



CHAPTERS
IN CANADA'S



MISSION
EFFORT

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VOL. XVIII

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Letter of the Holy Father to the Carmelite Order

The year 1951 brings the 700th anniversary of the institution of the Scapular of Carmel. Here follows the autograph letter addressed on the occasion of this 7th centenary, by His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the Prior General of the Order of Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel.

BELOVED SONS,

HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

Everyone knows how love for the Blessed Virgin Mother of God helps to stir up the faith and elevate the moral standard of Catholics, particularly by means of those external practices of devotion which, more than others, seem to enlighten souls with divine truth and to inspire them to practice Christian virtue. Especially among those is to be reckoned the devotion to the holy Scapular of the Carmelites which, well adapted to the mentality of all people because of its simplicity, has been widely spread among the faithful with untold spiritual advantages.

It is, therefore, a source of great joy to us to learn that with the approach of the seventh centenary of the institution of this Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the sons of Carmel, both Calced and Discalced, have resolved to unite in celebrating the solemnities in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary with all possible fervor. We gladly bless this holy enterprise and pray God to bless it abundantly, not only because of our love for the gracious Mother of God, but also because we, from our childhood, have been enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular.

For here it is a question of no trifling matter, but of gaining eternal life in virtue of a promise made, as tradition tells us, by the Blessed Virgin herself; in other words, it is a question of the one and only thing that really matters, and of its successful achievement. Truly, the holy Scapular, being the habit of Mary, is a sign and a pledge of the protection of God's Mother; but those who wear it, bearing in mind the words of the Apostle: "In fear and trembling work out your salvation" (Phil., 2, 12), must not think that they will save their souls in spiritual sloth and negligence.

To all Carmelites, belonging as they do by a special bond of love to the family of the Blessed Mother, whether of the first and second Order, in the cloister, or of the Third regular or secular, or of the Confraternities — to all of them let this reminder of the Virgin (the holy Scapular) be a mirror of humility and chastity; let its unpretentious form be for them an epitome of modesty and simplicity; above all, let this garment which they wear day and night, be an eloquent symbol of the unceasing prayer with which they ask God's help; and finally, let it be for them a consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary — a consecration which we in recent times have recommended.

That good Mother shall most certainly see to it that by her intercession with God, her children who go to Purgatory to expiate their sins, shall as soon as possible reach their eternal home, according to that tradition called the Sabbatine Privilege.

Meanwhile, as a presage of God's protection and assistance, and as a pledge of our special affection, we most lovingly impart to you, beloved Sons, and to the entire Carmelite Order, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's on the feast of the Apparition of Mary Immaculate, the 11th of February of the year 1950, the eleventh of Our Pontificate.

POPE PIUS XII



Annunciation

A lily Maid this night will shrine
The sole-begotten Son
Of God. Prince Gabriel, announce
To Mary, sinless one.

A sudden whir of angel wing
Has stirred the silence where
"Drop down the dew, ye heavens" prays
A Maid so wondrous fair

Archangel e'en can apprehend
Forgetting half his text.
At salutation of the Prince
The Virgin looks perplexed.

What means the greeting "Full of Grace" ?
And what proposal this
That she, betrothed to her God,
Accept a mother's bliss?

"For thou hast found all grace. No fear
Thy spirit let aggrieve.
The Holy Ghost on thee shall come:
Behold thou shalt conceive

"And shall bring forth the Holy One
Of God." Then Mary said:
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"
Submissive bowed her head;

Enraptured, suddenly became
Aware of life that stirred.
Et Verbum caro factum est:
Incarnate was the Word.

Annunciation Lady, hail!
O Mary, Full of Grace.
Before our Maker intercede
For sinful human race.



*Portrait of Blessed Marguerite Bourgeoys
Unveiled at Her Beatification*

CANADIAN BEATA



Assumpta! sang our hearts one glad November.
Beata! rang a Voice from Peter's Rome
Upon a Holy Year we shall remember
Forevermore. Beneath a glowing dome

The Pope of Mary spoke, her great Assumption
Of faith declaring. Hearts with joyful beat
Extolled the Full of Grace. Across an Ocean
Was winged your name, O Blessed Marguerite!

O favored one by Heaven fond regarded,
The life of France transplanted on our sod
In olden days with mother love you guarded.
Our Lady's fief you fashioned of our clod.

The love of Christ that girded you for danger
From tomahawk and savage hatred, led
Your step to stable school. (From lowly manger
The teaching Christ of poverty has said

The words that fill the loving soul with yearning
For Him and naught beside.) Upon a mount,
Within your heart, His Cross you raised; and spurning
The dross of earth, you sought the paramount.

Beata! Love of souls once made you sever
The sacred ties to home and motherland.
The Gospel bearers pray that you remember
The Christless ones on every heathen strand.

THE

AND ITS

FOUNDER



By EDITH DELAMARE

Canon Cardijn, the founder of the Young Christian Workers or Jocist Movement, is a Belgian priest of medium height and slight build, with a winning smile and silver grey hair. He was born sixty-eight years ago in a suburb of Brussels, where his father was a coal merchant. When little Joseph, the eldest of five children, scampered out of school each day, unlike the other boys who indulged in frolic and fun, he liked nothing better than to help his father to pull the coal delivery cart. Quite naturally, he had soon developed that prankish habit which is usual with boys, and which consists in ringing doorbells and scurrying off into hiding. Melancholy, be it said, has never dogged the footsteps of Joseph Cardijn.

When the boy had reached his twelfth year, his father called him aside one night and said that schooling was about finished. Joseph made no comments and asked no questions. Hours later, a sleepless, unstockinged lad stumbled into the kitchen. "Father, I have something to tell you. Please let me continue at my books. I want to be a priest."

The coal merchant sat bolt upright in his chair. "We have been working very hard, my boy. But we will work still harder to deserve the honor of having a priestly son. Run off to bed now, and no worries."

A few short weeks later, Joseph was packed off to the minor seminary.

A Boy and His Vocation

Canon Cardijn seems to have found his true vocation in life as a youth of thirteen. "Destined for the factory," he reminisces, "I became a priest by the grace of God. During the vacations of those seminary years, I discovered that my former chums, those I used to fight in the streets with, those who were more pious and more intelligent than I, had been corrupted in a few months. They were Socialists and Communists; I was a priest. It was the same everywhere; youth had been left to solve its problems alone."

The young seminarian became at once intensely concerned for the mass of adolescent wage-earners, who find it morally impossible to resist and to rise alone.

From then on his sole ambition would be to save the laboring masses for Christ. He realized that young people leaving school for the factory had nobody to solve their difficulties and give them the Christian attitude regarding work, life, and love. "They are corrupted before they reach twenty-five," could he truthfully say. With his characteristic keenness of perception he saw that the solution would be to form a new youth, a youth with a new concept of the dignity of life and labor, of courtship and marriage, of family and children.

Months merged into years. Prematurely worn out by work, the head of the Cardijn household died in 1904. Beside the coffin of an obscure and sublime victim of labor, his son vowed to dedicate himself to the death to the salvation of the working class estranged from the Church.

Beginnings

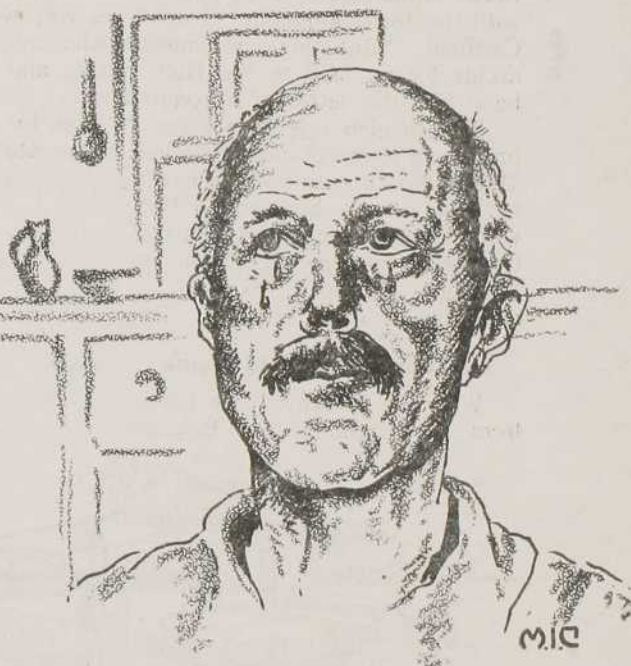
In 1912, a certain parish priest of a suburb of Brussels asked Cardinal Mercier for a qualified assistant to help him to check the alarming inroads which Socialism was making into his parish.

The Cardinal's choice mystified the old priest. Father Cardijn, the new assistant, was not a man of sturdy health; he coughed in a manner that frightened the veteran parish leader. Besides, how could the young priest's professorship at the Minor Seminary have prepared him to exercise his ministry in a parish composed of working people? But while the veteran doubted, the newcomer exulted. At long last his privilege it would be to bind the wounds of his universal brother, the humble and too long humiliated workingman.

Not many days after his arrival, Father Cardijn could be seen waiting at factory doors to greet the workers as they came out and to get acquainted with them. On his frequent home visits, he discussed with them their needs, labor problems, difficulties, and dangers. His first Jocist cell he began with a handful of poor working girls who could hardly read and write. "If you will but believe," he optimistically promised, "we shall begin our conquest of the laboring world." Years later, when speaking of his pioneers, he called them heroines, brave little martyrs.

Personally, he had to face what seemed insuperable opposition. Even well-meaning fellow priests called him "a dunce" and laughed at his idea of reforming factories and penetrating the masses. Other unsympathetic people labelled him a Communist. For thirteen years he had to struggle against almost insurmountable odds, without for that making much headway with his gigantic scheme. Many a time he felt sorely tempted to toss the whole project aside.

"Father Cardijn," a group of working boys addressed him one day, "we can do just as well as your girls. Give us a chance!"



*We have been working very hard,
but we will work still harder...*

In that year of 1914, the good-natured priest accordingly launched a study group for working boys, with the heartening result that the girls soon had to step up the tempo of their enthusiasm in order not to be outclassed by the manly beginners.

The Movement Expands

Shortly after his appointment, in 1915, as Chaplain of the Christian Syndicates of Brussels, Father Cardijn was arrested and imprisoned for eighteen months. A providential incarceration that was, for it gave him time to meditate on experience previously acquired and to elaborate a workable method of apostolate. Thus, the fundamental principles of the proposed Young Christian Workers were established from 1917 to 1918, in the jail of St. Giles, in Brussels.

The following year, he made his dreams a reality by grouping his workers into a "Syndicalist Youth." The novel venture meeting with encouraging success, he founded in 1924 the association later to be known as the Young Christian Workers (J.O.C. or Jocist Movement). The new movement he based on the rock-firm principle that the young worker is a human individual capable and desirous of progressing and of attaining to a future destiny very personally his own. To achieve this magnificent destiny he has in him unsuspected potentialities. These he must be made conscious of and incited to develop by all the means at his command.

Previously, Belgian adolescents had been welded into the Catholic Association of Belgian Youth. Father Cardijn's plan to introduce a new organization for young workers seemed so preposterous that some of its opponents inveighed against it to the point that they insisted upon Cardinal Mercier's condemning it on the ground that, far from effecting any good, it divided the youth and fomented class struggles. Much embarrassed, the eminent churchman arranged for a personal interview with the Jocist founder. "I don't see very well in your case, dear son," said the Cardinal. "But there is someone who can decide for us. Go to the Holy Father and hand him this letter of introduction."

The Belgian priest's decision to take his project to Rome provoked amused comments "that the little curate would never be received in audience." But with courage unabated, Father Cardijn would go to Rome in that holy year of 1925, and an audience he would obtain!

The Curate Goes to Rome

When he presented the letter from the Cardinal, the Belgian



Cardijn Realized the Utter Misfortune of Working Youth

curate was told, "You will be in the second row. Formulate your intentions mentally, and the Pope will bless them." The young priest, however, had gone to the Vatican for an audience with the Pope. By chance, or rather by Providence, he suddenly found himself alone with the Holy Father.

"And what do you plan to do?" asked Pope Pius XI.

"Most Holy Father, I want to sacrifice my life to conquer the laboring masses for Christ."

The Pope smiled his satisfaction. "This is the very first time that anyone has come to me with a plan like this. Usually they say: I will conquer an elite, a little number. No. The Church needs, not an elite, but the masses. The greatest scandal of the nineteenth century is the loss of the working class to the Church. The greatest service you can render us is to conquer the masses. The masses need the Church. The Church needs the masses. The Church is not a Church of the rich, the bourgeois, the elite. It is a Church of the masses. We are sent to preach the Gospel to the poor."

"I will your movement," said the Holy Father in conclusion, as he promised to notify Cardinal Mercier of the papal approbation.

Thereafter the Jocist founder paid an annual visit to the Vatican. In 1928, the Pope inquired how things were standing and whether people believed in the efforts made by Jocism for the temporal uplifting and the eternal salvation of the young workers. Upon the founder's answer that some still remained skeptical, Pope Pius made a suggestion. "Come to Rome with your militants. The Pope will show the whole world what he thinks of the workers and what the workers think of your association."

In September, 1929, after one year of spiritual and material preparation, 1,200 youthful Belgian workers left on the voyage they had been promised. The enthusiastic Vatican-bound pilgrims marvelled at the exquisite beauties of enchanting Switzerland. Never had they feasted their eyes on God's beautiful creation as they did in those days of their pilgrimage. As for their devoted founder, the overwhelming joy of his Jocists enthralled him still more than the extravagantly beautiful nature. "It is their turn now to uplift their hearts in the presence of God's great creation which belongs to all men."

At last they detected the thousand steeples and domes of the Eternal City silhouetted against the Italian sky. The Jocists and their father, irrepressibly gay, intoned their international hymn and a full-throated *Magnificat* of praise.

The pontifical audience being scheduled for the coming Saturday, the pilgrim groups spent the intervening Thursday and Friday in visiting the immortal Rome of Peter and his successors. Finally, at four on Saturday afternoon, the groups placed themselves in order for the triumphant entrance into the papal palace. Cardijn, blissfully happy, hurried from one group to another giving last-minute instructions. In the lead were the federation and section flags of Belgium, followed by the Jocist delegates in working clothes; rugged-featured miners with leather caps and work lamps; metallurgists with leathern aprons and tool-kits; painters in white jackets; railroad employees in blue shirts; expert electricians and carpenters with their planes. For the working mass all the rules of the Roman protocol had been abolished, and the ordinary requirements of black suit and white shirt cancelled. In endless files the Jocist forces walked past the admiring Swiss Guards, past the spacious reception halls, past the gaze of the venerable portraits of long deceased popes and eminent prelates.

When all the workers had come to a halt, Pope Pius XI appeared, accompanied by Father Cardijn, who was to present the various delegations. A tremendous

ovation greeted the arrival of the Father of Christendom. For a full hour the Pope remained with the Belgian pilgrims, graciously giving them his ring to kiss. Jocist hymns and ovations to the Holy Father alternated in rapid succession, while countless eyes sparkled with tears of happiness.

The Holy Father accepted the gifts, questioned the donors on their particular work or region, read the inscriptions on the banners, and the letters of parents or priest friends handed him in all simplicity by some of the Jocists. Then with a benevolent smile he entrusted the whole to his secretaries, who were present at the audience together with Cardinal Van Roey.

When the acclamations had quieted down, the Pope spoke feelingly for more than forty-five minutes with the simplicity of a father confiding in his children. He told them how they were the Church in their factories, in their working milieu, and how the conquest of the world's working youth lay in their hands. He added, also, that the Young Christian Workers was an authentic form, a perfect example of that Catholic Action which was the leading idea of his pontificate, and that he was familiar with its publications. After a final blessing for the Jocists, their families, their fellow workers, Pope Pius XI retired to the



It gave him time to meditate

thunderous applause of those enthusiastic youths so deeply impressed by the benevolence and fatherly kindness of the Vicar of Christ.

At nightfall, after three heavenly hours spent within its walls, the Belgian pilgrims left the Vatican. Truly could Father Cardijn say with legitimate pride that neither emperor nor king could boast of a similar reception in the house of the common Father of all the faithful.

"Teach Ye All Nations"

One April morning, an editorial in the Jocist publication stated that it was charged with announcing to the Jocists of Belgium the founding of the J.O.C. in France. Four young workers had grouped around a curate of Clichy, Father Guerin. From the City on the seven hills the Holy Father spoke in the name of Christ: "To the great joy of Our Heart We discern . . . dense masses of young workers who listen readily to the call of divine grace and strive with splendid zeal to win their fellows to Christ . . . Undoubtedly the first and immediate apostles of the workingmen must themselves be workingmen." (*Quadragesimo Anno*, May 15, 1931) As early as 1912, the genius of Father Cardijn had understood that only the workers could re-christianize their own lives, their entire environment, the whole mass of their workmates. In 1931, the Jocist founder went to Lourdes

to celebrate his anniversary of priestly ordination and to thank Our Lady for the great graces bestowed upon his sacerdotal career. It was an unforgettable experience.

An altar had been erected on the esplanade of the Rosary. Flemings and Walloons in unison sang the High Mass with their chaplain. The latter had announced that he would speak after the sacred function; but when the time came to address the congregation, emotion choked his voice and he had to confine himself to renewing to Our Lady his promise to spend himself body and soul for the salvation of his beloved working friends.

From then on the Young Christian Workers marched from success to success. But there came the fateful September 2, 1939, when the founder, who must have ardently longed that time to accompany 1,200 Belgian Jocists on a visit to Pope Pius XII, had instead the grim duty to see on special trains 20,000 young workers from almost every European country. "After the war is over," he remarked hopefully "we will go to Rome in greater numbers."

Came the month of May, 1940 and the invasion of Belgium. Belgian and French routes saw the indefatigable chaplain organizing shelters and emergency stations. Immediately upon his return to Brussels he transformed the Jocist headquarters into a Belgian version of Friendship House, which was tolerated as such by the occupational authorities. But the J.O.C. as an educational movement was prohibited in all the occupied territories. When Father Cardijn protested against the deportation of young wage-earners to German factories, he was interned for a period of three months in a cell with five or six Socialists and Communists. Released in deference to the request of Cardinal Van Roey, he did not for that forget his former companions in prison. Daily he contacted the military authorities



I don't see very well in your case, dear son . . .

to solicit the release of the others who had been arrested with him. "They were arrested for the very same cause as I. They are no guiltier than I am. They have as much right as I to be liberated. If you do not release them, I am going back to St. Giles." Finally, he persuaded the authorities to set the prisoners free.

In the meantime the Jocist militants were operating more than six hundred underground sections of their movement in Germany and had also organized study weeks in Brussels, supposedly to promote physical culture. The Germans began to feel that there was something amiss. One morning three of them determined to search for Herr Cardijn. The founder of the J.O.C. had just entered into the chapel. Briskly he bounded into the garden, scaled a wall of medium height (quite an accomplishment for a man of sixty-three), and from there climbed onto the roof of the neighboring house. After being assured that Mr. Cardijn was not in the house, the soldiers nevertheless proceeded to explore it from cellar to attic. Cautiously turning around the chimney to avoid being found out, covered with soot and plaster, the Chaplain General surveyed their comings and goings.

The following day, September 2, the last German services left the Belgian Capital.

The J.O.C. Far and Wide

In these latter years Canon Cardijn toured many countries to gain first-hand information on labor problems confronting working youth. Everywhere he was warmly welcomed by both civil and religious authorities. Our own Canada greeted him with particular benevolence. In the United States, hope was expressed to see his movement expand, thereby preparing young workers to fulfill their responsibilities in the troubled postwar period. In Mexico the Young Christian Workers has already had its martyrs, whose sacrifice is the price paid for future hosts of militant Jocists. An international meeting of Jocist chaplains in Costa Rica drew representatives from eighteen countries. A ten-year-old Indian boy journeyed eight hundred miles to give to Canon Cardijn a magnificent Jocist badge made by the workers themselves and presented in their name.

In Africa as in America the Jocist initiator has confronted appalling problems demanding a quick solution. To quote from one of his statements: "The masses have been despoiled of their heritage, both spiritual and material. They possess nothing. They are the proletariat." And he adds: "We must begin the process of *deproletarianization*. We must first return their spiritual heritage. We must reveal to the youth of today his sublime dignity as a Christian, a brother of Christ, a collaborator with God in the work of redemption, a collaborator with God in adapting matter to the needs of men."

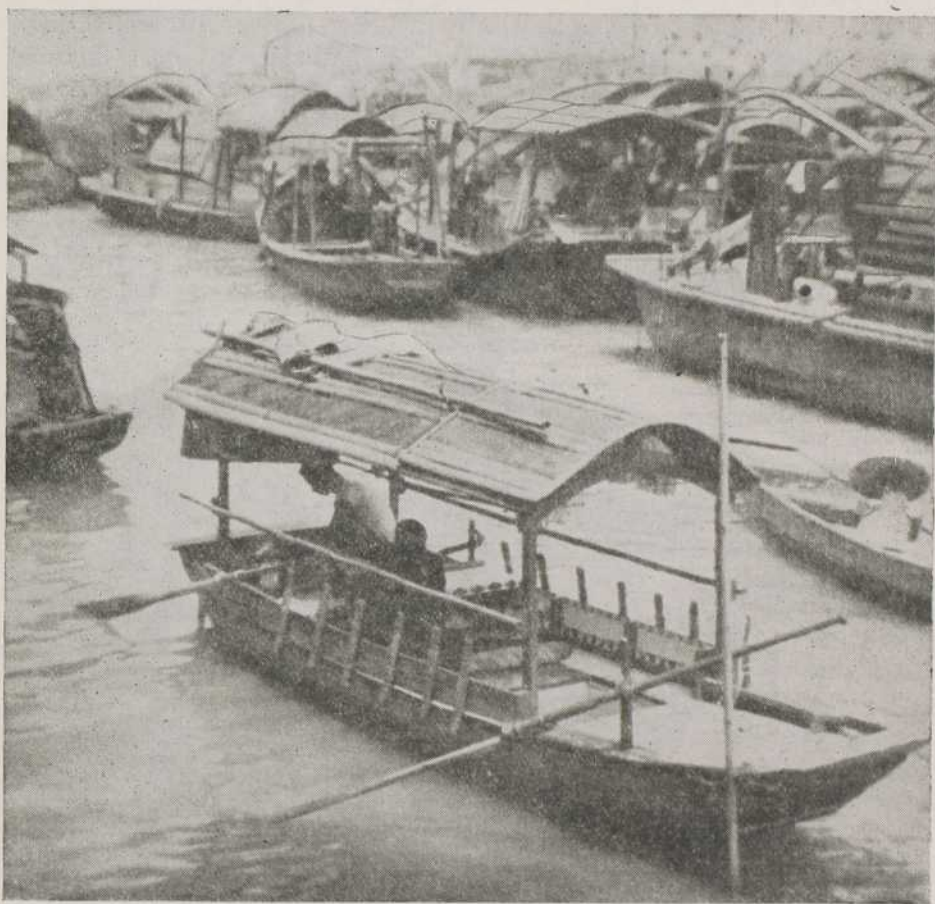
In all countries of the world, according to the Chaplain General of the Jocists, two hundred million boys and girls from fourteen to twenty leave home each year to join the working class. The majority of them "live in a condition of religious, moral, intellectual, and professional distress which is a scandal and a blot on our modern civilization, and is the cause of spiritual and temporal perdition for the greater number." No negative solution, no "excommunication" of Communism can effect any favorable change. Not even a world war can arrest the Communist advance; a global conflict would be a remedy worse than the existing evil. Our working boys and girls from fourteen to twenty must be given a new concept, a Catholic concept, of life and work, of love and marriage, of family and children.

The International Jocist Organization is indeed, to repeat the words of Pope Pius XI, a providential movement. "If you are successful," wrote the scientist Alexis Carrel to the founder of Jocism, "you will render an invaluable service to mankind."

The humble curate of 1912 has not forgotten what he told the six working girls of the first Jocist cell. He still aims at the conquest of the laboring world for Christ.

SAMPANS and TANG MAN

Boats for tradesmen, boats for passage, boats for pleasure, boats for ferries, boats for every person and every occasion — well indeed might the boats of China be compared in time past to the leaves of the forest in number, and their varieties said to be about as great as that of the foliage here. Nowadays, though, the Communist regime has altered things a bit. There are less first-quality ships and more and more of the simple Chinese boats called sampans. Hundreds of the latter dally in the shade of the spreading banyan trees along the riverside, waiting for the good fortune to have passengers to row across.



SAMPANS ON THE PEARL RIVER

The sampan people usually hear themselves called *tang man*; *tang* meaning egg and *man* its own English homonym, they are consequently looked upon as people living in a shell. Found in all Chinese harbors but more especially in Shanghai and Canton, they are born, live, and die in their floating homes. Unlettered, unhonored, they are considered by the urban populations as forming an inferior class of the most despicable kind. Life in the open, combined with the vigorous rowing of the sampans, soon rounds out their sturdy limbs and strengthens them against many of the lesser ills that plague the sons of men. Clothing bills are never a worry to the *tang man*, and seldom do they go to shoe shops for footwear, as they prefer the good soles given them by their Creator.

The sampan usually has one single sail firmly affixed to strong bamboo poles and, for the rest, is open to every gust of wind. Does it rain or grow cold, the people nail a few pieces of burlap here and there to provide a suggestion of comfort. The fore part of the boat, about one-third of the entire length, is built on a higher level to serve as a living room. There the lady of the boathouse cooks family meals on bricks piled one upon another or on a Chinese stove, if she is the lucky person to own one. There, too, the household eats, enjoys life at leisure, casts out fishing nets, and without a worry drifts off to a good night's sleep. All that is needed in the daytime disappears under the floor by way of an opening, and out come the straw



CHILDREN OF THE BOAT PEOPLE, SHAMFEN, CHINA

mats for all the members, a half dozen stones to pillow tired heads, and, if the season calls for it, a warmly padded blanket.

The rear part of the sampan being reserved for passengers, boasts two long benches and such commodities as can warrant its being transformed into a certain kind of hotel for anyone who can pay two dollars in Hong Kong currency. The passenger then has the luck to go to sleep under the grimacing face of a pagan god.

The *gang man* arise with the birds to start their day. At no time do they consider themselves too busy to ferry a fellow upstream. When no passengers need their services, they may wash themselves and clean up the place. Of water from silver faucets they have none, but only the dingy yellow tide of the Pearl River, into which everything and everything else is very casually dumped. It is really astonishing that with so little hygiene, diseases of all kinds should not be continually rampant among the boat people. Certainly they have Providence watching over them.

The boat pullers' two, not three, daily meals consist of fish and a bowl of rice gruel, or fish only, if no rice be available.

The little boat children like to jump ashore at Shameen for a chance to stretch their cramped legs. Like regular Injuns of another age they wildly caper and frolic underneath our windows. Cleanliness has no more a place in their daily lives than in their vocabulary. Many wear rings dangling from their ears and wrists; I have even seen a small lady sporting three rabbit tails for luck, say rather superstition.



Life in the open soon rounds out their sturdy limbs . . .

One bright-faced boy told me he had never set foot elsewhere than on the floor of his dad's sampan. When he was little more than a creeping infant, his mother strapped a large stick of bamboo to his back, so that she might be able to fish him again if he should lose his footing and fall heels over head into the water. Junior, I was told, carried the buoy until the day when he could call himself a master swimmer. The buoy boy doesn't seem to miss anything in life. Nobody in his family, for that matter, envies either country folk or city folk their life on solid ground or, as often happens, on the pins and needles of our modern society.

When bombs first rained on the island the boat people were terrified. Many lost their lives; others were wounded; still others never again found a fragment of their frail sampan home. It stirred pity to watch young mothers with their newborn strapped to their backs and guiding a toddler by the hand, coming to seek shelter under the protective arches of our house. Faces distorted with fear, husbands followed bringing the other small members of the family. For hours they would remain huddled together until all danger was gone.

There arose one morning when sampans no more glided on the Pearl River. The government had given orders the previous night that the sampan people should seek sanctuary from the bombing raid at some distance from the city. But the river could not long remain untenanted; one week later the fleet again put in an appearance — and how it had increased in number!

Poor *tang man*! Though they favor their primitive way of life, we cannot but feel deeply sorry for them. Wandering Chinese of their class are so far removed from the possibility of hearing a missionary of the true God expounding the saving truths of the Gospel! Let us whisper a prayer that God will somehow arrange for their eternity to be happy when at last they anchor into the Harbor of Heaven.

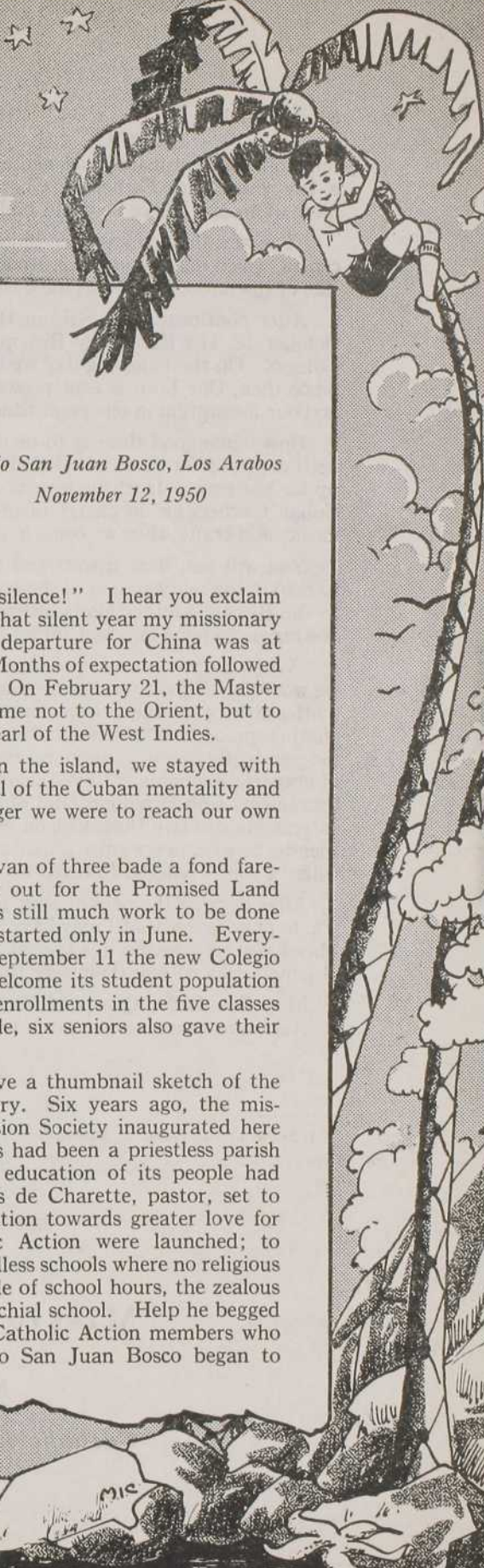
SISTER ST. JEAN BAPTISTE, M.I.C.

(Irene PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.)



Report of the Montreal Chinese Hospital for the Year 1950

Baptisms.....	14	Dressings.....	2,765
First Communion.....	8	Electric Treatments.....	277
Extreme Unctions.....	6	X-Ray Tests.....	66
Confirmations.....	7	Injections.....	3,017
Hospital Patients.....	40	Operations.....	12
Dispensary Patients.....	5,805	Deaths.....	15
Hospital Days.....	4,715	Home and Hospital Visits.....	175
Prescriptions Filled.....	5,480		



WRITTEN IN CUBA

Colegio San Juan Bosco, Los Arabos

November 12, 1950

Dear parents, friends, and benefactors,

"News at last after a whole year of silence!" I hear you exclaim as you read this letter. Twice during that silent year my missionary wings were clipped, as my intended departure for China was at first postponed and finally cancelled. Months of expectation followed as I waited for God's plans to unfold. On February 21, the Master Missioner once again beckoned, this time not to the Orient, but to His neglected vineyard in Cuba, the Pearl of the West Indies.

For six months after our arrival on the island, we stayed with our Sisters in Manguito, getting the feel of the Cuban mentality and polishing up on our Spanish. How eager we were to reach our own mission at Los Arabos!

At last, on August 5, our little caravan of three bade a fond farewell to our Manguito Sisters, and set out for the Promised Land of our mission assignment. There was still much work to be done at the school, for the construction had started only in June. Everybody lent a helping hand so that on September 11 the new Colegio called San Juan Bosco was ready to welcome its student population of seventy-four pupils. Besides these enrollments in the five classes from *Pre Primario* to the Eighth Grade, six seniors also gave their names for the commercial course.

Now, you will doubtless like to have a thumbnail sketch of the Los Arabos Pueblo's missionary history. Six years ago, the missionaries of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society inaugurated here a very fruitful apostolate. Los Arabos had been a priestless parish for so many years that the religious education of its people had greatly suffered. Rev. Father Jacques de Charette, pastor, set to work in earnest to activate the population towards greater love for God. Divers movements of Catholic Action were launched; to counteract the nefarious influence of godless schools where no religious education may be imparted even outside of school hours, the zealous pastor decided to conduct his own parochial school. Help he begged from the Catholic Knights and other Catholic Action members who donated a property where the Colegio San Juan Bosco began to

function. Unfortunately, as sanitary conditions did not come up to regulations, a few years later Father de Charette had to look elsewhere for a more suitable piece of ground where he could build a modern Colegio.

The new Colegio has been built in the shape of a square U with a patio in the centre, which may be used for athletics and the children's recreations. On the right side of the patio, five rooms have been assigned us as a convento.

After pontificating at Solemn High Mass in the Los Arabos parish church, on October 18, His Excellency Bishop Martin, of Matanzas, came over to bless the Colegio. On the following day we heard Mass for the first time in our tiny chapel. Since then, Our Lord is ever present in the modest tabernacle to be our strength and our inspiration in our great educational venture.

How much good there is to be done here among the children! They who have been deprived for years of religious instruction are now willing and eager to make up for lost time. Doctrine lessons we have kept as our own special task, while lay Cuban teachers are in charge of profane sciences. We Sisters also teach English, music, and crafts; thus we come in daily contact with every child in the school.

You will not, dear friends and benefactors, refuse my plea for fervent prayers to help in the rejuvenation of the true Christian spirit in our population. Devotion to the Blessed Mother glows ardent and sincere within Cuban hearts, and that is one reason to hope for great things to be wrought for her divine Son in sunny Cuba.

When are you planning to take that month's holiday off in Cuba? How happy we would be to greet you and to share with you the beauties of nature more lavishly scattered here, perhaps, than anywhere else on earth. Our hospitality would be another proof that absence only makes the heart grow fonder. Anyway, quite independently of any material means of locomotion, I daily visit you all on the wings of prayerful thoughts. In my heart-to-heart communings with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, I often remind Him of the great debt of thankfulness I owe you and I entreat Him to pay that debt on my behalf. None of you are forgotten; parents, friends, benefactors, former retreatants, alumnae of Holy Family School in Granby, where I was privileged to teach for so many years.

After begging the help of your prayers for my beloved Cubans, I must also ask you to pray for me that I may have all the graces necessary in my apostolic vocation. May I also recommend in a special manner eight of our proteges, who stand in need of benefactors to pay their way through Catholic college.

May Our Lady, Queen of the Missions, reward you a hundredfold for your constant and generous endeavors in favor of the missions.

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

1. Marie Therese SAVARIA, Montreal.

Mission Intention

March 1951

Catholic Education in Japan

To Heaven Through Mary

On the feast of the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption, it was our privilege to present to our Mother and Queen the beautiful gift of a purified soul. Long and fervently we had prayed for its conversion, but it seemed as if our prayers were lost on the desert air. Now we know why. Our Lady had set the day and it was to be that on which her Assumption would be defined an essential article of the Catholic Faith.

A pagan notwithstanding, Mrs. Otsuki counted among her intimate friends a fervent Christian and a catechumen. Hence, inspiring examples set by both should have conquered her long ago. Besides, when death suddenly carried off her catechumen friend, anyone might have expected Mrs. Otsuki to investigate into the Catholic way of living and dying. But not so. A non-Christian Mrs. Otsuki had been all her life and a non-Christian, apparently, she would die.

Then illness came to her — a cancer it was — and she hopefully accepted a small miraculous medal. When no miraculous cure had been effected, she went to the University of Sendai to have an application of radium. The doctor agreed to give it, but warned at the same time that the treatment could not produce any lasting results, as the case was too far advanced. Thereupon Mrs. Otsuki sold her house, reserving to herself, however, the right to end her days within its four walls. Absolutely alone in the world, she had to spend the proceeds of her sale in medicine and medical care. Her cancer emitted so repulsive an odor that only her Christian friend and the personnel of the Catholic Mission had the courage to draw near. Each time we called upon her since her trip to Sendai — which turned the scales in Mary's favor — we were asked to sing a hymn to Our Blessed Mother. I wouldn't be at all surprised if her kind act of charity to our convent should have drawn down upon her the affectionate glance of our Mother in Heaven. Mrs. Otsuki, in fact, has cordially given us rare shrubs she grew in her own garden.

Gradually the cancer victim developed a longing for baptism. Surely no more appropriate day could be thought of than that of Mary's glorification on which to satisfy the Japanese woman's desire. Father Rector accordingly went to the Otsuki house to administer the purifying Sacrament. Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze⁽²⁾ assisted at the ceremony together with Mrs. Otsuki's Christian friend and a few members of the Catholic Mission. With edifying fervor the patient answered the priest's questions and united with the bystanders in singing a hymn to Our Blessed Lady.

For Mrs. Otsuki, Heaven cannot be very far. Serenely she is now waiting for Angels to beckon her to her real Home. Her pagan stoicism in the face of death has blossomed into beautiful abandonment to the will of the Father who knows best. A little anonymous wave in the vast ocean

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

2. Rita MARTEL, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

of beings she no longer aspires to be, but a child of God forever happy in the Mansions of her Maker. The glorious Lady of the Assumption, Mrs. Otsuki assures us, has marked her place in Heaven, and a beautiful one it will be.

Happy News From the San

At the Sukagawa Sanitorium, where Sister Agnes d'Assise visits regularly, joys and sorrows occasionally intermingle. Though Sister may feel dis-

tressed to see too many souls escape her influence, still she has frequent compensations and consolations, least among which is certainly not the fact that forty-seven patients are following Rev. Father Trahan's catechetical instructions. Another matter for encouragement is that an even greater number of patients have requested the professor of the Catholic Mission and her catechist to visit them. There were also four baptisms during the Rosary Month, the last one being that of a young bonzess.

Another unexpected baptism has caused a stir at the San. Sister Agnes was hurriedly called to the San one morning to visit a young woman who had suddenly become critically ill.

Remembering that the dear sufferer had previously expressed a wish to be baptized, Sister christened her at once, that is, one moment before the husband appeared on the scene. Too late, alas, the missionary Sister reflected that she should have asked his permission; bracing herself, she apologized and waited for the outburst.



FIRST ORPHAN TO BE BAPTIZED AT KORIYAMA MISSION

"It's quite all right," said the unruffled Japanese. "My wife had spoken to me about that and I had agreed."

One moment later the dying woman opened her eyes and heard the happy news of her baptism. She asked Sister to clasp her medal and chain around her neck and forthwith pressed it to her heart, as between choking spells she murmured her gladness "at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of Our Lord." The neighbors, all deeply moved, said they hoped their death would be as peaceful.

BEATIFIC VISION FOR THE BLIND

Our dispensary at Koriyama has served as the threshold to Heaven for a blind girl of eighteen. One morning as Sister Agnes was ready to leave for the San, Mrs. Hashimoto, the girl's mother, arrived in anguish and begged Sister to visit her daughter instead.

The poor girl Sister indeed found desperately ill. Without losing one precious moment, she spoke about spiritual things, about Heaven where a blind girl would see divinely beautiful things with eyes that would never tire. The poor patient, who became blind during the war as a result of an accident she suffered while fleeing from a danger zone, let herself be magnetized by the wonderful promises good for one eternity. There followed a summary instruction which completed the work of divine grace by prompting the eager listener to ask for baptism. Her plea was not deferred, for her earthly hours were plainly close to the last. However, the new Christian had four more days to enjoy her bliss here below.

When Sister Agnes called later on the bereaved family to express her sympathy, Mrs. Hashimoto related with emotion the last days of her beloved child. As the mother was asking her dying one what she would like to take along on her voyage, a feeble voice answered, "I don't need anything — only my medal." (It is customary for pagan families to give their dying members a pair of wooden clogs, a dress, a broom, and such other items as may prove useful on a journey.) "Mother," she had added, "you may keep my medal if you wish to. Now it is engraved deeply in my heart." Miss Hashimoto, said her mother, had never stopped talking about Heaven. To her grandmother dearly beloved she had said, "I have always followed you on earth saying with you hundreds of times the old salutation to the gods, *Amida Buttsu* (Flower of the Eternal Lotus!). Now that I have found true happiness, it's your turn to follow me."

Grandmother will not remain deaf to the deathbed plea. Today she prays to her little lost grandchild for someone to explain the way to eternal joy. In her eagerness she has even proposed to Sister Agnes, who dreads dogs as she does the plague, "If our dog is an obstacle to your coming here to teach us the doctrine, we shall have him killed. We don't want to be deprived of the visits of one who can show us the way to Heaven."

Not only Grandma, but all the family has decided to study the Christian religion. I believe that the onetime blind girl now enjoying the Beatific Vision has the eyes of the soul opened wide upon their dearest interests.

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

1. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie de Megantic.

Sonia

A tiny gem of purest ray serene is Sonia, a six-year-old brunette with wistful brown eyes and a shy little smile. She and I made friends on the second or third day after my arrival in Marti. I couldn't make myself understood in Spanish very well at the time, but I could love a little girl with all my heart, and to that little girl I gave, to start our friendship, my most beautiful picture of Our Blessed Mother.

Sonia, I learned later, was not baptized. Her father disliked the idea so much that her mother knew it would be time wasted to insist. Father and Mother were both delighted, however, at the prospect of sending their one and only jewel to our new Colegio.

Sonia became my pupil. Serious for her six years, not very talkative, she gradually changed at the contact of the other children. I soon found out that Sonia the jewel was also a child prodigy, a modern Macaulay with faultless memory, and more especially a budding dictator who could toss a lot of seven - year - olds around. Sonia, let me tell you, is a born leader. Incidentally, she likes history and catechism, but arithmetic is her bug-bear.

When we in our doctrine lessons reached the chapter on baptism, Sonia told me she had never been baptized, adding that her daddy wouldn't let her. "I'm so sorry not to be God's child. I have a sin on my soul," she whispered sadly. For the moment, I believed that the best course would be prayer and told my little pupil about it.

There came a happy day when Daddy's girl could be promoted to the Second Graders' or First Communicants' class. The dear



child knew perfectly well that baptism must come before Holy Communion, and what's more, she knew perfectly well and often tried to convince me that she was *going to be baptized!*

One morning two little feet pit-pattered up to my desk. "Madre, do you remember the holy card you gave me the first day I came to the Colegio?" asked the owner of the two little feet. As I had quite forgotten the incident, the child produced a picture of the Blessed Mother — a picture as glossy and as grimy as it could be after one hundred kisses and one hundred nights under a small girl's pillow. "Sonia loves Mary," said I to my Guardian Angel. "She'll certainly be baptized some day."

When Our Lady of Fatima visited Marti, Sonia did not fail to kneel at her feet to say the beads. "I'm asking three graces from Our Lady," she volunteered in explanation to a Madre passing by. "To be baptized, to have no more colds, and so the cripple boy will be cured."

Came the month of Mary, with First Communion Day on the 14th. All at the Colegio joined Sonia in prayer to the Queen of May. Now and then the poor child still tried to convince me that she would be baptized; but in spite of her confidence she could not always hide the sadness that showed on her face. She hadn't the heart to touch the food on her plate. I might have lost all hope had it not been for Our Blessed Mother, whose beautiful month it was, and for all the Rosaries the child had prayed.

On the evening of the 3rd, Sonia's father rang our doorbell and asked for me. I could hardly believe my ears when a voice, gentler than usual, said, "I wanted to see you about the baptism of my daughter. It will take place tonight. I'd like to have all the Madres present."

Accordingly, all the Madres attended. I, being Sonia's teacher, had the privilege to prepare my tiny friend for the great occasion. It was easy for her to follow all the rites with the closest attention, because the Latin prayers were translated into Spanish one after the other. Her father stood by impassive, his features inscrutable. After Sonia had been made a child of God, she ran to bury her wee self into the arms of her mother. Then she turned toward her father and hesitantly took a step backward. But the fond parent could not resist; at once he opened his arms to crush his angel against his heart.

On First Communion Day, the father and mother accompanied their radiant Sonia to church. Serious-miened and recollected, the girl dressed all in spotless white knelt for her share of the heavenly Banquet and consecrated herself to the Mother of God.

Dad still remains aloof, but Sonia tells me that "he feels more good than he used to." How could it be otherwise when he has a tiny flesh-and-blood angel praying for him? May that cherub of his lead that Cuban father to Him who is the Joy of the Angels!

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

1. Fabienne BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge, Portneuf County.



March, Vocation Month With Mary

The month of March has very aptly been designated as Vocation Month. Undoubtedly the main reason underlying this choice is that on a March day, more than nineteen hundred years ago, the Mother of God received her sublime vocation. The Archangel Gabriel announced to her that the Holy of

Holies had selected her among millions to give birth to the Savior of the human race. Mary did not turn down the invitation; she answered the call of God. "Be it done to me according to thy word."

As it is your glorious privilege, dear girls, to be living in what spiritual writers term the Age of Mary, I would suggest that you make of the month of March an all-out Vocation Month in honor of and under the protection of Mary, the key-figure in Heaven's redemptive plan, the glorified Queen of the Assumption.

How are you to go about it? I know beforehand that girls dreaming dreams of the highest ideal open to them have a fund of practical methods, devices, and ideas for a regular Vocation Month. However, I make bold to present, without obligating anyone, a three-point program suitable for youthful souls that are not afraid to lay too much emphasis on Mary in their grace-life. Here they are, girls:

1. Thinking with Mary.
2. Praying with Mary.
3. Doubling for Mary.

As development of the first point, I suggest that you arrange for a brief get-together with Mary every day, whether in church, chapel, streetcar, or in the privacy of your own room. Hold a picture of Mary in your hands or run your fingers along the first decade of Mary's beads. Ask our Mother to help you to fix your thoughts for five minutes on any one or all of these facts: (a) Your own vocation can be similar to Mary's Annunciation; (b) Your mothering of the Mystical Christ can be similar to her mothering

of the Physical Christ; (c) The formation of Christ within you can be similar to the formation of Christ within her. Five minutes of thinking with Mary in this vein will shed much light on the vocation to which you are called.

Five minutes of praying with Mary constitutes the second item on the vocational program. Pray *with* Mary, dear girls, by asking Mary to pray with you and by staying as close to her as you humanly can.

But you should pray *through* Mary as well, you who know the time-tested formula, "To Jesus through Mary." When you place your prayers into the immaculate hands of Mary, she beautifies, purifies, and sanctifies them. The hands of Mary are the philosopher's stone that turns all our human dust to purest gold.

Remember also to pray *in* and *for* Mary. St. Augustine declares that all predestined souls during this life are enclosed in Mary. What a thrilling thought! You who wish to form Christ in yourself (that is holiness) and in others (that is apostolate) will eventually find that the best, surest, quickest, and easiest way to transformation into Christ is life in Mary. Indeed, St. Louis de Montfort says that Mary is the Mold of God, in which the souls of men are molded, transformed into Christ, who first sanctified that tabernacle from the Annunciation to the Nativity. As to praying *for* Mary, that comes naturally to her children who do everything for her. Give her your prayers as you give her your heart's best love.

Prayers thus offered TWIF — *through, with, in, and for* Mary will surely work wonders any and every day of Vocation Month. A little card in purse or drawer with the TWIF combination pencilled upon it would help you immensely. Need I tell you that the ideal prayer for the purpose is the Annunciation prayer, otherwise known as the Hail Mary. Ten would be splendid, but fifty would be heavenly, for then you would have said a Rosary, you would have offered a bouquet of springtime roses to the Queen of the Annunciation, the Model of all Sisters.

Five minutes of doubling for Mary. What do I mean by that? Simply to imagine, for the relatively small duration of five minutes, that *you* are Mary; that your hands are Mary's, your feet Mary's, your mind Mary's, your whole self, body and soul, Mary's. Then ask yourself this inspiring question, "What would Mary do in my place?" Let me tell you, girls, that Sisters intent on becoming saints, on advancing daily in holiness, have in doubling for Mary all the time the magical formula that really works! Your five-minute daily rehearsal would thus become, so to say, a blessed Marian novitiate of preparation for the life you are thinking of embracing.

Try this for yourselves and see how much richer you are spiritually after those thirty-one days of March. While unfailingly drawing you toward a deeper and more intense spiritual life, it will prepare you for the thrilling career you have in mind, which may be likened to one happy perpetual Vocation Month with Mary. It is always March-time in the convent!

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception

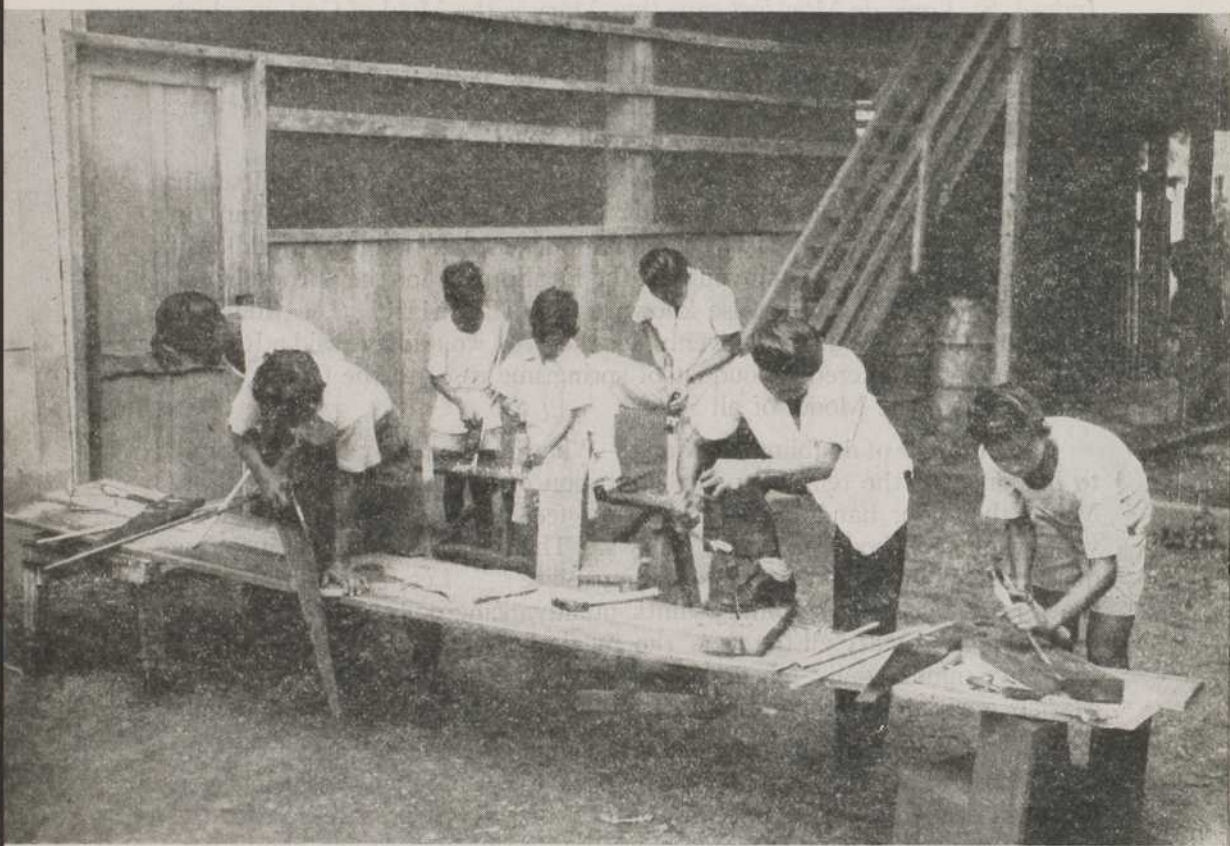


Our Lady of Fatima

Visits Mati

in the

Philippine Islands



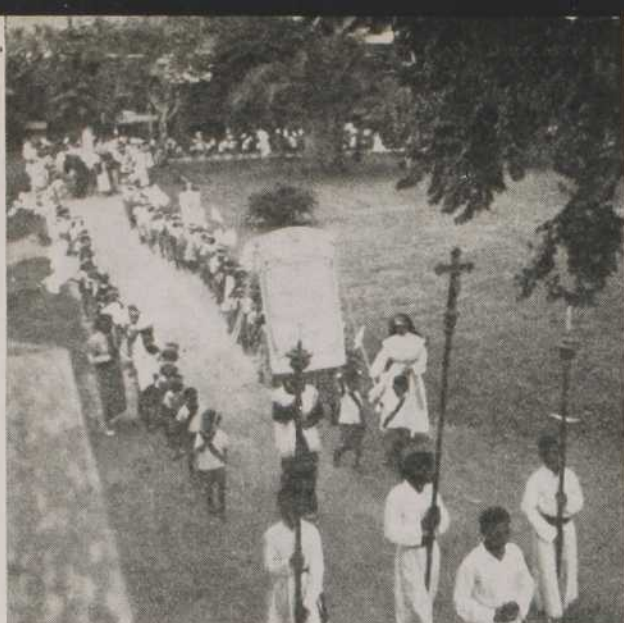
Pictured here are the senior pupils of the Academy of the Immaculate Heart of Mary preparing wood for the shields that will serve to decorate church and convent on the occasion of the Pilgrim] Virgin's passage.



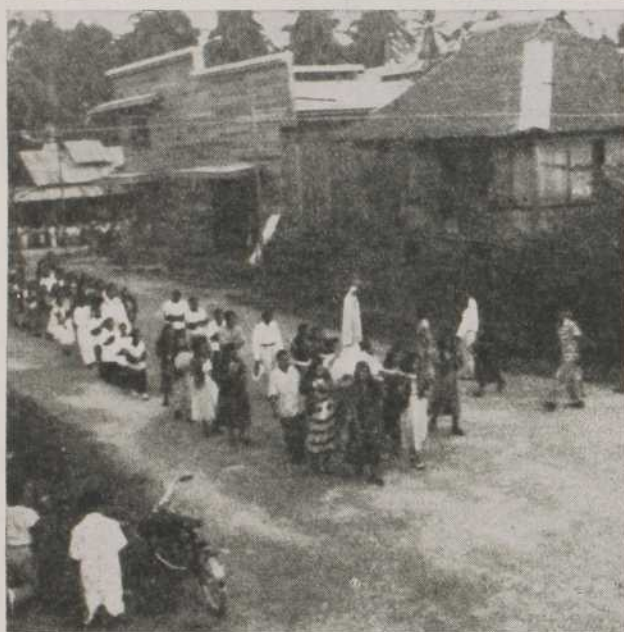
Putting the Finishing Touches to the Shields



Under the supervision of Sister Claire de l'Eucharistie (Claire Fontaine, Quebec) the girls are trying their skill at making flags. Little Leonora Go, eight years old, goes to it in all seriousness.



Our Lady of Fatima Reaching
Mati Is Devoutly Escorted
Throughout the Village



The Ladies of the Parish
Are Proud to Carry
Their Heavenly Queen



and Those Who Cannot Do So
Envy Their Privilege

During Holy Mass
Said at the Feet of the Madonna



Delighted to Have Mary's Visit,
the Sisters Gather Around
Their Guest.



Naturally, the Pupils of the
Academy Did Not Forget to
Present Their Respects to the
First Lady of Earth.



Our Lady of Fatima Will
Answer Their Prayers and
Shower Her Favors on the
Philippines and Everywhere
in the World

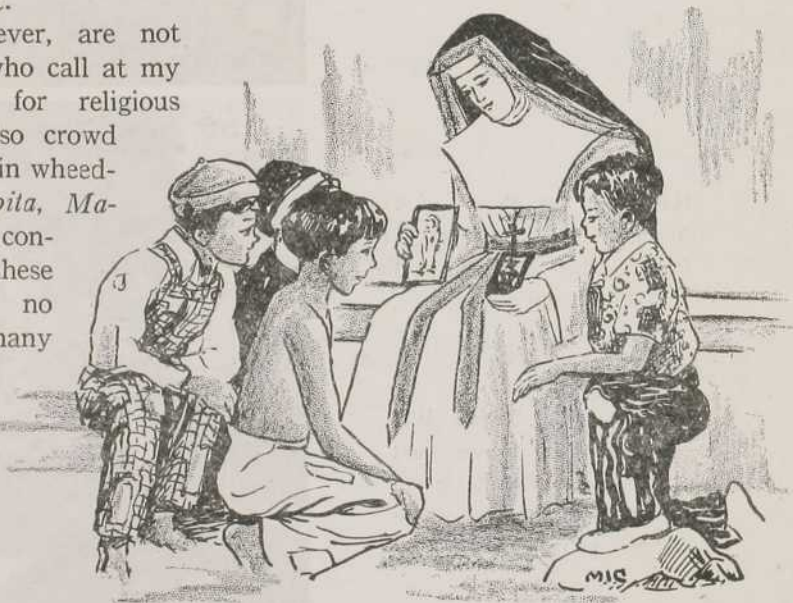
Pauper Millionaires

Varied and multiplied are our activities on the Narra Street mission front. Some Sisters spend their days preparing young and old for the worthy reception of the Sacraments; others make home visitations; still others impart knowledge, human and divine, to the pupils of our school.

Mine is the task of keeping the school records and interviewing the needy and the curious. From the vantage point of a latticed window I can watch those who come and go in the dirty, narrow streets that surround us. No fashion cavalcade is this procession of good folk emerging from tumble-down shacks into the glaring sunshine, with smiles creasing their contented faces and with good-natured quips of their lips. Poor they may be in this world's goods, but they are millionaires in contentment. Pauper millionaires I often call them as I watch them strolling along, stopping to gossip with friends, lounging in the sunshine as if they had not a care in the world.

The ragged, unkempt, but lovable children are my favorites. As often as I can, I gather them around my desk to teach them their prayers and show them holy pictures, being too poor to give them any. Once in a while, as a special treat, I stamp the blessed names of Jesus and Mary on bits of paper and distribute them among my young friends. You should see them fight over them! One condition I have laid down, however. With mock severity I declare, "*Wala pantalon, wala stampita!*" which please translate, "No pants, no stamps!" Poor little ones! Many of them romp about all day in Adam's breeches simply because their parents are too poor to buy them any clothes. Others find it quite superfluous to don anything over nature's brown suit, but they compromise at least for a few minutes, just the time to secure a *stampita*, shedding the *pantalon* as soon as they are out of my sight.

Children, however, are not the only visitors who call at my latticed window for religious stamps. Adults also crowd around calling out in wheedling tones, "*Stampita, Madre!*" There is a condition laid for these also. "*No missa, no stampita!*" So many around here are remiss in the practice of their religious duties and miss Sunday Mass under



the slightest pretext. I fondly hope some day to learn enough of the dialect to be able to give, besides *stampilas*, lessons of doctrine that will lift these out of their appalling religious ignorance.

Now let me tell you a story about one of our alert Catholic pupils in Narra's Chinese School. It was the First Friday of the month and Alex had fervently prepared for Holy Communion. Nobody would catch him napping late on that happy day. But why, oh why did he have to go through the pantry where delicious rice cakes dared him to eat them? He had taken a few generous bites before he realized that he had broken his fast. As he was passing by the sacristy after Mass, he saw the Sister sacristan carefully putting away the sacred vessels.

"O Jesus! So sorry I missed Your visit this morning!" exclaimed he, his eyes bright with unshed tears. Don't you think Our Lord must have been consoled by this spontaneous act of love?

At the opening of the school year, Jesus, one of our alumni, shepherded three young hopefuls to be enrolled in our academy. He peered over my shoulder as I wrote down the last of the given names.

"*Madre*, you've made a mistake," he exclaimed. "You wrote Juanito instead of Juanita."

Had my eyes played tricks on me and were not the three children standing before me three boys with close-cropped heads? "Are you sure the name is Juanita?" I asked.

"Sure, Sister, I should know," he grinned. "Juanita is my sister!"

"Your sister?" I gasped. "Then why is she dressed in boys' clothes?"

With a shrug of his shoulders, Jesus was off without giving me any answer.

A few days later, Juanita duly entered kindergarten classes and sided with the boys until Miss Lim, reading a girl's name on her pupils' list, shoved her off to the girls' side. Reluctantly Juanita joined the ladies, but hardly had Teacher turned her back when she had gone over again to the gentlemen's group. This went for a few weeks, until we insisted that Juanita should henceforth put on feminine apparel if she wished to keep on coming to our school.

On a visit to Juanita's home, I finally discovered the key to the mystification. The mother explained that Juanita was their one and only girl in a family of boys; they had dressed her like a boy in order to hoodwink the bad spirits who might try to snatch her away. In Manila, the Chinese, far from abandoning their baby girls, pet and pamper them, as you can infer from this incident.

Do pray for these, our very dear friends, that the Sun of Justice may shine on their lives, dispelling the clouds of unbelief and superstition.

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

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.

IN THE AFR

*The Village Folk Are Glad to W
Who Will Relieve Their Bodily Ills and Nou*

Sister Joseph du Sauveur (Berengere Cadieux, Montreal North), Nov 5



AFRICAN BUSH

*Welcome the Missionary Sister
Nourish Their Souls With the Bread of Truth.*
Now Stationed in Mzambazi, Northern Nyasaland, Smiles Her Happiness.



神州共舞



SZEPINGKAI

Apostolate Under Sickle and Hammer

On our way to Pei keou the other day, we stopped at the Catholic Mission, now occupied by the Communists. As the people have remained friendly to the foreign missionaries, crowds gathered on our way to have at least a little word with us. One dispensary patient of former days thanked us for having cured him three or four years ago. Another wanted to have a little medicine. A proud mother called our attention to her cherub, who had been plucked from the jaws of death through the skilful ministrations of the "doctor" at the Catholic Mission. Though we should have liked to stay longer, we had to be on our way to another person reported as being desperately ill.

We found the poor woman delirious. When an injection brought a few moments of consciousness, we hastened to prepare her to die the death of the just. The dying woman was not alone to listen; her father-in-law eagerly drank in every word we said. Suddenly, he made a point-blank request for baptism. "I am old," said he, "and I won't live much longer. I want to go to Heaven."

The sacrament of regeneration did not at once make the head of the house the son of the Most High, for Grandpa, though long a prey to heart disease, is in no immediate danger. Surely God will let him live long enough to learn more about our saving doctrine and become a Christian at the baptismal font.

We stopped also at a neighboring house, where a woman of seventy-odd years needed our aid. There, too, the mustard seed of faith fell into a heart craving for the Infinite. As her hours seemed numbered, we christened the poor sufferer on the instant.

Much to our regret we had to leave Pei keou, where we would have stayed all day had we accepted all the good people's invitations. Someone in Pei yao was anxiously waiting for us. A beautiful morning we had, sunny as all June mornings. Nature on every side was awaking with a Sleeping Beauty smile. The birds in every bush were singing the songs which Red regimes can neither change nor stop, because the songsters learned them from the Creator. Deep in the valley below, a merry brook stretched its silver ribbon, heedless of the men that may come and the men that may go. All nature was as young as the morning, as old as creation. In the fields, little green shoots looked up into the wonderful world.

So much beauty on every side might have stirred deep poetic feelings within us, had not the wind brought us echoes of full-throated hymns about the new China and the Red plan for conquest. Life under the hammer and sickle has no place for pastoral poetry — only pathetic prose. The singing came from a group of men building a new bridge to replace the one blown up by the Nationalists. When the two Sisters came into sight, the men stopped their singing and a gruff voice said: "Here's the doctor from the Catholic Mission. Those people who believe in God are afraid of nothing. You'd chop their necks off and they'd still hold on to their ideas. And they're all cut from the same cloth!"

A prayer arose from our hearts for all those young Communists, who may still have much good in them. Many have been enrolled without having their say and without even knowing the ABC of the Communist philosophy.

Leaving the bridge builders, we rode along to the house of a well-to-do family where a young woman already tended by expert doctors was struggling with death. To our Immaculate Mother we entrusted the fast failing patient, asking that her days be prolonged, maybe not for fifteen years as was done for good king Ezechias, but long enough for her to learn about God and become His child.

Dinnertime found us still busy. It was more than time to make the home stretch and give nourishment to both soul and body.

At two o'clock that afternoon we were again on duty. One Guardian Angel arranged matters so that we might baptize his ward. A pleasant surprise we had when an old friend of ours, Mrs. Soun, asked for baptism. This woman's disposition had never been very promising until the day when a lesson in filial piety given to her daughter brought about a complete change in the mother. On a previous visit we had gently chided the girl

for being so careless and slow in nursing and comforting her ailing mother. Little Miss Soun took our words to heart and was now proud to say, "I treated Mother just as you said I should. She wants to become a Christian and I intend to do the same." Father Tchou said he would baptize Mrs. Soun that very evening and prepare her to die a good death.

After a friendly farewell to the Soun household, we visited a young husband and wife both ill with tuberculosis and in great physical and moral misery. Food, medicine, and clothing they are too poor to buy. More missionaries than healers, we with our medicine spoke a few words about the great Friend and Father of the poor, who had not even a stone on which to rest His head.

Mr. Lee, on 8th Street, next had our attention. The severe pneumonia he has contracted may carry him off, but death for him will begin his eternal glory, now that he has been born again in baptism.

The bell was ringing the afternoon devotions when we crossed our convent threshold. After busying ourselves Martha-like since breakfast, we knelt with Mary, wrapped our problems, worries, and joys in quiet prayer and lay them at the feet of the Master. There, too, we brought the hundred millions of the China we especially love in this hour of spiritual and moral agony for the nation.

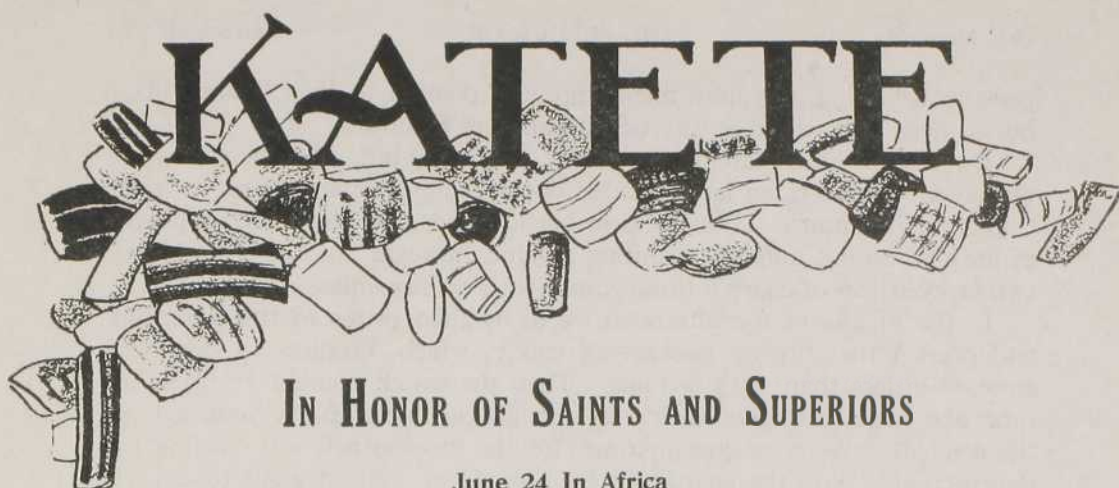


Statistics of Closed Retreats

In the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the Year 1950

	Retreats	Re-treatants	Day Retreats	Day Re-treatants	Marian or Study Days	Persons attending
Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House 314 St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal 8.....	130	3,550	19	1,336	10	701
Bethany Retreat House, Nominingue Labelle County.....	13	237				
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis Street, Joliette.....	61	1,492	1	20	27	560
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille Street, Quebec.....	123	3,802	19	1,175	35	3,061
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House Cenacle Street, Chicoutimi.....	61	1,599	1	10	81	385
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin Street, Granby.....	63	1,394	8	140	2	125
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain Street, St. Johns.....	63	1,588	2	345		
Our Lady of the Rosary Retreat House St. Marie, Beauce County.....	44	1,063				
Our Lady Queen of Missions Retreat House 187 Pleasant Street, Marlboro, Mass.....	29	726	3	134		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House Les Cayes, Haiti, West Indies.....	1	26				
Totals.....	588	15,477	53	3,160	81	4,832

KATETE



IN HONOR OF SAINTS AND SUPERIORS

June 24 In Africa

French Canadian Sisters, whether the grace of God has whisked them off to Asia, Africa, or Australia, cannot altogether let the 24th of June go by unhonored and unsung. They just have to remember the feast of the patron saint of French Canadians. But when little black girls in Nyasaland halfway across the world join in the rejoicings, well, that's another story. It follows herewith.

Right after breakfast on June 24, our black boarders stampeded into Sister Superior's corner to say that a holiday would do very well for the occasion. Not only did Sister Superior smile at the proposition; she also suggested a picnic way up on the mountain. Picnics in bushland, you wonder? Perk your ears to catch the hand clapping that can almost deafen you, and no more will you wonder whether picnics and Northern Nyasaland really go well together. Why, the most demonstrative among our black pupils even knelt down and struck their heads against the ground to show that they relished the idea and also that their manner of expressing their pleasure could be one hundred percent African.

No time could we afford to squander in preparations, for we had to be back by four o'clock for the *O Salutaris* of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. When foodstuffs were ready and waiting, the children took peaceful possession of baskets, boxes, and water cans, and set them in perfect balance on their heads. Others carried in the same secure way games, prizes, and even our phonograph!

Two little girls, one a humpback and the other afflicted with rheumatism, were unable to follow the rollicking band and picnicking seemed out of the question for them. Out of the question, that is, until two older and sturdier mates, in an impulse of charity, lifted them on their backs as people do here, and bravely carried them all the distance. Even when steep slopes had to be climbed, the nimble and sure-footed good Samaritans cheerfully trudged upward, say rather ran, for while we Sisters stopped to catch our breaths, the two burdened girls and all the picnickers fairly leapt up the mountain path, quite unhampered by burdens on back or head.

At last we stood on top of the world. Hastily putting our eatables in a safe place, we grouped together for a good look to right and left and es-

pecially below. Little inky fingers proudly pointed to their home village buried deep in a valley or way beyond another mountain.

Dinner was immediately followed by boisterous fun. All the games we played in childhood we have handed down to our young charges as their Canadian inheritance. But our dear black friends, like the three shepherds of Fatima, do not mind interrupting a game, however hot, for a decade or two or even five of Mary's Rosary, and with no streamline Aves in it.

In the middle of the afternoon we distributed prizes to the deserving and opened the surprise package of candy, which, needless to say, was emptied in less than sixty seconds. Then the watch pointed to break-up time and merrily singing their way along, the happy party returned to the convent. We were just in time, for the mission bell was ringing for Benediction. With the boarding school pupils we went straight to church to thank Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to pray for somebody's beloved country somewhere called Canada, which our pupils think of as the Candy Kingdom, but which for us Sisters is more simply but not less enthusiastically, "The Land of the Maple."

In Honor of Sister Superior

July 22 brings the patronal feast of our dear Superior, Sister Madeleine Marie. This year the celebrating actually took two days, for on the 21st the pupils presented their recreative program comprising pieces of orchestra, appropriate songs, plays both in Citumbuka and in English, and physical culture exercises. The demonstration in honor of *Amayi Mlala* (Sister Superior) was rendered still more solemn by the presence of Msgr. St. Denis, Prefect Apostolic of Northern Nyasaland, and other White Fathers stationed at Katete Mission. Our pupils had so painstakingly rehearsed everything that success crowned their efforts before the distinguished audience. Msgr. St. Denis congratulated the pupils on their excellent posture and their correct English pronunciation in the play, a record achievement for bush children who have but very recently become acquainted with the language of Master Shakespeare. After the entertaining program, the Prefect Apostolic himself gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in our convent chapel. There, too, we introduced something without precedent. The boarders put away their merriment and piously sang the hymns in the solemn language of the Church, which by dint of patience and more patience they finally succeeded in mastering to the point that not one single syllable was mutilated.

But all this happened the day before; the real feast came on July 22 when our kind Prefect Apostolic graciously accepted to say morning Mass in our chapel. Quite naturally, another holiday had to be proclaimed, another day of fun for both helpers and boarders. A special item on the menu sharpened every appetite. What did the girls have, you ask? To which we answer: sugar in their tea and peanuts mixed with greens!

If nobody can dance on an African feastday, nobody can have much fun. So we just had to let them do it the native way. They beat their drums and old gasoline tin cans to make music for their dancing. All night long

the merry-making party might have played and enjoyed themselves without caring a fig for sleep, had we said it was all right for them to do so.

The evening brought more surprises in the form of firecrackers and rockets. What a commotion they created! Some little black watchers almost went into a panic when they saw those wonderful luminous things for the first time in their lives. The bravest among them dared to look, but how cautiously! The others, not so heroic, whimpered and cried and ran to hide themselves under the woodpile. Explanations unavailing, the frightened ones took heart only when the "master of ceremonies" had promised, "No more firecrackers."

Later on in the evening, Sister Superior consoled what little hearts were still going flip-flop by passing around a candy box sent purposely from Canada for the July holiday. Eyes that should have been shut tightly in sleep smilingly blinked their satiisaction.

Our little African friends are so lovable that they have stolen our hearts. But we too want to steal every single young heart around here and give it to the great Lover of youth. Prayers, please, for our success.

SISTER ST. EMILE, M.I.C., (Annette Corbeil, Montreal)

Katete, Nyasaland

Retreat Time, but not for Me



As I had previously made my annual retreat privately, I kept the dispensary busily functioning while the other Sisters made theirs in mid-September. The very first evening I had to go on a sick call. Frankly, I was more worried than I cared to let anybody know. My black friend who needed me, though most sympathetic to everything religious, had not yet been baptized, and death could carry him off any time on very short notice.

His pagan father, who had hastened from a neighboring village, readily consented to his son's becoming a member of the household of the Faith. As best as I could, I invited the patient to make acts of love and of thanks to God for the great gift of baptism, which I immediately gave him with Peter Lawrence Charles as his Christian name.

Up with the next day's sun, I went to give P. L. C. an injection, and, in response to his oft-repeated plea, handed him a small catechism. That gift brought him, I believe, his last great joy on earth. Not many nights later, on September 15, Blessed Mother Mary saw her Petiolo safely Home beyond the blue. Glad I was that the young man's sufferings were ended, but gladder still that I had another protector with God.

Also during the Sisters' retreat there hobbled into the dispensary a native who had cut himself deeply right under the eye in a fall from his bicycle. I thought of making stitches, but we had no surgical silk in the house. In my dilemma I resorted to a piece of white silk thread doing nothing in the sewing machine and dipped it into alcohol. I had the patient lie on a bench and took the four stitches. Thanks to God no infection developed; the sore healed perfectly in a record short time. Not for nothing has Providence guided that native here. His features, always so gloomy and severe, frequently depict a happy smile when he comes to the dispensary. May God continue the good work!

What a privilege is mine here on the missions! Sometimes I pause for a moment and, realizing that I am really in Africa, I let my heart sing its joy to the Lord. Now I want to help as much as I possibly can in organizing our hospital and in relieving our dear afflicted people. But I need your prayers if a deeply interior life is to vivify my apostolate, for it would avail nothing that I should have sailed to Africa on a Robinson Crusoe cruise.

SISTER ST. LEON LE GRAND, M.I.C., (Pauline Longtin, Montreal)

Fifth Prophecy, Before and After

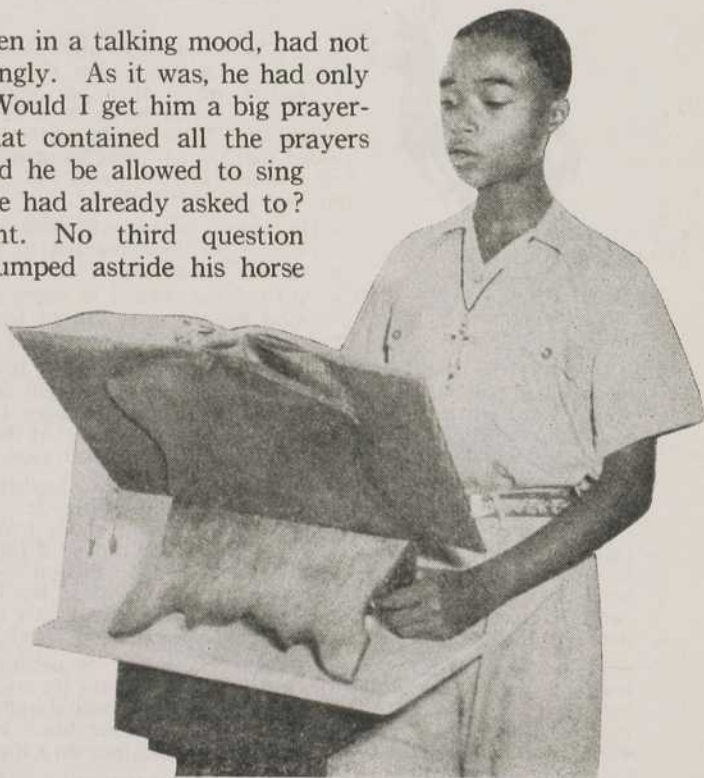
My little key fumbled its way into the keyhole. The time had come to close our school for the Easter holidays and let the classroom sleep in peace until the invasion of more tiny people's pattering feet another Tuesday.

As the diminutive key was struggling to set itself free, I heard a familiar voice calling, "Good morning, Mother," and turned around to bow to Master Stevil Stephat, the lad I have already told you about, the priest-to-be who had started counting the days and weeks long before Easter. Of course, the toilsome trip home was enough to tire even sturdy Stevil; but what are aching muscles when you're going to embrace Dad and Mom?

The Stevil of nineteen hundred and fifty is so different from the mischievous imp I taught last year! The juniorate cross he proudly displays on his chest seems to invest him with a very special dignity. Several weeks before Easter, he had informed his former teacher that the cross had been awarded him on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11. As I had not then had the opportunity to voice my congratulations, I made up for the omission right on the doorstep and told my onetime student how proud I felt.

Stevil might have been in a talking mood, had not home beckoned so alluringly. As it was, he had only two queries to make. Would I get him a big prayer-book like mine, one that contained all the prayers for Holy Week? Would he be allowed to sing the fifth prophecy, as he had already asked to? Twice I nodded assent. No third question bothering him, Stevil jumped astride his horse and galloped away.

The boy from the juniorate followed the ceremonies of Holy Week with all the devotion of a mediaeval saint. But his best reward was to have the privilege to stand on the rostrum and sing the prophecy. Did the parishioners ever perk their heads to catch every single



syllable of his impeccable Latin! To them, Stevil must have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Happy holidays almost over till the summer, the black boy began to wonder how he would return to his beloved juniorate. The trip on horseback would be very long and just as tiresome, while the same journey by truck would deplete his father's pocketbook. Thoughts of the kind were still playing football in his brain when, on coming out of church one morning, he saw a truck from Les Cayes parked right near the convent. "What a godsend!" beamed Stevil. "Now I can go back to the juniorate and it won't take me long either!"

In two minutes the boy had dashed home, had piled his clothes into a cardboard box, had plopped it right on his sister's head, and had spoken orders for sister to follow her brother. As nimbly as he had run home, Stevil ran back to our convent. The discussion was brief, for the driver was delighted at the prospect of having company. A good number of seconds after Stevil, his obedient sister Stanila stumbled in all out of breath and her little short legs dead tired, with Big Brother's box as safe on her curly top as if it had been carried in her dimpled hands. Sister Superior gave the parting one a few pennies to buy himself a hot bun. Blinking away two tears, presumably one for Mother and one for Dad, who hadn't had time to kiss him good-bye, Stevil rode off to the juniorate.

Presently, in walked Mrs. Stephat, the boy's mother, with a bowl of ample proportions set plump on her head. I broke the news of her son's departure as gently as I could, and helped her to remove the large bowl she was still carrying.

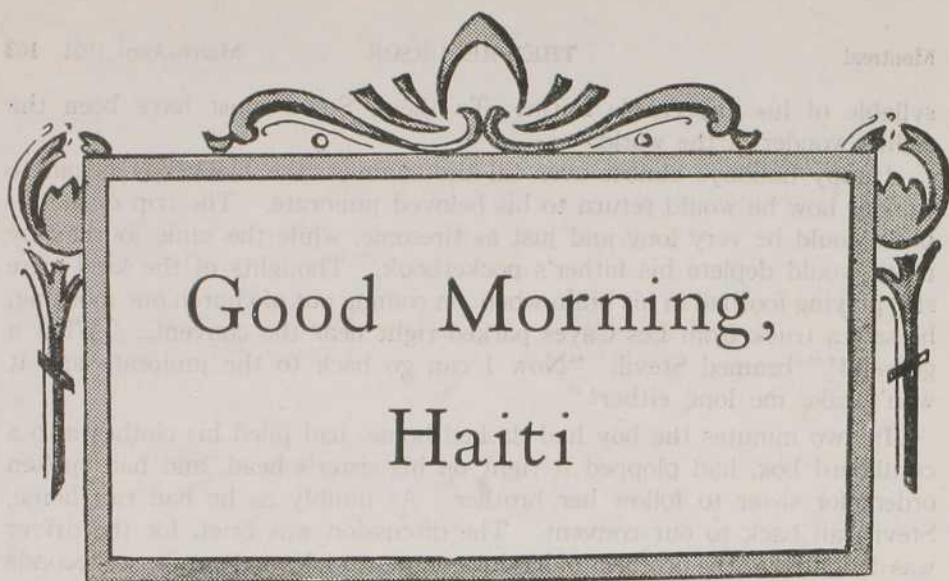
Poor Mrs. Stephat! In that selfsame container she had brought her boy a steaming hot breakfast of fresh fish and bananas. Tears almost as hot cascaded down her bronzed cheeks. A black cloud had suddenly darkened the sky so serene since the day when a Canadian benefactress adopted Stevil as her own future priest. Once I had assured Mrs. Stephat that her boy would be safe and sound on the truck, I mentioned that the Sisters had taken care of his breakfast before his hasty exit. Little by little the black cloud dissolved. But when the eyes of the Haitian mother and those of the Canadian Sister fell upon the steaming bowl, the thoughts of both said that the Sister's meal, however good, could never taste exactly like the dainties, however crude, prepared by a boy's best friend.

Don't worry any more, dear Mrs. Stephat. Clouds of the kind won't darken your sky again. One of my own compatriots has already seen to Stevil's expenses of another Easter. Meanwhile let us in our prayers of thanks to the Savior remind Him that He has promised to consider as done to Himself what kind persons do for the least of His little ones.

But, dear readers, we Sisters are the ones to worry. We know many other Stevils — boys with lofty ambitions, boys with the basic ingredients of a sterling manhood, but boys whose dads' pocketbooks are empty. We are wondering who will help our Stevils Unlimited.

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

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



Twenty-four hours by train and air usually take tourists, tradesmen, or missionaries, as the case may be, from Montreal to Port-au-Prince. We Sisters, being destined to the diocese of Les Cayes, needed another twenty-four hours from the tropical capital to our home-to-be.

Seven-thirty in the morning found us in the capital city of Haiti. There we stepped on board Assunta, which is no majestic airliner, but very simply the Mission's lorry, for a ride of no less than 215 kilometres. The rainy season being nearly over, the roads were fairly good, though in certain places the driver dared not allow the speedometer to register more than five miles an hour.

My travelling companions, Sister St. Jean du Cenacle⁽¹⁾ and Sister Helene du Sacre Coeur⁽²⁾, whose eyes had never yet rested on anything Haitian, did not seem to have enough of each her pair to glimpse the new sights. The fact is, in Canada one never sees a peasant striding majestically along, seemingly not at all hampered by a great load of seven or eight chairs perfectly balanced on his head. Nor does one see farther north from the tropics little dusky tots running about with large trays of biscuits in as perfect balance on their kinky-haired tops.

The recent rains have formed enormous muddy puddles that one simply has to cross be it according to or against one's will. Every ten minutes or so the passengers are briskly projected to the rear and as quickly returned to their former position. When that had been done several dozens of times, and our watch hands pointed to nine-thirty in the evening, we finally reached Les Cayes.

Along happened two days of rain enabling us to stay as long with our Sisters in the episcopal city before undertaking the last home stretch of our journey to Port Salut. Then on the third day there arose a resplendent sun in the tropical sky, and once again we climbed on board Assunta. We

1. Gerardine VAILLANCOURT, Quebec.

2. Helene HETU, Montreal

had hardly been riding twenty minutes when stretched before us the glinting waters of the first of seven rivers which lie between Les Cayes and Port Salut. Brave little Assunta rode straight into the water, plunged her four wheels axle-deep, and crossed the watercourse without any mishap. Most dreaded of all similar passages is that of Accul, where the water streaming down the slopes increases the volume of the river after each rainfall and makes the place fraught with peril. To double the weight of the lorry, three Haitian natives climbed onto the running board and crossed with us. There's nothing like those perilous rides to make you feel one inch removed from eternity. At any moment Assunta, or whatever her name, can lose her groove on the cemented passage underneath the water and bury her passengers into the blue. But new arrivals like my two Sisters and a veteran like myself returning to Haiti after a furlough, were alike glad when the dangerous passage was left behind.

For the remaining part of the journey all went well. Nature on all sides afforded us the spectacle of a flawless green paradise. We rode between the gently swaying luxuriance of two thick groves of apricot, orange, and mango trees, the last concealing tiny mangoes behind their leaves, as the mango season has not yet set in. For your information let me say that the mango grows the size of an apple and has one pit like a peach. Mangoes enjoy the same popularity in Haiti as apples do in Canada.

Does Haiti have any cactuses? It certainly has, and not only one but several varieties; one class is called the candelabrum cactus and really looks like an ornamental candlestick with branches. At intervals along the shore line a break in the trees allows the passerby to glimpse the sun-drenched waters of the peerless Caribbean sparkling with a million diamonds. It is a grand, uplifting sight. Of the Caribbean Sea one might almost say with St. Augustine: "O Beauty ever ancient and ever new!"

Presently the woodland grew more sparse and native homes were closer to one another; not very far away I could see faintly the outskirts of Port Salut. After a little longer effort, Assunta brought us to the pretty convent home where beloved Sisters wished us the heartiest of welcomes. Indeed it is good and pleasant for Sisters to dwell together in unity in the paradisaical land of sunny Haiti, laboring together to save souls for the Savior of mankind.

SISTER JEANNE D'ORLEANS, M.I.C.(1)

Are You a Story Teller ?

Nothing is truer than that the "missionary spirit" means no other thing than the desire to tell the story of our Redemption in whatever way we know. It can be told by the martyr in final failure; it can be told by the contemplative in utter silence; it can be told by the bursar adding up his figures; it can be told by the nursing Sister bandaging her clients. It can be told by sailing across half the world; it can be told by sitting at home and helping those who sail. The missionary spirit is nothing but the love of Christ burning to express itself, in sacrifice, to all mankind.

Rev. T. Gavan Duffy

1. Jeanne d'Arc NOLIN, Quebec.



Philippines

GAGALANGIN

Manila Vignettes

Manila of the sweltering heats and torrential rains, Manila of the smooth boulevards and festering alleys, is by itself a huge mission field where, in the steps of the Harvester Divine, immortal souls may be gleaned for the granaries eternal.

Our dispensary ministers not merely to bodily ills, but to soul distresses as well, helping people out of the deep morass of skepticism onto the firm uplands of faith and trusting love of God.

As inscrutable as the Sphinx was Bienvenido when he first called at the clinic. Sorrow had etched fine lines on his still youthful features and deeper furrows in his heart. To the doctor's queries he replied in monosyllables. Little by little, however, his heart thawed out under Sister's gentle ministrations and he unburdened it of the grief that had broken his life. For years his father, an irresponsible playboy, had been living in sinful union with a woman who was not his wife. Time and again, the young

man had respectfully pleaded with his father to put an end to so disgraceful a situation by recalling his legitimate wife, but all to no avail.

Some time after meeting Bienvenido at the clinic, the nursing Sister, out on a home visitation, found herself one day on the doorstep of his little home. Was it her Guardian Angel who prompted her to go in? Sister entered and found the poor father alone and in a communicative mood. As he told his tale of aloofness from God, he seemed to be relieved of an unbearable burden. He promised to write to his wife inviting her to return. After having been abandoned, she had, alas, imitated her husband in his wayward conduct and had gone to live in a distant province.

Good Samaritan

This good Samaritan we also met at the dispensary, where she had come to tell of the desperate plight of a poor woman dying abandoned in her miserable hut. Thanks to Mrs. Deladya's message, we were in time to call a priest who administered the last Sacraments.

Every time she saw the Sisters hurrying along the narrow alley, Mrs. Deladya would come out to meet them and have a little chat. One day she invited them to her own house and there broke down completely as she showed them her poor little Cesario. Undernourishment and disease had wasted him so that he was a mere skeleton. Sister gently chided the mother for not bringing the child to clinic before. Under the doctor's expert care, Cesario's peaked little face lost its vacant stare and his limbs rounded out in an amazingly short time. Pacita, Mrs. Deladya's ten-year-old daughter, also in need of medical attention, became a frequent caller at the dispensary with the best of results.

How much we appreciate, especially on such occasions, the generosity of our Canadian and American friends, without whose help we could not attain the goal of a Catholic dispensary — to heal ailing bodies in order to reach immortal souls.

Need I tell you that Mrs. Deladya has vowed undying gratitude to the Sisters for restoring health and happiness to her dear children? To prove her thankfulness, she helps in all kinds of ways the Sister in charge of home visitations. As often as she can, she slips unobtrusively in hospital wards, making sure that no babies will be allowed to die unbaptized, and calling the priest in to administer the last Sacraments to the dying. The good Samaritan has become an ardent apostle.

Pursued and Pursuer

On one of her home visitations, one day, the nursing Sister found in a dilapidated hovel, a frightfully emaciated man. Beside his pallet, on the dirt floor, played two puny children with eyes too large for their wizened faces. A woman, young and robust-looking, was preparing dinner. Pitiful was this family's tale of woe. The father had been bedfast for months and the brave little mother was left alone to eke out the living of the foursome.



Out to the fish market she went early each morning to secure the basket of fish she would then balance on her head and sell along the city streets and alleys. She earned too little, alas, to keep her husband and children posted on needed vitamins. Medicine was out of the question.

We had our dispensary doctor visit this poor family and give them much-needed medications.

On one of our frequent visits to this poor home, we learned that the couple's marriage had not been blessed by a priest and that one child had been baptized in the Aglipayan religion, while the baby had not been christened at all. After preliminary doctrine lessons, the situation was regularized; the two little ones were also put into possession of their rightful inheritance as children of God.

As the father's health was still in a very precarious condition, arrangements were made to have him admitted as a patient in one of the city hospitals. Pursued by divine grace, Mr. C— was to become a pursuer of souls in his turn, for as soon as he entered the hospital he became an apostle among his companions. Every day he would have the patients gather around his bed so that he might teach them their prayers and encourage them to suffer patiently. Whenever our Sisters

called on him, he would proudly introduce his conquests. Many were the conversions his zeal brought about, according to the testimony of the chaplain, who called him his right-hand man.

After his convalescence, he decided that a celebration should be held in honor of his regularized marriage. A simple ceremony took place at the parish church; then the pair went out to invite friends and acquaintances to partake of a frugal banquet of fish and vegetables. Fear of contagion prompted a general refusal, much to the disappointment of the young couple. Together they trudged home to eat their fiesta dinner alone, but under the charm of their new-found happiness they soon forgot about their rebuff.

One day that Mr. C— happened to call at our clinic, he heard a woman saying that she wanted to have her marriage regularized but not yet, as she was not quite in a position to do so right then. This meant "I have no money to celebrate, so we'll wait."

Mr. C— with coal-black eyes bored her through as he scorned, "That's it! Keep on listening to the devil and he'll dance at your party!"

Once again illness overcame the poor man and he had to be readmitted to the hospital. Up to the very end he received Holy Communion daily, with the fervor of an angel. He had only a few more hours to live when his relatives, fearing the cost of hospital fees, had him removed to his miserable shack. As the whole family gathered around his bed, he humbly asked forgiveness for his past misdeeds; to his father he entrusted the care of his wife and of his two children. With the Rosary twined around his emaciated hands, he calmly awaited for the door of death to open onto life eternal. His illness had been a blessing in disguise sent by an all-tender Father to lead His straying son safely home at last.

The Most Unattractive Word

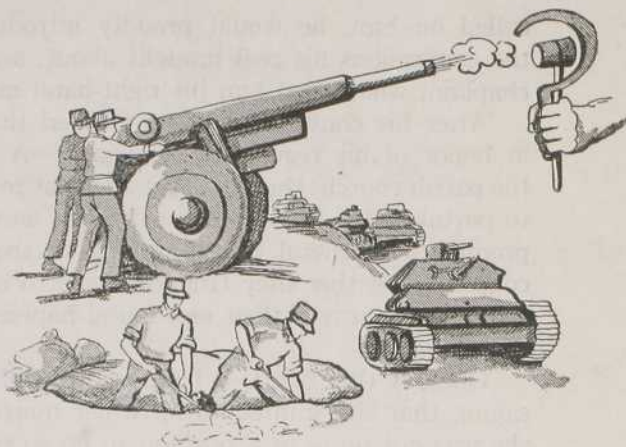
Blueprint for Peace

If St. Paul were addressing his Epistle today to Canadians instead of to Hebrews, his initial chapter might begin like the following: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by *His Daughter, whom He hath appointed, at Fatima, hope of our materialistic, sin-ridden world.*"

And what hath the spokeswoman of God said at Fatima? What is the message of the Woman who came forth "as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" It is a message of hope amid the surrounding gloom, a four-point Peace Plan blueprint in Heaven where Mary is our advocate at the Throne of Peace. It is a mother's heart-broken plea for a return to immaculate living through daily recitation of the Rosary, consecration to her Immaculate Heart, the practice of the Five First Saturdays devotion, and penance, or the

amendment of men's lives.

With keener insight than the shrewdest of diplomats and, for that matter, theologians, Our Lady had perceived that our world of mountains of war ammunition and stockpiles of sin would never know just, durable, universal peace unless she came down and took the matter into her own hands. She did come to tell mankind that there is a way back from bombs, jet planes, and mass deportations.



It is the Marian Way, the Immaculate Way of Mary.

But for sinners like us, there can be no progress along that path, no drawing near to the blazing bush of the Divine Heart bruised for our iniquities, without the removal of the shoes from our feet by the practice of Christian penance. Hence, Mary has added to her plea for consecration, communion, and the Rosary, another plea as fervent for penance, the amendment of men's lives, because there can be no peace for humanity until there is peace in the heart of every man, peace the road to which is "marked by the signposts of the Ten Commandments, the road back to Christ and His teachings."

This Saying Is Hard

Penance is a most unattractive word for ears attuned to the fallacious promises of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But it is a word on which hinges the salvation of the earth. A great part of the human race is so shot through with sinfulness that repentance is the only course open unless we want to be smitten and crushed flat to the ground as were the sin-steeped cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. And what is the foregoing statement if not a paraphrase of the Eternal Truth that warned: "Unless you shall do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

At this point it might be well to pause and ponder on what we have done, so far, individually and singly, in response to Our Lady's plea: "Men must amend their lives and ask pardon for their sins. Men must no longer offend Our Lord, who is already too much offended." Have we taken those words as addressed to us personally? In short, are we with Mary or against Mary? Do we seek to Fatimize or to atomize? Or are we cozy little mortals hugging our man-made comfort and ejaculating, "It can't happen here!"

Never! We militant members of a fighting Church, we Knights and Handmaids of the Queen, are up on our feet — rather, down on our knees! We have sworn to save the world for the ultimate triumph of the Immaculate

Heart of our Sovereign. We have enlisted her aid in reforming the world by first reforming ourselves, in changing the world by first changing ourselves, in bringing harmony to mankind by first harmonizing our will with the holy will of God. In this connection it is our privilege to know exactly the penitential practices that will touch the Heart of Mary's Son. Of a revelation made in the spring of 1943, Lucy, one of the Fatima seers, says: "The good Lord has said to me: 'The sacrifices required of every person is the fulfillment of his duties in life and the observance of My Law. This is the penance that I now seek and require.'"

It thus becomes evident that the penance required of all Catholics in pursuance of the desires of Our Lady at Fatima is not in any way the practice of those extreme austerities of heroic souls, such as hair shirts, scourgings, prolonged vigils and fasts. Keep the Commandments and do your duty — such is the gist of the request we have pledged ourselves to answer.

In the Penitential Field



Commenting on Our Lady's plea for penance and Christ's detailed instructions on how best to carry it out, *Queen of All Hearts*, a Montfort publication, writes: "Those sacrifices are the necessary mortifications that we meet with every day in accomplishing the duties of our state in life, those penances so vital in the unwavering fulfillment of God's Law. A life of sacrifice is the lot of a father and mother surrounded as they are by so many examples of divorce, birth control, and sensual and easy living. Sacrifices will be plentiful in the lives of those who choose to remain pure despite the temptations encountered on every side. There will be no end to the sacrifices of those who faithfully observe the principles of justice and charity in their business and social life." Farther on, the Montfort magazine again says: "To suffer

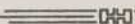
daily, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, the deprivations of poverty, the humiliations of obedience, are all extremely praiseworthy and meritorious. These actions, though apparently of little value, accomplished under divine impulse and offered up to God through the pure hands of our Mother, go a long way as reparation for the sins by which He has been offended and work as a continual supplication for the conversion of sinners." Consequently,

everything we do — sin alone excepted — can be offered to God, through the most pure hands of Mary, in expiation for all transgressions of the Divine Law.

Let us also remember the answer, as beautiful as it is practical, given by the Angel of Fatima to Lucy's query, "How are we to make sacrifices?" Said the Angel: "Make of everything you do a sacrifice and offer it as an act of reparation for the sins by which God is offended and as a petition for the conversion of sinners." And, incidentally, "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation," when Mother Church imposes the penitential season of Lent upon her children. This may be our last Lent! Let us Fatimize it.

Brethren, may we exhort you in conclusion that you receive not the grace of God, the word of Mary, in vain. Penance as requested by the Messenger of Mercy is hard and unattractive, but it alone promises to guide us safely through the blackness of satanic paganism into the broad light of Christian love. It alone can convert Russia and hail the dawn of peace-filled days, for, as it is said in Holy Writ: "When the ways of man shall please the Lord, He will convert even His enemies to peace." Brethren, let us arise and walk in the penitential (and purifying) way of Mary!

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception



Prize Winning Oration From Manila

Our Spiritual Tragedy

From the ORION SUPPLEMENT, Manila, comes this prize winning oration delivered by Miss Perla Macapinlac, St. Theresa's College, Manila. Miss Macapinlac's sincerity of purpose in exposing the very roots of spiritual evils in her country with up-to-date facts won for her the gold medal.

Not two months ago, a young boy named Armidilla from Geronimo Street, drove Manila into a frenzy of excitement by proclaiming himself a prophet. He went into a trance at stated times, and blessed the multitude of gaping, jostling believers who for weeks blocked the streets leading to his residence. He also blessed their baskets of rice that they might never give out. When he prophesied that four days of darkness and tremors of the earth would fall on Manila, the city went into a panic. Money and jewels and deeds of property were brought to safety, children were kept from schools and colleges, grandmothers and grandfathers gave their last instructions — indeed all were convinced it was the end of the world! How is it possible, ladies and gentlemen, that a civilized Catholic population like ours should have been thus duped by a lunatic said to have escaped from an asylum? The answer is not hard to find. Religious ignorance — ignorance of the fundamental truths of our religion — ignorance of God and His law.

And if the example of Armidilla may seem isolated and exceptional, what about the crowds of people who flock to Quiapo Church on Fridays to revere the

Black Nazarene, but who never think they should attend Mass on Sundays? What about the files of devotees who trail from saint to saint in our churches, kissing and rubbing the statues, reciting their novenas, without even so much as genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament? What about the woman married before the justice of the peace, who on Sundays attends Mass in the *habito* of Our Lady of Lourdes, Mary Immaculate? These are cases not of bad faith, but of crass ignorance — cases of putting the unimportant and unessential for salvation above the important and the essential, the optional before the obligatory.

There are other instances of religious ignorance which I would find highly amusing if they were not so tragic. Take for example that prominent Manila Catholic, who on a visit to a convent of nuns, was asked to lower his voice when passing the chapel because Mass was going on. He quickly apologized to the Sister, and asked with incredible naivete, Is Mother Superior saying Mass? And that other one who had given hospitality to a travelling priest. Before leaving, the priest presented him with a statue of the Little Flower, St. Therese of Lisieux. He admired the statue and exclaimed: "Oh, Father, what a beautiful saint! Is she the sister of the Blessed Virgin?"

Then, there is, for many confessing Catholics, the incredible discrepancy between the profession of their religion and their lives. A little piece goes like this:

"Mr. Business man went to Mass,
He never missed a Sunday.
But Mr. Business man went to hell
For what he did on Monday."

Mr. Business man may as well be a Mr. Landowner or a Mr. Master of the House. Their religious beliefs do not permeate their lives. They engage in shady business deals without scruple; they withhold the living wage of their employees, make their servants work seven days a week giving them no chance to perform their religious duties, without a pang of conscience. They profess to be Catholics, yet they subscribe to every secular paper and magazine and refuse to support the Catholic press. They profess to be Catholics yet send their children to non-sectarian universities, or what is worse, to proselytizing non-Catholic institutions. They do not realize how their lives not only do not conform to Catholic principles, but are in contradiction to them. They do not realize their obligation to live as children of God. They do not realize how their religion, instead of being a stuffy Sunday garment, should be a coat of mail, because unless they fight the atheistic world they live in, they are in danger of being drawn into the vortex of secularism.

It is also ignorance that explains the materialistic attitude in religion. Many supposed devout Catholics kneel in prayer, not to give honor and glory to God, or to ask the help of His grace to save their souls, but only to beg for temporal favors. They are entirely mercenary. They cannot conceive of a prayer which does not have material gain for its end. They beg for health, for success in business, for a rich husband or a pretty wife, for an abundant harvest, but their souls and the needs of their souls are absent from their petitions.

What is the cause of this ignorance which so miserably saps the faith of our people? Fifty years of public school education from which God was banned is one cause; the materialism that pervades our era is another; but by far the most significant cause is the dearth of priests.

In Catholic countries there is an average of one priest for every thousand souls. In Belgium there is one for every 900; in Holland, one for every 800; in the United States, one for every 720, in Ireland, one for every 700. What is the proportion here in the Philippines? Even if we include the foreign missionaries, we have one priest for every 12,700 souls! How can one priest do the work of twelve? How can this one overburdened priest, even if he were the most zealous, have the necessary, continuous contact with all his parishioners, help them, console them, assist them

in the hour of death, administer the sacraments to them, and above all, instruct them? This tragic dearth of priests is still relatively greater in the diocese of Manila. In fact, Manila is the most desperate case in the whole Catholic world. Tondo, for instance, has three priests for its 108,000 souls. Binondo, which is a parish of 50,000 souls, has one parish priest. What wonder then that the great majority of our Catholics do not fulfill their Easter duties, are not married in the Church, and die without the last Sacraments? What wonder then that they strive to satisfy this elemental desire for religion by running after an Armidilla?

A diocese with one and a half million Catholics like that of Manila, should draw from its ranks 200 new priests every year. How many ordinations do you think we shall have this year? Just two. And in the year of 1951? Again just two. To what must we ascribe this pitifully small number of priestly vocations? What influence or influences stifle the inspirations of the Holy Spirit and render the hearts of our young men deaf to the divine call to priesthood? Why does Manila not give more of her sons to God? Is it because God does not call them? God calls them, but the conditions necessary to bring these vocations to fruition are sadly wanting. A French bishop speaking on vocations lately, said: "There are vocations which manifest themselves; they must be fostered. There are vocations which are not conscious of themselves; they must be awakened. There are vocations which are in danger of being lost; they must be reassured. There are vocations which meet with opposition; they must be strengthened. There are vocations which are paralyzed by poverty; they must be helped financially."

Vocations must be fostered. Who must foster them? Pope Pius XI gives us the answer. "The first and the most natural place where the flowers of the sanctuary should grow and bloom remains always the truly Catholic family." Do our Catholic families foster vocations? Do we not often see the contrary? As soon as parents think they detect religious leaning in their son, they begin a systematic opposition. If the boy is in a Catholic school, he is transferred to a non-sectarian one, and preferably one where co-education is the rule. They scoff at everything that is holy, and constantly nag him about his too frequent church attendance.

Vocations must be awakened. Who must awaken them? Again the Pope gives the answer. "Most saintly priests and bishops owe the beginning of their vocation to the example of a father, strong in faith and in manly virtue; of a mother, pure and devoted, and of a family in which the love of God reigns supreme." A father strong in faith and in manly virtue. Would that this could be said of every father in the Philippines! A father who has never been to the Sacraments since his marriage, a father who gambles, drinks, and is absorbed only in material things, can he give his son the training in self-denial, self-sacrifice so essential in the training of a future priest? A mother whose interest in society and the mahjong table keeps her constantly away from her home; a mother who satisfies all the whims and caprices of her children and thus by her criminal indulgence makes them weaklings, spineless creatures, is certainly not awakening her son's priestly vocation nor reassuring a vocation in danger of being lost.

Vocations are paralyzed by poverty. This may be true in France, but not in the Philippines. 80% of our native clergy come from families in mediocre financial circumstances. It is not poverty but wealth that hinders our vocations. The wealthy either will not give their sons or else will render them unfit for the life.

If we would have priestly vocations then, we should have good Catholic homes. Give us good Catholic homes, training grounds where spiritual athletes are formed by relentless discipline; good Catholic homes, little fortresses where children are protected from the extreme spirit of the world; good Catholic homes, shrines where families meet to give honor and glory to God; good Catholic homes, sanctuaries where parents offer themselves on the altar of suffering, of sacrifice.

Give us good Catholic homes, and we shall no longer speak of a spiritual tragedy.

Magnificat Today

"All Generations Shall Call Me Blessed"

Montreal's families, French and English-speaking, have enthusiastically expressed their approval of radio station CKAC's 15 minute nightly program devoted to the recitation of the Rosary at 7 p. m. (Recent news says that the Rosary over the radio will be a permanent feature here.)

An army which started in St. Mary's Parish, Plainfield, N. J., has grown into a national army, numbering 750,000 soldiers ("Blue Army"). The soldiers of this spiritual army have pledged to say the Rosary daily, to wear the scapular as a sign of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and to offer up the trials of each day in reparation for the sins of the world.

Goretti's Tribute to Mary. Says Saint Mary Goretti's mother: "It was simply a matter of teaching her to love God and the Blessed Mother . . . Her particular predilection was the Virgin Mary. She used to wander to the farmland to find and pick wild flowers and with them she used to adorn the framed pictures of the Madonna."

November 18 issue of the Ensign reports: During the recent Family Rosary Crusade in an eastern Canadian city a Catholic nurse on the staff of a secular convalescent hospital decided to have a Family Rosary right there in the hospital. There now are the original four Catholics, ten Protestants, and seven Jews who daily gather to recite the Rosary.

In Detroit an anonymous family of father, mother, and three children hit upon a plan of sending "Mary Cards" all over the world. Contents include the message of the Blessed Virgin at Fatima, an invitation to observe the First Saturday devotion, and a short prayer. From January to July 1950 they sent out 635,000 cards to all parts of the world.

From Santa Barbara, California, word reaches us that a new movement has been inaugurated under the caption L.B.S., or Let's Be Saints. It consists of a group of souls who pray by intention for one another to live fully the total consecration to Jesus through Mary. Already 1,600 members have joined up including many Bishops, priests, nuns, and lay people. Address: Father Felix Acquistapace, S.J., 21 E. Sola St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

In the 24 hours from midnight on Friday to midnight on Saturday, May 13, 1950, approximately 120,000 Rosaries were said in St. Francis' Church, Melbourne, Australia. The intentions were world peace and the conversion of Russia.

Cleveland, Ohio — Each day at noon, hundreds of workers in a factory here assemble in the plant auditorium to recite the Rosary for world peace. A dozen seamstresses and office girls received permission from company president George Richman and started it. Within four days, 500 men and women had joined the practice.

A statue of Our Lady of Fatima smuggled across the Russian border is now enshrined in a Moscow house. Beside it two red candles burn day and night. Catholics go there secretly to pray the Rosary for world peace and Russia's conversion.

The Blessed Virgin has been honored on some 200 stamps issued in more than 22 countries. Argentina, for example, has honored her as the Star of the Sea; Bolivia as the Eucharistic Madonna; Colombia as the Madonna; and Luxembourg as the Comforter of the Afflicted.

And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because he that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is his name. (Luke, I, 46-49)

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

After a month and a half of effort Bishop Pompallier was able to secure a ship: an American-owned vessel, called the *Europe*, whose captain agreed to take him and his party and the Fathers of the Congregation of Picpus as far as eastern Oceania. The *Europe* sailed from Valparaiso on the tenth of August. The crew was unlike that of the *Delphine*. One of the officers, learning that the captain had promised to take "papist missionaries," as he called them, declared that he would not go. It was the threats and curses of his fellow officers which made him embark at last. And all the sailors partook, to a greater or less degree, of his prejudice against the Church and her ministers.

"Let us pray for them, and be very kind, and give as little trouble as possible," Father Chanel suggested to his friends. All followed this advice, and soon distrust and dislike gave place to esteem and affection. Watching the missionaries, day after day, the seamen began to be glad they were on board; they liked to talk to them, to listen to the hymns they sang, to see them pray and say Mass. Sometimes the captain asked them to sing some canticle to obtain from heaven the favorable winds on which all depended. The officer, who had for a time refused to sail on the same ship with Catholic priests, grew to love them, and said he intended to place himself under instruction when he reached Tahiti. He explained laughingly that he had imbibed his hatred of Catholics from his mother, who had often told him that papist priests are veritable monsters whom it is contamination even to look upon. "I conceived such an aversion for them," he said, "that I determined never to have anything to do with them. But your goodness quickly changed my opinion. You have dissipated all my prejudice."

Bishop Pompallier suggested that before reaching Oceania they should make their annual retreat. He and Father Chanel directed the exercises. "I shall never forget that retreat made in mid ocean," Father Bataillon told Father Bourdin. "It was so easy to meditate on the vanity of earthly things, separated from a watery grave only by a few frail planks! Seeing only the heavens and the raging waves of the sea, God's immensity seemed to be exemplified before us. Wonderful, indeed, as the Psalmist said, 'are the surges of the sea: and wonderful is the Lord on high.' At the sight of such grandeur as surrounded us, man feels his nothingness and instinctively turns, heart and soul, to Him who is master of life and death."

On the thirteenth of September the *Europe* reached Mangareva, one of the most important of the Gambier Islands. There disembarked the Fathers of the Congregation of Picpus, who had been with Bishop Pompallier and the Marists ever since they left Havre. Thanks to the zeal of Bishop Rouchouze and his missionaries of Picpus, the Faith had already made great strides in Mangareva. Anchor had hardly been cast before a

number of natives scrambled aboard, and showed in a naive and very touching way their great joy at seeing another bishop and more missionary priests. Throwing themselves on their knees they kissed the bishop's ring, and grasping the hands of the fathers they asserted loudly and earnestly that they, too, were Christians. The following day Bishop Pompallier said Mass in a poor little bamboo church, in the presence of Bishop Rouhouze, seven priests and six catechists. Many natives also assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and sang with surprising sweetness and accuracy. The missionaries could not help weeping for joy.

All followed the bishops to a larger island where the king had arranged to meet them. The shore was crowded with Christians on their knees, who cried at the top of their voices, "Welcome! Welcome!" and begged the bishops to bless them. It was difficult for the party to make a way through the throng, for all the people wished to touch them and to kiss their hands. On every side there were shouting, "Welcome, missionaries! We are Christians! We belong to the Holy Roman Catholic Church! Jesus! Mary!" On reaching the church they made in unison a solemn profession of faith, and afterwards sang a hymn with edifying fervor.

Our missionaries passed the whole day among these good neophytes, who pressed about them, asking their names and those of their fathers and mothers. On learning of the death of Father Bret they shed many tears. "Why did you not bring with you the body of that saint?" the king asked. "Why did you not bring so great a treasure to us?" When evening came the natives begged to see Bishop Pompallier. To please them he and Bishop Rouhouze ascended a little hill, and the people hastened to present them with a great quantity of cocoanuts and bananas, cheering and shouting as they did so, and afterwards singing a hymn. Bishop Rouhouze made a little speech, and it was late before they went to their homes. Then, all through the valley they could be heard reciting their night prayers in common.

On the following day, when the missionaries were walking about the island, they passed the abandoned temple of some pagan god. Workmen were wrecking it to use the stones for a church, and pointing out a carving on one of the supports — a crude representation of a rat — they said, "See what we used to adore!"

The new apostles of Oceania were filled with admiration of what they saw and heard. They could find no words to express all the joy they felt. Father Chanel could not restrain his tears. Looking up to heaven, he said, "Oh Mary, make such prodigies as these crown the work we are about to undertake! It would be for the glory of thy Divine Son, for your honor and the salvation of souls."

(To be continued)



The Mission Charity is the greatest on earth. — Pope Pius XI

LEAVES FROM THE NOVITIATE BOOK

Monday, November 20, 1950

One glance at the smiling faces of novices and postulants is enough to convince you that tomorrow's rejoicings will begin long before the last bell this evening. Tomorrow, feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, the novices' own patronal feastday, has its very special vigil, and a right merry one it is.

Immediately after supper, novices and postulants alike swallowed their characteristic aversion to dishwashing and did brief business with the pots and pans, so that by six-fifteen the bell was allowed to invite the household to the reception hall. The postulants, always keen on giving pleasure to others, had prepared the most entertaining of recreative programs in honor of the queens of the Day with the Vigil.

A duet opened the pleasant evening. Then the young actresses carried us off to a sewing room in Paris, where we followed the life story of two orphan girls, worn out by deprivation and fatigue, but for all that in love with the good things of life and brave enough to go on living with a smile on their lips. Privileged indeed are they all, whether orphaned or not, who know they have a tender Father in Heaven and believe in His all-embracing love. For them the darkest night has its sparkling stars and the dreariest cloud its silver lining; their gloom is "shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly," as the poet writes.

With fervent thanks for the enjoyable evening and especially for the gift of faith granted us without any merit on our part, we sang the *Magnificat*, which usually ends all our special evening programs. With Mary we can indeed render thanks to God for His having done great things to us, not only in giving us the blessing of a truly Christian education, but also in extending to us the invitation to leave all things and follow Him along the pathways of the religious life. Well can we sing with our Model and Queen that "holy is His Name and His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation."

Tuesday, November 21

This is the day which the little Child Mary has made holy; let us be glad and rejoice therein. Let us be joyful, because that tiny Jewish maiden's example will prompt, down the centuries, legions of generous young girls to sacrifice their all to the tremendous Lover of souls, her own dear Son our Lord.

Our childish wish to have either a day of bright sunshine or of snowflakes softly falling earthward did not materialize, but we didn't make any faces at the disobliging Weather Man and took the grey day in stride. After all, days are just as grey as one wishes to make them!

Nine o'clock in the morning marked the moment for the big surprises for both junior and senior novices. The novitiate hall, which had "no trespassing" signs in its doorways since yesterday noon, allowed everybody

in to take one good and happy look at the beautiful statue of the Child Mary enrobed for the day in the white livery of a novice. Around the globe at her feet hovered little paper doves, each carrying in its tiny beak a message supposedly from Heaven. Upon examination, the little scraps penned by the Angels (or at least said to be) were found to contain either resolutions or pious gems of thought, which will help us to live daily in a manner worthy of our sublime calling.

Sister Superior kindly accepted to share in our fun this afternoon and helped to make the "perfection" card party a success. So busy were we watching over the destinies of our trump cards that we totally forgot about our desire for snow, until one little Sister piped that everybody should look out the window. Obediently we did so, and saw to our extreme pleasure that somebody, maybe the gentle Saint of Assisi, had pleaded our cause and influenced Sister Snow to fall earthward in light, fluffy flakes of spotless white. How beautifully symbolical is the virgin snow of the Most Pure Child who, on a day like this, dedicated her young life to her God and her All!

Thanks to Heaven and to our dear Superiors for our beautiful Presentation Day, and may we daily prepare, in fervor and love, for the great Presentation Day on which Mary will lead us to the King of Virgins to pledge our lives to Him.

AT THAT TIME THE NOVICES WERE PLAYING PERFECTION





The Story So Far — When Mr. Tam went to war, Tch'oei Ti T'ong (Little Flute Player), his three-year-old son, stayed with kindly old Mr. Wong. After the war, father and son went to live in Canton, where Tch'oei Ti T'ong studied in a pagan school. But he could not forget Jesus, about whom the missionary had spoken, and he made his way back to San Tong.



Back in San Tong Village, Little Flute Player found that his kind guardian, old Mr. Wong, had become a Catholic. The happy news thrilled him.



Promising to pray very hard for his protege, Wong sent him off to the Catholic Mission to learn more about Jesus and His Blessed Mother Mary.



On the way to the Catholic Mission, Little Flute Player met some Buddhist pilgrims who wanted very much to take him along to their pagoda.



But the little Chinese boy was prudent. He knew that boys of his age are often drawn to pagan temples and there confided to the bonzes.



Thanks to Old Wong's rosaries, Little Flute Player finally reached the Mission. The missionary, whom he already knew, welcomed him very kindly.



The missionary spoke about catechism and flute. Tch'oei Ti T'ong, proud in his knowledge of the *Ave Maria*, would now play for God with the other boys.



The missionary wrote to Mr. Tam asking permission to keep his boy at the Catholic College. Mr. Tam consented, for he had lost all his money.



And that was how Tch'oei Ti T'ong could become a fervent Catholic boy and even be allowed to serve the Reverend Father's morning Mass.



Like all other boys, Little Flute Player grew and grew, until he was old enough to enter a seminary for more advanced studies.



Here he stands, consecrating his first Host! Mary rewarded the boy who had so often played *Ave Maria*.
(THE END)

Glories of Mary



Please have a votive lamp burn in thanksgiving for having received a favor. Please say a prayer for my special intention because it really means a great deal for my future happiness. A Child of Mary. — Please help me to thank Our Blessed Mother for favors received and please make a novena for two very special intentions. Mrs. M. L., **Montreal**. — I am very grateful for my renewed health and for your prayers. Miss L. R., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for your prayers. Miss B., **Montreal**. — Many things I have asked of the Blessed Mother through you have been granted. Please pray for my special intentions. Mrs. F. C., **Caribou, Me.** — This offering is to thank Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for helping our boys. Mrs. L. F., **St. L.** — Will you please publish my grateful thanks for the cure of my rheumatism. Miss C. G., **Riviere Ouelle**. — Please publish my thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. L. L., **L'Annonciation**. — Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor obtained after promising to publish. X. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my fractured leg. May our dear Mother obtain for me the cure of my rheumatism and peace in our family. — Will you kindly publish my thanks and join me in praying for another intention. Mrs. G. F. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favor received. Mrs. H. A. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a con-

version. — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. A. C., **Bedford**. — Please publish that I have obtained three favors through the intercession of Mary, Queen of All Hearts. Mrs. B., **Joliette**. — All my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. X., **Joliette**. — I am very grateful to Our Blessed Mother for my recovery. I am asking another favor. — Please help me to thank Our Blessed Lady for a cure. Mrs. O. L. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. O. S. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for several favors. I. G., **Montreal**. — Sincere gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. I. G., **Bic**. — A thousand thanks and unending praise to Mary for the cure my husband has obtained. Mrs. R. M. — Please publish my thanks to Mary for a great favor received and for her constant protection. Mrs. R. M. — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate for relief of acute pain without the intervention of the doctor. Mrs. J. N. G. — Fulfilling my promise in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for several favors. C. L., **Ville Emard**. — All my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for her protection. Mrs. E. L., **Village Richelieu**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. P. B. — Our Heavenly Mother has answered my prayers. I thank her from the bottom of my heart. Mrs. A. M. — Please publish my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the favors I have received through her intercession. Please ask her to obtain health for my husband and myself. Mrs. G. M., **St. Veronique**. — My husband has found employment. Sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate. Mrs. L. P., **Montreal**. — Please publish my grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady from whom I have obtained two great favors. Mrs. M. S. — Thanks to Mary for a favor received. X., **Lachine**.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and to St. Joseph for a favor received. Mrs. H. B. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for our home. Miss C. D. — Grateful thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors received; I am asking for her protection in the future. Mrs. R. A. L. — Many thanks to St. Christopher and St. Expidit for favors received. Mrs. A., **Montreal**.

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 pray for me that I may be cured of neuritis if it is God's will. E. W. — Would you please say a prayer for Mr. and Mrs. X. — I am asking you if you can help me to pray for my husband to stop working around the house on Sundays. He has been neglecting his religious duties. Mrs. X. — Please pray for the cure of my husband's sore leg and other intentions. Mrs. R. H. — Please make a novena for me that the lawsuit I am in will be settled out of court. Miss C., **Montreal**. — Will you please offer a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the recovery of a priest who is very sick; also for our son and his wife that they will be sincere in the practice of their religion. Mrs. C. — Graces urgently desired by a person desperately in need of help. Mrs. H. — Will you please continue to burn another light for my special intention. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me and my dear mother who is sick. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me as I am a very worried mother. Mrs. B. — I wish that a novena be said for my health, my husband and myself, to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. C., **Sherbrooke**. — Please pray for my dear husband now deceased. Mrs. R., **Cowansville, P. Q.** — Please pray that the one I love will come back and ask for forgiveness and be very nice to me. C. B., **Ville St. Pierre**. — Please pray for my intentions. M. B., **Charlesbourg, P. Q.** — Please join me in praying to Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my head noise and deafness. J. Mc. — Will you please remember me in your prayers for all my intentions. Mrs. F. D., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please pray that my operation may be successful. Mrs. P. S. — Will your kind Sisters pray for me for a favor. Miss H., **Lorne, N. B.** — Please pray for my husband that he may recover completely. Mrs. B., **Salem, Mass.** — Please pray for me for a very special intention; also my health, which is very bad. Mrs. P., **Methuen, Mass.** — I would like prayers for a favor I have asked. Mrs. W. C., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Please remember me in your prayers. Mrs. H., **Meriden, Conn.** — Please pray for my dear son in Korea. Mrs. L. DeS., **Milwaukee, Wisc.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help that my arm may be better if it be God's holy will. Please pray for several other intentions. Mrs. C. VanD., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Will you please pray for a very special intention for me. Also that God will grant us health, safety of family, and spiritual blessings in our home. Mrs. B. — Please pray for my son. Mrs. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Will you kindly make a novena for a special intention. A reader of the **Precursor**. — Please pray for the cure of a child. Mrs. R. L. — A young man of twenty-two requests prayers for his recovery. — Would you kindly offer a novena to Our Blessed Mother for the sale of a property. — Please pray for peace in my family and the conversion of my son who drinks and is neglectful of his religious duties. — May Our Immaculate Mother grant me better health! A subscriber. — I am asking my husband's cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber. — Please pray that my sister may recover completely. — I am requesting a cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. Miss O. R. — Improvement in character for a problem child. E. B.

GENERAL PETITIONS

¶ Please pray to the Infant Jesus for me as I am terribly nervous and despondent. — I have full faith in the Little Flower that the request asked will be fully granted. Mr. O'D., **Westmount**. — Please have a mass said for the Poor Souls in Purgatory for a special intention. A reader of the **Precursor**. — Please recommend all my intentions to Our Lord. Mrs. St. M., **Putnam, Conn.** — Please join me in prayers to St. Joseph and Brother Andre for my cure and other intentions. Mrs. P., **Jewett City, Conn.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 13; vocations, 8; cures, 56; positions, 13; special intentions, 142.

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

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Sister Marie Archibald, Sisters of Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, **Montreal**; Mrs. Narcisse Pelland, **Woonsocket, R. I.**, mother of our Sister St. Jean Baptiste; Mrs. Desire Samson, **Lauzon**, mother of our Sister Eustelle de l'Eucharistie; Mrs. Louis Fillion, **Kenogami**, mother of our Sister Louis Marie; Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Michaud, **Plessisville**, parents of our Sisters Marie Andre and Gabriel de l'Immaculee; Mrs. Louis Philippe Maltais, **Sacre Cœur, Saguenay County**, mother of our late Sister St. Clement; Mrs. A. Gauthier, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Marie des Neiges; Mrs. Joseph Bastille, **Biddeford, Me.**, grandmother of our Sister Marie Theophane; Mr. Victor Melancon, **St. Guillaume d'Upton**, grandfather of our Sister St. Alberte; Mr. Felix Voligny, **Montreal**; Mrs. R. Kelly, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Joseph Morissey, **St. Mary**; Mr. Maurice Condon, **Arvida**; Mr. William Cartier, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. Yvonne Plante, **Newburyport, Mass.**; Mrs. Clotilde Kable, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Laura Lemoine, **Woonsocket, R. I.**; Mrs. Raymond Filteau, Miss Rose de Lima Pepin, Mrs. Leger, Mr. Gaston Trottier, Mrs. David Dupont, Mr. T. B. Desrochers, Mrs. Emilia Daneau, Mrs. Pierre Charron, Mr. J. E. Naud, Mrs. Philias Desaulniers, Mrs. Daniel Ladouceur, Mrs. G. Bernard, Mr. Joseph Gervais, Mr. James Martin, Mrs. Roland Hotte, Mr. R. Chouinard, Mr. Nap. Lavallée, Mrs. Joseph Therrien, Mrs. Leonce Lussier, Mrs. Roger Luguette, Mrs. Rita Giroux, Mr. Georges Coutu, Mrs. E. Leger, Mr. Ernest Lajoie, Mrs. Elmina Girardin, **Montreal**; Mrs. L. McIntosh, **Outremont**; Mrs. Charles Auguste Dion, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Gaston Chenier, Mr. J. A. Pelletier, **Ville St. Pierre**; Mr. Rene Gravel, Mrs. J. Zephir Gosselin, Mr. T. Nantel, Mr. R. Lamarre, Mr. Louis Richer, **Longueuil**; Mr. Raoul Lortie, Mr. Ulric Archambault, Mrs. G. Lebel, Mrs. Elie Sauve, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mrs. Isaie Mainville, **St. Martin**; Mrs. Edgar Lavallee, **St. Lambert**; Mr. H. Deschambault, M.D., Mr. Renaud, Mr. Josaphat Desjardins, **St. Therese**; Mr. Geo. Chaperon, **St. Bruno**; Mr. Felix Menard, **St. Genevieve**; Mr. Esdras Maille, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mrs. Amedee Taillefer, **St. Jerome**; Mrs. Donatien Malo, **St. Julie**; Mr. A. Beauchemin, **Granby**; Mr. Ernest Laroche, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Edouard Tetreault; Mrs. Louis Patenaude, **St. Martine**; Mrs. Judes Belisle, **St. Guillaume d'Upton**; Mrs. Theophile Roux, **St. Paul de Chester**; Mrs. Herma Morin, **St. Jean**; Mr. Raphael Caron, **St. Charles sur Richelieu**; Mr. Noe Tellier, **St. Michel des Saints**; Mrs. Rodolphe Racette, Mr. J. C. St. Andre, Mr. J. B. Durand, Mrs. Marcel Lepine, Mrs. Leo Charland, **Joliette**; Mrs. Adrien Henault, **St. Elisabeth**; Mrs. Denis Aumont, **St. Alexis**; Mr. Sinai Riopel, **St. Beatrix**; Mr. Antonio Allard, Mrs. D. Dupras, **Mascouche**; Mr. W. Rivet, **Rawdon**; Mrs. Francois Lanoue, **St. Alphonse**; Mrs. Donat Gadoury, Mrs. Edmond Durand, Mr. Louis Tellier, **St. Melanie**; Mr. J. Z. Lafortune, **St. Paul**; Mr. Alphonse Chaumont, **St. Joachim**; Mrs. Severin Roy, **St. Felix de Valois**; Mrs. Edgar Cormier, **St. Zacharie**; Mr. J. Doyon, **St. Benoit**; Mr. W. Lacerte, **St. Severe**; Mr. W. Dube, **St. Gerard des Laurentides**; Mr. R. P. Vertefeuille, Mrs. J. E. Beland, **Louiseville**; Mrs. Emile Goyette, **St. Georges**; Mr. Joseph Lamothe, **St. Bernard de Shawinigan**; Mrs. J. B. Poirier, Mr. Armand Philibert, Mr. J. H. Therrien, **Shawinigan**; Mrs. D. 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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.

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Visits to Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals.

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

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

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

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

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

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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.

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Closed retreats for women and girls.

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

(Founded in 1935)

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VANCOUVER, 3080 Prince Edward St.

(Founded in 1946)

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UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 187 Pleasant St.
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SHEK LUNG, near Canton
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103 Austin Road, Hong Kong
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MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
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Clinic.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission
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JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru.
Koriyama Shi, Fukushima Ken
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Kindergarten. Clinic. Private lessons in
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WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu
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TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho,
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MANILA, 1111 Narra St.
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ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti (Founded in 1945)
Clinic. School.

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

CAMP PERRIN, Haiti (Founded in 1949)
School.

MIREBALAIS, Haiti (Founded in 1949)
School.

LIMBE, Haiti (Founded in 1950)
School.

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

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

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

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

AFRICA

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

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

RUMPHI MISSION, Njakwa P.O.,
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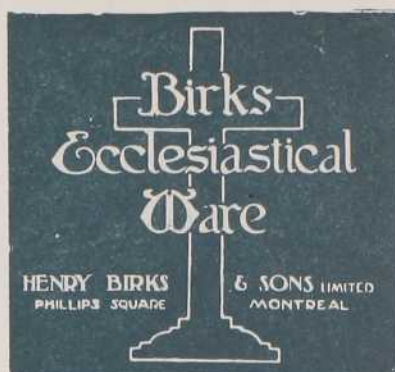
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