

# *The Precursor*



## ***Missionary Sisters Make Friends Easily***

*A Photo From Canton Orphanage, China,  
Shows Sister Agathe de Jesus (Gabrielle Morisset, Quebec)  
With Two Chinese Proofs of the Fact*

# The Precursor

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

\$1.00 a year  
\$20.00 for life

Subscriptions begin  
with the January issue.

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

VOL. XVII

MONTREAL, September - October 1950

No. 11

## IN THIS ISSUE

|                                                      |                                  |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----|
| October Rosary (Poem) . . . . .                      | M.S.I.C.                         | 615 |
| Challenge to Mothers. . . . .                        | The Ensign                       | 616 |
| Mary, Queen of Peace. . . . .                        | Most Rev. Henri Pinson           | 617 |
| African Pilgrims at Rome. . . . .                    | Adapted From Fides               | 621 |
| Closed Retreats in the United States. . . . .        |                                  | 622 |
| Blessings in Disguise. . . . .                       |                                  | 625 |
| The Holy Father's Mission Intention. . . . .         | Most Rev. T. J. McDonnell, D.D.  | 628 |
| Holy Year Activities at St. Joseph's School. . . . . |                                  | 629 |
| How to Make Someone Happy. . . . .                   |                                  | 634 |
| The Living Rosary . . . . .                          | The Eastern Messenger            | 635 |
| Not Very Far From Home. . . . .                      | Sister Joseph Arthur, M.I.C.     | 636 |
| Our Lady Visits Marti. . . . .                       | Sister St. Veronique, M.I.C.     | 641 |
| Marriage Without a Bridegroom. . . . .               | A Missionary Sister              | 644 |
| Only Children Can Save Cuba. . . . .                 |                                  | 648 |
| Mary Josephine Goes Home. . . . .                    | Sister St. Leon le Grand, M.I.C. | 653 |
| The Frontiers of Faith . . . . .                     | M. in Anno Santo                 | 655 |
| Chinese Girl's Conversion. . . . .                   | Sophia Huang, Shameen, China     | 656 |
| Our Sisters Write. . . . .                           |                                  | 658 |
| The Christopher Page. . . . .                        |                                  | 659 |
| Children's Week. . . . .                             |                                  | 660 |
| A Great Prince. . . . .                              | The Universe                     | 664 |
| The Martyr of Futuna. . . . .                        | Florence Gilmore                 | 665 |
| Novitiate Doings. . . . .                            |                                  | 668 |
| The Questions They Always Ask. . . . .               | A Missionary Sister              | 671 |
| Glories of Mary. . . . .                             |                                  | 674 |
| Petitions to Mary. . . . .                           |                                  | 675 |
| Our Dear Departed. . . . .                           |                                  | 676 |



## October Rosary

*No roses here  
To weave a chaplet till another year.  
Leaves yet untouched is what I'm seeking after  
To tell her joys — her Laddie's ringing laughter,  
The merry times He laughed and romped and played,  
The Temple where He stayed.*

*Most leaves are red  
Now Autumn's on and forest veins are bled,  
Red like the blood in Olive Garden spattered,  
From Sacred Feet at Mary's side once pattered,  
From Little Hands caressing Mother's face  
One Friday nailed in place.*

*These leaves are gold  
To tell what bliss her Easter moments hold.  
Gift from on high, the death of love, in glory  
A crown for her to close the old, old story  
Of living happy ever, evermore  
With Him the Saints adore.*

# CHALLENGE

## TO MOTHERS

*A million mothers are receiving a challenge in the next few weeks that will not only affect the happiness of their own Canadian homes, but could have a lot to do with the larger issue of peace in the world. The challenge is the Family Rosary Crusade to be launched in September in Eastern Canada. Those families in the rest of Canada who now say the Rosary daily can echo the conviction of screen star Loretta Young who recently wrote: "I first met its director, Father Patrick Peyton, in the Summer of 1945. I remember the day well — with my two-weeks-old son, Peter, lying in my arms, I heard a promise that appealed to me as it must appeal to every mother. It was a guarantee of God's constant blessing and protection upon my family if we faithfully recited Our Lady's Rosary every day. I believed Father Peyton, because the things he told me only bore out what I had already learned for myself. Without the spirit of faith — without the love of God and neighbor — without the sense of union with the Divine which comes through prayer — without all these things, every life is empty, aimless, meaningless. We who are privileged to bring children into the world have no right to neglect their spiritual training. We must teach them, help them, guide them — by our words and, above all, by our example. If we want our children to recognize the value of prayer, we ourselves must actually pray, before them, with them."*

*"The Ensign"*



### *Power Stations*

How silent and unostentatious are those wires that are strung from pole to pole along our countryside. Yet they carry to our homes, to our cities, to our factories, light, heat and power.

Our silent prayers are like those wires; they carry throughout the Church the light of Faith, the heat of love and the very power of God. No one will ever know the value of a fervent prayer said for the missionary work of the Church.

A nun in her silent cloister; a child kneeling by his mother; a good Catholic girl saying her Rosary; a priest at the holy altar . . . and their prayers like electric wires reach out to the distant mission fields. And in missionary work it is the spiritual element that counts!

*The Field at Home*



## Mary

### Queen of Peace

So great is the love of the Christian world for the Blessed Virgin Mary that century after century has coined the most tender and delightful titles to express its veneration and joy, its distress and confidence, and to glorify in every possible manner the Woman blessed among all who was chosen to become Mother of God and Queen of Heaven.

The innumerable blue points on the map of France indicating pilgrimages where Mary is proudly called by the local name are so close to one another as to form an unbroken tapestry of azure beauty. The sick and the weak, the afflicted and the hopeless, prisoners and the blind, mothers and their children — all, and sinners not excepted — have their direct thread linking them to the Common Mother of mankind, the Mother who heeds the pleas of universal suffering, the Mother who dispenses every grace and obtains forgiveness for all. How true is it that the first impulse we poor mortals feel is to have recourse to the Woman who once walked our human ways and knows all the needs of her children!

In the litany of titles which devout souls address to Mary, "Our Lady of Peace" occupies a very special position. It must not be considered as a metaphor sprung from the heart of a Christian poet, neither as the spontaneous find of a soul keeping tryst with sorrow, nor yet as the supplication of a modern world in confusion and turmoil. This title is in brief the enunciation of a theological thesis. It explains one of the essential functions of the divine maternity; namely, the reconciliation of Heaven and earth in her Son. Hence it seems most opportune that we extract from this title and place in bold relief a changeless truth contained therein, and which is, the fundamental role that the Annunciation proposed to Mary in the mystery of salvation. According to the message of the Archangel, she was to conceive, through the power of the Most High that would overshadow her, the Holy One who would be in very truth the Son of God.

Mary gave her consent to the Incarnation. The voluntary and total acceptance of this daughter of Israel, bringing her as it did into the great Drama of the Redemption, marked a climax in human history. Mary made no error. When she acknowledged the humility of the handmaid of the Lord, she knew full well that all generations would call her blessed. With prophetic vision she beheld the great things that the Mighty had done to her, and the social revolution that would convulse mankind until all should have attained to the primary purpose of creation, which is to pacify all things in Christ Jesus.

His mercy is from generation unto generations,  
to them that fear him.  
He hath shewed might in his arm:  
He hath scattered the proud  
in the conceit of their heart.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seat,  
and hath exalted the humble.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things;  
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

As far as Mary was concerned, this revolution was already accomplished, for she bore in her womb a Son, the Prince of Peace. In speaking her *fiat* to the messenger of God, had she not re-established peace with Heaven? In accepting the divine motherhood, had she not established peace among men, of whom she would be in labor until divine grace be strong in them? By the fact that she consented to the operation of the Holy Ghost within her and gave mankind a Savior, may we not say that predestined souls have been born with Him?

Nevertheless, her mission is not fully accomplished; it will continue as long as there are men dwelling upon the surface of the earth. The human race has beyond all doubt been redeemed, but it remains within the liberty of each soul to enter of its own free will into this economy that will effect its salvation. Unlike Christ, Head of humanity and by nature its Savior, having united in His person both human and divine natures, the members of His Body are saved only if such be their will; and here it is that their Immaculate Mother must bring them forth again. The *fiat* which she spoke to this end must be the type of their own acceptations of the divine plan, the very plan of God which Mary inaugurated in uniting creatures to her divine Son, in the oblation of her virginal flesh to the action of the Love of the Father.

Thenceforth, the sons of Mary will in their turn have to consent to the unification of all men in Christ. They will be obedient subjects of the Queen of Peace inasmuch as they will, after her example, offer their renunciations, humiliations, and sufferings to this end that all mankind be one in charity. They will share in the painful but indispensable birth of humanity to divine life and will produce a new earth, an anticipation of Heaven if we may so speak, in which Mary, always and everywhere Queen of Peace, will triumph in the achievement of peace between God and men.

This role which the Blessed Virgin Mary accepted to fulfill on Annunciation Day she continues to fulfill down the centuries in associating the Church in her action and in her sufferings. Always and everywhere she strives to make individuals of one mind and to bring peace to souls and to nations. Words of encouragement, admonitions, prayers, threats, tears — all the means mother love has at its disposal she resorts to, so that the burden of our human egotism may not sever the chain that binds souls to Christ. In these times of general upheaval and destructive warfare, she pleads with sobs in her voice. "Penance! penance!" she implored at La Salette and Lourdes; and when she felt the great cataclysms at hand, she cried like a child half-hoping that her tears would touch the heart of man or the heart of God. "How long a time do I suffer for you! . . . And you take no heed of it . . . If my people will not submit, I shall be forced to let go the hand of my Son."

We are living, alas, at a time when the arm of Christ should have perhaps more than ever reason to strike sinful humanity. We are inaugurating the crucial era in which the conflict of mercy and justice will become more acute. But for us has risen a Holy Year, and we have implored the aid of the compassionate Virgin Mary she who is never invoked in vain and who is mightier than armies in array of battle.

At all times she has sought servants of her cause; always she has enlisted her Knights of Peace. There may be more history than legend in the tradition that relates how in olden centuries she herself founded the Order of Peace in Jerusalem. This Order was later restored at a time of great distress not unlike ours, after the Hundred Years' War had scarred our land and the miraculous epic of Joan of Arc had left France in need of pacification. Another Joan — the virtuous duchess of Berry, Jeanne de Valois, daughter of Louis XI and repudiated wife of Louis XII — was chosen in 1501 to reorganize this Knighthood of Peace; the same French lady, foundress of the Order of the Annonciades, who was declared a saint by the Holy Father on Pentecost Sunday of this year. Under the impulsion of the congregation of Villeneuve-sur-Lot, her pious intention, which consisted in laying particular stress upon the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, grew and waxed strong. In the name of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, our present Pontiff (then Cardinal Pacelli) wrote on March 3, 1938, "The Order of Peace is destined to render invaluable services in these singularly troubled times." Blessed Peter Mary, commentator on the institution, declared: "The Brothers and Sisters of the Order must establish peace among men insofar as possible. They must unite men at variance; excuse the defects and lapses of others; procure pardon and peace; never speak ill of any man; convert to charity those who slander their neighbor, because such is the good pleasure of Christ and His Mother."

Another crusade sponsored by the Queen of Peace to continue her work of unification in the days of anguish that are upon us is *Pax Christi*, an international organization which functions in twenty countries and there recruits fervent advocates of pacifying charity. The Marian spirit of *Pax Christi* is well depicted in the fact that its crusaders have gathered twice already in Lourdes. What could be more touching on the morrow of a global conflict, than to see thousands of pilgrims of all races welded in unity of faith, of peace, of prayer, singing in the language of Mother Church, *Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris?*

At the last pilgrimage for the year 1949, Cardinal Gerlier defined *Pax Christi* in the following terms: "It is a supernatural enterprise in the service of peace, an international crusade of prayers, a campaign of sacrifices, in the front ranks of which serve our beloved sick and suffering, powerful advocates in all great causes. *Pax Christi* aims at helping all Christians to take a clear and complete consciousness of the human brotherhood seen in the light of the Gospel, and to bind them more closely together in this effort to reach a better understanding of their obligations as Christians. Could there be, for a task of the kind, a spot more favorable than our own Lourdes, land of Mary, land of peace? However violent the quarrels among brethren, here they are silenced and peace prevails; for, when a beloved mother appears on the scene, sons dare not give way to hatred, knowing as they do that they are equally enveloped by the tenderness of her smile."

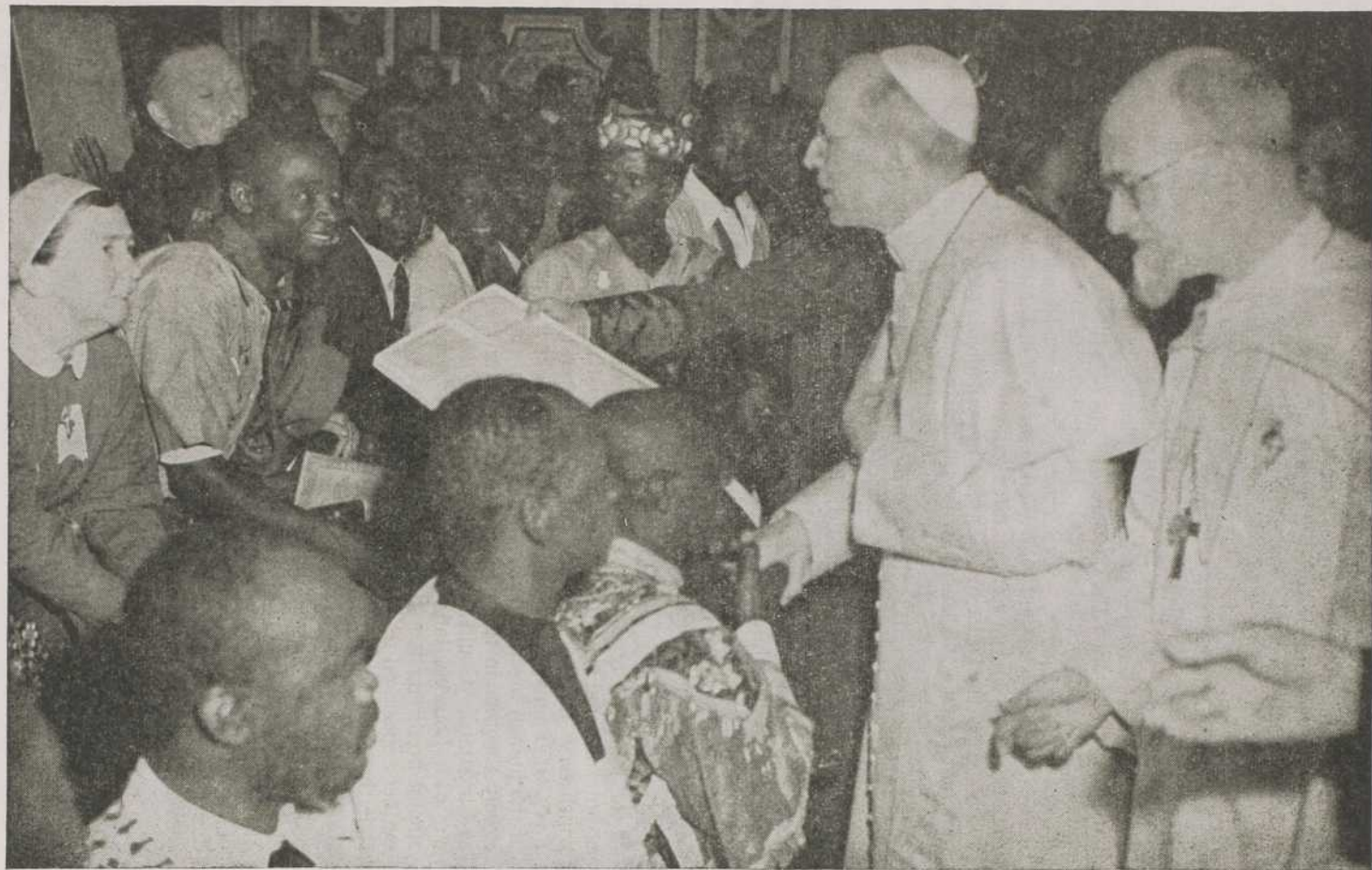
The helpful exchange of ideas and the increase of mutual understanding among peoples hitherto divided have not been the only advantages reaped; there have also been effected numerous reconciliations of former enemies. Let us cite the case of the former French prisoner who met on the esplanade the German commander of his stalag. They recognized each other, shot a freezing glance in each other's direction, and silently went to the grotto to recite a Hail Mary. Then only had they the strength to shake hands under the eyes of Mary, *Regina Pacis*.

On the occasion of the Holy Year the great international rally of *Pax Christi* is to be held in Rome. May the Virgin Mary there continue her mission and obtain true peace for souls and nations.

HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. HENRI PINSON

BISHOP OF ST. FLOUR

Translated From *Ecclesia*



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII MEETS THE AFRICAN PILGRIM BAND.  
TO THE RIGHT OF HIS HOLINESS STANDS THE MOST REVEREND LOUIS DURRIEUX, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE WHITE FATHERS.

# African Pilgrims at Rome

A delegation of more than 900 pilgrims from British and French Africa was granted a special audience with the Holy Father in the Clementine Hall on May 26. The native costumes of the African chiefs lent to the occasion a character of majesty and altogether exceptional exotism.

The 580 pilgrims from French Africa arrived when the 350 from British Africa were about to leave. All had planned to stay together in Rome at least one day to receive in common the blessing of the Vicar of Christ.

Among the Holy Year pilgrims were two Apostolic Delegates, thirty-one Bishops, Vicars or Prefects Apostolic, forty native priests and ten native Sisters.

The Holy Father's arrival was greeted by ringing cheers in different tongues but one in affection and devotion. Pope Pius addressed words of welcome to all, inviting them to profit spiritually from their passage in the Eternal City. His Holiness spoke in French and in English and gave the Apostolic Blessing; then, leaving the throne, he spoke with the Apostolic Delegates, Bishops, and other religious and civil dignitaries. The African people offered to the Head of the Catholic Church gifts characteristic of their respective regions.

When His Holiness left the Clementine Hall, the demonstrations of filial piety from the black pilgrims became still more enthusiastic.

On Sunday, the 28th, the pilgrims were among the 60,000 who witnessed the canonization of St. Jeanne of France. Italian people and others kindly let them have front seats or folding chairs. The African pilgrims marvelled at the immense throng of pious and at the same time enthusiastic worshippers, and the innumerable lights. When Msgr. Bonneau, S. Sp., Vicar Apostolic of Douala, invited them to accompany him around that Sunday evening, the black people could only stammer, "No, Monsignor, another day. We have already seen enough beauty for today."

The Holy Year visitors from Africa have left a good impression of fervent Catholicity and deep affection for the person of the Holy Father, which affection they proved in many touching ways. After the audience, for instance, those who had had the privilege to touch and kiss the hand of the Holy Father offered their own hands for others to touch, much as good Catholics present holy water to their neighbor. After the canonization ceremony many devoutly kissed the arms of the papal chair where the Holy Father had placed his hands.

For two weeks the African groups had access to the great Roman basilicas; now they have returned to their respective provinces, more deeply convinced of the religious truths they have learned from their priests, and proud to be members of the one holy Church.

Adapted From *Fides*

# Closed Retreats

## in the United States

In April, 1950 a three-day Retreat Meeting was held at Providence, R.I., by the New England Regional Conference of National Laywomen's Retreat Movement. Over 2,500 delegates from all over New England registered for the conference sessions.

Under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Most Rev. R. J. McVinney, D.D., Bishop of Providence, devoted friend and promoter of the Retreat Movement, the Regional Convention had a magnificent success. Official opening of the Convention was keyed by His Excellency Most Rev. John J. Wright, D.D., Bishop of the newly-erected diocese of Worcester.

Thousands thronged Providence Cathedral and several city auditoriums for the sessions held on April 15 and 16. The triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was accentuated in the Saturday night address of Rev. Father P. Peyton, C.S.C., founder and national director of the Family Rosary Crusade. "Any husband and wife who join in saying the Holy Rosary every day will live a heaven on earth," he assured the audience. At the conclusion of Father Peyton's appeal, the "Living Rosary" was enacted by fifty-two Junior High School girls from Assumption School. Dressed in white and with colored spotlights representing the different prayers, they individually recited the Hail Mary's and the Our Father's of the Rosary with the audience responding.

The highlight of the panel session series was the youth session in the Elks' Auditorium on Saturday morning when 1,200 young women from Junior High and high schools of the diocese attended. Rev. Father Lawrence Sullivan, C.S.C., presided at the session emphasizing the spiritual value of retreats for high school students. Father Sullivan called attention to the fact that too many of our modern women make the beauty parlor their temple. These, he said, believe that physical beauty is all important. "Actually," the speaker went on, "real beauty comes from within and not from the cut of a woman's clothes or from the jewels that bedeck her body." A retreat helps a girl to know herself as she really is and helps her to change bad habits and develop character.

The three-day conference aimed to introduce those women who have not made yearly retreats to the wealth that is waiting for them. For those to whom closed retreats are an integral part of life and whom the Convention seeks to use as leaders in the national movement the conference theme, "The Triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," will soon be realized.

A zealous apostle from the Retreat House, "Our Lady, Queen of Missions," Marlboro, Mass., then gave a short address emphasizing the value of retreats more especially for high school students.

"They stand with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet."

In the peaceful atmosphere of the cenacle they will better find out what God wants them to do. Only that is really important after all. Closed retreats will prove training centres where an elite will be formed, an elite that will eventually rescue our modern world tottering on the brink of destruction.

### Retreat House "Our Lady, Queen of Missions"

This Retreat Centre was established in Marlboro, Mass., on October 1, 1946. May 27, 1947 saw the first group of 27 retreatants accommodated.

Since its founding in 1947, the Centre has been a haven of peaceful recollection to more than 1,550 retreatants divided into sixty-nine groups.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND RICHARD J. CUSHING, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON,  
WITH OUR SISTERS IN MARLBORO, MASS.

Archbishop Cushing graciously welcomed the Sisters in his archdiocese in 1946, and has always paternally watched over the young community with the most sympathetic interest.

May Our Lady, Queen of Missions, bestow upon His Excellency health, a fruitful apostolate, and length of days!



OUR LADY, QUEEN OF MISSIONS RETREAT HOUSE, MARLBORO, MASS.

After these three grace-filled years, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of Montreal, who staff the Centre, wish to return thanks to God for His merciful bounties. Their gratitude also goes to the devoted promoters who helped them in the organization of the retreats and to all the former retreatants whose cheerful collaboration has meant so much to the Sisters.

The success of the retreat movement in Marlboro is largely due to the generous and sympathetic support of the members of the clergy. To them and to the admirable teaching Sisters who also have helped to realize this progress we tender our most grateful "Thank you."

May the number of those who seek in these "soul vacations" the strength to lead deeply Christian lives be ever on the increase. Was it not Father Mateo who asserted that even one truly holy soul could transform an entire parish? Let those who have felt the breath of the Holy Spirit in the cenacles of Retreat Centres try to convey to as many as they can the spiritual values they have received. Going forth strengthened, may retreatants be as shining lights in a world grown dark with the shadows of unbelief. May these apostles unawares bring about the rejuvenation of the spirit of Christ through the Immaculate Heart of Mary and "may their tribe increase."

---

---

### That Little Visit

Whenever I pass by a church,  
I always make a visit;  
So that when I am carried there,  
My Lord won't ask,  
"Who is it?"

*Contributed*

## *Blessings in Disguise*



Two leper boys, one Protestant and the other pagan, breezed into the dispensary some time ago. "Sister," they exclaimed in a semi-reproachful, semi-scandalized tone, "didn't you ever notice that we have neither crucifix nor picture of Our Blessed Mother in our ward? Our roommates have deputed us with a request for both these blessed objects."

A few days later a large crucifix and a smiling picture of Our Lady adorned the walls of a ward where the majority of patients are as yet

non-Christians. How elated we felt about this victory won over the arch-enemy of God and souls!

A Communist fellow has lately been admitted to our leprosarium. Strangely enough, whenever he meets the Sisters he respectfully greets them with the beautiful Christian salutation, *T'in Tu po Y'ao!* (God bless you!) Disciple of Marx though he professes to be, he cannot help being favorably impressed by the Catholic atmosphere of the hospital. May the light that encompassed Paul on the road to Damascus illuminate this soul groping in the darkness of unbelief!

Long Yan has decided to scale the heights of perfection. On the occasion of Sister Superior's patronal feast, a cast of clever leper actors staged the play *Joan of Arc*. Many among the patients were deeply moved by this shining example of a life wholly dedicated to God's service. Long Yan, a young leper of twenty-one and our aide at the dispensary, made up his mind to follow in the warrior maid's footsteps.

Some days after the play, he broached the subject to the nursing Sister. "That wonderful play has set me thinking," he remarked. "I also wish to do something big for God. Of course, I know that my illness bars the way to priesthood or the religious life. But isn't there any other way?"

"Why not consult your confessor?" Sister advised. "He alone could tell you whether or not you might be allowed to make the private vow of chastity and follow a simple rule of life."

That very evening Long Yan called upon the chaplain. Like the young man of the Gospel who aspired to a higher vocation, he queried, "What shall I do to have life everlasting?" The missionary's answer filled him with joy.

"Sister," he later confided, "I feel so, so happy. Father told me to

prepare by a whole week of special fervor. On Christmas Day I will be privileged to make the oblation of my life to God. Afterwards, I will follow a simple rule — communion every morning, half an hour of meditation, the daily recitation of the Rosary, work at the dispensary."

Christmas dawned at last when the poor leper boy saw his great dream come true. With what condescending love must the Holy Child have smiled upon this soul-blossom springing heavenward out of the loam of a corrupting body! Beside himself with joy, Long Yan went about repeating, "I feel happy, so very happy now that I belong wholly to God. For Him alone will I work."



From that day onward, generosity has been stamped on his every action. You can always count on him to give a hand. It does not make any difference whether the job is big or little — he is always ready to help. With deft, gentle movements, he bathes decaying limbs, dresses foul-smelling

ulcers. Somehow we cannot help thinking the Angels must have had Long Yan in mind when they sang over Judean hills about "men of good will."

#### A TAK

A Tak is Shek Lung's paragon. At any hour of the day the crippled boy may be seen cheerfully hobbling along on his crutches, encouraging the despondent, and relieving the distressed.

A Tak's conduct has not always been angelic. When he was first brought to us, the boy was a handful. His name usually appeared at the top of the black list, as the leprosarium's worst mischief-maker. "I was a regular scapegrace," he sometimes reminisces in humble mood as he reviews his past.

Misfortune had blighted his childhood. A leper at eight, he had been abandoned by his own and led to the leper colony. The child's heart had been torn by the painful separation and embittered by this first and cruel experience of human fickleness. Sullen and defiant, he refused to be consoled. Three years went by before he at last made up his mind to attend lessons on Christian doctrine. Later, he begged to be baptized.

Alas! his conversion was destined to be short-lived. Evil companions soon enticed him from the straight path of duty. Instead of hearing Mass on Sunday, A Tak would loll about the grounds or join his mates in fishing hikes. However, the four great liturgical feasts usually saw him apparently repentant and full of good resolutions. Nobody was fooled by these fake

conversions, for the young rascal would sooner or later be up to his old tricks again. Gently, tactfully, the Sisters remonstrated with him, only to be met with the jibing remark, *M'sai m'sai* (*No sermons, please*).

Came the month of the Sacred Heart, nineteen forty-nine. The wayward, straying sheep was at last safely folded to the Savior's loving Heart, this time no more to stray. How had this miracle of grace been wrought? A Tak loved to think his Guardian Angel had had a hand in the matter.

If ever you go to Shek Lung, you will have to rise very early indeed if you intend to reach the chapel ahead of A Tak. Close to the tabernacle he kneels in silent adoration, hours before Mass. He wants to make Jesus forget about the years when so often, alas, his place at church remained empty. After receiving Holy Communion he tarries, bowed in prayerful thanksgiving. So many and so pressing are the graces to be obtained for himself, for the missionaries, and for the whole human family, that he can hardly bear to tear himself away from the foot of the altar.

An active member of the Sacred Heart League, A Tak booms out the prayers with a voice like reverberating thunder. Even after sleepless, fever-ridden nights, the brave leper lad is up with the dawn,

A Tak has a burning devotion to the Mother of God. Beautiful visions of his Queen often haunt his dreams, and so entrancing is her ethereal beauty that he can hardly wait for the eternal reality.

Last Christmas Eve, as the Sister sacristan was busy putting the finishing touches to the Crib decorations, A Tak fussed about, giving various suggestions. Again and again he hobbled to the garden bringing in the prettiest

potted plants he could lay his hands on. Still he did not seem satisfied. Away he went in search of something very special to be laid before the Manger. Some time later he reappeared holding a bouquet of pink crepe paper roses.

Oh, the artless gift of a naive, loving soul! As pleasing to the Christ Child it must have been as the simple tribute of the shepherds at Bethlehem on that first Christmas long ago.

Please pray that our number-one mischief-maker of the years before '49 may never go back to his old tricks, but will always follow the new, fervent way of life near to God.



# The Holy Father's Mission Intention

FOR SEPTEMBER 1950

## Indians of Latin America

It is most difficult to give exact statistics about the number of pure Indians of Latin American. A safe approximation, however, is to be found in the following figures:

|                                                |             |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| A) Population of Latin America.....            | 125,000,000 |
| B) Pure Indians.....                           | 22,000,000  |
| C) Pure Indians in the Mission Territories.... | 2,000,000   |
| D) Non-believers in the Mission Territories    | 500,000     |
| E) Priests in all Latin America.....           | 24,000      |
| F) Missions in Latin America.....              | 44          |
| G) Priests in these Missions.....              | 600         |
| H) Foreign missionaries among same.....        | 500         |

The culture and religion of these Indians show the greatest differences which depend especially upon the circumstances in which they live. In cultured centers there are Indians who with regard to culture and religion are altogether equal to the best of the non-Indians. Those, however, who live scattered in the immense jungles and high mountains of Latin America often live in a highly primitive way.

Stories can be told of many tribes living in far off regions who have given wonderful examples of fidelity to the Catholic faith through centuries without the aid of priests. It must be admitted that they have also preserved some ancient superstitions. One example of many are the natives of Brazil called Chiquitos, who have for many years preserved up to our own time the recitation of public prayers, the celebration of "Mass" on Sundays.

It is most difficult, however, to preach the gospel to those who are primitive. These people who range about in regions scarcely explored are not easily brought to Christian ways of life. They often belong to tribes small in number which differ greatly among themselves. Among the Indians of Brazil alone there are known to be almost three hundred tribes greatly differing in language, culture and manners. These people moreover try to avoid all contact with white men. Thus, it often happens that a missionary may think he has made some progress with one of these tribes and may leave to obtain reinforcements. Upon his return, they are nowhere to be found since they have migrated and hidden in inaccessible regions.

But much is to be desired even with regard to the more cultured Indians as far as the care of souls is concerned. There are not enough priests to meet their spiritual needs.

Priestly and religious vocations must arise in greater numbers from among the Indians themselves in order that they may care for the spiritual growth of not only themselves and their fellow tribesmen, but also in order that that America which glories in both the name of Latin and Christian may be able to take its full part in the evangelization of the world.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL., D.D.  
*National Director*

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



The missionary — and in this lies his strength — is not a little person who strives that his little individual ideas may prevail. He is banded with countless millions of men past, present and future who bear forward a common possession — the majestic heritage of the Church of God.

*Rev. J.J. Considine, M.M.*

## **Holy Year Activities** *at St. Joseph's School*

At the opening of the Holy Year, His Holiness Pope Pius XII from the watchtower of the Vatican urged Catholics of the whole world to greater and more generous efforts towards Christian perfection. Our four hundred pupils in St. Joseph's School, heeding the plea of the Shepherd of shepherds, have set to work with unusual zest and vigor to make of 1950 a banner year of reparation and spiritual renovation. Their own little acts of self-denial they have generously resolved to unite with the loftier sacrifices of holy souls the world over.

To Rome our little ones cannot expect to travel. Modern crusaders brave and bold, they will, nonetheless, have their own small share in making the Holy Year a success. In each and every classroom, to the teacher's query, "What shall we do to obey the Holy Father's command?" each and every pupil answered, "We will pray better. We will pray more. We will make sacrifices."

A decision has been taken to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion as often as possible. Besides, the teachers promote the pious daily recitation of the Pope's special prayer for the Holy Year. The generosity of our children is enough to warm the cockles in any teacher's heart. Delegates from every class have been appointed to represent their classmates at daily Mass. During recess, boys and girls can be seen interrupting the most boisterous games for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Still others make the Way of the Cross.

Up to date, how many little sacrifices have been offered? Only the recording Angels know for sure. The pupils feel proud and happy to think that they also have their share in the salvation of souls; they also are saviors in their own childlike way.

The other day a brave nine-year-old had been given an appetizing hot bun for his lunch. On his way to school he met an old beggar woman.

"What if I gave her my bun?" reflected the boy. "She looks so tired and hungry. But then, I'm almost famished myself. Well, that's just the kind of thing that would mean an honest-to-goodness sacrifice. So here goes."

The poor beggar looked up in surprise as the delicious morsel was thrust into her hand; but the generous donor had already scampered away. Of



Three little girls receive their first catechism lesson from Sister St. Amedee (Emilienne Vezina, Quebec).



Holy Year sees a few pupils daily representing St. Joseph's School at morning mass.



Two girls who had a big success at the "catechism match."

A Filipina girl learns English  
with Sister Marie Aristide  
(Alice Carrier, Worcester,  
Mass.).



Women of Tomorrow!



Off to school on Exam Morn-  
ing. Wish you ninety-nine  
percent, dear!





"All work and no play  
makes Jane a dull girl"  
in the Philippines too.



Citizens of Tomorrow ! May  
theirs be a happier world.



Sister St. Joseph de Bethleem  
(Yvonne Routhier, St. Pierre  
de Broughton), Directress  
of the School, and Sister  
St. Amedee (Emilienne Ve-  
zina, Quebec) with our  
youthful musicians and their  
orchestra.

Where Learning Is Fun.

Sister Gabriel de l'Annon-  
ciation (Ida Carriere, Ham-  
mond, Ont.), shows the boys  
how to go about it.



A Study in Smiles



Even during recreation time  
they have questions to ask  
about helping the Pope in  
this Holy Year. Asking  
another to Sister Marie de  
Jesus (Elmina Melanson,  
Rogersville, N. B.).



course the boy experienced a queer emptiness at the pit of his stomach, but how proud he felt to have slipped still another sacrifice into the Holy Year treasury!

One little lady told her teacher how she had helped Mummie with the household chores although she would have much preferred romping in the garden with her playmates. "The Pope told us to do penance," she added seriously. I could, of course, like the poet's brook, go on, perhaps not forever, but for quite a while yet telling you about the prowesses of our pupils. Let this suffice to show they have caught the Holy Year spirit.

All through the remaining months, our children have resolved to keep up their apostolic drive to draw down God's mercy upon a naughty world. Who is there to say that the spirited pupils of St. Joseph's will not succeed? Nineteen fifty will surely be a Holy Year, not only in the great Roman basilicas, but also on far-off strands of the Far East and in Las Pinas' St. Joseph's.

---

## REMEMBER

### Mission Sunday on October 22

Offer up Holy Mass and Holy Communion for all Catholic Missions.

---

## How to Make Someone Happy

The Queen of Missions is knocking at the door of your heart today with blueprints for a happier world and a happier Heaven. Her simple plan is to see that more souls be saved — the more the merrier. *But*, in the salvation of souls missionaries are needed. They are Christ's co-redeemers.

How would you, dear reader, like to be personally represented by a missionary Sister in the big field? Or maybe you would like to help in sending one? Right now, Our Blessed Lady has her eyes on good, noble-hearted Japanese girls. She wants to make nuns of them, and the girls are as eager to enter the convent. But war has desperately flattened their pocketbooks; they are penniless. To help them out and solve Our Lady's problem, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are opening a Bursary for the upkeep of a Japanese Novice in their Community. Would you like to help? *One thousand dollars* is the grand sum to be reached, but in reaching it little pennies and nickels will do their bit.

Yes, the little Sister will become for life the very own missionary of the person or persons who provide the money she needs so much to make her enthusiastic plans a reality. She will give them the lion's share of her labors and merits, and they will also have a right to the spiritual advantages our Community offers to benefactors.

Thank you, dear friends, and you remember our address:

The Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception  
2900 St. Catherine Road  
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26

## The Living Rosary

The living Rosary is a simple and convenient method of honouring the Queen of the Rosary, and is especially to be recommended to persons who are busy or not inclined to lengthy devotions.

It is an association of fifteen persons, each of whom pledges to recite one decade of the rosary daily for a given space of time. The fifteen mysteries are distributed among each group of fifteen members, so that the entire Rosary is recited every day by the group.

Let us consider a practical example. Fifteen Catholic young men and women in a school, club, or factory form an association of the LIVING ROSARY to pray for the right choice of a state of life, conversions in the parish, or success in marriage, respectively. Each member says only one and the same Mystery during the period agreed upon, but the Blessed Virgin is honoured with the beautiful gift of one complete Rosary from the group each day.

Laymen, laywomen, priests, and nuns may organise many "Living chains of the Rosary" with little effort, assigning the various mysteries and intentions and if necessary, giving instructions on how to recite the Rosary. Mary has promised special graces to those who propagate the Rosary devotion.

The mysteries may be assigned, or exchanged orally, or printed on attractive cards, at a monthly gathering, if desired, or drawn at random from a bowl or basket with entertaining ceremony.

Failure to recite the decade through neglect or forgetfulness is not sinful, since the obligation does not bind in conscience. Fidelity in such small practices, however, when motivated by great love of Mary, draws down choice blessings from Heaven. "For each salutation of Mary," St. Bernard says, "you will receive a grace from her."

The Eastern Messenger, Hong Kong

### OUR DEPARTING GROUP



SISTER ST. SABINE (LAURETTE GOULET, ST. SABINE DE BELLECHASSE), SISTER EUSTELLE DU ST. SACREMENT (LUCIENNE PELLETIER, ST. LOUISE, L'ISLET COUNTY), AND SISTER IRENE DE JESUS (IRENE TRUELLE, ST. NARCISSE), MISSIONED TO CUBA.

SISTER ST. GERMAINE (GERMAINE LAFLAMME, ST. LUC, BELLECHASSE COUNTY), SISTER ST. FRANCOISE (LUCIENNE DANDURAND, ST. CLET, SOULANGES COUNTY), SISTER ST. ODILE (ELMIRE ROSEBERRY, ST. PIERRE DE BROUGHTON), AND SISTER GEMMA DU SAUVEUR (GEMMA DE GRANDPRE, ST. SIMON DE BAGOT), ASSIGNED TO HAITI.

# *Not Very Far*

## *From Home*

My home visits afford me plenty of occasions to sow the seed of faith. Souls are legion all around, most of them gifted with the best good will in the world and asking only to be set right on the way to God. Sister Marie Albertine<sup>(1)</sup> is finding to her surprise that in this apostolate the more we do, the more remains to be done. Home from her calls one afternoon, she greeted me with, "Sister, I called upon Mrs. A— to make sure about one baptism and I'm going to have three!"

"Oh, that's a daily story for me," I countered, and Sister gasped.

Though I have been visiting homes for one whole year now, I have gotten no farther than the neighborhood. We have had to reduce the number of calls to give more time to catechism study periods. These courses we give morning, noon, and evening so as to accommodate men, women, children, day-laborers, students, and all. It is always a new and impressive sight to watch young people in their twenties and married men nearing middle-age trying their hand at their very first Sign of the Cross. How happy God must be to fold to His Heart so many wandering lambs! A glorious conquest was that of an old woman close to ninety who recently let the priest absolve her for the first time in seventy-odd years. She is a good convert now and the Lord often comes to her in sweet communion.

A young man of twenty, in his fourth year high, cried like a child after going to confession. Orphaned early and left to shift along for himself, he dimly remembered having been to Communion once. Now the grace of God accompanies him in all his ways and with grateful heart he tells his classmates how good it feels to be friendly with one's Maker. He is one of many modern Augustines who have experienced more joy in the tears of repentance than in the pleasures found on evil pathways. Now a fervent Catholic, he never misses Sunday Mass and never lets his aunt sleep in on Sunday mornings.

Among my converts-to-be in this year of grace is a young woman who painstakingly learns her catechism and prayers with a view to having her marriage blessed by the Church. One morning I found her all down and out.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You're a good catechism student and you're coming along splendidly."

Not a word. The scaffolding of my consolations was tumbling down.

"Couldn't I go all alone and be married?" she finally blurted. "Sister, my husband is exactly zero! He can neither read nor write. What I try

---

1. Jacqueline BLONDIN, Longueuil.

to teach him goes in one ear and out the other. Can't he stay home, Sister? I'm willing to go and be married all by myself."

So sorry, but it just couldn't be done!

Mr. Domingo, a very sick man and once of a Protestant persuasion, is a favorite of the Little Flower. Whenever I tackled the religious theme, he invariably invited me to a full stop with a casual "I'll tell you when I'm ready." It so happened that I visited him on the feast of St. Therese. I found the poor man extremely weak and the house in a topsy-turvy condition. Alice and Manuel, aged nine and three respectively, were the only housekeepers in sight, their mother being dead. Harder to bear, though, than

an untidy house and physical pain is for Mr. Domingo the desertion of relatives and friends in his time of sorrow.

Touched by the sympathy I showed, the patient grew talkative and poured out the tale of agony burning in his breast. That gave me an opening to mention the consolation in suffering afforded by our holy Faith, and the rich reward in Heaven for those who bear their cross because such is the adorable will of God. I think Little Therese, who once asked the Master for the soul of Pranzini, must have asked Him this time for that of Mr. Domingo; anyway, a fresh rose did fall on the forehead of my Protestant patient — he asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion! On the feast

of Our Lady of the Rosary he was baptized in the parish church. The next morning he heard Mass in our chapel and his First Communion came to him in his folding chair. Confirmation and Extreme Unction were also given later. I really believe he has received the gift of fortitude, so cheerful does he keep despite his prolonged sufferings.

Once I came upon him thoughtfully looking out the window. "Sister," he said, "I don't understand how some people don't believe in God. See what marvelous things He can do. These flowers are of every color, yellow, white, red, and they all grow in the same soil. Isn't that wonderful?"

Another time he said something that made me think of the little Saint of Carmel. "I heard lovely music on the radio yesterday. I said to myself that was hardly an echo of what I will hear in Heaven." He never tires talking about how good it feels to be a Catholic. He will be ready any time God calls him.

I must tell you about a Filipina mother for whom this year has also been that of the Great Return. For twenty years she had stayed away



from confession without knowing too well the reason why. One day I heard about her through a friend and decided to investigate. A teen-aged girl led us to her mother's side — I cannot say bedside, for the poor sufferer lay on the bare floor. She could hardly eat anything and having run out of medicine was now too poor to buy some or even milk, which would have helped her rally a little. I rushed for medicine and a glass of milk, which she readily accepted, as she also did the Great Remedy. She didn't recover her health, but Heaven did recover her soul, and that was the most important.

Confidently she entrusted me with her treasures — Louisa, her thirteen-year-old, not even baptized, and an older daughter, who has yet to make her First Communion.

Around dinnertime one day a tearful Louisa asked for me.

"Mother is dead, Madre. Do come right away!"

Pocketing my instinctive fear of the dead, I followed Louisa, laid out her mother's body, and with apparent serenity recited five decades of the beads. Then I sprinkled holy water on the remains and stayed awhile to comfort the orphans.

Louisa's mother in Heaven had extra cause for rejoicing on September 11, for this date marked the entry of her younger daughter into the true Church. Came another morning and Louisa, dressed in a spotless white trousseau, the gift of a Montreal benefactress, knelt for her Communion Banquet. On September 25 her sister followed her example.

I am making things hard for the devil now. And I promise to make them harder until he is ousted from the Aglipayan families. One morning I met Mrs. Rodriguez, a fervent Catholic deeply interested in our apostolate. "Madre," she ventured, "you should inquire about Glory's brother, Jaime. I'm quite sure that he was baptized in the Church of Aglipay too." I thanked Mrs. Rodriguez and made inquiries about the said Jaime, but all to no avail.

It having reached Jaime's ears that I had been asking about him, he came of his own accord and said he wanted to study the Catholic religion. On his second call he mentioned that baptism had been given him the Aglipayan way. But the grace of God prevailed, and two happy mornings in March brought him the joy of baptism and First Communion.

Jaime is a mysterious personage. When Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> inquired whether there was a certain Juan among the students, I very truthfully and to the best of my knowledge answered that there was none, for no Juan had given his name. Then on First Communion morning, Sister Marie des Lys<sup>(2)</sup> catching sight of Jaime, knit her eyebrows and whispered in my ear, "Sister, isn't that Juan over there? Is Juan among the First Communicants?" Again I answered a puzzled but definite no. This Juan was a boy we had once employed when we lived on Juan Luna Street. A "problem child," he often got caught in tight spots but somehow as

1. Sister MADELEINE DU SACRE COEUR (Madeleine Payette, Montreal).

2. Irene PINSONNEAULT, St. Michel de Napierville.



SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERIEN, ST. LEONARD D'ASTON)  
CHATS WITH A DEAR OLD CONVERT

often escaped. He had even been jailed for taking water from the public reservoir for household purposes. The first chance I had I asked this pseudo Jaime if I was speaking to Jaime or Juan. He laughed heartily.

"Both, Madre. They call me Juan at home. Mother thought that changing my name might benefit my character."

A pupil of mine who made his First Communion in December says he is going to be a priest. He has suffered so much from family troubles that he wants first of all to convert his parents. He is very kind to his brother and little sisters, and has promised to stay with them until their mother returns home. May Our Lady lead him to the altar! The Philippine Islands are so sorely in need of priests.

I cannot be silent about the tribulations of a married couple whose union has been blessed. They have had every conceivable difficulty — civil and religious procedures to mention only two sorts. To top it all the husband was unable to show his baptism certificate and had to be baptized conditionally before the nuptial blessing. Eventually, with all the required papers the two went to the rectory to pass their final examination. Joy and sorrow mingled. The wife beamed with happiness and assurance; the husband, confused over past misdemeanors, cried like a child. Mrs. N— had to answer for both and she did so remarkably well. On the way home she kept saying how happy she was, while he explained the cause of his tears. "It's because I remembered what a good fellow I was in my youth. I just got crooked like this after my marriage."

Not exactly a gracious compliment nor a thrilling allusion to their honeymoon; however, milady did not consider herself in the least offended.

Both are exemplary now. They follow church offices as cradle Catholics would, and say the rosary and family prayer together. Their conversion has cost them dearly, but they see now what choice graces God had in store for them.

Holy hours are urgently needed before the new converts start drifting away. The children also need holy hours in Tagalog, their native dialect. Thus devotion to the Blessed Sacrament would become better understood and would be restored to its proper first place.

God does not ask for more than we can give. But when I stop to consider the giant task confronting us, I cannot but deplore the lack of missionaries. "Oh, if only I had a Sister to help!" My desire is still in the wishful stage. We understand, however, that we must do our best, and we are ready to make the most of what God sends us through our kind benefactors. Once when I asked Sister Superior for money to buy medicine for a needy patient, she answered that she could do nothing at the moment. In the next mail came a donation. The patient had his medicine.

Here comes the May-month. My program is heavy, but I trust all will be well, for the Queen of Heaven will surely lend a helping hand.

SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR, M.I.C.

## *Our Lady Visits Marti*



A beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima has lately been touring the cities, towns, and villages of sunlit Cuba. Ovations have greeted Our Lady everywhere and miracles of grace have blossomed all along her triumphant passage. Straying souls have been led back to the straight path; ailing bodies have been healed. Rumors are afloat that wherever the Blessed Mother halted, doves hovered near or nestled at her feet.

In the little town of Marti, the celestial Pilgrim tarried three days and three nights. Hundreds of Cubans lined the highway in the early afternoon hours of March 20 to welcome their heavenly Queen. Respectful hands transferred the statue to a white, flower-decked jeep, where dusky Cuban angels knelt in graceful homage. Slowly the procession wended its way to the parish church, where the statue was solemnly enthroned. Marti's house of prayer was hardly ever empty during those three blessed days. While sincere devotion to the Mother of God guided many to her feet, idle curiosity

also brought a good number. Mary's tenderness enveloped them all, for a mother's love knows no discrimination. The ailing, the feeble, the maimed were hopefully brought to her whom the Church titles "Health of the Sick." Every evening the Rosary was recited and a sermon given on the import of Our Lady of Fatima's message. Many here in Marti had never yet even heard of the celestial apparitions on Portuguese soil.

In the early morning hours, while feathered choristers warbled matins in leafy cathedrals overhead, a procession marched along the village streets. The pupils from our *Colegio* were once privileged to bear the float. They

also obtained permission to escort the statue on its way to a three-hour tour of the neighboring hamlet of Guipuzcoa. On the way out, a halt was called at Administrator Arriandiaga's dwelling. The Rosary was devoutly recited and then the cortege moved on. His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme presided at all these Marian manifestations.

Elsewhere in Cuba doves had appointed themselves Our Lady's winged escort, but the statue had been a whole day in Marti and still no dove fluttered by. The good people of Marti were disappointed. In the afternoon of that first day, however, a man called at the *Colegio* with a tame dove he had found on the seashore.

"Madre, Marti will have its own dove after all. This bird doesn't belong to any of the people around here. Don't you think it was sent to honor Our Lady's passage?"

The bird was carried to the parish church. It sat quite still, its bright eyes glowing like jewels, apparently admiring the statue but not daring to approach it. Father Asselin, rector, gently laid it at Our Lady's feet. There it nestled contentedly. Crowds milled about, the statue was carried through the streets, and still the dove remained at its post of honor.



THE PUPILS OF THE MARTI *Colegio* LOVE OUR LADY OF FATIMA



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. J. H. PRUD'HOMME  
WHILE IN CUBA TOOK PART  
IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA

On March 20 it escorted the celestial Pilgrim on her way to Colon.

The "Martians" were of course duly elated over their own dove. God grant them to understand how vital it is for us all to live ever in close union with Our Blessed Mother through the purity and simplicity of our lives. Thus will we deserve to love Our Savior and souls He died to save, as did Jacinta, the spotless dove of Aljustrel.

SISTER

ST. VERONIQUE,

M.I.C.

(Fabienne BERNATCHEZ,  
Pont Rouge.)

### Much Work to Be Done

The total population of the world at the present time is said to be 2,200,000,000 souls. Of this number, 800,000,000 are Christians and 1,400,000,000 non-Christians.

The membership of Christian religions is as follows: Catholic Church, 405,000,000; Orthodox Churches, 195,000,000; Protestant Churches, 200,000,000, of whom 66,000,000 are Lutherans, 13,000,000 Calvinists, 32,000,000 Anglicans, and 89,000,000 belong to various other denominations.

Non-Christian religions are as follows: Jews, 17,000,000; Mohammedans, 305,000,000; Buddhists, 215,000,000; Confucianists, 360,000,000; Hindus, 290,000,000; Shintoists, 35,000,000; Animists, 100,000,000; various or without any stated creed, 50,000,000.

S.C.N.M.

### Missioned to Vancouver

Three of our Sisters have recently been assigned to our Vancouver hospital, Mount St. Joseph's. They are Sister St. Rupert (Lucie Derome, Ahuntsic), Sister Raymond de Jesus (Laurette Edger, Montreal), and Sister Celine de Jesus (Celine Trudeau, Delson, Laprairie County).

# Marriage

## Without a Bridegroom

Alice Wong served us tea on Chinese New Year's. Alice is a lovable girl and a Catholic of some years standing.

Between sips of tea and pleasant reminiscences she had a story to tell — the story behind what looked very much like the wedding photograph of a dashing Romeo of eighteen springtimes and a wrinkled, silver-haired, unromantic Juliet well up in her seventies.

"Sister, this is a picture of my grandparents," explained the young hostess, a former pupil of ours, as she picked a yellowed photo from the ancestral altar. "Granny looks old enough to be three generations removed from her husband, but you won't be surprised if I tell you how it all happened.

"My great grandfather had three wives, who bore him four sons. (Girls are not so important in China.) He and the three of them lost no time in looking among their friends for four prospective brides who would bring honor and wealth to the family. So the boys were all engaged very early. Not free to have their say in the choice of their better half.

"Grandpa was the fourth son. At the age of eighteen he died of a strange disease that baffled doctors and pagan gods too, I guess. Naturally the fiancée was very sorry over the sudden death. As she was now to a certain extent a member of the family, she had to come and live at her deceased fiancé's home. She never omitted the rites prescribed for the dead. A few years later her 'in-laws' who should have been decided to marry her to their dead son."

"A wedding without a bridegroom?" broke in one of the Sisters.

"Yes, Sister, and they made a big social event of it. On the appointed day a big fat rooster was brought in, and before witnesses the bride was wedded to the spirit of her intended



one represented by the strutting fowl. My grandmother was now a married woman and as such could not long suffer the dishonor of remaining childless. In time she adopted three sons, one of whom became my own father. Though they were only distant relatives, the three were placed on the same footing as their new cousins. So you see those whom I call my grandparents are really of no relation to me.

"My father had three wives too. I was born of the second. When I was a baby my father gave me to an uncle of mine who had no family. That's why I call this uncle my father, and my own father my uncle. My mother is living in my father's house with my brother and sisters and all the grandsons and great-grandsons."

We had the pleasure of meeting Alice's mother that afternoon. The reception was cordial and friendly and we enjoyed it.

Alice is looking forward to the day when all her family will be Christian. A good beginning was made when a sister of hers was baptized in our chapel on December 27, 1948. Though the chapel was thronged to the doors with people, everyone there could claim some relationship, either near or distant, with the girl being made kith and kin of the Blessed Trinity. The truth is that one would need to be a mathematical genius to add and subtract and otherwise ascertain the number of full sisters, half sisters, full brothers, cousin brothers, adopted sons, and sons from an honorable cockerel genealogy.

Grandma's odd-as-a-fairy-tale adventure was a common enough one in wealthy families in the middle 1800's. Even today in the middle 1900's, it often happens that when a man dies unmarried a boy is adopted in his stead, takes his name, and in the family circle enjoys the privileges that would have come his way had he been the legitimate child of the deceased.

We wonder whether many modern girls would care to pledge their troth to one no longer in the land of the living. Yet, there are thousands of girls in China whose nuptials are dictated by parental decision and who have no more marital happiness than if (pardon the expression) they had been wedded to a barnyard fowl! Paganism has yet to learn that love is essential in the matrimonial contract, and that Christ has raised marriage to the dignity of a great sacrament. To young women who want to get married the heart-chilling religion of pagodas and incense sticks can offer only the unpleasant prospect of slavery instead of the uplifting one of companionship.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

---

## Catechetical Renaissance

We face today a world which has wandered away from the Church and Christ. To bring it back we need a vigorous, strong Catechetical Renaissance. When our people know their religion and, by proper training, acquire the habit of its practice, then indeed shall we witness Christ again in the world about us, which is seeking water where there is no water, light where there is no light. If Catholic Action is to be triumphant, its vanguard must be the catechists.

*Samuel Cardinal Stritch*



Last Day of Mary's Month. Sister Marie Ruth (Emilienne Cantin, Quebec), Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Port Salut, Leads Young Friends to Church. They Will Lay Their Crowns on Mary's Altar.



SISTER ST. SYLVERE (CLARA LEBLANC, ST. SYLVERE)  
LEAVES ON A HOME VISIT

# Only Children

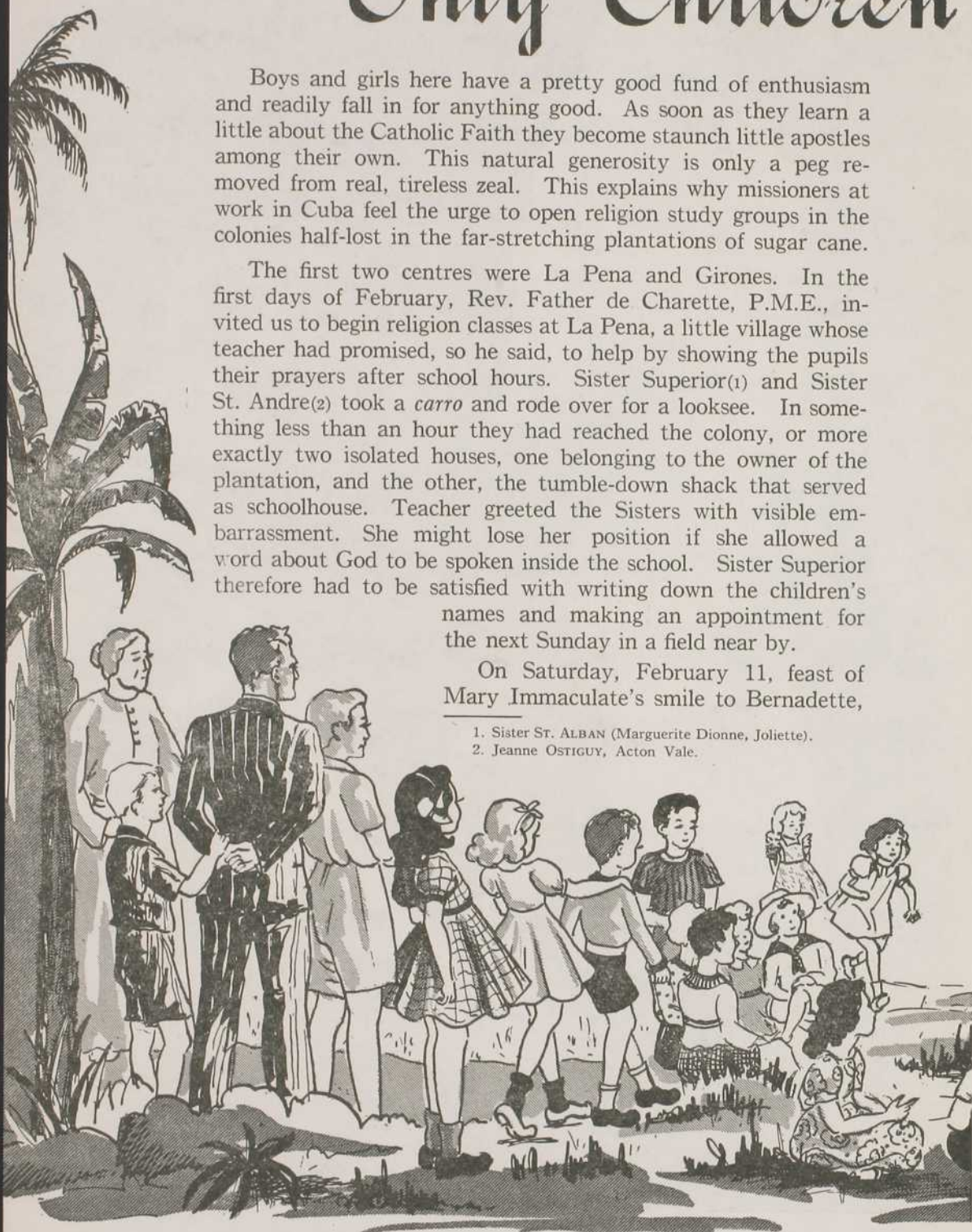
Boys and girls here have a pretty good fund of enthusiasm and readily fall in for anything good. As soon as they learn a little about the Catholic Faith they become staunch little apostles among their own. This natural generosity is only a peg removed from real, tireless zeal. This explains why missionaries at work in Cuba feel the urge to open religion study groups in the colonies half-lost in the far-stretching plantations of sugar cane.

The first two centres were La Pena and Girones. In the first days of February, Rev. Father de Charette, P.M.E., invited us to begin religion classes at La Pena, a little village whose teacher had promised, so he said, to help by showing the pupils their prayers after school hours. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> and Sister St. Andre<sup>(2)</sup> took a *carro* and rode over for a looksee. In something less than an hour they had reached the colony, or more exactly two isolated houses, one belonging to the owner of the plantation, and the other, the tumble-down shack that served as schoolhouse. Teacher greeted the Sisters with visible embarrassment. She might lose her position if she allowed a word about God to be spoken inside the school. Sister Superior therefore had to be satisfied with writing down the children's names and making an appointment for the next Sunday in a field near by.

On Saturday, February 11, feast of Mary Immaculate's smile to Bernadette,

1. Sister St. ALBAN (Marguerite Dionne, Joliette).

2. Jeanne OSTIGUY, Acton Vale.



# Can Save Cuba

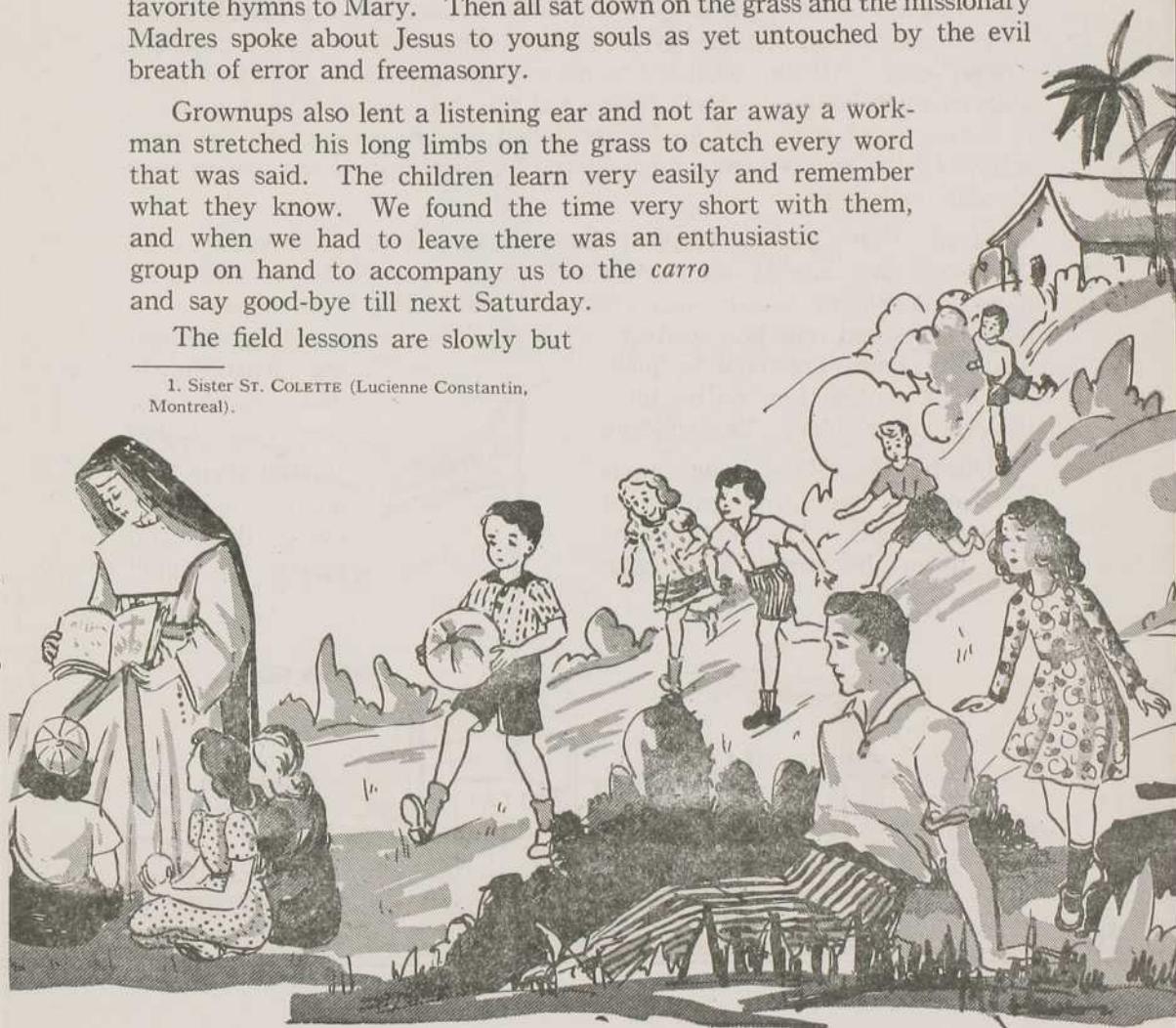
the outdoor courses in Christian doctrine were begun at La Pena, with all the pupils in attendance. The railroad being the only means of communication between Mercedes and the colony, Mr. Matacena kindly allowed Sister Superior and her companion<sup>(1)</sup> the use of his special *carro*.

When they first caught sight of the white dresses, the children came running from all corners as eagerly as if the Madres had been Pied Pipers. Deeply touched by the scene suggestive even more of Our Lord's "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," the Madres read the roll call and distributed catechisms and miraculous medals. They were about forty pupils, ranging in ages from five to eighteen, eager to hear what the Sisters would have to say. Upon our invitation they proudly stood at attention and sang the Cuban anthem. We returned the favor with one of our favorite hymns to Mary. Then all sat down on the grass and the missionary Madres spoke about Jesus to young souls as yet untouched by the evil breath of error and freemasonry.

Grownups also lent a listening ear and not far away a workman stretched his long limbs on the grass to catch every word that was said. The children learn very easily and remember what they know. We found the time very short with them, and when we had to leave there was an enthusiastic group on hand to accompany us to the *carro* and say good-bye till next Saturday.

The field lessons are slowly but

1. Sister ST. COLETTE (Lucienne Constantin, Montreal).



surely steeping the youth of La Pena in sound Christian principles. Imagine our joy when we heard, on our first meeting after Easter, that the pupils had often gathered together in Holy Week to pray as the Catholics who have the good fortune to own a parish church and see beautiful religious services.

Girones had its first visit on Saturday, March 18. There, too, forty or so little ones accepted the doctrine as once the Hebrews did the manna in the desert. On our first visit the children stood rigidly at attention, in two faultlessly straight ranks, with long, apprehensive faces. It seems that they had previously been warned not to bat an eyelash or risk a smile when the Madres were around. All during the hymn to Our Blessed Mother they kept the same official attitude; but when the two Sisters drew nearer with laughter in their eyes, the ice melted and bright smiles, followed by full-blown laughs, made forty faces look much happier. By the time the lesson was finished the wooden soldiers were nowhere to be found; gay, boisterous tots had stepped into their boots.

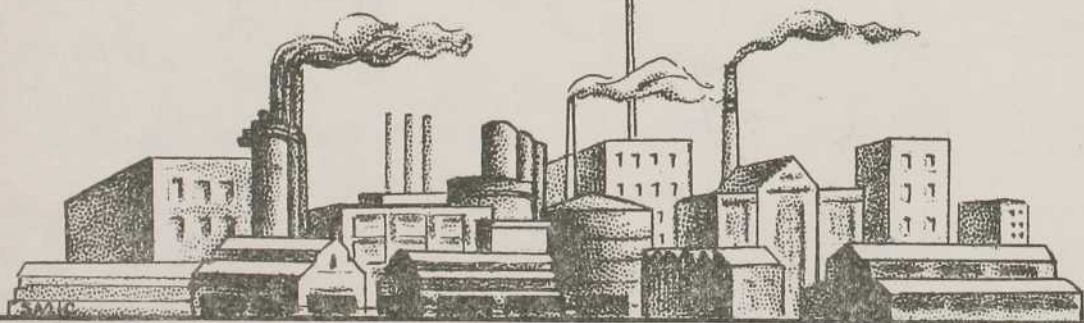
God had a very special gift for us on the anniversary of the opening of our mission. One day when eight-year-old Antonio Mena had been listening to explanations on the effects of baptism, he suddenly cried out, "Oh, I'm so sorry. My big brother has never been baptized. He won't go to Heaven when he dies." Back home, Antonio did a lot of conversion work in a very short time, and finally persuaded his brother to take the great step. All the pupils were present at the baptismal ceremony, which took place in our chapel.

If you think Antonio stopped there, we hasten to inform you to the contrary. One Sunday after Mass he ran up to the Padre. "Padre, I have been making friends with a sick old man. I've been there ever so many times and now he's ready to see a priest. He wants to go to confession." Padre answered by picking up Antonio in his arms, seating him on his bike, and heading for the old sinner's den. Yes, children

ing Antonio in  
and heading for  
can save Cuba!

During Holy Week our pupils for God by recruiting groups of Thursday vigils. They knocked at took down the names of all who

showed their love  
adorers for Holy  
every door and  
agreed to watch



one hour with their Lord. Not even the freemasons were overlooked. Pretty soon the lists were taking on alarming proportions. One boy bulging with pride announced that he had enlisted one hundred and sixty persons for the hour assigned to him! That surely was a record number — but — but — our church seats only sixty!

Thursday of Holy Week brought the joy of First Communion to four of our pupils. There were so many persons present — around two hundred — that many had to follow the ceremony from the street. Seventy-five persons received Holy Communion. "There were so many communions," remarked the children later. "It was so beautiful!" Well, they know beauty when they see it. God had plenty of adorers that day, thanks to the zeal of His little apostles. But on Easter Sunday the Church had barely sung its first Alleluias when the Cuban folk of Mercedes went back to work as on any weekday. And to think they had not touched a morsel of meat during the "sacred days," as they call Holy Week! When will Mercedes understand its faith as we learned to do back home? That day will surely come, now that the new generation is being led to Christ.

#### CUBAN COLORS ONE HUNDRED YEARS YOUNG

Cuban Colors are having their hundredth birthday this year. Patriotic demonstrations being the order of the day wherever one goes, Mercedes held its own on the 5th of March.

With the juvenile band from Manguito's public school in the lead, a gay procession left the village limits on its way to the factories, where the celebrating was to take place. Thirty pupils following the band players bore the flag of Cuba, which rested lightly on their young shoulders. After the little patriots marched four veterans of the War of Independence, the Madres' pupils and the public school's, with the population of Mercedes bringing up the rear. Along the processional march a hymn to the *Bandera* alternated with the triumphant notes played by the youthful band.

When the crowd had come to a stop in front of the factories, a pupil from each school recited a patriotic poem into the microphone. Discourses of the high-flown and flowery sorts were then delivered, one fiery orator going so far as to pay a compliment to the Madres on their being "foreigners with a Cuban heart." So long and so loud the people clapped that we became quite confused about it all. Yes, we have been trying to copy St. Paul all along by becoming all things to all men. And they say we have made a success of the attempt!

As the clock struck twelve the four veterans with due solemnity hoisted their flag above the factories, while the people sang with gusto the *Himno de Bayamo* they love. Veterans and notables then answered Mr. Matacena's invitation to a banquet given on his *vivienda*. We Sisters took a hurried dinner with our companions, who had come from Manguito for Flag Day.

In the afternoon we had the guest-Sisters visit the church and the factories. Not a word did they say about the House of God being so poor and so small, but they did notice what a lovely statue of Mary we had and asked, too, where we had found so perfect a statue of the Little Flower.

Workmen with time on their hands courteously offered to show us around and inside the factories. One of them told us we shouldn't go before having admired the beautiful Madonna, La Caridad. It is a bronze statue paid \$45.00 by the employees in a moment of Marian devotion and set high on the cauldrons to keep an eye on things. Twenty-four hours a day there is a light burning at her feet. They call themselves freemasons — at least the majority do — and they go to church as often as a heathen does; yet the few thousands of them have a spark of love for the Mother of God. But why honor the Mother when they have no time for the Mother's Son who is King of Love? It is their own secret. May the grace of God from gentle Mary's hands touch them some day and dub them loyal knights of Him who calls Himself the Way, and the Truth, and the Life!

#### INTRODUCING THE CEIBA

The *ceiba*, best representative of Cuban flora, has been considered a sacred tree ever since some patriots were hanged from its branches during the War of Independence. It is a giant thing sixty metres high and three metres in diameter. It likes to grow all alone with nobody to meddle with it.

Though the *ceiba* calls Cuba its birthplace, it is also at home in other parts of the West Indies, in South America, and under the tropics of the Old World. It has various names, all of which connote the fluffy covering of its seed which is used to stuff mattresses and cushions. In the British West Indies the *ceiba* is called silk cotton tree; in Brazil, *sumahuma*; in Mexico, cotton tree; in Nicaragua, Angel's hair. In the province of Camaguey, its leaves are used in baths. In Havana, they are on the market as a condiment. And, technically speaking, its roots are diuretic and aperitive, while its bark is emetic. Years ago, the natives scooped canoes from the trunk of the *ceiba*.

Legends by the dozen have been woven around the wonder tree. The one we like best is this: It happened during the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. Soldiers of King Herod seeking the Holy Child had all but swooped down upon Him. Her Treasure in her arms, the Blessed Virgin implored a palm tree to shelter her. But the palm tree haughtily straightened itself and bluntly refused. In her distress the Virgin turned to a *ceiba*. The compassionate tree hastened to open its heart. Since that time, we are told, every *ceiba* has a large gap in its trunk, a badge of nobility and the seal that vouches for the kindly act done by one of its kind on the road to Egypt.

But the sacred tree is not untouched by sensitiveness. It seems that one must ask permission to step under its shade. If its leaves don't bow their assent, better detour — there's danger ahead!

## Mary Josephine Goes Home

Late on the evening of October 25, two brawny natives from a distant village knocked at our Katete dispensary. Medicine they wanted for a young woman in the throes of childbirth.

As darkness had already set in, it was impossible for us to think of venturing out along the narrow winding paths that led to the village. Hoping for the best, we gave the men some medicine promising to call as early as possible on the following day.

We had covered only a short distance on our bikes the next morning when a messenger came running towards us. The patient was on her way to Katete! Had we heard aright? On a makeshift stretcher — a straw mat hung between two bicycles — the poor woman was indeed brought in a few moments later. Although exhausted with the jolting over bumpy mountain paths, she was still conscious. Hurriedly we had her removed to one of the huts built for the sick within the mission enclosure. Stimulants were administered with but slight chances of success, as the heart was worn out.

Sister St. Justinien<sup>(1)</sup> rushed back to the convent for injections leaving me alone with an aide and the non-Christian members of the family who crowded about. The patient's pulse was a mere flutter. How I wished I could tell her about God and her immortal soul! Alas, I had arrived in Africa only a week previously. I succeeded, however, in making the helper understand that she should immediately call the missionary Father.

Father Legare, W.F., soon arrived. By then, the dying woman had lapsed into semi-consciousness. All about, the poor people stood in awe



1. Paule Ida COULOMBE, Monument, P. Q.

as the missionary stamped another human soul with the seal of heir to the heavenly kingdom. "Mary Josephine, I baptize thee..." No sooner had the blessed words been pronounced than the newly-made Christian hastened on her way home to God.

In the afternoon, Mary Josephine was given a Christian burial, upon the express request of the twenty Protestant or pagan members of her family who had accompanied her to Katete. A solemn *Libera* was chanted at the parish church before the mortal remains were carried to the cemetery. Disconsolately sobbed the youthful husband as his nineteen-year-old wife was lowered into the grave. According to local customs, the young woman's belongings, in this case one straw mat and goat skins, were buried with her.

After the funeral, Ignacio, the zealous mission catechist, had all present squat upon the grass outside the cemetery. Short and to the point was his oration. Death stalks us poor mortals at all hours of the day or night. What if she rapped us unawares? In the Catholic Church alone is to be learnt that most necessary of all lessons — how to live in God's grace in



THE THRILL OF FIRST VISIT IN THE BUSH COMES TO SISTER ST. LEON LE GRAND (PAULINE LONGTIN, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION STATIONED AT KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.

order to die in His love. Mary Josephine went home to God in the spring-time of her life, when she least expected to die. The same might happen to anyone. Why not be ready to answer the call?

God grant fruition to the seed sown in the hearts of these good people. Heresy, alas, has gained a foothold in their village. Mary Josephine, from celestial mansions above, do look down upon the members of your tribe and family who do not as yet know the way that leads to the kingdom you have so happily reached. May your prayers guide them also safely home at last.

SISTER ST. LEON LE GRAND, M.I.C.

---

## The Frontiers of Faith

Faith too has its advanced sentries mounting guard loyally at the frontiers of our religion — the missionaries. In the remotest corners of the world, where duty has called them to conquer souls, they work on undaunted. They reach the foremost posts, planting there as a banner of integrity and martyrdom the Cross of Christ.

They have no arms but prayer for their protection; they have no viaticum but their mass-book and rosary. But their hearts are as full of courage as those of any "commando" advancing on the enemy's outposts, ready to dare everything in order to open the way for those coming after him.

The missionary does not know what sort of people he will meet or where he will be sent to preach the Word of God. But he steps out boldly with the unhesitating bearing of a man who is sure of victory. The whole world is his battlefield. Where is he bound for? He doesn't know. One day God will call him to some secluded spot: *sibilabit ad eum de finibus terræ* (Isaias, III, 26).

Apostle of the true faith, he knows that he will meet diffidence and indifference on his way, sometimes even hatred and a spirit of revenge. For very often he has been preceded by other "civilized" men — adventurers, unscrupulous persons, dishonest traders, slave-drivers. Civilization has acquired a bad reputation before he arrives with his burden of saintliness. But, with the help of God, he will succeed in getting behind the savages' defences just as St. Anthony succeeded in taming the wild beasts in the desert.

When we speak of missionaries, we think of messengers from the civilized world bringing our religion, our customs, and our inventions to the inhabitants of far-away, practically unexplored countries. But we must not forget all the advantages that we have obtained from these same missionaries on their return! In the fifth century, in fact, two missionaries coming from China brought some silkworms and cocoons in their haversacks, first to Constantinople and then to old Europe. And is not the bark known as cinchona also called the "bark of the Jesuits?" In 1640 some Jesuit Fathers, missionaries in Brazil, were indeed the first persons to bring this bark, from which the febrifuge quinine is obtained, to our continent.

From the burning sands of Africa to the eternal ice-fields of the Poles, from islands lost in the midst of the oceans to inhospitable countries barely marked on nautical maps, the kingdom of God is everywhere and the missionaries go everywhere, the advanced patrols of the Christian faith. One example will be sufficient: Of the twenty-seven missionary stations forming the Apostolic Vicariate of MacKenzie (Canada), only three are near the railway; the others are spread out along the banks of rivers and lakes, sometimes as much as 4,800 km. from the railway. Well, 5,000 kilometres from civilization there is a Cross over which missionaries mount faithful guard, tireless sentries of the frontiers of religion.

M. in Anno Santo



## Chinese Girl's Conversion

*The following article is from the pen of Miss Sophia Huang, St. Teresa's School, Shameen, China, a young girl who has found happiness in the one true Church founded by Christ.*

I was born in Shanghai of a very old family. My name is Huang Youk Man, meaning: Diligent. I am now seventeen years old. My grandfather and grandmother love me greatly because I am the youngest child in the family, so they took great care of me in my childhood. When I was four years old my mother sent me to a non-Catholic school because my parents did not like Catholic or Protestant schools. In that school we had plenty of things to play, and there were also many animals. I felt very happy, because I had a lot of friends to play with me. I stayed there four years till I was in Fourth Grade, Chinese course. Then my mother sent me to a Protestant school where I studied two years.

The Second World War began, so our whole family went into the interior of China where I was sent to school again. Unfortunately it was not a very good place for me, but still I was comfortable and my classmates were always kind to me. In that place, we had plenty of different kinds of fruits to eat. The pupils had no religion, they only thought of their study and games.

When Victory came, we returned to Shanghai. I went to a Protestant school to study again. In that time I learned the Protestants' things little by little. When I finished Junior Three, I knew the Protestant religion quite well. By the time it happened that my mother had learnt more about Catholics, so she sent me to a Catholic school. I did not like the school because the Mothers' discipline was very severe. They were also very strict in lessons. But still I did not lose any hope and I continued my school for two years. When I came to Canton I entered this St. Teresa's School to learn English. The Sisters in this school are very kind to me. I happened to know that everyone must have a religion, so in my heart I thought that the Catholic Church is the true Church. Then I began to go to Mass every Sunday and sing in the choir. I also began to study Catechism and to eagerly hear the explanations from Sister. Every day I studied as many pages as I could find time after my other lessons.

In the middle of that period I had to go to Hong Kong because my father asked us to remove our house there on account of the situation here. But when I got to that place I felt that everything was uncomfortable; my heart was still in Canton. As I did not know the streets, on Sunday I could not go to church and I was very sad. At home I always insisted to go back to Canton. So I stayed in Hong Kong not quite two weeks and then returned to Canton. I continued to study in my St. Teresa's

School as before. It was nearer Christmas, I could be baptized if I could only study diligently so as to make up for the lost time. I began to study hard. At last I finished the Catechism book and also reviewed it. When Father asked me in examination I was very timid being afraid that I could not pass, so when I heard Father Limat say that I could be baptized, how happy I was!

My happiness was complete on Christmas morning when I became a child of God and had all my wishes realized. Now I am a Catholic and I want to be a good fervent one all my life. I shall also try my best to bring my whole family to the true Faith. My Baptism name is Josephine.

---

## Thank You One and All!

"Thank you" is a very small and very inadequate word. But on the lips of our Sisters in Africa, the Philippines, Japan, and the West Indies, it is rendered somewhat more valuable for there goes with it the promise that "we will pray for you and ask God to reward you."

Our Sisters on the missions and we in Canada join in thanking all our devoted sewing-circle members and friends who have helped so much in the material welfare of God's poor and needy in fields afar.

Your weekly contribution of time and labor is written in many grateful hearts on earth, and in God's Book of Rewards it is penned in letters of gold. The Master of Missions sees every little and great effort, and rich will be His return some day.

Our thanks may be poor; but His thanks are never inadequate and they always come!

*The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*

---

## HOLY YEAR CALENDAR

- September 2-12: International Congress of Catholic Chemists. Congress proper takes place September 2 to 6, and beginning September 7 the congressists will make the prescribed visits to the major basilicas to gain the jubilee indulgence.
- September 3-12: International Catholic Congress of Social Service.
- September 4-8: International Missionary Congress, promoted by the Supreme Committee for Pontifical Missionary Activities.
- September 5-9: International Congress of Catholic Nurses, Medical and Social Assistants.
- September 7-11: International Congress on the History of Scholastic Philosophy.
- September 8-12: International Congress of Marian Congregations.
- September 11-17: Third International Thomistic Congress.
- September 13-16: Study Days of Charity.
- October 8-15: International Congress of Religious Instruction. Promoted by the Sacred Congregation of the Council.
- October 9-14: First International Congress of Prison Chaplains.
- October 15-20: International Congress of the Teachers of the Third Order of Friars Minor.
- Beatifications are expected on the last Sunday of October and some of the Sundays of November.

## Our Sisters Write

*Katele, Nyasaland, May 12, 1950*

Just a few days ago, Msgr. St. Denis invited us to accompany him on a trip to Mzimba, where he had matters to settle with government officials.

While they were talking things over, we Sisters (Sister Madeleine Marie<sup>(1)</sup>, Sister St. Brigitte<sup>(2)</sup> and I) visited the capital city of Northern Nyasaland. Black people crowded around us asking if we were Fathers and if we were going to speak about God. Naturally, we answered no and yes. One strapping fellow stepped forward telling us his impressions about the wonderful Catholic way of life. He is a catechumen as yet, but finds the Fathers should be on hand oftener to say Mass and preach the word of God. On all sides, black people lay on the grass sunning themselves, pretty much like stray sheep without a shepherd. Were there only more shepherds here — priests and Sisters — the lost sheep might be led to the One who died for them.

At six thirty that evening we hopped off at Mzambazi to say hello to our Sisters. We found all of them in the best of health and as cheerful as ever. After some coaxing we decided to unpack and call it a two-day visit; we needed as long to chat about the Motherhouse behind and the little daughter-house for which we have crossed the Atlantic.

Rumphi, our home-to-be, is something like a more recent edition of the Garden of Eden. There are tall mountains all around and a river as easy on the eyes as the St. Lawrence. The missionary Fathers have a gem of a garden with fruits and vegetables doing a quick job of ripening.

To use another comparison, there's another garden too — a priceless jewel — the promising harvest of souls that must be gathered into the Father's granaries above. We are on the spot to do the harvesting, but we can't count on 100% success unless the folks back home help us with their prayers.

Our house is beginning to stand on its legs, or more exactly, on its foundations. It will be quite a while, though, before we can move in. Meanwhile, we grown-up schoolgirls learn the new tongue with occasional, or rather continual, first-aid from the Holy Ghost.

*Sister Bernadette de France, M.I.C.*

(Bernadette Dumas, St. Anselme de Dorchester)

---

*Manila, April 26, 1950*

My kitchen helpers are still alive and in good spirits. Gloria is a very nice and helpful girl, the soul of generosity and so many other things besides. When she paid a visit home some time ago, she called upon a friend of the family, a very sick man, to touch the pulse of his religious leanings. She hardly expected to be met by a skeptical fellow who threw up all kinds of tales invented on the priesthood and priests. With him was another rascal of the same cloth. Gently she insinuated that they had certainly never seen anything of the kind, and that they would see things clearly if only they took the trouble to get instructed. But Gloria's victory won't be an easy one; only prayer and sacrifice can change them. So now she uses those two methods. She recently prepared our little helper Amparo for her First Communion.

Amparo wetted a lot of handkerchiefs the first day. Gloria came to the rescue with comforting words and little invocations to be said when things looked too dark. Amparo followed the advice freely given and dried up the little pools. She took a catechism lesson each night and by April 22 was ready to pass her preparatory examination in view of First Communion. She went to confession the next day, and with Gloria knelt at the Sacred Banquet in which Christ is received.

*Sister St. Matthieu, M.I.C.*

(Agnes Guenette, St. Anne des Plaines)

---

1. Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount. 2. Jeannette CARON, St. Jean de la Lande.

# The Christopher Page

*"The world can be better  
because you are in it."*

## RE-STATING THE CHRISTOPHER PURPOSE

The world is in bad shape. Many of us are wondering, with growing concern, just what can be done about it at this eleventh hour. We don't seem in such poor shape ourselves; in fact, we have been taking pretty good care of ourselves. But the other morning we picked up the newspaper and read about a new and terrifying Communist advance. We realized that *some* people were doing *something*, were doing more than a dozen of us — they were taking care of everybody else. While we sat wishfully thinking that the world were *better*, they were on their toes making it *bitter*!

Yes, the other morning we understood that the world is the worse because those evil-minded ones in it are intent on sweeping away all notion of the divine and on destroying our civilization. But, did we pause to ponder that the world CAN BE BETTER because we are in it?

This was the idea in the mind of Father Keller, M.M., when he launched the Christopher movement five years ago. In his best-selling book, *You Can Change the World*, he gets close to Mr. Average Man and tells him what he can do, individually and personally, to make the challenging title of that book, that "Christopher bible" if you like, a reality. Briefly, he suggests to Mr. Average Man how to go about changing the face of the earth.

"Incredible!" gasps the workman. Or maybe he is a teacher, a lawyer, a businessman, a student, a housewife, a nurse.

"It can be done!" assures the Christopher founder.

The book goes on to state how the subversives are not content with living their own little lives in a little world of their own making. They reach millions over the earth and teach them to have a false outlook on life and eternity. To make their voices carry farther, they swarm into the four big fields that matter, namely, education, government, labor-management, and writing.

Here the Christophers step in to beat the Christless at their own game. The Christophers strive to persuade good, healthy-minded people to push into the same great fields that touch and sway the millions of mankind. They are modern lay apostles for whom the "Go" of Christ is a soul-stirring incentive to launch out into the deep and sow pardon instead of injury, hope instead of despair, light instead of darkness. The Christophers do not spend all their energy driving out the bad people; what interests them most is driving in good people with sane, sound, Christian principles, and people of this type, thanks be to God, are still very numerous. As Father Keller says, "The woods are full of them." And real Christophers are good people who come out of the woods and make for the marketplace, for the mainstream of life, for the spheres that count.

This comparatively recent movement is, so to say, a streamlined affair. *No* chapters, *no* fees, *no* committees, *no* meetings. Personal initiative and personal responsibility are the keynotes. Each individual works by himself to influence the world from the home and shop and office by a personal interest in the things which happen every day.

If you really want to know what one person can do; if you are too considerate to "fiddle while Rome burns;" if you want to put into life as much as you humanly can, a good starting-point would be to write for free Christopher literature, or, better still, buy a copy of Father Keller's *You Can Change the World*. Christopher headquarters:

THE CHRISTOPHERS,

18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.



MANGUITO

## Children's Week

The Department of Public Instruction of Cuba held its first *Children's Week* in February. The new venture opened on the 20th with a *Health Day*, the pupils having hygiene served to them on the intellectual menu of lessons, dictations, composition, arithmetic, and even drawing.

*Exaltation of the Teachers* provided the theme for the second day and a merry holiday for the little school people. The junior pupils brought a cake for the Madres, but the seniors chose to "say it with flowers."

Around ten o'clock a bright-faced tot came with the information that Sister Superior and all the Madres were expected in one of the classrooms. Blackboards and walls had been gayly decorated by lay teachers and pupils. With all the graciousness at their command the latter presented bouquets of carnations and roses to the Madres and the two lay teachers. One tiny gentleman thought that recitations and gay choruses could most appropriately be followed by a love song. Would the Madres like to hear it? Not one word of it did they



understand, but Octavio, blissfully unaware, sang right on to the last line with enthusiasm undampened.

Early in the afternoon, all the merry-makers climbed into the bus and headed for Mr. Cueto's farm at ten minutes' distance. The grounds, spacious and level as a floor, are an ideal spot for good games of ball. And there you have reason enough why the baseball enthusiasts greeted Father Lemire's unexpected arrival with wild whoops of delight.

We reached Mr. Cueto's *casa*, nestling in a cosy spot with twelve hundred orange trees around, by a long lane bordered with palm trees. In a mammoth wicker basket hundreds of oranges were waiting for pearly teeth to bite into them and red lips to tell them how good they were. Our kind hostess distributed them liberally to the young fry until the basket was empty. One of the Sisters, keen on statistics, reported that some youngsters had eaten ten, fifteen, and even twenty golden beauties! Let us add in explanation that eating oranges the Cuban child's way means simply cutting the oranges in two sections and drinking the juice, which, incidentally, is a fine appetite sharpener.

After lunch the children sang their favorite songs, said a few decades of the beads, and had their pictures taken. Then it was time to pack up and take the homeward-bound bus. Dirty faces and tired limbs told what a day they had had, but bright eyes told also how perfectly happy it had been.

Wednesday of Children's Week had been booked as take-a-trip day for Cuba's school-going folk. Ours, who had gone a-journeying the day before, played hosts to a group of students from Mercedes who had been visiting a sugar-cane plantation.

Thursday was dedicated to the *intellectual development* of school-agers, and Friday to the *Exaltation of the Homeland*.

A gay period for Cuba's boys and girls is Children's Week, and a splendid occasion for the cultivation of the noblest sentiments in their hearts. How we wish they had God's Week — or even His Day!

#### ST. JOSEPH AND THE LITTLE WHITE GUEST

March 19 brought First Communion joys to thirty-five of the Madres' pupils. In the sunlit morning thirty-five pairs of little steps pattered their way to church with Aracely and Maria Louisa, kindergarten *angelitos*, opening the line of march. Angels for the day, the two displayed flimsy wings with gold pin points that must have won an approving smile from the smallest places where San José's spouse is Queen.

In faultless order the First Communicants entered the church to the strains of a special march. A good parishioner had with her hired help made God's House beautiful with palm trees from her own garden. Flowers graced the altars and both ends of the Communion rail were buried in a mass of beautiful foliage. In honor of the Holy Year the papal flag had its place on the Gospel side of the altar, and to mark the centenary of the Cuban colors as well as the harmony so desirable between church and state, the Cuban standard occupied a position on the Epistle side.



CUBAN FIRST COMMUNICANT

Rev. Father G. Lemire, celebrant, delivered a short but inspiring sermon in which he established a striking parallel between the miracle of the loaves related in the Gospel for the day and the unceasing miracle of the Holy Eucharist. Father's simple but persuasive talk was such as could easily move hearts responsive to the bidding of grace.

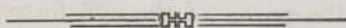
After Holy Mass, during which the *Colegio* choir in charge of the singing took care to include a hymn to St. Joseph, parish *santo* and school patron, pictures were taken in the sanctuary, as custom will have it in Manguito. Then, the winsome angelic pair again in the lead, the thirty-five dear little communicants returned to the school grounds for their gay outdoor breakfast.

Our first feast of St. Joseph will be memorable because of the First Communion ceremony and also because it marked the baptism of two-year-old Mercedes. The little one doesn't yet realize how much she owes to her big sister Aurora, who finally obtained her parents' consent to the baptism.

St. Joseph had a procession in his honor that evening. Along the streets of the town toured the saint's statue in Doctor Garcia's jeep, which had taken on the appearance of a splendid *carroza*. Peeping from behind large sheaves of flowers stood angelic Aracely and cherubic Maria Louisa, wings still on, accompanying the foster father of the morning's Little White Guest. What a glorious day they had had!

First Communion Day has filled our hearts with gratitude and joy, for it has served as a channel for grace in not a few souls. Some time ago the mother of a First Communicant felt the first pangs of remorse, when leafing through her child's catechism book, at the thought that her observance of God's law was far from what the little book said it should be. This woman, who has never even made her First Communion, implored us to pray that her husband will agree to have their marriage blessed.

Another young mother cried much during the ceremony. Her husband has yet to rebuild his lost faith and suffer to have their union blessed. A prey to the "happy persecutions of grace," this young wife is burning to match her deeds with her creed. But all is not lost. God's arm is not shortened and He can still and He does still raise sons to Abraham. He can still lead souls from the blindness of doubt to the splendor of Faith. And He will, because one little girl is praying very hard.



## Mary's Birthday

Earth never broke forth with so gay and glad a refrain as when the babe Mary, the infant who was the joy of the world, the flower of God's visible creation, and the perfection of the invisible and hitherto queenless angels of His court, came like the richest fruit, ready-ripe and golden, of the world's most memorable September.

There is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this of her nativity, right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, and whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world.

Yet it was the mystery of the Maternity which made her nativity a joy so great.

Father Faber

# A Great Prince

*And behold Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me. (Dan. X, 13)*

Michael the Archangel is named four times in the sacred Scriptures, twice by the Prophet Daniel, once by St. Jude, and once in the Apocalypse of St. John. It is the last which is probably the most familiar to us, and to it we owe our knowledge of Michael's function as the captain of the angelic hosts in their victorious conflict with the fallen angels led by Satan.

"And there was a great battle in heaven," records St. John; "Michael and his angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels; and they prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven. And that great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world; and he was cast unto the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him."

Our imagination fails in the attempt to form any adequate picture of this mysterious warfare between pure spirits, mighty in their natural powers, whether for good or for evil. But at least we gain some glimpse of the nature of the conflict against the forces of evil, in which we also have to take our part. We have against us, it is true, the frailty of the flesh, and the temptations which come to us directly from the influence of men. But there are more powerful enemies than these would be by themselves, powerful and pure spirits whose angelic nature is wholly abandoned to evil, and dedicated to eternal enmity against God.

That is what St. Paul means when he urges the Ephesians: "Put you on the armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." And by "principalities," and "powers," and the "spirits of wickedness," the Apostle means not merely vague abstractions typifying an abstract evil. He means the great and mighty spirits created by God to serve Him, but who in the frenzy of rebellious pride, irrevocably chose to reject their Creator.

The more we realise the power of the evil forces which are bent upon our eternal ruin, the more should we think of the might of the angelic hosts who, in the name of God, stand ever on our side against them. And the more ought we to realize that we can afford to neglect no weapon and no protection which belongs to *the whole armour of God*. We do not know the peril in which we stand when we deliberately neglect to use the manifold means which God has provided for our salvation.

God has willed that Michael the Archangel should lead the forces of the good angels against the evil angels, and to him we should constantly resort, invoking his strong protection against the assaults of Satan. Sentimentalism has made popular and prevalent a conception of the angels which is wholly without foundation in the sacred Scriptures. They are often imagined and portrayed as feeble and vaguely feminine beings, suggestive

of nursery governesses in good families. This ridiculous concept has done much to destroy any real belief in the angels among those outside the Church, who also are apt to believe that the souls of men become angels after death.

No; the angels of God are pure spirits of great might and power. Let us invoke their constant aid, and especially that of Michael, so that at the last we shall be able to say that "*Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me.*"

Quoted From *The Universe, London*

---

## The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

At the convent of Bon-Repos Father Chanel preached a farewell sermon on the mission of the Church which made a lasting impression on the community. "What a glorious destiny is that of the Church, our Mother!" he exclaimed. "Like the sun she shines over the whole earth to enlighten and to vivify. Her course is marked out for her by her Divine Spouse. She pursues it, she fulfills it, allowing no obstacle to hinder her. Heaven and earth will pass away before this word of Jesus Christ, 'This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world.' There will be no country, however distant, or however barbarous, that His light does not penetrate."

After pointing out in some detail how the Church fulfills her mission, he went on, "You are unable, dear Sisters, to go forth and preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth, but be missionaries in your holy seclusion. The apostolate of prayer is not less efficacious than that of the priesthood. St. Francis Xavier understood this, so from Asia he wrote to his beloved brethren in Rome, 'I am but a sinner; I do not deserve to serve as the instrument of God's mercy to the infidels; but if you remember me in your prayers, I hope that God will use me to plant the Faith in these pagan lands.' It was revealed to St. Teresa that her prayers had won the conversion of thousands of infidels. Perhaps you will say that you cannot pray with her seraphic fervor; but you are members of the Church which never prays in vain; and, by this title, have you not the right to unite your petitions to those of the Spouse of Jesus Christ? It is more than a right, it is a sacred duty."

"I have often begged you to remember my intentions in your Holy Communions. I realize that you helped me much in the work I have just laid aside. And if your prayers supported me heretofore, can you refuse them to me when my need has grown immeasurably greater?"

After leaving the chapel, Father Chanel saw his sister privately. For the last time he spoke to her of the unutterable sweetness of the religious life, urging her to aim always at perfection, and again he begged for her prayers. She rejoiced with him over God's goodness in calling him to the Foreign Mission field and asked him always to remember her in his Masses. Only high and holy thoughts filled their minds in that last sweet talk. Each made his sacrifice generously, heroically. But nature would have its way, and when her brother was gone Sister St. Dominic's courage slipped away from her, and running to the superior, in a strange but beautiful spirit of obedience, she asked if she might cry. For Father Chanel, whose loving heart ached so sorely when he parted from his boys and his friends, what must have been the pain of this separation!

On leaving Belley he went home to say farewell to his relatives. He stopped first at Amberieux, and for the last time presided at a meeting of *Les Filles de la Perseverance*. To all the members he gave holy pictures on which he had written, "Pray for me." His last words to them were, "I will not say good-bye; we shall meet again in heaven. Let no one of us be missing."

The same day he went to the seminary of Brou where he had a long talk about the missions of Oceania with Father Perrodin, the superior, who said afterward that such joy shone in Father Chanel's face, as he talked, that he looked like an angel. "I am going far in search of my salvation, and I have great hope of finding it there," he said to Father Perrodin, with that radiant smile of his.

The next day, October first, he reached home in the morning. He talked a great deal about the missions, but without letting any one suspect how distant a one had been confided to him. One of his brothers noticed that he seemed to be ecstatically happy and wondered a little. "And when will you come back?" he asked. Father Chanel smiled at him as he answered, "Who knows? If I do not see you again on earth we shall meet in heaven."

On Sunday, Feast of the Holy Rosary, he said Mass in the little church at Cuet. Father Terrier, the pastor, asked him to preach, and he profited by this opportunity to recommend great love for the Blessed Virgin, and to ask the people for their prayers. His mother dined with him at the presbytery. "After vespers," he wrote to Sister St. Dominic, "we chatted for a little while longer. She was concerned about what she should give us for dinner on the following day. Poor Mother! She had no thought of not seeing me again, but so it happened. I went to Monteval to call on the pastor and spent the night at Malafretaz. On Monday morning I saw but two sisters and their families before going to Cras to say Mass. Josephine chanced to be there, too, so I saw everybody. I dined that day at Attignat."

The cure of Attignat, an old friend and former schoolmate, had invited several priests of the neighborhood to meet him at his house, and after dinner Father Chanel told them what he knew of his mission and solicited their alms, and above all, their prayers. They gave generously of their small means, and all promised to remember him frequently at the Altar.

One of those present imagined that he was sad at heart and made occasion to speak encouragingly to him. "My dear friend, I was never farther from discouragement," Father Chanel replied. "I have only happiness in my vocation and a sweet hope of martyrdom."

On the eve of the departure of this first missionary band of the Society of Mary, Father Colin addressed to them a long letter which bears witness to his lively faith, wisdom, and fatherly tenderness:

"My dear Brothers in Jesus and Mary,

"May the grace and peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you and remain with you forever.

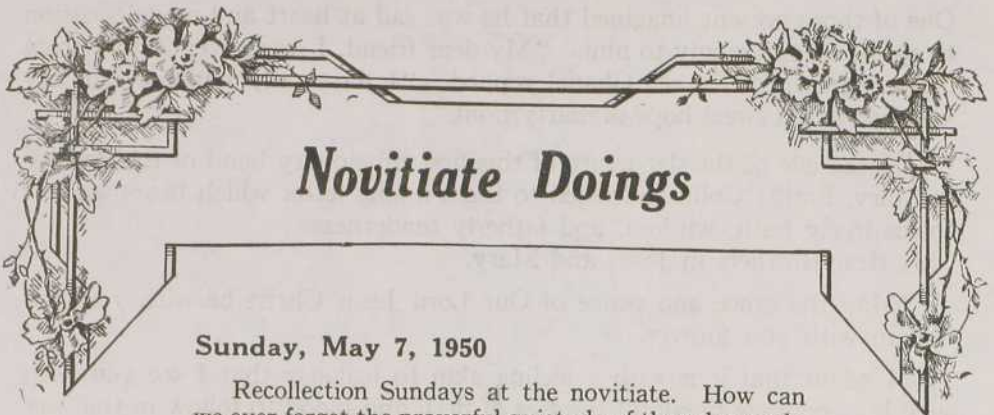
"I admit that it is with a feeling akin to jealousy that I see you with such holy courage break all the ties of flesh and blood to follow in the way you are called and to carry the torch of faith to the people of western Oceania. What would I not give to partake of your happiness and participate in your labors that I might share later in the great reward promised you in heaven! Alas, my sins make me unworthy of the grace of the apostolate and of martyrdom. But permit me, at least, to give you some advice which may be useful to you, and which will be for you a new proof of my tender affection.

"Put no trust in yourselves, either in prosperity or in adversity, but put all your trust in Jesus and Mary. The more you have this mistrust of yourselves and this trust in God, the more surely will you draw down the favor of heaven. The man of faith who puts his trust in God alone stands firm in the midst of danger. He is neither rash nor timid. Remember always that the success of your mission will be the reward of your faith and your confidence in God alone.

"Never lose sight of God's presence. It is in His name that you go; it is He who sends you. He will be with you everywhere, as He was with the Apostles; He will be with you on land and sea, in calm and tempest, in health and in sickness; if you are hungry or thirsty, He will hunger and thirst with you. It is He whom they will receive in receiving you; He whom they will persecute, if they persecute you; He whom they will reject, if they reject you. See Him, then, everywhere, at all times, in whatever comes, be it good or ill fortune; see Him always intimately united to you — sharing your work, your sufferings, your consolations, your joys. Do all for His glory, forgetting yourselves. It is in the ever-present thought of your Divine Saviour that you will find your strength, your peace, and all the light you need.

"Be men of prayer. To convert a soul is a greater work than to raise a dead man to life, and it cannot be done without prayer. Pray, then, continually for the conversion of your poor people; offer each day's actions for this intention. However busy you may be, never allow a day to pass without saying at least some decades of the Rosary. Place every island you come to under the protection of Mary.

*(To be continued)*



## Novitiate Doings

**Sunday, May 7, 1950**

Recollection Sundays at the novitiate. How can we ever forget the prayerful quietude of those heavenly days spent at Our Lady's feet? But the May recollection Sundays will always hold a cherished nook in the shrine of our memories. We have felt more deeply on those blessed days, O Immaculate Mother and Queen, how sweet it is to serve thee; how wonderful it is, from hour to hour, to love thee more. Hearts overflowing with happiness, we renew our consecration. Help us to realize the motto bequeathed our religious family by our revered Mother Foundress, to make thee "known and loved from pole to pole."

**Sunday, May 14**

According to our thinking, every day should be Mother's Day just as truly as every day must be another big day in the life of every mother. But it is good that one day at least be singled out from among all the days of the year in which we may pay gracious tribute to the queens of our homes. In spirit, then, we join with the brothers and sisters still living in the home nest, to offer loving congratulations to the most wonderful persons that God has used to bless the earth — our beloved mothers. May the Queen of all mothers bless you all for the generous sacrifice of your children to the service of God, and may she be always on hand to help you out in your arduous task as queens of our families!

**Monday, May 15**

We were about halfway through our spiritual reading this forenoon when the bell called us to assemble in the reception hall. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who is visiting at the Foreign Mission Seminary, would shortly call at our novitiate, we were told.

At first we little novices felt rather overawed at the thought of entertaining so illustrious a visitor. The Delegate's fatherly kindness, however, soon put us perfectly at ease.

His Excellency, referring to the sacrifice so many Catholics have to make in having to forego their visit to Rome to gain the Jubilee indulgence, smilingly added, "All roads lead to Rome. Don't forget that life here below is a pilgrimage to our permanent City above. None of you know as yet where your mission assignment will lead you; but of this you may feel absolutely certain, from whatever country you may be assigned a route will always lead to the Jerusalem eternal."

His Excellency next remarked on the symbolism of our white habit. "Your habit is reminiscent of purity. When I lived in China I always enjoyed so much the sight of newly baptized Christians clad in white garments like those of the primitive Church from Easter Sunday to Sunday *in albis*. Your dress, dear Sisters, is

a sermon in white, daily reminding you of your own baptism. I would like to suggest three devotions brought to mind by your spotless livery — devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, love of the Immaculate Virgin, and love of Christ's Vicar on earth. These three devotions like softly glowing lights will safely guide you along your earthly pilgrimage to the celestial City above."

May the blessing of the Pope's envoy help us to put these precious counsels into practice.

\* \* \*

### *The Novice's Rosary*

The Tremendous Lover has beckoned and joyfully His bride-to-be has answered His call. Yes, joyfully indeed, even if unbidden tears insist on spilling from eyes that smart at parting from all that is near and dear. Tears notwithstanding, the future postulant is happy beyond words at the thought of dedicating her life to God. Lovingly she tells the first decades of her Joyful Mysteries.

How heart-warming the reception that awaits the aspirants at the novitiate! Here charity may be said to hold queenly sway. The postulants' own quarters have been reached and the doors open wide; at the farther end of the hall, a beautifully decorated shrine of the Holy Child holding out His arms as if in tender welcome is the first thing that attracts the eye. Attentive, motherly mistresses seem bent only on making the postulancy as pleasant as possible. The newcomer wonders as the remaining decades of her Joyful Mysteries slip through her fingers. Where are the trials she expected to find lurking at every turn in the religious life?

Never fear, dear little Sister, you will not long be deprived of making sacrifices for your Beloved. At the end of every rosary hangs the Cross. Smile meanwhile and be happy.

The black dress of the postulant has been exchanged for the blue and white livery of the novice. Mother Mistress now introduces her to the novices' quarters. What a vast, cheerful, sun-drenched room the novitiate hall, where daily the prosaic rhythm of sewing machines alternates with the pious melody of hymns and Aves!

No attractive statue of the Christ Child adorns the hall, but on the white-washed wall hangs a large crucifix; the Savior's bruised Body is twisted in agony; the thorn-pierced Head bows low. Across sin-laden ages Jesus cries out again, "I thirst!" This mysterious thirst of her Lord's the novice must learn to quench. When she was yet a postulant, the Divine Child held out His arms to her as if to caress and console. But on the Cross the Redeemer's arms are riven and torn. The novice must learn the stern yet beneficent ways of self-denial, the secrets of a fruitful apostolate. New responsibilities must be shouldered. All the convent offices in turn see her trying her hand, now at sewing although her awkward fingers may be all thumbs; in the garden where flowers and vegetables respond more or less to her green thumb; in the classroom where sciences must be mastered.

Little splinters of the Cross, failures, mishaps, humiliations, physical discomforts are daily hers to offer as blood-red blossoms to her Lover.

Thus speed by the days of this her first year of noviceship. Mixed emotions sometimes seize her — doubt and a sense of unreality mingled with love and joy. Will she be found worthy of the Divine Bridegroom? Has she really striven hard enough after perfection? Still, time and a deepened spirituality dispel doubts and heighten joy; trustingly, lovingly she twines prayer and work into garlands of crimson roses, her Sorrowful Mysteries.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then if ever come perfect days . . .

The little novice keeps happily repeating the poet's words as with a radiant smile she flits about her daily tasks. No more anxious waiting. One little word has set her mind at ease and flooded her heart with happiness unalloyed. She has been reckoned worthy to be among the maidens whom the Queen will introduce into the King's presence. The trials, the anxious suspense of the past two years are now forgotten. "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*," sings her grateful heart morning, noon, and night. How sweet to know her childhood dreams, her great missionary dreams are about to come true!

As her nimble fingers fly in and out of the spotless folds of her trousseau, the little novice in spirit walks the wilds of Africa in search of lambkins to be safely hemmed within the Shepherd's fold. Wondering eyes look up at her; dusky, chubby hands tug at her habit. Then the novitiate bell suddenly calls her back to Canada and the all-important duty of the moment. Souls may be won only the hard way, through prayer and sacrifice. Even if Holy Obedience should bid her remain in the homeland, she knows that she could still hope to be a genuine missionary a la Saint Therese of Lisieux.

Faint murmurings, far-off melodies herald the Bridegroom's approach. With burning heart the bride-to-be gathers in the garden of her solitude the fragrant, full-blown roses of her bridal bouquet, the gleaming, golden roses of her Glorious Mysteries.



### One Year Ago... Model Catholic "First Lady"

The Far East lost a great Catholic woman in her. She was Mrs. Aurora A. Quezon, widow of the first president of the Philippines. She was killed by Filipino outlaws in an ambush in north central Luzon. Eleven other persons, including Mrs. Quezon's eldest daughter, Maria Aurora, and a son-in-law, Felipe Buencamino 3d, also were victims of the outrage.

In the Far East the death of Mrs. Quezon was recognized as a major tragedy. Reports on her death were carried on the front pages of all newspapers.

Mrs. Quezon was always in the forefront of religious and charitable activities in the Philippines. Cultured and gracious, she gave to Filipino womanhood the constant example of leadership through her fervent, practical, living Catholicity.

Father P. O'Connor relates that when he met Mrs. Quezon for the last time in Manila, in November, 1947, her chief concern was for the spiritual welfare of 60,000 Filipino Catholics in Hawaii and their urgent need for priests able to speak the Filipino dialects.

Her prayerful influence was a powerful factor in leading the late President Manuel Quezon to make his public retraction of masonry in April, 1931, one of the greatest manifestations of moral courage given by any political figure of our generation.

Mrs. Quezon was a woman worthy to be honored as the First Lady of her country because she was, above all, a true Catholic wife and mother.

Mrs. Quezon was a graduate of Marygrove College, Detroit, and the Women's University of Santo Tomas, Manila. In 1937, she was awarded an honorary degree of doctor of laws by Marygrove College.

# "The Questions They Always Ask"

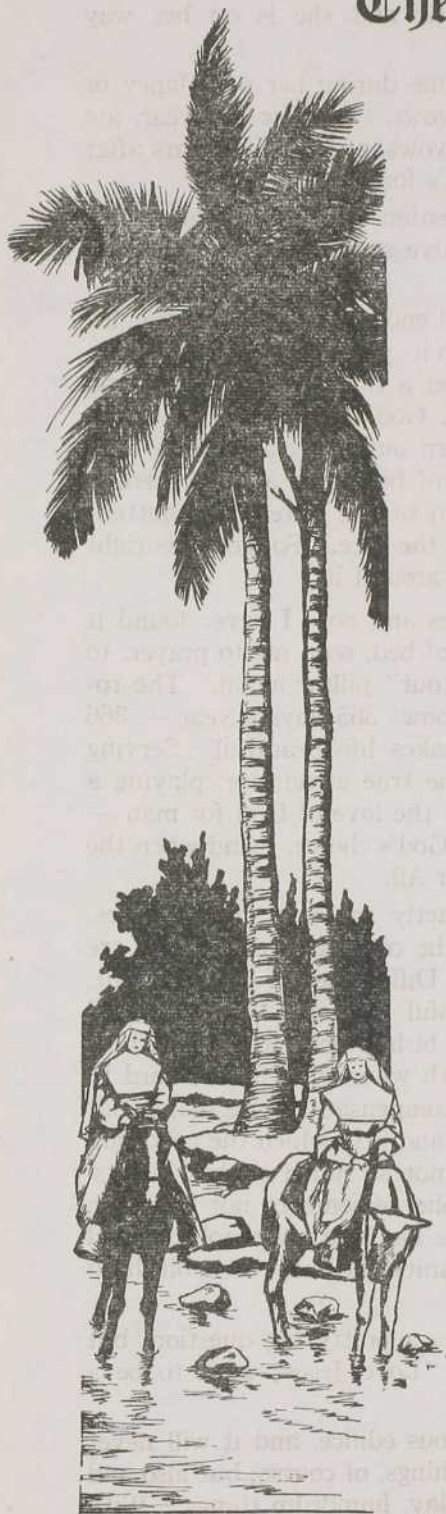
My Dear Young Girl,

Have you ever come across a little booklet entitled "The Questions They Always Ask"? It is something like religion-in-a-nutshell, a handy thing to have at your elbow when a non-Catholic acquaintance admits perplexity about some facet or other of our grand Catholic Faith.

Now, what has this to do with our usual vocational chat? Well, for one thing it's an ideal title. Are there not great, big, eternal questions that girls ask, girls who consider being a nun not necessarily as a must, but quite certainly as a maybe? Don't try to persuade me for the fleetingest second that you young ladies know all, all about the religious life from A to Z. One is never too old to learn, and even within convent walls there are still questions to be answered and points to be made clear.

Comes, first of all, the universal query, "Please, Sister, can a girl get out once she's in?"

To settle this matter of in's and out's, let me tell you that it is really easier to get out than it is to get in. Some misinformed persons seem to believe that the convent is a snare to catch innocent victims and that nuns are pretty much like jailbirds with a life sentence to serve. This is all-false and no-true. The girl who wants to be a nun needs certain qualifications, recommendations from her pastor or spiritual adviser, together with various other requirements made by the particular Sisterhood to which she feels attracted. If she finds out after a time that the life is not the one she thought it to be and that she is not suitable for it; or if the Order does not find her desirable; or, again, if she does not live up to certain expectations, then to quote in a humorous



way "her luggage comes down from the attic and she is on her way home."

Moreover, any girl is free to leave any time during her postulancy or her novitiate. She is equally free when her vows, taken for one year, are expired. By the time a Sister takes her final vows, at least five years after her postulancy, she is resolved to be her Lord's forevermore.

"Do I have to be a saint?" Another question they always ask, when they don't choose to make it a simple assertive sentence, "I'm not good enough."

We are not good enough. Nobody is good enough. Get that straight. The girl we call "Sister" has human nature with its passions and inclinations, its virtues and vices. Nobody expects of you a holiness that sends you dizzy up to the stars. If you are a normal, God-loving, life-loving girl, believe me when I tell you that God can turn out first-class saints from ordinary, everyday material. In the process of becoming a saint there is more of the tortoise's plodding patience than of the hare's intermittent hurrys-ups. It's slow and steady that wins the race. So, get this right in your young head, "You don't need a halo around it."

"Is the life as romantic as it looks?" Yes and no. I never found it very Hollywoodsy to have a bell ring me out of bed, send me to prayer, to work, to meals, to recreation, and back to "our" pillow again. The romance fades when the same regular routine comes 365 days a year — 366 in leap year. BUT it's the purpose that makes life beautiful. Serving out one's life for God is the real romance, the true adventure; playing a key role in the greatest romance in history — the love of God for man — is the privilege that comes only to the girls of God's choice. And when the glamor goes — well, we have Christ. He is our All.

"Is community life hard?" It's not exactly romantic at all times. You must remember that girls do not enter the convent because they are perfect, but because they want to *try* to be. Differences of temperament, environment, and education may cause painful friction. "Even angels' wings sometimes rub against one another," a bishop once told us. There may be someone else or ten someone elses with whom you find it hard to get along. But it's all worth while and the compensations are many, not the least being the inspiration, comfort, cheer, and help which the good nun finds in the common life. She concentrates not so much on her Sisters' small foibles as on their glowing virtues. She remembers not so much the time her toes were stepped on as the time her heart was uplifted and her shoulders eased of their burden. Community life may be a bit hard at times; but mostly it is glorious.

"Just what do I need to persevere?" It's a pretty big question, but one that can be answered in one sentence. "Love Jesus; want to be a good nun; smile."

Let love be the cornerstone of your religious edifice, and it will never collapse. I mean a love ready to do the big things, of course; but also and especially a love ready to do the little, everyday, humdrum things. With

this love of Jesus in the heart, the religious life can be even more than a vestibule leading into Heaven. It can be Heaven itself.

Another aid to perseverance is the determination to be a good nun. The Sister who is ready to give without keeping any you-owe-me accounts, ready to follow Christ step by step, and render love for love, is made of success material. God will cut her on His best pattern.

Being able to smile also helps considerably, it being true that there can be such a thing as too much seriousness, an overdose of solemnity. In the religious as in any other life dark spots are occasionally found that only a smile can brighten. So true is it that Father Raymond, O.C.S.O. (Strict Observance, mind you!), recently wrote, "If you don't laugh often and easily, don't think of becoming a priest, brother, or Sister." Cheerfulness spells fervor, and fervor spells perseverance. Or in other words (Shakespeare's if I remember well), "a cheerful heart goes all the way; a sad heart tires in a mile." How truly this can be applied to convent life!

"How does the call come to you?" Some girls wonder about that. They are right in not expecting the Most High to speak to them as He did to the fiery horseman riding to Damascus; right in waiting for no telegram from Heaven; right in counting upon no private audience with Prince Gabriel. Such methods are very seldom used and only for exceptionally privileged souls. It remains true, however, that God does have various ways of calling His beloved. In some cases the urge to enter is distinct and overpowering; in others it is gentle like a whispering breeze. Some hear the call in early childhood; to others the invitation comes suddenly, almost unexpectedly, as to Matthew at his counter. But always the call is a glorious Annunciation from God to a good girl — not a saint, please note — leaving her free to accept it or turn it down.

Any other questions? I have tried to answer for you some that had me wondering a while ago. I believe we all have pretty much the same questions to ask. But questioning is quite all right, you know. If I read my Gospel intelligently, I notice that even Mary had a question when the Archangel stood before her.

If you, dear girl, have Mary's "how" upon your lips, may you also have her answering *fiat* within your heart when God asks THE QUESTION, "Will you be Mine?"

A MISSIONARY SISTER



Said G. K. C.

If you want an exciting life, said Chesterton, try virtue. By such excitement he did not mean anything in the Wild West line, he did not mean shipwrecks or kidnappings. He meant that life would then have a spiritual source of energy — a certain zest — which is rooted deep in the love of God. It was this zest which not only sustained but gave enthusiasm to the saints in their tremendous labors; and it is this zest which keeps the missionaries going and *interested* in spite of exhaustion, loneliness, and discouragement. It is a sort of insurance against boredom.

Paula Kurth



# Glories of Mary

A great favor has been obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. W., **Montreal**. — I have recovered from a nervous breakdown. Mrs. C. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for all the favors my family has received. Mrs. R. L., **Terrebonne**. — Please find enclosed offering to fulfill a promise made to the Blessed Virgin. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mrs. L. D., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — I am sending an offering for your leper colony for a favor I have obtained through Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. E. D., **Putnam, Conn.** — Thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. L., **Lac au Saumon**. — Will you please publish my thanks for having recovered a lost article. I am asking prayers that my husband will find some work. Mrs. A. T., **Thetford Mines**. — Sincere thanks for several favors obtained. Mrs. G. D., **St. Jerome**. — A thousand thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for the favors she has obtained for me. Mrs. R. T., **St. Emelie de l'Energie**. — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor obtained. Miss J. L., **Pointe au Pic**. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. G. T. — Please help me thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for the favors I have obtained through her intercession. I am asking her protection upon our family. Mrs. B. — All my gratitude to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for the favors I attribute to her intercession. A subscriber, **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother. Anonymous. — Please publish my thanks for a cure. Mrs. L. V., **Montreal**. — A thousand thanks to Our Blessed Lady for keeping my children in good health. Mrs. R. M., **Montreal**. — I have obtained a favor. Thanks. Mrs. A. C., **Pointe St. Charles**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady for my recovery. Mrs. L. B. — Sincere thanks for a favor I have received. Mrs. A. C. — Thanks for a grace. Mrs. A. T., **Tetrealville**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received and I am asking another favor. A subscriber. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. P. — I have obtained a favor through Mary Immaculate after promising to publish. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Thanks for a favor. Mrs. E. B., **Riviere des Prairies**. — Please publish my gratefulness to Our Lady. We have found a home. A subscriber. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for two favors. M. R. — Fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for helping me find a room. Mrs. T. H. T. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. B. — Thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a favor. Mrs. J. A. D. — Sincere thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for having helped me find work; I had been unemployed four months. Mr. L. L., **Montreal**. — I am happy to publish my thanks for the settlement of an intricate matter. Mrs. A. B., **St. Vincent de Paul**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. H. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for having come to the aid of my husband. Mrs. A. L. — As promised, I am fulfilling my duty towards Our Blessed Mother. Mr. A. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please publish our thanks for favors granted us recently when we were married. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. — Thanks for a favor received. Mr. M., **Northampton, Mass.** — My son has found work. Please join me in thanking Our Lady. Mrs. R. A. R. — Thanks for a favor received. I am asking Our Blessed Lady to watch over my family. Y. P.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for great favors received. A. P., **Westmount**. — Many thanks for helping me in my novena and prayers to Our Blessed Lady and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Please pray for other intentions. Mrs. S., **Porcupine, Ont.** — Please have low masses said for the holy souls in Purgatory for many favors received. Mrs. R. M. — I am sending you an offering for low masses for the souls in Purgatory for a favor received. E. W., **Norwich, Conn.**

## 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

Please remember me in your prayers for a great favor. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my brother to regain his health and get an easy job. Please pray for my nephew also. Mrs. Des C., **Montreal**. — Please remember my sister in your prayers and pray for a very special intention for me. Mrs. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — Will you please say special prayers for my son that his operation may be successful in every way. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Will you be good enough to have the Sisters join in prayer for my husband who is undergoing an operation. Mrs. M. C., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my son-in-law that he will stop drinking and make his Easter duty; also pray that my eyes will be better. Mrs. E. N. — Will you please make a novena for my daughter's exams. Please pray for the recovery of a sick stomach. Mrs. F., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my son to recover and find suitable work; also for my sore feet. Mrs. W., **Montreal**. — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother for my intentions spiritual and temporal. Miss G. W., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a very special intention. Mrs. G., **Pointe St. Charles**. — Please have a low mass said for a special intention. A client. — Please pray for my brother who is very sick. Miss B. — Please make a novena for financial assistance so we will not be obliged to leave this house. Mrs. McD., **Montreal**. — May I ask to be included in the prayers offered by the Community. K. K. — Please have votive lights burn to Our Lady of Lourdes for two special intentions. C. MacL. — Will you please continue praying for my important favor. Miss E. G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray for my intentions: relief of my stomach trouble and a happy and safe confinement for my daughter. Mrs. O'B., **London, Ont.** — Will you please pray to Our Blessed Mother that we will have a home; also for myself and the child I am expecting. Mrs. C. D., **Windsor, Ont.** — Pray for me that I will have a happy death. Miss M. F., **London, Ont.** — Please pray for my sixteen-year-old son. Mrs. M. — May Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception help my children in their exams and also help me in my health. Mrs. J., **St. Joachim, Ont.** — Will you kindly remember my son in your prayers. Mrs. X., **Woodslee, Ont.** — Please remember a fallen-away Catholic in your prayers. Mrs. A. S., **Kamloops, B. C.** — Please pray for my recovery. Mrs. P. M., **Rumford, Me.** — Please pray for me as I am not well at all and am confident that your prayers would help me. Mrs. B., **Caribou, Me.** — I am asking for prayers please that we will be able to meet our payments. Mrs. L., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Please pray for a special favor. M. B. — Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that my husband will get well and get another steady job. Mrs. R., **Fairfax, Vermont**. — Please say a prayer for my mother, sister, and brother. Mrs. A. C., **West Hartford, Conn.** — Will you please make a novena so that I may rent my house and get a good family and also that my father may get well. Miss F., **Putnam, Conn.** — Please pray that my daughter will keep on being a good Catholic. Anonymous, **Pendleton**. — Please have prayers said for a person who drinks very much and for a recovery. X. — Please have prayers said for a person very dear to me. R. C. — Would you kindly pray that my husband will find work and also that we may have peace in the family. A subscriber. — Please pray for ten special intentions of ours. Mrs. R., **Windsor, Ont.**

### GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please have a light burn in front of the statue of St. Anne for a special intention. Mrs. A., **Montreal**. — Please have masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory that God will grant me good health. Please pray for several other persons. K. H. — Please have a mass said in honor of Our Blessed Mother for favor received and also another mass in honor of Our Blessed Mother and St. Anne for a very special intention. Mrs. M. M. — Please pray to St. Joseph and St. Rita for my intentions. Mrs. J. D. — Will you please pray to all the saints for two special favors I have been asking a long time. Mrs. J. H., a subscriber.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 3; conversions, 20; positions, 4; cures, 30; special intentions, 55.

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



His Excellency Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, Bishop of London, Ont.; Mrs. Xavier Paradis, **Tingwick**, mother of our Sisters Marie de Fourvieres and Marie Xavier; Mr. Joseph Groulx, **St. Laurent**, father of our Sister Joseph de l'Apparition; Mr. Jeremie Martin, brother of our Sister Marguerite de Jesus; Mrs. L. N. St. Arnaud, **Montreal**, grandmother of our Sister St. Jean du Redempteur; Mrs. M. J. Barton, **Athol, Mass.**; Mrs. H. A. Beaudet, **Shawinigan Falls**, grandmother of our Sister Desaulniers, postulant; Miss Marie Rose Boulais, **Marieville**; Mr. J. Bellavance, **Rimouski**; Mrs. Arthur Belanger, Mrs. J. B. Nantel, Mr. Rio Ouellette, Mrs. Rodolphe Paradis, Mrs. Alfred Gauthier, Mr. Rene Boivin, Mrs. Joseph Lecavalier, Mr. Antoine Boyer, Miss Suzanne Tisseur, Mr. Ad. Emond, Mr. A. Vaillant, Mr. T. Prud'homme, Mr. John Brooks, Mr. Richard Desautels, Mr. Adolphe Poliquin, Mr. Maurice Phaneuf, Mr. Rene Beauchamp, Mr. A. Leveille, Mr. Hector Lavoie, Mrs. Alfred Bisaillon, Mr. Maurice Lavoie, Mrs. M. Lalonde, Mrs. Leopold Racicot, Mrs. Domina Lamarre, Mr. Sauveur Ferland, Mr. Leonidas Faucher, Mrs. H. Charbonneau, Mr. Louis Brunelle, Mr. G. Gingras, Mrs. J. H. Laberge, Mr. Alex. Mercier, Mr. J. A. Lefebvre, Mr. Frederic Therrien, Mr. J. Mailloux, Mrs. A. Labbe, Mr. Dorius Beaudry, Mr. N. E. Beaudry, Mr. Antonio Bellefeuille, Mrs. Carmel Carbone, Mrs. H. Delaniello, Mr. Saindon, Miss M. A. Dion, Mrs. Edouard Carriere, Mrs. Ferdinand Maille, Mr. A. Beauregard, Mrs. Th. Mercier, Mr. Maurice Quinlan, Mrs. A. Reid, Mr. Arthur Morin, Mrs. Urgel Malo, Mr. H. Gosselin, Mr. Ernest Gosselin, Mr. and Mrs. Dosithe Dubreuil, Mrs. G. Desrosiers, Mrs. Alderic Desjardins, Mrs. J. P. Massey, Mrs. Anna Robert, Mr. Edgar Comeau, Mrs. Cyprien Payette, Mr. J. P. Dillon, Mrs. Lucien Benoit, Mr. Octave Granger, Mr. Albert Bucklay, Mrs. Henri Prieur, Mrs. Alf. Desrosiers, Mr. Ovila Lalonde, Mr. A. Mailhot, Mr. Art. Monat, Mr. J. Church, Mrs. J. Beaulieu, Mrs. E. Morgentaler, Mrs. H. Bisson, Mr. Louis Forget, Mrs. Osias Legault, Mrs. Aug. Landry, Mr. Lionel Lemieux, Mrs. Edouard Bernier, Mrs. W. Briere, Mrs. Adalbert Ethier, Mrs. J. Lorrain, Mr. Oscar Deschamps, Mr. Henry Darragh, Mr. John Francis Quinn, **Montreal**; Mrs. Alp. Picard, Mrs. Rose de Lima Gendron, **Cote St. Paul**; Mrs. Pierre Chiasson, Mrs. J. Ladouceur, Mrs. J. B. Hurtubise, **Verdun**; Mr. D. Bouchard, Mr. W. Sauve, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Eugene L. Lavoie, **Outremont**; Mr. Andre Pillon, **Rosemont**; Mr. W. A. Monette, **Lachine**; Mr. H. Beauchamp, Mrs. Canaille Labrecque, **Hochelaga**; Mr. W. Lajeunesse, Mr. Louis Leonard, Mrs. Francis Lamarche, Mrs. Art. Dessureau, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. W. Deguire, Mr. A. Gauthier, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mr. Lucien Tousignant, **Tetreaultville**; Mr. Yves Deguire, Mr. L. Roy, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mrs. Regis Brais, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Maurice Pare, Mr. Agenor Cordeau, **Viauville**; Mrs. Elie Sauve, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mrs. Michel Jacob, **Oka**; Mrs. John Pearce, **St. Marguerite du Lac Masson**; Mrs. G. Boyer, **Henryville**; Mrs. Dominique Tessier, **Berthier**; Mrs. Denis Aumont, **St. Alexis**; Mrs. Cleophas Dubeau, Mrs. T. Forget, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mrs. Art. Raymond, **Beauharnois**; Mr. Alex. Pinsonneault, **Clarenceville**; Mrs. Damase Ethier, **St. Robert**; Mrs. Jos. Lajoie, **Sherbrooke**; Mrs. Jos. Duguay, **Amos**; Mr. Geo. Constant, **Beaujeu**; Mr. Medard Cuerrier, **St. Polycarpe**; Mr. P. E. Lacasse, **Coteau Landing**; Mr. Egide Campbell, **Philipsburg**; Mrs. Alp. Gosselin, **East Broughton**; Mrs. Adolphe Samson, **Charette**; Miss Ernestine Morneau, **Levis**; Mrs. J. A. Cloutier, Mrs. Th. Turcotte, **St. Odilon**; Mr. Alfred Sevigny, **St. Georges de Beauce**; Mr. W. Gagnon, Mr. J. N. Larouche, Mrs. Jos. Casista, **Quebec**; Mr. Nap. Jobin, Mr. Hilaire Gregoire, Mrs. Cyrille Dodier, **Thetford Mines**; Mrs. J. A. Simard, **Victoriaville**; Mr. Alphonse Gagne, **Lac Noir**; Mrs. J. Ouellet, **St. Antonin**; Mr. Geo. Voyer, **Bic**; Mrs. Delphis Gagnon, **Petite Matane**; Mrs. Eugene Malenfant, **Lac Sauvage**; Mrs. Adrien Guay, **Bergeronnes**; Mrs. Jos. Tremblay, **St. Hilarion**; Mrs. J. B. Gauthier, Mr. Ambroise Tremblay, Mrs. Ed. Lavoie, **Baie St. Paul**; Mrs. P. A. St. Laurent, **Lac au Saumon**; Mrs. Neree Perron, **St. Felicien**; Mrs. Adrien Deschenes, Mr. Adrien Brassard, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Elzear Gagnon, **Ste. Famille**; Mr. Francois J. Martel, **St. Raymond**; Mr. H. Seguin, **Dalkeith, Ont.**; Mrs. Jos. Hannigan, **New Waterford, Nova Scotia**; Mr. Art. Latulippe, Mr. H. Bergeron, Miss Emma Gelinas, Mr. Theophile Lirette, Mr. Alcide Beauchesne, Mrs. Analda Genneville, Mr. Jos. Bergeron, Mrs. Anna Durand, Miss Rosalba Delisle, Mr. Geo. Nintean, Mrs. Alph. Boule, Mr. H. Trudel, Mr. D. Champagne, Mr. Camille Lippe, Mr. W. Richard, Mr. H. Ayotte, Mr. Real Desrochers, Miss R. A. Gagne, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. W. Picard, **Cambridge, Mass.**; Mr. V. Bourgeois, **Waltham, Mass.**; Mrs. Josephine Chiasson, **Chelsea, Mass.**; Mrs. H. Snow, **Taftville, Conn.**; Mrs. Josephine Gagnon, **Methuen, Mass.**; Mr. Johnny McCaughy, **New York**; Mrs. William O'Connor, **Bonfield, Ont.**; Mrs. Florida Tremblay, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. O. LaBarre, **Jewett City, Conn.**; Mrs. L. Monnett, Mr. Albert Lalor, **Montreal**; Mrs. Felix Garneau, **Poland Spring, Maine**.

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

TO LET



Complete ASBESTOS Service



Whether you require asbestos cement building products — asbestos insulation products — asbestos packings — etc. — call Atlas Asbestos First.

**Atlas Asbestos**  
Co. Limited

Montreal, Que.  
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.

**MURESCO**

The Ideal  
Wall Finish

18 colors  
and white



**Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd.**  
141 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Ask your grocer for

**OGILVIE OATS**



They Taste Better



They ARE Better!

TO LET

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

**BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER**

**5385 GATINEAU**

**COTE DES NEIGES**

*High Class Meats and Poultry. Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.*

**PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.**

**TEL. AT 1108**

# The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

## CANADA

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

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

**NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9**

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

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

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

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

**NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)**  
(Founded in 1914)

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

**RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.**  
(Founded in 1918)

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

**JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.**  
(Founded in 1919)

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

**QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St.**  
(Founded in 1919)

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

**VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.**  
(Founded in 1921)  
Hospital and clinic for Orientals. Religious instruction of Chinese.

**THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.**  
(Founded in 1926)  
Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

**GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.**  
(Founded in 1930)  
Closed retreats for women and girls. Recollection days. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Parochial school.

**CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.**  
(Founded in 1930)  
Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

**GRANBY, 279 Main St.**  
(Founded in 1931)  
The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

**ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.**  
(Founded in 1932)  
Closed retreats for women and girls.

**ST. JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain St.**  
(Founded in 1935)  
Closed retreats for women and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for needy churches of the diocese.

**VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.**  
(Founded in 1946)  
Mt. St. Joseph's General Hospital for Orientals. Clinic. Refuge for old people.

## UNITED STATES

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

## CHINA

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

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

**SHAMEEN, Canton, 26 Chu Kong Road**  
(Founded in 1917)  
St. Therese of the Child Jesus School.  
Courses in Christian doctrine and special  
courses for adults.

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

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

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

## MANCHURIA

**LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission**  
Clinic. (Founded in 1927)

**SZEPINGKAI** (Founded in 1931)  
Clinic.

**PAITCHENGTZE, Catholic Mission**  
Clinic. (Founded in 1933)

## JAPAN

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

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

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

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

**TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho,**  
**Setagaya ku** (Founded in 1949)

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

**MANILA, Galangin,**  
**Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo**  
(Founded in 1946)  
School. Clinic. Social works.

**LAS PINAS, Rizal**  
(Founded in 1946)  
School.

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

## WEST INDIES

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

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

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

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

**CAMP PERRIN, Haiti**  
(Founded in 1949)  
School.

**MIREBALAIS, Haiti**  
(Founded in 1949)  
School.

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

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

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

## AFRICA

**KATETE MISSION, Mzimba P. O.,**  
**Nyasa'land, B. E. Africa.**  
(Founded in 1948)  
Clinic. School.

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

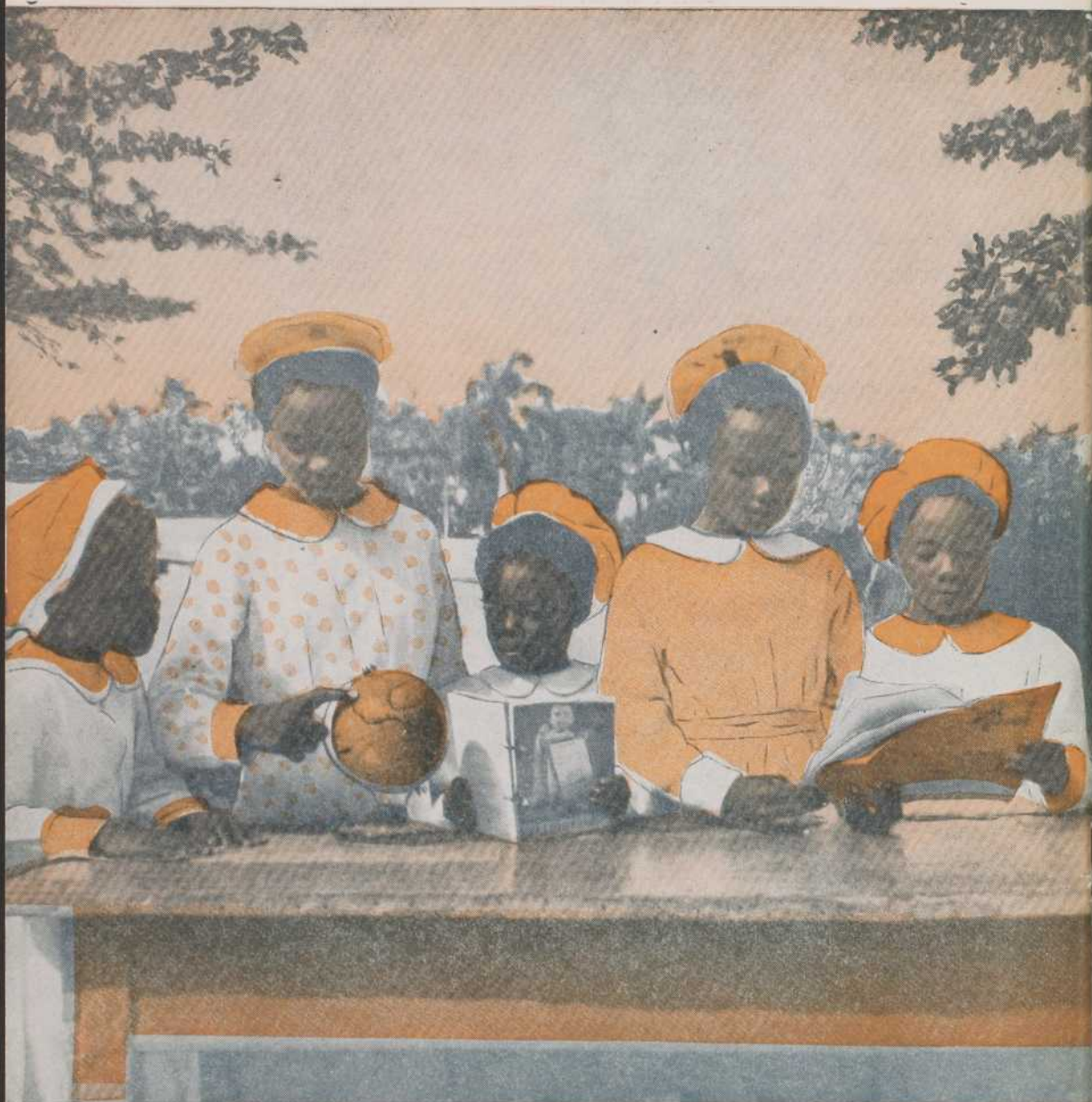
## ITALY

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

*At the Institution Called*

# **"Charity, If You Please"**

LES CAYES, HAITI



*"Here's Canada," Says a Girl, Pointing to a Spot on the Globe.*

*"Here's Where We Have Benefactors Who Send Us So Many Good Things."*