

The Precursor



The Missionary Sister's Best Friends

In happy gatherings like these
the children of China hear the old, old story of God's coming as a Child.

The Precursor

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Assumption

*Celestial with terrene, unwonted raptures blend.
Departs the Year of Jubilee, bringing at the end
A Father's voice from Rome. A Star its splendor throws
From Heaven's firmament. How radiant it glows!*

*The wonderment above walks everywhere on earth.
Assumpta est in cælum Immaculate of Birth!
Assumpta est above the Angels and the blest
Who pillowed once an Infant on her virgin breast.*

*The Full of Grace, the Lily Maid who bore a God
Could not descend to common decay of common clod.
The Twelve of Christ, by will of His assembled, found
But lilies 'neath the Mary-consecrated mound.*

*Assumption Queen in glory, Spirit's faithful Spouse,
The Church thy praise is chanting and Welcome to thy House!
When falls the eventide for sinners, deign to be
A Star at Heaven's door, "assuming" us to thee!*

M.S.I.C.



St. Maria Goretti

Canonized by His Holiness Pope Pius XII

June 24, 1950

Pope's Homily

At Canonization of St. Maria Goretti

VATICAN CITY, June 25 (N.C.W.C. News Service) — The following is a translation of the homily delivered by His Holiness Pope Pius XII at the canonization last night of St. Maria Goretti, martyr of chastity:

Venerable brethren and beloved children.

Through a loving design of Divine Providence the supreme exaltation of a humble daughter of the people has been celebrated in this shining eventide with a solemnity unequalled and in a form up to now unique in the annals of the Church.

It has been celebrated in the vastness and majesty of this place of mystery, become a sacred temple towards which is turned the firmament which chants the glories of the Most High — a temple desired by you rather than provided by us and filled with an unnumbered amount of faithful such as other canonizations have never seen. Above all, it is a temple almost, as it were, required by the dazzling brilliance and intoxicating fragrance of this lily cloaked in purple whom We this moment with intimate joy have inscribed in the album of Saints: the tiny and sweet martyr of purity, Maria Goretti.

Why have you come in such huge numbers, beloved children, to her glorification? Why have you been softened even to tears at hearing or reading the account of her



REMAINS OF THE LITTLE BLOOD-STAINED LILY, ST. MARIA GORETTI,
VENERATED BY THE ROMAN PEOPLE FOR A PERIOD OF TWO WEEKS.

short life so like a Gospel story for its simplicity of line, the color of its environment, the very flashing violence of its death? Why has Maria Goretti so quickly captured your hearts even to becoming their darling and their favorite?

There is then in this world, apparently turned upside down and immersed in hedonism, not just a thin rank of settled elect of Heaven and the pure air, but a throng, immense multitudes on whom the supernatural perfume of Christian purity exerts an irresistible and promising fascination: promising, yes, and reassuring.

If it is true that in the martyrdom of Maria Goretti purity shone forth above all; nevertheless in and with it other Christian virtues also triumphed. In her purity there was the most elementary and significant affirmation of perfect mastery by the spiritual over the material. In her supreme heroism, which is not improvised, there was a tender, docile love, obedient and active, towards parents. There was sacrifice in harsh daily labor, poverty accepted in a Gospel manner and sustained by faith in a celestial providence. There was religion intently embraced and its understanding always more desired, made ever more the treasure of life and nourished by the flame of prayer. There was a burning desire for the Eucharistic Jesus, and finally, there was the crown of charity, the heroic pardon granted to her murderer. All this made up the garland of country flowers, rustic but so dear to God, which adorned the white veil of her First Communion and shortly afterwards, that of her martyrdom.

Thus this sacred ceremony develops spontaneously into a popular assembly for purity. In the light of every martyrdom there is always a bitter contrast, the stain of some iniquity. Behind that of Maria Goretti is a scandal which at the beginning of this century seemed unheard-of. At a distance of almost fifty years, amidst the often insufficient reaction of those who are good, the conspiracy of immorality — availing itself of books, illustrations, the theatre, radio programs, fashions, resorts, and associations — attempts to undermine in the bosom of society and the family those who are the natural custodians of virtue, to the harm principally of those in their tenderest childhood.

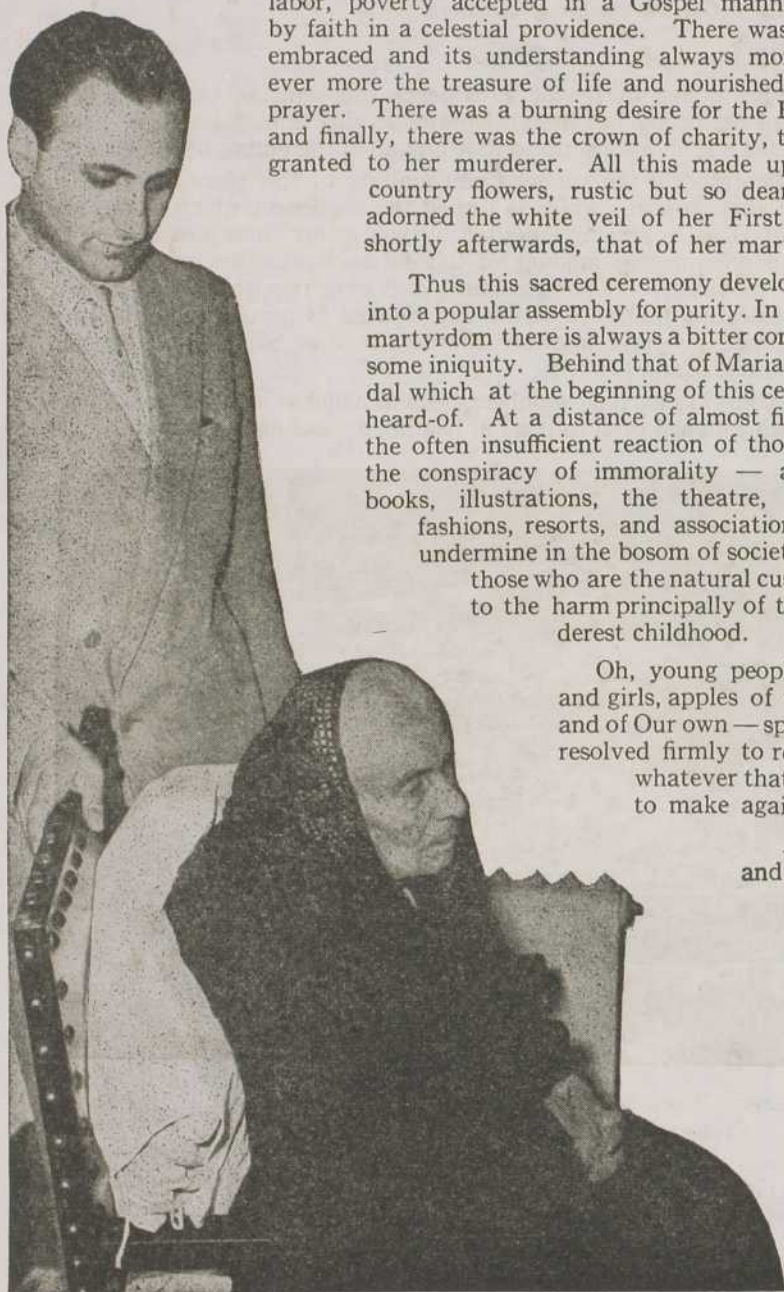
Oh, young people, beloved boys and girls, apples of the eyes of Jesus and of Our own — speak out! Are you resolved firmly to resist any attempt whatever that others may dare to make against your purity?

And you, fathers and mothers, in the

MOTHERS

CAN FASHION

SAINTS.



THE ONLY MOTHER IN THE WORLD WHO HAS SEEN HER CHILD CANONIZED
— ASSUNTA GORETTI.

sight of this multitude, before the image of this adolescent virgin who with her spotless purity has stolen your hearts, in the presence of her mother who, having educated her to martyrdom and while living in its harrowing wake, does not mourn her death, and who now kneels overcome to pray to her — speak! Are you ready to assume the solemn pledge of watching over your sons and daughters, so far as in you lies, in order to preserve and defend them against such great dangers as surround them and to keep them ever away from places that prepare the way for impiety and moral perversion?

And now, oh all you who hear Us, lift up your hearts. Above the foul marshes and mud of the world there stretches a heaven of beauty. It is the heaven which drew little Maria, the heaven to which she wished to rise by the only way that leads to it: Religion, love of Christ, heroic observance of His commandments.

Hail, oh sweet and lovable Saint! Martyr on earth and angel in heaven, from your glory turn your gaze on this throng that loves you, venerates you, glorifies and exalts you. On your brow you wear clear and shining the victorious name of Christ. On your virgin countenance is the strength of love, the constancy of fidelity to your Divine Spouse. You are the spouse of blood through tracing upon yourself His image.

To you, powerful with the Lamb of God, we entrust these Our sons and daughters here present and all others spiritually united with Us. They admire your heroism but even more they wish to be your imitators in fervor of faith and incorruptible stainlessness of morals. To you fathers and mothers run, that you may help them with their training mission. In you, through our hands, all childhood and youth find refuge that they may be protected from every contamination and enter upon the path of life in the serenity and joy of the pure of heart. Amen.



Beatification of Ven. Mother Bourgeoys

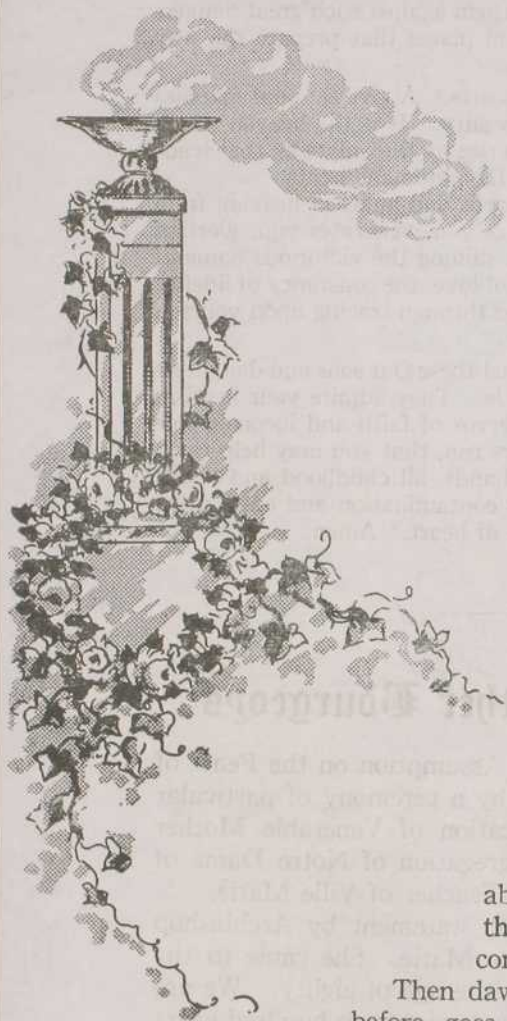
The solemn definition of the dogma of the Assumption on the Feast of All Saints will be followed, on November 12, by a ceremony of particular interest to the Canadian people, the beatification of Venerable Mother Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal, "Mother of the Colony," and First Teacher of Ville Marie.

"Marguerite Bourgeoys," to quote a recent statement by Archbishop Leger, of Montreal, "spent all her life in Ville Marie. She came to the colony at the age of twenty, and died here at the age of eighty. We are inclined to forget that the city of Montreal did not exist three hundred years ago. Because Marguerite Bourgeoys agreed to live for sixty years in poverty, we are living today in the comfort of a large city. She has labored to the edification of the Church. She has contributed to the making of what is best in Ville Marie. Hers was a saintly soul not unworthy of being classed with the Vincent of Pauls and the Don Boscós."

The beatification of the great Canadian pioneer woman will be for her the second last step on the glorious road to sainthood.

To the flourishing Community that is laboring so zealously for religion and humanity we are pleased to express our sincere felicitations and the hope that their Venerable Mother may soon become "St. Marguerite of Canada."

All Souls' in the Philippines



Reverend Father has explained the Beatitudes at seven o'clock. There are more lights and flowers on the altar than usual, for a glance at the calendar says it is All Saints'.

Then the day ends, as they all do, and everybody's thoughts are with the Church Suffering.

Soon we see them in the fast falling twilight, groups of Filipino youths serenading the neighborhood and playing sad, soft music, the haunting kind that brings tears to the eye and prayers to the lip. No, the people of the Philippines do not forget their dead. Gone, but not forgotten, are those who have joined the ranks of the immortals.

Later in the night, a party not so welcome is abroad, looking high and low for anything in the line of victuals in view of the next day's banquet to be held — of all places — in the churchyard! The darkness of night helping them, the prowlers make their way everywhere, and without a qualm of conscience take whatever they can lay their hands upon. Not a worry have they about the law interfering, for on occasions like that every deed one marks to one's account is considered to be just right and perfect.

Then dawns All Souls' and the celebrating of the day before goes on. Inside the church flower wreaths are dropped at the base of columns containing the dry bones of onetime notables who gave importance to the parish. The main aisle is bright with lighted tapers. Sitting on their heels, dear old grama keep an eye on the tapers from the *Introibo* to the *Ite missa est*, seemingly more intent on having them burn down to the last quarter-inch than on praying God Almighty to give eternal rest to those who have gone on before.

While the day is yet young, the parish priest is invited to bless the graves, on which have been laid flowers and candles. Tables are spread, and to the strains of music and the din of firecrackers the good folk merrily feast in honor of their dear departed.

Sister Superior, believing that nobody in Jerardo's family had been called by death, spoke thusly to Jerardo, "What are you going to do tomorrow? You won't be going to the churchyard."

Whereupon — "Sister," replied Jerardo, "Mother got our dinner ready and we are going to eat it on my brother's grave."

"How old was your brother when he died?" asked Sister Superior. She had an idea he might have been carried off in his teens, though why she couldn't say.

Nope. Brother had died at the ripe old age of one month!

CHRISTMAS BEFORE

The Philippine Islands' Christmas lasts nine times twenty-four hours. A novena of gladness prior to the Nativity is just the thing for a nation that is naturally jolly and likes to celebrate on as large a scale as it can. All the houses are decked in the age-old Christmas fashion, and the whole looks very much like fairyland as we fancy it must be.



SISTER ST. EUGENE (DIANE CHAINE, ARTHABASKA), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LAS PINAS, WITH A FILIPINA MOTHER.

Long before four in the morning, the local band punctuates all dreams for the time being. In a matter of minutes groups of laughers or singers or just plain talkers are on their way to church for the four-thirty Mass. That first day, December 16, sets the pattern for the others to come, as far as both the hour and the solemnity are concerned. Why, oh why this early rising? The reason is, and custom says, that the church-goers must be back home before the sun starts wriggling out of bed — back home to eat the rice cake without which Christmas would never be Christmas.

On that first novena morning of the 16th, Our Lady's statue on the main altar smiles in a white gown and veil, with a sky blue mantle and dainty lace hat to complete the ensemble. Thus accoutered, the Blessed Mother is supposed to be leaving for Bethlehem. Four days later, stands at her side her stalwart spouse in a yellow garb, green mantle, brown hat, and sturdy staff in the hand that's used to hammer and saw. The school holidays are delayed till the 23rd, and until that date more and more rehearsing of carols takes the children's time.

CHRISTMAS AFTER

We also in the Philippines have our version of Bethlehem. The lovable little Bambino has His Crib on the main altar of the church, and all eyes are upon Him.

Our poor old school could never be without its own Bambino. We haven't much of a palace for Him, but He didn't choose anything very stately the first time He came, and He doesn't seem to have changed His mind since. Day after day the pupils come for Him, and, merrily singing the while, take Him a-visiting to all the neighbors. Still singing at the tops of their voices, they present the Infant to each family, have its members kiss their Little Lord, accept what offerings are dropped into their hands, and as merrily hie on their way to the next neighbor. Nobody is forgotten and nobody must be, for people who were longing and hoping for a visit from the Bambino would be very much disappointed should no Bambino cross their threshold.

When the juvenile pilgrims have ended their calls for the day, they tenderly tuck the Infant back in His little bed.

Don't be too surprised if, any time during the day, you find school pupils kneeling to kiss "a bud of Heaven, like This." Get over your surprise, please, and say a prayer that God may give them back their kisses in stronger faith and deeper love.

Congratulations

to His Excellency Most Rev. Albertus Martin

recently appointed Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Nicolet.

Respectful greetings and sincere good wishes
for a long and fruitful episcopal career.

Voice From Africa

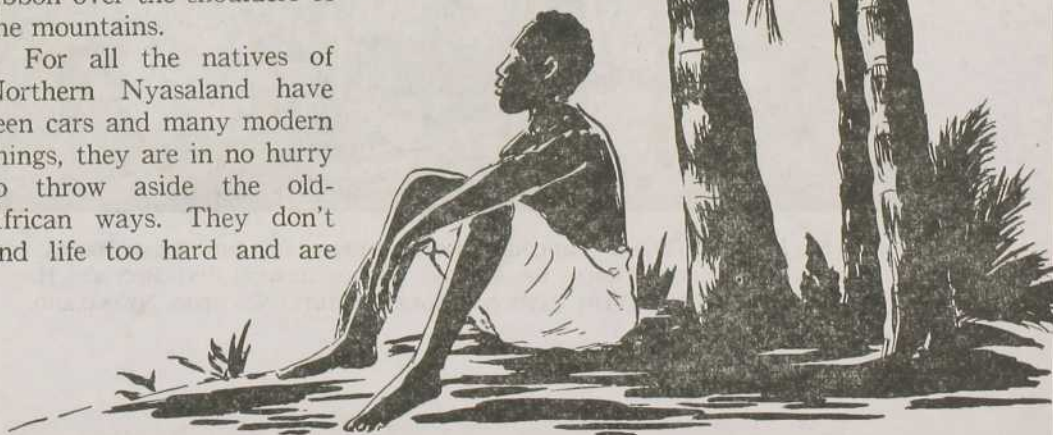
Our Lady of Africa Mission
Katete, September 1, 1950

Dear relatives, friends,
and benefactors,

With apologies to the Saint who thrived on locusts and wild honey, I make bold to say this letter is a "voice of one crying in the desert." Not that jungle and desert are one and the same thing; but to people who have never hopped off to Africa, the two terms may seem to have much in common.

Katete, where I am stationed, is slowly but steadily taking on the new look. The woodsmen don't spare many trees, and if they could I think they would level down the hilltops too. Our Katete, I must tell you, is so securely tucked away in the mountains that it would seem at first glance that only a parachute could bring a person here. For truth's sake, however, I will say there is a really good route looping its ribbon over the shoulders of the mountains.

For all the natives of Northern Nyasaland have seen cars and many modern things, they are in no hurry to throw aside the old-African ways. They don't find life too hard and are



not given overmuch to complaining. Yet, if Canadians had to live as these do, they would call themselves the most miserable of mortals. The natives don't realize their misery; so they can face the world laughing.

It's the missionaries who find some things no laughing matter at all. I remember my first visit to a neighboring village where a sick little pickaninny needed me. The lad in question lay in the blazing sun, wrapped in a blanket long estranged from the washtub, his thin body shivering with fever. In front of their hut homes, several do-nothings were lazily lounging. The thought came to me that God would have compassion on them, because "they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd." It was so sad to see them thus.

It is always so sad to think that for millions here life means only daily food, scant clothing, and nothing more — when to the something more which is God's grace and the gift of Faith they have as much right as anyone else. That starts us pondering . . . God has done His best for them,



SISTER ST. LEON LE GRAND (PAULINE LONGTIN, MONTREAL) AND SISTER BERNADETTE DE FRANCE (BERNADETTE DUMAS, ST. ANSELME DE DORCHESTER) FIND BICYCLES HANDY WHEN THEY HAVE TO VISIT PATIENTS AROUND KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.

and now He leaves the rest to us. Whether they are saved or lost depends on what we poor human instruments are willing to do and bear for them. It is indeed a glorious privilege to be God's little partner in His big business of saving souls, but the responsibility seems to be as great as the opportunity.

Making one's debut on the missions means, among other things, getting a new language into one's head. The one spoken here, Citumbuka, is nothing like French, English, or Latin. The word supply doesn't seem to be very large; still, large enough to bring on a few mental headaches. "Ninety-nine," innocent-looking 99 is written *makhumi ghankhonde na ghanayi na zinkhonde na sinayi* which, literally translated, reads "five times ten, with four times ten, with five, with four." Add the digits and they do amount to ninety-nine, but what a detour! Prefixes are also hard to master. A newcomer invariably takes a few seconds to hinge a *ci*, *yi*, *zi*, *gha*, or *li* at the proper place. A third matter for worry is the big change one single little letter can bring about. Take, for instance, *sekani*. It means "laugh." Change one vowel and make *sukani*. Now the word means "wash." It's a hard language to get around your lips, but *laugh*, you missionary, and you won't be *washed* out!

Were there no Babel in the Bible, there would be no Citumbuka tongue twisters in our language books. But there is and there are, though the plain truth should discourage no prospective missionary from coming over to help us. The language may be a bit difficult, but don't call it impossibly so! Don't lose your bearings even when changes in tense, mood, number, person, et cetera, leave only one identical letter, a *z* in two forms of the Citumbuka version of the verb "come" — *kwiza* and *muzenge*. But look at the English verb that doesn't retain even one single letter. Oh yes, "go" and "went."

We love our little boarders very much. All are not yet Christians, for the reason that those who desire to be baptized must give their proofs and wait four long years. They come to us crying and asking how about being baptized sooner, much sooner. Some people have gotten over the thrill of being children of God, but our jungle lassies are looking forward to it as to life's Biggest Event.

Our house girls are eager for any information on Canada. Cecilia saw me writing the other day and inquired whether I was writing to Canada. It being so, she wanted me to send her best regards to my mother. Cecilia also wanted to know the name of my village and Catholic mission. A girl in whose country two or three or four huts are pompously called "village" wouldn't be able to imagine a city of one million inhabitants. So I laughed and said, "Montreal is my home village."

"Are there many houses in Montreal?" she wanted to know.

That was a hard one. So she and I skipped it and turning to the school globe fingered our way from Nyasaland to Canada. There was the Atlantic Ocean in our way. "A big brook," she called it. Well, that's one big brook you couldn't jump across, Cecilia!

Another of our helpers had this question to ask, "Sister, how long is it since you were a catechumen?" They cannot understand much about a long line of Christian generations dating several centuries back. This isn't surprising, considering the fact that it was only twelve years ago that missionaries (the White Fathers) first came to preach Christ to the heathen tribes of Northern Nyasaland.

Now, dear benefactors and friends, you must be wondering why a nursing Sister does not speak about patients and pills and divers ills. The reason is that I would have about two chapters too much to say; so the whole I simply put off a little while. By and by Katete Hospital will be up and standing and I'll show you around. Sister St. Justinien⁽¹⁾ is meanwhile treating the out-patients who have recourse to her skill. I don't do any nursing yet, because there's that Citumbuka to master and there are loads of bottles and boxes from Canada that need to be classified before working wonders in the hospital. Doctors and druggists who send along so many and so precious samples of medicine have all our gratitude.

It is only natural that I should wish to do more, but I fill up these days of quiet with prayer for our dear blacks. These are my Nazareth days, and maybe in God's eyes they are just as valuable as more active periods of public life. Sister nurses are easily brought into contact with souls; still, I believe that personal holiness is the best convert-maker. For our future Christians we must sanctify ourselves, that they also may be sanctified.

Say a prayer, please, so that I may measure up to Our Lord's expectations. In closing let me invite you to Katete, where among a handful of happy missionaries you will meet

the happiest of them all,

SISTER ST. LEON LE GRAND, M.I.C.(2)

That's How Powerful You Are

Frankly, you, the young and old, you teachers, writers, office workers, nurses, librarians and social service workers — you underestimate the power that lies in your hands! *You can control the world!* This is not an outpouring of trite and sentimental gibberish. It is a fact. And it is a fact that, once recognized to its fullest extent, contains the seed of revolution. I mean the revolution which is directed inwardly — toward yourself! It is the tool which will cause you to look at the sick and faltering world and resolve that *You* are going to do something about it. We needn't be told the world is sick; we need the remedy for the disease! Jacques Maritain, distinguished Catholic philosopher, says that the world is ailing because the mind of man is ill; unless these minds be filled with the love of God we will not succeed in eradicating scourges which affect us. The God-fearing men and women of the country have the power to mend the minds of the sick and bring the nation to a full appreciation of the source of all love — Jesus Christ!

Thomas Francis Ritt

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

2. Pauline LONGTIN, Montreal.

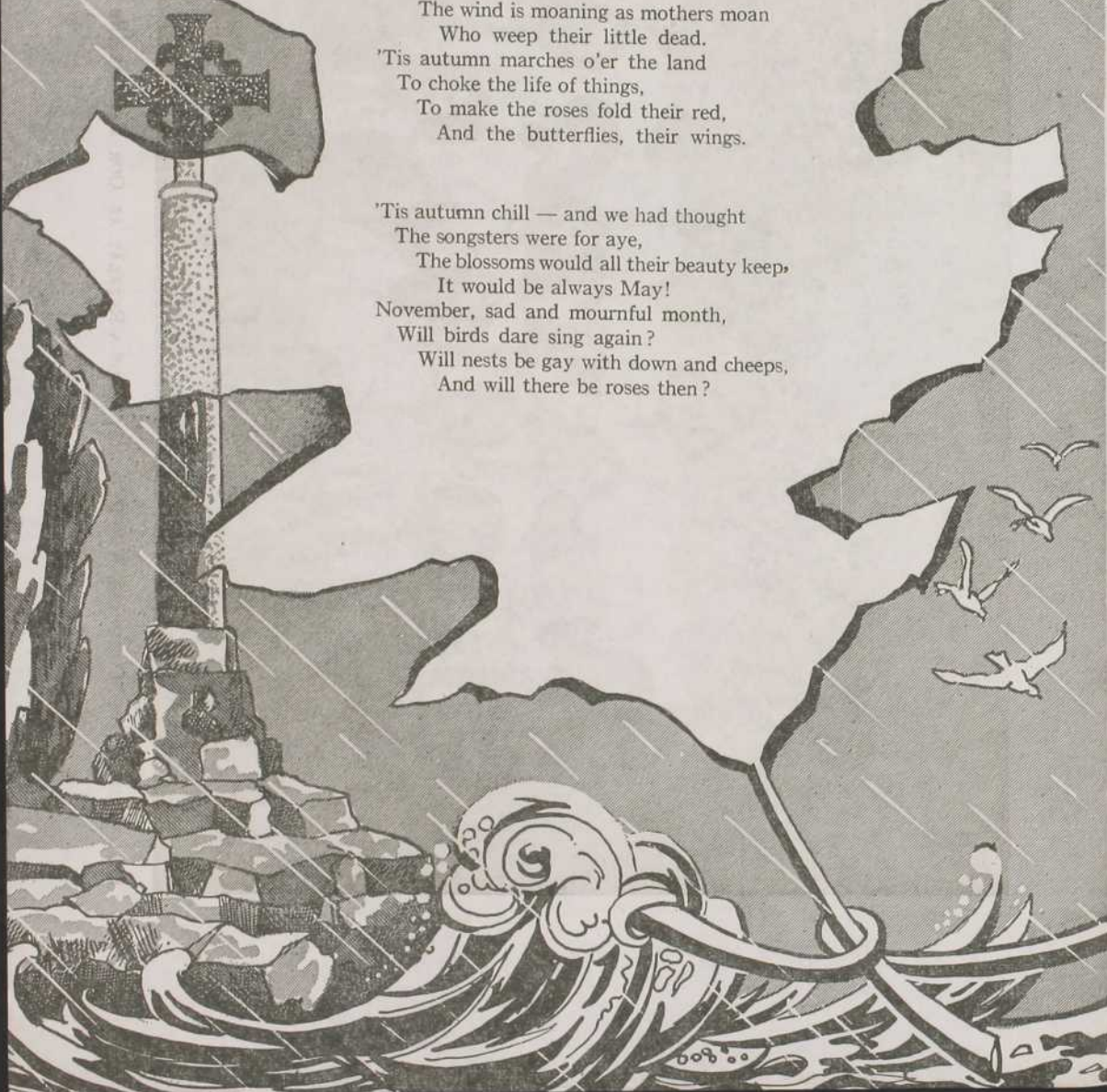


GIRL GUIDES FROM MARTINIQUE WHO RECENTLY MADE A RETREAT AT OUR RETREAT HOUSE, 314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT.

Creed for

The little birds are silent now,
On little leaves we tread.
The wind is moaning as mothers moan
Who weep their little dead.
'Tis autumn marches o'er the land
To choke the life of things,
To make the roses fold their red,
And the butterflies, their wings.

'Tis autumn chill — and we had thought
The songsters were for aye,
The blossoms would all their beauty keep,
It would be always May!
November, sad and mournful month,
Will birds dare sing again?
Will nests be gay with down and cheeps,
And will there be roses then?



November

I weep and laugh; my heart tells me
That life will smile anew.
Another springtime the clouds of grey
Will paint a flawless blue.
I weep and laugh; my soul tells me
That way beyond the chills
Of life's November stands the Home
Of the everlasting thrills.

My soul tells me that evermore
It will be spring with song
And bird and blossom and butterfly
And June eternal long.
My God has said His Mother waits
To greet her little one.
Who, then, could sorrow when she nears
The Mother and her Son?

M.S.I.C.



Mzambazi



It is a long, long way from Montreal to Mzambazi.

After miles and miles in African bushland, a humble church comes into view and near by a convent humbler still which is in process of construction. Building a convent in Africa takes many more months than in Canada. The bricks for the Sisters' house are manufactured on the spot from the reddish clay beneath our feet, and for the transportation the women and girls simply use their heads. True, they can carry a good dozen bricks at a time with no splitting headache to follow, but even so they can never do the job a fraction as efficiently as a truck would. They scoop the water from the running brook into tin cans that originally contained kerosene. These primitive methods combine with the frequent downpours to set back the date when we can call our convent completed.

We are fairly well settled, though, even if not permanently so, since our up-and-coming convent had the blessing of Mother Church on May 28. It was a wonderful day. We had a low mass at six, and a Pontifical High was sung by Msgr. St. Denis at nine-fifteen. The altar and the three

statues had a wealth of yellow irises, clusters of blue blossoms, and dainty ball-shaped flowers. We tried our voices at a Mass of the Angels, the Sisters alternating with the pupils and the rest of the congregation. The pontifical throne, a simple straight-backed chair covered with a piece of colored broadcloth, occupied the middle of an ordinary straw mat laid on the chapel floor. Everything was indeed poor according to the human yardstick of wealth, but spiritually we felt very happy and just as rich.

As we said before, Mzambazi lies buried in the bush country, seventeen miles away from the public highway. The White Fathers have so far concentrated their efforts on erecting a church and a convent and preparing a rock-firm generation of Christians. At the present writing there are 550 baptized persons on a total population of 100,000 souls; 1,800 natives have enrolled in the class of catechumens to take up religious instruction. On

weekdays twenty catechists, thirty boarding-school pupils, four teachers, and ourselves attend Mass. When the catechumens leave at the Offertory of Sunday Mass, only a handful of Christians remain to the end. But on the great feastdays the church is jam-packed. Some people thought nothing of tramping sixty miles to be here for Midnight Mass on Christmas; many of them were and are still unbaptized. They made a pretty picture as they shuffled up to the Crib after Mass to present their respects to the lovely Little Child. Some old grannies registered surprise when we said He wasn't really alive on His straw bed.

It's a tremendous task we have on our hands, so tremendous that we won't amount to anything unless the Lord takes over the whole management. Yes, we have our hands full — what we need is more hands, more missionaries! The two missionary Fathers here have enough work for ten men, what with keeping the Christians already won in the grace and love of God, and going to distant out-stations to break the ice that usually freezes the relation between natives and foreigners.

St. Paul not suffering women to preach, we avail ourselves of classroom, dispensary, and manual labor to slip in here and there a word about the loving God. May He give the increase to the poor seed we sow!

Recently we had the pleasure of accompanying Msgr. St. Denis on a cross-country tour of villages under his jurisdiction. In those parts the lack of missionaries is greatly hampering the onward march of the Church.

"Do you see all those poor blacks?" asked Monsignor. "My heart aches to think they are ours and we are too few to reach them." So saying he thumped on the horn of his car to draw the attention of the natives, who flocked around for a word and a laugh with the kindly shepherd of souls. The short visit brought joy to many hearts.

Several times already we have been privileged to experience deep apostolic joys. Shortly after our arrival, Sister Superior¹ had the happiness of christening a tiny Mary Delia Octavie. The brave little mother had walked a distance of eight miles with three-year-old Mary Delia in her arms and Baby strapped to her back. But the bloom of health had faded forever from the cheeks of the sickly tot, and the best of care could not keep her dear soul, freshly purified in Baptism, from soaring up to the arms of the heavenly Father that very evening.

While the dispensary is primarily intended for the assistance of the physically unfit, it is also a wonderful clinic for souls. Not so long ago a whole family brought in a poor woman at death's door. They had to walk many weary miles and took turns on the way carrying the sick one on a stretcher. They arrived not a minute too early, for the poor patient was in serious need of trained medical care. Hurriedly we opened a box and, to our great surprise, found on the top of it the very medicine she needed.

The woman and her husband are members of the Free Church, hence not easily converted to the Catholic. Sister Superior thought it better not to say anything about religion, but very casually mentioned that she

1. Sister St. YVES (Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere, P.Q.)



SISTER MARIE GEMMA (GERMAINE MORIN, ROBERVAL) WANTS THE ALTAR BOYS OF MZAMBAZI, NORTHERN NYASALAND, TO DO IT ALL LITURGICALLY.

would like the woman to stay in a hut near by where she could be visited every day for treatments. Husband and wife accepted the suggestion, and while the other members of the family turned their steps homeward, both remained at the mission as Sister Superior had offered. The husband did not know how to thank the Sisters for their kindness to his wife.

A few days ago the conversation having taken on a religious turn, the gentleman admitted frankly that he was dissatisfied with his creed and had planned to contact a priest for instructions as soon as his wife would be better. The catechists, in the meantime, have lent him books which he reads like the truth-starved person he is. We often see him in the church now. It will be a great day when both are baptized, for their conversion will likely pave the way for several others. The kind husband stays at the beck and call of his wife all the day long, trying even to anticipate her least wishes. In a country where men are rulers and women slaves, a like attitude calls for admiration and gratitude.

In a hut close by vegetates another adept of a Protestant persuasion whose religious principles are probably still more deeply ingrained. We cannot rest before we win him wholly over to the Catholic Faith. For a month or so he has been having his left hand treated for an infection caused by something as apparently harmless as a pin-prick. One has to see this terrible sore and be told that the bone is also infected to get an idea of the mischief a pin can do. The poor fellow finds the treatments most painful. Sometimes he breaks down and tells us what he is suffering, but most of the time his astonishing courage shows well how hard the blacks are on themselves.

One woman was cool-hearted enough to have a toe removed by Sister Superior without any pain-killing anaesthetic; the digit was simply numbed a little by means of an injection. Another native woman had to be treated for an ugly sore on the leg. She came a long distance carrying her little baby pickaback, never dreaming there was anything heroic to that. Our beloved Africans have certainly not grown up among all our modern Canadian commodities.

When it happens that eighty-five pupils tumble into Sister Joseph du Sauveur's⁽¹⁾ classroom, there are not enough slates to go around. Once during the arithmetic lesson, one of her smart young Alecs who wanted no one to get ahead of him invented the most original of slates. For pencil he took a very pointed slab of slate and wrote — better say engraved — the sum on his coal-black arm. Then, proud as Archimedes on the day of the eureka, Sister's black scholar held his arm in mid-air and trailed off the answer correct to a fraction.

As we are now in the rainy season, the pupils have a hard time coming to school and absences are frequent, for when it rains in Africa it pours. In ten minutes the rain fills the large tubs our helpers choose to place in its downward path. The girls like it no end when God takes over and does it so briskly, because it saves them a million steps. The pupils are wet to the

1. Berengere Cadieux, Montreal North.

skin when they come to school, so wet that we can wring their clothes and see the pools pitter-patter to the floor. Several students, moreover, have to cross the Mzambazi River, which is eight feet deep at places.

Life is pretty hard for them, poor little things. If our affection can make it any happier, they may be sure of the missionary Sisters' fondest love.

A MISSIONARY SISTER, *Mzambazi*



KORIYAMA, JAPAN

Thy Kingdom Come

Hers had not been a happy marriage. Hardly a year had passed since she had come as a bride to the out-of-the-way village of the Suzuki clan, when her husband had sternly admonished her to have nothing further to do with the Catholic religion. Then began for the poor Christian wife and mother a span of thirty sorrowful years. Her two sons, baptized at birth, gradually drifted into the pagan ways of their wayward father. Like another Monica, Mrs. Suzuki prayed and suffered in silence for the conversion of her dear ones. At rare intervals during those lonely years she evaded the suspicious vigilance of her in-laws to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments.

In 1948, Mr. Suzuki was laid low with a grievous disease. With death staring him in the face, the old pagan began to reflect on the utter powerlessness of his household lares and penates. What if there were truth, after all, in the Christian doctrine he had until now despised? He finally decided to put himself on the safer side with such tremendous possibilities as heaven or hell in the offing.

And so it happened that a messenger from the distant village called at our convent one day with the extraordinary news that Mr. Suzuki wanted to become a Christian before he died. We hastened to his bedside.

Not in vain had the faithful wife and mother prayed and suffered all these years. Her tired, patient face radiated inner happiness as she heard her husband asking us to teach him what was needed to become a child of the heavenly Father. Old and sick as he was, the patient had anything but a retentive memory, and the Sisters' visits had to be multiplied before he was ready for baptism. At length he managed to remember the Sign of the Cross and the first part of the Our Father.

One cold day towards the end of January, a messenger ran in to tell us that our patient's illness had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. We



FIRST PROTEGES AT THE ORPHANAGE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KORIYAMA, JAPAN



SISTER ST. ANNE (MARIE LOUISE GOSSELIN, ST. SOPHIE DE MEGANTIC) AND SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE (RITA MARTEL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.) PREFER SOMETHING MORE ANCIENT THAN BICYCLES WHEN THEY GO TO VISIT THE SICK

arrived in time to assist at the ceremony as Rev. Father Trahan, pastor of Koriyama, baptized our old friend.

Two more weeks the dying man lingered on. Almost unceasingly his parched lips murmured, "Thy kingdom come." Did he wish to make up for the years during which he had hindered the coming of Christ's kingdom especially among his own kith and kin? All the members of the family were gathered around as he serenely breathed his last on the first Friday of February.

As the village was too far away from the Catholic mission, the funeral was held at home. At the traditional banquet which followed, we suggested to the oldest son, who is now considered as head of the family, that his father would surely have expected him to return to his religious practices. He readily acquiesced, promising to begin hearing Mass the very next Sunday. One of the brothers of the deceased declared he also wished to be instructed in the Catholic doctrine. Missioners he invited to visit his mountain village.

"We live so far away from civilization that foxes prowl about our farmyards and wolves may be heard howling in the night. Our women and children would also like to learn how to pray. Do come to teach them the way to Heaven."

Mrs. Suzuki is happy now, for her husband's last plea, "Thy kingdom come," is about to be heard.

Les Coteaux, Haiti

School Palace

In Haitian parlance, the verdant knoll where now stand our convent school and dispensary was formerly known as the desert; lovers of high-sounding names and titles have lately renamed it "The School Palace."

The school building comprising eight classrooms plus an office for the Head Mistress, measures 172 feet long and 47 feet wide. Four of the classrooms have been so contrived that when sliding panels are drawn, they afford a sizable auditorium.

This splendid establishment we owe to the zealous activity of Rev. Father Andre Bedard, O.M.I. Thanks to his remarkable feats of untiring patience and clever ingenuity, the school was inaugurated in October, 1949, with an initial enrollment of 230 pupils. Sister St. Germaine Cousin⁽¹⁾, Sister Catherine de Jesus⁽²⁾, Sister Marie Aline⁽³⁾, and Sister Georges Aime⁽⁴⁾ conduct classes, aided in their task by two capable Haitian lay teachers.

In December, the Head Regional Inspector for rural schools took up his residence in Les Coteaux. Due to this circumstance, our school was assigned as the most suitable centre to welcome the sixty-five candidates undergoing final exams for the primary school certificate on June 18.

Not one whit inferior is our educational programme to that of our Canadian schools. Here, however, the pupils labor under disadvantages of all kinds. Torrid weather, malnutrition, stark poverty are not at all conducive to vim and vigor, attention and alertness. Besides, the great majority of Haitian youngsters hardly speak and hear French outside of the classrooms, as Creole is universally spoken. Home surroundings are not always what they should be; children can hardly be expected to study or to turn out perfect assignments in the noisy, crowded quarters in which they are forced to live.

Classes begin at seven-thirty in the morning and close at noon with two recess periods granted in between for relaxation.

On Corpus Christi, thirty-one children made their first Holy Communion. Two adults, taught and coached by Haitian catechists, were also admitted to partake for the first time of the Bread of Life, one on Ascension Day and the other on Pentecost. Because of the laxity of morals in the Island, the reception of Holy Communion is regarded here as a certain badge of good conduct; a person who often kneels at the communion table cannot be living a life of sin.

Since Easter, a new regulation has been promulgated in the diocese of Les Cayes. No child may henceforth be baptized unless its parents and godparents have been instructed in at least the rudiments of Christian

1. Marie Anne Legris, Montreal.

3. Anne Marie LAROCQUE, Rawdon.

2. Catherine DROLET, Three Rivers.

4. Marguerite LAMOUREUX, St. Laurent.



SISTER MARIE ALINE (ANNE MARIE LAROCQUE, RAWDON), LES COTEAUX, HAITI,
WITH SOME OF HER PUPILS.

doctrine; exceptions are made only in case of moribund babies. It is hoped that this disciplinary measure will help to stem the tide of religious indifference engulfing these populations.

A Mother's Day celebration was held at our school for the first time this year. Highlights of the day were various entertainments presented by the pupils, a light, tasty lunch, and prizes awarded to the mothers present. Mr. Anglade Fenelon, Inspector, congratulated the Sisters on this welcome innovation.

Our Lady of Providence Clinic

Our new dispensary measures 30 feet square; the waiting room is 50 feet by 7. Several large openings in the walls help us to endure the heat which can truly be labelled as terrific at certain times of the year. A doctor and the surgeon of Les Cayes Hospital held their clinic here on the first Tuesday of May and June.

I cannot tell you how precious is this brand-new installation, where a greater number of patients can be daily treated. Never have I seen and

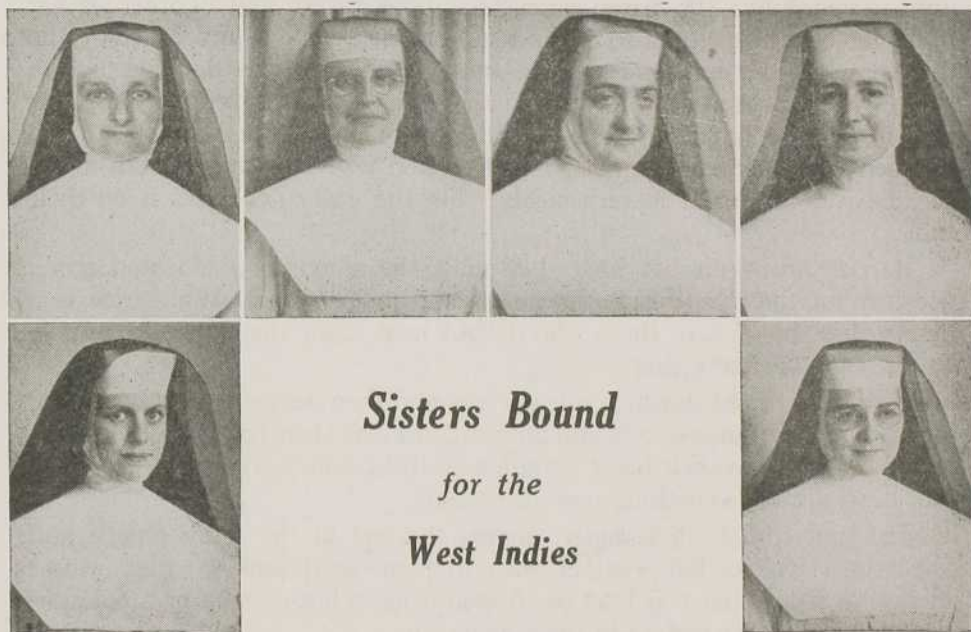
dressed so many running sores and abscesses. Rules of hygiene are too often laughed to scorn by our poor Haitians, with the result that when they finally make up their minds to come to the clinic, bistoury and scalpel must be wielded to salvage ailing limbs.

Yesterday, a man from the mountains called to see what could be done to heal a finger he had almost severed from the hand about a week before. The stench emitted from the wound was almost unbearable. Twice the patient fainted while I tried to make a dressing; at last I succeeded, and you should have seen the poor fellow's gratitude.

With a daily hundred of patients at the clinic and several home visits, I need not tell you that my days are full to the brim.

SISTER MARIE DE LA REPARATION, M.I.C.

(Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington)



SISTER EUSTELLE DE L'EUCARISTIE (EUSTELLE SAMSON, LAUZON), SISTER ST. JEAN DU CENACLE (GERARDINE VAILLANCOURT, QUEBEC), SISTER JEAN LOUIS (RITA PAGEAU, MONTREAL), AND SISTER HELENE DU SACRE COEUR (HELENE HETU, MONTREAL), MISSIONED TO HAITI.

SISTER ST. ANNE D'AURAY (ALINE QUIRION, SHERBROOKE) AND SISTER ST. DOMINIQUE (LAURETTE LAPOINTE, JONQUIERE), MISSIONED TO CUBA.

Settling From Japan

Ten months in the Land of the Rising Sun have convinced me that there's no place like it.

We beginners find the greatest handicap to be simply lack of time. Mondays step on the heels of Saturdays; clocks are always needing winding-up attention; one month begun is just as good as ended.

The days that rush by so fast always bring blessings and favors from Heaven. We could write a glorious book about all the special treats we have received from Divine Providence during the first ten months of our missionary career.

The rainy season, or more exactly the rainy month, is now over. Mid-June to mid-July is the season when shoes, book covers, and all other leather items have to be exposed to air and sun or else be spoilt altogether by the dampness. Flour must likewise be brought out into the daylight or the insects will increase and multiply in the flour bag. It is probably for this reason that the Japanese do not hoard very much for the morrow, but are satisfied with buying vegetables and fruits on a give-us-this-day-our-daily-bread basis. As meat is very costly, only the well-to-do have it on their tables.

Be the inconveniences what they may, the monotonous downpour is a godsend for the rice, which thrives knee-deep in water. White rice is a dainty dish, but few of those who delight in it know the time and trouble entailed in the harvesting of it.

Periods of bright sunshine intrude now and then during the rainy season, long enough for flowers to bloom and birds to sing their latest. Bird lovers would be served to their heart's content in this country where the feathered folk have always something new to present.

The first rumble of thunder marks the end of the rainy month and forecasts a spell of hot weather with frequent earthquakes. Last winter we had doubts about this land of Nippon being a hot-climate one, but now all our doubts have melted in the blazing sun.

The other day a gentleman waiting for the streetcar asked us point-blank: "Don't you find that dress warm? Do all Catholics have to wear a rig like that?"

He was relieved to learn that the religious habit, for Sisters only, was by no means a must for each and every Catholic. We meet dozens of



people who seem to regard convent life as something mysterious. They are very much surprised when a Sister entertains them on the subject. Another theme of conversation they like is the Catholic religion, which presents the perfect answer to their ideal of greatness and beauty. We are looking to the day when we shall be able to speak fluently the tongue they know to introduce them to the God they do not know so well. For the moment, our apostolate is of the cloistered kind with prayer and study predominating. The Japanese language demands patient mastering. Counting may be done in at least ten different ways according as the speaker wishes to designate persons, animals, long objects, round objects, et cet.

The Japanese people on the whole give due reverence to all things religious. Not so long ago a peasant woman came to pick dead leaves on our grounds. She said she did not dare go up to the small temples (erected by the former owner, a Buddhist), because her religion did not allow her to do so for seventy days after her husband's death. She was delighted to hear that our Catholic Faith had nothing to say about seventy days, and that the God of Love we adore likes nothing better than to comfort the bereaved soul. The old peasant woman went away walking on air.



KINDERGARTEN TOTS STUDYING WITH OUR SISTERS IN TOKYO

Patriotic to heroism, the people of Japan also possess a great sense of solidarity. They are, moreover, admirers of nature and lovers of study. Canadian and American children may doubt our sincerity when we tell them that our kindergarten tots run into school as merrily as if they were coming to see a thrilling movie — but it's the plain, unvarnished truth. Japanese youngsters are so fond of study that schooldays for them are regular holidays.

Patience is another universal virtue. Though he knows about the twentieth-century time- and labor-saving devices, the Japanese workman still prefers the old instruments. He says the work turns out better, though later. Among a thousand proofs of their patience we shall cite only one. Owing to the strict rationing of gasoline, the people have to heat their cars by means of a stove for either coal or wood, placed in the rear. A few days ago we saw a streetcar conductor putter away for a full half-hour trying to light a fire. From stove to steering wheel, from steering wheel to stove he went, the tenth time as cheerfully as the first. He is one of thousands who practice the virtue of patience without knowing the name for it.

Courteous and hospitable, too, are our adopted countrymen. No afternoon goes by without the employees, gardeners, and servants having their ten-minute respite for luncheon. People who go out for the day always take their dinner along. Thus the businessman, the student, the worker, or whoever else he may be, is sure of a good cup of tea with his dinner.



JAPANESE WORKMEN HAVING DINNER IN A SHADY NOOK

The smiling front of the streetcar conductor and his likes has its disadvantages, in that it makes the inner feelings very hard to gauge and the study of temperamental traits next to impossible. The admirable patience to which minutes and hours are the same, sometimes complicates the easiest of matters. It also often multiplies papers and formalities to such an extent that the foreigner's nerves give way.



SAWING THE TREES
UPROOTED BY THE LATEST CYCLONE

But the fact should discourage no prospective apostle. When the light of Faith has shone down upon them, the millions of Nippon will be ready to do great things for the glory of the Lord Jesus. May we missionaries of Mary Immaculate do our small share in extending her kingdom and that of her Divine Son the length and breadth of Japan.

Sister St. Gabriel Lalemant, M.I.C.
(Francoise Lacoursiere, Three Rivers)

Jesus Has Become a Little Child

"Great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised." Yet Jesus has become a Babe in swaddling clothes, and as such He is more especially worthy of my love.

He is smaller in Bethlehem's cave than in His eternal generation, and that is why I love Him so!

Smaller in Nazareth's workshop, toiling with Joseph, His foster father, than when with almighty hands He fashioned the heavenly spheres, and that is why I love Him so!

Smaller when He walked the ways of earth, stretching forth His hand to receive the alms of His own creatures, than when He ruled the universe, served and adored by myriad angel throngs, and that is why I love Him so!

Smaller when He silently dwells within the tabernacle, than when He taught His doctrine of Truth, and that is why I love Him so!

Smaller when He is mysteriously immolated upon the altar, than when He scattered stupendous miracles and innumerable bounties everywhere He went, and that is why I love Him so!

Smaller especially within my heart. My heart, the manger where He is cradled, the workshop where He labors, the region where He dwells, the Calvary where He is entombed! Nowhere else is He so small as within my heart, and that is why I love Him there as I love Him nowhere else.

"Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis . . ."

The Lord is a Child, and worthy of all my love.

ST. BERNARD

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

NOVEMBER, 1950

THE FREEDOM AND PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

As in Europe and America the future of the Church depends in great part on the education of the youth. The same is even more true in the mission countries. There the Catholic schools up to the present have sought to form not only leaders among the Catholics, but have exerted a tremendous influence indirectly through the education of non-Catholics who have become leaders in worldwide affairs.

Freedom is an absolute condition for the beneficial operation of our schools. In some regions the government has recognized the importance of Christian education and is prepared to help the missions to fulfill their aim of education. In other regions, however, there is either indifference to the educational program of the missions or positive opposition. Added to this, the industrial expansion of the Oriental countries is encouraging the establishment of technical schools without any consideration of the formation of the complete personality.

In China at the present moment, the schools are dominated by the Communist regime. Religious schools are permitted to remain open, but the administration of the educational institutions and the program of studies are so confused and positively disturbed by the interference of Communist officials, that it is most difficult to continue teaching in a truly Catholic atmosphere.

In Japan there is a strict state supervision over all elementary schools. Many of the textbooks are poisoned with bias and misinformation about the Catholic Church. For instance, in one textbook the following statement was to be found: "We modern men no longer can believe those gospel stories about the birth, miracles, and resurrection of Christ."

India's constitution has indeed solemnly confirmed the right of minorities to establish schools and has even declared there will be no discrimination in future help. But in the execution of this truly admirable attitude, individual officials of the government have not executed this good intention.

In Egypt, while there is a restricted form of freedom of education, the first three years of elementary school are so entirely under the supervision of the state that even Christian children are forced to accept Moslem teachers.

In the Belgian Congo up to the present, there has been even government support of Catholic elementary schools, but there are indications that a strong movement is under way to establish secular schools after the American type and discontinue government subsidies to mission schools.

The growth of our schools in the mission countries is more urgent today than ever before. Communists not only in China but everywhere are endeavoring to gain control of the youth. There are at least 100 million youths of school age in the mission countries. The effort so far exerted to gain these youths has been tremendous on the part of our missionaries, but the goal to be attained is far off.

Pray God through Our Lady, Queen of the Missions, that this effort for the souls of men will receive every blessing of Providence.

MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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

The Christopher Page

HOW NOT TO MESS UP THE WORLD

In the first chapter of the Christopher best-seller, *You Can Change the World*, Father Keller, M.M., points to what he believes may be the main obstacle on the high road to world peace. "*Most* good people," he writes, "are taking care only of themselves, while *most* evil people are taking care of everyone else."

Terrifying statistics we have to prove the truth of the second half of Father Keller's sweeping statement. When World War II ended, the Communists dominated about 200,000,000 persons. In the last five years they have brought another 600,000,000 behind the Iron Curtain. In the world today, one man in every four is gripped in the ordeal of Soviet domination, which in many ways resembles that of hell itself.

That the Soviets are making so much headway and taking care of 800,000,000 somebody elses is explained by the fact that they, "eager beavers, are in there pitching all the time," while most of us — the good people — are still on the sidelines yapping and complaining. Our apathy is the Communists' opportunity. As Archbishop Lucey points out: "Communists take their religion seriously; many Christians do not. The missionaries of Communism work feverishly to teach their heresies; easy-going Christians who are called to be apostles of truth, justice, and love still indulge in the luxury of apathy, lethargy, complacency, stupid pride, race hatred, and economic injustice. Meanwhile, millions of Christians are going into slavery worse than death."

Is it true that *all* the good people are taking care only of themselves? No; the statement says *most* of the good people. This leaves out, on the more encouraging side of the picture, the small number of conscientious men and women of high purpose who are really trying to recapture the world for Christ by prayer, word, and action. But millions of so-called good people are more or less like the little smug man of the Christopher motion picture who said: "God bless me and my wife... my son John and his wife... us four — no more!" Millions of good people are more interested in keeping up with the Joneses next door than in keeping step with Jesus Christ. New cars, new clothes, new everything blind them so much that they cannot see we are liable to wake up some morning with another new thing — a new government, a carbon copy of Soviet Russia's! When those lethargic millions read about anti-God advances, moral corruption, professional dishonesty, mounting divorce rates, social injustices, atrocities behind the Iron Curtain, they react in the very way the godless want them to. They do NOTHING!

The good and righteous millions think it would be very nice to have educators, government workers, labor unionists, and writers as good as they. But do they just wish to have them, or do they really want them? Some time ago in a large city better-qualified teachers — at least forty percent Catholics — decided to withdraw from the educational field because the pay check was too small and the work too hard. Did the schools close and the students go back to Mother and Dad? Never! EIGHT HUNDRED MARXISTS enrolled as teachers and walked in when the good people walked out! If terrible disaster engulfs us soon, whose fault will it be?

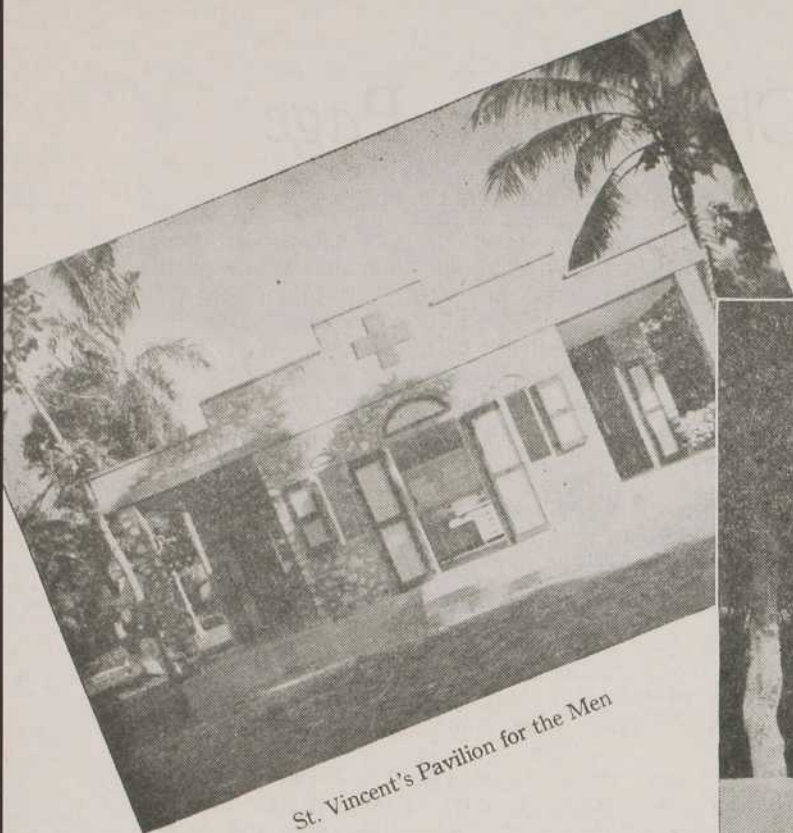
You ask what one little person like you can do. Reverse Father Keller's statement by taking care of everybody else. Be a Christopher(1), a bearer of Christ, and a promoter of Christian principles. Participate in the new Christian Renaissance. Get into education, government, labor, or writing, or direct top-quality persons into those spheres, that the Communists especially covet. Take their perseverance and daring and do for the Christian cause what they do for the Stalinist purpose. Remember, one man started Communism, one man with a fixed purpose and unswerving pursuit of it.

We who have the pattern for peace may not help to mess up the world.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

1. Free Christopher literature may be had from The Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

AT "CHARITY IF



St. Vincent's Pavilion for the Men



Entrance to "Charity, If You Please," for the
Founded by Mrs. Birmingham in 1923 and
of the Immaculate C



Outward Smile Tells of Inner Joy



His Excellency Most Rev. L. Co
Father and Protector of the Poor

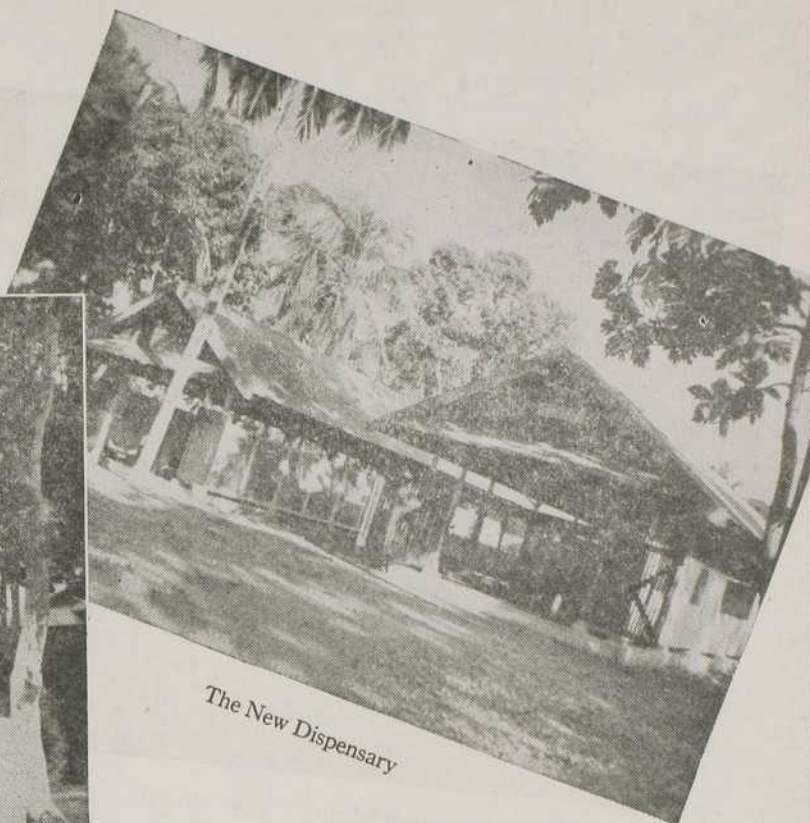
IF YOU PLEASE”



the Welfare of Needy Orphans and Old People.
23 and confided to the Missionary Sisters
e Conception in 1943.



. Collignon, Bishop of Les Cayes,
Poor at "Charity, If You Please."



The New Dispensary



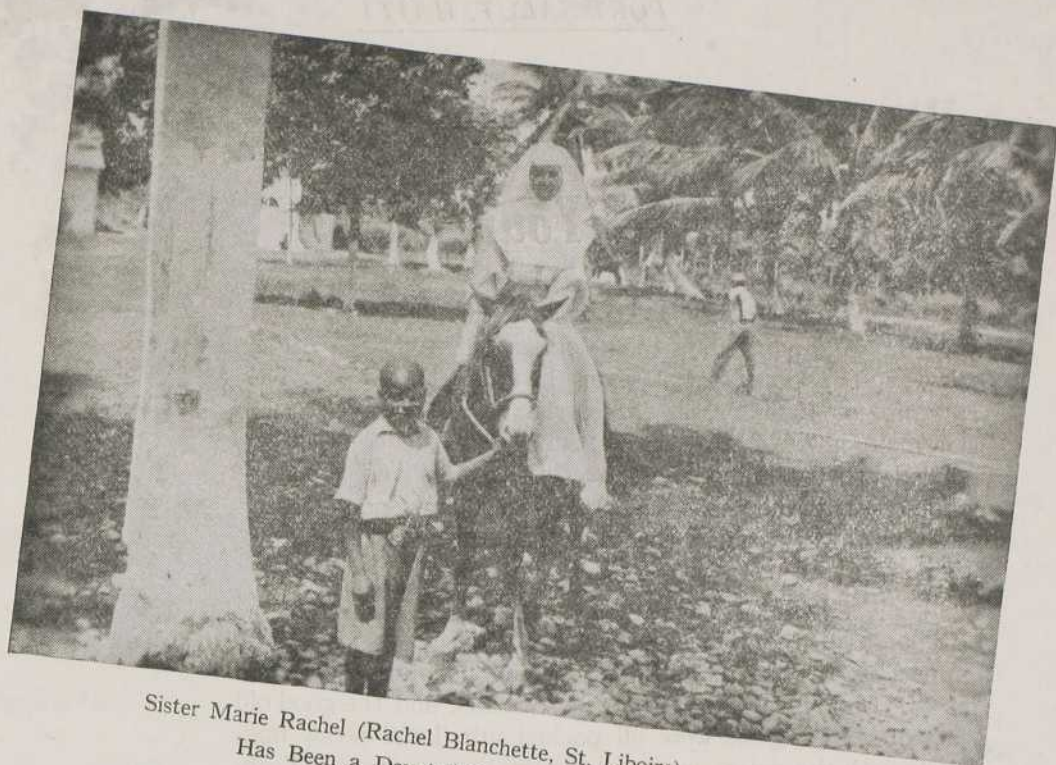
The Refuge Will Comfort Grandma's Last Days



Sister St. Juliette (Juliette Deschenez, Lewis) Tends the Sick



Sister St. Jean de Brebeuf (Alice Magnan Quebec)
With the Children Harbored at the Institution



Sister Marie Rachel (Rachel Blanchette, St. Liboire)
Has Been a Devoted Catechist at "Charity" Since 1943



Mmmm!... How They Enjoy Their Millet !

Winning the Hearts of the Youngest

When little girls want to go on a picnic the last day of June, telling them to wait till August just can't be done. So, at seven-thirty in the hot morning of June 30, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre⁽²⁾, and Sister St. Roch⁽³⁾ pulled broad-brimmed hats over their veils and rode off with the three dozen picnickers. Himene the cook accompanied the merry-making party, while Aunt Amelia the washerwoman said she had rather stay home with me.

Some of the picnickers rode on horseback; others on mules; but the greater number preferred just plain, long-eared asses. Picnic fare, skipping ropes, softballs, and the good old favorite bingo game were all packed into large straw bags along with the prizes intended for the lucky winners. Truly the little asses carried heavy but happy burdens that last day of June. About the picnic, as it was simply thrilling beyond words we won't try at all to describe it!

Final exams were held the first week of July and the holiday season began on the 7th. The girls wrote out their papers in the morning and we checked them in the afternoon.

Reading over their examination papers, we gathered it might be a good idea for us to brush up a bit on our theology. Is it really true, as one pupil had it, that Our Blessed Mother had Haitian ancestors and first saw the light of day in Limbo? May it be said, in a masterpiece on the Corpus Christi procession, that Reverend Father sang a *Libera* at each of the repositories, when the Church expects and prescribes a *Tantum ergo*? And when you ask "Who is the Holy Ghost?" what marks can you give to the little girl who writes that He is "the Person on the left shoulder"? Maybe the bright child who wrote "Good Luck" at the bottom of her last page thought it would incline the judge to be more lenient!

1. Sister MARIE RUTH (Emilienne Cantin, Quebec).

2. Germaine LEFRANCOIS, Longueuil.

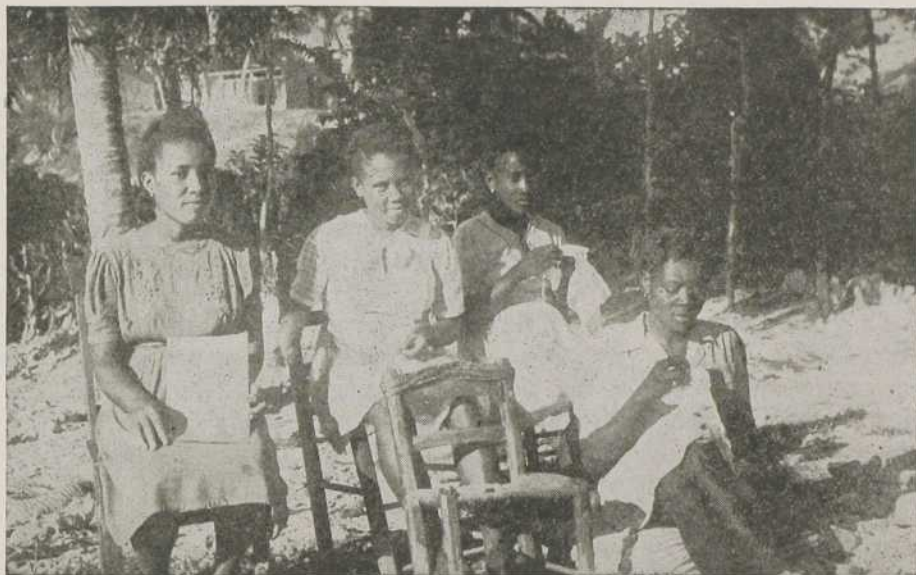
3. Marie Jeanne BEDARD, Quebec.



Eight of our senior pupils went to Les Coteaux on June 11 to try for their primary school certificates. Everybody was pleased with the results, but we had hardly been expecting that one of our eight would come out leader in a group of sixty candidates. It was a pleasant surprise.

We should like very much to keep them longer with us and the girls would like nothing better than to continue at their books under the Sisters' guidance, but the school is of nutshell size and our means are too low to think of enlarging. If we could have support from the state, things would be easier for us and our pupils.

Among my twenty-three pupils are seven orphans; as many live in broken-up homes; a few others have to bear in silence the whims of parents who have never been legally joined in wedlock. Not many of my dear charges are really happy at heart. We try to be as motherly and kind as we can, so that gladness won't be altogether absent from their lives. We show them the value of suffering in the sight of God and teach them to love the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Mother. Sister Superior does much good through the Eucharistic Crusade; she has very fervent Crusaders.



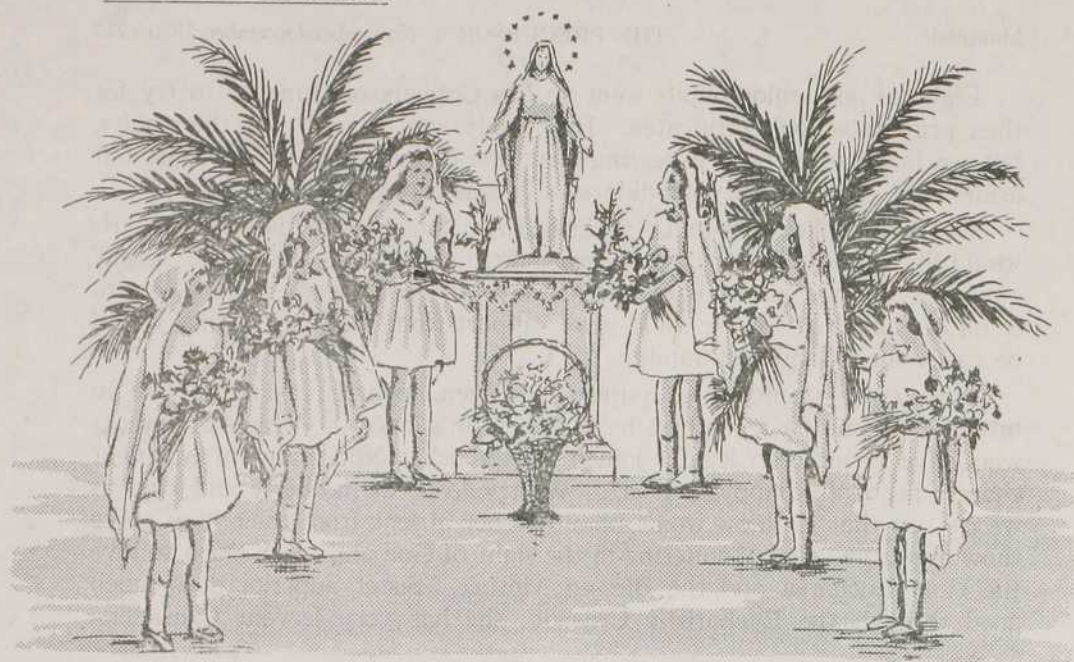
HELPMATES OF GOD'S MISSIONERS ARE THESE FOUR CATECHISTS.
Port Salut, Haiti, Needs Many More Like Them.

One of her apostles took no food for two days rather than eat of meats at superstitious banquets her mother thought she must give in order to appease the souls of ancestors that were harrying her all the time.

At any cost we must win the hearts of the youngest. With the help of your prayers and sacrifices we might soon count hundreds of fervent, loving friends of the Savior.

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

1. Clara LEBLANC, St. Sylvere.



Flores de Mayo

In the Philippines, too, this seems to be the golden age of the Mother of God.

May-month of the Holy Year had an unusual Marian touch at the Manila Chinese Mission. The unusual was nothing less than a very solemn novena to Our Blessed Mother, which we began on May 13 because such was the date the Beautiful One chose to appear to the shepherd children of Fatima.

Our own little devotees of Mary prayed very hard during those nine days. But of all the prayers they sent up to Heaven, none perhaps touched us more deeply than those that asked choice blessings for the relatives and friends we Sisters have left behind in the homeland. Our benefactors, too, were given much prayerful attention during the novena to Mary. It is the only way we can thank them!

On each of the nine days of the novel fiesta, the chapel and all the rooms with the slightest opening on it were packed with devout clients of Our Blessed Mother. All in unison sang the Marian praises with fitting fervor and answered to the prayers of the Rosary.

As usual, the little girls wanted to offer something very special. We let them "say it with flowers" in real solemn style a few minutes before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The grownups feeling they should do more, nine families took turns in paying the Mass stipends and providing flowers for the altar. Thanks to these thoughtful nine, there was a profusion of balmy bouquets on the altar and at Mary's feet. We fancied we could almost hear the rich velvet blooms whisper that living and dying must not be for self, but for Christ our Brother and the Mother He shared with us. When flowers fade away so close to the Eucharist after teaching so beautiful a lesson, surely they have not lived in vain.

Floral offerings of the spiritual kind were made as generously. One of many examples is that of a family whose members have had to undergo physical tortures because of their faithful attendance at Sunday Mass. The mother, a fervent Catholic grown strong at the foot of the Cross, must daily withstand bursts of opposition from her husband and mother-in-law, whose leanings are more Buddhistic and Protestant than anything else. By now the mother's good examples and prayers have, through the grace of God, conquered the hearts of the children. No matter what scoldings and blows it may mean, they go to Mass and Communion every chance they have — proof enough that "birthdays have nothing to do with bravery," and that even children are glad to suffer for the Child Jesus' sake.

Prayers, please, for the grandmother and her son. If leopards can't change their spots, men can mend their ways. Eyes that blankly stare at lifeless Buddha can, through the mercy of Almighty God, look higher up into the blazing beauty of the Light and Life of the world.

MORE FIESTAS

Our Blessed Mother had had her fiesta; it was fitting that the Sacred Heart of Jesus should have His also. A triduum was therefore planned for



THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS IS LOVED AT THE MANILA CHINESE MISSION

June 1, 2, and 3. On each of the three mornings a special Mass was said at which the women and girls sang beautifully in Spanish and Tagalog.

As each of the three days grew nightward, one half-hour after the Angelus, a delegation of close to one hundred worshippers came to our chapel to present their prayerful adorations to the God of the Eucharist enthroned in exposition. The three holy hours were much appreciated by all. Many had to follow them from whatever vantage point they could find, the chapel being already crowded to the doors. Men and women, old and young alike, brushed human respect aside to acclaim their Savior present on the altar. The words of their *Nos mas amor que el Tuyo* we couldn't easily understand, but with a little guesswork we could form a pretty accurate idea of what the faithful were singing so enthusiastically. Quite naturally our thoughts turned to the splendors of the Ottawa Marian Congress, about which we are now reading in the refectory.

As we were sitting down to supper Saturday evening, June 3, the sudden clatter and boom of a fanfare drew us to the window to see what was on the air. Our first thought was that here might be street musicians serenading at our windows for the reward of a few centavos. No, the players and their suite weren't calling on our neighbors; we were the ones having the visitors.

For a minute or two our proverbial Canadian hospitality was put to the test. How in the world could we manage to share our "just enough" with so many unexpected callers? In Canada it might have been done, but in Manila that's another story. So we simply told ourselves there'd be supper later on, opened the doors of the chapel, and let the fanfare folk inside with their torches and armfuls of flowers.

Leading the in-going procession marched the bearers of a large black cross decorated with embroidered velvet and symbolical plaques. Once the cross had been installed in the chapel exactly as the visitors desired it, all came forward and kissed it with respect and devotion. We had been far from expecting a like invasion and, as we had feared, we couldn't find enough flower vases to hold the avalanche of flowers. We did our best with what we had, however, and in a record number of minutes had transformed the chapel into a repository.

On the following day, Trinity Sunday, we had two Masses with well over two hundred persons attending. At every minute of the day someone shuffled in or out of the chapel. But many of those someones have yet to learn that first things must come first; that the black cross half-hidden by sampaguitas should not prove the main attraction when on the altar is exposed the God who died on the Cross of Calvary.

The men worked hard all the afternoon on the Sacred Heart and Our Lady floats and had everything ready for the six o'clock procession. In this part of the world, a fiesta with no procession is unthinkable. Unlike many others, this procession was of a religious character; people had rosaries in their hands, and it wasn't only for the show. Orchestras opened and closed the line of march. The floats of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Lipa were pools of light and overladen with flowers.

A word about the queens. Escorting the cross were day queens with gala dress and copious train representing St. Helena. Ladies of honor followed with fans in operation. But we feel the sainted Empress must have been mystified at the sight of the personages taking her place. Whatever her first reaction, however, the saint must have been relieved by the time she had finished counting the communions, prayers, and acts of love offered the One whose bloody gibbet will be forever associated with her name.

* * *

The Sacred Heart knows only too well that incense is burned to an undeserving somebody on our Narra Street. Right across from the Sisters' home, Buddhist neighbors are turning hearts away from His life-giving religion. A lot of feting they have been doing lately, especially since their god put out — or did he? — a big fire last year. People have emptied their purses so often before the great-god-who-blew-on-the-big-blaze that the Buddhists have enough of jingling wealth to start building. Up and up goeth their pagoda, directly opposite our school.

Please our God, some day the Buddhist gong will be silenced and He, the one true Divinity, will be offered the incense. Please our God, we may live to see these friends of Buddha discard their prayer wheels and let their fingers get the feel of Mary's rosary.

SISTER MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.

(Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal)

Message From Manchuria

From iron-curtained Manchuria, where nine Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are still carrying on, has come this diary of one of them. We are happy to share with our readers the joy of a lengthy message from our Sisters on Manchurian soil.

Tuesday, March 14, 1950

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ is with us now, and all's right with our world! It took her six weeks of patience and pleading to obtain a travel permit with "stay-over" rights. If the officials with whom she had to deal had ever read the Gospel according to St. Luke, they might have worded their impressions like this: "Although we fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this woman is troublesome to us, we will avenge her." "Troublesome" our Superior had to be if she wanted the little Community to function normally, that is, with a pilot at the helm. But now her troubles are over, as are our anxieties, and we are a happy family. Sister Superior will help Sister St. Emerentienne⁽²⁾ to operate a dispensary that provides enough work for two.

1. Sister MARIE JOSEPHINE (Eliane Gravel, St. Prosper, Champlain County).

2. Marie Berthe FLEURENT, St. Germain de Grantham.



Bishop Lapierre has also charged her with reorganizing the Chinese Sisters of the Holy Rosary. Some of them have been compelled to spend the last two years in their families. It is high time for the poor exiles to be reunited again in a happy Sisterhood.

Passion Sunday, March 26

In the humble and bare chapel which has served as his cathedral since 1947, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre was today enthroned Bishop of Szepingkai. The joyful event was enacted after High Mass. Rev. Father Bonin, rector at Leao Yuan Sien, has been appointed Vicar General. Though stern days are upon us, the Church remains a marching Church, and this marks another step on the path to progress. Priests, Sisters, and Christians all had a very joyful day.

Sunday, April 16

'Tis Easter Sunday and all the faithful have come to church on the day which the Lord hath made. Mass was offered six times this forenoon, and each time the attendance was so large that many had to follow through the open doors. A seventh Mass was said under the ruins of the Bishop's house, with, as chapel, the dining room hurriedly cleared by Rev. Father Pilon. The little children and the personnel of the mission knelt in the bomb-scarred holy place. On ordinary Sundays we at the mission do not go to High Mass, so that the Christians from the outlying districts may have standing and kneeling space. But Easter is different, and so we went. Two strangers were up at the very front of the chapel. We saw them jotting down notes, maybe, we thought, about the beautiful singing and the inspiring sermon. Please God, they will remember the preacher's fearless profession of his creed: "The resurrection of Our Lord is the foundation of our faith. On Easter Sunday, Christians must renew their resolution to match their deeds with their faith. They must be ready to stand at attention to any call from God. They are expected to stand firm in their convictions even in the face of martyrdom."

The Christians who heard the sermon were not slow in making their satisfaction known. "Father (a Chinese priest) spoke well, didn't he?" — "Father isn't afraid of anybody." — "And the police were there!"

Two former Protestants, recent converts, made their First Communion this morning. They say that what led them to break with Protestantism was the Catholic missionaries' undefeatable will to remain at their posts in spite of hardship and persecution.

Very tired and very happy is Bishop Lapierre. But for him the Gospel is still News and the Good News which he wants to bring to as many souls as he humanly can.

When his mission was bombed to pieces, he casually brushed aside the expressions of sympathy that were offered him. "I want Christians and that's all! They are here, and that's enough for me. I can do without a house." In the bleak picture glows one bright spot for the Bishop: the number of converts is increasing!

Sunday, April 30

In Rev. Father Bourgault's mail there recently came a few copies of the "Missions Etrangères" Bulletin for the years 1947 and 1948. Taken as a whole, the facts as published are true, except for a few overdone details that may have increased the anxiety of our dear ones at home. That the native virgin Tchang Agnes, of Pa Mien Tchong, was interned for several months is perfectly true, but the whole truth is that she came out of it still alive. She was liberated on the same day as the Fathers stationed at Leao Yuan Sien (August 8, 1948) and is once more doing expert catechist work at Pa Mien Tchong. She spent Easter at Szepingkai and spoke about her "glorious past" as being the happiest period of her life. Her only regret is that she was not accounted worthy to be crowned a martyr for her God.

As for Sister Lee Louessa, she is always the same capable and devoted Superior of the native Sisterhood. When Szepingkai fell to the Communists, she was harbored by a Christian family. As no news was available, the Sisters began to think

she might have perished in the battle; this seems to explain why rumors of her death spread.

To rectify another false report, our companions at Leao Yuan Sien have at no time been Sister-workers for the Communists. Though they were asked indirectly on several occasions to tend the wounded, they preferred their poor way of life and the limited freedom they enjoyed, which enabled them to live together as a Community and fulfill the main religious obligations of their vocation.

Thursday, May 4

A solemn anniversary Requiem was sung this morning for Rev. Father Quenneville. We were glad to be able to join our humble prayers to the Holy Sacrifice for the eternal rest of the soul of a saintly, selfless apostle. We can never forget the eight interminable months at Leao Yuan Sien without a priest and without the Sacraments; neither can we forget how Father Quenneville came with the consolations of his ministry and the Bread of the Altar to break an eight-month Eucharistic fast.

Wednesday, May 17

All the foreigners in the mission were summoned to the rectory this morning. A certain official said to represent the chief of police was supposed to have good news for everyone. The good things turned out to be certificates of residence. Does this mean that we are no longer outlaws? Not so fast, please! As in the past, the "powers that be" will issue travel permits to those foreigners who want to settle elsewhere or even make a little week-end trip. The same foreigners will have to go from bureau to bureau, starting at the bottom of the ladder and reaching up to the provincial chief, who may grant or refuse permission. But a certificate of residence is something, even if we cannot enjoy complete freedom of movement.

Sunday, May 28

It is a far cry from Pentecost in the Upper Room to Pentecost in Szepingkai, but both were similar in that the Christians "were persevering with one mind in prayer with Mary." With her they awaited the coming of the Consoler blest. May that God of Light and Fortitude transform them as He did the Apostles of Our Lord, that no backsliding Catholics may ever be found among them, and that all may endure rock-strong in their faith.

Thirty-two children and new Christians were dubbed knights of Christ in Confirmation. "Before Pentecost," said the reverend preacher, "the Apostles were so cowardly that they hid for fear of the Jews. No sooner had the Holy Ghost come upon them than they tore away from their retreat, on fire with love and unafraid of prison and death. They were bold enough to preach Christ to their enemies. The Holy Spirit will operate a like transformation in your souls. You will become heroes. Not only will you hold to your faith when your life is in peril, but also you will grasp every opportunity to spread our holy religion."

To the nine little First Communicants another priest spoke in more childlike terms: "When bad people ask, 'Are you a Christian?' you will answer proudly, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' If they laugh at you, if they insult you, if they even beat you, you will answer always, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' And you will be happy to offer your sufferings to Jesus, who is giving Himself to you today."

From five to six hundred Christians attended Mass. Nothing surprising that God should permit trials to fall upon these noble Christians, who are fighting for their faith with courage worthy of the martyrs of the primitive Church.

Monday, June 26

A letter from Pai Tchong Tze was a regular treat today. Sister Marie du Perpetuel Secours⁽¹⁾ tells us that our last letter sent by special delivery was the first she received in nearly three months. Much less did letters from Canada reach Pai Tchong Tze during that time.

It is very much easier to communicate with our Sisters at Leao Yuan Sien, and we do so almost every week. Our Sisters in Canton, too, have become some-

1. Florine MORIN, Montreal.

thing like next-door neighbors. Since communications are restored, letters and parcels reach us in perfect condition in less than two weeks. Our dear Sisters to the south of us seem bent on providing us with a good many useful items. True, the proverb says that it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive; however, our Sisters give with so much kindness and delicacy that we can hardly believe they are happier in giving than we in receiving.

Tuesday, June 27

Bishop Lapierre has just returned from a well-earned rest in Peking. With unflagging energy he is again setting down to recondition his ruined mission. Workmen are clearing the ground near the Bishop's house and will start to rebuild the northern part. Neither discouraged nor defeated, the intrepid shepherd will do anything so that his dislocated mission work may be carried on.

WHO LAUGHS LAST

A small number of our orphans attend the public school, which formerly belonged to the Catholic mission. One afternoon the comeback was tearful.

"We don't want to go to that school any more," they sobbed. "Teachers and pupils are always laughing at us because we are Christians."

After thinking the matter over, we decided that our handy man, Mr. Tong, a convinced Christian and a good talker, would lodge a complaint with the authorities. Mr. Tong tackled the vice-director, a rather more moderate person than the director, and bluntly inquired whether the law permitted freedom of religion.

"It does," replied the vice-director.

"Then why are the Catholic children treated so shamefully?"

"Let them keep the rules and they won't be molested."

"They are ridiculed on account of their faith," insisted Mr. Tong. "We cannot bear it any longer on the grounds of the mission, in a school owned by the mission and simply lent to the government. Father Rector has decided to remove them from the school. What a loss of face for you when people see the children of the mission forced to pass by your door on their way to another school."

"I will see that the disorder stops," promised the vice-director. "Let the children come and I guarantee nobody will molest them any further."

"Besides," added Mr. Tong, "your insults won't get you anywhere. The good Christians will stay good in spite of every threat, and the bad Christians will beat back a hasty retreat before you have time to raise a finger against them."

Now the teachers have been cautioned prudence and the Christian children are respected.

Pressure was brought on two teachers of the school, two fervent Catholics, to force them either to apostatize or to resign their posts. Though it meant going penniless, both preferred to leave the classroom. Through the present system of levelling of fortunes, one man is not as rich as his neighbor, but as poor. Those out of jobs are soon reduced to beggary.

GIVE ME RELIGIOUS LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

One of these Sundays a Christian was held up by a police agent on the church grounds and ordered to follow him to the post.

"You are a Christian?" asked the officer.

"I am."

"We Chinese don't believe in that nonsense. Did the foreigners teach you their doctrine?"

"I need no one to teach me that God exists. Heaven and earth give me all the proofs I need."

"How long have you been a Christian?" probed the police agent.

"Since childhood. My family has been Christian for several generations. I would rather die than betray my faith."

Toei pou k'i! (Excuse me) muttered the officer, and he dismissed the case.

The Big Brown Dog

Only a dog comes to welcome Jesus...



Would you like to hear the story of the big brown dog and how he . . . but no! we mustn't "let the cat out of the bag" . . . just imagine what the big brown dog would do! But perhaps he wouldn't chase it after all because this particular dog has the best manners and the most "horse sense" of any dog you've ever read about.

One day, in far away Tonga, the *Fetuu Moana* (Star of the Deep) anchored off a beautiful palm-fronted island called Fonoi.

No Catholic Missionary had ever been on this island; so, naturally, this missionary and his "boys" felt thrilled with the spirit of adventure. As they rowed ashore they were rather struck

by the fact that the sparkling beach was not dotted with the usual crowd of brown children playing and swimming the surf. Indeed, no one was to be seen! "Queer, very queer," said the missionary.

Half an hour later, here is what you would have seen: This is the middle of a native village with its tiny, coconut-leaf nuts, its broad-leafed breadfruit trees, its Mango trees, its huge Banyan and iron wood trees, its fish nets and rustic racks of drying octopus, its pigs and goats and chickens. There on a log sits a baffled missionary — Why were frightened children peeping through the reed walls of the houses? Why had this island forgotten the olden laws of Tongan hospitality? Why? Because someone had solemnly warned them of the Catholic missionary's coming! Poor Fonoi! If only you knew that the missionary whom you coldly refuse to see is Jesus Christ who still goes from one land to another to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom! He is Jesus Christ who carries His Cross upon His shoulders through every highway of the world! He is Jesus Christ who goes in search of all His sheep to lead them into the fold of His Church . . . *Jesus Christ is not dead* . . . He lives and walks on earth in the person of His missionaries, diffusing His Light amidst the darkness, pointing out the right path to the erring, giving true life to those who are dead and buried in the errors of a thousand years of Paganism . . .

And somehow, as the missionary sat there on the log, he thought of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem . . . *and then something happened!*

All of a sudden, springing up as if by magic, a big brown dog comes rushing forth. With yelps of glee and wagging his bushy tail so fast that you'd wonder why it didn't drop right off, he goes straight up to the missionary and offers him his paw, while those big brown eyes of the big brown dog seemed to say: "Never mind, Father, never mind the way these folks behave. It's a shame! But let me tell you, I'll receive you here if no one else will! Come on, Father, let me show you around a bit!" And from that moment the faithful big brown dog was like Mary's little lamb, following the missionary wherever he went. Indeed he even wanted to help him recite his Breviary, but had to content himself with sitting down and keeping quiet until the missionary was finished.

The next morning, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the very first ever to hallow that poor island, was offered in a poor little hut. No one came. No one — no one, save the *big brown dog* — and all during Mass, those big brown eyes of his never left the poor little altar.

No one — only a dog comes to greet Jesus! No wonder the missionary thought of Jesus in Bethlehem on that first Christmas night where the big wondering eyes of dumb beasts were the first, after Mary and Joseph, to behold *God made Man*. And when the Mass was over, and we started to sail away from poor Fonoi Island, there, on the glistening coral shore was the big brown dog. His bushy tail was quiet now. How sad he looked! And, when at last he did realize that we were really going away, he lifted his big head straight in the air and started to howl in that peculiar way dogs do when their master dies. Even when we had lost sight

of him, we could still hear the mournful howling of the big brown dog — the only inhabitant of Fonoi Island who had been glad to welcome and "shake hands" with the Catholic missionary — and the only one who was sorry to see him leave.

As you read the story of the Big Brown Dog, can't you hear Our Lord's reply when on Palm Sunday, the High Priests remonstrated with Him for allowing the children to acclaim Him. Said Christ: "If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out . . ." and it took the dog with the big brown eyes to greet the coming of Christ to Fonoi Island.

Rev. E. A. Trembley, S.M.

Will You Say This Prayer Once?

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace!

Where there is hatred . . . let me sow love

Where there is injury . . . pardon

Where there is doubt . . . faith

Where there is despair . . . hope

Where there is darkness . . . light

Where there is sadness . . . joy !

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled . . . as to console

To be understood . . . as to understand

To be loved . . . as to love, for

It is in giving . . . that we receive

It is in pardoning . . . that we are pardoned

It is in dying . . . that we are born to eternal life.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Mission Intention for December

THE TASK OF THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES

Considering the extent of the Church in the Philippines one cannot fail to see the truly great role this Church may in the future play for the evangelization of the Far East. Of the nineteen million inhabitants of the Philippines according to the 1948 census, approximately fourteen million or seventy-three percent of the population is Catholic. In other countries of the Far East, the Catholic population does not exceed four percent of any given area and comes to less than six million in the aggregate.

The Church in the Philippines therefore may truly be regarded as a leaven of the true faith for its neighboring non-Christian peoples.

It is necessary, however, that the Church in the Philippines be well organized for this task and fortified with every sacramental grace. It is sad to report that there is a great lack of native priests in the Philippines. There are approximately 1,219 native priests in the Philippines, so that there is only one native priest for every 11,500 Catholics.

Although they are aided by almost 800 foreign missionaries, there are dioceses where there is only one priest for every 20,000 of whom 15,000 are Catholic. The number of priestly vocations in the Philippines must be greatly increased and multiplied. This great favor cannot be obtained from God except through prayers begging the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest.

S. P. F. Release

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

"As far as circumstances permit, be always simple, modest, poor, though properly clothed and housed. Ask of one another the permissions you desire, when you cannot ask them of Bishop Pompallier. Except in case of absolute necessity do not go out or remain at home alone. Go two and two, if it is only for a walk. This precaution will preserve you from many dangers.

"Finally, be united in Jesus and Mary. There must be no contentions among you; obey Bishop Pompallier and your superior. I repeat the advice I gave before, that you address to the superior of the Society all letters you send to Europe. To finish as I began: I wish you the peace and love of Jesus and Mary. Be brave; never allow fear or melancholy to enter your souls. Let each one make a copy of this letter and read it often. I embrace you with tender affection and promise you the prayers of the whole Society. Avail yourselves of every opportunity of letting us hear from you.

"I am and will always be your humble and devoted servant,

C. COLIN, Superior."

Father Chanel took this letter for his rule of conduct. Later he wrote to Father Colin, "Accept my deep gratitude for the wise advice you so kindly gave us. May it fructify in our souls! We hope that our hearts will be as burning as the climate in which we will live. But how far they are from being so! We try each day to make our religious exercises together. Each one of us has a copy of your letter which we prize as a last proof of your fatherly love. We follow the regulations which the Bishop has laid down for us. We do not want to put any obstacles in the way of God's mercy to the islanders committed to our care."

No one had deeper esteem for Father Chanel than Bishop Pompallier. He appointed him his pro-vicar apostolic, and Father Colin had already named him superior of the missionary band. This double office laid upon him the necessity of providing what was needed for the journey and for the future mission. Bishop Pompallier went to Paris taking with him Fathers Servant and Bret and Brother Joseph Xavier, and on October fifth Father Chanel went to Lyons where he had business. He bought supplies and sent them to Havre, collected alms, and got the promise of innumerable prayers. Every morning he climbed the hill to the church of Our Lady of Fourviere and said his Mass at the Blessed Virgin's altar. On the last day he suspended

a red heart from the neck of the Infant Jesus whom the Blessed Mother holds in her arms. Each missionary had been told by the bishop to get one of these hearts and have his name engraved upon it. Father Chanel's example is followed by all his successors, who before they leave France go to Fourviere to consecrate themselves to Our Lady and to leave their hearts beside his.

On the sixteenth of October, 1836, Father Chanel, accompanied by Father Bataillon and Brothers Michael and Mary Nizier, left Lyons for Paris. During their journey, hearing some one take the Holy Name in vain, Father Chanel said quickly, "Let us say some prayers and an act of contrition to beg God's pardon for that sin." This done, his accustomed gaiety returned, and he charmed his companions all the way by the vivacity and sweetness of his conversation. In Paris they joined Bishop Pompallier at the Seminary for the Foreign Missions, where they were warmly welcomed. Father Chanel wrote of this visit, "I could never express all that I felt in the depths of my soul in that hallowed place where so many saintly priests have prepared for the missions and for martyrdom. How many times did I meditate in the hall where some of their relics are preserved!"

At the seminary of Rouen the missionaries were received with brotherly affection. It was dark when they left, and one of the party, shutting the door of the carriage, severely bruised one of Father Chanel's fingers. He made no outcry, and it was only the next morning when they saw his hand, that his companions knew anything of the accident. They could imagine, then, how he had suffered all through the night. At Havre, Mme. Dodard, a pious widow, eighty-three years of age, received them into her house with a cordiality which she showed to all missionaries. On All Saints Day Father Chanel preached twice, the second sermon, in particular, making a deep impression. Mme. Dodard was so much touched by it that she chose him for her confessor during the last illness which soon came upon her.

Contrary winds delayed the long anticipated departure of the missionaries. Father Chanel and all the members of his party profited by the time thus thrown upon their hands to study English, thinking it would be useful later. They greatly regretted having been unable to procure in Paris any book which would give them a key to Polynesian idioms. They had leisure, too, during those weeks of waiting, to write many letters — happy letters they were, breathing childlike trust in God.

On November twenty-first Father Chanel wrote to Sister St. Dominic, "Another little word between us two, dear Sister. We have been nearly a month at Havre, or to be more exact, at Ingouville, a short distance from it. The bad weather continues to make it impossible for us to start, in spite of the fervent prayers that are being offered for us. Every day we scan the clouds, and nearly every day they bring us rain, sleet or snow, lightning and thunder. However, last Saturday it looked as if better weather were coming; Sunday was even more promising; today, the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, we begin to fear more rain and

contrary winds. God's will be done! Keep on praying, for we never cease being grateful."

A month later he wrote to his sister, "Today, December twenty-third, is set for our departure, but it is possible that, in God's impenetrable design, we will be unable to start, because Mme. Dodard, our benefactress, is dangerously ill. For many a day she has begged of God the grace to die while there are missionaries in her house. She now has more than she can well accommodate. Never before did she have so many at one time. (There are thirty-four of us here.) It is possible that God is answering her prayer. Bishop Pompallier anointed her and gave her Holy Viaticum. It was all very touching because of her faith and fervor and the number of missionaries gathered about her bed. We shall be sad to see her go. She has been very kind to us. God's holy will be done."⁽¹⁾

In a letter written during these days of tedious waiting, to the Superior General of the Sisters of Providence of Portieux, Father Chanel said, "All unworthy as I am of my sublime vocation I would not exchange it for a kingdom. I lack everything but good will. You will help me, I hope, to obtain the zeal and all the virtues necessary to the poorest of missionaries."

About the same time he wrote to Father Colin, and through him to his dear students of Belley, "After a month's delay we are about to start. The ship which is to take us to Valparaiso is in port, about to put to sea, if the good God does not see fit to hold it here a little longer. The *Josephine*, which will take Archbishop Blanc and his twenty-two missionaries to New Orleans, will leave at the same time as our *Delphine*. We have agreed to sing the *Ave, Maris Stella* on both ships, as we start, to sing it with our whole hearts — and at the top of our voices. We are all as happy as kings, and all long to trust ourselves to the perils of the sea for the sake of Our Lord and His holy Mother. I am continually edified by my companions. I ought to give them good example, and instead I receive it. See how I allow the tables to be turned!"

To some nuns at Lyons, who had asked for holy pictures with his autograph and that of another missionary, he wrote, "I know, my dear Sisters, that you will forgive two poor priests who would be only more unworthy of your interest in them, if they were to do as you so kindly asked them. The trial would be too great for their little mite of humility. In spite of all the motives we have to practice that virtue, which is the foundation and safeguard of all the others, we do it so poorly that we should feel a very human satisfaction in sending our autographs to be cherished. If our souls are dear to you, write in the place where our names would have been, 'May God have pity on those poor sinners whom You deign to send to help other sinners to heaven.' Don't be afraid to repeat this prayer thousands of times. How good God is!"

1. Mme. Dodard died in January, 1837, a few days after the departure of the missionaries. In her last hour she said: "I hope that God will receive me in heaven, who here below have received all who were sent in His name, for His glory and the salvation of souls."

CHAPTER X

From Havre to Wallis

At last the long anticipated day arrived. On the twenty-fourth of December, 1836, the future apostles of Oceania went on board the *Delphine*. Besides Bishop Pompallier and the Marists, there were several fathers of the Congregation of Picpus,⁽¹⁾ bound for the Gambier Islands. At the same hour Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans and his missionaries embarked on the *Josephine*. As they set sail the air rang with the hymn, *Ave, Maris Stella*, sung on both decks, by all the missionaries. The ships had some difficulty in getting out of the harbour, but as soon as the open sea was gained all went well, and after a few minutes the crowds on the dock lost sight of their friends forever.

"We are setting out happily," wrote Father Bret, "having placed our journey in the hands of the Blessed Virgin. How many envy our lot, and merited far more than I to be chosen for the great work we are to do! There are too many of us aboard for each to have a cabin to himself. Far from being annoyed at this, I am delighted, for I share Father Chanel's. The sailors seem to be very good. Several of them found medals which we had dropped and are wearing them. The captain and the first mate are very kind."

The *Delphine* was making good time when it was overtaken by a terrific storm. Thirty-two boats which had left Havre on the same day were driven back to shore. Only the *Delphine* and the *Josephine* were able to withstand the fury of the wind. The Blessed Virgin was protecting the missionaries, a protection all the more evident because the *Delphine* had a badly damaged rudder. A rope, which the captain of the harbour had not let go in time, had caught between the rudder and the back part of the ship. Not knowing what was wrong the sailors tugged at the rudder without helping matters in the least, but breaking two and loosening a third of the four rivets which attached it to the ship. The *Delphine* had been out for eight hours before the cause of the trouble was discovered; the rudder was then tied in place, and the captain attempted to reach the Canary Islands. For eight days it was either calm, very stormy, or the wind was contrary, and the ship was momentarily in danger of losing its rudder. Seeing the officer's anxiety, the passengers knew that there was real danger, but at last, on January seventh, a schooner came within hailing distance, and it tugged them into port at Santa Cruz.

(To be continued)

1. The congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, commonly known as the Congregation of Picpus, was founded, early in the nineteenth century, by Father Coudrin. He was only a deacon when the Revolutionary persecution dispersed the students of the seminary of Poitiers, where he was being trained. Having learned that Mgr. de Bonald, Bishop of Clermont, was in Paris and would ordain him, he hurried thither, and received Holy Orders in March, 1792. For a time he labored, disguised in the dioceses of Poitiers and Tours. Later, he gathered a few disciples about him, made his religious vows, bought some dilapidated houses in Rue Picpus, in Paris, and there established himself and his religious. The fathers founded colleges and seminaries and established themselves in Peru and Chile. In 1825 the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands was entrusted to the Congregation, and in 1833 the Archipelago of Oriental Oceania was also confided to it. Perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is made in many houses of the Congregation.



MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Wanted — Missioners

An assignment to teach the three R's usually means that one has to forego the privilege of searching the highways and byways for wayward sheep and straying lambkins. Imagine my joy, then, when the other day Sister Superior allowed me to accompany one of our nursing Sisters on an errand of mercy.

After a few minutes' walk through a fashionable part of the city, we came to the water's edge. As no bridges span this part of the river, Sister hired two Filipinos lounging in the sun, who leisurely rowed us across in their primitive canoe scooped out of a tree trunk. "Time is money" is a meaningless saw in the Orient.

Windows flew open and inquisitive heads popped out as we walked through the crowded quarters on the other side of the river. Never before had the Madres ventured in these parts. Brown children laughing, chattering, good-naturedly jostling one another, followed us right to the foot of the rickety ladder leading to our patient's house-on-stilts. Oh, the piteous sight that met our eyes! On a thin straw mat, in a dark corner, tossed and moaned a poor woman apparently in great pain. One of her arms, badly swollen, was propped up on a pile of rags. Now and again she murmured in semi-consciousness, *Dios ko po* (My God). A poor little crippled baby whimpered in his tiny hammock hung from the rafters. One look at the woman convinced the nursing Sister that there was no time to lose if this soul was to be made ready to meet its Maker.

As consciousness gradually returned thanks to the remedies given, we suggested to the patient that a priest be called. Gladly she acquiesced and her husband hurried out on this all-important errand. Soon the parish priest arrived bearing the Holy Viaticum. After the Last Sacraments had been administered to the dying woman, her sickly baby was made a child of God through baptism. Domingo Philip we named him after his godfather and my own precious Dad.

Two kind neighbors were then called in as witnesses, while the minister of God united in the sacred bonds of matrimony this couple whose wedding had taken place at the Santo Christo Church, belonging to a heretical sect. All within one short hour, five sacraments had been administered in this poor hut. After twelve years of estrangement from the Church of her baptism, the sick woman felt overjoyed at being once more at peace with her God. Do give this poor family a generous share in your prayers, so that its members may henceforth live always as fervent Catholics should.

As we were slowly drifting homeward over tranquil, sunlit waters, my heart sang with joyful gratitude. Gladly would I offer over again the sacrifice of parting from my beloved ones, to enjoy the privilege of doing my small share in this greatest of all causes, the missionary cause.

In between my regular classroom routine, I manage to wedge doctrine lessons to some of my seniors who are sadly in need of them. A public school of over 5,000 pupils is also visited every week with catechism lessons in view; the pupils of these public schools are entirely dependent on outside help if they wish to become proficient in the science that is the one necessary. Religious instruction I also dispense four times a week to another group of over 150 boys and girls in senior grades. Among these, two have turned over a new leaf after neglecting the practice of their religion for eight and ten years respectively. Two young ladies of sixteen and seventeen were baptized and made their first Holy Communion on St. Joseph's fiesta.

Filipinos are not to be too severely blamed for their religious ignorance. Vast is a word that only inadequately strikes off the work of the ministers of the Gospel in the Islands. Foreign missionaries taken into account, there is only one priest to every 12,000 souls in the Philippines. Two priests only were this year ordained at the Seminary; and only two more will be ordained next year. This tragic dearth of priests is still more acutely felt in Manila. Binondo, which is a parish of 70,000 souls, has one parish priest; Tondo has three priests, who are expected to minister to the needs of 130,000 souls.

What wonder, then, if a great majority of our Catholics neglect their religious duties? It is perfectly obvious that even if God were to accord to every priest the perpetual gift of bilocation, their number would still be insufficient to supply the present critical need. Let our prayers rise unceasingly to the Eternal High Priest, that He may raise unto Himself a whole legion of zealous apostles in the Philippines.

SISTER MARIE ALBERTINE, M.I.C.

(Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil)



Rejoice in the Lord always. (Phil. iv, 4)

Meditation of a Novice

Hundreds of years before St. Paul, holy king David also used the imperative mood: "O sing joyfully unto God, all the earth, serve ye the Lord with gladness." Proof enough that a spirit of joy matters very much in the service of the God of Love, and that a glad heart is most welcome in His presence. Again, the Apostle tells us that the Lord "loveth a cheerful giver." The gift, without the gladness of the giver, is bare.

Dear Jesus, help me hide my headaches and heartaches beneath a cheerful front. If You don't mind my paraphrasing St. Ignatius: "Dearest Lord, teach me to be joyful; teach me to serve You as You deserve, with gladness of heart; to give with a smile; to fight, and cheerfully so; to toil, and not to let it show in my face; to labor, and not to ask reward, save that of knowing that You are satisfied with my joyful service."

Rejoice in the Lord who comes to you. My Lord comes to me every morning. I can count the days by my communions. This poor, human heart of mine becomes His tabernacle from one communion to another. Around His tabernacle I want gay flowers and bright lights, rather than the mournful black drapings of melancholy. "I want my life to be a Mass, but a Mass with plenty of singing in it." One single communion should be enough for me to go through life with a song of ecstasy on my lips. The God of Love has given Himself to me, Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity. What must not my joy be, I who have broken so many fasts with the Bread of Angels!

Rejoice in the Lord who abides with you. Through sanctifying grace, Jesus abides in the soul. One frail little soul becomes His monstrance,

His bearer, His ciborium. This is the wondrous privilege that no thanks of mine can repay adequately. But, at least, my soul will rejoice in the Lord and exult in Him who deigns to be my constant Companion.

Rejoice in the Lord who has chosen you. Mysterious choice of the Most High! That a Lord so mighty should be the Bridegroom, and a little creature of clay should be singled out from among millions to become His Bride! How could sadness ever enter into the life of one so exalted above mortals?

Rather should the novice under the banner of Mary Immaculate, like her celestial queen, sing the *Gaudens gaudebo* of the Marian Introit of the Mass for December 8: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; and my soul shall be joyful in my God." And how truly the lines that follow can be applied to the Bride of Christ I shall soon become: "For He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me, as a bride adorned with her jewels."

Dear Jesus, help me serve You joyfully during my days of noviceship, that my joy may be full on the morning of my vows and remain with me until We meet in eternal bliss nevermore to part.

The Joyful Ones of August 5

The following postulants were given the Marian livery and admitted to the novitiate: Miss Marie Paule Goudreault, St. Thecle Station (Sister Germaine de Jesus); Miss Irene Lampron, Charette (Sister Marie d'Ephese); Miss Pauline Lavigne, Coteau Station (Sister Jean de la Passion); Miss Eliane Lafrance, Quebec (Sister Marie Eliane); Miss Reina Martel, L'Ange Gardien (Sister St. Joachim); Miss Aline Boisvert, Grand'Mere (Sister Maria Goretti); Miss Rita Dube, Exeter, N. H. (Sister Francoise Cabrini); Miss Gisele Legris, St. Vincent de Paul (Sister St. Simeon); Miss Gisele Rivest, Montreal (Sister Marie du Sacre Coeur); Miss Gisele Daoust, Howick (Sister Marie Elzear); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Fontaine, Quebec (Sister Joseph du Bon Pasteur); Miss Rita Desaulniers, Shawinigan Falls (Sister Agnes de Jesus).

Brides of Christ forever through final vows: Sister St. Jude (Marie Paule Michaud, Rougemont); Sister Jean Louis (Rita Pageau, Montreal); Sister Marie Edithe (Edith East, Quebec); Sister St. Anne d'Auray (Aline Quirion, Sherbrooke); Sister Gemma du Sauveur (Gemma de Grandpre, St. Simon de Bagot); Sister St. Vital (Marie Paule Durocher, Montreal).

Welcome to the Postulants!

They are twenty-seven. Welcome, dear little Sisters! May the Immaculate Mother of us all hold you by the hand and lead you beyond the postulancy, beyond the novitiate, beyond the glorious day of your vows!

May you help, every day of your lives, to make her spotless banner ever more far-flung by generous, cheerful service in the ranks of her apostles!

The Assumption

Is Daily

My Dear Young Girl,

You are one of the 428,000,000 Catholics the world over who have greeted the dull, drab month of November with more enthusiasm than ever before. By the time you read this, His Holiness Pope Pius XII will have defined the dogma of the Assumption as an article of faith to be held and believed by all the Catholic millions of the earth. Joyfully we gather around the altars of our glorious Mother and Queen, the *Assumpta est* more heart-sprung than ever as we sing our unshakable conviction that "after her death, the body of the Blessed Virgin Mary, reunited with her soul, was miraculously taken up into Heaven." Long and longingly Mary's loving sons and daughters have desired the blessed event. It is indeed, familiarly speaking,

The Thrill of a Lifetime

when at last the concerted movement looking to the definition of the dogma is happily concluded in this exceptional year of grace, this Holy Year of Our Lord and Our Lady, nineteen hundred and fifty. In one of the most brilliant ceremonies ever enacted in the Church, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has set the last great jewel securely into the crown of our Mother, Mediatrix, and Queen. Long before you and I could say our beads, the Church had inserted the Assumption into the Mysteries of the Rosary; long before we were big enough to go to Mass, she had consecrated this Marian privilege by a special feastday with octave. The Assumption has been for so long a part of Catholic thought that the faithful were almost perpetually surprised when reminded that it was not yet an article of faith to be believed under pain of heresy.

When so sublime an event rejoices the Universal Church, how could we leave it out altogether in our November vocational chat? So, let's look

at the Assumption from a new angle and ponder one wonderful truth, namely, that

Vocationally Speaking

"Every day is Assumption Day." The five-word statement may startle you by its conciseness and novelty. You, my dear young girl, may never have looked at the religious life with this thought in mind; you have considered it a noble, sublime calling, but never, perhaps, the career in which souls are called by the Son of Mary to dedicate themselves to a daily Assumption.

My dictionary etymologically explains the word *assumption* as a *going up*, a *taking up*. Such, also, is the missal translation in the Offertory of the Mass for August 15: "Mary is taken up into Heaven."

Now, does not the very fact of leaving the world of strife and sin for the cloister where the soul breathes the air of Heaven impress you as being a "going up" nearer to God and Mary? Then, too, living in the courts of the Lord, sharing the same roof with Him, being only a few steps away from the tabernacle — what is this if not a "going up" thrillingly close to the Cause of the joy of the Blessed? If such be the bliss of physical nearness, what shall we say of the beatitude of

Spiritual Nearness

which is union with the Divine Bridegroom? Mary was assumed into Heaven in order to be with Christ; for Heaven is just that — having God and holding Him in an everlasting embrace. Where can the consecrated soul better rehearse for this eternal communion than in the life of close companionship with Christ that the cloister offers? Where can she keep herself more easily in the presence of God and come closer and closer to Him in time, that she may, through this perpetual "going up" to God, be closer and closer to Him for all eternity? In prayer, in service, in sacrifice the fervent nun daily bridges the gap between creature and Creator. She has lifted her heart and soul, and nothing can tear her away from the serene heights. It seems to me that the religious life is also very much like a

Perpetual Assumption Day

by the fact that a Sister pledges herself to a life of striving for perfection, that "higher yet and higher" in daily effort and frequent renewal of fervor; that rising on stepping-stones of her dead self to higher levels through the practice of cheerful, courageous self-denial; that ascension from the passing things of earth to the lasting things of Heaven by using creatures inasmuch

as they can contribute to her spiritual advancement. The state of perfection is truly and cannot be other than a state of assumption.

So far I have proved my point without saying anything about the three vows. Spiritual writers like to call them "chains," but you and I shall still be right if we choose instead to call them

Three Magnets

that pull the soul upward. Poverty detaches the soul from worldly possessions; and when the soul goes through life with just enough baggage, how easier the ascent becomes! Chastity, which severs the heart from earthly affections, centres it in Christ, and Christ is on high; thus the vow that the virgin makes lifts her up to the Spouse of Virgins. Obedience may be defined in various terms, but you and I just want to think of it as "the promise to do what God wants us to do that will lift us a step higher on the upward path to perfection." Superiors and rules point the goal, but God it is who gives the grace to make the ascent that leads to Him and to His Mother, the most glorious Virgin Mary.

Some day, when the little nun has worked a bit longer, has done her small share in extending the kingdom of God, will come the summons to take her place in glory. It will be easy to bid good-night to earth, for her heart never let itself be shackled there. It will be easy to bid good-morning to Heaven, for there her desires have long preceded her soul. Mother Church will bless her remains and sing the Requiem for the departed. But in the courts above the blue, Angels will sing a different melody. What else could it be than the *Assumpta est in cælum* for the humble, hidden religious who made of her life one long, daily Assumption?

A MISSIONARY SISTER

Of Course, It's Goofy!

All we can do as Christians, is to love. Grace must do the rest. The result, the reward, whatsoever is to come, rests with God. And what is it to love? To see in every human being the image of God. God whom we must love with our whole mind and our whole strength, above all things . . . And *every* means *all*! And *all* includes logically *every* white, or black or red or yellow man, woman or child of any creed or belief, religious or political . . . Communist, Protestant, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Catholic practicing or fallen, rich or poor, bathed or unwashed, pleasant or unpleasant. It means love is hard. To give food, and drink and shelter for the love of Christ, and solace, comfort and friendly word whether we feel like it or not, because a human being needs it. Not because the human being agrees with us, is grateful, is "deserving" or any other natural reason. Of course, it's goofy. It's the folly of the Cross.

William Gauchat



Mission Story for Children



Tch'oei Ti T'ong (Little Flute Player) was three years old and a happy boy when war broke out in his region.



His dad joined the army and his mother decided to go South. The lad had a pretty good trip — on his mamma's back!



A boatman took them over the Blue River. At long last they reached San Tong, a village not far from Canton.



Tch'oei Ti T'ong was happy again, but not for long. Soon he got the biggest hurt in his young life. He lost his mother.



Luckily a good old gentleman who had a house and lots of rice agreed to share his all with the orphan boy.



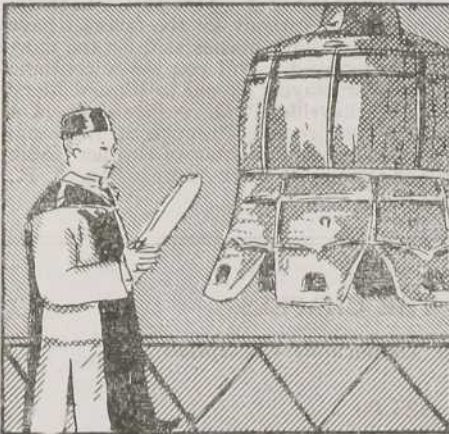
Old Wong knew delightful stories about China. The boy's favorite was that of the princess in her jade palace.



Wong also made a pretty little bamboo flute for the dear boy whom he loved with all his fatherly heart.



Tch'oei Ti T'ong often went to the pagoda to play his flute for the people who went to adore their ugly Buddha.



The youngster was good at heart. He had already decided that some day he would become a bonze like the fellow at the gong.



One evening he was mending Wong's nets. A missionary came in to chat. Good-bye, bonze! Tch'oei Ti T'ong changed his mind!

Glories of Mary



Thanksgiving for favors received in the past year. Mrs. M. T. **Montreal**. — I have received favors from Our Lady from time to time. Mrs. A. M., **Cape Breton Island**. — I would like to have three masses said for favors obtained. Mrs. J. S., **Bristol, Conn.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother Mary Immaculate for a favor received. X. — Heartfelt thanks to the most tender and loving Virgin Mary, Mother of God, for an extraordinary favor I have received through her intercession. S. C. A. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a great favor. Mrs. J. M. L., **St. Jerome**. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. B. L., **Montreal**. — Please publish my thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor. R. M., **Montreal**. — Please help me thank Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a great favor received. Mrs. T. D., **Montreal**. — Would you please publish my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. R. D. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady. X., **Danielson**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. A. P., **St. Paul de Joliette**. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. N. — In thanksgiving for a favor, I wish to pay a subscription to your magazine for a little sick boy. M. — Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate, our kind Mother, for a grace. Mrs. J. A. M., **Bourget, Ont.** — Please publish my sincere thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. A. S., **Charny**. — Several favors have been obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. A. T., **Val Morin**. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor obtained after promising to publish. Miss J. A., **Quebec**. — Thanksgiving for favors. Mrs. M. B., **Haverhill, Mass.** — As promised, I am paying my debt of gratitude to Our Blessed Mother. A. C., **Montreal North**. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. A. V., **Mass.** — Thanks to Mary for our son's successful exams. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — Please join me in thanking our heavenly Mother for a favor received. Mrs. O. B., **Verdun**. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. C., **Providence, R. I.** — Gratitude for favors obtained. I am fulfilling my promise to Our Blessed Mother. Miss R. P., **Ville Emard**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. I would like to receive another favor. Mrs. L., **Lewiston, Me.** — Sincere thanks for an important matter that has been successfully settled. N. C., **Montreal**. — Lively thanks to Our Blessed Lady for the favor she has granted me. X. — Sincere thanks for favors received. N. L., **Montreal**.

THANKS TO VARIOUS SAINTS

Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for a favor received after promising to publish. A subscriber, **St. Timothee**. — I have been granted a great blessing through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. A subscriber, **Jewett City, Conn.** — Fulfilling my promise to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Mrs. L. R., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and St. Jude for favors received. Mrs. H. C., **Lachute**. — Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and to St. Anthony for the favors I have received through their intercession. R., **Montreal**. — Please have masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a favor received. Will you please continue to pray for my health. K. H., **Verdun**. — Thank you for prayers offered to Blessed Mary and Good St. Anne for my intentions. Mrs. M. S., **Mackayville, P. Q.** — Please accept a little gift for the Chinese children in thanksgiving for a favor received through St. Anthony. Mrs. A. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please have two low masses said in honor of Brother Andre and the Souls in Purgatory for a favor I have received through Brother Andre. Mrs. A. P., **Jewett City, 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



I would like a prayer so I could win faith in my brother again for a misunderstanding. Mrs. O., **Montreal**. — Please say a little prayer for my son that God will help him in his work and keep him from accidents. Mrs. O., **Montreal**. — I have been very sick and need your prayers very much. B. P., **Montreal**. — Please help me in my great trouble by having a novena said. Mrs. J., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my sister who is waiting for a bed in the hospital to have an operation on her eyes. E. B., **Verdun**. — Please have a mass offered and a novena said to Our Lady so that my son may be completely cured of a very severe leg ailment. K. H. — Will you please pray for several important intentions for my family. Mrs. J. M., **Maniwaki, P. Q.** — Will you please offer a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for my intentions. Miss G., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please pray for me and for my brother who wishes to become a missionary Father. C. C., **Glace Bay, N. S.** — Please pray for my husband that he may get well soon. Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother that I may obtain a special favor. A subscriber. — Please help me pray for better health. Mrs. S. J. S., **Ware, Mass.** — Please pray for a conversion, a good death, and the gift of purity. Miss G., **Amesbury, Mass.** — Please have prayers said to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for my daughter and several other intentions. Mrs. C. VanD., **Ohio**. — I am requesting my cure. Mrs. G. J., **Baie St. Paul**. — Please join me in praying to Our Blessed Mother for my cure and protection for my children. Mrs. F., **Montreal**. — Please pray for success in a hard undertaking. R. M., **Montreal**. — Prayers, please, to the Immaculate Conception for the cure of a nervous breakdown and health to be able to bring up my three children as good Catholics. A subscriber. — Please pray for me as I am very nervous. Anonymous. — Please have a novena said for my intention. Mrs. L. L., **Montreal**. — The cure of a friend is asked through Our Lady of Fatima. Mrs. M. M., **St. Jerome**. — Please pray for the cure of a broken leg. Mrs. D. B., **Farnham**. — Please remember us in your prayers. I. M., **Verdun**. — Please help me pray to Mary for her protection on my family and especially on my girl. X., **St. Ours**. — Please pray for me that I may be able to do my housework. Mrs. D. B., **Trois Pistoles**. — Please pray for a young mother of eight who is very ill; for a little crippled girl and a successful operation; for my son and his wife that they will be more sincere Christians. Mrs. A. C. — Please have prayers said for my husband who drinks and leaves his family in distress; also that he may return to the practice of his religious duties. Mrs. N. — Please pray that the Holy Spirit will enlighten two young girls in the choice of their vocation; also for Our Blessed Mother to protect our family. Mrs. H. R. — Please pray for peace in our family and the conversion of my son. A subscriber. — Will you please join me in prayer for my husband and son, that they will stop drinking and be good Catholics. Mrs. C. B. — May Our Blessed Mother obtain the conversion of my husband! X. — I am requesting your prayers for good health. Mrs. F. O'S. — Please make a novena for the cure of a nervous illness. I am also requesting health, help, and protection for my husband. N. — I trust that Mary will obtain the cure of my eyes and protection for my husband. Anonymous. — Will you please offer a novena for my conversion. Anonymous. — Please pray for my complete recovery and another important intention. Miss M. H., **Montreal**. — Kindly pray for success in business and peace in a family. Mrs. S. — Kindly pray for my husband who is suffering with cancer; also for another intention. A subscriber. — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for a great favor I need. A subscriber. — I am suffering from insomnia. Please pray for me. Mrs. P. B. — I would like to obtain a special favor for my daughter. Mrs. A. R. — May Our Blessed Mother cure a headache with which I have long been afflicted. An old subscriber. — Please pray for my husband's conversion and peace in the family. Mrs. E. G. — Success in business and good Christian living. Mrs. V. P. — Please pray for the cure of my rheumatism. D. L. — Peace and concord in the family, work, and other special intentions. Mrs. T. B. — Please pray for a recovery, three conversions, and four sick persons. A subscriber. — Please pray for my two sons who are hostile to our holy Faith. Mrs. X. — Will you kindly pray for the cure of my eyes and courage to bear my trial. Mrs. A. R.

PETITIONS TO VARIOUS SAINTS

Please recommend my special intentions to Our Blessed Mother, St. Jude, and St. Anthony. Mrs. N., **Lachine**. — Please pray to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and Blessed St. Anne for me. Mrs. M. S., **Mackayville**. — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph that I may be cured of my extreme nervousness and rundown condition. Mrs. A. H.

Readers will also kindly remember the following intentions in their prayers: conversions, 8; cures, 27; positions, 2; special intentions, 38.

Our Beloved Dead



Msgr. J. A. Majeau, **St. Remi de Napierville**; Rev. Father L. Desjardins, **St. Germain d'Outremont**; our dear Sisters Veronique du Sauveur (Veronique Delcourt, Westbrook, Me.), who died in **Shameen, Canton**, and **St. Ambroise** (Marie Flore Beaudoin, Montreal), who died in **Vancouver**; Mrs. Ovide Larouche, **Sweetsburg**, mother of our Sister Marie de l'Assomption; Mrs. Cleophas Chartrand, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie des Neiges; Mr. Zephir Surprenant, **St. Alexandre d'Iberville**, father of our Sister St. Alexandre; Mr. Jules Simoneau, **Gardner, Mass.**, father of our late Sister St. Maurice; Mrs. Joseph Poitras, **Rosemont**, grandmother of our Sister St. Agnes; Mrs. Rose Frederick, Mr. James Geeves, Mr. Edward James Coughlin, **Montreal**; Mr. Frank Roe, **Montreal South**; Mrs. Michael McCullough, **Sherbrooke**; Mrs. Oliver Young, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Geo. Halza, **Bridgeport, Conn.**; Mr. A. Simard, Mrs. McGee, Mr. Pierre Casgrain, Mrs. Albini Hebert, Mr. R. Dupuis, Mr. E. B. Lafontaine, Mrs. C. St. Hilaire, Mrs. A. Labbe, Mrs. Xavier Parizeau, Mr. Favreau, M.D., Mr. W. Gagnon,

Mr. Jos. Bienvenue, Mrs. Roch Proulx, Mr. Romeo Hurtubise, Mrs. R. Tremblay. Mr. Pierre Bouchard, Mr. Napoleon Belanger, Mr. L. M. Chausse, Mrs. J. B. Desautels, Mrs. Simeon Therrien, Mrs. J. B. Lussier, Miss Louissette Chartrand, Mrs. Leon Sauriol, Mrs. J. Mathias Pare, Mrs. Joseph Riendeau, Mrs. Z. Valiquette, Mr. Omer Martel, Mr. E. Martel, **Montreal**; Mr. Omer Desrosiers, **Hochelaga**; Mr. Alide Robidoux, **Ville Lasalle**; Mrs. Joseph St. Maurice, Mrs. T. Levasseur, **Lachine**; Mr. Bernard Lord, **Montreal South**; Mr. Odilon Hebert, Mrs. J. E. Lasalle, Mrs. Joseph Hamelin, Mr. O. L'Ecuyer, **Rosemont**; Mr. Emile Sicard, **St. Isidore de Laprairie**; Mrs. Girardin, **St. Johns**; Mrs. Louis Dumaine, **St. Mathias de Rouville**; Mr. Joseph Delage, **Lachute Mills**; Miss Marie Alma Charron, **St. Denis sur Richelieu**; Mrs. J. A. Ouellet, **Notre Dame du Lac**; Mrs. Leonel Lussier, **St. Joseph de St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Adolphe Daudelin, **Frelighsburg**; Mr. Joseph Leriger de LaPlante, **Aubrey**; Mrs. Rene Desrosiers, **Mont St. Michel**; Mrs. Ananie Angers, **Sorel**; Mrs. Pierre Forget, **St. Elisabeth**; Mr. Timothee O'Grady, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. P. Ferron, **Shawinigan**; Mrs. J. B. Grenier, **St. Rosalie de Bagot**; Mr. J. Nap. Laroche, **Quebec**; Mrs. Honore Couture, **St. Michel de Bellechasse**; Mrs. Joseph Poitras, **L'Islet Station**; Mr. Thomas Dostie, **St. Joseph de Beauce**; Mr. Joseph Walsh, **St. Elzear de Beauce**; Miss Caroline Marcoux, **St. Marie de Beauce**; Mr. Moise Desrosiers, **Baie des Sables**; Mr. Johnny Harisson, **St. Thomas de Cherbourg**; Mrs. Desire Beaulieu, **St. Epiphane**; Mrs. Joseph Brillant, Mr. Gleason Belzile, **Rimouski**; Mrs. Aurele Charberland, **St. Cecile du Bic**; Mrs. Alexandre St. Pierre, **St. Noel de Matapedia**; Mr. and Mrs. Henri Paul Bouchard, **Baie Comeau**; Mr. Zoel Tremblay, **Les Eboulements**; Mrs. Neree Bouchard, **St. Felicien**; Mr. Onesime Godbout, **Grand Falls, N. B.**; Mr. Charles Ennis, **Letellier, Manitoba**; Mr. Arthur Bouchard, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Theodore Ayotte, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mrs. Ulric Adam, **Amherstburg, Ont.**

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

"Thy Kingdom Come!" How often we repeat this prayer we learned at our mother's knees. We say it in our morning prayer, we repeat it before retiring. Do we always grasp its full meaning and realize its far-reaching obligations? Let us not forget that this Kingdom of God will not be helped by our prayers if first it is not well founded in our own heart. Interest in the Church's missionary work is but the overflow of a genuine Catholic soul. How indeed can we fight for that Kingdom if we ourselves are not true soldiers of Christ? The grace of Confirmation has made us such.

Rev. G. Daly, C.S.S.R.

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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 men.

UNITED STATES

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

CHINA

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

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

SHAMEEN, Canton, 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.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
Clinic. (Founded in 1927)

SZEPINGKAI (Founded in 1931)
Clinic.

PAITCHENG TZE, 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, Gagalangin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo
(Founded in 1946)
School. Clinic. Social works.

LAS PINAS, Rizal
School. (Founded in 1946)

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
School. (Founded in 1948)

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

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

LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba
School. (Founded in 1950)

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Katete P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa
Clinic. School. (Founded in 1948)

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

RUMPHI, Mzimba P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa (Founded in 1950)
School. Dispensary.

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.
(Founded in 1952)
Procure. Kindergarten.

No

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Just eight

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unconsoled by the knowledge and love of the Divine Brother of them all.

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