



CHAPTERS IN CANADA'S



MISSION EFFORT



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Montreal, January-February 1951

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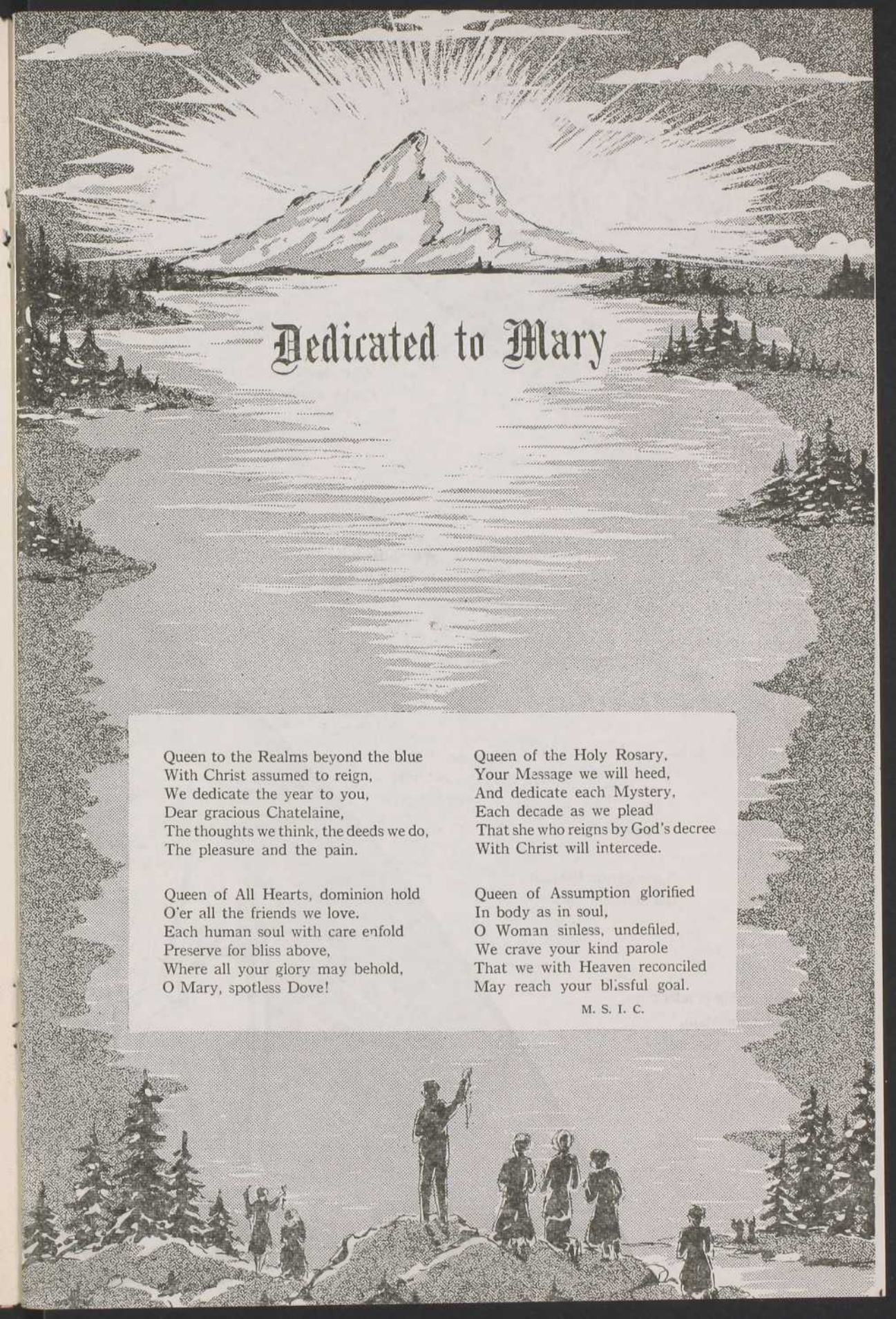
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Dedicated to Mary

Queen to the Realms beyond the blue
With Christ assumed to reign,
We dedicate the year to you,
Dear gracious Chatelaine,
The thoughts we think, the deeds we do,
The pleasure and the pain.

Queen of All Hearts, dominion hold
O'er all the friends we love.
Each human soul with care enfold
Preserve for bliss above,
Where all your glory may behold,
O Mary, spotless Dove!

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Your Message we will heed,
And dedicate each Mystery,
Each decade as we plead
That she who reigns by God's decree
With Christ will intercede.

Queen of Assumption glorified
In body as in soul,
O Woman sinless, undefiled,
We crave your kind parole
That we with Heaven reconciled
May reach your blissful goal.

M. S. I. C.



Nati



Why gleam the stars so bright?
Christ comes tonight.

His Holy Majesty
With little eyes that see,

With little feet and hands
In swaddling bands,

Is come that we might know
He loves us so!

Palatial house of gold
His glory can not hold —

A manger on the hills
His splendor fills.

And kneeling in adoration,
In contemplation,



vity



The two that Heaven chose
To hold Him close,

Will soothe His baby fears
And dry His tears.

O Christ, that we had place
For Mary full of grace!

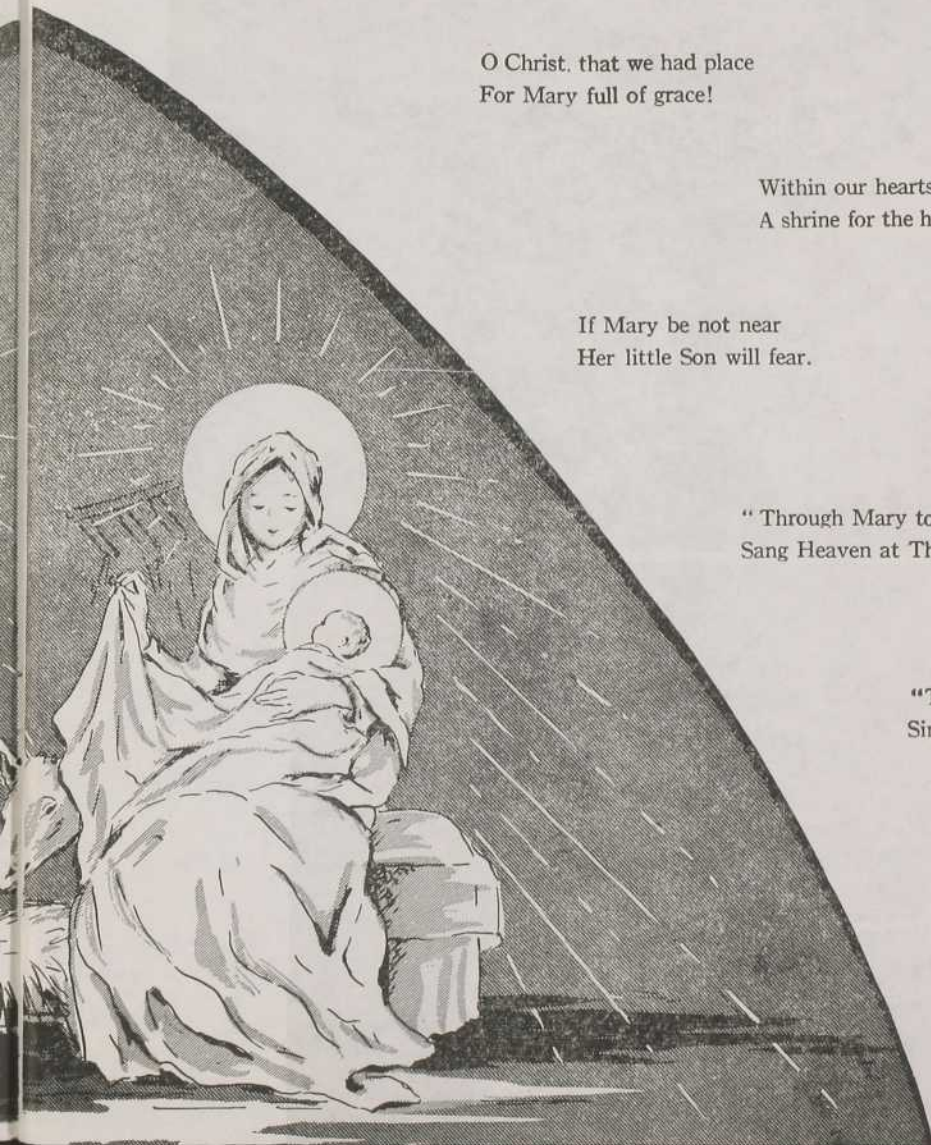
Within our hearts so lowly,
A shrine for the holy!

If Mary be not near
Her little Son will fear.

"Through Mary to the earth!"
Sang Heaven at The Birth —

"Through Mary to her Son"
Sing mortals everyone!

M. S. I. C.





The Pope

Makes His Jubilee Visits

Like the humblest of penitent pilgrims, His Holiness Pope Pius XII has made the four visits stipulated for the gaining of the Jubilee Indulgence. The visit to St. Peter's having been made with the clergy of Rome at the beginning of the Holy Year, on August 26 the Holy Father recited the Jubilee prayers in the Basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, and St. Paul Outside the Walls.

After a period of ten years, St. John Lateran Basilica, "Mother and Head of all the churches of the City and the world," the Cathedral of the Roman Pontiff, welcomed with filial jubilation its own Bishop, the common Father of all the faithful.

While on the Square the enthusiastic thousands acclaimed the Holy Father, who had come by the Appian Way, inside the Basilica already thronged with praying pilgrims a sense of reverential awe pervaded the atmosphere. Tall and imposing in his pontifical cassock, the Holy Father advanced to the deafening music of vigorous applause from the thousands of his children who filled the Cathedral. Though loud-speakers had invited the faithful to sing their joy and had intoned the opening lines of an appropriate hymn, popular affection and enthusiasm found expression in filial, sympathetic indiscipline. The thunderous applause escorted the Pontiff to his priedieu before the altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. There, with grave and solemn voice, the liturgy accompanied the gentle voice of the august penitent. At the Confession, the Jubilee prayers were continued; the "Father" and his children from all parts of the world prayed together in one mind and heart. All present in the magnificent Basilica that has beheld so many historical scenes in the life of the Church knew that a solemn moment had come, a moment which only the heart could perceive and no words could adequately express.

When the pontifical cortege withdrew, the irrepressible rounds of applause again filled the vast edifice.

On the way, groups of religious, priests, pilgrims, and Romans awaited the passage of the cortege. All eyes were riveted on the august hand raised in a paternal blessing. The papal car finally reached St. Mary Major, where more thousands had assembled on the Square of the age-old sanctuary dedicated to the Mother of God.

On the Opposite Page: PICTURES TAKEN DURING THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE VISITS.

1. Leaving St. Paul's Outside the Walls, His Holiness Greets the Abbot of the Benedictines and Msgr. Pignedoli, Secretary of the Central Committee for the Holy Year.
2. Pope Pius Enters St. John Lateran Basilica.
3. Reciting the Jubilee Prayers at St. Mary Major.

In spite of the precautions taken, when the Holy Father's car stopped in front of the Basilica the waiting crowds, as if moved by some uncontrollable urge, broke the police restraining force and ran to meet the Pope. Such was the ovation tendered to the common Father that order could be restored only with the utmost difficulty.

Meanwhile, within the Basilica of magnificent mosaics and ceiling of gilded gold, an immense gathering of pilgrims awaited the papal visit. Again the same thunderous hand-clapping welcomed the Pontiff as he slowly advanced to the altar of Mary, "Salvation of the Roman people," where he paused for a brief, fervent prayer.

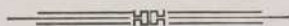
As the Pope was proceeding towards the main altar to recite the Jubilee prayers, a stirring little episode occurred which few can have noticed. With visible emotion the very person who had served Eugenio Pacelli's first Mass sank to his knees for the paternal blessing. The Sovereign Pontiff stopped, and recognizing the former Mass server, Signor Alceste Rossini, now seventy-eight years of age, blessed him with a large, affectionate gesture. In all its splendor and simplicity the rite unfolded, at once solemn as on all the great papal feasts and deeply prayerful, as behooved for an act of penance.

The *Credo* rendered by all in Gregorian chant closed the pontifical visit to the Marian sanctuary, the first of the whole world. Then the cortege departed in the midst of ovations and acclamations in every tongue.

Similar enthusiastic acclamations marked the papal penitent's arrival at the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls. There the monks in black robes accompanied the ceremonies with the grand rhythm of pure Gregorian chant.

In the brilliant illumination of reflectors the noble figure of Pius XII in his white cassock was etched above the multitude, immovable in his prayer for all. Meanwhile, more or less concealed behind the columns, press agents were hastily taking notes. Journalism on its knees! One of the press representatives is credited with having said that "in the presence of the Holy Father no other attitude can be taken." He, like the others, was jotting down with his fountain pen notes which would be eagerly read a few hours later by thousands, perhaps millions of brothers in some distant country. Holy Year journalism, exponent of peace and fraternal concord on the day that marked the intimate meeting of the universal Father with his children from all parts of the world!

Translated From *Osservatore Romano*



We desire that all who claim the Church as their mother, should seriously consider that not only the sacred ministers and those who have consecrated themselves to God in religious life, but the other members as well of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ have the obligation of working hard and constantly for the upbuilding and increase of this Body.

PIUS XII POPE in *Mystici Corporis Christi*

Santa Visits Haiti

Thanks to Bishop Collignon's generous donation, Sister Marie Rachel⁽¹⁾ could go on a regular shopping spree a few days before Christmas. Gifts were bought for each and every inmate of the Refuge, from the youngest toddler to the oldest grandpop. Mine was the privilege of making the individual gift packages.

Never before in the history of the Refuge had there been such an abundance of good things. Just think! Every mother's son had a sizable chunk of tobacco, a ten-cent pipe, a fat orange, and a handful of sweets, the whole tied up in a blue kerchief topped with a red bow. Ladies had their share done up in pretty cellophane envelopes each containing a comb, a wash cloth, a wad of tobacco, fruits, and sweets; for the young fry, a toy each besides their share of candies.

Christmas Day dawned at long last and all of "Charity's" guests congregated under the shady trees on the

1. Rachel BLANCHETTE, St. Liboire de Bagot.



dispensary grounds. The children went through their final rehearsal with question marks in their bright eyes. Of course they had noticed that no Christmas tree was yet in sight. Could the Sisters have forgotten? Was the budget too low to allow for any gifts this year? Anxious thoughts chased one another in kinky black heads.

When His Excellency arrived, enthusiastic ovations rang out. With all their hearts the little ones sang their loving gratitude to *papa nous*, as they naively call the Bishop. Then a hush of pleasant expectation fell. At first, faint and indistinct, then nearer and nearer, sounded the jingle of bells until Santa in person bounced out of a decorated jeep on his first authentic visit to Les Cayes. Pandemonium broke loose as he strode forward lugging a huge bag of presents. Young and old jostled, cheered, and jumped up and down in a very frenzy of excitement. Poor Santa wearing his North Pole attire soon felt melting all over. His flowing beard affixed to his chin with plaster strips hung limply, but this only added to the general merriment.

Bishop Collignon helped Santa to distribute the gifts all around.

How I wish you had been here to witness the sequel to this unforgettable feast! "Charity's" guests retired to their respective quarters and began to open the packages. Brand-new pipes filled with tobacco were soon sending out little wreaths of smoke about beaming faces.

Candies were licked and allowed to melt deliciously on appreciative tongues. Combs roamed to and fro on woolly tops, while wash cloths explored dimples and creases on black laughing faces.

The next day, one of the patients on the men's side said to Sister Marie Laura⁽¹⁾, "I'd like to do some little job to thank the Sisters for making us so very happy yesterday."

Yes, each and every inmate of the Refuge was very happy on Christmas Day, but I'm inclined to think that none were so happy as we Sisters.

SISTER ST. PIERRE, M.I.C.(2)



TO A LITTLE GIRL WITHOUT ARMS

I have no arms,
but I have two
guardian-angels instead of one.

I have no arms,
but mother makes
me little capes I love to wear.

I have no arms
to hug her with,
but mother holds me very close.

I have no arms,
to clasp my God,
but He has two to comfort me

Desmond Francis Lonergan

1. Eva MARIER, Quebec.

2. Jeanne GUINOIS, Ville St. Michel.

Mission Study Week

THE LAITY MUST HELP IN THE MISSIONARY EFFORT



CANADA'S fourth Mission Study Week was held in Montreal from October 16 to 22. The general theme of the study sessions, "The Laity and the Missions," was designed to apprise the laity of the role they can and should play in the mission apostolate, and to indicate to teachers of both sexes the methods best adapted to fostering a spirit of apostolate in their young students.

The aim of Mission Study Weeks has been well expressed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII in a letter addressed to His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, on the occasion of the International Missionary Congress, in which the Holy Father describes the principal scope of the Congress as enlightening all Christians about the importance of the missions and arousing a more intense interest in them.

Let us hope that the several thousand persons reached and instructed by the sponsors of the Study Week, Rev. Father A. J. Morin, C.S.V., and his devoted collaborators, will come to understand better the great and imperious missionary duty which is incumbent on all who belong to the Mystical Body of Christ and pledge allegiance to the white-robed Roman Pontiff.

Excerpts from the papal document show that the Church approves all means for spreading the Faith which are not at variance with the purpose of all human life. The Pope again stresses the truth that the purpose of missionaries is to plant the Church so firmly in mission lands that it will take root and be able to live and flourish by itself without the aid of missionary works. At the same time he urges all the clergy, Religious, and laity to persevere in their support of the missions, to increase their material assistance and intensify their supplications, particularly for those members of Christ's Mystical Body in mission lands where war has torn down much of the good that had been done by Catholic missionaries.

"While many members are today being tormented by bitter wounds and sufferings," the Pope said, "all Christians are bound by a sacred duty to unite themselves closely with them in solidarity and sympathy."

The clergy, youth, and the press receive special mention in the papal message. Priests cannot feel that they have fulfilled their duty if they have not prayed to God and worked to their utmost for the missions, the letter said. It is especially necessary for them to imbue the intellectual world with "the persuasion that the propagation of the Gospel is entirely necessary for true human prosperity and the consolidation of civilization," declared Pope Pius.

Youth should be urged on to noble deeds by the strength deriving from the ideal of the missionary apostolate, further added the Holy Father.

The Catholic press cannot and must not refuse to make its voice heard in praise of the splendid missionary achievements. Rather the press can help "to prepare and realize the great and noblest campaign for truth and justice as also for concord and peace among all peoples," added the Pontiff.



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. GEORGES MELANCON CALLS HEAVENLY BLESSINGS UPON THE NEW CLOSED RETREAT HOUSE
OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT CHICOUTIMI

Salvation *through the Rosary*



Christmas and the New Year have returned with the vision of the Star of Bethlehem calling us to adore the Son of Mary, the Prince of Peace. However heart-sprung our joy may be in this blessed season, we cannot shut our eyes to another Star that in this twentieth century has arisen in the East, the Red Star of Satan calling men to hatred, bloodshed, and the torture chamber. We Catholics cannot remain inactive in these hectic days. We must be at work. If we cannot wipe out altogether the Red Star from the face of the earth, we can at least help in dimming its blood-red glow. It is precisely to dim the rays of this Crimson Horror that Mary, in her apparitions at Fatima, has given to her children the most powerful of weapons after the Holy Eucharist — her Rosary. We

who are looking for a New Year resolution should glance Fatima-ward and agree at this very moment to take for 1951 a

Daily Rosary Resolution

Two reasons urge us to do so. First, Mary wills it; secondly, the Rosary is invincible.

Mary wills the Rosary. It, together with penance and devotion to her Immaculate Heart, forms the core of the Message of Fatima delivered

in 1917 and too long kept concealed from the world. In each of the six apparitions to the shepherd children, Mary carried and recommended her sacred beads. In almost identical words she insisted six times that we must "recite the Rosary every day" to end wars, obtain peace, and save the earth from the wrath of God.

Mary insists on the Rosary because she knows how powerful, how all-conquering it is. The Rosary has arrested heresies and won battles in the past; today it is offered to us as the saving chain of love in the tempest. Through the grace of God and the intercession of Mary it can still win universal peace, shatter Satan's citadel, make reparation for the outrages of man, and touch the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. In these days when governments tremble before the Red menace, let us grasp our Rosary with faith and hope, and we need not tremble.

US Means Everyone

The Mother of God has set no age-limits; young and old must cling to the Rosary, though, probably, the best years are between eight and eighty. Had Mary considered children as not capable of saying the beads, she would not have taught the devotion to three Portuguese children of seven, nine, and ten. Grandparents, parents, and children have in the Rosary a very effective means of strengthening the family bonds and raising the family unit to a supernatural level. The Family Rosary Crusade now sweeping the country is for each and every member of the family — else, why the term "Family" ?

Neither has Mary called our attention to spiritual or social distinctions. Her Rosary is for sinner and saint, for religious and lay people, for fifty percent and hundred percent Catholics; it is for diplomat and for doctor, for learned and unlearned, for rich and poor, for healthy and sick. The genuine Mary-loving Catholic must be a Rosary enthusiast.

Any Time Is Rosary Time

We may say we have no time. If the Popes, charged with the Universal Church, are not too busy to say Mary's prayer, what excuse of ours can still hold good? Of Pope Leo XIII, who, incidentally, wrote twelve encyclicals on the Holy Rosary, it was said, "When he is not working he recites his Rosary." Pope Pius XI once remarked to a Bishop, "Tell your priests . . . that as long as the Pope has not recited his Rosary, the Pope's day is not over." Our gloriously reigning Pope of Peace, Pius XII, says his Rosary every afternoon in his chapel. Do we still have no time? The Rosary of five decades takes very little time, and, moreover, need not be said all at the same sitting — or "kneeling." It is perfectly allowable and even advisable to say a decade now and then throughout the day, thereby keeping in touch with Heaven and the Mother there.

Since God Is Everywhere

Prayer everywhere reaches His Heart. Should housewives, farmers, nurses, students, editors, businessmen find a few leisure moments on the very spot where they work, plough, study, or edit, what reason can prevail under the sun for not using those moments to pray one decade? Francis of Fatima said as many as eight or nine Rosaries each day while tending

sheep. We have heard of a policeman who says a daily dozen of Rosaries while on duty. Where there's a will there's a place! Walks, long hikes and jaunts afford wonderful occasions to pray the Rosary if we are the smart people who carry it. (Holy Mother Church has granted a daily indulgence of 100 years and 100 times forty days for piously carrying the Rosary on oneself.) To repeat, since God is everywhere, no prayer takes more than one-millionth of a second to reach Him.



How to Say the Rosary

The popular Rosary of fifty Hail Marys separated by Our Fathers, thought strictly only one-third of the complete Rosary, is sufficient to gain most of the indul-

gences. Our Lady has asked that the Rosary, whether partial or complete, should be said properly. Two conditions have to be fulfilled; first, we must think lovingly on the Mysteries⁽¹⁾; secondly, we must add the post-decade prayer.

In the booklet *Fatima and the Rosary*, Father Cacella writes: "Holy Mother Church is not severe in her rule about each mystery being meditated throughout the actual decade. She realizes that some people find it difficult to concentrate so long on one subject. Hence she has decreed that it is sufficient to have a loving respect for the mystery under consideration, in order to gain the indulgences. At least the mystery under consideration should be brought to mind at the beginning, during, or at the end of the decade." (Italics ours)

1. On Mondays and Thursdays, meditate on the Joyful Mysteries: The Annunciation, the Visitation, the Birth of Our Lord, the Presentation in the Temple, the Finding of Jesus in the Temple. On Tuesdays and Fridays, meditate on the Sorrowful Mysteries: The Agony, the Scourging, the Crowning of Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion. On Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, meditate on the Glorious Mysteries: The Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption of Our Lady, Her Coronation. On Sundays during Advent the Joyful Mysteries are considered; on Sundays during Lent the Sorrowful Mysteries are considered.

Our Blessed Mother has determined as second condition for praying the Rosary properly that we add her prayer after each *Gloria*. "O my Jesus, forgive us our trespasses, preserve us from the fire of hell, and bring all souls to heaven, especially those which most need Your help." (This version, approved by Sister Lucy, one of the Fatima seers, carries an indulgence of 100 days each time.) It might be well to add, however, that those who have not until now said the Rosary according to the Blessed Virgin's method must banish all fears about the prayers they have said being useless and wasted. No single word of the Hail Mary was ever worthless. People who have a poor memory, or who find it hard to concentrate, who often become tangled in the order of the Mysteries, must by no means believe that the Rosary is not for them. It is everyone's prayer, and everyone means all.

The Rosary Can Save the World

It can convert Russia. It can end all wars. It can fashion saints. But not the Rosary lifeless and idle in pocket or purse, for fifty beads of glass have not much power of themselves. If we want to attain salvation through the Rosary, we must pray the Rosary. If we want to shatter the Red Star in the East before another New Year, we must use the fifty-three spiritual atom bombs of the Blessed Rosary of the Mother of God.

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception

Two Dioceses in Mourning

The faithful of the dioceses of Rimouski and Nicolet are mourning the loss of their beloved spiritual heads, Their Excellencies Bishops Georges Courchesne and Albini Lafortune, who were both called to God during the Month of the Holy Souls.

Bishop Courchesne was appointed to the see of Rimouski on February 1, 1928, and Archbishop of the same diocese on February 11, 1946. The faithful under his care mourn in his passing the loss of a highly-gifted prelate, an indefatigable shepherd who spent himself without counting the cost, and above all a father whose tenderness and devotion to his flock were known to all.

Bishop Lafortune had been occupying the see of Nicolet since 1938. His twelve years of service as spiritual chief were marked by fatherly affection and solicitude for the welfare of the diocese entrusted to him by the Vicar of Christ.

On the graves of the regretted deceased, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception lay the homage of their religious veneration and fervent prayers for the devoted spiritual leaders called to render an account of their stewardship.

Millionaires in Borrowed Clothes

Albert and Victor, two spiritual millionaires of 1950, had no money to buy new suits for the day of their baptism. But that did not deter them; Christ in the Living Bread would still know them in borrowed clothes.

The two are among the eight hundred pupils at our Tak Sun School. For months upon months they listened to my doctrinal chats without saying a word that could make me think they wanted to become Catholics. They liked to hear about God, and that was all.

But on New Year's Albert blurted point-blank, "Sister, I want to be baptized."

"Do your parents say yes?"

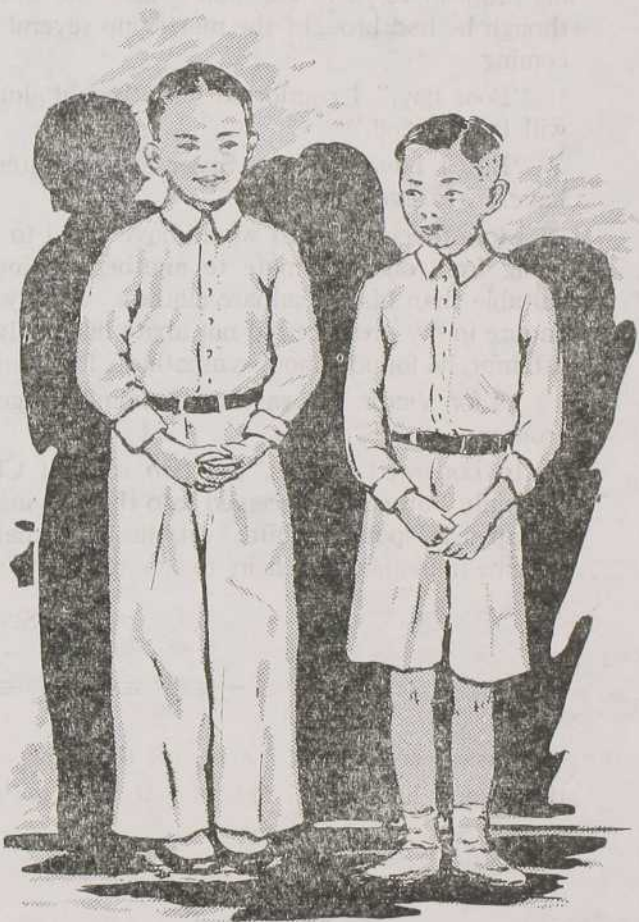
"They do," answered the boy.

Victor, who heard his classmate's outburst, also said he had decided to take the great step. "I haven't been able to obtain permission from my parents, but as soon as I have it I shall become a Catholic."

I spoke to our reverend Pastor about the two requests. The priest told me to teach the boys the main truths of our holy Faith, adding that I should try to visit both families to make sure of the parents' thoughts and wishes.

Some time later I had the opportunity to call upon Albert's family. His mother and I talked about many things, and finally about her boy's plans for the future. I told her that Albert had set his heart upon becoming a Catholic, but also added that he could not be received into the Church without his parents' consent.

"Albert has been telling me all about that," smiled his mother. "His father and I have no objection, but his grandmother will hear nothing



of it. For the sake of peace in the house, we have been telling Albert to wait another two years."

When the boy returned home that night and learned about the Sisters' visit and his mother's answer, he grew very hopeful and pressed his point further than ever before. Early the next morning, heedless of the pouring rain, Albert rushed in breathlessly. "I've won, Sister!" he triumphed. "Mother said, 'Go and tell Sister you are going to be a Catholic very soon.'" Needless to say, Albert was given all the congratulations he deserved.

Came another day, and into school bounded Victor, who had just lived up to his name. "Sister, I may be baptized now. I insisted so much that my father had to give his consent."

"That's fine," I beamed, "but I need another proof. Ask your father to give you a written authorization."

A few more days of coaxing, and Victor brought the desired permit.

At length dawned the beautiful day on which fifty-five catechumens were to receive the sacrament of regeneration in Holy Rosary Church. Rev. Father de Angelis had stipulated that all who had the means should wear white for the occasion. Two days before his baptism, Albert brought his problem to me. He didn't have the least idea what he would wear; though he had brought the matter up several times, there was no new suit coming.

"Poor boy," I comforted him, "you'll simply wear your best and God will be satisfied."

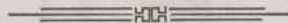
"But I have no best, Sister," he countered dismally. "This is all I have. My everyday wear."

More touched than I would have cared to admit, I then watched Albert going from one classmate to another, asking to borrow something more suitable than his threadbare clothes. A very humiliating rebuff he had to endure in my presence did not abate his manly determination. On another attempt, he found a more sympathetic friend and could borrow as he needed.

As for Victor, he was brave enough to go begging for a pair of white trousers.

In borrowed clothes, the two sons of China became children of the heavenly Father and received into their loving hearts the riches of Divinity wrapped in spotless white. At the baptismal font and the altar rail they became millionaires — heirs to the millions of God's spiritual gifts.

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



Missions need prayer. And since their aims and their armies are everywhere, their supply lines must be global. *Missions can fail* because people do not pray.

Rev. Ed. Murphy, S. J.

Oh for a Dispensary!

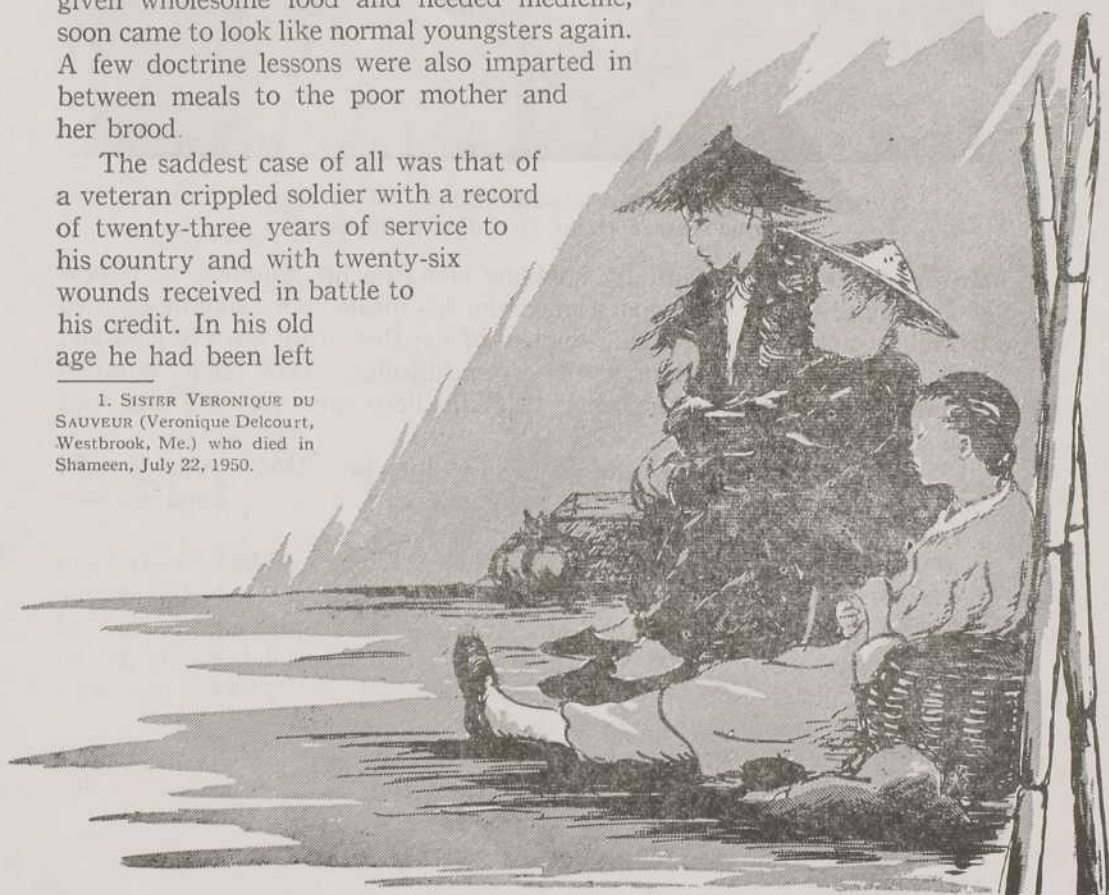
Ever since the "Liberation," a daily procession of the ailing, the homeless, the destitute files past our doors, asking for help, pleading for solace in distress. Dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, so unexpectedly gone to her eternal reward, had planned on opening a modest dispensary where these unfortunate ones would be cared for.

Nearly all those who call at our convent are refugees from the North. Ignorant of the southern dialect, penniless, without any friends or relatives to turn to, their only remaining source of income is to beg. Mothers we meet who beg to keep their famished children alive. Aged, disabled soldiers are driven to beg for a bowl of rice. Pathetically helpless old men and women beg for a few morsels to keep body and soul together.

A few weeks ago a footsore, ragged young woman called with her three children who were all sick. A refugee from the North, she had been trying to find her husband, who had been drafted into the liberation armies. Nobody she met had heard of him or seen him anywhere. Desperately in need of food, the poor woman had sold even the clothes on her back. To the mother and her three we fed the first square meal they had tasted for weeks and even months, and invited them to come again. The children, given wholesome food and needed medicine, soon came to look like normal youngsters again. A few doctrine lessons were also imparted in between meals to the poor mother and her brood.

The saddest case of all was that of a veteran crippled soldier with a record of twenty-three years of service to his country and with twenty-six wounds received in battle to his credit. In his old age he had been left

1. SISTER VERONIQUE DU SAUVEUR (Veronique Delcourt, Westbrook, Me.) who died in Shameen, July 22, 1950.





SISTER ST. JEAN BAPTISTE (IRENE PELLAND, WEST GLOVER, VT.)
DIRECTS THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE SPOON

to shift for himself. Painfully hobbling along on his crutches, he is now daily obliged to beg from door to door for his meals. One day he decided to call at our convent. Young soldiers of the Red army warmly clad and well fed followed at his heels with jeers and insults. They boldly crowded around and stared as Sister Lazare de Bethanie⁽¹⁾ came forward with food and medicine.

"Why bother about the old fool? Let him be. Don't you know he has the devil's own disease and you can't cure him?" Loud guffaws greeted this brilliant bit of Red oratory.

Gently Sister led her protegee to the shelter of the vestibule, away from his cruel tormentors. While she fed him some broth, she talked in simple words of his immortal soul, of Jesus our Savior, of the eternal kingdom of no-more-pain. How would he like to enter that celestial kingdom as the King's adopted child? Surely our guest had heard already of the mysteries of our Faith, for he gladly agreed to Sister's proposition.

"Bring me some water that I wash at least my face and hands. I can't expect to receive God's favors in such a dirty condition," expostulated this former army officer.

1. Josephine COUTURIER, Piopolis, Compton County.

"Never mind," soothed his catechist, "Gods look only to the heart. All that He asks of you is that you believe in Him and be heartily sorry for your sins."

Acts of faith, of loving contrition were fervently repeated before the saving waters washed away from this soul of good will the stains of a lifetime.

"Never, never have I felt so happy," exclaimed the old man as he thanked Sister for her kindness.

Outside, the Red soldiers were still watching for the "fool" to come out and provide them with further entertainment. Their raucous laughter and ribald jests died down, however, when they saw the look of happiness radiating from the old man's face. Their taunts could no longer hurt the newly-made child of the heavenly Father.

Oh for a dispensary that we might be able to care for more ailing bodies and reach more immortal souls!

SISTER ST. JEAN BAPTISTE, M.I.C.

Anglican Sisters to Become Catholics

Visale, South Solomon Islands, Oceania—Eleven Anglican Sisters from Bugana Convent, Solomon Islands, have lately arrived at Visale, centre of the Vicariate of the South Solomon Islands, to prepare for their entry in a body into the Catholic Church. They were welcomed by the Vicar Apostolic, His Excellency Most Rev. J. M. Aubin, of the Marist Fathers, and by the Superior of the Catholic Sisters at Visale.

The eleven Anglican Sisters, of whom four are foreigners and seven natives, belong to a small congregation founded in the Solomon Islands some twenty years ago by Mother Margaret of Holy Cross. Prior to taking their decision, the Sisters made a retreat and in all liberty each wrote a report on personal convictions and desires. The reports, varying in form but identical in thought, prompted the entire community to decide upon adopting the Catholic Faith as their own.

Mother Margaret of Holy Cross was graduated from the University of Cambridge. The greater part of her life has been spent in African, Indian, and Solomon Islands missions.

— *Fides*

300,000 Catholic Priests in the World

The total number of Catholic priests in the world is at present 300,000. Taking into account the entire population of the globe, this number represents one priest for 7,700 persons.

Christian countries have one priest for 1,300 baptized souls, 280,000 priests in all. In mission territories 20,000 priests have two billion non-Christians under their care.

Geographically considered, there is in Holland one priest for 400 persons; in Canada, one for 500; in Belgium, one for 600; in France, one for 900; in Poland, one for 2,100; in Brazil, one for 8,000; in the whole of South America, an average of one for 12,000 souls.

Were every country in the world to have as high a percentage of priests on its total population as Paris has, the number of priests would soar to two million and that of religious collaborators to four million.

S.C.M.M.

Little Black Lou

KATETE,

NORTHERN NYASALAND



Some joys fade like roses.
Others we shall carry along
into Heaven's hall triumphant,
where they will thrill
our souls as long as God is

God. It is bliss of the latter kind that fills the heart of the missionary Sister, when she is privileged to make somebody else's salvation secure. Such a joy came to me on July 20, when I made my first in-danger-of-death baptism.

As I was ending my Communion thanksgiving, a young father arrived at the dispensary with his tale of unhappiness. His wife, so he said, had given birth to twins the previous week. Now one of the babies had died, and the other seemed too sickly to go on living. Would the *Wamayi* (Sister) kindly pay a visit to the family and take her medicine kit along? We understood immediately that the little one probably needed nothing so much as a good pair of strong wings that would stand the long trip to Angel Land.

So many times I had told Sister Superior all about my burning impatience to be native with the natives that she thought I should be sent to the dying pickaninny. Hurriedly and happily I slipped into my outdoor accouterment, knelt in the chapel for the blessing of the Master Missioner, and with the twins' father and our dispensary helper set out on the errand of mercy.

During the forty-five minutes the three of us trudged along, we spoke Citumbuka and nothing else, so that I might have a chance to increase my word power. On and on we plodded, then clambered up the mountains, a strong, cold wind beating in our faces and tempering the rays of the sun. From so high the diminutive huts of the natives looked like stunted mushrooms. At length we turned to a narrow path leading to our guide's house, a small adobe hut with thatch roofing, just as unimportant-looking as the others around it. The head of the house, while courteously allowing us to enter, preferred to stay outside, as African etiquette demanded he should. As there were no chairs in sight, the young mother waved us to the straw mat on the bare floor. Then she drew our attention to the baby asleep beside a crackling log in the middle of the room.

My helpmate from the dispensary whispered, "That baby won't live very long. Better baptize it."

The mother voicing no objection, I produced the little bottle I had taken along so hopefully and with trembling hand poured of its contents on the tiny black brow. "Mary Magdalen Louise, I baptize thee, in the

name of the Father . . . " Those three names I chose in remembrance of my two little sisters at home and of my own beloved mother, who departed for Heaven before hearing about my safe arrival in the land of my mission dreams. Magdalen was also timely, because our Sisters in Canada and in Katete were about to celebrate the feast of the Saint whose many sins were forgiven her on account of her great love.

There and then, my companion and I said a few prayers that the child for whom I had unbolted the bars of Heaven might have a safe journey. One of the women expressed her satisfaction aloud. "They are praying to God. We are very glad." In Citumbuka, it was *Wakulomba Ciuta, tikukondwa chomene*.

While I gave further attention to the infant, my helpmate explained to the poor bereaved mother that Baby Lou, being now God's child, would be sure of a loving welcome in Paradise when her little soul would leave its mortal prison. She added that the Father in Heaven loves all His children, regardless of color, creed, or race. Before leaving, I took out my camera and snapped a few choice items, husband and wife beaming their satisfaction.

On the way home so many happy thoughts crowded in my mind that I really felt the happiness I had given had come back to me a hundredfold. I thought of Canada's young mission lovers and of my own dear pupils in Granby, whose prayers and sacrifices had likely worked this wonder in a baby soul. My thanks I worded in a prayer to the Lord of the harvest, asking Him to choose among my former pupils a good dozen laborers for this Dark Continent, where millions of souls have nothing but a few crumbs of religious truth.

Back at the convent for dinner, I knelt one moment in the Sacred Presence to offer the soul of my Little Black Lou. "Dear Jesus, *nikukondwa chomene* (I am very glad)." The words of the native woman were so appropriate!

SISTER BERNADETTE DE FRANCE, M.I.C.

(Bernadette DUMAS, St. Anselme de Dorchester.)

Departure Band of November 1950



SISTER ST. ELODIE (SIMONNE ST. AMAND, ST. AIME), MISSIONED TO WAKAMATSU, JAPAN;
SISTER MARIE ANNA (ADELINE MEDZWIECKI, MONTREAL), TO RUMPHI, NYASALAND;
SISTER JEANNE DE DOMREMY (JEANNE D'ARC MICHAUD, ST. ANDRE DE KAMOURASKA) AND
SISTER ST. BERNARD (MARIE PAULE SAUVE, ST. SCHOLASTIQUE), BOTH ASSIGNED TO ROME;
SISTER ANNA MARIE (JEANNE ROY, PAIN COURT, ONT.), TO TOKYO, JAPAN.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

JANUARY, 1951

Increase of Missionaries in Africa

Africa was the last continent that opened its doors to the Church in recent years, but coming late as it has Africa has made up for its tardiness by a greater response to the Faith. There is no place in the world where the number of Catholics has increased so greatly in the past fifty years. The Apostolic Delegations of British Africa, French Africa, South Africa, Belgian Congo, and Ruanda-Urundi report a most extraordinary increase in the number of the faithful. The most striking development is seen in the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi. Out of a population of little more than 14,000,000, there are over 3,282,000 Catholics. Add to this 848,000 under instruction who have been received into the church at the time of this writing. The Protestants number over 600,000, the Moslems — 82,000, and the unbelievers — 9,400 approximately. There are nearly 250 native priests and more than 1,500 foreign missionaries.

Encouraging as these figures are, they place before the Church a tremendous problem. Considering the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi again, there is only one native priest for 13,500 Catholics. One priest either native or foreign missionary, has 1,800 Catholics and there is one priest for every 7,800 inhabitants. The vast extent of this continent should be taken into consideration. The Catholics are not closely grouped together as they are in the northeastern area of the United States. For instance, parishes can be pointed out in this country where there is only one priest for 1,200 Catholics, but such a parish is highly organized and thickly populated with Catholics so that scarcely one of these is more than a quarter of a mile away from the parish church. Such is not the case in Africa. No matter how zealous the priests of Africa may be, there is a most urgent and present need of more priests for this continent which holds so much promise for the Faith.

The increase of the clergy in some regions from the year 1921 to 1948 has been four-fold, while at the same time, the number of Catholics has increased six times the number of 1921. In the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi the increase of the priests has been according to the average of four times but the number of the faithful has increased nine times.

Notwithstanding this lack of priests, the number of Catholics continues to increase far beyond the powers of the priests to care for all of them. Christ, the Divine Missioner, knows indeed the needs of these countries but at the same time He has said to His own Apostles at a time of even greater need: "Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest." (Matt. 9, 38) May all the Catholics of the world join in fulfilling the admonition of our Saviour, particularly for Africa.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

We have to save ourselves, and the world, not by leaving it — but by staying in it and working for one's neighbour. We can conquer Communism by excelling it. Our unity is a concrete and a living one, in the Person of Christ.

D. Van Hoorn, O. F. M.

Souls are Won the Hard Way

What a stupendous work this, the work of saving immortal souls! God Himself came down from highest heaven, shackled in bonds of mortal flesh, labored, suffered, and died in fearful agony upon the Cross for this greatest of all great causes. Adown the centuries, legions innumerable of missionaries have courageously gone to the very ends of the earth at Christ's bidding, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Selfless, heroic souls have dedicated their entire lives as votive lights burning out before the shrine of divine love, that souls, all souls, might be redeemed for life eternal.

The human soul is indeed a battlefield where are daily fought the most momentous battles in God's sight. To us, born and reared in the secure atmosphere of a Catholic home and milieu, it seems natural to believe in the one true God, in the immortality of the soul, in an incorruptible Judge



MARKING ONE MORE TO HER ACCOUNT IN HEAVEN IS SISTER MARIE CELINA
(GRACIA BLANCHET, DRUMMONDVILLE).



SISTER MARIE LUCIA (LUCIA HO, CANTON, CHINA), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
WITH YOUNG CHINESE FRIENDS. IN THE CENTRE, MISS HELENA FONG, NOW ASPIRANT MISSIONER IN TRAINING AT OUR PONT VIAU NOVITIATE.

of all our actions. To the pagans it is all very difficult. Well-nigh impossible is it for us to understand the terrific struggle that goes on within their souls, when they are confronted with what they are told to be the only true religion. Could, then, their forebears have been in the dark for thousands of years? Have the missionaries desire to deceive them? Many Chinese, who until now have tenaciously clung to hoary tenets and traditions, are beginning to feel shaken in their beliefs. Still, they cannot help feeling anxious and perplexed. Ancestors, they reason, were wise with the wisdom of ages. They knew the Chinese soul, its aspirations, its hopes and fears. They lived useful, noble lives without all this talk about a Savior and the remission of sins. After all, one could scarcely hope for a more benevolent deity than Buddha.

I remember a young pagan woman who frequently called at the convent for medications. "Sister," she confided, "isn't Buddha an all-provident father? An orphan girl who lives next door to me can have all the money she needs just by calling on our beneficent god. He tells her where to find different tidy sums hidden, sometimes under a flat stone, sometimes tucked in a crevice of the garden wall."

Another good lady assured me that her household god protected her in all dangers. "As a case in point," she added, "I woke up the other night, just as my bedclothes were catching fire. Did I thank my merciful god Kwan Tai!"

In China as elsewhere, Satan is forever aping God with so-called prodigies and fake miracles. Bristling with obstacles of all kinds is the way that leads to the one true Fold. Catechumens who until lately worshipped false deities often live in a mortal dread of revenge to be dealt by these discarded gods. A Look, one of our aides, who long hesitated between the attraction she felt for the Christian way of living and her fidelity to her ancient creed, once declared: "Sister, five of my younger brothers and sisters died in infancy. Now, whenever our father buys us new clothes, he must never fail to secure beautiful paper garments to be burnt at the grave of our departed ones. If this rite is occasionally overlooked, wails and moans fill the house; the wails and moans of the long-lost little ones, who feel cruelly wronged and neglected. Once, my parents carelessly offered them Chinese robes fastening on the left instead of on the traditional right. No rest did we have until amends had been duly made."

A Look finally won the battle over her superstitious dreads, thanks to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. This precious talisman has silenced forever the moans and sighs of the ghosts formerly haunting the ancestral abode.

Superstition is not the only obstacle blocking the way. How often we hear one or another of our pupils complaining, "Sister, I do want to become a Catholic, but Mother simply will not hear of it, while Father sneers at all Catholic practices, which he terms ignorant and superstitious."

"Sister, I wish I could be baptized, but Gram makes such a fuss about my treason, as she calls it. Who will honor her soul-tablet after her death, if her own grandchildren refuse to do so? She assures me I am heartless to condemn thus lightly her soul to unending restlessness."



LIT KWOK NIN, LIT KWOK FONG, AND LIT KWOK MOUE, THREE LITTLE CHINESE SISTERS. TWO HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED AT HOLY GHOST ACADEMY, AND THE THREE OF THEM HAVE MADE THEIR FIRST COMMUNION IN OUR CONVENT CHAPEL AT CANTON.

"Had I not been affianced, while yet a child, to a non-Christian, I would immediately ask for baptism."

"If my father ever learnt that, disregarding his wishes, I had become a Catholic, he would simply be furious. Most certainly he would disown me, and what could I do then?"

Those among you who have been called to forsake the world for religious life know the moral agonies that must be gone through at parting with those near and dear. Similar agonies and more excruciating still must be endured by the pagans who resolve to embrace Christianity. Conversion only too often means banishment from the magic family circle. What uncle and aunt would dare welcome into their own home a child disowned by his father and mother? Such an act would surely call down divine chastisement upon the entire family clan. Then, when the time comes to seek a partner in life, to whom will the convert have recourse in order to find a Catholic party acceptable to the whole non-Christian family?

Among the many conversions we have been privileged to witness at our Holy Ghost School, Kwok Moue's was one of those that required the highest ransom price in sufferings of all kinds on her mother's part.

Kwok Moue's father was none other than the brave General Lit, famed for his unswerving loyalty to his country during the Japanese occupation. Born of a noble, pagan family, the General was an ardent patriot, a fearless leader, but a stern, uncompromising husband and father. In every way worthy of her warrior lord, Mrs. Lit made it her duty to follow him on all his military assignments. Defeat at last dogged the General's footsteps.

Obliged to flee with her five children, Mrs. Lit found refuge with the Salesian Sisters in Kouk Kong. Amazed to find such considerate kindness in total strangers, the General's wife decided to investigate. Some months later, after a thorough study of Christian doctrine, she was baptized with her two baby girls, Kwok Nin and Kwok Fong. The older children were to be instructed later.

Peaceful days dawned once more. At the old paternal home in Canton all the members of the Lit family were finally reunited. However, as soon as the General was apprised of his wife's conversion, his anger knew no bounds. How had she dared bring dishonor on a spotless name? Daily she was submitted to such indignities that she at last resolved to leave home for the sake of her younger children. To our Sisters she entrusted the education of her three daughters. As the little ones were very fond of music, she made arrangements to have them take music lessons in order to help them endure a painful separation.

Now and then the three sisters were invited to spend their holidays with one or another of their numerous aunts and uncles. What clever plans they then had to make so as not to miss Sunday Mass! Going out alone was taboo; moreover, none of the aunts ever volunteered to accompany the trio to church. Kwok Moue, as yet unbaptized, did not worry too much over occasionally missing Sunday Mass. Not so Kwok Nin and Kwok Fong. With thoughtful little gifts and pleasant surprises they bribed an old and trusted servant to take them to the Catholic mission.

In the classroom, the Misses Lit proved to be studious, attentive pupils. Kwok Moue usually stood at the head of her class. As her mother was a Catholic, she regularly attended the doctrine lessons together with her younger sisters, who were preparing for their first Holy Communion. Successfully she passed her exams in view of baptism. When the day of days dawned, however, as she had already donned spotless dress and filmy veil, she suddenly and unexpectedly burst into tears. To Sister's gentle inquiries, Kwok Moue replied that she greatly feared the effects of her father's anger. Hearing of her baptism, he might again ill-treat her beloved mother as he had done some years before; this she found it beyond her power to bear.

A letter informing Mrs. Lit of her daughter's indecision brought her posthaste from Nanking. Still, she dared not encourage Kwok Moue to go ahead; too many painful memories stirred her maternal heart. Back to Nanking she travelled, returning three weeks later with the terrible General's assent. Who will ever know the trials and humiliations undergone by this courageous mother fighting for the right to save her child's immortal soul?

To all my dear Canadian friends, privileged with the grace of being born in a Catholic country, I make bold to ask for most fervent daily prayers that all their Chinese brothers and sisters may soon come to the knowledge of Him who is the Way that leads to life eternal. Who knows but that such and such a soul awaits perhaps but one prayer, one sacrifice of yours to enter the Shepherd's Fold?

SISTER MARIE CELINA, M.I.C.
(Gracia Blanchet, Drummondville, P. Q.)



Mystical Roses

MIREBALAIS breathes the perfume of flowers all the year round. Regal roses, jasmines, white and scarlet lilies, to mention only four kinds, can be plucked at any time for the altar of God or that of Mary, Mystical Rose.

Mirebalais may not know so well that it bears flowers of another variety, young souls the Master has singled out for His special service. The little town probably does not know much about God's choice, so few and far between are the priestly and the religious vocations it has produced until now.

Eleven-year-old, black-faced, white-souled, Martial is dreaming dreams of the priesthood. He serves Mass at church on Sundays and at the convent on weekdays. It did not take him many weeks to master all the fine points of the ritual and the solemn language of the Pope. With fear and trembling and infinite respect he handles missal, cruets, paten, and bell. As reverent as Moses on the mount, he stands at the altar of God.

The black acolyte once poured out his sorrows within my sympathetic hearing. Certainly he wants to become a priest. But before the priesthood there come long years of study, and his father's pocketbook is empty.

"Be a good boy," I comforted him who had just come down from Sinai, "and God will put His Hand into some charitable benefactor's pocket. Then you'll have all the help you need."

Eyes alight with eagerness, Martial promised, "When I'll be a priest, I'll say Mass often for my kind benefactor." For all we know, Martial may at this moment be praying that some interested reader will let God choose from his billfold!

Martial's sister, Jean, fifteen years old, has been strengthened on a long diet of solid doctrine. Her ambition is to become a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception. She was overjoyed when I said that Haitian girls are accepted into our Community.

"Jean," I tell her, "you ask Our Blessed Mother about that. Pray to her daily and be a good student until God shows you your vocation."

The girl's future career has yet to be decided upon, but her kindness, piety, and obedience will certainly speak well in her favor when Mother and Son settle upon their little servant's vocation, as they will have to do for the Mass server. The boy and his sister come from a humble family of irreproachable Christians. Poor in worldly goods, the parents treasure their faith and their children's souls as their dearest trusts. Yvonne and Eliphine, who have yet to reach the acolyte's respectable age, have decided to follow the example set by their elders.

Mirebalais may not know about these mystical roses within its confines, but the Angels of Heaven will watch over them, and the Queen who reigns above will, we pray, choose them for altar or for convent.

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



Snapped in Japan



1. KORIYAMA'S FIRST ARRIVALS FOR THE YEAR 1950
2. *Neilson's* ARISTOCRAT CHOCOLATES—SISTER ST. COME'S (Therese Laliberté, Lotbiniere) REWARD FOR KINDERGARTEN ACES AT WAKAMATSU, JAPAN



TWO FAST FRIENDS WHO LEARN THEIR ABC AT OUR SISTERS' KINDERGARTEN,
WAKAMATSU.



SISTER THERESE D'AVILA (THERESE SAUVE, ST. SCHOLASTIQUE)
EXPLAINS THE GOSPEL TO JAPANESE YOUNGSTERS



DOES SNOW FALL IN JAPAN ?



THREE FRIENDS FROM TOKYO SAY IT WITH FLOWERS TO AMERICAN BENEFACTORS.
"HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!"

The Leper Says Thanks

Disease has long since muted my voice and crippled my limbs, but oh, the untold riches it has brought my soul!

A few years before I was born, my parents left China to seek their fortune in South America. There I was born in the picturesque town of Paramaribo. Of my childhood I have kept the happiest recollections. My father and mother doted over me; my little sister was the dearest of my playmates.

When I was seven years old, my family decided that we two children should be sent to China to be educated the Chinese way. A paternal uncle, who was leaving South America for his native Kouang-Tong, agreed to take us both along. Loneliness filled the years that followed far from my devoted father and mother. Hardly one year had passed since our arrival in the land of our ancestors when my beloved little sister and playmate sickened and died. I was left alone with my sorrow.

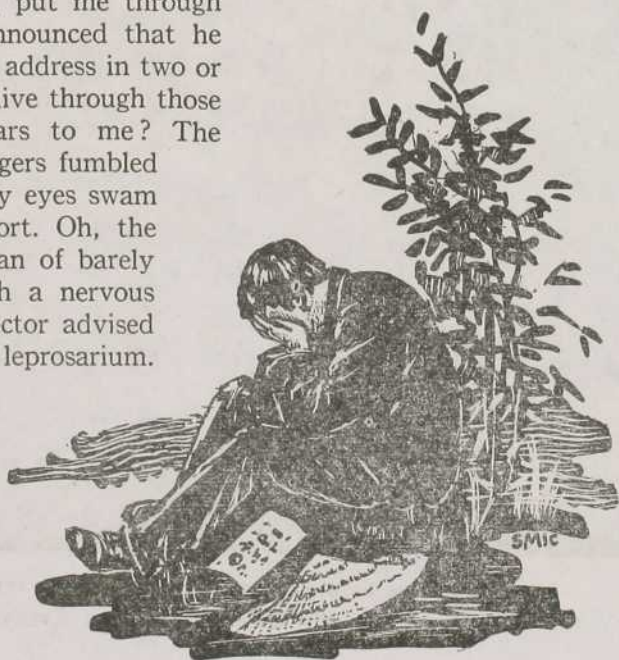
Some time later, I began to notice a certain occasional numbness in one of my legs. I worried over the matter for a time but soon forgot about it, as I could still walk and even run like other boys.

Years crawled by, and I finally had to admit that my legs were no longer strong and agile. They even pained dreadfully at times. Worse still, the insidious disease, whatever it was, now began to affect my right hand. No longer could I gracefully wield the brush to write intricate Chinese characters, for my fingers had assumed a claw-like appearance causing me pain and distress.

I decided to consult a doctor. While I detailed my symptoms, the physician listened with a grave look on his face. He carefully went over a thorough physical check-up, put me through several tests, and finally announced that he would send his report to my address in two or three days. How did I ever live through those days which seemed as years to me? The answer came at last. My fingers fumbled with the sealed envelope; my eyes swam as I scanned the terse report. Oh, the terrible blow to a young man of barely twenty! I was affected with a nervous form of leprosy, and the doctor advised my immediate removal to a leprosarium.

Day and night re-echoed in my ears like a funeral dirge those terrible words, "I am a leper! I am a leper!"

Spring had come to China. Birds twittered and



called to their mates in the old plum trees by the gate; flowers lifted fair, scented faces in the sunshine; but in my heart henceforth it would always be drab and dismal autumn.

Instead of entering the University as I had planned at twenty, I had to bury myself alive in a leprosarium. Who can ever tell the agony of a human being in the full flush of youth obliged to give up all that goes to make a normal social life? Broken in spirit, I packed my belongings, settled business matters, and finally asked and obtained admission to Shek Lung Leprosarium. There, at least, I would not have to fear the danger of contagion for those who surrounded me.

Life at the hospital seemed intolerable at first. Were it not for the gentle ministrations of the nursing Sisters in charge, I would not have had the courage to live through the awful period of despondency that followed. Astonishment, which soon gave way to admiration, filled my heart as I saw the missionary Sisters calmly go about the wards like angels of mercy, always cheerful and serene in the midst of this living death. It was through their radiant love of God in their neighbor that I began to realize the meaning of Christianity. I understood that their motive was the noblest of all motives — the salvation of souls redeemed by the Savior.

Angels of mercy and loving mothers they are indeed to us poor lepers, who have been torn from all our loved ones. Their unfailing kindness has taught me the value of pain suffered in union with Christ. I have learnt to bear my cross with patient and even smiling resignation. Through them I have come to know and love the truest and tenderest of all friends, Jesus, Friend of lepers.

I feel strong and happy now that I have been signed with the Cross of my Savior. Partaker of the Bread of Angels, my heart no longer hungers for fickle human joys. Strengthened by the sevenfold Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the contempt of creatures and their vain judgments hold no more terrors for me. My peace of soul can never be altered.

Once again, allow me to sing my song of gratitude to the God who loves even poor lepers like me; to the devoted ministers of God and to the admirable missionary Sisters who chose to face peril and death rather than abandon us to our fate; to the generous benefactors who have helped the missionaries to allay our sufferings. God bless them one and all!

若翰曾迅

JOHN TCHANG SOUEN

— CH — X — H —

A good conscience is the palace of Christ; the temple of the Holy Ghost; the paradise of delight; the standing Sabbath of the saints.

St. Augustine

Postmarked Overseas

OUR SISTERS WRITE FROM THEIR MISSION STATIONS

Mati, Philippine Islands, June 4, 1950

This is the true story of a Filipino boy, two splinters, and one medal as miraculous as its name.

John (our hero would have no objection to being called thus) likes nothing better than to function as the missionary Father's general helpboy. Any kind of occupation, even carrying armfuls of bamboo sticks, John accepts with pleasure, glad that the priest won't have to do it.

A few weeks ago, the teen-ager had the misfortune to drive two large splinters into his right foot. The intruders quickly lodged deep in the flesh and refused to come out.

Though John found it very painful to hobble along, Father Michaud and he somehow reached the rectory, and from there sent for the nursing Sister. Father's helpboy was so tired out and fidgety by then that I thought it useless to try to operate that evening. I applied a hot moist dressing to the injured foot, gave John a little medicine to soothe his nerves, and promised to return the next morning with a local anaesthetic.

Up with the sun, I hastened to the youngster and made deep incisions, but the splinters would simply not budge. Seeing this, I placed my Filipino friend under the protection of our Immaculate Mother, pinned a miraculous medal on his bandaged foot, and said he should pray to the Queen of Heaven with all the confidence he could muster. Prayer, as any nursing Sister knows, has nothing to do with college diplomas. A boy like John, knowing neither A nor B, unable to make the Sign of the Cross properly, can lift his heart in a prayer that will move Heaven and earth — a fortiori two splinters.

On May 4 and again on the days that followed I made two dressings daily, but with no success. I then pinned the medal over the part that hurt more.

On Sunday, May 14, John rushed in triumphantly, displaying an inch-long splinter he had pulled from under the medal. Telling him that the Blessed Mother deserved one million thanks, I shifted the metallic wonder-worker on to the other painful spot. In two days time the second splinter let itself be removed. The sores healed so quickly that in another two days John could tie his shoes and run off to hear the Mass for Ascension Thursday.

The miraculous medal has also removed obstacles of another kind. Since our first days in Mati, we had often looked for suitable grounds with a view to erecting the Madres' convent. Sister Superior had let us scatter medals in an ideal spot facing the sea, away from the bustle of the town. In a hot country like the Philippines these twin advantages prove very welcome. When we had all but given hope, towards the end of April, the woman who owned the land graciously donated four acres for our projected Colegio.

Now we have to wait a while, but not hopelessly, for we know that Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal will inspire generous benefactors to provide for the erection of the building. The little medals we have scattered will always deserve their name.

Sister Bernadette Soubirous, M.I.C.

(Jeanne Thiboutot, St. Joseph de Kamouraska)

* * *

Manila, August 15, 1950

Never have I been so busy as these last months. Last Sunday, Doctor Sebastian accompanied my twenty-five seniors to the Jesuit Seminary to follow the exercises of a closed retreat. These boys, all enthusiasts about the doctrine courses we Sisters give them daily, are mostly converts — hence, as zealous as Saul turned into Paul. The brief period of spiritual rebuilding will be a monthly feature for the twenty-five. I am sure, too, that their number will soon increase to fifty, for in my home visits I frequently meet candidates eager for Christian instruction.

Filipino youth is awakening to spiritual realities and will build its life on no other foundation than that of our holy Faith. This morning, a young man of eighteen partook for the first time of the Bread of salvation. Others will follow him to the altar rail.

I am now collecting books to set up a circulating library for our young people. Through the kindness of an Oblate Brother, we recently received eight precious books for our empty

shelves. As a saying goes that "words are world changers," we firmly believe that sound reading matter can help very much in changing the Philippine Islands for the better, and in bringing the country nearer to its God.

Need I tell you that I am deeply interested in this juvenile apostolate? My thanks go up to God every day, but I shall never be able to express a fraction of the gratitude I owe Him.

Sister Joseph Arthur, M.I.C.

(Laura Therien, St. Leonard d'Aston)



Mzambazi, Nyasaland, B. E. Africa

September 5, 1950

PROVIDENCE Sunday (fourteenth after Pentecost) looked much like Christmas, so many gifts had we.

Added up together, the fat chicken, four eggs, eight sweet potatoes, six oranges, and basket of peanuts provided a complete meal for our family of a few. God is so good to us all the time, however, that we seldom give more thought to the food problem than do the birds of the air.

Providence Sunday also meant Christmas — birth in Christ — for two children who were baptized that day.

The first baptism was that of a ten-year-old girl who had developed a severe case of blood poisoning as a result of having drunk stagnant water. In answer to the parents' plea we visited their child that afternoon, but found her too ill to need anything beyond spiritual care. Sister Therese Marguerite(1) saw to it that the little girl's name should be written in the Book of Life.

To a whimpering bundle of humanity was administered the second baptism. Around supertime a young couple arrived with their featherweight baby born before term and much too frail to stay long in this world. We gave the parents a lodging for the night, and right after our supper centred our attention on the dying infant. Without the father's seeing her, Sister Marie Delia(2) uncorked a bottle and quickly poured some water on the baby's forehead. A fanatic adept of the Free Church the father may be, but Joseph Francis has become, through the grace of God, free with the glorious freedom of the children of the Most High.

Go in peace, Joseph Francis, and be thankful that you have had to suffer. Your sufferings have led you to the Catholic Mission, and soon they will open for you the heavenly mansions.

Sister St. Yves, M.I.C. (Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mère)

Shek Lung Leprosarium, China

July 5, 1950

Our dear lepers have taken Our Lady of Fatima's plea to heart and they say the Rosary all the day long. It must be the Queen of the Rosary who persuades the government to be friendly, our sick people to be very well disposed, and the bandits to leave the leper colony in peace.

As we have ten times more work than we can do, we see to the most urgent and confide the rest to God, knowing that our efforts to make Him loved by those we can contact He will amply repay with blessings and favors from on high.

Tending the lepers is my favorite hobby. I sometimes think that it would be interesting to have surgeons from Montreal looking on while I perform operations without the suggestion of an anaesthetic. Painlessly, so I am told, I amputate fingers and toes with nothing beyond an age-old bistoury. It is true, however, that leprosy gradually brings about the loss of sensitiveness to physical pain.

1. Therese GOUIN, Montreal.

2. Marie Marthe TERRIEN, Ottawa.

We have excellent helpers at the dispensary. One of them is especially edifying. Every cent he earns goes to support his elderly parents. "Sister," he said the other day, "provided I go to Heaven, I can do without happiness here on earth." In his daily communion he finds courage to carry his cross with a smile. He is a leper.

Sister St. Charles de Milan, M.I.C.

(Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi de Temiscouata)

* * *

Koriyama, Japan, September 11, 1950

Notwithstanding restrictions, conditions, and refusals, we have more than four hundred students this year. All are keen-minded and hard-working youngsters, as eager to assimilate religious knowledge as human sciences. Three hundred and twenty-five study Christian doctrine regularly. As each student has his own book, which he usually takes home, it happens in many cases that the fathers and mothers show as much lasting interest in the doctrine as do their young school-goers.

On Pentecost Sunday we had our Marian procession for which our pupils had long been rehearsing spiritually. Month after month they denied sweets to their palate and dropped their candy money into a box at the feet of Our Lady. When the children found the sacrifices hard, dads and mothers urged them to be true to *Maria Sama*. By the end of May, four thousand yen jingled inside the box, enough to have a royal procession.

Rev. Father Trahan, pastor, carried a statue of Our Blessed Mother along the processional way. What he had enthroned it in the chapel, four girls came forward escorting another classmate who carried the diadem; to one of the high school seniors was reserved the honor of crowning the statue. May Mary Immaculate reserve to herself the honor of crowning our students and thousands like them after this their exile on earth.

On Sunday afternoons thirty boys and girls come for religious instruction. We are now studying *The Faith of Millions*.

Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze, M.I.C.

(Rita Martel, Vankleek Hill, Ont.)

* * *

*Our Lady of Providence, Canton, China
September 15, 1950*

The Foundling Home now shelters one hundred and twelve tots. Of these, thirty-two ranging in ages from one to five are under the supervision of Sister Marie Germaine(1). Another twenty babies likely to live are in the keeping of Sister St. Germain(2). Lastly, the sixty-two waifs who will soon need little coffins have our faithful Chinese helper, Mouil Quail, to mother them.

We are still accepting babies. Last fall, there was a period when very few were brought to us. It seems that some people thought we had left Canton; others had spread the rumor that we no longer accepted very young newcomers. No sooner had the real truth trickled out, however, than foundlings poured in once more. This year, the months of July and August brought 364 babies in all. We still have milk powder for a year or so, but God only knows what the babies will have after that.

The orphanage houses at present thirty-two little ones and twenty-six bigger tots.

Our health is keeping good. We had our share of anxiety during the sudden illness of dear Sister Veronique du Sauveur(3), whom God has called to her eternal reward. We have laid her body to rest beside that of dear Sister de la Nativite de Jesus(4).

Our relatives seem to think that we sometimes hide the truth. Let them be reassured; we have to keep certain regulations, but if we do keep them everything goes for the best. We know that God is helping us, and God's little sparrows have often chirped that nobody need worry when He cares.

Sister St. Alphonse du Redempteur, M.I.C.

(Antoinette Couvrette, St. Dorothee)

1. Germaine GRAVEL, St. Prosper de Champlain.

2. Imelda LAPERRIERE, Pont Rouge.

3. Veronique DELCOURT, Westbrook, Me.

4. Cecile PAQUETTE, St. Elzeur.

Safe Within the One True Fold

Before World War II broke out, the Kazuoka family had been wealthy and highly regarded in the best circles of Wakamatsu society. But alas, from the gory battlefields of the South Sea Islands, Mr. Kazuoka and his only son never returned. What heartbreak then knew the bereaved wife and mother left alone in reduced circumstances to bring up her four children!

Three years ago, Hanako, one of the youngest daughters, obliged to give up her studies in a secondary school called at our convent; she desperately wanted to help her mother. Would we hire her as aide at the kindergarten? Although her youth and her lack of qualifications hardly spoke in her favor, we agreed to give her a chance. Never did we regret our decision. Docile and eager to learn, with gentle, winning ways, Hanako soon became a favorite among teachers and pupils alike. A few months after her arrival at our convent she began the study of Christian doctrine together with her oldest sister Teruko.

Both girls set their hearts on winning over their sister Katsuko, who belonged to a Protestant persuasion. Katsuko, however, kept aloof, refusing even to come near the convent.

It happened one day that the Sister in charge of the sewing room was looking for someone to help her with the children's uniforms. A message was sent to Katsuko asking her to sew a few aprons at home in her spare time. She gladly acquiesced and soon brought back the work very neatly done. Money she refused to accept, saying she would rather have some



THREE SISTERS BAPTIZED THE SAME DAY AT WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

material for clothes. Thanks to the generous foresight of our kind friends overseas, we found in the cases sent from Canada exactly what the girl desired. From that time onward, Katsuko became a frequent visitor at the convent. Once in a while, during the music lessons she asked to take, she ventured a few questions on the Catholic way of life.

Although brave little Mrs. Kazuoka did all in her power to retrieve her lost fortune and to keep the home for the sake of her children, she at last was forced to sell her property and go to work. As our Tokyo convent was then in need of a housekeeper, we proposed Mrs. Kazuoka to our Sisters, who accepted her and her daughter Hanako as aides. Teruko was hired as teacher in our Primary School; Katsuko helped with the sewing, and Yukiko did the kitchen chores after school was out. A few more months went by and Katsuko asked to be instructed, made her abjuration, and was baptized a Catholic.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kazuoka, worn out with the years of worry and privation just gone through, fell seriously ill, a few weeks only after her arrival in Tokyo. Three months later she died in a Catholic hospital, after having received the Sacrament of regeneration.

Yukiko is the only remaining member of the family who is not yet a Christian, but she is studying with renewed ardor. She also will soon be folded safe to the Heart of the Divine Shepherd.

Mission Intention For February, 1951

Apostolate of the Sea in the Chief Ports of Asia and Africa

Men who follow the sea feel themselves especially free from domestic traditions and because of their broadminded attitudes are always ready to consider new teachings that have been cleverly proposed to them. Our own Catholic seamen and dockworkers by a life illuminated with faith, justice and charity, cannot help influencing in a great way the minds of their fellow workers and through them, every place where they go. They form as if were, an ever multiplying leaven.

For this reason two things are of great importance. Every effort must be made to conserve the active faith of Catholic seamen and dockworkers. The better disposed and equipped among them should be so formed that they may exercise a real Catholic influence among their fellow workers.

The Apostolate of the Sea under the supreme direction of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory, aids by spiritual, social and moral means the Catholic seamen of the world. There are clubs maintained by the Apostolate of the Sea in the African ports of Durban and Algiers. In India, Calcutta, Bombay, and Trincomalee likewise have seamen's clubs. In other ports of the mission countries such clubs do not exist, but in each harbor there is a chaplain. For instance in Africa at Alexandria, Capetown, and Dar-es-Salaam, and in Asia at Karachi, Madras, Rangoon, Singapore, Hongkong, and Yokohama.

There are many ports, however, where no special attention is given to the seamen; namely, Tunis, Casablanca, Dakar, Boma, Maradi, Lourenco Marques, Beira, Tamatava. In Asia, the ports of Colombo, Djakarta, Surabaya, Makassar, Manila, Canton, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Kobe are similarly unequipped. It is estimated that through these ports every week at least 1,000 Catholic seamen pass. They are exposed not only to their natural inclinations but to the poisonous influence of Communism.

The Holy Father therefore asks us to pray for an increase in clubs of the Apostolate of the Sea and to beg God in His providence to give His special grace and best workers to this special Apostolate. — S. P. F. Release

Echoes From Distant Africa



Now that we, Katete Sisters, have acquired a smattering of the Citumbuka language, we are expected to be here, there, and everywhere on our heavenly Father's business.

No sooner had I settled down to write you this letter than I was invited to visit the neighboring villages of Kustom, Cigwase, and Cirawo, a ride of fifteen miles on our trusty bikes.

Much apostolic work is to be accomplished through these home visits. Protestant missionaries have reached even our distant wilds and are feverishly at work winning adepts. The catechism lessons we give help perplexed souls on the true way to Heaven.

Before we left Cigwase, I told the womenfolk, who are nearly all Protestants, "I will pass through your village again next week when on my way to Cirawo."

"Sister, you must not just pass through," they pleaded. "We want you to spend the whole afternoon with us, because you teach us such beautiful things about God."

The answer came as a pleasant surprise, as these ladies had at first given me a rather cool reception.

We had quite an experience on our way back. As we were pedaling along narrow goat paths, it suddenly dawned upon me that we were as lost as the babes in the woods. I climbed atop a hill to reconnoitre; thank God there was a tiny village down below. Both of us then shouted for help as loud as we could. The reaction was almost as magical as the Pied Piper's fluting, for black children of all ages and sizes soon scrambled up the hill to see what was the matter with the Sisters. Thanks to our kind

little friends we were soon put on the home trail, with only four more miles to travel. Would to God that it were given us to put all these good people, still lost in the maze of superstitious beliefs, on the way to the eternal homeland!

On May 23, mine was the great privilege of providing with a celestial visa a dear little black damsel of three summers. A few days longer she lingered until Angels beckoned and she went home to God. As soon as I heard of her death, I visited her bereaved family. In a dark corner of the hut lay her mortal remains wrapped in some dirty rags. What of it? Her soul clad in the glistening garment of sanctifying grace was forever basking in the sunshine of her Savior's presence.

Let me introduce the baby of my class, Master Flavius, aged two. Every blessed day he follows to school his ten-year-old auntie Melaniya. His bright eyes follow my every movement; if I stand or go to the blackboard, the darling toddles forward and comes after me, clutching at my



SISTER ST. BERNADETTE (MARIE FYFE, LAPRAIRIE) SENDS THIS SNAPSHOT OF HERSELF
AND DARK COMPANY FROM KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND

habit. Need I tell you he is the pet of my flock?

Our Rumphi convent is slowly going up brick by brick, thanks to the devoted Brother in charge of building contracts. As he was inspecting the foundations some time ago, imagine his unpleasant surprise when he unexpectedly stood face to face with a handsome leopard, who also appeared to be on a tour of inspection. The spotted beast stared haughtily at the intruder for a few moments, then decided he was not feeling particularly hungry after all. Thanks be to God, who protects His missionaries in all sorts of dangers!



As I am writing to you, one of God's effigies etched in black is smiling a million-dollar smile through the open window. I borrow his smile to wish our Reverend Mother the happiest of feastdays from all her African children.

Sister St. Bernadette, M.I.C.(1)



HAVE YOU A SPIRITUAL MICROSCOPE ?

A visitor to Paris gave about 20 francs for an amber necklace picked up in a small curiosity shop. He was much annoyed on reaching New York, for the customs duty seemed preposterous. Bothered about the whole matter, he decided to go to the first jeweller's shop he could see and dispose of the necklace. The man examined it through a microscope and said: "I'll give you \$25,000 dollars for it." Greatly surprised, he replied, "I'll think it over." Going to another establishment, he was offered \$35,000. "What do you see so valuable in this thing?" he asked. The man handed him the microscope. He looked again at the necklace and saw this inscription on the amber: "From Napoleon Bonaparte to Josephine." So some fail to see anything unusual in the Manger Child of Christmas Day.

Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal

1. Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.

Manguito, Cuba

San Miguel Visited

Set in a verdant ring of softly undulating hills, San Miguel reminds one of those remote, picturesque villages still to be found in Canada's Laurentian Mountains. Maple and spruce are here replaced by tall, regal palms.

Two mineral springs make of San Miguel a favorite resort of the well-to-do in search of health-giving waters. Atop one of the grassy knolls rises a votive chapel to the Christ of Jacan. To reach the shrine, one must climb a winding stairway of six hundred steps divided into fourteen stations for the convenience of those who wish to make the Way of the Cross. From the chapel vestibule a magnificent panorama unfolds before our gaze. All about us lie grass-covered, rolling hills, lovely beyond any description; on the left, the hamlet of Cardenas dozes in the sunlit valley; farther away, Varadero spreads out its famous glistening beach. Down below, nestles the pretty little village completely shut in by gently swelling slopes; over the hills and far away, a silver fringe on the deep blue horizon, unfurls the peerless Caribbean.

The missionary in charge of San Miguel, Rev. Father Lorenzo, is anxious to have Sisters who could help him to impart religious instruction to the children who are too often left to grow up in an appalling ignorance of the things of the Faith. Before leaving, we warmly recommended to Father our kind friend and benefactor, Senor Alfonso Mendez, obliged to take a few months rest at the mineral springs. Senor Alfonso has helped us in various ways with our Manguito mission. Particularly painful to him has been the loss of his beloved wife and of a favorite daughter who died within a few months of each other. His only remaining child is a confirmed invalid.

The Colegio Exhibit

Many visitors have called to admire the pupils' exhibit of over two hundred different pieces of sewing, embroidery, painting, and leathercraft. Even the kind Bishop of Matanzas, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Lemire and Vezina, came to praise our pupils on their success.

Lay teachers from San José de Los Ramos also came for a visit and were loud in their praise. Bishop Martin had told them not to miss the exhibit at the Colegio.

Cyclone in Cuba

Heavy rains and strong winds swept over the Island from August 25 to 27. Causing loss of human lives and considerable damage in the Pinor del Rio Province, the cyclone blazed along to Trinidad and made an exit through the Cienfuegos sector, sparing this once the Matanzas territory. As Cubans seldom if ever go out when it rains, we enjoyed the privilege of having Mass said in our chapel during the few days that the storm lasted.



MANGUITO'S PUPILS HOLD THEIR EXHIBIT.

Sister Leon Joseph (Simone Sahourin, St. Isidore de Prescott, Ont.) and Sister St. Odilon (Constance Dubois, St. Ferdinand de Megantic), Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.



PHOTO FROM MERCEDES, CUBA. PUPILS' EXHIBIT.

Sister Angele du Sacre Coeur (Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta) and Her Cuban Helper.



JESUS (REALLY THIS BLACK BOY'S NAME!), MANGUITO'S ALTAR BOY, LEARNS FROM FRIEND RODOLFO THE ANSWERS LONGER THAN THE ONE-WORD "AMEN."

Even on Sunday the rain served as a flimsy excuse for the almost entire Catholic population to miss Mass. Five children only out of a total of five thousand parishioners were present. Oh the pity of religious indifference in these parts!

Home Visits

At the end of August we began making home visits in surrounding villages; almost everywhere the reception was cordial. Young and old received with grateful thanks the miraculous medals and the Fatima leaflets distributed as souvenirs. Most families are sadly in need of religious instruction. Young people who have made their first Holy Communion are the exceptions. Many children of five, seven, and even ten years of age are as yet unbaptized. Please do not forget, in your daily prayers, to say a word that a new spirit of fervor and spiritual alertness may permeate the lives of your Cuban brothers and sisters in the Faith.

— CHH —

HEAVYWEIGHTS IN THE SPIRITUAL REALM

There is the fact — an absolute certainty, goodness inevitably produces goodness; it is unconquerable, it cannot be stifled; it has greater ramifications than evil can ever have. The Christian attitude should be this: one saint outweighs a hundred, a thousand, perhaps a million sinners. The sanctity of one saint prevails over the sinfulness of a thousand sinners. Sin is negative; sanctity, positive. Sanctity is more powerful than sin; sanctity is, in fact, the only real power.

Accordingly, our whole Christian outlook should be an outlook of goodness, an outlook of sanctity. We should think first and foremost of sanctity and the power of sanctity, which is the power of Christ. Sanctity is the natural atmosphere of Christians; it is their daily life. — *Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B.*

Christopher Cure for Humanity

Chills won't be enough . . .

"To be or not to be" is the tragic question today. It is the agonizing query of thousands of mothers anxiously bending over the crib of innocent babes — will death swoop down from the sky before another sunrise? Will growing sons and daughters live in a bright, new, peaceful world — or will the land we love, the glorious and free, be desecrated by flowing rivers of guiltless blood? What of the tomorrow the rising generation can look forward to in a world that, having set the ten commandments aside as obsolete and outmoded, is slowly but almost inevitably heading to universal, unnamable catastrophe? As someone put it so pithily, "Will it be global peace or global pieces?"

Sobering, terrific questions these. Anguished hearts are asking similar questions behind a *curtain of iron*! For us, fortunately, the queries can still be answered. It is late but — thank God! — it is not too late. With Isaiah, the writer makes bold to proclaim: "Comfort the enfeebled arms and strengthen the weakened knees. Say to the faint-hearted: 'Take courage, be not afraid; behold, your God will come and save you.'"

The appalling problem does have a cure. The answer is in our hands. Your hands, my hands. God willing and we showing speed and enthusiasm, we may yet recapture this poor world for Christ.

There is the cure — recapture for Christ this world we have helped to make, this sin-scarred world of atom bombs and marching armies. It belongs to Christ, and we must give it back to Him whole and entire and repentant. This planet is Christ's little ball, and no Father Tabbs need come back from the dead to tell us that we must help Christ find His ball again. No poetic fancy or mere child's play this, but a man-sized task; yet not a task whose magnitude should stagger any of us. We, by default, might be helping to plunge mankind in an even greater nightmare of hardship and hopelessness. No, the task is not impossible, though admittedly not easy. It can be done and with God's grace we will do it!

It all amounts to this — put Christ in His rightful place again. But how can one little person put Christ in His rightful place, that is, everywhere? The answer is simple — by taking Christ, here, there, everywhere. It is not enough for the betterment of humanity that God be buried in our heart. We must be bearers of Christ, other Christs, Christophers in a hungry, divided, deceived world.

Since the evil-minded who are out to change the world for the worse are hitting for the big fields of education, government, labor, and writing, it is our duty as Christophers to push a steady stream of sound-thinking, top-quality persons into those selfsame fields of influence. It is our duty to be in the thick of things, not behind the fence complaining, and with Christlike vision and daring, to work as hard for the maintenance of Christian principles as the subversives do for their eradication. Chills may run up and down our spine when we think that against-God hands are at the helm of the world. But we must give Christ something better than chills. We must be wholly dedicated to Him. Our chills will get us nowhere if we persist in thinking small when the godless, thinking in terms of two billions, have on their desks the motto, A WORLD TO WIN!

It is only by helping to put Christ back where He belongs that we can hope to change the world. It is only by standing with and for Him that we can be strong against the sugar-coated propaganda of His enemies. The sword of Damocles hanging above our heads will be a menace only as long as we keep from the world the cure that is in our hands. Your hands, my hands.

N.B. Free literature on the Christopher approach to present-day dilemmas may be obtained by writing to the Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A MISSIONARY SISTER

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

During those days of danger the missionaries constantly invoked the Star of the Sea, and when the harbour was reached, they recited fervently the *Te Deum* and the Litany of Loretto in thanksgiving for their preservation. That morning, for the first time since their departure from Havre, Mass was said on board by Bishop Pompallier, and all the missionaries received Holy Communion from his hand. The next day they went to the principal church where the Bishop, after being solemnly welcomed by the assembled clergy, said Mass in the presence of a large congregation.

The patience of the travelers was sorely tried at Santa Cruz, for the repairing of the *Delphine* consumed two months, instead of a few days, as they had hoped. The Bishop of Laguna invited Bishop Pompallier to be his guest while he was detained on the island, but he preferred to remain with his friends and shared with them a little room in the inn. To accustom themselves to the privations in store for them the missionaries slept on the floor and led a most mortified life. Soon sickness came to add to their sufferings. They had hoped, at first, to find at Santa Cruz rest and quiet which would benefit those among them who were ailing; instead, the weather was most inclement and a kind of epidemic was raging all along the shore. None of the missionaries entirely escaped it. When they put to sea again on February twenty-eighth, they were still far from well; Father Bret, in particular, was suffering from violent headache and a high fever which no medicine could allay.

It was not long after this that Father Chanel wrote to his mother, "In spite of our prayers and our tears, the good God took Father Bret from us. It pleased Him to crown him before the combat. What a loss to our mission, and what a grief to me! He was always so good! His love for Our Lord was so tender and so sweet! Very early he gave proof of a zeal and devotedness truly apostolic.

"In his last illness he suffered a great deal, but was always patient and resigned. Sometimes he asked us to pray beside him, with no fear that he would grow weary; and with a crucifix clasped in his hand, he himself never ceased to pray. On Palm Sunday I gave him Holy Viaticum and anointed him. The next morning he said to me that the end was very near, and he was happy to die a Marist; he thanked me for all the care I had given him. It mattered little to him, he said, that his body would be devoured by fishes instead of worms. At seven o'clock in the evening of Monday in Holy Week, the twentieth of March, 1837, he peacefully fell asleep in Our Lord."

The morning after Father Bret's death, Bishop Pompallier said Mass for the repose of his soul. All received Holy Communion for the same intention. About nine o'clock His Lordship read the funeral service in the

presence of the crew and all the passengers, and spoke a few words that went straight to every heart. Then the body was confided to the ocean, there to await its glorious resurrection. All that day the ship's flag hung at half mast, and none of the sailors indulged in the amusements by which it was customary to celebrate crossing the equator, which they did that afternoon.

Father Chanel wrote to Father Colin to tell him of their great loss. After he had broken the news, he continued, "Happily, we have every consolation possible under the circumstances. We know that our dear brother left us for the heart of God. He will always be our friend, our brother. He has only changed from missionary to protector of our mission. May all your children, present and future, die as holily. Our number is diminished, but our courage and confidence in God seem to grow stronger day by day."

"Father Bret's death, so sad for us, was the signal for the conversion of the entire crew," wrote Father Bataillon. "We had already begun to instruct the sailors, and several of them had listened to our exhortations and had approached the Sacraments. After the death of Father Bret there was a real spiritual awakening. I shall always remember the mission we had aboard ship, and the singing, evening after evening, of litanies and hymns. No, I shall never forget the consolations which God heaped upon us, as if to comfort us for the loss of our brother."

No one equaled Father Chanel in his zeal for the instruction of the sailors. His attractive manner and his kindness had won their affection and esteem, and they listened to him more willingly than to the other missionaries. He knew how to explain the Church's doctrines and practices so simply and clearly that the dullest among them easily understood.

Speaking of these long, trying weeks, Father Bataillon bore this testimony of him, "He was not only our superior, but our model in all things — always kind, always cheerful, always patient, amid the discomforts of our long and difficult journey; affable towards all, thoughtful for all, he would not have wounded any one for the world; ever ready to console, to encourage, and to render every possible service, we never saw him in a bad humor. In a word, I do not remember ever to have observed the least fault in his conduct, or in his relations with those about him. I have often said, and it gives me pleasure to say again that I never knew a man more gentle, more modest, and more candid. He did not lack prudence, but the simplicity of the dove was his distinguishing trait. I feel certain that he never lost his baptismal innocence."

On the twenty-seventh of April the *Delphine* was overtaken by a storm so violent that more than once all aboard thought she could not weather it; but it passed and did no great damage, and without further incident the ship at last reached Valparaiso. Writing to his mother an account of their long, wearisome, and often dangerous voyage, Father Chanel said, "There are days when travel by sea is very pleasant; there are others fit to disgust one forever with the idea of travel. If I had started for pleasure, the storms

which buffeted us would have killed my fancy for that kind of amusement. But, thanks be to God, we missionaries were always glad to be where we were, bound for Oceania."

It was on the twenty-eighth of June that the travelers reached Valparaiso. "Hardly had we cast anchor," Father Bataillon related, "than three Fathers of the Congregation of Picpus came on board, welcomed us as warmly as their brothers, and offered us the use of their house and all they possessed, with a generosity that I shall never forget. On Bishop Pompallier, especially, they lavished the most delicate attentions, conducting him in triumph to their church, where the *Te Deum* and the Litany of Loretto were sung in thanksgiving for our safety. The next morning we had the consolation of seeing the sailors of the *Delphine*, who had already shown such excellent dispositions, one and all approach the Holy Table; and those among them who had never been confirmed received the Sacrament of Confirmation that same day."

The missionaries were detained for six weeks at Valparaiso. The *Delphine* had reached the end of her voyage, and they had to find another ship to take them to the islands of Oceania. For many days their efforts were in vain, and they availed themselves of their enforced leisure to write letters to friends and relatives in Europe, knowing that afterward it would be only at long intervals that they could send any word to those at home.

To his mother Father Chanel wrote most lovingly: "I am afraid, Mother dear, that I forgot to ask your blessing when we parted. I beg you to give it to me, not only when you receive this letter, but again and again every day of my life. It will reach me, never fear, across all the miles that separate us."

On the twenty-third of July he wrote to the students of the preparatory seminary of Belley, "My dear friends, it is now nearly a year since Divine Providence separated us. I assure you I have kept the promise, made in my last letter, that my heart will always be with you. The farther the *Delphine* carried me from you, the more did I love to follow you in spirit through your daily routine. We are not yet among the poor savages of whom I told you so often, and with so much joy. Here, they tell us many things about them, all calculated to inflame our courage and our zeal. Not only missionaries, but ordinary travelers, who have been in Oceania tell us that there is a rich harvest there, ready to be gathered in. What will be our joy if God raises up among you many workers willing to share our labors and our consolations! Do not weigh the sacrifices; the greater they are, the happier will you be to offer them to Him who has done so much for each one of us.

"In a few days we shall again put forth to sea. I am sure you are willing that we should tell our poor savages that in France there are many future missionaries, who long for the moment when they can come to aid us in the evangelization of the islands. Be missionaries of prayer, while awaiting the time when you can be so in action. I love to remember that you are under the Blessed Virgin's protection. Goodbye, goodbye, my dear friends."

(To be continued)

Beginnings at Limbe



AFTER four hours of rest for its wings, our giant airbird of silver left Port-au-Prince and headed in the direction of Cap Haitien.

Kind Bishop Jan, who had trudged three times to the airport that September forenoon, was about to give up all hope for the time being when the longed-for plane came into sight. His Excellency and the reverend Pastor wished us welcome. The former Superior of the Limbe convent, who was at the Bishop's Residence at the time, was also present. Our valises disappeared as if by magic, and we found them ten minutes after at the convent of the Daughters of Wisdom.

The afternoon brought us the pleasure of a visit to the Bishop's Residence. The next morning we did a little urgent shopping, then accompanied His Excellency to St. Teresa's Chapel, where he wishes to build a school with Sisters to staff it. The scenery on all sides is beautiful and the air is delightfully fresh.

On Friday we went by car to Milot, a historic site where notable feats of arms were accomplished in the past of the nation. The church, rotund in shape, is very original but just as pretty. Of the age-old Sansouci Castle of wide renown we could glimpse the antiquated ruins, which time is slowly but certainly annihilating. When we stopped at the Prefecture of Cap Haitien, the Prefect graciously offered chauffeur and car to take us to Limbe. We accepted and, His Excellency accompanying us, rode on to our future home, where the parish priest and several of his confreres were waiting to bid us a friendly welcome.

Our first breakfast and a large basket of fruits arrived the next morning from the rectory. It being market day, we bought the required food supply and could begin the great installation, as our mission cases had preceded us here.

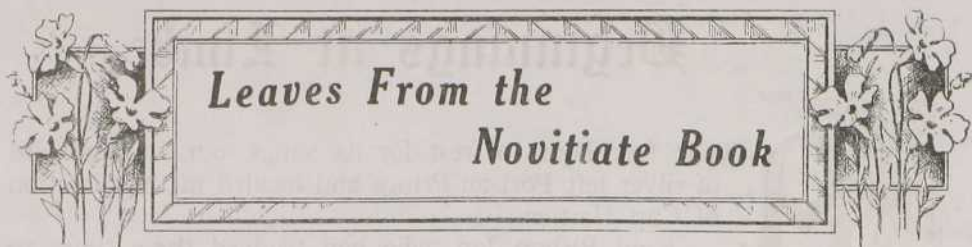
The presidential election delayed the school opening until October 17, but as early as the 12th we began to register names. Classrooms are far from palatial. Later on we shall do something with the paint brush, but at the moment all the walls are innocent of any beautifying coat. Seats, desks, and bookcases are as old as the hills and show black spots of paint all but erased out by time and childish hands.

Our kind parish priest has taken it upon himself to repair our little chapel. He has found an old altar and secondhand priedieus which will do very well. In our poor chapel the four of us will pray for all the good people here and whisper our thanks to God for having been selected to save for heavenly granaries some of His vast Haitian harvest.

Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre, M.I.C.(1)

Limbe, October 8, 1950

1. Germaine LEFRANCOIS, Longueuil.



Monday, September 11, 1950

Sisters are students. True, we don't have to delve deep into the Summa and buy copies of Thomistic Philosophy, but just the same, as missionaries in training we are supposed to learn much of many things. For this reason we are glad to see the class periods again figuring on our daily schedule after the summer lull when study was out of the question. With more enthusiasm than when we were schoolgirls we now tackle sundry subjects, the vision of a black-veiled Sister surrounded by kinky-haired dusky lads or almond-eyed lassies always in our mind's eye to urge us onward and upward.

This semester brings a new venture. We are making week-long voyages to different places where God's missionaries are at work. To Africa, China, Japan, the Philippines, and everywhere else we shall sail in spirit, and each and everyone of those countries will receive our spiritual assistance during a week. Then on to the neighboring land! May the gentle Queen of the Missions sentinel the particular field where we shall labor in after years as full-fledged missionaries.

Thursday, October 5

will go down as a red-letter, or rather gold-letter day in our lives, for it brought us the joy of a visit from His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Emile Leger, Archbishop of Montreal — the first since his consecration last spring.

Rev. Father Turcotte, our chaplain, wished him welcome in the name of all at the novitiate. Then the venerated Shepherd of the Archdiocese of Montreal had precious counsels to impart in view of our future career as missionaries of God and of Our Lady. His parting gift was a very special one, in the form of a holiday on which each novice might do as she pleased and spend her minutes as she chose. Judging from their hearty laughter, all the novices were in favor of the innovation, as His Excellency could see for himself when each one went to receive a souvenir card from his hand, for the smile was still thoroughly alive.

With the kindest of blessings and a promise to come again, Archbishop Leger took leave of our little Community.

Wednesday, October 11

The novices of the Holy Year will never forget this day, when with an Archbishop's permission they could do just as they pleased or pleased not.

It is safe to say that not one little Sister omitted this morning to insert, in the Memento of the living, the name of the revered Spiritual Head of the Archdiocese to whom we owe the gift of this beautiful day.

Soon after breakfast and the morning chores, we heard the bell ringing and knew the blissful time had come. After the first overflow of enthusiasm,



MISSIONARY SISTERS CANNOT AFFORD TO BURY THEIR TALENTS

each white-veiled one took advantage of the day's freedom to write, read, study a favorite theme, coax a few notes from the piano, sing, play *Perfection*, or do anything else that held some power of attraction on that particular day.

Souls with a contemplative bent preferred to steal away "from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" to ponder the Four Last Things, eyes glued on the dead leaves and ears listening to the autumn wind whistling in the tall trees. For one of the postulants the greatest thrill of a day of freedom was to make her spiritual reading in a book by herself selected and by herself alone relished. She was much astonished, however, to see that the novices preferred the common spiritual menu for those fifteen minutes in the forenoon. In more serious vein, many loving little Brides of Christ knelt in the chapel doorway to thank the Giver of all good gifts.

Mealtime did not bring any curb upon the general freedom. Eatables were placed all on the same table, whence the famished ones could choose wherewith to fill their plates.

In the evening we gathered in the reception hall for an entertaining program of songs, recitations, and short plays. This was prepared, as you have rightly guessed, by those novices who like nothing better than to make others happy, and who thought that was about the best way to use their hours of freedom.

Thanks to God and to our Archbishop for the very special holiday!

Do Postulants Write Any Letters ?

Dearest Martha,

I can see you reading this between Latin and Chemistry lessons! How are you, dear little sister of mine? Are your pupils the most interesting within the four seas? Tell me, pray, why the long face? Oh, I know! You must be thinking about your poor postulant . . . your poor postulant . . . in the novitiate of her foolish dreams . . . your poor postulant who must be terribly lonesome in her prison! So says your imagination, if I hear aright.

My poor dear sister, put on a smile and let me reassure you. First thing of all, I don't see any reason to court sadness, and let me tell you that nobody ever finds me other than full of joy. This novitiate is no jail; it is God's and Mary's own beloved home, where each novice is glad to be and glad to stay.

People in the outside world do not all understand the gladness one finds in the religious life. Even I had to put on a bold front, but deep in my heart of hearts I felt more afraid than you might think when I first stepped inside the novitiate. But everything is so wonderful here that I feel as if I had lost my way on earth and soared on to another planet close to Heaven and Mother Mary, where peace and joy prevail all the time. Order reigns everywhere; each minute brings its own duty, so that there are no cracks by which homesickness could creep in. We work, play, pray, sing, and do that with all our heart and will. And that's our daily life, little sister of mine. I forgot to say that we also have occasional films on the missions, conferences, outings, special visitors, and many other specials.

How would you like to hear about our last outing to the Point? That's how we call the end of our isle. In ten minutes a little forest path takes us there. All was so quiet the evening we went; the last rays of the sun were mirrored in the tranquil waters of the River of the Prairies. The novices had asked to accompany us, so that we were a good company in all. It was all so beautiful that we just had to break out in song and naturally chose a peasant theme to throw to the echoes.

We had another choice sample of heavenly joy last week, rather should I say apostolic. Rev. Father Joseph Tseou, ordained on the Feast of the Assumption in Immaculate Conception Church, Montreal, came to offer the Holy Sacrifice in our novitiate chapel.

This newly-ordained priest is one of the first two Chinese Jesuits of the diocese of Suchow. (Oh, you don't know much about that place, do you? But never mind, later on I may send you letters postmarked Suchow.) It was so touching. Wasn't that a beautiful golden head of grain in the Father's vast mission harvest? How happy must be those missionaries who have helped him on to the altar, who have cooperated in the making of a priest of God! Priests are other Christs.

When that Chinese priest came to say Mass here, I took the resolution to pray daily for priestly vocations to flourish in the missions.

By the way, if Suchow is not granted the pleasure of my acquaintance, I have set my heart on Africa, and you may be sure I shall pray for my black boys that they will choose the seminary after my little school lets them out.

Pray for me, please. The missionary vocation is so great and I am so small and powerless. I'm still offering a few decades of my daily Rosary for your own dear self. If you want to know the reason why, let me tell you that you are still occupying in my heart the same compartment reserved for you, and nobody does any trespassing therein except the great and glorious Mother of our God.

Your loving little sister,

SISTER JOAN

Vocationally Speaking

Did you ever ring a convent doorbell? I rang a few before crossing the convent threshold for good, and invariably the person who stood in the doorway wore *one big smile*. Now I know and can tell how that perennial smile can play on a Sister's features. Some of my knowledge on the matter I have picked from books, but most of it has come from the pathways of actual, day-to-day living.

In a sketchy way (a volume would not do justice to the theme) let us pause to enumerate and explain what may be termed, in an effort to condense one hundred into less than one dozen, the

Seven Joys of the Sister

Surely the first and greatest thrill springs from the realization of the sublimity of the religious life one has embraced. For hearts aflame with love for God but barred from the sacred priesthood, it is the highest ideal achievable. In priestly and religious careers alike, it is the same God who gives joy to our youth, who demands cheerful, whole-hearted service, and promises the hundredfold in return for what has been sacrificed. The priest holds Christ in his hands, but the nun holds her hand in Christ's. The priest is the Ambassador of Christ, but the nun is the Bride of Christ.

... And the daughter of Mary! Mary's loving presence in a religious house constitutes the second great joy of consecrated souls. Mary walks along the corridors; Mary rings the convent bell. Her picture hangs in every cell and her name springs ever and anon to the lips. Mary's company is never boring, never dull, for wherever she goes, the *Magnificat* follows.

Third and fourth along the gamut of gladness stand prayer and sacrifice. A nun's happiest hours are those she spends in loving prayer before that vestibule to Heaven which is the Tabernacle. Prayer also gives the opportunity of innumerable audiences with the King of kings. Is it an overstatement to say that the person received in audience by an earthly Royal Highness at seven in the morning would still be wearing a smile at seven in the evening? Transfer that to a divine plane, and you will understand why the Sister who began her day with prayer can live it with joy. As to sacrifice, this is how I see it. Christ saves souls with His Cross and we with our crosses — capital C and small c. When you were a kindergarten tot and denied yourself a cookie for the pagan babies, you were happy the moment after, were you not? On an adult scale, it is just the same; within convent walls the Sister often has to go without cookies (more figuratively than literally!); but the apostle in her says that she must abstain from this or that satisfaction, not only for pagan babies, but also for all those of whom the lover of souls must be "in labor until Christ be formed in them."

Fifth joy, any Sister will tell you, is the bliss of intimate family life with others who share your hopes, pleasures, sorrows, everything. This joy can be better illustrated by a picture than by a paragraph . . .



Sixth on the list might be mentioned that collection, mountain, accumulation of little joys that come into the life of every Sister. From first bell in the morning to last bell at night creep in those little unexpected joys, those delicate attentions of Providence, those little deeds of charity and words of affection that make the convent home an Eden like the Heaven above.

This brings us to the seventh and the best, though the longest deferred, the glorious, unending joy of Heaven, which not even that master penman and theologian St. Paul could explain. The Sister is sure of that unending joy because she has faith in the word that rejoiced the beginning of her every day: "May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto everlasting life. Amen." And she knows that a sentence on the wall of the refectory reads: "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord: they shall praise Thee for ever and ever."

A MISSIONARY SISTER



Mission Life Described

Did you ever wonder if mission life is all the missionary has expected it to be? Here is an excerpt from a letter from a new Marist missionary nun in Oceania, which may give us the answer:

"The missions are as exciting, as lonely, and as interesting as I had been told they would be. Spirituality and self-sacrifice are needed. Sometimes while looking at the native children, I realize my heavy responsibility. Their happiness, now and hereafter, depends so much on my words and actions. At times, when I have not seen the other Sisters for months, and when even Mass and Communion are denied for days because Father is visiting the outlying villages, I think, 'Isn't it lonely?' But then I realize that this is what I was trained for. My consolation is that we are servants of Love, and Love will repay all."

Want Ad — *Books*

for Empty Shelves

Young People's Library

Our mission-minded friends everywhere are cordially invited to co-operate in building up a Young People's Library in the Philippine Islands.

Our Sisters stationed there have sent us the following list they would especially appreciate. (Only English books are to be sent for the projected Library.)

Sciences	{	Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Mathematics.
Literature	{	Histories, Classics, Wholesome Fiction, Drama, Songs.
Biographies	{	Saints, Non-Saints, Heroes of All Nations, Famous People, Hidden People, Grownups, Children, Aviators, Travellers, Chimney Sweeps, etc. The Autobiography of the Little Flower has also been specified.
Also	{	Bibles, Catechisms (explained), Crafts of All Kinds, Arts, etc.

To avoid delay and re-mailing, we would advise to send the books directly to

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo
Gagalangin, Manila, Philippine Islands.

However, the books will also be received with sincere gratitude at the following addresses:

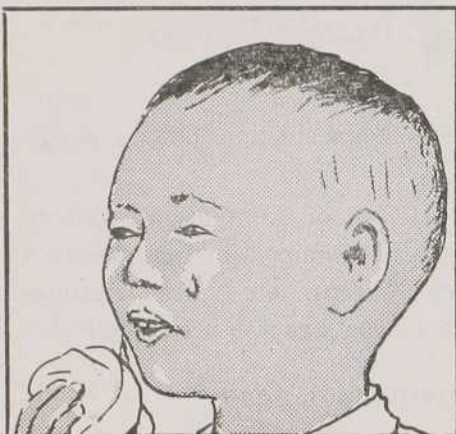
The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P.Q.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
187 Pleasant Street
Marlboro, Mass., U.S.A.

PLEASE NOTE — *Printed matter is accepted in bundles up to 6½ pounds.*



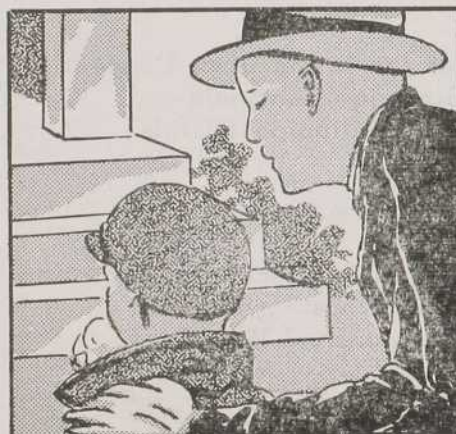
THE STORY SO FAR — Tch'oei Ti Tong had lost his mother, and his father was fighting for the homeland. The boy lived with old Wong . . .



But there came a day when the dear boy had to say good-bye to his old friend, to his village, and to his beloved bamboo flute.



The war guns were silenced. After fruitless researches, the warrior dad found his boy and told him they would buy a house in Canton.



The soldier, a fanatic pagan, wanted to send his child to a pagan school, where he would learn to offer incense and sacrifices to the ancestors.



For all he missed his old friend very much, Tch'oei Ti Tong was glad to go to school and eagerly studied the puzzling Chinese characters.



Deep in his heart, however, he still cherished one wonderful hope; he wanted to learn more about the religion of the great Lord of Heaven.



The pagan feasts always made him feel sad. No, God could never be with those ugly grinning devils yelling behind paper dragons!



One day, the young pupil chanced to see a Catholic ceremony. His curiosity pricked, he softly stepped close behind a group of altar boys.



A missionary was speaking about Jesus — that Jesus the lad needed so! But he was too shy to draw close to the Bishop in gold vestments.



Back at college, Little Flute Player tried to recapture on his brass flute the notes of the *Ave Maria* he had heard the Catholics singing.



Each *Ave Maria* he played increased his desire to know the Catholic religion. At last, he ran over to old Wong's. Maybe there he would find the bearded missionary!

Glories of Mary



Thanks for your prayers. My daughter has a baby girl and both are fine. Mrs. C. MacL. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a cure for my son. K. H. — Many thanks for your prayers. Mrs. O. P., Holyoke, Mass. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a cure. Miss G. L., St. Ignace de Loyola. — Thanks for a cure. Mr. R. L., St. Roch de l'Achigan. — Please publish that I have obtained several favors. Mrs. J. R., St. Esprit. — All my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a successful operation. Please pray that my brother will change his conduct; also for another intention. X., Lachine. — A thousand thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. R. L., Cap de la Madeleine. — I have obtained two great favors. Thanks to our heavenly Mother. Mr. J. M. D. — Grateful thanks for favors received through the intercession of Mary, Queen of All Hearts. Mrs. T., St. Croix. — Our Blessed Mother has answered my prayers; please help me to thank her as I should. A subscriber, Montreal. — Fulfilling my promise to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for the favors she has obtained for me. J. A., Quebec. — Will you please publish my gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for the favor I have received through her intercession. G. B., Verdun. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. J. S. — All my thanks for a favor I have been granted.

Mrs. A. L., St. Basile le Grand. — Deep gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor obtained after promising to publish. Miss R. P., St. Hyacinthe. — Grateful thanks for a favor obtained. I am asking Our Lady to protect my husband threatened with blindness, my soldier son in Japan, and also to help us to settle urgent matters. Mrs. E. L. — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor obtained. I trust she will continue to protect me. A.M.G., St. Hyacinthe. — Homage of thanksgiving to our kind Mother in Heaven for the cure of my little girl. Mrs. L. L., Montreal. — Fulfilling my promise in gratitude to Our Blessed Mother. R. P., Ville Emard. — I wish to express my thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor she has obtained for me. A.M.R. — Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for favors attributed to her intercession. A.N. — I wish to fulfill my promise in thanksgiving for favors received. Mrs. A., St. Rose. — Please publish my thanks for relief granted to my husband; I am asking his recovery. Mrs. A. B. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Miss A., St. Maurice. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the favors and blessings she is always showering upon us. A child of Mary.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Will you please have a Mass said for the Souls of the most abandoned in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mr. H., Verdun. — Would you please publish thanksgiving to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, St. Joseph, and St. Therese for many favors received. Mrs. M., Montreal. — Thanks to St. Anne and St. Anthony of Padua for a favor received. Mrs. D. G., Montreal. — Grateful thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a cure. Miss P. L. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of Lisieux for a favor obtained after promising to publish. A subscriber, Ville Lasalle. — Sincere thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received through her intercession. G.G., Montreal. — I am fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving to St. Therese of the Child Jesus and would like to have prayers said for a special intention concerning my son. Mrs. R. R., Montreal. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and St. Jude for a favor received. Mrs. T., Tilbury, Ont. — Thanks to the most forsaken souls in Purgatory for a favor received. Mr. H., Verdun.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

Petitions to Mary



Please have a novena said for me and pray to Our Blessed Lady for three very special intentions. M. M., Montreal. — Please pray for two intentions for my brother. Mrs. K., Montreal. — Please pray for an elderly lady who is sick in the hospital. X., Montreal. — Will you please remember my husband in your prayers, as his eyes are sick and he needs them to work. Mrs. C., Montreal. — Please pray for several families. Mr. and Mrs. M. — Will you please pray for a very special intention. Mrs. P. G., Montreal. — I am asking your assistance in prayer for my wife and self and also for my employer that we may get well of our little ills. Also that my transactions may show some return. X. — Will you please ask all the Sisters to pray to the Blessed Mother for a special favor I want. A subscriber. — Please make a novena for a special favor and that everything will go well with my daughter. Mrs. B., Granby, P.Q. — Please pray for us or make a novena so we can succeed in our business.

Mrs. B. — May I request your prayers for a special intention. Mrs. M. B., Quebec. — Please pray for a favor. Mrs. H. — Will you please pray for a friend who is ill. A. T., Ontario. — Please pray that I may be given the guidance to carry on alone successfully now that my dear husband has passed away. Mrs. D., Ontario. — Please make a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for several intentions. Miss E. G. — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for a very special favor. Miss L. Z., Ontario. — I am appealing to your prayers and ask Our Blessed Mother to come to my aid. I'm sure the Blessed Virgin will come to my aid. Mrs. E. J., Kent County, N. B. — Will you please have a novena offered for a favor I am asking from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. J., Millinocket, Me. — Please pray for my health of soul and body. Mrs. A. D. — Will you kindly pray for my health. Mrs. A. P., Jewett City, Conn. — May I ask you to pray to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady of the miraculous medal to cure me of the sufferings and handicaps and dangers in my life. X., Montreal. — I am requesting my mother's cure from Our Lady, Mary Immaculate. A subscriber. — A mother of eight children, ill with cancer, would like you to pray for her. — I wish to sell my farm; please pray so all will come on fine. Mr. C. O. — Please pray for better health. Mrs. T., St. Croix. — Will you please pray that I may have a promotion. Mr. M. P. — Dear Blessed Mother, please protect one of my boys who drinks very much. X. — I am requesting two favors through the intercession of Mary, Queen of All Hearts. X. — Please pray for the cure and happiness of my mother; for the conversion of my father and two brothers; for success in my three sisters' undertakings and mine. A confident client of Our Lady. — Please have prayers said for my dear mother, who has been ill these last eight years. S. L. — Will you kindly offer prayers for my husband's health, the conversion of a young man who drinks, and other favors. X. — I am requesting a great favor through the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber. — Will you please pray for a cure, the sale of a house, and a conversion. X. — May Our Lady of the Rosary obtain my cure. A reader of the PRECURSOR. — Will you kindly pray to Our Blessed Lady for my cure. A subscriber. — Will you please have prayers said for my son, the father of eight children. An afflicted mother. — May I ask your prayers to Our Blessed Mother that I may obtain a position. Mrs. R. G., Verdun. — Prayers, please, for a raise in salary. C. D. — Will you please join me in prayer until my husband gives up drinking. Mrs. R. M. — Will you kindly pray for my son engaged in military service, for the conversion of a young man, and for another special intention. A subscriber. — Please remember my very special intention in your prayers. X. — Please pray for my seventeen-year-old girl and also for my own cure. X., Montreal. — Would you be so kind as to offer a novena to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a conversion, peace in our family, and my cure. Mrs. L., Montreal. — Will you please have a prayer said to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for myself and husband who are sick and need to get well to be able to bring up my two young children in the true Catholic Faith. Other intentions are also recommended. Mrs. J. W. — Please pray to the Souls in Purgatory for a special intention. Mrs. McL.

Prayers are requested for the following intentions: conversions, 6; positions, 2; cures, 23; special intentions, 45.

MASS is celebrated once a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all living Benefactors.

Our Beloved Dead



Msgr. J. N. Campeau, D.P., Chatham, Ont.; Rev. Father Moise Gervais, chaplain at our Outremont convent; Rev. Sister Harwood, Hotel Dieu of Montreal; Mr. Felix Ouellet, Beauportville, father of our Sister Marie de la Resurrection; Mr. Lazare Tremblay, St. Cyprien, father of our Sister St. Adelaide; Mr. Roch Bournival, Three Rivers, father of our Sister St. Febronie; Mr. Francois Robillard, St. Ours, father of our Sister Cecile de Rome; Mr. J. N. Ennis, Salem, Mass., father of our Sister St. Nina; Mr. Gaudiose Julien, St. Augustin de Portneuf, father of our Sister St. Julien; Mrs. Josaphat Beaulieu, St. Urbain de Chateauguay, mother of our Sister Marie Blanche; Mr. Ernest Robitaille, Montreal, brother of our Sister St. Ignace; Mr. Hermenegilde Laflamme, St. Luc, brother of our Sister St. Germaine; Mrs. Pierre Sylvestre, St. Simon, grandmother of our Sister Gemma du Sauveur; Mr. Henri Lessard, Hall; Mrs. D. Bruce, Montreal; Mr. Timothy O'Grady, Cap de la Madeleine; Mrs. D. 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(Founded in 1902)

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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.
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Mission workroom.

CHINA

CANTON, 135 Tai San Lo
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TO KOM HANG, Postal address :
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SHAMEEN, Canton, 26 Chu Kong Road
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St. Therese of the Child Jesus School.
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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
Clinic. (Founded in 1931)

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
School. (Founded in 1949)

MIREBALAIS, Haiti
School. (Founded in 1949)

LIMBE, Haiti
School. (Founded in 1950)

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 MISSION, Njakwa P.O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa
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