

No. 10, Vol. XVII, 28th Year
Montreal, July-August 1950

The Precursor



*The Body for the Sake of the Soul;
the Body and the Soul for God.*

Sister St. Edmond (Irma De Ladurantaye, Cap St. Ignace)

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 Vlau, Montreal 9

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

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

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

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

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

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

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

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

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

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

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.

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

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.

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

THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.

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

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.

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

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.

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

GRANBY, 279 Main St.

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

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.

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

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

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

VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.

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

The Precursor

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Visitation

*High hills and rocky roads, what Presence fleet?
O'er crag and cliff and jagged barren height
To Hebron hies this Woman clad with light
And bearing Christ. High hills, bruise not her feet!
Elizabeth, art coming to meet
The little Mother drawing near, her blithe
Magnificat upon her lips? This night
(For saintly thy son) may thy dream be sweet!*

*O Visitation morn, arise
Upon our haughty heights by pride upthrown!
Arise with the Mary bearing God her Son —
The holy Two whose Presence purifies
From stain of sin, and sinner bids atone.
O Visitation morn, ere the life is done!*

M. S. I. C.

Pope Pius, Shepherd of Christendom

Oftener than I can say my thoughts revert to a modest light which belated promenaders on St. Peter's Square glimpse each night in the shaded, lofty facades of the Vatican palaces. It is the light in the window of a man who keeps vigil and toils while other men sleep. Unquestionably true is it, however, that for countless human beings

across the face of the globe the labors of the day must be prolonged hours after the sun has set and the stars have appeared; equally true is it that windows beyond reckoning are illuminated by indefatigable industriousness. But the light from the Vatican window is a glowing symbol. In the encircling gloom it is a torch on sentry duty; in the incoherent unfolding of history it is a pledge of certitude; in the opaque darkness it is a symbol of hope and a harbinger of brighter dawns.

Christians, you who with veneration becoming dutiful sons swear fidelity to the white-robed leader in whose hands lies the future of the Church, do you understand all that is implied in the elevation of a man to the papacy? Are you aware that this flesh-and-blood mortal who upon decision of a Conclave is elected to the Supreme Pontificate is wholly seized by the Spirit of God, raised high above himself, entrusted with full responsibility for the universe, and assumed nearer to God than any other living human creature? Eternally upon the shoulders of the successive depositaries of the supreme power charged with a seemingly superhuman mission weigh the undying words of Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Upon the Holy Father the entire structure is founded; upon him it rests. Should he be removed or should he fail, Christendom totters and crumbles.

Thus, while centuries are added to centuries, the Pope remains the witness, the heir, the living bond that unites our mortal generations to Him whose word endureth forever. It matters little, in a certain sense, what be the personality of the man to whom is confided this exalted mission. It matters little if we know scantily anything of the first fifty members



on the list beyond the fact that they were saints. It matters little if a few Popes — fewer than is generally supposed — have in past centuries been found unequal to their responsibilities. The Church and humanity are undoubtedly blessed in having a Pontiff highly endowed with gifts of heart and mind, capably sizing up present situations and dauntless piercing into the future; but the essential lies not so much therein as in the supernatural ordination which invests a man with the very gifts of the Spirit.

What a theme for meditation is offered to us in the unbroken, undeniable succession of popes! Was it not Bossuet who held that all the Roman Pontiffs collectively are to be considered as a continuation of the person of St. Peter himself? Such was, in very truth, the opinion of the Fathers of the primitive Church, immediate guardians of direct tradition, when to the Church of Rome, "president of the Christian fraternity," and to her head called by Tertullian "Bishop of bishops," they adjudged a position unquestionably supreme. "The Lord gave the keys to Peter, and through him to the Church," again preaches the fiery polemist, who so ably defended the Catholic Faith until pride let his steps in the wrong direction. "It is from the words, *Thou art Peter*," wrote St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, "that the sacred priesthood derives, as does the power of the Church." From Peter to the most recent Pope has been transmitted intact that power which, on the banks of the Jordan one far-off summer day of the year 29, Jesus delegated to the most faithful of His faithful ones, because in him He had found a rock-foundation for His Church.

There is for every Catholic something extraordinarily pacifying — something beyond the comprehension of heretic or schismatic mind — in the assurance that among us stands a living being of our kind, a man who can experience like us the anxieties of the moment, and to whom the word of God is entrusted in all its plenitude, as active and efficacious as when in years long past it restored the dead to life. In the Pope resides all the power of the Church. As there can be no unity of church without unity of faith, so can there be no unity of faith without a supreme head. That papal infallibility so often attacked by adverse forces stems neither from personal volition nor ambition, neither from necessity nor circumstance; rather does it proceed directly from that which in the beginning established the Pope in his rights, we mean the word of the Master and its logical consequence, the most indestructible of assurances for the faithful and the line of conduct they must follow if they would attain to Christ.

Historical proofs are constantly surging to justify this pre-eminence of Peter. To a writer's declaration that "no human institution has lasted eighteen hundred years save the Church founded on Peter," can now be added two other centuries. Always the temporal paths of glory have led to the grave; to the way of all earthly things have gone Roman, Byzantine, and Germanic emperors, as have kings and democracies. But the man of God, the successor of Simon the Rock, stands always as stalwart and as indomitable — nay, more so for having been recognized by even the most rabid anti-clerical the sovereign ruler in the realms of the Spirit.

Should one proceed to analyze from this point of view the course of human history, one might find unmistakable evidence that there has always been a correlation between the particular needs of a period on one hand, and the virtues of its Pontiff, his general attitude, and his means of action on the other. Another vast theme for reflection would be this kind of necessity that has brought forth a Gregory VII at a time when the feudal ideal had to be directed; an Innocent III when intemporal rights had to be affirmed in the face of mounting nationalisms; and, to be brief, the great "social" Popes of the XIXth and XXth centuries, when the modern world began to reel on its foundations.

Hence the Catholic may be absolutely certain that there lives upon earth a man into whose hands he can commit all things, a man who has a perfect knowledge of the way and the means. In a tumultuous universe apparently careening in its onward rush one cannot imagine higher assurance or sweeter consolation. But we Christians who benefit by this very assurance and consolation — you, I, every one of us — do we understand how crushingly bears down upon two human shoulders the burden which no man will assume, and which one man takes upon himself? In this hour of bewilderment and upheaval when the direst apprehensions are admissible, one man alone has not the right to doubt, to despair, to give up the struggle. He is the man who toils by the Vatican window, the man who represents the Savior among men.

What awesome, inconceivable solitude! One would scarcely dare try to fathom the depth of his daily meditation when in commune with the Holy Spirit he has to weigh the pros and cons, the whys and the wherefores. What must not his prayer be when in anguish of soul he feels the weight of that immense multitude for which he alone is accountable, and for all eternity! Whenever a Mass is offered, a supplication ascends to God for that man charged with so sublime a function, that man through whom we may have hope. But more than this remote veneration should be given the Father who takes upon himself all our perplexities that we may go less heavy-hearted; not only their veneration should all believers offer, but also, and in the fullness of the expression, the filial, grateful love of their hearts.

DANIEL ROPS

Translated From *Ecclesia*.

HOLY YEAR CALENDAR

JULY AND AUGUST

- July 7 : Canonization. Blessed to be proclaimed Saint not yet announced.
August 5-9: International Carmelite Congress, in Rome.
August 10-17: International Congress of Esperanto-Speaking Catholics.
August 26-28: International Congress-Pilgrimage of Pax Christi.
August 26-Sept. 3: 12th International Congress of Pax Romana (following meeting in Amsterdam).



DOMINIC SAVIO OF ST. JOHN BOSCO'S SALESIAN INSTITUTE
BEATIFIED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII ON MARCH 5

Dominic and the Letter "S"

"Blessed Dominic" we may now call the worthy ectype of St. Aloysius beatified on March 5. In the person of Dominic Savio, a fifteen-year-old boy from St. John Bosco's Salesian Oratory, Pope Pius XII has given Catholic youth of today another inspiring model on which to pattern their lives.

Dominic Savio was born at Riva di Chieri, in the diocese of Turin, on April 2, 1842. His father, a humble village blacksmith, had to stay at his workbench till all hours to provide daily bread for his family.

The future Blessed early showed signs of the holiness to which he was to attain; those who have known him best say that there was something saintly about him even as a child. The parish priest of Chieri told Dominic's parents that a boy as exemplary as theirs should be allowed to make his First Communion at seven. So to the altar rail went the angel of seven to meet the God he loved.

Then, in the manner of the graduate who pinned a button on his coat lapel with the letter "P" on it to remind himself that he was going to be President some day, Dominic wrote on the tables of his heart the letter "S" and made up his mind to become a Saint. He looked around for a motto and decided upon "Death rather than sin!" Don Bosco, his secret admirer and subsequent biographer, avers that all his life Dominic aimed at the sinlessness called for by his watchword. Five kilos daily to and from school, heat, cold, wind, rain, and all other kinds of weather — all this was not enough to frighten away from his school desk the young knight of Christ who had not a drop of sissy blood in his veins and who was every inch a hero.

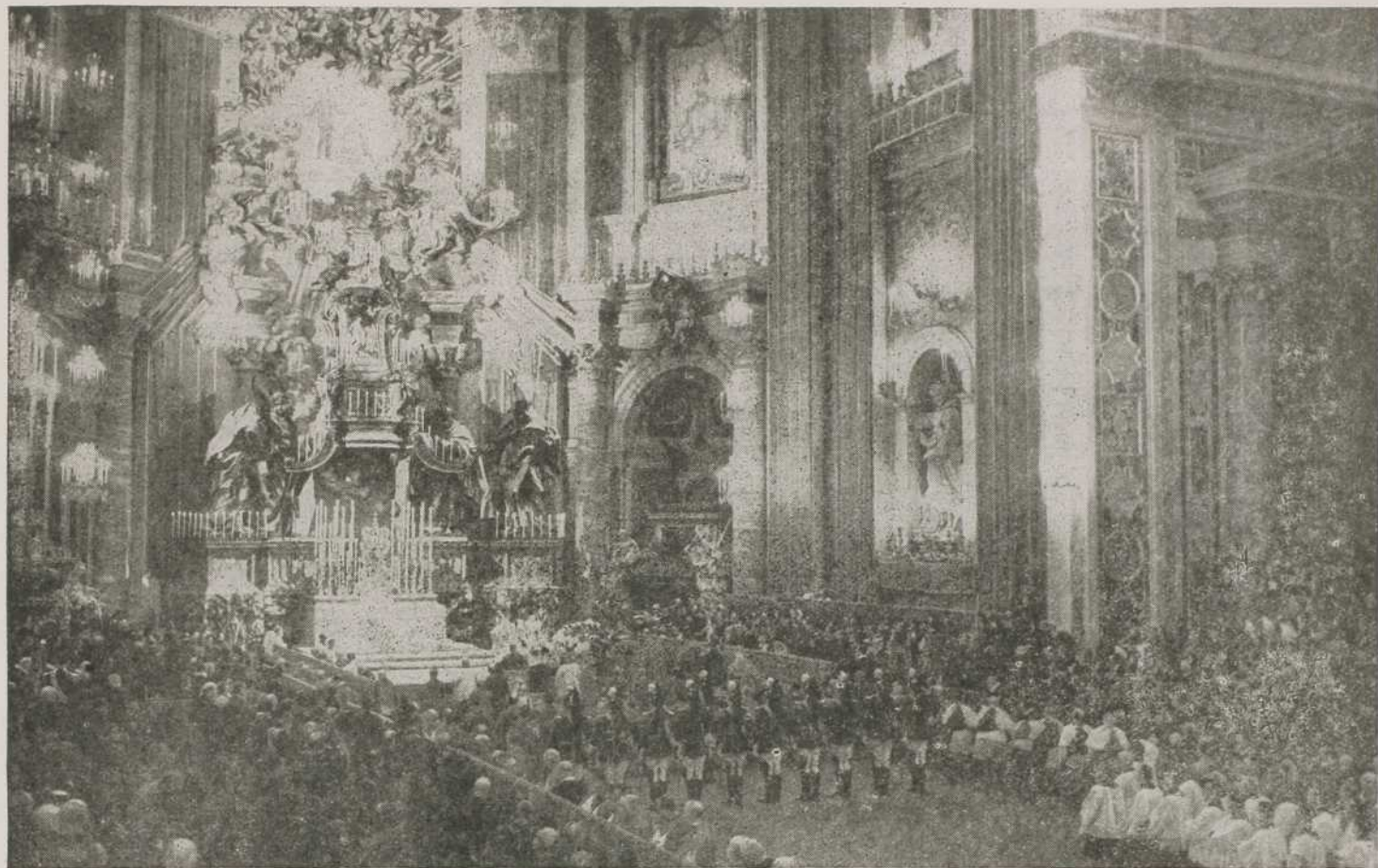
When Don Bosco, keen psychologist that he was, first shook hands with the new arrival, he perceived that the boy of twelve had the makings of a saint in him and at once decided to keep him at the Oratory. Nothing unusual marked Dominic's first half-year there; each day looked like a carbon copy of the previous one, and the boy liked the place, fond as he was of youthful company, which certainly was not a lacking element in Don Bosco's Oratory. Then one day the priestly guardian put on his surplice, went up into the pulpit, and preached a sermon. Dominic was never the same again. He understood beyond the shadow of a doubt that God was calling him to be a saint; that his vocation was going to be, not the priesthood but simply — saintliness. That letter "S" was to serve its purpose after all!

To the eager youth who inquired about what goes to make a saint, Don Bosco replied with typical simplicity and good humor, "Dominic, just go on doing as you have done. Be faithful to your duty, say your prayers well, and play for all your worth when the game is on."

But the priest had lit a fire. Grace was working in Dominic's soul, so much so that before long the program of perfection so simply traced on coming down from the pulpit had to be enlarged. Don Bosco passed his own motto, *Da mihi animas, cætera tolle*¹, to the boy in quest of holiness and set him hurtling after God and souls. Dominic, knowing that charity ought to begin at home, founded for his classmates the Company of the Immaculate Conception, which after a century is still going strong in Salesian Institutes. In his ecstasies the young apostle longed for mission life and conversions; especially did he want to convert the whole of England. He knew by revelation that certain souls were in danger of being eternally lost. When his guardian heard this from the boy's lips he at once made tactful inquiries and did find things as his protegee had stated.

An intense interior life which was to attain to the summit of mystical union sustained Dominic in his selfless devotion to the cause that had won his heart. In the last months of his life the very name of God filled him with unearthly joy. One noon when Dominic's chair was vacant at the refectory, Don Bosco going to

1. Give me souls, and take away everything else.



BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT FOLLOWING THE BEATIFICATION OF DOMINIC SAVIO.
THE HOLY FATHER IS KNEELING AT HIS PRIEDIEU.

explore found the lad straight as a statue and as motionless on his knees before the tabernacle. Bosco touched his cherub, but Dominic only shrugged his shoulders and asked, "Is Mass already over?"

Spiritually guided by so saintly an adviser, the boy achieved in less than two years the ambition that had so strongly stirred within him on hearing the unforgettable sermon. His soul expanded by the workings of the Holy Spirit could no longer remain imprisoned in his frail body. Compelled by illness to leave the Oratory and return to his family, he passed away at his home one week after his arrival, on March 9, 1857. Barely fifteen was he, but already the heavenly grade he had made; all the glorious projects inspired by the letter on his heart he had fulfilled.

Catholics of all classes, the majority of them young people from Italy and foreign countries gathered in the Eternal City for the Year of Jubilee, made it a point to be present at the glorification of Dominic Savio. The Vatican radio announced that 40,000 persons had to remain on St. Peter's Square, the basilica being crowded to capacity.

Dominic Savio has become through beatification the boys' Blessed; may Heaven hasten the day when through canonization he will be proclaimed the boys' Saint!



Former Superior of Korean Methodist Church Becomes Catholic

SEOUL — (A.I.F.) Mr. Tjyeng Tchoun Son, former Superior General of the Methodist Church in Korea, and his wife recently made their abjuration and received baptism at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Ro, Vicar Apostolic of Seoul.

Mr. Tjyeng joined the Methodists in 1899, at the age of twenty-four, and thereupon began his apostolic career as catechist preacher. After five years of theological studies he became a Protestant pastor and was later appointed professor of theology at the Methodist seminary. He was one of the thirty-three leaders who at the close of World War I addressed a petition to the League of Nations demanding the official recognition of the independence of Korea, and for this act was condemned by a Japanese tribunal to four years' imprisonment. It was during his term that he met a Catholic and began to show interest in the Catholic religion. His four years over, he nonetheless returned to his Methodist apostolate, became regional Superior, later official visitor of Methodist missions in Korea, and eventually succeeded in uniting Methodists of North and South Korea in a single Korean Methodist Church. In 1938 he was appointed Bishop and chosen Superior General by the Methodist clergy of Korea.

Thoughts of Catholicism still haunting him, the Methodist Bishop plunged into the study of Catholic dogma and after much deliberation decided to request baptism, in spite of the opposition of coreligionists who resorted to every expedient to make him abandon his project. To their pleadings and expostulations he answered simply: "As there is only one God and only one truth, there can be only one Church, that founded by Christ on Peter and the Apostles. Hence the only true Church is that which is linked by unbroken tradition to the Apostles; it is the Roman Catholic Church. Though for fifty years I have defended the Methodist Church, today I confess my error and hope my example may be followed by those to whom strong ties have bound me so long."

A like conversion offers a glowing instance of abnegation, considering that Mr. Tjyeng, once in prominent positions in the Methodist Church, enters into the Catholic religion as a simple layman with no titles beyond those of the rank-and-file Catholic. Still unable to accept the situation, the Methodist confreres have nevertheless been deeply impressed by their former Superior's entry into the Catholic Fold.

Fides



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL F. SPELLMAN, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK, IN AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.
HIS EMINENCE LED A GROUP OF FIVE HUNDRED AMERICAN PILGRIMS, ALL OF WHOM WERE PRESENT AT A MASS SAID BY POPE PIUS XII.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

FOR JULY 1950

CHRISTIANS IN MOSLEM LANDS

Moslemism which is founded chiefly on doctrines and teachings of the Koran has not only built up its religious practices from the same but also its civil society. For this reason, it often shows itself intolerant not only of other religious doctrines but also of other systems of society. This attitude is tempered by a certainly sound opportunism in order to make it possible for Christians and others to live among them. This moderation, however, is found more often where the number of Christians is larger but at least frequently happens where there are few Christians. As a consequence, living becomes difficult for Christians who live as a small minority among predominantly Moslem areas.

Below are given some statistics of the countries where Moslems are in the majority. Figures are not given for North Africa where, as a matter of fact, Mohammedans constitute almost always the chief segment of the inhabitants, but their influence there is to a certain extent modified by the fact that the government is often in the hands of European authorities that are nominally at least Christian. The following figures are given in round numbers:

	<i>Population</i>	<i>Moslems</i>	<i>Catholics</i>
Egypt.....	19,000,000	17,000,000	120,000
Arabia.....	10,000,000	9,900,000	1,000
Iran.....	17,000,000	16,500,000	100,000
Iraq.....	4,800,000	4,500,000	80,000
Pakistan.....	71,000,000	50,000,000	95,000
Palestine.....	1,900,000	1,000,000	50,000
Malay Peninsula.....	2,200,000	2,000,000	45,000
Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.....	6,600,000	5,000,000	13,000
Syria.....	3,000,000	1,860,000	330,000
Transjordan.....	400,000	330,000	6,000
Turkey.....	19,000,000	18,000,000	50,000
Total.....	154,900,000	126,090,000	890,000

Considering the proportions, 81% of these eleven countries are Moslems and scarcely half of one per cent are Catholic. There are, therefore, about 140 Moslems for every Catholic.

The Moslems of the Indonesian archipelago are of great numerical importance. Only five million of the fifty-five million inhabitants of Java, Madura, and Sumatra are not Moslems. This figure may be regarded as approximate. There is a danger that the Moslems will impose their religion upon these people as a state religion. This will cause great difficulty for the church and the missions because the Catholics in these regions number only 150,000 or less than one-third of one per cent.

A similar danger exists for the Church in the new republic of Pakistan which was established by Moslems to form a nation for themselves distinct from the rest of India. The Catholics form a very insignificant part of the population, being far less than one per cent.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D. D.

National Director

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

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary

There is grateful music in the chorus of petitions of the faithful addressed to Pope Pius XII that he may soon define the dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven.

It is a music which gives respite from the harsh clamor of the faithless who say there is no God, no afterlife, that man dies like a dog for ever and that he can only wallow for a while in sensual and material pleasures to forget his stupid fate!

For the theme of the music of the praise of Mary, ever growing in volume, ever richer and sweeter, ever triumphant over the cacophony of hell, proclaims that God is, that He is wonderful in His works, and most of all is He wonderful in that masterpiece of His mercy and power, the Virgin Mary, mother of His eternal Son, our Savior.

Her Assumption, by which we mean that, at the end of her earthly pilgrimage, she passed immediately in her glorified body as well as in her soul into Heaven, is our hope as well as our joy. This glorious event, dear to Christians since the earliest days of the Church, reminds us that we, her children, as long as we keep our eyes lifted confidently to her in Heaven where she smilingly beckons us to follow bravely in the path of her Divine Son, shall one day reach her side.

The desire of the Christian world is now to hear the Holy Father, Christ's vicar on earth, declare that our belief in the Assumption is a truth revealed by God.

That it is a truth for all the faithful is of course beyond question. Even the humblest and most unlearned soul feels with the Psalmist that "thou shalt not suffer thy holy one to see corruption" (Ps. 15, 10). It is not possible to believe that Our Lady's body, immaculately conceived, and made immensely and eternally holy by her Divine Maternity, could await the corruption of the tomb after death. But the faithful desire to see this truth adorned with the full triumph and solemnity of being proclaimed part of Divine Revelation by the infallible Head of the Church.

The constant and unbroken teaching on the Assumption in all ages of the Church cannot come from any other source than the teaching of the Apostles to whom all the truths of our religion were revealed. And the Scriptures which contain Divine Revelation in written form also make statements which, as theologians show, point to the Assumption.

The first passage to which they call our attention is one from the very beginning of Revelation, from the Book of Genesis, where it speaks of

the Woman who will be invincible to the Devil's destructive power. "I shall place enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and hers; she shall crush thy head," God said to the Serpent.

This speaks, as we know, of the Mother of Our Savior, and predicts that she is to be completely victorious over Satan and his works. But the works of Satan are sin, concupiscence and punitive death coupled with corruption.

Now Mary was untouched by sin — she was conceived Immaculate; she was untouched by concupiscence — she conceived and brought forth her Son virginally; and in order for her victory to be complete, she could only await after death, not the punishment of corruption, but the reward of assumption into Heaven.

That Our Lady died does not mean that Satan won even a partial victory over her. It means that she tasted death, not as a punishment, but freely by love of her Son, and of us. She wished to be united to Him even unto death in His work of redeeming us. And Christ could not have wished other than that she be united to Him in His triumph as well as in His sorrow so that her body, like His, can only have been lifeless for a brief interval. Soon after, she must have risen gloriously, mounting to Heaven as swiftly as a bird wings its way home.

Another indication in the Scriptures which theologians point out is the salutation of the Angel, "Hail, full of grace" (Luke, I, 28.) The Church teaches that this means that the Mother of God has a fullness of grace such that it is practically infinite, "an inexhaustible treasure of all graces and gifts." With such fullness, how can the Virgin be other than exempt from all the miseries which are opposed to fullness of the spirit, and most of all, the supreme misery of a corrupting death?

Again, St. Elizabeth's inspired cry of admiration, "Blessed art thou amongst women" (Luke, I, 52), which Christians have never ceased to echo down the ages in the prayer of the "*Hail Mary*," is explained by the Church as meaning that Mary is not, and never has been subject to malediction of any kind. But a corrupting death is together with original sin and concupiscence one of the principal maledictions which weigh upon mankind as a result of the fall of our first parents.

Mary bids us rejoice in her Assumption, because it is not only the attainment of her final happiness but the promise that we shall attain ours also. She wishes us to remember that she has gone up to Heaven not to leave us but to lead the way. Christ from the tree of the Cross declared her to be our Mother, and a mother cannot be separated forever from her children. She is inglorious and forlorn without them, and moreover they must resemble her if they are to be her glory. So she wishes us to understand that the corruption of the tomb which we are to undergo for sin is only for a time and that one day we also are to rise, bodily and gloriously, to join her.

REV. JOHN MOLE, O.M.I.



五十年

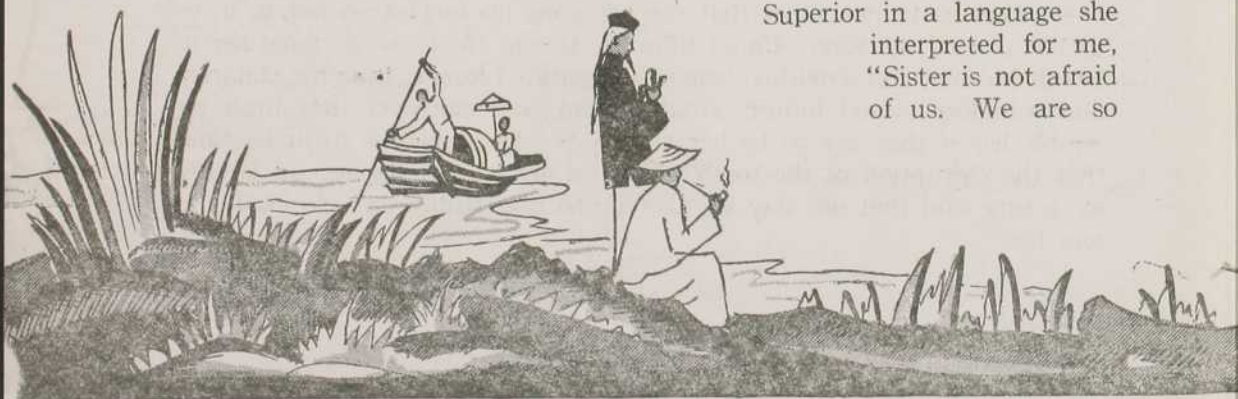
On August 21, 1948 I could really call myself a missionary Sister with all her dreams come true. At long last I was setting foot on Chinese soil, seeing for the first time Chinese by the hundreds, and already saying to myself that this little boy and that little girl might very easily be won over to the Lover of all children. But not among children did God want me to work for Him; He pointed instead a finger at the Promised Land He had singled out for me — Shek Lung Leprosarium.

An hour of smooth sailing on the Pearl River took Sister Superior and me to the Leprosarium. Leper men and women were all waiting for us with their best smiles. It was an unforgettable moment. From the bottom of my heart I thanked the Master of Missions for assigning me to this corner of His world where so much good can be done both materially and spiritually, and in the same spirit of thanksgiving I gladly offered to spend all my life among the poor leper outcasts of humanity befriended by so few.

In the little Shek Lung community I was welcomed by seasoned missionary Sisters, veterans of the mission front with ten, twenty, and even thirty years of apostolic labors to their account.

As I was a newcomer and had to get acquainted with people and things, I took the next day to visit around the place. It was comparatively easy for me to give a sunny smile to all the inmates, for I understood then that the picture of lepers I had painted beforehand in my mind was a good bit exaggerated. I believe that they noticed I was being favorably impressed,

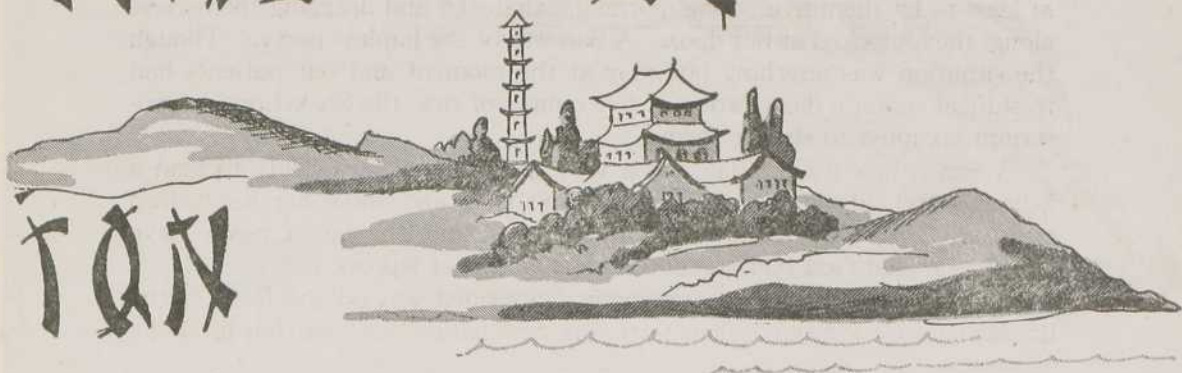
for one of them told Sister Superior in a language she interpreted for me, "Sister is not afraid of us. We are so



FROM

TO

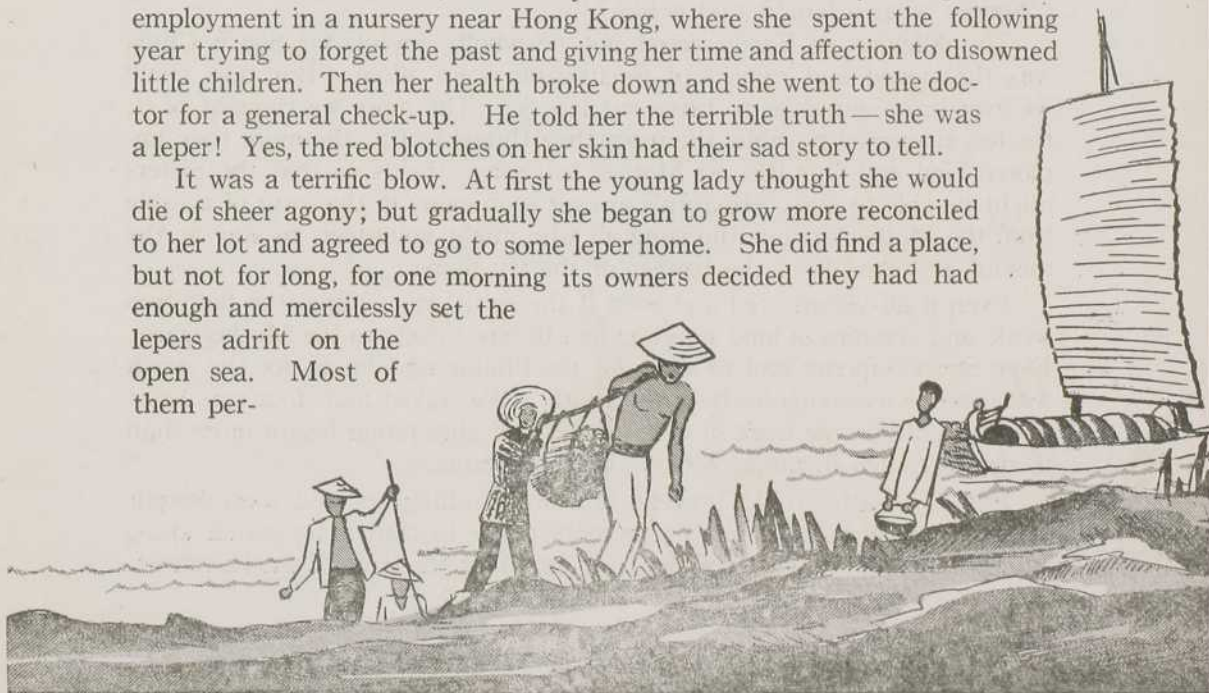
TAN



glad." How I should have liked to be able to address a few words of consolation to each one! But I was still a hundred per cent Canadian, and knew none but the French tongue.

Though work was plentiful enough for me to begin immediately, it was decided that I should plunge, not into work but into language, since I had to learn Chinese sooner or later — sooner if I really wanted to do any good! My teacher was a leper girl of twenty-six. Born in Transvaal, Africa, she finished her studies there at fifteen and then sailed with her parents to China, so that she might get acquainted with the Chinese tongue. They had been only a few months in Canton when the Sino-Japanese war breaking out in all its fury forced them to flee to the country. One day a bomb fell from an enemy plane and killed the head of the family. Shortly after the mother was arrested and jailed. A San was now all alone in a wide, unfriendly world. She was lucky enough to find employment in a nursery near Hong Kong, where she spent the following year trying to forget the past and giving her time and affection to disowned little children. Then her health broke down and she went to the doctor for a general check-up. He told her the terrible truth — she was a leper! Yes, the red blotches on her skin had their sad story to tell.

It was a terrific blow. At first the young lady thought she would die of sheer agony; but gradually she began to grow more reconciled to her lot and agreed to go to some leper home. She did find a place, but not for long, for one morning its owners decided they had had enough and mercilessly set the lepers adrift on the open sea. Most of them per-



ished; the few who escaped alive eventually reached the shore and set out in search of another leprosarium where there might be enough charity at least to let them live. One morning, exhausted and dragging themselves along, they knocked at our door. A San was of the hapless party. Though the situation was anything but rosy at the moment and our patients had to shift along on a daily ration of five ounces of rice, the Shek Lung Leprosarium accepted to shelter them.

A San is now a Christian and a very good one, always ready to lend a helping hand, always ready to do a kind turn and show her heart-deep gratitude. She finds comfort in the thought that she might never have known the true God had she not been a victim of leprosy.

The first solemn baptism ceremony I attended was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, when thirty-six new names were written in God's registers.

Came Christmas with its joys and consolations, its Midnight Mass and old refrains that awakened in my soul reminiscences that will never die. On New Year's I allowed myself the luxury of an imaginary visit to my dear ones in Canada, knelt at my father's feet for his blessing, and wished the happiest of new years to my mother, brothers, and sisters, whom I will never forget no matter how many thousands of miles get between us.

Then something happened, something I had in my youthful enthusiasm been looking forward to, but which I am now glad to know is behind me. In the middle of the night twenty bandits meaning business awoke us in a most ungentlemanly way by crashing in the convent door, overturning and emptying all cupboards and drawers, and beating now one Sister then another in order to force the Community to give them the little money set aside for future needs. They left with the slight means we had, and that night the convent looked worse than Babel, such wild confusion there was. Never will I forget it, and never again will I have to ask myself, "Wonder what a bandit raid is like?"

The Alleluias of Easter could not be wholly joyful, for South China was threatened and rumors of repatriation were afloat. But how could we ever bring ourselves to leave our lepers? The more we thought of it, the less it seemed possible; the more they thought of it, the more they implored God and Our Blessed Mother to change things so that the Sisters might be able to stay. Heaven's answer soon came in the form of a cable from the Motherhouse authorizing all who might volunteer, to stay at the mission post and keep the banner of charity flying.

Even if all volunteered and even if the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and veterans of long standing had to buy tickets to the Motherhouse. Even Sister Superior had to leave for the Philippine Islands, for the strain would prove too much for her frail health. We stayed four, four privileged ones to continue the work of devotedness and abnegation begun more than thirty years ago in favor of God's leper children.

But no disaster could prevent time from rolling on, and soon Corpus Christi drew near, with all the patients ready to contribute genial ideas, advice, time, and talent to prepare a triumph for the King of the Eucharist.

A Fong and A Leung did what they could personally to stir the enthusiasm of their fellow sufferers. Hands reduced to stumps, twisted fingers, hands with three fingers missing generously set to work in view of God's day. Some of the flower artists were old soldiers who had been in many a battle and whose military career had certainly not comprised many days devoted to making flowers. Thus did willing and loving hearts, determined and patient souls prepare to magnify the Lord in His Sacrament; under each petal Jesus could read the love of His leper sons and daughters, and with all the tenderness of His Heart He accepted their homage and granted them the choicest of blessings.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart forty catechumens were baptized and a good number of Christians were received into the Sacred Heart League. Truly a Pentecostal wind was sweeping over our leprosarium, bringing us many consoling apostolic joys. An entry into the true Fold, a return to a more fervent Christian life, an abjuration that shook coreligionists in their beliefs or lack of them, in turn gave us happiness so pure and sweet that we easily forgot the little sacrifices God had asked from us.

Now that I have acquired a fairly good knowledge of conversational Chinese, it is my daily delight to comfort the dispensary patients both mentally and physically. I am edified each time I dress their sores, for I see then how they bear their cross in a truly Christian manner and with more than common generosity, convinced as they are that a cross is the beginning of a crown.

A few mornings ago I came upon a leper woman in tears.

"You must be tired now," I said. "Better go and have some rest."

"No, Sister," she answered, gulping, "I'm all right. Don't worry about me."

But worry about her I would, for I could see that all was not right. We sat down and chatted for a few minutes.

"I have been a leper for many years," her voice grew confidential. "It is a terrible thing to be a leper! My parents don't care for me any more. They are afraid of their daughter. They haven't written once these last two years, only today I had a letter from them. Two lines, Sister." Scalding tears ran down her hollow cheeks and fell on her gnarled hands.

"But you're a Christian now, Allaie," I tried to console her.

"Oh, that's true, Sister," she immediately rejoined, and after a moment of silent acceptance, "Sister, I'm a Christian and I'm glad to do God's holy will."

To such as these it is a privilege and a reward to be allowed to speak about the God of all goodness and mercy. For such as these His blessings are reserved.

On December 27 I had the joy of baptizing two twin girls brought to the Leprosarium. The next day our faithful Mouil Kouai left with the double precious burden — Anna and Albertine in honor of two beloved mothers — for Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home, Canton. On the boat she had to answer a thousand and one questions about the children, where from and where to. When the babies' story was told, the owners

of the boat were so deeply impressed that they wanted to do their share by leaving Mouil Kouai free on the boat up to Canton. Maybe it is because the twins were born on the same day as the Christ Child that He is taking such good care of them.

Another year is dawning. We little know what the future has in store for us, but past favors are an indication of the great blessings God is going to grant us in the future. Here with our leper family to care for, we are daily led to a greater appreciation of our apostolic vocation and with ever renewed fervor we pray the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into the Chinese harvest, before the sowers of cockle have time to put their own devastating plans into operation.

SISTER MARIE DES OLIVIERS, M. I. C.(1)

Shek Lung, China, January 20, 1950



The Happiest Day of My Life

FIRST MEETING WITH THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The following article is from the pen of Beata Laurenti, 16, a pupil of the White Sisters of Likuni, Africa. Beata had a brilliant success in her government exams last year preparatory to admission to normal school. Once when she had the choice among several composition themes, she selected "The Happiest Day of My Life," and described the arrival of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in her native village. No corrections have been made in Beata Laurenti's English.

You all know the country called Nyasaland which lies in South East Africa. It is divided into three Provinces and the destination of the Immaculate Sisters was in the Northern one.

From the beginning of the coming of various kinds of Sisters up to the year 1948, the people of the Northern province in the District of Mzimba had never seen the Sisters. You can imagine how happy we were when we saw them.

We had been waiting for them for a long, long time, but no Sisters came. The Fathers, who are our good shepherds, told us to continue our prayers for the arrival of the Sisters. The little girls were just roaming around in their villages, because they had no one to teach them. How poor they were in studying, poor children!

One Sabbath day in May, our Bishop, Monsignor St. Denis, preached in church that he was going to get the Sisters whom we had been longing for, for many years. On hearing that, we were so glad that all day long we spoke about them with great great pleasure and joy. The girls said, "Now we can be proud too, our teachers will come; they will save us from many dangerous things and from losing our souls. Thanks be to God on the highest. God be magnified!"

The day of their arrival came; all the people from far away and those from near came to welcome the Sisters, our beloved. It was about seven o'clock when we heard the sound of a lorry and a jeep which went to get the Sisters. Oh! what a wonderful day that was. All the people began to shout, to scream, to sing, to dance, to laugh, and to clap their hands for joy. There were two Sisters in the lorry, and two others in the jeep. As soon as they came out, we began shaking hands with them. Everyone wanted to touch the Sisters' holy hands, and so we were pushing one another this way and that way, here and there. The Sisters were very tired

1. Gertrude LAFOREST, Montreal.

after all their long trip, and as a result, our Bishop took them into the house to rest a little.

The bell rang for Benediction, and the people didn't want to go in unless the Sisters would go at first. When the Sisters entered, all the people followed them, and the Bishop himself gave Benediction. Oh! we sang so happily and merrily that if there had been some people around the Mission who didn't come, they would have heard our voices.

We were so grateful to God that we wanted to thank Him as the Angels and Archangels, Cherubims and Seraphims do near His throne. I thought to myself that half of Paradise came upon Katete my home, because I regarded the Sisters as the people who would save many souls from hell, so it was just as Christmas Day.

When we came out of the church, the Sisters went again to the Father's house, because they were strangers, alone among the Black Negroes of the darkest continent Africa. Then after the going away of the people, the Bishop accompanied them to their own house.

I could not sleep at night because of thinking over and over again about what had taken place. The thing which pleased me most was, that I was among the three girls who were chosen to help the Sisters with the work. So I had the opportunity which everyone could not get. I was glad beyond words and rejoiced even in my dreams during all night.

The next day, the church was full of people on account of the Sisters, everyone was looking at them. When coming out of the church again and again we shook hands, and afterwards they went to eat, and then walked around everywhere with Bishop and other Fathers; then they came to their own house to prepare their own things. At first they had to go to eat at the Fathers' House.

It was the greatest day in my life, because since I was born, no Sisters came to my own country, I just saw the White Sisters who live in the central Province, because I went to school there.

The Sisters here were always busy learning our Citumbuka language, they were very clever in knowing because they persevered in speaking in spite of many difficulties. They do wonderful work, they go to visit the sick people, crossing the mountains and valleys even though the sun is burning hot. Their friends are the people who are lame, old, sick and hungry; they never complain, not a bit. What holy souls they are.

Nowadays, the Sisters are so merry happy to be among the "Poor Darkies of Africa" still working hard for them. They are still sympathizing with those that feel sorry, consoling those that weep, and helping those that need their help and so forth.

I am so small and helpless that I can't explain enough their works here in Africa, because they are too good for words, and the Sisters have really the life of the Angels and so I call them, "Angels of the earth."

Oh! you Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at the Mother House in Canada! Please I pray you not to forget your companions in Africa who are indeed being our protectors, and the defenders of our souls; whenever you pray, work, walk or chat, please remember that you have some companions far, far away overseas. I wish you could just see how they love the Negroes, it is wonderful and admirable. I am still thinking that half Paradise is here, because of their kindness in everything as Our Lord Himself; they are very, very popular.

Please send us some more Sisters, we are not satisfied yet, we are in great need of them. I wish all the Sisters and Novices and all of you good luck in everything they do. God bless you and be at your sides always.

I hope you will be satisfied with the work of the Sisters here won't you.

I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ's name,

A little African Tumbuka Negress,

Beata Laurenti

By the Grace of God

On a bright October morning there arrived from Swatow a distinguished-looking young girl graduate of eighteen. She came to pay a visit to her cousin Connie Chan, a teacher at Holy Ghost School, Canton. The Sino-Japanese war had played havoc with the hopes of the Wong household. They had wanted Eva, their youngest, to continue her studies in a University and thus be the pride and joy of her family. But the Japanese occupation of the large cities of South China had altered their plans; for, being patriotic Chinese, they could not reconcile themselves to the idea of a Japanese-directed school; Eva, it had therefore been decided, would stay at home.



The Wong family had for the last ten years given up paganism for Protestantism, and every member of the family except Eva had willingly been merged in the waters of Baptistical beliefs. Of a sincerely religious character, the father sometimes replaced absent ministers in the Sunday services of the different Protestant churches.

The visit of Mother and Daughter to Holy Ghost seemed to bring forth new hope. At the suggestion of her cousin it was decided that Eva would brush up her English by entering the English class. Of a very studious nature, she made great progress and was loved by both teachers and classmates. A delicate health that made her always resemble a fragile flower having finally broken down completely, she could no longer continue her studies. Eva had caught a bad cold which, as time passed, developed into something more serious. Christmas came, and it became evident to all that the terrible sickness which has ruined many a life was wasting away her frail body.

Her short stay at our school had greatly attached her to the Sisters. In the long, lonely hours, she took great pleasure in making little yarn dolls and sending them to her Sister-Teacher. The return of a pretty picture of our Immaculate Mother always pleased her and no doubt started the work of grace.

In September Eva was laid low with meningitis. Her cousin having heard the news immediately informed the Sisters. The girls of her class dearly loved this affectionate child and sent her flowers, while Sister paid her a visit. The mother who, it seems, had given her own affable nature to this lovable child, was constantly at her bedside and did everything in her power to help and comfort.

Accompanied by cousin Connie, Sister visited Eva and assured her of the prayers of all her classmates. At this visit Sister found out that the girl was the only member of her family who had not been baptized. It didn't seem possible. Her father, although so religious-minded and so renowned a preacher, was there witnessing his beloved daughter's last hours, and still never thinking that without Baptism he could never be reunited with her in Heaven.

On the way home, Sister learnt from Connie that the Wong family would not mind if she spoke of religion to their dying daughter.

At the next visit Sister broached the subject of Baptism. The parents were hesitant and consulted one another; but then they assured Sister that she might speak to Eva, and that their child was free to enter the Catholic religion if she wished.

Sister told her how she had just learnt that she was not baptized and asked if she would like to be baptized a Catholic. The answer came immediately, "Yes, I want to be baptized a Catholic."

The voice was weak and high fever was sapping what remaining strength the patient had. With the full comprehension of what Baptism meant were she to regain life now ebbing away, she listened as Sister spoke to her again and then baptized her Mary Eva.

The ceremony was simple but grand. Her parents religiously attended and thanked Sister for having procured that happiness to their daughter. Ten days later, Eva was no longer with us; to the throne of God she had carried a soul-regenerated in Holy Baptism. Her cousin Connie, instrument of God in the conversion of this soul, was greatly affected. From her heavenly home we hope Eva will obtain the priceless grace of Baptism for Connie.

A few days later, Mr. Wong sent a picture to Sister, along with a little verse in memory of his beloved lost one. Literally translated, it would read something like this:

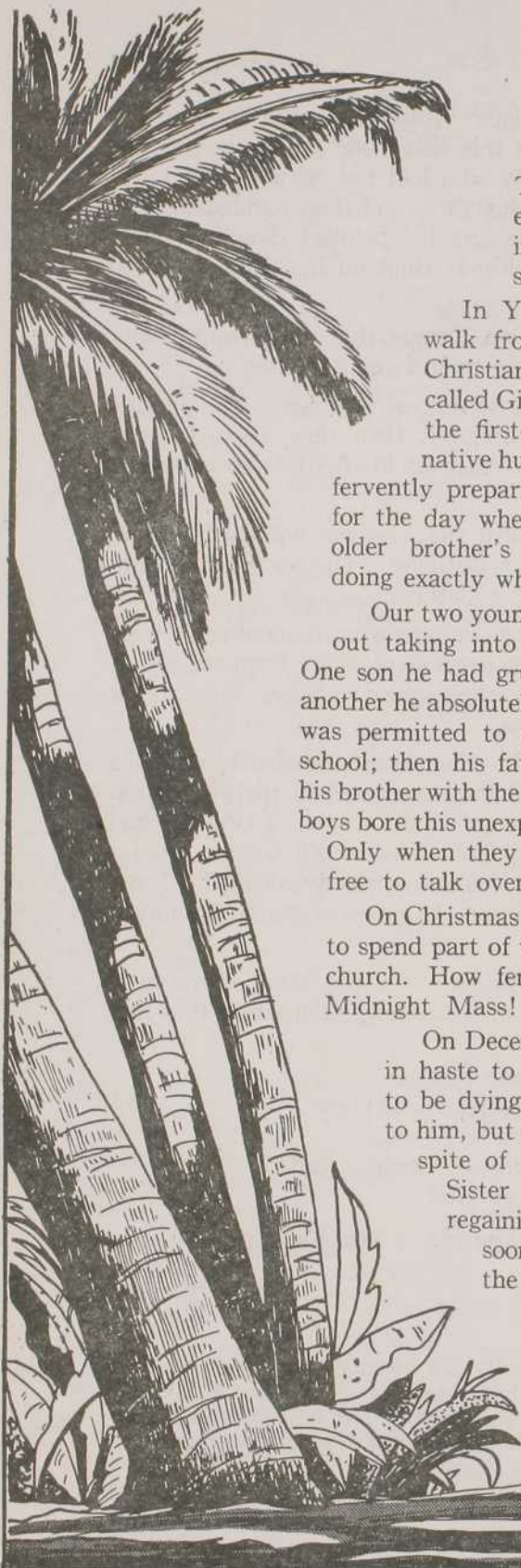
Twenty years of life have passed,
In Heaven God has lovingly called her
To repose on His Bosom.
With the saints above her soul without end
Will sing the praises of God.

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



Let us ever be mindful of the fundamental Christian truth that Christ died for all men, without exception. He expired on the Cross of Calvary that all may have everlasting life. The white race has no monopoly over heaven; it is equally the inheritance of the black; it is the final destiny likewise of the yellow race.

Very Rev. W. T. Davis



African Inseparables

Matiasi and Mazuwa were inseparable. Together they trotted to school in the early morning and together they gamboled in the bush until the hand of evening stretched far across the sky.

In Yamato, a small village at ten minutes' walk from Katete, they lived with their non-Christian father and mother, a younger brother called Gilbert, and Tirya, their baby sister. John, the first-born of the family, had exchanged his native hut for the Kasina Seminary, where he was fervently preparing for the priesthood. Matiasi longed for the day when he would be allowed to follow in his older brother's footsteps, while Mazuwa dreamt of doing exactly what his inseparable would do.

Our two young friends had planned their future without taking into account their father's pagan mentality. One son he had grudgingly given to the Catholic Mission; another he absolutely refused to give. For a while, Mazuwa was permitted to continue attending the Katete mission school; then his father bade him remain at home to help his brother with the household chores. Courageously the two boys bore this unexpected blow to the castle of their dreams. Only when they were alone in the bush did they feel free to talk over their mutual disappointment.

On Christmas Eve of 1949, Matiasi obtained permission to spend part of the day and night at the Katete mission church. How fervently he knelt to receive his God at Midnight Mass!

On December 30 the Pastor of Katete was called in haste to the bedside of Matiasi, who was said to be dying. Father hurriedly bore the Viaticum to him, but alas, the boy had lapsed into coma. In spite of the good care given him by our nursing Sister he died that same evening without regaining consciousness. Weird lamentations soon told the world that another son of the tribe had been reunited to his fathers.

We Sisters called on the family

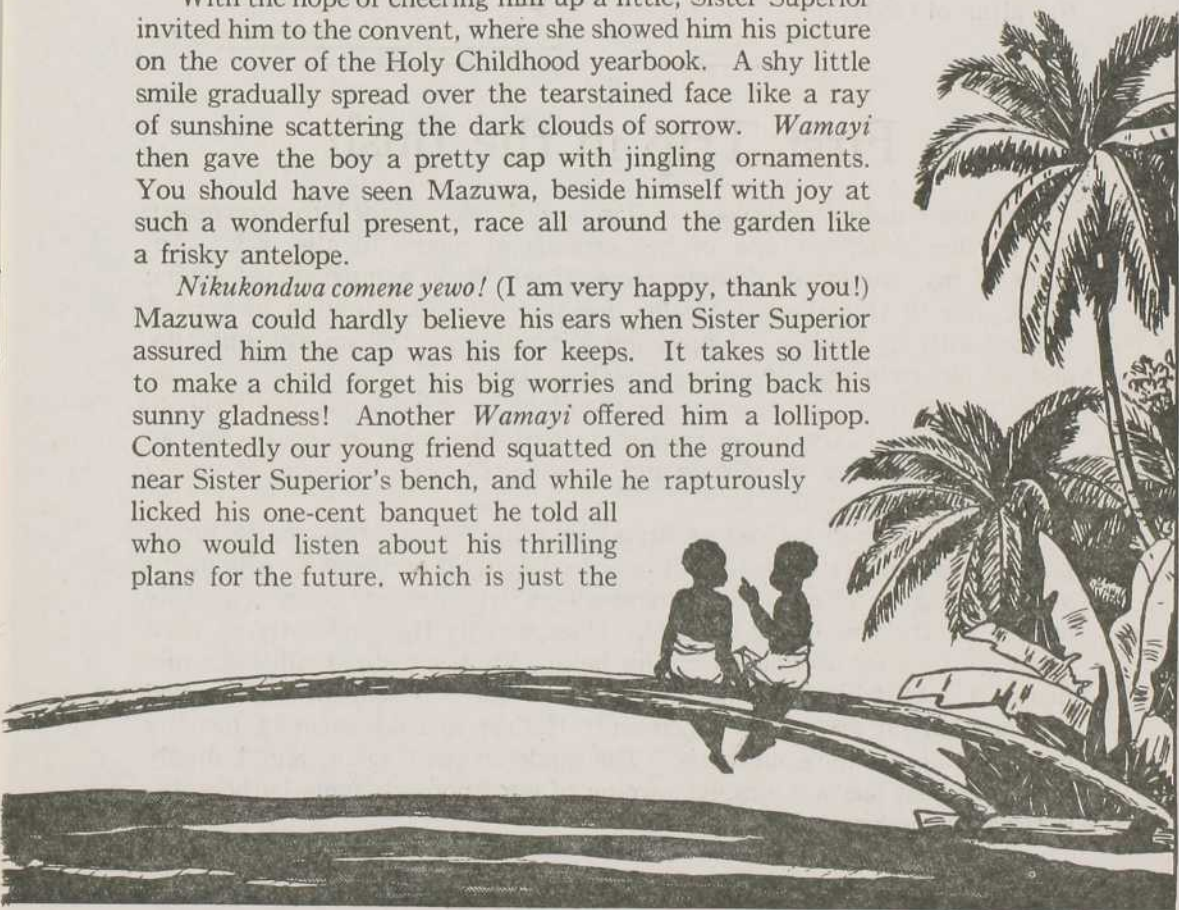
the following day to pray beside the mortal remains. As we crossed the market place, we noticed the men of the village wailing unceasingly, *Mana wake, Matiasi wakuluta* (His child Matiasi is gone). The younger fry, grouped apart, also shrieked the same refrain in shrill, childish tones. A little apart stood Mazuwa, sorrow brimming from his mournful eyes. He had lost his best friend. The paternal hut was in an uproar such as could have wakened even the dead to life if that had been possible. On his straw mat lay Matiasi shrouded in his everyday *saru*. Beside him squatted his mother, his grandmother, and the women of the immediate neighborhood all shrieking like banshees. The Sisters' arrival silenced the mourners for a while. We recited the beads in Citumbuka and the Christian women who were present answered; even the non-Christian ladies ventured a shrill Amen now and then. No sooner had the *Wamayi* (Sisters) left than uncanny jeremiads again tore the air.

A *Libera* was chanted at the Katete mission church the next morning. Matiasi, dressed in white according to his father's request, was tied up in a reed mat and deposited in his grave in the presence of all the Yamato villagers. Mazuwa was the only absent one.

On Sunday morning, as we came out of church, we espied a small, hunched-up figure crouching on the lower steps. Our friend Mazuwa was sobbing disconsolately.

With the hope of cheering him up a little, Sister Superior invited him to the convent, where she showed him his picture on the cover of the Holy Childhood yearbook. A shy little smile gradually spread over the tearstained face like a ray of sunshine scattering the dark clouds of sorrow. *Wamayi* then gave the boy a pretty cap with jingling ornaments. You should have seen Mazuwa, beside himself with joy at such a wonderful present, race all around the garden like a frisky antelope.

Nikukondwa comene yewo! (I am very happy, thank you!) Mazuwa could hardly believe his ears when Sister Superior assured him the cap was his for keeps. It takes so little to make a child forget his big worries and bring back his sunny gladness! Another *Wamayi* offered him a lollipop. Contentedly our young friend squatted on the ground near Sister Superior's bench, and while he rapturously licked his one-cent banquet he told all who would listen about his thrilling plans for the future, which is just the



day after tomorrow, mind you, for boys don't take many moons to grow up and become men. Mazuwa was his old self again; grief and despondency had flown, put to flight by a jingling cap and a one-cent sucker! The lad waxed enthusiastic as he told the Sisters of his priestly vocation and his dear father's eventual conversion. Mazuwa will surely save the soul of his father, and many other souls as well. He will be another black priest who will offer up the White Host for the salvation of his fellowmen.

Dear little black Mazuwa, may your boyish dream come true! Just now you have all our sympathy because Matiasi is gone. But at all times you have our prayers, and we feel sure they will help you on to the altar of God!



First Trip in the Bush

One fine sunshiny afternoon in January, I was assigned to accompany the nursing Sister on one of her errands of mercy to the sick. Another of my childhood dreams come true! With a hurried yet loving thank you to Our Blessed Mother for this delicate attention of hers, I jumped into my galoshes, donned my raincoat, snatched up my umbrella, and set out right merrily on my first bush trip.

Why the "rainy" attire since you mentioned it was a sunshiny afternoon, I hear you ask. Let me explain that from November to April, African skies may be smiling one minute and scowling the next; the weather simply cannot be trusted at all.

A native woman walked on ahead to guide our inexperience in jungle paths. Eyes modestly cast down in order to outwit any serpent who might venture to give us a free venom injection, we trudged along peacefully enough for the first thirty minutes. Unexpectedly the guide uttered what I took to be a terror-stricken cry for help. My heart stood still for a moment. Could it be that a haughty lion or some wily leopard had decided we three would do for his luncheon? Bathed in cold sweat, I heartily regretted all my life's misdeeds. The guide shouted again, and I finally made out that she was simply warning of our approach some bathers disporting themselves in Katete River.

"Put on your clothes," she cautioned. "The Sisters are coming." My heart started to function normally once again. Soon the bathers shouted that they were fit to be seen even by the *Wamayi*; so we proceeded on our way.

A few minutes later, we crossed a small village. Someone must have heralded our approach here also, for we were at once surrounded by groups of mothers with their little ones. They knelt before us pleading to be blessed. How I wish I had petitioned the Holy Father, during my stay in Rome, for the privilege of imparting blessings!

On and on we went, climbing up winding paths, stumbling along slopes. Beauty was lavished everywhere about the verdant heights, and in the hollows tall trees reached inquisitive heads skyward.

At long last we reached our destination. We had come to visit Noke, a three-year-old pupil of ours whose abdomen and right leg had been fearfully burnt in an accident.

According to African formalities we stood outside the hut calling in a loud voice, "*Odi, odi!*" (Allow us to enter.)

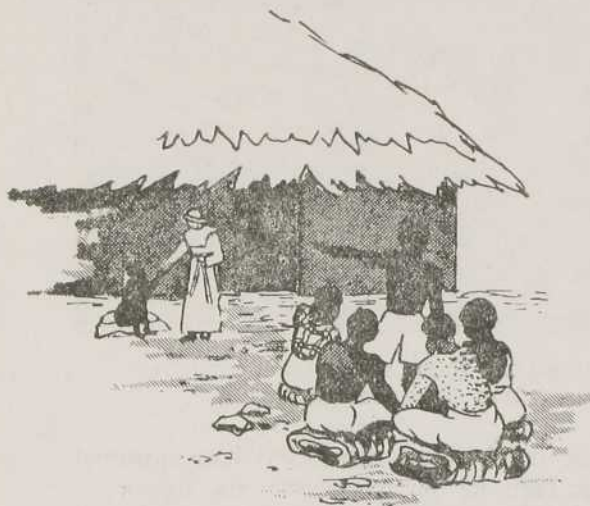
"*Odini!*" (Come in!) a woman's voice replied from the interior.

In we went feeling our way through a thick screen of smoke.

A reed mat was brought for-

ward on which we knelt to greet the members of the family. In the twinkling of an eye, however, all had fled outside leaving us alone beside Noke's mat. Gradually, my eyes became accustomed to the smoky atmosphere and I was free to examine the inside of the circular hut measuring about eight feet in diameter. On the dirt floor, in the centre, a fire was kindled over which hung the native pot called *ciwiya* filled with the *vingoma* (corn mush). Besides the hearthstones and the two reed mats, there was no other furniture to be seen in the whole hut. I forgot to mention a sort of clothesline made of supple tree bark, hanging in the cloudy upper part of the dwelling; from it dangled an odd assortment of dirty rags, dried fish, and corn cobs.

Meanwhile Sister had progressed with the dressing of poor Noke's burns. The child cried out with pain as the bandages were removed from his right leg, exposing the raw flesh to the air. One by one the women re-entered the hut and circled the mat where Noke lay whimpering. Mother and Grandmother wrung their hands and moaned pitifully, as they feared the child would die. The African code of etiquette forbidding men to stay in a hut where women have assembled, the father and other male members of the family squatted outside.



After the patient had been made as comfortable as circumstances allowed, we recited a Hail Mary and a few invocations for the spiritual and material well-being of the family.

As the sun slid behind the mountains, we hurried home over the same goat paths we had covered earlier in the afternoon. Our hearts sang with



THE MISSIONARY FATHERS' BOYS AT KATETE ENJOY THE FRESH WATER LAKE.
THEIR CANOES WERE ONCE TREE TRUNKS.

gratitude as we pondered over the numberless graces God has showered upon us; especially did we thank Him for having chosen us, unworthy though we may be, to bring the glad tidings of the Gospel to these lands still darkened by the shadows of heathenism.

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

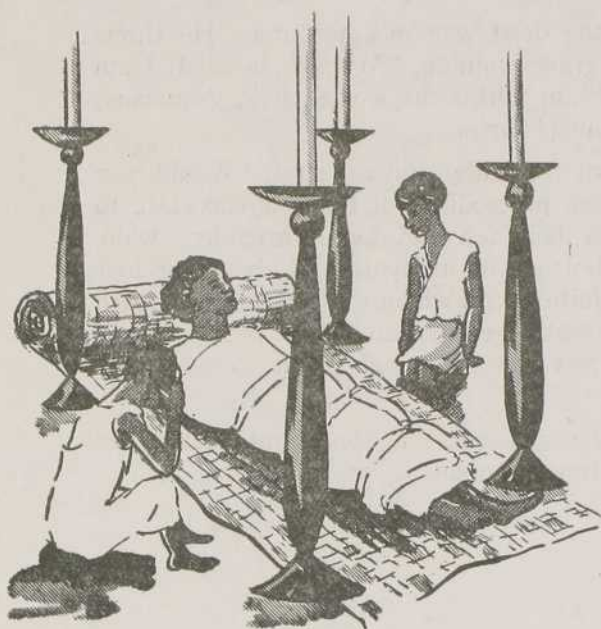
Head Judge of Japanese Court Is Catholic

TOKYO — (A.I.F.) By decision of His Excellency Yoshida Shigeru, Prime Minister, Professor Tanaka Kotaro, senator and former minister, has been appointed Head Judge of the Supreme Court in Tokyo. It is the first time that Japan allows a Catholic to rise so high in civil life.

Mr. Tanaka Kotaro was born in Kagoshima in 1890. Various influences, and chiefly those of Professor Inazo Nitobe and the Rev. Mr. Kanzo Uchimura, early led him to embrace Protestantism; but with his wife converted from Anglicanism he became a Catholic in 1926, while he was teaching Commercial Law at the Imperial University, and has since been an active Catholic Actionist by teaching and writing. At a moment when the Catholic Church in Japan was meeting with great opposition from extremist and nationalist elements, Mr. Tanaka with the courage of his convictions published a masterpiece on religion and social life. He is also the author of other important literary works popular in intellectual milieus. He visited Europe several times, tarrying in Paris and especially in Rome, where in 1936 he taught law at the University. — *Fides*

1. Marie FYFE, Laprairie.

We Buried Grandmother



For the first time in its life the church bell of Mzambazi rang out a funeral dirge on the morning of February 4. Grandmother was the first among the five hundred and fifty Christians of this very young mission outpost to hear the summons to the Father's Home above.

At eight thirty an imposing cortege of two hundred Christians wended its way to the deceased woman's hut. The missionary Father brought up the rear with his catechists and two altar boys bearing lighted candles. Two catechists entered the funeral hut, removed the body, and immediately brought it out carefully wrapped in a reed mat. Six ropes woven of cactus leaves were affixed, according to custom, at six different places on the mat coffin, and the procession proceeded to return to the mission church.

The *Subvenite* was chanted at the entrance. We Sisters had to do all the Latin singing as none of the Mzambazi parishioners can as yet tackle even the easiest hymns, in that language. The greater number of persons assisting at the Requiem Mass were non-Christian, but their attitude was respectfully attentive throughout the forty-five minutes of the funeral service. They could not help but be impressed by the simple grandeur of our religious ceremonies, even though the mission's great poverty admits of none but the simplest in everything. In no costly casket lay Grandmother's mortal remains. Her reed mat coffin was deposited on the floor in the middle aisle, flanked by four candlesticks. Surely anyone with a clinging affection for earthly pomp would do well to assist at a Mzambazi funeral.

On the way to the cemetery, the non-Christian part of the assembly launched into the African rite of funeral lamentations. At first, only a faint murmur like the buzzing of bees could be heard. Gradually, however, the dirge rose to a shrill, blood-curdling pitch that made us want to stop up our ears. Father had to call for silence in order to hear himself recite the final prayers.

The last Amen had hardly been said when the weird litanies again filled the air.

Spectacular was the grief of the dead woman's husband. He threw himself on the ground beside her grave whining, "My wife is dead! I am all alone in the world!" Around him milled the women folk, grimacing, moaning, sniffing their overwhelming sorrow.

Each African tribe has its own particular funeral rites. Would you like to hear about the grave-digging proceedings of the Engonio clan, to which Grandmother belonged? A hole ten feet long, three feet wide, and six feet deep is dug. At the bottom, an excavation of about one foot is hollowed out at one of the extremities, into which the corpse is laid with upturned face. Layers of twigs and earth are alternately laid over the body until the mound rises about two feet above the soil. This to keep wild beasts away, we were told.

Christian graves may be easily recognized, for stones and pebbles are used to fashion a cross over their funeral mounds.

SISTER ST. YVES, M. I. C.



SISTER ST. YVES (YVETTE RICARD, GRAND'MERE),
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
MZAMBAZI, AFRICA, BARGAINS WITH A BLACK SALESLADY

The Lamp



Father Shek came into his little house just as the sun was going down. He struck a match and removed the shade of his Aladdin lamp. It wasn't a magic lamp exactly but it gave a brilliant white light that helped a little to cheer him up. For Father Shek was feeling depressed. He was now quite sure that Sing Wing was avoiding him. This Sing Wing had once been the leader of the bandits around Tau On but had become quite honest lately and had even come to the priest to ask about religion. Sing Wing,

in his dangerous life, had often come near to death and he wanted to know what happened when a man died. Father Shek had told him about Heaven and Hell, about reward and punishment, and Sing Wing had wanted to hear more. The priest had told him about God coming on earth and wanting us all to be baptised.

"Why must we be baptised?" Sing Wing had asked.

"Because God wants it," the priest had said. "It's the first thing necessary to bring God's grace into your souls."

"What is grace?" Sing Wing had then enquired. And the priest remembered how he had explained this to the young man. He had pointed to the Aladdin lamp and said:

"See that lamp. It gives a beautiful light, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," Sing Wing had agreed. "It's the best light I've ever seen."

"Well," the priest had said turning down the lamp, and removing the shade, "now the light has gone. Why? Because no oil goes up to the mantle — this thing. But if I strike a match and turn up the wick, the oil comes up and the whole lamp lights brilliantly. Well, baptism is like that for your soul. It strikes the match and turns up the wick and God's grace, the oil, begins to come into your soul and make it all bright."

Father Shek had explained this many times, had struck many matches and turned the lamp on and off again and again before Sing Wing had understood. But at last the young man had said he thought he would like to be baptised soon, to have his soul full of grace.

That had been a week ago. Then Father Shek had heard that communist agents had come amongst the people. Sing Wing was to have come on Saturday and had made an excuse. He was to have come today and did not arrive. Father Shek had gone to his house out beyond the village and found that he had been out all night. The priest could easily guess what he was up to. He sighed as he opened his book to continue his prayers.

It must have been an hour later when Father Shek noticed the distant shots. At first he thought they were crackers but then he heard the distinct crack of a rifle. The firing ceased and the priest went on with his reading. Then he heard voices in his little garden, words of commands and a few groans. Something heavy hit his door and someone cried roughly,

"Open the door or we'll break it down."

Another voice said, "There is no need to be rough; the San Foo will let us in."

When Father Shek opened the door a strange sight met his eyes. Sing Wing was being carried by two of his companions in crime. Behind them stood Doctor Ko, the clever surgeon who was visiting the village and beside him a stranger who pointed a revolver.

"San Foo," said one of Sing Wing's helpers, "Sing Wing is very bad. He may die. Doctor says he must have much light to pull out the bullet. You have the brightest light in the village. You allow us to come in?"

The priest was about to say "Certainly," but the stranger with the gun shouted, "We do not ask, we take. We shall use this light. It's very good. Doctor, make ready. Clear that table. Get water, bandages. Have you everything? The bullet must be removed."

Trembling, the doctor entered and everything was prepared for an operation. Sing Wing was laid flat on the bed as the bullet had entered under his ribs. Father Shek held the lamp and the strong light made it easy for the doctor to work. Sing Wing gasped and groaned. Soon Dr. Ko straightened himself, shook his head and said something to the man with the revolver.

"Are you sure?" was the man's question.

"Quite sure," answered the doctor, all fear gone, now that he was at his familiar work. "Nothing I can do can save him."

Sing Wing moved, groaned and said, "San Foo, am I going to die?" His voice was a gasp.

"It is very serious," said Father Shek.

"San Foo, San Foo," went on the dying man. He looked up at the Aladdin lamp held in the priest's steady hand. "The lamp, the lamp. The oil makes it light. I believe what you told me. I want to be bright when I go to God. Baptise me, San Foo."

"Certainly," said the priest quickly, putting down the lamp and taking a bowl of water.

"What does this mean?" the man with the revolver asked.

"Sing Wing wishes the San Foo to make him a Christian before he dies," answered one of Sing Wing's companions.

"I won't allow it," said the stranger pointing his gun.

"Aw, shut up," said the other man, suddenly knocking the weapon on to the floor and sticking his bayonet against the stranger's chest. "We've had enough of your bullying. If you move I'll put this through you." The stranger was still.

Sing Wing was baptised and lived only to thank the doctor for what he had tried to do and to prepare himself, with the help of the priest, to be as bright as possible when he went to God.

T. SHERIDAN, S. J.

The Christopher Page

GEMS FROM THE CHRISTOPHER GUIDEBOOK

"One of the best ways to get rid of weeds is to plant something in their stead. The big need, therefore, is to encourage people with good ideas to go into the market-place rather than to concentrate too much on driving out those with evil designs."

"Each Christopher carries Christ with him, individually and personally, into the dust and heat of the market-place, into the highways as well as the byways, thereby helping to change for the better the trends abroad in the world today. Each Christopher knows he is called by Christ Himself to be a *"fisher of men."* But he knows, also, that the best fisherman in the world cannot catch a single fish if he is two miles away from the water, just talking about fish."

"A Christopher, above all others, should stress the hopeful side of things, while still remaining realistic. That people are as good as they are, with so many unsound ideas being spread over the world, is surprising and encouraging. Yet even if things were twice as bad as they are now, there would still be great hope, thanks to God. *"An optimist sees an opportunity in every calamity; a pessimist sees a calamity in every opportunity."*

"In the midst of your work around the home you can say a passing prayer for all who died the day before. The obituary column in your morning paper can be your reminder for that. When you attend a movie, a football game, go to the beach or any other place where people congregate, take a moment to offer a prayer for all present. Eternity has begun for each of them, even though the majority never realize it. The more you pray for *everybody* — the poor, the rich, the strong, the weak, the friendly, the hostile, the wise, the stupid, the ugly, the fair — the more will you grow in love for them. You will experience a sense of participation with Christ in the salvation of the world that is possible in few other ways."

"As a Christopher writer you can bring the basic principles of Christ into literature with the same zeal, the same skill, the same perseverance which His enemies use to exclude Him. And because you are a Christopher, you can interpret human existence more faithfully. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that the world is better because you have lived, have been useful, have played a part in *"renewing the face of the earth."* A writer who has the lofty desire to serve the common good inevitably rises above the frustration characteristic of those whose purpose is only their own private good."

"That is the one thing which terrifies the godless the world over: the fear that some day all those who believe in Christ will wake up and start acting their beliefs. Once that happens, most of the great problems which plague mankind will disappear overnight."

"If you would be a Christopher, you will take to heart the example of a mother who encouraged her son to take a government job. 'If he does no more than carry wastebaskets, at least he will be there,' she said. 'And he can work into something better.' When her husband objected to such a humble beginning, she answered, 'If boys like ours, with normal, sensible ideas, don't get into government work, we'll be letting it fall into the hands of those who are out to wreck America.'"

"There's not a person in the world who cannot give something to the betterment of the world. No matter how far removed from God one may be, he still remains a child of God, and therefore he can still do something for God, thereby coming at least one degree closer to his Maker."

With Permission From the Author of
You Can Change the World

With Our Catechists



Sister Marie Lucie (Marguerite Gagnon, Quebec) and a group of catechists. These modern lay missionaries, all high school pupils, have volunteered to teach catechism in grateful return for the gift of Faith that has come to them.



A few of the three hundred
to whom they tell all about C

Though baptized only four years ago, Juanita Aquino is as zealous a catechist as any cradle Catholic could be. She also teaches three days each week in a public school.



in Manila *Philippine Islands*



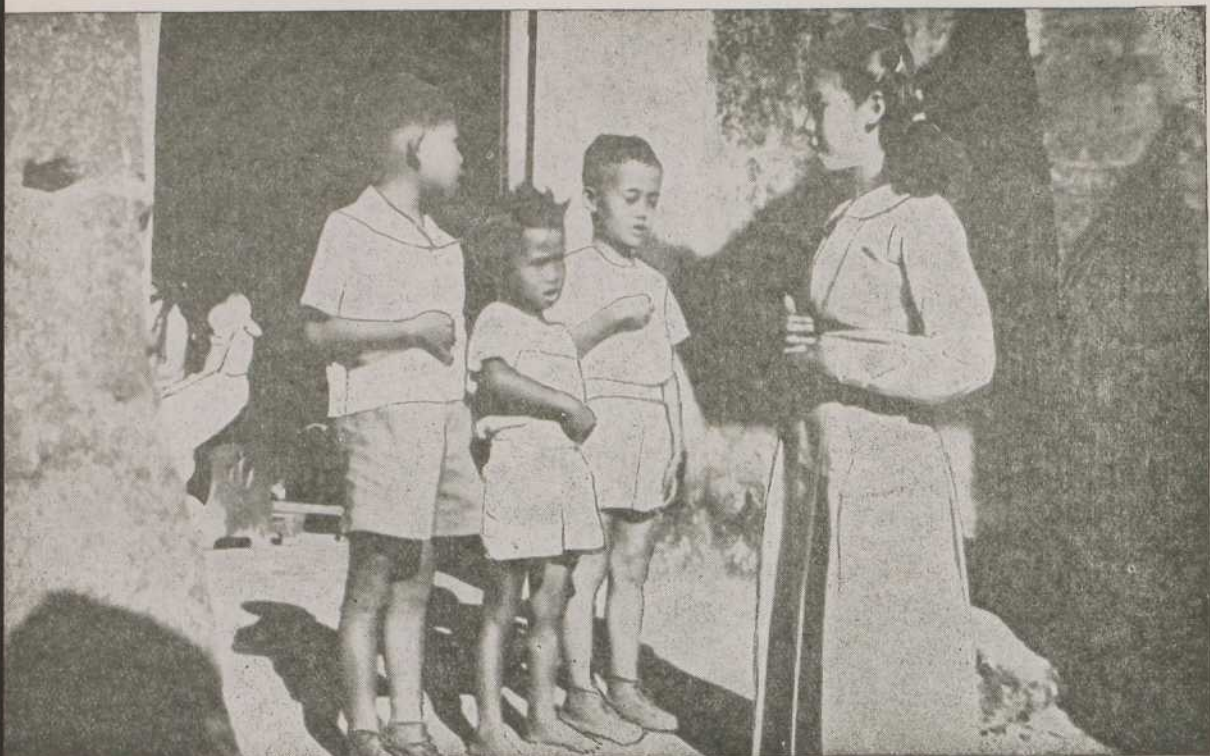
hundred public school pupils
God's love each Sunday afternoon.



Maria Africa Galang shows these Filipino boys how to say the beads. Anywhere and everywhere Filipino youngsters like to sit in this fashion.

Pausing before the camera are Sister Genevieve de Nanterre (Genevieve St. Pierre, Montreal), directress, and the senior members of the catechist force. At Sister's left stands Miss Augusto, who has entered our Pont Viau novitiate.





Nieves Cadigal teaches the Sign of the Cross exactly as her missionary brother does. Their father and mother, formerly on the nursing staff of our Manila Chinese Hospital, never miss daily Mass, though their son is not on hand to offer the Holy Sacrifice with them.



Josefina Ramolete finds a catechetical game helpful in showing the way to Heaven. Josefina, only fourteen, is the youngest of this year's graduates. She and her sister are among our ace catechists.



A devoted catechist and a good Christian girl who has to fight for her faith is Azucena de Borja, shown here with five little ladies and an illustrated catechism book. Azucena teaches once a week in a public school. She is our artist too, and spends her spare time making God's altars beautiful.

We also have a Santo Tomas University student among our catechists.

Sister Marie Lucie's pupils have all made their First Communion. I have no special class, but in the manner of a walking encyclopedia I explain all the hard spots, beside handing out admission tickets, nipping mischief in the bud, and examining the theological baggage of prospective first communicants. When the bell rings the senior catechist makes the Sign of the Cross and recites prayers in Tagalog before plunging into the day's assignment. Then follow forty-five minutes of religious doctrine, another bell, and five decades of the rosary with a bit of singing before each decade and a longer hymn after the last. By that time the clock hands point to four and teachers and pupils have to separate till the next Sunday.

Our high school catechists had prepared fifty first communicants for the feast of the Miraculous Medal, which coincided with the parish jubilee. Had we only thousands of catechists as zealous and enterprising, the hundred per cent christianization of the Philippines would be advanced a good many decades.

With the all-out catechist drive in full swing, 63,000 children are reached and taught by 1,965 student catechists; but this is barely a drop in the bucket, considering that 380,000 other youngsters have yet to learn that there is a God and that He loves them. When I visit in schools I am surrounded by wonder-eyed tots who never seem to be satisfied with the little I have time to tell them about Jesus. Poor things untaught in the love of their heavenly Friend! How I wish they had a pennyworth of the spiritual millions we had when we were young!

Come, Holy Ghost

Sister St. Jean de l'Eucharistie⁽¹⁾ has been helping me with the Confirmation class of sixteen pupils of various ages and grades.

We knew that Manila had a church in which Confirmation was given each Sunday. This would be our chance, thought we, and accordingly we trained our sixteen into impeccable deportment in view of their own Pentecost Day, remembering how twenty or thirty years back it had been our turn, and we had done it all so well and had behaved ourselves so cherubically. But our best-laid plans were jolted, as you will see.

Entered we *Espiritu Sancto* Church. Picture market Saturday on any market-place and you will have the perfect setting, that is, perfectly identical with the one we had before our unprepared eyes. In the midst of a compact throng packed in the centre of where the middle aisle should have been, we eventually made out a mitred Bishop. In the square formed with a collection of pews stood he, his clergy, and his assistants, boy scouts in this case. To our dismay we glimpsed among the candidates for Confirmation babes in arms propped up on the pews to face His Excellency. It was a novel experience for the darlings, who tossed and fidgeted, cried and hollered, whined and rounded their small fists in big opposition. Dads, mothers, and even godparents had to interfere with laughing and coddling, coaxing and crooning, scolding and fuming. Along marched a Filipino Santa Claus with balloons and playthings, and Dad gave two cents for a balloon for his wailing mite. Pity the poor Bishop who had to say the prayers and the Holy Ghost who had to come down from Heaven in all the commotion! Our God is certainly most approachable.

Five hundred were confirmed that Sunday. When came the turn for our sixteen they did things with all due reverence and recollection. Somehow we were beginning to believe that decorum might not be so indispensable after all.

SISTER GENEVIEVE DE NANTERRE, M. I. C.(2)

1. Jeanne MOQUIN, Eastman.

2. Genevieve St. PIERRE, Montreal.

Snakes Lurk in Mati

It happened during study hour in a Mati classroom, not so very long ago. With Bible History exams in the offing, my twenty pupils were busily engaged in classifying facts, names, and dates in their minds.

Suddenly Nemecio, a youngster from the kindergarten classes, began screaming at the top of his lungs. Books closed with a bang and twenty heads turned in the direction of the little tot. What could have happened? Suspense was not of long duration, however, for a pupil soon espied the ugly tail of a serpent wriggling between the partition walls.

Three of the older boys, Luis, Ulysses, and Francisco, volunteered to oust the unwelcome visitor. "Take out your bolos and clubs, boys, and let's dash out its slimy brains," Luis called out jokingly as he proceeded to remove boxes and cupboards in order to reach the wall. A regular spree it proved for the boys, but the girls shuddered and hid their faces in their hands. Rosario, one of the babies, desperately clung to my habit.

Another piercing scream sent cold shivers scurrying up and down my spine. Miss Panesa, one of the lay teachers, shrieked, "Sister, here's the snake and it's staring at me!" With the agility of a cat Luis sprinted. His bolo flashed just as the ugly crawling thing began to wind itself about his sturdy leg.

What the boys had scornfully termed as a harmless snake turned out to be a four-foot serpent of a most venomous variety.

The pupils circled around Luis, the hero of the day, and Nemecio, who excitedly explained how he had seen the serpent come out of the classroom brushing against Sister Therese de la Ste. Face's(1) shoes.

A little old man who happened along gravely examined the dead serpent's fangs. "Lucky you have been to escape this animal's bite," he remarked. "Even a scratch



1. Therese LEBLANC, Moncton, N. B.



*A Young Mother
of the Tribe of the Moros*

from these poisonous fangs would have sent you packing to St. Peter's in no time at all." Our wise old friend cautioned us to bury the two extremities carefully. Superstition has it that as long as the tail squirms the poison can still work harm on man or beast.

Still our trials were not ended. The children assured us that the dead serpent's "husband" would pay us a call within the next twenty-four hours.

During our evening recreation, one of the aides burst into the room, eyes popping with fear. "Madre, Madre, the snake!" The deceased serpent's "husband" had apparently arrived as per schedule. Professors and aides vouched they had seen it lurking in the kindergarten classroom in search of its "wife."

Calling our obliging neighbor Gregorio to our aid, lighted lanterns in hand, we carefully examined the school premises, but our dread visitor was nowhere to be found. Gregorio opined that it might have chosen to climb upstairs for its mourning vigil. What a consoling perspective for the Sisters whose sleeping quarters were on the second floor!

"Better hang some garlic in the classrooms," advised our neighbor. "Serpents dislike the smell and will not tarry long."

After another thorough investigation we climbed back to our rooms upstairs accompanied by four lay teachers who refused to sleep downstairs that night.

Sleep was rather long in coming and nightmares marred the rest that some managed to snatch in spite of the day's exciting adventures.

That was the last we heard of the serpent, wife and husband. Had the garlic been effective?

Family Rosary

In compliance with Rev. Father Michaud's desires, we have been endeavoring to organize the Family Rosary among the Mati parishioners.

Nearly all our senior pupils have enlisted in this spiritual militia. Every evening they may be seen in bands of three or four making prayerful attacks upon family groups, trying to win parents to the movement. Sad to say, until now they had had but little success on that score.

Thanks to the generous initiative of an American boy, Peter Treby, Sister Superior has been able to distribute rosaries in numerous families. Peter wrote to Rev. Father Peyton, famed founder and promoter of the Family Rosary Crusade, asking him to send rosaries to our Davao Mission. We accordingly were lucky enough to receive a parcel containing two hundred and fifty rosaries. Moreover, an anonymous benefactor graciously forwarded from New York several dozens of Our Lady of Fatima pictures and novena booklets. This has proved an added encouragement in our endeavors to spread far and wide devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Among those who benefited from the gift rosaries were some Moros and Mandayas from the mountain districts who in their colorful native costumes had come to Mati for the Christmas celebrations.

Imagine their delightful surprise when Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ gave them each a gaily colored pair of beads. Thanks to our generous American friends, from now on Our Lady's praises will resound in lonely mountain regions where until now she has been too little known and loved.

"Doing the Nicest Job..."

"It's not so hard to write a success story tolerably well, but it is another matter to write a downright failure successfully. The glowing success of this story, however, lies in the fact that Christ foresaw and foretold in minute detail just such a failure.

"It's all written in the book for us. It is the failure of the grain of wheat which must go underground and rot to increase its kind a hundredfold. It is the failure of Good Friday, mankind's greatest hour.

"So if we can take this inactivity now I would say that we are successful missionaries. Even St. Paul's hardest hours were not those of his weary travels, shipwrecks included, but rather his constraint under bonds.

"Naturally we groan and moan perhaps for more elbow room. We reflect on our seventeen years of long preparation just to while away idle hours; distant hills look fair and green; even Aunt Nora's argument that America needs us more than any country seems to sound plausible now. But in our saner moments we realize that we are doing the nicest job we could possibly do just now. We are living lives of faith, and our prayer, distracted though it be, is very much from the heart. There are hundreds like us throughout the land; we are easily the most fortunate. But we need all the prayers you can muster for us."

A MISSIONER IN CHINA

1. Sister BERNADETTE DE LOURDES (Rachel DE MARS, Newport, Vt.).

Soshiki, Japanese Funeral

Together with Rev. Father Beliveau, rector of the parish, and a group of Christians, we recently went out to Shiogawa, an outpost of Wakamatsu Mission, to attend the *soshiki* (funeral) of a young Christian lady.

Shiogawa which, literally translated, means "salt river," draws its name from the river on whose banks the village is located. The natural scenery all around is magnificent; an air of snug prosperity hangs about the neat farm houses and pretty villas.

As one of the oldest inhabitants of the hamlet and head of a patriarchal household, Mr. Yamada owns a residence among the largest and finest of the place. At the vestibule of honor we were greeted by members of the family; profound salutations were exchanged and respectful *dozo* tendered, so many invitations to enter the house. As well-bred people are supposed to do over here, we politely waited for the third invitation before venturing to tread on shoeless feet the immaculate straw matting of our host's drawing room. Plump, square cushions were brought us instead of chairs, a rarity in these rural parts. The lady of the house, her sons, and other relatives of the deceased entered and we were in for more profound salutations. Graciously Mrs. Yamada inquired whether we would condescend to taste of the coarse food prepared for the noonday meal; upon our affirmative answer, servants noiselessly carried in small individual lacquered trays on stands, placing them before each guest.

Gracing the trays were about a dozen miniature dishes filled with various vegetables cooked or pickled in different ways. Ac-





NOT DONE GROWING, JAPAN

cording to custom, in these parts, neither fish nor meat may be eaten at a funeral banquet.

Through the sliding open panels we could glimpse the many guests all correctly keeping a funereal attitude. A group of young men sitting apart drew our attention; they wore the antique *samurai* (knight) mourning apparel of feudal times, the beige linen kimono with its stiff, fan-shaped epaulets and wide, pleated skirt. Mr. Yamada's family belonged to this knighthood of ancient Japan.

Dinner over, we paid a visit to the mortuary chamber, where the daughter of the house lay in a narrow, unadorned coffin of plain wood.

While waiting for the chanting of the *Libera*, we were invited to take a stroll through the beautiful landscape garden in front of the residence. The Japanese, as everybody is aware, excel in these artistic arrangements and make use of every tree stump and moss-covered stone to achieve beautiful effects. A small, hump-backed stone bridge spanned a tiny artificial lake on whose surface bloomed water lilies, pink, white, and yellow. Over the red-tiled roof of the low, spreading one-storey house, a gnarled old pine twisted its fantastic branches.

The religious ceremony began with the reciting of the *De Profundis*; the *Libera* was chanted by Father and the Sisters, and some prayers were recited in Japanese before Father's short but touching sermon on the meaning of death for the Christian soul. The faithful present then sprinkled holy water on the mortal remains, while the non-Christians offered incense. A procession afterwards formed leading to the Buddhist cemetery.

Under the hoary old cypresses she was laid to rest in a grave blessed by Holy Mother Church. From the mansions of glory may she remember to intercede for those of her own people and family, that they also may walk in the ways that lead to the Kingdom of Light Eternal.



Mission Problem

*She was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was she —
How many missionaries God would need
For the heathens across the sea.*

*She sat so still on that sunny day,
You might have thought her asleep.
Oh no! She was trying to solve aright
A problem deep, oh, so deep!*

Maria Sama Sees Him Home

World War II had very casually taken care of Mr. Mori's billfold. Now he had to look at both sides of a yen before spending it, and his four youngsters had to go without the playthings so dear to the hearts of children. Of the pre-war golden era he had kept nothing beyond the dignified port of a high and potent lord and the pride of one who owes no man a penny.

Furnishings and knickknacks he had auctioned off to buy his wife and children their daily meals. He was far too ill to think of looking for a job; indeed, many in his place would have called themselves done for and would have spent their remaining days and nights abed. Though one hundred times we had assured our Japanese friend that injections and all were absolutely free of charge, one hundred times he had seemed very hard of hearing. Only on the day when he realized we missionaries had a supernatural purpose in life did he accept our thank-as-you-go offer and stop mentioning the monetary side of his dealings with us.

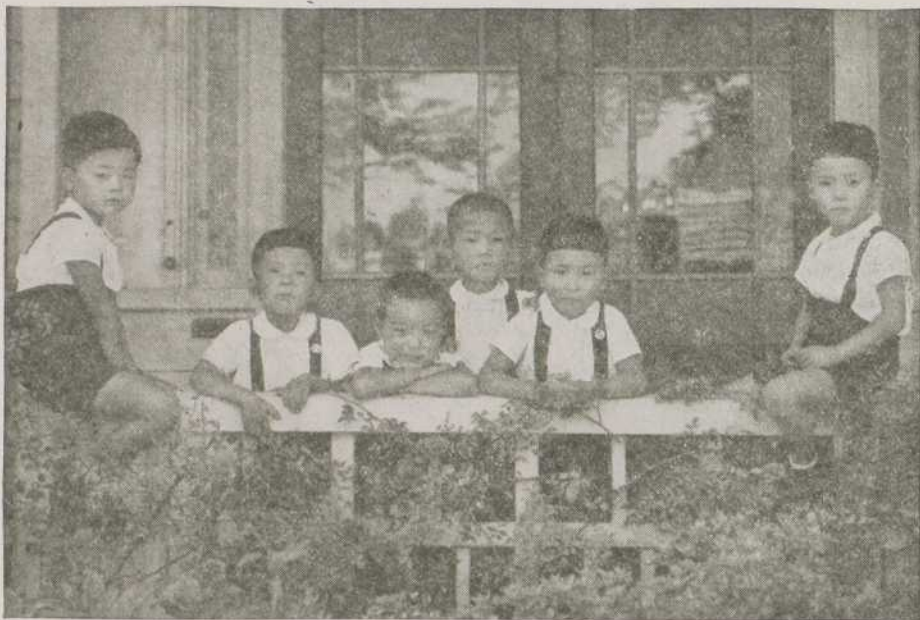
From that day on he had only words of admiration for the charity of the Catholic Church. All bitterness, haughty airs, and complaints left him as to the Christian Faith he turned for the comfort he needed so desperately. Maria Sama, the great Mother of God, the spotless Virgin brighter than any dawn on Fuji-Yama, became the Lady of his heart, the confidante of his joys and sorrows. Instinctively he looked upon her as the Health of the Sick, the Consoler of the Afflicted, the Gate of Heaven, notwithstanding the fact that he, poor pagan that he was,



had certainly never recited his Litany of Loreto. Was it Mary who had told him all about that? Every morning that bowed to the sun he whispered his prayers to the Madonna on our grounds before coming in for his daily treatment.

But one morning he was too ill to leave his bed. Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ and the nurse then began their series of home visits to a patient they always found most edifying. His little girl of ten had to play nurse too, for the mother seldom had a day off from work; but a ten-year-old having more inclination for games than for selfless charity, the patient often had to wait hours for her ministrations.

We usually found him talking to the Blessed Mother, whose picture never left him. From her he learned to love the God for whom the missionary Sisters had left their homes and embraced the Japanese way of life.



KINDERGARTEN PUPILS OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KORIYAMA, JAPAN, WAITING FOR SCHOOL TO BEGIN

One morning as Sister Agnes was returning home from church, Mrs. Mori called her in. The patient, very low though still fully conscious, begged Sister to baptize him. Knowing he might be called to God any moment, Sister baptized him at once.

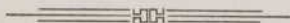
All the Buddhist relatives did their worst to convince Mr. Mori that he had acted the fool in turning Catholic — but they were lashing a rock. Mr. Mori was glad to die a Catholic and he cared no more about Buddha, if ever he had cared very much about him. Buddhistic bickerings still ringing in his ears, he turned to Sister Agnes and asked how he might repay all her kindness.

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

"Remember us in Heaven," whispered Sister.

"I will," he faltered.

On the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, September 12, a happy and resigned Mr. Mori passed on to eternal life, his wife and little ones gathered around his bedside. It was a lovely day on which to die. Maria Sama had indeed chosen a beautiful date for her son's homecoming.



I Baptized Teresa

She is in Heaven now, and her eternal happiness she owes to me in a small way.

When Our Lord granted me the joy of baptizing that patient on her hospital bed, He answered a prayer of mine a thousand times told. He made me the spiritual mother of a soul and let His poor little missionary Sister lead one more denizen of the Land of the Rising Sun to Him, the Son of the living God.

I called her Teresa, because that was the name I had decided upon years ago for my first rescued soul. She smiled sweetly when a Japanese lady friend told her she should offer all her sufferings to God and thus make sure of a still more beautiful reward when her time would come. That smile still on her wasted lips, she listened to the saving words, "Mary Teresa, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Words of consolation surged to my lips, but my scanty knowledge of the Japanese language of necessity prevented me from saying much that she could understand. Anyway, I think the Japanese lady spoke well in my place, for the new Christian seemed very glad and happy when we left her.

I have no recollection of the sun showing its bright face that morning, but in my heart all was bright and sunshiny. My steps were light and buoyant as I returned to the convent, and well they might! I had baptized Teresa!

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



Vocations

There are vocations which manifest themselves; they must be fostered.
Which are not conscious of themselves; they must be awakened.
Which dare not manifest themselves; they must be found and encouraged.
Which are in fear of being lost; they must be reassured.
Which meet with opposition; they must be strengthened.
Which are paralyzed by poverty; they must be helped financially.

Bishop Landrieux

1. Aline RATEL, L'Epiphanie.

Bonnemaman

How old was Bonnemaman? Her wrinkles could not be computed in years; but if time had snowed on her once raven locks, it certainly had not blighted the perennial smile lighting up her furrowed features.

For two years she lived at our refuge for sick and ailing people — two years made happy for the inmates, whose burden of sorrow and illness she had the knack of easing by countless good turns done in her own inimitable way. How often we met her hobbling along on a stout stick to fetch water from the well for a bedridden friend, or maybe a live coal from the kitchen stove to light some old Grandpop's pipe! Cheerfully, peacefully, accepting in the same spirit joy or pain, she lived her declining years. She could not bear to see any kind of suffering without trying to alleviate it at least by a pleasant smile or a kindly word.

At long last came for Bonnemaman the time to knock at the Beautiful Gate. Calmly, serenely she prepared to go home to *Papa le bon Die*, as the Creoles here say in their colorful dialect. For days she lay on her mat, her gnarled hands joined in prayer, her quavering voice murmuring over and over, *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto*. Then one day, the day that was to know no gloaming for Bonnemaman, we heard her whispering with her dying breath, *Et in sæcula sæculorum*. Our old friend was



AT "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE," LES CAYES, HAITI. BONNEMAMAN TO THE LEFT



SISTER ST. JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS) WITH A LITTLE INVALID,
LES CAYES, HAITI

lipping the language of eternity, the unending laudation of the Blessed Three. She who, a month or so before her death, had playfully remarked that she would not know what to say to God when entering His Kingdom, had been taught by faith the most appropriate of all greetings.

Dear Bonnemaman, smile again as over heavenly parapets you glance down upon our valley of tears; smile upon the Sisters and friends you left at "Charity"; obtain celestial protection for the haven that sheltered your last years on earth. Remember to whisper before the Blessed Trinity the names of the kind benefactors whose generosity keeps our refuge ever opened to the sick and the poor.

A MISSIONARY SISTER, *Les Cayes, Haiti*

The Universal Kingdom

The City of God, His universal Church, can alone be the *patria*, the all-embracing fatherland, which rises above national and sectional divisions and forms a coherent, worldwide kingdom, such as the realms of this world can never do, welding together people of all nations, without, however, interfering with the healthy development of the national life of each. Loyal to their own mode of life, family, civic or national, and their legitimate rulers, they are privileged with membership in a universal kingdom that embraces all nations in a union based upon higher, broader, stronger ideals, to blend and bind all into an intimate and supernatural union one with another throughout all the world.

Archbishop McNally, Halifax



Verbena in Cuba

Once a month a Father of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions visits Aguedita, one of many out-of-the-way priestless parishes of Matanzas Diocese. Thanks to the zealous endeavors of Rev. Father Jean Langlois, P. M. E., a combined school-and-chapel building has gone up, much to the satisfaction of the parishioners. Aguedita's new acquisition was blessed by His Excellency Bishop Martin, of Matanzas, on October 30.

True to missionary tradition, Father Langlois is as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Looking around for means to pay off building and installation expenses, plus the salary of a lay teacher, he decided upon a verbená (the local word for fair), to which he invited the good people of all the neighboring hamlets. Kind Mr. Maticena, the administrator, insisted on taking us to the verbená.

In the early afternoon our party with the four Sisters from Manguito and two from Marti set out in a rustic *carro*, a conveyance with three benches. All along the way we admired the sugar fields stretching as far as the eye could see across red, rolling soil. Magnificent royal palms shade the plantations. This year's harvest gives fair promise of being exceptionally good; some of the plants already measuring twelve or fifteen feet in height will have reached the twenty-one-foot mark in three months' time. Our guide also explained that some plantations consisting of young stalks would yield only in two years' time; while others would be giving their twentieth and final harvest this year. In these latter plantations the canes will be left upon the fields to dry; the soil will then be turned over and new plants set in. Here and there we glimpsed the pale-green foliage of banana trees. A little farther on, large fields of *boniato*, a sort of native potato, flooded the valley. Near the farmhouses huge sheaves of rice stalks had been set out to dry in the sun. Farmers will later thresh the grain in the same primitive fashion of centuries ago.

Upon reaching Aguedita we repaired to the chapel for a short visit before entering the fair grounds. Horses, a good half hundred of them, were tethered to trees all around the premises while their owners enjoyed

themselves at the several booths. In these parts where roads are still future prospects, horses are the most practical means of conveyance. Along the unique railway line came the Los Arabos people to encourage their Aguedita neighbors.

At the verberna we found five small booths, flimsy affairs made up of four poles pitched in the ground and decked with palm leaves and multi-colored paper streamers.

The first booth contained a huge wooden face showing a wide gaping mouth, with a five-dollar bill pinned to the lower lip. Whoever was expert



MR. MATACENA, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH THE MERCEDES COMMUNITY, CUBA.
Left to Right: SISTER ST. ALBAN (MARGUERITE DIONNE, JOLIETTE), SISTER ST. ANDRE (JEANNE OSTIGUY, ACTON VALE), SISTER ST. COLETTE (LUCIENNE CONSTANTIN, MONTREAL), SISTER ANGELE DU SACRE COEUR (DESNEIGES BRAULT, MORINVILLE, ALBERTA), SISTER MARIE CONRAD (YOLANDE MERCIER, THETFORD MINES).

enough to land three balls safely into the yawning gulf would be the winner. We were told, however, that the five-dollar bill invariably remains to be added to the other receipts, no pitcher of the ball being clever enough to drive it in three times in succession.

In the second booth several articles laid on the ground could be won by a lucky throw of a couple of embroidery hoops. Two other booths served for refreshments and the fortune wheel.

In the booth marked five, we found twelve tiny niches arranged in a circle, each bearing a number from one to twelve over its entrance. When tickets had been sold on all of the twelve numbers, a cardboard box lying in the centre was gently lifted and out scurried a startled guinea pig. The number of the niche chosen by the shy little animal as its shelter designated the winner in the odd contest. This once, our obliging guide, Mr. Mata-



SUGAR CANE TRANSPORT, CUBA

cena, won the prize — half a dozen plain drinking glasses — which he immediately transferred into our possession.

As we were nearing the exit, we met a poor leper who extended both his hands as white as snow in a gesture of supplication. Sister Superior spoke a few words of consolation and dropped a miraculous medal into the outstretched palms.

In the neighborhood of the school-chapel, we visited the grim quarters where slaves were formerly herded. A high, forbidding wall ran all around the sombre, rectangular building with a single gate topped with a sentinel's box where a guard formerly kept watch. In the early morning the harsh, clangorous summons of an enormous bell hung nearby called the slaves to work in the plantations. Late in the evening it clashed again compelling them to re-enter their cheerless lodgings. A few negro families still live on in extreme poverty in these dilapidated ruins.

Before going home, we paid another visit to the poor little school-chapel, which is really nothing more than a shack of unpainted wooden planks. Father Langlois, however, is so elated over his worthy undertaking that we had to pretend to be overwhelmed with admiration at his inventive arrangements. The plain wooden benches are fitted with movable boards to be used as desks by the fifty-five pupils who daily attend school, and during the teaching periods the blackboard is pushed in front of the altar to substitute as a screen.

The Aguedita children crowded about us when they saw the Madres. Many were the invitations we had to remain and teach them the three R's.

It was already dark when we reached home at last. Mr. Matacena could not help telling us how happy it made him feel to see the Sisters already so deeply attached to their little Cuban mission. Have we not reason to cherish it, since it is the portion of the vineyard assigned us by the divine Master Himself?

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)

Early in July he went to Cuet to prepare his relatives, and his mother in particular, for a last separation from him. "I have just come from home," he wrote to the same friend. "Thanks be to God, my relatives are well. I talked much to them of the Foreign Missions, but without telling them that I am to go. It would have grieved them too much. But I confided my secret to two priests of the neighborhood and charged them to prepare my people, little by little, for the terrible news of my departure; above all I begged them to console my poor mother.

"You must pardon my having passed through Amberieux without stopping. I was in a hurry to get back to Belley, where my work was clamoring for me.

"Since they deigned to choose me for the missions of Oceania, my heart and soul are always across the sea. It seems to me that I am already in the midst of my dear savages. I think I see them and hear them speak. Oh, that it may not be long before this sweet dream comes true! Father Colin, our superior, thinks that we shall soon receive our faculties. He is doing all in his power to hasten our departure that he may not have to reproach himself with the loss of a single soul. Tears come into his eyes whenever any one speaks to him about the missions. He would gladly go with us, if he could free himself from the chains that bind him to France."

In another letter Father Chanel said, "Would you like to know just where we are going? Take your atlas, double Cape Horn at the southern extremity of America, and go as far as our antipodes. Our mission embraces the whole archipelago between southern New Zealand and the northern Pacific. What a vast field we shall have to cultivate! Why have we not a thousand lives for such an enterprise! How I do long to start! A voice in the bottom of my heart tells me that my true fatherland is the islands that are awaiting us. I am but an exile in France. But do not fear that I shall ever forget my family, my benefactors, or my friends. Pray, oh, pray for me!"

As for Father Chanel himself, he prayed day and night. The nearer came the hour of separation, the more often was he to be found near the Blessed Sacrament. At the close of the school year, August, 1836, he laid aside forever his duties at the preparatory seminary of Belley. "Not one of us," M. Modelon related, "ever forgot the last good-bye of Father Chanel when, faithful to his vocation, he was about to leave France to carry the Gospel to the savages of Oceania. Knowing that he would never

again see his country or his dear children of Belley, after he had said Mass for us for the last time, he held before our eyes a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and prayed, with tears, 'Oh dear Mother, you know how I have loved these children confided to me by your Son. Watch over them, I pray you, when I am gone.' He blessed us, then, and went away. Many of us were weeping too."

CHAPTER IX

Religious Profession and Last Good-Byes

After the boys were gone, Father Chanel suddenly became more grave and thoughtful than usual. The apostolate which he had so long and so ardently desired, whose approach had at first filled his soul with joy, began to appall and frighten him. Face to face with the difficulties and dangers of a mission so far away and among a people so barbarous, he began to wonder if he had not been thoughtlessly carried away by a too ardent enthusiasm, and if he had properly weighed before God the call to so high a vocation. Tortured by such thoughts as these, he went one day to the convent of Bon-Repos, and in asking the superior for the prayers of the community he could not refrain from telling her of his fears and anguish of mind. "Ah, Father," the holy religious replied, "What a tremendous grace God is giving you in sending you to Oceania! Would you let slip from your hands the palm of the apostolate, perhaps even of martyrdom! Will you be one of those who are afraid to sacrifice their ease and comfort, when there is question of the glory of God! Go, courageously and confidently! You may count on our prayers; we hope to be remembered in yours." Her words were a flash of light for Father Chanel. The darkness which had fallen upon his soul was dissipated instantly, and he knew himself to be so strongly confirmed in his vocation that nothing could ever again unsettle him. He told a friend in Amberieux of the trial through which he had passed, and asked her to unite with him in thanking the Blessed Virgin for the victory gained.

Some of his friends tried more than once to shake his resolution. They praised his zeal, but insisted that to exercise it, it was unnecessary to go to the antipodes while there remained thousands of souls in France to be converted, and they told him that his frail health could not withstand the fatigue of so long a journey. To all their objections Father Chanel replied only that he had thought much, had asked the advice of wise and holy men, and had weighed the matter before God.

Father Bernard, the friend and relative whom he had visited at Ferney, wrote long afterwards, "I will not conceal the fact that because I loved P  ter Chanel so much, I did all that I could to keep him from going to Oceania. He paid no heed to my objections, but answered smilingly, 'My dear friend, all you are saying goes in one ear and out the other.' But when I embraced him for the last time, I saw tears in his eyes. He had such a loving heart!

"I wrote to him while he was at Havre, begging his pardon for having raised so many difficulties on the subject of his vocation. He replied, 'You speak of something that is weighing heavy on your heart, but which did not even touch mine. Dear friend, do not think any more of the little gibes you gave me before I left. They did not lessen in the least my deep affection for you.' The letter closed with these words, 'Good-bye until we meet in heaven, or in Polynesia.'"

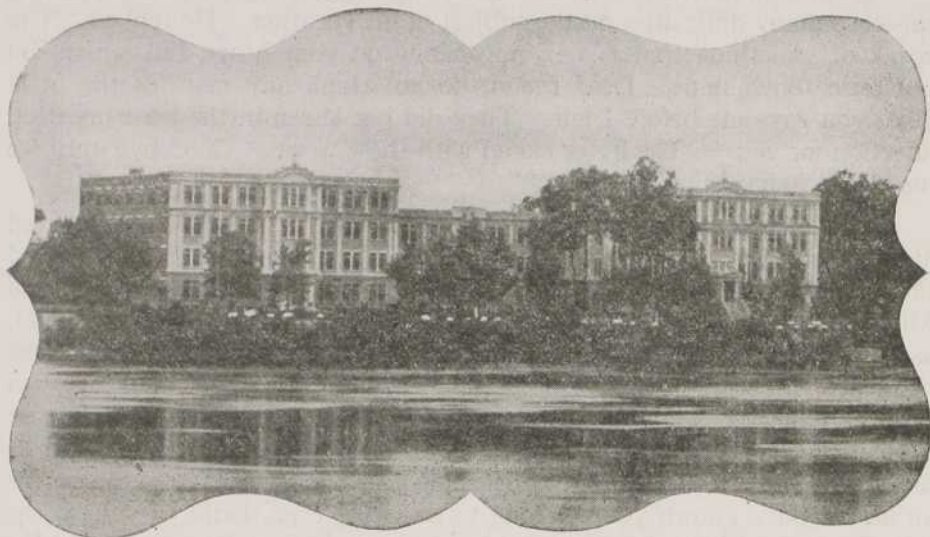
In the middle of September the members of the Society of Mary gathered at Belley to make their retreat under the direction of Bishops Devie and Pompallier. At the close of the exercises, on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, the priests of the Society canonically elected their superior general, as they had been directed by the brief of approbation. Father Colin was chosen. The election made, all pronounced their three religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. No one was more eager than Father Chane! thus to bind himself forever. Father Bourdin, having confided to him that he hesitated, Father Chane! said earnestly, "Dear friend, do not be afraid. I have known you too long to have the least doubt of your vocation." And without further trouble of mind, Father Bourdin made his vows.

To obtain strength for his own soul and the blessing of God upon his mission, Father Chane! prayed even more fervently than usual during these last days in France, and he begged prayers on all sides. Prayer, he said, was his principal preparation for the journey. He had printed and distributed far and wide little pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which bore this inscription: "Through thy intercession, O Mary, may the Saviour of men become known and adored over all the earth." He asked teachers and fathers of families to teach this invocation to their children. For his part, he promised to pray for all who helped his apostolate and to recommend them to the gratitude of his future converts.

When he went to say good-bye to Bishop Devie, the holy old man received him sadly but with utmost kindness. "So you are going to leave us, my child!" he said. "At last you see fulfilled the desire which has consumed your soul for so many years. Need I tell you that your leaving me is the first sorrow you have ever caused me? However, I rejoice, because I cannot doubt that you are obeying the will of God. It is He who is calling you hence. More than once I was obliged to grieve you by opposing your departure for the New World; but I delayed the beginning of your missionary work only that I might be certain of the reality of a vocation far out of the ordinary. It is well that you have been prepared by the exercise of your sacred ministry. Providence did even more for you. It has made you a religious. The course which you are entering is beautiful, but difficult; you must expect constant privation and much fatigue. But courage! The Blessed Virgin loves you with a very special love; she will support you, console you, and make you triumph over difficulties. Goodbye, now; let me give you my blessing for the last time." And Bishop Devie blessed him with tears.

(To be continued)

Novitiate Notes



SIR PENCIL AND MADAM PEN

The Junior Novice Sister picked up her Waterman's Ideal and wrote two little words that said a heartfelt. "Dear Mom —"

But that was as far as she got that afternoon. Just as she was pulling the last downward stroke of the letter "m," a smile appeared in the doorway and the owner of it pleasantly said, "Visitors for you, Sister."

Dad and Mom of course. It couldn't be anybody else. Junior Novice Sister Louise screwed on the cap of her Waterman's, shot a scrutinizing glance at her wimple, and made for the parlor. Visitors were a genuine surprise this Sunday for a little novitiate lady who had been expecting nobody before Christmas, and Christmas was still — well, much too far ahead in the great to be for anyone to begin figuring how many more shopping days might be left.

Sister had no sooner shut the door behind her — gently, as Reverend Mother Mistress had bidden — than someone in the room started the conversational ball rolling. And who should that someone be but Sir Pencil reclining on the desk!

"Feels grand to see the sun again," drawled he. "You'd think we were born to live in a perpetual blackout. This Lady Louise doesn't have recourse to me often enough. I gather she doesn't know my royal motto is *Service*."

"Indeed, noble Sir," shrilled Madam Pen, "service is our specialty, but in season, be ye pleased to note, not out of season. Just try running around this convent from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and you'll see how soon you'll be laid up with rheumatism or something worse!"

"Polite way of saying I shouldn't be indulging in self-pity," Sir Pencil smiled whimsically, looking up at the ceiling because the ceiling is the most convenient place to look up at when one lies flat on one's back. "But, honestly, I do like it here. Everything is so quiet and prayerful. And don't the little nuns in the making sing superbly?"

"They do," agreed Madam Pen. "These two years will be the happiest of my life."

Sir Pencil cleared his throat and hmmmnd delightedly. "Remember that June day back in 1943 with the pupils a-singing 'no more sitting on a hardwood bench?' Weren't we beauties in our brand-new outfit?"

"And the priest gave us to Miss Dennis," reminisced Madam Pen happily. "Was she ever proud! Examined us with as much enthusiasm as Columbus sighting America. Showed us to all the parish."

"It was meet and just, Madam. A bit of pleasure before a lot of pain. Oh, that class of thirty-seven! Did we ever work for them! Thirty-seven names to write here, there, and everywhere. Report cards, classwork, exams, corrections. Awfully busy, that's what we were."

"And how many times Miss Dennis just flopped down on the little couch at night and allowed herself a good cry. As O. Henry would put it, her life was made up of 'sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.'"

"Hrmmph!" interjected Sir Pencil. "Troubles and headaches by the dozen. Teacher was so depressed and her nerves were always on edge."

"She was so lonesome too, poor thing. How many times I saw suspicious moisture in her brown eyes."

"Some days were like big slices of eternity," mused Sir Pencil bleakly. "It seemed as if the whole world had caved in on her. Those were the days when I scrawled bitter words in her diary."

"But that's all over now," smiled Madam Pen. "Remember when the missionary Sister intruded like a rainbow on a rainy day? That gave Miss Dennis a push — enough heart to finish the year."

"A hard year it was," Sir Pencil knit his eyebrows. "Holidays were never so welcome!"

"And what holidays!"

"I was sick of all her knickknacks and cosmetics cluttering the place."

"A disgusting social life we had," commented Madam Pen. "Popularity had turned her head. I was bored to death. The weeks were just dragging along like snails. Remember that afternoon she stole into her room tears coursing unashamedly down her cheeks? She had a face that reminded you of the Four Last Things."

"Quite different is her Gaudete Sunday smile now. You know, Madam, she's been like that ever since you wrote to ask her admission into the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. You'd think she had a songbird in her throat."

"I knew all along that she was going to be a nun," asserted Madam Pen.

"Feminine intuition?" grinned her companion. "Yes, I did write lovely things in her diary, come to think of it. And our days were just tumbling along in sunny peacefulness, if you have no objection to my poetically speaking."

Madam Pen laughed. "None at all. Came August and we all entered the convent. Teacher, Sir, and Madam. I was thrilled to write a reassuring don't-you-worry-over-me letter to her dad and mom from the little postulant."

"And here we are dedicated to a great cause. Helping Sister store up religious and scientific knowledge that will serve her in good stead on the missions."

"Yes, it's grand to be alive in Our Lady's House. House of Happiness is what I call it."

"It's beyond me, though, how those girls can be happy every moment of every day. You never see a long face."

"Oh," replied Madam Pen knowingly, "it's love that gives fineness to their young lives, and it's faith that keeps their hearts in the outskirts of Heaven. I'm just dying to sign her compact with Christ."

"And I'm hoping my novitiate will culminate in an assignment to the foreign missions."

"May Heaven hear us! But ssssh! Cometh now the Bride-to-be, God's very own!"

* * *

Wholly unaware that she had been the topic of conversation, Sister Louise tucked pencil and pen into their box, and —

Vesper bell! *Deus in adiutorium meum* . . . Aye, little Novice, cometh He now to your aid!

Adventures of a Cat



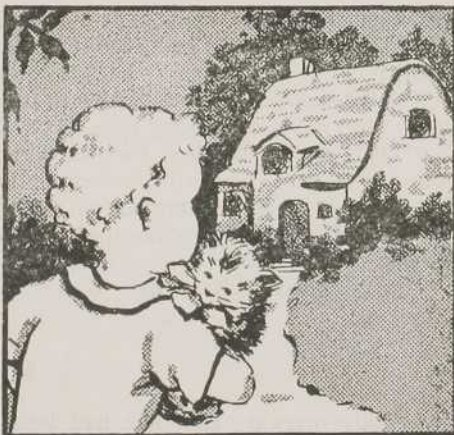
Ron felt very sorry about his theft. He wondered what would be the best way to return Whiskers to its owner.



Luckily he had a lovable grannie for whom he had no secrets. She would surely know what to do about the stolen kitten.



"Now, Ronnie, you must drop Whiskers on Marion's doorstep this very minute. I don't want my grandson to be a thief."



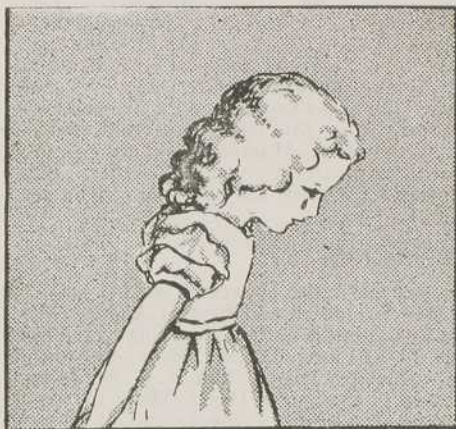
It was still early morning and Marion was probably in bed yet. Poor Ron, he hadn't slept much last night!



"I'll put Whiskers on the stone step here," said the boy to himself. "They'll surely see it when they open the door."



Poor Marion! She had tried to explain how her kitten had suddenly disappeared. But it was time to close the box,



and Mother wondered whether Marion had not hidden Whiskers. Mummie didn't like make-believe sacrifices at all!



Marion had prayed very hard. It hurt to give her kitten; but it hurt much more to be suspected by your mummie!



The next morning Marion ran out to meet the postman. Imagine her surprise when her foot almost stepped on Whiskers!



"Risen from the dead?" she asked. "You're too late now for the box, but you'll leave by plane." And Whiskers left for China....



Glories of Mary

I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for favors received and would you kindly make a novena for three very special intentions. Mrs. L., **Montreal**. — Please publish my heartfelt thanks for a favor received. I hope Our Blessed Mother will keep on protecting us. Anonymous. — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. G. C., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for the cure of a continual headache. Mrs. A. L., **Chicoutimi**. — I wish to fulfill a promise made to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Anonymous. — Please publish my heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Fatima for a great favor obtained through her intercession. A subscriber. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. J. M. B., **Rosemont**. — I have obtained several favors. Anonymous, **Rimouski**. — Sincere thanks to Our Lady of Fatima for a favor obtained through her intercession. A Subscriber. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor obtained through Our Lady of the Holy Ghost. Mrs. R. D. — Please help me thank Our Lady for all her kindnesses. Mrs. L. O., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. L. — Our Blessed Mother has obtained a great favor for me. P. L., **Montreal**. — I am coming to thank our dear Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. D. L., **Newton Falls, N. Y.** — Please publish my thanks for a favor received. Mrs. R. T., **St. Octave**. — A thousand thanks for favors received. R. P., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for a great favor I have received. C. P. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, my husband has found employment. I am also asking a position for my son. Mrs. W. L., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Best thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. H. L., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. I am asking Our Blessed Mother to protect my young daughter. Mrs. E. L. — Sincere thanks to our dear heavenly Mother for a favor she has obtained for me. May that tender Mother keep on protecting me. G. L.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

I have obtained a favor through the intercession of the Little Flower of Jesus. J. O'D., **Westmount**. — I have obtained a favor through good St. Joseph and Brother Andre. Mrs. P., **Jewett City, Conn.** — Thanks to St. Jude for a favor obtained after promising to publish. May he keep on protecting me. A. M., **Chicago, Ill.** — I prayed to St. Jude when I was in an accident and he obtained my cure; I thank him with all my heart. Mrs. A. A., **St. Joseph de Sorel**. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of the Sacred Heart, Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and St. Anthony. Mrs. A. G., **Outremont**. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony for favors received. Mrs. P. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude for having settled an important matter for us. M. C. D., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother, Good Saint Anne, and the Souls in Purgatory for a favor received. Z. L. — Thanks to Our Immaculate Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for their protection. Mrs. M., **St. Basile le Grand**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese of Lisieux. Mrs. O., **St. Hyacinthe**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. H. L., **Lauson West**. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Gerard for a favor received through their intercession. Mrs. R. H., **L'Epiphanie**. — Please publish my thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and Saint Anne, for a favor received. A subscriber.

CHD

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.



Petitions to Mary

Will you please pray that I may get a home. A. L., **Montreal**. — Please pray for favors requested. G. R., **Montreal**. — Please place my petition for a home in all your prayers. B. P., **Montreal**. — Please have a votive light burn two weeks for two special intentions. Mrs. C. MacL., **Westmount**. — Please say a prayer for us as we are not in the best of health and very poor also. Mrs. J. P. — Would you please keep on praying for my important favor and make a novena. Miss E. G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray for my vocation. Miss G. K., **Millinocket, Maine**. — Will you please make a novena so things will change for my family. Mrs. M. J., **Rumford, Maine**. — Please have a novena offered for a great favor I am asking of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. B., **Skowhegan, Maine**. — Would you please remember a special intention of mine in your prayers. Mr. W. McK., **Blackstone, Mass.** — Please pray for friends. Mrs. D., **Norwalk, Conn.** — Please pray for my children and also for myself and my son who is in Japan. May Our Blessed Mother spare him from all danger and also from all sin. Mrs. L. D., **Milwaukee, Wisconsin**. — Please pray to Mary for general improvement of health. Mrs. M. L. — Will you kindly pray for a successful operation. Anonymous. — Please pray for a cure. Mrs. D. L., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Please pray for the cure of my husband, who has undergone two operations. A subscriber. — I have been suffering from a severe earache for several years. Please pray for my cure. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — May I ask you to make a novena to Our Blessed Mother that I may obtain a special favor and recovery

from a nervous breakdown. Anonymous. — Please pray that my husband and son will get along well together; also that my son may find suitable employment. A subscriber. — Will you kindly offer a novena to Our Lady of Fatima for my father's complete recovery or at least improvement in his physical condition. G. F. — Please pray for my sister's recovery. A subscriber. — Please remember in your prayers to ask Our Blessed Mother to find employment for my husband and two sons. Mrs. J. J. — I am asking Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts, to cure a mentally ill person. Anonymous. — Kindly pray for my son who has been neglecting the Sacraments; also for my cure from a nervous disease. A subscriber. — Please pray for my son, who has been neglecting his religion and has taken the habit of drinking liquor; also that a person may be cured without an operation. Anonymous. — I am to undergo an operation for the spinal column. Will you please pray that I may recover before too long. Mrs. J. St. P. — Please implore Our Lady of Fatima to guide me in the choice of a vocation. G. F. — Please say a prayer for my elderly parents and for my health. Anonymous. — Please pray for the conversion of a poor soul that has lost all faith. Anonymous. — Please pray that my husband may be cured without an operation; prayers also for the return of an adopted son. A subscriber. — Will you kindly pray for the conversion of my son. A confident subscriber. — Please pray for my son's cure. M. N. R. — Please pray for the cure of a nervous breakdown that keeps me from work. O. L. — I am asking Our Lady to protect my family, especially my young student boy, whose health is very delicate. Anonymous. — Please pray for my sister, who is dangerously ill. Anonymous.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please pray to Our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that a friend may come back to his faith, also make a novena for a special favor. A subscriber. — Please pray with us that Our Blessed Mother will hear us and that the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus will have mercy on me. Mrs. S., **Porcupine, Ont.** — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for my sister and for my husband that he may obtain a good, permanent position. A Petitioner. — Will you please have a mass said in honor of Our Blessed Mother for the souls of Purgatory, that my husband's hands may be cured. Mrs. J. A., **Waltham, Mass.** — Please pray to Brother Andre for me and with me. I have a severe case of nerves. I have great faith in Brother Andre. Mrs. P., **Jewett City, Conn.** — I am asking my cure of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and Good Saint Anne, that I may be able to bring up my seven children. Mrs. R. — Please make a novena to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and to St. Joseph for two favors I need. A subscriber. — I am soliciting a favor through the Blessed Lady and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. J. L.

Readers will kindly remember the following intentions in their prayers: vocations, 2; conversions, 8; cures, 32; positions, 9; special intentions, 50.

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.

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Father Albert Crevier, C. S. C., **St. Laurent**, brother of our Sister Marie de **St. Georges**; Rev. Father Bernard Bisson, S. J., **Chicoutimi**; Rev. Father Alphonse Forget, **St. Johns**; Rev. Father Eugene Mathieu, **Quebec**; Rev. Father A. Chouinard, **Levis**; Mr. Alfred Barton, **Marlboro, Mass.**, father of Mother **St. Alfred**, **Bursar**; Mr. Camille Bigras, **St. Dorothee**, father of our Sister **St. Paul de Rome**; Mr. Ulric Preville, **St. Alphonse, Joliette County**, father of our Sister **St. Clemence**; Mrs. Theodore Gadoury, **St. Elizabeth**, mother of our Sister **Marie Theodore**; Mr. James Cyr, **St. Michel de Squatteck**, father of our Sister **St. Paul de la Croix**; Mrs. Philippe Bernier, **East Angus**, mother of our Sister **Philippe du Sauveur**; Mrs. Raoul Sabourin, **Tres Saint Redempteur, Vaudreuil County**, mother of our Sister **St. Leonard de Port Maurice**; Mrs. Joseph Blais, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister **Madeleine de la Passion**; Mrs. J. O. Dumas, **St. Anselme, Dorchester County**, mother of our Sister **Bernadette de France**; Mr. Wilfrid Metivier, **Buckland, Bellechasse County**, father of our Sister **Marie de Sion**; Mr. Frederic Lavallee, **Headingley, Manitoba**, brother of Mother du **St. Coeur de Marie**, councillor; Mr. Joseph Perras, **St. Catherine de Laprairie**, grandfather of our Sister **Aimee de Jesus**; Mrs. J. McKeown, Mrs. Kearns, **Montreal**; Mrs. Bridgit Bartlett, Mr. William Casey, **Verdun**; Mr. Edgar George Hodgson, **St. Eustache sur le Lac**; Mrs. Albert Plante, Mr. Stanislaus Beauvais, Mr. William Gagne, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Henry Roy, Mrs. Eva Labossiere, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Arthur Mullins, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Arthur Lavallee, **Quebec**; Mrs. Isidore Corriveau, **Bedford**; Mr. J. A. Robillard, Mr. Mercier-Fauteux, Mrs. Gustave Beaudoin, Mrs. Ovila Sauvage, Mrs. Albert Grenier, Mrs. Odilon Malepart, Mrs. Gaston Meloche, Mrs. M. Papineau-Couture, Mrs. Achille Henley, Mr. Theophile Lamy, Miss Marguerite L'Heureux, Mr. Narcisse Francoeur, Mrs. Rodolphe Houle, Mr. Alex. Perrier, Mrs. Garcia Forcioni, Mr. Samuel Chevrier, Mr. J. B. Gagnon, Mrs. Elie Guimond, Mr. Leopold Grandchamp, Mr. Eug. Lacroix, Mr. E. Gosselin, Mrs. J. Parizeau, Mrs. J. Beauvais, Mr. D. Butler, Mr. E. Thibodeau, Mr. F. Martial, Mr. P. St. Pierre, Mr. G. Daniel, Miss Y. Obomsawin, Miss L. Obomsawin, Miss Marie Rocher, Mr. Rene Chenevert, Mr. A. Duverger, Mrs. J. Leger, Mr. J. Daniel, Mrs. J. A. Boisseau, Mr. A. Robidoux, Mr. J. Quesnel, Mrs. J. D. Roy, Mrs. C. M. Casgrain, **Montreal**; Mr. Alfred Derome, **Beaconsfield**; Mrs. A. Poirier, **Ahuntsic**; Mr. F. Vinette, Mrs. W. L. Chaput, Mrs. Henri Laferriere, Mr. A. Pilon, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Ad. Hemond, Mr. Henri Delisle, Mr. A. Perrier, **Verdun**; Mrs. P. M. Michaud-Dufresne, **Outremont**; Mr. J. Corbeil, **Cartierville**; Mr. L. Viger, **Sault au Recollet**; Mr. Leo Rochon, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mrs. E. Lamarche, Mr. R. Legendre, Mrs. T. Goyer, **Riviere des Prairies**; Mrs. H. Quintal, **L'Assomption**; Mrs. Lin Grand'Mont, **Lachenaie**; Mrs. L. Cousineau, Mr. J. Tremblay, **St. Rose**; Mrs. P. Lajeunesse, **Chambly Bassin**; Miss A. Labrosse, **Oka**; Mr. Ernest Perreault, **St. Lambert**; Mr. G. Cormier, **St. Antoine**; Mrs. F. Bisson, **St. Remi de Napierville**; Mr. X. Perreault, **St. Hubert**; Mrs. P. Desrosiers, **St. Genevieve**; Mrs. A. Senecal, **St. Johns**; Mr. L. Tellier, **St. Melanie**; Miss G. Hamelin, **St. Jacques**; Mrs. W. Ayotte, **St. Barthelemy**; Miss M. C. Lalonde, **Valleyfield**; Mr. C. Provost, **St. Timothee**; Mr. T. Fontaine, Miss N. Ethier, **St. Theodore d'Acton**; Mr. F. X. Dufresne, Mr. Fernand Martin, Mrs. F. Duplessis, Mr. B. Beaulieu, Mrs. Gaston Francoeur, **Three Rivers**; Mr. L. Desilets, **St. Maurice**; Mr. A. Vallee, **Godbout**; Mrs. E. Villemure, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mr. D. Noel, Miss E. Germain, Mr. F. X. Ouellette, **Quebec**; Miss A. Alain, **Ancienne Lorette**; Mr. C. E. Paquet, **Pont Rouge**; Mrs. A. Castonguay, **St. Pamphile**; Mr. A. Morin, **Winthrop, Me.**

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A Cardinal Newman Gem

The cause of Christ seems to lie in death agony and yet, never did Christ stride over the earth more mightily, never was His coming more evident, never His presence felt more tangibly, never was His service more precious than now. Therefore let us pray in these moments of the eternal, between storm and storm: "O God, Thou canst illuminate the darkness, Thou alone."

Cardinal Newman



You Can Remake the World

MY DEAR YOUNG GIRL,

Suppose for a moment that you could be anyone in this wide world, who would you prefer to be? Would you be another Princess Elizabeth? Or a Madame Curie? Probably a St. Frances Cabrini of too-small-a-world fame? Or maybe a St. Therese unpetalling roses upon her crucifix?

Questions of the kind lead us nowhere, though, for stepping into another's boots has never been done and never will be. Yet the very same query is put to thousands of life-loving girls like you with a glorious future ahead of them. God Himself asks the question, and though He is usually so patient and unhurried in getting answers, for this one He simply cannot wait and gives it Himself. "What are you going to be, My girl? You're going to be another . . . no, not a Princess Elizabeth . . . no, not even another Mother Cabrini. I have bigger and better designs upon you. I want you to be *another Mary*."

Yes, my dear young girl, that's how inspiring and noble and thrilling the religious vocation is. What is it, when all's said and done, if not a personal invitation from the Lord of Heaven to become another Mary, a "double" for the Mother of God? You know what a double is; Hollywood has told you all about that. Let Christ the Great Director tell you something too. For Christ, whether you know it or not, is so keen on doubles that He hardly ever meets a girl without looking her straight in the eyes and asking, "Well, what are *you* going to be? Do you want to take My Mother's place in the great Drama of the Redeeming? Do you want to reproduce in your daily life the model that was given you in Nazareth? Do you want to change the face of the earth?"



Sister Brings Salvation



I remember having read a Sister's beautiful answer to the query that was put to her, "What country do you belong to?" Sister struck the correct religious note when she replied, "To no country in particular. I belong to the world." Christ must expect a similar world vision from His Brides, since to all of them He gave it in the person of His Mother, to whom He said one far-off Friday, "Behold thy son." To every girl who wants to consecrate her all to Him, Christ shows the millions of mankind, and says, "Woman, behold thy sons. If you take Me, you have to take them. They are members, actual or potential, of My Mystical Body."

What Mary of Nazareth did for the Physical Christ from the stable to the mount, that our Sisters are called to do for the members of the Mystical Christ from the cradle to the grave.

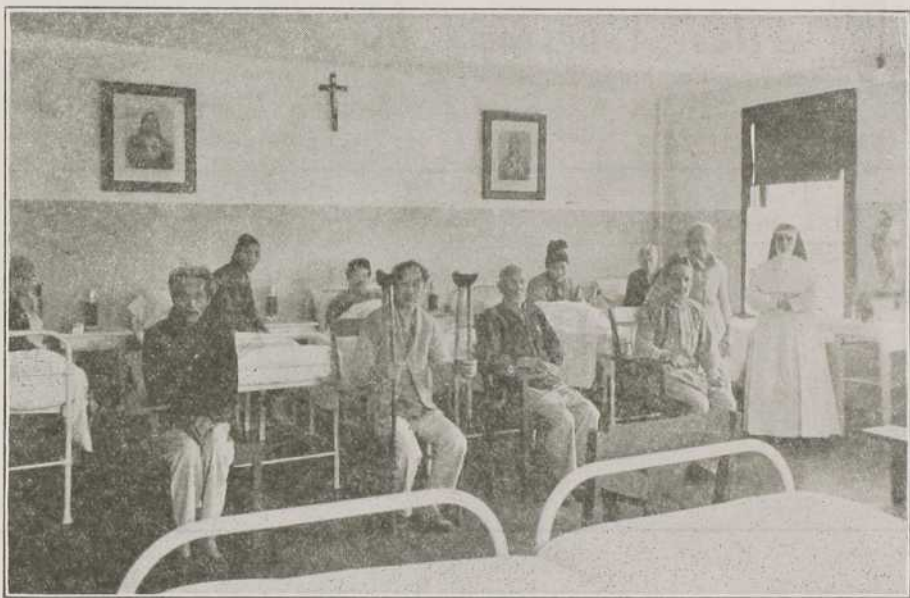
Modern Marys we have in our nurseries, orphanages, schools, foundling homes, asylums, and hospitals, wherever good is to be done and a helping hand extended. Because there was a Mary once by a Crib and by a Cross, today there are thousands of angels of mercy attending birth and death, leaning over cribs and watching beside crosses — the beds of the dying. The jangle of rosary beads by a nun's side and the glow of a crucifix upon a nun's breast have given hope to faltering hearts, have prepared the way for God's saving grace. Cornette and wimple have become symbols of charity and consolation.

To Sisters on the apostolic field, whose mission assignment is very much suggestive of an Annunciation Day, is reserved the lofty privilege of doubling for Mary in the mystery of her Visitation. For them it is always Visitation morn as over the hills of heathendom they hurry, bearers of Mary's Child, monstres of the Lord, striving to make Christ so visible that the pagan world will be unable not to see Him. Priestesses of God they are, whose monstres is a smiling face, whose sermon the beauty of a guileless life.

My dear young girl, Christ would never put out invitations to right and left if substitutes for His Mother were not needed. But the fact is that they are needed, desperately so! The world in which we live, for all it puts on a bold, sophisticated, daredevil front, is only a poor little frightened child lost in the night and crying for its mother. Will you help the world find its mother? Will you accept your role as a double for Mary? Will you be a monstres for Mary, as you may want to be for Christ her Son? You with a brand-new life to spend as you choose; you with all the wonderful

gifts of heart and mind which the Lord has given you; you who stand hesitating between the bliss of natural motherhood and the beatitude of spiritual maternity — you, yes you, lift up your eyes and behold your sons. Will you be a mother to them and so unmistakably Mary-like in everything that through you they will be led to her? The ecstatic joy of spiritual motherhood is yours for the taking. Will you take it? If you won't, and if hundreds of other girls won't, the world may never find its mother.

Are we proposing a hopelessly impossible thing? Honestly, though doubling for the Mystical Rose does not connote any rosy path to tread along and the absence of every semblance of a thorn, the life of a religious is not so hard as might be expected. One might say it is pretty much like a stained-glass window, from the outside dull, prosaic, toneless, but from the inside a glorious harmony of beauty and color. One thing we believe true, namely, that all the stained-glass windows of the world are more beautiful than was thought when seen from the outside. Besides, for all the things a Sister has to miss — and half of them she really didn't want anyway — there are wonderful compensations. If she can say like



Christian Charity in Action

the convert who entered a monastery, "Christ promised the hundredfold and I wanted to get as much as I could," she will be ready to call that an understatement and prefer to speak about a thousandfold.

So, my dear young girl, you see how the world is waiting for *Fiats*. How about saying yes and doubling for the handmaid of the Lord? For all its millions this world of ours is really a poor world in need of many things; but just what do you think it needs more than other Marys? If you are interested, all the novitiates of the world will be glad to hear from you.

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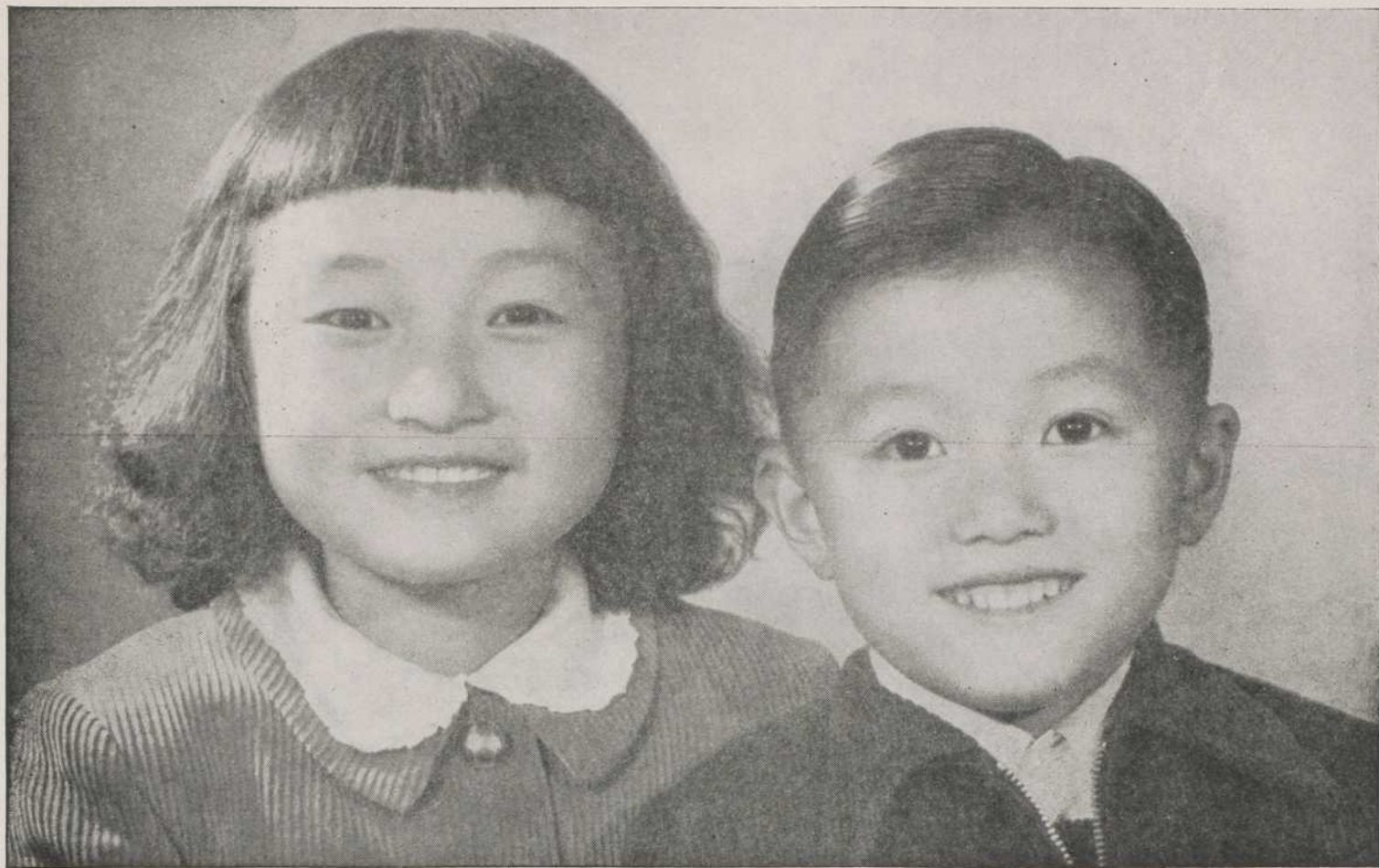
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