

CHAPTERS
IN CANADA'S

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PRECURSOR
AROUND THE GLOBE

MISSION
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His Holiness Pope Pius X

Pope of the Blessed Eucharist

Pope of Mary

Mary in the Life of Pius X

The peasant Pope Giuseppe Sarto, who bore the burdens of the papacy for eleven eventful years, had learned to love Mary long before it was given him to crown the image of the Immaculate Conception in the choir of St. Peter's. In the modest stone house at Riese, in the province of Treviso, where he was born June 2, 1835, pilgrims can see to this day the picture of the Madonna before which the boy known by the familiar name of "Beppo" used to say his prayers morning and night. At eleven he was an accomplished altar boy, master of ceremonies at his parish church, and, to top it all, director of pilgrimages to the humble sanctuary of the *Madonna delle Cendole* — pilgrimages, as may have been guessed, of rubber-necked altar boys who behaved like angels only from the Sanctus to the Consecration of the Padres' masses.

Leader at pilgrimages, Beppo was also leader at play, and as soon as devotions were declared over he would keep the boys on hand for a hot game of their favorite sport. Beppo had the makings of a saint in him. When at the age of twelve he received his First Holy Communion, he asked Mary to help him to remain clean of heart and to dedicate his life to the service of Christ her Son.

Young Sarto's brilliant successes as a scholar at Riese, and later at the gymnasium of Castelfranco Veneto and the University of Padua, never made him even a fraction forgetful of the things of God. Always the Morning Star of his youth beckoned him to the heights of the holy priesthood. To Donna Margarita, his peasant mother, and to Mary, the Mother of the Eternal High Priest, he gave all the credit for his having been made a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.

As a student at the major seminary of Treviso, Giuseppe Sarto used to spend his summer holidays at his home in Riese. Bazin, one of his biographers, relates that the young man arose at five each morning, spent a long time immersed in prayer to God, heard Mass, received Holy Communion, and recited the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Naturally, the picture of Mary he had so loved in childhood still watched over the fervent seminarian.

After completing his theological studies with great distinction, he was ordained on September 18, 1858. Archpriest of Salzano, Bishop of Mantua, Cardinal-Priest and Archbishop of Venice, and in time successor to Pope Leo XIII as Supreme Commander of Christianity, Sarto was ever a man of prayer, a man of radiant holiness, unbounded generosity, tender sympathy, angelic piety, and contagious devotion to the august Mother of the Redeemer. No greater Rosary enthusiast had she. As Bishop of Mantua, he said the Rosary each evening with the members of his household before retiring to his apartments to work or study until midnight.

Even his deeds of charity he concealed beneath the mantle of the Madonna. A story is told that he once called a charitable lady to his residence and gave her a large sum of money with instructions to pass it on to a certain miscreant who had previously written a most uncomplimentary book against his Bishop, but was now reduced to utter poverty. The good lady was instructed as well not to reveal the donor's identity. "If he insists," advised Sarto, "you might say that the person who gathered this sum of money is the most merciful one, Our Mother of Perpetual Help."

Shortly after having been created a Cardinal and preconized Patriarch of Venice, the Bishop of Mantua returned to the humble home of his boyhood to kneel before Donna Margarita and the ever beloved Virgin *delle Cendrole*. To the former he showed himself clad in the *cappa magna*; before the latter he celebrated a Mass in the presence of a great number of pilgrims.

In his new archdiocese, the Cardinal-Priest revived the traditional processions and pilgrimages to the *Madonna della Salute*. Aware of Mary's place in the life of a Christian, he knew that his social works would prosper if he introduced devotion to her into the lives of the Venetians. In 1901, the Patriarch of Venice, then sixty-five years of age, climbed Mount Grappa to bless at a height of 3,000 feet a gigantic statue of the Blessed Mother erected with the voluntary donations of the people.

After the death of Leo XIII, the Princes of the Catholic Church went into conclave and after several ballots Giuseppe Sarto was elected on August 4, 1903, by a vote of fifty-five out of a possible sixty votes. It is related that one of the first letters written by the new Pope was addressed to the parish priest of Riese and asked for prayers to be said for him to the *Madonna delle Cendrole*. The first decree signed by the Pontiff was a Marian decree in view of the solemnities of the golden jubilee of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It may have been on that occasion that Pius X composed his beautiful prayer to Mary Immaculate.⁽¹⁾

"Most Holy Virgin, who wast pleasing to the Lord and became His Mother, immaculate in body and spirit, in faith and in love, look kindly on the wretched who implore thy powerful patronage. The wicked serpent, against whom was hurled the first curse, continues fiercely to attack and ensnare the unhappy children of Eve. Do thou, then, O Blessed Mother, our Queen and Advocate, who from the first instant of thy Conception didst crush the head of the enemy, receive the prayers which, united with thee in one single heart, we implore thee to present at the throne of God, that we may never fall into the snares which are laid out for us, and may all arrive at the port of salvation; and, in so many dangers, may the Church and Christian society sing once again the hymn of deliverance, of victory, and of peace. Amen."

On February 2, 1904, the immortal encyclical *Ad diem illum* proclaimed to the Catholic world that the Holy Father, the motto of whose pontificate would be "to restore all things in Christ," meant to work out his program through Mary, the Mother of Christ. With the saints he was convinced that, Christ having come to mankind through Mary, so must men take the Marian way if they would attain to Christ. It is always through Mary that men can be brought back into the way of salvation and society restored to the law of Christian truth and charity. Cognizant of the error of those who give nothing to Mary on the ground that all must be given to Christ, he penned the loving words that follow, "The Child is to be found only with Mary His Mother."

The first year of the pontificate of Pius X was consecrated, so to say, to the triumph of Mary Immaculate and the strengthening of her devotion in the hearts of his children. Feasts, exhibitions of Marian art, a Marian Congress in turn drew the faithful by thousands into the Eternal City. In this connection THE PRECURSOR cannot refrain from mentioning with grateful pride an incident that happened in the Vatican on December 7, 1904, a few hours before the opening of the solemnity of solemnities on which Pius X was to crown the image of Mary Immaculate in the choir of St. Peter's.

Montreal had in Rome on that occasion an illustrious representative in the person of His Grace Archbishop Paul Bruchesi. During the audience granted him,

1. Enriched on January 11, 1905, with 300 days indulgence once a day.

Archbishop Bruchesi presented the Pope with documents from Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa, parish priest of St. Louis de France, Montreal, concerning a Canadian missionary society then in process of formation.

"Most Holy Father," said the Archbishop, "the priest who fostered this Work has just died. This project leaves me absolutely indifferent. What you desire we should do for the cause will be for me the manifestation of God's will. If you tell me to dissolve what has already been begun, it shall be done as you decide. If you tell me to continue, I will do so."

At once, and before the Archbishop had time to suggest that it would be easier to call upon some already existing Congregation expelled from France to assume the direction of the Work, Pope Pius made known his will.

"Proceed with the foundation, and all the blessings of Heaven will descend on this new Institute, to which you will give the name of Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception."

Thus was the first Canadian Community dedicated to missionary work blessed and baptized by the holy Pontiff recently raised to the rank of Blessed.

Mary Immaculate he ever considered as the guiding star of his pontificate. When religious persecution was raging on an extensive scale in France, every letter written by Pius X to the bishops and faithful carried a word of confident hope in the Virgin of Lourdes. On Mary's Nativity, September 8, 1907, appeared his famous encyclical *Pascendi*, in which he expounded and condemned the system of Modernism.

Another Marian milestone was reached in 1908, fiftieth anniversary of the Lourdes apparitions, when His Holiness observed the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest of God. Rome and Lourdes united in one common celebration. Nothing could have been more logical. Does not the teaching of the Fathers declare that Mary is identified with the Church, and the Church with the Pope? Whoever loves Christ loves Mary who gave Him to the world and the Pope who represents Him in the world.

To commemorate the blessed Marian event, the Holy Father had a Lourdes chapel built on the Vatican grounds and extended to the entire Catholic world the celebration, on February 11, of the Apparitions of Mary to Bernadette. To a group of pilgrims from Tarbes the white-robed Father of Christendom gave the following message, "O happy people of Lourdes, when you are home again, remember the Pope before the image of the Immaculate Virgin and greet her in my name with the words of the *Ave Maria*."

So glorious a pontificate was to end in the rumbling of cannon. Shortly before the death which he felt was coming upon him, his heart crushed by the convulsions and upheavals he foresaw in the dark future, the common Father of the faithful had exhorted his children to place all their trust in the Mother of God, Help of Christians.

But while for humanity had struck the hour of devastation and chastisement, for the simple old man in white upon whose head rested the tiara of supreme ecclesiastical authority had come the hour of the reward exceeding great. On August 20, 1914, a few days after the declaration of the First World War, the *Pontifex Maximus* passed from the sorrows of life to the joys of eternity. The Lord had preserved His Vicar, had given him length of days, and had delivered him, not into the hands of his enemies, but into the spotless hands of the Virgin conceived without sin, through whom a great Pope had sought so untiringly and steadfastly to restore all things in Christ.

I TEACH CATECHISM

By Sister Helene du Sacre Coeur, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

When I had been four months on the missions, I rode a horse for the third time and gave my first catechism lesson in Creole. Reverend Father Berube, curate, a few Haitian girls, Sister St. Valentine⁽²⁾ and I made up the catechetical party that morning.

Rapid is the name of my horse and rapid the speed he likes best. When he had kept it up for ten minutes, however, we turned into a by-path where large stones jutting out at uncomfortable angles forced him to slow down to turtle pace. To tell the truth, I had better speak of a rocky staircase than of a rocky bypath. Rapid rightly guessed that I was afraid and it paralyzed him. So I slipped off my seat, bade my horse walk on ahead, and followed him on foot. Once we had climbed the stairs, I jumped back into position and rode on without paying too much attention to the trees and prickly shrubs that were giving me unpleasant caresses.

Two hours in the bluffs took us to Roche-Jabouin. This is a very small and poor village, uncomplicated by anything more aristocratic than straw-roofed hut homes, with, on the market place, an old Jacob's well. We stopped to breathe before the sea, whose giant waves beat their rhythmic cadence on the rocks. On that day the voice of the ocean was like a rumbling of thunder in the distance. It was awe-inspiring, majestic.

Roche-Jabouin is visited only once a year. While the curate ministered to the spiritual needs of his flock, Sister St. Valentine set up her dispensary in one of the houses.

1. Helene HETU,
Montreal.

2. Gladys McLEAN,
Cabanô.



And I under a thatch roof supported by four posts, made my first sermon to fifty or so Haitians of all ages. For one-half hour I spoke about God and explained the catechism. I was going to specify that I explained the hard spots, but my hearers know so little about their religion that hard spots are everywhere. My imperfect knowledge of Creole handicapped me to some extent, but I really believe I didn't do too badly; at least a Haitian catechist told me I was getting quite good at her language.

I had them sing hymns, distributed holy pictures and medals, and talked with them. How many are utterly ignorant in religious matters! One did not know how to make the Sign of the Cross. Another blurted the question, "Who is God?" To this latter, who had to make up for lost time, I taught the ejaculatory prayer, "O my God, I love You." It seems almost unthinkable that baptized Christians should be so far unschooled in the truths worth living and dying for. If only there were enough missionaries to go around!

The good folk of Roche-Jabouin may be very poor, but theirs are hearts of gold. They would not let us go before having given us a good Haitian dinner.

Then all the others and Rapid and I returned home. When we reached the rocky staircase I stayed bravely on, to the surprise and admiration of the party. To their inquiries I answered that I never climb on horseback without asking Our Blessed Mother to climb with me. With her at my side, I take the reins with steady hands and feel safe.

I shall never forget my first catechetical outing and my first catechism lesson. Never before had I understood so well what it means to possess the fullness of Faith. When the going will be hard, the remembrance of Roche-Jabouin will be my comfort and my inspiration.

Ad Multos Annos!

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

*to His Excellency Most Rev. Maxime Tessier
recently named Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Ottawa*

*to His Excellency Most Rev. Gerard Coderre
Coadjutor to His Excellency Bishop Forget, St. Johns, P. Q.*

*May the Divine Shepherd of souls
grant them long years in His service
and a fruitful episcopal career!*

Fatima

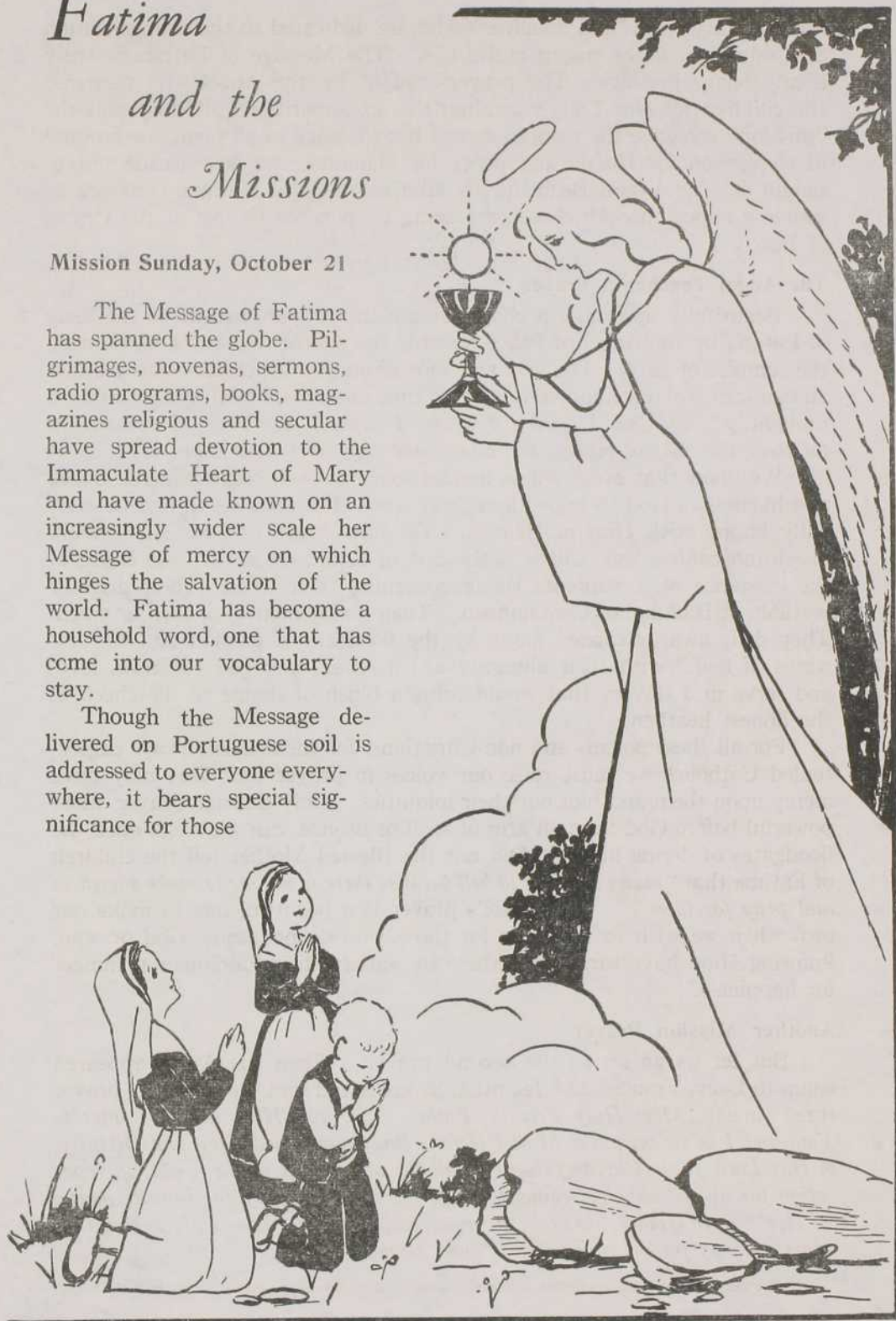
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Missions

Mission Sunday, October 21

The Message of Fatima has spanned the globe. Pilgrimages, novenas, sermons, radio programs, books, magazines religious and secular have spread devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and have made known on an increasingly wider scale her Message of mercy on which hinges the salvation of the world. Fatima has become a household word, one that has come into our vocabulary to stay.

Though the Message delivered on Portuguese soil is addressed to everyone everywhere, it bears special significance for those



among Mary's sons and daughters who are dedicated to the evangelization and salvation of the pagan multitudes. The Message of Fatima is truly a missionary message. The prayers taught by the Angel who prepared the children for Our Lady's coming; the six apparitions of Mary and the "mission" she gave the seers to spread her Message to all men; the promise of conversion for Russia and peace for mankind; the post-decade prayer taught by the Vision Beautiful — all the foregoing Fatima facts are of supreme importance for those who bring to men the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

The Angel Teaches a Prayer

Beautifully apostolic in character are the prayers taught to the seers of Fatima by the Angel of Peace towards the end of the spring and during the summer of 1916. The first and shorter one, to which has been granted an indulgence of one hundred days each time, presents a wealth of missionary thought. "*My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, I love You. I ask pardon for those who do not believe, nor adore, nor hope, nor Love You.*"

We know that every single human soul has been created in the image and likeness of God to know, love, and serve Him upon earth and be eternally happy with Him in Heaven. Yet how many millions who should kneel and confess that Christ is the Son of God have never even heard of the existence of a Supreme Being governing their lives. Their divinity is Allah, or Buddha, or Communism. Their god is money, or lust, or greed. They drift away, "carried along by the floodtide of passion and the hot winds of hell," with their almighty ego as their only god to know, love, and serve in a slavery that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the honest heathen.

For all these pagans and non-Christians, for these fallen-away, empty-souled Catholics we must raise our voices in prayer that God may have mercy upon them and blot out their iniquities. Only through prayer, more powerful before God than an arm of steel or bronze, can we break open the floodgates of divine mercy. Did not the Blessed Mother tell the children of Fatima that "*many souls go to hell because there is no one to make sacrifices and pray for them?*" The Angel's prayer is a beautiful one to make our own when we wish to intercede for those who do not know God or who, knowing Him, have turned elsewhere to satisfy their fundamental hunger for happiness.

Another Mission Prayer

But let us go on to the second prayer. When the Angel appeared again to Lucy, Francis, and Jacintha, he knelt and said the following prayer three times: "*Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I offer to You, and I adore them, the Most Precious Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of Our Lord Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for all the outrages committed against them; and by the infinite merits of His Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I pray for the conversion of poor sinners.*"⁽¹⁾

1. The Bishop of Leiria has granted an indulgence of one hundred days each time to the prayer of the Angel.

It was in the name of the Most Holy Trinity that the Chosen Twelve and their successors down the ages went forth to teach all nations. It is in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost that the sins of a lifetime of idolatry are washed away and a soul is made a joint-heir with Christ and a member of His Mystical Body.

The Body, the Blood, the Soul, and the Divinity of Christ are truly present in countless tabernacles upon the face of the earth. Yet how many pagan villages have no temple to the true God, but pagodas aplenty for divinities shaped by human hands. And where there are tabernacles where all speaks the glory of God, how many souls give that same God of Love a Judas-kiss in sacrilegious Communion. By the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, let us plead with the words of the Angel for the conversion and salvation of poor sinners and blinded heathen.

Mary and Our Individual Power

In choosing as her confidants, her "missioners," children without guile or duplicity, without might or prestige, Our Blessed Lady tells us that *one little person counts*. There is not one of us, no matter how insignificant his position in life, who cannot do some little thing for the betterment of humanity. Every person counts. In the harvesting of immortal souls every missionary counts. He cannot do everything, but he can do something. If he cannot gaze upon the immaculate beauty of Mary, he can



Because every single human soul has been created in the image and likeness of God to know, love, and serve Him upon earth and be eternally happy with Him in Heaven, some girls who love Christ "dare to be different" by going to the ends of earth, if need be, to tell other souls about Him.

spread her name and that of her Son among pagan nations. If he cannot bring all souls to the Savior, he can, with God's grace upholding him, bring at least a few. If he cannot renew the face of the earth, he can and must renew some little fraction of it.

A further indication of our individual power for good is contained in Our Lady's promise, "*If my demands are listened to, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.*" Her demands are addressed to you and to me, to the you and the you and the you two billion times multiplied who constitute humanity. Were each one of us individually and personally to heed the conditions laid down at Fatima, further war and bloodshed and persecution would be prevented, as the Mother of our Redeemer has guaranteed in her apparitions.

But what a terrific responsibility weighs upon the shoulders of the person who fails to act in this hour of peril! Tremendous may be the harm wrought by simply doing nothing. One little spark can start a million-dollar fire. One flake of snow can bring on a blizzard. One drop of water can unchain a flood worse than the overflowing of Winnipeg's Red terror. Similarly, one person's failure to obey Mary's Message given at Fatima may be the innocent-looking hole in the dyke of humanity that will prepare the way for apocalyptic destruction. The power of one person for good — or for evil — can hardly be overestimated.

Something New for Our Rosary

In her third apparition, July 13, 1917, Our Lady taught to the shepherd trio an ejaculation to be said after each decade of the beads: "*O my Jesus, forgive us our trespasses, preserve us from the fire of hell, and bring all souls to Heaven, especially those which most need Your help.*" (100 days indulgence each time)

In this post-decade prayer, we ask first of all that our sins be forgiven and our salvation made secure. Prayer for self is an essential duty of Christians. But Our Lady did not stop there; she gave a missionary character to her prayer: "Bring all souls to Heaven, especially those which most need Your help." What souls are more in need of God's compassionate mercy than the millions that are still languishing in the darkness of paganism and the shadow of death? Mary's post-decade prayer is a beautiful one to recite after each decade of our missionary Rosary.

Who more than missionaries should yearn for the dawn of world peace? Who more than the envoys of the Prince of Peace should long for the conversion of Russia, whose perverse doctrines are preceding the message of the Gospel in so many heathen territories? Heralds of the King, theirs to read, heed, and speed the Message of the Queen of the Rosary. If God's missionaries do their best to Fatimize the souls with which they come into contact, before long the Iron Curtain will be changed into the beautiful blue mantle of the glorious Mother of our Savior.

Let us, on Mission Sunday, have a prayerful thought for the couriers of God's doctrine, and ask the Lord of Missions to fecundate their labors, that through them His Name may be magnified among the gentiles and all the ends of the earth may see the salvation of our God.

Limbe

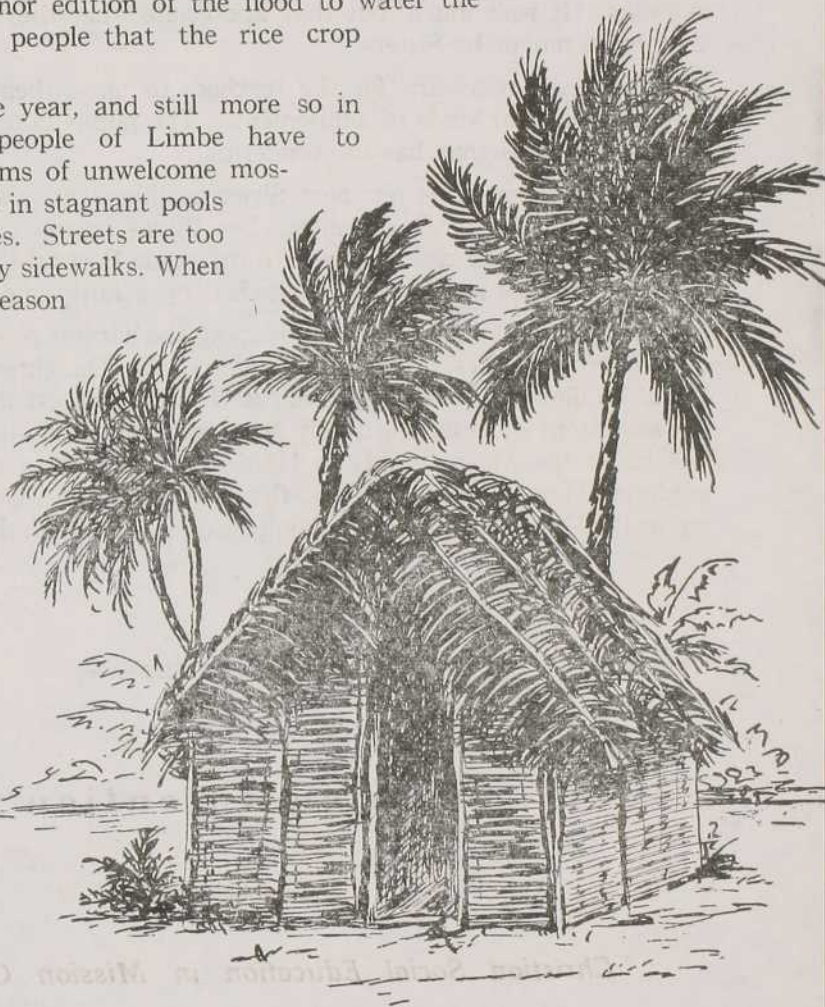
HAITI

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

Limbe is a misnomer. It is beyond me why nobody thought of naming our village Josaphat, so suggestive it is of the place where the Lord will gather together all nations. Limbe sleeps in a sheltered valley with tall mountains keeping guard on all sides. The climate is damp and the soil yields good crops and good everything. The river close at hand occasionally overflows in a minor edition of the flood to water the land and tell the people that the rice crop will be plentiful.

All around the year, and still more so in November, the people of Limbe have to put up with swarms of unwelcome mosquitoes that breed in stagnant pools and shallow ditches. Streets are too narrow to have any sidewalks. When comes the rainy season it takes a pair of clever feet to reach the church without leaving two rubbers stuck fast in the mud.

Speaking about the church it looks well except for the tumble-down facade. Windows and pews, long untouched by the paint-brush, boast of no particular style.



1. Germaine Lefrancois, Longueuil.

A number of Protestant sects have found their way into the parish, among whom the Baptists with a seminary of 108 pupils and the Adventists with 110. Though the population of Limbe has climbed to 25,000, the village has only one Roman Catholic priest, a missionary of French descent. Let us therefore pray the Lord of the harvest that more zealous, God-loving apostles may step forth from the ranks of Canadian and American youth to help our Father Le Benedic.

Our own little white convent does not lack its attractions. We forget about the windows that we have not when we count the sixteen doors that we have and that let in plenty of fresh air and sunshine. In our yard thrive several kinds of fruit trees as also the fifteen rosebushes that provide flowers for the chapel and statues. There is a wall all around ensuring privacy.

As regards our school, on the first floor we have three classrooms that we can turn into one for special occasions and school celebrations. The classroom is no room at all, but simply a corner of the yard, under a roof held up by four posts. The pupils sit on kneelers and use their own seats as desks. It isn't much, but they appreciate what they have, so glad are they to be taught by Sisters.

It is never necessary for the teachers to tease their brains trying to invent games and kinds of amusement. The pupils take care of that with a resourcefulness that has us wondering.

At the present time our next Sister-neighbors are the Sisters in Mirebalais, about one day's distance. Les Cayes means two days of travel by truck. In either case, we have to travel via Port-au-Prince. The Cape, twenty-five miles away, may be reached by a fairly good route.

Our apostolate here consists in reaping the harvest planted over a period of twenty-five years by our predecessors, the Daughters of Wisdom. It would be illusory, however, to believe that the harvest is ripe everywhere. A vast extent of land, spiritually speaking, still needs to be tilled, and it will be, if the Master sends to Haiti the hundreds of missionaries we are imploring Him to send. Friends, this is an intention that bears remembering in that last decade of your Family Rosary — more missionaries for Haiti.



Mission Intention

September 1951

Christian Social Education in Mission Countries

MANILA

Mustard-Seed in Manila

"The kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field. Which is the least indeed of all seeds, but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof."

A few days ago, a touching ceremony in Gagalangin's church beautifully illustrated the parable of the mustard-seed. Two hundred young men were present as the ecclesiastical authorities approved and blessed an apostolic venture begun very simply but now branching out like a sturdy tree.

It happened one day that Sister Joseph Arthur⁽¹⁾, out on her home visits, met a young man desirous of making his First Communion. Instructed in the main truths of our holy Faith, this young man in turn passed his scant religious knowledge to another God-hungry soul. The latter, every inch as apostolic, soon directed several friends of his to our Del Rosario convent, and thus the grain of mustard-seed germinated. The meetings for study and prayer gradually developed into retreats on the second Sunday of the month; then, after the group had marched from success to success, the Reverend Director suggested that it should be officially established. With the approbation of Father Pedro Pajarillo, parish priest, the Immaculate Conception Catholic Men's Association came into being.

The foregoing details were recalled by the vice-president of the Association in the talk he gave on the day of its establishment. "Ours are times," he stressed, "when the need for energetic, hundred-percent Catholics is being felt as never before. Our organization strives to answer that crying need of the hour. Among the aims it bears in view are the propagation of the Faith, the introduction of study circles, the distribution of wholesome literature, the fervent Christian life of its members, and the honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. These are so many ways by which to achieve our own sanctification and that of our neighbor.

"Now that anti-Catholic organizations use every conceivable means to draw the ignorant and the unsuspecting, parents should know the situation of their children where religion is concerned. I am sure that fathers and mothers want the best for their families. We have need today of a

1. Laure THERIEN, St. Leonard d'Acton.



ONCE UPON A TIME RENE FERNANDEZ HAD A BIRTHDAY PARTY
AND THIS PICTURE SHOWS THAT A BOY HAS MANY FRIENDS ON SUCH DAYS.

From Gagalangin, Manila, Came This Photo Showing, in the Rear, Sister Marie de Massabielle (Anne Marie Levesque, Westmount), Directress of the School, and Sister Madeleine du Sacre Coeur (Madeleine Payette, Montreal), Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

youth both carefully trained and made aware of dangers. With the grace of God and the assistance of His Immaculate Mother, we hope to reach our goal."

President Julian Gloria did not speak less enthusiastically. After expressing at once his joy and fears in assuming the leadership, he explained the motto adopted by the ICCMA, *Caritas Christi urget nos*. Recalling the good already done in the brief period of six months since the Association was founded, he said in part: "Our children have been taught the saving doctrine and have made their First Communion. We have seen adorers steadily increasing in number, while other members are zealously laboring to enlighten those that still languish in moral darkness. But there is one group that may have escaped your attention, I mean the pupils from public schools, ranging in ages from ten to twenty, who gather, not for games, not for material advantages, but for the good of their own souls by seeking to become better instructed in their religious duties and to serve as apostles among the student population.

"All those efforts from the very beginning would have produced scant results had they not been sustained by the sacrifices and devotedness of the missionary Sisters in Gagalangin and the venerated parish priest, Father Pajarillo.

"Let us hope that our plans will become a blessed reality through the cooperation of everyone. It has struck me that the devil tries to block us each time we make a fresh move. But Christ had to struggle with him; three times He was tempted in the desert. Let us, after His example, keep intact our trust in God. With the grace of God to carry us onward, we shall never suffer defeat.

"Such are the thoughts I should like to leave you. I firmly hope that some day our adversaries and we will become one in unity and harmony."

Besides these talks, the ceremony also included a sermon by Father Pajarillo, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the recitation of the Rosary and other prayers, followed by the blessing of the Marian banner special to the ICCMA. During the blessing, the parishioners chosen as sponsors advanced into the sanctuary with lighted tapers and encircled the banner of the Immaculate Conception. The spirit of recollection that pervaded the atmosphere was proof that all understood and appreciated the import of the ceremony.

Some time later, the owner of a bus company spoke to Sister Superior about the humble beginnings of the Association when one small bus was enough to take the twenty-four young men to the Sunday recollections. "But now," he beamed, "we would need a good many buses to take them all here."

Mary Immaculate's apostles will undoubtedly wield a tremendous influence for good not only in their own parish sector of 85,000 souls, but also on a still larger scale. Could you, kind reader, say a prayer that their apostolate may be blessed by the Lord and rendered ever more fruitful?

Black Faces

By Sister St. Leon le Grand, M.I.C.(1)

Veregrunya — Virginia to you — is a black girl with bright eyes, an upturned nose, and a million-dollar smile. I might add that she is a little saint and a little imp sifted, melted, and packed into one.

Once during the holiday season, she put her hand in mine and off we went to visit my outpatients at a few hundred paces from the convent. How thrilled she was! But *my* thrill didn't match hers when she started peeping here and there for holes in the ground whence, she hoped, might pop out the special kind of insect she relishes as I do salted peanuts.

Suddenly she lifted serious eyes toward me. "Mother, let us pray to the Blessed Virgin, our dear heavenly Mother." Thereupon she turned away from the haunt of the tempting insects and answered to the Hail

Marys I was saying. Virginia loves to pray and one of the reasons why is that her teacher often tells her a little girl must pray hard for all the people who are not good Catholics, friends of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother. If anybody is to be caught napping on duty, it certainly will not be Virginia; she knows too well what being a pagan implies.



1. Pauline LONGIN,
Montreal.

But many other children at the Mission pray just as fervently. I once observed a seven-year-old boy, unbaptized as yet, with hands over his eyes to shut off distractions during the recitation of the Rosary. How the Mother of God must have enjoyed the sight!

One morning a lively bunch of little women not much taller than a yardstick invaded the dispensary. In the middle of the circle stood another little woman — their victim or maybe their protegee. In a chorus they explained her case. "Tereza vomited, Mother, and she didn't want to play at recess. Teacher wanted to send her to the Sister nurse but she refused, and here we are." Tereza looked like a highwayman sentenced to death on the gallows. Though I promised an ultrarapid cure, she still protested against taking the spoonful I held out to her rosy lips. Only when I had said, "Tereza will take this medicine to please the little Lord Jesus," did the sick girl open her mouth, but wide enough to swallow a California Sun-kist whole! Oh well, good people occasionally find that a sacrifice tastes even better than oranges!

One little boarder who had left a Protestant neighborhood to come to the Catholic Mission puzzled us at first because she was always observing our every word and move. Finally her heart, like the roses, opened to the delicate sunshine of charity. Once when Teacher was bandaging this lassie's finger, the child said, "You are just like mothers!" A few days later, in a letter she wrote to her father she told him not to worry about



AFTER THE PICNIC. BASKETS OF FOOD, BUCKETS OF WATER, AND WHATNOTS
ARE CARRIED OVER THE HAIR-DO'S. PICTURED WITH THE NATIVES IS
SISTER MARIE DES ANGES (ALICE PEPIN, WARWICK, P. Q.).



DOING THE NURSING SISTER'S JOB IS SISTER ST. EMILE (ANNETTE CORBEIL, MONTREAL),
KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.

anything. "The missionary Sisters are as kind as mothers to your little girl. They give us all we need and they even guess what we might be wanting."

Notwithstanding all that has gone before, I still believe that the three faces I like best in Katete belong to three proteges, Maria, Yosefe, and Yohanne, who form the nucleus of an orphanage.

Maria is ten months old. So frail was she when we acquired her that Sister St. Justinien⁽¹⁾ learned to worry then if she had never done so before. No more worries has she now, for Maria is safely on the road to good health and round cheeks. As we have no special nursery for our orphans, they temporarily occupy a room adjoining the refectory, so that from her crib Maria can observe the happenings of a day. She sees Rosalina rapping at the door when she brings dishes from the kitchen. Once when Cecilia had sat Maria on the floor at dinnertime, the babe decided to do what Rosalina always did when she brought dishes from the kitchen. Sister St. Brigitte⁽²⁾ thought it was Rosalina knocking and opened the door in all seriousness, only to see framed in the doorway black baby Maria, her two front teeth sparkling like pearls and smiling from ear to ear.

Yosefe was sent by Sister St. Yves⁽³⁾ with the honorable mention, NEVER CRIES. The five-month-old disliked his new surroundings so heartily that his first forty-eight hours in Katete he spent crying. I was beginning to fear that the honorable mention and the boy who had once deserved it should be returned to Mzambazi's Superior with humble apologies. Yosefe was so delicate that, oh horrors, his face looked as white as mine! Now it is coming into its own. Yosefe made his debut on the patronal feast of Msgr. St. Denis by impersonating the Child Jesus in His Crib, though in this case it was a wicker basket, probably like the one the boy Moses slept in. Msgr. St. Denis and the other White Fathers congratulated Yosefe on his perfect deportment. It almost seemed as if the baby had previously rehearsed, so tender and timely were the glances he cast at the black girl who played the role of Our Blessed Mother.

Number three, Yohanne, came as a Christmas gift, his father pleading with us to keep him for at least two years. Yohanne's mother died two weeks after his birth, and his grandmother does not feel equal to adopting the baby as her own, so that he automatically becomes ours! For want of something better, he now sleeps in a rectangular box equipped with legs, but before many days the bed I am hammering on will be ready for his pleasant dreams.

Black faces as attractive are legion, if I am to believe Sister St. Bernadette⁽⁴⁾ of the junior seminarians, Sister St. Brigitte of the sixty "wild cats," and Sister St. Imelda⁽⁵⁾ of the seventy bush girls who are daily becoming more and more like royal princesses.

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

2. Jeannette CARON, St. Jean de la Lande.

3. Yvette RICARD, Grand'Mere.

4. Marie FYFE, Laprairie.

5. Imelda SAURETTE, Letellier, Manitoba.

I have nothing to do with the boarders outside of the first-aid courses I give them weekly and, naturally, the bandages I roll around cuts, burns, and bruises such as happen in the life of children. They are lovable girls, every one of them.

If ever a perplexed look clouds my face, it is when I try to figure out why God didn't make forty-eight-hour days, for Africa at least. Had I only more time, I could write oftener and do so many other things. But with twenty-four-hour days and a daily average of more than one hundred dispensary patients; with twelve-month years and a sum total of twenty-eight thousand patients from January 1st to December 31, it is impossible to do a thousand other things besides.



A Craving for the Infinite

Our charity will increase if we start with this assumption: there are only two classes of souls in the world, those who have found the Faith and those who are looking for it. It is amazing how different the world and souls look when one starts with the first principle that as the eye needs light, and the stomach food, so does the soul need God. There is not a single person in the world, regardless of the passion with which he seeks out sin, who has not in the depths of his soul a craving for the infinite.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen



No Algebra Problem

When we speak of propagating the Faith, we do not mean bringing knowledge to the heathen of the one true God and His Son, Jesus Christ, whom He sent for the redemption of men, as if it were a lesson in Algebra or Arithmetic, but we mean imparting a love life, a moral life, based on the belief that man owes to God his Creator, the duties of prayer, of love and reverence and sacrifice, a life built on the nearness of God to even the humblest of His creatures, a life made blessed in the fact that God's mercy and forgiveness have encompassed him here below, and thus prepared him for the changeless life beyond the grave, where there will be "no more sorrow, no more suffering, no more death, but everything shall be as a perfect day."

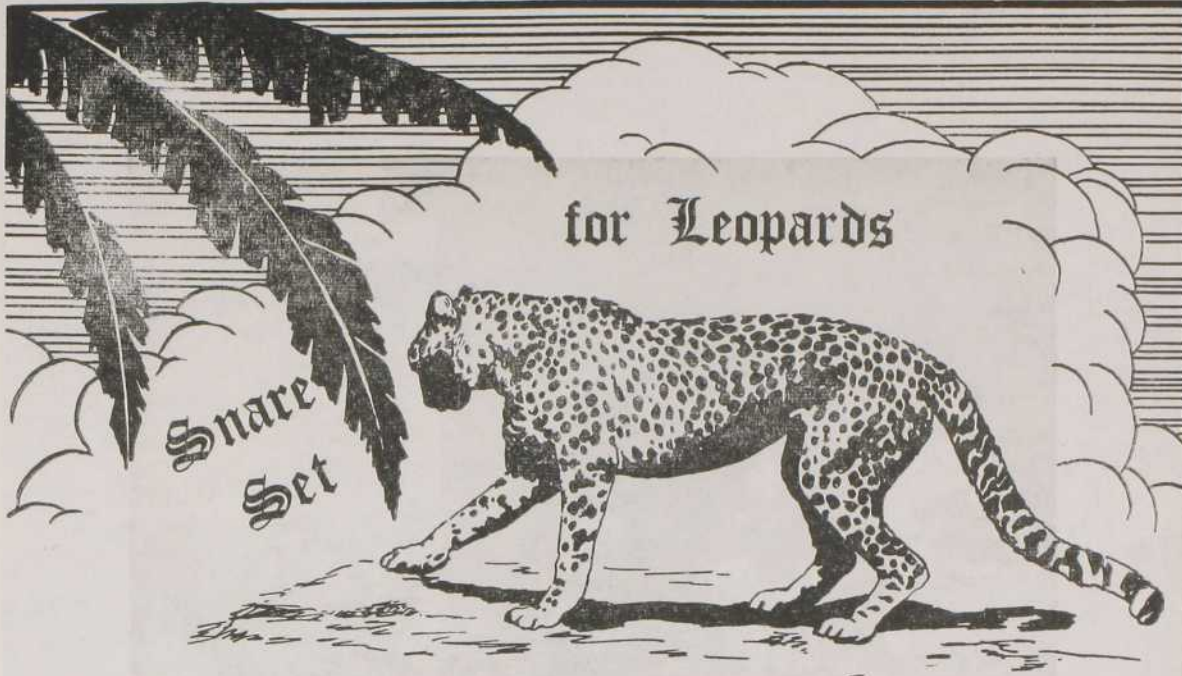
Very Rev. W. T. Davis



Goal of Soul's Search Near

Be worthy of the gift of Faith! Save a soul and save your own! Never before in five hundred years have souls been nearer to finding God than they are in this hour! Emptied of vanity, they know they must either go upward to Our Savior, or down to despair and insanity. Modern souls without faith are not dumb souls, they are numb. Bring to their misery the Mercy of God and they will have peace.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen



RUMPHI, NYASALAND

By Sister St. Justinien, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

Rumphi, out-of-the-way corner of Northern Nyasaland and favorite haunt of the leopard, was sleeping in the calm night. High in the heavens, Lady Moon rode at leisure in a path set with gems of gold. The sun's heat had died down with the dusk and the night hours were of the exquisite type that only the tropics know. On nights like that even the hyena feels tame and loses all criminal inclinations.

At the Catholic Mission, the laborers of the Lord's vineyard were seeking in restful sleep fresh energy for the labors of another day. Suddenly, piercing cries of *Odi, odi* shattered the sleep of everyone, telling the Sisters that a frightened band of natives needed their help. Out of our beds we jumped. Sister Superior and I were the first to reach the balcony. All was silent save for the faint murmur of someone in great pain that fell on our ears.

In the moonlight we saw that the whole village had gathered to share the sorrow of a young father, whose heart was pleading in his eyes for us to save the life of his beloved little son. In an improvised hammock made with a woollen blanket tied to two sticks lay the little wounded one, a black lad of seven paradoxically named White. The father implored us to do something immediately, as between sobs he told how White had fallen from a tree under which had been set arrows as a snare for the leopards. Not a day goes by in this world without a boy's falling off a tree, apple or otherwise, but this particular boy fell on a sharp arrow that pierced his abdomen and finally emerged near his shoulder. Hearing White's desperate cries, the family rushed to the spot and decided that the place to

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



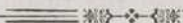
SISTER LEON MARIE (LUCILLE FONTAINE, ST. EPHREM D'UPTON) PROVES
THAT LIFE CAN BE VERY ENJOYABLE AT RUMPHI.

take him would be the Rumphu dispensary. Though they had left their village in mid-afternoon, it was three in the morning when they awoke us, and the exhausted party was dying of thirst.

White, a non-Christian boy of seven, was a good pupil at one of the many bush schools which the White Fathers conduct to teach prayer and the rudiments of learning. But that night White suffered too much and was too dazed to understand our language, which differed somewhat from his. The poor little body was icy and the pulse scarcely noticeable; besides, the intestine was perforated and I discovered all the symptoms of internal hemorrhage. No longer could I entertain hopes of saving his bodily life, but the eternal life of his soul I could still make secure, and with gladness of heart I baptized White for Heaven. Then Sister Superior and I directed the party to the as yet unfinished dispensary, where they found a lodging for the rest of the night.

At six that morning I went to see the patient and found him dying. A few little fluttering sighs, and his pure soul soared to Paradise. In the snare set for prowling leopards, White, the black climber of trees, had found the key to the kingdom of his Father.

Mass was beginning in our chapel. I sank on my knees to thank God and humbly suggested that Heaven's new citizen should from now on help his pagan brothers away from the snares of the wily old enemy of souls.



The Church was founded for no other purpose than to make all men share in the fruits of the Redemption by extending the Kingdom of Christ over all lands. So far from being satisfied with merely guarding and preserving the flock committed to his care, he who has been divinely appointed to take on earth the place of Jesus, the Prince of Pastors, would be false to his principal duty did he not strive by all the means in his power to win for Christ those who are outside the fold.

Pope Pius XI

THE TRUE MISSIONARY

The true missionary has gone forth to create a Church, not simply to enlarge the Christian community to which he belongs, not to make an annex to it, like a European firm establishing branches in the colonies. The true missionary goes to offer the Good News of Christ to souls which — justified, enlightened, sanctified, guided by the Holy Spirit — will create with his aid and to his admiration a new incarnation of Truth in a new human society.

ABBE GODIN in France Pagan

There is a grace for every moment, and a special one with every cross.

A. E. Toner, C. S. C.



At Sacred Heart Clinic

All the roads that lead to Charpentier, a small village near Les Cayes, see a daily rush of sick and maimed to the white villa that has lately been transformed into a clinic. Mrs. Victor Chevalier, its owner, has graciously donated it to the missionaries for that worthy purpose.

Two giant palm trees sentinel the rustic dwelling, which stands half-buried under a luxuriant tropical foliage beautiful to see. There is also a wide lane leading to the house where all who are weary and suffering find consolation and relief.

It is only three-thirty in the morning and already the long poles that bar the way are pulled down to allow the early arrivals in. These tie their horses in some shady spot and then go to lie on the benches placed out of the sun's rays. Here it is a question of first come, first served, so that one who wishes to be treated early in the morning has to be around before day-break.

By and by, along comes Sister Eustelle de l'Eucharistie⁽¹⁾ with her two native Girl Fridays, and all the patients smile the happiest of welcomes. At seven-thirty the Sister Nurse is already hard at work, and every minute brings a new patient. They were about sixty when she arrived, but one hour later, Sister starts wondering how she will ever succeed in satisfying everyone, so many are there waiting for her ministrations.

Now that the generosity of our Canadian and American benefactors has equipped our clinic with modern surgical instruments, Sister is enabled to treat a good number of special cases. Hence it is not a matter for surprise if the number of ill and crippled who flock to the "foreign doctor" should be daily on the increase.

More patients naturally means more occasions to do good, more chances to take care of bodies for the sake of immortal souls, so that the clinic becomes a channel for many spiritual achievements. It is so easy, while

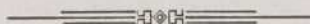
1. Eustelle SAMSON, Lauzon.

bandaging a sore, to speak a word of consolation, a word about God, or give a two-minute instruction on the duties of so-called Christians who know appallingly little about the Faith in which they have been baptized.

May the Immaculate Mother of God bless our humble undertaking and make the clinic a gateway to happy Christian living for thousands of souls in Haiti! Such was the hope expressed by Bishop Collignon on February 2 of this year, when he deigned to call the blessing of Holy Mother Church upon Sacred Heart Clinic.

A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception

Les Cayes, Haiti



On Winning Converts

The Catholic who really loves God wants to bring souls to Him. This sort of zeal is not the unique prerogative of missionaries, of priests and religious. It should characterize us all, inform our prayer. And, in this thrilling era of Catholic Action, laymen are becoming more and more aware of opportunities for winning converts. Where? Among their own friends and relatives, and also within the wider circle of their acquaintances. The lady next door, the man who works at the same machine, the girl across the desk at the library, the casual seat companion on a trip — all these are God's children and, if they do not know Him, potential converts. What a chance for us to provide the introduction!

Paula Kurth



HAITI — Women selling baskets

Lord of the Harvest

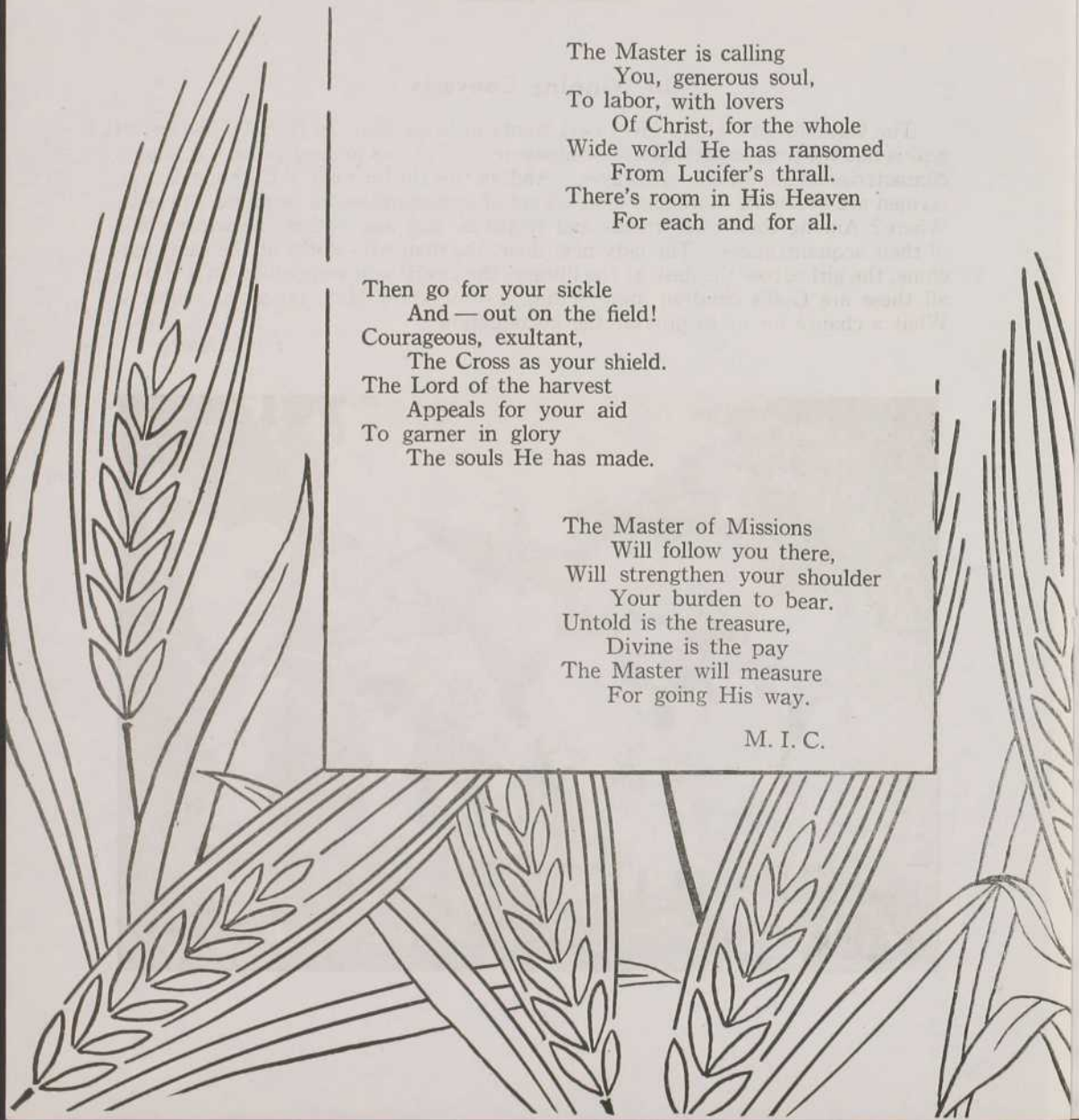
I've heard of a harvest
Far dearer than gold
That only the mansions
Of Heaven can hold.
The Lord of the harvest
Redeemed it with pain,
Upraised on a gibbet,
Gave blood for the grain!

The Master is calling
You, generous soul,
To labor, with lovers
Of Christ, for the whole
Wide world He has ransomed
From Lucifer's thrall.
There's room in His Heaven
For each and for all.

Then go for your sickle
And — out on the field!
Courageous, exultant,
The Cross as your shield.
The Lord of the harvest
Appeals for your aid
To garner in glory
The souls He has made.

The Master of Missions
Will follow you there,
Will strengthen your shoulder
Your burden to bear.
Untold is the treasure,
Divine is the pay
The Master will measure
For going His way.

M. I. C.



In Our Mission Mailbag

Wakamatsu, Japan

Some time ago, a non-Christian mother brought her baby to our dispensary. The Sister Nurse found the little one so ill that she thought it prudent to provide him with a pair of wings for Heaven. Mine was the privilege of pouring on the tiny brow the saving waters that make the soul whiter than snow. With trembling hand and voice I spoke the words, "Joseph Robert, I baptize thee . . ."

Joseph Robert now in the nurseries of Heaven will, I hope and pray, help my brother priest whose namesake he is, in his delicate and arduous task as physician of souls.

It is a custom in Japan for dead bodies to be cremated and the ashes, enclosed in a wooden coffer, carried to the temple or the family burial plot. But Joseph Robert's body was not cremated. Instead, the young mother lovingly laid it in an empty orange box, which she strapped on to her back and carried to the Catholic church. I am sure the infant did not mind the poverty of his coffin, for he had a regular Catholic burial and his soul was already basking in the sunlight of God's presence

Sister St. Elodie, M.I.C.

(Simonne St. Amand, St. Aime)

* * *

Camp Perrin, Haiti

Dear Mother General, you say that your thoughts are always with your missionary daughters. The little mission band in Camp Perrin is very cheerful and will never forget the ties that bind it to the Motherhouse. This year I am teaching fifty-four beginners. On



WHERE LESSONS ARE FUN. A CLASSROOM IN MIREBALAIS, HAITI

rainy days, however, the little classroom shelters more than sixty occupants, for grey chickens and white then usher themselves in and the mules venture on the balcony to be out of the rain.

Dear Mother, I think you would like my classroom. Here I can preserve a Christmas spirit all the year round, for my little corner looks very much like the stable of Bethlehem. I had never thought that one could be so happy in a thatch-roofed hut.

Sister St. Ludger, M.I.C.

(Claire Gauvin, Jonquiere)

* * *

Mirebalais, Haiti

Very Rev. Mother General,

The anniversary of the opening of our school affords us a good occasion to express our grateful thanks to you. We consider you as a great benefactress because you have sent us Mothers to educate and instruct us. All the people of Mirebalais are very glad to have your Sisters here, and they say the village is taking on a new aspect.

May we thank you again with joyful hearts for all the good things you have sent to our country. Thanks to your generosity we were awarded prizes at the end of the school year. How we should like to be able to say thanks to all the charitable persons up in Canada who send us holy pictures, rosaries, prayerbooks, dresses, toys, etc. May God our Father and Mary our Mother reward them in life and after death.

Reverend Mother General, we know how much you love us, since you do not have the courage to refuse when we ask you to send Sisters to our country. You may be sure that we love you in return and pray often for you.

In closing, we should like to ask your kind prayers. Here are the graces we need the most: enough talent to understand the beautiful things we are studying and to obtain our certificate, if possible; good conduct in life and the religious vocation, if God so wills. Maybe some day one of us will become a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception. She will go to Canada to become a teacher and then she will return to teach the little children in her country of Haiti. It would be so wonderful.

Our hearts say a tender farewell.

Your Haitian girls of Mirebalais,

By Marie-Dieu-là Philistin



Home, Sweet Home

Father Matteo Ricci, the Jesuit who opened China to the Faith, was asked how he could leave his home, his homeland, and his loved ones and spend his life in distant China. His reply has become a classic. "There is no problem," he said. "We missionaries have God for our Father, all mankind for brothers, and the world for a home."

Maryknoll



Eulalia

Is Converted

By Sister Marie Paule, M.I.C.(1)

Eulalia looks only a few years younger than the fourth-century virgin and martyr whose name she bears. Eulalia—I speak of the uncanonized—has one good eye, four good teeth, and not one good ear. Her wasted limbs move so infinitely slowly that it takes her an hour or more to eat a bowl of rice.

If you see with your mind's eye Eulalia waiting cosily in bed for the call of the Grim Reaper, you had better change the mental picture for one of an old granny hobbling along the street, for that is where you will find her, as I always do.

With every new sunrise she goes off, wearily bending over her sturdy umbrella, her white locks shyly hidden under a bright-colored kerchief. Then, when another day is done and we kneel for meditation, a stooped shadow falls along the windows of our chapel, and we know that for Eulalia, also, the day is over.

How does Granny spend her time? Does she go a-marketing? Probably, but why she should give ten hours, or even one, to purchases for one old lady, is a question for which we have so far found no answer.

Eulalia lives by herself in the house of our devoted catechist, Mrs. Gatbonton. Many a time the latter has tried to penetrate into the mysterious existence of her boarder, but the old heart is under lock and key in much the same way as the corner where the ancient one hides her treasures and the few pesos she receives from her niece. Does the lady of the house risk a question as to Eulalia's outings, the answer invariably comes, "I must be going to town. I have to call on my friends."

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.

All the years between her twentieth and her ninetieth, she found life so interesting that she lost all interest in Him who is Life. Whenever the catechist talked religion, the old hermit would begin to talk something else — weather, crops, meals, nieces, anything that flitted across her mind.

Things went on thus until one night blood-curdling cries brought the whole household to Eulalia's beside. They found her bathed in a cold sweat, her features distorted, her hand covering her throat, trying to speak syllables that refused to come. When the emotional crisis had subsided, Granny offered explanations. "I was asleep when suddenly a young man dressed all in white like that one (and she pointed to a picture of the Guardian Angel) clutched my throat and said, 'You are nearly a hundred years old and you will not live much longer. You have not gone to confession for so many years. If you do not make up your mind to go, the devil will come for you.' Then he pressed on my throat so firmly that I thought he would choke me. There was fire in his eyes and I knew he was waiting for an answer, so I promised to go right away. I must be up now and on my way to church."

There was nothing halfhearted about her resolution; she tossed and fidgeted and tried to roll off her bed. The lady of the house gently objected that it would be scarcely proper to call on a priest at two in the morning. Of course, if she were sick it would not be the same. Finally, the old woman agreed to wait until morning, though she would not risk closing an eye all that time. Anyway, she must have had a good many things to turn over in her old mind, for she repeatedly asked the catechist to help saying she did not know how to go about it.

After having prepared her as lovingly as she would have her own mother, Mrs. Gatbonton led Eulalia by the hand to the confessional and later to the altar rail, where the eleventh-hour convert found a happiness and peace of soul long since absent from her life.

A few more months, a few more years, and we at meditation in the late afternoon will no longer see a stooped shadow falling across the windows of our chapel. Eulalia will lose her stoop and, eternally young, without the support of an umbrella she will go-a-marketing along the avenues of Paradise.



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.	\$50.00
Vigil light or candle	{ 10 cents each
	{ 90 cents for a novena
	{ 3.00 for a month
	{ 35.00 for a year

Rosary Gems

* * *

After the Divine Office and Holy Mass there is no homage as pleasing to God and His Blessed Mother as the fervent recitation of the Rosary.

St. Dominic

* * *

I find nothing more powerful in drawing within us the Kingdom of God, the Eternal Wisdom, than to join vocal to mental prayer by reciting the Rosary and meditating on the fifteen mysteries.

St. Louis de Montfort

* * *

When you say the Rosary, you have nothing to fear. It is the recitation of the Rosary that makes Lucifer desperate. He is the sworn enemy of the Rosary. Even if I had not the love of God, I should recite the Rosary just to annoy him.

Father Lamy

* * *

The Rosary is the most beautiful and the most rich in graces of all prayers; it is the prayer that touches most the Heart of the Mother of God . . . and if you wish peace to reign in your homes, recite the Family Rosary.

Pope Pius X

* * *

If you are anxious to convert a soul to the fulness of God's Love and life, teach that person to say the Rosary. That person either will stop saying the Rosary or he will receive the gift of faith.

Mgr. Sheen

* * *

When the father of a family leads his wife and children every evening in the Hail Mary, he is using fifty-three atom bombs that will bring down God's blessing on his family, his country, and our poor world.

Father Peyton, C.S.C.

LOS ARABOS

By Sister Marie Vianney, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

Macagua Campo

Ever since we first set foot in Los Arabos, we kept wondering when we would know the new language well enough to teach catechism in the surrounding campos. Unlike the Apostles, who began to speak with divers tongues, we had to begin with letters and syllables and painful attempts at pronunciation.

Sister Bernard Marie⁽²⁾ and I were the first to try our zeal in Spanish at the Macagua Campo. At seven-thirty that morning, Rev. Father Jean Paul Dugal, P.M.E., was at our door with his jeep. After thirty minutes of jolting and unpleasant riding we reached the still sleepy pueblo. In its centre, on a large section of land closely cropped by horses, goats, and sheep, stands the little weather-beaten church. The missionaries have so much work on their hands that these last two years they have been unfortunately compelled to forsake the pueblo. Father Dugal, who will from now on visit there once a week, opened the door and we were surprised to find the inside almost beautiful. The walls are white, the cement floor red, and even the few pews are painted a dark color.

After two years, though, it is not surprising to find the vestments, altar cloths, and other church goods in a pitiable state. When Father lifted the little handbell, a toad resentfully hopped away from under it.

At the first summons of the church bell, people stirred from their night's rest. By and by, children pattered in and shyly slipped into the pews. Their number increased steadily until they were well over forty. Along with the children came senorita Augustina, their teacher, with her niece, who happens to be one of our pupils, and two young men, one of whom is blind. All prayed so loudly during the dialogue Mass that Sister Bernard Marie, *monaguillo* for that morning, could not answer the priest's prayers.

Immediately after Mass we rehearsed songs they had known long before. Then with senorita Augustina helping, I wrote down the children's names.

1. Marie Therese SAVARIA, Montreal.

2. Juliette DESNOYERS, St. Henri de Mascouche.

The brightest can make a Sign of the Cross unaided; the others, more numerous, do not know how to go about it.

With those names all behind pencil bars, we began a large-scale distribution of medals. The children said their thanks with pleasant smiles. God bless them everyone and make them fervent apostles in the Macagua Campo, that through them their kinsfolk may come to the knowledge of the saving truth.

AND THEN CUATRO ESQUINAS

To Macagua have now been added two other catechetical centres. Every Saturday affords us the pleasure of meeting two hundred and fifty children and a good number of adults. Both young and old are very generous in coming, for our study halls are not at all comfortable, at least not Cuatro Esquinas', where there is no hall at all, but only the shade of a spreading tree. This looks like the ideal spot for a missionary Sister who has dreamt of talking about the love of God under the shade of a palm tree.

If only Cuba had more missionaries, catechetical centres would flourish everywhere, for the good of the campo folk. As things now stand, many campos have to remain in the spiritual dark for want of bearers of the light of the Gospel. A few of our senior pupils know enough of their religion to be able to help us in our work, but none are doctors of divinity, even if they know more than the rank and file do.

Hundreds of examples might be brought forth to prove that Cuban youth is hungry for God, but let us confine ourselves to quoting one. It happened during the *zafra*, or sugar-cane season. One little fellow who was leading a team of oxen jumped off his cart and ran to join the group of catechism pupils. For this boy, who had followed the lesson of the previous Saturday, the temptation to listen again proved so strong that he decided to run over while his oxen could crunch and munch all they wanted of the luscious green grass.

Three minutes later a man's voice startled the eager young listener. His employer had come on the scene. Afraid of a scolding, the boy took to his heels and literally flew to the grazing oxen. But he could have stayed on; the boss had not come to scold, but to approve.

Cuatro Esquinas as a catechetical centre already counts six child baptisms administered to children from one to thirteen years of age. On March 31 the usual lesson was followed by the ceremony of baptism, which was held in one of the homes because the campo has no chapel. The silence was impressive and unusual for a Cuban gathering. Not many things occurred to disturb it, except for the lusty cries of a tiny girl who didn't want Father Landry to drop a pinch of salt on her tongue. Another little girl looking on gave her a biscuit to bring back the sunny smile, but the



LEWEL, BAPTIZED LAST DECEMBER 6, BEGINS HIS APOSTOLATE
WITH LESSONS ON HOW TO FOLD YOUR HANDS TO PRAY. HE ALSO BRINGS
MANY FRIENDS TO VISIT JESUS IN OUR CHAPEL.

PROUD OF LEWEL AND HIS PALS ARE SISTER EUSTELLE DU ST. SACREMENT
(LUCIENNE PELLETIER, ST. LOUISE DE L'ISLET) AND SISTER ST. ANNE D'AURAY
(ALINE QUIRION, SHERBROOKE), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION STATIONED AT LOS ARABOS, CUBA.

biscuit was quickly sent rolling on the floor, to the satisfaction of a hungry chicken that had been observing events from a perch near by.

It was very touching to see the elderly uncle and mother of one of our teachers praying with uncommon fervor, answering the priest's questions with a respectful inclination of the head, and piously reciting the Apostles' Creed. At Father's request all the congregation joined with the candidates in saying the same prayer. When one remembers what utter religious ignorance characterizes the out-of-the-way campos, one thrills to hear several voices saying the Christians' prayer of belief in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Only the week before, a girl of fifteen, being asked by Sister to define the Sacred Host, had answered, "It's a stone, Madre!"

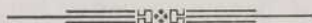
One little girl of seven had a big heartache that day. She tried her best to hide it behind a smile, but she didn't altogether succeed. When you are only seven and want with your whole heart to be baptized, and your godfather cannot or does not put in an appearance, well, life is not all roses. There are a few thorns, and how they can prick a seven-year-old heart! Prayers, please, than no other sponsor will ever keep a little girl waiting.



For More Vocations

One of the principal causes of the decline of priestly and religious vocations is the gradual disappearance of the true and genuine Catholic family life as it was once known to us . . . that family which according to Pope Leo XIII is built and patterned according to the Holy Family which gave the world the best vocation the world has ever known — the Eternal Highpriest, Jesus Christ. If priestly and religious vocations are to be more plentiful in the future, it will be necessary to weed out the spirit of secularism and all that it implies and restore the Catholic family to its pristine lustre and significance, re-investing it with the old-fashioned robe of strict discipline, deep Faith, and the spirit of sacrifice.

Rev. Edward Garesche, S. J.



With Apologies to Milton

With apologies to Milton, we would say: "They also serve who only kneel and pray." Comparatively few receive the high call to personal service; not all are in a position to contribute financially, but ALL — no matter what their age or condition — can pray. "Thy Kingdom Come!" These three little words, said often and fervently, may work miracles of grace in making Christ's Kingdom come in many hearts.

The Field at Home

The World Needs Girls

The great need of the world today is girls who are extraordinarily fine, uplifting, who regard themselves as God's temples, to be treated both by others and by themselves with that humble reverence due to what belongs to Him. Wherever such a girl treads, wherever she goes, and whatever she does, God and His heavenly court are interested in her "walking in whiteness," and she will be given grace and strength for the asking, to stand steadfastly on the side of Christ; that is, on the side of goodness and purity and truth, in an age which is losing the sense of right and wrong.

Until lately, sinners at least knew they were sinning, which gave some hope of their repentance; but today, outside the Church, right and wrong are treated as a matter of personal opinion about which all are free to think as they like. And because, since the fall of Adam, the downward path has always been easier to human nature, people are only too ready to find theories by which they persuade themselves that their wrongdoing is not wrong at all. Now, of course, the Church doesn't alter her standards, but Catholics who come much into contact with non-Catholics are unconsciously influenced by the atmosphere around them unless they are careful to counteract it by acting on principle; that is, having clear ideas as to what is right and wrong, and acting on those ideas, doing what is right, not because they like it or because it comes easiest.

This doesn't mean preaching or being "superior." Elizabeth Barrett Browning has described the ideal woman:

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right, yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer —
None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all.

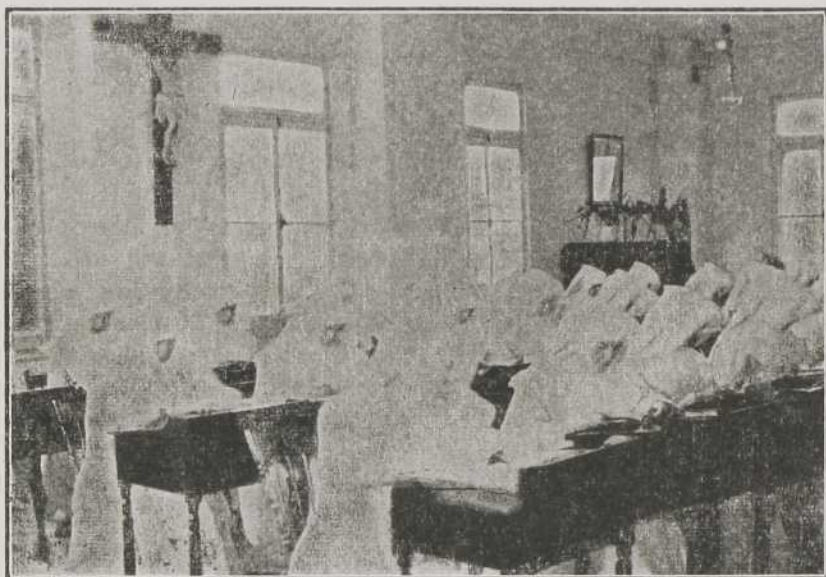
You may sometimes have to speak up for the right, but don't do or say anything merely to be edifying. It is better to think as little as possible about what impression we make on other people. A girl who walks with Christ in the white robe of her baptism does good unconsciously. She has no need to aim at pleasing. Pure maidenhood has a charm of its own; the delicate harmonies of budding beauty, holy innocence, and gentle modesty — maidenhood like this is living music such as angels love to hear.

The whiteness of all the lilies of Paradise is of little worth in God's eyes beside the whiteness of your souls. The sacred vessels that hold the very Body of Christ are not to be compared for preciousness with those whom He would make His living ciboriums, sacred vessels of perfect beauty.

But you feel that, after all, you are very poor things. Of course, you are — left to your own strength, but "the weak things of the world hath God chosen." I know that none of you are perfect. If anyone thinks she

is, she is the most imperfect of you all and had better look to her white robe, for if its wool is purity, its weave is humility. But however many specks and spots of dust of earth mar your white robes, you never need lose heart nor lower your high ideal. An act of loving sorrow, and the Precious Blood has made you spotless again.

The ideal I am setting before you is not too high. God wants you to be saints. "This is the will of God, your sanctification." Persevering prayer that His will may be done in you will make you saints. You must



"A Girl Who Walks With Christ in the White Robe of Her Baptism Does Good Unconsciously." Some Girls Choose to Walk the Whole Way With Christ and Forsake the World for the Convent. Or Is It the Other Way — Is It Christ Who Makes the Choice for Them?

be like St. Agnes— only thirteen but determined to die rather than renounce her faith or marry a pagan husband; like St. Lucy who gave away her possessions to the poor, and in her martyrdom was so calm and steadfast before the helpless fury of her persecutors; like St. Cecilia who so loved the Gospel that she carried a copy always on her bosom, and whose faith and purity were rewarded by the conversion of her husband and brother-in-law, who reached heaven by the glorious path of martyrdom a few years before her.

You probably won't be called upon to pay for your white robes with your life-blood, but you may have to bear what is sometimes harder than the whole-hearted hatred and opposition of persecutors — sneers, the jibes of friends, reproaches even from those you love and revere, the taunt of being too "pious," "goody goody," prim and proper.

Never mind, stand firm. Remember Our Lord's words, "Everyone that shall confess Me before men, I will also confess before My Father who is in heaven." If you show a fearless firmness, your oppressors will secretly respect you. Their laughter is often only an attempt to drown the voice of their own conscience. But a girl is despised who, though she dare not go against her conscience, is obviously ashamed of wearing her colors— Christ's colors — openly, and feigns some other motive or makes some cowardly excuse for "daring to be different" from others.

Rev. L. Dooley, S.V.D.



You Can Preach With Your Mouth Shut

Good example is the best of all sermons. Words can insinuate, persuade, stir, but it takes the concrete example of the preachers who live their creeds to pull us to our feet. For the average Catholic, good example is his best apologetical defense for his Faith and his best method of spreading it. The non-Catholic may not be impressed more than ear-deep by a Catholic M. D.'s comments on "It's the Mass that matters," but should he see that doctor rush off to seven o'clock Mass, the chances are that he will investigate into the wherefore of such conduct and by the inquiry be brought one step closer to Christ. Gretta Palmer writes in this vein, "I doubt if any unbeliever came into the Faith without having been impressed by the radiant and illumined goodness of at least one true Catholic soul." That's why we Catholics have to be careful how we live; we may be the only Bible the unbeliever will ever read.



Three Minutes to Ponder

A person who likes to deal with numbers has come forward with a three-year plan to change the face of the earth. He says that if every Catholic in the world today would make a convert in a year, and if every convert went and did likewise, we would have *one humanity for Christ* in the brief space of three years.

An old newspaper clipping gives as much food for meditative thought. It has been calculated that if there were *only one Catholic* in the world today, and if this single but sincere individual made one convert in a year and each convert made another in a year, this dear old planet of ours would be 100% behind Christ in a matter of thirty-two years.

Anyone who stops to ponder over these three- and thirty-two year plans for the peaceful conquest of the millions has reason to wonder why the enterprise launched by the Master nineteen hundred years ago has met with so little apparent success. Why is it that there are still more pagans than Catholics, more unbelievers than believers? How many souls have *we* saved? What have *we* done to push God's enterprise forward?

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

One Saturday in November, the Bishop, accompanied by Father Chanel, Brother Mary Nizier, and Thomas Boog, and followed by a crowd of natives, went to the valley, called Alo, to see King Niuliki. His Majesty was not at home and they were obliged to wait several hours for his return. On his arrival Bishop Pompallier explained why they had come and his desire to leave two of his companions in Futuna to learn the language and customs of the island. He promised that they would repay His Majesty by their devotedness, if he would take them under his protection and provide for their maintenance.

At this proposal, the natives who had gathered in Alo deliberated among themselves for some time, while the missionaries whose fate hung in the balance prayed with intense fervor. Maligi, the prime minister, strongly opposed the reception of the foreigners, insisting that they wanted no new religion in Futuna. Maile, a cousin of the king's, who wielded great influence because of his bravery in battle, said, "I believe we would do well not to drive away these white men, but to invite them to remain on the island. Their presence can do us only good." This advice prevailed, and the drinking of kava,¹ prepared with the customary elaborate ceremonial, ratified the decision. A feast was then served to all present. It consisted of a little pig roasted, a vegetable not unlike potatoes, and a third very strange dish, all of which were passed from one to another in baskets woven of leaves of the cocoanut tree.

After the repast the king asked his guests if they would like to see a Futunian dance. The Bishop replied, through Thomas Boog, that it would give them great pleasure. Soon the whole population of the valley of Alo gathered in the royal house, and about twenty of their number, men and women, took part in the dance, accompanying themselves by blows struck rhythmically on a mat tightly stretched across a kind of bowl. As was the custom, the men formed one group, the women another. They kept perfect time, and were both graceful and modest.

All being over, the Bishop and his suite returned to the *Raiatea*, as soon as the tide permitted, which was not until after midnight. Their long absence and the excited crowds which had been seen on the shore had alarmed their friends, whose joy on seeing them was very great. As soon as they reached the deck Father Chanel began to say his office. Bishop Pompallier

1. Kava is a drink made from the root of a shrub named the Piper Methysticum. In more barbarous, but not very distant days, it was prepared by chewing; now, stones or graters are used. After the root is well pounded water is poured over it. The concoction is then strained, and served from cocoanut shells. It is presented to guests in the order of their importance. Each one's name is called and he answers by clapping his hands. It is deemed discourteous not to drain the shell at one draught. It tastes to the uninitiated like a mixture of ginger and soap-suds, seasoned with pepper, but people grow to like it. It is cooling and refreshing, and a wholesome beverage in tropical climates.

asked what he was doing, and Father Chanel replied, "I want to show Almighty God my good will by reciting the office which I could not say during the day." "I command you to stop, and to go to bed," the Bishop said; and Father Chanel obeyed instantly.

The next day, November twelfth, the future martyr of Futuna began his work there. When he set foot on the island he knelt and consecrated it to the Blessed Virgin, and in sign of this consecration hung a Miraculous Medal from one of the trees; he prayed, also, to St. Francis of Assisi, whom Bishop Pompallier had chosen for the special patron of Futuna. The king went to meet him, accompanied by his relatives and a number of his subjects. Kava was served and many gifts were distributed. Thus did Father Chanel enter upon the work of his apostolate and take the first step toward martyrdom — the work and the crown of which he had dreamed in the old presbytery of Cras and amid the hills of Crozet.

Brother Mary Nizier soon joined him in Niuliki's house. He, too, felt within his heart a great desire for sacrifice and self devotion, a desire destined to be fulfilled to the utmost in the mission he helped to found.

Some geographers call Futuna, Horn or Allafatu. It is 179° East longitude, and between 14° and 15° South latitude. Futuna includes two islands, separated by a little arm of the sea. The larger, which is twenty-nine or thirty miles in circumference, is Futuna, properly so called; the smaller is known as Alofi. The larger island was divided into two kingdoms nearly always at war with each other. Victory passed from one side to the other, and little Alofi was always obliged to submit to the conqueror. Once thickly populated, but one village had been left there after the many wars.

Both parts of Futuna are of very uneven formation, containing deep valleys and high mountains. The natives explained the physical features of the island in this way: Maoui Alona, a god who worked only in the darkness, was told one day by Teailoito, his doorkeeper, that there were in the bottom of the ocean a great number of fishes — that is to say, many groups of islands. The following night the god got into his boat and cast his line. Whenever an island came out of the sea on his hook he jumped and skipped about on it to flatten it. He fished up and leveled a great many islands in this way. Day began to dawn. He knew that he could not work much longer, and hastily cast his line for the last time. An island came up and the god jumped upon it, but he had hardly begun to skip about when the sun rose; hence the mountainous condition of Futuna.

The island is evidently of volcanic formation, which probably accounts for the frequent earthquakes that shake it from end to end. "One night," Father Chanel wrote in 1840, "I was awakened by a shock so terrific that it seemed as if the whole of Futuna would be swallowed by the sea; and in the succeeding twenty-four hours I counted nine more, less violent than the first. This led me to the conclusion that our island rests upon a volcano, which probably formed it long, long ago. The natives give me another explanation. The god Mafouisse Tulu, so they say, is asleep deep down in the earth of the island. When he has slept for a time on one side he turns

over and sleeps on the other, and it is these movements of his that shake the earth. If the crater ever reopens they can add that Mafouisse is breathing fire, and their fable will be as poetic as many of those told by the ancients."

"Futuna is very fertile," he said in the same letter. "Seen from the ocean it looks like a bouquet of flowers and leaves. The water is both abundant and pure. The animals, plants, trees and fruits native to Oceania are all to be found here."

The Futunians are Polynesians and bear every mark of their origin, being tall, muscular, and well proportioned; their skin is of a light copper color, and their features are strongly marked. They are intelligent and industrious. Their clothing was woven of leaves or straw and reached from the waist to the knees. It was the same for both sexes, except that the arrangement differed slightly. The men allowed their hair to grow, greased it with a perfumed oil, and wore it tied, ordinarily, on the top of their heads. On meeting a chief, a relative, or a friend, it was loosened and allowed to hang down. To have passed through a strange village without giving this mark of respect and good will would have been an insult grave enough to have caused war. The women wore their hair short, but permitted two or three tufts to grow, which they arranged as their vanity suggested. At the death of a close relative, they shaved their heads in token of grief. Young girls wore their hair long until they were married; both men and women habitually wore, suspended from their ears, flowers, shells, or a few shark's teeth.

"There is a kind of ornamentation peculiar to the Futunians, in which they take great pride," Father Chanel wrote, in a letter to his family. "It consists in dividing the face into four parts and making two of them black and two red. The black is applied with charcoal; the red is obtained from a root which the natives gather and prepare in common, with games not very unlike those with which you celebrate the vintage. I leave you to judge of the curious effect of faces thus divided into compartments."

Every important event of life was celebrated by feasts, dances, and games. It was customary to circumcise the children. The ceremony had no religious significance, but was looked upon as one of the most solemn of all rites. On a fixed day the children of some valley would be gathered into one house. For five days after their circumcision they could not leave the place, and spent all their time eating and sleeping; they were then painted red and black and were henceforth considered to be "adorned for the interior of the house." The ceremony was renewed after some days, and they were then looked upon as "adorned for the outside." Fifteen days later their parents came, and there was a great feast, called "Takamoa," — "permission to leave."

Tattooing was practiced, as in all the neighboring islands. The tattooers used a piece of shell to which were attached five or six sharpened teeth which had been blackened. They drove these under the skin with little strokes of a stick, forming various designs on different parts of the men's

bodies. Women received only a few fantastic marks on the hand or forearm. The operation was, of course, the occasion of a feast.

Over every marriage there was much merry-making. A young man, who wished to be married, spoke to the relatives of the girl whom he desired, his proposal always being accompanied by gifts. Custom allowed the relatives three days for consultation before they were obliged to consent or refuse. If a refusal was meant they sent him gifts equal in value to those they had received; if an acceptance, he received no answer, and on the fourth day his family prepared a great quantity of food and carried it to the relatives of the young girl. Both families, and often all the people from one or more valleys partook of the wedding feast, which was followed by games, songs and dances.

After the feast, which often lasted for several days, the affianced pair received a kind of nuptial consecration. They painted their faces, crowned themselves with flowers, put on their best clothes and went before a priest who prayed the gods to send them many children. Among the Futunians, marriage was not an irrevocable contract. It had no sacred character and separations took place for the most trivial reasons.

Funerals were more or less elaborate, according to the age, rank, and virtues of the deceased. The body was anointed with perfumed oil, the face painted red and black, and the breast covered with a beautiful mat. Before burial it was exposed for a whole day at the entrance of the family home. Friends and relatives gathered about in crowds, weeping, moaning most pitiably, and savagely tearing their faces with their nails or with shells. The women uttered certain doleful cries reserved to them.

When the dead man was laid in the earth, each of his relatives and friends approached and touched the corpse with the tip of his nose. The grave, which was always dug near the house, was then filled with sand. After four days it was encircled with stones, larger or smaller according to the dignity of the deceased, and for ten days it was sprinkled with perfumed oil every morning, and every evening was covered with several mats. The funeral was usually followed by great feasting and by dancing and boxing. The near relatives, in sign of sorrow, cut their hair entirely or in part, wore their coarsest clothes, did not bathe, and renewed, from time to time, the bloody scenes of the days before the burial.

Regarding the fate of the soul after death, the Futunians believed it to be immortal, and admitted two future states, one happy, the other miserable. To obtain the former it was necessary to have respected the gods, to have obeyed the chiefs, to have been married, and above all to have shed one's blood on the field of battle. Heaven was thought to be a country of abundant food and many games. In the center there was an immense tree, the Pokatala, whose leaves supplied every want. Cut in four they changed into all kinds of delicacies. When the happy people of heaven felt old age approach, they had only to bathe in Lake Vaiola to be restored to health and beauty.

(To be continued)

The Christopher Page

Better Blood

There was a woman in Washington who asked if there wasn't some little thing she could do to push the Christopher movement along. Father Keller's answer must have caught her unprepared. "Don't let the running of the big world be done by those who hate Christ. If a woman with your fine ideas were to spend a whole year getting just one decent, God-fearing person into some government job, you'd be doing a wonderful service to God and to your country."

At Christopher headquarters everyone knows that the importance of getting better blood into every artery of governmental life can hardly be overestimated. Everyone understands that it is this lack of better blood, together with the widespread apathy of otherwise good citizens who do not care enough how or by whom they are governed, that accounts for most of the world's troubles today. Because too many people fail to do their share in bringing sound, Christian values into the councils and governments of men, Communism with its materialistic concept of life is daily marching onward to global conquest. Because, familiarly speaking, everybody wants to eat and nobody wants to cook, the subversives gradually move into the kitchen of the world to poison the minds of unwary millions. Because people withdraw from the arena of politics, selfish and tyrannical minorities eventually monopolize the great powers of government.

One of the main Christopher objectives is therefore to push a steady stream of clear-thinking, high-principled individuals into every phase of governmental life. Once these, properly trained and guided, assume the leadership of the nations, they will soon make their presence felt by bringing about a refreshing change for the better everywhere on God's earth. It would not suffice, to effect this change, to weed out the subversives, essential though that would be; it is far more important to chase good people in than to chase evil people out.

In his best seller, *You Can Change the World*, Father Keller writes about the mother of a family who understood this last statement superlatively well. Explaining why she had advised her son to take a government job, she said, "If he does no more than carry wastebaskets, at least he will be there. And he can work into something better." To her husband's objections she replied, "If boys like ours, with normal, sensible ideas, don't go into government work, we'll be letting it fall into the hands of those who are out to wreck America." Substitute any other place name for America, and the sentence will still ring terrifyingly true.

For the good people's inertia always turns out to be the evil people's opportunity. It is related in the Gospel that while the servants slept the enemy oversowed cockle among the wheat. In the parables of today, it is while a nation drowns with a false sense of security that the totalitarians bore their way into one post after another to spread error, confusion, and chaos. "Anti-Christian forces are slowly but surely taking over," said a French Christopher, "due to the neglect of the mass of good folk who do no more than take care of themselves."

Not all the good folk, however, can swell the number of high-minded government workers by going into the thick of things. But for them dozens of opportunities are still waiting. They can be voters and persuade their family, friends, and neighbors to vote. They can know and make themselves heard by their local officials, councilmen, representatives. They can follow government newspaper reports and keep abreast of the issues before the government. Occasions may come to encourage others to go personally into government work with the motive of preserving the God-given rights and our free way of life.

Spiritual aid through prayer, sacrifice, and suffering, must not be neglected. A good habit to develop would be to offer a daily prayer or a weekly Communion for national leaders, for one's country, for people in Soviet-dominated governments.

All the foregoing suggestions, and many others as practical, are presented in the Christopher handbook to people who want a good government and who are willing to lift their ten fingers and do something about it. Further information on this type of Christopher action may be had free of charge by writing to the Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Lay Apostolate

The Holy Father has told us that the crisis we are experiencing is unique in history and that it is no longer permitted us to be mediocre. Our time demands saints. We need leaders in all fields to work for a Christian restoration. We need whole-hearted, dedicated young women, who will see it as their task to give their lives and energies to the spread of the Church in mission lands. The Far East is especially a bright hope for the future of the Church. There the lay apostolate is needed. It seems to me that now is the time to prepare leaders to go into the Far East. China's doors are not closing. Communism is but a passing phase in the evolution of that great country. Unless we train apostolic leaders who will be ready to enter China when the phase is passed, China will be lost to the Church and Christ. While there is time we ask for young women who will prepare for this great work.

Dr. Lydwine Van Kersbergen

Why Worry?

"Why on earth do you worry about the non-Christian world?" some well-meaning but misinformed people sometimes ask. "You have your hands full right here." Our answer is that we are going to the non-Christians in the Name of Christ and for love of Him, to lift them out of their age-old inertia and offer them a new way of life starting with the Good News of Redemption. We are going to care for their maimed, broken, mangled bodies, thereby to reach and rescue their immortal souls. We are going to make life more livable for them, so that no wistful waif will ever cry his dear little heart out before a bowl that should be filled with rice. We are going to a "nursery of bewildered children trying to spell God with the wrong blocks," to lead them to the altar and have them kneel in the Sacred Presence there. Christ's farewell mandate is forever goading us on, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." We have to be forever on the go!

In the missions I see the Church; in the Church I see Christ, and Christ is God. So what we do for the missions is done for God Himself.

Most Rev. T. M. O'Leary, D. D.

LEAVES FROM THE NOVITIATE BOOK

PEEP INTO A NOVICE'S BOOK OF THOUGHTS

Dear Diary,

Please pardon the delay in coming along with my pencil and the thoughts that haven't any more standing room in my mind. You know I have always confided to you my deep, deep sorrows and my great, great joys as a missionary novice, and you have listened to all my confidential outbursts with the characteristic patience of those who have decided to imitate Job of the Old Testament. When I heard the thirty strokes of the bell this delightful morning, my first thought was that this glorious holiday would be a good occasion to get back on writing terms with you.

You're lucky to be alive, ye olde writer of ye olde diary, says I to myself, but especially so on days when you are absolutely free to do as you choose or choose not. Naturally, I am indulging my literary leanings. It must be a vocation within a vocation to be going around, or, more exactly, sitting around with book and pencil and thoughts to express therein therewith.

I know some novices prefer to babble in the novitiate hall, but that's a matter of personal choice, and little I can do about it, since *de gustibus non*



YE OLDE WRITER OF YE OLDE DIARY IN PENSIVE MOOD ONE DAY

est disputandum. But you wouldn't ever catch me doing that on a day when I have every facility and every permission to open you and write my fancies in the depths of you.

Dear Diary, I must tell you about my meditation this morning. It was so inspiring that I wish it would never leave my memory. This morning I thanked God from the bottom of my heart for my beautiful and sublime missionary vocation. Dear Diary, let's roll back the pages of time two years and ponder again on the circumstances that marked the beginnings of my religious vocation. You can't very well remember me two years ago, for you weren't yet in the land of the living, but I can tell you Dad was mighty proud of me when I breezed in with my normal school diplomas and distinctions. But when he saw me so thoughtful he began to wonder if I hadn't lost all farmerette ambitions.

One August afternoon he grinned at the half-dozen of us who called him Dad and said, "The harvest is ripe. Tomorrow, up with the birds and off to the fields we go."

Out of the corner of his eye the beloved speaker looked for my reaction. I felt a nervous tingle up and down my spine, but I managed to emit a satisfactory laugh and Dad came to the conclusion that he must have been deceived by appearances. I would make a good farmer's daughter, indeed I would.

Came the next evening and it was time to go home after a busy harvest day. While everybody hurried home to the farmhouse, I lingered behind and waited for Dad. His gaze was sweeping the amount of work done by his half-dozen offspring.



MARY IS THE MOTHER OF MISSIONERS. THEY BRING HER BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS ;
SOME DAY IT WILL BE BOUQUETS OF PRECIOUS SOULS.

As I looked at him he smoothed his sparse grey hair and his features broadened into something of a smile. "We'd need more hands if we don't want to lose the harvest this year," he said.

Here's my chance, I told myself, my heart pounding excitedly. "Dad," I whispered, "you have spoken words not unlike Our Lord's. He has fields white unto harvesting like you and the harvest is being lost because there are not enough hands."

Dad clutched at my arm, his eyes sparkling with tears he would not let fall. "But you're just a baby!" he laughed, but I could feel he was attempting to brush off his seriousness. Then, mindful of the honor the Master was doing him in choosing one of his daughters, there was pride in his voice as he said, "Go, dear girl, if God wants you to be His."

We stopped to breathe a moment. The field of wheat was gloriously beautiful in the setting sun. But we two harvesters were thinking long, long thoughts about another field, where the heads of grain are precious, immortal souls each ransomed with the Precious Blood of our God.

Yes, dear Diary, that is how it all happened. Now I am the happiest little Sister in the whole wide world and if my autobiography is short, it is tremendously happy and brimming over with joy. It is so wonderful to be singled out by the Lord of the harvest to labor for the salvation of souls. He has fashioned and loves with a love stronger than death. Dear Diary, how I wish more girls would tell their dads what I told mine.

Powerful Truth

Truth has lost none of its power to rally to its cause the most enlightened minds and noblest spirits. Their ardour is fed by the flame of righteous freedom struggling to break through injustice and lying. But those who possess the truth must be conscientious to define it clearly when its foes cleverly distort it; bold to defend it and generous enough to set the course of their lives both national and personal by its dictates. This will require moreover correcting not a few aberrations. Social injustices, racial injustices and religious animosities exist today among men and groups who boast of Christian civilization. And they are a very useful and often effective weapon in the hands of those who are bent on destroying all the good which that civilization has brought to men. It is for all sincere lovers of the great human family to unite in wresting those weapons from hostile hands. With that union will come hope that the enemies of God and free men will not prevail.

POPE PIUS XII

Learn the Methods of Christ

The Gospel should be the chief subject of the missionary's meditations, because there he will learn the methods of Christ, the emphasis which He laid on the discipline of love through His own example and His instruction, by which was instilled into the early Church a spirit of zeal and love of fellow man which has never since been equalled. China will never be converted by a mere handful of priests, nuns and catechists; the Church must grow organically through the lay apostolate. The leaven must be mixed with the whole mass, not remain in a few lumps here and there. The life-blood of love must course through every member, so that the Church will grow from every branch, as trees shoot out in the spring.

Rev. B. F. Meyer

Our Beloved Dead



Mr. Edouard Sanschagrin, **Charlesbourg**, father of our Sister St. Rose;
 Mr. Didace Kirouac, **Bristol, Conn.**, father of our Sister Cecile des Anges;
 Mr. Arthur Lavallee, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Marie Auxiliatrice;
 Miss Jeannette Simard, **Roberval**, sister of our Sister Blandine de Jesus;
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 By what we have mastered of good and gain,
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."*

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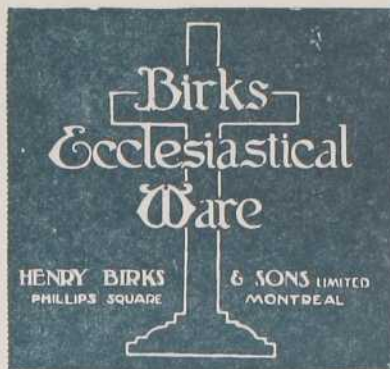
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