



CHAPTERS
IN CANADA'S



MISSION
EFFORT



The Precursor

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Psalm of May

*The fields become a verdant green,
A carpet where the Queen
Will tread. The flowers burst in bloom,
For gone is winter's gloom.*

*Enraptured birds full-throated sing
The rhapsodies of spring,
Selections for the Mary Days
When every songster prays.*

*All nature stirs from wintry sleep
And playful breezes sweep
The withered things of yesteryear
Now Mary's Month is here.*

*O Mother, don your apron blue
And sweep me through and through.
The withered, human, brush away
And clean my house-of-clay*

*That all in me may shine like new
With luster come from you,
And Christ will know I tried to be
A little less like me.*

M.I.C.

GAGALANGIN, MANILA

Our Lady's Praise



At our Academy the entire month of October was spent in praising and honoring the glorious Queen of Heaven in preparation for the culminating triumph of all her incomparable privileges, the definition by the Holy Father, on the feast of All Saints, of her Assumption as a dogma of revealed faith. What an inspiring sight provided the faithful who daily filled our convent chapel to participate in the recitation of the beads and in the chanting of Our Lady's praises! The Rosary month was brought to a close by a solemn novena climaxed with a colorful Marian procession.

For this beautiful manifestation of filial piety, loving hands decked the walls of our Academy and transformed our patio into a bower of fragrant, translucent beauty. On the steps leading to the temporary altar, chubby brown angels knelt clad in robes of brilliant colors, ready to pay homage to their Eucharistic King and Savior.

Rev. Father Pajarillo, pastor, presided over the ceremony. Loudspeakers carried his voice to the farthest ends of the campus, causing every heart to thrill with enthusiasm for the glorification of Heaven's Queen. Never before had our pastor's voice been filled with such deep feeling, as he told of the wonders he had seen on his recent pilgrimage to Our Blessed Lady's world-famed shrines at Lourdes and Fatima. In his stirring words one could feel his love for the glorious Queen whose Assumption would become on the morrow a dogma to be held sacred by all who reverence the Mother of God.

Although the manifestation was to begin at six in the evening, the grounds were already packed by four. Groups of our pupils in their uniforms of white and blue appeared as huge animated bouquets. The float that was to serve as triumphant chariot to Our Lady's statue had been artistically decorated in the Marian colors and laden with flowers.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the procession slowly set out for the parish church. Young men of the catechetical course proudly drew the float. Multi-colored banners flapped in the evening breeze, while hundreds of swaying candles strung their long line of radiance in the gathering shadows. Loudspeakers everywhere wafted the mighty chorus of Aves rising to the throne of the Queen of the Rosary.

The cherubs who had reverently knelt beside the altar during Benediction had been judged too little to follow the procession; but they took the law into their own hands by slipping into the cortege. Their bright robes of pink and blue, of yellow and green, made splashes of color all along the moving lines. Even the babies of the kindergarten classes refused to be left at home and toddled along by the side of their parents.

From windows and balconies all along the way, ovations rang out in honor of the Queen of Heaven and earth. One enthusiastic lady even broke out into the vibrant strains of Gounod's Ave Maria.



GAGALANGIN GREETS THE QUEEN OF THE PHILIPPINES



GRADUATES OF 1950 AT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ACADEMY, MANILA,
WERE SIGNALLY HONORED WHEN HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. EGIDIO VAGNOZZI,
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, SAID MASS IN THE ACADEMY CHAPEL
ON THE DAY AFTER GRADUATION.

Nearly two thousand persons took an active part in the Marian demonstration, while at least twice this number crowded about on doorsteps, at balconies, on street corners, eager to acclaim and to exalt the Queen of the Philippines.

Words are really very inadequate to tell of the emotion that filled all hearts as Our Lady, all graciousness and benignity, slowly walked among her children. How could I describe the beauty of it all — the lights, the flowers, the glory of the chant, and the wealth of mystic symbolism which followed the passing of the cortege?

At last the parish church was reached. Because of the lack of space, the throng remained outside, and so did the Blessed Mother's float. Tenderly she smiled upon her children, as they sang their evening farewell, the *Salve Regina*. Deep-felt happiness and a feeling of security flooded our hearts as we turned homeward at the end of this perfect day.

Oh, beautiful thou art, our sweet Virgin Queen! The ageless stars crown thee as a brilliant diadem, while the moon's opalescent rays weave about thee a mysterious halo. Grant that we who are titled as daughters of thine Immaculate Conception may daily add to thy great glory. Accept this thy children's ardent desire to enhance by some faint ray the effulgence that surrounds thy throne. Grant that we may live the motto of our beloved religious family, to make thee better known and loved from pole to pole.

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception

Congratulations and Best Wishes

*The Precursor is privileged to extend its sincere congratulations
and prayerful good wishes to*

His Excellency Most Rev. C.-E. Parent
recently appointed Archbishop of Rimouski

His Excellency Most Rev. Philippe Desranleau
Archbishop-elect of Sherbrooke

His Excellency Most Rev. Albert Cousineau, C.S.C.
new Coadjutor Bishop of Cap Haitien, Haiti

God bless the Keepers of His Flock !

As soon as the church doors swung open in the early dawn, a dark figure shuffled up the aisle and made a bee-line for the statue of Our Blessed Mother. There the man knelt, with head bowed low, like a sorrow-stricken son at the feet of a tender, understanding mother.

Mr. D— was a modern edition of the Prodigal Son. Far from his heavenly Father he had strayed, squandering his spiritual riches in a life of sin. So inveterate were the habits of a lifetime that he did not find within himself the courage to say, "I will arise, and will go to my Father." Instead, he daily talked over his troubles with her whom the Haitians fondly call *Maman nous* (Our Mother).

The coming of missionary Sisters to Roche-a-Bateau had been a turning point in his life. Three years previously, the Sisters had opened a school and a dispensary in the immediate neighborhood of his hut home. Through his open windows he absorbed daily doses of doctrine, until his conscience began to bother him seriously. How could he listen to the daily enunciation of God's Commandments and still coolly keep breaking a few of them?

He called at the dispensary one fine day to discuss ways and means of conversion. Sister gave him a helpful little book. From that day onward the Divine Pursuer relentlessly pressed His straying quarry.

Lent had seen Mr. D— faithful to his morning tryst, but he vanished as soon as the priest came in for Mass. On Holy Thursday, his colloquy was punctuated with tears and sobs. Charitable souls helped him in his

struggle by prayer and sacrifice. One little Sister even offered the great sacrifice of never again meeting her ailing mother here on earth in order to make sure of this soul's eternal salvation.

* * *

Easter dawned bright and clear. The little church was flooded with sunshine, fragrant with spring blossoms. Again, a dark form shuffled up the aisle making a bee-line for Our Lady's altar.

But there were no tears nor sobs on this happy morning; the Refuge of Sinners had secured his forgiveness and had given him the courage to break his chain of bondage. When Mass began he did not vanish as he usually did; instead he knelt to partake of the Bread of Angels, of that Bread that will strengthen him in the battle against evil.

From her pedestal Our Lady tenderly smiled upon her Prodigal Son.

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



The Holy Father's Mission Intention

MAY 1951

The Church in Indonesia

His Holiness in his reply to the Minister of the United States of Indonesia appointed to the Holy See, when he presented his credentials on May 25th, 1950, said in part: "A nation of seventy million people dwelling in a region of the world that is called destined for great and not ordinary progress, while at the same time laboring under many difficulties and dangers in its manifold efforts to insure and strengthen liberty deserves friendly aid and encouragement from all those who sincerely desire that nations and the world in general should not be deprived of the blessings and fruits of a just and stable international peace... Among its fundamental principles which your state in its birth has preserved as primary, the name of Almighty God and His supreme authority hold the first place... We are certain that our sons of the Church who labor in Indonesia will be second to none in their desire to aid in every way possible your country and its citizens in matters touching on the education of youth, works of charity and the duties of citizens."

The population of the new nation is more than seventy-five million, which represents a number next to that of China and India. Catholics form only 9 percent of this population and more than half of these are found on the one island of Flores, which is small and far removed from the greater centers, being less than 10 percent of the total area of the islands. On the Island of Java, there is scarcely one Catholic for every 1,000 inhabitants.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the Church is making giant efforts. There are already 69 native priests and 765 foreign missionaries; 83 native brothers and 399 foreign missionary brothers; 390 native sisters and nearly fifteen hundred foreign missionary sisters.

Finally, it should be noted that in the greater centers of population the influence of Moslemism is wide and deep. The inroads are not great at the present moment, but this danger added to the overwhelming large proportion of Moslems presents an object of consideration worthy of our daily prayers to Christ for the coming of His Kingdom.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

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



Mother's Rosary

*For many reasons rosy-cheeked
(We noisy kids were eight),
My mother never found the time
To sit and meditate*

*On all the things that Mary took
As theme of mental prayer.
But when the house was still and we
Had pattered up the stair,*

*She'd take her precious holy beads
Of blue like Mary's gown,
And form with Ave-roses fair
The Blessed Virgin's crown.
For both were mothers ; both had shared
Maternal ecstasy,
And both had sorrowed ; later, had
Their days of jubilee.*

*My mother wrote no book of verse.
Consoling major woes,
Two broken fingers, bruises, cuts,
Could cram her days with prose
Of anxious worry. Seems she held
That all our poetry
In Mary's eyes is lesser than
One well-said Rosary.*

*My mother never kissed the beads
That jangle at my side.
Her lovely soul in Christ reposed
When I became His bride.
I wonder — when the cherubs dream,
Do mother's fingers run
Along the beads she prays for me,
Her little daughter-nun?*

M.I.C.

The World

Beneath Her Feet

Rosita will make a good little nun. One of the reasons why is that her wonderful mother and dad have given her a first-class upbringing. Some with worldlier standards might scoff and say that mother and dad brought their daughter up the old-fashioned way. If so it happens, both will take the thrust with a smile and answer that the best way will always be the Christlike.

It is a known fact that all the world's little Rositas are eager for the day when they will matriculate into the world of grownups. Well, wouldn't you thrill at the thought that some day you will be someone with personal opinions on this and that, and the right to make yourself heard? Of girls willing to assume responsible burdens the number is legion. Rosita marched in that legion.

Long before she stepped out of her teens — in fact, months before she stepped into them — a grim global war was on. As a dark cloud means rain, so does war spell fight, fright, and famine.

Rosita's father hugged his little family good-bye and shouldered a gun. Then the housemaid took to worrying about the outcome of things and eventually ended at her own folks'. The soldier's wife stayed home with her brood of five.

Rosita grew up overnight. She helped her mother all she could and was never too tired to serve those she loved. There was a heap of good in her heart and as much of common sense in her head. In the prewar years she had been pretty much like a baby bird in its nest; she had received much and hadn't given anything. Good things had come her way, good things that were all free like the air, free like a girl's thoughts. But during the war years she learned that H stands for house-keeping and, in the same breath, for headache, hurry, and hurly-burly. She found out that balancing a budget in real life was more complex a problem than it had seemed in the school kingdom of make-believe.

First of all, she began by keeping her own things in perfect order, and when that point had been won, she turned all her attention to her growing brothers and sisters. Willingly she gave up the glorious times a girl can have at twelve and went on ahead to grapple with man-sized problems.

Though by no means a ready-made saint, she did have an uncommon fund of generosity. Most of her leisure time she spent in the service of God's poor. Not even when war planes droned overhead did she fail to accompany her mother on visits to stricken families and homeless children. Rosita was very happy, for she was making other hearts happy; so true is it that one can't pour the perfume of happiness on others without getting a few drops on oneself. Rosita was getting enough drops to fill her cup of gladness.

When the war ended, the "second little mother" was an accomplished young lady who meant very much in the lives of many persons. As soon as she could, she opened her schoolbooks again and studied hard to make up for lost time. Later



on she went to work. Of course work was nothing new to her, but the surroundings were, and so were the chances to help more and more people in every way she knew. Before long she had made dozens of friends. She was a pretty girl, lovable and loving, the soul of generosity, a girl who could easily have led in the best society. This knowing, the world beckoned Rosita and held out promises of primrose paths. Rosita really wanted to be a good girl, but that takes time, no paragons being cooked overnight. Flattery did not find her unresponsive, far from it. Soon, bewitched by her easy successes, she made it the be-all and end-all of her young life to be praised, attended, and adulated.

One day, however, quite as unexpectedly as the unhorsed horseman riding to Damascus, she found herself on her knees before her crucified Lord, telling Him she hated herself for the past and taking one good resolution or two for the future. Alas! the young 'uns hadn't enough backbone to last long. Siren voices sang again and the girl let herself be lured back to the pleasures that for a short, happy while had stepped aside for the grace of God to pass.

Like the poet, she fled her Maker "down the labyrinthine ways" of her own mind, "and in the midst of tears" she hid from Him. But the "strong Feet that followed, followed after" finally caught up with the wandering one. She became a child of Him who wanted to be her Father; she said her prayers and turned her thoughts upon lasting and last things. The cup of worldly enchantment had been lifted to her lips, but the taste of it she had not relished. Disgusted, she longed to grasp the hand of God. No one else would ever love her as God did; no one else would hide for her in the Living Bread consecrated for the sustenance of immortal souls.

Christ and Rosita now understood each other better. A small voice kept insinuating that her gifts of heart and mind were not meant for the worldly show. If she really wanted to live a full life, why not surrender to Him who is Life? If she meant to do something outstanding for the One who had halted her in a downward path, why not let Him call her His Bride and take her as such for eternity?

Rosita thought it all over and at last gave her word of honor. At once peace and joy unutterable flooded her soul. But the gay world did not understand why the social queen should behave herself so foolishly. The gay world told Rosita it would be a shocking thing to hide her bright talents beneath a monastic bushel. The gay world aired its views on a good Catholic family of seven or eight doing much more for the glory of God than one little Sister thumbing a prayerbook in her cell. The world added that the convent was no place for all the good, healthy-minded folk to rush to. What the world said — though it didn't have the sense to realize it — was that this "Ophelia of the Lord" should eat, drink, and be merry while youth lasted, and then present the dregs to Almighty God.

Rosita scarcely heard these worldly voices trying to lure her away from her Lord. God's intended ones don't let their hearts be troubled when they have pledged their word and burned their bridges behind them. She tossed back her black locks, said not a word, and stayed as happy as if the world had never opened its mouth. She who had heard it said that blessed are they who leave all things to follow their Master, why should she be "sore adread lest, having Him, she must have naught beside?"

Put all your trust in God, Rosita. In Him you will have everything a thousand-fold.

Las Pinas, Philippine Islands



As a solid rock is not shaken by the wind, the virtuous falter not amidst blame or praise.

Indian Proverb

Postmarked Overseas

Kowloon, Hong Kong, December 1950

We have forty music pupils this year. Most of them are boys and girls of the six-up-to-twelve-years variety, whom we have tutored from the first day they touched a piano, and whose progress we can see for ourselves. Delia Lee, one of our graduates, gives me a helping hand in the afternoon, when her own practice is over.

Shirley is our jewel. The most charming thing about this accomplished pianist is that she doesn't yet realize how well she can play. She is still too near the toddling age to know that a little girl who can play to perfection an exercise taught her only once has in her the musical makings of a John Sebastian Bach. Britishers, we believe, would be thrilled to hear her faultless accompaniment of God Save the King. Yes, you're right, Shirley is my favorite — only, I have more favorites than fingers for the count.

A few days ago I cut out the picture of a Canadian lass offering her heart to God. Shirley, at my elbow, asked what the foreign girl was doing.

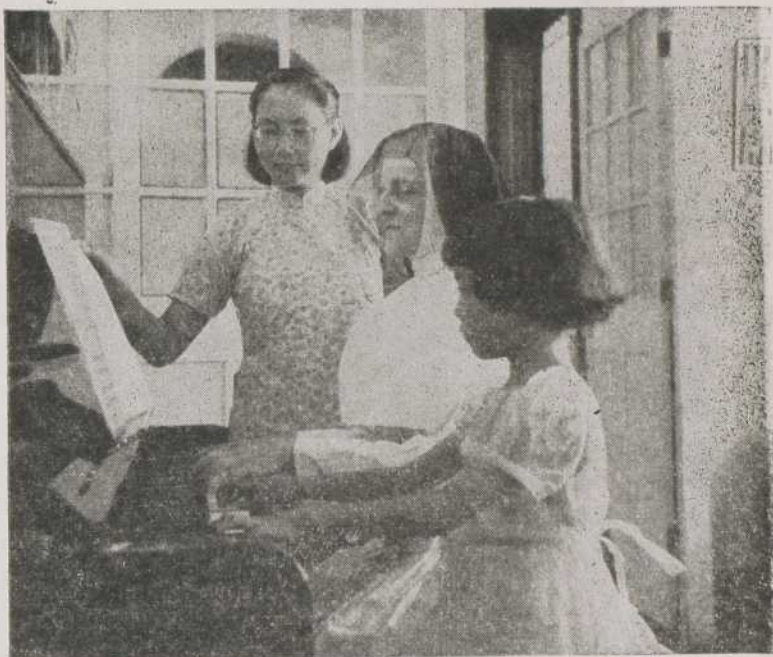
"She is giving her heart to God morning and night. Would Shirley like to do the same?"

"Oh! And I'd show my little brother how to do it too."

Shirley took out her crayons, put in beautifying touches, and with my help pasted the picture on cardboard with a ribbon attached to hang in her bedroom. Now I'm told that Brother and Sister make their morning and evening gift-of-self as piously as the paper girl I cut out of my book.

Sister St. Philippe, M.I.C.

(Annette Beaudoin,
Champlain, P.Q.)



The Three Musicians.

*Sister St. Philippe (Annette Beaudoin, Champlain),
Delia Lee, and Shirley the Favorite*

* * *

Les Coteaux, Haiti

Our very much alive "birdies" are gaily warbling — out of school hours. All of them are very charming, even if we say so. The girls look very neat in their dresses of Haitian blue and white.

Among my pupils is desk-high Mary Edith, whose sunny smile brightens the world from morning till night. She prays with folded hands and eyelids dropped down to discourage distractions from creeping close. Her inseparable playmate, Gladys, desk-and-half-an-inch-high, is the most solemn-miened girl I have ever taught. I wonder how she will turn out.

School regulations don't bother Edith any more than they do Gladys. During the reading lesson the other day, I came upon them unawares giving each other little affectionate pats on their round cheeks. It was all so charming that I didn't have the heart to intrude with a scolding.

The several classes of our "School Palace" number 199 pupils. My budding philosophers of the baby class are forty — thirty-four girls and six little men. Among the six figures Abel, a boy of the best type, pious in the sense of the definition given by someone who said that "piety is being nice to everybody from God down."

Maybe Abel will be a priest some day. Heralds of the Gospel are so few in Haiti that this boy, to manhood grown, will have much work on his hands if and when they are consecrated. Abel never misses Mass on weekdays, much less on Sundays. All during the month of the Rosary he bravely blinked sleep away to say his bedtime prayers to Our Blessed Mother.

Our dear students have been turning apostolic. They all want their families to be one hundred percent Catholic. Not through sermons do they seek to influence them for good, but through those twin wonder-workers called prayer and sacrifice.

May I in closing ask a prayer from you, kind reader, for all the lovable little nuisances whose teacher I have the privilege to be.

Sister Marie Aline, M.I.C.
(Anne Marie Larocque,
Rawdon)



* * *
Katele, Nyasaland, Africa

Gay as larks are our forty boarding school pupils. When you hear them singing together you can be almost sure they are working in the garden or shelling peanuts or beans in the yard. This last occupation they enjoy best of all and it really turns into a merry party each time they gather in a circle to shell peanuts or beans.

As soon as the study bell rings, they put their games away and take a headlong dive into serious life. Everything we teach those wriggling youngsters is new to them and supremely interesting. I am always surprised when I see how quickly they take to things religious. Some of them are already doing a bit of holiday-season apostolate, gathering their classmates together for evening prayers and two or three good-night hymns to Our Blessed Lady. Both the catechumens and the pagans among the girls love our Immaculate Mother so much that they very seldom refuse to do a good turn when asked in her name. When I happen upon them unexpectedly on the boarding school grounds, I usually see five or six praying before a statue of Mary set in a niche atop a post. They occasionally tell me with their biggest smile that *Amama Mariya* smiles just like that and is pleased with them. As if they had to tell me!

A certain small number among the forty have leanings for the religious life; but they have no idea, so young are they, what obstacles stand in their way to the cloister. Fathers and mothers cannot be easily persuaded to allow their daughters to become Sisters when in marrying them off they may receive three, four, or five cows, according to the bride's estimated value. And it seems to me that after having attended the Mission School they will be *worth* not five, not six, but seven cows, to say the least! Do pray for our dear girls, whose future is so uncertain.

Sister St. Imelda, M.I.C.
(Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba)

How



THREE CONVERTS
WRITE THUMBNAIL SKETCHES
OF THEIR OWN CONVERSIONS

We Met God

Before the war broke out, I led in Canton the carefree life of a wealthy student. Science and fortune were the only gods I worshipped.

Came the Japanese invasion when victorious armies thundered through our province and besieged Canton. With my family I fled to Hong Kong. A short while after our arrival there, the conquerors put in an appearance. I begged to be allowed to travel to the interior, where I hoped to find means of taking up again my interrupted studies. Fearing for my safety, Father and Mother refused to let me go.

One night, some boisterous Japanese soldiers knocked at our door and beat me cruelly because, they said, I had been too slow in answering their summons. My parents then changed their minds about my safety in Hong Kong. With some trusted friends, I travelled to the interior, where I was able to complete my college education and prepare for a university course. But the Japanese armies once more caught up with us. I deemed it safer to go back to my native Canton, where my family had meanwhile returned.

Some years later, the scales were turned in our favor and the invader was thrust out of China. I was free to worship again at the shrine of science. I decided to follow the English course taught by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels. For the first time in my life I heard about the God of the Christians. Still, my materialistic concept of life remained unchanged. I followed the courses on doctrine out of mere curiosity and love of learning.

At that time my father met with financial difficulties which left us in reduced circumstances. This proved to be a blessing in disguise. Clearly, then, I understood that God alone is worthy of our love, and that in Him alone we may find our heart's rest and consolation. I ardently desired to become thoroughly instructed in the Catholic doctrine.

Obliged to leave for Macao, the Sister who taught me English introduced me to Rev. Father Limat, pastor at Shameen. Thanks to his good offices, I enrolled as a student at St. Therese of the Child Jesus School. Within



*Sister St. Jean Baptiste (Irene Pelland,
West Glover, Vt.) With Five Recent Converts.*

its blessed walls I learned the one necessary science and was made a child of God through Baptism on the never-to-be-forgotten date, October 2, 1949. My deep-felt happiness I would not exchange for all the gold in the world.

Anna Chung

* * *

Of my own personality, I thought very highly. My ambition was to become an artist renowned far beyond the boundaries of my own native China. Music and English I

learned at a school conducted by foreign missionary Sisters, who urged me to assist at the course given on Christian doctrine. I refused outright; Catholicism was too exacting for me.

About this time, much to my anxiety and distress, a nineteen-year-old sister of mine fell grievously ill. No one will ever know how dearly I loved this gentle elder sister, and what tremendous influence she wielded over me. Some time before she died, she begged to be baptized as a Catholic. My sorrowing father did not have the heart to refuse his darling's supreme request.

Oh, the loneliness I felt when she had gone! My sorrow for her loss drove me to make enquiries into the religion that had soothed and consoled her dying moments. From her mansion in heavenly bliss she continued to watch over me, and she it was who obtained the grace of my conversion. Suddenly, my heart was flooded with light; I understood that God alone could satisfy my ambitions. I began going to Sunday Mass. Two of my Catholic friends suggested that I enroll with them as a student in St. Teresa of the Child Jesus School. There it was that, under the Sisters' guidance, I began to study Christian doctrine. Six months later I was baptized. My wildest dreams of glory have been realized, since I may now call the King of Kings my Father.

Augustine Seth Pang

* * *

At seventeen I was an atheist who jeered at those of my comrades who believed in God. I envisioned a brilliant artistic career with plenty of this world's goods to lead a life of leisurely comfort. Of my soul I had not the least concern.

In 1945, I graduated with honors from high school, the first in a class of one hundred and three. The Minister of Education at the Provincial

Government decided to have me continue my studies at the celebrated national University of Chia Tung. Unforeseen circumstances, however, kept me in Canton for several months. My forced leisure I put to use by studying English at the foreign Sisters' establishment in Sai Kwan. Six months later I left for Shanghai. Once there, a troublesome thought kept haunting my mind. "Why not believe in God?" The Mystery of the Blessed Trinity was a particularly knotty point for me. How could I, in my boastful pride, admit something I could not fathom? Annoying thoughts kept teasing me into a restless mood. Soon upon my darkened soul dawned a blinding light; I resolved to become a Catholic as soon as circumstances would allow.

When Communist armies overran Shanghai, I hastened back to Canton. One day on the street I met my friend Seth Pang and told him of my great desire to become instructed in Christian doctrine and how the Sisters' departure from Sai Kwan had left me at sea.

"Never mind," he soothed, "come with me to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus School. That's where I met God."

I followed my dear friend's advice and I also have met my Maker and Savior.

Raymond Wu



SISTER ST. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELE BENOIT, THREE RIVERS).
OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME, CANTON.

Benedicite



It seems to us that the hymn of the three Hebrews which we Sisters sing after morning Mass, although so beautifully worded, omits a few verses that missionaries in Haiti might be tempted to introduce. Surely the graceful palm trees would deserve a verse for themselves, and so,

too, would the bluffs with their hazy blue summits.

With some such thoughts we rode today to Sauveau's chapel a few miles away from Camp Perrin the Magnificent. The sewing circle members and their directresses chose to go on horseback, while we rode in a jeep with Rev. Father Letarte, O.M.I., at the wheel. Our happiness was of a very special kind this morning, for the jeep carried a divine Passenger on board, as Reverend Father was carrying Holy Viaticum to a dying son of Haiti. If beautiful nature did not know that its God was passing by, we missionaries knew and were happy in the knowledge.

Presently the priest of the Lord came to a stop, and with his Sacred Burden upon his breast entered a humble but tidy home where lay the poor patient who had called him.

By the time we reached Sauveau, around six-thirty, the faithful had thronged the chapel and overflowed in the vestibule. That Mass we heard a few steps away from the altar, singing with the parishioners the holy Name of the Lord God; thinking, too, that the devout turbaned matrons, the rugged village menfolk, the black-faced and black-fingered tots adoring Him with us were the very ones who, in our girlhood dreams of the missions, had conquered our hearts and our prayers. They were kneeling with us now and no dream was this, but a blissful reality, as real as the *Quid retribuam* of this happy dawn, as real as the *Quid retribuam* of our far-off Profession Day. It is this blissful reality of dreams come true that a missionary Sister must be ready to return in joyful offering of sacrifices and in whole-hearted acceptance of her daily cross, saying with the inspired author of the Psalms, "I will take the chalice of salvation and will call upon the name of the Lord."

At Communion time, a group of adults and children partook of their first heavenly Banquet. Holy Mass was followed by a procession, and the latter by the baptism of the infants in their mothers' arms. Luckily we had a baby's handful of medals and could heed our impulse to make all the mammas happy with Mary's tiny metal gifts.

Leaving Sauveau, we accompanied our priestly guide to the home of an elderly peasant, who needed to be fortified with Holy Oils for a safe journey to Heaven. Joy lit up his furrowed features at the sight of the missionaries. Will the old peasant be sorry to say good-bye to earth? Not more sorry, friend, than when he said good-bye to his cornfield each night and staggered home to rest his tired limbs.

Let us go in peace, peasant of Haiti — we to our grey house, but you to the Father's Mansions above. And when the first thrill of being eternally secure is over, join with the missionaries in your country to sing: "O ye hearts of apostles, bless the Lord. O ye land of Haiti, praise and exalt Him above all for ever."

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

Salvation for Those

Millions of men who should have free access to the full revelation of the Gospel are imprisoned in religious blocks where truth and falsehood are so closely knit together that even the most upright and the best intentioned efforts will very seldom succeed in dissociating the two correctly. It remains a fact, nevertheless, that every single individual in that number is visited by the grace of living faith. If he surrenders to it, an instinct awakens within him which will gradually enable him to discover, or at least to sense, though obscurely, how much truth to be cherished and error to be rejected are contained in the religious belief to which he adheres. God raises to Himself disciples who, unwittingly and even occasionally against their conscious design, seek to redress them and prepare the way, by dint of dissociating the true from the false, the good from the evil, to dissolve them from within. Corporally, these just souls are still members either of pre-Christian religions, of Judaism, Islamism, or dissident faiths. But, spiritually, they are in the Church. The Lord, who knows those who belong to Him, is never mistaken. Salvation is for them.

Thus the Church of Christ, confided by Him to St. Peter, is both purer and vaster than we know. Purer not because she is without sinners, but because she is without sin, and because the transgressions of her members do not sully her. Vaster, because around her she gathers all the souls that will see salvation. She is aware that, from the depths of space and time, are bound to her through desire, though in a rudimentary and latent manner, millions of men prevented by invincible ignorance from knowing her, but millions of men, at the same time, who have not refused, in the midst of error, the grace of living faith offered to them in their secret heart by the God who wills that all men be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. The Church may not know them by name, but she feels around her their presence innumerable multiplied, and oftentimes, between the silences of her prayers, she hears ascending in the night the confused rumor of their onward march.

FATHER JOURNET

HONG KONG



When the British took over the Island in 1841, Hong Kong was a nest of pirates and a smugglers' rendezvous. Nothing then existed of the magnificent city which now adorns the peak.

If your good ship comes into the harbor at night, you will admire, twinkling like a thousand fallen stars, the lights that stud the city's verdant crown.

Kowloon, a word that means nine dragons (to signify the nine hills brooding over this part of the city), is a residential district. However, since the liberation, many businessmen fleeing from the interior have established here several factories and thriving industrial plants.

There are in Hong Kong 30,000 Catholics out of a population that has reached the two million mark. Thanks to the zealous endeavors of missionaries belonging to several religious congregations, many consoling conversions take place each year. The apostles of the Legion of Mary work as a leaven in the mass of paganism. We are also privileged to do our own small share in the spreading of Christ's kingdom.

On March thirtieth, there took place in our convent chapel the baptism of Mrs. Tchen and of her five-year-old daughter. A Hungarian Jesuit, Father Ladany, forced to leave Peking because of Communist encroachments, instructed the mother and prepared her for the reception of the Sacraments, while Sister Imelda de l'Eucharistie⁽¹⁾ taught the child in her native tongue, the mandarin. Mrs. Tchen's husband, a lawyer of repute and a non-Christian as yet, was present at the ceremony with a group of friends and relatives. Miss Jeannette Rousseau, from Thetford Mines, P. Q., who has stopped here for a few days on a cruise around the world was happy to be chosen as godmother to tiny Marie Therese Victoria.

On April tenth, Mrs. Tchen was made a perfect Christian through reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Little Marie Therese made her First Com-

1. Simone BOISCLAIR, Almaville.

munion in our chapel on Ascension Thursday. Her mother had herself lovingly stitched the spotless raiment her darling was to wear on this blessed day.

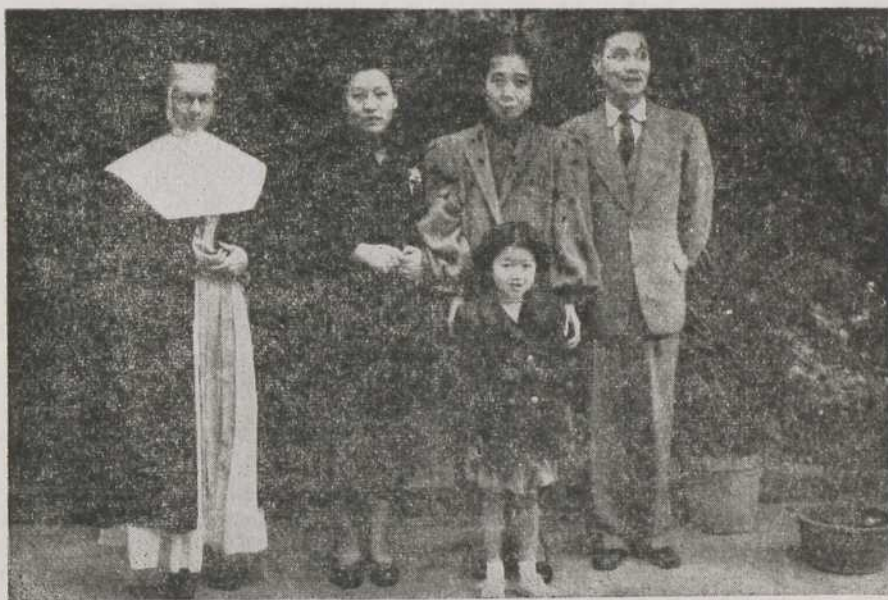
Seventeen catechumens, children and adults who had been sent here from neighboring missions, were baptized on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption.

On our patronal feast, December eighth, at nine in the morning, our little chapel once again witnessed the ever impressive ceremony of pagans being made children of the true God. Three young girls from Tahiti, instructed at our convent, and a young Chinese lady from the north, were the happy heroines of the day.

Now, let me tell you about our student apostles. You have already heard about Albert and Victor, soldiers bold and unafraid, waging the good battles of the Lord. Allow me today to introduce Ricardo and Raymondo, another apostolic team. During the catechetical course given in preparation to First Communion, Ricardo one day brought along one of his pals called Raymondo. All went well for a few days, until this young Filipino boy of eleven noticed that the others were far in advance of him in the study of catechism. Then he silently withdrew from doctrine classes. He kept eluding his friend Ricardo and the Sisters, fearing to be reprimanded for his lack of perseverance. However, by dint of tactful maneuvers, a few weeks before Easter, Ricardo once again brought his friend to the convent. Private lessons were given the boy to enable him to receive Holy Communion with the class of sixty First Communicants zealously prepared by our dear Sister St. Etienne(2). We had our misgivings about Raymondo's perseverance. But his was a soul of good will, one of those souls for whom God has special attentions.

A few days later, as I returned to my classroom after dinner, I met Raymondo with one of his friends Rodriguo. "Sister," the boy's face radiated eagerness, "my pal here wants to prepare for his First Holy Communion. May I bring him along for instruction? May I also bring Benjamin, another pal of mine? I feel so happy inside that I want my friends to be like me."

1. Aurore PLOUFE, Montreal.



PICTURE TAKEN AFTER MRS. TCHEN'S CONFIRMATION.
SISTER IMELDA DE L'EUCARISTIE (SIMONNE BOISCLAIR, ALMAVILLE),
MRS. TCHOU, GODMOTHER, MRS. TCHEN, MR. TCHEN, AND THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER,
VICTORIA, ALSO BAPTIZED RECENTLY.

Need I add that the permission was readily granted? The trio has since been admitted to the Banquet of Angels, but Raymondo is certainly the most fervent and the happiest of the three.

Bobby Lee is one of Sister St. Pierre Apotré's⁽¹⁾ pupils. He is a manly little fellow of nine with expressive eyes and the most engaging smile you ever saw! If anybody queries, "Bobby, do you know how to pray?" up he jumps from his desk, stands at attention, closes his eyes tightly, and devoutly recites the Our Father and the Hail Mary.

Although a non-Christian as yet, Bobby is hugging a grand ideal; he wants to be a missionary priest among the Chinese. He has also decided on the vocation of his older sister, who is to be a Carmelite, and of his baby brother, who will become a Jesuit. But all is not smooth sailing for our hero. His two older brothers, who are freethinkers, scoff at him when he prays or makes the Sign of the Cross. Much to his chagrin, he cannot bring them to see as he does. His father, however, has allowed him to get instructed in view of baptism. Bobby has learned the meaning of sacrifices to be lovingly offered to God; he has resolved to make five every day and he is faithful in his resolve.

It is quite refreshing to hear his candid avowals about the nature of these sacrifices. One of the biggest for him, he asserts, consists in not choosing the most tempting morsels from the common dish. (In these parts, people usually eat from common dishes placed in the centre of a round table.) Bobby has asked to study his catechism early in the morning, because that is the best time of the day for him, he says.

Another good apostle among our students is Betty Chan, who has coaxed her mother into taking instructions so as to be baptized with her at Christmas.

SISTER MARIE ALVAREZ, M.I.C.(2)

Education Week

Hong Kong had its first Education Week from November 27 to December 2, 1950. Four thousand pupils from thirty-eight schools participated in the study sessions, which were held under the distinguished patronage of visitors of note.

In his radio broadcast His Excellency Alexander Grantham expressed his satisfaction for the opportunity given to the public of coming into closer contact with the schools of the Colony. "The school," he said in part, "is a miniature society, a small-scale community. Within its bounds are found the elements of the outer world, all adapted to the personality of the child. There he becomes conscious of his privileges and duties. As he grows from childhood to youth, he gradually comes to grasp the problems of the outside world. If this contact is necessary for him, of equal importance is it that the public enter into relations with the schools, in order to become aware of the manifold achievements of the educational establishments and the methods that are found successful."

Children of all ages and nationalities were present by the thousands at the first representation on Thursday evening. That of the following Thursday was reserved exclusively for adults. Powerful projectors placed at the four corners of the playground drowned in their flashing light the several actors and actresses. There were demonstrations of physical culture, dancing in national costumes, an orchestra, and, to wind up the gala event, full-throated singing of that good old popular Auld Lang Syne.

The schools, all open to the public, had on display exhibits of crafts, drawings, etc. Besides, each Institution had its appointed day for particular demonstrations.

His Excellency Governor Grantham declared he was pleased with the success of the first Education Week in Hong Kong, and warmly commended teachers and pupils on the good work done.

Sister St. Denise, M.I.C.(3)

1. Leocadie LANDRY, St. Jean l'Evangeliste.

2. Noela BRISSON, Cornwall, Ont.

3. Odile MALBŒUF, Sudbury, Ont.



OVER the HILLS

Let me tell you about one of my latest jaunts in the Haitian mountains. An ailing grandmother had sent word that she needed my care. After the scorching noon hours, I set out on Princess, my trusty steed, accompanied by Jeannine, our helper at the dispensary.

How I wish you had been riding there with me under the verdant canopy of fan-like palms, along cool, narrow paths banked with varicolored tropical foliage! On the way our horses had to wade across three ravines. The sight of clear, purling waters brought to mind the lines of a pious Marian hymn we sang as children:

Fill thy vessel at the fountain
Of thy Son's sweet Heart divine.

Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,
Give my soul to drink today.

Oh, that Our Blessed Mother might give to drink to all these souls thirsting after happiness!

Beyond the third ravine, we stumbled upon the village market. I dare you to try finding anywhere in the world a more picturesque scene than market day in the Haitian hills. The people greeted us good-naturedly as we rode onward. The farm produce had been laid out on large flat stones by the banks of a gay little brook gamboling down the hills. Three oranges could be had for a local sou; five bananas for an American nickel; pleasant smiles and cheerful banter free for everybody.

In I went with my medicine kit to tend to the needs of my poor patient, who lay on a straw mat in a dark corner of the hut. A large, ill-smelling syphilitic ulcer on her foot kept her in constant pain. Another ulcer of the same kind had already eaten away the cartilages around her nose and left an ugly, gaping hole.

"How old are you, Gram?" I inquired to make conversation while I dressed her sores.

With a toothless grin my old friend answered, "*Queques jours, queques jours* (A few days old)."

Many among these hill people do not even know their age. How can they be expected to note the flight of time when they have neither clocks nor calendars to go by? If only they had a pastor who could mark off their weeks with one red-letter day — the day of the Lord!

With ten or twelve thousand souls under his care, the missionary in charge of this out-of-the-way sector can administer the Sacraments and offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass only a few times each year. Souls hungering for God find no one to break unto them the Bread of Eternal Life.

While I was dressing Grandmother's sores, a group of people from neighboring houses had gathered outside, waiting for consultations. My little emergency kit was quite empty when I had finished ministering to their needs.

Night was stealing over the fading foothills when I again mounted Princess for the good homeward trek. If only my days here had forty-eight hours each instead of merely twenty-four! There is so much work to be done relieving the distress of those who suffer, guiding to the Good Shepherd the humblest ones of His flock. Please thank God with me for my wonderful vocation to the religious and missionary life. It is such a privilege to be able to spread His Light in the darkness and to sow seeds of happiness among these poor people.

*Sister Marie de la
Réparation, M.I.C.*



*Always Ready to Care for Sick and Maimed
Is Sister Marie de la Réparation
(Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington).*

NATIVE CLERGY IN UGANDA

Faith was implanted in Uganda only sixty years ago. Yet its 300,000 Catholics supply one-third of its priests.

Christ or Chaos

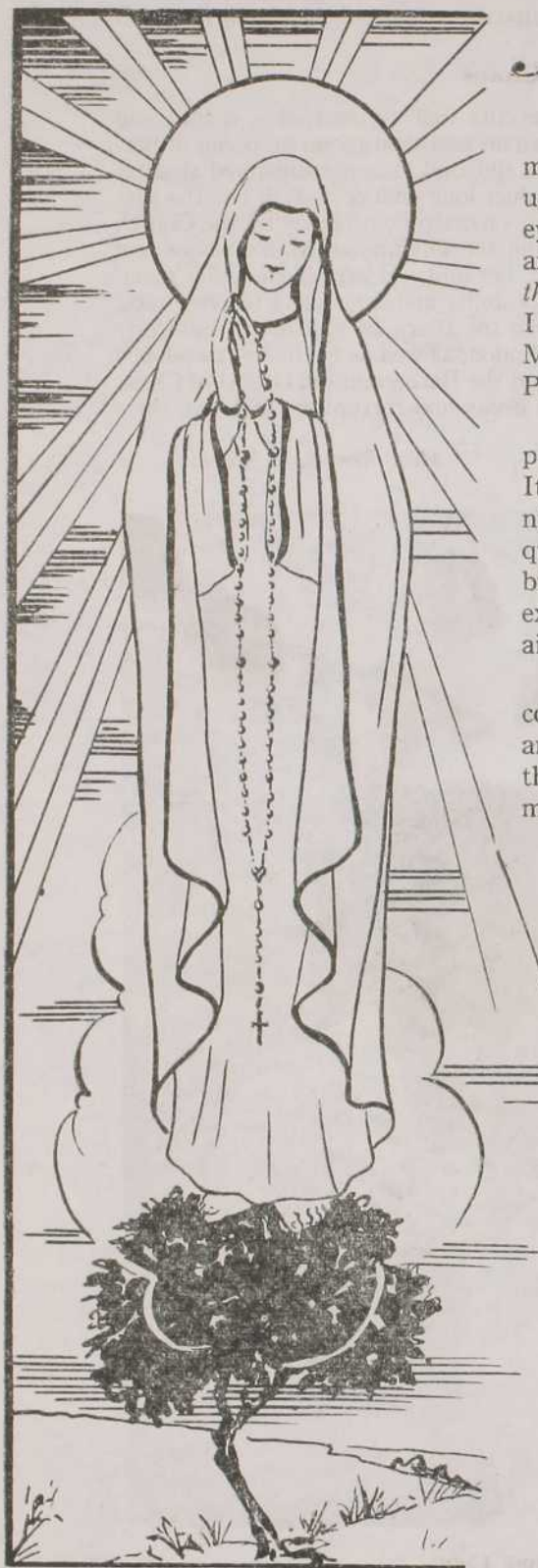
It is abundantly evident from modern events that civilization is a frail and delicate product and in extent little more than an islet floating on an ocean of barbarism. Without the Gospel of Christ — its spiritual vision, its inspired charity, its great moral strength — can this frail product long endure? Will not the islet be swallowed up in the ocean? Surely then it is a matter of urgency for the Church to proclaim, in every country, the advent and the Divinity of Man's Savior and to make manifest her own divine commission, her unity, reasonableness, her manifold appeals to the human heart, and her adaptability and superiority to every race, every nationalism, and every civilization. To the Black as well as to the White and Yellow, to civilized Chinese and subtle Hindoo, as well as to the less developed but potentially equal African, to the Greek and the Barbarian, the Gospel of Christ offers a way of life that will save them from decay and corruption, and give them harmony and peace.

Most Rev. R. J. Cushing



PHOTO FROM CANTON, CHINA.

Mary's Promise



I laid aside *Seeds of Contemplation*, my current spiritual reading, and smiled up at Patricia Rafferty. Tall, eager-eyed, with roses blooming on either cheek and a firm little chin, Pat is the girl with *the* personality, the Marian personality I should say, for I really believe she loves Mary more than any other of the world's Pats or Doras or Jeannettes.

This girl of the bounding vitality and perennial smile I have known all her life. It used to be my privilege (and my nightmare!) to answer her daily string of questions half a mile long. Why do the birds migrate? Why does freezing water expand? Why do planes go up in the air? Why this? Why that?

Pat is still the same old dear. Of course, there are more inches to her and she has acquired grown-up airs, but that can't be helped and doesn't fundamentally spoil a good girl like Pat Rafferty.

"Sister, what do you suppose — ?"

There she was. The eternal questioner again. I gasped when the rest of the sentence came out, but guardedly did not let her see my surprise. "Sister, got a recipe to improve our poor old world a little?"

She looked at me with all the importance of one who has been commissioned by the Holy Spirit to fulfill the response of the *Veni Sancte* I had said before plunging into the Merton gem.

We sat for a moment, not speaking. I looked up at a picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary hanging on the wall. Then it came to me. "Ever heard about the First Saturdays?"

"Connected with Fatima?" she countered with another query, to which I answered with a brief sum-

mary of Mary's peace terms as made known on Portuguese soil. Digging my hand into my pocket — "chute," as Pat used to label it — I brought out a small booklet on Fatima. "Want to remodel the world, dear? Digest this booklet and go to it. Here's Mary's blueprint for a happier world. If we listen to the Mother of God, Russia will be converted and the world will have peace. Guns will be silenced and H-bombs just won't be."

Together we thumbed over the pages till we came to the subtitle "The Great Promise." Patricia read eagerly: "On December 10, 1925, the Blessed Virgin, with the Infant Jesus beside her, appeared to Lucy; she showed her Immaculate Heart surrounded with thorns and the Infant Jesus said, indicating it with His hands: 'Have pity on this loving Heart, a continual martyr to the ingratitude of man.' The Blessed Virgin added: 'See, my child, this Heart of mine, surrounded with thorns with which men transfix it at every moment by their blasphemy and ingratitude. Do you at least try to console me, and announce in my name that I promise to assist at the hour of death, with graces necessary for salvation, all those who, on the First Saturday of five consecutive months, go to Confession and receive Holy Communion, recite the Rosary and keep me company a quarter of an hour, while meditating on the Mysteries of the Rosary, with the intention of making reparation to me.'"

Patricia turned a beaming face upon me. "When's First Saturday?" she asked delightedly.

"Seems to me it can't be so far off. Didn't we read the *Cogitationes* Mass this morning? Go to bed, sleepyhead, wake up, and First Saturday will be upon you." I judged that further particulars would be helpful. "Confession," I explained, "may be made one week before or one week after First Saturday or any time in between. Of course, the big thing is to keep clean and receive worthily on First Saturday, in reparation for the blasphemies and ingritudes of men towards Christ and the Immaculate Heart of His Mother."

Knowing Pat as I do, I don't worry at all about the third item on the program. She's a daily Rosary enthusiast, as enthusiastic as if she'd attended every one of Father Peyton's lectures. She often tells me, "You nuns are wonderful. You can find time and devotion to say your complete Rosary each day. Fifty Hail Mary's is about all I can manage." But the Blessed Mother understands. Her request is heeded when one says the third part of the complete Rosary of fifteen decades.

Then we passed on to the fourth number. "But, Sister," my visitor fumbled for words, "how am I going to — to meditate?"

I'd have asked a similar question. "Don't worry about that, dear. You can love, can't you? And you can think of the person you love? And you don't tire admiring that beloved one? Try it that way with Mary. Fifteen minutes of thinking with Mary about one, several, or all of the Mysteries. You've a dozen and three to choose from."

"And that's Mary's recipe to straighten out the mess we are in?" Pat inquired playfully. "How does it work, anyway?"

"You see, dear," I tried to explain, "you see, we're just pygmies. We can't do much. So we offer our First Saturday devotion in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In return she intercedes for us at the Throne of Grace. If the world is to be saved, it will be and must be through the Mother of God. So we do our little share, as she asked, and drop it into her hands. We can't smash hammers and sickles and neo-paganism, but Mary can. If we do our part, she will do hers, as she has promised."

Patricia smiled her old spontaneous smile. "And then we can live happily ever after?"

"Well said," I returned the smile. "Remember, though, happy living comes through Mary, just as the Christ-life comes through her who gave us our Savior."

Just then the bell rang for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I put *Seeds of Contemplation* into the drawer, straightened my wimple, and — "Sister, I'm going to Benediction this afternoon. Have to prepare for tomorrow's date with the Mother of Christ."

"Odd, isn't it," she asked on the way to the chapel, "that I had to come today? Something was pulling me. I just wonder what it could have been that drew me here in time to prepare for my Big Day."

She and I were climbing the stairs. And the monastic rule said that silence should prevail on those goings-up and comings-down. But I knew who had pulled her to the convent, and she who had done it wouldn't mind my speaking two words. I shot a happy glance at Patricia and said simply, "Magnetic Mary."

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception

Heaven Begins on Earth

The longer thou livest the more thankful wilt thou be for thy membership in the Catholic Church of Christ. Thou wilt love her old prayers and creeds more and more. Thou wilt feel safe from doubts and disputes under her guidance. When many run to and fro, thou wilt rest. Thou wilt find a holy sobriety and calm about her ways for which thou wouldst seek in vain elsewhere. Thou wilt delight to be a brother to her children in all lands. Thou wilt be thankful and comforted at seeing how she unites rich and poor in one. Thou wilt see in her services, more and more, a likeness to that which thou seekest, a foretaste of heaven. She will guide thee thither, and if thou follow faithfully, thou wilt find at last, of God's mercy, that thou wert not far off even here; but that the Church on earth is a heaven on earth, the beginning, and a very part of eternal blessedness.

W. E. Heygate



JUVENTUD CUBANA CATOLICA

MANGUITO, CUBA

God always remains the great Missioner, but He welcomes boys and girls who want to do something constructive to help Him. With this thought in mind, Rev. Father Langlois, P.M.E., recently introduced a Catholic Action movement among our seniors at the Colegio. On October 13, he personally supervised the election of its president, secretary, treasurer, and other officers. On second thought, maybe *selection* would be the better word, since it was the boys and girls themselves who, after much discussion and deliberation, unanimously selected the members of their juvenile hierarchy. Heavenly patrons were likewise chosen — St. Mary Goretti for the girls and Blessed Dominic Savio for the boys.

The candidates for the *Juventud Catolica* read their pledge after Mass on the first Sunday of November. In his sermon that morning, the pastor stressed the urgent need of those Catholic Action movements so warmly praised by the last three Popes. He also explained to his spellbound hearers how their promise to work fearlessly for the establishment of the kingdom of Christ meant that always and everywhere they should be model Catholics, pillars of their Faith. After the lusty singing of their rally song, the young enthusiasts broke their long fast at the Colegio.

It is a daily wonder for us now to see their zeal and faithfulness in action. We had hardly expected they would be so taken up with the new venture. When Christmas came around, their Chaplain invited them to remember with gifts the poor children of Manguito, whose Christmas joys are so few. Many hands made light work of rejuvenating secondhand clothes, tired old shoes, and hand-me-down playthings. The more generous kept their old things and gave their new — new balls, new toy guns, unlicked lollipops. Then, six days before Christmas, the gay collection became the property of seventy-five hapless boys and girls whose families Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Hermine⁽²⁾ had already visited.

It was a wonderful day. As Masefield would explain, "For he who gives a child a treat makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street." Rev. Father

1. Sister MADELEINE DU SAUVEUR (Alice Labelle, Montreal).

2. Veronique BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge.

Langlois graciously acted the part of St. Nicholas in distributing the treasures. Meanwhile, our littlest pupils sang Christmas carols for their small visitors. Before leaving, the latter held their hands out for us to fill with delicious candy. Then it was that we noticed more children, two baker's dozen of them, looking up beseechingly from the street. Naturally, we indulged our impulse to invite them in for their share.

The girls of the *Juventud Cubana Catolica* do not show themselves less enthusiastic. After Sunday Mass on December 17, twenty pledged themselves to the cause of Catholic Action. The twenty also knelt at the altar rail to receive the Bread of Life; for three, it was their very first meeting with their Eucharistic Friend.

Following the example of their sons and daughters, the women of the parish are gradually forming their own Catholic Action groups.

What we need most at the moment is prayer. Catholic Canadians and Catholic Action militants everyone, we appeal to you for that spiritual energy which is all-powerful before God. We know that if Cuba is to be led to Christ, missionaries and laity here must pool their resources together and work hand in hand. May we hope that some day you kind reader will say a Rosary so all will be well with us?



YOUR PRAYERS ARE NEEDED
TO MAKE THE LAUGHING LITTLE CUBAN YOUNGSTERS
FRIENDS OF THE LOVER OF ALL CHILDREN



MISS HONGO, YOUNG JAPANESE LADY FROM TOKYO NOW IN TRAINING AT OUR PONT VIAU NOVITIATE.

Our Little

Prize Winners

To all appearances, God is very much pleased with our little students. Our St. Francis Xavier's School for ninety-two pupils of first and second grades has lately counted dozens of prize winners in various drawing contests. That's God's stamp of approval, isn't it?

Last August, thirteen thousand primary school pupils took part in a contest in view of an art exhibition to be held in Tokyo. Eleven hundred drawings were selected, seven of them being masterpieces of our embryo Rembrandts. Medals, certificates, paintboxes, and drawing paper were awarded them as tangible congratulations. In a more recent contest in which were eligible the pupils of the Prefecture of Fukushima, St. Francis Xavier's again had seven awards of certificates and badges, as well as two other special prizes.

Wakamatsu's art teachers, just as desirous of encouraging talented beginners, have likewise organized their own exhibition. They had the pupils gather in several groups to draw a subject either from nature or pure imagination. Our tots of seven and eight, for whom this was the first venture out of school, felt nervous tinglings all over. To quiet them a bit, we all agreed to make a visit to the chapel. Viewed from the windows of Heaven, the sight of pagan children kneeling in prayer must have been interesting enough to make the baby cherubs gossip. We Sisters implored Our Blessed Mother to be with our pupils and to show them that success, just as much as life itself, comes as a gift from the one true God.

Results were magical. The art exhibit was opened in the public hall by the proclamation of the winners' names, and fourteen names belonged to pupils of ours. It was a surprise, almost a revelation, for the good people of Wakamatsu, many of whom did not know much about St. Francis Xavier's School.

Naturally, we told our fortunate fourteen how Maria Sama had answered their prayers, adding that they should thank her and always go to her with their tiny and big worries. Our



own prayer to Maria Sama is that she will direct thousands of young souls to Catholic schools, where they will learn to love the Divine Artist who has designed Heaven and earth.

STUDY DAY IN JAPAN

Up with the early birds this morning, our first and second graders, accompanied by their proud parents, hurriedly boarded the train for Shida Hama. This was to be their study day of the vacation period. Overseas, one would make it more simply "picnic day;" but in the land of Nippon, a child may never forget that it is his duty to absorb every possible bit of knowledge. Every object he sees must be examined and studied attentively. Teacher usually explains beforehand the journey to be made, the important places, the geographical accidents, and so on. But greatest of all prospects in this case was that of crossing a tunnel. The children never tire of tunnels and each one they cross delights them as much as if it were the first.

To tell the interesting truth, Shida Hama had been selected by the children's mothers as suitable site for the study day just because of that tunnel on the way! We were much amused at the reason, until we saw pairs of little almond eyes brightening at the mere mention of the word *tunnel*. Oh, mothers know the way to young hearts!

The tunnel, in fact, proved the biggest attraction of the day. Not even the splendors of Lake Inawashiro sparkling in the sun can match the wonderful place where "it is all dark," even if "that place" is found every now and then on Japanese railroads.

Around ten o'clock we reached Shida Hama. It is an enchanting nook with beautiful mountains mirrored in the tranquil waters of the lake. A light breeze hovered in the miniature Eden this morning, presumably to dry little damp brows. So great is the difference in temperature between Shida Hama and the tiny ribbons of streets in Wakamatsu that it almost seemed as if we had suddenly landed on another planet.

Briskly the children slipped into bathing suits and ducked fishlike into the water under the watchful eye of their elders. At dinnertime the picnickers grouped here and there on the mountain slope or in kiosks placed at their disposal. Far and wide the echoes carried the laughter and fun of the happiest tots of Japan enjoying their outdoor meal. Baskets of food were packed to overflowing, for mother hearts had foreseen that the early morning scramble out of bed and the long walk would greatly sharpen appetites.

After dinner many of the children felt like taking a nap. Meanwhile, we Sisters took the opportunity to make our spiritual exercises. The teachers told stories to the wide-awake, taught them the names and properties of trees and plants found in Shida Hama, and organized the collecting of seashells. Some time later the wee bathers took to the water again, gripping by the hand baby pals of two or three years who had gone to the study day on mamma's back. Around three o'clock we began our home-going preparations, among them the traditional smile to the photographer, then on board the *Asaki Maru*.

On the way home we met a harmless snake. At first sight we instinctively shrank back in horror, but one scientist of six immediately piped from his well of knowledge that the serpent wasn't dangerous. "It's only the flat-headed ones that bite." True enough, pupils sometimes teach their teachers.

" IF I BE LIFTED UP "

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." The promise of Our Lord is still daily fulfilled, judging from the interest shown by both parents and pupils in our holy Faith.

Mrs. Ishodo came to our school one day requesting explanations on the Sacrament of Baptism. "My two daughters whom you have so kindly instructed are always talking about your religion. They have made up their minds to be baptized and are forever harping on the subject. My husband and I simply cannot let our children embrace a religion other than ours. Oh, we are sure that the Catholic religion is not bad, for it teaches good principles. But, after all, we know so little about it. Sister, won't you tell me about that thing called Baptism and what are the duties of persons who become Catholics?"

Our answer took the form of a lesson in Catholic doctrine. It did not take us long to observe that Mrs. Ishodo knew a good many things about our Faith. Evidently her daughters had done some home-front apostolate. Our listener asked no questions. When we had finished she said simply, "I'll see my husband about it." In our heart of hearts we whispered, "And we'll see Our Lord about it."

Our Lord did give us a favorable hearing. Two days later the woman returned asking us to teach her daughters all the fine points of Catholic doctrine so that they might be baptized as soon as possible. Thank You, dear Savior!

Before the holiday season, another mother said she desired private catechism lessons for herself and daughter. Our happiness was all the greater since, humanly speaking, we had not entertained much hope of conversion for the members of that family.

Only these last days we had a request from Mr. Hazome for religious books. Said Mr. Hazome, who had just returned from a trip to Tokyo: "Imagine my humiliation when I accompanied one of my Catholic friends on a visit to a church and did not know what I should say to God. My friend knelt down and adored. Luckily I still remembered the words of the Sign of the Cross and part of the Hail Mary. The children say it so often at home." Paying his respects to the Blessed Trinity and to the Mother of Christ wasn't so bad, after all, for a pagan on his initial call to a temple of the true God! Heaven must have accepted his offering, for he has since manifested deep concern for things religious. He does not conceal his admiration for the life of Our Lord.

Christ continues to draw all souls to Himself. We are only His instruments, but what a thrill to be that!

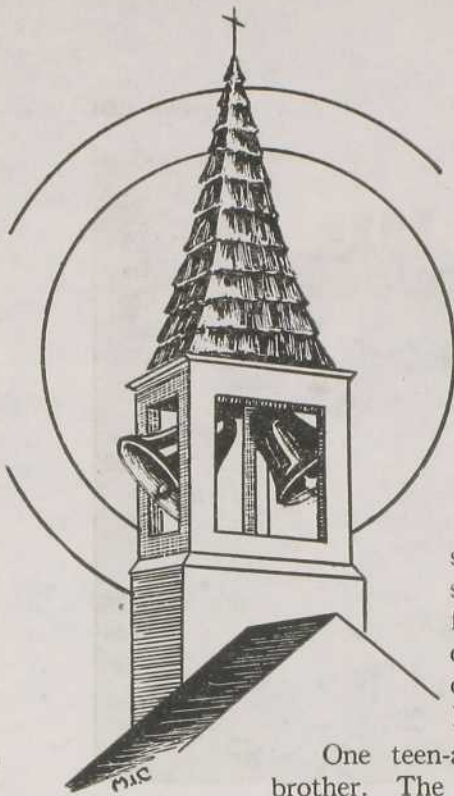
Sister Marie Leonise, M.I.C.(1)

The Great Challenge

In wartorn countries today insidious influences deny the dignity of the individual, human freedom, spiritual values, the supernatural way of life, the existence of God. We may bring stone, mortar and bricks but we cannot reconstruct the world as easily as that. It will take faith, preaching, apostolic zeal. It will take all the spiritual forces combined with the natural forces to reconstruct the world according to the Christian pattern. This is the great challenge to us of the Catholic faith today. It is the challenge which Pope Pius XII flung out into the world so powerfully and so pathetically. It is the challenge which is given to us members of the hierarchy, priests and people in this critical turning point in the history of the world.

Archbishop Rummel

1. Rachel GERIN, Coaticook.



Those UNPREDICTABLE Answers

In May-month of 1950, we had our first study-the-doctrine meeting for the public school pupils of Mati and the children of poor families. The twenty-five who came the first day did some rapid-fire recruiting and had doubled their number within one week. Instead of two classes, we had four.

One teen-ager breezed in with his four-year-old baby brother. The catechist, who was on hand to welcome everybody, had the bigger boy recite the Hail Mary. This done, the young gentleman proudly informed the catechist that Pablo also knew the prayer by heart. Uninvited, Pablo hopped up on a bench and in the language of Master Shakespeare unwound his Hail Mary to the last word. Pablo's audience dealt out suitable applause.

When Fridays happened along, Sister Superior had the students pass oral exams. Answers of the most unorthodox type greeted some of her questions. Pointing to the statue of the patron saint of the parish, she asked whether or not our St. Nicholas could be worshipped as a god. Came so proud a chorus, "Yes, Madre."

"If you die with one thousand venial sins on your conscience, where will you go?" Faced with so impressive a number, the young theologians unanimously agreed, "To hell."

Of all versions we have heard so far of the fall of the Angels, Rosario's wins the prize for originality. Says Rosario: "Once upon a time, many, many years ago, God created the Angels. He created so many that nobody can count to the last one. And God gave them a test." Then, his eyes holding fire, he tightens a fist which he bangs loudly on his desk as he explodes, "I will not disobey God!" Everybody laughs at the cub reporter's misquotation of the satanic refusal to serve. But Rosario, unruffled, goes on to describe the punishment of the spirits he has just cleared of all guilt. "The bad Angels became very ugly." So ugly, may we add, that the grimace on a little brown face and the horns to which two little brown hands point dramatically do not do justice to a boy's idea of their ugliness.

As clever as Rosario is Julius, our Bible History prodigy. "Madre, didn't you say that God can see everything? Why did He have to look around for Adam and Eve after they had sinned? Why did He say, 'Adam, where are you?'"



FISHERS THREE AND THEIR CATCH SNAPPED IN FRONT OF THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MATI, DAVAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.



BOARDERS AT IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY ACADEMY, MATI, DAVAO, ARE LEARNING TO BECOME GOOD HOUSEWIVES.

Those unpredictable answers show that our words are weighed more than we think. What joy is ours to sow the seed of religious truth when we are aware that it falls in very good hearts eager to make it grow! O God, that those at home who do not know what to do with their beautiful young lives might have the courage to make them apostolic! Then Your little ones would learn to know, love, and serve You.

No account of our catechetical work would be complete without a word about Nemesio, our next-door neighbor. When the Family Rosary Crusade was launched in the Philippines, we promised to reward with a picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary those pupils who would be able to win their parents over to the recitation of the Rosary. Much to Nemesio's disappointment, nobody at home knew enough about prayer to join in. So the lad set his chin firmly and said his beads all by himself. Now Mother, Pablo, and Baby Dedette have gladly joined in to make a happy foursome.

The last-named two hold a concert for us every other night. The main item on the impromptu program is an *Ave Maria* sung with the *v* turned into a *b*. Before long, they get lost and the Guardian Angel together with an old chorus they picked up somewhere about bubble gum (mmm!) inevitably slip in to change the wording of Prince Gabriel's greeting to the Mother of God. But Mary enjoys their concert, and so do we.

Petitions to Mary

(Desmond Lonergan)

She asks for health of soul and body too,
Who lonely, cries for you.
He needs his eyes to work but they grow dim.
Sweet Virgin, think of him.
A mother with eight children, Mary pray
Her cancer all away.

Bereaved, alone, a woman clasps your hand.
Please help him sell his land.
Conversions, Mother! you must rush with these
And plead them on your knees;
As with the unnamed tragedy that hides
Where only "please" abides.

Peace in a family, Mother, tell your Son,
And of a mind undone;
Of drunkenness, employment, business aims,
A handicap that maims.
The suffering souls await your gracious nod
That ransoms them to God.

Dear Blessed Mother, deign to intercede
For all these in their need.
The sinner, saint; the timid, shy, afraid.
All come to you for aid.
Because they know what may seem very odd:
Your power over God.

The Christopher Page

A HAPPIER YOU IN A HAPPIER WORLD

What a jig-saw puzzle is life for the modern man! He cannot find the pieces of truth and happiness, much less put them together to make a sensible picture. For thousands worry becomes the brooding mother of disheartening failure. Little defeated mortals by the millions are disgusted with their very lives and one step removed from mental and emotional disaster.

Long before we had stark statistics to prove the foregoing statement, the writer George Eliot put a finger on both the malady and the cure in one pithy sentence: "What makes life dreary is the want of motive." Since happiness springs from squandering self for a great and worthy purpose outside of self, it naturally follows, as the novelist saw it and as every sound-thinking person sees it, that the joy of living cannot come to people who drag along an exclusivist complex.

It is universally admitted that concentration on self fosters monotony, and that too much concentration on self leads to frustration and tragedy. On the other hand, it is just as true that concentration on others, concern for others, love of others promote happiness, cheer, and the real joy of sane living.

Now, the Christopher — Christ-Bearer in our sad and sinful world — has three magical formulas for effecting this getting out of oneself; namely, praying for others, going to others, teaching others.

To begin with, prayer is the easiest way to throw off excess selfishness; and, incidentally, prayers in the plural act like dynamite on real or imaginary personal troubles. Prayer can, like nothing else, give one an exhilarating feeling that one has become a partner with Christ in the redeeming of mankind.

Going to all men is the second Christopher formula for happiness and one of the reasons is, that going to someone else implies getting out of oneself. With the love and peace of Our Lord and Savior we must go everywhere, into the highways and byways, into the four great fields of education, government, labor management, and writing, which the Communists are so determined to have and to hold. We must take the initiative to go to all men, and not wait for them to come and ring our doorbell. No matter how distant we may be from the market place, we can begin to reach out for all mankind by imitating the world vision of Christ.

Third Christopher key to happiness is teaching all men. The truths of Christ are not ours to hoard in miser fashion; we must share them with the millions who are hungry and thirsty for them. It is surprising the good one little word can do. Ours to speak that word! According to Catherine Doherty, "You and I in our selfish hands hold the power to destroy the hate and misery of the world." If we don't release that power, it may boomerang and destroy us.

If for self-concern and introversion we substitute the threefold Christopher purposes just mentioned, we shall come to know the real thrill of a full and happy life. The Christopher founder's words will take on a fascinating meaning: "Those whose lives are motivated with the vital purpose of doing all they can for others, actually begin to live some of their heaven on earth. They develop a gaiety of heart that carries them through the most trying circumstances." Or, more simply put, "You will be happy all over." It will be a happier you in a happier world.

N. B. Christopher literature may be had free of charge from The Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.



The character of sanctity is hopefulness.

Girl-Sized Job

Alice Reid had just relaxed blissfully in one of the rear bus-seats with home, toast to nibble, and mom to kiss as destination. It had been a killing day at the office. Twice as many letters as usual to copy, and cranky old Mr. Gorman cranked up to the very last notch. Oh well, why not switch the mental connection to something that would make her feel all sunshiny inside? She'd brought along her last issue of the *Shield* in case she'd have a mind to browse on it.

"Hi, Al!" The fagged-out stenog raised her eyes from the printed page to see Dora Hicks, seventeen and smiling, stretching out the hand of young friendship to her.

"Why," giggled Dora incredulously, as she bent over page eighteen, "didn't dream you were getting convent-conscious. Here you are munching a 'Consider What You Get' item on the religious vocation! Thought you read only Lucille Hasley and Bruce Marshall?"



"SURE IT WON'T SEND THEM ALL KNOCKING AT MONASTERY GATES."
BUT THEN AGAIN IT MAY! "THANK GOD IT DID!" CHORUS THESE.

Alice playfully drummed her nicely-manicured fingers upon the black-and-purple cover. "If you ask me, I'd suggest that girls read one vocation skit per month. Sure it won't send them all knocking at monastery gates."

Dora tossed back her honey-colored curls. "But just what do Sisters get? That's an intriguing title."

"And subtitle," laughed Alice merrily. "As they put it here, 'Religious Vocation Is a Matter of Give-and-Receive.' Just what do we give and

what do we get? Here goes: 'For the sacrifice of friends in the world, one gains the cream of the crop; in giving up home, the religious gains a home in the very same house with God. A temporal job is exchanged for a lifetime guarantee of a position; a human boss —'

"Like Mr. Gorman, for instance? One million letters to be typed between nine a.m. and five p.m.," intruded Dora teasingly.

"You bad girl interrupting me. 'A human boss for Christ Himself; a high salary for a hundredfold in this life.'"

"Well, I guess it's worth considering. Let's linger on that a bit. We're still miles from Summer Street."

Both girls skimmed up to the last line. "For the sacrifice of friends in the world, one gains the cream of the crop. What does a worldlyling like Alice make out of that?" teased Dora with a holier-than-thou air.

"The cream of friends? If I may venture my opinion, I believe there are beautiful friendships behind convent walls. And the whole heavenly court becomes friendly, I suppose. More, I do believe it's that way."

"And that little bungalow exchanged for the house of God," said Dora. "I wouldn't be a loser there."

Alice released a full-blown laugh. The little boy in the seat ahead turned around and grinned a grin almost too big for his small face. He didn't know Alice Reid, Mr. Gorman's stenographer, but the girl laughed like his big sister, and that had the power to create a bond between the pretty stenographer and overalled Sunny Jim.



" IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE ONE IS DEDICATED TO DO THE WORK OF GOD." SNAPPED IN HAITI, THESE SISTERS ARE HOPING TO SERVE AS GOOD SAMARITANS BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER.

Alice suddenly grew serious. "This reminds me so forcefully of what our normal school chaplain used to say. In the religious life one is dedicated to do the work of God. His work is His glory and the salvation of souls. And that can keep ten million wimpled angels busy till their dying breath. So much still to be done."

"How much? Have you been cruising to heathendom lately?" Dora raised her eyebrows in question.

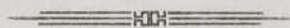
"On the wings of words," beamed Alice. "Two-thirds of mankind have never heard about God. Over a billion and a half people are yet awaiting the teachings of Christ. That's business! I figure some former office girls now behind convent gratings must be thanking their lucky stars that they had the spunk to take Christ as a full-time, life-long Master and Bridegroom."

"Summer Street!" croaked the burly bus-driver. Dora Hicks adjusted her over-shoulder handbag, waved a hasty "Be seein' you," and got off, without however forgetting a down-from-the-heart thank you to the stenog pal.

"God bless you dear. You've answered one of my biggest questions." Then she was off, hugging her precious secret to herself, for it was still too early to share it with even her closest friend.

"Oh, Blessed Mother," prayed Alice wordlessly, for the squirming over-alled laugher, his face red way up into his freckles, was looking her again full in the eyes, "please, please choose her as your Son's bride. I think she'd help the great job along. It's a girl-sized job, and she's a good business kid."

Was it just imagination, or did One Wonderful Lady really whisper into Alice's ear, "And so are you. How about changing your boss?"



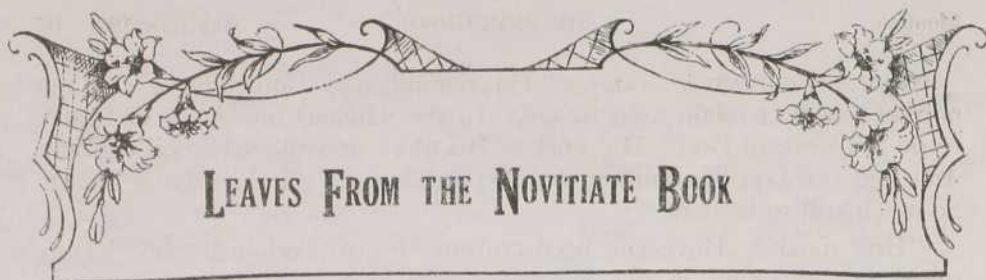
Don't Fail to Answer the Bell !

They say that Sir Opportunity rings but once! (Unlike the salesman, the bill-collector and those whom we shouldn't mind missing!) And, unless we are prompt to reply to his ring, he is not there when we tardily open the door!

But, you know, we should not delay! We should rush to bring in this opportunity. For, purely from a "selfish" viewpoint, there can be no greater investment for the future than an interest in the missions. How great we may not realize until that future. If we refuse — or if we lag now in "answering the bell," we shall say then to those who seek our interest now, "But, why didn't you *force* me to do it? You knew what it meant!" But opportunity does not force. It rings. And sometimes, it rings only *once*.

Our Lord does not *push* His way in to share the very object of His coming upon the earth: the saving of precious souls for eternity. Notice that He "*stands* at the door." It is our choice. Whether we keep Him outside, or whether we open the door. But He is waiting!

Catholic Missions



Thursday, February 1st, 1951

We'll go to bed richer tonight. Our family has suddenly increased, and we have twenty-four new postulants. Untaught in monastic ways they may be, but that's the condition we are all in when we come knocking at the convent door, so why worry? The Master has need of them and He Himself will mold them according to His desires.

Of course, the newcomers will find out by and by that no life can be all sunshine, even if the sunshiny days do predominate. But we shouldn't worry overmuch there either. They braved a raging snowstorm this afternoon, and if they are so cheerfully courageous at the beginning, all will be well with them. God bless you, girls — pardon me, I mean Sisters.

Sunday, February 11

The silence of an eight-day retreat was broken with the advent of this beautiful day, a blue-letter one because of its being dedicated to the Lady in Blue. Mystical unions were sealed with the Lover of souls, the Master who beckons to the far-flung fields white unto harvesting.

The traditional ceremonies of investiture and final vows, held with parents and friends in attendance, were made still more impressive this time by the presence of His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Emile Leger, Archbishop of Montreal. After the solemn entry into the chapel and the singing of the *Veni Creator*, our Most Reverend Archbishop deigned to deliver the stirring address which follows in substance:

It is for you, Sisters, that the Church comes into your chapel this afternoon to preside at the ceremony of your investiture and profession. At last has dawned the long-expected day of your consecration to God. In the holy Gospel, Our Lord describes the life of the soul with pictures and symbols, for it is impossible to grasp fully the mystery of divine life. According to the circumstances of the moment, Our Lord compares this supernatural life to a light; at other times He chooses instead the symbol of a devouring fire. "I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?"

On an occasion like today's, let us pause a few moments to contemplate this supernatural life compared to a fire. Not only are you Christians dedicated to perfection, but you are apostles, waiting for the signal to leave for the farthest confines of the earth, there to kindle that supernatural fire. Religious vows are, after a manner, the expression of those fires and the symbols of the supernatural reality. In the first place, fire sheds light. God has enveloped us with light, but in the light of God there is found darkness. You remember the evenings you spent at home. Some among you, those especially from rural parishes, recall those suppers at home when your mother set a lamp on the table. Perhaps it was a lamp that lit up the last supper. In the intimacy of your family circle your days have been days of joy and freedom from care. With your father and mother you have experienced the serenity and peace of a happy home.

Now, grace is a fire. It is a lamp in our heart lit by the hand of God. It is also a mysterious oil nourishing our intellectual faculties, enlightening and vivifying our will. This lamp —

divine grace — is lit in holy baptism. God has come to cast fire on the earth and He has confided it to His Church. By whose ministry the rite is accomplished matters little. The fire is a lamp to light the way of the soul.

You remember how on your First Communion Day it was like a banquet. The lamps were lit, the Fare laid out, and you partook of It. Not ordinary bread you ate, but the Body and Blood of Our Lord. The lighted lamp thereafter directed your steps. One day, much as the woman who looked high and low by candlelight for her lost groat, you took the lamp of faith to illumine the pathway you were to take. And the lamp lit your way unto the house of the Lord. "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my paths." This supernatural light received in baptism becomes ever brighter as you advance in virtue and holiness. Today it is no longer only the Commandments of God that are a lamp to your feet; you have also your rule and Superiors to direct you even in the smallest details. How beautiful is obedience when seen with the eyes of faith! Not only does obedience come from on high; not only is it a response to orders voiced by Superiors; it is a light that shows us the ways of God, for the least desires of Superiors becomes for us the expression of the divine will. Grace, therefore, is a fire that sheds light, and obedience may be said to be its radiation.

When the keepers of a city wish to cleanse it thoroughly, they gather up the refuse and burn it up. Man has likewise lit great furnaces in which matter is melted into liquid. Not only does the fire of grace enlighten; it also purifies. How pure that soul must be who would draw nigh to God! Here is the great mystery of union with God. When He came upon earth, He fashioned for Himself an all-pure Mother; He chose a chaste foster father; He allowed the virgin Apostle to lean on His bosom. If Our Lord performed exterior miracles, it was to lead souls to interior purification. He would tell each one He cured, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." In Isaias, He says, "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow." The snow in our streets is quickly polluted, but on the summits it is eternally white. In our lives, alas, too often the soul is blemished; in the fire of passions the soul becomes scarlet. Today the Church beckons you towards the heights of purity. May this white habit you wear be the symbol of your purity of heart. Forget the past, for God has forgiven it. Some souls climb to the heights of holiness with a tinge of sadness at the thought of their past sinfulness. It should not be so! Everything has been burned! If only the world could suspect for a fleeting moment how much of tenderness is hidden in the Heart of God, what peace would fill the earth, what joy would abide in all hearts! That peace and that joy become yours through your vow of chastity. One need not pronounce it in order to practice it; it is a reality that must have existed for a long time. There are little girls who grow like lilies, but some others must be transformed.

God is good. He accepts you as His beloved daughter. The vow of poverty detaches the soul from earthly goods; it burns up everything. When we throw a stick of wood into the fire, we know it will become ashes. When God speaks about the end of the world, He says that fire will eat up the earth. The fire of grace must be powerful enough to eat up the human in us. Our nature is not essentially evil. It is true that we were already stained with sin, but through grace we have become, not sinners, but children of God. Still, our nature can become a screen and shut off the light. You know how the radiation of light in X rays is stopped by a plate of lead. Thus are there found in the depths of our heart, obstacles to God's grace. There are the capital sins, evil tendencies which obstruct the rays of grace. Let us never fail to cast into the flaming Heart of Jesus the dregs of our fallen nature! Then will we be able to say, "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me." Hence the need to detach oneself from all things. We are only instruments of grace; it is no longer we who act. Well may the apostle transformed into God depart for the missions. He will cast fire into other souls. You often read the letters written by your Sisters in China or Africa. They tell you about the fire they have taken here in this chapel and have cast into other souls. This fire tries to detach souls from the things of earth to lift them to a greater appreciation of the things of eternity.

Such, then, is the meaning of the simple but beautiful ceremony we are about to preside. You will now know that you vow obedience to be more enlightened; chastity to be more purified; poverty to be more detached, more consumed. The Holy Ghost Himself is drawing your hearts.

Dear parents, may I be allowed to speak a word of thanks, of congratulations, of encouragement to you. The Church thanks you for having given your daughters. In some cases God does not choose the least gifted. It is a sacrifice to give the most loving, the sweetest of one's children. The Church accepts your donation.

Dear children, if the beginning is easy, perseverance may be harder. Tomorrow and the day after, and always, you will have to hold your ideal high before your eyes. That fire within your heart must be guarded against temptations. It will enable you to sanctify yourselves upon earth while awaiting the reward in Heaven. Amen.

Our new novices are: Miss Helena Fong, Canton, China (Sister Helena Marie); Miss Aurora Augusto, Manila, P.I. (Sister Marie Joseph); Miss Zena Cormier, St. Antoine de Kent (Sister Marie Assunta); Miss Clarisse Carrier, St. Louis de Pintendre (Sister Marie Gracia); Miss Therese Morissette, Cap de la Madeleine (Sister St. David); Miss Rose Hilda Lavigne, Causapscal (Sister St. Damien); Miss Leonie Therrien, St. Julien de Wolfstown (Sister Leonie de Jesus); Miss Francoise Poirier, Montreal (Sister Ange Marie); Miss Jacqueline Lafond, St. Alphonse Rodriguez (Sister Bernadette du Rosaire); Miss Madeleine Grenier, St. Jean Baptiste Vianney (Sister St. Jean Vianney); Miss Celine Laurin, Lafontaine, Ontario (Sister St. Hormisdas); Miss Yvette Dion, Lachine (Sister Yvette des Saints Anges); Miss Colette Dufour, St. Alexis de Matapedia (Sister Colette de Jesus); Miss Lina Bourassa, Montreal (Sister Dominic Savio); Miss Lucille Baril, Lorrainville (Sister Marie Armand); Miss Andree Menard, Quebec (Sister Andre du Sauveur); Miss Jacqueline Caron, Cap de la Madeleine (Sister St. Ovide); Miss Mariette Ranger, St. Isidore de Prescott (Sister Madeleine du Precieux Sang); Miss Jacqueline Richer, Mont Laurier (Sister Marie Jacqueline); Miss Claire Guerard, Quebec (Sister Marie Yvonne).

Sisters who made their last vows are: Sister St. Genevieve (Martha Laporte, Berthierville); Sister St. Flavie (Carmen Castonguay, Edmundston); Sister Marie de la Paix (Armandine Gauthier, St. Honore de Chicoutimi); Sister Marie de Fatima (Marguerite Legault, Les Cedres); Sister St. Rene Goupil (Jeannine Gagnon, Heroultville); Sister St. Alberte (Gabrielle Saucier, Verdun); Sister Joseph de l'Enfant Jesus (Lise Mercure, Normandin).

THE CLOTHING CEREMONY IN OUR PONT VIAU CHAPEL, FEBRUARY 11, 1951.



The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

That day, September fifteenth, they returned to the *Europe* which was to resume its journey at nightfall. Bishop Rouchouze accompanied them to the ship and bade them good-bye with brotherly affection. The wind was favorable and they were driven swiftly towards Tahiti. The Marists could talk of nothing but the wonders they had just seen. "How happy that good bishop and his priests must be among their pious neophytes!" they said to one another, again and again. "Oh, when shall we have a like joy?" In the journal which he afterward kept, Father Chanel noted the anniversary of this visit, referring to it as one of the happiest times of his life.

On September twenty-second the *Europe* reached Tahiti, and at once she was boarded by a great number of natives. "The American consul was first to welcome us," Father Bataillon related. "Our venerable bishop sent messages to the queen and to Mr. Pritchard, the Protestant minister, asking permission to disembark. Though a like favor had been refused to some of the Fathers of Picpus they dared not refuse us, and we were permitted to land. The Bishop promptly called on the American consul, a Catholic born in Holland, who had already done real service to the Faith by his goodness to other missionaries. In walking about Papeiti, which is a miserable village, we were struck by the immense difference between Catholic and Protestant settlements. In the Gambier Islands a few years had sufficed to effect radical and happy changes; in Tahiti, civilization had made almost no progress, although Protestant missionaries had labored there for many years.

"Our Bishop wished to pay his respects to the queen, Pomare. Father Maigret, Bishop Rouchouze's pro-vicar apostolic, was with us, and he acted as interpreter. A poor hut served as her palace, and we found her seated on the ground, as is the custom of the island. To the Bishop's questions she replied that she would gladly invite us to remain in her kingdom, but dared not for fear of the displeasure of Mr. Pritchard. The poor queen reigned, but did not rule.

"It was necessary for us to find a ship that would take us to western Oceania, and Her Highness, for lack of a better, recommended the *Raiatea*, which was placed at our disposal. A naval officer, Mr. Stoks, who had been with us all the way from Valparaiso, offered to act as captain. While the necessary preparations were being made, we visited the greater part of the island, delighting to cut into the bark of the trees the Cross and the names Jesus and Mary, that seeing them the devil might take flight, and that God would deign to send there the light of the true Faith."

Tahiti belongs to eastern Oceania, but while there Bishop Pompallier had occasion to exercise his sacred ministry in behalf of a soul belonging to his jurisdiction, by right of birth. "Yesterday," he related, "Father Chanel

brought to me a little girl, six years of age, who had been born in New Zealand. Her father, who is employed on our boat, is a Catholic. He wished her to be baptized, and promised that she shall be raised in the Church. She had been living with some people in Tahiti, but henceforth he is going to keep her with him on the sea. I baptized her solemnly in my cabin, before the little altar on which I had said Mass, and I also confirmed her. The child seemed to be deeply impressed by the ceremonies. All the priests and lay-brothers were present. This little girl is the first child born to the Church in New Zealand; she has received before any others the good tidings we are carrying to her people."

The missionaries parted regretfully from the friends they had made on the *Europe*. They and the members of the crew had learned to esteem and to love one another. When the *Raiatea*, setting sail, passed the *Europe*, both ships hoisted their flags, and affectionate good-byes were exchanged from their decks. It was on October fifth that the missionaries sighted the islands of western Oceania. Bishop Pompallier and Father Chanel wished to stop at one called Oulitea, but various obstacles rendered this impossible, and they made their way to Vavao, which in size and importance ranks second among the islands of the Tongo Archipelago.

"As soon as we saw it," wrote Father Battalion, "our hearts beat fast with joy; but alas, hardly had we approached the shore, looking for an anchorage, than a terrific storm arose. It seemed as if the devil had unchained all his fury at the sight of the apostles who were to overthrow his empire. The wind was very high, and rain fell in torrents. Suddenly the storm abated, and a terrifying darkness enveloped us; only lightning flashes, tearing the clouds, lighted this gruesome night. Our sailors vainly tried to resist the force of currents that dragged us towards the reefs until we were no farther from them than the length of our ship. We fell on our knees, praying, 'Oh God, save us or we perish! Oh holy Mary, take care of thy children!' And, all at once, the wind drove the *Raiatea* away from the reefs.

"But danger was not at an end. Strong currents next forced us towards some rocks. The men made haste to lower the life-boat, hoping in it to save our lives and some of our belongings. A second gust of wind sent us far from the rocks towards the open sea. Mr. Stoks, our captain, was on his knees, crying out and praying, as if beside himself. 'I have often been in danger on the sea,' he told us later, 'but never before, was I so near death. Two minutes more and we should have been dashed against those sharp rocks.' You may imagine how fervently we thanked the Blessed Virgin for our preservation! Together we sang the *Te Deum* and the Litany of Loretto.

"At daybreak we approached the island for the second time. The Bishop told us to recite the *Veni Creator*, the *Ave, Maris Stella*, and the *Miserere* for the people whom we were about to visit, and commanded that we should say these prayers for nine successive days whenever we reached an unconverted island.

"We cast anchor at noon, and instantly a number of natives crowded on board. How interesting they were! And how deeply we regretted that they were not Catholics! Soon, an old sailor made his appearance, the only Frenchman who had been on the island for twelve years. He told us all that we wished to know, and assured us that we should have no difficulty about seeing the king. He offered to act as interpreter.

"When we were conducted before His Majesty, the Bishop asked him if he would receive into his kingdom some of his companions, that they might study the language and try to teach the people many things known to the great civilized nations of the world. 'You may stay on this island,' replied the king, 'but I cannot permit you to teach my subjects anything before the return of Mr. Thomas. I have joined the religion he teaches and I intend to hold to it. What more could you teach me?' Bishop Pompallier was not discouraged. He said gently that the Protestant missionaries are not authorized to teach, and added, 'Your Majesty can compare their doctrine with ours and see on which side truth abides.' But the king clung to his resolution and put off further conversation for another day. As soon as Mr. Thomas returned, Bishop Pompallier wrote to him, asking for an interview, which was arranged for October twenty-sixth. On that day he, three fathers, and two lay-brothers went again to see the king, and afterwards called on the minister. His Lordship began by telling Mr. Thomas what had taken place between him and the king; he referred to the religious freedom accorded in England and France, and showed letters of protection given him by the French government and several English and American consuls. "In short," he concluded, "demanding a foothold in Vavao by right of my citizenship of France I insist that the law of nations be respected."

The minister replied, "This island is too small for two religions, and I know well that if you are allowed to remain, the whole population will soon be of your faith. There are other islands nearby; Wallis, for example, where our religion has never been preached. You can establish yourselves there with perfect liberty." The people of Wallis have massacred fifty or sixty natives whom the ministers had sent to convert them to Methodism; they had, also, more recently, captured and put to death the crew of two boats.

Mr. Thomas hastened to the king to poison his mind against the Catholic missionaries. He was leaving the royal presence, smiling, when the Bishop and his priests once more presented themselves. "When we came before His Majesty," Father Chanel related, "he looked disdainfully at us, and said in a loud and haughty tone, 'I have considered and have taken counsel. I do not wish that there should be two religions on the island. I command you, therefore, to leave my kingdom as soon as possible.'"

Bishop Pompallier insisted no longer. Without showing any resentment, he bade the king good-bye. "In leaving Vavao I do not give up hope of seeing you again," he said.

"We returned directly to the *Raiatea*," wrote Father Bataillon. "Mr. Thomas, in an effort to make us believe that he had not influenced the king,

sent us a number of books printed in the various dialects of Oceania, and with them a very polite note. Not to be outdone, Bishop Pompallier sent him gifts. Several Englishmen came to see us. They said frankly that they were indignant over the conduct of their ministers, and that our departure was much to be deplored. Their interest had been aroused by the stories of our captain, himself a Protestant, who had been amazed by the wonders which Catholicity had worked in the Gambier Islands.

(To be continued)

Seeing God

A little blind girl, six years of age, was talking with a Religious one day about God. She was very much interested in all that the Sister told her about God's goodness, His majesty and power. One thing impressed her deeply — God could not be seen.

"Can't you see God?" the blind girl asked.

"No," Sister replied, "only in my heart."

"Haven't you two good eyes that see, Sister?" the child added.

"Yes, I have two very good eyes."

"And you can't see God?"

"No."

This made the child very happy.

"You are just the same as I, Sister," the youngster said emphatically, "for I too can see God only in my heart."

The Boston Pilot

Step by Step

Step by step you move along, and each step you take brings you just that much closer to the most important day of your life, — the day when it will be decided whether your life has been a grand success or a grand failure! Whether you be a dogman or a director, a conductor or a chemist, you achieve your end in the same way, — step by step. It's not one big leap. No. By the multitude of actions that make up your every day, you yourself are determining whether after the few moments of this life, your eternity is to be one of endless joy, or just the opposite.

But all of this you know, — even if the world, the flesh and the devil are constantly trying to sell you the idea that you should forget it. While our concern for you is a deep one, nevertheless we are conscious of the fact that you have had your chance, do with it what you will.

Our preoccupation here, as you no doubt have guessed, is with the souls of those in the darkness of paganism (over one billion altogether!) who have never had that chance that has been given to you and me, — who have only the haziest notion of why they were born, of the glorious purpose of their existence, of the innumerable blessings that God has sent them through weakness, who have never had the thrilling joy of receiving their Lord and God whom they know not in the Sacrament of the altar, who in a word have had no one to help them learn the lesson of "step by step." Does their helplessness mean anything to you?

Catholic Missions, Australia

A Thought for June 24

"As soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leapt for joy." (Luke, I, 44)

"Amongst those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist." (Luke, VII, 28)

*None born of woman save the Lamb of God
Was heralded as he, who went before
The stainless One with eager voice — "a Light,
A burning light," the Saviour said, "and more
Than prophet . . ." but humble in his might.*

*In leathern girdle; cloak of camel's hair,
With "Penance" as the burden of his cry,
This fiery hermit on the Jordan drew
Unnumbered throngs to hear him testify
And in baptismal waters be made new.*

*"His name is John," so the high Gabriel said
To Zachary serving in the holy place . . .
And him Isaias saw when he foretold:
"I sent my angel before thy face."*

MARY C. BRENNAN

Present Progressive Tense

The truly Catholic heart must of necessity have the mission spirit which is a love of souls and a desire to unite all men in Christ. Christ's Church is a mission Church; it was made so in the beginning. The Master sent His apostles as He Himself was sent. He did not say "Go, teach all nations," but "Going, teach all nations," emphasizing the ceaseless activity of the Church in its quest of souls.

Very Rev. R. H. Ackerman

The Spirit of Christian Charity

There is a story told of St. Macarius, the holy hermit of the Egyptian desert. One time this good man received a present of beautiful fresh grapes. To one who had lived long on herbs and vegetables, this was a rare treat. But WAIT!

Macarius did not think of enjoying the delicious fruit himself, so it was carried to the hermit who inhabited the cell next to his own. The latter thanked him for the delicacy and Macarius returned to his cell, happy in having given pleasure to a brother. Several days passed and the incident was forgotten until one morning a hermit knocked at the cell of Macarius and offered him some grapes, adding that he should not delay in eating the fruit, as it was already several days old. The visitor did not know that the gift had gone the rounds, from cell to cell, and now was back again where it started. When the saint perceived this, he fell on his knees and thanked God for the spirit of mortification and charity that reigned among his brothers.

If such a true spirit of Christian charity were more common today, what a different place this world would be!

Selected

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Sister St. Marie Alexina, C.N.D., **Montreal**; Mr. Arthur Surprenant, **Grand'Mere**, father of our Sister Marie de la Presentation; Mr. L. J. Loranger, **Westmount**, father of our Sister Madeleine Marie; Mr. B. Nantais, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Jean Baptiste du Sauveur; Mrs. C. Lacroix, **St. Michel de Bellechasse**, mother of our Sister Therese du Sacre Coeur; Mr. Dominique Fauvel, **Ville St. Pierre**, father of our Sister Alain de la Roche, novice; Mrs. Benoit Tetreault, **Vegreville, Alberta**; Mr. Leon Gerin, Mr. Albert Harris, Mrs. Charles Edouard Ferron, Mr. Joseph Charron, Mr. Foucreault, Mr. Laureat Dion, Mr. Joseph Cormier, Mr. Arthur Gauthier, Mrs. Jules Laberge, Mrs. J. A. Angrignon, Mrs. Charles Lefebvre, Mr. George Lavoie, Mr. Emile Mitchell, Mr. Wilfrid Mitchell, Mr. L. P. Daigle, Mrs. S. Montpetit, Mrs. G. Guimont, Mrs. John McCarthy, Mr. Alfred Pellerin, **Montreal**; Mrs. J. Quinn, **Notre Dame de Lourdes**; Mrs. Emmanuel Henrichon, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. F. H. Trudel, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Ovidia Belisle, Mr. Joseph Audet, Mrs. A. Lavoie, Mr. Charles Robinson, Mr. J. P. Gauthier, Mrs. Rosaire Myrand, **Verdun**; Mr. Albert Tanguay, **St. Marc sur Richelieu**; Mrs. Louise Bellefleur, **Caughnawaga**; Miss Clementia Legrand, **St. Jacques le Mineur**; Mrs. Ferrier Lemieux, **St. Bernard**; Mrs. Raymond Forget, **St. Elisabeth**; Mrs. F. X. Morin, **Joliette**; Mr. B. Lefebvre, Mr. Leandre Menard, **St. Michel des Saints**; Mr. Onil Poulet, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Paul Emile Forget, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs. F. X. Lafreniere, **Maniwaki**; Mr. J. Dumas; Mrs. M. Robinson, **St. Romuald**; Mrs. Napoleon Godin, **St. Christine**; Mr. Joseph Laperriere, **St. Raymond**; Mrs. Theophile Ouellette, **Notre Dame de Lourdes**; Mrs. J. R. Rivard, **Loretteville**; Mrs. W. J. Gagnon, **Quebec**; Mr. Thomas Cliche, **Beauce Jonction**; Miss Yvonne Roy, **Thetford Mines**; Mrs. Lazare Fallu, **St. Jean l'Evangeliste**; Mr. Odilon Bergeron, **Dosquet**; Mrs. Philibert Vezina, **Boischatel**; Mr. Ovide Petitclerc, **Montauban**; Mr. Arthur Lagace, **Biencourt**; Mr. Robert Roussel, **Mont Joli**; Miss G. Ouellet, **Squatteck**; Mr. I. Lebel, **Kamouraska**; Mrs. Romuald Nadeau, **Estcourt**; Mrs. Gerard Langevin, **St. Monique des Saules**; Mrs. Adelard Tremblay, Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Duchesne, Mrs. Victor Gaudreault, Mr. Pierre Gauthier, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Joseph Perreault, **Deschambault**; Mrs. Emile Laberge, Mr. Theodule Boudreault, Mr. Joseph McNicoll, Mr. Bertrand Gagnon, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. A. Bernard, Mr. John Bernard, **Richmond, P.E.I.**; Mrs. Hippolyte Morin, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Eva Bingle, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. I. Tetreault, **Putnam, Conn.**

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PEACE

POEM

Seek ye peace in Jesus Christ,
 Seek ye peace in Jesus Christ,
 Although the Atom may be strong,
 Use it not in a way of wrong:
 Hear the Heavenly warning gong.

Seek ye peace in Jesus Christ,
 Seek ye peace in Jesus Christ,
 However high man's science towers,
 It is nothing before His powers:
 "Mortal" is the title for us and ours.

Jose Civasagui in *The Mainichi*, Osaka, Japan

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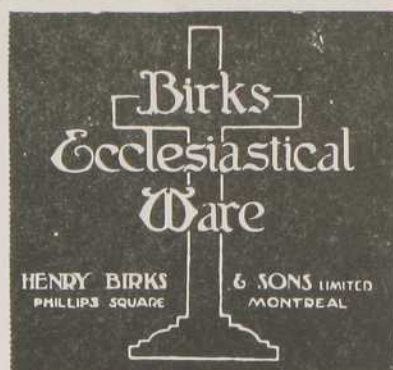
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