shinto temple is a historical landmark, erected and consecrated to the Japanese national deities in 1853. Ako, with a population of 12,000, is a famous place in Japanese history because it was from here that 47 ronin or "wave-men" sailed forth to Tokyo to avenge the death of Lord Asano of Ako. They later committed hara-kiri around their masters' tomb and became heroes of the Japanese stage.

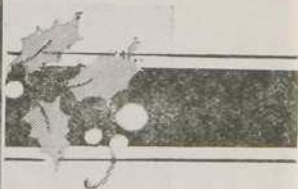
The Catholic missionaries have announced that the Shinto temple will be divested of its pagan symbolism, its skeleton-like gateway and statues of fox and badger, but the rolling door and fountain of the temple will be preserved.

"The sale of this temple is a sign of the times," the Shinto priest commented. "You have only five Catholics in this city now. But from the looks of it, I may soon be back in my old place — this time not to preach the God of the Sun, but the Son of God."

*The Providence Visitor*



*LAS PINAS*



## No Housing Problem

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

In the Philippines as everywhere else on God's good earth young couples marry and begin a home nest; but here it would more fitly be called a nest home. Graceful and dainty in its walls of light boards or closely-matted palm leaves; hooded with thatch roofing on which the birds play hopscotch every waking hour; perched nonchalantly up on stilts and smiling to the sun, the Filipino home is very close to nature, a thing of beauty and a joy as long as it lasts.

Building a home of this kind is quick business. It doesn't take months; it doesn't take weeks; eight or ten days at most, and lo and behold! the new house stands on its legs ready for occupation.

Hence the young husband-to-be spends no sleepless nights tossing the housing problem in his mind. Two weeks before the great day will be time enough. And when the bride comes there will be no instalment plan worries.

Moving is just as simple. You remove the stilts and hoist the building on twenty human shoulders, none of which need be strong as Trojan's; then you carry the flimsy thing to the desired place, unless, of course, you prefer truck transport. The first time you see this sort of moving picture you are amazed; the second time you are astonished; the third time it's just an old familiar sight. Such is the force of habit!

### SPRINGTIME IN THE PHILIPPINES

Whereas April in Canada is a chilly creature not so eager to put on its spring clothes, in the Philippines it is a summer month with enough heat to crisp faces golden brown. April Fool ushers in the dry hot season when faucets, springs, and wells are as dry as mummies in Egypt. If you intend



taking a holiday this year, April is the time, as any Filipino will say. If you are too busy, try to shorten your hours; do sixty minutes' work in fifteen.

Then when June bows and leaves, the rainy season will make the heat more tolerable; still, if 1949 repeats itself, you may have to wait till mid-July to use your umbrella. In this case so many things will have been roasted biscuit brown that December may find you hungry.

The dry season last year stretched well throughout July. On the 17th, the parishioners of Las Pinas had a High Mass sung and organized a procession for rain. On the flower-strewn float they escorted, the people had placed the church portal crucifixion scene with statues of Our Blessed Mother and St. John. Before them they kneel in every need and difficulty; seldom do their prayers fail to obtain a hearing.

The procession had hardly formed, however, when in torrents poured from the heavens' floodgates the rain all had been desiring. The clouds were liberal and did their duty as well as in Noah's time, so well, in fact, that the procession-goers got home literally soaked hours before they expected.



SISTER ST. JOSEPH DE BETHLEEM (YVONNE ROUTHIER, ST. PIERRE DE BROUGHTON)  
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LAS PINAS, RIZAL  
EXPLAINS A HARD SPOT TO TWO PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL



TEMPTATION CANDY COUNTER, ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, LAS PINAS

Rain continued to pour down the following days. Trees gathered that the world wasn't so bad after all; flowers smiled and burst out blossoming; little green shoots tiptoed above one another to see the rain puddles better. All nature took heart again and decided to make the best of life. Hope is a wonderful thing; if you have enough of it, you'll probably not go hungry in December.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL

On June 14 last a laughing band of enthusiastic youngsters awoke our classroom echoes from their long holiday sleep. Another term was opening in which to remember old dates and learn new ones; another term with teachers and pupils clasping happy, friendly, cooperative hands for the greater good of the rising generation.

It hurts us, though, to see former pupils of ours now obliged to attend public school. Were we only many and moneyed, we could conduct any number of schools with moral, spiritual, and intellectual training closely linked together; we could tell our pupils why they are walking this earth and what God expects them to bring out of this world into eternal glory; we could tell them that the best place to spend the first half-hour of the day is within the glow of the sanctuary lamp, close to the Presence that



makes life worthwhile and the after-life still more wonderful. But as things now are, many students are being educated only from the neck up.

Not so will it be for our four hundred, though! The Sisters are never found remiss in doing their part; and the lay teachers are everything they should be. The moulders of tomorrow's citizens have to be hand-picked.

This year we have added another class to our seven. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> gives supplementary lessons each Saturday to the pupils who find it hard to keep up with the others. This additional course naturally means extra work, but we hope that what we do will all come back to us in blessings. We know that God pays rich dividends.

Our poor old school wears the new look now with a silver-grey coat and brown decorations. As means were scarce we couldn't do more this year by way of improvement; so the tables and desks are still rickety as before and all on their last legs. Our modern style school remains a dream and nothing more. It will be a happy day for us when some kind benefactor sends the cost price of five gallons of paint destined to beautify our whereabouts. We'll buy the paint, borrow the brushes, and do the work.

1. SISTER ST. JOSEPH DE BETHLEEM (Yvonne ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton).

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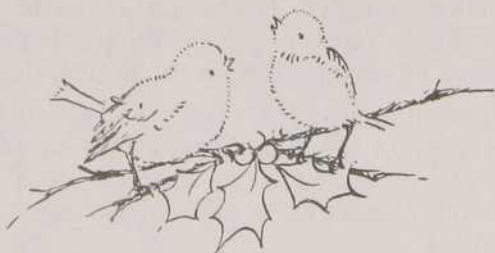
## For Haiti

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SISTER MARIE ODETTE (MARIETTE BOUILLE, CAP DE LA MADELEINE), SISTER ST. MARTHE (ANTOINETTE RAYNAULT, L'ASSOMPTION), SISTER ST. CATHERINE DE SIENNE (THERESE FOREST, ST. PAUL DE JOLIETTE), AND SISTER ST. JULIEN (MARGUERITE JULIEN, ST. AUGUSTIN DE PORTNEUF), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WHO LEFT THE MOTHERHOUSE OCTOBER 24, BOUND FOR HAITI.

# We Open a College at Manguito



Do you know what day in a missionary Sister's life is the happiest? That would be a question calling for much pondering, since happy days are welded into her life much as stars are set in the spacious firmament on high.

August 12 proved such a golden day for us newcomers, for between its sunrise and sunset we first saw at close range the Pearl of the Antilles, where fellow Sisters have been desiring help in the deep-sea fishing for souls. Our hearts and hands are ready.

Sister Marie Hermine<sup>(1)</sup> had the joy of being welcomed by her younger sister, Sister St. Veronique<sup>(2)</sup>, who has spent the past year in Marti and came from there for the great occasion. Greeting one's sister on foreign soil is a delightful experience that God grants seemingly only to His spoilt children.

A few days later, Sister Madeleine du Sauveur<sup>(3)</sup>, Superior, Sister Leon Joseph<sup>(4)</sup>, Sister Marie Hermine, and Sister St. Odilon<sup>(5)</sup> — Manguito's newly assigned quartette — rode over to organize the San José Colegio. Already the Fathers of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions stationed in Cuba had been busying themselves around, fashioning blackboards and bookcases, varnishing the teachers' and pupils' desks and tables, and laying new tile floors so that the Sisters fresh from Canada would never know about the chinky cement floor that was.

Setting the Colegio in operation was about as important an event as the discovery of a second atom bomb, judging from the expressions on the faces of the good people of Manguito. They haven't yet gotten over the thrill afforded them by the "unparalleled activity of the Canadian people," as personified here by the missionaries from Canada!

On hearing that our furnishings had preceded us, the Fathers rushed in after their early Mass to unpack and park in the various rooms. Four of them came the next day to finish the carpentry job before our advent. For weeks upon weeks at the hottest time of the year they have sacrificed their study time and rest periods — which they all sorely need — to organizing the classrooms. How they found time to help their fellow priests at Los Arabos get the rural schools ready for occupancy is a mystery of their own. Their glowing examples of brotherly love and selfless devotion to souls we shall long remember.

The following Sunday, with feelings you can well imagine, we said farewell to our Sisters of Mercedes, whose charity was another matchless matter. Sister St. Alban, Superior<sup>(6)</sup>, and Sister St. Colette<sup>(7)</sup> accompanied us.

After examining the house of our dreams from top to bottom, inside and out, we said a little prayer in the chapel, which doesn't yet house the Silent Presence, but where one has a feeling that God will soon dwell. Close to a diminutive statue of Our Blessed Mother, white as a lily and as graceful, commanding the tabernacle heights, we reread the act of consecration we had told in the Motherhouse chapel two glorious weeks ago. Cote des Neiges it was then — and now Cuba, hundreds of miles away, but not far enough to doubt that the same Mother of God is our own Mother, our Queen, our Guide, the confidante of all our sunny secrets and all

1. Veronique BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge.
2. Fabienne BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge.
3. Alice LABELLE, Montreal.
4. Simonne SABOURIN, St. Isidore de Prescott, Ont.
5. Constance DUBOIS, St. Ferdinand de Megantic.
6. Marguerite DIONNE, Joliette, P.Q.
7. Lucienne Constantin, Montreal, P.Q.



our sorry ones, the Mother we will give to straying souls, the Mother we will make known and loved in this land where her Son is still a Stranger for so many.

The next morning, after our first devotions in our humble oratory, we headed for the parish church. It is dedicated to St. Joseph and, though small, has several altars, as have most Cuban churches. The main altar at the centre is of marble and has a portrait of St. José; two statues, of the Sacred Heart and Murillo's Assumption, have also found place there. Of the three other altars the first is dedicated to La Caridad, a popular devotion in honor of the apparition of Our Lady to three mariners in distress; the second with its Christus so sorrowfully expressive, recalls the pain-filled drama of the Redeeming; the third is dedicated to the Little Flower of Lisieux, as the hidden Carmelite nun Santa Teresita is a great favorite with the Cubans.

After our visit to the church we returned to register the names of our pupils. Several fathers and mothers accompanied their young ones. By Angelus time that evening we already had thirteen names.

Bright and early on September 12, when, as we fancy, our Sisters at the Mother-house had just ended their after-Communion hymn to the Queen whose name is Mary, our students swarmed in "with satchel and shining morning face," as the playwright would say. What a hubbub!



SISTER MARIE CONRAD (YOLANDE MERCIER, THETFORD MINES), SISTER ANGELE DU SACRE COEUR (DESNEIGES BRAULT, MORINVILLE, ALBERTA), SISTER MARIE HERMINE (VERONIQUE BERNATCHEZ, PONT ROUGE), SISTER ST. ODILON (CONSTANCE DUBOIS, ST. FERDINAND DE MEGANTIC), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND A LITTLE BLACK FAVORITE, MANGUITO, CUBA.



SISTER MADELEINE DU SAUVEUR (ALICE LABELLE, MONTREAL) AND SISTER ST. COLETTE (LUCIENNE CONSTANTIN, MONTREAL), VISITING A SUGAR CANE PLANTATION

As all private schools in Cuba call for uniforms, our pupils wear trousers or skirts of brown gabardine with white blouses and brown ties for both categories. The children like to sport their school apparel. Well, seems to us children will be children the world over!

At noon our sixteen "semi-boarders" repaired to the *glorieta* for their first dinner at the Colegio. As Canadian dishes are familiar to none, we mingle Cuban ones here and there, to the evident satisfaction of all the eaters. Rice, beans, stew, and very little dessert are the preferences of our twice eight and so will remain. It is almost unbelievable, but we must say in all truth that the children like dish-washing and even quarrel as to who shall wait on the table at the next meal. Did you ever see anything like that in Canada?

Of the sixteen pupils in the fourth and fifth grades, only five have made their First Communion; of these, a fifteen-year-old said she had received only twice since. Not one can say the beads properly. We have told them that Sunday Mass was binding and have appointed a pupil to mark beside each name whether the young one was absent or present; the list is signed by the priest after Mass. Here at Manguito a Jewish father has asked a dispensation for his daughter on the ground that the Mosaic religion prohibits darkening the door of a Catholic church. The Reverend Father after conferring with Sister Superior granted the desired permission, hoping that some day the child will persuade her parents to allow her Sunday-morning freedom to follow the faithful.

Our Cuban youngsters are very interesting. On our first Sunday here Ignacio, not yet in his teens, dashed in with a pineapple-like fruit he was gallantly bringing for Sister Marie Hermine to whom, thanks to his scant knowledge of English, he



had been able to teach a few words of Spanish. Probably it was with a view to encouraging his pupil that Ignacio was bringing the gift. He added, too, that as soon as he could get some more money he would buy something for the other Mothers; before the afternoon was over his promise had been fulfilled.

A few days later the same little fellow with his companion Alfredo and a third pal knocked at our door asking to see Mother Superior. Mother Superior smiled herself in. They were bringing for her, for Sister Marie Hermine, and for Sister St. Odilon — of all things! — a small cross they had somehow obtained, so that God would help the Mothers learn Spanish as rapidly as possible.

One of us Sisters had been telling Alfredo she had just received letters from Canadian friends who missed her so much that she was wondering whether she should not go back. Lips zipped straight across his young face, Alfredo took it all in. Then down his brown cheeks cascaded big tears and in his throat a great lump stopped his words on their way out. Sister had to shift conversational gears to bring back the smile on the boyish face. Another time we told him that we might as well return to Canada, because with a tongue so hard to master, we couldn't do anything here. The poor child thought over the problem and the solution he found in the cross! Logical and deep, that idea of yours, Alfredo.

### THE COLEGIO IS BLESSED

September 26

This was a red-letter day for Manguito, consecrated to thanksgiving for the opening of the new Catholic house of learning. Rev. Father G. Lemire, parish priest, sang the votive Mass of San José at eight thirty, with our pupils and a goodly number of neighbors in attendance. After the last Gospel, Father spoke to his youthful hearers about the privilege that will hereafter be theirs to be taught human and divine knowledge in a Catholic school.

Dinner was served on the *glorietta* to the priests present for the blessing of the house and to the boarders. Were present the Rev. Fathers J. Geoffroy, H. Landry, J. T. Langlois, G. Lemire, and C. Fernandez Vega, pastor at Aguada de Passajero. This Spanish priest is praying for the day when he will have a convent in his parish and Sisters to dwell therein.

His Excellency Most Rev. A. Martin, Bishop of Matanzas, arrived at three o'clock accompanied by Msgr. Trabadelo, Vicar General, and the above-named priests, to bless the Colegio. After the ceremony His Excellency spoke eloquently and persuasively to the congregation that had thronged on the grounds. Loud-speakers enabled all to hear words that they will treasure.

Following the allocution came a recitation by a senior pupil, and discourses by Dr. Garcia, director of the Colegio, and Rev. Father G. Lemire. In the director's words the people sensed Cuba's great need of Catholic schools. "It is to the lack of religious training in our educational houses that we must attribute the crisis our country is at present going through." It is well known that the teaching of religion is prohibited in the public schools.

After thanking his Superior, Rev. Father Geoffroy, and his confreres who shared with him the hardships and labor of the Colegio project, Rev. Father Lemire gave a summary of the financial situation. With tact and humor seasoned, his words prompted many smiles among his hearers; may they later prompt donations of material and moral support to the benefit of both the Colegio and Manguito as a whole.

Then the Stations of the Cross were erected. His Excellency Bishop Martin departed at five o'clock, leaving us deeply impressed by his simplicity and his smile paternal enough to embrace an entire diocese. We pray that his wishes and those of the priests who signed in our visitors' register be favorably granted by Heaven — that Our Blessed Mother and good San José may bless our Colegio with every success.

# 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)

When he learned that he was to go to Rome, Father Chanel had written to a friend in Amberieux, "How happy I shall be if I have a chance to make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto! What heavenly sweetness must fill the Holy House of Nazareth! After having seen with my own eyes the humble home of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I should have within myself an inexhaustible subject for meditation; I should profit by it for others, above all for our college of Belley, and later, I hope, in some distant mission. It would be a powerful means of awakening in souls Christian faith and piety." His wish was destined to be fulfilled. The vacation of the Roman court interrupted all business, and the three Marists at once set forth for Loretto, reaching there on the feast of the Holy Rosary, when church and village were thronged with pilgrims, poor people most of them, who had come from every direction, and displayed a loving, childlike devotion which it warmed the heart to see.

Father Bourdin afterwards related, "As soon as Peter Chanel saw, not the Holy House itself, but only the basilica which encloses it, he seemed to be moved to the depths of his soul. On entering the church he threw himself on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament and remained for a long time lost in adoration; afterwards, he made on his knees the round of the Holy House. For an hour he remained, wrapt in prayer, before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. We who knelt beside him could understand a little from his sighs and the expression of his face how deeply he had entered into the contemplation of the mysteries wrought in that sacred spot. We recited the beads together, and with what fervor he pronounced each time the words, 'Hail Mary,' kneeling in the very place where the Archangel Gabriel saluted Our Mother as full of grace! More than once, before we left, he went back to that hallowed spot."

"On leaving Loretto," continued Father Bourdin, "We parted from Father Colin who was shortly to return to Rome. Our work at the College of Belley was calling us home. We had but three weeks more of vacation, which we were permitted to spend in visiting some interesting cities of northern Italy. None of the discomforts and inconveniences we had to put up with as we traveled seemed to annoy Father Chanel. He was always the same; nothing ruffled his amiability. His prayers, office, examination of conscience, spiritual reading, and the saying of his beads had each its appointed time from which he never deviated."



The two priests reached Belley on the eve of All Saints Day, and Father Chanel at once resumed his work as spiritual director of the college, a position which he filled until the following summer, with a zeal and sweetness which our Blessed Lady herself must have lent him.

## CHAPTER VIII

### **Superior of the Preparatory Seminary of Belley**

The Society of Mary grew rapidly, and it soon became necessary accurately to define its work and to complete its constitution. Father Colin felt that to do this he must lay aside all other work, and live, for a time, alone with God. On retiring into solitude he appointed Peter Chanel to succeed him as superior of the preparatory seminary of Belley. He had watched him at work and knew his admirable qualities of mind and heart, so it was without anxiety that he placed so much responsibility upon him, and the result justified his choice.

Obliged to accept a position from which his humility made him shrink, Father Chanel resolved to do his best to fill it perfectly. Aiming to avoid the confusion which often attends the opening of a big school he announced, as soon as the students returned, that from the very beginning the rules would be in full force. "Boys," he added, "we will do all in our power to make the college a second home to you. We wish you to find here affection and happiness; we hope to see your souls expand and grow strong. But that nothing will cross you; that you will never have to do violence to yourselves; that you will have nothing to endure; that the paths of learning and of virtue will be without thorns — these things would be impossible. School life is an apprenticeship for the struggles of later life. Accustom yourselves, in advance, to suffering."

After the Mass of the Holy Ghost, which prefaced the year's work, Father Chanel consecrated the students to the Blessed Virgin and placed under her protection their study, their recreation, and their rest. Every evening for several weeks he spent some time in explaining the rules of the house and urging all to do their best.

A letter which M. Modelon wrote many years later to Father Bourdin gives a lifelike portrait of Father Chanel as he was in those days. "I had the happiness of being a pupil at Belley when Father Chanel was superior," he said. "All who knew him remember his kindness, his unaffected sweetness, his gentle firmness, his intelligence, and his boundless charity. I have never heard any one equal the warmth and fervor with which he preached in the chapel, nor the grace of mind that showed itself in his familiar talks in the study hall and class rooms.

"If he crossed the playground when games of every kind were in progress all were dropped for the moment, and every boy ran to him, eager to talk with him, or perhaps to prevail upon him to take part in some game.

*(To be continued)*



# Leaves

From the

## Novitiate Book

Friday, September 9, 1949

We missionaries in the making were thrilled to hear a special bell this morning calling us to class. We believe that of knowl-

edge we must cram as much as ever we can, for in our future activities on the mission field every art will be useful in teaching Christian doctrine and in praising God. When, therefore, the happy sound of that bell reached our ears, we at once condemned needles, paintbrushes, kitchen utensils and all to a few hours of — with apologies to Thackeray — “dignified otiosity.” Thus will it be each day while we study religious doctrine and teacher training. Considering, too, that religion classes in the missions take on a new quality when punctuated with music, we are going to give special attention to the art that hath charms, that through it we may later lead souls from symphony to salvation. Of tongues we give the lion’s share to English, for no modern apostle can be satisfied with a clumsy acquaintance with the language of Shakespeare and Milton.

No dull moment will there be. Though we hardly need means of emulation we are going to have plenty of them to keep our enthusiasm at highest pitch. Each study period we will offer for the missions in some pagan territory or other; besides, some novices have adopted heathen babies, classes of colored boys, or churches slowly rising from the ground up. One especially intrepid Sister has adopted from a certain magazine a whole family of cannibals. It’s worried that we are, terribly worried lest she doesn’t have time to convert the terrorists before they take out their frying pan and cook her for dinner.

**Sunday, October 2**

A glorious autumn morning offered itself to divine inspection on the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary. How privileged we are to know, love, and serve so noble a Queen, so tender a Mother, the splendors of whose soul “outshine the glow of heaven’s serenest star!”

It being our monthly retreat, we had our usual procession in honor of Our Lady. Probably it will be our last outdoor one this year. Would that be why nature had garmented itself with sunshine and gold? The afternoon was beautifully quiet. Not even a bird was throwing his heart at the sky. Only the river murmured its monotonous singsong, and a gentle breeze played with the russet-hued heaps of dead leaves. The tall trees,



almost bare, stood at attention, their sombre outlines pencilled against a sky of flawless blue. Nature had indeed donned regal attire to bid farewell to its Sovereign.

"Always to Jesus through Mary." Before ending our Marian procession, we went to our community cemetery. There the sight of the vine adding blood-red touches of beauty to the foot of the large white cross turned our reflections to the millions in missions that are being lost because there is no one to take care of them in Christ's Name. If the Church is impeded in her march to the four corners of the world; if countless numbers with evil intent are swarming into every vital sphere; if the foes of Christianity are taking care not only of themselves but of everybody else, is it not because we Christians do not pray the Lord to send forth apostles, people with sound Christlike ideas, to renew the face of the earth?

O Mary, Queen of the Rosary, raise up thousands, millions of apostles. bearers of the Truth, bearers of your Son's doctrine in our sin-weary world,

### Monday, October 3

Today we continued honoring the Queen by celebrating the feast of a loyal little subject of hers, St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

O beloved hidden apostle, teach us to think and love on a world-wide range, as you did. Show us how to save souls by the divine telepathy of prayer and sacrifice. Help us work for souls and, in much the same way as you, make ourselves very fine haloes in the process.

Dear little Saint, shower your spiritual roses on our parents, benefactors, Superiors, and beloved Sisters roughing it for God and eternal glory in mission lands afar.



### Will You Take It?

Perhaps the commonest fallacy of even many good Catholics in the world is the notion that a religious "buries herself." She gives up everything that makes life interesting and beautiful. From now on she will live in a narrow treadmill of routine drudgery, no freedom, no movies, no shopping, no parties, nothing! Such a viewpoint is simply a caricature of the reality. Of course there are sacrifices to be made. But is there anything worthwhile in this life that does not demand the giving up of lesser goods? But that is only the negative side of the picture. There is also the brighter side.

For the religious life has its own happiness even in this world. God is like that. He compensates, a hundredfold. The choice for those having a vocation lies not between something good and bad, but between something good and better. Even on the natural level there are advantages. Far from cramping and stunting the development of personality, the religious and missionary life actually encourages and induces a wider unfolding, a greater span of interests and range of activities, a broader horizon than falls to the lot of the average housewife.

And on the supernatural plane, who shall tell of the happiness that comes to those who belong wholly and only to God, who work for Him and with Him and in Him, all the day long and every day, whose every moment, asleep or awake, is spent in doing His will, without doubt, hesitation or fear of illusion? If you really have a vocation, the "peace that surpasses all understanding" is yours for the taking. Will you take it?

# *The Last Word*

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## TO THE RICH YOUNG GIRL

My Dear Young Girl,

You are rich. Your purse may be empty; you may have to borrow a few nickels from your brother for this week's movies; you may not be able to purchase a new winter coat; yet you are rich, very rich because you have that glorious wealth called *life* to spend as you choose. Possibly the most desirable Companion a girl could ever hope to have has invited you to invest it in the *Bonds* of Religion, the Bonds of Poverty, Chastity, Obedience. If so, we feel sure you will read this. We, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, are ready to offer suggestions to any rich young girl who wants to invest her life. We can help her secure those Bonds.

First of all we must introduce ourselves. Our Community was founded in 1902 by Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit, under the patronage of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi and the direction of Rev. Father G. Bourassa. Our title and field of action we hold from Pope Pius X. Our title you know; our field of action is *THE WORLD*. But our great goal is still far off; we don't yet swing around the globe.

Steadily, however, we are inching on to progress. As Mary Immaculate's goodwill apostles we conduct schools, orphanages, workrooms, clinics, founding homes, a leprosarium, besides industrial, catechist, and nursing schools. Those are our principal mission works. Here in Canada we operate schools, apostolic and retreat houses, spread mission literature, and keep busy at a score of other activities. The enterprise is grand, and we love it.

Naturally, our great central aim is the extension of the frontiers of the Faith in heathen lands. True, our program is many-sided; and it has to be. Souls are reached in so many ways.



BRIDES OF THE SAVIOR



World vision like this demands striving for personal sanctity. Someone has said that the three secrets of perseverance in convent life are love of Jesus, desire for holiness, and the ability to smile. These three, however, will gradually unfold into the dozen we cherish: 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 whole-hearted dedication to the salvation of souls.

We believe, accordingly, in sinking spiritual foundations deep, in developing interior life, in increasing our spiritual power. There are pauses in the day's occupations for Holy Mass, morning and afternoon meditation, spiritual reading, the rosary, the Stations of the Cross. Also to keep in good spiritual trim we have monthly recollections and annual retreats. On Sundays, Fridays, and all main feasts of the year we take turns during the day kneeling in adoration before our King enthroned in the golden monstrance. From the altar goes forth the energy that pulses through the arteries of the Community; from the altar, grace sufficient for the day, grace sufficient for the fray; from the altar, strength to root out evil and sow good seed in its stead. Sisters are made, not born!

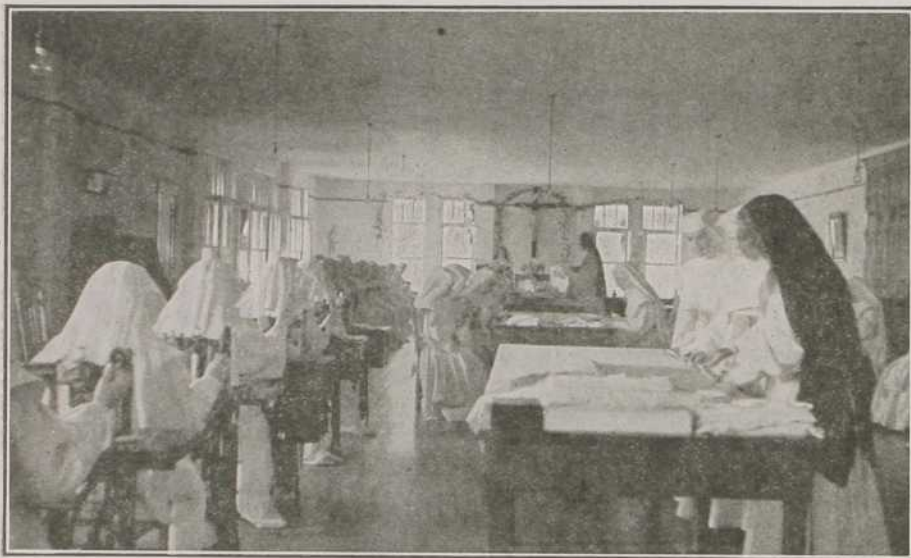
Our convent needs you, indeed, if you have a generous heart, good health, along with a sincere desire to labor for the missions. Will power is furthermore a splendid asset. Some call it "won't power," and they're probably right.

"But what about college diplomas?" you ask. Oh, if you haven't enough of them you can still qualify for the Three Bonds. If you can make, bake (and occasionally burn) biscuits; if you can sew a fairly straight seam on the old "Singer;" if you can handle water colors and the brush that goes with them; if you can play the piano, the violin, or any other musical instrument; if you can do any one or two of these, why — you're the girl we're looking for! Come for your Bonds!

Before you can secure them, however, you have to show your papers, I mean Baptism and Confirmation certificates, which are required, as also a letter from your parish priest or spiritual adviser, and a certificate from the doctor. If you haven't reached your twenty-first birthday, you will have to add to all these the written consent of your parents. You belong to God, but you belong to them also.



OUR VENERATED MOTHER FOUNDRRESS



TRAINING FOR THE MISSIONS, WHERE EVERY TRADE IS HANDY

Once we have you and the papers the grand career begins. For six months you will be a postulant; for two years a novice; for three, a Junior Professed Sister. In the meantime you will observe and be observed; you will study the rules and customs; you will form Christ in you in order to form Him later in the souls of your spiritual children; you will think long and lovingly about the blessed Bonds; and when your years of annual vows are over, you will bind yourself forever to the Spouse of souls. You will be His Bride for all eternity.

You will be happy too. You will live selfless, Christ-filled days; you will spend that glorious thing called life in the service of Christ as His own chosen Bride; you will live for Him and die to self for love of Him. Mary Immaculate will hold you in special affection, for you will be battling for souls under her own standard. In joy as in sorrow, in success as in defeat, in labor as in repose she will be your refuge, your protection, the Cause of your joy, the Comforter of your afflictions. If you go down the avenues of life holding the hand of the spotless Mother of God and basking in the radiance of her motherly smile, what have you to fear from the world, the flesh, and the devil? Mary Immaculate is mightier than army in battle array; at her word the legions of hell are crushed and the power of Satan brought to nought.

Dear Girl, it is really in the religious life that your investment will bring the greatest results. If you are a wise virgin, you will be a wise investor. And if you are a wise virgin, our Sisters need you! Some day, God willing, you will be able to sign, like my Sisters and myself,

ONE OF THEM





# Glories of Mary

I would like heartily to thank Our Immaculate Mother for favors received. Would you kindly make a novena for two very special intentions. M.L., **Montreal**. — The enclosed cheque is a promised thanksgiving offering for a return to health. Please say an extra prayer for me. Mrs. T., **Montreal**. — Will you please have a mass said in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the intentions of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory, for a special favor received from Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — I have received a favor from the Blessed Virgin Mary. D. McD. — Please have masses said as thanksgivings and requests to Our Lady, for the holy Souls. Mrs. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Please pray for an intention. B., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Please publish my heartfelt thanks for favors received. Mrs. J. P. — Thanks for relief from severe pains in the back and liver. Mrs. J. O. B. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. A. P., **St. Hedwige**. — I wish to express my thanks for my son's recovery. Mrs. H. D., **Mont Laurier**. — I have obtained a favor. Mrs. L. E. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. L. L., **St. Agathe des Monts**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. L., **Bay City**. — A thousand thanks to our heavenly Mother. I have obtained the favors

I was desiring. Anonymous. — All my gratitude to Mary Immaculate for the favor she has obtained for me. J. P. R., **Lowell, Mass.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received. I am requesting three other favors. Miss M. B., **Squatteck**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for the favors she has obtained for me. Mrs. L. P., **Montreal**. — I am grateful for the preservation of my health. Anonymous. — I have obtained a great favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. O. F., **Rosemount**. — It is a great pleasure for me to thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for the special favor she has obtained for us. Mrs. T. T., **St. Therese de Blainville**. — Sincere thanks for the cure of my son. Mrs. T. R., **Brodeur**. — Grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor received. Anonymous. — Lively thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the great favor we have received through her intercession. Mrs. D. O., **Mistassini**. — Thanks to our Mother in Heaven for a favor received. Pray for me. Anonymous, **Danielson, Conn.** — I wish to thank Mary Immaculate for the great favors she has recently obtained for me: a conversion and my husband's return. I am asking her to obtain recovery for a very nervous person. C. S., **St. Martin**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. E. B., **St. Zacharie**. — I am coming to fulfill a promise to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor she has kindly obtained. Mrs. J. H. B. — I have obtained a special favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Sincere thanks. Mrs. I. C., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Mary for her protection. Mrs. H. G. — Heartfelt thankfulness for a favor received through the intercession of Mary Immaculate. Mrs. G. L., **Montreal**. — I am coming to fulfill my promise in acknowledgment of a favor obtained. Mrs. A. L. — Thanks to Mary for her protection during a fire. Mrs. A. LeB. — Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. E. L., **Rosemount**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Anonymous. — Please publish my thanks for a favor I have obtained through Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. H., **Montreal**. — I am fulfilling my promise in gratitude to our Mother in Heaven. R. P., **Villé Emard**. — Thanks for protection during a fire. I am asking a cure from rheumatism. R. — Please publish my thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for having obtained a favor for our family. Mr. A. McL. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. H. D., **Montreal**. — My little boy's ears are now cured. Many thanks to Our Blessed Mother. R. D., **St. Elzear**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for her protection. Anonymous.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Please accept an offering in thanksgiving to St. Christopher and St. Expedit for favors received. M. A. — Please have masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving. H., **Verdun**. — Please have masses said for me for the Souls in Purgatory to thank God for all He has done for us. Please pray that God will give me back my health. Mrs. S., **Bristol, Conn.**

# Petitions to Mary

Kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my little girl who has a sore throat. Mrs. De L., **Montreal**. — I would be grateful to you if you could make another novena for two special intentions. Mrs. L'E., **Pt. St. Charles**. — Please make a novena so that my husband may be successful in obtaining his new position. Mrs. L., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my sister that she will get well without an operation. Also ask Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, to pray for two intentions. Mrs. M., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for my husband and my late sister's four boys. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Will you help me make a novena to Our Blessed Mother that I may find a steady job which I will be able to do. Miss M. D., **Montreal**. — Please remember us all and our dead in your kind prayers. Well-Wisher, **Rosemount**. — Will you please pray for my complete cure; also for my husband's conversion. Mrs. H. — Would you please burn a vigil light to Our Blessed Mother for my baby's health and another intention. Mrs. B., **Verdun**. — Please keep us in your prayers as we keep you in ours. Sister M. T. — Please pray for my daughter. Mrs. L., **River Canard, Ont.** — Please pray that my son will be cured of hay fever and soon obtain employment; that he may find a nice place to stay and be happy; that my daughter will be cured of neuralgia, and soon will have a good position. Anonymous, **Windsor, Ont.** — Will you say prayers for a person who is very nervous. Mrs. St-J., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please pray for my cure. A subscriber. — Please pray for two intentions. Miss G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray for me because I am very nervous and underweight. A subscriber. — Please start a novena for my husband's business and that my daughter will be adjusted to the school she is attending. Please remember other special intentions. Mrs. L. — Will you please pray for my recovery. Mrs. M. S., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Please pray for good health and complete recovery for my husband and myself. Mrs. E., **Thompson, Conn.** — Please remember me in your prayers. Sister M. P. — A special favor is requested. Mrs. D., **Bedford**. — Please pray for my intention. H. L. — Please pray for a cure and other favors. Anonymous. — Please help me pray to Our Blessed Mother for my husband's recovery. Mrs. G., **St. Jerome**. — Please join me in praying to Our Blessed Mother that I may obtain relief from a heart ailment and high blood pressure. Please remember my husband who drinks very often. Anonymous.



## GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please pray that Almighty God will convert my son and his wife; prayers also for my three daughters and means to pay debts; vocations in our family. Mrs. X. — Please pray to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and to St. Jude for my father who is seriously ill. G. B., **Montreal**. — Please find enclosed stipends for a low mass for the Holy Souls in Purgatory for special intentions. Mrs. W. — Please have masses said for the most neglected souls in Purgatory that my son may be cured of a sore throat. Mrs. M. R. — Please make a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary for my health. Mrs. W., **Maine**. — Will you please pray that my daughter may change her mind and come back to her faith and her family. Mrs. X., **Detroit, Mich.**

Readers are requested kindly to remember in their prayers the following intentions: conversions, 8; vocations, 2; cures, 32; special intentions, 60.

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

Rev. Father P. E. Beaulieu, St. Louis du Ha! Ha!; Mrs. Clovis Barrette, Causapsal, mother of our Sister Marie de la Nativite; Mr. Joseph Roberge, Granby, father of our Sister St. Gerard; Mrs. William Carrier, Lennoxville, mother of our Sister St. Guillaume; Mr. L. E. Martel, Quebec, father of our Sister Monique d'Ostie; Mrs. J. P. Hetu, St. Sulpice, mother of our Sister St. Robert; Mr. Remi Noel, Lauzon,

father of our Sister St. Remi de France; Mr. R. A. Labelle, Marlboro, Mass., brother of our Sister Anne Helene, novice; Mr. Fernand Drainville, St. Vincent de Paul, brother of our Sister Marie Viateur, novice; Miss Fleurette Parent, St. Ambroise de Kildare, sister of our Sister St. Eleonore, novice; Mrs. William Free, Frampton West; Mr. Edward Young, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. P. O'Brien, Montreal; Mrs. C. Harvey, Verdun; Mr. Normand Dube, Lewiston, Me.; Mr. Emile Bonin, Mrs. Alfred Plante, Miss Francoise Allard, Mr. Nap. Samson, Mrs. Francois Charron, Mrs. Omer Corbin, Mr. Jos. Bienvenue, Mrs. Joseph Lauzon, Mrs. Sam Piquette, Mrs. Joseph Senez, Mrs. Louis Lachance, Mrs. A. Goyet, Montreal; Mrs. A. Bergeron, Montreal North; Mrs. Laure Guimond, Laval des Rapides; Mr. Raphael Martin, Mrs. Adelard Richer, St. Genevieve; Mrs. Josaphat Labelle, St. Eustache; Mr. Edouard Pelletier, Mrs. Philibert Dubois, Varennes; Mrs. Raoul Geoffrion, Vercheres; Mrs. Leo Gregoire, St. Valentin; Mrs. Auguste Dupuis, Mr. Charles Lalumiere, Mr. L. J. Beauvais, Laprairie; Mrs. P. Saint-Denis, Oka; Mr. Honorius Ouimet, Lac Carre; Mr. Alexandre Vadeboncoeur, Mrs. J. T. Lassonde, Boucherville; Mr. Rodolphe Robitaille, Chambly Bassin; Mr. Georges Goyette, Longueuil; Mrs. Joseph Potvin, Mrs. Arm. Hebert, Chambly Canton; Mr. Georges Boucher, Mrs. Pierre Senecal, L'Acadie; Mr. Raoul Chalifoux, St. Adolphe d'Howard; Mrs. Louis Dandonneau, Mr. Theodore Dandonneau, Ile du Pas; Mrs. Adelard Valois, Mr. Cuthbert Laforest, St. Ignace de Loyola; Mr. Yvon Desy, Berthierville; Mr. Francois Bazinet, St. Emelie de L'Energie; Mrs. Adjutor Theriault, St. Come; Mr. Moise Godmer, Mr. Gerard Champagne, St. Zenon; Mr. and Mrs. A. Geoffroy, Mr. Eugene Guilloite, Knowlton; Mrs. Louis Dumont, Cowansville; Mr. Thomas Preville, Valleyfield; Mrs. Joseph Mailloux, St. Sebastien d'Iberville; Mrs. Narcisse Henault, Bedford; Mr. Wilfrid Dupuis, Mrs. Nap. Leduc, Mrs. Geoffroy Lavallee, Acton Vale; Mr. Nap. Legrand, Miss Anna Bouthilllette, St. Theodore d'Aston; Mr. Alph. Plante, Notre Dame de Stanbridge; Mrs. Philippe Cadieux, St. Alexandre; Mrs. F. X. Aubin, St. Joseph de St. Hyacinthe; Mr. Aurele Roy, Thetford Mines; Mrs. Dalvida Groulx, St. Agathe des Monts; Mrs. Art. Alarie, Labelle; Mrs. Adelard Leduc, L'Ascension; Mr. Levis Leonard, Rapide l'Orignal; Mrs. Horace Mayer, Ferme Neuve; Mr. Leonard Moncion, Mont Laurier; Mr. Ad. Harbour, St. Jean sur Lac; Mr. Ludger Patry, Bouchette; Mr. Camille Dessailly, Normetal; Miss Mathilda Fontaine, St. Victor; Mrs. E. Jacques, East Broughton; Mrs. Philippe Beaulieu, Montmagny; Mr. P. J. Saint-Aubert, L'Islet; Mr. J. H. Valcourt, Mr. Lionel Lincourt, Mrs. Louis Bois, St. Simon; Mr. Joseph Trottier, St. Helene; Mrs. R. Leblanc, St. Rose du Degele; Mrs. Horace Theriault, Padoue; Mrs. Octave Dionne, Mrs. Yvonne Berube, Biencourt; Mrs. J. F. Parent, Mr. D. Leclerc, Cabano; Mrs. Jos. Michaud, St. Hubert; Mrs. Nap. Bouchard, St. Louis du Ha! Ha!; Mrs. Robert Dumond, L'Isle Verte; Mr. Adolphe Cote, St. Eloi; Miss Berthe Demers, Trinite des Monts; Mrs. H. Brisson, St. Blandine; Mrs. Noel Pelletier, Causapsal; Mrs. Clovis Guay, Les Escumains; Mrs. Joseph Paquin, Deschambault; Mr. Joseph Tremblay, Albanel; Mrs. Jos. Turcotte, Mr. Marc Gagnon, St. Bruno; Mrs. Joseph Brassard, St. Wilbrod d'Hebertville; Mr. Jos. Larouche, Larouche; Mr. Onesime Bouchard, St. Marguerite Marie; Mrs. J. C. Gagnon, St. Jeanne d'Arc; Mr. Leopold Gravel, St. Ludger de Milot; Mr. Edmond Boivin, St. Gedeon; Mrs. Aurelie Hebert, Woonsocket, R.I.; Mrs. Georges Bourdelais, Mrs. Brunelle, Marlboro, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Thomas, Newton, Mass.

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.

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