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THE PRECURSOR

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THE PRECURSOR	IN THIS ISSUE
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Bimonthly magazine of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q., Canada.	<i>Victory Through Mary</i> 49 <i>Encyclical Evangelii Praecones</i> 51 <i>Mission Intentions</i> 57 <i>SESI</i> 58 <i>Pedernalez</i> 61 <i>The Housewife's Rosary</i> 64 <i>Tie-the-Knot Week</i> 66 <i>Message From Mirabalais</i> 69 <i>Calling Potential Christophers</i> 71 <i>Prayer to Our Lady of Japan</i> 72 <i>Welcome to the Archbishop</i> 74 <i>Fiesta Under the Rain</i> 76 <i>In Our Mail</i> 78 <i>Heaven in Haiti</i> 81 <i>I Don't Like Monkeys</i> 83 <i>Our Novitiate</i> 87 <i>Why I Love God</i> 89 <i>The Martyr of Futuna</i> 91 <i>Our Beloved Dead</i> 96
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COVER PICTURE Our cover picture this month shows a young Japanese girl in national costume. Fides News Service reports that conversions are steadily increasing in the Land of the Rising Sun. The dead of Nagasaki have not given their lives in vain.	



VICTORY

THROUGH

MARY

RUMPHI, Northern Nyasaland

By Sister Bernadette de France, M.I.C.(1)

When you knock at Heaven's door, don't ask for Ednasi. She went to God with a name as old as Eden, as new as her baptism — Mary.

This is how it happened. Ednasi, twelve, was the daughter of a government official. One Sunday morning both arrived at the dispensary, he on a bicycle, she strapped to his back, a wisp of a girl extremely weak and in great pain. It did not take Sister St. Justinien(2) long to diagnose acute meningitis, not infrequent among people of the black race.

"Your child is very ill," said Sister.

Disconsolately the worried father jumped astride his bicycle and streaked for home.

Sister finding Ednasi very low the next morning began to tell her about Heaven and the joys that would be hers in a happier land. The dear lass, she soon learned, had already been baptized in the Free Church.

But nothing ventured, nothing won. That very day Reverend Father Superior called on the family. The meeting was kind and cordial until he

1. Bernadette DUMAS, St. Anselme de Dorchester.

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

touched the topic foremost in his mind; the parents were adamant, objecting that should their daughter recover they could never break step with their sect and have her educated the Catholic way. A knotty point it was. All his reasonings falling like seed in stony soil, Reverend Father had almost given up when Sister St. Justinien came on the scene with a remedy hitherto untried. In the interim, a neighbor arrived unannounced and started to prod the stubborn dad.

"Why should you worry about Ednasi's schooling?" he bellowed. "Ednasi is lost to you. She will never go to school, Catholic or otherwise. It's about her eternal happiness you should be concerned."

Dead silence. Bitter arguments were churning in the father's mind, for the serpent who lied in the Garden of Eden is not through lying. But neither is the Immaculate One who crushed his head tired of defending her children. Finally, the poor confused parent said, "Father, you may baptize my daughter so she will be happy for all eternity."

In less than an hour, the soul of Ednasi — now Marya — had soared to God's arms. Reverend Father Superior and the Sisters, though sorry for the bereaved family, rejoiced at the thought that Marya had now become their intercessor in Heaven.

Some time later, Sister St. Justinien and I made a sympathy call on the family. As we neared the house, we heard the men singing a Protestant hymn, while the women sat wailing and sobbing. The singing and lamentations, hushed during our visit and prayers, were resumed as soon as we had left. Marya's father, his eyes swimming in tears, patted the little lifeless shoulders. "I know she is happy. I know your God is good. But all the same I suffer much inside."

In Rumph, souls must be wrested thus one by one from the devil. Seven religions have been introduced into our region, namely, the Free Church, the High Church of Scotland, the High Church of England, the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Witnesses of Jehovah, the National Church, and our beloved Catholic Faith. What can the poor credulous Blacks do but fall for the first creed that comes along? Having tried one religion after another, they finally slip into indifference and become doubly hard to convert. Many who sincerely believe that the Catholic way of life is the best, are afraid of the sacrifices it demands.

Reader friends, sons and daughters of the Woman who crushed the head of the serpent, please help us with your prayers. Thus will the God who placed enmities between the Immaculate Virgin and the gates of hell become, through His own grace and our human efforts, King and Lord in an ever-increasing number of souls.

ENCYCLICAL



EVANGELII PRAECONES

Heralds of the Gospel

(Continued)

Social Justice

Charity, indeed, can remedy to a certain extent many unjust social conditions. But that is not enough. For in the first place there must be justice, which should prevail and be put into practice.

Apropos of this, We might cite Our words to the College of Cardinals and the Bishops at Christmastide, 1942: "The Church has condemned the various forms of Marxist Socialism; and she condemns them again today, because it is her permanent right and duty to safeguard men from fallacious arguments and subversive influence that jeopardize their eternal salvation. But the Church cannot ignore or overlook the fact that the worker, in his efforts to better his lot, is opposed by a machinery which is not only not in accordance with nature, but is at variance with God's plan and with the purpose He had in creating the goods of the earth.

"In spite of the fact that the ways they followed are false and to be condemned, what Christian, and especially what priest, could remain deaf to the heartfelt cries that call for justice and a spirit of brotherly collaboration in a world made by a just God? Such silence would be culpable and unjustifiable before God, and contrary to the inspired teaching of the Apostle, who, while he inculcates the need of resolution in the fight against error, also knows that we must be full of sympathy for those who err, and give due consideration to their arguments, encourage and help them... The dignity of the human person then, speaking generally, requires as a natural foundation of life the right to the use of the goods of the earth.

"To this right corresponds the fundamental obligation to grant private ownership of property, if possible, to all. Positive legislation, regulating private ownership, may change and more or less restrict its use. But if legislation is to play its part in the pacification of the community, it must see to it that the worker, who is or will be the father of a family, is not condemned to an economic dependence and servitude which is irreconcilable with his rights as a person.

"Whether this servitude arises from the exploitation of private capital or from state absolutism, the result is the same. Indeed, under the pressure of a state which dominates all and controls the whole field of public and private life, even going into the realm of personal opinions, projects and beliefs, the loss of liberty is so great that still more serious consequences can follow, as experience proves."

Welfare Societies

To you, Venerable Brethren, who labor so well in the Catholic mission fields, is given the task of carefully putting these ideals and aims into practice. Ever keeping in mind special circumstances and varying conditions of time and place, take counsel together in your Bishops' meetings, in your synods and other gatherings, and strive by all possible means to establish those social welfare associations, organizations and societies which the present time and the modern mind seem to demand. Your pastoral office certainly requires this, lest the flock entrusted to you be led astray from the right path by passion and by new errors disguised as truth and justice. In this task let the missionaries who are your able cooperators distinguish themselves in promoting this apostolate. Thus they can be sure that it will not be said to them: "The children of this world are wiser . . . than the children of light." It will, moreover, prove helpful if they, whenever possible, gather round themselves qualified Catholic laymen of outstanding character and practical ability, who can take up and advance these works.

In former times the vast missionary field was not limited within the set confines of various ecclesiastical territories, nor was it entrusted to different religious institutes to be worked along with a growing native clergy. This, as all know, generally obtains today. It even sometimes happens that some mission territories are entrusted to the members of a particular province of a religious institute. We see the utility of this, of course, since by this method the organization of Catholic missions is conveniently facilitated.

This arrangement, however, may give rise to serious inconveniences, which must be remedied as far as possible. Our predecessors have touched this point in the Letters which We have already referred to. In this matter they have laid down wise norms. We repeat them here and ratify them, paternally exhorting you "to accept and comply with them religiously, in keeping with your well known zeal for religion and the salvation of souls."

"In those territories which the Apostolic See has entrusted to your zeal to be won to Christ our Lord, it sometimes happens, since they are often very extensive, that the number of missionaries each of you has from his own religious institute is far less than what is needed. In similar circumstances, even in fully established dioceses, additional priests, Brothers and Sisters from different religious families come in and help the Bishop. So, too, in the missions, do not hesitate to summon to your aid as your co-workers missionaries, who are not of your own religious family, whether they be priests or belong to lay institutes. They can be called in to help in spreading the Faith, to educate the native youth, and to engage in other missionary activities. Let religious orders and congregations take legitimate pride in the foreign missions entrusted to them, as well as in the harvest of souls so far won for Christ's Kingdom. But let them remember that they have not received their portion of the Lord's vineyard by a kind of private title in perpetuity. Rather they hold it at the will of the Holy See, whose right and responsibility it is to see that it is fully developed. The Roman Pontiff does not fulfill his apostolic duty merely by portioning out larger or smaller mission territories among different religious institutes. What is more important, he must make it his continual and anxious care that these institutes send into the territories entrusted to them missionaries sufficient in numbers and especially in apostolic quality to preach the Gospel successfully throughout the whole territory."

Native Culture

Another end remains to be achieved; and We desire that all should fully understand it. The Church, from the beginning down to our own time, has always followed this wise practice: let not the Gospel on being introduced into any new land destroy or extinguish whatever its people possess that is naturally good, just or beautiful. For the Church, when she calls people to a higher culture and a better way of life, under the inspiration of the Christian religion, does not act like one who recklessly cuts down and uproots a thriving forest. No, she grafts a good scion upon the wild stock that it may bear a crop of more delicious fruit.

Human nature, though, owing to Adam's fall, it is tainted with original sin, has in itself something that is naturally Christian; and this, if illumined by divine light and nourished by God's grace, can eventually be changed into true and supernatural virtue.

This is the reason why the Catholic Church has neither scorned nor rejected the pagan philosophies. Instead, after freeing them from error and all contamination she has perfected and completed them by Christian revelation. So likewise the Church has graciously made her own the native art and culture which in some countries is so highly developed. She has carefully encouraged them and has brought them to a point of aesthetic perfection that of themselves they probably would never have attained. By no means has she repressed native customs and traditions but has given them a certain religious significance; she has even transformed native feast days and made them serve to commemorate the martyrs and to celebrate mysteries of the faith.

In this connection, St. Basil says very well: "Just as dyers prepare the material to be dyed by certain processes beforehand and only when this has been done do they color it with purple or some other color: likewise if the unfading glory of the just is to be ours for all time, we shall first be prepared by these external rites and then we shall master the teachings and mysteries of Faith. When we become accustomed to looking at the reflection of the sun in the water, we shall turn to gaze upon the sun itself... Certainly the essential function of a tree is to produce fruit in season; still the foliage that its branches also bear serves to adorn it. In the same way the primary fruit of the soul is truth itself; but the garb of natural culture is a welcome addition, just as leaves provide shade for the fruit and add to its beauty. Thus Moses, a man of the greatest renown for his wisdom, is said to have come to the contemplation of Him Who is, only after being trained in Egyptian lore. So later the wise Daniel is said to have been first schooled in Babylon in the wisdom of the Chaldeans, and only then to have come to know Divine Revelation."

We ourselves made the following statement in the first encyclical letter We wrote, *Summi Pontificatus*: "Persevering research carried out with laborious study, on the

Daily Mission Prayer

O God, Who would have all men come to a knowledge of the truth and gain eternal life; increase, we beseech Thee, the number of laborers who gather in the world-wide harvest of souls; inspire them with confidence in the preaching of Thy Holy Word so that Thy saving Gospel will be more widely spread and highly revered and all nations may come to know Thee, the One True God, and Him Whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost forever and ever.
(From the Missal) Amen.

N.B. Cut this out for your prayerbook. Say it again and again, and you will be doing something constructive to bring the whole world to the feet of Christ.

part of her missionaries of every age, has been undertaken in order to facilitate the deeper appreciative insight into the various civilizations and to utilize their good qualities to facilitate and render more fruitful the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Whatever there is in native customs that is not inseparably bound up with superstition and error will always receive kindly consideration and, when possible, will be preserved intact."

And in the discourse which We gave in 1944 to the directors of the Pontifical Missionary Society, We said: "The herald of the Gospel and messenger of Christ is an apostle. His office does not demand that he transplant European civilization and culture, and no other, to foreign soil, there to take root and propagate itself. His task in dealing with these peoples, who sometimes boast of a very old and highly developed culture of their own, is to teach and form them so that they are ready to accept willingly and in a practical manner the principles of Christian life and morality; principles, I might add, that fit into any culture, provided it be good and sound, and which give that culture greater force in safeguarding human dignity and in gaining human happiness. Catholic inhabitants of missionary countries, although they are first of all citizens of the Kingdom of God and members of His great family, do not for all that cease to be citizens of their earthly fatherland."

Our Predecessor of happy memory, Pius XI, in the Jubilee Year 1925, ordered a great missionary exhibition to be held; he described its striking success in the following words: "It seems almost a miracle, which gives us a new experimental proof of the vital unity and harmony of the Church of God among all nations . . . Indeed, the Exhibition was and still is like a mission encyclopedia."

From a desire to make known as widely as possible the outstanding merits of missionary endeavor, more especially in the field of culture, We also ordered that during the past Holy Year, a large number of exhibits be collected, and We appointed, as you know, that they be shown publicly near the Vatican, in order to demonstrate clearly how missionaries have introduced Christian civilization into nations of advanced and less advanced culture.

This has demonstrated how much the work of the preachers of the Gospel has contributed to the development of the fine arts and of university studies. It has shown also that the Church is no obstacle to the native talent of any nation, but rather perfects it in the highest degree.

We thank the Divine Goodness that all enthusiastically welcomed and encouraged this undertaking, which clearly proved that the missions are increasing and developing in influence and importance. Thanks to the activity of the missionaries, the Gospel spirit has been able so to imbue the minds of peoples of different customs, living in widely separated regions, that it has borne eloquent testimony of a new flowering of the fine arts. Once again it has been proved that the Christian Faith, when cordially accepted and lived, is the one thing capable of inspiring the finest works of art, which works redound to the praise of the Catholic Church and lend beauty to Divine worship.

Missionary Union of the Clergy

You no doubt remember how warmly the encyclical letter *Rerum Ecclesiae* recommended the Missionary Union of the Clergy, whose object is to unite the combined energy of clergy, secular and regular, and of ecclesiastical students in furthering the cause of the missions in every possible way. Having had the happiness to witness the success of the Union, as We have mentioned, We earnestly desire that it increase and spread ever more widely and arouse both priests and people to work ever more zealously for the cause of the missions. This Union is the source from which depends the success of the other Pontifical Societies of the Propagation of the Faith, of St. Peter Apostle for Native Clergy, and of the Holy Childhood.

There is no need for Us at present to dwell on the importance, necessity and outstanding merits of these societies, which Our Predecessors have enriched with numerous

indulgences. We fully approve that the faithful be asked to contribute generously, especially on Mission Sunday. But We desire first and foremost that all pray to Almighty God, that they help those called to missionary work, and that they join and promote as much as possible the Pontifical Societies We have mentioned.

You are quite aware, Venerable Brethren, that We recently instituted a special children's festival to help the Society of the Holy Childhood with prayers and alms. These little children of Ours are thus accustomed to pray earnestly for the salvation of the infidel; and may it be the means of sowing the seed of a missionary vocation in their innocent hearts and of fostering its growth.

Besides, a tribute of well deserved praise must be paid to the Society which has been providentially founded to provide missionaries with what they need for the sacred ministry. We also express Our paternal approval of those societies of women who so usefully devote themselves to making vestments and altar linen. And, finally, We declare to all Our beloved priests of the whole Church that the work done by the faithful for the salvation of the infidel produces splendid results by way of renewing their own faith; and an increase of virtue keeps pace with an increase in missionary zeal.

We should not like to conclude this encyclical letter without addressing Ourselves earnestly to the clergy and all the faithful to express to them particularly Our warm gratitude. We understand that this year also there is a great increase in the generous help and support given by Our children to the missions. Your charity can certainly be employed in no better cause since it is thus destined to propagate the Kingdom of Christ and to bring salvation to so many still outside the Fold. It is the Lord Himself Who "gave . . . to everyone of them commandment concerning his neighbor."

In this connection the warning which We gave in Our letter to Our beloved son, Peter Cardinal Furnasoni Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, on August 9, 1950 We should like to inculcate once again in view of the new danger that now threatens: "Let all the faithful . . . continue in their determination to support the missions, multiplying their activities on their behalf, ceaselessly praying fervently to God for them, aiding missionaries and providing for their needs as far as they can."

Mystical Body of Christ

The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, in which "if one part is suffering, all the rest suffer with it." Hence, since many of these members today are being tortured and maltreated, it is the sacred duty of the faithful to be united with them in a sincere and deep sympathy. In some parts of the missions the scourge of war has mercilessly razed to the ground churches and mission stations, schools and hospitals. To restore these losses and to reconstruct so many buildings, the whole Catholic world, which has proved its special care for and love of the missions, will generously furnish the necessary help."

Venerable Brethren, you are well aware that almost the whole human race is today allowing itself to be driven into two opposing camps, for Christ or against Christ. The human race is involved today in a supreme crisis, which will issue in its salvation by Christ, or in its dire destruction. The preachers of the Gospel are using their talents and energy to extend the Kingdom of Christ; but there are other preachers who, since they profess materialism and reject all hope of eternal happiness, are trying to drag men down to an abject condition.

With all the more reason, then, does the Catholic Church, most loving mother of all men, call on all her children to be zealous in helping these intrepid missionaries by their offerings, by prayer and by fostering missionary vocations. In motherly fashion she compels them to wear the livery of tender compassion, and to take part, if not in the actual apostolate, at least by zealous cooperation, and not allow the wish of the most loving Heart of Jesus to remain unrealized, Who "came to seek and to save what was lost." If they help in any way to bring the light and consolations of the Faith to one heart, let them understand that a Divine force has been thus released,

which will keep on growing in momentum throughout the ages. If they help even one candidate for the priesthood, they will fully share in all the future Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and apostolic works that will be his. Indeed, all the faithful make up one and the same immense family who, as members of the Church militant, suffering and triumphant, share their benefits with one another. There seems to be nothing more apt than the dogma of the "Communion of Saints" for bringing home to the people the utility and importance of the missions.

With these paternal good wishes and the indication of timely principles and norms, We hope that on the 25th anniversary of the publication of *Rerum Ecclesiae*, all Catholics will avail themselves of this propitious occasion to ensure new and ever greater progress for the missions.

With this cherished hope We impart to each of you, Venerable Brethren, to all the clergy and people, and especially to those who promote this most holy cause, either at home by prayer and offerings, or by their labors in foreign lands, as a pledge of heavenly graces and of Our paternal affection, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, St. Peter's, 2nd day of June, the Feast of St. Eugene I, in the year 1951, the 13th of Our Pontificate.

(THE END)

Will You Say Daily

Blessed be the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Also ask your friends to do likewise

Medical Mission Sisters Open Indian Novitiate

In an attempt to staff the mission hospitals of India with native Sisters medically trained, the Medical Mission Sisters have opened an Indian novitiate in Poona, near Bombay. For the first time, the Sisters will accept Indian girls into their own community. Mother Anna Dengel, M.D., personally founded the Poona Indian Novitiate, while visiting the hospitals and dispensaries conducted by the Medical Mission Sisters in the Orient.

At the official opening of this new novitiate, on December 9, 1951, Mother Dengel stated that "one reason for the scarcity of Catholic hospitals in India — only 50 for a population of 361 millions — is the lack of opportunities for young Indian girls to devote themselves to the care of the sick."

NOTE The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious congregation founded to bring professional medical care to the sick in mission lands. Their Sisters — doctors, nurses, pharmacists, technicians, dietitians, secretaries, housekeepers, etc., — conduct hospitals and medical centers in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Africa, and the United States. Address: 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Mission Intentions

YOUR PRAYERS IN MARCH . . .

For the Preservation of the Faith in Latin America

Today Latin America suffers from a serious lack of native priests and from the religious ignorance of the people. They are a prey to any powerful social movement that would lead them away from the Church. The numerous nations of Latin America are faced with the danger of Communism and are easily attracted by the many truly worthwhile agricultural and social reforms initiated by Protestant missionaries from America.

Guatemala may be taken as an example. Ninety percent of the population or 3,313,000 out of 3,700,000 inhabitants are Catholics. Yet the government does everything possible to oppose any activity on the part of the Catholic Church. Foreign missionary priests are forbidden to take up residence in the country. The native priests are threatened with serious sanctions for engaging in social problems.

It may be pointed out that there are 26,612 priests in all Latin America which has 137,139,215 Catholics out of a total population of 154,342,000. There are more than 13,000 Protestant missionaries who have come to South America in the past few decades. The Protestants number nearly 5,000,000, a very great proportion of whom had been Catholics.

* * *

"APRIL SHOWERS" OF PRAYERS . . .

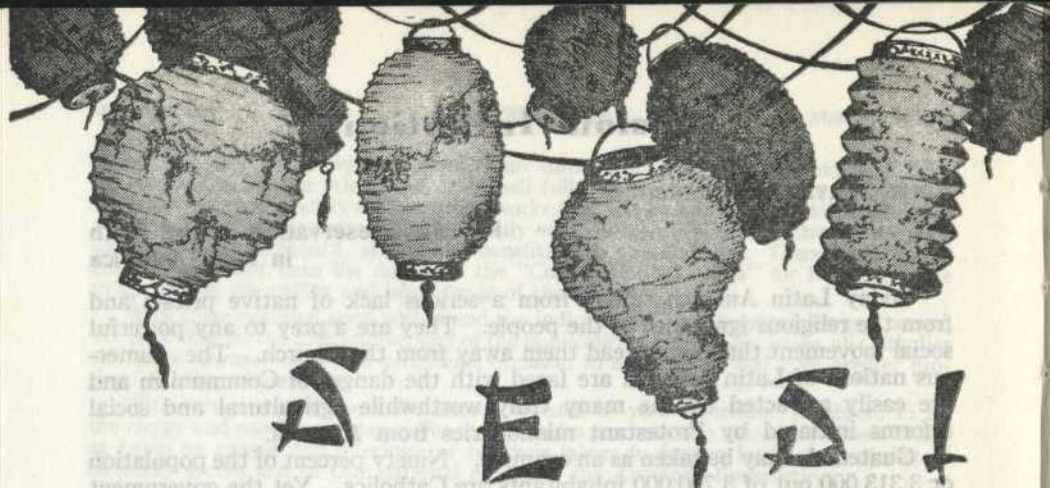
For the Catholic Press in Mission Countries

Literacy in the mission lands has increased tremendously in the past twenty years. In Japan, for instance, there are daily newspapers with a circulation of over three million. Communism is using the press in the East as well as in America and Europe to spread its false promises of social betterment. In Hong Kong, one publishing firm printed three hundred different titles in a year. Of these, nearly half were translations from Russian into Chinese.

The Catholic Press in the mission countries which cover a territory of more than twenty million square miles of sea and water, has only 74 publications; namely, 6 dailies, 28 weeklies, and 31 monthlies. The outstanding periodical in the mission countries is the Japanese translation of the "Catholic Digest" with a circulation of nearly two hundred thousand.

The Catholic Press can reach non-Catholics as well as Catholics. Its influence should be extended as far as possible. Our prayers should go up to the God of Knowledge imploring Him to increase literacy among Catholics and to extend the influence of the Catholic Press in mission countries.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith



By Sister Joseph de la St. Famille, M.I.C.(1)

The Chinese New Year was approaching, but there was more than the usual excitement and bustle of the great festival at Holy Spirit Orphanage, Canton, China. One of the older girls was about to be married; about to leave her companions and playmates, as custom here will have it, for the company of her mother-in-law.

Each and every one at the Orphanage wanted to help Cecile prepare her trousseau for the big day that was drawing near. As it was common knowledge that Sesi's (Chinese name for Cecile) pet defect was vanity, it was quite easy to please her with gifts of ribbon or any other dainty so appealing to the feminine instinct.

For twenty years Sesi had lived with the Sisters. Her mother had died when she was about two years old. Her father seemed fond of the child, but he was in no position to give her proper care. When someone offered him a reasonable price for his little girl, he decided that was the time to start a business of his own by clinching a good bargain. Fortunately, Sesi's little Wopsy was on the alert, and let the Sisters know of the impending transaction. They talked things over with the Father, and with Holy Childhood funds ransomed the child.

Little Sesi, as she was named in Holy Baptism, was very intelligent and unusually diligent. She enjoyed helping the Sisters with children smaller than herself. She studied the difficult Chinese characters for several years until, her schooling over, she was able to help the Sisters at the Kindergarten.

Now, as you already know, our future bride had a defect; I have told you that she was vain. You and I have never heard it mentioned that vanity could become a domestic virtue . . . But in the case of a poor Chinese bride,

vanity is more or less considered as an accomplishment, for it means that she will want nice things in her home, and nice things for poor Chinese mean cleanliness and order. The bride had enough vanity to keep her straw thatched home as if it were a modern tenement.

The bridegroom, Peter Tang, was a splendid young man who had once studied to be a priest. Having been told that he had no vocation to the priesthood, he wanted a good girl for his wife and came to ask the Sisters for one of the older orphans. He met Sesi a few times, and both agreed to all the propositions presented.

Two days before the wedding, the bridal belongings were tied up in ribbon and sent to the mother-in-law. According to custom, the latter invited all her friends to come to examine her future daughter-in-law's trousseau. Practical as Sesi was, she made a bundle of her old clothes to be brought to her new home when the wedding was over.

On the great day Sesi entered the Cathedral, all dressed in white (rented apparel, according to the custom) and radiating youthful happiness. No cosmetics were needed to enhance the beauty of her fresh young face aglow with excitement.

An incident marred the appearance of the Prince Charming. His suit rented the previous day had not been tried on before the ceremony. Peter was very tall and the shopkeeper had done his best, sending the largest size he had on hand, but this proved to be many inches too short. Poor Sesi's vanity was put to the test. However, Sister, who always comes to the help of her orphans, found a suit that had come from America in the bags of clothing received after the war, and soon all was forgotten in the joy of the wedding feast.

After the religious ceremony, as is the custom here, the bride returned to the Orphanage and spent a very ordinary forenoon. It was only late in the evening that the young husband returned to fetch his wife and introduce her in his home. A supper was given at the mother-in-law's for all the neighbors. Then all was over. Sesi was the daughter-in-law, and as such would draw little sympathy from the rest of the family.

The following day, cakes were sent to the Orphanage for all her little sisters, the orphans. Strange to say, the orphans did not envy her. Many hoped they would never have to go away like that. Reality has something fearful, and marriage without true love has no attraction even to teen-age orphans, whose eyes have been opened by misery untold. Still, Peter's bride was happy in her new life. The first few months were very hard ones, for her husband could not find suitable work. He had studied English and wanted to be a language teacher, but the city was filled with such people, and the mother-in-law nagged to her heart's content. Sesi at last found work

in a nearby hospital, and things began to look brighter. Both husband and wife were daily communicants.

After several months of struggle and anxiety, God blessed them in two ways. Sesi's husband found work as language teacher to the Jesuit Fathers, and a little heir, named Edmund in Baptism, came to fill the mother-in-law's heart with the pride of having a grandson. Fortunately for Sesi it was a boy, otherwise she would have had to put up with a great deal of unpleasant wrangling.

This young couple will most probably have other trials in life, but we should like to see all our orphans facing life and its ever-recurring struggles in a very Catholic way, as Sesi and Peter are doing. How superior to millions of pagans who have not the consolations of Faith to help them along the difficult road of matrimony!



After the Kiss

By Desmond Lonergan

No man was ever lonelier than he
Who walked away from Christ towards a tree;
Who used to walk timed by the Master's pace,
Now out of step with Christ, and deaf to grace.

Gone were those lovely walks where Jesus led,
The parables, and how He held His Head;
Were these his thoughts at his abandoned end?
That last appeal of Christ, that last mild "Friend!"

And thus, Iscariot, without a prayer,
Went out and hanged himself in black despair,
Betrayed of the only Friend he had . . .
The gentle Christ he left so pale and sad.



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

MERCEDES, CUBA

Pedernalez is the name of a little village where the devil stepped right into his own snare.

It happened this way. Two Sisters had been teaching catechism with so much success that they thought it would be quite proper to use the school-house, after class hours, for still better results. A kind friend had given them the idea.

But the Evil One would hear nothing of the kind. A group of subversives, learning that we were bringing God into the classrooms, decided to make things hard for us. All told, had we not broken the law which forbids the teaching of religion within the four walls of a Cuban school? Fortunately for us, however, the publicity they gave to the affair turned to our advantage in that it made many fathers and mothers aware that the Sisters had organized doctrine classes, with the result that the number of our enthusiastic listeners grew by leaps and bounds. Some parents came along with their wee darlings; others suggested that the Sisters might use the pupils' homes for their study-the-doctrine periods.

In Pedernalez, as in countless other corners of God's world, the harvest is daily ripening. If only the harvesters were more numerous! As things stand, each one has to do the work of ten. Take Father Laquerre, for instance. Quite lately, he visited Pedernalez in answer to a pressing appeal from families who had children to be made little Catholics. All the people turned out, for Pedernalez had never before welcomed the Lord's anointed within its limits.

With emotions too deep for words, the God-hungry parishioners escorted Father to a poor straw thatched house where the collective baptism ceremony was to take place. Sponsors and candidates for baptism stood in a circle around the room, two godparents for each candidate. Sister Superior and our prospective postulant, Mary Teresa, had their hands full keeping order and

1. Lucienne CONSTANTIN, Montreal.

quiet in the jostling crowd, and giving cookies and candies to put the whimpering babes in good humor.

A second collective baptism ceremony was later held outdoors, thirty children being made sons and daughters of Mother Church. What a glorious harvest! It erases forever all remembrance of the trials and tribulations entailed in the garnering, and spurs on to still greater efforts for God and souls.

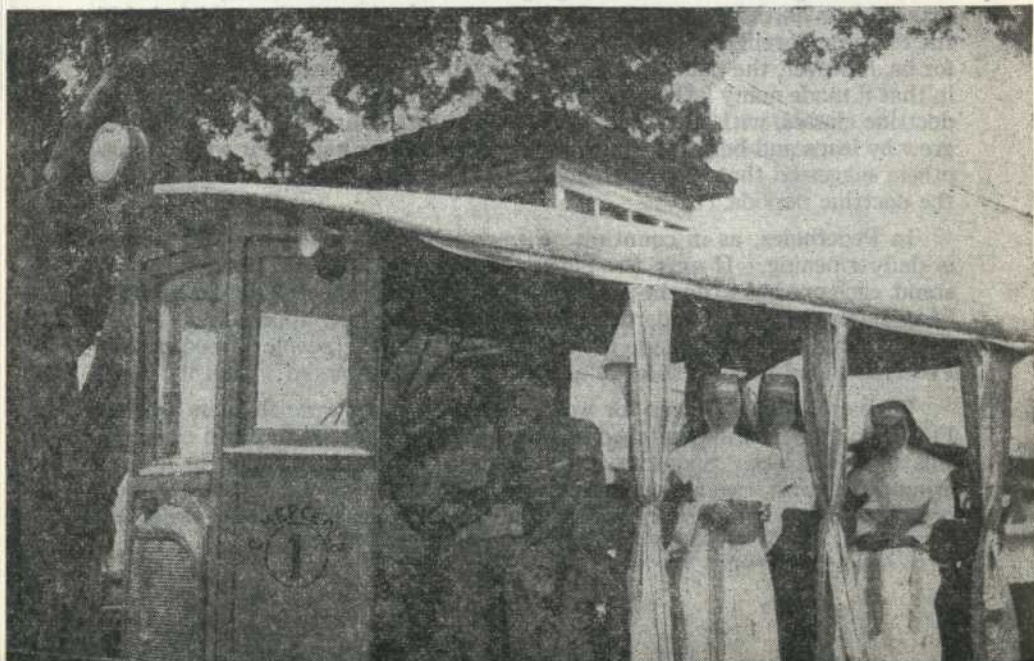
And souls do respond. On September 24, our catechism students received the Sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Confirmation. Up with the birds, Sister Marie Conrad⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Andre⁽²⁾ went forth, like the servants in the Gospel, to call the guests to the Great Banquet. Mr. Matacena had loaned two vehicles for the occasion, so that the children would not have to walk the distance.

In the meantime, we Sisters installed a makeshift altar in one of the kiosk arches and placed a dozen or so palm branches in fanlike position to form a magnificent backdrop for the beautiful Lady statue haloed with stars.

1. Yolande MERCIER, Thetford Mines.

2. Jeanne OSTIGUY, Acton Vale.

"Going Therefore, Teach Ye . . ."
Ready to Leave on Their Errands for Christ Are Sister Marie Conrad (Yolande Mercier, Thetford Mines), Sister St. Alban (Marguerite Dionne, Joliette), and Sister St. Andre (Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale). Pedernalez Is Their Destination This Time.



Forty-eight children answered the invitation to the Banquet of Angels that morning. Among them were several needy ones for whom we had provided dresses and veils. How we wish our benefactors were on hand to see the sunshiny effects of their practice of the golden rule of charity to the poor!

One youngster in particular had only a pair of very-much-patched overalls to his name. As we had nothing suitable, our predicament inspired a kind lady to take the penniless lad to her house and dress him up in her son's best. Shirt, tie, and white trousers made the former overall boy jump with excitement. He, combed, powdered, and perfumed, would have made any mother's heart thrill with joy.

Quite early the forty-eight First Communicants joined the five hundred adults at the kiosk, where Mass was offered by Rev. Father J. L. Pageau, P.M.E. At the Communion, more than one hundred persons received after the Forty-Eight Angels.

Immediately after breakfast, Confirmation was administered by Bishop Martin. Neither mitre nor crozier had he, and his cathedral was God's great outdoors, where royal palms like majestic pillars seemed to support the azure vault, while birds warbled an opening march and the soft breeze whispered in the foliage its *Veni* to the Creator Spirit. His Excellency spoke kindly to the candidates, then proceeded to lay hands upon them.

Armed with the strength of the Comforter, the hundred juvenile athletes of Christ headed for Pedernalez and the neighboring villages. They are ready to fight the battles of the Lord.



We Catholics have the Faith, we love the Faith, we practice the Faith. We say we'd die for the Faith but it might be truer to say that most of us would rather die than talk about the Faith. We have built a conspiracy of silence about the Faith that prospective converts must climb over, tunnel under, or blast through at their own risk.

DOROTHY FREMONT GRANT

A famous philanthropist was once asked: "How are you able to give so much and still have so much?"

"Well," replied the generous man, "as I shovel out, the Lord shovels in; and He has a bigger shovel than I have."

Sunday Times



THE HOUSEWIFE'S ROSARY

This is the second of three features on the Mysteries of the Rosary. The Sorrowful Mysteries are especially appropriate for the Lenten season and Passiontide, when filial love brings us to the feet of our Sorrowing Mother.

The Sorrowful Mysteries

The Agony in the Garden

Night had come and Christ was alone to suffer. Blustering Peter had fallen asleep. Later on he would be warming his hands and feet; only, he would choose the wrong furnace, forgetting that our God is a consuming fire.

O Mary, Mother most sorrowful, how thankful I am that your Son drank the chalice to the last bitter drop for my sake. When I pray as prayed my dying God in the Garden of Gethsemane that Holy Thursday, bathed in a sweat of blood, teach me to add, as He did, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Teach me, too, your own submission to God's holy will, that in all things I may make mine your sublime *fiat*, "Be it done to me according to Thy word."

The Scourging at the Pillar

"Then therefore, Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him."

The Roman soldiers stripped Jesus of the clothing which you, Mary, had made with so much love. Blow after blow of the scourges weighted with lumps of lead rained upon His innocent Body as He stood there limply, weakly, suffering excruciating pain. How the lashes must have torn your heart as they tore His flesh! How you longed to kiss those blood-clotted whips and that blood-reddened floor!

Mother of my soul, when will I have the courage to suffer uncomplainingly? Queen of Martyrs, when I murmur and rebel, take me in spirit to the guard-room and bid me kneel beside the mangled Body of your Boy.

The Crowning of Thorns

Jesus told Pilate that He was truly a King. While Pilate stood confused at the declaration, the whole company of his soldiers, brutal faces grinning with ferocity, gathered around for a mock coronation. An old red military coat became the imperial purple. A rod as sceptre was forced into Jesus' trembling hands.

But other hands I see— no, not yours, gentle Mother. Hands in mailed gauntlets twisting thorny briar-branches into a circle. The soldier is careful with his hands; but utterly careless of the thorns piercing the sacred head of his Victim.

Queen of Heaven and earth, with you I adore my Lord and King. May His Kingdom come everywhere upon earth and all souls acknowledge Him as their King of Love.

The Carrying of the Cross

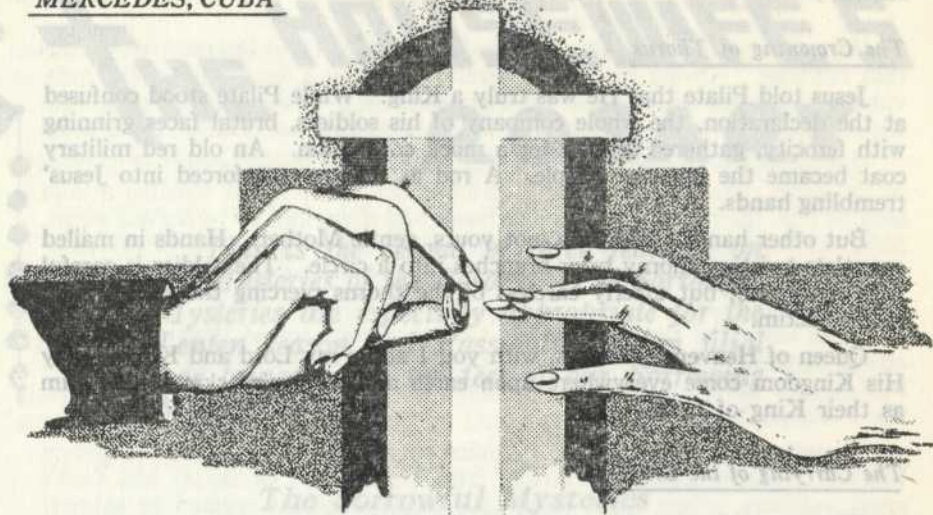
What anguish must have stabbed your loving heart when you met your Son staggering under the weight of His Cross! Gone were the blind, deaf, dumb, lame, and leprous He had made whole! Only Simon was on hand to help. How that ingratitude must have broken the Heart of the Divine Healer! Three times He stumbled and fell, but the soldiers kicked Him back to consciousness. Courageously He struggled to His feet and went up to the Mount of the Crucifixion.

O you who gazed upon the bruised, befouled, beautiful face of the courageous Cross-Bearer, help us up our own little calvaries. As you comforted your Son, so now comfort us, that our inevitable way of the cross may lead us to your arms.

The Crucifixion

No, Mother, His hands and feet are not dead wood; they are sensitive flesh and muscle, writhing in agony as the nails go through. Was it for a death like this that you bore Him, nursed Him, and tended Him, O most afflicted of mothers?

It was a Good Friday for us, but a terrible Friday for Christ. And since on that Friday He gave you as a mother to me, "Behold thy daughter" — and with me behold those whose lives are so intimately linked with mine. However unworthy, my children are your children. Keep them as your property and your possession. May we, through faithfulness to Christ's Commandments, be your comfort and your joy; and when you kiss His pierced hands and feet and side, pray for us that we may never pierce them again through wilful, deliberate sin.



Tie - the - Knot Week

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

Two Spanish priests were recently delegated by Bishop Martin, of Matanzas, to preach a mission to the people of our pueblo, in preparation for the Provincial Eucharistic Congress to be held on December 7, 8, and 9.

Early on November 5, everyone in Mercedes fell in processional line behind the statue of Our Lady of Fatima to welcome the pair of missionaries into the parish. After the profuse salutations of the demonstrative Cubans, one of the priests explained the purpose of the retreat. He pointed out that it would be no children's picnic, but instead a soul-searching appeal to mature men and women who may have gradually let their Catholic Faith lose something of its lustre. As the record-breaking attendance demanded, the first sermon was made in the open, a powerful loud-speaker carrying the words of the Padre to every nook and cranny of the village.

During Mission Week, the daily schedule read as follows: convent Mass at six-thirty; children's Mass and instructions at seven; Mass for adults at seven-thirty; catechism for the public school children at five in the afternoon; a one-hour sermon for adults in the evening, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as the finishing touch to the day. Included also, at all hours, was the rounding up of stray souls.

Our pupils' zeal far outstripped our expectations. Conchita and Dolores aged twelve and fourteen, begged their father to have his marriage blessed. Patiently praying their way through rebuff after rebuff, they finally won their point.

Juanita, an only daughter, had a like problem to face. But each time the child spoke about a nuptial blessing, the parent scowled her into silence. Once, when her loving heart had exhausted all its arguments, she slipped into bed and dropped off to sleep still pleading with the Blessed Mother for her beloved dad. Getting worried, Mr. D— tiptoed to the girl's bedroom and saw his daughter fast asleep, her rosary twined around her hands. And all the time God was twining threads of grace around that man's heart. Another day, and the blessing of the Church had made one more home a haven of happiness.

Anita missed defeat by inches. Even on the last day of the retreat, her father did not seem to understand the importance of religious marriage. Luckily she happened to think that Mrs. Pilar, the Good Samaritan of Mercedes, would come to her aid, if anyone could. Alas, when Anita came back with the lady, her father had left for Manguito. Returning to her own house, Mrs. Pilar sighted Anita's father waiting for the bus, and called to him. Thanks to God, the busride to Manguito was cancelled and the priest later blessed the marriage of Anita's parents.

Before and after school hours, groups of children gathered to discuss the best time and place to bring their parents together; it was their way of making things easier for the Padres. Our three pupils, who went about for information about who was married and who was not, returned with the good news that they had arranged for eight marriages. With their knack at getting things done, the girls carefully filled out the required papers and wrote down the time and place for the reception of the Sacrament of Matrimony. Encouraged by the initial success, a second group headed for another lost corner of Mercedes. Long after sunset they returned, tired but smiling, telling about nine new marriages. These raised to seventy the number performed during the parish retreat.

The tie-the-knot campaign did not lack humor. The parents of Lucia and Miguel, who would have blushed to marry in the presence of their children, packed them off to the cinema. When the homecoming movie fans heard the great news, all the laughter died out of their eyes and big tears rolled down their cheeks. "Why, oh why didn't you invite us to your wedding?" they sobbed uncontrollably.

One husband in particular refused downright to be married before the priest. After the neighbors had wasted their words for hours, Father Landry took things in his own hands. "Look here, Mr. M—, you are head of the house by a God-given right. Nobody can force you to marry before the Church if you don't want to. Even if you refuse, you still have a good friend in me. And if you ever need the Padre, remember that I am God's priest,

always ready to help you." That turned the scale. Hardly had Father finished when the stubborn spouse gave in graciously, asking that his marriage wrong be righted.

Another couple agreed to settle their marital status in the Colegio chapel and only there. On the appointed day we waited and waited some more for the couple, until at ten p.m. Sister Superior pinned a note over the doorbell and put the lights out.

Next morning we were told that the husband and wife had found a priest only at ten-thirty. As agreed, the group had come to the Colegio, only to find a locked door and the note over the bell. Under the circumstances the nuptial knot had to be tied beneath the twinkling stars. This do be Mercedes, not Montreal.

Now the *Santa Mision* is over, and so are scores of household worries. Being the most urgent, the marriage problem had to be tackled first. With the grace of God and Mary's never-failing help, we shall now do spiritual mending along some other line.

A Nickel for the Lord

Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket, and sundry change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and, finding this poor little nickel, he laid it upon the plate to aid the Church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate — a whole nickel.

On Saturday afternoon he had a fancy drink, while the cash register stamped 35 cents on the slip the boy presented him. Peeling off a bill he handed it to the lad, and gave him a nickel tip when he brought back the change.

A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter!

And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon, and he handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave, and paid 15 cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid \$1.00 for them, and the box was tied with a dainty piece of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord.

Who is this Lord? Who is He? Why, the man worships Him as Creator of the universe, the One who put the stars in order and by whose immutable decrees the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the Church militant.

And what is the Church militant? The Church militant is the Church that represents upon earth the Church Triumphant of the Great God the man gave the nickel to.

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this he put his hand in his pocket and picked out the nickel and gave it to the Lord.

And the Lord being gracious and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed if the man wasn't. The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.

CHARLES F. RAYMOND



FROM MIREBALAIS

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

With joy and gratitude Mirebalais Mission has observed its second anniversary. What thanks it owes to God, who marked it from the outset with the sign of the cross, that sign so promising for future triumph and glory!

Thanks, under God, to our beloved parents, who let Him have His way with us even if it meant separation. Sincere thanks, also, to all our Canadian and American benefactors, whose generosity we deeply appreciate, and for whom we request from the Giver of all gifts a rich reward in time and eternity. Discretion makes it necessary for us to pass many names under silence as we write, but it is quite otherwise at the Memento of our daily Mass, for then every name is lovingly whispered to Our Lord on the altar both by the Sisters and by their black-skinned but white-souled proteges.

Here our field of action is education. More than two hundred and fifty pupils from six to twenty years of age are at present attending, all hungering for the bread of knowledge, but in much greater need of their daily bread. It shows in the face of a child when he has not had enough to eat.

One little girl, oddly named Charitable, came one morning and asked to see Sister Superior. She wanted to say it was "just impossible for a good little girl like her to study on an empty stomach." The poor child, whose home is outside Mirebalais, boards with an aunt as destitute as she is. Each week, Charitable's mother brings her youngster a small package of food, a few pennies, and one practical advice: "Little one, when you are very hungry and have nothing to eat, put a pinch of salt on your tongue."

"Did you have any breakfast?" asked the Superior.

"No."

"Did you eat anything yesterday?"

1. Antoinette RAYNAULT, L'Assomption.

"I bought a piece of bread with the five cents Mother gave me."

"And the day before yesterday?"

"It was Sunday, and I asked Auntie for a pinch of salt to put on my tongue."

Charitable is only one of many who get a pinch of salt instead of a piece of bread. Dear benefactors, without your substantial help we could never distribute as many loaves of bread as we do. But we wish to assure you that in scores of other ways you are accomplishing through our means works of spiritual and corporal mercy most agreeable to God. Quite recently, it was given me to baptize a newborn baby. Haiti, as you know, is a Cath-

olic country where children do not go unbaptized, though it is unfortunate that some families postpone the ceremony for months and sometimes years, especially if they happen to be poor, as was the case with the dying infant I found in the arms of his mother.

When I offered to baptize her baby, the mother gestured vaguely and her gesture I took as a consent. As it was too late to call for the priest and the baby seemed likely to go any moment, I marked his little soul to my account in Heaven.

On the wings of the tiny cherub I pinned my wishes and prayers for all those who have in some way helped our work in Mirebalais.

"Suffer the Little Children to Come . . ."

*The Missionary Sister Strives
to Imitate Christ's Love for Children.*

*Here Sister St. Marthe (Antoinette Raynault, L'Assomption)
Poses With Mothers, Youngsters, and Dolls.*



Calling

Potential Christophers

Librarians in Particular

It is the Christopher technique to be up and doing. Christophers know that ours are times too perilous, problems too momentous for armchair planning, wishful thinking, or just plain "don't bother me." No Christ-Bearer can afford to sit on the curb and let the big world roll by. It may roll on him before he can dodge.

How would you like to influence the rolling of the big world in the Christian way? The Christopher movement invites you today to swell the number of high-principled librarians, through whom is distributed Christ's changeless Truth in our changing times.

Good librarians are like good mothers. They keep the poison under lock and key and give proper, wholesome food to God's children of every age. Good librarians are the bosom friends of youth, the counsellors of troubled parents, the guardians of truth and liberty, beacons in a storm-tossed world. Being a good librarian means to fill a spot which might otherwise be filled by a wolf in sheep's clothing. It means to make Christ present in a library through a personal representative dedicated to spreading His message of happy living for all men. It means to mold life for good, as subversives mold it for evil. It means to inspire minds and uplift souls; to urge noble hearts to beautiful accomplishments; to make God's world a better place in which to live and more like His original concept of it.

As conscientious librarians, you can also raise the level of our intellectual menu by putting in an order for books with sound Christian principles and having your friends do likewise. You can discourage individuals from selecting worthless books for their leisure moments. You can control what goes into the minds of adults and children, and, consequently, what comes out of them and into the broad world.

"Be wise—Christopherize!" is not a slogan for motorists only. In our tragic times not a soul can afford to sit on the curb and let the world tumble on to destruction. The thing to do is to struggle to your feet and work for Christ, trying as hard, or at least half as hard, to put Him everywhere as the antichristian are trying to eliminate the thought of Him. How to put Christ everywhere and especially in the library field will be told you if you write for further details to the CHRISTOPHERS, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.



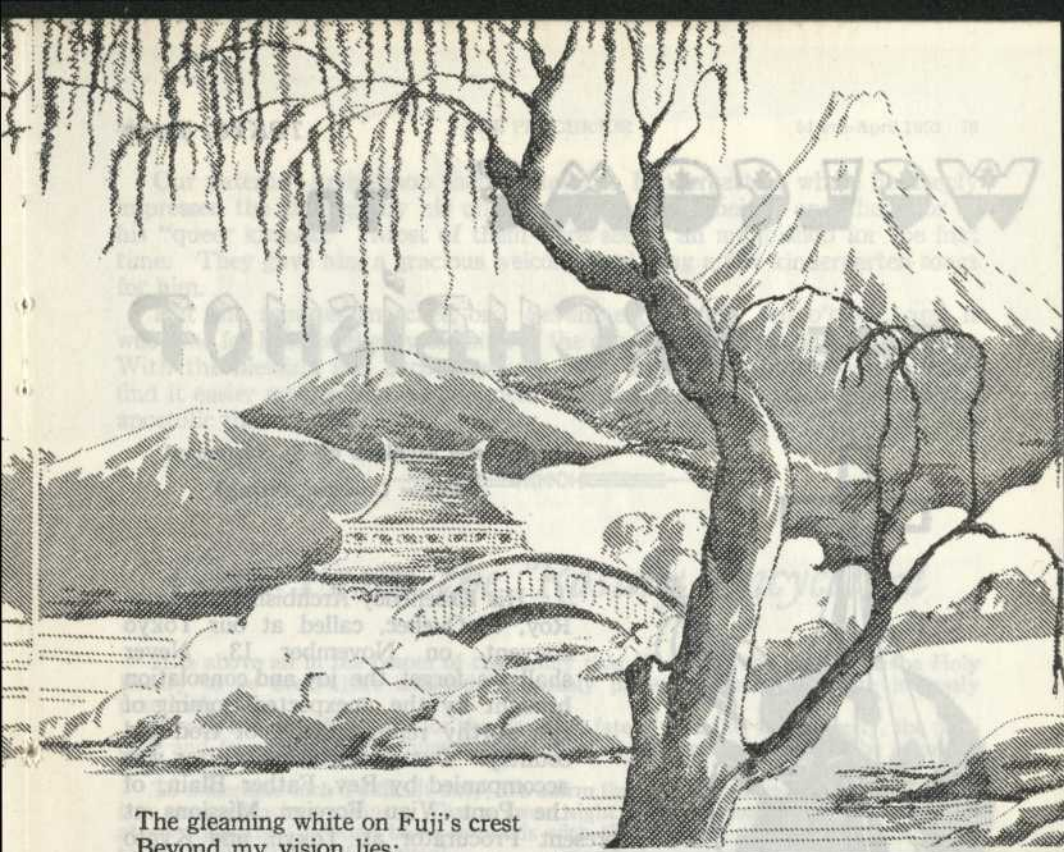
Prayer to Our Lady of Japan

*The Feast of the Gracious First Lady of Japan, the Mother of Christ,
coincides with St. Patrick's — March 17.*

These humble lines are dedicated to a former missionary to Nippon.

O Gracious Queen, remember when
The youth of Nippon came
To me with "Sister, teach me Christ!"
I spoke your holy name,
Taught little girls to model on
Their nation's "Notre Dame."

O Mary, mine's a furlough now
That stretches ever more.
The lotus flowers bloom, but not
For me on Nippon's shore,
And cherry blossoms fill the air
With fragrance as of yore.



The gleaming white on Fuji's crest
Beyond my vision lies;
The stars of lapis lazuli
Are sparkling in the skies;
The opalescent moonbeam falls
On lilies. Take my sighs

And loving prayers for the souls
I longed to lead Your Way.
Give courage, comfort, quell their fears,
Their suffering allay.
My hands are bound; I cannot bind
Their wounds, but I can pray.

The Faith I love needs "Action Now,"
And "Passion" sifts the dross,
That's why my song will never end.
On bed of pain I toss
And give my best. "They also serve
Who only bear their cross."

A Missionary Sister of the Imm. Conception

TOKYO, Japan

WELCOME TO THE ARCHBISHOP

By Sister Monique du St. Sacrement

(Monique CLOUTIER, Ottawa.)



His Excellency Archbishop Maurice Roy, of Quebec, called at our Tokyo convent on November 13. Never shall we forget the joy and consolation brought by the unexpected coming of the worthy representative of God and country. Our distinguished visitor was accompanied by Rev. Father Blain, of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions at present Procurator at Tokyo, and Kyoto missionary Brother Paquette, C.S.V., brother of Reverend Mother General.

His Excellency made us supremely happy by accepting to say Mass in our humble chapel, that charming little corner of Heaven with its blond mats, paper doors, white chrysanthemums, and undefinable Oriental touch that inclines to mental prayer and interior recollection.

At the Archbishop's Mass we sang some of the French hymns we liked best at Cote des Neiges. After breakfast we let the dishes shift along for themselves and gathered to hear His Excellency speak about his tour of the Far East, including Korea. He also spoke paternally to the small group and inquired about our work in Tokyo, then expressed pleasure on seeing the Japanese style of our chapel, and stressed the advisability of adapting ourselves to the Japanese mentality whenever at all possible. It pleased him as well to learn that a Japanese candidate had recently been admitted into our Novitiate, and he voiced the hope that her example might stir many others to do likewise. His Excellency very thoughtfully asked for the addresses of our families, promising to write them a word of comfort and encouragement upon his return to Canada.

Our paternal Archbishop then visited the Kindergarten, where he deeply impressed the children by his uncommon (to them) height and the color of his "queer kimono." Most of them were seeing an archbishop for the first time. They gave him a gracious welcome and sang a few kindergarten songs for him.

But the minutes marched on. Seven, eight, nine, ten o'clock, and it was time for His Excellency to think of the other items on his packed schedule. With the blessing and encouragement of a Canadian Archbishop, we shall find it easier now to become Japanese with the Japanese and prepare fruitful apostolic tomorrows.



Gem From the Rosary Encyclical

It is above all in the bosom of the family that We desire the custom of the Holy Rosary to be everywhere adopted, religiously preserved, and ever more intensely practiced.

In vain is a remedy sought for the wavering fate of civil life, if the family, the principle and foundation of the human community, is not brought back to the norms of the Gospel.

To undertake such a difficult duty, We affirm that the recitation of the Holy Rosary is a most efficacious means. What a sweet sight — most pleasing to God — when, at eventide, the Christian home resounds with the frequent repetition of the praises to honor the Queen of Heaven!

Then the Rosary, recited in common, assembles before the image of the Virgin, in an admirable union of hearts, the parents and their children, who come back from their daily work. It unites them piously with those absent and those dead. It links them more tightly in a sweet bond of love, with the most Holy Virgin, who, like a loving mother, will come among her children bestowing upon them an abundance of the gifts of concord and family peace.

PIUS XII IN *Ingruentium Malorum*

I Told Him Mine

After a few preliminaries, I got around to demanding that the "hard nut" go to confession as a preparation to being lawfully married.

"Nothin' doin'!" exclaimed the nut.

"Tell you what," he conceded. "I'll tell you my sins if you tell me yours."

For a moment I was nonplussed. This was a new one on me. I had to laugh at his rudeness and nerve. But, by golly, he was serious. That was the only condition on which he'd open up. So — I told him mine. And he told me his. Yes, sir, a missionary has to use strange bait sometimes to catch his fish.

TECHNY SEMINARY BULLETIN



FIESTA UNDER THE RAIN

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

LAS PINAS, Philippine Islands

If "O Canada" or "The Star Spangled Banner" happens to be your National anthem, *fiesta ng Bayan* may look like Greek to you. It would be otherwise had you been born in the Philippines. You would know, then, that *fiesta ng Bayan*, in English "local festival," is a gay period of bustling festivities, family gatherings, religious and patriotic demonstrations, and amusements galore.

Fiesta week doesn't fall plump from the sky; like Christmas, it has its advent season both spiritual and material. Spiritual preparations consist in a novena with one or several Solemn High Masses each of the nine mornings, recitation of the Rosary in common, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. Also in the religious line, torchlight processions are held following the statues of the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and Patron St. Isidore, triumphantly enthroned amid flowers and bright lights.

As for material preparations, first come days upon days of general house-cleaning. The reason is that fiesta time will bring visitors aplenty from the neighboring towns and villages — visitors who will return the hospitality when comes their own fiesta later. Even the poorest of the poor have guests by the dozen: close relatives and distant, friends, parents of friends, friends of parents; and a cordial, courteous welcome is extended to all.

Tradition rules that during these festivals every holiday-maker shall find everybody's door wide open and warm friendship to boot. For three consecutive days, no matter how numerous the guests, they must have absolutely no reason to worry about bed and board.

In Las Pinas, the public fete begins on the Friday afternoon preceding the fiesta with a colorful parade that marches from beginning to end of the

1. Irma DE LA DURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace.

parish. Chronologically, it is the number-one thrill. The old perk and the young tune up their zest; little children dance and skip and have a thoroughly glorious time. All the air is alive with music; the brightly-decorated houses and streets can hardly contain the boisterous, gay throngs. This atmosphere usually prevails without letup until Monday morning.

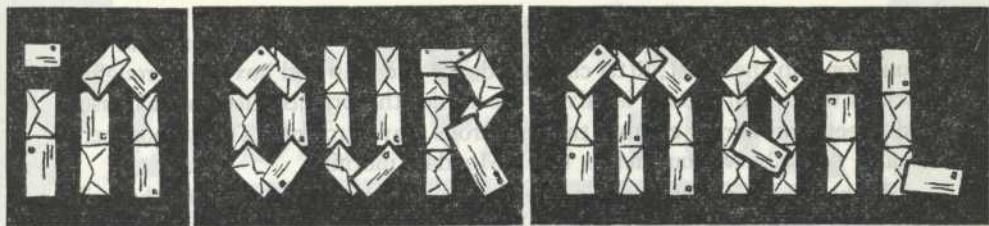
We had fiesta under the rain this year. All unexpectedly, after the brilliant parade of the first afternoon, a heavy wind arose and dark clouds tossed one another in the sky. The older generation moaned that storms had never spoiled the fiesta as far back as they could recall. But the dark clouds meant business. Soon all the buckets in the heavens were turned upside down on the kiosks, playgrounds, and last but not least, on the gayly-dressed musicians, who had to seek shelter from the downpour where they could find it.

The more optimistic hoped for a sunny Saturday. Alas, it rained and rained for two whole days, until flags, wreaths, decorations were all dripping wet. The rare passersby exchanged gloomy looks that said, "No fiesta this year!"

Did someone in the Land of the Maple or of the Stars and Stripes suddenly announce over the radio, after supper on December 31, "There won't be any New Year tomorrow!" the general dismay would not be greater than it was here when rain stopped the fiesta. Oh, we know the Filipinos will find ways and means of celebrating some more. They will have their fireworks and concerts some of these nights. But it won't be quite the same, and their disappointment will show through it all. Think of it! Fiesta under an umbrella!

*Filipina Grandmother
at Home*





Limbe, Haiti, December 1951

God has cast my heart in such a mold that every new mission to which I am assigned becomes "my joy and my crown." At the present time I am charged with the best-behaved pupils of Sunny Haiti, and every one of them is becoming dearer to me as time goes on.

Not only the pupils, but also the little church and its religious feasts have conquered my affection. Though broken-down and weather-beaten, the house of prayer still makes a pretty picture, showing the delicate taste of the sons of the Motherland who designed it. On the altar in the spacious, round-shaped choir, a life-size Christ extends blood-streaked arms to the worshippers. Unfortunately, the vault has not yet been finished and the outside facade needs considerable repairs.

Liturgical functions in the little church are beautiful and touching. The first Sunday of the month sees an especially great turnout of the faithful. By eight o'clock in the morning the Rosary is already being said, some following on their beads, others on their fingers. After High Mass an outdoor procession is held. Public processions, drawing as they do the baptized masses, discourage them from attending religious ceremonies in non-Catholic temples. As the procession wends its way, the full-hearted singing of the Aves by our pupils fills the air with Marian thought and prayer.

Around ten-thirty, sometimes later, we are back on our convent doorstep, happy to see our girlhood dreams now a blessed reality. When we were little girls and throughout our growing years, did we not long to deny ourselves personal comfort and rest, if thereby souls might find the comforting arms of God?

First Sunday of the month, so beautiful in its opening hours, slips away for us in the silence and prayer of our monthly recollection. Occasionally, on those afternoons of spiritual stock-taking, we are given the luxury of a religious conference, a dearly appreciated gift from the divine Bridegroom.

My pupils are mainly seven- and eight-year-olds. Like all good little ladies, they want to be treated gently and kindly, except for the handful whose education has been brutal and who prefer a quota of harshness. Since harshness has never been my forte, I have recourse to the mighty means which is prayer. In my Communion thanksgivings I whisper their names to my heavenly Guest and ask Mary for helpful

suggestions. And the hours roll along much better than I had dared hope. We look forward hopefully to the day when their dear hearts will open to the grace and love of the divine Friend of all children.

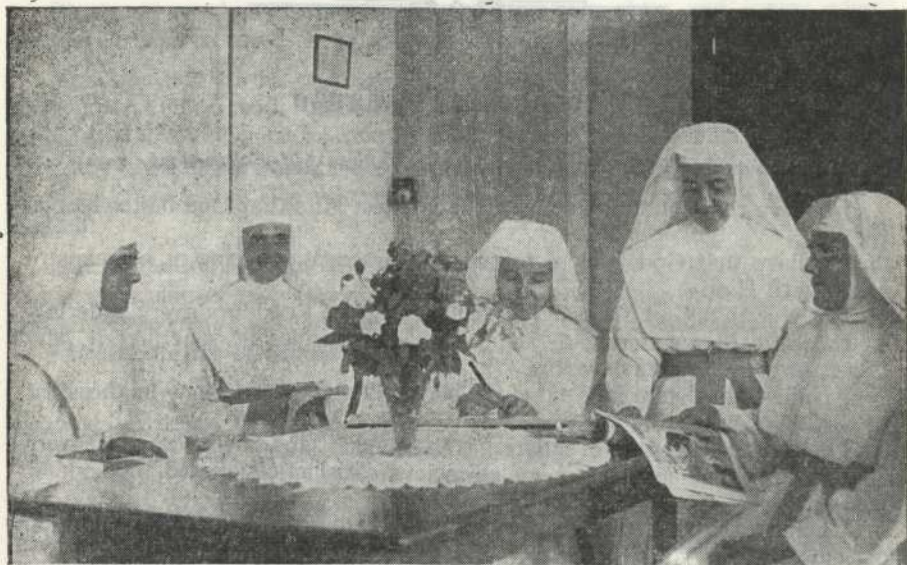
SISTER JEANNE D'ORLEANS, M.I.C.(1)

Hong Kong, December 1951

Some time ago it was my good fortune to visit an Old Ladies Home. I found there seventy old grannies of eighty, ninety, and even a hundred, whose down-going years are not comforted by the joys and blessings of our Catholic Faith. The Good News of Redemption has not reached them yet.

With uncommon fervor the old dears say their Buddhist beads in front of the famed idol before which burns the traditional incense day and night. They pray so reverently that one wishes they could finger Our Lady's beads instead, for they would surely recite Rosaries that would have the Angels leaning over the banisters of Heaven to listen in.

1. Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec.



Probably Sunday Evening Recreation at Limbe, Haiti

Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre (Germaine Lefrancois, Longueuil),
Sister Jeanne d'Orleans (Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec), Sister Maurice de Thebes
(Yvonne Clouatre, Montreal), Sister Jean Louis (Rita Pageau, Montreal), and
Sister Marguerite des Anges (Marguerite Maltais, Chicoutimi).

I should have liked to speak to them about the consolations of our holy Faith, but so far I have not grasped the fine points of their bristlingly difficult language; so, when I stopped at the bedside of a dying lady, I asked my companion to tell her a few words about the Sacrament of Baptism. The poor invalid, half paralyzed, seemed asleep. Sister asked the matron's permission to wash the patient's brow with the blessed water that ensures eternal happiness. The matron readily agreed, expressing surprise that we should be so kind to a complete stranger. "She belongs to our God," we might have answered.

Sister St. Philippe(1) administered conditional baptism. The old, old, old lady — newborn in faith — opened her eyes and something heavenly sparkled in their depths.

But what about the other sixty-nine? My fondest hope is to be able to visit them at least once a month to tell them, chapter by chapter, the Greatest Story Ever Told.

O my God, make me a good Storyteller.

SISTER ST. BERNARDIN DE SIENNE, M.I.C.(2)

1. Annette BEAUDOIN, Champlain, P.Q.

2. Antoinette FOISY, Waterloo, P.Q.

Crossbearer's Credo

(Found among the papers of an Italian officer killed during the war)

I believe that suffering is one of the greatest gifts that God bestows upon the soul.

I believe that God is close to those who accept suffering as a means of union with Him.

I believe that God always gives sufficient grace to endure every suffering.

I believe that suffering detaches the soul, purifies it, sanctifies it, and lifts it to great heights of virtue.

I believe that suffering, patiently borne, is very meritorious in the sight of God.

I believe that the path of suffering is the quickest and safest way to Heaven.

I believe that suffering is an efficacious satisfaction offered to God for past sins.

I believe that by suffering we can co-operate with God in the salvation of souls.

I believe that suffering is something very precious to be offered to Almighty God.

I believe that suffering will have an everlasting reward in Heaven.

The Lourdes Messenger



HEAVEN in HAITI

ROCHE-a-BATEAU, Haiti

By Sister Marie Theodore, M.I.C.

Plenty of sunshine, trees, flowers, children's laughter and songs; what more do I need to consider my mission something like Heaven in Haiti?

Yes, this tiny corner of Heaven (or is it earth?) is my very own. God gave it to me and said, "Let's see what you can do with My grace." Beneath the shade of a laurel tree in full bloom, a broad-brimmed straw hat shielding me from the sun, I am filling my function of School Sentinel. At a dozen steps or so, God loves me in the humble tabernacle of the parish church.

The recreation grounds are very attractive. The two-leaved twigs which our seniors planted five Tree Festivals ago, now towering twenty feet in the air, afford welcome shade for the little girls' merry games and the boys' periods of relaxation after strenuous play.

Here and there, along the whitewashed wall, which recalls Tom Brown's Schooldays, bright flowers of countless hues stand laughing in the sunshine. See that little rose laurel over there? It has its personal history. The offshoot, a gift from neighbor Grannie Theonise, I put in new soil, watered, and in a thousand ways took care of. Though a mere sprig, it bloomed the first year, and the second year its boom yield of blossoms graced Mother Mary's altar during the month of Mary.

Alas, the cherished laurel was about to come to grief. Gardener Palma, while out hunting for slips, struck down with his merciless machete the two most prolific branches of our laurel. We cheered up, however, when we saw



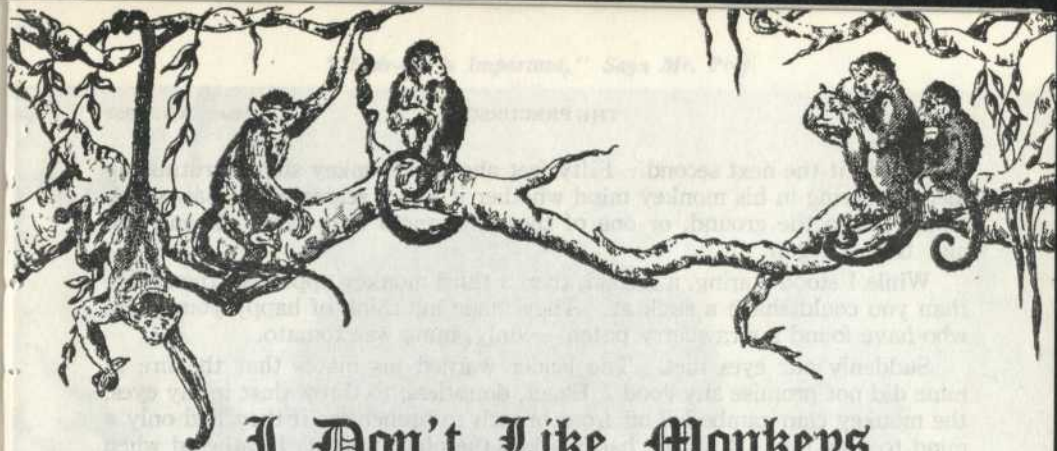
the frequent rains helping the hurt laurel to put on new branches and strike its roots deeper.

Believe it or not, but I took our laurel as topic for mental prayer the other morning. The laurel I planted and tended aptly suggests the missionary work we have on our hands. Occasionally, in the spiritual realm there happen along other Palmas, who try to frustrate and nip in the bud. Then the Mother of Divine Grace comes with showers of blessings to give new life and strength; she even makes things better than before the subversives interfered. Never was it known that anyone prayed to her in vain. If she worries about laurels, will she not worry about souls?

Sister Marie Theodore, M.I.C.

(Lucienne GADOURY,
St. Elisabeth de Joliette.)

To pray for missionary vocations is a great way of helping the missions.



I Don't Like Monkeys

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

Never will I interfere with the Litany of the Saints. Should my determination waver, you may hear it said one day that I have added an invocation reading thusly, "From the monkeys and their monkeyishness, O Lord, deliver us." I love the Litany that wards off plagues, wars, famines, and so on; but, believe me, monkeys are no blessing.

This does not mean that monkeys never darken the doorway of a church. One, owned by the Katete Mission's handy man, suddenly took a devout turn of mind, ran off to church one morning, and jumped onto the altar of St. Joseph. A few minutes later, Sister Superior saw the villain escaping with the blond head of the Child Jesus under his arm. The statue of St. Joseph was found broken beyond repair.

Another day, a relative of the iconoclast decided to attend High Mass in one of the bush chapels. The Sister in charge, positive that the walls would soon be literally shaking with the mirth of the youthful worshippers, tried to coax the intruder out and away. Nothing doing! The beastly little thing frolicked here and there, sat down facing the children, folded his hands, and moved his lips as if in prayer. When the Sanctus bell rang, the impish creature bowed deeply with the congregation and kept up the mimic until the end. A more ludicrous sight I have never seen.

Do not gather, though, that I have always disliked monkeys. Time was when I liked them — that is, until we met. When my Superiors assigned me to Rumphi, the thought that I would be going into the heart of monkeydom almost blew my enthusiasm over the top. *By now it has dropped to way below sea-level.* The first jolts came to me in our tomato garden, when a sudden babel of voices made me jerk up my head. "Must be the kiddies," I told my Guardian Angel. On second thought, I realized that African children don't gossip like magpies; they love life and song follows wherever they go. Who could it be?

1. Lucille FONTAINE, St. Ephrem d'Upton.

I knew it the next second. Fifty feet ahead, a monkey stood scrutinizing me, wondering in his monkey mind whether it was a scarecrow he saw stuck securely into the ground, or one of those nuisances that can walk and run and throw a gun.

While I stood staring, a second, then a third monkey appeared, then more than you could shake a stick at. They made me think of happy youngsters who have found a strawberry patch — only, mine was tomato.

Suddenly our eyes met. The leader warned his mates that the fire in mine did not promise any good. Eager, doubtless, to throw dust in my eyes, the monkey clan gambolled off from branch to branch, as if they had only a mind to play tag. But they had marked the place well, as I gathered when they began to play, not tag, but havoc with our tomatoes.

Monkeys are clever. Apparently, they can read the clock and can tell when the Sisters are at prayers and when there is nobody supervising. Sunday High Mass, they have found out, is a splendid occasion to steal and pillage with nobody's whip to dread. Naturally, they are too smart to touch the lumps of *sima* seasoned with arsenic or strychnine intended for them. What do those evil-doers eat? Top priority goes to tomatoes (I should know!), corn, pumpkins, and all kinds of fruits. In cases of extreme hunger, monkeys

The Author of "I Don't Like Monkeys" Evidently Likes Picnics



"Hair-do Is Important," Says Mr. Prof.



will even, with consummate skill, dig up a potato patch. The fabulist spoke truly when he called them cunning thieves. Like professional gangsters they go about in groups, two opening the march and hinting if there's danger ahead from either man or beast.

There is something of the gypsy in them. The babies travel pickaback, clinging for dear life to mother's body with both arms and feet, because mamma will not bother to pick up Junior if he falls and he will die alone and helpless. As long as the baby monkey is too small to chew his food properly, his mother masticates the mouthfuls, which he eats out of her hand.

How and where do monkeys sleep? They stop overnight in the neighborhood of their latest spree. A tree becomes the dormitory, a branch, the bed, and though the family sleeps in an odd sitting position, elbows on their knees and heads in their hands, accidents never happen.

I would not have you think that monkeys, painted black by me, have no good qualities to boast of. I know none of the animal kingdom half as clever — too clever to step into a snare; too clever to get shot; too clever to eat poison. But, all told, it is their inseparableness that gets on my nerves. When monkeys take to liking you, they stay with you until Mother General decides to send you somewhere else.

Actions Speak Louder

There were a thousand pagan criminals awaiting execution, confined in a great ruined pagoda, or temple. The Sisters began to move among them, giving them remedies, washing their wounds with antiseptic, putting on bandages. The pagans asked them again and again, "Why do you help us? We are criminals. We are strangers. Why do you come from another land to be so good to us?"

The Sisters held up the crucifix and began to explain that it was Christ who sent them, that He loves all men, that He bade all His followers to be helpful to all men, without exception, that He wishes all to learn the truth and to be saved, to repent of their sins, to believe and be baptized.

Then these poor people, moved by such compassion, cried out in Chinese with tears and sobs, "Jesus, have mercy on us!" and asked for baptism. So nearly a thousand received baptism before they were beheaded. This is only one instance of the truth that these charitable activities persuade, convince, and convert better than any amount of unaided preaching.

Medical Mission News

OUR NOVI TIATE

A Page From Its Day-to-Day Book

November 20 may be just another stretch of twenty-four hours in the minds of many, but for us Novices it is the day before The Day. Unexpected changes in the ordinary schedule make the junior Novices gasp, wondering what will happen next, and their curiosity is almost bursting at the seams. But the seniors can keep a secret.

First prelude to the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady is the staging of a play on the vigil. This year's heroine was a girl afraid — it's so human to be scared sometimes — to say "yes" to the divine Suitor because of her great love for her mother and dad. Eventually, the overpowering grace from on high brings a felicitous denouement, and the convent doors open to admit another prospective helper for the Missionary Christ.

Also enjoyed was a splendid monologue, "The Novice at Mental Prayer," in which this little Novice learned that it goes with her pretty much as with that little Novice when Angel of Darkness and Angel of Light meet and the Battle of Distractions begins. Remember, Sister-to-be, distractions do harm only when you keep the door of your imagination open and bid them step right in and make themselves at home. If you disavow them or try to whisk them away, no matter with how slim a measure of success, they can become solid gold for your crown.

Behold the Day !

For Sisters in the making, November 21 is the Marian Patronal Day. It is a day looked forward to and looked backward at, ushered in by a fervent novena during which each Novice worthy of the name tries her level best to reproduce in her own life the generosity and fervor of the Child Mary.

A much appreciated item on the day's program was free time. Some Novices buried themselves behind a desk with their favorite book and "pulled a paragraph" over their heads; others did those odd little jobs that are always left over when your day is done; still others just enjoyed themselves with

their native wits. Five or six grouped together and turned one of the rooms into a baptismal chapel, if you know what we mean. Some little girl's doll was somehow procured and a faltering voice pronounced the sacramental words while water flowed profusely on the porcelain brow.

"Careful, you'll drown the baby!" warned a looker-on.

"Is it emotion that makes you so nervous?" teased another.

"Of course," answered the Novice-pouring-the-water. "It's so impressive. Just try for yourself."

Meanwhile, in a far corner, another Sister was painstakingly planning a lesson in Christian doctrine to be given to the other Novices and, in course of time, she hopes, to real flesh-and-blood pagans. Never worry, Sister, there'll still be a worldful of heathens by the time you take your first vows and first steamship. The deep-down trouble seems to be that not enough young people take Christ seriously when He invites them to become His ambassadors, other Christs to the Christless.

In the afternoon and evening the Novices honored tradition by playing Perfection. Meantime, the old clock in the corner kept swinging its arms until they pointed to prayer and bedtime. And we all said thanks to God, good night to Him and Mary, and went off to bed at the end of a perfect day.

Not a Private Revelation

No, this is not a private revelation as the Church defines it; rather it is the confidential outburst of a Postulant (that is, a beginner with less than six months in the convent) who, for some unaccountable reason, had imagined that Christmas rejoicings stood up against a "No Trespassing" sign on convent doors.

I don't know why or how those silly notions had peopled my mind. Maybe because my own Christmas Days at home had always been packed and brimming over with enjoyment. Be that as it may, in my convent I have found other mothers who left no stone unturned to make ours a genuine Christmas with wreaths, holly, tree, Crib, and all the other accessories of the Nativity season, including the grand old ever popular Christmas carols.

I who had thought the postal service had gone on a four-week strike see that it is back on duty, for a shower of parcels and letters is brought to our door.

Christmas in the convent austere? Bury that ghost forever! Christmas is the Happy Birthday of Christ Our Lord, and Sisters are human beings; otherwise, I wouldn't be seen here, as there is nothing exceedingly angelic about me.

All is beauty outdoors; Nature looks for all the world like a greeting card, with her spotless snow and patches of blue on the half-frozen river mirroring the sun. Thank God for making river and snow and Christmas, and oh — thank God for God!



Why I Love God

Excerpts from letters submitted by children in response to a contest conducted by the Editor of THE APOSTLE. Here are reflected all the charm and naivete, the sincerity and innocence, and very often the startling profundity and spiritual wisdom of God's Little Ones. Here, too, there is inspiration and much food for thought for all of us older — and supposedly wiser — people.

“I love God because He has given us our five senses, to see the beautiful things of Mother Nature, to smell the beautiful rose, to taste the fried chicken Mother is preparing in the kitchen, to touch the smooth velvet petal of a rose, to hear our Catholic Faith being taught to us in our Catholic homes.

He also gave us the gift of speech to tell people of our Catholic Faith.”

“God loves you no matter what race or color you are . . .”

“I love God because He made Texas . . .”

“We must love God or else He will not know us when we are carried in the church . . .”

“God is a nice man and I wish he was alive to do stuff for us . . . When God died on the Cross I felt very bad about it and I felt like crying . . .”

“If for one moment God should forget us, we would cease to exist . . . The love of God is like a stem which holds up a flower. If the stem should break the flower will wilt and die. So will our faith if we do not have love for God . . .”

“No matter how small or silly my trouble is, Jesus will listen to me and help me . . .”

“I love God because if He didn't make the world, I don't know where we would be . . .”

"I do love Jesus because he died on the cross for us. It was a hard thing for Jesus to do. I would have tried to do it myself, but I can't so instead I'll do all Jesus asks me. Do you like to be a priest, Father? I would, because then I could give Jesus to people . . ."

"We love God because he is so good to us. He gives us everything we want, but if baby wants the butcher knife, he won't give it to him because the baby might hurt himself . . ."

"God is the most wonderful father I ever knew . . ."

Mission

Invitation

So vast the field, so few who toil,
So rich the yield of fruitful soil,
Come, harvest souls! — we deep implore —
For Heaven's glad halls, forevermore!

The Sermons That Save

Souls are saved on crosses. It was on Calvary that Christ delivered Himself for the redemption of all. Similarly, it is on our human calvaries, on our mounts of pain and fear and sorrow that is minted the red currency wherewith we can ransom souls made for God but coveted by Satan. Here the words of a Filipina Catholic, Joey Guerrero, come to mind: "Provided that my life is a fitting calvary, and I a fitting instrument to bring millions of hearts to Him, who is the true reason for my being, what else have I to wish for?" True it is that example and action are vitally needed; but still more important is suffering, the consecration of every pain, every heartache, every headache. Though Christ preached very beautifully on the mountainside, His most eloquent sermon was preached at three o'clock one Friday afternoon on Mount Golgotha. Men in pulpits may preach well; but men on crosses preach better.

We should, indeed, fight for the truth. But charity demands that we do it without heat, objectively, and courteously. We lose nothing by good manners. Christ was always a gentleman.

Information

VOCATION

Life is so brief! It restless flies!
Yonder's our Home — beyond the skies.
Come, join our happy throngs, and be
Christ's spouse for bright Eternity.

THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA



By Florence Gilmore

(Continued)

His piety led him to embrace eagerly the various practices recommended by the Church. He made one novena after another, all of them for the conversion of Futuna, so ardently desired but delayed by many obstacles. By an entire fidelity to his duties as priest and religious, he tried to make of himself an instrument fit for God's hand; and that he might, as soon as possible, preach his good tidings to the people, he spared himself no effort to learn the language of the island. In his very first days in Futuna, while still in the king's house, he studied it as best he might; but having neither grammar nor dictionary, he could learn only by the slow method of listening to the conversation of those about him, and of obtaining their help whenever this was possible. "We used to tell him the meaning of words, and he would write them down," Meitala, the king's son, related afterward. It is true that Thomas Boog spoke both English and Futunian, but he knew no other language, and it was difficult for Father Chanel to learn native idioms from him through the medium of English, which he knew very imperfectly.

With unwearied diligence he pursued his study of the language, as many entries in his diary testify; however, it was not until the last year of his ministry that he had perfect command of the strange tongue of his people. But as soon as he could make himself understood, even imperfectly, he began to go among the natives of the valley of Alo, in which he lived, and all whom he visited admired his gentleness and felt his kindness. He had not changed since his days at Crozet. In time he extended the circuit of his visits, going to see families in every part of the island. "My first care," he wrote, "should be to become acquainted with the various families and to study the language and customs of the country that it may be in my power to evangelize it."

A little incident demonstrated to him the necessity of knowing local usages and superstitions. One day he was saying his office not far from the king's house, and seeing a square stone conveniently placed, he sat down upon it, little suspecting that it was the "divine stone." Niuliki called to him that he was doing something forbidden, but not understanding a word that was said, Father Chanel remained where he was and went on with his prayers until one of the king's sons made him to understand, by means of signs, that no one was permitted to sit upon that stone. Father Chanel rose instantly and, fearing that some trouble might arise from his mistake, he hurried to Thomas Boog for an explanation of the matter. "To understand it, you must know that in Futuna, as in the neighboring islands, they believe in gods of the first and second orders," Thomas Boog told him. "The greatest of them all is given the uncomplicated name, Takavelikele, which means 'making the earth wicked.' Subject to him there are supposed to be a multitude of lesser gods, called Atouamouli. All misfortune is their work. They will not allow man to be happy, but persecute him with sickness, pestilence, and worst of all, death. To torture human beings is their delight.

"Before every royal abode there is placed a stone such as you sat upon. The islanders are very careful never to touch one of them; by doing so they would incur the displeasure of Takavelikele. You will find many superstitions among these people." And Thomas Boog told him of others, not less ridiculous.

Father Chanel soon learned from further experiences of his own that Thomas had spoken the truth. To Father Convers, he wrote, "Our islanders are extremely superstitious. Long accustomed, in their pitiable ignorance, to regard the gods as the sole cause of their misfortunes, they honor them, not in love, but in fear and trembling. Sickness and infirmity are regarded as effects of the anger of heaven. When a man falls ill, his friends hurriedly carry him to some house supposed to be favored by a god. It is important that they should first ascertain what part of the patient's body is affected because each god has different houses for the cure of the different members. They carry with them fruits, pieces of cloth, or something they hold precious to propitiate the evil genii by their offerings. Sooner or later these gifts become the property of a few who encourage the superstitions of the majority and profit by them. How I long to see these poor Futunians turn from their miserable gods to serve the God of truth and love!"

On the island many, many things were "taboo," and it was forbidden to harm, and in some cases, even to touch them. The king had the right to declare certain persons or objects taboo, and no one dared to violate the interdict. Father Chanel was taboo until he lost Niuliki's favor; and if, for example, the king wished to give a great feast, he would taboo the pigs, coconuts and other articles of food, so that none could be eaten before the grand occasion. Turtles were always taboo. Only the king who was conqueror at the time had a right to kill them. Before each royal house there was a place set apart for him to do it.

The first time Father Chanel visited the village of Poi, many of the people told him of their ills, but he had with him nothing that might have helped them. From that day wherever he went he carried some simple remedies and more than once succeeded beyond his hopes in alleviating the suffering or curing the wounds of his people. His

reputation grew, and in 1839, he could write in his journal, "I am acquiring quite a reputation for curing sores." One day the family of a sick man, whom the Father had been able to help, brought him some fine mats and other gifts. They were following their old custom of making presents to those who had gods in their houses and to whom they carried the sick. With gentle expressions of thanks Father Chanel refused their gifts, saying that he had not come to Futuna to take their treasures from them.

He was sitting quietly in his little house in the valley of Alo about ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third of January, 1838, when suddenly the war cry resounded all about him. The women frantically called the men who were working in the fields. "They came quickly and seized their lances," Father Chanel wrote in his journal. "A council was held during which every one talked very loud, and a piece of kava root and a bamboo lance were offered to the gods by being laid beside the sacred stone. The men who placed them gave three great war cries, as they did so. This ceremony over, the warriors ran as fast as they could to the scene of the trouble."

Father Chanel followed them. On reaching the valley of Fikavi he learned that two young men of the conquered part of the island had stolen into the valley and treacherously killed a chief, whom they had found working in his field. The men of Alo were wild with excitement and athirst for vengeance. Their warlike feelings grew stronger as the hours passed. The drills they practiced and the speeches they made showed that King Niuliki's subjects had determined to go to war. Father Chanel urged every possible motive for peace. The people listened; but what would he have them to do? they asked.

On the morning of January twenty-fifth, he and Thomas Boog hurried to Singave to try to pacify the Conquered. Sam (the native to whom Bishop Pompallier had talked) explained to them in detail the plan of campaign which the Conquered had outlined and declared that if they were victorious, the island would see great changes. In vain did Father Chanel set forth excellent reasons why peace should not be broken. Sam liked none of his arguments and replied that according to the customs of Futuna, once war was declared it must be fought.

Heartsick, he returned to his little house in Alo. Several days passed and no engagement took place. The sentinels stationed by King Niuliki on the mountain

A World to Reach

Every ten years there is an increase of 160 million persons in pagan lands. Only a tiny fraction of these people will ever learn of Christ if we fail to keep pace with the need. Besides all His divine aid, God has certainly given us every help in our day to reach the far corners of the world in a hurry . . . ships, railroads, the printing press, planes, telegraph, movies, radio, television, and countless other means of communicating ideas that can be used for good much more effectively than they can be used for evil.

Are we really trying to reach the world in the name of Christ, or are we overly possessive in keeping Him to ourselves and thereby withholding Him from nearly two billion human beings who have just as much right to Him as we have?

Christopher News Notes

tops and at the entrances to the valleys reported no movement on the part of the enemy. In short, on both sides counsels of peace had for the moment prevailed. On the seventh of February the two kings met and while they dined together, sent for Father Chanel, who pleaded with them to avoid war. It was decided that on the following day conditions of peace should be proposed and deliberated. Unfortunately, the men from Singave failed to appear, so nothing was settled.

King Niuliki wished Father Chanel to move to Poi, on the other side of the island, and farther from the territory of the conquered kingdom; but when reasons against the change were explained to him, he did not insist. However, the discomforts of his house in Alo grew greater, day by day, and he determined to build a larger one. He spoke of his plan to the king who gave his consent, remembering a day when, having fallen asleep in Father Chanel's cabin, he had been awakened by rain falling in his face. Work was commenced on the sixth of February, but as it happened, the new house was never finished. It was while the men were busy on it that the king of Singave came to Alo. "A great many people belonging to the other side of the island have never seen the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," Father Chanel said in his journal; "And I was only too glad for some of them to have an opportunity of being present at it. The sight of my ivory Crucifix made a deep impression upon them. They were pleased, too, with the picture of the Blessed Virgin."

About this time a most unfortunate incident occurred. Niuliki, accompanied by some armed men, came to Alo. While they searched for yams to cook for their meal, four of them came upon and seized the man who had killed the chief of Fikavi. Uttering fiendish cries of joy, they took him prisoner. Niuliki and his followers quickly decided that he should be put to death and lost no time in letting the men of Singave know of their intention. They, in their turn, sent word that if the prisoner were not released at once they would promptly invade King Niuliki's territory. Niuliki's answer was terse: "If you want the prisoner, come and free him." Women were stationed at many points to give the alarm as soon as anyone approached from Singave. All day they waited and watched in vain.

Towards noon of the next day, when they were no longer expected, "All the men of Singave came to the valley of Alo and placed nine roasted pigs before a house belonging to Niuliki. They then hastily made a litter, placed some trifle upon it, and after several warlike toasts had been proposed the litter was shouldered by four men whose cries reechoed through the valley as they bore it away. They were congratulating themselves on carrying with them the god of Niuliki. Hardly were they out of sight when the men and women of King Niuliki's party gathered about him, bent on war. The king and his advisers harangued the crowd, and kava was offered to the god who had been stolen."⁽¹⁾

The conquerors were unwilling to be indebted to the conquered for anything, so they sent one of Niuliki's daughters and a woman of Maile, a village in Alo, to pay for the roasted pigs with an offering of some pieces of European cloth. What was their astonishment when the woman of Maile returned alone and told that the princess had been detained as a hostage. "This means war," Father Chanel wrote in his journal.

⁽¹⁾ J. Journal, February 28, 1838.

"It is inevitable now, if God does not prevent it by a miracle. Oh my God, have pity on this island!" Happily, on the following day, the king's daughter was allowed to return.

Five days later, the situation being unchanged, and no one able to foresee whether peace or war would be the outcome, Father Chanel resolved to profit by the approaching departure of a schooner which lay at anchor in the bay to go to Wallis. He had had no news of Father Bataillon since their separation, four months before. At first the king refused to allow him to make the trip, but later changed his mind and gave the desired permission.

A rough sea made the passage difficult. In his journal, Father Chanel notes, "On the twenty-seventh we sighted Wallis about noon. Natives came in crowds to meet us, and it seemed to me that they had improved in many ways. I asked instantly for news of the two Frenchmen who were living on the island and was told that they are beloved by all and looked upon as children of the king. Not a pin has been stolen from them." Writing to Brother Mary Nizier, he said, "We cast anchor at noon. I long to see Father Bataillon and Brother Joseph, but they tell me that, in compliance with the custom of Wallis, I must await them here. The sun is setting and my brothers have not come! As I watched still longer, I heard French voices on the shore. Our canoe went for my friends, and a few moments later I was holding out my hands to help them aboard. Oh, they were Father Bataillon and Brother! What a joyous moment and what a happy evening!"

In his journal Father Chanel wrote some details of the visit. "We left the schooner early in the morning to go to Father Bataillon's little isolated house. Later, we set out to visit the king, whom we met on our way. He embraced me cordially, as a relative of Father Bataillon's. We detained him for a moment to give him a little flask of wine." This gift so warmed the heart of His Majesty that during the whole of his visit Father Chanel was the object of the most delicate attentions of royalty.

"The king's affection for us was so great that he asked us to accompany him on a visit which he intended to make to the other side of the island," wrote Father Bataillon. "We accepted the invitation gratefully. To convert these people, is it not necessary to know them? The king's conversation was agreeable and instructive. He taught us much concerning the character, customs and industries of his subject. After three or four hours of travel by boat we landed and entered the village which His Majesty had come to visit. It goes without saying that we were enthusiastically received.

(To be continued)

This meditation on the Divine Mysteries of the Redemption will teach the adults to live, admiring daily the shining examples of Jesus and Mary, and to draw from these examples comfort in adversity, striving towards those heavenly treasures "where neither thief draws near, nor moth destroys." This meditation will bring to the knowledge of the little ones the main truths of the Faith, making love for the Redeemer blossom almost spontaneously in their innocent hearts, while, seeing their parents kneeling before the majesty of God, they will learn from their very early years how great is the value of prayers said in common

PIUS XII IN *Ingruentium Malorum*

Our Beloved Dead



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