

No. 8, Vol. XVII, 28th Year.
Montreal, March-April 1950

The Precursor



*I'm from Katete and the Missionary Sisters
are telling me all about God*

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,

2900 St. Catherine Road,

Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q.

(Founded in 1902)

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

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

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

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

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

(Founded in 1918)

Visits to Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals.

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

(Founded in 1914)

Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

(Founded in 1918)

Apostolic school for prospective missionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Kindergarten.

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

(Founded in 1919)

Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.

(Founded in 1919)

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

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.

(Founded in 1921)

Hospital and Clinic for Orientals. Religious instruction of Chinese.

THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.

(Founded in 1926)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.

(Founded in 1930)

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

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.

(Founded in 1930)

Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

GRANBY, 279 Main St.

(Founded in 1931)

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.

(Founded in 1932)

Closed retreats for women and girls.

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

(Founded in 1935)

Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for needy churches of the diocese.

VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.

(Founded in 1946)

Mt. St. Joseph's General Hospital for Orientals. Clinic. Refuge for old people.

(Continued on Third Page of the Cover)

The Precursor

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His Holiness Pope Pius XII

The Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon earth, and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies.

Our Father, Hail Mary. 300 days indulgence, once a day.



ROME

This darksome night
When loyal hearts with grief and fear are filled,
In splendor gleams the City seven-hilled
With Christly light.
The gates of hell
Shall not prevail where stalwart Peter stands,
Where Pius lifts in prayer his pleading hands
All will be well.

One beacon glows
Unmoved, undimmed by godless night's alarms;
One torch of truth from Everlasting Arms
Its glory throws.
One lofty dome
Have dashed against the waves of heresy
Without avail. O Fortress of the free,
Eternal Rome!

Thrice sacred place,
Fair fatherland to Christian hearts so dear,
Receive thy children in this Holy Year
Of good and grace.
Lead thou the way
With pardon's pledge to saintliness of soul,
Beyond our transient earth to Godly goal,
Eternal Day!

THE PRECURSOR



Gift of God

The story of the Samaritan woman is one of the happiest episodes in the Mystery of the Redemption.

It is the meeting of God with humanity, of the Saviour with the sinner, of mercy with justice.

In the Holy Year, we live this meeting over again in all its sublime beauty.

Tired after a long and fatiguing journey, His heart wounded by the ingratitude of His fellow countrymen, Our Lord came to the well of Sichar.

We can see Him now, no less tired and sorrowful, after walking the highways of the world for two thousand years like an indefatigable pilgrim to continue the work of the Redemption, and, far too often, to be met by indifference and offence. To individuals and nations looking for peace and happiness in vain His lips, cracked with thirst, still repeat: "If thou didst know the gift of God" (St. John, IV, 10).

The Holy Year is the gift of God which Our Lord offers us through His Vicar. For what is the Holy Year if not an insistence upon the mystery of the Redemption? It gives men a chance of following the woman of Samaria, to cease looking for water in the well at Sichar, symbol of earthly happiness, pleasure, riches, and honours, and to turn to Him who, forgotten and unknown, rests His tired body near that well and keeps on saying: "If any man thirst, let him come to me, and drink" (St. John, VII, 37).

We must be careful not to take too narrow a view of the Holy Year, thinking only of the immense crowds of pilgrims who will come to Rome.

The Church certainly offers them the fruits of the Redemption in a particular way. She grants them a fuller pardon of their sins, even those that are reserved, and gives them special indulgences. She does this by the right Christ conferred upon her. She shows her liberality and exceptional generosity by laying open the precious treasure of the superabundant merits of her Divine Spouse, His most holy Mother, the Saints, and the righteous upon earth.

This action of the Church is, to use a modern expression, an amnesty, one that is given upon extraordinary occasions such as, for example, the centenary of the Redemption. In the ordinary course of events, however, the Holy Year "amnesty" is granted every twenty-five years.

The Holy Year is another form of those Jubilee years prescribed by God when He told Moses to sanctify the fiftieth year and to announce the remission of sins to all the inhabitants of his country. "It is the Jubilee" (Leviticus, XXV, 10).

To grasp its meaning, we must read what Pius XII has written about the Holy Year or recite the special prayer he has composed.

It is not only a question of the personal benefit of the pilgrim who comes barefooted to Rome nor of groups of pilgrims who return home finding no other words to express their joy than those of the Samaritan woman: "Come, and see a man who has told me all things whatsoever I have done. Is not he the Christ?" (St. John, IV, 29).

The well of Sichar is a symbol of the fickle joys this world offers us. The man with his tongue hanging out is not alone when he rushes towards it. Thinking to quench its thirst there and find peace, the whole of mankind gathers round. But it forgets Him who sits beside it warning both individuals and nations: "Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him shall not thirst for ever; but the water I will give him, shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting."

In his Christmas message, the Holy Father said: "As it draws to an end, 1948 seems like one of those crucial points at which the road that formerly led through pleasant country has now reached the edge of a precipice where snares and dangers fill every noble, generous nation with ever-growing anxiety."

The Holy Father then went on to say: "Nevertheless, whilst even the courageous begin to grow afraid and the most clear thinking and resolute are assailed with doubts, We feel Ourselves more than ever bound to follow the Divine command: 'Strengthen thy brethren.' To all of you, even those at the ends of the earth, We send Our Christmas message, a message taken from the words of the Prophet announcing the Redemption and the final victory of the Kingdom of God. 'Comfort the enfeebled arms and strengthen the weakened knees. Say to the faint-hearted: 'Take courage, be not afraid; behold, your God will come and save you.' " (Isaias, XXXV, 5,4).

The Holy Year will fill us all with trust and comfort us with its message: "Take courage, be not afraid; behold your God will come and save you."

Even that tiny, privileged strip of land where God made Man lived His earthly life, the country of the well of Sichar, must feel the power of this message and "the rainbow of peace and reconciliation will cover it with the sweep of its serene light." — "Behold, your God is coming."

He came for the just but He came for sinners too. "I have not come to seek the just but sinners."

The story of the Samaritan woman is a case in point. She replied to Our Lord with irony, daring, and bitterness. How will the world reply to the call of Christ's Vicar?

Even now we have examples of what people, in good or bad faith, are thinking about the Holy Year. The less evil of them say with the Samaritan woman: "Our fathers adored on this mountain, and you say that at Jerusalem is the place where men must adore" (St. John, IV, 20).

All we have to do is to substitute Rome for Jerusalem. And, in truth, Rome does substitute Jerusalem. For it was set up as "the holy place where sits the successor of great Peter" (Dante, *Inferno*, II, 23-24).

Petrarch spoke about "the little old man with white hair who comes to Rome full of desire to see Him whom he will see again in Heaven."

Our Lord, returned from Samaria, said to His Apostles: "Do not you say, there are yet four months and then the harvest cometh? Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest" (St. John, IV, 35).

Let us obey the Divine command, let us raise up our eyes and look upon the fields white with promise for the harvest, that is, the fruit expected of the Holy Year. "Lift up your eyes and see."

Many sinners are looking forward to the chance of reconciling themselves with God during the Holy Year. By becoming living members once more of the Mystical Body of Christ, they will augment the Church's power of reconciliation at the Divine Tribunal. Such will be the effect of their joining the Communion of Saints.

The discomforts of the journey, the sacrifices, and the alms they give, will make the pilgrims' contribution to the treasure of merits no inconsiderable one.

During the Holy Year, Rome will not shut itself up within the walls of the city. It will embrace the Church Suffering and the Church Praying.

The Church Suffering includes the sick, those for whom it is physically impossible to come to Rome, and prisoners especially those who are the victims of persecution. But, as in former Holy Years, these too will be able to gain the Jubilee Indulgence.

The elect of the Church Praying, cloistered monks and nuns, will also have this privilege. Thus pain will unite itself to prayer, justice will be reconciled more easily with peace, and the Avenging Angel will sheath the sword of vengeance.

"Lift up your eyes and see."

The whole Church united in spirit with the pilgrims to Rome will transform herself into the Church Suffering and Praying, and multiply prayers and suffering in order to disarm Divine wrath and obtain God's blessing.

Jubilee Indulgences are, for the great part, applied to the souls in Purgatory who, thus rendered worthy to enter Heaven, become powerful intercessors for us before Our Lord. It is this aspect of the Holy Year which makes it the gift God offers to weary mankind. With its aid, the Church purified, and embellished in her mystical members, comforts the heart of her Divine Spouse. Thus will be found just men whose lives will ward off new chastisement and give us a sight of that rainbow of lasting peace which brings all men together in the brotherhood of charity and justice.

Our most urgent task now is to prepare ourselves worthily to receive this great gift from God.

When we have this, we shall be able to say with the Samaritans: "We now believe, not for thy saying: for we ourselves heard Him, and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world" (St. John, IV, 42).

"Take courage, be not afraid: behold, your God will come and save you."

MSGR. ALFREDO MARIA CAVAGNA

in *The Holy Year Bulletin*

HOLY YEAR CALENDAR

MARCH, APRIL, MAY

- March 2: Observance of 11th anniversary of the election of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.
- March 12: Observance of the anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII.
- April 9: (Easter Sunday) Pope Pius XII will sing Pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's and give his blessing from the balcony.
Some canonizations are expected the last part of April and the first part of May.
- May 7: Canonization of Blessed Maria Goretti, Italian martyr of chastity.
- May 18: Canonization of the Blessed Vincenza Gerosa, Co-Founder of the Sisters of Charity.
- May 28: Canonization of the Blessed Jeanne Valois, onetime Queen of France.
- Late in May or early in June — the International Congress of Social Science of the Institute of Social and Political Sciences of Fribourg.

A Man

on the Cross

Whenever there is silence
by day or by night
I am startled by a cry.
I went out and searched
And found a Man in the throes of crucifixion.
And I said, "I will take you down."
And I tried to take the nails out of His feet
But He said, "Let them be, for I cannot
be taken down until every man, every woman,
and every child come together to take me down."
And I said, "But I cannot bear your cry. What
can I do?"
And He said, "Go about the world
Tell everyone that you meet that there
is a Man on the Cross."

Lenten broadcast of Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

for MARCH

Catholic Church Work Among American Negroes

On almost the entire American continent, the colored people make up a large part of the population, sometimes even the greater part. For all of South America the total number of Negroes is estimated at 8 million. Central America numbers among its inhabitants more than 700,000 colored inhabitants while 2,300,000 live in that famous colored Republic of Haiti. These 11 million colored who live in the region of Central and South America do not constitute a great problem as far as the growth of the Church is concerned, since perhaps 80 or 90 per cent already recognize the true faith.

The true problem, however, of the growth of the Church among the Negroes is found in the United States. Here, according to the figures for the year 1948, there are 15 million Negroes of whom only 1-40 are Catholics (362,427). Comparing this total number with that of the year 1863, that is, the year of the abolition of slavery, the total number was almost four million, of whom some 100,000 professed the true faith. There were then therefore, about 1-40 of the Negroes Catholic. Hence, no proportionate progress can be noted over the years. This picture of the situation of Catholicism among these Negroes clearly calls for our prayers, but it may lead some to doubt the possibility of their conversion. This is an unwarranted attitude, however, if we consider the number of Negroes who were Catholic 20 years ago, that is about the year 1928. The total of Negroes in the United States was estimated at 12 million with 175,000 Catholics or only 1-70 of the total.

The reasons for that decrease in proportion to the year 1863 can explain the difficulties that exist today, which, however, are not as great as before. The first reason without doubt is that the southern states where the greater part of the colored lived and still live are strongly in favor of Protestantism. Likewise in almost all the rural areas of the United States and especially in the southern states the Church is less known, while at the same time, the greater part of the colored have lived and still are living in these regions since they are for the most part farmers. Thus the Catholic Church remained unknown to a large proportion of the colored and, sad to state, was sometimes even blindly looked down upon and suspected. Some of their former masters were descendants of Catholic immigrants who gradually not only lost the faith but even changed their love for the Church to bitter hatred. They poisoned their children and slaves with this hatred which today has not lost all its strength. These difficulties which may be called principal but not the sole ones, have placed many serious obstacles to the work of the Church which, however, never loses her hope founded in the love of God, and is laboring with every effort to preserve her own and to be heard and loved more and more by others.

In the year 1928, 195 priests were devoting their whole time to work among the colored. After less than 20 years, in 1946, there were 500 priests with 2,000 Sisters working in this same field. In 1948, with thanks to Divine Providence, they could report that in one year 8,857 Negroes had embraced the true faith. In 1946 there were 350 churches and 275 Catholic schools for Negroes. In 1948, 40 schools and churches were added. More than 710 Negroes are studying in Catholic universities.

There is, therefore, a well founded hope with the grace of God that the influence of the Church among the Negroes of North America will daily increase. Every Catholic, therefore, is asked by the Holy Father to pray with him that the work of the Catholic Church among American Negroes may bear much fruit.

Released by National Office of the S.P.F.

The Christopher Page

CHRISTOPHERS START ON THEIR KNEES

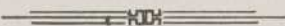
Prayer is an effective and an essential method of Christopher action. Without a strong spiritual life deeply rooted in the habit and spirit of prayer, the most zealous of lay apostles will accomplish little for the salvation of our modern world. Prayer must have drawn them very close to Christ before they can hope to bring others nearer to Him. In a word, all who want to go the whole way for Christ must start on their knees.

Granted this, for whom must Christophers pray? They must pray for *everybody*; on the wings of prayer they can reach out over the vastness of the globe itself to all their brethren of every creed and clime, for all human beings from north to southern pole are members of the same family, children of the same loving Father in Heaven. The maxim of the ancient Chinese sage, "Within the four seas all men are brothers," though originally quoted centuries before the birth of Our Lord, still holds good centuries after. Christophers will experience a thrilling sense of participation with Christ in the salvation of mankind if they remember all of humanity in their prayers.

As Christ-Bearers interested in changing the world for the better, they must also get their prayers into the four great fields of activity that sway the majority of the people, namely, education, government, labor-management, and writing. If they cannot do something personally, surely they can pray that others may hold those forts for God. Prayer indeed has tremendous possibilities. All with the Christopher purpose must cling to it. We have Christ's assurance that prayer is almighty; beyond any doubt it can change the face of our sin-scarred earth. With prayer the friends of Christ can overthrow the enemies of Christianity and civilization, for prayer puts them on God's side and helps them come out victors in the struggle.

Prayer is a method of apostolate effective beyond all telling. Christophers who know that hands lifted in prayer smash more battalions than hands that strike, must face the stark truth that if the world goes from bad to worse the reason is that there are more battles than prayers. Hands joined in supplication would be mightier than fists clenched in hatred. "Hands folded in prayer," writes the Christopher founder, "can enfold the world."

A Missionary Sister



What People Say

What do people say about Father Keller's new book, *Three Minutes a Day*?

Fulton Oursler, of *Reader's Digest*, comments: "Three minutes a day with this fine book will make the remaining 1,437 minutes three times richer in peace and achievement." Gene Autry, movie and radio cowboy star, declares: "This is a book for plain folks like you and me. It has big ideas for little people." Bob Hope, movie and radio comedian, says: "These capsules of goodness are a tonic for right thinking. Three minutes a day seems little enough for us to set aside to ad lib with our conscience."

The 365-page volume is a compact book of daily readings, containing a Christopher thought for each day of the year. Each of the messages can be read in three minutes or less. The new book was published by Doubleday & Company on October 3, 1949.

Romeward to Africa

FROM THE DIARY OF OUR AFRICA-BOUND SISTERS

The happiest hours of our voyage to Africa were unquestionably those we were privileged to spend in the Eternal City. Not only were we able to see our Sisters there at 8 Giacinto Carini, but best of all we knelt before the white-robed Vicar of Christ, His Holiness Pope Pius XII, to receive from him the gracious benediction of the Almighty upon our mission apostolate.

After spending the night of September 20 with our Sisters, we rose early to hear Mass in St. Peter's. The Roman weather was at its best. All was hushed and quiet in the Italian capital as we pilgrims for a day walked among the exquisite palm trees and superb monuments, one of which, dedicated to the Unknown Soldier, we had long been wishing to see. Guards on duty at the doors of the renowned basilica of the Prince of the Apostles informed us that the faithful would not be allowed in before seven o'clock. As we had a great day ahead and didn't like to delay breakfast too long, we decided that the parish church of the Vatican would be the ideal place for Mass and Communion.

Our visit to St. Peter's of Rome has left us simply thrilled; never had we expected to cross the threshold of the Vatican basilica, central point of the whole Catholic world. Reverently we had our rosaries and other religious articles touch the tomb of the saintly Pius X.

After breakfast we took a bus to Castelgandolfo. We got off at the *Scala Santa*, went up the Holy Stairs on our knees as befitted missionaries, and reached the summit on which is located the summer residence of His Holiness. Already hundreds of pilgrims had thronged on the grounds and soldiers stood sentinelling the two-mile avenue leading to the papal residence. Around eleven o'clock a group of orphans were admitted in audience. Shortly after, a guard at the window cried, "Missionary!" With feelings you can perhaps imagine we went up the three white marble stairs leading to the audience room, thinking at each step of some additional intention to be blessed by the Pontiff. No one was forgotten; Superiors, Sisters, parents, benefactors, black friends of the future — all had their share.

Cardinal Vinini, stationed near the protective barrier, gave the signal for us missionaries to advance. The distinguished prelate, who is personally acquainted with the work of our Sisters in Rome, showed particular interest in the little mission band on the way to Africa.



Shortly before noon, the Swiss Guards in their resplendent uniforms designed by Michelangelo were lined up on either side of the papal throne. Moments of solemn and impressive silence followed, with joy quickening every heart-beat. Finally, at five minutes before noon, two guards opened the door to the left, and before our wondering eyes appeared the gentle white vision of the *Pastor Angelicus*. Cheers and clapping of hands greeted his arrival. What a thrilling joy was ours when we were able to kiss with filial love the blessed ring on his hand! It is a happiness that comes to the chosen few during their lifetime, a hallowed moment the memory of which will linger down the years as for the Savior of souls we spend ourselves on our mission field. Never shall we forget those precious minutes when it was given us to see the gentle Christ of earth in person, hear his paternal voice, and kneel for his blessing.

"You are from America?" asked the Holy Father, eyeing us intently.

"Yes, most Holy Father, we are from Canada, and on our way to Africa."

His Holiness was about to speak again when, in their eagerness to see at close range the beloved Father of the Christian world, some Italian pilgrims grasped his hand. After having tenderly spoken to the little orphans who had come to see him, Pope Pius with dignity and grace sat on the throne and received the acclamations of his spiritual children. Then in Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish he welcomed them to the Eternal City. "Catholic Action apostles, groups of missionaries, priests, and pilgrims, We heartily welcome you today. It is with very great joy that We see you gathered here. Know that you are at home in the house of the common Father of the faithful of the whole world. May God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost bless you all, both the healthy and the ailing. We bless all your most secret intentions; We bless your dear parents, and in a few moments We will bless your religious articles." What fatherly condescension! Holding back the tears that trembled on our eyelashes we gazed at the noble, ascetic countenance of the Roman Pontiff which suddenly became inexpressibly radiant when he arose to bless us. Raising his eyes heavenward he extended both arms in a perfect cross and called down upon us his paternal and affectionate blessing, while all instinctively fell on their knees and crossed themselves with fervor. Then, amid the renewed acclamations of those present the Holy Father left the throne, escorted by two Cardinals, lavishing kind smiles upon his cherished sons and daughters.

Minutes like Heaven were those we spent so near the Representative of Christ on earth. On leaving we glimpsed from one of the palace windows Lake Albano, whose flawless waters mirror the pontifical residence; the emerald green expanse looks like a gem inset between two hills. Towards the end of the afternoon we left the Italian capital bringing along to dark Africa the white vision of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, to the extension of whose dominions we are gladly dedicating our lives.

SISTER ST. BERNADETTE, M.I.C.(1)

1. Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.

What's In a Name?

Had Shakespeare's Juliet been a daughter of China there might have been ten thousand good reasons for her quip, "What's in a name?" Nowhere else on God's good earth the study of names proves more fascinating than in the land of chopsticks and rice. While we Westerners have entirely lost sight of the significance of many Christian names, the daddies of the Orient give their scions names brimful of meaning that speak volumes in syllables. Proud parents manufacture for their sons quaint names suggestive of heroism, longevity, prosperity; for daughters they compose dainty names bespeaking graciousness and virtue.

Fortunately — aye, fortunately — we teachers impose Christian names when our almond-eyed youngsters come to school. Imagine the confusion that might result in class were I to call upon Waiting for the Moon to recite her lesson. Maybe you could figure out how many moons I should have to wait! Then, too, what helpful hints on personality improvement could I ever suggest to Beautiful Evening, Immense Beauty, Charming One, Fair Dawn? By what pedagogical stratagem might I be able to gain and retain the attention of Heavenly Fairy and Lady Moon during the very dull and supremely prosaic arithmetic lesson? What words of mine would be eloquent enough to convince Running to the Moon that a girl's mind in school must be where the rest of the person is? And if you were in my place you would dislike as much as I do to advert to the fact that Willow tips the scale at one hundred and fifty!

Many personal names form a comical combination when hinged on to family names. Thus, Yip Wing Chong smilingly answers to the English appellation of Leaves Forever Serious; whether or not he be a farmboy, Tsie Chan Wei becomes to a Britisher, Thanks City Wheat; poorer than Job may be Fong Fu Yao, but he bows when you greet him, "Square Rich Friend."

Such are some of the humorous titles which our Chinese students are glad to exchange for monosyllables like Rose, John, Paul, or brief two-cylinder names. Later on when faith comes to them and they ask to be baptized, they choose Christian proper names to their liking. Usually they prefer saints of their own sex who have done heroic deeds on earth; they want Christian "supermen" as heavenly protectors.

"What's in a name?" may not be an ordinary question on the right side of the Golden Gates; on the wrong side, however, some people are in favor of poetic names replete with romance. How often, alas, especially in China, there is nothing romantic in a girl's life beyond the three or four syllables of her name! Immense Beauty and Heavenly Fairy are victims of centuries-old traditions that blot all ideas of love out of wedlock. In the lives of Charming One and Fair Dawn, poorest among the poor, there will be no glamor, no coddling, no pampering; only dullness, dreariness, drudgery, unless Christ comes to glow in their now pagan souls.

THE CHINESE STOVE

The Chinese stove is centuries behind the modern kitchen king that knows on the tips of its key-fingers the wonders of gas, oil, or electricity. It bears no striking resemblance to the old stove at home beside which our great-grandmothers sat knitting and nodding, lulled to sleep by its good-humored hum as it relished the savors of pine or maple.

Still closer to Adam's age is the Chinese stove. Neither evolution nor revolution has it known down the years; as it was, so it is — a three-sided affair of bricks stuck together with a diluted mixture of lime and clay. It may form either a square of five or six feet or a semicircle of a good dozen. In the rear, on a level with the ground, an opening allows the fuel to be pitched inside; the fuel may be, according to the region, any of the following: dried stalks of sorghum or of Indian corn, twigs, withered herbs, or dead leaves. In the vacuum formed by the brick square or the crescent is placed a mammoth iron cauldron three or four feet in diameter covered with a heavy wooden lid. The outside is then coated with mud and whitewashed. In the homes of the wealthy the stoves are occasionally decorated with black ink designs; animals, fish, plants with enormous flowers, and the inevitable dragon are thereon sketched.

Some families display on their ovens an assortment of small cooking utensils instead of a single one of ampler proportions, but this is the case only in homes that revel in the lap of luxury. When all's said and done, however, the poor, who never vary their one and only dish, do not necessarily need a dozen cooking pots. As soon as the twigs begin to crackle, smoke freely circulates in the room; but what matters it, if one need only open the door and watch the smoke vanish?

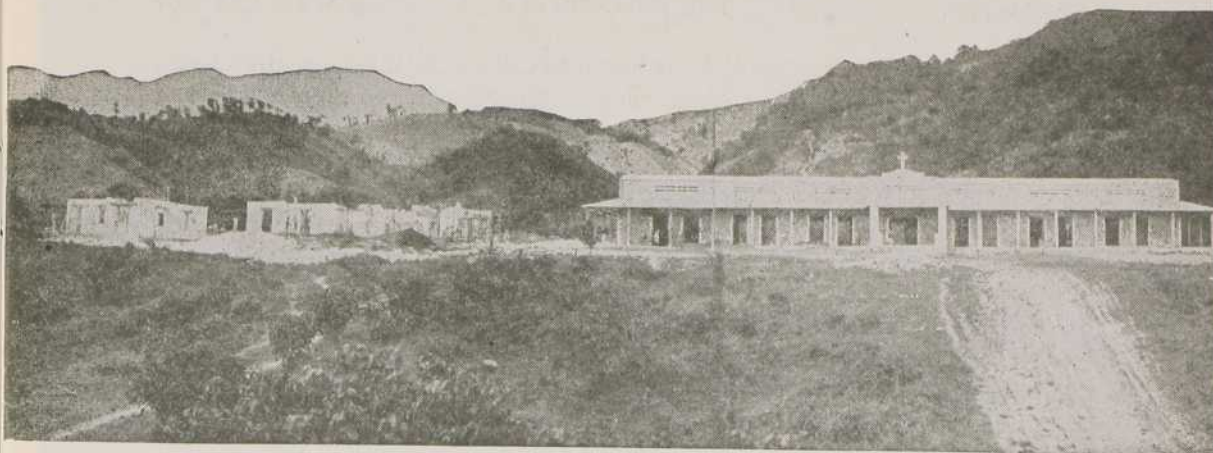
It stands to reason, nevertheless, that the people of the Dragon Kingdom might adopt something more up-to-date for the kitchen. But the Chinese, holding as they do to the traditions and customs of the olden Patriarchs, haven't the boldness to lay a rash hand on the ways of yore, lest the grandpops and grandmoms arise from the dust to curse the modern generation so blind to the ancestral beaten path.

A MISSIONARY FROM CHINA

Clipped Wings

Even though many Catholics be chained to some humdrum existence or have the wings of their aspirations clipped by the circumstances of duty, they can, with God's help, do great things in the saving of souls . . . Missionary work requires an active army, of course, but it is a campaign after all, and it needs supplies and encouragement as well in order to work effectively; above all, because it is a spiritual campaign it needs the blessings of heaven to make souls receptive to the blessings it brings. The stay-at-home Christian can furnish these helps and thereby share generously in the harvest of souls being continually reaped in the various far-away mission fields.

The Ave Maria



Tidings From Les Coteaux, Haiti

My first two months of mission life in the sunny land of Haiti have given me the impression that nursing Sisters are tremendously important in the lives of many. Already I have had the happiness of relieving tortured bodies and spreading cheer and gladness in a good number of suffering hearts. I had hardly set foot on the soil of Les Coteaux when my first little candidate for baptism was brought along. Joseph Eusebius I called him.

Our dispensary, a temporary affair substituting for the permanent one to come, had well over one hundred and fifty patients yesterday, many of whom had come on asses or mules from distant bluff homes. Naturally, the ass concert didn't turn out the most ravishing of harmonies, but to soothe my feelings I told myself that Blessed Mary and Good St. Joseph might never have reached Egypt and safety had the Creator of all invented none of the braying kind. Still, I can congratulate myself on being a bit better off than they, for I have a dapper steed I call Princess to take me on my home calls along the shores of the matchless Caribbean.

People in Haiti usually don't complicate much. Wood shavings provide the fuel for cooking purposes; wax candles replace the electric light system; mats become mattresses when tired bodies stretch down for the night's rest. One of their least complex constructions is God's original one of trees, which they use here as henhouses, it being generally held that through the night hours a hen needs nothing beyond a place to perch.

The rainy season brings tragedy. As the greater number of the houses have their foundations on a level with the ground, when the rain falls and the winds blow upon the houses, "great is the fall thereof," scripturally speaking. A lesser evil of the rainy season is the impossibility of getting supplies from Les Cayes or of communicating with our Sisters there except by boat.

Now I must tell you about my first feast of Christ the King in Haiti. The beautiful solemnity has its note of splendor as it has in Canada.

At six o'clock the three church bells began to call the faithful for High Mass one hour later. Under the supervision of their teachers, our pupils drew up in straight lines for their peaceful invasion of the holy place. The Crusaders in their special uniforms opened the line of march following the flag. With Sister St. Germaine Cousin⁽¹⁾ to lead the singing, the capable young choristers did honor to Our Lady of Lourdes School. In a stirring sermon delivered in Creole, the reverend speaker showed the place which the feast of Christ the King should occupy in the liturgy and in every baptized soul. At the elevation of the Host the congregation spontaneously voiced its profession of faith in the cry of St. Thomas: "My Lord and my God!"

Immediately after Holy Mass the King of Love was enthroned in exposition for the whole happy day. When each succeeding hour had brought to the feet of the Eucharistic Monarch groups of fervent adorers to express their feeling in prayer and sacred chant, the evening brought a holy hour for all who chose to spend that time with the beloved Master.

1. Marie Anne LEGRIS, Montreal.



PICTURE FROM LES COTEAUX, HAITI :
SISTER GEORGES AIME (MARGUERITE LAMOUREUX, ST. LAURENT)
AND SISTER ANNE DES ANGES (MARIETTE TOUPIN, MONTREAL),
TWO NEW ARRIVALS IN HAITI



SISTER ST. GERMAINE COUSIN (MARIE ANNE LEGRIS, MONTREAL)
IS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THREE PUPILS

I am very happy to be on the missions. Indeed I must say that my mission assignment was the answer to my fondest prayer daily addressed to the Lord of the heathen harvest. Every day I thank God for my beautiful vocation and implore from Him the grace to be always a missionary Sister after His own Heart.

November 13, 1949. SISTER MARIE DE LA REPARATION, M.I.C.(1)

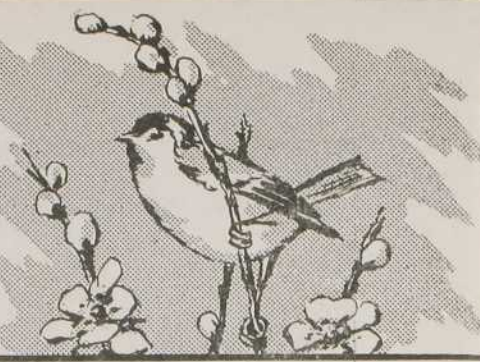
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS DEFINITION?

What is the "Missionary Spirit"? It is enthusiasm for the cause of Christ. It is gratitude on our part for that unbounded love which brought the first Missionary from the bosom of His Father, to dwell among men, on earth. It is the fruit of that love, springing up and flourishing in Catholic hearts from the seed of Calvary. It is that indwelling of Christ's love, which has led men and women in every age of the Church to forsake country, home and kindred in order to undergo untold hardships, to shed even their life's blood, for the salvation of others.

The Missionary Spirit is that unselfishness which fears no sacrifice, if it is to be made in behalf of souls for whom Christ died. It is that longing to bring the grace of God to every soul which has been stained by the guilt of Adam. That is the "Missionary Spirit" and unless we possess this spirit we cannot be considered real followers of Jesus.

Most Rev. L. P. Whelan

1. Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington.



Japanese Harvesting

The mellow autumn sunshine makes the leaves of the ginkgo trees appear as so many tiny fans of rustling gold. In the fields outside harvesters are busily binding up the remaining sheaves of a plentiful rice harvest. Thank God the poor will have two full meals a day for a while at least.

In this third postwar year, things are picking up rapidly enough even if progress cannot yet be hinted at because of the terrible poverty brought on by the conflict. Were it not for the subversive influence of Communism feverishly at work here as everywhere else, the future would look rosy indeed to us missionaries.

Much to our satisfaction, a new wing is being added to our little convent. As it is now, it cannot accommodate all the children who flock to our classes. In the kindergarten 250 little ones learn to know and love Jesus and Our Blessed Mother. A beautiful statue of *Seibo Maria* (Holy Mother Mary) has been donated by the mothers of our pupils, nearly all non-Christians, for a garden shrine overlooking the children's playground. Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾, who has known the lonely, difficult prewar years, is overjoyed when she hears the little ones singing Our Lady's praises as they daily gather around her shrine. Sister also enjoys to the full the fruitful visits she is allowed to make in several hospitals inside and outside of the city. Some time ago she was lucky enough to register seven patients baptized in one forenoon. Times indeed have changed for the better.

Hundreds of patients daily call at Sister St. Anne's⁽²⁾ makeshift clinic. Sister's expert care, her efficacious medications, and especially her boundless charity attract these poor ailing people as to a haven of refuge.

One sick man was preparing to call at our clinic when his wife queried, "Why go to the clinic when you still have enough medicine?"

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

2. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie de Megantic

"It's not so much for the medicine that I go. It's just that the atmosphere of the clinic makes me feel good inside."

Sister St. Anne is looking forward to the day when the new dispensary will be ready for occupation.

A home for orphaned girls will also have its place in the new wing. Already ten children are eagerly waiting for their new home to be ready to receive them.

Sister St. Alice⁽¹⁾ is helping Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze⁽²⁾ with the younger pupils of the English course mostly enrolled from our former kindergarten tots. Prayer is fervently recited before and after each lesson. Quite a few among them are catechumens or newly baptized. All have found St. Mary's Convent to be the gateway of Truth.

A cordial welcome was given our dear Sister St. Justine⁽³⁾, who returned

1. Jeanne BASTIEN, Montreal.

2. Rita MARTEL, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

3. Cleona ROBITAILLE, St. Flore, St. Maurice Co.



KINDERGARTEN PUPILS, KORIYAMA, JAPAN, GOING HOME WITH LUNCH BOXES



JAPANESE MAPLE AND JAPANESE_CHERUBS

to us after a few years of well-earned rest in Canada. She is a great help with the housework, as she already knows the language and can thus tell the aides what they must do.

What a pleasant thing it is for us to have someone to greet us when we go to the Capital on business! In this huge city of five million, it feels good to have a place where one may rest between breathtaking errands.

Things are picking up, yes, but the shadow of heathenism still lies thick all around us. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest..." Material aid of course is needed; still more urgent and important is the need felt of spiritual succor to help us lead all these souls to God. As Father Mateo often said, the greatest need of our times is saints; saints to do God's work untiringly and unstintingly.

May Our Immaculate Mother bless all your intentions and have you always in tender keeping.

A MISSIONARY SISTER FROM KORIYAMA, JAPAN

October 20, 1949

The Missionary

I take off my hat to them — to these foreign missionaries. Say rather, I prostrate myself (in spirit) before them.

They are pretty nearly the only genuine heroes left on earth. The rest of us talk religion, they embody it in their lives. We profess a belief in the Catholicity of the Church. They go forth to achieve that Catholicity. We indulge in a good many pious protestations that we would welcome a cross if the good Lord would place it upon our shoulders. They don't wait for Him to inflict the cross; they embrace it. In fact, they go seeking it, even to the extent of travelling thousands of miles, to find a good hard stiff heavy cross, an unupholstered cross, so to speak.

I have called them heroes. Say rather living martyrs. The hero goes into battle with a loud shout on his lips and mad exultation in his heart. On sudden impulse, he dashes into a blazing building, or leaps into a raging torrent, or grabs a fleeing gangster, or does some other simple quick action that qualifies him for the praise of men.

But the real heroism is not in any such instantaneous isolated deed. A thousand times more courage is required to bid good-bye to civilization, to all the human contacts that make life endurable and enjoyable, go off among savages or the semi-civilized, remain with them, adopt them and be adopted by them, eat their unsavory food, "dip the hand into the dish" with them not symbolically but literally — a dish into which a great many unwashed hands have been dipped; to run the risk of typhoid and cholera day after day, to go poking about here and there into mud huts alive with vermin; to touch and tend poor scrofulous or even leprous bodies; to stifle the risings of nausea; to endure the perpetual stench of fields fertilized by human offal; to deaden the ear to the never-ceasing din of barbaric villages; to learn with St. Paul "how to abound and how to want," to eat or not to eat; to struggle with the intricacies of an impossibly difficult language, trying to convey sublime and mystical truth by means of crude clumsy monosyllables; to find one's efforts balked and perhaps entirely frustrated by stupid, malevolent politicians; to be misunderstood and maligned by well-meaning but uncomprehending men of the world and pretty much forgotten by home-staying Christians — these, and a hundred times more inconveniences, the foreign missionary must endure...

Father James Gillis, C.S.P.

First Month in Tokyo

Thirteen days on a more or less *pacific* Ocean have brought us to the land of our missionary dreams.

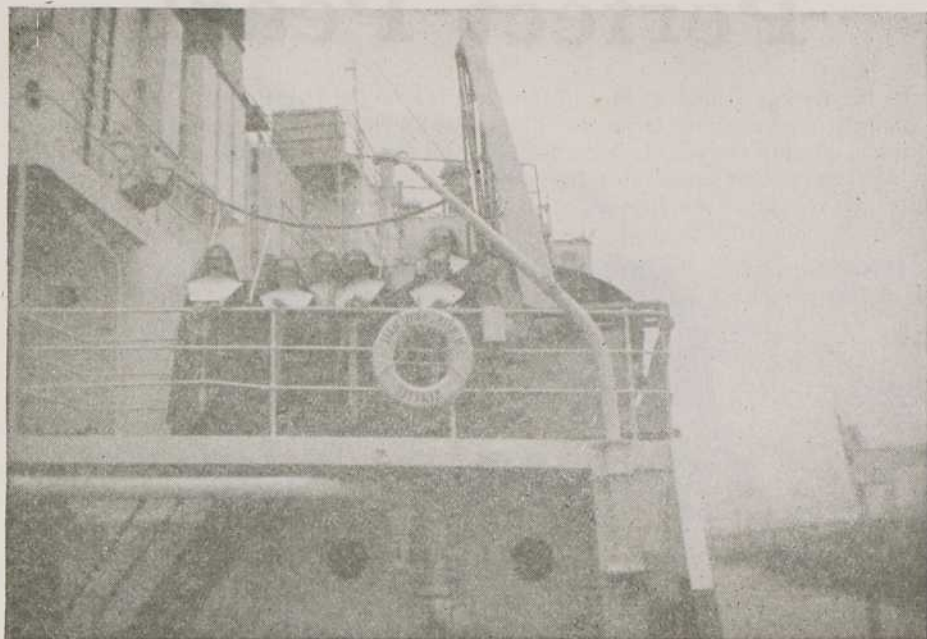
The joy of setting foot on our Promised Land blots out for ever the remembrance of the difficult moments we had trying to set foot on our rocking sea floor with the possibility of standing upright, when everything by necessity chose the horizontal position. But gone are those worries; gone is everything, save the thought of loving parents and kind friends, whom we mention each day in prayer to the Queen of Missions that she may reward their charity a hundredfold.

Japan is still poorer than we had imagined. Patches on clothes exceed in number all previous records we have known in Canada. The boat people wear threadbare clothing the original material of which is unrecognizable among a regular checkerwork of patches. There is a tug at our heart-strings when we see little girls and boys unstockinged in their *geta* (wooden clogs held with a strap) in the late November season. These are a few of the many cruel after-effects of war years. Slowly the country is rising up from its ruins. Streets and stations are busy as anthills; street-cars are so jammed that one must elbow one's way along not to be smothered in the bustling crowd. Summer is stifling hot in Japan and winter very cold, with snowfalls in some regions; the damp climate is also a trial for both missionaries and residents.

Our Japanese-style house admits wind and cold in a friendly way. Its several sliding doors serving the purpose of walls have glass on the outside and paper on the inside. As soon as ever the sun peeps out, the people open every single sliding door, relying on the dependable old daystar to take up the heating where the poor burner has to leave off. This burner, *hibachi* to the Nipponese, is a kind of large jar containing ashes of rice straw in which is embedded a handful of red-hot charcoal.

As we were walking down the street one morning, we saw women picking from a pile of ashes by the railroad odd lumps of coal that could still be of use. How the people manage to live on so little is a mystery we have so far been unable to solve. We Sisters are satisfied with the *hibachi* as they are, for we want to adopt their way of life; in our little convent, however, is a Presence that gives warmth and comfort, the Presence of the Eucharistic King to love and bless and keep us. With Him, who chose poverty instead of riches, we are glad to be poor and needy. Bare indeed is the dwelling of our Royal Resident. Beyond a crucifix, two candlesticks, a few clusters of flowers, two statues, there are no adornings. We sit in Japanese fashion on straw mats. Poor is our little chapel but we love it, maybe because it is so poor and speaks so eloquently of the mysteries of Bethlehem we shall soon be celebrating.

We are gradually learning the Japanese way of life. Some customs we find amusing; others are astonishing; but we take all that in stride. We



SISTERS ON THE "ISLAND MAIL", EN ROUTE TO JAPAN

are also getting acquainted with the language, our sole means of approach in a land where souls seem so well disposed to accept the blessings of Christianity.

Of work in this mission field there is plenty for hundreds of missionaries, no matter how efficient they may be. Unfortunately, our means are very slight for the big task ahead. May we, then, rely on the spiritual and material help of our dear Canadian and American benefactors, who have long since learned that he who helps the apostle will have a share in his reward. American currency being at present of much greater value than Japanese, the slightest donation would prove most helpful here.

May the Holy Child and His loving Mother shower abundant favors on all who so generously come to the aid of our new mission in Tokyo. Such is our Christmas prayer to the Little Savior.

SISTER ST. GABRIEL LALEMANT, M.I.C.(1)

Tokyo, November 22, 1949

GO TO JOSEPH

As God established Joseph, son of the Patriarch Jacob, in Egypt, and made him governor of the land, in order that he might supply his people when they came to want the necessities of life — so when the time appointed to send His only Son upon earth had arrived, He chose another Joseph, of whom the first was a type, and making him Lord and Prince of His House and goods, chose him as guardian of His greatest treasures. — *Pope Pius IX*

1. Francoise LACOURSIERE, Three Rivers.

Perfect Pearl

In the remote village of Siu, in the province of Jee Ho, Perfect Pearl was born of honest, hard-working farmers. There she spent her happy childhood learning from her parents the priceless science of being true to all the dictates of the inner law written by God upon the tables of every human soul. The family's happiness was made complete, some years after the coming of the little girl, when a husky heir to the name of Tchao was born in the humble thatch-roofed house.

It had been a time-honored custom with the Siu clan to elect their mayor during the eighth month on the festival of the harvest moon. When Perfect Pearl was about ten, it happened one year that her father cast his vote for a certain Mr. Leou. An old Chinese saw asserts that every wall boasts a fissure. Was it through one of these proverbial cracks that the opposition candidate learned that his neighbor had failed to vote in his favor? Anyway, he secretly swore revenge on Mr. Tchao. Even his subsequent election to the mayoralty of Siu by an overwhelming majority failed to make him forego his desire of vengeance.

A few months rolled by peacefully enough. When the New Year festivities were in full swing the unsuspecting Mr. Tchao invited the newly elected mayor to a banquet. Mr. Le accepted and apparently enjoyed himself eating with relish of all the delicacies proffered him.

A few days later, in accordance with Chinese etiquette, Mr. Tchao called on the mayor in order to offer New Year gifts. Mr. Le showed himself a gracious, affable host, chatting with his neighbor on the probable prosperity of a year that had opened under the propitious sign of the monkey. All went smoothly until it was time to sit at the dinner table. Suddenly the mayor rose and left the room. A few moments later he re-entered. The banquet was cut short by a crisp staccato noise — the noise of a pistol shot. Mr. Tchao had fallen, bathing in his blood.

There was too much animation and setting off of firecrackers in the streets for Mrs. Tchao to notice the pistol shot fired at her neighbor's house. Perfect Pearl it was who found her father's lifeless body lying in front of the mayor's residence when she came home from a visit to the Buddhist temple.

Neighbors were already gathering when Mrs. Tchao ran out of her house with her daughter.

"Quick, hide yourself!" she heard a friend whisper in agitated tones. "Mr. Le wants to kill you also."

Terror-stricken, the poor woman rushed inside, snatched up her baby, and had barely time to slip inside a huge grain barrel when Mr. Le entered rolling blood-shot eyes in every direction in search of a further victim. Baffled on finding an apparently empty house, the ruffian bolted from the village and reintegrated his former bandit quarters in the neighboring hills.

Perfect Pearl was an orphan. Her mother, whose health had suffered from the terrible shock of her husband's



death, decided to leave the village and travel to the north of China, where some of her relatives lived in a Christian centre called Sacred Heart Village. She soon married again, and Perfect Pearl grew very fond of her kind foster father. As the family lived almost next door to the Catholic Mission Church, Perfect Pearl easily obtained permission to visit there every day. She made friends with a native Sister, who taught her the daily prayers and gave her catechism lessons. The young girl, ardently desiring to be allowed to become a Christian, prayed and made sacrifices for that intention. At last her dream came true, and she became a child of God through Baptism.

With the name of Teresa, Perfect Pearl had received the apostolic vocation. She decided at any cost to win the conversion of her beloved mother, of her brother, her foster father, and his two children. Countless were the prayers recited and the sacrifices offered to that end. Her mother was ill and her memory was anything but retentive. Bravely Teresa decided to take nearly all the housework on herself in order to give her mother more time to rest and study the catechism. Up at cockcrow she cooked the rice for the family breakfast before setting out for Mass. Then she hurried home after a fervent communion to serve her dear ones their hot *choumi* and carry and fetch for them the rest of the day.

Thanks to her young daughter's devotedness, Mrs. Tchao was finally found sufficiently instructed in spiritual lore to be baptized. Her younger children soon followed her into the Fold. Only her husband remained obdurate.

Of a staid, benevolent nature, Mr. Tchao tolerated his daughter's foreign notions, as he termed them, without, however, any idea of sharing them. Nevertheless, Teresa exerted such a beneficent influence over the household that her foster father was finally won over to the study of the doctrine. Pleasant, peaceful evenings they spent together by the feeble light of the oil lamp, poring over the books that taught of God, the immortal soul, and Heaven's unending joys. Lovingly, painstakingly Teresa taught him all she knew.

Summer had come and the glorious feast of Our Lady's Assumption was at hand. How ardently Teresa desired that this holy day might become her dear foster father's *dies natalis* (birthday) in the Church of God! Mr. Tchao, however, stubbornly refused to meet the missionary Father. He had never mixed with foreigners, and wouldn't begin at his age. Undaunted by his refusal, Teresa expertly prepared to tackle the problem from another angle. Her father, she knew, was unable to refuse a good turn to anyone; so she one day requested him to do some pressing work for the Catholic Mission. This was to be his first but not his last contact with the missionaries, whom he found to be very gentle and understanding people different from what he had imagined. Almost before he knew it he successfully passed the catechumen's exams and was put in possession of his spiritual inheritance as a child of God on August 15. Perfect Pearl's dream of converting her entire family had at last come true.

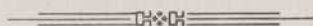
Teresa now felt free to pursue her own ideal visioned when she first met her friend, the native nun. But alas, no sooner had she spoken of her desire to enter the religious life than her mother burst into tears. How could a dutiful daughter think of thus abandoning her ailing mother? Teresa understood then that she would never win her point unless her mother was cured. Novena after novena she made pleading with the Sacred Heart, until at last her prayer was granted.

When His Excellency Bishop Lapierre visited the district where the Tchao family lived, the young girl broached her project of becoming a nun. Favorably impressed, the Bishop decided to send Teresa to a Catholic high school in a neighboring town to pursue her studies. One year later she was admitted among the pupils of the Apostolic School where she would more directly prepare for the religious life. Eventually she entered the native congregation of Our Lady of the Rosary. What unalloyed happiness was hers as she donned the black habit and the white veil with the blue band peculiar to the novices!

Alas, Communist hordes were sweeping over Manchuria, looting and terror in their wake. The brave little novice learned of her family's ruin; months which appeared like centuries dragged by when no news at all was allowed to filter through. When she did hear from her family it was to learn of the desecration of the church where she had been baptized. It had been turned into a mess hall for the soldiers of the Red Army.

Then came the siege of Szepingkai and the bombing of the doomed city. Nothing but charred ruins remained of the great mission compound with its cathedral, Bishop's residence, convent, novitiate, schools, and dispensary. The native Sisters had to be returned to their homes or entrusted to local Christian families. Perfect Pearl was among the latter, as it would have been dangerous for her to try reaching her own people.

What will become of this fervent little Chinese novice in the whirlwind of trials now swooping down over her native land? We who are still enjoying the priceless boon of peace, let us remember in our prayers all the persecuted Christians of China, and especially Precious Pearl. Who knows but that the beauty of this peerless gem may not be enhanced by the crimson hue of martyrdom?



Back to the Shepherd's Arms

There was no room on the boat for me. I had said good-bye to our Canton Sisters, had knelt for Our Lord's blessing on my going, had given a last sunny smile to the orphan girls, and picking up my satchel with the enthusiasm befitting a missionary, was about to step on the gangplank to sail for Manila, when I heard the unexpected — there was room for everybody except one, and that one turned out to be myself. If I couldn't go forward, I could at least go back, and I did — to Hongkong.

On my first Sunday there I met a former pupil of mine for whose conversion I had helped pave the way some fifteen years back. Rather shyly she asked to see me at the convent that afternoon. I said yes, and at the appointed hour my self-invited guest arrived with a sad story to tell. She had been married eight years to a pagan husband and for as long had totally neglected her religious duties; but now she felt so sure of her husband's sympathy for the Catholic religion that she wanted at any cost to have her marriage blessed. I said that I would accompany her to the priest's rectory the next morning, and Father would see what could be done about the situation.

With another Sister I went to the rectory the next day. A while later Father returned from a hurried call, and almost on his heels arrived the young mother with two of her family, a seven-month-old baby and a boy of three holding the hand of his five-year-old cousin. After discussing the situation, the priest decided to bless not one but two marriages — the young woman's and her sister's as well — the following Sunday. That was Monday; on Tuesday the two sisters came to the convent to relearn

how to go about confession and back to the Shepherd's arms. Reconverted to the true Faith, they are now very happy, and so is the missionary Sister who has once more paved the way after fifteen years.

* * *

The feast of Our Lady of Carmel saw me in Manila. Two weeks later I received my assignment to our Chinese mission on Narra Street. One of the teachers being absent, I was appointed in her place to teach the fourth and fifth grades, and shortly after also to teach catechism to the sixth-graders and the high school pupils.

Every Friday we remind our Catholic students that Sunday is day-after-tomorrow with Mass as a must. For a girl of seventeen, a nominal Catholic, who had long been neglecting Sunday Mass, the well-meaning taunts of classmates eventually won where the rest had failed. As a last resort the girl came to me asking for a private interview and the privilege of unburdening her heart. Her parents having died when she was very young, she had gone to live with her brother and sister. She had made her First Communion in Manila, but the very next day sailed for China, where through ten long years she heard not a word about God and gradually forgot what little she had once known about Him. Back in the Philippines and a pupil of the Sisters', she felt shy about beginning to rebuild her lost faith. We talked about God for a full hour that day, and on those that followed she came after school hours to prepare for the Sacrament of Penance. She wanted her long-deferred confession to be the best in her life.

Everything went smoothly until the set hour, when she began to think her fears about confession were reasonable and well-grounded; evidently the devil was trying hard to block her path. Whispering a confident prayer to the Blessed Mother, I told the dear girl to put her hand in God's own, go right ahead, and see only the Savior in His human representative.

It was a beaming convert who tripped back to the convent a short while later. "I'm so happy!" she laughed. "I feel ready to die!"

A few days after that happy one, we heard her say how glad she would be if her elder sister, also long neglectful of her duties as a Christian, could be in the same way befriended by the Sisters and brought back to the God who rejoiced her childhood days.

May I humbly request our dear Catholic people on the home front to pray for this young soul battling with the powers of darkness and afraid to return to the Father of mercies. A few prayerful pleas and generous sacrifices may obtain for this young woman the courage she will need to mend her ways and walk with God in the happy future.

SISTER ST. JEAN DU CALVAIRE, M.I.C.(1)

1. Doris HAGUE, Montreal.

My First Baptism

A typhoon was lashing the Islands and we of Manila were in for our share of the whipping. Down poured the rain and loud shrieked the wind. In a few short hours the neighboring streets were like miniature lakes with a fleet of jeeps at anchor, while cabs and other sundry vehicles tried to sail perilously along.

Youth is daring! Many of our pupils decided that no typhoon would keep them away from school. Through the flooded streets they splashed, barefoot boys and girls in high glee. We had to build a shaky bridge of benches to reach from the edge of the street to the school entrance, and still the children waded ankle-deep in the rain water.

And now I must tell you about my first baptism. For about a quarter of an hour I had been leafing through the school register trying to find the diminutive name of Aw Young Eng Hua, only to learn that the said pupil had as aliases Ho, Young, Cua, and plain Henry. At this critical moment my search was interrupted. "Sister, I wish you would come with me to Mrs. Go's. Her baby is very ill and Father Valeza asked me to tell you if anything went wrong."

My caller was a kind lady from the neighborhood.

A hurried visit to the chapel, and with Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ assent we hastened to the Go's dilapidated two-room shack. On one of the beds lay a puny baby who wailed indignant protest as the doctor shot a penicillin hypo into her.

"This young baby is putting up a splendid fight for her life, Sisters," smiled the practitioner as he turned and greeted us courteously. "She's on the winning side this morning. Still you had better baptize her while you're here. I am a Catholic and appreciate the importance of baptism."

As there was no immediate danger, we left cautioning the mother to have someone call us in case the child again took a turn for the worse.

Homeward we trudged, praying that all might turn out well for our little friend.



1. Sister CLAIRE DE L'EUCARISTIE (Claire FONTAINE, Quebec).

After supper, as we gathered in the community room for recreation, we spoke about our visit to the Go family. Some of the Sisters with a few decades of experience of child care in China opined that it would be safer to baptize the child. Babies are singular creatures; they sometimes give us the slip when we least expect it.

Out again we hastened to Mrs. Go's. As we entered, the child writhed in violent convulsions, so we had no qualms of conscience this time about the opportuneness of baptism. Mary Ann Eva I called my little friend in loving remembrance of Our Lady, our dear Reverend Mother, and my own beloved Mom lately gone home to God. She it was, I feel sure, who obtained this much coveted privilege for her missionary daughter. In Manila such occasions are very rare indeed.

Dear little Canadian friends, I will not try to tell you the depths of happiness one feels in similar occurrences. If God grants you the missionary vocation, which is my prayerful wish, you will know by your own experience.

Eva of the Go clan is a wise young lady. She just wanted to make sure she would not be cheated out of her inheritance as a child of God. Instead of leaving for the heavenly nurseries as she was expected to, she decided to live on this worldly scene for a while longer. Her little limbs are rounding out and soon she will be strong enough to be carried to the parish church where the missing ceremonies of baptism will be completed.

Please pray for the thousands here who are still groping in the darkness of unbelief after the light of Faith. Your prayers and sacrifices will certainly win for them all the grace to lead a truly Christian life.

SISTER MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

News From Japan

OSAKA (A.I.F.) — In the village of Saga, where mass conversions have already been reported, 1,200 persons were baptized on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. The number of Catholics has thus been raised to 2,000 upon a total of 2,850 inhabitants. Soon it is to be hoped the entire village will be Christian.

Favorably commented upon by various news agencies, this mass conversion movement has spread to the neighboring towns and villages of Fukuchiyama, Ayabe, Obata, Mononobe, and Ikuta. The inhabitants of the above-mentioned localities have asked that Catholic priests be sent to instruct and baptize them.

These good people have grasped the saving truth that Catholicism alone can check the onslaughts of communism because it alone can give human beings the moral strength and spiritual assistance needed to battle successfully against the forces of evil.

TOKYO (A.I.F.) — Thanks to *Caritas*, Catholic Relief Centre, one thousand women, fifty in each of twenty parishes, will be afforded practical means of livelihood by embroidery work to be done at home. Two hundred women have been given special training for such work during the month of July. This worthy undertaking will further its scope of relief in months to come and negotiations are already under way with a huge linen concern in Fukui for the large-scale production of embroidered articles such as table sets, altar linens, etc. — *Fides*.

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.



Toyoko

Toyoko was too good, too holy, too pure to stay long in this bad, ugly, sinful world. She gladdened a small corner of it with her sunny smile, endeared herself to all her people, then folded her wee hands, closed her brown eyes, and left for the Palace Beautiful to where angels were beckoning.

Her sixth birthday party she will hold with the saints in glory. Instead of looking earthward for a dozen birthday presents, may she request from the great Mother of God the gift of Faith for all of Japan's non-Christian millions. Such is our prayer and our plea as we begin to write her short life story.

One little crippled leg had made of Toyoko the darling idol — one among many — of the heathen household in which she had first seen the light of day. To her adoring grandfather, who professed a great and magnificent affection for her, the least wish of the tiny crippled one was as important as the first clause of the Japanese Constitution. Every morning without fail he bicycled with her to kindergarten school.

Naturally, her chivalrous squire often came in for a good bit of teasing. Did he inquire as to who had her heart's best love, with a smile revealing a row of teeth that were all faultless pearls she would answer, "I love Mother, Grandma, Auntie, Uncle, Cousin, and — and Grandpa."

"No bicycle tomorrow, milady!" would Grandpa rejoin, trying to intimidate his diminutive tyrant. "You'll go walking to school on your own fat legs."

But when tomorrow had become today, clever Toyoko, though her heart-beat quickened, lost nothing of her mental poise. "Oh, Grandpa, I never meant what I said yesterday. You know I love you best of all, of course I do!"

Mercifully forgetful of past misdemeanors, he with the pleasant wrinkles considered only present repentance and with a chuckle snugly sat the young penitent on the Japanese C.C.M.

Kindergarten didn't possess Toyoko very long, but kindergarten is better that she has lived. "We have taught her the goodness of knowledge; she has taught us the goodness of God," would the poet say, and a more fitting tribute we would seek far to find. Though the cherub is gone her presence lingers; her good example still inspires. Before many days she had thoroughly mastered the Our Father and the Hail Mary, together with

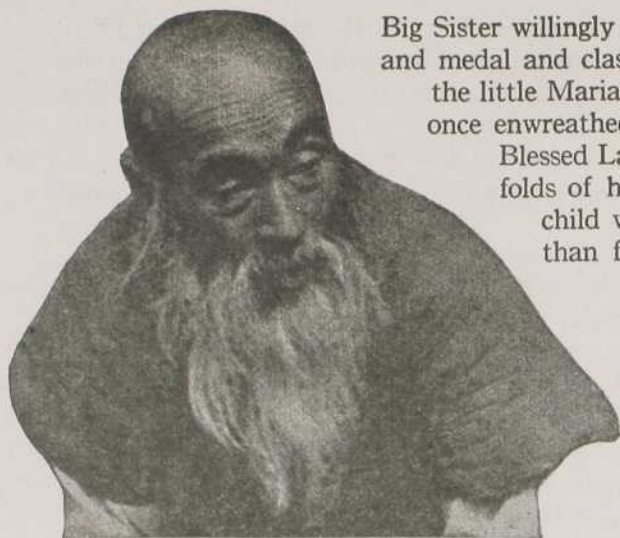
the Sign of the Cross and half a dozen religious hymns. However much she liked to romp and play during recess, when came time for prayer she placed her ten chubby fingers in the proper posture, changed the expression on her face from a ditty of mischief to a poem of purity, and prayed with the fervor of a nun on the morning of her first vows.

Thus tumbled along the days in sunny peacefulness, when illness came to the beloved child and before long her life hung in the balance. An aunt who had been studying Christian doctrine for some months, aware that her niece would not live very long, drew close to the bedside one day and gently spoke about the God of love who had eternal blessedness to give anyone for the asking. The tiny invalid forthwith implored her mother to send for the Catholic missionary. "I must be baptized if I want to go to Heaven," she explained.

Mother thought things over and finally said yes. Her heart throbbing with joy, the cherry-blossom babe of five became Mary, and through Baptism she whose name meant "Wealth" or "Riches" was put within reach of the Riches of Divinity. God stooped to her utter smallness and marked her as His very own. Her conversion we attribute, under God, to the miraculous medal she always wore on her small person. A few days before she fell ill, she had had the misfortune of losing her precious possession. With solemn, tear-wet eyes she broke the terrible news to her mother, begging for another medal to replace the lost one. At Mother's request



IN THE FIELD OF CLOVER, JAPANESE EDITION



Big Sister willingly unclasped her own gold chain and medal and clasped that around the neck of the little Marian lover, whose face became at once enwreathed in smiles. How could Our Blessed Lady fail to protect beneath the folds of her sky blue mantle the dear child who loved the tiny medal more than fanatic Buddhist ever caressed his heathen amulets?

In her last sleep the little one looked like a stray angel spending a night on earth. Above her head a crucifix extended loving arms; in her fingers a blue rosary spoke about her love for the tender Mother of Our Lord. No

use had Toyoko the Catholic for Buddha's ugly altar, for the old Buddhist monk fingering his million beads, for the accumulation of incense jars and spirit plaques; she had found Someone infinitely more lovable than those pitiful substitutions, since into the arms of the best of fathers her soul had soared.

Beside the lifeless body that had worn the unsullied garment of innocence to the grave we Sisters said a *Magnificat* to the Blessed Mother, offering our prayers in reparation for the adoration given to gods made by human hands, and pleaded with the dear tot now in Heaven to lead all her loved ones from the heathen shadows they are hugging to Him who is the Truth and the Light of the world.

Until then it had seemed as if Grandpa would live and die a Buddhist; he stood firm as a rock in his refusal to let his daughter join the Catholic religion. But his grandchild's beautiful death had the power of shaking his theretofore unshakable dispositions. A few days after the funeral, Toyoko's mother called to say she wished to be instructed in the Catholic Faith.

"If you could come over to our house for the lessons," remarked the Japanese mother, "I am sure my father would listen to what you have to say." Of course we will gladly go to that pagan household to herald the Savior's Redemption. Born a Buddhist, Grandpa must have since been told by angels that "he should not see death, before he had seen the Christ of the Lord."

KYOTO (A.I.F.) — Confirmation was administered to an exceptionally large number of newly baptized converts, in the Kyoto St. Francis Xavier Church, by Msgr. Paul Furuya, Prefect Apostolic of Kyoto. During the year the parish has registered 583 baptisms. Of these, 333 were adult baptisms, 30 infant baptisms, and 220 *in articulo mortis*.

Fides

HAITI

Beginnings at Camp Perrin

We have been so busy since our first day in Haiti that we could hardly find time to write at all. Today, however, a few spare moments have come my way and I am gladly taking them to send you a pen picture of our new field of labor. Our little Haitian home with tall mountains all around is a delightful nook and one that we already love. The house, of grey stone, has two storeys, with wide balconies on three sides; on the cement railing five or six clusters of grapes are doing their best to ripen quickly under the hot tropical sun.

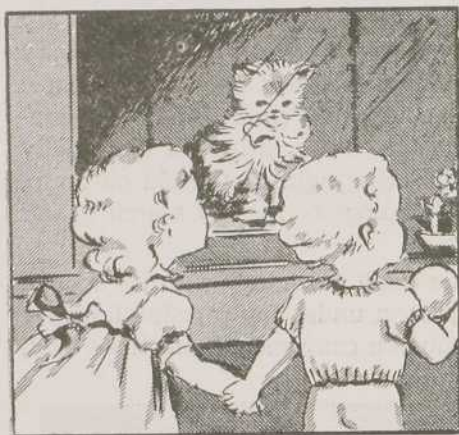
So much for the outside — let us now walk inside and explore. Everything is poor; the humble chapel with crossbeams and whitewashed walls conceals only one Treasure, the divine Guest who shares with His missionary Sisters the sorrows and joys of the apostolic life. Next door to the chapel is the community room, boasting of one table, a few chairs, and three cupboards, all primitive and on their last legs. Here we gather for twice-daily recreations and in the evening, by the flickering light of the old oil lamp, remark on the humorous side of the day's doings or merrily search in our songbooks for our old Canadian favorites.

As poor as the community room is the small dormitory with its floor of wide, reddish, creaky boards that softly protest under any pressure however light. Running water being a detail of modern convenience which we lack,



THEY CALL THIS "KITCHEN" AT CAMP PERRIN

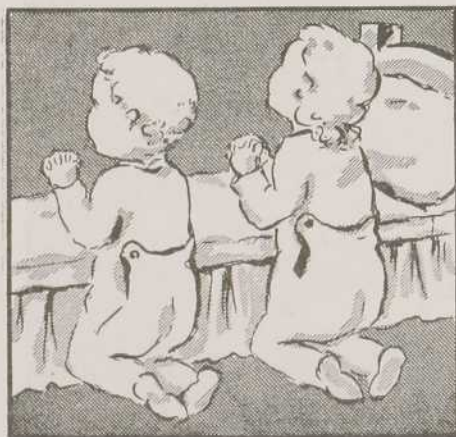
Adventures of a Cat



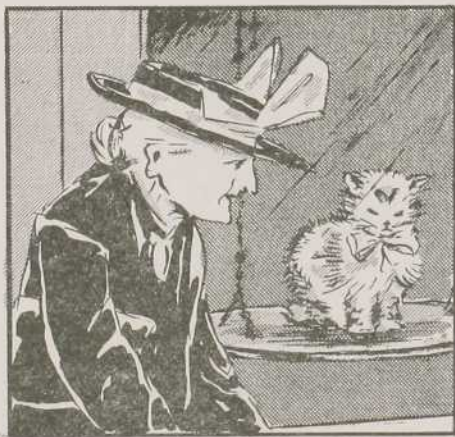
Whiskers, the kitten with two dear little friends, lived in a large toy store.



Every morning, Marion and Alf paid him a visit and whispered their love to Whiskers.



Whiskers was happy because his friends spoke to Jesus about him in their night prayer.



He had many other visitors. But you may be sure he took no notice when grouchy Mrs. Burns looked in the window.



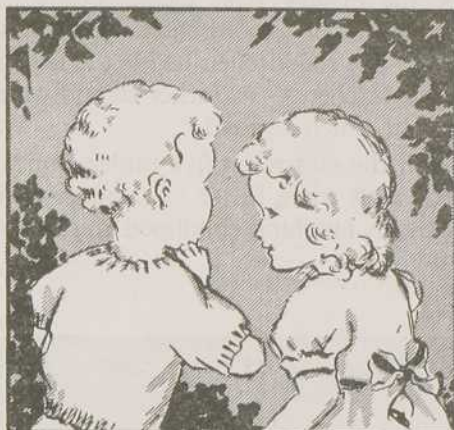
One day he heard a gentleman saying, "For Marion's birthday." Whiskers tried to look more handsome than ever.



It was dark in the box and the kitten's heart went flip-flop. But the sound of voices soon reassured him.



Happy days had Whiskers with Marion and Alf. They fondled him and took him along wherever they went.



He wondered when he heard Alf suggesting that they should put Whiskers into the box Mother was preparing for the Chinese.



Marion told her fluffy treasure that he would be sent to the poor little children away in China.



Meanwhile a happy Guardian Angel wrote in golden letters Marion's generous resolution to part with Whiskers.

(To be continued)

large buckets on the balcony supply the necessary element that goes with washbasins and washtowels. While labor and time-saving devices have still to cross the threshold of our grey stone house, far ahead of them happiness has gaily tripped in with the intention of making itself at home. For missionaries as for stay-at-home folk, happiness is not so much a question of having what you like as of liking what you have. We beginners in Camp Perrin haven't much that we can call our own, but what we have we like and we are glad that things are as they are. With time and means we will be able to settle more comfortably.

May we be allowed a disparaging word about our staircase? We have to report that some of the stairs measure three inches in depth, others five, still others six or seven inches. Such variety under foot calls for adaptation; we have to watch our step and accept the inevitable extremes.

Along comes Osner, the black boy, with bananas, oranges, and vegetables for the Sisters' next meal. Osner carries from kitchen to refectory and from refectory to kitchen. "We have seen the refectory. But, prithee, where can the kitchen be?" A few steps yonder under the spreading trees, is our kitchen — or rather should we call it our stove, for it is just that and naught much beyond.

In the classroom five tables stand, around which will merrily sit twenty little girls when Sister St. Ludger⁽¹⁾ rings the study bell. It is that vision of eager, laughing childhood that makes Sisters forget the dingy grey desks

1. Claire GAUVIN, Jonquiere.



THE PEERLESS CARIBBEAN AT DAMASSIN POINT

and the shabby walls innocent of paint. At a stone's throw from the convent is our little schoolhouse with capacity for one hundred and fifty pupils. Forty-four of them, fourth graders (the fourth grade corresponds to the third in Canada), are taught divine and human knowledge by Sister Marguerite des Anges⁽¹⁾. There is no luxury there either in their cramped quarters. Sister Jean Theophane⁽²⁾ and her thirty-eight girl students share the other apartments with the lay teacher who shows the A B C to the tiny beginners.

I must tell you that we have already organized the Eucharistic Crusade. In Camp Perrin as anywhere else the Sacramental Savior has faithful young friends who long to be His little attendants and by their heart's best love console His own sorrowing Heart. I am planning on giving special attention to the training of these future apostles, that they may later be able to stand up for their Faith and under all circumstances remain true to their Master. With prayers and sacrifices offered for their intentions, they will, I am sure, be worthy of their noble calling.

SISTER ST. ROBERT, M.I.C.⁽³⁾



Catholicism in the Dominican Republic

CIUDAD TRUJILLO (Santo Domingo) — (A.I.F.) The Dominican Republic lies wedged in between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean in the eastern part of the Island of Haiti. It spreads over a surface of 19,332 square miles, and has a total population of 2,060,000. Indians and half-breeds come in for 70% of this population, whites for 14%, and negroes for 16%.

Notwithstanding certain Protestant infiltrations and the spread of freemasonry, the Dominicans as a whole have remained strongly attached to our holy religion and faithful to religious practices. The vast, splendid churches dedicated under Marian titles, such as Our Lady of Altagracia, Our Lady of Mercy, Our Lady of Fatima, and others, vouch for the inhabitants' tender devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

The Government, in spite of the secularist mentality of its Constitution shows itself favorable to Church affairs.

SHORTAGE OF PRIESTS — such is the urgent and grave problem which the Church must face in the Dominican Republic. At present there are only 200 priests to minister to the needs of a Catholic population of 2,000,000. Of these ministers of the Gospel, 40 are native secular priests; of the remainder 133 are religious belonging to 10 different congregations aided by a few secular priests of Spanish nationality.

All efforts are therefore concentrated on the recruiting and the formation of an ever-increasing number of seminarians, for 2,000 priests would be needed to cope with the most urgent needs of the Church in these parts. A large seminary built with funds donated by the Government houses at present 100 students. May a numerous and zealous clergy be trained within its walls for the glorious tasks of the future.

Fides

1. Marguerite MALTAIS, Chicoutimi.

2. Berthe GUAY, Compton.

3. Marguerite HETU, St. Sulpice.



HAITIAN MUMMIE GIVES BABY HIS BATH, PORT SALUT, HAITI

Missioned to Mirebalais

It's a small world by speedbird. We landed at Port-au-Prince after a calm flight of seven hours. It would be impossible to tell you all the impressions that thronged in our minds when we first set foot on our newly adopted homeland. We can only say that we are thrilled at the prospect of having to teach God's little ones in the ways of knowledge and virtue.

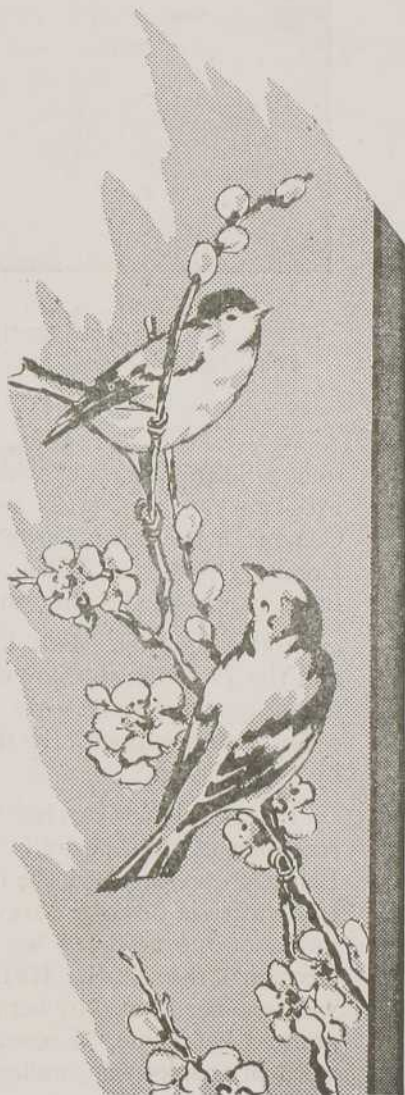
By sundown on that unforgettable October day we had already knelt for the blessing of our most Reverend Archbishop in his own residence. His Excellency told us how glad he was to have Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in his archdiocese and tendered us the kindest and most paternal of welcomes.

On November 3 we said good-bye to Bel Air, where we had had six days of sisterly hospitality with the Daughters of Mary. The deputy of the place put a truck at our disposal for the last stretch to Mirebalais by rocky mountain roads and trails edged with yawning pits. When the truck had climbed to the top of a mount that seemed unreachable, it immediately plunged headlong by a rapid slant that brought on dizziness and fear lest we go, unwept and unsung, down into some bottomless gulf. On the way we cast nervous glances at the thatch-roofed huts perched on the mountain slopes or lost in the valley depths among trees and shrubs.

Mirebalais was a welcome sight after two hours of high hazard. As the school was not yet ready for occupancy, the deputy offered us his country home in the meantime. There the notables, the small fry, and the parents had gathered to say their welcome with flowers and songs. Everybody was and still is the soul of kindness and sympathy.

SCHOOL OPENS

November 20 will be remembered in the history of Mirebalais as the date of the opening of its National Congreganist School. All the people had been astir for hours when at eight o'clock Rev. Father Bahurel, parish priest,





MSGR. BELLEC, VICAR GENERAL OF THE DIOCESE OF PORT-AU-PRINCE,
SPEAKS AT THE OPENING OF MIREBALAIS SCHOOL

*To the Left of the Group of Sisters: The President's Wife, Deputy Dijon Jean Gilles,
Mr. Raymond Dorel, Minister of National Education*

sang a Solemn Mass at which were present, among others, the wife of the President of Haiti with her ladies of honor, the Minister, the Director General of Education, members of the Department of National Education, Deputy Dijon Jean Gilles, the Prefect of Port-au-Prince, and several high functionaries of the Haitian Government.

Following High Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given and the *Te Deum* sung by all present; then a procession formed to the new school quarters some eight hundred metres from the parish church. The celebration began with the flag salute and the singing of the national anthem by the children.

His Excellency Archbishop Le Gouaze being detained by the official reception of the Apostolic Nuncio, had delegated his Vicar General, Msgr. Bellec, to preside over the day. In a brief allocution Monsignor expressed the gratitude of both clergy and people to the Head of the country, who, aware of the needs of his fellow countrymen, has kindly authorized the erection of the school. He likewise voiced the thanks of all to the President's wife who heightened by her presence the solemnity of the day and graciously granted her name, "Lucienne Estime," to the new educational home. A word of thanks was similarly addressed to the Deputy, the Minister, the

Director General, and all who had in any way contributed to the establishment of the school, especially to our Reverend Mother General, who has generously given four of her spiritual family to assume its conduct.

Followed by godfathers and godmothers, the Vicar General then proceeded to the blessing of the new building. Mr. Raymond Doret, Minister, and the Deputy in turn expressed, in the name of all present, their gratefulness to His Excellency the President of the Republic. The rejoicings ended with luncheon served at the expense of the Department of National Education.

On Tuesday, November 22, our school opened its doors to the one hundred and sixty young girls already enrolled. Sixty-five more are patiently waiting till we have a teacher to break for them the bread of knowledge and love.

CLIMATE CAPRICE

The first letters from Canada came on November 16, like a bright ray of sunshine piercing an overclouded sky. Only when one becomes a foreigner does one begin to appreciate the benefit of communication by mail. Strange, wasn't it, that as we read about the first snowfall in Canada having occurred on November 4, we to the south had to mop our brows and remind ourselves of Purgatory in order to be able to bear up with the terrific heat!

Mirebalais, ideally located in the centre of a mountainous district, has its tropical climate slightly tempered by a light breeze that usually blows in the wintertime, that is, in December, January, and February. Nights are relatively cool and permit a refreshing rest.

As is the case in the other regions of Haiti, rains are abundant at certain times and as sudden as a thunderclap. In one minute the cloudless blue sky turns a dull grey and without further warning the floodgates overhead release rain in greater quantity than ever did one single rainstorm in Canada. But no sooner is the mad outbreak over than in a once more flawless blue smiles a perfect double rainbow; thus it is each time. Were you to ask which masterpiece of nature we find the most delightful to behold, we would say that it is the magnificent sunsets. You should be here to see the delicate pastel shades of rose, blue, grey, splashed across the western sky when, its heavy day of tropical heating done, the huge daystar gently lies on its pillow of green mountains. No human palette could do justice to that exquisite beauty.

At sunset all doors are closed; it is the nighttime, as there is no twilight, no mid-hour between day and night. Clocks being a luxury in Haiti, the sun is a popular and dependable Big Ben. It or the Angelus bell is the people's alarm clock.

Homes are, generally speaking, as primitive as one could imagine. Here the parish church is in truth the dwelling of the One who came down on earth to teach the virtue of poverty by example and by word. Who are we to wish for greater comfort than He had during His mortal days?



When All the World Is Young

If our pupils are not always hundred-percenters in everything, we must say it to their credit that First Fridays and First Saturdays find them at their best. General communion in reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is regularly followed by the same in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the next day.

Besides their communion, the pupils also offer countless deeds of self-denial to Jesus and His Mother. Two instances will show how enthusiastically they have taken hold of the sacrifice idea. One blue slip of paper dropped into the self-denial box reads as follows: "To make reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary I didn't straighten up my ears under my aviator cap on the way to school." Another message goes like this: "A boy bullied me so much that I felt like doing this (caricature of two boys fighting). But I thought of the sacrifice and I didn't fight." Anyone who knows anything about the quick-fire temper of some Filipino striplings can appreciate that robust deed of self-mastery at its full face value. Many other examples we could cite that must have greatly consoled the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

It occasionally happens that Sister Marie du Precieux Sang⁽¹⁾ appoints a pupil monitor to coach the less brilliant pupils. Some of these monitors prove real pedagogues in the making, to wit, Fidelis, a gentleman of six, a regular dictator about pronunciation, who with fingers questionably gentle puts the other boy's mouth into the proper position, pulls out the upper lip, then the lower, or both according to the effect desired. Some monitors do not have victories as easy, for instance Leonardo, who once had his subaltern repeat a certain word three times. When the third attempt didn't measure up to the juvenile Prof's standard, the said Prof simply slapped the delinquent full on the mouth. In the Philippines, too, teachers get gray!

1. Aurore RACETTE, Limoges, Ont.



SISTER MARIE DU PRECIEUX SANG (AURORE RACETTE, LIMOGES, ONT.)
IS SNAPPED WITH A FIRST GRADER, AWAY IN LAS PINAS

FATIMA CLUB NEWS

For some months past we have been planning to introduce some kind of Catholic club among our seniors in order to group them together in a bond of brotherly affection and help them lead truly Christlike lives. With Father Rector's approval Sister Superior called a meeting to discuss the project with the pupils. The new venture, which is placed under the patronage of Our Lady of Fatima, will have its own watchword, its specialized aims of personal perfection and apostolate through prayer and action — all according to a school-goer's capacity. Spiritual prompters and character builders, the practices to be observed will prepare our students of today to cope with any minor and major difficulty when they lead tomorrow. In keeping with the plea of Our Lady at Fatima, the new club puts the rosary into the hands of its members and suggests sacrifices and penance drives for the conversion of sinners. Meetings will be held on Sundays with special instructions either on religious subjects or character formation. A medal of Our Lady with the three shepherd seers will be the outward emblem of membership, which membership, incidentally, is confined to pupils who have been for some time past on their best behavior.

That will stir the others to action. Already our girls are delighted about the new club and they are putting themselves to the test trying to keep the rules they will accept if they enroll next month.



CANDLELIGHT PRAYER

It is generally believed in the Philippines that prayer to be fervent and efficacious must be said by candle-glow. A person who really wants to gain a hearing unfailingly lights a candle and holds it between hands clasped in prayer. On this candlelight condition the efficacy of his supplication supposedly depends, whatever be the humility and confidence with which it is said. Unfortunately, many attach paramount value to outer show who leave out with inconceivable levity the essentials of true piety and the makings of a prayer God loves to hear.



To Mary for Peace

With the month of October a great Crusade of prayers and sacrifices was launched in the capital city of the Philippines. To Mary for Peace is the aim of all who join in it.

Armed with the powerful weapon of the Holy Rosary, souls of good will have gathered for the whole year under the banner of the mighty Mother of God, with the hope that she who is stronger than army in battle array will protect her children and assure to them freedom for their country and glorious conquests for their Faith.



Children Can Do It

Thwarted in their fondest hopes, three little convert makers are now bubbling over with the joy of victory. They who have faith in abundance are now sharing its blessings with their beloved mother.

Ever since we first walked the ways of Mati we had been worrying Our Blessed Lady with prayers for this particular person, who lacked the courage to abandon the old way of life and take up the new. First efforts brought only barren results; gradually, the mother pushed opposition so far as to forbid her daughters to attend Sunday Mass, and beat them black and blue when they innocently suggested Monday washings instead of Sunday ones.

Once when three defeated little sighs told more than a long tale about their mother's unrelenting disposition, we Sisters inquired whether they had been impolite.

"No, Mother," they chorused in answer. "We told her, 'Beat us all you want to, but please — please allow us to go to Mass!'"

We did our best to lift that cold weight off their enthusiasm, and told them to offer their sufferings to Jesus. It would be a big price to pay for the soul they cherished more than life itself, but they were ready and willing to pay it.

September brought the feast of St. Nicholas of Tolentino with a tremendous turnout of both good and nominal Catholics. From the neighboring barrios hundreds swarmed into Mati, primarily to make merry and secondarily to have their offspring baptized. All day long the church bells rang and in the makeshift ball field at hand boisterous glee proclaimed that the youngsters were having a high time. The *fiesta*, which as usual caused a mighty stir, unfortunately had its regrettable side; gamblers played for pesos and do-nothings satisfied their craving for tuba drink.

At each of the four Masses that were said the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Lahaie, guest preacher, mentioned in his sermon that back in 1935 when he was curate here, "on *fiesta* day only fifty old ladies came to Mass and two men stood at the door." He said he was pleased to note the increasing importance which the church ceremonies are taking on among the people.



PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN
CONDUCTED BY THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
AT MATI, DAVAO

For all the church was packed, and though we had the promise that she would be going to confession that day, the girls' mother was nowhere to be seen. The three daughters, the eldest especially, felt quite downhearted. But before the day was very much older their mother had made her peace with God; in the Sacrament of reconciliation her past misdeeds were erased and the grace of pardon brought her happiness and tranquillity. Clapping her hands with joy, the baby of the family counted how many hosts with Jesus in them would be in the house the next morning, and triumphantly burst out, "If we die tonight, we'll all be going to Heaven!"

So much happiness had to be paid for in the coin of suffering. The very next Sunday the unexpected blow fell. One of the upper stratum of society who had her laundering done by this young mother of three appeared on the scene, demanding her clothing washed, dried, and ironed for Monday morning. With quivering lips and eyes that implored the washwoman explained that now that she observed the Sunday rest, the washing must be postponed till Monday. But the caller would accept no excuse; her dresses she wanted and she would have them, or else this impudent Sunday fanatic and her family would be left to earn their daily bread some harder way.

"I promised my confessor that I wouldn't work any more on Sundays," asserted the young woman. "I made the promise and mean to keep it."

One little girl began to cry but she bravely gulped and let the tears drop back into her heart. Tightening her clasp on her mother's hand she said, "Don't cry, Mother. Don't mind what the lady says. Jesus will be sorry if you work on Sunday."

Mother and her daughters have not missed one Sunday Mass since September. Harsh parental corrections are no longer the rule, and the

girls are very happy now that the hope that filled their minds and hearts has at last come true.

They are child apostles of a wonderful type. While her mother was on her way to church for confession, the eldest, aged thirteen, made a good-neighborliness call upon another woman who had long ago deserted the Catholic Faith.

"Why don't you go to confession and Holy Communion for the *fiesta*?" The question was straight and to the point. "Everybody is going. Mother went." This last was in the child's estimation the supreme argument that would brook no opposition.

The fallen-away Catholic answered evasively. Evidently, inertia is a hard wall when it comes to tearing it down.

"I guess it's too late today, but I'll be back tomorrow morning and I'll go with you," persistently pleaded the youthful visitor.

Up with the birds the teen-aged apostle ran over to the next-door lady and directed a few words of advice towards a proper examination of conscience, insisting, as she told us later, on Sunday Mass and the tuba liquor habit.

Our pupils, for all they had very slight opportunity for spiritual growth before the last two years, are already efficient convert makers, as these instances show. Their religious spirit, never dormant, never selfish, is forever bursting into vigorous action for the God they love. Not many among them could make the Sign of the Cross when they came for their first lessons, and still fewer observed Sunday as a Catholic should. Now an ever-increasing number are grasping the tremendous value of Holy Mass



STOPPING FOR A SNAPSHOT — MATI, DAVAO, P.I.

whether on Sunday or weekdays, and their communions are angelic. Whenever they sing Visayan hymns they express themselves at the tops of their fresh young voices.

Sister Superior is giving First Communion instructions to thirty who will be ready to take the great step on All Saints'. Others will probably follow suit in February.

Five-year-old Julia will be kneeling at the altar rail with the rest. Her catechism she knows on her fingertips — something that cannot be truly said of many older pupils. She coaxed her dad, who seldom darkens church doors, to attend Mass this morning. Julia has a big job on her hands if she wants to make all her people fervent Catholics, and we are told she wants to! May the scriptural sentence be verified once again, "A little child shall lead them."

SISTER MARIE DE LIESSE, M.I.C.(1)

The Missionary Priesthood

In answering a vocation to the missionary life, one may feel sure that he is being favoured in an extraordinary manner, for there is being given to him the opportunity to embrace the highest career open to human beings. The missionary vocation is a call to a life and service that is as nearly as possible the life and service of Christ Himself, and to any Catholic young man who wishes to make a success of his life, and a consecration of his God-given gifts, what greater field of endeavour presents itself than that of the Missionary Priesthood? There is nothing on earth to be compared to such a vocation. It surpasses in sublimity the highest aspirations of which the human heart is capable. Blessed indeed will that soul be who listens to the pleading of God, who follows in practice the last loving wish of His Sacred Heart by striving to bring the Light of His Gospel to those who "sit in the darkness and the shadow of death."

China

Smash Them to Smithereens!

By prayer and sacrifice everyone, regardless of his or her state in life, can do so much to obtain from God the graces which are necessary to cause those who are still outside the Fold to be converted from the error of their ways, abandon their idols, even smash them to bits, discontinue those irrational forms of worship which pagans are wont to perform, and realize that "the service of false gods is high treason to the majesty of God and the most heinous of crimes."

Rev. Joseph King, S.F.M.

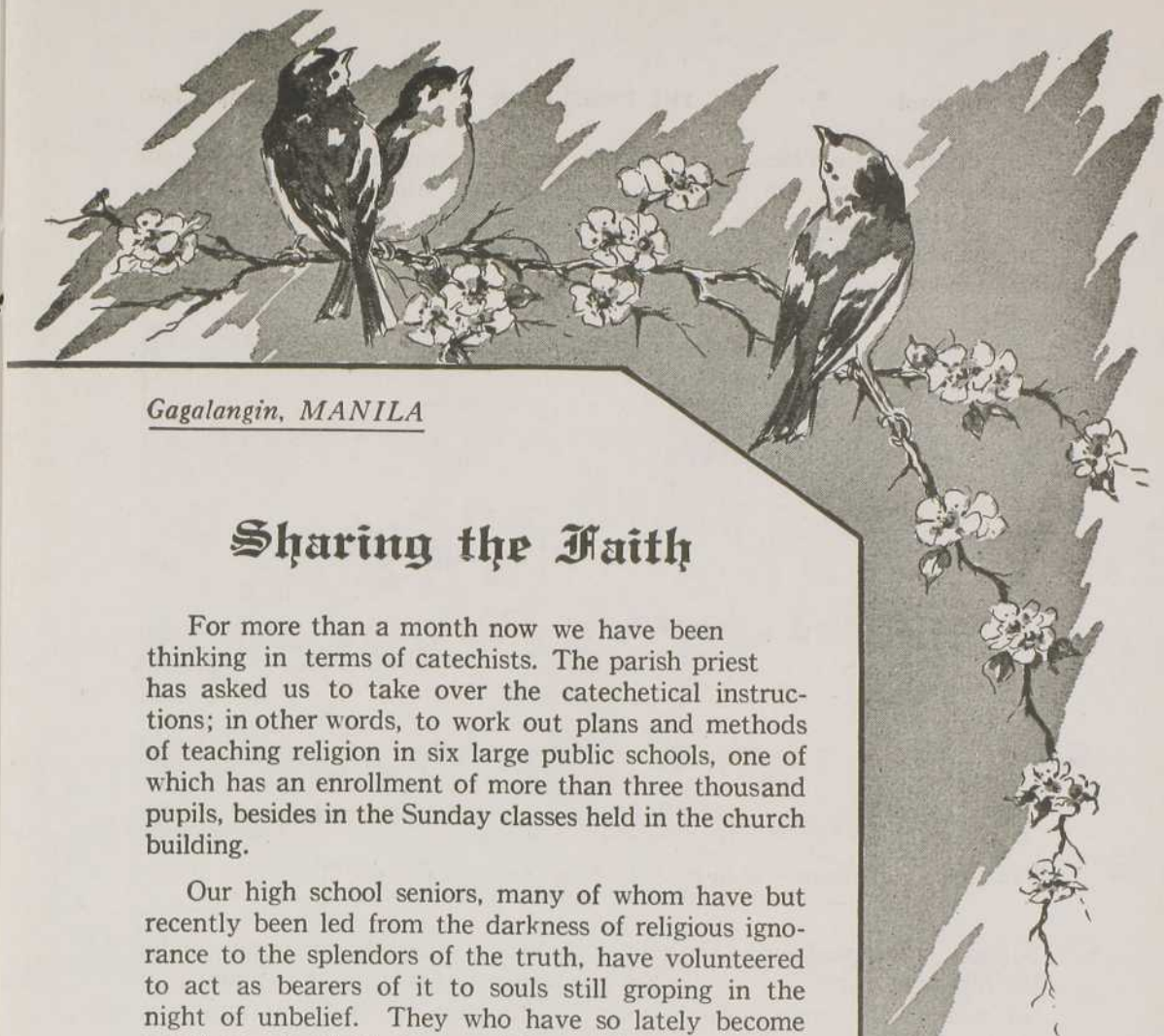
No Furlough for Soldiers of Christ

Missionaries are soldiers of Christ engaged in combat, exposed to the blows of the enemy, tossed about on the waters of the deep, thrown into internment camps and in some cases meeting martyr deaths. We cannot forget them in our prayers.

We are building, we are driving ahead, we have a positive program. Missions must be seen not merely as a great act of Christian charity but as the very life of the Church. We who are members of the Mystical Body of Christ must not fear this changing world. We have the assurance of an unchanging God and the security of His word for He said, "Lo, I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

Rev. A. F. Coogan

1. Georgine BENETEAU, Amherstburg, Ont.



Gagalangin, MANILA

Sharing the Faith

For more than a month now we have been thinking in terms of catechists. The parish priest has asked us to take over the catechetical instructions; in other words, to work out plans and methods of teaching religion in six large public schools, one of which has an enrollment of more than three thousand pupils, besides in the Sunday classes held in the church building.

Our high school seniors, many of whom have but recently been led from the darkness of religious ignorance to the splendors of the truth, have volunteered to act as bearers of it to souls still groping in the night of unbelief. They who have so lately become members of Christ know with certainty that they must be in Christ's work. School visits naturally require permissions from principals, teachers, and parents, which permissions are readily given, except, as might be expected, in schools where the arch-enemy of souls stands on sentry.

With all the self-confidence and courage at their command, our seniors march off to their labor of love. Seeing them thus leaving on so great a mission when but newborn in the Faith, we are forcibly reminded of the Gospel account of Our Lord sending His novice-disciples with the glad tidings of the Redemption at hand. Our modern apostles returned, as their predecessors of long ago, with great joy. One had had the privilege of introducing the Faith to eighty-nine pupils; another had more than one hundred listeners cooped in a room holding forty. After listening for a half-hour, the spellbound hearers asked the young, inexperienced catechist whether she would have any religious texts to lend them. Enthusiasm has been spreading like wildfire.

The initial successes so thrilled the youthful catechists as to give them wings. Now some are teaching catechism three times a week. As they have chores to do at home and schoolwork besides, their leisure moments are very much curtailed. On Sunday afternoons more than three hundred children preparing for First Communion flock into the parish church and a



GAGALANGIN'S CATECHISTS WITH REV. BROTHER DIRECTOR AND THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION STATIONED IN MANILA

public hall for one hour of Catholic doctrine. There, too, our pupils, under the direction of the Sisters, are the goodwill catechists. I often think that the zeal for the cause of God shown by the young Catholic Actionists of Quebec has its exact counterpart here in Manila.

May we recommend this promising apostolate to the fervent prayers of our readers. In the Philippines as everywhere else the harvest is great and the laborers few. Burning with zeal our budding apostles certainly are, but with the best good will in the world the fifty of them cannot do the work of the five hundred we would be needing. No matter how thin they spread themselves they cannot be everywhere at once; the task they do should normally be portioned among many more. And without catechists, to quote Father Duffy, "a missionary is a knight-errant;" with catechists he is an organized and far-reaching force.

Pray for our catechists, please!

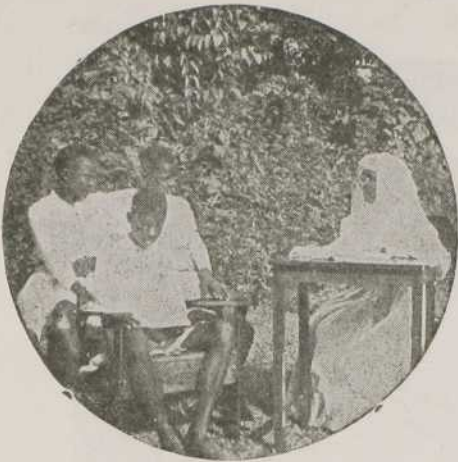
SISTER GENEVIEVE DE NANTERRE, M.I.C.(1)



The Catholic Church has no boundaries other than the human race.

Pope Pius XII

1. Genevieve St. Pierre, MONTREAL.



Ad Altare

Dei

Roche-a-Bateau is the proudest village of Haiti. Three of its boys are going to see their big idea pass from wishful thinking to blissful being; they have been accepted at the Camp Perrin Juniorate of the Oblate Fathers. No, the idols and ideals of the world have not caught their imagination; they want to do something really big, but for Christ they want to do it. They want to help their kinsmen on the way to Heaven, and in the holy priesthood they will find the God-given means.

The three candidates for the priestly career, while not uncrowned saints, have been noticeably more serious and studious than the average run of scholars; day in and day out they have given good example, that which is better than a sermon and probably not so frequent.

Stevil, short as Zachaeus of Gospel renown, and Nemours, the personification of mildness, have met with no great difficulty in the realization of their priestly ambition, at least as far as the Juniorate. But not so with the third of the trio, Renand by name, who had the winds of adversity whistling around him in a very unpleasant way. The examiner decided that this boy's sincerity should be put to the test; so he told Renand, "You're much too young. The Juniorate's only for big boys." Big boys? Well, Renand didn't qualify exactly for that classification. He was small, bashful, and didn't at all look his age. Down-to-earth as a rock balloon he dragged himself away from the examiner's desk, and back at his own cried out his disappointment, feeling all his plans were reduced to sub-zero. Came dinnertime with the poor frustrated boy not over-eager to tell his parents about the refusal; in a voice broken with sorrow, his features twitching, he broke the sad news about the Juniorate that was to have been.

For days after that saddest of sad ones no Renand showed his face, much to the



Stevil the Future Reverend



SISTER JEANNE D'ORLEANS (JEANNE D'ARC NOLIN, QUEBEC)

distress of the two other priests-to-be. When five days had crawled along the calendar the Pastor called Renand to the rectory, waved him to a chair, and to the boy out of whose eyes all the laughter had died he broke better news — the Juniorate was for him! Blissfully smiling over the full circumference of his jolly face, Renand blurted out his thanks and raced home to spread glad gossip.

Now the three are merrily holidaying prior to leaving home and setting forth on the grand adventure of pre-seminary life. The prayers of everybody in Roche-a-Bateau are for these future champions of Christ, who will lead His Blessed Feet on untrodden Haitian bluffs.

MRS. STEPHAT IS THRILLED

Saturdays are busy days on St. Michael's Street. Ill and maimed flock to the dispensary; street merchants cry their wares; bootblacks look around for shoeshining opportunities; sturdy little cowherds take their cattle to drink; and lastly, visitors come to see the Immaculate Conception Sisters. No one who passes in front of the convent would think of omitting a brief call on the Canadian Mothers. It is nothing short of a tradition.

Today among others we greeted Mrs. Stephat, happy mother of the boy Stevil, one of the three priests in the making. The dear soul came to share

her joy with us, according to the old saw, "It takes two to be glad." It is all so wonderful! Her own boy, her own flesh and blood, raised to the priestly dignity, calling the very Son of God down into the Bread and the Wine! Isn't that thought enough to stir all the chords of jubilation in a mother's heart? And Mrs. Stephat, bless her, is a model mother, the type Mary of Nazareth would be, were she living today not in Palestine but in Haiti.

Oh, Stevil is a wonder, of course; we have to agree with Stevil's mom. He came out first in the examination that was to decide whether or not he should be admitted to the Juniorate. Yes, Stevil deserves the best. Please God, he will have it — a chalice and a host in his sturdy young hands!

It all made a pretty picture, only for one dark shadow; the Stephats' finances were pretty low. Oh, they could sell a heifer and a dozen hens, but that would hardly bring in the price of a cassock, and the future Reverend must not only be cassocked but also given physical means of subsistence — meals we call them. Kind Providence came to the rescue. Thanks to liberal aid from Quebec benefactors, Stevil now has almost all his sundry and divers needs supplied. It would have done you good to see the future priest's mother hurrying home with her son's wardrobe upon her head, in true Haitian fashion. In her grateful heart she feels that there will be coming along many more surprise packages for the boy Stevil. Yes, Stevil deserves the best. Can you help give it to him?

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

CUBA

At Mercedes With Mary

The people of Central Mercedes are true devotees of the Blessed Mother. When September 24 returns with the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, their own beloved patroness, all day long they rejoice in her honor.

The day before was a busy one for both Sisters and neighbors. Haste proverbially makes waste, but in our case it finished 270 little Mary-blue banners displaying the words, "*Viva Maria!*" which the pupils were to hold aloft during the procession to be. In the afternoon, while we were adding finishing touches here and there, Rev. Father Rioux arrived with the glad news that he had secured permission to say Mass in the park. Obviously that meant one thing — more preparations before next sunrise! Mr. Matacena, the administrator, sent his employees over to install organ, benches, chairs in the next morning's holy of holies.

All was not in readiness when night shadows fell, but we were glad to go to bed because we would have to be on our feet early. Just as we were drifting off to slumberland, we were rather unpleasantly reminded of the

I. Lucienne GADOURY, St. Elisabeth, Joliette County.



ORCHESTRA PHOTO, MERCEDES COLEGIO, CUBA

fact that First Vespers in Mercedes is welcomed with a sleep-shattering din of firecrackers, and all night long our rest was punctuated every half-hour or so by the sputter and popping of crackers. At two, three, and five o'clock it was moreover deemed proper to set the church bell ringing and go blowing trumpets all around the village.

Thanks to the devoted assistance of our kind neighbors and our own early morning effort, all was ready for the appointed time.

To our great joy more than sixty persons received Holy Communion at the first Mass, which was offered in the parish hall. Our pupils and a group of women took charge of the singing. At the solemn high sung by Rev. Father J. Langlois, and at which several priests were present, more than two hundred persons knelt around the glorieta, where had also gathered our fifty-six pupils arrayed in spotless white. Rev. Father Rioux stayed behind in the chapel to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to fifty little Cubans.

In a stirring sermon Rev. Father Lemire, pastor of Manguito, congratulated the people of Mercedes on their great devotion to the Mother of God, and stressed the old truth that the only tried and tested short-cut to Mary's heart is obedience to the Commandments of her Son. Today again the Lady once visiting at Cana bids her children, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." In closing, Father expressed the hope that Sunday Mass-hearers and frequent communicants may steadily increase.

No sooner were the church functions over than the sport fans gave vent to their pent-up feelings; games of every variety were played with prizes for the winners. From noon till five p.m., as nobody cared to expose himself to the burning sunrays, a general siesta interrupted the *fiesta*. Then

around suppertime two showers of rain made puddles of water and raised question marks as to the possibility of holding the procession. But the Cuban heart we ill knew; before fifteen minutes our pupils in spotless attire were waiting on the spot, some of them accompanied by their parents. No one had so much as thought that the procession might be cancelled. Unwilling as we were to cross them in their cherished hope, we placed our pupils in two straight lines and gave our last-minute recommendations. Suddenly a cry of disappointment surged from all hearts; the electricity had failed! Fathers and mothers took their precious darlings by the hand and in the growing darkness marched them off to church. An incredible number of the faithful had gathered. The public school pupils, two hundred strong, asked for two hundred blue banners with Mary's name on them.

From minute to minute we expected the priests to cancel the procession. But never did they. One of them whispered in a Sister's ear, "The men say they have never failed to take Our Lady's statue out and are not going to let this year be an exception. Open the line of march with your little ones and we will follow." A little dubiously we obeyed. A few parents asked to accompany their children in order to help them over the mud puddles.

God had been waiting only for that act of faith to put His powerful finger on the electricity and make things right. The beloved statue of Our Lady slowly advanced, borne on the shoulders of four men who soon had to cede their places to four others, so many were those who begged the honor of being bearers of Mary on her feastday. The pious throng of the faithful followed with lighted tapers. "Tired but happy," as the saying goes, we went to bed that night. There were no firecrackers.



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)

"There was great delicacy, but no affectation, in his voice and manner, a certain nobility in his carriage. He was all simplicity, candor, and fatherly tenderness. His calm, pure, pale face mirrored the beauty of his soul. His eyes were large, his glance was sweet and penetrating, his smile gentle and affectionate; his appearance instantly attracted all hearts to him.

"If I speak thus of one whom I believe, and always did believe, to be one of God's elect, it is partly because I knew him from another point of

view: he was my confessor, and more than once I saw tears flow from his eyes as I told my sins. And what kindness when I was done! What tenderness toward my childish soul, for which, no doubt, he foresaw many struggles and many failures on life's sad way."

As superior, Father Chanel considered himself custodian of the rules of the school and guardian of every soul, responsible for the observance of the one and the safe-keeping of the other. That he might set good example he never broke the least regulation or was absent from any public exercise; the only prerogatives of his office of which he availed himself were the obligation of edifying and the opportunity of serving one and all. Once a week, or oftener, if it seemed necessary, he called together the professors and questioned them about the affairs of the school. To their reports he listened attentively, making suggestions in a modest, considerate way. Sometimes the young teachers became discouraged in their work among lazy, troublesome little boys. Father Chanel knew how to revive their courage and reanimate their zeal. "You know well," he would say, "that seed does not sprout the moment it is sown; a tree grows for many a day before it bears fruit; and it is the same with the cultivation of souls. Often we work and see no result; nevertheless, good is being accomplished."

His many cares did not cause him to overlook the servants of the house, whose welfare was very dear to him. He gained their affection by his gentleness and his eagerness to make their work as light as possible. He taught them to sanctify each menial task by doing it for God's greater glory. "When I was ill he came regularly to hear my confession and bring me Holy Communion," an old servant loved to tell, years afterwards. "When the doctor would have forgotten me, he reminded him. But for him what would have become of me during that long illness! They say that without charity we cannot be saved. Ah, he had it! How kind he was! Never was there another superior like him!"

Accessible to all, and at all hours, Father Chanel was frequently interrupted at his work, but he always turned from it and went back to it without showing, in his smiling face or placid manner, any trace of weariness or vexation. When worn out by fatigue, as often happened, for he was never strong, the only rest he allowed himself was to sit before his Crucifix, praying silently with his eyes fastened upon it. Prayer had become habitual to him. He prayed every spare moment and in all difficulties; when he worked or talked his heart rested within the tabernacle. If a boy fell ill he increased the number of his visits to the Blessed Sacrament; if the finances of the house were causing anxiety he had recourse to St. Joseph, provider for the Holy Family, and burned a candle in his honor.

When it was necessary to find fault he did so firmly, but kindly. Indeed, kindness and sweetness were the foundation of his character. Because he was always smiling, some feared he was too lenient to make a fit head of a boys' college. These had failed to understand that the strength which can be always patient, always calm, insures a just, firm rule.

(To be continued)

Leaves

From the Novitiate Book



Sunday, November 20, 1949

We senior novices who were here last year know all about the novices' feastday; but newcomers who still find it a tribulation to pin their veil in five places have yet to learn that First Vespers brings an exceptionally grand evening event. The postulants presented their play with the maximum of success and plenty of hand-clapping from the older and wiser audience. After the *Magnificat* that traditionally terminates all our recreational programs, we parted for night prayer and night rest, the thought of the morrow's joys streaking our responses with moments of attention and inattention.

Monday, November 21

Smiles aplenty have seasoned this day. On our own special feast the first fluffy flakes of white have been wafted earthward, bringing happy memories of childhood bliss on similar firsts. Are not the dazzling snowflakes a symbol of the soul-whiteness of the little Child Mary who on a day like this went up the Temple stairs to dedicate her young life to God?

Queens of the day, we were on Mary's Presentation Feast the object of innumerable attentions from professed Sisters and junior postulants. Duties of office were suspended for the time being while we enjoyed ourselves to the full. When we blithely stepped into the novitiate hall we stood face to face with unmistakable evidence that clever fingers had been busying themselves in giving the place a holiday look. Spotless lilies recalled the purity of our all-loving patroness, the Child Mary of the Temple, whose statue for the occasion had donned the white habit of a missionary novice. With grateful and happy hearts we all circled around dear Mother Mistress to tell her our overwhelming gladness.

In this atmosphere of sunny mirth we played Perfection with the postulants and to perfection we played it, as we had no intention whatever of letting the youngest of the family carry off the prizes. Just the same, let it be said to their consolation that they had their share, thanks to our own inconsolable blunders.

As usual we ended our day before the tabernacle, praying our thanks to the One we have come to serve.

Saturday, December 3

The feast of the glorious patron saint of missionaries had a choice apostolic joy in store for us, that of witnessing the baptism of a convert to Catholicism.

Brought up in the Anglican creed, Mrs. Arthur Lafontaine, of Montreal, had been married a few years ago to a fervent Catholic after having promised to embrace his Faith. But months and years rolled on and the pledge though sincere remained unfulfilled. At long last three months ago, the zeal and devotedness of Rev. Father M. Pelletier, of St. Christopher Parish, Pont Viau, impressed the would-be convert to the point that she decided to accomplish her long-deferred promise. Referred to our novitiate, she followed doctrine lessons given by one of our professed Sisters and was soon found ready to take the great step that would lead her into the True Fold.

On the afternoon of St. Francis Xavier's feast, baptism was given conditionally following the solemn abjuration. In a short but stirring sermon Rev. Father Pelletier stressed the grandeur of our Christian Faith and the duties of all who embrace it; then the *Magnificat* of thanksgiving arose to the Lord in gratitude for this signal grace of conversion.

Sunday, December 4

Immediately before nine o'clock Mass this morning, the happy neophyte of yesterday was made a perfect Christian in the Sacrament of Confirmation.

In a few eloquent words His Excellency Bishop J. Prud'homme explained the rites of Confirmation and the blessings brought by the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He especially wished the candidate kneeling before him the gift of Wisdom, that she "may be always truly wise, and ever rejoice in His consolation."

At the *Domine, non sum dignus* the newly confirmed went to her First Communion, accompanied by her husband and several members of the family. Bishop Prud'homme himself said thanksgiving prayers in the name of the grateful first communicant.

How heartily we thanked our Immaculate Mother for that great apostolic joy granted us during the novena before our very special patronal day!

Saturday, December 24

Silence and recollection marked this last day of preparation for Christmas. The novitiate hall being forbidden ground on account of a Crib, a tree, and other Yuletide beauties, we displaced persons had to pray our Aves and invocations to the Holy Child in the classrooms. To say that we had no distractions would certainly be a breach of the truth; so we admit that they came. But in all justice to ourselves we further confess that we politely pushed them out of mind and did our best to keep only the Christ Child as our capital Distraction.

Sunday, December 25

Merry Christmas, one and all! A few minutes after eleven p.m., violinists and carolers wakened the house to the sweet strain of *Ça Bergers*. By the time the hymn had soared sweetly to its finale we were almost ready to go down to the chapel to bid a thousand welcomes to our Child Redeemer. All the lights were on when the little white Sisters entered, and the chapel was already thronged with the happy groups of parents who had come for

Midnight Mass. Contrary to Christmas custom we had not three but two Masses, the third one being reserved for the morning as Forty Hours were to be opened. The old Nativity hymns were exquisitely beautiful. After a light repast of a distinctly Canadian flavor, served at the expense of loving parents and benefactors, we once again sought our pillows and slept the peaceful sleep of souls that have seen their Savior.

Traditional *Benedicamus Domino* this morning made way for a joyful Christmas carol. Following High Mass and the opening of Forty Hours, we were at last allowed into the novitiate motherland gaily decorated in festive colors. What surprises were ours to behold and enjoy! The dear Bethlehem Babe's Crib; the gift-laden Christmas tree propped in a corner; the ribboned basket overloaded with dozens of letters that had been piling in since the first Sunday of Advent. When the treasured basket had been relieved of its correspondence contents, the tree was merrily stripped of its bright gift packages. What a cheerful commotion!

Thanks to you all, beloved parents, generous benefactors! May the Divine Child, at whose feet we shall adoring spend our last waking hour this evening, shower upon you His heavenly favors and grant all your fondest expectations.



From One Heart to Another . . .

The tender Heart of the Master rent itself for man during His bitter Passion. It was broken because His Love knew no bounds. How great is the need of a sinful and war-ridden world for that gentle Love today! Enmities would disappear, if all men would strive to enkindle in their hearts a love for the Heart of the Saviour. Immorality would vanish from our midst, if men would seek to emulate the purity of the chaste Heart of Our Lord. National jealousies, greed for power and fame, and all self-sufficiency would be banished, if men would allow the strong breath of Christ's Love to fan the dying embers of love in their sinful hearts. His wistful words float gently over us, "Son, give Me thy heart." He is waiting patiently for the answer of a lover to His Beloved. If we give Him our hearts, we know that He will warm them with the fires of His Love. This should be the token of every man, as a mark of undying loyalty to the Heart that spent itself on Calvary long centuries ago.

Fr. Francis



In Defense of Smiles

Missioners should be smiling people. It behooves that bearers of Glad Tidings — Good News — and announcers of Eternal Holidays put on a beaming countenance. Coadjutors of God, who have His word of honor that He will always be with them, cannot let themselves become gloomy and depressed, for the world needs their joy, as it needs their devotion. Builders for the Eternal Years, consolers of the afflicted, friends of the friendless, improvers of the world — all these are they; and these they will be effectively, day in and day out, if they have learned to serve God with gladness. I salute them — and I ask them, in the name of this dull, dejected, dreary world, to keep smiling; for their smile is cheer, and comfort, and a means to grace.

Glories of Mary

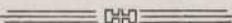


Enclosed please find price of vigil lamp to be offered up to the Blessed Mother for all the favors she has obtained for me and that she will grant me the grace of a happy death. W. L., **Montreal**. — Enclosed please find thanksgiving offering I promised Our Blessed Mother if she would obtain me my cure. I have been partly answered. G. W., **Montreal**. — Please have some masses said in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. May I also ask for your prayers for our welfare and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of a relative who is in very great need of prayer. Mrs. F. G., **Westmount**. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a special favor received. I would be humbly grateful if a prayer could be said for me now and then while you are attending Mass. Miss R. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Thanks for a favor obtained through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. C. C., **St. Therese d'Arvida**. — Thanks to Our Lady of Fatima for a cure obtained. Mrs. R. A. G., **Ottawa**. — Please publish my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Miss C. R. — Homage of gratitude to Mary for a favor received. R. P. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Miss J. O., **Mistassini**. — I wish to thank our dear heavenly Mother for a cure. A.A.B. — Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. L. B., **Farnham**. —

Please publish my thanks for a favor received. Mrs. B.B., **Longueuil**. — Sincere thanks for a favor I have received. Mrs. J. B., **Montreal**. — I have been cured of a sore arm; please join me in thanking Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. R. T. — Sincere thanks for improvement in my husband's conduct. Anonymous. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. N. D., **St. Faustin**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Miss D. C., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. I would like you to say a little prayer for my family. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. N. L., **Montreal**. — Lively thanks for a favor. Mrs. G. V. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of Our Blessed Mother in thanksgiving for a favor received. H. D. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. A. B. — Thanks to Mary for her protection. Mrs. R. — Grateful thanks for the favors I have been granted last year. Mrs. S. — Please publish my gratefulness for a favor received. Miss L. M. — This is to fulfill my promise in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. M. P., **St. Ulric**. — Thanks for a favor received. A. G. — I am very grateful to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. J. E. — I heartily thank Mary Immaculate and am once more asking her to protect me. Mrs. L. P., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to our dear heavenly Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. L. H.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

I wish to fulfill a promise in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Anne in thanksgiving for a favor received. L. K., **Verdun**. — I have obtained a favor during a novena to Mother Marie du St. Esprit. E. H., **Montreal**. — I am sending an offering in honor of St. Jude for a favor received. Mrs. G. R., **Montreal**. — Please have a mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory for favor I received. M. M. — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, Sacred Heart of Jesus, St. Joseph, and St. Jude. Mrs. G. C., **Sherbrooke**. — Enclosed is offering for mass in thanksgiving for favor received. Mrs. H. S., **N. S.** — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Joseph for favors received. Mrs. E. F. — Will you please have a mass said for the Holy Souls in thanksgiving for a favor. Mrs. A.C. — All thanks to the Blessed Virgin and Mother Marie du St. Esprit for the cure of an infected foot. Mrs. E. C., **Easthampton, Mass.**



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.

Petitions to Mary



Please pray for my husband that he may find a suitable job and for honesty, truthfulness, and faithfulness. Mrs. D. — Please remember me in your prayers. — Will you please say a little prayer for us that our son will obtain a good position. Mrs. F. D. — Please say some special prayers for my daughter. Mrs. J. O'R. — Would you be so kind as to have a novena said for me that I may get well if it is pleasing to the will of God. Mr. J. O'R. — Please remember in novenas and prayers the following petitions: return of two sisters to the Faith; success in work and increase in salary; health for all the family; protection of the Blessed Virgin on self, wife, and children; increase in faith for my wife; souls of parents. X. — Please pray so that my husband will make his peace with God and give up drinking. A Client of Mary. — Please pray that my neighbors will be kind and quiet. Mrs. W. — Will you please be kind enough to pray for a letter

I would like to get very much. — Please pray for me that I may have good health and peace of mind. Mrs. T. A. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary so that things will change in my husband's business; also for health in our family. A subscriber. — Will you please continue to pray for my intention. Mrs. M. S. — Will you please pray for my intention. B. P. — Please pray that my husband's sight may be saved. Mrs. E. K., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly offer up some of your prayers for me and all my dear ones. Mrs. R. M. — Please pray for spiritual help and guidance for myself and all the family; also for financial help to meet our obligations. Mrs. H. McD., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for special favors. Mrs. N. R., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a cure and a very special intention. Mrs. Y., **Montreal**. — In your mercy pray for me. M. B. — Please help me pray for a special favor. A Client of Mary, **Montreal**. — Will you kindly pray for several important intentions. Mrs. C. F., **Montreal**. — Please pray for religious and priestly vocations for my three boys and one girl. Mrs. H., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a cure, will power, and another special intention. Miss K., **Montreal**. — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my intentions. Mrs. W., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a special intention. Miss M. R., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my family and niece. Mrs. J. — Will you please keep a vigil light burning for a special intention. Mrs. C. McL., **Westmount**. — I would ask you to say a little prayer for me as I have not been well for the last year. M. McG. — Please remember me in your prayers. Mrs. J. D., **Westmount**. — Will you please pray for special intentions. A subscriber. — Will you please pray for my husband and a conversion; also for my cure. Mrs. K. H. — Would you please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my husband's recovery. J. W. — Please remember me in your prayers. Miss M., **Aubrey**. — I am asking a little prayer for my family. Mrs. V. L., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Please say a little prayer for me. Mrs. L., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please pray for my intentions. J. B., **Ottawa**. — I would like you to pray for some special intentions. Mrs. L. M., **St. Joachim, Ont.** — Will you kindly pray for two more intentions. Miss L. Z., **Timmins, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my intentions. Miss E. G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Kindly say special prayers to Our Blessed Mother that I may receive an answer to my prayers. Please make a novena to Our Immaculate Mother so that my son and daughter will return to the Sacraments. E. G. — Please pray for us. Mrs. P., **Lisbon, Me.** — Please pray for my husband and family. Mrs. L. C., **Lewiston, Me.** — Kindly pray for my intentions. Mrs. J. R.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 7; cures, 40; employment, 9; special intentions, 95.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for my daughter. An unknown friend. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph so that things will change. Mrs. A. P., **Montreal**. — Please have a light burn for my special intention. Miss M. B. — Please have a low mass said for the Souls in Purgatory for special intentions. Mrs. M., **Montreal**. — Please pray to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother for a special favor. Mrs. B., **Granby**.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Father T. Preville, Valleyfield; Mr. Alphonse Paradis, Levis, father of our Sister Marie Gertrude; Mrs. Arthur Crevier, Montreal, mother of our Sister Marie de l'Enfant Jesus; Mr. Joseph Malboeuf, Sudbury, Ont., father of our Sister St. Denise; Mrs. Ernest Beauchemin, St. Henri de Massouche, mother of our Sister St. Ernest; Mrs. Joseph Hetu, St. Sulpice, mother of our Sister St. Robert; Mr. Pierre Letourneau, Mont Louis, brother of our Sister Marie du Calvaire; Mr. Leo Hetu, Montreal, brother of our Sisters Jeanne de Rouen, St. Jean Berchmans, St. Irene, and Helene du Sacre Coeur; Mrs. M. Hogan, Mrs. Andrew Krbila, Mrs. T. C. Doyle, Mrs. John Collins, Mrs. Mary Anne Davis, Montreal; Mr. John James Cloghesy, Outremont; Mrs. W. J. Ryan, St. Jerome; Mrs. W. Donohue, Longueuil; Mrs. Rosilda Auger, Moosup, Conn.; Mr. Nicholas Carroll, Ireland; Mr. Joseph Deblois, St. Germaine; Mr. V. Allaire, Standon; Mr. Wilfrid Saucier, Yamaska; Mrs. Leopold Preville, Miss G. Giasson, Mrs. Arthur Belanger, Mr. Eric Rouleau, Mr. Raoul Neveu, Mrs. F. X. Cusson, Mr. Ernest Madore, Mr. Damase Olivier, Mrs. Joseph Lefebvre, Mr. Toussaint Giroux, Mrs. Charles Decary, Mr. Joseph Brisson, Mr. Henri Valois, Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Zenophile Gagne, Mrs. Jean Melancon, Mr. Henri Asselin, Mr. Emile L'Heureux, Mr. Jos. Sylvain, Mr. Herve Geoffroy, Mr. Jean Baptiste Lussier, Mrs. Charles Viger, Mrs. J. Turcotte, Mrs. O. Labbe, Mr. Aurele Cyr, Mrs. Gedeon Blanchet, Mr. Louis Guenette, Montreal; Mr. Alphonse Deschenes, Outremont; Mr. Hermas Valiquette, Mr. and Mrs. Abondius Lortie, St. Vincent de Paul; Mr. J. Levesque, Pont Viau; Mrs. Joseph Moise, Mrs. Ovila Pominville, Ville St. Pierre; Mr. Arthur Hogue, Mrs. C. Legros, Longueuil; Mrs. C. H. Gratton, St. Lambert; Mrs. E. Decary, Dorval; Miss Agnes Cardinal, St. Janvier; Mr. Joseph Forest, Mrs. Emile Perreault, L'Assomption; Mr. Jean Armand, Mr. Toussaint Dubois, Mrs. Maurice Dubois, St. Hubert; Mrs. Emery Daoust, St. Jerome; Mr. Adelard Lamoureux, Mrs. Honorius Ostiguy, St. Jean; Mrs. Arthur Plouffe, Granby; Mrs. John Goyette, Iberville; Mrs. J. Leo Gagnon, St. Cesaire; Mr. Pierre Alphonse Galarneau, St. Louis de Courville; Mrs. Marcel Plante, St. Valerien; Mr. Ernest Ducharme, Mrs. Joseph Desroches, St. Cecile de Milton; Mr. Ovila Dubreuil, Roxton Falls; Mrs. Telesphore Peloquin, Mr. Joseph Peloquin, Mr. Pierre Langevin, Mrs. Joseph Deslauriers, St. Joseph de Sorel; Mr. J. Wenceslas Genest, Sherbrooke; Mr. C. E. Lauzon, Mrs. Pierre Coulombe, Mr. Achille Laurin, Mr. Maxime Gilbert, Mr. Francis Lane, Mrs. Joseph Asselin, Mr. Marcel Marchand, Mr. Leon Pelletier, Joliette; Mr. Onesime Lafortune, Miss Cecile Belair, L'Epiphanie; Mrs. Armand Aubin, Mr. Herve Geoffroy, St. Elisabeth; Mr. Camille Mondor, Mr. Uldege Martin, St. Thomas; Mr. Arthur Rochon, St. Paul; Mr. Albert Cote, Mrs. Simeon Plante, St. Barthelemi; Mr. Georges Lord, Mrs. James Laliberte, Rawdon; Mrs. Armand Thibodeau, St. Liguori; Mr. Georges Malo, Crabtree Mills; Mrs. Jos. Bellerose, Mr. Damien Genereux, St. Felix de Valois; Mrs. Donat Beaudoin, Mr. Jacques Forest, St. Jacques; Mrs. Armand Beaudoin, St. Lin; Mr. Francois Demers, Abitibi; Mrs. S. Lauzer, Mrs. David Abbott, Mr. Alph. Paquin, Three Rivers; Mr. Wellie Vandal, St. Marc de Figuery; Mrs. Alphonse Bergeron, St. Antoine de Tilly; Mr. J. Prosper Grimard, Yamachiche; Mrs. Henri Langlois, St. Genevieve de Batiscan; Mr. Adelard Genois, La Tuque; Mr. F. A. Fournier, Montmagny; Mr. Conrad Sirois, Mr. Albert Gilbert, Miss E. Bazin, Mrs. Cyrille Labrecque, Mrs. Chrysante Jobin, Mrs. Eugene Falardeau, Mrs. J. Albert Drolet, Mrs. Hugues Fortier, Mr. Edgar Allie, Mr. Daniel Blanke, Mrs. Lorenzo Plante, Quebec; Mrs. J. Morin, St. Prosper de Dorchester; Mrs. Timothy Henry, St. Simeon; Mrs. Alfred Parent, St. Hedwidge; Mr. Joseph Daigneault, St. Stanislas de Kostka; Mrs. Mederic Lacasse, St. Eugene de Guigues; Mrs. Leonce Cote, Nazareth; Mr. Conrad Belanger, Mrs. Elzear Belzile, St. Fabien; Mrs. Rene Langlais, St. Angele; Mrs. Alfred Demers, St. Gabriel; Mr. Raoul Cote, Mrs. Robert Dumont, Isle Verte; Mrs. Ernest Cote, St. Cyprien; Mrs. Dominique Dupuis, St. Paul de la Croix; Mr. Ernest Malenfant, Mr. Joseph Gauvin, St. Jean de Dieu; Mr. Ovide Guay, Mr. Georges Guay, Cacouna; Mrs. Antoine Morisset, Mont Joli; Mrs. Alcide Morin, St. Florence; Mrs. Emile Gauthier, St. Felicite; Mr. Theophile Isabelle, Bic; Mrs. Zenon St. Pierre, St. Valerien; Mrs. Thomas Charette, St. Andre; Mrs. Ernest Gagnon, St. Athanase; Mrs. Elias Lafrance, St. Eloi; Mrs. Philippe Harvey, Port Alfred; Mrs. Meridee Tremblay, Mr. Ph. Simard, Mrs. Tobie Corneau, Mr. Joseph Villeneuve, Mr. Elie Murray, Mrs. Art. Bouchard, Mrs. Edgar Girard, St. Joseph d'Alma; Mr. Philippe Foster, Chicoutimi West; Mrs. Louis Lamontagne, St. Prime; Mrs. Lucien Rheume, Mr. Wilfrid Paradis, Arvida; Mrs. Eug. Larouche, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Page, Bagotville; Mr. Romuald Cimon, Mr. Accile Thibault, Grande Baie; Mr. Celeste Boivin, Mrs. Nap. Labbe, Mrs. Georges Boivin, Dolbeau; Mr. Jean Marie Laforest, St. Nazaire; Mr. Esdras Thauvette, Moose Creek, Ont.; Miss Honora Demers, Brunswick, Me.; Miss Ernestine Castonguay, New Britain, Conn.

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The Last Word

to The Rich Young Girl



IN MARY'S FOOTSTEPS YOU WILL WALK
THROUGH LIFE SINGING HER *Magnificat*,
MAGNIFYING THE LORD, MAKING HIM GREAT.

MY DEAR YOUNG GIRL,

May we have the last word with you again? We believe that since reading our previous letter you have felt eager to hear more about the grandest career open to a young woman; so we are coming with another heartful of details concerning girlhood's highest ideal. In this friendly little chat you will learn some of the things that will be given you in the religious life, for you must know that it is not all *giving*; it is also *receiving* and *having* and *holding*.

As a normal girl, you want to love and be loved. In the religious life you will unfailingly find love and its synonym, God. "God is love," we read in the Gospel by St. John. He is the tremendous Lover, who alone can fill the heart's capacity for love. Religious vows are but the bonds of a love that holds one in blessed captivity for time and eternity.

The religious life, hence, is more a *loving* than a *living*; it is *Someone* and not *something*. It is divine, undying love taking possession of a human heart and holding it in an everlasting embrace.

With Christ you will find happiness. Thomas Merton defines the monastery as "a school in which we learn from God how to be happy." The soul that gives herself to Love laughs at life, laughs at death, laughs at the judgment. How can she be other than happy when she can truly sing:

"Now I dwell in sweet retreat
Where peace has spread her wings,
Bound to Christ by three-fold vows,
My thoughts on sacred things."

In that sweet retreat, as one nun expresses it so understandingly, "a girl can have all she wants of dates." Yes, you've read aright — dates! For what are Mass, Communion, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Ben-

ediction, night prayers, if not love-inspired trysts with the Bridegroom? It is thrilling to think as you go about your daily duties, that your Lover is counting the minutes till the next date, listening for your foot-falls, looking from behind the bars of His tabernacle prison, rejoicing as the longed-for moment nears. Christ, you must reflect, is as much Man as He is God, perfect and infinite in His manner of loving.

One great proof of His love for consecrated souls is the guidance and counsel He gives them through their Superiors. Himself more tender than a mother, He has willed that the main quality of His religious representatives should be their motherliness. With kindness and sympathy they, His other selves, are at the convent helm to steer your skiff through the tempests of time to the tranquillity of timelessness.

Companionship will be yours too, the companionship of other girls refined, uplifting, affectionate. Instinctive lovers of moral beauty and whiteness will be your daily and hourly intimates. In their company your

own personality will expand and grow more Christlike. With them you will be able to share your great possessions, smiles, youth, enthusiasm, gifts of mind and body and soul.

Naturally, there are bound to be emotional difficulties, for Sisters are not ready-made saints born with haloes and wings. But the fact that toes may get stepped on and feelings may be hurt does not destroy the joy within convent walls. True love has a marvellous way of increasing in quality and intensity the closer one comes to Christ.

For slight foibles you will be richly compensated by hundreds of edifying examples—the examples of young nuns barely out of their teens, eager to please the One they have espoused on Profession Day; the examples of mature nuns still faithful after twenty, thirty years of service; the examples of tired, wrinkled old



*"Now I dwell in sweet retreat
Where peace has spread her wings..."*

nuns who can look down a long procession of years spent for the God who gave joy to their youth. You, in turn, will similarly be prompted to give good example to those who will come after you. You will let the light within, the Light of the World, shine forth to other souls. Come, now and walk in that light!

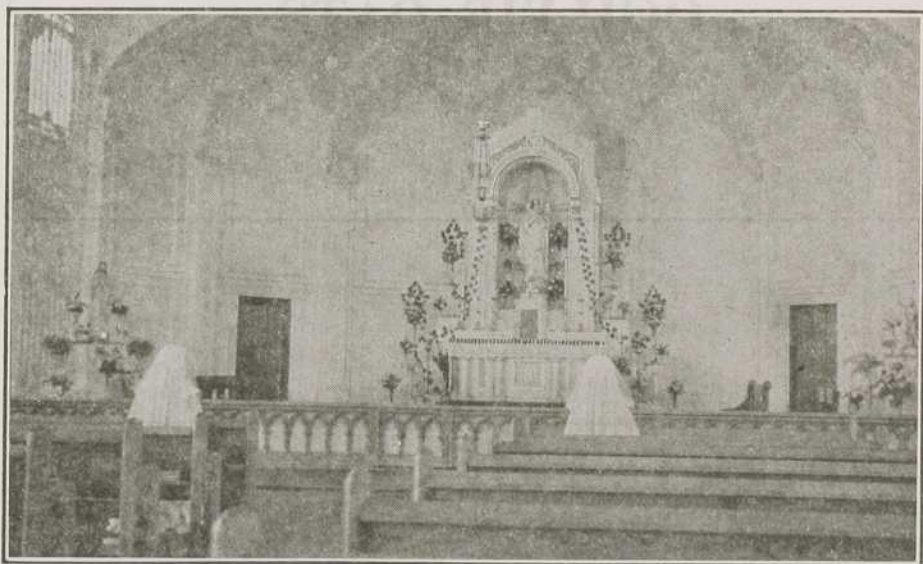
Another priceless blessing of the noblest vocation is the chance of following so close to the Master that He lets you carry the end of His Cross. There is no walking with Christ in whiteness without sharing His Cross; those who follow the Redeemer of mankind do not expect life to be all rosy. There are mountains of difficulties and valleys of sorrow; sacrifices of pleasure, ease, human comforts.

But with every cross comes consolation; with every grief a grace; with every sorrow a smile — the Savior's. God's help is more than enough to bear you on the whole way with a song in your heart.

And lastly, dear girl, the religious life will give you Mary. You will be the privileged daughter of the Immaculate One, and chosen among millions to double for the Mother of God, to do for the members of the Mystical Christ what she did for the Physical Christ. In her keeping you will have nothing to fear; in her footsteps you will walk through life singing her *Magnificat*, magnifying the Lord, making Him great, greatly known, greatly loved.

As you see we started with love and we end with love. Love is everything, for love comes from God. Love is the Last Word on earth as in Heaven.

A MISSIONARY SISTER



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