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IN CANADA'S

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AROUND THE GLOBE

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EFFORT

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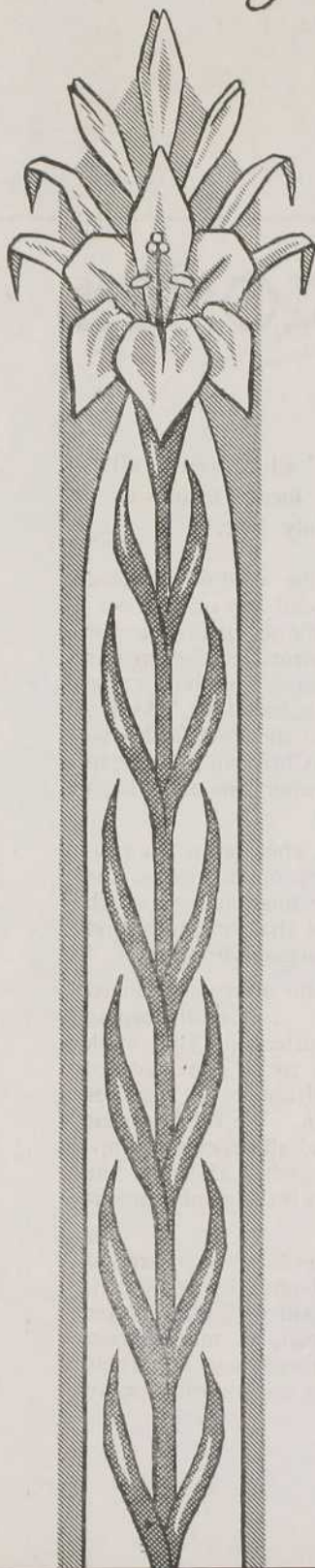
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IN THIS ISSUE

<i>Lily Child of Three</i>	M.I.C.	269
<i>Encyclical Evangelii Præcones</i>	Pope Pius XII	270
<i>Devotion to the Immaculate Heart</i>	M.I.C.	275
<i>Letter to My Niece Therese</i>	Sister Marie Paule	279
<i>The Christopher Page</i>		281
<i>Life at the Boarding School</i>	Sister St. Imelda	283
<i>Written in Purgatory</i>	The Little Missionary	287
<i>Jeep Ride Over the Hills</i>	Sister St. Yves	289
<i>Our Departing Group of 1951</i>		292
<i>Five Months in the Bush</i>	Sister Marie Anna	294
<i>Introibo Ad Altare Dei</i>	Sister St. Edmond	298
<i>Behind the Bamboo Curtain</i>		300
<i>The Convert of the Sacred Heart</i>	Sister Marie Alvarez	301
<i>Ang Kong</i>	Sister Marie Paule	303
<i>Catholic Action in Action</i>	M.I.C., Mati	305
<i>Grandma Pastora</i>	Sister Marie Hermine	307
<i>Missionary Nuns in Our Times</i>	China Missionary Bulletin	309
<i>The Martyr of Futuna</i>	Florence Gilmore	311
<i>The Novices Jot It Down</i>		314
<i>Our Beloved Dead</i>		316

Lily Child of Three



*Her height was just the lily's (or 'twas a little more?)
As pattered to the Temple the babe that Anna bore.*

*No feet so pure, so tender, had walked the Holy Place ;
No Solomon in wisdom surpassed the Child of Grace.*

*The house he shaped for Yahweh was lesser gift than she
Presenting to the Holy her lovely heart of three.*

*The Ark of Covenant in the Mansion of the Lord
Had not the purity of this gracious little ward.*

*From Heaven's throne in glory the Father thrills to hear
The voice of Blessed Mary that rings so crystal clear.*

*The priest of God advancing one moment hesitates —
What babe of summers triple her future consecrates ?*

*Oh, blessed eagerness ! How it prompts her little feet
To rush impetuous to the Sanctified Retreat*

*Without a backward glance and the little baby sobs
A mother love consoles. For the heart of Mary throbs*

*To give and give and give with a generosity
Nor youth nor age has known — and this Lily Child is three !*

*Yes, only three and knowing (O Jesse's Blessed Rod !)
That in virginity she is chosen Bride of God.*

*Yes, only three and longing to burn in Holy Place
As candle burns in homage before the Throne of Grace.*

*The priest of God cognizes a sacred mystery ;
The Temple yearns to welcome this Lily Child of three.*

*Her height was just the lily's (or 'twas a little more ?)
As pattered to the Temple and oped the Holy Door*

*The child of Anne and Joachim. Mother wiped a tear —
A childless home she knew could be naught but dull and drear.*

*No more the merry prattle ; no more the cooing dove
Would make the home a haven of peace and joy and love.*

*But high in Heaven's glory exults the Trinity —
The Mother of the Word is the Lily Child of Three !*

ENCYCLICAL



EVANGELII PRAECONES

Heralds of the Gospel

Pope Pius XII

An encyclical letter "On Promoting Catholic Missions" addressed to all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other local Ordinaries enjoying peace and communion with the Holy See.

Catholic missionaries toiling in a vast field of labor "that the word of the Lord may run its course triumphantly" are in Our thoughts in a special way on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the encyclical letter *Rerum Ecclesiae* of Our Predecessor of immortal memory Pius XI, wherein he laid down wise norms for the greater development of Catholic missions. Consideration of the progress this holy cause has made in the intervening years has brought Us no small consolation. As We remarked in an audience on June 24, 1944, to the directors of the Pontifical Missionary Work: "The Catholic missionary movement both in Christian and pagan lands has gained such force and momentum and is of such proportions as perhaps was never witnessed before in the annals of Catholic missions."

In view of the upheavals and dangers of the present time, when not a few peoples are divided by conflicting interests, We consider it very opportune on the present occasion to reiterate Our approval of this work; for missionaries preach to all men the practice of natural and Christian virtues and that brotherly and common fellowship which transcends racial conflicts and national frontiers.

On that occasion when We addressed the directors of the above mentioned work, We made the following observations among others: "... It is in keeping with your apostolate not to be hampered by any national frontiers; for your work which unites you in fraternal cooperation, clearly manifests to all that note of the Catholic Church which rejects discord, flees division and abhors all disputes which agitate nations and sometimes bring them to utter ruin. We refer to that Christian faith and universal Christian charity which transcend all opposing camps and national boundaries and reach out to the ends of the earth. They are the motives that spur each one of you on to reach your goal, which is the establishment of the Kingdom of God through the whole world."

We gladly avail Ourselves of this 25th anniversary of *Rerum Ecclesiae* to express Our appreciation of the work which has been accomplished and the great consolation it has given Us, and further to exhort all to go forward with still greater zeal: all Our venerable brethren in the Episcopacy, We mean, all missionaries, priests and individual faithful, both in missionary lands and throughout the whole world, who by their prayers, by training and helping future missionaries, or by obtaining material aid, promote this most important work.

Missionary Progress

We should like first of all to touch here briefly on the progress that has happily been made. In 1926 the number of Catholic missions amounted to 400, but today it is almost 600. At that date the number of Catholics in the missions did not exceed 15,000,000 while today it is almost 20,800,000. At that time the number of native and foreign priests in the missions was about 14,800; today their number is more than 26,800. Then all Bishops in the missions were foreigners; during the past 25 years 88 missions have been entrusted to native clergy. Moreover, with the establishment of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and the appointment of native Bishops in quite a few places, it has become more apparent that the religion of Jesus Christ is really Catholic and that no part of the world is excluded from it.

For instance, in Pakistan and in some parts of Africa the ecclesiastical hierarchy has been juridically established. Three very important Plenary Councils have been held, the first in 1934 in Indochina, the second in 1937 in Australia and the third last year in India. Minor seminaries have been greatly increased and strengthened. The number of those studying in major seminaries, which 25 years ago was only 1,770, is now 4,300; moreover, many regional seminaries have been built. Attached to the College of Propaganda Fide in Rome a Missionary Institute has been inaugurated; while in Rome and elsewhere not a few university chairs of missiology have been founded. Likewise in this beloved city the College of St. Peter has been equipped to give a more thorough and better adapted theological, moral and apostolic training to native priests. Moreover, two universities have been founded; high schools which formerly numbered 1,600, today number more than 5,000; the number of elementary and primary schools has been almost doubled; the same can be said for dispensaries and hospitals where every kind of sick and infirm, including lepers, are cared for.

In addition, there have been the following developments: "The Missionary Union of the Clergy" during this period has increased greatly; "Fides" news service has been established; almost everywhere missionary periodicals are growing in number and enjoy a wide circulation; many missionary congresses have been held, among which that held in Rome during the Holy Year deserves mention, giving as it did a clear picture of the nature and extent of the missionary work being done. A short time ago a Eucharistic Congress was held at Kumasi on the Gold Coast of Africa which was remarkable alike for the number and piety of its participants. Lastly a special day in the year has been appointed by Us to help with prayer and alms the Pontifical Work of the Holy Childhood. All these developments make it obvious that the work of the apostolate has adapted itself to the changing conditions and growing needs of our times by employing new and more modern methods.

Nor must We omit to mention that during this period there were duly established in different regions five Apostolic Delegations, which are under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide; moreover Apostolic Nuncios or Internuncios have been appointed to a number of missionary territories. In this connection it may be asserted that the presence and activity of these prelates have borne abundant fruit. It is their special merit that greater coordination and collaboration have been realized among missionaries who are working toward a common end. Our Legates likewise have contributed considerably to this result. They often visit each district and also from time to time take part in Our name in meetings of the hierarchy, during which the experiments which have been prudently tried out by different local Ordinaries are pooled to the common advantage, and by common agreement easier and more efficient methods of apostolate have been adopted. Besides, this fraternal coordination of the activities of the faith has also been conducive to a better appreciation of the Catholic religion on the part of public authorities, even when they are non-Catholic.

PRAYER FOR THE WORLD

*"Not for these alone."
This was the Master's prayer.
So we must pray
for mankind everywhere.*

*Not only for oneself,
relations, friends.
True prayer includes the world;
it never ends*

*Forever flowing, going on and on,
Encircling all within its benison,*

*A ceaseless rosary of light and grace
That blesses those
of every clime and race.*

Louise Darcy

Laborers Are Few

What We have briefly written here about the progress of the missions during the past 25 years, and what We had the pleasure of witnessing during the Holy Year, when considerable numbers from distant missionary countries flocked to Rome to obtain grace and to receive Our blessing — all this, We say, strongly urges Us to repeat the burning desire expressed by the Apostle of the Gentiles when writing to the Romans: "... That I may have some spiritual gift to share with you so as to strengthen your resolve; or rather, so that the faith we find in each other, you and I, may be an encouragement to you and to me as well."

It seems to Us that the Divine Master Himself is repeating to everyone those words of consolation and exhortation: "Lift up your eyes and see

the countries; for they are white already for harvest." But since the number of missionaries is inadequate for present needs, the following words are in a way the counterpart of that invitation: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

It is a great consolation to Us to know that the number of missionary vocations is happily on the increase at the present time and promises well for the Church. Still very much remains to be done; there is still much need of prayer. When We consider the countless peoples who are to be called to the one fold and to the one haven of salvation by the preaching of these missionaries, We address to the heavenly Prince of Pastors the words of *Ecclesiasticus*: "For as thou hast been sanctified in us in their sight, so thou shalt be magnified among them in our presence, that they may know thee, as we also have known thee, that there is no God beside thee, O Lord."

Blood of Martyrs

Now this salutary progress of the work of the missions has cost not only the ceaseless and great labors of those who sowed the seed of the Gospel, but also much blood of martyrs. During the course of the centuries there have not been lacking in some countries most violent persecutions of the nascent Church; and in our own time there are countries in the Far East which are being purpled with martyrs' blood in the same cause. We have learned that many of the faithful and also nuns, missionaries, native priests and even Bishops have been driven from their homes, despoiled of their possessions and languish in want as exiles or have been arrested, thrown into prison or into concentration camps, or sometimes cruelly done to death, because they were devoutly attached to their faith.

Our heart is overwhelmed with grief when We think of the hardships, suffering and death of these Our beloved children. Not only do We love them with a fatherly love, but We reverence them with a fatherly veneration, since We are fully aware that their high sense of duty is sometimes crowned with martyrdom. Jesus Christ, the first martyr, said: "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."

In the world you will have distress. But have confidence. I have overcome the world." "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Missionaries in foreign lands who die in the fulfillment of their sacred duty are seeds destined, when God so wills, to bear abundant fruit. Wherefore the Apostle Paul asserted: "We glory in tribulations." St. Cyprian, Bishop and Martyr, consoled and animated the Christians of his day with these words: "The Lord has willed that we should even rejoice over persecutions because, when persecutions occur, then the faith is crowned, God's soldiers are put to the test and heaven is opened to martyrs. We have not enlisted in an army merely to think of peace and to decline battle, seeing that the Lord, the master of humility, endurance and suffering, has taken the first place in the conflict, that He might first do what He taught us to do and that He might Himself first endure for us what He exhorts us to endure."

The missionaries who toil in distant lands are championing a cause not unlike that of the early Church. For those who, along with the Princes of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, brought the Gospel to the citadel of the Roman Empire found themselves in a rather similar situation in Rome. If one remembers that the infant Church at that time was devoid of all natural means and was exposed to hardships, trials and persecutions, he must be deeply struck with admiration at the sight of a handful of unarmed Christians overthrowing what was perhaps the greatest power that ever existed. What happened then will undoubtedly often happen again. Just as the youth David, who put his trust more in God's help than in his own sling, laid low the armor-clad giant Goliath, so the Divine society, which Christ founded, can never be overcome by an earthly power, but is destined to come forth the serene conqueror of all persecutions. Though We know well that this is due to the indefectible Divine promises, still We cannot but express Our gratitude to all those who have borne witness to their unshaken and invincible faith in Jesus Christ and in His Church, the pillar and ground of truth, exhorting them at the same time to continue in their constancy,

News very frequently reaches Us of their invincible and virile faith, which fills Our heart with great consolation. Though some have tried to separate the children of the Catholic Church from Rome and from this Apostolic See, as though patriotism and loyalty so required, yet Catholics have been and are able to make the fully justified rejoinder that, while they are second to none in the matter of patriotism, they genuinely desire to enjoy a rightful liberty.

Other Sheep

Now what We have touched upon above must be particularly borne in mind, namely, that what still remains to be accomplished in this field calls for an enormous effort and innumerable laborers. Let us remember that our brethren "who sat in darkness and shadow" form an immense multitude that can be reckoned at about 1,000,000,000.

Hence it appears that the ineffable sigh of the most loving Heart of Christ is echoing still: "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring. And they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

There are some shepherds, as you know, Venerable Brethren, who strive to lead away the sheep from this one fold and haven of salvation; you likewise know that this danger is daily growing greater. When We consider before God the immense number of men without the truth of the Gospel, and duly reckon the grave danger that faces many from the prevalence of atheistic materialism or from a certain so-called Christian creed which is infected by the tenets and errors of

Communism, We feel the deepest concern and solicitude that nothing be left undone to promote the work of the apostolate throughout the world. We make Our own the exhortation of the Prophet saying: "Cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

We pray God especially for those missionaries who labor in the interior of Latin America, since We are aware of the dangerous pitfalls to which they are exposed from the open and covert attacks of heretical teaching.

With a view to promoting still more effectively the work of evangelization by our missionaries and to prevent one drop of their sweat and blood from being shed in vain, We should like here to explain briefly the principles and norms that must guide the zeal and activity of Catholic missionaries.

Ambassadors of Christ

First of all it is to be observed that the person who has been called by God to evangelize distant non-Christian lands has received a very great and sublime vocation. He consecrates his life to God in order to spread His Kingdom to the farthest ends of the earth. He "does not seek what is his, but what is Christ's." He can apply to himself in a special way those beautiful sayings of St. Paul: "For Christ . . . we are ambassadors." "Though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh." "To the weak I became weak that I might gain the weak."

He must, therefore, consider the country he is going to evangelize as a second fatherland and love it with due charity. Furthermore let him not seek any earthly advantage for his own country or religious Institute, but rather what may help towards the salvation of souls. Certainly he should dearly love his fatherland and his Order, but the Church should be loved with a still more ardent devotion. And let him remember that nothing will be to the advantage of his own Order that is detrimental to the good of the Church.

Moreover, it is necessary that those who are called to this kind of apostolate should not only get the spiritual and intellectual training that befits ecclesiastical students, before going out on the mission field, but should learn in addition those subjects which will be most useful to them when they come to preach the Gospel in foreign lands. Hence they should be given a sound knowledge of languages, especially of those which they will require at some future date. Besides, they should be sufficiently instructed in the sciences of medicine, agriculture, ethnography, history, geography, etc.

(To be continued)



"When You the Prince of Shepherds come, may he 'receive the prize — the crown of glory that will never fade.' " Thus did the faithful of Hong Kong pray, a few short months ago, for their beloved Pastor, His Lordship Bishop Henry Paschal Valtorta.

On September 2, the Prince of Shepherds came with the reward exceeding great.

His Lordship Bishop Valtorta welcomed our Community into his diocese in 1927. Our Tak Sun School, Kowloon, will long remember his kind and sympathetic interest in its welfare.

With filial gratitude we lay on his grave the homage of our deep veneration and the humble tribute of our prayers for the repose of his apostolic soul.

Devotion to the Immaculate Heart

Feast of the Immaculate Conception,

December 8



A legend is told of a young lover who swore to kill his mother and throw her heart into the hands of his jealous fiancée. When the young man had committed his foul deed, he slashed the bleeding heart and ran with it to the house of his intended one. On the way he stumbled and fell. At once a gentle voice came from the lifeless organ. "Did you hurt yourself, my boy?"

Such is the heart of a mother, that masterpiece of God's creative power and love. In these modern days of disastrous divorce, planned parenthood, and broken-up homes, it does us good to ponder on the goodness that our Maker originally put into the hearts of those whose mission it is to share His life-giving power. It does us good, especially, to be invited by the Lord of Heaven Himself to turn for comfort and understanding love to the Heart of His Mother. We the sinful have need of the sinless one. We the stained of soul have need of the Woman with

The Immaculate Heart

for whom Fatima has revived our devotion. To Lucy, now sole survivor of the little Portuguese seers, the Vision said on June 13, 1917: "You must remain longer on earth. Jesus wishes to use you in making me known and loved. He wishes to spread in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. I promise salvation to those who embrace this devotion. Their souls will be loved by God with a love of predilection, like flowers placed by me before His throne."

What a thrilling promise, not only for the future Sister Lucy of the Immaculate Heart, but for all who embrace with heart and soul the devotion presented by Almighty God as the only hope of the world. For all who turn to Mary in this hour of peril will be fulfilled the other promise also fallen from her unsullied lips, "My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge, and the way that will lead you to God." We are little bewildered children lost in the darkness. We need our Mother to take us by the hand, to lift us to her Heart, to lead us to our Father; and this she will do, if we call upon her through the devotion she has recommended at Fatima. Let us now look at the

Spirit of This Devotion

as explained in the book *Our Lady of Fatima*, by Rev. Father Joseph Cacella. The writer says that we may wonder why God wishes to ren-

ovate the world through this particular devotion. Then he goes on to say, among other things, that God is sovereignly free in His gifts; if in His admirable Providence He has planned to grant such efficacy to the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of His Mother, who are we to suggest other ways? We know, and we have Mary's word for it, that God wills to establish this devotion as never before. It is the Heart of Mary that suffered and was crucified on a Calvary that took thirty-three years to mount; today that Heart so grieved by the sufferings of Christ must be honored and glorified more than ever. In these times of lax morals when all flesh has corrupted its ways, the God of Mercy wishes to cure the world through the original purity of His Mother's spotless Heart. What the world lacks is not money, brains, strength; it is wanting in love, and love comes from the heart. The world is broken-hearted and only the Heart of the Immaculate One can patch that bleeding heart.

To quote the great Marian Saint, Louis de Montfort: "It is in the Heart of Mary that the world will find again true fraternity; it is by the Heart of Mary that it will obtain pardon and mercy of God; it is with the Heart of Mary that the New City will be built in truth, justice, and charity; it is for the Heart of Mary, for its honor and glory, that humanity, grateful and free, will in the near future increase its manifestations of love and filial gratitude."

The prophet of the Age of Mary was right. This world needs the Heart of Mary. True, Christ is the Cornerstone upon which the New City must be built, but that Wonderful, Mighty God comes through Mary. The Mother must precede the Child, or the Child will not come. If there is to be peace among nations, if bloody wars are to cease, the world needs to turn to the Prince of Peace and to the Mother who gave Him birth in the stable on the wind-swept hill. In short, as Jacinta, one of the Fatima seers, puts it, "It is through the Immaculate Heart of Mary that peace must be asked, because it is to that Heart that the Lord has confided it."

The World Consecration

to the Immaculate Heart requested in the Land of Holy Mary, as Portugal was called, was made by Pope Pius XII on October 31, 1942, on



If bloody wars are to cease, the world needs to turn to the Prince of Peace born in the stable on the wind-swept hill.

the occasion of the closing of the Fatima jubilee celebrations. Our Lady also made known her express desire that the Holy Father and all the Bishops of the world consecrate Russia, on a special day, to her Immaculate Heart. In return, she guaranteed the conversion of Russia, an era of peace, and a fruitful apostolate for Mother Church.

When asked whether or not the world consecration made by the Pope fulfilled the Marian request, Lucy replied that it was not a fulfillment of the request "as Our Lady made it." Still, the consecration made by our gloriously reigning Chief Shepherd gives us reason to hope with Cardinal Cerejeira "that through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, God is preparing great things for the world . . . Many might be tempted," continues the prelate, "to expect the approach of the end of the world. Why not rather think, since we believe in Providence and in the maternal Heart of the Immaculate Virgin, that it is the painful birth of a new world?" At every birth, beside every cradle there must be the heart of a mother. If the world is to be born again, it needs Mary its Mother again and always.

Individual Consecrations

are also in line with Mary's demand. These consecrations must be more than a mere lip recitation of the formula; more than a mere momentary enthusiasm followed by apathy. Rather they are a real program of Christian living made with a sincere resolution to live up to what has been pledged and deposited into the Immaculate Heart of Mary. For the formal act of consecration it is suggested that the Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, composed and used by Pius XII in 1942, be recited. Another short formula for daily use is the following, "Immaculate Heart of Mary, I consecrate myself to thee."

The voice of the Roman Pontiff must not remain the voice of one crying in the wilderness; it must find an echo in every heart. The papal gesture, both important and essential, needs to be repeated individually and personally by each and every one of the children of God and Mary. Each individual consecration to the Immaculate Heart, pure Tabernacle of the Most High, helps towards the day when all nations at peace among themselves and with their God, will "proclaim Mary blessed and with her chant, from pole to pole, the endless *Magnificat* of glory, love and thanksgiving to the Heart of Jesus (Radio address by the Holy Father, October 31, 1942)." — Here are further suggestions on

What Can Be Done Personally

to promote this devotion. Put in the place of honor, beside the crucifix, the image of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Be faithful to the First Saturday devotion, remembering the Great Promise made by Mary that she will "*assist at the hour of death with the graces necessary for salvation all those who, on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, go to Confession, receive Holy Communion, say five decades of the Rosary, and spend fifteen minutes with me in meditating on the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, with the intention of making reparation to me.*" (Confession may be made in the week which precedes or that which follows the first Saturday. The

fifteen-minute meditation may be made on one, several, or all of the Mysteries of the Rosary.)

Further practices in honor of the Immaculate Heart are its frequent invocation in all dangers, needs, and trials, and the recitation of the Rosary, as well as the promotion of this devotion in every way and on as wide a scale as possible.

Be assured that the Mother of God will not be outdone in generosity. What she has vowed to give, she will give. If you truly love her, your name will be inscribed in her spotless Heart, never to be effaced. Christ will have mercy upon you because you have loved the one who gave Him the blood He shed for our salvation. Yours will be a happy, blessed life that will some day blossom into a happy, glorious eternity in the companionship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, blessed among all women.



A Convert Finds Our Lady

What is the potential convert's first reaction to Mary when she begins exploring the possibilities of the Catholic Faith? Mary is the strange woman in the House of God! That describes the feeling to a T. Is this so surprising when you have heard of Mary in your lifetime outside of the Catholic Church? Is it surprising at all when the little you have heard has been criticism regarding the Catholic's love for her? But you hold these things in your secret self for the time being, if you are truly desirous of being shown the way, and you wait and listen and learn.

I was like a step-child with a new mother! I wanted desperately to like and be liked by her—but I was afraid. Mary seemed a strange woman in my Father's House! But I learned the Bible history, the sweet purity of the maiden God chose, her humility and gentleness, and I was reconciled to her. Reconciled! What a cold word to use in connection with the Mother of God for whom I now bear a burning devotion! But the convert moves slowly, even as a blind man learns the feel of a new house.

By this time I was well on my way in Catholic doctrine. The doubts were leaving one by one, and one by one the blessings of faith were being bestowed. So now I must learn to say my Rosary, learn to meditate on the Mysteries of the Rosary, and it was in this meditation that we met heart to heart, the Mother of God and I! My heart went out to her in her sufferings. It was my God who was crucified, and the thought of Him on the Cross could make my heart bleed. How much more so then the tender heart of Mary, for He was her Son as well as her God! Gone was the "strange woman in God's House!" She was only the impersonal, unreal Mary of my pre-Catholic days. I was the little step-child who suddenly hurdled the barriers and shyly whispered — "Mother!"

Oh, how I had needed Our Blessed Mother! From the time that I accepted her, my faith grew in leaps and bounds. It was so much easier to talk to Mother Mary. She interceded for me, smoothed things over and made the way easy. Of course, for mothers are like that, and even more so the Mother of God! How wonderful it is to hurry home to the Catholic Church and find Mother Mary waiting for me, as well as Our Heavenly Father!

ALBERTA SCHUMACHER



Letter
to My Niece
Therese

**And to All the Graduates
of 1951**

*Convent of the Immaculate Conception,
Manila, July 15, 1951*

Dear Therese,

Thank you very much for sharing your graduation thrills with your missionary aunt. Had your letter come on some stormy day, I believe it would have chased the clouds away and coaxed the sun out with his smiling face.

Congratulations by the thousands, dear! You have come out with honors and I am very proud of you, prouder than I have ever been of anybody.

Of course you have said your thanks to God and to your devoted teachers, and that is perfectly right. But you must never forget all that you owe to the beloved ones you call Mother and Dad. Had your parents not known that Catholic education is the best, you might never have set foot inside a religious institution, much less received your training from teaching nuns.

Do you know how lucky you are? If not, let me try to tell you. Rather, let me show you girls of your age or thereabouts in whose education there has never been allowed the fourth "R" of Religion.

You remember that last March I was assigned to our Immaculate Conception Academy here in Manila. Our school reopened on June 11 with, to date, a total enrolment of 1,070 pupils. Of this number, 144 are kindergarten tots, 135 are taking a high school course, and the others are in between.

Let's leave the tots aside for today and talk about the seniors. Flora came with her brother. Before leaving, the boy said he had something to tell Sister Directress. "Flora is baptized, but she doesn't know anything about the Catholic religion. Don't be surprised if she cannot answer your questions." And to think that Flora is fifteen!

Angela, one year younger and in first year high, came accompanied by her father.

"Has your daughter made her First Communion?" we queried.

Angela's father looked nonplussed; finally he asked point-blank what we had meant by the question. Obviously, father and daughter had never tasted the Bread of Angels.

A few weeks ago Sister Superior told me to teach Christian doctrine to twenty-five girls, among whom are the two just mentioned and also Kasilawan, Estella

and Sylvia, three Filipina maidens who have been baptized in the Aglypayan religion. Sister Superior's assignment made me very happy, for I had long been wishing for more frequent contacts with the twenty-five.

Besides the five already introduced to you, I also discovered three others who have not made their First Communion, and twelve or thirteen who have made their first but never their second. As you see, this leaves only a small number whose religion means anything to them, and none among the handful has any great knowledge of the truths that matter for time and what lies beyond time.

The other day when I had finished explaining the first chapter of the catechism, I put a question box on my table and invited the girls to drop questions into it. Five papers read like this, "What is Heaven?" Unfortunately, I had not thought of insisting much on the word, as I believed they had some inkling of it.

One of the youngest pupils, who answers to the name Angelita, came to see me a few days ago. There is more of an angel to her than her name; I wouldn't be at all surprised if her baptismal robe had never been sullied. But Angelita, whose parents go to church only for the town fiesta processions, has never learned to pray, for the simple reason that her father and mother cannot show her how to do it, since they don't do it themselves. I read in her candid eyes that she wanted to know much about many things; so I promised to call her back as soon as God would slip some spare minutes into my day. But where does spare time happen in the life of an over-busy missionary? Hours streak by like jet planes and we can do only a fraction of what is to be done. What we need in the Philippines is missionaries by the thousands. How many baptized Catholics have only crumbs of truth! Won't somebody come with whole bread for them?

But what crumbs of truth the Filipinos have, they are glad to share with others less fortunate. Two classes of graduates and Catholic Action members have been teaching catechism these last two years in various public schools where the Name of God is never heard. You would hardly believe that among our best apostles are some who had practically no knowledge of our religion four or five years ago.

In the month of May three hundred children made their First Communion in the parish church. Our young apostles, who had prepared them for the Great Occasion, served breakfast.

Right now I can hear the girls laughing and singing upstairs. They are rehearsing a play the proceeds from which will go to buy catechisms, rosaries, and other religious articles for their new pupils.

Graduates of 1951! You have received five talents. Our girls have received four and nine-tenths times less than you. Is it not normal to believe that God expects more from the Canadian and American than from the Manila graduates? I wish I had time to tell you more about my dear pupils. But this must be postponed, for I have given my word of honor that my first unoccupied minutes will go to the girl with the angelic name.

Graduates of 1951, take time to pray! Remember my 1,070 charges with 1,070 ejaculations, or, if you prefer, a Marian Rosary.

Graduates, how grateful are you for your solid Catholic training? One way to "say it to God" would be to stretch a helping hand to our large family of spiritually-starved children. Any little help you could give, added to ten somebody else's mighty mites, would enable us to provide the children with rosaries, holy pictures, medals, prayerbooks, Massbooks (all in English), and thus you would help an immortal soul to Christ and the Immaculate One.

Graduates! Teen-agers! You are wondering about the glorious tomorrows, wondering what career to embark upon for the days ahead. Why not choose the missionary career? The Glad News of Redemption is still the best news ever, but news must be spread if all are to hear it!

Dear Therese, you will be wondering what kind of propaganda I have been up to. Well, it's mission propaganda, to use the correct term. And the reason behind it is that the mission fields are ripe for the harvest; in fact, long overripe. Pray the Lord of the harvest to send over here souls of the best calibre, missionaries of giving, apostles in the springtime of life, with a never-failing fund of charity and enthusiasm. The Mission Apostolate is a job, and active young hands are an absolute necessity. If we want the Philippines to be the first Catholic country of the Orient, heroes and heroines have to step forth from the ranks of youth.

Good-bye — God be with you — Therese of the graduating class. God be with you, graduates of 1951, till WE MEET! And may you be chosen to lead His Blessed Feet into the wildernesses of the Far East!

The happiest missionary Sister
and the proudest aunt that ever was,

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



The Christopher Page

But overalls are vestments on a man
Who is his own oblation in a day
Of sacrifice hid in humility.

Herbert A. Kenny

When the Son of God held a homemade hammer in His hands, He gave beauty and dignity to labor. When He identified Himself with the working class, He preached a wordless sermon on the nobility of the honest working-man who is not ashamed to seek his bread by that fatigue of body which is also, to quote Pope Pius XII, "a service of God, a gift of God, the vigor and fulness of human life, the gage of eternal rest."

Through the grace of God, every honest work, be it high or low, pleasant or tiresome, material or intellectual, is elevated and ennobled, and acquires a supernatural and meritorious value.

Christ, who chose to enter the community of workers, is the greatest Labor Expert the world has ever known. If, therefore, Christ be not consulted, the labor problem will never be solved satisfactorily; "all our endeavors will be futile, and our social edifice will be built, not upon a rock, but upon shifting sands (*Quadragesimo Anno*)."

Labor power may become very dangerous unless it is also Christian power.

In Christopher parlance, labor management is considered, and such it truly is, one of the four main fields that influence the majority of mankind. As such, it becomes a natural for people who wish to do something for a world that is heartsick unto death. Their business it is to go into the field of labor with the energy and daring the godless show in convincing gullible mortals that they will find a pot of gold at the end of an alluring rainbow which is dominantly red.

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.



As Christophers, high-principled individuals can work wonders in the field of labor management. They can do something for which Christ will thank them about the Iron Curtain of Godlessness steadily thickening in public and private life. For it takes men with Christopher or Christlike vision to acknowledge and safeguard the rights of God and the rights that men hold from God; to restore the glorious concept of the dignity of both employers and workingmen; to treat the latter as free people, as co-partners in ownership, profits, and management; to bear always in mind that, more than to be decently paid in dollars and cents, workers want to be treated as human beings, want to be under-

stood, befriended, loved. Here, as elsewhere, the saying holds good, "The greatest charity is to understand."

Christophers will approach the labor problem tactfully, intelligently, constructively. Complaints and mere lip-service have never accomplished much and never will. While the rank and file *talk*, the Christophers *act*.

It will be a long-winded assignment. Christophers would be naive to expect to turn the tables overnight and have a brand-new labor utopia at eight o'clock tomorrow. The problem goes deeper than the surface, and no amount of surface scratching can reach into its heart. Above all, the Christopher men of good will must follow the Communist pattern of showing a personal interest in each and every union member. In the world of shops and mines, of desks and stores, of ships and freight yards, the labor unionist must be treated as an individual, not as a number in a series. Christophers, partners of the Comrade to all trades and professions, will never forget that.

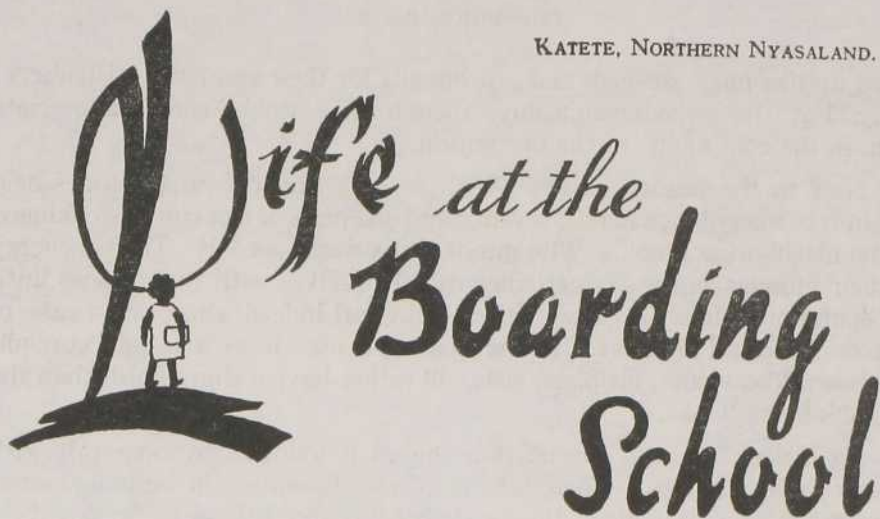
Nor will they forget prayer. A while back it was implied that deeds are infinitely better than words; but there can never be too much talking with God, and that is the essence of prayer. If your prayers can push a high-minded person into a key spot where he can wrestle with the labor dilemma, do you not owe that charity to *your* world? If you find time to talk with men, could you not spare three minutes to talk with God?

Persons interested in this particular field of Christopher activity may write to The Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Color Blind. — It is a surprising and rather bewildering fact, that in what concerns justice for the Negro, the Mohammedans and the atheists are more Christ-like than many Christians. The followers of Mohammed and Lenin make no distinction of color; but to some followers of Christ the color of a man's skin makes all the difference in the world.

— Rev. C. H. Heithaus, S. J.

KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.



Life at the Boarding School

By Sister St. Imelda, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

I have seventy-one reasons to be happy. In case you should want further particulars, I had better add that the seventy-one are of the type that can laugh and skip and reel off the alphabet, and all are coming to our Immaculate Conception Boarding School.

Now that you have mentally made the connection between "reasons" and "girls," let me tell you that these selfsame girls have exercised my patience not far short of seventy-one times seventy-one. Trying to hold children of the wild in leash long enough to walk by two's in a straight file proves tough swimming against the stream of native African customs; or, to change the metaphor, it is like making laws for the wind. Some rules in school lose their appeal when seventy-one scholars start thinking about the "ole swimmin' hole." It has happened before that I lost my girls, only to find them splashing in the water — and it will happen again.

One afternoon when all of us had worked unusually hard, I declared that all of us deserved some special treat and asked the boarders what it should be. Came the chorus, "A ride in Monsignor's jeep!"

I explained that it would hardly be polite to pass on their request to the Prefect Apostolic. All seemed quite convinced; that is, all except three tiny ladies, who took things in their own hands and approached Monsignor. Naturally, a paternal "yes" sang into their ears.

I remember the time Monsignor loaned a truck to take the seventy-one girls a-picnicking on a mountain. That was something thrilling for youngsters who had never gone from one place to another except on their two feet.

For the seventy-one who make me a happy Sister, life begins at five-thirty in the morning. "Boom-boom-boom," goes the drum, and the sleeping beauties stir to wakefulness, smile at the new day, kneel on their mats, and give to God the hearts that belong to Him. In no time the mats are

1. Imelda SAURETTE, Letellier, Manitoba.

rolled up like huge sausages and put outside for their sun bath. Blankets? Sorry, but the girls haven't any, though they would surely appreciate them in the cold nights of the dry season.

Now to the beauty parlor. With seventy and one small stones held fast into as many black hands, seventy and one pairs of feet run unstockinged to the neighboring brook. Who minds if the water is cold! There's energy in their muscles as the young ladies rub themselves with their stones until the epidermis shines like new. It's a lucky girl indeed who owns a cake of Lux or African Palmolive. If she does, she uses it as a lotion, cure-all, and general beautifier, for black girls will rather have a shiny finish than the newest of new looks.

Six o'clock Mass at the mission church is followed by breakfast with either corn or potatoes. Then, for the sake of digestion, the budding housewives get busy with made-in-the-jungle brooms and dustcloths, while others go for the day's supply of water.

When the drum booms again at seven, all go to their books. The poor dears have not had many chances as far as learning is concerned, for in their native villages things are about the same as in the times of the patriarchs. The course of study is hard on them, as it has been prepared by British officials in Southern Nyasaland, where things are more modern than up north. The two lowest grades are taught in the villages by teachers

THE BOARDING SCHOOL PUPILS GOING ON A PICNIC.

Sister St. Imelda (Imelda Sauretz, Letellier, Manitoba) and Sister Marie des Anges (Alice Pepin, Warwick) Accompany Them.



paid mostly by the Missions, while the upper grades are taught in the Central Schools conducted in the main villages. Add to this two supplementary years of special training, and here in Northern Nyasaland a pupil is ready to teach grades one, two, and three. At the moment of writing, five pupils of ours are taking the supplementary course. They will be a great help to us later on, unless fathers and mothers decide to have a wedding right after graduation. A wedding means, among other things, that the son-in-law will give four, five, or even six head of cattle to the family of his elected spouse. By the way, won't you kindly say a prayer for three pupils of mine who have set their hearts on the Sisterhood, but whose vocation is meeting with serious obstacles. If we don't take time to pray, the girls may lose heart and give up the struggle.

The school curriculum is very similar to Canada's. Domestic economy has to be introduced as early as in the second grade, for in many cases the pupils are needed so much at home that no third grade is possible for them. In villages one occasionally sees tots of seven or eight cooking the family meal. Still, one should not carry away the impression that instruction in Northern Nyasaland stops at the normal school that prepares teachers for the lower grades. The girls may study their way up to grade ten, and then, if the thirst for knowledge be acute, they may attend either the British Normal School or the Secondary School which includes grade twelve.

But where have I left my seventy-one? There goes the drum again. Eleven-thirty is Rosary time. If ever my girls climb the steps to holiness, God will allow nobody but His mother to crown them before the Angels. So great is their confidence in Mary that when they wish to have a holiday they do two things; first, they pray to Mother Mary; secondly, they ask Mother Superior. Whenever a sacrifice is to be made, we need only suggest that they offer it in the name of Jesus' Mother, and you should see their generosity. They cannot refuse anything to Mary.

Fifteen minutes for the Bush Family Rosary, and 'tis time for the noonday meal. Wash your ten fingers, girls, because you won't have anything else for knives, forks, spoons, and chopsticks!

Children will be children the world over; but if in Canada they lick strawberry ice cream and munch Oh Henry's, in Northern Nyasaland the choice falls on coneless and wrapperless insects, worms, and caterpillars!

In the afternoon the girls have recreation, lessons, and physical exertion either in helping on some new building that's going up or in looking after the growing beans and corn. Hoeing they dispatch to the rhythm of songs known from babyhood or invented on the spur of the moment.

Supper is a second edition of dinner. The girls then have lessons in first aid, knitting, sewing, patching, singing, to which they add lessons in dancing to the accompaniment of drum or tin can. If you are in Africa and happy, you say so with a dance. When the natives hear good news, like the opening of a new mission post, the coming of brand-new missionaries, or somebody's happy birthday anniversary, they simply have to dance

their joy. And when the happy birthday anniversary was that of the Little Lord Jesus last Christmas, the youngsters here allowed themselves a brief three hours sleep and by five-thirty they were all gaily dancing in honor of the Christmas Babe.

But let's go on with a day at the Boarding School. Around eight o'clock the boarders say night prayers and sing their best beloved hymn to Our Blessed Mother.

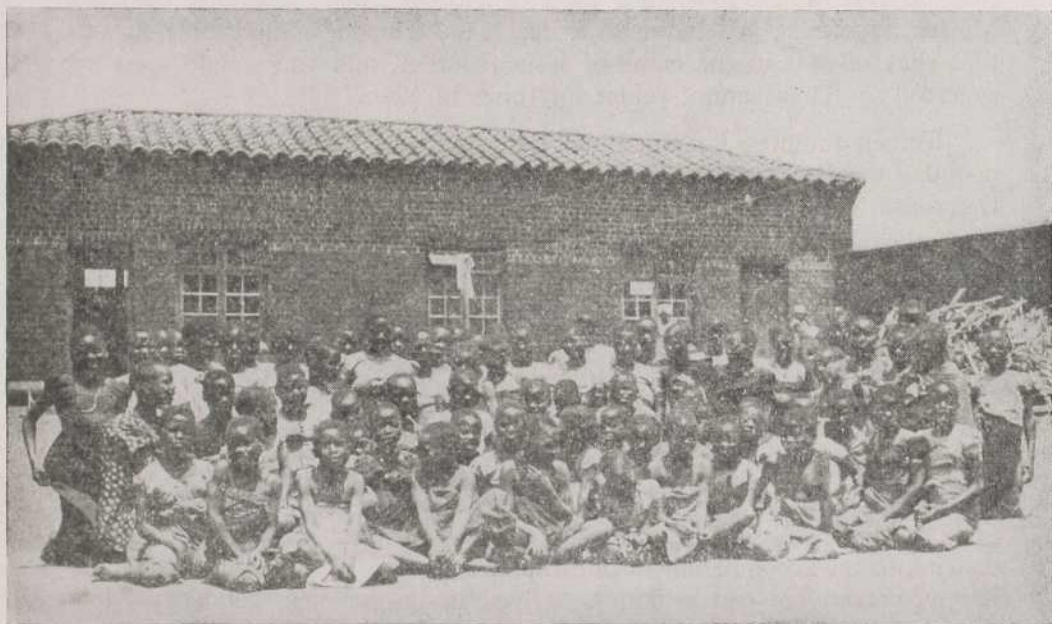
On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons there is no school. On Wednesday the pupils gather the weekly supply of firewood, which they bring, not in arms, but plump on their heads. Winged insects, worms, and caterpillars are also picked up as enthusiastically as I would pick berries.

Saturday is washday, with Katete River our washing machine. The little washerwomen simply dip their clothes into the river and then beat them with a broad stone. Soap is about as rare as apple pie.

These last few months we have been trying to interest our black friends in a Girl Guide movement. We hope to train model youth who will influence the pagan masses to become Christians with the courage of their convictions. For our charges and all the young people of Northern Nyasaland, we are appealing to the prayers of our dear Canadian youth.

* * *

P.S. — Penpals! Our Girl Guides in the making would like to correspond in English with Canadian Girl Guides. Will you write?



THE BOARDING SCHOOL PUPILS, KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND

Written in Purgatory



*Pray for us at the Eucharistic Sacrifice.
If you knew how hopefully we look forward
each morning for the mementos of Holy Mass.*

to break through to you. 'Please don't spend so much on flowers. I know I loved them, but save the money for Masses — they will help me now.' But you couldn't hear me, could you? God bless you for the Masses and prayers that have already come, but don't let up on them. Keep remembering me before the altar of God.

"Purgatory! How my non-Catholic friends scoff at the thought. Yet what would we do without it? It is awful to fall into the hands of a living God, and in an instant to see your whole life as you had never seen it before — as God sees it. What must it be to face Him as an enemy — a rebel child! His arms outstretched yearningly to receive you, yet you dare not go to them — not as you are — you must hide yourself some place. Where? Ah! Thank God for Purgatory!

"Yet it is a place of suffering — suffering that makes all that we go through here on earth seem trivial and unimportant: such painful torture of the senses, compared to the torments of hell — yet the blessedness of hope is ours. As it has been said of the joys of heaven, it might well have been

"How long ago it seems since I looked around the room at your tear-stained faces and told you not to mind — that I was glad to go? Was it only a week hence? It is so hard to keep track of time in eternity. It's just as it was written: 'A thousand years are as a day . . . a day, a thousand years.'

"I want you to know that I am in Purgatory, because I want you to pray for me. I am helpless. Remember those last few days when you did practically everything for me — it's something like that except more so, for you seem so far away at times. I don't seem to be able to get my wants across to you. For instance, at the funeral, you kept telling everybody how good I'd been and how much I had suffered. 'She's gone straight to heaven, I feel sure,' you kept saying, and I tried so hard to stop you, for I need the prayers of those people so desperately.

"Even before that when you were arranging for flowers, I tried

said of the pains of Purgatory, 'Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive' the justice meted out to those who defy God's laws.

"Make no mistake about it — I would not change places with one of you. I've listened to your whispered 'We wouldn't ask her back to all her sufferings'; but I wouldn't come back to earth on any condition. A life of assured happiness free from pain or trouble would not tempt me, for I have already seen God. I have already heard His invitation, 'Come, faithful servant.' I would not change places with the highest and mightiest of you whose salvation is yet not certain.

"Yet I am tormented in this flame. To see God and to be separated from Him is agony untold. To hunger and thirst after Him, and to be helpless as regards the length of time one must endure — what punishment that is! All we can do is to hope that those beloved ones we left who pledged their undying love for us will shorten this time of purgation.

"Remember us, beloved ones. The hand of the Lord hath touched us. Pray for us to the merciful Heart of Christ; pray for us to Our Lady of the Holy Souls; pray for us at the Eucharistic Sacrifice. If you knew how hopefully we look forward each morning for the mementos of Holy Mass. Yet what an eternity of pain lies in between each offering. Shorten our time of expiation. Hasten the day of our deliverance.

"You who were so good and devoted to me during my life, so faithful during the trying days of my last illness, do me a last service before you forget me. Pray for me. Have Masses said for me. Bring me in your love to the Beatific Vision of God. There I will not forget you. How could I forget the one who brought me into His august Presence?

"Still suffering — Still yearning. How long?"

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY



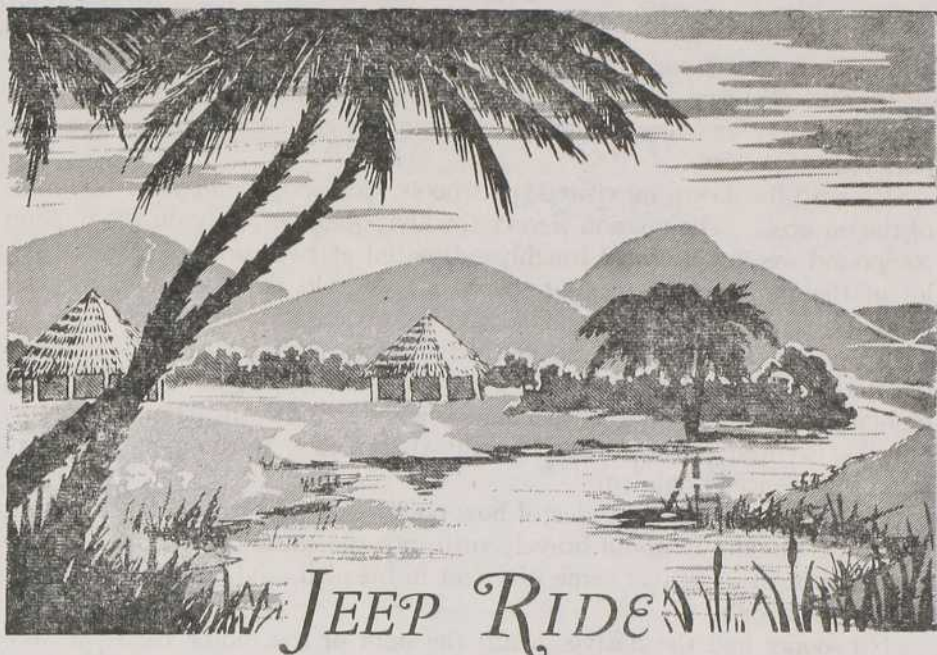
Purgatory From a Missionary Viewpoint

All of us are no doubt in very great earnest in the matter of helping the Holy Souls in Purgatory especially during this their month. We pray for them. We have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them: we perform our acts of self-denial small or big according to our courage and love. But the greatest gift we can make is the gift of a soul. That is why, perhaps, our best work to help the Holy Souls during November is to assist God's missionaries in every way. Our loved ones in Purgatory realize that now with utmost clarity. What missionaries they would make were they allowed to return to this earth!

It is only wisdom to attempt to get as many good results as we can for a single effort. By working and praying to bring the countless pagans of the world to the feet of Jesus Christ we at the same time bring down the cooling draughts of His Mercy into Purgatory and liberate those souls who long for His infinitely loving embrace in Heaven. And during this month we all of us should be so very very thankful for that most consoling of doctrines, the Communion of Saints.

Rev. D. E. Stringer, S.F.M.

NORTHERN NYASALAND



JEEP RIDE OVER THE HILLS

By Sister St. Yves, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

Seven hundred miles in less than forty-eight hours is, to my way of seeing things, a pretty good record for African missionaries. We made it thanks to Msgr. St. Denis, who wanted Sister Madeleine Marie⁽²⁾ and myself to accompany him by jeep as far as Karonga and Fort Hill. The invitation could hardly be turned down, seeing that Karonga and the other place are two of his missions where Sisters of our Community will soon be stationed.

Leaving Rumphi, where Sister and I had assisted at the blessing of our Sisters' convent by the Prefect Apostolic, we headed for Karonga one hundred and fifteen miles away. Monsignor, in the driver's seat, called our attention to the Nyika Hills in the distance. Two majestic chains of mountains, the Nyika and the Misuku Hills, stretch almost parallel across all of the Nyasaland territory. Were I a poet instead of a mere handler of the pen, I might be able to do justice to the beauties of God's natural wonderland as we see it in Africa. Some peaks uprear their heads eight or nine hundred feet into the clouds.

When the little zigzag road had taken us atop an elevation of four thousand feet, we were only halfway; the "up" was behind us, but we still had the "down" to make, and what a slope! It is only way down at the foot of the Hair Pin Bends that one feels brave enough to breathe.

1. Yvette RICARD, Grand'Mere.

2. Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount.

There below, on the shore of Lake Nyasa with the sky-blue waters, nestles Karonga among giant palm trees and as rich a vegetation as I have ever seen. We slept there that night dreaming of the day's ups and downs, both figurative and literal, the while the waves sang their night songs one hundred steps away.

Up with the dawn, we visited the schools, workshops, and other buildings of the outpost. The mission is very thickly populated; only on the mission compound we saw a crowd roughly estimated at two thousand blacks. A lot of them wanted us to stay there, but we told them we couldn't and promised that other Sisters would soon be settled among them.

It was time to bid farewell and drive up to Fort Hill, ninety miles to the north. So far we had found fairly good roads, but now the jeep was plunging into the regular bush country with underbrush, stones, stumps, hillocks, ravines, and so forth. Luckily the Prefect Apostolic at the wheel is an experienced chauffeur.

By now we had a good idea of how powerful a jeep can be on dry land; in another minute it would bravely rush into the water. It had to, for we had in front of us a river some fifty feet in breadth, and neither bridge nor barge was in sight.

No sooner had the natives heard the hum of the motor than we were surrounded by a crowd. To Monsignor's query they answered that the water was quite deep and plunged into the river. At their first steps the water reached up to their knees; on and on they plodded, until it reached to

FIRST ORPHAN BEFRIENDED by Sister St. Yves (Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere)
at Mzambazi Mission, Africa.

The New Arrival Gets a Lot of Attention From the Youngsters.



their waists. At that point Monsignor told them to stay at equal distances from one another, as the jeep and its occupants plunged into the river. As we could foresee that the water would get inside the jeep, we gathered our mantles close about us and waited for the worst. The waves beat on the left side of the jeep with such force that they almost lifted it from that side. Thanks to that "almost" we did not go drifting. "Holy Guardian Angels," we prayed, "protect us. St. Christopher, pray for us."

At long last we reached the shore, only to find it impossible to make a landing; the wheels turned like tops but did not even inch along.

Fortunately the blacks were still on hand. They pushed for all their worth while Monsignor stepped on the accelerator. Once, twice the trick was tried, but nothing came of it. Finally, at the third attempt, the panting group was successful and we were safe once more. Monsignor paid the good Samaritans, and — *Paweme* (Good-bye).

Dusk was falling and the stars were coming out one by one. Thirty minutes later it was night, time for the natives to steal in and the elephants, lions, leopards, and hyenas to sneak out. Two hyenas and one leopard suddenly barred our way, but eventually decided to look elsewhere for a snack. Ten or twelve monkeys on the roadside made faces at the occupants of the jeep.

At Fort Hill we were welcomed with warmth and feeling; the missionaries are so pleased when their venerated Prefect Apostolic can visit them. The mission is very poor, and neither church nor rectory is any richer than the native hut-home where we were invited for the night.

The next morning we visited the grounds where the new church, the rectory, and the convent will rise.

That same day we visited a central school attached to Fort Hill and rode on to Rumphu. Another day, and we headed for Mzambazi.

It was a long, dusty ride. Breathe dust, eat dust, be covered with dust! But it was the very first time that missionary Sisters had set foot in that spot and made the acquaintance of natives who are most sympathetic and friendly. If we can win them to God, why worry about a little dust on our white wimple?

Freckles Forgives the Lady

We little appreciate the effect of a kind word upon those who are more used to blows. It seems that one evening a young lady abruptly turned a street corner and ran against a boy, who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged, and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant. Then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, all he had, bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, he answered:

"You can hev my parding and welcome, Miss, and yer may run ag'in me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word."

After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, "I never had any one asking my parding before, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

Selected

MAY THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN



S. Marie de la Paix



S. Marie-Donata



S. Jean Nepomucene



S. Marie-Berthe



S. Marie de Pompeii



S. S. Octavie



S. Yvonne de S.S.



S. Lucile de la Trinité



S. Marie de Fatima



S. Jean de la Sagesse



S. Marthe de l'Esperance

Our
DEPARTING
OF
19

BE KNOWN FROM POLE TO POLE



SS Julia



SS Maria



Sister Piusella



Sister de Molloy



Sister Francis Thais



Sister Auguste de la S



Sister Blanche de la S



Sister Emma



SS St. John



Sister Quire



SS Antonella

OUR
SING GROUP
OF
51

Five Months in the Bush

RUMPHI, NORTHERN
NYASALAND

By Sister Marie Anna, M.I.C.

(Adeline MEDZWIECKI, Montreal)



The White Fathers opened Rumph Mission two years ago. When they realized that they had work on their hands for more than twenty-four hours a day, they appealed for Sisters to help them in their apostolate, especially among the sick and the school-age youngsters.

We pioneers in the African bush assisted at the blessing of Mother Church upon our convent last June 24. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated on our verandah by Msgr. St. Denis. The most beautiful items we could find in our mission cases came out for the occasion, and in honor of the Saint who thrived on locusts and wild honey and later (no connection) was chosen Patron Saint of French Canada, we made colorful wreaths of maple leaves red and green. After the *Ite missa est*, the worthy celebrant explained to his black flock the meaning of the ceremonies.

Were present the Reverend Fathers Butzelaar, Grimonpont, de Repentigny, Legare, Leger, Doyon, Zoetemelk, W.F., and Reverend Brother Jean Marie. Some of our Sisters had also come from Katete and Mzambazi.

What now serves as chapel and will probably serve until October will be our permanent community room when the workmen get back to business. Monsignor had to call them to another Mission where building needs were more urgent, but we are hoping they will not be gone too long.

Our dormitory, also temporary, counts four good beds with most comfortable springs manufactured with the hide of some slaughtered Bessie the Cow. There is something with the roof that makes it generous with showers; or, more simply put, it leaks. It is only when the rain stays up

in the clouds that the four of us can stay in our beds without having to shift them around. Shifting beds around is good exercise, but even of a good thing one can sometimes have enough.

Next door to the dormitory is the kitchen, where the floor, until lately, was of mother earth; now we have installed a serviceable brick stove, a table, and two cupboards made out of the mission boxes that used to take up space in the corridors of the Motherhouse and made it hard for one Sister to meet another. In the centre of the room we have a kerosene lamp sliding up and down a wire like a sanctuary lamp. It slides so cleverly and lights up the place so wonderfully that it deserved, so we thought, to be promoted to parlor honors. And that's how it left the kitchen and chose to live in the parlor instead.

In the refectory we have a large table, two benches, a cupboard, and a bookcase. Chairs? Oh, we have only four worthy of the name, and they are on duty at the chapel. When we call upon the Master, the four chairs, all of different sizes, give us only a little variety in stature, for the four of us are about the same height — which is somewhat taller than the seventeen bricks to which the little boy reached in the *Just Mary Stories*. Some time ago, Msgr. St. Denis gave us four straw armchairs for the room with the sliding kerosene lamp. If ever you happen along in Rumphu, be you pleased to rest your weary limbs in them.

All our rooms are whitewashed and the floors are cemented. In short, the house is coming around very nicely and in a few months we shall have a spacious convent home, ideally located on the slope of a tall mountain overlooking the village, which is a mile farther down in the valley.

Here our most undesirable visitors are monkeys. They have succeeded in crossing the river and they have been so bold as to steal the one and only ripe ear of corn we had in our garden. As the intruders will likely

CHRIST THE KING SCHOOL, RUMPHI



call again when our vegetables begin to show up, we have placed holy pictures on guard in different corners of the garden. Now it is up to the heavenly people.

But I haven't said anything so far about our school. As we leave the convent in the morning, we can sometimes see the mist still hanging around the distant hills. To reach our school we turn to the right, take a path winding into the bush, cross a bridge, then up a little hill and alongside a settlement of a dozen huts; down another valley, up another bend, and there we are! The facade of the school has neither doors nor windows; it is simply open. The pupils' desks consist of two boards, one for the desk itself and the other for the seat, and both are of the roughest wood I have ever seen. But all this is only for a time, for with the help of God we hope to have a good brick school some future day.

Now let's talk about my pupils. Most of our schoolboys are very tidy at school, and some are even particular about their appearance. They greatly appreciate the Canadian clothes we have for them in our boxes; but these articles of clothing are not given them for nothing, for then they seem to think they aren't worth much; we have them buy the clothes with either cash or labor. When an African boy's clothes need repairing, the young fellow goes to the village store to have them patched any color. At times, some boys will go extremely ragged or with a sheet draped about their bodies.

Here, only the native teachers, catechists, office clerks, and men of note wear shoes, because of the abject poverty of the people and, just as important, custom. Malnutrition lessens the resistance of the natives, so that their minor cuts turn into horrible-looking sores which take months to heal. They get them on their legs mostly: at times, the sores are three inches wide and one-half inch deep. The best remedy would likely be vitamin B, but vitamins are as rare in our region as are boots and shoes.



Referring to boots and shoes again, I must relate this little incident. Once in the not-so-long ago the boys of Standard Two were getting ready for a spelling bee. I named my two best spellers captains. But what did I see? I could hardly keep serious when I perceived the huge old boot one of the captains had on one foot. Evidently he wished to make an impression. The boot looked something

like the kind the boys back home fish out of ponds in the comics. Then, as each took his place on either side of the class, up came Kingdom sporting the other boot. Where they got such antiques is beyond me.

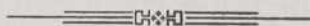
* * *

The time has now come to speak about cabbages and kings. Let's have a cabbage story first. Early in May I installed in Standard Two a

very attractive honor roll with the loveliest Child Jesus at the top waiting for roses to go up, up, up according as the pupils are on their best behavior and aim at doing better today than yesterday. Naturally, I took pride in my artistic masterpiece and thought it proper to ask the pupils to name the flowers I had colored. Did I not just about fall over when they chorused out, "Cabbages!" Wherever can they have seen red, yellow, pink cabbages? If, however, my pupils are under the impression that they are offering cabbages to the Holy Child, I shall leave it at that, for cabbages are, from time immemorial, the greatest of African favorites.

On Tuesday, May 15, Northern Nyasaland noted its diamond jubilee, and Mr. Hawker, Assistant District Commissioner, came with his wife to invite us to the activities which would take place at the *boma* (village). Mr. Hawker spoke about the history and progress of Nyasaland for the past sixty years that it has been a British Protectorate. Then the District Native Chief and his assistant spoke in turn together with a few other notables of the place. Mr. Hawker, who was the only white man to speak, read a letter from the King himself. (I had given my word of honor to speak about kings.) There were three rousing cheers for His Majesty. Everything came to a close towards four p.m., when Mr. Hawker distributed the prizes. Our boys then sang the National Anthem, "God Save the King," and — home!

Kindly pray for the success of our work, which isn't all smooth sailing. Christ the King is the name of our school, but a school with only two Christian pupils can hardly be called Catholic. We have much to be thankful for, however, as the pupils are very docile. While they cannot be baptized because their parents are pagans, many of them desire baptism and seem to understand what we tell them about our beautiful religion. We hope that the knowledge they acquire at Christ the King School will not be forgotten or lost when they return to their villages in pagan districts.



Blessed Are the Clean of Speech

Two young men in a factory found the conversation of their fellow-workers distasteful and filthy, to say the least. So they decided to find interesting and unusual things to talk about in their lunch time. They started with travel and history, and then passed on to religion and Catholicism.

These were unusual and strange enough subjects to take up quite a few lunch hours. It became necessary to buy books to clear up one or two points, and then there followed a visit to a church, Mass, and instructions from a priest; both were at length received into the true Faith. A girl friend became interested in these lunch-time talks, with the result that she, too, entered the Church and became a nun.

One of the young men had a brother, who also became interested and finally entered the Church. These two young men have both married Catholic girls. Their gift of Faith appears to be a direct reward for their determination to avoid bad talk.

D.D.H.

Introibo ad altare DEI

By Sister St. Edmond, M.I.C.

(Irma DE LADURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace, P.Q.)

Peter Wang can now consecrate. On April 30, in our chapel of Las Pinas, he went in to the altar of God, who giveth joy to his youth.

Father Peter Wang, of the Prefecture Apostolic of Lintong, had been ordained the day before at St. Joseph's Seminary, Manila, with eight other Chinese candidates.

His was a long uphill path to the sanctuary. Ever since early boyhood, he had set his heart on the priestly career and no other. But in his way came war, persecution, and finally exile from a country where Evil seemed incarnate. Still he held on to his noble ideal and prayed for the day when it would be given him to lift the chalice of benediction above his martyred homeland. At last he held it in his anointed hands!

His dear ones in iron-curtain seclusion, from whom no word has come these last four years, do not know the honor that has been bestowed upon one of theirs. If only his mother could kneel for her priestly son's blessing!

Father's first Mass was offered in thanksgiving for his vocation and in supplication for all of God's missionaries the world over who are bringing to men the Truth that will make them free. "It is to missionaries," he later explained, "that we owe, under God, the signal grace of our vocation."

It will be a happy day for Father Wang when he can address himself to the conversion of his native China. Meanwhile, the will of God as expressed by Superiors retains him in the Philippines, where, with the peaceful army of Catholic missionaries, his purpose will be to bring divinity to the souls of men. At the altar of the gentle Christ, he will pray for his kinsmen who are suffering persecution because of their indomitable faith.

But there shines an optimistic ray. Four thousand young Chinese are at present studying for holy orders in spite of the atheistic pressure of the Mao Tze Tung regime. Theirs is magnificent courage, the type that delves

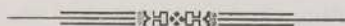
deep into textbooks by night after having toiled and sweated all day under the sign of sickle and hammer. In this hour when faithfulness to Christian



FATHER PETER WANG SAYS HIS FIRST MASS IN THE CHAPEL
OF OUR LAS PINAS CONVENT

beliefs may spell tragedy and death, they are readying themselves to give all that a man can give, himself, body and blood and life, that the nations may walk in the charity and brotherhood of Christ.

It is for these priests in the making that Father Wang, exiled but happy, pleads with the God he holds every morning in his anointed hands. For Peter, son of China, can now consecrate. God bless him!



Mission Intentions

NOVEMBER 1951
Missions in Indo-China

DECEMBER 1951
Missions in the Polar Regions

Behind the Bamboo Curtain

Following are excerpts from letters received from our missionary Sisters in Communist zone.

Canton, July 1951

Residence permits are good until December 31st, but that really doesn't mean much.

We're in a sorry position now by the fact that *we have no sins*. Strange, isn't it? People usually deplore having too many. But nowadays one can only say, "Blessed are those who have some!" But if we are patient, that will come at the day and hour marked by God.

We see Irene and Company⁽¹⁾ now and then. The little one⁽²⁾ is at the most beautiful page of her life story. We wonder how the story will finish; still, we hope that the help we can give will bring about a happy ending. The littlest ones⁽³⁾ are also holding on admirably well. Please solicit from on high a shower of light and strength in your petitions to the "Great Sun."

SISTER ST. ALEXANDRE, M.I.C. (4)

* * *

Szeping kai, July 27, 1951

The postal service is doing its duty remarkably well and we receive all the letters that are sent to us. Yours of June 23 reached us on July 20.

Sister St. Rosalie will not fail to give satisfaction to some of your very legitimate questions, though not to all, for it's quite a while since she last saw Szeping-kai, and I — *I can keep a secret*.

Mother knows about our situation and she is bearing it all with an admirable spirit of faith. I had a letter from her the same day as yours came. As always, she expresses no regrets, no desire to see us again. Nothing of the kind. She prays and unites her sufferings to ours.

On the feast of St. Anthony, two of us had the honor of "being witnesses" for our Holy Mother⁽⁵⁾. Those were the two most beautiful hours of my life. What a great grace! How we understand that we must remain very humble and modest under the hand of God, that we may lose no grace. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Pray that the Holy Spirit may preserve our hearts from all presumption, that we may be spared the sorry experience of Peter . . .

Our little sisters⁽⁶⁾ are becoming important people. A few of them also had the honor of "being witnesses." It is a beautiful time to be alive!

And life goes on. Nothing can surprise us now. We are at peace, awaiting or rather desiring what is humanly considered the worst.

Monsignor is recuperating slowly and can now say Mass and walk about in the yard. The doctor, who has just been in, says that the heart is very weak

1. SISTER ST. JEAN BAPTISTE and her companion at Shameen.

2. SISTER MARIE LUCIA, Chinese member of our Community.

3. The orphans.

4. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Alexandre d'Iberville.

5. The Catholic Church.

6. The native Chinese Sisterhood.

even if the fever is down. Monsignor is now an old man and he would need the best of care. Everybody here tries to keep fit; it is no time to be sick . . .

Our beloved Community is increasing its beneficent activities across the world and it goes without saying that we are very glad of the fact. May the novitiate be thronged with fervent novices! The professed Sisters are not very many — would it be that the modern girl is afraid of martyrdom?

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



HONG KONG, CHINA

The Convert of the Sacred Heart

By Sister Marie Alvarez, M.I.C. (2)

Hennie Sadick was baptized on June 1st, which, as you may remember, was the feast of the Sacred Heart this year. It is thanks to that merciful Heart that she, the daughter of a Mohammedan strong in his creed, has come to the knowledge of Him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

Miss Sadick, one of the teachers at our Tak Sun School, is not just an ordinary convert. She has always studied in Catholic schools because her father, who was attached to the Department of Education, was aware of the indispensable influence of religion in education and formation of character. But the father of the family was a Mohammedan at heart, and as such did not feel like closing the Koran and leafing through the Gospel instead. When his eldest, Lily, embraced the religion of the Lord of Heaven and married in that Faith, he simply told her to go and never return.

Hennie, then eighteen, was terrified. Until that time, she had walked to St. Margaret's chapel daily to talk over with God the prospects of her own conversion; but now, instead of keeping all those things in her heart in patient expectation of better days, she attempted to nip in the bud what little faith she had by reading all the sophistic literature she could lay her hands upon. Fortunately the books nipped nothing; her faith would not die. The story of the creation pointed an accusing and convincing finger at her restless mind.

In September of 1949, Miss Sadick took teacher Lily's place at Tak Sun School. As her classroom was next to mine, we occasionally chatted about our work, ideas, methods, and so on, until one day we found ourselves engaged in religious controversy. I saw then how perplexed a soul can be that has been aspiring to some soothing sort of atheistic lull.

It was evident, early in 1951, that grace had set to work in the soul of Hennie. An occasion soon arose to second its action. One afternoon as I was showing Delia, our protegee, how to go about with her knitting, Miss Sadick saw the two of us and declared she wanted to learn how to knit.

1. Eliane GRAVEL, St. Prosper de Champlain.

2. Noella BRISSON, Cornwall, Ont.

"That's fine, I answered. "But I'd much rather teach you catechism."

Miss Sadick took me at my word, though she warned me there and then it would be no easy job.

No, there was nothing easy about it. Why I didn't lose patience a hundred times is still beyond me. At times, I almost doubted of her sincerity. To make matters worse, she had intimate relations with a family of atheists, who brought out all the slogans of atheism to make her abandon her prebaptismal studies. The soul of my catechumen was like a battlefield on which the forces of evil and those of good were struggling for the mastery. When I thought the battle won, Miss Sadick would break into passionate objections and with sadness in her voice she would ask, "Sister, aren't you discouraged? I'll never be able to become a Catholic. I might as well keep my doubts to myself. I know that you possess the truth. God is cornering me and I don't like it at all. Why doesn't He leave me alone? I was so proud to be a freethinker."

Then, when I thought all lost, the freethinker surprised me with exclamations like these: "The religion of the Lord of Heaven is great and beautiful. I used to consider it only as a sum total of exterior practices. Don't you think I had better wait till I am more perfect to be baptized? Maybe I should try to live those truths two or three years before taking the great step."

Twenty-eight of my thirty-four pupils being Catholics, I had asked my class to pray and make sacrifices for the conversion of a soul. The bright young ones rushed prayers and sacrifices heavenward, for they had soon guessed it must be Miss Sadick, their teacher for next year.

In the month of May, a Jesuit priest found my prospective convert ready for baptism and First Communion. He further advised that the ceremonies should not be postponed too long, as the devil was playing his last cards in trying to bring back chaos in a mind that had so long tossed false dialectics. It was agreed that Hennie would become a Catholic on the feast of the Sacred Heart and that her sister Lily would be godmother. Even at the eleventh hour, the battle was still being waged. It was hard for the young woman to enter a new religion only because of her convictions, and when no natural motives attracted her to the Catholic Faith.

Two or three days before baptism, she greeted me with, "I think you're setting me a snare."

"You are free. You can say yes and you can say no. But you'll never get caught in a better snare, if that's what you call it."

"Well, then, I'll take your word for it."

On the morning of June 1st, Rev. Father Audet, S.J., baptized Hennie Sadick in the little chapel of Tak Sun School and gave her the Bread of Angels. Space lacking, only the teachers and pupils witnessed the beautiful ceremony. Many of them later remarked that the convert's features seemed as if transfigured by some deep inner joy.

At breakfast, Hennie turned to me with a smile. "Last night I felt strongly tempted not to come this morning. I blamed you for having disturbed me in my beliefs. But the Sacred Heart was victorious after all. There's something struck me at Mass. As you know, my prayerbook is the Sacred Heart Manual. I got it with a rosary from a very dear friend about ten years ago, and I was told not to forget to pray to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That was the last I saw of that person, but she must have prayed hard for me, or I wouldn't have been baptized on the feast of the Sacred Heart."

Hennie Sadick is truly the convert of the Sacred Heart. Only in that Ocean of love and mercy could she drown forever the doubts and fears that had so long and so persistently assailed her.



ANG

KONG

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

寿

The four Little Red Riding Hoods were half an hour late for school. There was no need to present excuses, however, for red dresses, red hair ribbons, red everything else made it plain as ABC that Piek Lu, Sui Ki, San San, and Be Be were celebrating something special. And that special I knew even before the foursome chorused, "It's *Ang Kong* today. We just couldn't come earlier."

I have lived long enough in this Chinese Mission to know that the popular symbol of *Ang Kong* is red, red, and more red, much as in Canada it's a birthday cake with candles on it.

Let me explain at once that *Ang Kong* is not just any birthday that happens, but a birthday considered of more importance than the others, such as forty-nine, fifty-nine, sixty-nine, seventy-nine — any number that has nine as the last digit, though superstition is against mentioning the nine. Hence, when the grandfather of the four Little Red Riding Hoods reaches his sixty-ninth birthday anniversary, he sends out invitations for his seventieth, thereby avoiding reference to the number that is taboo.

Ang Kong entails a general housecleaning from attic to cellar. The everyday hangings are removed and red ones put in their stead. In front of the house stretches a length of red satin with "Longevity" stamped on it in black or gold characters. On either side a narrower strip reads, "May your luck be as deep as the Eastern Sea and your longevity as high as the Southern Mountain." Under the writing, between two huge red candles sits the God of Longevity with round face and long white beard. Before him are placed an incense burner, a plate containing twelve or twenty-four hard-boiled eggs painted red, two dishes of uncooked longevity *mien* (vermicelli), and various kinds of fruits. Only even numbers, symbolizing plenty and luck, are represented.

Everybody is astir long before daybreak and sports feastday finery. The young ones wear red; the older ones, pastel shades; the male members of the family, the Chinese gala gabardine or robe half-hidden by the kimono, and the Chinese cap.

1. Marie Paule LAROCQUE, Montreal.

One or several tables are placed in front of the main entrance to receive the offerings. The image of the god does not find its way there, as that special divinity is supposed to dwell in the highest. When, therefore, one wishes to make an offering, one need only stand before the door, cast a glance upward, light the two red wax sticks, and deposit one's gift. Beside the lights are the incense burner, three small cups half-filled with tea-leaves, a row of sweetmeats, a plate of eggs dyed with Chinese rouge, and two dishes of longevity *mien*.

In the very middle of that heap stands the assortment called *Gno Sing* or the *Sam Sing*. The *Gno Sing* is composed of five beings that once enjoyed the gift of existence: the head, stomach, and tail of a pig; one quarter of the same animal, on condition that the nails be included; a duck and a fowl flat on their backs, each holding its heart in its beak. To complete the five, a fish and a crab are also needed.

The *Sam Sing* comprises only three of those items; the head and the feet of the pig are absolutely indispensable to the rites. Close beside the odd collection are put three small cups full of wine and a bottle of the same. The Chinese cakes are brought forth. The longevity cake is shaped like a pillow after a pillow fight. There are also the rice cakes with or without filling, the *Chang* cake of yellow wrapped into bamboo leaves and made with a special kind of rice. Enormous piles of paper money are also on hand, to be burnt after the offerings are made, in order to keep the gods in good humor.

All being ready, the hero of the day is introduced and nine sticks of incense are burnt as a beginning. When he has kowtowed twenty-four times on a red blanket placed beside the table, the other members of the family prostrate themselves in the same fashion. Then the paper money is burnt, and no one who is the least respectful of longevity will venture to remove anything from the tables until all the paper is reduced to ashes.

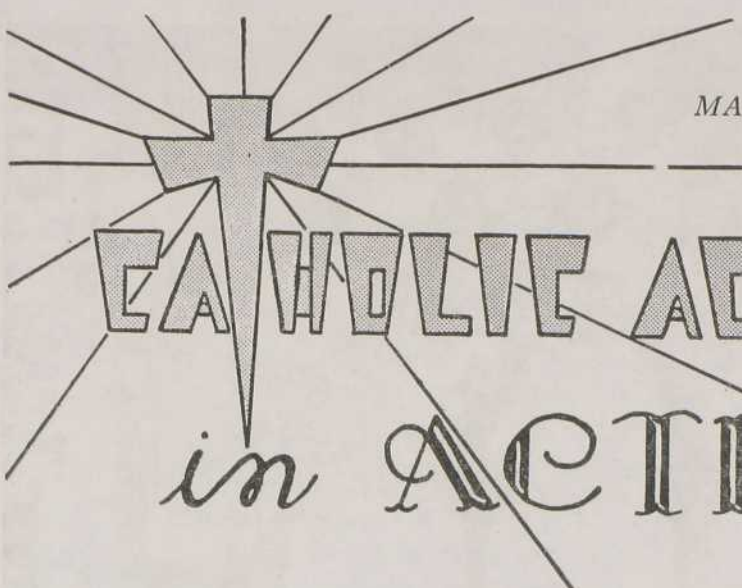
When this is done, the dishes are removed and only the two candles are left; they, together with the incense in the burner, keep burning all day and the following night. An armchair covered with a red drapery is brought in front of the table of the God of Longevity and the hero relaxes in it. All his sons and daughters, according to the universal custom, prostrate themselves on the ground before him and wish him a happy birthday. Finally it is time for breakfast, when all must eat a bowl of *mien* and two red eggs before touching the other dishes. Relatives, friends, and acquaintances have all been invited, and all come with their hands full of raw *mien*, colored eggs, pork, and live chickens. To these gifts may be added antiques or artistic items, provided they be in even numbers — two, four, six, but never one, three, five.

Gifts of food are not accepted in their entirety; a portion is returned along with an even number of gifts. The waiters who carry the gifts are given, wrapped in red paper, a tip of two or four pesos (equivalent to one or two dollars in Canadian currency). Should the donor accompany the servant, he is invited for a bowl of *mien* and a cup of tea. And thus the hours roll on until the evening banquet.

If the family were to send out invitations only once, the guests would simply stay home; it would seem greedy to accept a first invitation. People wait until the second or even the third invitation. This explains why those who celebrate *Ang Kong* need on that day a houseful of servants, going, like those spoken of in the Gospel, to pray the guests graciously to come. The latter say hearty "yeses" but do not budge. When they finally decide to, the hours have sped by and the banquet is one or two hours late. When it does begin, it may last two or three hours, presenting sixteen to twenty-four dishes and dried pumpkin seeds to be nibbled at now and then. The entree is invariably the *chao mien* (longevity vermicelli), the host and his guests prying about with chopsticks for the longest length of vermicelli, presage of length of days.

This kind of celebration is the rule in well-to-do families. But a custom strong as the everlasting hills which holds in every class of society demands that the longevity *mien* be included for the *Ang Kong*, as also the eggs dyed red, the draperies all red, and the red everything else.

MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



CATHOLIC ACTION

in ACTION

Members of the Eucharistic Crusade may be legion the world over, but we doubt that all of the legion understand that true zeal must never be at a standstill the way Leonila understands it.

Leonila, well-versed in things Catholic, is a pupil at our Academy of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

This year, she made a compact with Christ before going on her holidays. She resolved to do her bit of holiday apostolate in her own home barrio.

Her father readily let her have the use of a room at home, which she changed into a regular classroom with seats, table, and blackboard. There, day after day, she gathered together nine little girls to whom she taught the ABC's of the spiritual life. Not once did the lesson last less than an hour; and many times it stretched into nearly two. Judging from the pupils' wide-awake interest, no one was Leonila's peer at explaining the catechism answers. By the end of the holiday season, nine pure souls were ready for Jesus to stoop to their utter smallness.

And He did. He came to them one morning as they were kneeling in Leonila's home, where Rev. Father Michaud, P.M.E., parish priest, had decided he would say Mass. How thrilled the young apostle had been when Father had made known his decision!

That morning, as we, graciously invited by the Eucharistic Crusader, were helping with the finishing touches on the altar, there unexpectedly happened along a young husband and wife. They explained with blushes that they had something to talk over with the Reverend Pastor. It seems that they had been married before the law some three years ago, and had never thought of having their marriage blessed until Leonila came along with suggestions to that effect. But they had decided nothing so far; there were a thousand and one reasons why they shouldn't, they said. Fortunately, objections and pretexts all toppled down at the feet of the priest. Happy as newlyweds, they agreed to have the nuptial blessing given



Rev. Father Michaud, P.M.E., Sister Bernadette de Lourdes (Rachel De Mars, Newport, Vt.), Sister Marie de Liesse (Georgine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ont.), and the Graduates at the Academy of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mati, Philippine Islands.

them right after Mass. Then for ten minutes they were off to don their Sunday best, she a white dress, he a wedding suit, minus stockings and shoes.

Another joy lay yet in store. Not many days after, her fifteen-day-old nephew was baptized. This was indeed a triumph for Leonila, considering that an all-too-common custom since time beyond recall allows parents to wait a year or two before having their babies baptized. This young couple was in no hurry to go against the tradition, but Leonila pleaded so well that they gave in.

A boy of sixteen, to whom she had taught the rudiments of the Faith, was also baptized around the same time.

If we have brought this girl into the spotlight, it would never do to let on that she is our only busy bee. Our senior boys are also precious helpers. When they are not catechizing in their home villages, they are out with the Fathers rounding up stray souls. On mission outings the boys become, according to the need of the hour, sextons, altar boys, catechists, leaders at prayer, and even spiritual directors! People who seldom see the inside of a confessional like to have a chat with them before kneeling to the priest. And this preliminary work done by boys who, please God, are making themselves very fine haloes in the process, is a great help for the missionaries, whose stay in each barrio is short and swallowed up by hundreds of duties.

If the missionaries are ever to see thousands of eyes darkened by the thick fog of ignorance opening to the splendors of the true Faith, they need the help of all the youthful apostles who are willing to step forward. May their tribe increase!

Grandma Pastora



By Sister Marie Hermine, M.I.C.⁽¹⁾

She is a little old lady thin as a toothpick and frail as a dandelion ready to be blown away. She lives with her daughter Isolana, who has a merry brood of four.

Grandma Pastora likes people, and that includes Sisters. She has had a warm spot in her heart for Sisters ever since she made the acquaintance of Spanish nuns ages ago when she was a little girl.

On our initial visit she had a litany of questions to ask about our country, relatives, et cet. Though she was at that time a Catholic only in name, she promised to pray for the success of our apostolate in Cuba. We thanked her and promised to say a Rosary for her intentions.

Poorer than Grandma Pastora I have never known. The only thing she has a wealth of is good humor; she has learned to crown all the miseries of life with the merriment of the children of God. Every time we call upon her, she smiles a welcome that is like sunshine in that drab hovel she calls home, and whose floor badly needs scraping and scrubbing. Old cackling hens strut about in the rooms and even perch on Granny's bed. Naturally, a house and a poultry yard combined do not make for any great cleanliness. Add to this only enough food to keep body and soul together, not a glass, not a cup, only five or six empty tin cans to drink from, and you have a fairly accurate idea of the condition in which the family lives.

When clothing came from Canada and Christmas a few days later, we indulged our gift-giving impulse and made the half-dozen ones happy. For the rollicking tots we also had cookies and sweets. Has not something been written to the effect that, if you take a child, preferably hungry, add one piece of candy, mix thoroughly and allow to settle, the result in the child's heart will be confidence and in the parents', eternal gratitude?

After Christmas came Lent. Grandma felt a tug at her heartstrings. In a confidential outburst she declared that she had gone to confession only once and had not been near the altar rail since her First Communion. Her case is easy to understand. After her First Communion she had gone back to her native campo, that had neither priest nor chapel, and under the circumstances it had been only too easy to drift and drift again some

1. Veronique BERNATCHEZ, Pont Rouge, P.Q.

more. She had nothing against priests, but she just didn't want any to call. Later, always later . . .

Once she clothed her objections in other words. "What would my son-in-law say if the priest came here!"

"Your son-in-law?" we countered. "He's a good Catholic and never objects to our calling upon you."

Isolana winked reassuringly. "My husband has no objections to your coming. The point is that my mother is afraid a visit from the priest will hasten her death. That's why she cannot make up her mind to ask for one."

That deep-seated prejudice had come to its last hour. "Poor Grandma Pastora," we pleaded, "a visit from the priest will certainly not kill you any more than the Sisters'. Do you feel worse after our visits?"

The case was won. The little old lady laughed, and she laughed, and she laughed again. Evidently she wasn't any the worse for laying eyes upon us! Foolish fears gone for ever and a day, Grandma Pastora vowed that next Saturday and not a day later would see her making her second Communion.

But Granny, who owes no man a penny, owns not one herself — and now she needed decent bedclothes if God and His priest were to come. We couldn't help much along that line. Luckily we appealed to that loveliest thing on earth — the heart of little children. We told our first graders about the poor old creature and invited them to provide sheets, blankets, night gowns. They responded right eagerly. Even Perlita, a little Jewish girl, a non-Catholic as yet, wanted to do her part by contributing a blanket.

Up we rose with the sun on Saturday morning to make the sickroom ready. Being in a tidy room with spotless white bedclothes made the old soul feel as if in another world. On that morning God, Grandma, and the Madres were very, very happy.

To say that Grandma made her reconciliation with God does not seem the best way to put it, for there has been so much of sheer ignorance in her life, poor dear, that many of her so-called sins were probably not sins at all.

Some time after her Communion she told us, "Father was very kind to me and he said he would come back. I did not dare ask when he would, but I hope it will be soon."

To all appearances she wanted to fit herself for a happy eternity in Heaven. We asked whether she wanted to receive her God again.

"Do I!" she beamed, her heart throbbing with a joy almost too great to bear.

* * *

Some of these mornings our meditation book will offer us the parable of the lost sheep. Likely as not I shall make the colloquy with Grandma Pastora, whom the Master might have had in mind when He said, "There shall be joy in Heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance."

CHINA

Missionary Nuns in Our Times

The abrupt and complete turning-point brought about in the missionary life by present circumstances seems to demand that the work of missionary nuns be reorganized in line with the trends of the times. Concrete necessities of the apostolate must be taken into consideration not merely in urban centres, but more especially in rural areas, where live the great majority of our Christians. For many years, in collaboration with God's missionaries, it has been our privilege to live the genuine missionary life of the bush districts.

The following reflections have been prompted by our own experience and the needs of actual times.

As a whole, missionary nuns in China have until now been devoted to charitable and educational works. They have conducted foundling homes, hospitals, hostels, etc. Wholeheartedly they have spent themselves in works of charity, buoyed up with the hope of winning even one single soul to God. But now the time has come when we must expect our establishments to be taken away from our direction.

In more than one of our institutions, the administrative authority has already passed from our hands; it but remains for us to bow to the decision of strangers. This situation will worsen in time until we are summarily dismissed or forced, morally or financially, to retire.

PROVIDENTIAL OCCASION

With such a situation staring them in the face, certain apostolic workers may be tempted to say, "For us Sisters there is nothing more to be done in China!" or again, "Better leave China and go to work elsewhere." Nevertheless, today's circumstances are perhaps providential in the sense that our ideal of missionary life such as we dreamt it when leaving for the missions may be about to be realized. We may henceforth be able to consecrate all our energies to the direct apostolate, to the conversion of pagans.

Too often in our educational or charitable institutions we have been absorbed by tasks which have only indirect and distant bearing upon the progress of the apostolate. Are there many among us who have been able to make the love of Christ known to a considerable number of Christian or, especially, pagan women? Many are the Sisters who have spent their lives in China without having had the occasion to devote themselves to the really missionary work of directly winning souls to Christ. Absorbing tasks of all kinds took up their whole time.

Circumstances, henceforward, will free us from such absorbing functions. Under the direction of our Bishops and missionaries, we will be enabled to give direct cooperation to the apostolate.

DIRECT APOSTOLATE

If the suppression or the confiscation of our schools deprives us of this means of moulding the character of youth, we may still participate in such a vital work in a more direct and efficacious manner, outside of any institution, through direct

and personal contacts. The Christian education of children in Christian families, their preparation to first confession and first communion, their religious formation, the teaching of catechism, all these are points of primary importance in present circumstances. No longer may this formation be dispensed in educational establishments; it will now have to be given within the family circle. But if it is left entirely to the initiative of parents, how many are there who will not be in a measure to assure this religious education in a serious and efficacious manner. Our role it will be to help them and to compensate their deficiencies.

Prayers and doctrine we will teach to small groups of children in family environments. Thus we will control, help, and encourage the parents in the religious training of their offspring. If it is impossible to have large groups come together, we will be content to form groups of only two or three in order to avert suspicions and difficulties. Not only may we teach catechism ourselves, but we may also form parents to do the same. Voluntary catechists could be trained to teach the Christian children, especially those of ignorant or lukewarm families, and even non-Christian little ones. This contact with families will put us in the occasion of upholding and strengthening the faith of the children and young girls who attend godless schools. Our visits will help, not merely individuals, but families who stand in such urgent need of encouragement.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Another activity which could be assumed under the direction of Bishops and missionaries is the direct apostolate in non-Christian centres. The Sisters could cooperate in the apostolate of the press, the distribution of tracts, the foundation of small libraries, etc.

They could join forces with the lay apostles, taking part in the meetings of the Legion of Mary and of other Catholic Action movements.

In this way, instead of forsaking, in the hour of danger, the young girls they have hitherto moulded in Christian traditions, they will share in their labors and struggles. They will give them examples of courageous zeal, of unswerving faithfulness to duty; they will train them to assume apostolic responsibilities.

Missionary nuns could also help a great deal in the care of chapels and churches, in urging the faithful to attend religious ceremonies in greater numbers, in collaborating with the Legion of Mary and Catholic Action groups in rendering religious ceremonies more attractive, so as to draw people to the knowledge and love of God.

Until now, to pray and to do good works has been the principal role of our Sisters. This role must be maintained, but in a manner adapted to modern circumstances. Prayer must be given a more truly apostolic trend. Like the Apostles, missionary nuns must cherish the Christians with a great love; their most fervent prayers must be offered for the Christians and the pagans that are to be won to Christ.

In this manner, they will be efficiently cooperating in the noble work of the propagation of the Faith in China.

Dear Sisters in the apostolate, to us brides of Christ has been granted the gift of a lively, unshakable faith. Today our Christians are threatened with the loss of this pearl of great price. Let it be our mission to strengthen their faith by all the means in our power, and to spread it among those who are still pagan.

A MISSIONARY SISTER in the

China Missionary Bulletin

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

The places of honor were reserved for those who had fallen in battle, but before entering heaven their souls lingered near their bodies for four days. The relatives of the dead warrior spread a mat over the spot where he had fallen and stepping back a little, watched closely for the first insect or snake that crossed it, or the shadow of the first bird that flew above it. Then, having carefully folded the mat, they buried it beside the corpse, because beyond doubt the soul of the warrior had passed into the body of that animal.

The dead who were unworthy of heaven went, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, to their "house of the dead." Each family or connection had one of these; it might be, for instance, in the trunk of a tree or on the top of a rock. There resided a god, called Atua matalua, which means god with two eyes. After a certain length of time they died again and went to another god, Alua matalasi — god with one eye; dying once more, they passed under the dominion of Alua mangungu, a deaf, dumb, and blind god, who had neither mouth nor nose. In living with these gods the dead became like to them, keeping both their eyes while with the first, having but one with the second, and with the third, losing eyes, ears, mouth, and nose. So they lived, in misery and without hope. With these various gods they had for food only reptiles and insects, such as ants and lizards. The unmarried, both men and women, were subjected to a special punishment before entering their "house of the dead."

"The people of Futuna," wrote Father Chanel, "are very hospitable. They are not given to theft, as are the greater number of the natives of Oceania." Their manners were gentler, but like many of their neighbors, they were cannibals. One of the fathers said, "The craving for human flesh reaches a point where the wars do not suffice to furnish victims for the horrible feasts, and the savages take them from among their own tribes: men, women, children, the old, friends, and enemies are killed without distinction. They even eat members of their own families; mothers roast and devour their children. Many a time I have touched the hand of a wretch who had killed and cooked his old parents to feast on them with his friends! One day they pointed out to me an old man who alone, in a village of two or three hundred souls, had escaped being roasted." Thus had the population been reduced to an alarming extent. When Father Chanel landed in Futuna there were only a thousand people on the island. Niuliki had forbidden, under severe penalties, the eating of human flesh.

From the first Father Chanel and Brother Mary Nizier endeavored to adopt every innocent custom of the Futunians. They sat on the ground with their legs crossed after the traditional manner of tailors; they slept on mats spread in a corner of the king's house; they drank kava and ate the

strange, distasteful food. "The natives," Brother Mary Nizier said, "cooked a little breakfast for us when we first settled among them, but they soon tired of this and we were obliged to follow their custom of eating no meal until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We found the fast a little long, because we lacked their opportunities of getting fish and fruit between meals. To ease our pangs of hunger we began to go to a fruit dealer not very far from the king's house to buy a little something from him. The fruit was not very nourishing, but it kept up our courage while we waited for the evening meal."

And this meal, when it came, was hardly appetizing. It consisted of bananas, yams, and one or two other kinds of food unknown to Europeans. Far from improving delicate health, such diet quickly ruined it. What it must have cost Father Chanel, who was always frail, to have accustomed himself to such food, taken at so strange an hour! He never complained, but considered himself a spoiled child of Providence. Many kinds of food, relished by the Futunians, were really revolting to all but natives of Polynesia. Brother Mary Nizier testified that the islanders did not always take the trouble to cook fish before eating it. "Occasionally some one would present us with a few fish, and we would roast them," he wrote. "One day, however, not long after we reached Futuna, they offered us some little fish, raw as usual. After a moment's hesitation Father Chanel, overcoming his natural repugnance, said, 'In Rome do as the Romans do;' and he ate a few of the uncooked fish." Brother Nizier added that later, so completely did Father Chanel master his disgust, that he ate them alive, as did the natives.

There are on the island very large worms which are found in the trunks of decaying trees. "The natives," Brother Mary Nizier told, "eat them with relish, especially when they are alive. One day they gave us some, and good Father Chanel, triumphing over his repugnance, tasted one, ate it, and declared that he found it delicious. As for me I was never able to make up my mind to swallow one." Such was the mortification which Father Chanel practiced; for such tests as these, had his early fasts and penances prepared him.

The royal "palace" offered poor facilities for prayer and study, and when Niuliki proposed to build them a little house and surround it with a garden, Father Chanel was overjoyed. He wrote to Father Convers, "The people helped to build us a little cabin. It was very simple work. Logs piled one on top of another and stuffed about with leaves from cocoanut trees, form the walls. The roof was made after the same pattern." In fact, it was so simple that before two months had passed, the missionary and his catechist could no longer keep out the rain. But this house had its advantages. It was in the beautiful valley of Alo and only a few hundred feet from the sea; and it made possible the privacy for which they had longed in vain while they formed part of the king's household.

Father Chanel had been in Futuna for a month, and during all that time had been deprived of the unspeakable joy of saying Mass, when a

feast approached, which is especially dear to the heart of every Marist: the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He determined that it should not pass without his having offered the Holy Sacrifice. He remembered with joy that Bishop Pompallier had consecrated to Mary Immaculate the whole vicariate apostolic of western Oceania, and he hoped that on the approaching feast, so glorious for her, the Blessed Virgin would lavish her choicest gifts on Futuna. That he might not be surprised by any of the natives, Father Chanel waited until they had gone to their work in the fields. And then the peace and joy that overflowed his soul! His face was fairly radiant.

He had the consolation of saying Mass six times before Christmas; but custom, in Futuna, permitted the natives to establish themselves, day or night, in the houses of others, and Father Chanel foresaw that he could not long continue to say Mass secretly, unless he was willing very often to be deprived of the privilege. He resolved to hide our Sacred Mysteries no longer. The kindness shown him by all assured him that he need have no fear; and perhaps he might be able in this way to begin the conversion of his people. He chose the midnight Mass of Christmas as the first which any of the natives were permitted to see. He invited Niuliki and his closest friends, making them understand, as well as he could, that a great treat was in store for them.

Brother Mary Nizier described it all as follows: "The evening before, we made our little preparations. Our poverty did not permit us to make much display. On each side of the altar we sunk a stake at the top of which was a small board cut to hold candles. We made hangings of a small piece of damask and some marbled paper, which we arranged to the best possible advantage. We had contrived lamps, from cocoanut shells cut in half, which we suspended on iron wires from the roof of our house that surely, in its poverty, resembled the stable of Bethlehem. We decorated the altar as prettily as we could.

(To be continued)

November 1st

FIRST ANNIVERSARY

In Mary's Assumption into Heaven, God Himself has given us a proper evaluation of the human body and a true concept of its dignity and destiny. In the proclamation of this dogma we are reminded that the human body is meant to be united to a spiritual soul; that it is intended to receive in Holy Communion, as Mary's did in virginal conception, the Son of God Made Man; that, in all sacredness, it is formed and fashioned to reproduce its own image and likeness in the procreation of children who will know, love and serve God in this world and be happy with Him forever in Heaven; and that when God wills its separation from the soul by death, it is destined to await in consecrated ground the general resurrection of the dead when, once more, it will be united with the soul and taken up to Heaven to live there forever in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision.

Msgr. T. McNally

The Novices

Jot It Down

Sunday, August 5, 1951

The feast of Our Lady of the Snow always brings joy to the novitiate. It is the summer day when rings for a group of white-veiled novices the end of their noviceship, and the voice of the Bridegroom beckons one step higher.

They were seven this morning who gave themselves heart and soul to God through the hands of His Immaculate Mother. After the ceremony, we gathered around the happy group to congratulate each one, kiss her new silver crucifix, and ask her to pray that her happiness may be ours some future day.

In the afternoon His Excellency Most Rev. P. Caza, Auxiliary Bishop of Valleyfield, presided over the Clothing ceremony. His Excellency deigned to deliver a stirring sermon based on the recent papal encyclical *Evangelii Præcones* for the promotion of Catholic missions. Twenty postulants were then admitted into the novitiate to begin their two-year training in view of religious profession.

The twenty new novices, with their religious names, are: Miss Catherine Hongo, Tokyo, Japan (Sister Marie Xaverio); Miss Therese Beaudette, Beauvallon, Alberta (Sister Therese Martin); Miss Francoise de Varennes, Loretteville (Sister St. Ambroise); Miss Janine Belair, St. Barthelemy (Sister St. Gilbert); Miss Ghislaine Seguin, St. Dominique des Cedres (Sister St. Ghislaine); Miss Fabienne Ouellet, St. Pacome (Sister St. Thomas d'Aquin); Miss Rita Leclerc, South Durham (Sister St. Fulgence); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Allary, St. Melanie (Sister Marie Elmire); Miss Jeannine Lemay, Deschaillons (Sister Marie Salome); Miss Bertha Bussieres, Quebec (Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys); Miss Gabrielle Drouin, Inverness (Sister St. Angela); Miss Gisele Garipey, Granby (Sister Rose de l'Eucharistie); Miss Jeannine Simard, Beupre (Sister St. Leonard); Miss Bernadette Deguire, Montreal (Sister St. Gabriel Archange); Miss Jeannine Marie Forcier, Chicopee Falls, Mass. (Sister Jeanne de Valois); Miss Jeannine Blanchard, Montreal (Sister St. Emilienne); Miss Therese Bellerose, Bromptonville (Sister St. Fortunat); Miss Cecile Depot, Repentigny (Sister Jean de l'Assomption); Miss Jeannine Vermette, Upton (Sister St. Ephrem); Miss Therese Lavertu, St. Sebastien (Sister St. Anselme).

Seven Sisters of annual vows bound themselves by final profession: Sister St. Lydie (Paquerette Gauthier, La Tuque); Sister Blanche de Castille (Therese Baudet, Deschaillons); Sister Joseph de l'Esperance (Yvette Hervieux, Lanoraie); Sister Marie Jacinthe (Antoinette Jean, Rimouski);

Sister St. Guy (Pauline Noel, Quebec); Sister Marie Claudia (Lucille Richer, Mont Laurier); Sister St. Octavie (Lucille Adam, Auburn, Maine).

As spiritual posy for the day, we went to bed mulling over in our minds thoughts from St. Paul, holy king David, and something original: "I know in whom I have put my trust. O my God, better is one day in Thy courts above thousands. Lord, I have left for Thee all that I had and all that I loved. Bless my dear ones and be truly my God and my All!"

Wednesday, August 8

Once again our ranks have increased; tonight we have thirty-six fresh recruits who will begin their postulancy tomorrow.

A thousand welcomes, dear little sisters! And don't ever tell yourselves that it's a long, long way between expectation and realization. Why, dear girls, there are three chapters to every vocation story, and you have already



POSTULANTS PLAY CHESS

written two. You wrote the *Ecce* chapter when you said your cheerful yes to the Master, and the *Fiat* chapter when you kissed your loved ones good-bye to seek a higher life and a holier love.

The third and last chapter, *Magnificat*, is the work of a lifetime. Let's see how beautiful you can make it page by page, day by day.



We shall convert the world by behaving as Christians; never by conforming to its standards.

Owen Francis Dudley

Our Beloved Dead

Rev. Father F. Faribeault, O.P., **Montreal**; Rev. Sister Marie Laetitia, Sisters of Charity, **Quebec**, sister of our Sister St. Bruno; Rev. Sister Marie Cecile Lanctot, Monastery of the Visitation, **Ottawa**, sister of our late Sister Therese du Carmel; Mrs. Donat Beaudet, St. Ludger, mother of our Sister Marie des Vertus; Mrs. Theodule Roberge, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Marie de la Protection; Mr. Adelard Delisle, **Worcester, Mass.**, father of our Sister Joseph de la Ste. Famille; Mrs. Joseph Laurin, **Beauharnois**, mother of our Sister Marthe du Redempteur; Mr. Henri Simoneau, **Gardner, Mass.**, brother of our late Sister St. Maurice; Mrs. A. Bois, **Garthby**; Mrs. Leger Latulippe, Mr. J. B. Rondeau, Mr. J. B. Dube, Miss Berthe Favreau, Mrs. Raoul Alarie, Mrs. Irene Prevost Gaudet, Mrs. Narcisse Joly, Miss Cordelia Gauthier, Miss M. Guerard, Mr. A. Maisonneuve, Mr. Jacques Laplante, Mrs. Henri Duval, Mr. Charles Eddy Desjardins, **Montreal**; Mrs. Leo Bousquet, **St. Bernard de Tetreaultville**; Mr. J. E. Richer, **Rosemont**; Miss Pauline Coursol, **Lachine**; Mr. Hector Bernier, **Montreal South**; Mr. Thomas Dodier, **Verdun**; Mr. Mongerolle, **Longueuil**; Mr. Donat Genereux, Mr. Thomas Potvin, **Nominingue**; Mr. Arthur Leroux, **St. Jerome**; Mrs. Felix St. Martin, **St. Joseph de Sorel**; Mr. E. Bellemare, Mr. Louis N. Roy, **Yamachiche**; Mr. Arthur Ledoux, **St. Felix de Valois**; Mrs. A. Bureau, **Quebec**; Mrs. J. Alcide Demers, **St. Agapit**; Mrs. Ovila Gagnon, Mrs. Albert Filteau, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. P. Menard, **Sabre-voix**; Mrs. Moise Morin, **St. Rose du Degele**; Mrs. D. Levesque, **St. Octave des Metis**; Mr. Joseph Corneau, **St. Joseph d'Alma**; Mr. Adjutor Bergeron, **Kenogami**; Mr. J. A. Caoust, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Thomas Larouche, **St. Gedeon**; Mrs. Pierre Tremblay, **St. Monique du Lac St. Jean**; Mr. Armand Gagnon, **Kenogami**; Mr. R. Dufour, **La Baleine**; Mrs. F. Tremblay, **St. Jean Vianney**; Mrs. V. Allard, **Ottawa**; Mrs. P. Gauvin, **Fall River, Mass.**



Ten Months or Three Seconds ?

By M. O'Dea

If you knew that you could save some one from ten months of pain by giving three seconds of your time, would you not jump at the chance? Of course. Any human being would.

Well, would it surprise you to know that every day you are ignoring pleas that are just as pitiable as this? There are any number of people suffering intensely who cannot raise a finger to help themselves. One of them might even be a relative of yours.

You do not have to give any money. You do not have to go to any trouble to help them out. Why don't you?

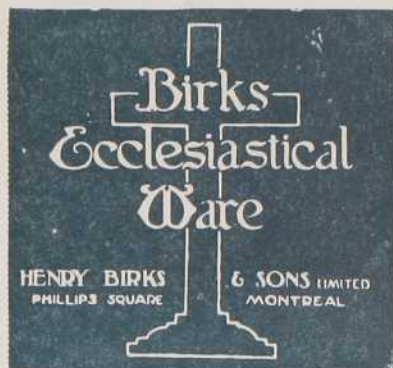
"Where are they?" Why, they are in Purgatory. "How can I help them?" you say. Well, it is so very simple. Suppose you just say, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine." "But," I hear you say, "that's not enough to mean anything." No? Well, suppose you lived back with the early Christians and the priest gave you a penance of three hundred days wearing sackcloth and ashes. Sackcloth and ashes is no bed of roses, as you can easily imagine. It hurts just about as much as iodine in a fresh cut. Can you imagine ten months of that? You would feel as if you were atoning for a shipload of sins, wouldn't you?

Well, that short ejaculation that you can say in three seconds can do just as much good as ten months of sackcloth and ashes did in those ancient days when the old canonical penances were so severe. That in practice is what is meant by an indulgence.

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