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The Precursor

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MONTREAL

July-August 1955

IN THIS ISSUE

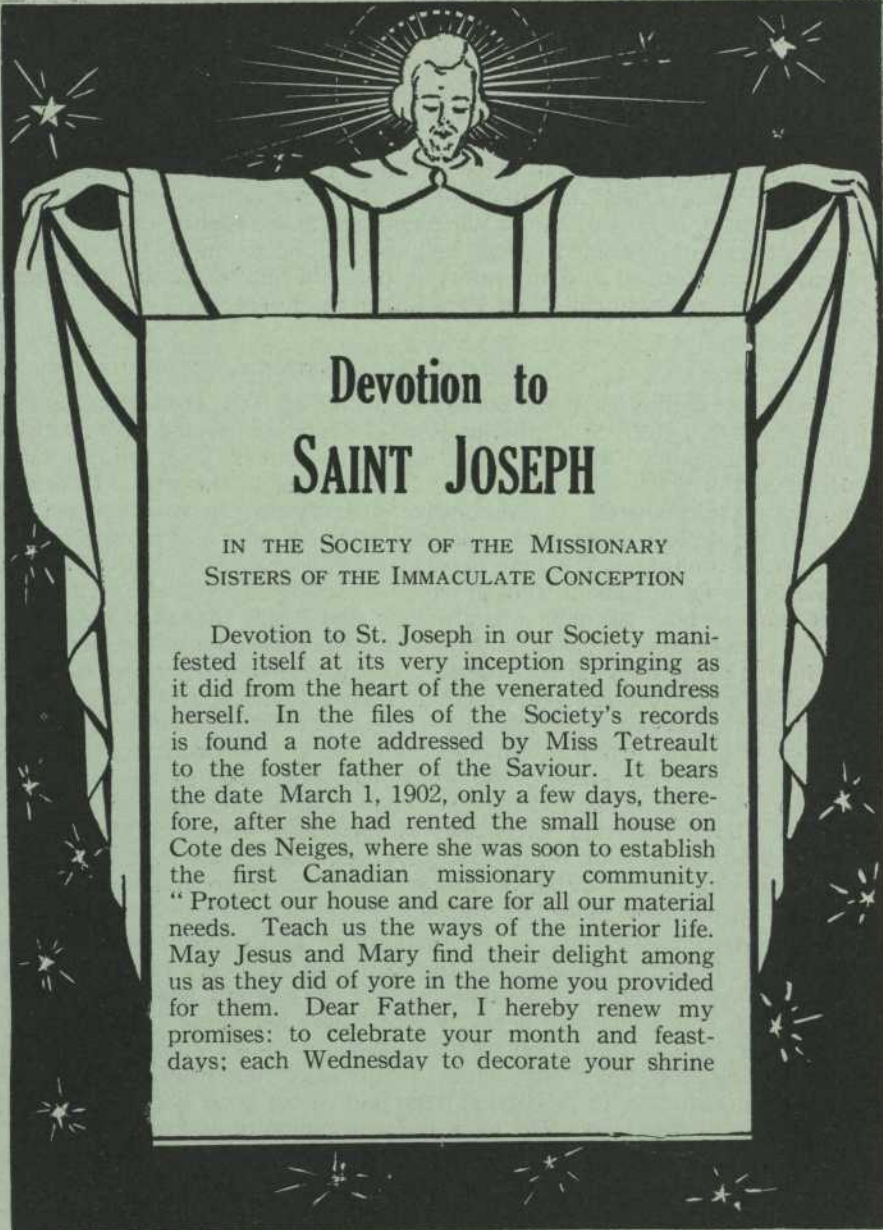
<i>Devotion to St. Joseph in the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception</i>	483
<i>American Missionary Named Prefect Apostolic of Morondava</i>	491
<i>God Bless You</i>	494
<i>Vicariate of Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia</i>	495
<i>Meeting Fort Jameson Girl Guides</i>	497
<i>More about Felipe</i>	500
<i>Mah Low, Chinese Centenarian</i>	502
<i>There Were Four Little Girls</i>	504
<i>Transplanting Rice In The Philippines</i>	507
<i>The Legion of Mary</i>	510
<i>Tanabata Matsuri</i>	511
<i>Art and Apostolate</i>	513
<i>Telegrafo</i>	515
<i>Religions and Religion</i>	518
<i>Why I Became a Novice</i>	522
<i>Receiving News of a Beloved Daughter's Mission Assignment</i>	524
<i>Home Visitations in Haiti</i>	525
<i>Our Dear Departed</i>	527

IMPRIMATUR :

† His Eminence P. Emile Cardinal Leger
Archbishop of Montreal
January 7, 1955.

NIHIL OBSTAT :

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.
May 6, 1955.



Devotion to SAINT JOSEPH

IN THE SOCIETY OF THE MISSIONARY
SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Devotion to St. Joseph in our Society manifested itself at its very inception springing as it did from the heart of the venerated foundress herself. In the files of the Society's records is found a note addressed by Miss Tetreault to the foster father of the Saviour. It bears the date March 1, 1902, only a few days, therefore, after she had rented the small house on Cote des Neiges, where she was soon to establish the first Canadian missionary community. "Protect our house and care for all our material needs. Teach us the ways of the interior life. May Jesus and Mary find their delight among us as they did of yore in the home you provided for them. Dear Father, I hereby renew my promises: to celebrate your month and feast-days; each Wednesday to decorate your shrine

and sing hymns in your honor; to promote your devotion." As may be gathered from these lines, Miss Delia Tetreault, the future Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, wished to associate Joseph to Jesus and Mary in the work she had undertaken. She undoubtedly reasoned that the guardian upon earth of the two principal members of the Mystical Body, the patron of the universal Church, mystical Body of Christ, could not but prove a powerful protector to a society essentially devoted to the interests of the Church. On March 19, 1903, we find that the foundress, in accordance with her promise and in spite of restricted space, had one of the rooms in the temporary convent transformed into an oratory in honor of him whom she had already taught her Sisters to call "our good father St. Joseph."

RELIEF AND CONSTANCY OF THIS DEVOTION

The first chronicles of the Society state that in 1904, the Sisters acquired larger quarters at 27, St. Catherine Road. There was erected the first chapel of the community. On this occasion, statues of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and of St. Joseph were placed on either side of the altar. This must not be regarded merely as a decorative arrangement, for it serves to reveal one of the dearest devotions of the foundress. It may also be said to have initiated a tradition. With the passing years, as chapels of the Society went on multiplying in Canada and all over the world, in every one of them the statue of the holy patriarch was always placed beside that of Mary Immaculate. Another custom most faithfully kept since the days of the foundation, is that of daily invoking St. Joseph. All the regular religious exercises are closed by an invocation glorifying Our Lady's Immaculate Conception and by another addressed to St. Joseph. Those of the Sisters who were privileged to live with their foundress remember with what a particularly fervent and religious accent she stressed the words *our good father St. Joseph*. Such was the filial love betokened by this prayer that a Sister from another community who at that time visited our Motherhouse, wrote... "How I enjoyed assisting at your regular religious exercises! How happy I was to hear you sing or recite the *Magnificat* and to listen to your dear Mother praying to *our good father St. Joseph*."

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception moreover, daily invoke St. Joseph's protection by the recitation of a very beautiful prayer composed by St. Pius X. Needless to say, St. Joseph's feastday is always solemnized, and a guard of honor is kept before his shrine. At the end of one of her letters of direction to the missionary Sisters in Canton, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit once wrote "Surrender your whole hearts to our Immaculate Mother, to her divine Babe and to our good Father St. Joseph who comes to mean more and more to our community as time goes by."

Finding that one day in the year was not sufficient to thank our holy protector, the foundress in 1921, enrolled all our houses in Canada and China in the Association of the Perpetual cult of St. Joseph. The date chosen

for the Mother house celebration of this cult, was January 10, which happened at the same time to be the birthday of Reverend Mother Mary of St. Gustave (Josephine Montmarquet), first Assistant General. This regretted Mother also cherished a tender devotion to St. Joseph.

Another proof of the Society's constant devotion towards St. Joseph is found in the number of missions placed under his patronage: Mount St. Joseph Hospital, Vancouver, Shek Lung Leprosarium, Canton, the convent and school conducted at Las Pinas, P. I., the convent of Port Salut, Haiti, the college of San Jose, Manguito, Cuba, the mission of Vua, Nyassaland . . .

MISSIONARIES ARE ST. JOSEPH'S FAVORITES

St. Joseph it seems keeps a particularly tender spot in his heart for missionaries. How could it be otherwise? As protector of the universal Church — and as carpenter — his watchful eye follows them who are the builders of the Mystical Body, always ready to assist and to further all their apostolic works. Missions founded by Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, the world over, on the Bethlehem-Nazareth formula, can vouch for this constant and touching solicitude. The little note written by the foundress way back in 1902, finds a daily reply in the countless material and spiritual favors granted her daughters laboring in the home fields or in the field afar.

In 1906, accommodation at 27, St. Catherine Road, became entirely insufficient for the almost too rapidly increasing family of missionary Sisters. Although money was scarce, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit wanted very much to secure a spacious dwelling situated on an agreeable plot of ground on the neighboring hillside. The chronicles note regarding this coveted property that the Sisters began *to worry St. Joseph* about it with their prayers. How could he have failed to grant their trusting petition? Some months of laborious negotiations went by, then the property was put up for auction and sold on reasonable terms. Thus it happened that St. Joseph helped to put the Institute in possession of its first Motherhouse at 314, St. Catherine Road.

In a letter dated March 1919, the foundress wrote concerning the favours for which her community was indebted to its holy protector: "We shall never know or rather, we shall know only in heaven all that St. Joseph has done for us as purveyor of religious communities. I can assert without exaggerating that were it not for his powerful intervention we often would have had nothing to put on our refectory tables." The revered Mother, however, did not consider this good Father only as the incomparable purveyor of material goods. Above all she revered him as one of the surest guides in the ways of perfection as may be inferred from this other excerpt. "How shall we prove our thankfulness? Not merely by the recitation of a few prayers or the singing of hymns in his honor. If we wish to please him, we will apply ourselves as he did to great fidelity in the discharge of our daily duties. He has been called a just man, that is a dutiful man. Fidelity in the respect due to our Superiors, fidelity in obedience inspired by the spirit

of faith . . . We will prove our love for the dear Saint by lovingly keeping each one of our rules, even the least among them and in every detail."

Saint Joseph has very often proved how agreeable to him was this practical and enlightened interpretation of his cult. The Sisters like to think that he had a hand in the choice favours bestowed upon them regarding the approbation of their Rule by Holy Mother Church. The Decree of Praise and the approbation on trial of the Constitutions for seven years, were received on March 1, 1925, while that of the definite approval reached the Society on March 7, 1933.

As houses of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception kept on multiplying in Canada and abroad, St. Joseph also multiplied the pledges of his benevolent patronage. The property needed for the opening of a closed retreat center in Granby, P. Q., and that whereon rose Mount St. Joseph Hospital in Vancouver, B. C., were both obtained at favorable conditions thanks to the paternal manoeuvres of the Great Purveyor.

ST. JOSEPH AND MISSIONARY PROBLEMS

St. Joseph who personally experienced the tribulations of the flight into Egypt can always be relied upon to solve the more or less complicated problems of missionary life. To the non-Christian peoples as well as to those who have become dechristianized, the daughters of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit bear Jesus through Mary. In their apostolate, the holy patriarch plays a role similar to that which was his when of yore he guided the Virgin Mother and her Son into the land of the Pharaoh. Recalling the hardships and annoyances of his sojourn in this strange country, how could he help sympathizing with the Missionary Sisters on the missions, who invoke him in perilous circumstances? Always, he proves to be their vigilant protector and their generous and faithful purveyor.

Their good Father's "weak point" the Sisters have turned to account in more ways than one. Innumerable are the Josephs of every color and nation they have baptized in tokens of their gratitude. To legions of children and Christians they have taught filial love and reverence toward him.

When rice was strictly rationed during the Japanese occupation of Canton, the little orphans carried his statue in pious processions and their rice bowls never remained empty. One of the Sisters then in charge of the orphanage declared in a letter sent to her Superiors in Canada, "We of Canton are the happy witnesses of a continual miracle . . . Somehow, we manage to maintain 240 Chinese girls. My three favorite invocations are: Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place all my trust in thee . . . Dear Blessed Mother, protect us until the end . . . Good St. Joseph take care of your children!" Grappling with similar hardships, the huge family of Shek Lung also relied upon St. Joseph. The lepers were often heard to remark in a deep spirit of faith and trust, "The good God and St. Joseph always grant our requests. If we no longer get anything to eat, it will be because of unfavorable circumstances or because wicked people keep the rice destined to us from reaching



THE BABIES OF THE CANTON ORPHANAGE PRAYING TO ST. JOSEPH

our island." In 1930, our Canton Holy Spirit School was in a difficult situation; it could no longer contribute to the support of the orphanage and the creche because it could not manage to meet its own expenses. Sister Marie of Loyola⁽¹⁾ who was then Superior promised to have a statue of St. Joseph put up on the convent grounds if he helped the school out of its predicament. She prayed thus, "Dear St. Joseph if you want to save this work, get us \$3,000.00". The Superior later related that in spite of her confidence she thought it impossible to secure such a sum even by asking contributions from several persons. Things happened the way they usually do when St. Joseph steps to the fore. He sent his messenger in the person of a wealthy non-Christian Chinese, an admirer of the Sisters' work, who offered them exactly \$3,000.00 H. K. for the school. Moreover he donated a monthly sum to the orphanage. This latter deed of generosity was afterwards copied by many non-Christian friends of the missionaries.

In July 1932, Sr. Marie of Loyola kept her promise by erecting a monument to St. Joseph on the convent grounds. On the pedestal of the statue

1. Orphise Boulay, Coaticook, P. Q.

was engraved in French and in Chinese an invocation dear to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, with 200 years' indulgence attached by the Cardinal Protector of the Institute, "O blessed heart of our good father St. Joseph, pray for us."

The transfer of the creche from its crowded city quarters to a pleasant country property was also brought about with the help of Jesus' foster father. For a number of years the Sisters had been vainly trying to recover a piece of land they had bought outside the city limits with the intention of eventually building there a home for their family of orphans. The deed was accounted as worthless because it had been entered under a government now gone out of power. They were pleasantly surprised when in March 1932, an official accredited by the new government called at the convent to discuss their legal titles to the "property on the hillside." On March 19 of the same year, everything was satisfactorily arranged. As the municipality wished to trace a new street crossing their piece of ground, the Sisters agreed to exchange it for another situated at To Kom Hang, in the proximity of a mission church. This new property bore the auspicious Chinese name of Ting Sing Kong (made by heaven). For several years, the children of the orphanage and their adopted mothers seemed to move as in a genuine fairy tale thanks to the munificent bounties of friends sent by St. Joseph, friends such as the renowned philanthropists, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Woo Man Fou, the brothers Aw Boon Haw who donated spacious, airy wards and modernly equipped playrooms and playgrounds . . . As a pledge of their gratitude, the Sisters built a small oratory dedicated to St. Joseph on the heights of Ting Sing Kong.

In Manila, during the Japanese occupation, St. Joseph watched with an equally paternal solicitude over the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. At the close of March 1942, a group of Japanese officers called at the convent, declaring their intention of taking up lodgings in the right wing of the Sisters' establishment and asking to be shown over the premises. While the Superior accompanied the unwelcome visitors, the Sisters gathered in the chapel for one of their religious exercises sang the hymn "O St. Joseph guard and protect us always." It happened that just as the officers were stepping inside the corridor of the right wing, two enormous rats scurried out in front of them. The Japanese were disagreeably impressed. Fearing that these rodents might prove germ carriers, they murmured a perfunctory excuse and hastily withdrew much to everyone's relief.

During World War II, all the camps of concentration where the daughters of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit were interned benefited by St. Joseph's protection. In Japan, the six little Sisters of Koriyama were imprisoned in their own convent and "guarded" night and day by policemen of doubtful moral behavior. The non-Christian mother of one of their former pupils managed to get the following message through to the Sisters, "I offer you my deepfelt sympathy; I understand that for women of your quality, there is but one alternative left — suicide rather than disgrace." But St. Joseph

stood faithful guard and allowed no harm to befall them who had placed such filial confidence in his powerful patronage.

ANOTHER "LITTLE MIRACLE" IN MANILA

War over, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception returned from the camp of Los Banos to find that their Anglo-Chinese Academy had been transformed into a Bishop's house, the episcopal dwelling having been destroyed during the siege of the city. They adopted a half-ruined edifice, St. Rita's Hall, as temporary convent, all the while entreating St. Joseph to secure for them suitable quarters in which to resume their works of apostolate. As they daily continued their search among the city ruins, they learnt that some Belgian Sisters of their acquaintance were about to leave their little convent on Gagalangin and that they might apply. Their relief and gratitude knew no bounds. When he heard of their project, the pastor of Gagalangin, Padre Pajarillo, exclaimed "Your arrival in my parish is another of St. Joseph's miracles!" Throughout the war, this zealous Filipino priest had constantly implored St. Joseph's protection on his parish. Of late he had been importuning the good Saint to send him Sisters who might open a Catholic school in his district where until then could be found only a few public schools and one Protestant establishment.

The Manila Sisters also attribute to St. Joseph's intercession, the fact that they were able to open once again their Anglo-Chinese Academy on Narra Street, and inaugurate St. Joseph's school in Las Pinas, ten miles from Manila. Thus it came to pass that their three first postwar works were undertaken in three distinct parishes each under the patronage of their celestial protector and friend.

ST. JOSEPH AND COMMUNIST LAWSUITS IN MANCHURIA

On March 1, 1951, St. Joseph took under his high and mighty protection, Sister St. Emerentienne⁽¹⁾ the Sister-nurse in charge of the Sze ping kai dispensary. Accused of murdering a child by giving him a hypodermic injection, she was forced to undergo a trial before a commission of physicians, all sympathizers of the Party. It was no slight undertaking for a mere nurse to try to justify herself under such circumstances. She afterwards wrote in a letter addressed to the Motherhouse, "A Chinese priest was my interpreter and St. Joseph was my lawyer. . . It surely was no spree. But, such was my lawyer's expert defense that after a session of four hours I was not merely acquitted but authorized to resume my functions as "nurse".

The Sze ping kai dispensary continued to function until the Sisters were finally expelled because of their sympathetic attitude towards the Legion of Mary. It was the only remaining contact with the Chinese the missionaries had, and until the end it afforded them a means of secret but fruitful apostolate.

1. Berthe Fleurent, St. Perpetue, Nicolet.

ST. JOSEPH AND CONVERSIONS

While living here below, St. Joseph was closely united to the mission of Jesus, redeemer of the world, and of Mary, His co-Redemptrix. His relations with them in heavenly glory are not less intimate than they were at Nazareth. Jesus and Mary more readily than ever listen to his pleas, hearken to his recommendations in favor of his clients. To St. Joseph then the missionaries have recourse more particularly in the case of hardened sinners. The 1955 March-April issue of "The Precursor" related the conversion of ex-soldier Wong, a lapsed Catholic, who obstinately refused to see the priest. Sister St. Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ was equally obstinate in refusing to give up visiting him and praying for his conversion. But the patient was rapidly failing and he still remained obdurate. In a last attempt to bring about his reconciliation with his Maker, Sister succeeded in having the patient wear about his neck a medal of the Patron of a happy death. Wong succumbed to the fatherly wiles of St. Joseph and died shriven and repentant.

From all over the mission world during the month of March, rare blooms of conversions are reported. From Vancouver a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception wrote, March 22, 1943, "St. Joseph continues to shower down graces of conversions, again this evening two of our dying patients were baptized." At Shek Lung, at the time when the Sisters were allowed to care for the lepers, it once happened on the feast of the Saint's patronage, that a group of 19 lepers were baptized. And these are only a few instances of the numerous spiritual and temporal favors for which we are indebted to St. Joseph's intercession. Similar facts could be gleaned in the annals of mission fields everywhere.

St. Joseph who during his lifetime lived in such perfect harmony with Our Lady, continues to work with her at the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth and at the salvation of souls. And so in the hearts of all genuine Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception these twin devotions forever blend, faithful in this to the counsel of their foundress, "Surrender your whole hearts to our Immaculate Mother, to her divine Babe, and to our good father St. Joseph."

SUNNING HIS SOUL

A missionary in Africa once noticed that one of his converts spent considerable time in church before the Blessed Sacrament.

"Joseph," he asked, "what do you say to the good God during all this time?"

"Nothing, Father. I don't say anything, because I cannot read any books."

"Then what do you do," inquired the missionary, "during all those hours before the Blessed Sacrament?"

"Father," was the simple reply. "I just sun my soul."

J. P. Schaefer

1. Irene Pelland, West Glover, Vermont.

America . Missionary

NAMED PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF MORONDAVA, *MADAGASCAR*

Deprived of its Pastor since the death of Msgr. E. Garon, the Prefecture exultantly greets its newly-appointed Chief, Reverend Paul Girouard, Missionary of La Salette.

Although the territory he will be called upon to administer is immense, with a population of 200,000, Father Girouard is more thoroughly acquainted with its every nook and corner than with his native land. Since 1928, he has constantly traveled all over it founding mission outposts at every available point. The news of his assignment found him on just such another apostolic venture.

The rainy season was at its peak. According to an article of ecclesiastical legislation, the Prefect-elect must assume his functions by presenting, personally or through the good offices of a proxy, his nomination letters to the acting Administrator. During the rainy season in Madagascar it is impossible to travel except by oxcart. Consequently, as soon as he received his summons, Father Girouard had his oxen yoked and set out on his journey. He had to ford several rivers swollen by the continual downpours. Finally, after five days, he arrived at Morondava, his oxcart caked with mud and himself soaked to the skin.

Later, on the same day, Msgr. Girouard was the guest of

**Msgr. Paul Girouard, Prefect
Apostolic of Morondava.**



honor at a reception tendered by French government officials and settlers of Morondava. On Sunday, January 23, he offered a solemn High Mass for the intentions of his flock. Festivities were organized throughout the Prefecture. True to Malagasy tradition, the faithful brought gifts of rice, eggs, ducks, and tropical fruits.

NOTES ON MSGR. GIROUARD

Right Reverend Paul Girouard, M.S. was born at Hamilton, R.I., Dec. 27, 1898. He went through the primary grades at Hamilton and pursued his secondary studies at North Kingston, R.I. After a term of probation at Our Lady of La Salette Seminary, Hartford, Conn., then at the Bloomfield novitiate, he was sent to Rome for the courses of philosophy and theology. He was ordained a priest on July 26, 1927, at Salmata, a hamlet of the Umbrian mountains where the Missionaries of La Salette have their summer villa.

ASSUMPTA IN COELUM

The triumphant and glorious Mary can tell us: "Have no fear, draw nigh; I am and will remain your Mother! Therefore ask with complete confidence for whatever you wish. My throne and my glory must expand your trust in my power which is exceeded only by my mercy. Ask, and you will receive, my children, for I am ever waiting to overwhelm you with my generosity.

"I am now in the Heaven of heavens, but that cannot make me forget that my birthplace is in your land of exile, and that by birth, I am a lowly maid of Nazareth. Do not let my majesty frighten you, but rather let it draw you into my arms!"

FATHER MATEO

PRIESTS ARE WOEFULLY FEW

Of the 5,000,000 people in Chile, 4,000,000 are without proper religious care. Of the 900,000 children of school age, 700,000 get no religious instruction. For 5,000,000 Chileans there are but 1,700 priests, of whom 915 are Chilean born and 700 foreigners. Twenty per cent of the able-bodied population assists at Sunday Mass. There are no priests to organize new parishes or to direct new institutions of mercy.

La Cruz en al Frontera, Temuco

Madagascar



• MISSION DES SŒURS MISSIONNAIRES DE L'IMMACULÉE-CONCEPTION

God Bless You

God bless your noble, generous deed,
O you who proved a friend in need.

To poor and sick, to those in grief,
Your gift brought comfort and relief.

Your name,
dear friend,
remains unknown,
Save only to the Lord alone.

He will reward a hundredfold
With peace and happiness untold.

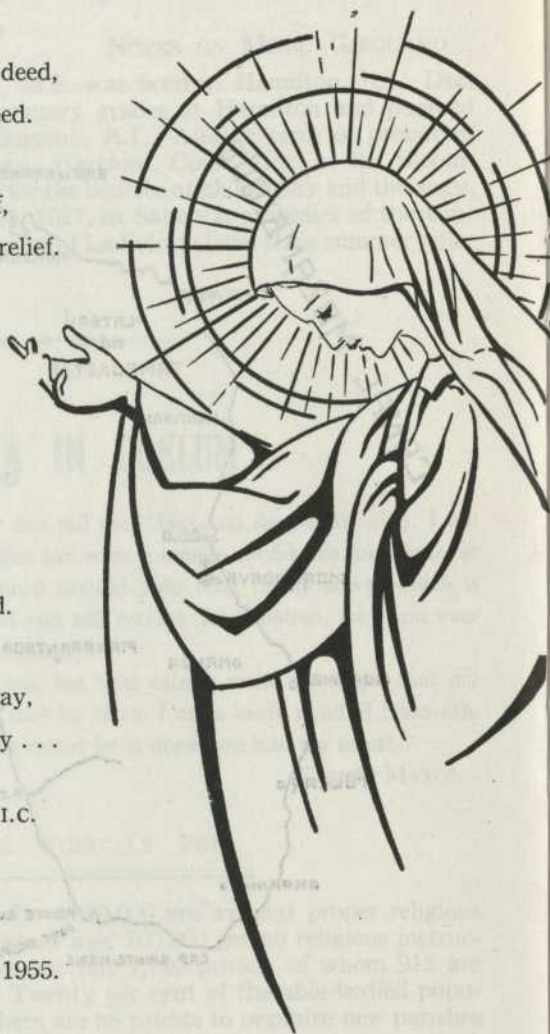
For this we humbly kneel and pray,
May He tell us your name one day . . .

SR. ST. YVES(1), M.I.C.

Adapted from the French

Vua, February 23, 1955.

1. Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere, P.Q.



Vicariate of Fort Jameson

BISHOP COURTEMANCHE W.F.

In an interview at *Fides*, His Excellency Most Rev. Firmin Courtemanche, W.F., Vicar Apostolic of Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia, said that one of the most preoccupying problems in his vicariate was the current exodus of workers from his region to the mining centers in Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, and to the Copper Belt of Northern Rhodesia. Adults, attracted by the possibility of earning money and by the lure of city life, go to those regions at least once in their lives and remain there usually from five to six years. Young men are especially attracted by the possibility of earning enough money to be able to provide the dowry that will make it possible for them to marry. This exodus is taking workers away from the country. As it is rare that women go to the mining regions it also separates married couples. While some husbands send money to their wives this does not take care of the entire problem. The Vicar Apostolic has given instructions that Christians should be told that they have an obligation in conscience not to remain away from their homes for more than two years.

There also arises the problem of the religious ministry to the workers in the mining region. The mine region is confided to the spiritual care of the Franciscan Conventuals. The Vicariate Apostolic of Fort Jameson is coterminous with the eastern province of Northern Rhodesia. Its people are not so much out of their element, as regards language, when they are in the mining region; they can make themselves understood and Catholics among them have no serious language difficulty in going to Confession. There are churches everywhere. Nevertheless, they do come to new surroundings where things are strange to them, where they are unknown and at times they find themselves in embarrassing situations. They must be sought out. Other influences often make themselves felt in these worker agglomerations, and Communism, in particular, is making its appearance. Douglas Hyde has said that a legion of Moscow trained propagandists will arrive in Rhodesia in 1955. To prepare against such a danger the Christians of the Copper Belt must be specially trained. With that in mind the Vicars and Prefects Apostolic of Northern Rhodesia have asked *Opus Dei* to found a lay organization in the country. This will be a center of technical and apostolic training for lay collaborators in missionary work.

The European laity is already collaborating with the mission in the field of medicine; at Fort Jameson a Dutch doctor is devoting herself to the mission hospital; another doctor, a member of the Wurzburg Medical Mission Institute, aided by a nurse of the same institute, is giving her talents and energies in conducting a hospital in one of the bush stations of the mission.

The center of the Vicariate Apostolic of Fort Jameson is the city of that name. The vicariate covers an area of 36,000 square kilometers. It has a

population of 360,000 or a density of 10 per square kilometer which is not bad for Africa. One tenth of the population, 36,000, is Catholic. There are 50,000 Protestants of four different denominations. Protestant missionaries began work in the country before Catholics did. The White Fathers arrived there from Nyassa. They founded their first mission in Kachebere where today stands the most important major seminary of British Central Africa. The Prefecture Apostolic of Fort Jameson was created in 1937 and this was elevated to the rank of vicariate in 1953. There are now twelve mission stations in the vicariate. The mission personnel consists of 32 White Fathers, 5 Brothers, and 5 native priests.

Bishop Courtemanche has placed special stress on the training of catechists for the vicariate. Until very recently each mission station did what it could in preparing catechists for itself. In 1951, however, Bishop Courtemanche opened a Central school for catechists. One priest of the vicariate devotes his entire time to this school. The School began with 40 candidates, young married men between the ages of 20 and 30 were selected. After a two year course of study, spiritual training and pedagogy, 21 were approved as catechists and assigned to different mission posts where they really prove to be lay assistants to the missionary. While the catechists were receiving their training, special courses in religion were also given to their wives. The work accomplished by catechists trained in this school is far superior to that of the catechists of former days.

Exult, O home of Zachary!
Around thee all unseen
A thousand hosts of angels bow
To venerate their Queen.
Be glad, O Saint Elizabeth!
Thy faith has full reward
To hear the Maiden sing — "My soul
Doth magnify the Lord."
And may we too rejoice to hear
On "Visitation" Day
That sacred voice — when death draws near
To steal our souls away.

J.N.W.

ART IN MISSIONARY LIFE: ART HOW TO KEEP COOL

While I was on vacation this year, the "backdoor dispensary" was more active than ever. Most of the cases were minor, but we did have one Jesuit Father, stationed nearby, who hacked his hand open with an ax and had to be sewed up. The only equipment we had to use was ordinary thread and a darning needle, but the wound healed perfectly. In gratitude Father sent us three beautiful big photos of Mount Everest and the snowy Himalayan ranges taken last year while he was on an exploratory expedition in the Forbidden Kingdom of Nepal. We've hung the pictures in the Hospital corridor — they make at least one cool spot in the midst of this Patna heat!

Meeting Fort Jameson Girl Guides

SR. ST. RODRIGUE(1), M.I.C.

We arrived in the African village at four in the afternoon just as noisy groups of boys and girls came tumbling out of the classrooms. The boys wore kaki trousers while the girls were dressed in royal blue uniforms trimmed with collar and wristbands of bright yellow. Some of these black faces glowered at me as I dismounted from my bicycle, but the children who had already followed my catechism classes cheerfully called out, *Moni Amai*. Captain Matilda Moyo stepped forward to greet me. The long camp tunic, navy blue beret, leather belt, and white shoulder knot had transformed the Protestant teacher (no Catholic school here as yet) into a dignified Captain of Girl Guides. I noted that only four Guides out of sixteen wore the regulation costume greatly simplified: tunic of almost the same color as the school uniform, cloth belt, green tie with a gold trefoil, green turban wound around the head. Captain Moyo signalled to her two patrol leaders. They ran up but fidgeted and were at a loss to reply when she questioned them regarding their notebook. Seeing that they could not give her any satisfactory explanation, the Captain dropped the matter probably because of my presence there.

The inspection over, the company advanced for the horseshoe formation. In these parts, the patrols do not complete the square nor march up the center before dividing to the left and right, but they immediately form the half-circle for the enunciation of the promise. A few questions on the fourth, sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth laws helped to remind the children of their obligations as Guides. Followed some First Aid Tests. The Blackbirds proceeded to bandage a supposedly injured foot, and the Nightingales took care of an injured hand. The two "casualties" were then carried by their companions according to the rules of the St. John Ambulance.

After these tests had been gone through, the company sat down in a circle for the explanation of the flag (the Union Jack) and the retelling of the legend of St. George. Squatting on the grass beside my African friends, I imagined the palavers of old when tribesmen crouching about their camp fires, exchanged tall tales of leopards, lions, witchcraft, and fetish worship. While I thus conjured up bygone scenes of the African jungle, Captain Matilda delivered a *cinyanja* version of the legend of St. George which I found difficult to follow as I am not yet sufficiently familiar with the dialect. Animation



and keen interest glowed on the dusky faces and in the dancing eyes of the Guides at the recounting of the dragon's depredations and of St. George's bravery. I understood at least the moral to be drawn from the legend: a Guide must never give in to fear even when confronted with wild beasts but must ever stand prepared to fight the good battles of the Lord.

Time had now come to relax and play games. Shapes of fishes were cut out of old newspapers and pinned on sleeves, belts, or collars. At a given signal, all the children "fished", each trying to secure as many catches as possible. Another game consisted in having eight Guides sit in a row, eyes closed, arms extended forward. Eight other Guides jumped so lightly over these living obstacles that they did not even graze them. This game was a great favorite and the children played it over and over again with great gusto. The third game seemed to be typically African. An immense circle was traced on the ground; Captain Moyo stood inside while the Guides jostled one another just outside the circle. Suddenly, the Captain struck the attitude of a person plunged in deep reflection. Meantime, the Guides crept up to her with catlike movements and mimicked her attitude. The girl who was not nimble enough to scamper out of reach when Matilda's arm shot out was caught and became it.

After all had tired of this game, Ailisi decided to present an original burlesque program of her own. She is a tall girl, usually quiet and reserved, with languorous eyes, and a lithe, supple figure. Never had I seen such comical expressions, such clownish acrobatic feats executed with more nonchalant ease for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Refreshed by Ailisi's inimitable act, the Company devoted five minutes to the rendering of Guide songs before beginning athletic exercises. But it was already half-past five and I had to hurry home before the darkness fell. The meeting would not break up until six. I bade goodbye to the Guides and invited Matilda to come again every Thursday.

As I rode back to the convent, my thoughts whirled to the rhythm of my bicycle wheels. This firsthand contact with Black Girl Guides had brought me much satisfaction. Matilda really loves her girls. She is an ideal leader gifted with patience, sympathy, and remarkable self control. But she does not yet appear capable of applying to the full the efficacious methods of the movement. For instance, the games played did not possess the educative value of a needed relaxation between two periods of serious study. This remark is not meant as a criticism. Alone and practically unaided, this young African lady has already achieved worthwhile results. But, I feel so deeply indebted to the movement for the formation that it imparted me that I am sure much more could be done in an educative way. My ambition is to organize to this end, a company of Catholic African Girl Guides.



The cross is a divine bridge you have to cross if you would enter Heaven.

Mother Catherine Aureliea

More about Felipe

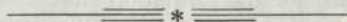
SR. ST. JOHN OF CALVARY(1), M.I.C.

Do you remember reading in one of the previous issues of *The Precursor* about Felipe Lu? His scholastic record may be nothing to boast about, but at least I have the consolation to know that he grasped the essentials regarding the science of loving God and serving Him with his whole heart.

Ever since his Baptism, five years ago, he never once missed his weekly confession and communion. Bright and early every Sunday morning, he would stride up Narra Street and glance up at my classroom window. I waved him forward with a smile, for I knew beforehand what his request would be. "Sister, please help me with my examination of conscience. I want to go to confession." With a childlike simplicity this young man of twenty asked questions, stated facts, accepted answers.

One Friday morning, last February, an elated Felipe rang the convent doorbell. He had great news to tell for he had had a promotion. His employer, satisfied with his honesty and diligent service, was sending him to a branch office in the Luzon Province. Felipe hugged himself with delight at the prospect. He wanted me to give him the address of an *Ecclesia* where he could hear Mass on his arrival, as he intended leaving on the morrow. But, upon learning that he would probably not manage to locate a church in such a short time, he decided to postpone his departure until the following Monday so as to be sure not to miss his Mass and communion.

Felipe wrote me soon after reaching destination. It was an enthusiastic letter telling me all about his new surroundings and how happy he had been to find a Catholic Church near enough to facilitate the performance of his religious duties. The last few lines of his letter revealed an ambition of a sentimental nature. Felipe wanted me to pray that he might meet a girl — an attractive girl, of course, "but not too intelligent for fear she might be tempted to leave me after being married for a while."



It is the whole Christ that must save the world; since I am a living member of the whole Christ, I have a mission to fulfill.

Raoul Plus, S.J.

1. Doris Hague, Montreal.



VICTORIA TCHEN ON HER FIRST COMMUNION DAY, HONG KONG.

VANCOUVER

Mah Low

CHINESE CENTENARIAN

SR. ST. ELISE(1), M.I.C.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS...

What a host of memories these three little words must awaken in the heart of one who has lived such a life span! The placid, smiling features of Mah

Low, a Chinese centenarian, guest of our Immaculate Conception Refuge in Vancouver, might lead one to believe that his has been a rather pleasant, uneventful existence since he first saw the light of day on March 5, 1855. But when he starts telling of his crisscrossed years, one soon learns that like all other mortals he has had his ups and downs.

Born in China, one in a family of many children reduced to straitened circumstances, he early learned what it meant to go to bed on an empty stomach. There never seemed to be enough rice to go around no matter how hard the parents worked to provide for their brood.

At thirteen, Mah Low left his home province for Singapore where the Chinese of the south always found well-paid work to do. He hastened to send part of his first earnings to his parents, for filial piety held a large place in his heart. After a few years spent in Singapore, he sailed for the Hawaiian Islands where he stayed only for a short while. His next port of call was Cuba. How long he remained in this country, Grandfather has forgotten, but with the wanderlust strong upon him, he eventually traveled to Mexico where he sojourned until rumors of the California gold rush set his feet itching once again. Although Mah Low never became rich, he continued helping his family whom he managed to visit once in a while. When the Canadian Pacific launched its gigantic railway line across the continent, Mah Low was among the first laborers hired at a salary of \$1.00 a day, plus a plate of hot soup at the noon hour.

He arrived in Vancouver in 1900, and from that time onward kept roaming from one place to another all over British Columbia. Finally, at 98 years of age, he was stricken with pneumonia and brought to Mount St. Joseph Hospital. God's grace was waiting to vanquish him there through the zeal of Sister Teresa Marie, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception.

1. Alphonsine Chenard, du Bic, Rimouski.

Tactfully, this little Chinese Sister opened up before the wanderer of earth the unlimited horizons of eternal life. How happy she was when, after she had carefully instructed him in the principal truths of our Holy Faith, he asked to be baptized. In spite of the pessimistic previsions of doctors and nurses, Mah rallied and gradually recovered. But there could be no question for him to return to his beloved Chinatown as he had grown too feeble. When the Immaculate Conception Refuge was inaugurated in June 1954, the Social Service authorities assigned Mah Low as one of its first occupants.

And ever since, Grandfather goes out once a month to visit his old cronies in Chinatown. When he hobbles in, all smiles and chuckles, he invariably hands to the Sister in charge of the refuge, Sr. Marie Gabriel(1), a paper bag containing as token of his gratitude, some fruit or a piece of cake.

Like all other sons of men, Mah Low is not perfect... His pet failing is a somewhat unreasonable fondness for his pipe which he takes to bed with him although he has been warned, time and again, against the danger of setting his bedclothes on fire. He makes solemn promises to amend but soon forgets all about them. Who could have the heart to scold him? If any of us get to be one hundred years young, we also may probably be caught forgetting a thing or two.



Non-Catholics, and especially those who have begun to take some notice of the Catholic Church, are inclined to judge it not by what you say about it, but by what you yourself are and do. Whether their conclusions are fair or not, to them you are the Catholic Church. In a way, if they make allowances for human frailty, they are justified in expecting Catholics to reflect their Church and its teachings. For people normally act in accordance with their convictions.

JOSEPH KNEELAND



Much of mankind today is in the spiritual condition described by Francis Thompson when he spoke of the Hound of Heaven pursuing his soul down the labyrinthian ways and bringing him finally to bay in spite of his frantic efforts to flee from happiness and from eternal success. Much of the human race is doubling and dodging in a terrified effort to escape from true joy. But God pursues inexorably and at the head of His hunt in this our Marian age is the beautiful Hunts-woman who is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, the girl whom the poet called 'our tainted nature's solitary boast' — the Virgin Mary.

The Monstrance

1. Evangeline Giguere, Montreal.

THERE WERE FOUR LITTLE GIRLS

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

Once there lived in the beautiful emerald isles of the Philippines four little girls. They were not much older than the shepherd children of Aljustrel, Francis, Jacinta, and Lucy. Like them they were poor and like them also they knew how to make sacrifices for the dear Savior's sake. So many did they offer that Our Lady instead of causing the sun to dance for them in the sky obtained that the great Sun of Justice illumine their loving little hearts.

When they first enrolled at our Academy in June 1954, Corazon, Carmelita, and Consuelo Ghua presented baptism certificates signed by the minister of Aglypay's schismatic Church. The two older girls were put in the second grade where the children are usually prepared for their First Holy Communion. Corazon and Carmelita soon found out that only those baptized as Catholics could be allowed to receive the Sacrament. The Ghua parents, nominal Catholics, apparently did not see any difference between the sacraments of the Catholic Church and the rites of Aglypay's sect. Interests of a pecuniary nature had induced them to have their children baptized by the minister. They were not in the least willing to go through any other religious formalities as they did not feel the necessity of doing so.

But Corazon and Carmelita thought otherwise, and they quietly determined to have their own way about this matter. At school, they were not slow in winning the first places at the doctrine lessons and their behavior was praiseworthy all along the line. Wearied with their persistent pleadings, their mother finally gave in but not so their father. He scolded his daughters roundly and even threatened to send them back to the public school if they kept bothering him with their request.

The youngsters then resorted to a campaign of silent prayer and sacrifices in order to obtain the permission they so ardently desired. In imitation of the three little shepherds of Fatima they multiplied their acts of self-denial. Every morning they slipped the price of their collation into the mitebox

1. Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal.

placed before the statue of the Holy Child. Often, during the day, we noticed them kneeling in the chapel absorbed in fervent prayer. They also gave their names to be placed on the list of the Family Rosary Crusade members.

How could such fervor go unrewarded? In the first days of October, a relative of the Ghua family brought us the welcome news that Papa Ghua had unexpectedly relented and that he now wanted all his children, including Baby Carlotta, to be baptized as Catholics. So enthusiastic was the erstwhile indifferent parent, that before the scheduled preparation was over he arrived at the convent his car spilling over with godparents all in their Sunday best.

But Our Lady had chosen another date, the better to mark her favor. This family being of Chinese origin, certain formalities were required which caused the ceremony to be postponed. At last, in the afternoon of October 12, the pastor declared that everything having been satisfactorily arranged the Baptism could be administered on the morrow, feast of Our Lady of Fatima.

There were four little girls who until then had not known the white splendor of the heavenly Queen . . . Four little girls who on October 13 of the Marian Year were flooded with joy and light.



On the following October 23, Carmelita and Corazon were among the 42 First Communicants prepared by our academy. In the late afternoon hours of that blessed day the four Ghua sisters ran in for a visit to the convent chapel. They wanted to recite the Rosary in thanksgiving for the precious favour granted them. Even Baby Carlotta lisped the Aves through to a fervent Amen. How tenderly Our Blessed Mother must have smiled down upon these her trusting children!

There were four little girls who did not know the spotless Mother of Him who is the Way, the Truth, the Light and who now revel in the knowledge that they know and love her with all the love of their wee hearts.

Lao Wang's Promise

SR. JOSEPH ARTHUR(1), M.I.C.

I often wonder to what tune my friend Lao Wang sings in heaven his song of eternal happiness . . . We met during the days when I was missioned in Szepingkai, Manchuria. Making home visitations one day, I discovered him living alone in a miserable shack. His body being covered with running sores of tuberculous origin, he had found himself cast off by his relatives who dreaded the danger of contagion.

"Lao Wang, would you like to come with me?" I offered, "You don't seem to have any one to take care of you . . ." The look in his eyes, a look of incredulous surprise mingled with relief, spoke his glad assent.

In the little mission hospital, Lao Wang was washed, and fed, and given a comfortable place on the *kang* (Chinese bed). Because he was the most miserable of all, he was the most tenderly cared for during the few weeks that he lingered on. Early in the morning as soon as he heard people stirring about, he would call me to his side, "Tai fou, tai fou! Lae pa! (Doctor, come quick)," and he would show me his bandages soaked through during the night hours. While I dressed his sores I spoke to him about God, his immortal soul, Heaven. One morning, I missed his call. I hurried to his side only to find that he was dying. I made sure of his reception into the Kingdom of eternal joy, then "You will soon be going to your true home," I whispered as I wiped away the sweat from his face. "How happy you will be with Mary our heavenly Mother!" Lao Wang put his emaciated hands over mine and promised,

"Doctor, as soon as I get to that beautiful place you have been telling me about, I'll send for you."

Many years have gone by since this happened. Has Lao Wang forgotten his promise, I wonder? Rather, he must see things in another light now and deem it preferable to leave me do my little share of tilling the Master's vineyard a while longer.

1. Laura Therien, Actonvale, P. Q.

Transplanting Rice

In the Philippines

SR. ST. EDMUND(1), M.L.C.

For the Filipino farmer the months of July and August usher in a period of unusual activity — the transplantation of the young rice shoots into the paddies. Those unacquainted with the East, sometimes wonder at the gaiety expressed by merry refrains and animated conversations in the performance of what may be considered as an unpleasant chore. It certainly requires no small amount of endurance to wade knee-deep in oozy mud from early dawn until dusk, bent over double often under a tropical deluge of rain. But, for the Filipinos, the occasion is one of the pleasantest and most colorful of the whole year.

The work is usually done in bees. Wages are sometimes paid to the transplanters but more often than not, hours — or even days of labor are exchanged on the mere score of parentage, friendship, or neighborliness. During this season it is customary for the young village blades to present the damsels of their choice with elegant *salakots*, cone-shaped hats of woven rice straw, decorated with bright scarlet tassels to wear at the rice transplanting bee.

On the appointed day, the villages are almost completely evacuated. Men, women, and even children swarm into the *barrios* all eager to share in what amounts almost to a farming ritual. Only the sick, the crippled old people, and the babies remain at home. The motley procession of country folk setting out in the rosy dawn for the flooded paddies is among one of the most picturesque in the Islands. As they tramp along, the men lustily sing old-fashioned folk songs.

Soon the plain comes to view — an immense liquid chessboard sparkling under the first rays of the sun. The soil has been carefully, I might add reverently hoed, loosened, and flooded as all high-class rice requires flooding. Because of the need of so much water, the rice growing areas are generally cut up into relatively small patches. Each patch is shut in by cleverly contrived perforated mud dams which also serve as footpaths.

The young shoots, about three inches high, have been pulled up from the seed patches and conveniently tied up in tufts. And now the real fun begins. Standing in a row and gaily humming the traditional refrains, the laborers set the seedlings at regular intervals of about ten centimeters. Women are often more agile than men at this work and may be seen advancing rapidly, their right hands inserting green shoots into the mud with lightning speed.

Merry shouts and good-natured banter are heard all over the fields. In and out of the paddies and along the mud dikes the children chase one another,

1. Irma LaDurantaye, Cap St. Ignace, P.Q.

frighten away quails, and enjoy themselves to their heart's content. Such is the fondness of Filipinos for music, that in certain districts this farming celebration is held to the melodious strumming of guitars. The workers like consummate actors move forward in unison, *allegretto*, *moderato*, or *presto*, according to the tempo of the musical piece. Four beats . . . the tufts are firmly grasped . . . the workers stoop . . . set the seedlings in the allotted space . . . straighten and take one step all in perfect time. Who can deny that transplanting rice in such a manner may be something of a picnic, after all? Among the farmers many assert that the work done under such conditions is more speedily dispatched. But even if "music hath charms", in the early afternoon hours when a broiling sun beats down mercilessly, fatigue begins to tell upon the workers. The headman then blows his horn. At this signal, all leave the paddies and stroll over to a nearby grove of mango trees under which helpful hands have laid out on fresh banana leaves a rustic but appetizing meal of steaming rice and fried fish. In times past, the dessert came in the shape of sweet rice cakes washed down by fresh water drawn from one of the neighboring wells. Now that American frigidares have found their way into the Philippines, the meal is completed by an ice cream cone and the inevitable "coke".

An interval of rest follows during which the old folk smoke pipes or chew the betel nut while exchanging political views or local gossip. The younger set discuss current problems, sports, studies, or make plans for the future. For the youthful gallant who sighs after the fateful "yes" this is an hour of psychological importance. He tries to seat himself as close as possible to his sweetheart and presses his suit in low, caressing tones. Often just as the



demure lady of his heart is about to give him the longed for assurance, the headman again blows his horn for the return to the paddies and the romance is momentarily shattered.

To enliven their labor, the farmers organize speed contests among the different groups, the winning group being the one to reach first a limit fixed beforehand. Sometimes a piercing cry attracts general attention. A leech, almost as large as one's little finger, has attached itself to the leg of a girl or perhaps a child. Leaves of the tobacco plant are always kept on hand as infallible remedy for such accidents, frequent in the leech-infested rice-growing areas. The bitter juice of these crushed leaves applied to the mouth of the worm kills it immediately.

The strenuous labor of transplanting sometimes has to be done under diluvian downpours. But when the Filipino peasants work together, they seem indifferent to the elements, make light of hard work, and forget about being bone-weary. As long as they can enjoy close companionship, labor appears to be a pleasant pastime. What a beautiful spectacle this is, intense in its simplicity! The Filipinos enjoy life because they are not in the least sophisticated. They serenely accept its stern, monotonous realities without nurturing any vain desires. Their contentment is found in doing their daily tasks willingly and joyously.

The cooling shadows of dusk find them still hard at work. Days of eight hours are an unknown commodity at least in remote country places. Only when the sun has slipped below the horizon and the plants can no longer be distinguished in the quivering chessboard, does the caravan strike the home trail. The youngsters run on ahead as fresh and as alert as they were in the morning. Housewives carry baskets full of greens for the domestic animals or of limandas a variety of small fish caught in the paddies. The older folk bring up the rear, elaborating the morrow's program as they slowly plod homeward.

In their verdant setting, how attractive appear the nipa huts! One by one they glow in the tropical darkness as their inmates joyfully gather around the supper tables. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."



The law of sharing is universal among the Eskimos. In fact, a chief holds his authority over a village just as long as he is able to give. His influence is proportionate to his generosity. When this fails, his authority also will lessen and little by little pass to another. Conversely, a reputation for stinginess is probably the greatest curse that can fall on a family. To call an enemy STINGY is to cap the climax of stinging epithets. To be stingy in the Arctic is the same as losing face in the Orient.

Rev. Paul O'Connor, s.j.

THE

LEGION of MARY

REPORTS OF THE WONDERFUL WORK OF THE LEGION of Mary in China has resulted in the spread of the organization throughout the province of Shizuola, Japan. Little or nothing was known of the *Legion* until some of the priests of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, expelled from China by the Reds, arrived in Shizuoko and began to tell of the work of the *Legion* among the communists. Every pastor in the province is now forming the *Legion* in his district.

* * *

Even in China where the *Legion of Mary* is outlawed and where its members are persecuted, and in many cases tortured and executed, Mary is making progress. Millions of Chinese who had never heard of the Catholic Church or the Mother of God are now being made familiar with her through the charges launched at the Legionaires. In as much as the communists are against Mary and the Church, the people, who for the most part hate Communism, are saying "If they are against her then she must be for us." Thus the very enemies of Mary are unwittingly stirring up interest in her and in the Church of her Divine Son. This may lead to undreamed of harvests of conversions in years to come when the Reds are expelled from China.

* * *

In September, 1951, Mrs. Ma-shu-ying was teaching in our city following her graduation from the University of Peking. Since she was the president of a Legion of Mary group, she was arrested. The police submitted her to long hours and even days of intense cross-examination to uncover some trace of the Legion's crimes. But the Legionary told them time and again that she had nothing at all to confess for the simple reason that she couldn't tell lies. The judge ordered her hands tied behind her back. For four whole months her bonds were not loosened. Yet the Legionary could hardly express her thanks to the Mother of God that she had been worthy to suffer for love of her.

The Christian Family



WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

SR. ST. ADELINE(1), M.I.C.

Tanabata Sama, the festival of the Seventh Eve, has always been popular in Japan more especially with the younger folk. In nearly all the schools the children prepare long beforehand, rehearsing songs and dances, hanging dainty strips of multicolored papers on the branches of freshly cut bamboo trees. On these paper have been carefully written appropriate short poems and proverbs. These gaily decorated trees are then carried into the school-yard to become the center of characteristic demonstrations. Around them the little ones joyfully dance, singing in praise and admiration of the Weaver Princess and Herdboy Stars, of the Milky Way, and of all the worlds of revolving stars above.

This festival of Chinese origin goes back three thousand years. According to ancient legends, the star Vega lived on the eastern shore of the heavenly river *Amagawa* or *Milky Way*. Daughter of the king of the sky she was called *Arihime* which means Weaver Princess. On the opposite side of *Amagawa* lived the Herdboy Star called *Hikoboshi*. The beautiful princess never left her loom but kept on industriously weaving dreamlike garments for her royal parent. One day while she was absorbed in her work, *Hikoboshi*, who for a long time had been wishing to see the princess at close range, ventured to draw near her loom. One look at the handsome glittering Herdboy and she lost her heart to him. Such was their love for each other that *Arihime* soon laid aside her weaving and *Hikoboshi* neglected to tend his flock. Their idyll like many another was destined to end in separation. The suspicions of the celestial sovereign being aroused, he was not long in discovering the cause of his daughter's negligence. So incensed was he that he expressly forbade the lovers to meet except once a year on the seventh of the seventh moon. He then banished them to the furthest points of the *Amagawa*.

1. Juliette Villeneuve, Quebec.

When the next seventh of July came along Princess *Arihime* in her most elegant apparel set out to meet *Hikoboshi* who stood waiting for her on the other side of the river. But try as the lovers might, there was no possibility of getting across. The brokenhearted princess burst out weeping. Witnesses of her sad plight were beves of magpies who flew low over the stream spreading out their wings invitingly so as to form a bridge. Thus the pair were enabled to keep their tryst.

This festival imported from China under the reign of Emperor Koken, (756-762 A. C.) was at first set aside as a privilege of the nobles. At this time it bore a certain religious character. Eventually it became a festival of literary interest interwoven into the life of the Japanese people at large. As *Arihime* was an expert weaver, Japanese girls came to celebrate the festival in the hope of improving themselves in the domestic arts of sewing and weaving. Later, the lovely sky princess was proclaimed a guardian of music and poetry. Today her festival is kept by the children of Japan in a spirit of joy.

TANABATA FESTIVAL



Art and the Apostolate

SR. ST. VINCENT FERRER(1), M.I.C.

In spite of serious and varied handicaps, it may be asserted that the diffusion of Catholic culture among the people of Nippon has been remarkably extensive. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that this same culture has not, to any very great extent, penetrated the thought-life of the Nipponese nation. Catholicism as yet seems to many a foreign importation, incapable of being really integrated into the national pattern.

In order to better appreciate this sensitive, high-minded people we missionaries might benefit by a clearer comprehension of their art, the most authentic reflection of their serene greatness. "All that lives and sings in Japan," writes Rev. Urbain Marie, o.f.m. somewhere in one of his essays, "finds a faithful echo in the Japanese soul and the sonority of this echo is repeated in Japanese art . . . Consequently, the artistic monuments of this nation are in a certain measure, the monuments of its national life."

Successful in the field of the industrial and technical arts, the Japanese excel in the plastic industries. They seem to be born decorative artists. Painting has from ancient times held its own above all other thought production in the Land of the Rising Sun. Strolling along the streets of its towns and villages it not seldom happens that one may see people leisurely at work sketching the gnarled, decrepit trunk of a withered pine tree, or a pair of saucy sparrows squabbling on a fence post. Things catch the fancy of Japanese artists which would be completely overlooked by those of other countries.

Today, an ultra modern trend seems to infiltrate the paintings of the younger generation. In artistic circles Picasso is greatly admired. Will this foreign infiltration ever succeed in framing Japanese art always so essentially idealistic? A director of exhibits once assured me that in his opinion this craze for the novel in artistic matters would soon pass. It is to be hoped that it will at least respect the bounds of the reasonable. At a certain exhibition in the Tokyo Gallery of Arts I noticed works in which the most elementary rules had been disregarded.

Nevertheless I must hasten to add that of late, serious efforts are being made to utilize indigenous culture in organizing a Catholic life that is authen-

tically Catholic in content while at the same time it is genuinely native in structure. During the last few years, artists of real merit have grouped themselves under the direction of Rev. Father Heuvers, S.J. A remarkable architect, Rev. Father Frauler, has conducted the erection of several churches in accordance with the chaste simplicity of the Japanese style. We have also benefited by his experience in the decoration of the auditorium of our St. Francis Xavier Primary School in Wakamatsu.

Catholic education in Japan still has much to do in creating for the Japanese the religious climate that best meets their needs. In their civilization, in their love of sober beauty, certainly exist sound religious and cultural elements.

A MUST ON YOUR READING LIST

CHRISTIAN UNITY IN CANADA

In general, Catholics have some idea of the extreme importance attached by the Holy Father and the Hierarchy to the return of non-Catholics to the unity of the Church. Every year from January 18th to January 25th, the Church Unity Octave proposes this intention in a special manner to the common prayer of the faithful.

But what information do we have regarding the problem of Unity in Canada? What do we know about our separated brethren and what do they know about us? Are there any possibilities of reunion? Does the Canadian Church have at its disposal an organization adapted to this delicate form of apostolate? What should be our personal contribution to the Unity movement?

Rev. Ireneé Beaubien's excellent booklet provides precise answers to all these questions, answers that are the result of carefully conducted inquiries and of concrete experiences. Even if the existence of the Catholic Inquiry Forum on Bleury Street is not a revelation to all, the report of the modern methods used, the variety and efficacy of the various services created, the testimony of facts will doubtless cause all to exclaim, "Just what we needed!"

To quote a distinguished leader of Church Unity in Canada, there should be no question of trying to bring about conversions merely for the sake of increasing the number of Catholics. Such an objective would be ridiculous. We must strive only to do God's Will since He stoops to ask our collaboration in the conversion of souls. Our goal should be to respond to the desire which Christ has to unite all men within the Church, His mystical body. "That they may be one . . ." according to the Savior's prayer after the Last Supper.

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MONTREAL 11.



MARTI. CUBA

TELEGRAFO

SR. ST. VERONICA(1), M.I.C.

Thursday, February 24, being a national holiday we had no class. On this date, way back in 1895, sounded in Cuba the first call to arms in favor of the Island's independence. After raising the national colors atop the flag mast in front of the Colegio, I put on my program for the day a visit to Telegrafo, a lonely outpost of the Marti parish. A few zealous women of this scattered *campo*, members of a Catholic Action unit, had for some time past been preparing the children for their First Holy Communion. Our pastor now wanted us Sisters to make them pass an examination and give a hand to last minute preparatives.

We set out in a car loaded down with baggage, for we were taking along, besides the requisites for the celebration of Holy Mass, white dresses for the girls, some clothes and three mattresses for destitute families. On either side of the road, stretched the immense plain, a green undulating sea of sugar cane whence emerged like boats at anchor a few miserable thatch-roofed huts. After half an hour, we reached Telegrafo where a group of girls from 6 to 17 years of age were introduced to us by their volunteer catechist. All appeared very glad to see the *Madres*.

We decided to hold the doctrine examination in the house of a kind old Cuban lady with whom we were acquainted and who usually put her home at our disposal on our visits. This once, she happened to be absent, but the caretakers, a cheerful Negro and his wife, showed us into a large room furnished only with rocking chairs. All the better for the children! What examiner presiding from a rocking chair could prove intimidating to them?

1. Fabienne Bernatchez, Pont Rouge, P.Q.

The first to be brought into our presence was Ada, aged 17. All her answers being clear and to the point, she passed easily. So did Felicita, 15, and Paula 14. Seven-year-old Sara, however, was not so fortunate. She chattered excitedly, "*Madre*, I'm going to keep the host in a lovely little box . . . Mamma has it all fixed." I turned to the lady catechist who stood nearby but she was not more successful than I in getting any sensible answer out of the child. Then Father arrived on the scene. Sara was told as gently as possible that she would have to wait another year. This provoked a storm of sobs the child refusing to be consoled by the thought that she would be admitted later on.

In the afternoon, Father heard confessions. Meantime, Sr. Marie Emile(1) improvised a chapel at the end of a corridor which she shut off by a white silk drapery. The black servant obligingly brought a beautiful table to serve as altar whereon Sister arranged a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady, some candlesticks, flowers and greenery. We could find only fifteen chairs and we needed twenty-two seats, so we asked the children to fetch some from their homes. A board placed on two bricks was made to do duty as kneeler for the balustrade.

Towards the end of the afternoon, a general exercise was held for the morrow's Mass. It proved no easy task to teach the children how to genuflect and especially how to keep quiet. At 5.30, we left for Marti after distributing the clothes we had brought to the more needy families.

Early the next morning I returned to Telegrafo with Sr. Margaret of the Child Jesus(2), Sr. St. Leandre(3), Sr. Marie Emile, and Sr. St. Alexis(4) who were to help with the singing. When we arrived, the First Communicants, resplendent in their white dresses, had already assembled. Time to prepare the altar and arrange the children's white veils and crowns, and Mass began. I never get used to the thrill of assisting at these *campo* masses, offered in such modest surroundings. Gazing at the rapt faces of these children who perhaps might never have received God into their hearts if missionaries had not come to teach them about Jesus, I felt like flinging a challenge to our Canadian youth who hesitate before the call of a missionary vocation.

Dear Canadian girls, unless you are unselfish and courageous enough to face the adventure of dedicating your lives to God, unless you bravely turn from the streamlined attractions of a fleeting world, many children on the missions may never even hear of the celestial treasure which should be theirs. Their fate in a certain sense, lies in your tender hands. Perhaps you shudder at the mere thought of giving up your family and friends, your home and the pleasures of life . . . But then, have you ever stopped to reflect deeply over Christ's wonderful promise, "Come follow me . . . you shall receive a hundred-fold and shall possess life everlasting . . ." ? O you who are blessed because

1. Rita Ouellette, Lewiston, Me.
2. Fleur Ange L'Heureux, Montreal.
3. Jeannine Moreau, Quebec.
4. Dolores Tremblay, Kenogami, P.Q.

others followed out their true vocation, you owe it to them and to the souls who are now depending on you to save them, to respond gladly if the Saviour of the world honors you with a call to follow more closely in His footsteps. Remember that if you shrugged off His invitation, you could never hope to enjoy real happiness. Forever you would be haunted by the piteous call of those who were waiting for you to lead them out of the darkness into the light. Look at yourself twice then, before you decide a religious and missionary vocation is not meant for you. Maybe it is. Maybe you are the material that the Master Missioner is looking for to carry on His work.



The missionaries have always looked upon Mary as their leader in the fight to vanquish the demon whose empire is so powerful in the non-Christian lands. They consider themselves her soldiers; and, convinced of her power over Satan, they never doubt about the final triumph.

Whoever knows that the sorcerer rules over souls in mission countries and also revokes the infernal powers, will appreciate why the Apostle of Christ places himself with a very special tenderness under the Virgin Mary. Without her who has crushed the head of the serpent, the missionary knows that he would stand unarmed and helpless in the face of the devices of the enemy, and that he would be incapable of snatching away the souls that are held captive.

If the distinctive mark of contemporary mission work is a loving effort to understand and to adapt, one may say that this effort is fostered by the maternal benevolence of Mary towards all men, whatever their forms of civilization.

Right Rev. H. Chappouillie



NEW SISTERHOOD FORMALLY ESTABLISHED IN NAGASAKI, JAPAN

Eight postulants of the new Sisterhood known as the "Franciscan Sisters of the Militia Immaculatae" have been admitted into the novitiate in Omura, in a ceremony presided over by the Most Rev. Paul Yamaguchi, Bishop of Nagasaki.

Initiated originally by the late Father Maximilian Kolbe, O.F.M., Conv., the new community is dedicated especially to the promotion of love and devotion for Our Blessed Mother. In addition to the eight novices about thirty other candidates are now preparing to enter the community.

Father Kolbe is now being considered for beatification and his biography was published recently in France under the title "Le Fou de Notre Dame" as well as in the United States under the title "The Fool of Our Lady."

Tosei News



NKATA BAY, NYASSALAND

Religions

✠ and Religion

SR. ST. BERNADETTE(1), M.I.C.

If I were an African living in Nkata Bay I admit that I would be extremely hard put to choose the right way leading into *caro ca umoyo*, the land of life, or to use the Gospel term, the Kingdom of Heaven. Missionaries of many different Protestant sects having preceded us Catholics in this region, the religious creeds of these peoples are numerous and varied. Hemming in all these straying sheep into the one true Fold, although a long and strenuous task, is one that is not without consolations.

If we ask the pupils attending our school to what *mphingo* (society) they belong, a good number reply "To the Free Church", others "To the Church of Scotland", still others "To the U.M.C.A.", (Universities' Mission of Central Africa). A few attend the African Church, some prefer the National Church while a group with an adventurous streak in their make-up adhere to the Watch Tower Sect. Several pray with the Mikael, and a small group follows the Charity of God movement. Even the latest arrival on the scene, a sect with the suggestive title The Last One and a new look as far as doctrinal errors are concerned, has already recruited some adepts. A recent local survey of religions gives 18 different confessions established in Nkata Bay alone.

1. Marie Fyfe, Montreal.

The general headquarters of the Free Church may be found at Laudon, some forty miles from Katete; those of the Church of Scotland are in Blantyre. It appears that the U.M.C.A. is a society formed by the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Lutheran persuasions; it is dependent on a general center situated at Likoma, an island on Lake Nyassa, off Nkata Bay. These Protestant sects arrived in this region as far back as 1875. Both the African and the National Church were founded by Africans. Under the name of Watch Tower, the meddlesome Witnesses of Jehovah are busily at work in Northern Nyassaland. Close relations of the latter are the Mikael who profess a religion bearing the name of the great archangel and owing its origin to a man called Elliot. His disciples assert that he will never die. Nevertheless, nothing can prevent him from growing old although he is eventually supposed to recover his youthful vitality. Some years ago, this demigod was arrested by the District Commissioner of Nkata Bay and exiled to the island of Likoma. His followers who believe him to be the brother of Michael, the archangel whom they have deified, announced that he had had a miraculous escape from the hands of his enemies. They explain the deification of St. Michael this way; it seems that the mighty archangel once fought against Jehovah and won the upper hand! Ever since, he has held the supreme rank in Heaven.

Theoretically, the adepts of Mikael are supposed to be proof against sickness. Practically, they do get sick like anybody else but they are forbidden on such occasions to make use of any medication whatever. They are taught to regard Catholic missionaries as dragons with seven heads always ready to pounce on and devour the misguided people who show any inclination for their Faith.

The founder of the Charity of God movement, the father of one of my pupils, keeps a harem of twenty-three wives. His religion essentially consists in the love of mankind, more especially of womankind it seems to me. When our school was opened, he brought us four of his children as pupils. One day as I tried to broach the subject of religion, he sarcastically remarked that it was a necessity for him to keep so many wives if we were to have any pupils to attend our school. Nevertheless, his dispositions seem to have improved. He now allows his offspring to embrace any religion they may see fit. Once, while we were on a flying visit in his village, this chief called on us and offered us presents saying, "There are many things I'd like to discuss with you, Sisters, regarding your religion. You must come again and remain longer so that we may talk at leisure. Otherwise our words fly away like the *mphepo* (wind)." This unexpected interest in the true Faith may be traced to the irradiation of divine grace which shines forth from the tabernacle in our modest convent chapel. True, this man has not yet taken the great step or made the great renunciation but at least he is or seems to be on the way. I firmly hope that spiritual harvests will soon be gathered in this land of Tonga.



In the classroom, the children never tire inquiring after our holy religion. A remarkable evolution is taking place in their minds. They have seen the Catholic missionaries at work among the Watonga and are convinced that they have only their welfare in view. Among them, many admit that ours is the true Church. Some time ago, I met two Africans with whom I have only a nodding acquaintance. They greeted me courteously and instead of adding the customary *kasi muli makara* (are you well?) they asked, "When are you coming to Usisya?" Their village which is a large one is situated on the shores of Nkata Bay at a distance of about thirty miles from our mission. They continued, "We have only one school built by the Free Church but our children cannot all be accepted so they are left to grow up unruly and ignorant." Oh, if only we could multiply our mission schools all over this territory! African youth is craving for truth. Shall we ignore its fundamental right to it?

In November 1954, the members of the Zomba Parliament met at Nkata Bay to discuss the religious progress realized in Nyassaland. One of the White Fathers was present as observer. He heard one of the members assuring the Watonga what a great privilege was theirs to possess Catholic schools in their district. Saimon Hangu, founder of the Charity of God movement, then rose and requested leave to speak. After approving what the first speaker had stated, he went on to say that he had entrusted his own children to the Catholic missionaries and that he was extremely satisfied with their teaching methods. Even if we had made the rounds of Nkata Bay proclaiming the advantage of opening Catholic schools, we could not have hoped for better success. The effects of this unsought propaganda was such that, at the opening of the school year, 325 children were enrolled at our mission school.

To finish let me quote Edward one of my pupils who describes the Catholics always ready to safeguard the truth, "The Catholics are the policemen of God." He means that Catholics keep and want others to keep the divine law pure and unaltered.



Miss Tu-wei-shing lived in a boarding school. Before retiring she always said her Legion prayers. Noticed by other girls, she was reported. The school director used abusive language to frighten the Legionary, but to no avail. She remained faithful to her prayers. The enraged school director ordered her to be beaten. With animal ferocity her own fellow-students fell upon her. They cruelly mishandled her. Lying in a pool of blood, the brave girl repeated over and over, "All for love of you, Heavenly Mother, and the spread of your Legion."

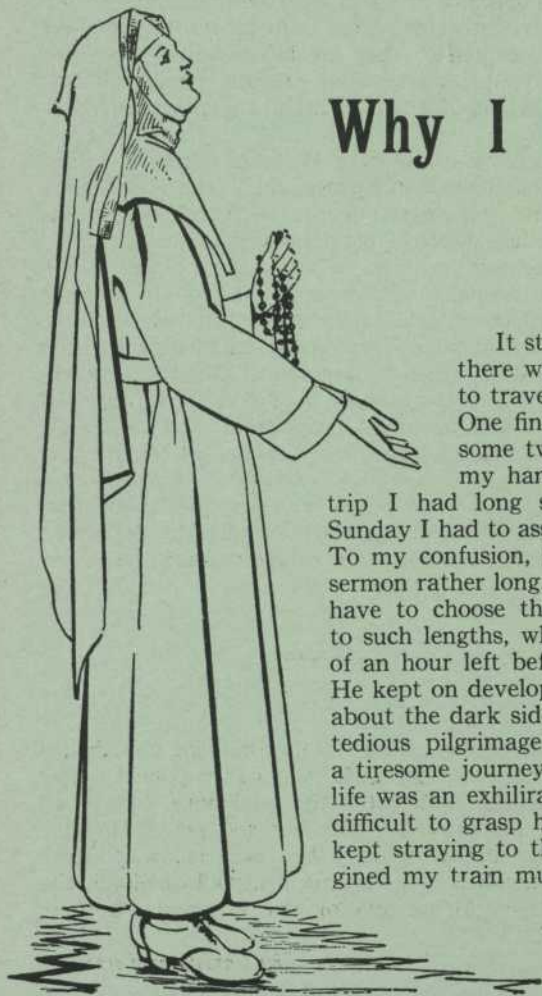
The Christian Family



NOVITIATE, PONT VIAU

Why I Became a Novice

It started with a trip. As a student there was nothing I enjoyed more than to travel as soon as the holidays set in. One fine day when class was just out, some two or three years ago, I packed my handbag and prepared to go on a trip I had long since planned. But as it was Sunday I had to assist at Holy Mass before leaving. To my confusion, I must admit that I found the sermon rather long. Why did the zealous preacher have to choose this particular Sunday to preach to such lengths, when I had a bare three quarters of an hour left before the departure of the train? He kept on developing a whole series of metaphors about the dark side of life — a vale of tears . . . a tedious pilgrimage . . . a dangerous ascension . . . a tiresome journey. To me fresh from my books, life was an exhilarating adventure, and I found it difficult to grasp his point of view. My thoughts kept straying to the railway station where I imagined my train must already have pulled in when



the curate's peroration jolted me back to reality "... That you may have a safe journey and a happy arrival is the grace I wish you all. Amen."

It seemed that these words were expressly meant for me. I followed the rest of the Mass with as few distractions as was possible in my excited mood. My missal being packed up with the rest of my things, I was reciting my beads when, at the Offertory, Our Lady inspired me to place on the paten my two voyages the one I was about to make and the much more important one on the eventualities of which, I had until now but too seldom reflected.

The *Ite Missa Est* of the celebrant was hardly pronounced when I rushed home for my luggage and stumbled up the steps of the train just as sounded the lusty "All aboard!" of the conductor. After a while, I noticed two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who were traveling in the same coach. I went up to them and introduced myself. Then I questioned them about their Community and its missions and they in turn talked to me about the things I liked best studies, books, music, and more especially travel. When they were about to reach their destination, they gave me a few missionary pamphlets and wished me "Bon Voyage!" One of the two added, "God bless this trip of yours and all the others you will take... Isn't life a perpetual journey after all?"

Here it was again — the metaphor comparing life to a journey. For the rest of the way, I could not help meditating on the words I had heard at Mass that morning and also on the words of the Sister bidding me farewell. It came to my mind that if life was indeed a journey then I must think more about reaching its goal.

And that is why I became a novice of the Immaculate Conception. My fondness for travel has not diminished. On the contrary, it continues to grow for notwithstanding the novitiate enclosure I daily travel on wings of prayer all over the pagan world. Even if after my profession I should not be sent to the distant mission field, I will keep on traveling in a spiritual way until my last breath. In the voyage whose route is life and whose goal is heaven what better means of locomotion can there be than religious life in a missionary Society which has as guide the Star of salvation, the Mother?

PERILOUS UNDERCUTTERS

We can fight a frank enemy because we know our target and can shoot as straight and openly as he does at us. A person who admits that he is betraying us gives us the fair opportunity to mark him for the danger he is and to treat him as traitors deserve to be treated.

But the man who pretends to be faithful while he is betraying us; the person who loudly proclaims that he is a follower of Christ and by his living contradicts Christ's life and death; the Catholic in name who thwarts the program by which the Church hopes to bring happiness to mankind — these are the real dangers, the perilous undercutters, the enemies of our household.

Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Receiving News . . .

OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER'S MISSION ASSIGNMENT

My beloved little Madeleine,

I am answering your letter right away, for I feel sure you are looking forward to an early reply. I can hardly tell you how I feel. This morning, as I knelt at the altar rail just below the large crucifix, I looked up at Our Lord's figure and murmured, "Dear Saviour, do forgive me my sins and come into my heart because I love you so." Our Lord must have mused, "Will she continue to love me when she knows . . ." Of course, I will . . . even more than before, for He has at last allowed my beloved little missionary to hit the target of her ideal.

My dear, what a privilege is yours to be among the chosen ones! Needless to say, this news came as a painful surprise. Fortunately, God helped me in allowing my tears to flow freely. Do not worry . . . It was only a passing shower. As soon as I had read your dear letter, I fled for a while into church to find peace and comfort there near Our Lord and our Blessed Mother.

You will be leaving us for a distant country but I am resigned because you will be working for God's glory. The best proof that I am entirely resigned is that after receiving your letter, I offered my tears to God as a blessing on the heads of my four youngest asking Him to grant them also the beautiful missionary vocation that is yours. The parting will be hard to bear but it will be offered for *God's sake*. How sweet it is to say — *It is for God's sake*. Who knows? God willing, I may some day be able to visit you in the land of your adoption.

This evening, all is normal once again except that my heart is a little sore. It is not made of stone. Goodnight, my beloved little girl. I am going to bed now because I want to make sure tomorrow morning to hear Mass and offer my Holy Communion for your intentions and in thanksgiving for God's favours.

Lovingly,

MAMAN

Home Visitations

SR. MARIE ADRIENNE(1), M.I.C.

To Anna, an aged blind woman, the Legionaries of Mary are angels in disguise. Some time ago, I accompanied a few of them on a visit to her lonely *caille*. No sooner had we stepped inside than she gave us a lively demonstration of the religious knowledge she had lately acquired. Reverently, she made the Sign of the Cross and began reciting the Rosary; then, with the docile simplicity of a child she repeated the catechism lesson we taught her. Once in a while, she sighed deeply, and nudged the Sister "Hurry and teach me all I must know to make my First Holy Communion!" Is not the heart of this Haitian woman the "good ground" spoken of in the parable of the sower?

On the point of leaving Anna's *caille*, we mentioned Celeste an old neighbor of hers, and Grandmother straightway insisted on accompanying us. Celeste and Anna are as different as light and shade. Leaning against his door post, the old man obstinately refused to discuss the religious problem "I'm too poor," he objected. "God doesn't bother about people like me."

Anna eloquently pleaded the Legionaries' cause. "Listen, my friend . . . These ladies are very kind and helpful people. God sends them to help us. We must be grateful. Ever since I've been learning catechism, my heart feels all warmed up inside. Celeste, you can't refuse God's gift to you . . . Listen to the ladies . . ." Anna would not admit defeat, so Celeste grudgingly gave in, in the end. But there was a hint of skepticism and mockery in his "Yes". Celeste reminds one of the ground overgrown with thorns and thistles.



An AVE a day! This was the recipe given to Ernest Psichari the grandson of the smooth-writing Renan, by Jacques Maritain. The great Thomist also gave Psichari a medal of Our Lady of La Salette. Ernest was converted through this simple means and to celebrate his conversion, he made a great pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Mary in her cathedral of Chartres. Then in World War I, Ernest Psichari was gathered from the battle-field, like a ripe sheaf and no doubt Mary, Queen of Martyrs gave him his *Croix de Guerre*.

W. H. Doucette, C. SS. R.

HERALDING THE SUN

MARY is at once the *Rosa Mystica* and the *Stella Matutina*. Of these two, both of them well suited to her, the *Morning Star* becomes her best, and that for three reasons.

First, the rose belongs to this earth, but the star is placed in high heaven. MARY now has no part in this nether world. No change, no violence from fire, water, earth, or air, affects the stars above; and they show themselves, ever bright and marvellous, in all regions of this globe, and to all the tribes of men.

And next, the rose has but a short life; its decay is as sure as it was graceful and fragrant in its noon. But MARY, like the stars, abides forever, as lustrous now as she was on the day of her Assumption; as pure and perfect, when her Son comes in judgment, as she is now.

Lastly, it is MARY's prerogative to be the *Morning Star*, which heralds in the sun. She does not shine for herself, or from herself, but she is the reflection of her and our Redeemer, and she glorifies Him. When she appears in the darkness, we know that He is close at hand. He is *Alpha* and *Omega*, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End. Behold He comes quickly, and His reward is with Him, to render to every one according to His works. "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus." Amen.

Newman

The ARMY of LOST VOCATIONS

"It will be impossible to 'teach all nations' without more missionaries. In some of the remote fields, the Church needs men and women of culture and the soundest possible education. In every land she needs missionaries whose lives are blameless, whose hearts are so full of the love of God that to win one soul to Christ will thrill the very fibres of their being with exultant joy. Our Lord has formulated His universal plan and given His command to preach the Gospel to every creature; it follows that there must be, somewhere on this earth today, enough souls to carry out the scheme of Redemption. No one will deny that vocations by the thousands and tens of thousands have been lost in ages past. They are being lost today — for lack of instruction — perhaps for the lack of encouragement from those to whom we naturally look for initiative and guidance. Here is a subject for our prayer and solicitude."

(An editorial from THE FIELD AFAR of February 1907, still applicable today.)

Our Beloved Dead

Rev. Joseph Jette, ex-pastor of St. Sophie of Terrebonne; Rev. Brother Aristide, F.S.C., Granby; Mrs. Adelard Ouimet, Montreal, mother of Sr. Florence of the Sacred Heart, m.i.c.; Mr. Desire Samson, Lauzon, father of Sr. Eustelle of the Eucharist, m.i.c.; Mrs. Wilfrid Canton, Deschailons, mother of Sr. Marie Ruth, m.i.c.; Mrs. Rodolphe Daze, St. Agathe des Monts, grandmother of Sr. Frances of Rome, m.i.c.; Mrs. Mary Brassil, Mrs. Sadie Curtain, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Charles Bosse, Marlboro, Mass.; Mrs. John Roche, Mexico, Me.; Mrs. Mary Ann Ledoux, Brockton, Mass.; Mrs. Ann Shine, Mrs. Margaret Cronin, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. William Mahoney, Mrs. Julia Everhill, Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Godin, Chelsea, Mass.; Miss Emma D. Donovan, South Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. Irene Devaux, Waltham, Mass.; Mr. Jos. C. Healy, Sherbrooke; Mrs. Thomas Croteau, Mr. A. Plouffe, Mrs. Joseph Desmeules, Mrs. Louis Dube, Mrs. Bernard Boucher, Mr. Joseph Bourassa, Mrs. J. A. Berard, Mrs. Arsene Lamy, Mrs. Georges Lacombe, Mrs. J. E. Joubert, Mr. Herve Bonnier, Mrs. Rabreau Toupin, Mrs. W. Gauthier, Mrs. Edmond Gagnon, Mrs. Georges Desmarais, Miss T. Turgeon, Mrs. E. Poliquin, Mr. Arthur Landry, Mrs. Donat Cote, Mrs. Joseph Laforest, Mrs. A. LeBrun, Mrs. Norbert Sarrazin, Mr. Louis Pigeon, Mrs. Alfred Lapointe, Mrs. Eugene Roussel, Montreal; Miss A. Robert, Cote des Neiges; Mrs. Raoul Brault, Rosemont; Mrs. Georges Jutras, Mr. William Parent, Ville Emard; Mr. Joseph Bourbeau, Mrs. Alarie Binette, Mr. Jean Cool, Mr. B. Gareau, Mrs. M. L'Heureux, Mrs. L. Dambrose, Mr. John Adams, Mr. H. E. Myre, Mr. Albert Beaudry, Mrs. J. Elie, Mr. Eugene Lemieux, Verdun; Mrs. Wilfrid Drouin, Mrs. J. B. Tessier, Mrs. Thomas Proulx, Lachine; Mrs. Rene Leduc, Ahuntsic; Miss Maria Mercille, Mrs. Alphonse Gravel, Miss Isabelle Gaudet, St. Lambert; Mrs. Firmin Cloutier, St. Rose; Mrs. Joseph Chevalier, Mr. Emmanuel Hébert, Dorval; Mr. J. B. Guilbault, Joliette; Mr. Donat Dugas, Maskinonge; Mrs. Georges Berard, St. Germain of Grantham; Mrs. Rolland Hould, Grand'Mere; Mrs. Leonidas Beaudoin, Theftford Mines; Mr. Philippe Aubut, Mrs. Paul Alain, Mrs. Alphonse Ruelland, Miss Marie Laure Drouin, Mrs. Adelard Metayer, Mr. William Langlois, Quebec; Miss Angeline Belanger, Cap St. Ignace; Mr. Archelaus Vachon, St. Lambert of Levis; Mrs. Adelard Vachon, St. Romuald; Mrs. Arthur Roberge, Mrs. Theodore Fortier, Mrs. Georges Labrecque, Plessisville; Mrs. Joseph Charron, Lac des Aigles; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lavoie, Miss Noella Boivin, Mrs. Georges Blais, Mrs. Arthur Girard, Mr. Ludger Lavoie, Mrs. Charles Dufour, Chicoutimi; Mr. Henri Lessard, Jonquiere; Mr. Roger Lavoie, Mr. Alfred Clauston, Mr. Ernest Gagnon, Mr. Euclide Vaillancourt, Port Alfred; Mr. Alfred J. B. Irwin, Mrs. Virginie Chouinard, Mr. Arthur Gauthier, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph St. Pierre, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Omer Gagnon, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Roger Genest, Mr. C. Lafrenais, Beverly, Mass.; Mr. Arthur Beaupre, Mr. Ernest Pelletier, Mrs. Angeline Gauthier, Mr. Eugene Levy, Mrs. R. Asselin, Mrs. Virginie Gauthier, Mrs. Wilfrid Asselin, Mr. Edmond Traversy, Mrs. Philippe Drouin, Mr. Alex. Morin, Mr. Wilfrid Forget, Mr. Edouard Cormier, Mr. Alfred Gagnon, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Brochum, Mr. Alfred Gagnon, Miss Emilia Faucher, Mr. Alphonse Charest, Mrs. Joseph Joncas, Mr. Alphonse Castonguay, Mrs. Alma Parent, Mr. Romeo St. Germain, Mr. Alpheé Boucheer, Mrs. Philomene Labbe, Mrs. Mary Lacroix, Lawrence, Mass.



Mass is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the deceased subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased benefactors.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

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

Chinese Hospital,
112 Lagauchetiere Street West,
Montreal 1, P.Q.

Nominingue, Labelle County, P.Q.
Rimouski, P.Q.

Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.
Quebec, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,

236 Campbell Street.
Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.

Three Rivers, 1325 de la Terriere Street.
Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.
Granby, 279 Main Street.
Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.
St. Marie, Beauce County, P.Q.
St. Johns, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

Kowloon, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.
Kowloon, Our Lady of Protection,
125 Waterloo Road.

FORMOSA

Kuanhsi, Hsinchu, Hsien, Taiwan,
Formosa.

JAPAN

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

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, 1111 Narra Street.
Manila, Gagalangin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo.
Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao Province.
Davao City.
Padada, Davao Province.
Baguio, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti.
Les Coteaux, Haiti.
Roche a Bateau, Haiti.
Port Salut, Haiti.
Camp Perrin, Haiti.
Mirebalais, Haiti.
Limbi, Haiti.
Cap Haitien, Haiti.
Chantal, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Martí, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete River P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Mzambazi Missions, Kafukule, P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Njakwa P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Karonga Mission, Karonga P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Kaseye Mission, Fort Hill P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Vua Mission, Deep Bay P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Nkata Bay Mission, Nkata Bay P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Fort Jameson, P.O. Box 106,
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

MADAGASCAR

Morondava, Madagascar.

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.