

Vol. XIX, 30th Year No. 1
Montreal, January-February 1952



THE *Precursor*

THE PRECURSOR

THE PRECURSOR

IN THIS ISSUE

January-February 1952.
Volume XIX, No. 1

Bimonthly magazine of the
Missionary Sisters
of the
Immaculate Conception,
2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges,
Montreal 26, P. Q., Canada.

*Published with the approbation
of the Most Reverend
Archbishop of Montreal.*

Subscription price:
\$1.00 a year
\$20.00 for life

When notifying of any
change of address, kindly
give both the old and the
new address.

Subscriptions begin with
either the January or the
July issue.

<i>Little Jesus.....</i>	2
<i>Once Upon Christmas.....</i>	4
<i>Mission Intention.....</i>	5
<i>Encyclical Evangelii Praecones.....</i>	6
<i>Joined in Wedlock.....</i>	12
<i>Outlet for a Girl's Enthusiasm.....</i>	14
<i>Victor, Pastor, Nicanor.....</i>	18
<i>Japanese Fervor.....</i>	21
<i>The Housewife's Rosary.....</i>	22
<i>Convert-Making Granddaughter.....</i>	28
<i>Japanese Art.....</i>	30
<i>"My First Communion Came to Me".....</i>	33
<i>Father Faber Writes.....</i>	35
<i>Kindergarten.....</i>	36
<i>Calling Potential Christophers.....</i>	39
<i>La Caridad.....</i>	40
<i>Our Novitiate.....</i>	42
<i>The Martyr of Futuna.....</i>	44
<i>Gems From Kalele.....</i>	47
<i>Our Beloved Dead.....</i>	48

DEAR READER,

Don't be deceived by appearances!

This is *not* a new magazine. It is simply your old friend dressed in a fresh new format.

This novel venture did not appeal to me at first, but the high cost of living has affected me too, until I saw it would be necessary either to increase my subscription price or to suffer a reduction in size. Out of consideration for your purse, I chose the latter.

Dear Reader, you have been most kind and generous all these past years. As I say thanks, may I hope you will keep me in your friendship for the years ahead?

As ever, I will do my best to bring you gladness and joy as I come to you in the name of the Lord of the mission harvest. I trust that you will enjoy reading about the work of God's missionaries on the far-flung mission field of the world, and that you will remember them occasionally in your prayers and sacrifices. The mission cause is everybody's cause; it is theirs, and yours, and mine.

May the Blessing of God be upon you this Christmas and remain with you all through a Holy and Prosperous New Year.

Old faithful,

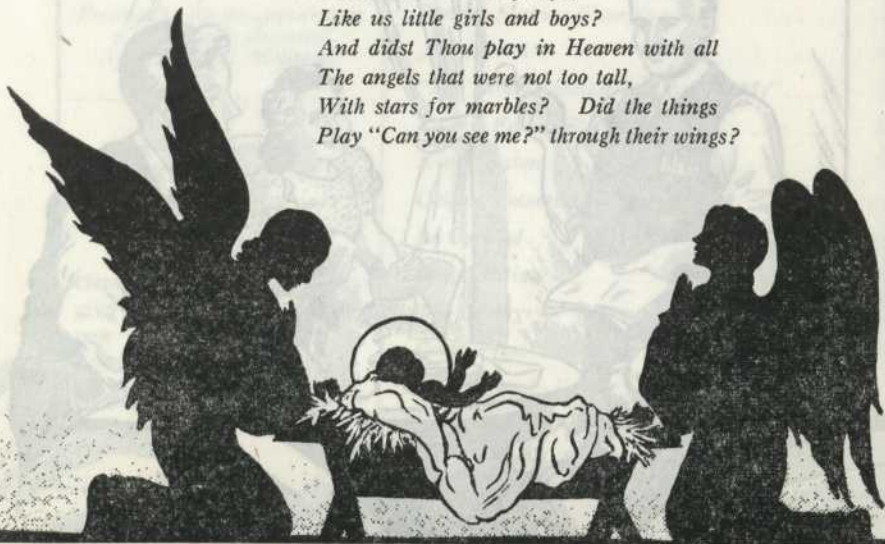
THE PRECURSOR





By Francis Thompson

*Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air
And wonder where all my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me —
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play "Can you see me?" through their wings?*



And aid Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on our soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands this way?
And did they tire Thee sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small;
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way —
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

So a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own ;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer —
He will look, Thou art so fair,
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!





ONCE UPON CHRISTMAS

By Sister Jeanne d'Orleans, M.I.C.(1)

PORT SALUT, HAITI

Once upon Christmas there was no fir tree in sight. And what is Christmas without a tree? Believe it or not, but a citron tree played the trick real well once we had hung red and green garlands and imported icicles in its branches. In place of the Bethlehem star at the top, a silver bell tinkled its Christmas joy.

A decorated tree is a beautiful thing for little Haitian girls whose toys and sweets are almost as rare as hundred dollar bills. And the lovely mama doll—did it ever make eyes pop with envy!

Once upon Christmas there was, alas and alack! a fly in the ointment. Only those pupils who had really tried their level best the previous three months were eligible for the gifts hanging on the tree. When came the moment for the distribution of the dainties to the deserving, signs of perfect contrition appeared on every truant's face, but they were a trifle too late for a reward.

Cheer up, little ones. There will be another Christmas coming. But meanwhile, do please study your lessons and pay heed to Sister's classroom commands.

On Prize Day the Eucharistic Crusaders presented a few well-executed plays in keeping with the spirit of the season. The Coming of the Magi was especially good. The Little Lord Jesus with curly hair lay in the arms of an ebony-faced Madonna Mary. Had He been a few months older, how He would have patted the very lifelike camel of the Three Wise Men!

Our purpose in gathering the tiny people around the Christmas tree is to counteract the harmful effects of the superstitious ceremonies that are held in hundreds of Haitian homes at this time of the year. May the Lover and Friend of all children bless our humble efforts and set blooming in young hearts a great and magnificent affection for Him!



*Sister Jeanne d'Orleans (Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec)
Distributes Christmas Gifts at Port Salut, Haiti.*

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

JANUARY 1952

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL RELIEF FOR KOREA

The spiritual and material poverty of the Korean people began before June 25, 1950. The Koreans above the 38th parallel to the number of more than four million had already escaped to the south before hostilities opened. This entailed a tremendous economic burden upon the country below the 38th parallel, for the refugees represented an increase of twenty percent of the southern population.

Families were scattered and children were left without any protection from hunger, cold, and every kind of misery. The destruction caused by the military activity has deprived the country of the ordinary means of nutrition and protection from the cold.

Out of a population of twenty-seven million Koreans, there were 182,000 Catholics before the war, 163 native priests, and 89 foreign missionaries. In May of 1949, the Reds above the 38th parallel had already imprisoned 123 missionaries including priests, brothers, and Sisters. Since June 1950, many others have been arrested by the Reds, including Bishop Patrick Byrne, of Maryknoll, the Apostolic Delegate.

It is not the first time that Koreans have suffered persecution. From 1839 to 1882, Catholics were persecuted with varying degrees of intensity. In 1886, 8,000 Catholics were executed, while many more refugees died of hunger and cold in the mountains. In 1925, Pius XI canonized seventy-nine Korean martyrs.

The Church in Korea in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has suffered more than in any other mission territory. Their sufferings have been for Christ. We owe them our prayers and help as members of Christ's Mystical Body.

S. P. F. Release

ENCYCLICAL



EVANGELII PRAECONES

Heralds of the Gospel

(Continued)

The object of missionary activity, as all know, is to bring the light of the Gospel to new races and to form new Christians. However, the ultimate goal of missionary endeavor, which should never be lost sight of, is to establish the Church on sound foundations among non-Christian peoples, and place it under its own native hierarchy.

In a letter which We wrote on August 9 last year to Our beloved son, Peter Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, We mentioned the following points among others: "The Church's aim is not the domination of peoples or the gaining of temporal dominions; she is eager only to bring the supernatural light of faith to all peoples, and to promote the interests of civilization and culture, and fraternal concord among nations."

In the apostolic letter *Maximum Illud* of Our Predecessor of immortal memory, Benedict XV, given in the year 1919, and in the encyclical letter *Rerum Ecclesiae*, of Our immediate Predecessor of happy memory, Pius XI, it was laid down that the missions should have as the final goal of their activities the establishment of the Church in new territories. And We Ourselves when, as We have said, We received in audience the directors of mission activities in 1944, made the following statement: "The magnanimous and noble purpose which missionaries have is the propagation of the faith in new lands in such a way that the Church may ever become more firmly established in them and as soon as possible reach such a stage of development that it can continue to exist and flourish without the aid of missionary organizations. These missionary organizations do not serve their own ends, but it is their task to use every endeavor to realize the lofty purpose We have already mentioned. When that has been attained, then let them be happy to turn to other fields." "Wherefore let the missionary take up no permanent abode in those places where the work of the apostolate has reached full development, since it is up to him to evangelize and sanctify the whole world. The missionary's appointed task is to promote, ever more rapidly, in district

after district till the last man in the most remote corner of the earth has been reached, the Kingdom of the Divine Redeemer Who rose triumphant from the dead and to Whom is given all power in heaven and on earth."

Native Clergy

It is clear, however, that the Church cannot be properly and duly established in new territories, unless all is there organized as time and circumstances require and especially unless a native clergy equal to the need has been properly educated and trained. In this connection We should like to borrow the grave and wise directives of *Rerum Ecclesiae*: "... While each of you should try to have as large a number of native students as possible, you must further make it your aim to fashion and develop in them sacerdotal sanctity and such an apostolic spirit and zeal for the salvation of their own people that they will be ready to lay down their lives for their fellow-tribesmen and fellow-countrymen."

"Suppose owing to war or political upheavals there is a change of government in some missionary territory, and the request is made or a law is passed that the foreign missionaries of a certain country must leave; suppose again, a more unlikely case, that the native population raised to a higher degree of culture and political development, in order to gain its freedom, wants to drive out of their territory all governors, armed forces and missionaries belonging to the occupying foreign power and that it cannot do so otherwise than by force — what then, We ask, would be the disaster that would threaten the Church throughout all that territory, unless full provision has been made for the needs of the Christian populace by a network of native priests throughout the whole country?"

We are profoundly grieved as We behold these conditions, which Our immediate Predecessor described with almost prophetic vision, verified in many parts of the Far East. There what were most flourishing missions ripe for the harvest are now, alas, reduced to the direst straits. Would that it were permitted Us to hope that the peoples of Korea and China, who are naturally cultured and honorable and have been renowned from early times for their high standard of civilization, may as soon as possible be freed not only from turbulent factions and wars, but from the inimical doctrine which seeks only the things of earth and scorns the things of heaven; and, moreover, that they may appraise rightly the Christian charity and virtue of foreign missionaries and native priests who strive only to promote the genuine good of the people by their labors and, if necessary, by the sacrifice of their lives.

We return heartfelt thanks to God that in both countries a numerous clergy chosen from among the people has grown up as the future hope of the Church, and that not a few dioceses have been entrusted to the care of native Bishops. That this stage of development should have been reached redounds to the credit of the foreign missionaries.

Cooperation With Native Bishops

In this respect We think fit to point out something which should be carefully borne in mind when mission territory that has been under the care of foreign missionaries is entrusted to a native Bishop and clergy. It is not necessary that the religious institute whose members till the mission field with their sweat should leave it altogether when, by decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, the vineyard which was cultivated by them and is now flourishing is handed over to other husbandmen. It will be advantageous and becoming that such a religious institute remain on to cooperate with the newly appointed native Bishop. As in the rest of the Catholic dioceses of the world Religious usually assist the local Ordinary, so in mission countries let them not cease, though foreigners, to labor for the Church in an auxiliary capacity.

Thus what the Divine Master proclaimed at the well of Sichar will be happily fulfilled: "And he that reapeth, receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

We desire to address and exhort in this encyclical letter not only missionary priests but also those laymen who "with a great heart and a willing mind" collaborate with the missionaries in the ranks of Catholic Action.

New Year Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

St. Francis of Assisi

It can certainly be claimed that the lay cooperation which we today call Catholic Action has existed since the foundation of the Church. Indeed, the Apostles and other preachers of the Gospel received no little help from it and the Christian religion thereby made great advances. In this respect Apollo, Lydia, Aquila, Priscilla and Philemon are mentioned by the Apostle of the Gentiles. We have also these words of his to the Philippians: "Yes, and I ask thee, who sharest the yoke so loyally, to take part with them; they have worked for the Gospel at my side, as much as Clement and those other fellow-laborers of mine, whose names are recorded in the book of life."

Spreading the Gospel

Likewise all know that the Gospel followed the great Roman roads and was spread not only by Bishops and priests but also by public officials, soldiers and private citizens. Thousands of Christian neophytes, whose names are today unknown, were fired with zeal to promote the new religion they had embraced and endeavored to prepare the way for the coming of the Gospel. That explains why after about 100 years Christianity had penetrated into all the chief cities of the Roman Empire.

St. Justinus, Minucius, Felix, Aristides, the consul Acilius Glaber, the patrician Flavius Clemens, St. Tarcicius and countless holy martyrs of both sexes, who strengthened and enriched the growth of the Church by their labors and the shedding of their blood, can in a certain sense be called the advance guard and forerunners of Catholic Action. Here we wish to cite the striking observation of the author of the letter to Diognetus, which even today has a message for us: "Christians dwell in their native countries as though aliens; . . . every foreign land is their home and the land of their birth is foreign soil."

During the barbarian invasions of the Middle Ages, we see men and women of royal rank and even workmen and valiant Christian women of the common people using every endeavor to convert their fellow citizens to the religion of Jesus Christ and to fashion their morals according to its pattern, so as to safeguard both religion and the state from approaching danger. Tradition tells us that when Our immortal Predecessor, Leo the Great, courageously opposed Attila, when he invaded Italy, two Roman consuls stood by his side. When formidable hordes of Huns were besieging Paris, the holy virgin Genevieve, who was given to a life of continuous prayer and austere penance, cared for the souls and bodies of her fellow citizens with wondrous charity. Theodolinda, Queen of the Longobards, zealously summoned her people to embrace

the Christian religion. King Reccaredus of Spain endeavored to rescue his people from the Arian heresy and to lead them back to the true Faith.

In France, there were not only Bishops, such as Remigius of Rheims, Caesarius of Arles, Gregory of Tours, Eligius of Noyon and many others, who were eminent for virtue and apostolic zeal, but queens also can be found during that period who taught the truths of Christianity to the untutored masses and who gave food and shelter and renewed strength to the sick, the hungry and the victims of every human misfortune. For example, Clotilda so influenced Clovis in favor of the Catholic religion that she had the great joy of bringing him into the true Church. Radegunda and Bathilda cared for the sick with supreme charity and even restored lepers to health. In England, Queen Bertha welcomed St. Augustine when he came to evangelize that nation and earnestly exhorted her husband Ethelbert to accept the teachings of the Gospel. No sooner had the Anglo-Saxons, of both high and low degree, men and women, young and old, embraced the Christian Faith, than they were led as though by Divine inspiration to unite themselves to this Apostolic See by the closest bonds of piety, fidelity and devotion.

In Germany, we witness the admirable spectacle of St. Boniface and his companions traversing those regions on their apostolic journeys and making them fruitful by their generous labors. The sons and daughters of that valiant and noble land felt inspired to offer their efficient collaboration to monks, priests and Bishops in order that the light of the Gospel might be daily more widely diffused throughout those vast regions and that Christian doctrine and Christian virtue might ever make greater advances and reap a rich harvest of souls.

Social Prosperity

Thus in every age, thanks to the tireless labors of the clergy and also to the cooperation of the laity, the Catholic Church has not only advanced its spiritual kingdom, but has also led nations to increased social prosperity. Everybody knows the social reforms of St. Elizabeth in Hungary, of St. Ferdinand in Castile and of St. Louis IX in France. By their holy lives and zealous labors they brought about salutary improvement in the different classes of society by instituting reforms, by spreading the true Faith everywhere, by valiantly defending the Church and above all by their personal example. Nor are we unaware of the excellent merits of the guilds during the Middle Ages. In these guilds artisans and skilled workers of both sexes were enrolled, who, notwithstanding the fact that they lived in the world, kept their eyes fixed upon the sublime ideal of evangelical perfection. Not only did they eagerly pursue this ideal, but together with the clergy they exerted every effort to bring all others to do the same.

The same conditions which prevailed in the early days of the Church are still to be found in many areas which have been evangelized by missionaries; or at least their peoples suffer disadvantages which had to be left to a future generation to face and remedy. For that reason it is imperative that the laity should in great numbers enter the serried ranks of Catholic Action, and thus cooperate generously, earnestly and diligently with the Hierarchy in promoting the apostolate. The work of catechists is assuredly necessary; yet no less necessary is the industry and skill of those who out of pure charity are ready to help gratuitously the ministers of God in the performance of their duties.

We desire, therefore, that there be everywhere erected, so far as is possible, associations of Catholic men and women, and also of students, of workers, of artists, of athletes, and other clubs and sodalities which can be considered auxiliaries of the missionaries. In the erection and constitution of these organizations, let character, virtue and zeal be preferred to numbers.

It is to be borne in mind that nothing is more efficacious in winning for missionaries the confidence of fathers and mothers than devoted care bestowed upon their children. If the minds of the young are molded to Christian truth and their characters fashioned according to Christian virtue, they will enrich and bring distinction not only to their families but also to their communities. It not rarely happens that if the life of a Christian community be in any way remiss or lax, they succeed in restoring it to its pristine vigor.

Should Join Other Organizations

Although it is clear that Catholic Action should exercise its influence primarily in promoting the works of the apostolate, its members are not prevented from joining other organizations whose purpose is to reform social and political life according to the principles and teaching of the Gospel; in fact, their participation not only as citizens, but as Catholics also, is a right which they possess and a duty to which they are bound.

Since young men, and those especially who have had the advantage of a classical and liberal education, will direct the course of the future, no one can be blind to the supreme importance of devoting the best of care to elementary schools, high schools and colleges. Therefore, with paternal solicitude We exhort superiors of missions to spare neither labor nor expense in proportion to their means in vigorously promoting this phase of missionary activity.

The utility of schools for the young lies especially in this that they establish advantageous relationships between the missionaries and pagans of every class, and above all, they more easily influence the docile minds of the young to understand, appreciate and embrace Catholic doctrine. As we all know, the educated youth of today will form the governments of tomorrow and the masses will follow their leadership and guidance. The Apostle of the Gentiles propounded the sublime wisdom of the Gospel before a learned audience when in the Areopagus of Athens he proclaimed the unknown God. Even though this method does not make many converts outright to the teaching of our Divine Redeemer, still there will be many who, as they contemplate the supernatural beauty of this religion and the charity of its disciples, will feel its benign influence.

Schools and colleges are, moreover, especially helpful in refuting the errors which now especially are daily infecting more and more non-Catholic and Communist activities, and which are being openly and covertly instilled into the minds especially of youth.

An equally useful service is the dissemination of timely publications. It is scarcely necessary for Us to dwell at length on this point, for everyone knows how effectively newspapers, magazines and reviews can be employed either to present truth and virtue in their proper light and inculcate them deeply in men, or to expose fallacies masquerading under the guise of truth, or to refute certain false opinions which are hostile to religion, or which do great spiritual harm by distorted presentation of vexed social questions. Hence, We warmly commend those Bishops who interest themselves in the widest possible distribution of printed works of this sort which have been carefully edited. Though much has already been done in this regard, much remains to be done.

Care of the Sick

We also wish at this point to pay the highest tribute of praise to the care taken of the sick, the infirm and afflicted of every kind. We instance hospitals, leprosaria, dispensaries and homes for the aged and for maternity cases, and orphanages. These are to Our eyes the fairest flowers of missionary endeavor; they give us as it were a vision of the Divine Redeemer Himself, who "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed."

Such outstanding works of charity are undoubtedly of the highest efficacy in preparing the souls of non-Christians and in drawing them to the Faith and to the practice of Christianity. Besides, Our Lord said to His Apostles: "Into what city soever you enter, and they receive you . . . heal the sick that are therein, and say to them: the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

However, the Brothers and nuns who feel that they are called to undertake such work must, before leaving their own country, acquire the professional training and knowledge which are today required in these matters. We know that there are nuns with full professional qualifications who have earned well merited recognition by the special study of loathsome diseases, such as leprosy, and by discovering remedies for them. These and all other missionaries who are giving their service so generously in leper hospitals have Our paternal blessing, and their exalted charity compels Our admiration and praise.

With regard to medicine and surgery, however, it will certainly be advisable to enlist the services also of laymen, provided not only that they have taken the necessary degrees for this work, and are willing to leave their homeland in order to help the missionaries, but also that in the matter of faith and morals they leave nothing to be desired.

Passing now to another aspect of the subject which is of no less importance, We wish to speak of social reforms demanded by justice and charity. Whilst the propaganda of Communism, today so widespread, is readily deceiving the minds of the simple and untutored, We seem to hear an echo of those words of the Divine Saviour: "I have compassion on the multitude." It is imperative to put into practice with zeal and diligence the right principles taught by the Church in this matter. It is imperative to keep all nations free from those pernicious errors, or, in case they are already tainted with them, to set them free from these inimical doctrines, which represent the enjoyment of this world as the unique goal to be attained by men in this mortal life. At the same time, by subjecting everything to State ownership and control, they reduce the dignity of the human person almost to zero. It is imperative to proclaim in private and in public that we are all exiles making our way to our immortal home; and are destined to eternal happiness, to which truth and virtue must lead us. Christ is the only real defender of human justice, the only true consoler of the human misery which in this life is unavoidable. He alone points out to us that haven of peace, justice, and everlasting happiness which all of us, redeemed by His blood, are to gain after our earthly pilgrimage is finished.

However, it is the duty of all, as far as possible, to mitigate the distress, sweeten the sorrow and relieve the anguish of their brethren during this life.

(To be continued)

Mission Intention

FEBRUARY 1952

Freedom of Catholic Schools in India and Pakistan

JOINED IN WEDLOCK

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

KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND

Wedding bells in Katete are not preceded by even the suggestion of a courtship.

When a young man decides to take a wife, he goes to live in a special hut called *mphara*. This hut is in every way similar to the others, except that it is reserved for prospective husbands.

For the next two or three days, the young man observes from the *mphara* the black maidens who go by the public place. Should he see one to his liking, he calls her in and before a witness asks her point-blank if she will marry him.

The girl's father is then sent for and the two men engage in conversation . . . about cows. The would-be son-in-law generally promises three, four, or five head of cattle to his future in-laws. If, however, the girl is gifted with remarkable beauty or some special talent, the father-in-law may demand as many as seven or eight cows in exchange. All things settled, the husband-to-be returns home.

Prince Charming will then see his intended only on wedding day. That morning will see them going to church . . . when they happen to remember 'tis the great occasion.

Mass over and the bride's "yes" barely whispered, bride and groom leave by different doors. The groom returns to his fields and the bride goes to crush maize.

One Saturday I assisted at a Nuptial Mass. The young couple had been led to priedieus, on which any Westerner would have expected them to kneel. Picture my amazement when I saw them sitting down on the kneelers, backs to the altar! Familiar since childhood with the simple system of straw mats, man and wife had no use for our more complicated priedieus.

Will the bride live happily ever after? If she is a baptized Catholic, her chances are fair; if a pagan, she will be slave to a husband who holds as a cardinal principle that his wife needs a daily beating. One day we treated at our dispensary a poor woman whose face was dreadfully swollen. Her discomfited husband admitted he had struck her a little too hard.

Once in the year, during the *ripoko* season, wives enjoy a surcease from blows. This *ripoko* is a kind of millet that serves to make beer, and on the women devolves the duty of preparing and boiling the beverage. For once the men become gallant courtiers and do all the heavy jobs about the place for the reason that one good morning of work deserves a bottle of beer, and one afternoon as much. When ends the *ripoko* season, ends too the gallantry. The little wife goes back to her slavery and daily beating.

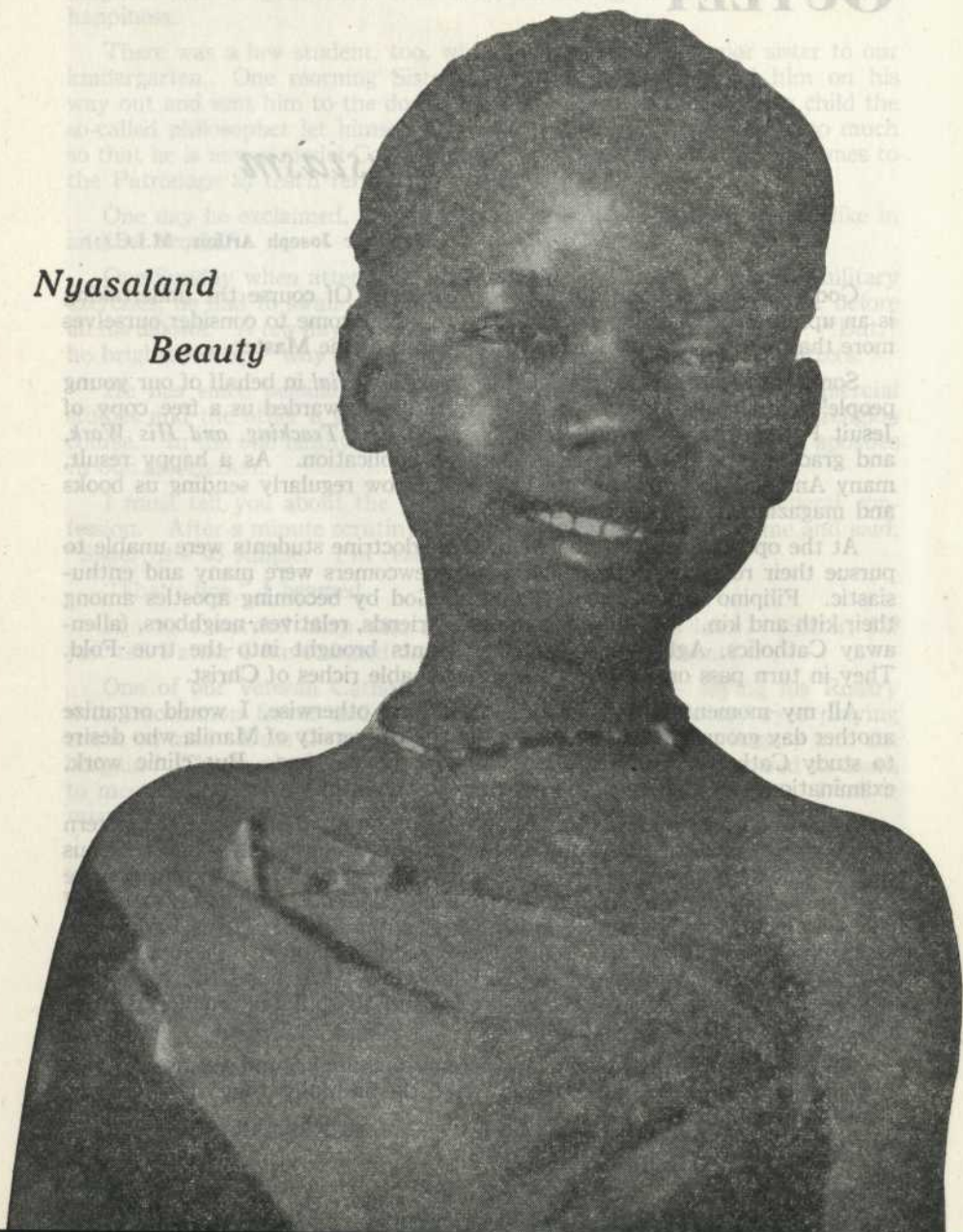
OUTLET

Two of these... his no... the old... much... to see...

One day he... Joseph...

Nyasaland Beauty

...in the...
...of course...
...to...
...in...
...as a...
...and...
...many...
...and...
...At the...
...pursue...
...static...
...their...
...away...
...They...
...All...
...another...
...to study...
...examination...



OUTLET

for a

Girl's Enthusiasm

By Sister Joseph Arthur, M.I.C.(1)

God's blessing is upon our work in Manila. Of course the undertaking is an uphill one, but if it were too easy we might come to consider ourselves more than poor, frail instruments in the hands of the Master.

Some time last year we appealed to *Books on Trial* in behalf of our young people's circulating library. The kind editors forwarded us a free copy of Jesuit Father Pratt's *Jesus Christ, His Life, His Teaching, and His Work*, and graciously inserted our letter in their publication. As a happy result, many American benefactors and friends are now regularly sending us books and magazines for our young bookworms.

At the opening of the school year, some doctrine students were unable to pursue their religious studies. However, newcomers were many and enthusiastic. Filipino Catholics say thanks to God by becoming apostles among their kith and kin. Thus are schoolmates, friends, relatives, neighbors, fallen-away Catholics, Aglipayans, and Protestants brought into the true Fold. They in turn pass on to others the unsearchable riches of Christ.

All my moments are taken up. If it were otherwise, I would organize another day group for several students at the University of Manila who desire to study Catholicism and are free only in the daytime. But clinic work, examinations, and injections fill my days to the brim.

Some time ago I met a young accountant graduated from Far Eastern University. Like so many others, he had grown forgetful of his religious duties. God's grace urging him, he accepted my offer to give him private doctrine lessons and has since not missed a single one. He has also received the sacraments and attends Sunday Mass without fail. He is happy—I was going to say "as a king"—but, then, are kings happy? The accountant now takes a roommate along to Sunday Mass. We hope the roommate will be as good a convert-maker. From soul to soul the wonderful work must go on.

Two friends who had never met before at church found themselves side by side on coming out after Mass. A little bashfully they shook hands,

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

laughed, and congratulated each other on having at last found truth and happiness.

There was a law student, too, who daily brought his junior sister to our kindergarten. One morning Sister Marie des Lys⁽¹⁾ stopped him on his way out and sent him to the doctrine class. With the docility of a child the so-called philosopher let himself be caught into the nets of Christ, so much so that he is now a model Catholic and even during the holidays he comes to the Patronage to teach religion to others of his kind.

One day he exclaimed, "Sister, life looks so different now. I feel like in another world."

One Sunday when attendance at Mass caused him to be late for military exercises, he had to swallow a harsh and most humiliating reprimand before all his fellows. A few days later he said how hard it had been for him. "But," he brightened up, "why worry about that? It's the Mass that matters."

He has since persuaded his two brothers, one engaged in commercial studies and the other a student at Torres High School, to take the religion course. In the one family, therefore, we have three active, dynamic apostles in our association.

I must tell you about the young fellow who was about his general confession. After a minute scrutiny of the inward man, he came to me and said, "Sister, it's so simple. I'm ready."

"That's fine," I beamed.

It was a worried chap who returned a few minutes later. "Sister, I'll just tell Father I have sinned against all the Commandments."

One of our veteran Catholics suddenly noticed D— saying his Rosary with uncommon fervor and asked Sister about it. "Are my eyes playing tricks on me? Does D— go to Mass nowadays and say his Rosary into the bargain? That's what I call a miracle. Why, I'd have been scared to death to meet that scoundrel alone at night, and now he says his beads. I call it miraculous, I do!"

But divine grace did not stop there. One of my last year pupils has been admitted to the Seminary and it looks as if several of his pals are going to copy his example. The main obstacle, of course, is money; not that they have too much of it, but rather too little.

At the clinic we received 178 patients yesterday, all of them very sick but with a hundred times greater need of spiritual tonics than of injections and capsules. The majority are fallen-away Catholics. Unfortunately, when I have filled prescriptions and given medicine my time is up, so that not a minute is left for religious instruction.

1. Irene PINSONNEAULT, St. Michel de Napierville.



FILIPINA GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME

My two lay helpers are invaluable, but just the same all the responsibility rests with me. When the bell rings for spiritual exercises, I have to remember my rule and, much as I regret it, the surplus of patients must wait till another day. What an outlet for enthusiasm, I often tell myself. How I wish American girls knew all the good there is to be done here. If they knew how souls are waiting and yearning, it seems to me no obstacle would keep them from coming to the aid of God's apostles. Here in Manila a girl with God's love in her heart can find something to satisfy all her wonderful ambitions: convert-making, doctrine teaching, First Communicants' training, etc., and all that, without going very far from her convent!

As devotedly as ever, Sister Therese de l'Enfant Jesus⁽¹⁾ dispenses religious instruction and prepares the clinic tots for First Communion. To meet our needs, though, we would need four Sisters at that task, instead of only one.

Before closing, may I mention a little incident that well depicts the spiritual ignorance of too many Catholics in the Philippines. Yesterday, while giving injections, I whispered a word to a lady who had lately neglected her religious duties. This morning along she came with veil and prayerbook, saying, "Sister, I am coming to confession."

"I'm very sorry," I said, "but the priest is absent. Could you come later—maybe tomorrow?"

"Oh, excuse me," blurted the woman, "I thought you could hear confessions when he's gone."

The Most Eloquent Sermon I Ever Heard

There occurred at a New York hospital an incident that illustrates the reverence and devotion which should be shown to the most sacred Name which human lips can utter. A young man lay on an operating table. Surrounding him were the doctors and nurses about to begin the operation.

Placing his hand gently upon the patient's shoulder, the chief surgeon said: "My young friend, I think I should tell you frankly that your malady has been diagnosed as cancer of the tongue. To save your life it will be necessary for us to remove your tongue. If there is anything you wish to say, please do so now, as you will be speechless the rest of your life."

As the full import of the doctor's words sank home to the youth, his face paled in a momentary shudder. There was a twitching of the muscles about the mouth. Then, pulling himself together, he looked into the faces of those around him, and said in a calm, earnest voice:

"I want my last words to be: 'Praised be the sacred Name of Jesus.'"

In mentioning the incident later, the chief surgeon declared: "That was the most eloquent sermon I ever heard."

Our Sunday Visitor

1. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook.

VICTOR PASTOR NICANOR R

By Sister St. Edmond, M.I.C.(1)

Victor, Pastor, and Nicanor, three rascals when enrolled at St. Joseph's School, have now become Three Wise Men.

First of the trio came Pastor, aged twelve. His mother being dead, he had grown to boyhood under the indulgent eye of an overfond grandmother, to whom his wishes were law. High-mettled, fearless, headstrong, the thoroughly alive boy went his way like a conquistador taking orders from nobody.

When Pastor's father finally realized what the imp was up to, he hit upon a bright solution; he would beg the Reverend Rector to send Pastor to a Catholic school.

"That boy has got a lot of good and a lot of bad in him," explained the parent, "and I really don't know how to handle him. Please help me. I shouldn't want my son to disgrace the family."

Outside the rectory, the uneasy dad betook himself to the convent to plead some more in favor of the unruly Pastor. Not long after, the non-angelic one was enrolled at St. Joseph's School. And here endeth the first chapter of his biography.

This Pastor was not our only headache. His two chums, Victor and Nicanor, both eleven, were the despair of their parents, who, though poor and unlettered, did not especially care to have their children increase the world's population of good-for-nothings. Victor was the happy-go-lucky type, enemy of effort, who reveled in music and celebrations. As for Nicanor, though bothered with asthma and frequent spells of fever, he still managed to be the champion of rascaldom in all Luzon.

To the Catholic school came the conquistador, the happy-go-lucky, and the champion. Being what they were, they had soon become bosom friends. Somehow, the rhyming in their names put us in mind of the Three Wise Men from the East, even if these were miles from manhood and found wanting in wisdom.

1. Irma DE LADURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace.

Why there should be rules, bells, and clocks always puzzled the first of the trio. Like Alan Beck's boy, Pastor was everywhere — "on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to." The only thing he didn't relish was school. With Victor and Nicanor following, he would run out of the classroom to go fishing, swimming, trying out his wooden gun, or hunting birds. Quickly briefed in the ways of a religious community, as soon as they saw us on our knees at chapel they tore off to the garden to feast on our papayas and mangoes. Each time Father or the Sisters caught them red-handed, the three begged pardon, promised to amend, and . . . fell again into temptation.

Days came and months went without much amendment. No *summa cum laude* made the end of the year happy, but only laziness and insubordination as usual.

When the holiday season ended, the trio unashamedly asked to be enrolled for the opening semester. It having dawned upon Sister Directress that the time had come to strike, she asked the boys to examine their behavior of the previous year and judge whether they should be allowed in again. The three



blushed to their curly tops. To be expelled from school was really too hard a pill for Filipino pride to swallow.

Down-hearted and glum, Pastor and Company went and sat on a fence to do a little sober thinking. Came dinner and they "with the appetite of a horse and the digestion of a sword swallower" felt no pang of hunger. All afternoon they sat on the Fence of Sighs thinking long thoughts.

Every half-hour Pastor groaned, "Unlucky guys are we!"

"Unlucky guys are we!" growled Nicanor, alias Phonograph.

At last the three criminals jumped off the fence and made promises energetic enough to warm the heart of the Directress.

The boys' conversion proved durable. Pastor came to excel on fields other than the vagabond's. In time the conquistador of former days became captain of a student regiment at military training and showed himself every inch a gentleman.

Victor set his heart on music. A few lessons made of him an accomplished organist who delighted tourists by his mastery of the famous bamboo organ. Soon he had recruited a body of musicians and organized a rhythmic orchestra with instruments of fortune — and glorious success.

As in time past, Nicanor remains referee for Pastor's and Victor's plans, saying yes or no as he sees fit. Though far behind the other two in imagination and initiative, he has a lot of fine traits in him.

Their reputation is now daily bettering. Pastor and Victor are among the best High School students. Nicanor, not so healthy and lagging behind a bit, reminds himself that "slow and steady wins the race." One smart thing about him is that he is a God-minded chap. Even during recess he runs off to church to follow his Hero on the Way of the Cross. When he grows to man's estate, his role it will likely be to approve or disapprove the doings of his nation. May he fulfill it according to the demands of justice and morality.

Pastor still needs a watchful eye upon him, though this in no way belittles his splendid qualities of leadership and rectitude.

Victor has made a pact with wisdom. Once, when asked why he had done such and such a misdeed, he answered humbly, "I don't behave that way any more in school." Why worry overmuch, then, if, when beautiful melodies enter in his window, he should feel like jumping out the same? It is a truth that when Sister Marie du Precieux Sang suggests he had better go join in the singing, like a hero he plunges into his algebra problems or whatever he may have been studying. Now it's all clear to him that life is no ball game. "Life is real, life is earnest," says he with the American poet.

And thus endeth to date the story of Three Wise Men, our contemporaries. Pastor, Victor, and Nicanor.

JAPANESE

KORIYAMA, JAPAN



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

(Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie de Megantic.)

Mr. Takagi doesn't understand how a Catholic can oversleep when God is willing to let his soul breakfast on the Body of His only-begotten Son.

Theory, you say; but what of practice? A few years ago this Christian gentleman used to get up at dawn, went to Mass, returned home to get his breakfast, and ate it on his way to work. As he had an hour's distance to ride, he likewise found time to recite his beads and read in his favorite Catholic book.

After two years of this courageous living, Mr. Takagi began to show signs of tuberculosis. No longer able to hear Mass daily, he sought comfort and spiritual joy in frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. As soon as his health began to improve, he offered to collaborate with the parish priest by teaching catechism and visiting the patients at the San. So convincing were the arguments he brought forth in announcing his beloved Catholic Faith, that several among the patients were led to embrace it and asked for the grace of baptism.

Tonics given at the dispensary gradually restored his health enough to enable him to return to work. This time, however, he was wisely advised to look for bed and board near his office, in order to eliminate the long morning rides. Now he boards at the Catholic rectory, where he finds time to help the parish priest in his apostolate.

Mr. Takagi comes to the dispensary now and then. Some time ago he told me, "In the parish where I live now, people don't visit the Blessed Sacrament as often as they do in Koriyama. I have to go to church for the hundreds who don't. I pour out my heart to God and pray for all who try to get along without Him and for all the needs of the Mystical Body of Christ."

As fervent as Mr. Takagi are the two young women teachers who, in the absence of the priest, go on an empty stomach all morning in order to receive Holy Communion when he returns at noon. Also in Japan, I have seen a woman sobbing because she was obliged to accompany her family to another town where she knew daily Communion would be impossible.

Such is, if I may coin a phrase, the "Pius X mentality" of Japanese converts. There are thousands who wouldn't understand any more than Mr. Takagi if you tried to dissuade them from frequent reception of God's great Gift.

F
E
R
V
O
R



THE HOUSEWIFE'S ROSARY

(First of a series of three features on the Mysteries of the Rosary. The average housewife and mother will find that meditating on the Mysteries is not so hard as she may have been telling herself. Meditation is simply heart-to-heart talking with God or the Mother of God.)

The Joyful Mysteries

The Annunciation

She was just a little, ordinary housewife like me. She washed and mended and dusted and cooked the meals for her carpenter husband. She wrote no books, made no conferences, created no social stir. She did humble, lowly chores, consecrating each one, making holy everything she touched.

Then something happened that changed her whole life. Gabriel came from highest Heaven with the most wonderful news that Christ yearned to take flesh of her flesh.

O Mother of God, I also have had my Annunciation Days, when it was "announced" to me that I should share in your glorious motherhood and give little brothers and sisters to your Boy. But a still greater privilege is offered to me in that I can mother Christ, form Him in the souls of my children. Then, surely, Mother of Christ, I shall be doubling for you. O Mary, make me worthy.

The Visitation

No sooner did Mary shrine the Son of God than she hastened over the hills of Juda to do good. God is charity! Like Jesus, Mary went about doing good, being kind, making others happy, with never a thought for herself.

O Mary, teach me your beautiful selflessness. Remind me that I am not my own, that I belong to everybody, that a mother is a mother inasmuch as she gives, and gives, and gives. Show me how to sing your *Magnificat* of thanks. And when the going is hard, Mother, take me by the hand and walk up the hill with me.



The Birth of Our Lord

AND she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger." The riches of divinity wrapped in the poverty of swaddling clothes!

Nativities I have known like you, Mary; there are birthdays of little "angels" I shall never forget. But never was there a stable and hay on which to lay tender baby limbs and gusts of wind to make them blue with the cold.

O Mother, I have told my darlings over and over about the birthnight of your Child. But there are other forsaken, forlorn children — nobody's darlings — who have never heard the story of Bethlehem. If you wish one of my precious dears to leave mother, home, and country behind and be God's missionary to them, with you I shall say my *Fiat*. Because you, Mother, have given us your Son, I am willing to give you mine.

Presentation in the Temple

The little Mother of the Savior went up the temple stairs to offer her Son to His Father. She saw the aged Simeon thrilling with joy because the Light of the Gentiles was in the temple. She went, too, for the first sword-thrust into her loving heart.

It seems that mothers can never be wholly happy; there are no roses without thorns, not even for the givers and bearers of life. But you, Mary, had more than thorns: a sword it was that gashed your heart seven times. O Mother, bless the little handful of thorns that will come my way. Bless them and lay them upon the Cross, that I may accept them, rather, welcome them as precious relics that have touched the Cross of Jesus Christ. Obtain for me grace to go the whole way for you and with a smile.

The Finding in the Temple

Dry your tears, Mother; your runaway Son is preaching in His Father's House, and the long-bearded rabbis are getting first-hand information from the Greatest Master of all time.

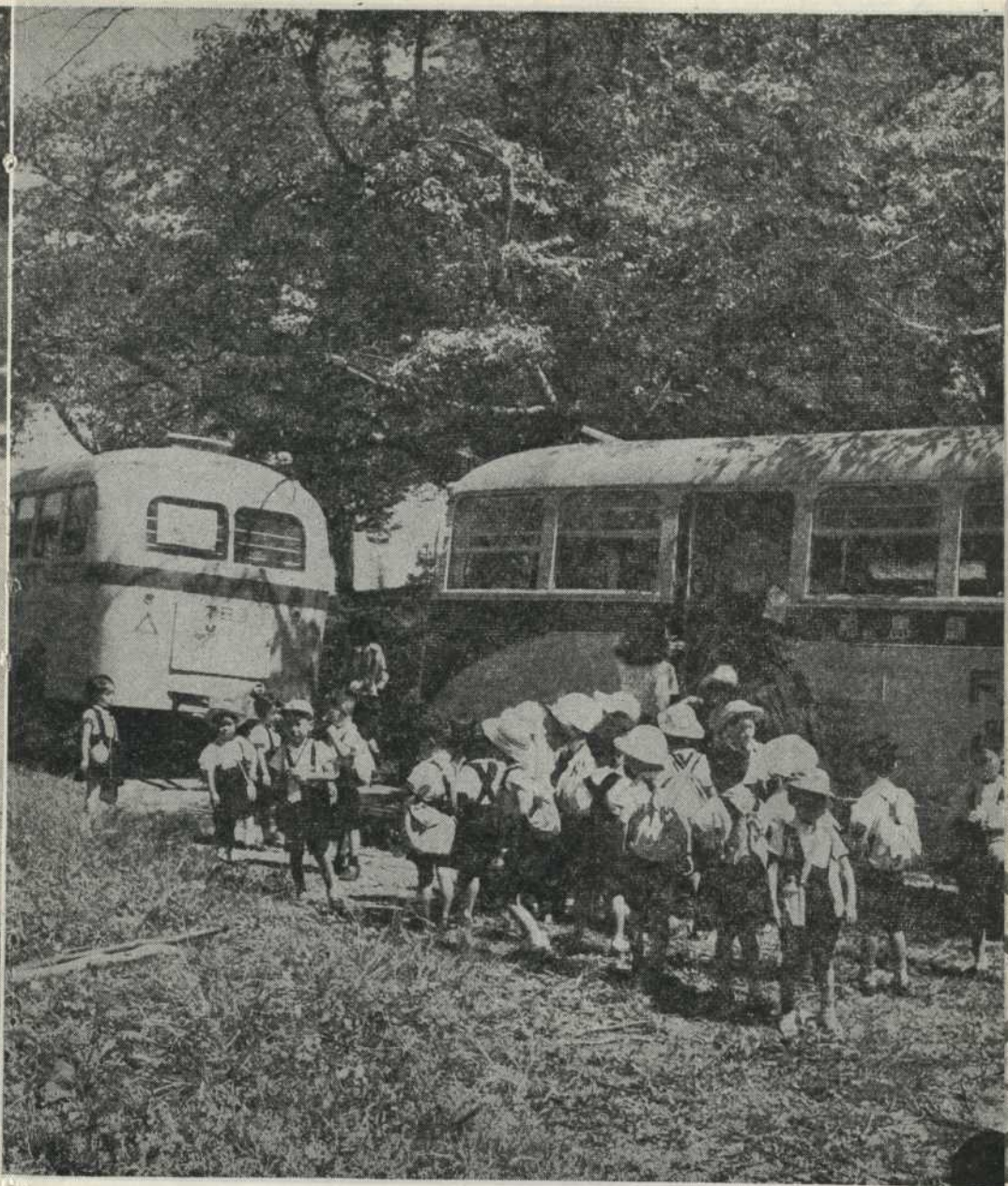
I understand your sorrow and your sobs in some small way at least, for I too, being a mother, have my own runaways, and sometimes I'm scared lest the police bring me some little dead bundle and tell me, "This is your son."

But, Mother of Christ, hear my prayer. May no children of mine, no other mother's children ever be runaways from the straight path of duty, from the Commandments, from the truths we try to teach them. May they never be runaways from your beloved Son, their Lord and their God.

And may all who have lost their God learn from you to seek Him sorrowing.



The Kindergarten Pupils, Koriyama, Japan, Set Out for Some Enchanting Nook.



Here the Bus Takes the Merry Group on Board. Enjoy Yourselves, Dears !

The White Headbands Serve to Tell Which Little Ranger Belongs to Which Group.



The Little Tots of Fair Japan Admire the Beauties of Nature.



*Games in the Open Have Whetted the Appetites, and the Merrymaking Party Pause
for Their Noonday Meal.
The White Headbands Serve to Tell Which Little Player Belongs to Which Group.*

WAKAMATSU, JAPAN



Convert-Making

Granddaughter

By Sister St. Elodie, M.I.C. (1)

Old Kimura has three loves: his granddaughter Shizuko, his daily morning outing, and his *sodan* (neighborly get-together for the purpose of discussing weighty problems and adopting workable resolutions therefor).

Though by no means an orphan, Shizuko has been staying with her grandparents as far back as she can remember. Her least desires as well as her greatest are respected to the point that nobody interfered much when she became a Catholic last year. As might be expected, though, there had to be a few get-togethers. Kimura explained to the clan that the baptism of the Catholics would fall like a spring shower upon that budding bit of wisdom; besides, if his granddaughter had made up her mind to embrace the Catholic religion, it meant that the Catholic religion was the best. Let Shizuko have her way; but he, Kimura, would stand by his Buddha as he had stood all his life. At his age, a man didn't go searching new gods.

Shizuko and her grandfather love nothing better than to go on long rambles in the early morning. They marvel at the sight of the majestic mountains shedding their flimsy gowns of mist and glittering in the bright sun. Then they clap their hands to see the flowers waking to the new day or the cherry blossoms falling in showers of rosy daintiness. Kimura knows the favorite haunt of the wistaria and can tell on what day the first lotus will bloom.

There came a Sunday, however, when Shizuko had no thought for lotus and cherry blossom. As she was now a Catholic and had to attend Sunday Mass, she suggested how nice it would be to go to the Catholic Mission instead

of to the beauty spots of nature. Out of courtesy Kimura accepted. In the strange house with no visible gods, he had soon made himself at home enough to enjoy a good hour's rest.

On all the Sundays that followed, before the little queen had time to express a wish the admiring escort declared, "We're going to the Catholic Mission this morning!"

Thus cautiously and perseveringly the true God was finding His way into the noble soul of the Buddhist grandfather. One day He wheedled Kimura into buying himself a prayerbook so that he might follow the priest during the Christian rites. A few days later, the old man began his prebaptismal instructions.

Kimura is solid gold. Not every Catholic can manage to hear Mass on weekdays; but this old gentleman of God, though only a catechumen, finds an hour for Him four or five mornings a week. On those occasions Shizuko turns the pages of Grandpa's prayerbook and indicates the correct line of the prayer, for Grandpa usually gets lost five or six times in one morning.

No more does he awake with vistas of cherry blossoms, wistaria, or lotus in his mind. Life has brought him something infinitely better. He can now converse with Almighty God.

Occasionally, he still loves to attend a *sodan*. Now that his angelic Shizuko has beaten a trail for him, he would so love to convert all his people to the one true God that the religious question is the one he brings up oftenest at the neighborly get-togethers.

Fare thee well, Kimura! And may the day come, in some cherry-blossom time, when a Marian *sodan* it will be with the recitation of the Marian Rosary!

Don't Push Mother Aside !

A young Chinese boy was listening to a Protestant missionary quote Chinese custom as an illustration of the reasonableness of her arguments: "On their wedding day, a Chinese bride and groom are carried in a gorgeous chair, covered with flowered silk. After this ceremony, the chair is relegated to the attic. So, too, with the Virgin Mary. She was no more than a splendid chair for the Heavenly Bridegroom, and after Christ's birth lost her glory. We Protestants, therefore, set Mary aside and do not wrongfully venerate her as the Catholics do."

The boy asked to be allowed to reply, and he spoke as follows: "Honorable lady, you have spoken most truly of our ancient custom. But I cannot possibly believe that where you come from, you seriously consider it right to treat your mother like a bridal chair. We in China would never dream of pushing our mother aside like a chair after she has given us life. And we Chinese Catholics love and honor Mary for what she is in reality, God's Mother, our Mother, and Heaven's Queen."

AGNES McENERY in the
Southern Messenger

JAPANESE ART

TOKYO, JAPAN

By Sister St. Vincent Ferrier, M.I.C. (1)

Dignified temples and tasteful palaces built along smooth, sober lines testify that the Japanese believe in the beauty of simplicity. Something of the artist's gift in discerning the beautiful and the graceful in all things slumbers in every Japanese soul, whether or not the person has had any aesthetic formation. He feels that the ideal life for a man is that of the artist who gives external expression to all the subjective qualities of beauty and goodness that emanate from his own interior. So strong a love for nature has he that his life is inseparably interwoven with all its phenomena. Nowhere else on earth perhaps are landscape gardens so cleverly arranged as to represent an enchanted land in deep mountains, a clear stream gamboling down a gorge. Of these gardens one might say that they are verdant extensions, poetic living rooms to the paper and bamboo-walled houses.

Certain traits of the Japanese character recall the Italians and the Provincials. Particularities of climate and resemblances of temperament have created similitudes in artistic expression. The artistic tendencies of Giotto and Fra Angelico are traceable in Buddhistic art. Italians would doubtless appreciate the sentiment emanating from the paintings of Eshin or from the works of the Takuma or Kasuga schools.

In one point, however, these peoples differ markedly. Italy, land of sunshine and brilliance, has stamped the work of its artists with imaginative and colorful vigor. Japan, land of silvery mists and overhanging fogs, has influenced the work of its artists in such a way that they enjoy painting vaporous landscapes in neutral colors.

Before he takes up his brush, the Japanese artist faithfully adheres to the Zen precept "to seek salvation by meditation and divine emptiness." He retires to some quiet nook, there to give himself up to contemplation. This may last, with intervals, from a few hours to several weeks or even months.

1. Isabelle ETHIER, Montreal.

the painter pondering over his subject and creating it, as it were, in his mind. When he decides that his internal meditation has lasted long enough, he begins meditating upon his canvas. Finally, he takes up his brushes only when his vision is clear and he knows exactly where to place every stroke. In their best artistic tendencies, the Japanese aim at reproducing nature after the individual spiritual conception of the artist.

Some time ago, I visited an exhibition of art at the Ueno Gallery. Some six hundred gouaches were on exhibit, besides four to five hundred oil paintings and aquarelles. Of these, only three had won prizes, and each one of these covered part of a wall. Only four or five were done in clearly Japanese style. Nearly all modern artists try to copy European art, without much inspiration, however. Most Japanese painters, who find difficult purely decorative work, excel in nature reproductions. Some of the canvasses exhibited lacked expression and color. There was only one religious subject, "The Nagasaki Ruins," and the figures in this were cold and expressionless; the drawing, however, was flawless.

At the sculpture exhibit, two hundred pieces could be admired. Nearly all the figures were stiff and inexpressive. Not much variety, but the four or five pieces which had won prizes were really worthwhile. The only piece with any religious inspiration was an enormous bas-relief, "Et lux perpetua." The screens had nothing remarkable, but the various coffers, flower vases, and knickknacks were done superbly.

In architecture, the Japanese seem to hold an instinctive repugnance for symmetry and regularity. They rely on the background of natural settings to offset the sober lines of their structures. Who can say that our own Western art would not gain from an imitation of the Japanese point of view in this

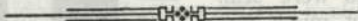




principle? For instance, would not the noble pile of Notre Dame of Paris be still further enhanced if placed at the foot of a gently sloping hill? However, tall trees planted too near the cathedral would spoil the effect of its Gothic elan.

Japanese architecture is simple but elegant, and in perfect good taste. Its principal beauty lies in the smooth, curving lines, the low, overhanging roofs, and the choice of timber. Japanese structures seem to blend perfectly with

the exquisite settings of placid lakes, gleaming cascades, and softly undulating hills. They borrow the soul of the picturesque scenery about them.



Heaven Is a Nursery

*...for only children and the
child-like will enter therein.*

The Christ Child — that name is a reminder of a lesson which should never be forgotten; Christ and the Child, these are the polar points around which the world must swing; these are the persons with first claim on love and service. Failing this, there is but death, death as a nation and, as individuals, death to grace for all eternity.

Sometimes we fall into the fallacy of thinking of eternity in adult terms. We think of the Gates of Heaven as large, massive, infinite in their elevation, overwhelming in their majesty. And, adults though we be, they awe and discourage us.

But we are wrong; the Gates of Heaven are tiny, low-arched and modest. They are scaled to the size of children, so that only the child-like, the lowly and humble can enter with ease through their portals. Christ told us that; it must be true.

So, we are adults. We are mature. We are as the expression goes, "grown-ups." It is hard to become children again, but perhaps if we work with children, if we are friends with them, we can walk with them through the Gates of Heaven, and be given a place, thanks to them, in the land of the children of God, where the angels are, the land of the Christ Child.

ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING, D.D.



MY FIRST COMMUNION CAME TO ME

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

One hundred and eighty-three First Communicants! One hundred were little children, and the others, adults varying in ages from thirty to eighty.

Some of the latter had had to study for months and months, so hard it is for old heads to learn new things, even the Good News of Redemption! No wonder the joy of achievement smoothed the deep wrinkles on tired old faces.

First Communion Day was prepared for by a two-day retreat, confessions, and fervent prayers to the Blessed Mother. Then, immediately before the distribution, Rev. Father P. Turcotte, O.M.I., received the First Communicants' pledge of unswerving loyalty to their Faith. With steady voice, right arm upraised, all promised to remain faithful to their religious duties. On the instant their First Communion left the altar and came to them; God chose as ciboria, hearts that hungered for Him.

Unfortunately, seven were missing at God's table. We felt very sorry for them when we heard it was only poverty that had kept them back. Had we only known sooner, it would have been a pleasure to look for something to wear in the treasures our Canadian benefactors have so kindly sent us for our needy poor.

1. Lea LECUYER, Montreal.

Following the impressive ceremony, some of the First Communicants gathered in one of our classrooms for breakfast, which was graciously presided over by our Reverend Pastor. As soon as the meal was over, Sister Superior tiptoed away in search of her camera, and click! the First Communicants had their blissfully happy smiles registered for ever and a day. What a thrill for their grandchildren, fifty years hence, to leaf through the old family album and see those smiles as fresh as if the camera had clicked the day before yesterday!



We are really sorry that our generous benefactors and friends cannot see with their own eyes how happy are these hearts from six to eighty-six. In the name of God, we thank them one and all.

May the Almighty and Merciful God bless you and comfort you today and every day, dear helpers of our Haitian undertakings, until we meet merrily in Heaven.



A missionary had fallen into the hands of cannibals and preparations for luncheon seemed to be taking an ominous turn. But he was not without resource.

"If you're going to eat me," he announced, "I must warn you that you won't like me." With this he took out his pocket-knife, sliced a piece from the calf of his leg, and handed it to the chief. "Try it, and see for yourself," he urged.

The chief took one bite, grunted, and spat it out.

The missionary remained on the island for fifty years. He had a cork leg.

THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS

A Seven-Year-Old Nun

(Though written over one hundred years ago, this delightful letter from a great priest to a little girl has lost none of its perennial charm. Little Lady Minna, daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, did become a real nun — and a Carmelite at that !)



To Lady Minna F. Howard.

My Dearest Minna:—

So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to be a nun!

Well now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut all your hair off, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No, not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so. "But, then," as you always, always say, — "*but, then*, I cannot wait so many, many years."

Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus, you need not wait. I will tell you how to be a nun at once, directly, in the Hotel Bellevue, and with the consent of papa and mamma. Now, I am sure this will both please and surprise you, and it will make V. open her eyes, and noisy M. be quiet.

How am I to be made a nun of directly? Sister Minna! Sister Minna!

What is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love no one else but Jesus, and to love Him always and very much; and to love everybody else — papa, mamma, sisters, brothers, Father Wilfrid, and all the world — because Jesus loves them so much. This is being a nun.

When Sister Minna likes her own will and loves her own way, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told, or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a nun.

But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh, so much, — so very, very much; and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more, then she is a nun, — a real, real nun. So you see you can be a nun whenever you like. O dear! how many questions this letter will make you ask!

And now, good-bye, dearest Minna! I pray the dear little Jesus in Mary's arms to take care of you, — the dear little Jesus, who is the great, great God, for all He is so little. O Minna! if the huge God could love you and me so much that He could become a little baby, helpless as Ethel was, for you and me, why do we not love Him ten hundred thousand million times more than we do? Get an answer ready for that question, Minna!

Yours most affectionately,

FREDERICK W. FABER



GAGALANGIN, MANILA

KINDERGARTEN

By Sister Therese de la Ste. Face, M.I.C.(1)

"Will I have patience enough for tomorrow?" That's the question I always ask myself a few minutes before supper as I view my topsy-turvy classroom.

Somehow, I always manage to be patient *today* with my regiment of sixty-nine tots of four going on five, but the thought of tomorrow often beats me to my knees begging the Great Teacher to put adult wisdom into baby brains.

When He comes to me in the morning as my Great Eucharistic Friend and bids me tell Him my worries, I am sometimes tempted to inquire whether He ever had sixty-nine elves to handle at the same time. It seems to me He never had, for blustering Peter would certainly not have allowed it any more than he would now nod approval did he know I have one less than seventy.

With so impressive a number, the first days could hardly be all rosy. As soon as I had succeeded in persuading a fond mother to trust her darling to me, another adoring parent would peek in to make sure her treasure was all smiles and no tears. Too, Daddy ushered himself in to give Junior enough pennies to live on for the day; Auntie wanted to see with her own eyes what progress her niece was making; the maid came back to tell me not to let Renato sit with Ernesto; Grandma warned that Danilo drinks coca-cola and nothing else; another old soul insisted that Cecilia should have her glass of milk at 10.15 sharp. If those aren't pinpricks for patience, what are?

First week and pinpricks gone, the babes and I soon became very good friends. Before long our friendship was so strong that we decided to share possessions and goods like the Christian people of long ago. However, cough-drops being scarce in Manila and I having to handle the class with various things, words included, I decided not to share my little supply of them.

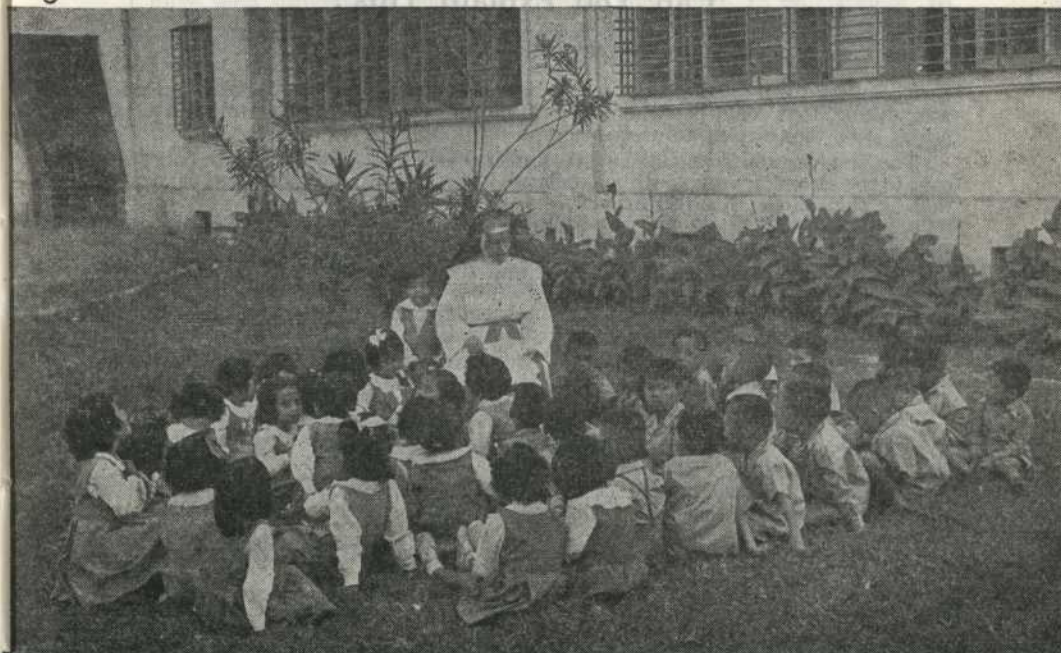
Can you guess what happened? While I wasn't looking, Alfonso grabbed my precious box and divided the cough drops among his pals!

Among his pals . . . is five-year-old Titus who wants to marry me, so he's told his mummie. A few days ago, still unaware of his intention, I bent down to whisper a timely admonition into his ear. Titus didn't cry. Titus didn't pout. Titus upturned his brown face and kissed me on the cheek. As I was protesting energetically with both hands, he grasped them in his own pudgy ones and planted a warm kiss on each. Wiser grown through experience, I now drop my reprimands from the height of my five feet and a fraction.

Alfonso, Titus, and all the class love their morning chat with Jesus and His Mother so much that it is a penance for them to miss it. After the chat we sing "Immaculate Mother" all together. It happens almost daily that half of the class cannot settle on the same note at the same time, but I believe

The Author of the Article (Therese LeBlanc, Moncton, N. B.)

With Some of the Sixty-Nine. Having No Written Proof, We Can Only Conjecture That It May Be Titus Sitting at Her Left.



that Our Blessed Mother has kind words of excuse for them. Way down deep in their loving hearts she sees that they want to make her happy with their singing.

Then, too, I think of us grownups, who so often strike false notes in our song of life. If we show mercy to her innocent babes, she will tell her Son that our false notes were not "on purpose."

Innocent babes I have called my Filipino tots; with as much reason I could have written "kings and lords," for in the Philippines parents love their children so much that they mostly let them have their own way. Hence, if we lead the children to Christ, they will win their families to Him; though we'd be slow to endorse Josephine's method of apostolate, for Josephine got angry and red in the face trying to convince her father that God deserves a "thank You" after meals. With more conservative tactics, another lass obtained for her two little Aglipayan brothers baptism in the Catholic Faith.

Now, while Josephine's father says grace before and after meals, I say, "Lord, give me patience for tomorrow. You know how it is in kindergarten. Sometimes I feel not even one-tenth as patient as the Rock You put under Your Church."

Can You Explain This ?

(This is a true story guaranteed by two priests)

There was the usual night bell in the bishop's residence where my brother, a priest was visiting, that could be switched to ring in the bedrooms of the various assistant priests, who took weekly turns at being on night call.

The first assistant, who had just completed his week, turned the responsibility over to the second, a very young and delicate-looking priest, who happened to mention that he planned to go to bed early.

A couple of hours later the first assistant and my brother decided to play one of their jokes. They crept out of their room and set off their alarm clock at the second assistant's door, letting it ring twice. From their room they soon saw him hurry down the three long flights of stairs to the front door, then heard him climbing up the steps again. The light stayed on in his room and they came out of hiding to tease him, only to find him hastily dressing for the street.

"Did you think it was a sick call?" the jokesters asked.

"It is a sick call," the priest answered.

"But it was only our alarm clock. We were playing a joke."

"There was a man at the door," he insisted. "Said he hadn't waited long, just the usual time after ringing."

The priests and my brother exchanged looks. The second assistant discredited their story until he checked the night bell. It was disconnected. He had forgotten to throw the switch.

THE EASTERN MESSENGER

Calling Potential Christophers

The Printed Page Speaks

A Thought for February, Catholic Press Month

I am the printed page. All power has been given to me to make the world or to mar it. I stir men to deeds of chivalry and women to beautiful, selfless living. I set youth dreaming glorious dreams and to maidens I whisper thoughts of cloistered consecration and complete surrender of self.

BUT — I can also be fodder for every sensual taste. I can spew distorted doctrines and false ideals. I can sow cockle to poison the minds of men, women, and little children. Bombs bring death to bodies, but I can slaughter souls.

Tremendous is my power, beyond all telling; and my power comes from *you*. You, writer, make me what I am. If you are perverse, I will pervert the world; if you are holy, I will beget a generation of saints.

I have seen subversives ready "to hunger and thirst, to go barefoot, to offer their flesh on a cross of nails in the great cause." And behold, a Greater Cause is here; the cause, not of the red god with the sickle in his hand, but of the God of Love who poured out His red blood for you and millions like you! It is your thoughts, your pen, your ink that can transfuse that Precious Blood into the anemic world in which you live, move, and have your being.

Catholic writers, arise! You can stir this planet — and God knows it needs stirring! You will be as the voice of one crying in the wilderness of materialism and sensuality. But your voice shall not die. I will see to it that it shall live. Someday, somewhere, it shall give life to dead bones.

I am the printed page. Without you I cannot be the champion of justice and the mouthpiece of truth. Without you I cannot spread the ungarbled revelation of Jesus Christ, cannot show how life must be lived beautifully and death prepared for beautifully.

The world and your pen are in your hands. Grasp that pen, write with faith, and the world will be better because you were born in it.

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



LA

CARIDAD

By Sister Marthe du Redempteur, M.I.C. (1)

LOS ARABOS, CUBA

The feast of the Cuban Madonna, Nuestra Senora de la Caridad, coincides with Our Lady's birthday on September 8.

Nuestra Senora has a beautiful story. In 1607, Juan and Rodrigo de Toyos left by boat with negro Juan Moreno to gather sea salt. When they reached the Bay of Nipe a fierce tempest arose compelling them to give up their project for the time being. With the return of fair weather they took to sea again. Suddenly they noticed an indistinct object floating out to them on the waves. Believing it to be an aquatic bird, the intrigued trio headed in its direction, and found to their astonishment that it was a statue of the Virgin Mary. In reverent hands they picked it up and read on the base: *Yo soy la Virgen de la Caridad* (I am the Virgin of Charity).

Overjoyed, the three mariners made haste for the shore, hugging to their hearts the precious treasure that had floated to them.

The hardy population welcomed the Virgin of Charity as a gift from Heaven. Soon they had erected a little hermitage, to which they flocked to pray to her. Down the centuries the field oratory underwent alterations, until it has now become the magnificent national sanctuary we know.

Cubans all have a tender love for the Virgin of Charity, who so graciously chose their island as her domain. Her feast, for which religious and civil authorities unite, is preceded by a novena and marked with a colorful procession. In Cuba, as you may know, processions are almost an eighth sacrament; and the Lady procession is no exception. Even those who neglect the novena do not miss the procession by any means.

1. Marie Marthe LAURIN, Beauharnois, P. Q.

Thus it happened that Los Arabos Church was packed to overflowing on the evening of September 8. Alas! so many do not yet understand that the church is a holy place where silence must be observed. Rev. Father de Charette (Padre Santiago to the Cubans) had asked us to sing a hymn, thereby hoping to stop the chattering, but a slim success we had.

And yet the majority would be offended were you to call their conduct uncatholic. *Si, Madre, muy religioso* ("Yes, Mother, my husband is a very good Catholic!") a lady once protested. Upon further inquiry, "No, he doesn't go to Mass on Sundays, but he is a very good Catholic, I tell you." What is it, then, to be a Catholic in Cuba? In many cases, simply to have been baptized in the Catholic Faith and to be faithful in attending all the processions that be.

Padre Santiago went up the pulpit, recited the Rosary and the Litany, then gave instructions for the procession.

The Colegio pupils walked in the lead, carrying lighted candles more distraction-than devotion-provoking, it seemed. The bearers of *banderas* grouped the faithful in sections; the Cuban flag floated not far from the banners of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Mother. Padre Santiago, riding in a vehicle provided with a microphone, related in brief the miraculous story of Our Lady of Charity. Unfortunately, the unceasing chatter drowned most of his words.

The young Catholic Actionists and our senior pupils led in the singing and prayers. Their success too was slender, but it could hardly be otherwise, considering the religious ignorance which prevails in so many minds, ignorance not altogether inexcusable when one remembers that Matanzas as a diocese has only forty priests for its five hundred thousand inhabitants, and had only twenty before the Canadian Fathers began their work there. Why be astonished, then, if the poor, truth-starved thousands do not see processions in their true light?

Sisters who were present at the September 8 procession last year say that this year's was remarkably pious and a real success. The Reverend Pastor is of the same opinion. After the Marian consecration which followed the procession, he congratulated his parishioners and said they had done things very well. He knows how potent are words of encouragement.

But Padre Santiago is an old hand in Cuban missions, while I have been here hardly a month. My mistake on September 8 was to compare the procession with the great religious manifestations which are held in my Catholic homeland. Now humbly I implore Nuestra Senora de la Caridad, beloved patroness of my adopted land, to pour into my heart that charity which understands all, excuses all, bears all, adapts itself to all persons and occasions, that all the Cubans may know and love the only true God and His Son who died for their salvation.

If I had never sinned, I never could call Christ "Saviour". Msgr. Sheen



A Novice Writes Her Thanks

Dear Mrs. D—,

There is no word in Webster's that can say just what I should like to say by way of thanking you as you deserve. Through your kind charity I have been enabled to set forth on that glorious adventure which is the religious life, and now that I am trying to live that life with a song in my heart and a smile on my lips, your generous gifts are still coming my way, still helping me to realize Girlhood's Highest Ideal.

The proverb goes that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." You are that friend, dear benefactress of mine, you whose kind heart has chosen to adopt a future Bride of Christ as your own little nun. Christ will pay you back a hundredfold for all your acts of charity.

It's wonderful to see one's girlhood dreams come true. All these last weeks, thoughts of our royal visitor Princess Elizabeth have been stealing into my meditation, and I tell myself how much more fortunate and honored I am in being betrothed to Christ, the King of Kings. With Mary my Queen Mother I sing my *Magnificat* to thank our loving God for the great things He has done and is doing for me and in me. Never shall I be able to thank Him as He deserves.

My canonical year is fast ending. I spent it studying the religious life, weaning myself from the world, trying to get all worldly tastes out of my system — and it's a job, let me tell you! Next year I shall go in training for the tasks and duties that await me on the mission field.

It will be a golden day for me when I can become Jesus' Bride through religious profession. You will come to see the Little Queen on that day, won't you?

If ever I cross the ocean and become a real missionary, it will be thanks to you. In your name I will baptize children, instruct prospective converts and new Christians; in your name I will lead Christ's Blessed Feet into pagan wildernesses. When God comes with the reward exceeding great, I'll tell Him to share fifty-fifty with you.

For the moment I try to be a stay-at-home missionary by offering prayers, work, sacrifices, joys, and everything else for God's apostles overseas. The missions need a home front, you know!

Christmas is coming. I hope yours will be very happy, also that the New Year will bring you every joy and blessing. As you kneel at the Crib of the Christ Child, do whisper a prayer for His Little Princess, that He may make her less unworthy of the Royal Wedding-to-be. In closing, I implore our beloved Immaculate Mother to obtain for you choice favors from her Precious Babe.

Sincerely yours in Mary,

SISTER MARY A—

Sunday Observance Week

JANUARY 27 TO FEBRUARY 3, 1952

The Voice From Rome

However beautiful the sanctuary of the family, it is not the church. Sunday must become once more the day of the Lord; Holy Mass must become the centre of Christian life, the most sacred food of physical relaxation and of Christian conscience. Sunday must be a day of repose in God, of adoration, of supplication, of thanksgiving; the day on which to make reparation for the sins committed during the preceding week and pray for enlightenment and strength for the coming seven days.

Sunday is the continual remembrance of the resurrection of Our Lord. On that day men must leave their factories, where it is difficult for their thoughts to ascend toward God. Sunday must become the day of physical rest and spiritual elevation. It may not be made a day of excessive sports or unbridled pleasures, for these exhaust and weaken more than the labor of week days, besides drawing away from God rather than leading to Him.

As the body has need of material bread for its sustenance, so has the soul need of a supersubstantial bread that will sustain, increase, and restore that strength which, at every age of a man's life, is necessary that he may persevere in the practice of virtue and achieve the mastery over his passions. On Sundays especially does the Church invite to this repast, for Sunday is pre-eminently the day of the Eucharist. Catholics have a serious obligation to hear Mass on Sundays. And yet, frequently, churches are deserted by the menfolk; only a few pious women are seen, mothers whose duty calls them as soon as possible to their home and children, pious servant girls who for a few moments leave their work and worries to find the strength that will bear them through the trials of their social condition.

It is not worthy of a Christian to consider himself dispensed, for a slight and insignificant motive, from the obligation of Sunday Mass. He would act otherwise had he a clear, deep, and ardent concept of the Eucharistic mystery.

POPE PIUS XII (*Unofficial English text*)



THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA

By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

"Early in the evening the king began to ask every few minutes, 'Isn't it nearly time for you to do as you promised?' 'It will soon be time,' we would tell him; and at last midnight came. Four candles were burning on the altar, others, fixed on the stake, were also lighted, and the lamps burned brightly. Father Chanel's vestments were really nice. He commenced by intoning the *Te Deum*, which we chanted from beginning to end. Then Mass began. We sang the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and every part that could be sung.

"About fifteen persons were present, assisting for the first time in their lives at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The novelty of the spectacle did not call forth any demonstrations which were distracting; we heard only some whispering, inevitable and excusable under the circumstances. Judging by appearances, they were satisfied with what they saw. Before morning the news had spread, and people came from every direction asking to see the decorated house, and begging Father Chanel to do over again, for their benefit, what he had done in the night. The second and third Masses were said with no strangers present, and then we put everything away." Father Chanel noted in his journal that after this a few people from different parts of the island were present nearly every time he said Mass. They came even from Singave, which is on the side belonging to the conquered king.

The journal referred to is of tremendous interest. Father Colin had recommended that each missionary should keep a journal, noting down all that he thought would interest or edify his brothers in Europe, or be useful for the guidance of others destined for the propagation of the Faith in western Oceania.

Life Without God

(A Poem)

A. C. in the
Providence Visitor

One book of Father Chanel's notes was lost. The first, which has been preserved, begins on December twenty-sixth, 1837, and ends December thirty-first, 1839; the second stops short on the twenty-second of April, 1841, six days before his martyrdom, and is stained with his blood.

In these precious pages he left an exact picture of his life in Futuna. In them he can be seen ever faithful to his rule, performing all his religious exercises with scrupulous exactness, saying Mass whenever it was possible, and noting down the times that he did so; laboriously studying the difficult language of the country,

and performing acts of most tender charity, day after day, with unwearied sweetness. He can be followed in his journeyings over every mile of the principal island and of little Alofi. He is to be seen in the huts of the poor and in the king's hardly more pretentious palace, close to the bedside of the dying, and mingling with noisy crowds of natives, everywhere profiting by all opportunities to preach Christ and Him crucified. Often his body burned with fever, his feet were torn and bleeding, his legs so swollen that he could hardly stand; but his zeal never faltered, his courage never failed. "God knows His own," he wrote, "and gives them superabundant happiness in the midst of tribulations." Sometimes he joyfully noted in the pages of his journal the baptism of a dying child. A soul safe forever! But when, in spite of his zeal, he reached a crib too late, what regret and sadness filled his heart!

When there was question of Father Chanel's beatification, the theologian charged with the examination of his writings, said of the journal, "His account, written not in a spirit of vainglory, but to urge himself on ever more and more by the remembrance of past work to the accomplishment of what was only begun, pictures in detail the trials and the difficulties he met with in his efforts for the conversion of the island; it testifies to the faith and charity with which he worked, and the fatigues which he supported to gain souls for Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, by reason of the perversity of the people and above all of the chiefs, during the three years and several months that he labored for the evangelization of Futuna, he succeeded poorly. Hardly forty-five persons were baptized, and nearly all of these were infants in danger of death, and he gathered about him but a handful of catechumens, although he employed every possible means and spared himself neither toil nor fatigue that the good seed might be sown. Unhappily, some of it fell by the wayside and it was trodden down; and some other fell upon a rock, and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it had no moisture. It fills the heart with joy to read how valiantly he supported the innumerable contradictions and trials to which he was subjected; with what invincible courage he bore contempt, the pangs of hunger, and frequent peril of his life, especially in those last months when he had lost the king's favor and his persecution had begun."

This theologian closed his remarks with these words: "A man truly apostolic, who, saying good-bye to every joy and honor the world could offer, refusing to be held by his love for his mother, his friends or his country, devoted himself for the sake of eternal life to all that religion holds up as most sublime and most difficult. He allowed no labor to frighten, nor adversity to dishearten him. Danger, suffering, contradiction, and bodily weakness never for one moment discouraged him. He bent every energy to the gaining for Jesus Christ, by the light of the Gospel, souls seated in darkness and in the shadow of death. He worked like a good soldier and his reward did not fail him. In short, he merited the grace to seal with his blood the faith which he had preached."

On Father Chanel's writings the same report gives this verdict: "Every word is not only in perfect accord with Catholic teaching, but shows in the servant of God a high degree of piety, of faith and hope, of charity towards God and man, and above all, of ardent zeal for the propagation of the religion taught by Jesus Christ. The reader is lost in admiration when he sees with what transports of love this apostolic priest betrays these virtues in the letters which he wrote to his superior and his brothers of the Society of Mary, both during the long journey to Oceania and while he was at work among the barbarians."

Unable to preach during his first months in Futuna, because of his ignorance of the language, Father Chanel prayed the more. As Father Bataillon wrote, "It grieved him to know that he was almost the only one to invoke God's name in that land given over to devil-worship. Gazing over the lovely, flower-decked island and beyond it at the ocean stretching as far as his eye could see, he loved to open his breviary and recite or chant the canticle of the three young Hebrews in the furnace, 'Let the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all things that are in them, bless Thee. And praise Thee and glorify Thee forever.' He had a great love for this canticle, which animates all nature and makes the stars of the heavens and the wonders of the earth to unite in praising God. He hoped by saying it often to drive the devil from beautiful but sin-stained Futuna and hasten the day when he might rejoice over souls pure in God's sight."

There was a devotion which he had always loved too dearly to neglect it in his difficult mission: the recitation of the Rosary. His beads were nearly always in his hand, and as he passed back and forth, through the valleys and over the hills of Futuna, he said them unceasingly. Long afterward a vicar apostolic of central Oceania said, "The old Futunians who saw Father Chanel in their youth say that his beads were ever in his hand, as he walked through the villages. He seemed to be sowing everywhere the seed of his Hail Marys." If the labors and interruptions of the day had left him little time to satisfy his devotion he would not go to bed without reciting at least five decades.

One day he was returning from Singave and the tide outstripped him. "I tried to get home by crossing a mountain and soon lost my way," he noted in his journal. (1) "There was no path. I had to climb and let myself down in dangerous places. I

1. March 9, 1838.

owe it to the Blessed Virgin that I did not descend by a way that would have meant certain death. It took me three hours and a half to make a distance that should have been covered in a third of that time." Brother Mary Nizier added, "He reached home about eight o'clock in the evening, so bruised and exhausted that he said — though with his habitual gaiety — 'Never before did I have such a day as this! You say the beads; I haven't strength enough, but I will make the responses.' I had to awaken him for each 'Holy Mary.'"

(To be continued)

GEMS From Katete

A little black boy who will soon be a Catholic lost his cross one day and came to offer his services in return for a few pennies with which to buy another.

"Sister, I don't like to sleep all alone!" he said.

Thirty other boys in the bush dormitory were not enough. He wanted a boy's Best Pal — Jesus.

* * *

Sister Superior. — Tell me about your little friend in the village. Is she bright?

Pupil. — Oh, *Amayi Mulala*, of course she is! She is just like me.

* * *

I had explained the Creed with, as I thought, good success. "See here, *Paweme* (this boy's name is 'I'll be seeing you'), who is Pontius Pilate?"

"Pontius? Pontius is an animal," he blurted.

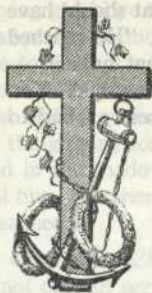
* * *

At the arithmetic lesson I wanted to know how many are four times two. "*Quatre na two?*" I asked.

No answer. Big black eyes stared at me. Twice I repeated the question before I realized I had used three languages for the simple little problem.

"*Cinayi na ciwiri?*" This time it was Citumbuka, and the class understood. Quick as a flash of lightning came the answer.

Our Beloved Dead



Rev. Father Onesime Lacouture, S.J., SAULT AU RECOLLET, uncle of our Sister St. Philomene; Rev. Father Gustave Jean, S.J., MONTREAL; Rev. Mother Marie de la Misericorde, Monastery of the Ursulines, STANSTEAD, sister of our Sister Marie de l'Assomption; Rev. Sister Marie Blanche Yvonne, Sisters of St. Ann, LACHINE; Mrs. Emile Parrot, MONTREAL, mother of our Sister St. Monique; Mrs. Joseph Foisy, WATERLOO, mother of our Sister St. Bernardin de Sienna; Mrs. Wilfrid Tessier, ST. BONAVENTURE, mother of our Sister Marie du Crucifix; Mr. Joseph Rondeau, ST. ELIZABETH DE WARWICK, father of our Sister Joseph de la Providence; Mr. Arthur Desilets, MONTREAL, father of our Sisters St. Jean Bosco and St. Louis d'Anjou; Mr. L. Lamarre, MONTREAL, brother of our Sister Marie des Martyrs; Mrs. Emile Mailloux, SWEETSBURG, sister of our Sister Marie de l'Assomption; Mrs. Hector Brunel, PAWTUCKET, R.I., sister of our Sister St. Lucille; Mr. Gregoire Bedard, ST. DAVID, brother of our Sister Marie Immaculata; Miss Marie Louise Cote, Mr. Cornelius McGee, Mr. Joseph Isabelle, Miss G. Leclerc, Mrs. Joseph Maheu, Mr. H. Roy, Mr. C. Maisonneuve, Mrs. A. Terreault, Mr. A. Cunningham, Mr. M. Clark, Mrs. L. Bedard, MONTREAL; Mrs. J. Baldwin, OUTREMONT; Mr. G. Michaud, VIAUVILLE; Mr. N. Plouffe, ABORDA-POUFFE; Mr. F. Dufour, Mr. Kavanagh, VERDUN; Miss G. Guerin, LAPRAIRIE; Mr. A. Beaulieu, Mrs. L. Gravel, NAPIERVILLE; Mr. P. Poissant, ST. EDOUARD; Mr. M. Labelle, LAVAL DES RAPIDES; Mrs. I. Sicotte, Mr. E. Riel, DELSON VILLAGE; Mrs. I. Lefebvre, CARILLON; Mrs. R. Menard, TERREBONNE; Mr. A. Valiquette, VILLE JACQUES CARTIER; Mrs. G. Larivee, Mrs. A. de Senneville, CHAMBLY BASSIN; Mr. C. A. Pelletier, CHAMBLY CANTON; Mrs. Leopold Savoie, ST. LUC; Mrs. Ulric Dupre, ST. HILAIRE; Mr. C. Levesque, ROXTON FALLS; Mrs. A. Gauvin, ST. HYACINTHE; Mrs. A. Maheu, GRANBY; Miss H. Gerard, Mr. J. Desroches, ST. JEAN DE MATHA; Mr. F. X. Turcotte, ST. BARTHELEMY; Mrs. L. Perreault, Mrs. A. Trudel, ST. ROCH DE L'ACHIGAN; Mr. E. Blais, BERTHIERVILLE; Mrs. H. Wolfe, ST. ESPIRIT; Mrs. A. Racicot, SOREL; Mr. A. Loranger, ST. MAURICE; Mrs. E. Loisele, Mr. A. Valiquette, MONT LAURIER; Mrs. O. Labelle, Mrs. N. Cyr, Mr. L. Lacourse, Mr. J. T. Moore, Mr. A. Pilon, Mrs. R. Gauthier, Mrs. Z. Brosseau, MANIWAKI; Mr. A. Charette, BOIS FRANC; Mr. L. Lacroix, MONTCEF; Mrs. O. Leveille, MONT ST. MICHEL; Miss E. Lanthier, MONT ROLLAND; Mr. J. Guerin, PORT AUX QUILLES; Mr. Victor Poulin, ST. BENOIT LABRE; Mr. L. Patry, MONTMAGNY; Miss B. Paradis, LEVIS; Mrs. J. T. Demers, ST. EMELIE DE LOTBINIERE; Mrs. A. Fafard, QUEBEC; Mrs. Louis Alain, ST. RAYMOND; Mr. Michel Parent, TROIS PISTOLES; Mrs. Emile Dionne, MONT JOLI; Mr. R. Laplante, Mrs. A. Beaulieu, N. D. DU LAC; Mrs. J. Dufour, ST. NOEL; Mrs. J. M. Harvey, CAUSAPASCAL; Mr. W. Ducas, ST. BENOIT DE PACKINGTON; Mrs. M. Morin, Mrs. H. Lebel, ST. ROSE DU DEGELE; Mr. R. Pelletier, ST. DONAT; Mrs. N. St. Laurent, Mr. G. Fournier, ST. ANACLET, Mr. R. Ross, RIMOUSKI; Mrs. L. Fortin, ST. MARCELLIN; Mr. Charles McCormac, Mrs. Ann McCormac, Mrs. Gerard Cote, SALEM, MASS.; Mr. Albert Cote, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.; Mrs. Anna Plasse, WOONSOCKET, R. I.; Mrs. Margaret A. Hutch, MARLBORO, MASS; Mrs. Margaret Sagrue, LOWELL, MASS.

Mass is celebrated once a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for deceased subscribers to **The Precursor** and all deceased benefactors.

WINSOR & NEWTON
Artists' Materials

FOR

Commercial & Educational Purposes

Hughes - Owens

1440 McGill College Ave. Montreal

Complete ASBESTOS Service



Whether you require asbestos cement building products — asbestos insulation products — asbestos packings — etc. — call Atlas Asbestos First.

Atlas Asbestos
Co. Limited

Montreal, Que.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.



MURESCO

The Ideal
Wall Finish

18 colors
and white



Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd.

141 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Ask your grocer for

OGILVIE OATS

● They Taste Better

● They ARE Better!

Buy from
D. FURLONG JR.

Butcher and Licensed Grocer

5385 GATINEAU Cote des Neiges

*High Class Meats and Poultry
Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables*

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY

TEL. AT 1108

7492, Ave. Bloomfield

CA. 4824

Mrs. Dolores LeBlond

Registered **Spencer** Corsetiere

21 years experience

Study of your figure

*Medical and surgical supports,
individually designed.*

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q.
Novitiate, Pont Viau, Montreal 9, P. Q.
Outremont, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8, P. Q.

Chinese Hospital,
112 Lagauchetiere St. W.,
Montreal 1, P. Q.
Nomingue, Labelle County, P. Q.

Rimouski, P. Q.
Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.
Quebec, 651 St. Cyrille Street.
Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,
236 Campbell Street.
Vancouver, General Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
Three Rivers, 466 Bonaventure Street.
Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.
Granby, 279 Main Street.
Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.
St. Marie, Beauce County, P. Q.
St. Johns, P. Q., 430 Champlain Street.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

Canton, 135 Tai San Road.
To Kom Hang, Postal address:
135 Tai San Road, Canton, China.
Shameen, Canton.
Shek Lung, near Canton.
Kowloon, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.

MANCHURIA

Szeping kai, Catholic Mission.
Paitchengtze, Catholic Mission.

JAPAN

Koriyama, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
Wakamatsu, 480 sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu.
Tokyo, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,
Setagaya ku.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, 1111 Narra Street.
Manila, Galangin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo.
Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti.
Les Coteaux, Haiti.
Roche-a-Bateau, Haiti.
Port Salut, Haiti.
Camp Perrin, Haiti.
Mirebalais, Haiti.
Limbe, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Marti, Iglesia Paroquial,
Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete P.O.,
Nyasaland, B.E. Africa.
Mzambazi, Mzimba P.O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Njakwa P.O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.
Karonga Mission, Karonga P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. E. Africa.
Kaseye Mission, Fort Hill P. O.,
Nyasaland, B.E. Africa.

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.