

THE MORNING STAR

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Bombay, I, INDIA

CONTENTS: In His Name we shall Conquer—Saints of the Month—The First Red Cross—Bharatiya Prabhausas—Good Resolutions—At Home and Abroad.

IN HIS NAME WE SHALL CONQUER

In the Bright, spontaneous poetry of Cardinal O'Connell's "Hymn to the Holy Name" occurs the phrase: "Pius, our Pontiff, guides." By a happy coincidence we may still sing in our churches on the feast of the Holy Name on the year 1945 "Pius our Pontiff, guides."

But other sentiments expressed in this martial marching song are even more remarkably contemporaneous. Is it not true of this day and hour that

"All o'er the earth the hearts of men are dying
Chilled by the storm of grief and strife" ?

And surely it is an apt description of our times that

"Fierce is the fight, for God and the right "

"All o'er the earth the hearts of men are dying". This war has exacted an awful holocaust of young lives. But this is not the sense of the verse. "Hearts are dying" because humanity is spiritually starved. And even after the "duration" is over, still will stalk the land that death to which no coroner can certify, but which is worse than the death of the body. But there is a saying "unless" if we who stand "for God and the right" face the combat unafraid, if we counter boldly and strongly using the score of small undramatic opportunities

To all Sodalists, Readers and Benefactors, the Editor wishes the choicest blessings of Heaven and a New Year 1945 full of fruitful activities in the service of Jesus under the Banner of the Queen of the Sodality, Mary!

which present themselves during the day the portents of disaster can be averted.

When a man has played a distinguished part among his contemporaries, people at times give him another name, a title that characterizes his actions. Occasionally it is justly conferred; but frequently it is mere flattery. God, who knows the hearts of men, does not always ratify such titles.

Here the Name was given by one who knew the Child beforehand: by God. The one who bore it, lived up to it, a title of honour was not needed. Jesus means saviour. He is, in

Saints of the Month

Circumcision of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

To-day Holy Church commemorates Our Lord's Circumcision and the giving of the Name of Jesus to the Divine Child. For most men, according to a commonly accepted custom, to-day marks the beginning of the year.

What will this NEW YEAR be for you? You do not know... Will you reach the end of it? You cannot say. How many more days will you live? No one can tell.

To-day, many will offer you their good wishes, and you will offer yours in return. Instinctively you will make plans, as if you were lord and master of the 365 days, the first of which you are living to-day. Others around you will make similar plans. Yet all these remain subject to one important condition you too frequently forget: "If I live till December 31st."

What events, happy or unhappy, will confront and affect you in the course of the year, no one can foresee.

Yet, remember that this year, like the others, will be what God wants it to be: during this year, as in the past, while men act, God will lead them; despite their opposition, and yet without fettering the free play of their activities, His Providence will prevail. Generously accept beforehand all that God has in store for you during this year: He is your Master; He is your Father.

Try and profit by the time given you to work out your salvation. This year opens for you under the auspices of the Name of Jesus. Jesus means saviour. Do all you can to make this year really profitable to your salvation.

In what particular virtue do you wish to progress?

Feast of the Epiphany

The Church commemorates to-day the coming of the Magi to Bethlehem the first manifestation of Our Lord to the pagan world. At the same time, she records the manifestation that occurred on the banks of the Jordan, after

Jesus' baptism and the revelation He made of His miraculous power at the wedding feast of Cana.

The call of the Magi to Bethlehem is the chief of the three celebrations, for the Church sees therein a symbol and the initial fulfilment of the calling of the pagan world to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.

We read in the Gospel that some Magi in the East saw a star shining mysteriously in the sky. According to ancient prophecies, well known in their country, it was to be the sign of the Messiah's birth. Realizing this, they at once set out towards Judea, and at Jerusalem they enquired about the place where the Divine Child was to be found. No-one could give them an answer until Herod questioned the Doctors of the Law, who declared that according to the Prophecies, the Saviour would be born in Bethlehem.

The Magi resumed their journey. The star they had seen in the East reappeared, much to their joy. They followed it and were led to Jesus.

It seems to you, perhaps, quite a simple thing for the Magi to leave their country and be led by a star to Bethlehem; but, no, far from it. Realize the circumstances. The journey was long and trying. The Magi had to give up their homes, their occupations, their relatives and families: all that made life around them pleasant. Some wondered and laughed at them, others recommended prudence and worldly wisdom:—fancy following a star! fancy putting faith in prophecies that were perhaps not quite reliable and certainly not clear!

Still, they set out on their journey: they dared all; sacrifices, hardships, fatigue, scorn. And they were rewarded: Jesus awaited them at the journey's end.

Did they regret their decision?

Every call of grace is for you a star shedding its light upon your soul. You may foresee sacrifices hardships, weariness. But Jesus is waiting for you at the end of the road. Walk on and persevere till the end. You will not regret it.

IMPORTANT

Will our readers kindly note that subscriptions to The Morning Star are due strictly in advance, and that any undue delay in sending the same to this Office leads to a great loss of time and unnecessary expense. Subscribers wishing to have their dues recovered every year by V. P. are kindly requested to inform this Office at their earliest convenience.

Annual subscriptions when received will be acknowledged in the first convenient issue of The Morning Star. No receipts will be issued by post for payments below Rs. 10, unless a stamp of nine pies is enclosed.

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IMPRIMATUR:
Galaguer, S. J., Vic. Gen.
day, 15th December, 1944.



by M. Thekaekara, S. J.

The saints of the Sodality present a vast diversity. They come from all ranks of society and fill every grade in the hierarchy of the Church. Bernadette Soubirous was a slumgirl; Andrew Bobola had the blood of true nobility coursing through his veins. A few like St. Francis de Sales and Peter Canisius grew to be outstanding leaders, eminent writers, reformers who left their mark in history. Others like Gabriel Possenti and John Berchmans reached prematurely what the world would call an inglorious grave with their dreams half-realized, with achievement denied. But in most of these one sees early promise of future sanctity.

Camillus de Lellis was quite unlike all these. His life-story for the first thirty years was a staggering example of grace ceaselessly and fruitlessly tugging at the heart of a most unpromising, mediocre prodigal. But at the age of thirty-two, one sees him a trophy of divine patience, as a docile pupil in the Roman College, along with boys who were almost young enough to be his own children, struggling to thrust the rudiments of Latin into his musty brain. His intention—ambitious indeed—was to reform himself and also the callous, pitiless world of hospitals in which of late he had worked; and for that end he wanted to be a priest, and group round him others of similar determination. Hence like Ignatius of Loyola, when childhood's alertness and youth's resilience had long vanished, with iron will he began to mumble declensions and paradigms. Here he became a Sodalist of Our Lady. Under Mary's protecting mantle, though struggle, failure, taunts of his companions and efforts continued in spite of discouragement, he laid deep the foundation of true sanctity which was to be for his work more necessary than Latin.

In those days, if in a mood of self-accusing humility, he were inclined to lift before his young co-Sodalists a part of the veil that hid his ill-spent past, they would have fled from him in horror. But before God it was all unveiled. Repentant, grateful for the plentiful graces in the silence of God's presence, he contemplated scenes of his childhood and youth, where his wayward wanderings and the tireless following of the Hound of Heaven were most marked.

*"I fled him down the arches of the years;
I fled him down the labyrinthine ways. . . .
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears.
From those strong feet that
followed, followed after."*

In early childhood a God-fearing mother had trained him in religious ways; and he had chafed under her tuition. When she died, with a sense of new-found liberty, he stepped into the wide world of battles and adventure which had for long been beckoning him. His father, an officer in the Neapolitan army, set him the alluring example of a reckless trooper's life. He too became a soldier; he joined a mercenary company; wandered from one battle field to another; fought in turn for the Kingdom of Naples or for the Republic of Venice as chances offered themselves; helped to vanquish many a Turkish squadron; experienced all the rigours of ill-managed campaigns in which, driven by hunger, soldiers used to cut off the livers of fallen enemies and eat them,—Camillus did not however sink to that; he satisfied his hunger with eating grass—and all the while, he thoroughly enjoyed the excitement and uncertainty of his life. A life of honest respectability and secure comfort held no appeal for him. He had flung conscience to the winds. He sinned, swore, and gambled like the lowest trooper. Gambling became

such a passion with him that continually he was reduced to the direst destitution. Once in Naples, when he had lost his sword and gun and soldier's belt, and he had not a farthing in his purse, he staked the very shirt off his back. He lost that as well, and was turned out of the camp halfnaked to face a jeering crowd. Now and then the shrill voice of conscience made itself heard above the tumult of the passions; he felt sorry and made resolutions to mend; but at the sight of the first dice-box, his former self reasserted itself. Thus down the arches of the years' he fled from God. With no high ideals, never dreaming that he could make of his life anything nobler or more useful, he followed any war-lord that would buy his services.

But after a time a festering* incurable wound appeared on his leg;—it had begun as a slight scratch, long neglected,—and he was declared unfit for military service. Depressed, heavy at heart, he turned to a friary, met two Capuchins, made a quick resolve to become a monk; but the monks would have none of this suspicious-looking vagrant. He changed like a weathercock, and intending to become a soldier again, he went to a hospital, San Giacomo in Rome, to have his leg cured. But soon he was driven away from there, because he was too unruly, and his dice-box was causing great havoc. Rejected by men, and apparently even by God, he limped with his rotting leg from place to place, penniless and miserable. One day sheer necessity forced him, much against the grain, to take his stand at a church door, with cupped hands for alms from the passers-by. In pity some one gave him work in the building of a monastery; there as a driver of two brick-laden donkeys, he reached the nadir of his adventures. Broken vows, rejected graces and sin-ridden days pointed accusing fingers at him; after a prolonged struggle, grace triumphed at last in his soul; he repented and begged once more the monks to accept him. This time his petition was granted; but after a few month's novitiate, he had to be dismissed, because of the wound on his leg. He went to San Giacomo, had a partial cure, returned to the novitiate for a second trial, had once more to be dismissed due to the wound opening afresh, and at last came back to San Giacomo, this time a completely changed man, chastened by all the sufferings and disappointments. Thus with the makings of a saint, without his knowledge, he had been brought by God to the place where his life's work lay.

His eyes were now open to all the gruesome reality of sixteenth century hospitals. The renaissance with its new-found worship of

Phidian marbles and graceful forms had created in men's minds a loathing for whatever was ugly and ulcerous—festering wounds and filthy diseases were shoved away out of sight, without medicine or hygiene into wretched shanties, called hospitals by a misnomer. Dying and dead, in every degree of bodily corruption, lay in long promiscuous rows, unwashed, ill-fed, and if dead, for long unburied. In winter-cold the poor were known to dig themselves into dung-heaps for a little warmth. Thirst drove the sick to drink the very oil of the lamps or even worse. No wonder that these putrid sinks became the breeding place for germs of pestilence, which often spread to the outside and took a heavy toll of human lives, turning whole towns, into a charnal-house of corrupt dead. The hirelings who attended the hospitals cared for little beyond their meagre salary; they lacked the coercive force of strict law; nor did they have any higher Christian motive which could supplant it.

Camillus realized that God called him to the urgent task of reforming hospital work, by giving to it the high ideal of love for Christ. Hence it was that he went to the Roman College and received the systematic intellectual and spiritual training necessary for a priest and leader. In 1584, he grouped round him a number of zealous priests, gave to each a Red Cross as a distinctive badge and started the Congregation of the Ministers of the Sick. His work prospered magnificently; the heroic services of the Camillans began to be requested by hospitals and by private families, for all knew that none else could show such loving and expert care. The Pope bestowed high praises on the reforms worked by the Ministers of the Sick; and in 1584 approved them as a religious Congregation. Seven years later he raised them to the status of an order with solemn vows.

Of all that Camillus and his men did, the tireless hours by the bedside of the sick, the radical changes introduced into hospital administration, and the new idealism which raised service of the sick from drudgery into a noble vocation, many volumes might be written. There is further the more personal aspect of Camillus' own life, how he did all his work for others in spite of the excruciating pains he himself had to suffer. The festering wound on his leg never healed; a rupture once sustained in the hospital of San Giacomo obliged him to carry the perpetual cross of a heavy iron truss; corns long-neglected made every step he took a torture; and towards the closing years of his life his nausea for food made eating intolerable. Yet he fought on with life

and work, through sheer will-power, assisted by grace. He went to the hospitals, walked through the wards, and while attending to the ailments of others, strove to forget his own. And this work went on day after day for thirty years with never a respite.

An unforgettable fact of special interest at the present time is that St. Camillus was the true founder of the Red Cross and of field ambulances. In 1595 and 1601 the services of the Red Cross Camillans were asked for the wounded of the army; and Camillus gladly sent as many as he could spare. He knew from experience how necessary was the work. Disabled men whom the captains would have discarded on the roadside without more ado than broken swords or damaged cannon, or at best would have thrown to the reluctant mercy of the nearest peasant, were now taken care of with an affection which would not have been shown even by their own kith and kin. The Camillans established dressing stations behind the lines, and hospitals in key positions; they ensured the constant supply of medicines and bandages; and they worked as porters to carry the wounded back from the firing lines. For the first time in history a well-organized field ambulance corps was in operation. And the badge of that corps was the Red Cross.

Nowadays the sign of the Red Cross is seen frequently on trucks, railway wagons, and buildings, and we ask ourselves why this particular symbol should have been chosen by nations all the world over. For an explanation we must inquire of St. Camillus who first used it. He regarded his movement as a new crusade against the callous disregard of human

suffering which he found all around him; what more fitting badge could he choose than that of the first Crusaders? This badge constantly reminded his men of the words of our Lord: "He that would follow me, let him take up his cross" it kept before them the thought of Christ whom they were to see in the sick and wounded they served. He chose the cross to be red in colour, because red is the colour of blood, of the redeeming blood of Christ which stained the first great cross of Calvary. The last act of Camillus life was to remind his followers of this deep symbolism of their badge. Though he could hardly speak, he cried out with a loud voice: "Most precious Blood" stretched out his arms in the form of a cross, and thus he died.

Before closing this study, we might briefly point out the link between Camillus' work and the modern International Red Cross. In 1859 the Red Cross Camillans true to their tradition served the wounded in the battle of Solferino; and their work was so heroic that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria sent a public acknowledgement to their superior. Three years later Henri Dunant who had seen the Camillans at work published a book which was to make history: "*Souvenir de Solferino*" and followed it up with plans for an international organization for taking care of war-victims; he proposed that its non-combatant character must be shown by a bold Red Cross badge. Dunant's energy and diplomacy, and the century and a half of the leavening influence of the Camillans in all the countries of Europe made the governments come to an agreement and in 1864 the first Geneva Convention of Red Cross Societies was drawn up.

New Year Recipe

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancour, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from clinging spite; pick off the specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past, have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great store house of time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time as follows:—

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavour of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad — don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation and one well selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humour.

Pour into the whole love *ad libitum* and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a spring of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness and A happy year is a certainty.

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De la Salle

BREAD AND WORK

HOW the work of restoration is done is as important as the doing of it, says Rev. Henry Carter. At the time when unemployment reached record dimensions in England, I remember seeing a procession of unemployed bearing a banner 'Curse your charity—we want justice'. There was a root truth in that forthright slogan. It is justice for the common man in every nation which should be the goal of the new civilization. The rescue of Europe or Asia is not a work for patrons, but for us all. Partners in sorrow, we are to be partners in service. The first efforts in rebuilding should have the mark and quality of comradeship.

All this is essentially Christian. Christ restored to health men who would not work because of illness of body or mind. He said that to serve one another was life's true law. He showed that God Himself sets this pattern by the gift of fruitful seasons, proofs of His fatherly care for the whole human family. God cares for each of us and the life of the world has gone madly astray because we have failed to care enough for each other.

I am talking about practical things and I take *bread and work* as essential issues in the new social order. If we mean business in speaking and writing about *justice* and *peace*, fundamental problems of bread and work must be dealt with satisfactorily.

Bread stands as a token of everything that is needed for material well-being. We know now that a way of living can be devised which would bring the necessities of life within the reach of all. To make the good things go round there is no need for birth restriction. Last year the official delegates of 44 nations at the Hot Springs Conference on food and agriculture recorded that: "the goal of freedom from want of food, suitable and adequate for the health and strength of all peoples, can be achieved."

It can be achieved given a general and steadfast will to produce enough and to share it fairly. Harness the right to work to the supply of human need. Peace and plenty have as imperative a claim on economic philosophy as war and wastefulness.

(Continued on page 25)

OUR THANKS ARE HERE TENDERED TO THE FOLLOWING SUBSCRIBERS, WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED UP TO 20TH, Feb. 1945.

1944:—25, 26, 29, 41, 50, 86, 93, 225, 247, 289, 298, 305, 343, 382, 405, 419, 421, 465, 504, 510, 514, 515, 517, 553, 583, 597, 602, 635, 636, 665, 686, 721, 733, 736, 800, 827, 835.

1945:—4, 25, 26, 29, 41, 43, 44, 50, 62, 64, 73, 81, 93, 109, 119, 121, 130, 141, 142, 145, 194, 225, 247, 261, 267, 268, 269, 271, 280, 289, 293, 293, 303, 305, 324, 343, 345, 343, 349, 350, 354, 374, 378, 405, 417, 418, 421, 431, 445, 465, 466, 470, 480, 434, 503, 504, 505, 510, 514, 515, 517, 524, 530, 542, 553, 566, 577, 583, 602, 635, 636, 647, 661, 665, 680, 694, 683, 707, 721, 722, 733, 735, 740, 747, 758, 779, 800, 802, 827, 835, 893, 894, 895, 1008, 1039, 1053, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078.

1946:—25, 230, 577, 779, 794, 1054, 1116. 1947:—25.

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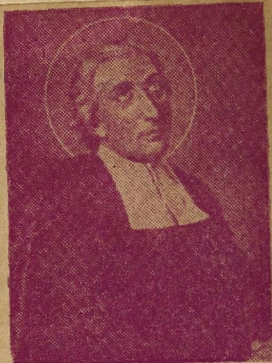
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(Continued from page 27).

One can therefore understand why the play was serious, perhaps a trifle heavy; and it speaks well for the audience that they were intensely interested throughout. The people who came to see KAMIANO were prepared to forego what unfortunately is considered to be the staple of good entertainment nowadays, thanks to the deplorably low standard of taste that is maintained and fostered by the screen. They came to see the portrait of the 'humanface divine' — the noble life and work and death of Damien the Leper, of KAMIANO, and so were not disappointed.



The dying moments of Kamiano "Into your hands, O Lord..."



A Pioneer in Education

M. THEKAEKARA, S. J.

EVERY Sodalist is rightly proud of the memory of St. John Baptist de la Salle as a co-sodalist. Education is as old as humanity itself, and the title "a pioneer in education" is not one to be flippantly applied. But de la Salle was a pioneer in every sense of that term. Historians of educational methods—at least those who are not blinded by prejudice—have expressed their astonishment at the number of reforms this humble priest affected, the many new lines he opened, and the easy assurance with which he introduced methods which men of the twentieth century were to rediscover through expensive committees and disastrous experiments.

John Baptist de la Salle was born into the golden age of Louis XIV of France, the age of bewitching splendour and of painful contrasts. Education, like music and hunting, fine arts and the liberal professions, was an exclusive preserve for the aristocracy, and the separation between the three estates was jealously guarded. De la Salle himself belonged to the highest ranks of the aristocracy; his father was Chancellor of the State to the King of France; and early in life, at the age of fifteen, by a crying abuse which the Council of Trent had not entirely succeeded in removing, de la Salle was made a Church dignitary, a canon of the Cathedral of Rheims—an enviable position which assured him of a fat revenue in return for little responsibility and less work. Like many other canons, he might have lived his days with easy comfort and polished aloofness, the companion of princes and of cardinals, the centre of an admiring group of intellectuals.

But he was made of sterner stuff; and God's grace irresistibly guided him, through paths arduous and undreamt of, to a goal unknown to worldly aristocracy. He chose prayer and penance, work and study as his portion; he became a priest, and a saintly priest at that; he broke asunder the social fetters which chained him and made himself a friend of the poor and the down-trodden; he undertook the management of a free school and gathered together a few pious laymen and trained them to be teachers. Carried on by the ardour of his

work, and with a generosity that set no limit to sacrifices, he resigned his canonry; sold all his possessions and distributed to the poor; cast aside the claims of nobility and its cold reserve, much to the chagrin of his relatives; and made himself as poor as the poor teachers of his school. By a heroic gesture of self-imposed social ostracism, he received his peasant collaborators under the same roof with him, and drew up a code for their spiritual and intellectual training. By slow degrees, almost without realizing it himself, he became the founder of the congregation of the Brothers of Christian Schools.

In spite of initial set-backs and vigorous opposition from every quarter, the work flourished. The Brothers of Christian Schools—the amphibious ecclesiastics, as one of their enemies called them—grew in number, they were to be seen in town and country; and through them, the scum of the people whom every one despised began to receive a sound religious and intellectual training. De la Salle's new venture has succeeded in raising the teaching profession into a religious vocation. His men, bound by the triple vow of religion, had none of the distracting cares of the secular teachers, nor had they the heavy responsibilities of the priestly office as the older teaching orders. The advantages of whole-hearted devotion to the work of education were obvious, and no wonder that many dioceses began to request the services of the De la Salle Brothers. In 1719, the year of the Founder's death, the Brothers numbered 274; they were in charge of 27 schools, and were educating nearly 9,000 children. Today they have their institutions—nearly 1,600 in number—in almost every part of the world. In Ceylon they conduct St. Benedict's College, Colombo, and four other schools; in Burma they have their schools in Rangoon, Twante and Penang. And everywhere they are recognized to be the most efficient educationists.

The spirit that vivifies these numerous institutions is the spirit of St. John Baptist de la Salle. His organizing genius, his bold initiative and his educational psychology are writ large

on every page of the history of the Institute. For the guidance of his men de la Salle wrote a book "The Management of Schools", which is a classic in the science of pedagogy. Mathew Arnold, who was never an admirer of things Roman Catholic, felt constrained to praise this treatise; he said "Later works on the same subject have little improved the precepts, while they entirely lack the unction." In that book de la Salle laid down clearly those principles of successful pedagogy, like rousing interest, appealing to the senses, and building on previous experience, which well-known educationalists like Pestalozzi, Froebel and Herbert were to make their own two centuries later.

The saint's pioneering work was still more noticeable in the entirely new methods which he introduced. Before his time reading and writing were not taught except through Latin. Contempt for the vernacular was considered the badge of scholarship and helped to keep learning as the privilege of the aristocracy. De la Salle's aim was to educate the common people; his schools were gratuitous and open to all; and braving the strong public opinion which was against him, he ordered that vernacular should be the medium of instruction, that grammar and catechism and arithmetic and other subjects should be taught in French which was already familiar to the children and not in Latin.

The simultaneous method is one so much identified with de la Salle that for long in educational controversies it was known as the Lasallian method. De la Salle successfully overcame all opposition, divided pupils into classes, assigned to each class its text-books and teacher, and proved to carping critics that his method was quicker and more efficient.

He opened in 1705, at St. Yon a special establishment then unknown in the educational field. It was a continuation of the primary schools, but unlike other secondary schools, it gave instruction in such varied subjects as mathematics, science, French and history. De la Salle's school at St. Yon is the precursor of the High Schools as we know them today.

Before de la Salle's time the need for training schools for teachers was hardly thought of. In popular opinion every other profession required a specific preparation, but not the teaching profession. The founder of the Brothers of Christian Schools saw in this a lamentable error, and in 1684 he established at Paris the first known training school for teachers.

Another innovation of de la Salle was what one would call in modern parlance schools for

vocational training. In 1699 in the parish of St. Sulpice, Paris, the saint opened a school which trained the children of the common people in commerce, industry, handicraft and agriculture. Some years later a similar school was opened at St. Yon. De la Salle Brothers throughout their history have distinguished themselves at technical and vocational schools.

More significant than all these is the fact that de Salle brought education within the reach of the poor people who hitherto had been entirely neglected. They had little religious knowledge and less knowledge of what the schools could give. The acknowledged prophets of the day stoutly opposed every scheme for raising the intellectual standard of the people. Voltaire had said: "The rabble are like oxen; all they need is a spur, a yoke and some hay." Another of the 'philosophers' seeing the work of the de la Salle Brothers, cried out that they should be driven out of the country, for, said he: "These rascals teach the people to handle the pen which is such a dangerous weapon in certain hands."

Work such as this, so opposed to the proud spirit of the day and so different from its accustomed ways, so varied and so wide-spread, could not but rouse strong opposition. The schoolmasters formed a league against the humble Brothers and persecuted them. Civil authorities from time to time expelled them from their towns, only to find that other towns were welcoming them with open arms. The enemies of the Church pursued them with an implacable hatred. The Jansenists directed the full force of their virulent attack upon them. Even some of the Bishops believed for a time much of the calumny that was spread about them. Towards the end of his life the saint once said: "If I had known all that I was to suffer on account of the Institute, my courage would have failed; and far from undertaking it, I should not have dared to put my hand to the work.... If God had not held out His hand and visibly sustained the edifice, it would long ago have been buried under its ruins."

The edifice was God's own, because its architect was a man of God. It was a work born out of heroic personal sanctity; love for God necessitated its existence, as religion permeated every element in its structure. St. John Baptist de la Salle is to every Sodalist a perfect model for that form of social apostolate which is proper to the Sodality, which though for a time forgotten, is happily in our days receiving the most devoted attention.

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RESPICE STELLAM



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CONTENTS: Editorial Notes — Pondering in our Hearts — The Sodalties and Communism — The Marquis de Villapuenta — St. John Baptist de Rossi — Reading for Catholic Action — At Home and Abroad.

Editorial Notes

RESURREXIT !

Yes, Christ has arisen as He had promised ! It is the angel of the sepulchre that broadcasts the news to the world. It is the lyrical cry of grateful love of Mary Magdalene that reassures us of it: 'My Master', for she has recognised His voice. It is also the adoring Apostles, and the providential incredulity of Thomas. It is the fury of the Pharisees and the hatred of the Synagogue that talk aloud of the infinite mastery of the Saviour over death, of His Divinity.

Today, on Easter Sunday, it is not the soft dew of heaven that comforts us. It is an immense river of deep, resounding waters, that floods the earth and imparts new youth to its creatures, gushing forth with a dominating impetus from the rock of the Holy Sepulchre.

HALLELUIA !

Let us open wide the doors of our souls, for through them the roaring waters that give life and strength will fall in, echoing the cry of victory of the Lord on Easter Sunday ! That Easter Sunday that elevates the hearts and souls towards ideals of Eternity, of Heaven. O noble Christian Youth ! sigh and long for the complete triumph of Christ; think of the spiritual conquest of the world for your gallant Redeemer; and the vision of times to come will surge majestic and radiant in your ambitious minds: your own resurrection and glorification.

Think of that eternal Easter of which this is but a faint reminder, that Easter where the Church of Jesus Christ will rejoice with unspeakable joys, when things will come to be what the Master wanted them to be, when true justice will have been done to all men; when there will be no more wars, no more suffering, no more hatred; when men of all races and of all nations, as He had prayed to His Father, will be all one. This will be the most complete manifestation of the victory of the Lamb Who sacrificed Himself for the salvation of all men.

* * *

The risen Christ, whose death brought salvation to all men, as He enters into their hearts, communicates new strength to them, creates a mysterious heroism and sows the seed of immortality in their souls with the promise of the resurrection of the body. Thus, the flesh, weak, coward and sinful, shines with the purest majesty of the Risen Christ, the pledge of our future glory. ALLELUIA !

St. John Baptist De Rossi

M. THEKAEKARA, S. J.

St. John Baptist de Rossi used to say: "The lives of the saints are like second Gospels; they are a mirroring forth of the teachings of Christ." A striking illustration of this truth is afforded by de Rossi himself. He was not learned in books; the final stages of his priestly training had been seriously handicapped by a severe breakdown in health. He was not a brilliant pulpit-orator as would have attracted select audiences; nor was he of the type of popular confessors who were sought after by the fashionable and fastidious. For fifteen years after his ordination, he was afraid of stepping into the confessional; he thought in his humility that his learning was not equal to that sacred task — though once he began to hear confessions there was none in all Rome who could transform souls like him. Those who saw his pale, emaciated body, racked by a thousand ills, would have said that he was incapable of the least work.

But he achieved sanctity; and all his other achievements — and they were of no mean order — could be epitomized into that one word, sanctity. In it they had their full explanation, their inspiration and sustaining principle. When sanctity energized his skeleton of skin and bones and love set his soul ablaze, his was a power which no might of this world could equal. The greatest resources of talent and wealth, the best organizing genius, the most robust health might have tried, but in vain, to emulate what was achieved by this single priest, poor, meanly clad, worn out by fastings and vigils, seemingly ill-equipped in learning and having barely strength to hold body and soul together, standing alone and unaided as God's messenger in a sewer of physical and moral corruption. He undertook work in many different spheres, in the slums of the city of Rome, in the neglected hospitals, in prisons, among the police and state officials, in the confessionals of all the Roman churches, in the market squares where peasants from the country-side gathered, in the distant villages of the Campagna, among the clergy and religious of Rome. And everywhere his work grew to gigantic proportions; thousands, perhaps millions of lives were moulded by him into the perfect pattern of the Gospel; where misery and squalor reigned, he spread heaven's happiness and the joy of holy living. For upwards of forty years he could be seen painfully dragging himself from one quarter of the city

to another, or riding out on horseback to the Campagna, ever bent on his mission of mercy and salvation. His livid face seemed transformed when he opened his mouth to speak; he was no more himself, frail de Rossi, but a priest, another Christ; he instructed, rebuked, exhorted with an artless simplicity which broke down all barriers of prejudice and obduracy.

Like Christ in the Gospel he went about doing good, consoling the afflicted, preaching the word of God. His predilections were for the dregs of human society, for the poor in their hamlets, for the sick on their beds of pain, for the prisoners in their vermin-filled cells. The sick looked forward eagerly to his coming; his words of comfort and his little presents were a sunshine in their lives which they sorely needed. For orphan girls who wandered the streets at night and were exposed to many dangers he built a Refuge.

But slackness in religion was not confined to the poor; reform of life was greatly needed among the high officials of the government. And so by order of Pope Benedict XIV, de Rossi commenced a course of instruction for them. Even priests and many religious men and women began to seek advice and direction; he was constantly in demand for exhortations in religious houses. And this priest who for years had judged himself unfit for the confessional became the instructor for Rome's confessors. He organized retreats for the clergy, and converted a large number of worldly ecclesiastics to a life in conformity with their vocation. Every clergy retreat which he preached was the occasion for numberless miracles of grace. From 1721, the year in which he was ordained a priest, till 1763 when he died, his life was one of ceaseless activity.

This record of the saint's life gives but an all too incomplete picture of what he was. It startles perhaps, like a meteor blazing across the atmosphere, but leaves behind a note of interrogation. Whence is he and how came he to achieve so much? The years of preparation in which the saint and apostle was moulded are of greater importance to posterity than all the incessant, manifold, highly successful works of apostolate. They give an explanation of what would otherwise seem a mystery; they unfold valuable lessons for those who seek in lives of saints second Gospels; and incidentally in the case of de Rossi, they show what power for

inducing heroism is latent in a well-conducted Marian Sodality.

John Baptist de Rossi was born in 1698 in the little Alpine village of Voltaggio. His parents possessed neither wealth nor rank, and but for a happy accident young John might have grown up among the mountains, with little learning beyond that given by the herds and the fields and the chiming of the distant church bells. A Genoese nobleman who had come up to Voltaggio for his summer holidays once met this robust peasant lad, read in his bright, intelligent eyes great possibilities for the future, and decided to give him an education. John's parents gladly agreed and so down he went to the great city of Genoa to stay with his patron and to acquire the learning of the schools. Three years later another happy accident caused him to be transferred to the College of the Jesuits in Rome, when Canon Lorenzo Rosso, called him there. Thus it was that at the age of fifteen, John Baptist de Rossi came to the scene of his future labours and entered the Roman College. High hopes had been placed on him; his relatives and well-wishers expected him to make the best use of the chances given him and later to enter either one of the liberal professions or an ecclesiastical career that would lead to rich benefices. John himself was undecided about his choice.

The years in the Roman College were to work a great change in him. The religious atmosphere of this ancient institution, the sacred memories which clung to its rooms and corridors, the thrilling stories often narrated by the inmates of martyrs who had started from here to end their course in Tyburn or Nagasaki, and above all the memory of St. Aloysius Gonzaga who like John himself had come from Northern Italy and had died here as a saint, filled young John's soul with a new idealism. Meeting on every side associations with the past which were like so many sign posts to heroism, it was impossible for a generous nature like that of John not to feel enthused for great undertakings and for high sanctity. At this period God threw across John's path two decisive influences. One was that of a saintly priest, Francis Gulluzi, who became his spiritual director, and for twenty years was to lead him higher and higher on the steep path of perfection. The other influence was that of the Sodality. It installed into his heart a tender devotion to our Lady, which was to remain his characteristic trait throughout life. It gave him the first apprenticeship in the apostolate — in gathering round him his companions in order to induce them to undertake the various activities of the Sodality and to encourage them to

virtue. The Sodality also taught him to befriend the sick in the hospitals and to visit them often, thus introducing him to one of the main channels of his future ministry.

A year after entering the Roman College John decided to become a priest, and commenced with enthusiasm the study of philosophy and theology. He had a robust constitution which seemed equal to any heavy strain; in studies he was brilliant, and was often singled out by his professors to lead scholastic disputations; and as for the spiritual life, he was a model to his companions, the leader among the Sodalists, one who held his ideals high. For some years all seemed to go well with him—perhaps too well. Then a fateful accident occurred which brought in a disastrous breakdown for life; his health was shattered, and study became impossible. He discontinued his course in the Roman College, and, after a period of rest, completed his theological studies as best as he could, though poorly indeed, and was ordained a priest.

It was with a sense of deep humility, with the consciousness of being a physical wreck, perhaps worthless for any ministry, yet with an earnest will to serve God to the utmost of his scant ability, that in March 1721, John Baptist de Rossi ascended the altar of St. Aloysius in the Gesu to celebrate his first Mass. God saw his earnest will and blessed it abundantly, beyond all human expectation.



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CONTENTS: May Holidays — Holy Father's Golden Jubilee — Mary, Mediatrix of All Graces — Pondering in Our Hearts — Full Steam Ahead — The Woman Born to Rule — A Novelty or a Necessity — The Sodality as A Social Channel — At Home and Abroad.

St. Sophie Baral

May Holidays

May is the month of devotion to Our Lady. It is also for many of us a month of holidays. With a scorching sun and a thirsty earth, we may hardly be able to search the woodland and grove to offer a garland of roses to our dear mother Mary. But we can offer up a rosary of holidays, each holiday a bead. And this rosary will be even more fragrant than roses, because it will have the fragrance of grace and good works.

Far too often holidays mean not only rest from business, studies or work, but also negligence of the Christian duties of piety and religion, and sometimes, even of ordinary Christian morality. "Had a good time", people will enquire of you on your return from holidays. Quite a harmless question, indeed; but it all depends on what you mean by a 'good time'. Nobody can expect you to go in for sackcloth and ashes in holiday time — or even, for that matter, at other times — but every one expects you to be a Christian, Christ-like, at all times. To be Christ-like is not to be a kill-joy; it is rather to suffuse yourself with real joy, a joy that is deep and satisfying.

First of all, young and old, need to scrutinise the company they keep, for company is almost an essential for a holiday. For children bad companions may mean bad habits contracted at an impressionable age, a danger signal pointing to moral ruin in later life. For grown-ups bad company may mean dissipation of one sort or another — the dance hall, the card table, the ubiquitous bottle. Good company provides a healthy environment, and environment is so important in our lives.

Next, the good holiday must mean nourishment for the soul as well. Morning and night prayers, the family rosary, Sunday mass and communion, and a small dose of spiritual reading or meditation (ten to fifteen minutes a day will suffice) will go a long way to afford first-rate spiritual refreshment.

Too many *dos* and *don'ts* are easily forgotten. But every one can remember Play, Prayer, Purity. It sums up what a Christian's holiday should be. To be brave and strong and true is to be pure. It may demand some sacrifices — in amusements, in reading, in dress. But the sacrifice is well worth it; for the perfect holiday must refresh both body and mind. And a little pain, every psychologist will tell you, only adds to the pleasure.

Thus will you offer up *your* rosary during this festive month of May.

The Woman Born to Rule

(Feast, May 25)

M. THEKAEKARA, S. J.

THE history of the Church and of the nations can show few women like St. Marie-Madeleine Sophie Barat. "Her life was one of the greatest events of the nineteenth century", said Mgr. Parisi a week after her death; and posterity has judged that verdict to be all too modest. She was but a woman, born of no royal lineage, frail and sickly; and yet in the years when divine grace and a heroic human will blended to perfection, she grew to be a great saint who radiated Christ wherever she went; the superior-general of a far-flung teaching order for sixty years; the friend of princes and dukes, of bishops and Cardinals, even of Popes; a brilliant organizing genius; the moulder of thousands of select souls who in their turn exerted their strong influence on thousands of others and formed ideal Christian mothers to invigorate a decadent society from within.

Madeleine Sophie Barat was born on December 12, 1779, in the little provincial town of Joigny in France. At her baptism her elder brother Louis, who was to exert a profound influence on her training, stood godfather. He was but eleven then, and a few years later he left for the Seminary of Sens to study for the priesthood. Sophie grew up, a graceful and lovable girl, enjoying the freedom of her father's little vineyard, and imbibing from her mother a solid, rather austere, piety.

When she was eleven, a change occurred in her life. Louis, now a deacon, came back to Joigny to teach in the local school. He was quick to discover something extraordinary in his little god-child and sister—a quick memory, a sharp intelligence, an eye for beauty, a character at once imperious and lovable. He decided against the protests of his mother and contrary to all usages of the time, that this girl should be given a thorough education in the classics. He drew up an exacting time-table for her, and filled her little garret with Latin and Greek paradigms, books on history and the sciences, and with all that was best and safest in the French literature of the renaissance. Sophie submitted, wondering what strange fancy had caught her brother. She liked study; she liked her brother much more; and within a short time she had progressed far ahead of her brother's pupils in the school. Encouraged by his success, Louis now taught her Spanish and Italian, and introduced her

to the grandeur of the classics. As fresh vistas of knowledge opened before her, her enthusiasm grew; and companionless, shut up in a little room, she continued to work at her books, without stopping to consider of what use all that book learning would be in a girl of her station.

Three years passed, and then another change came. The revolution had reached a climax; the Civil Constitution had been proclaimed which no conscientious priest could submit to priest-hunting began. Louis Barat was marked as a victim by the terrorists; he fled to Paris in hot haste for safety. There he was unhappily identified, arrested and thrown into prison. Many anxious months followed. Young Sophie prayed fervently for her brother's safety, and to prove her devotion to him continued in her studies. But not feeling any more his powerful personality beside her, she relaxed not a little in the spiritual idealism he had inspired.

After two years Louis was let out of prison. He joined a band of priests, called the Fathers of the Faith, who under the saintly Fr. Varin, were working for the restoration of the Society of Jesus. One of Fr. Varin's cherished projects was to found a society of women who would be pledged to the devotion to the Sacred Heart and would do for girls what the restored Society of Jesus would do for boys. Louis saw dimly in his sister a corner stone for this project of Fr. Varin.

He obliged her to come to Paris and to stay with him. She demurred at first, and then consented. Louis saw that her intellectual training was far from being balanced by a proportionate spiritual strength. "You are a Virgilian, and not a Christian; and you shall never be a saint", he told her sternly. The young girl did not reply, but submitted humbly to the guidance of her brother. Virgil and Demosthenes, Moliere and Racine were thrown aside, and instead he gave her the Holy Bible, the Fathers of the Church, and stiff theological treatises. He guided her also into a rigid ascetical formation, with bodily penances, much



prayer and constant self-examination. It was an austere novitiate. She became humble and holy, diffident of self and having a great confidence in God, willing to undertake any task for God and the Church which divine providence would show her. It was in this frame of mind that she reached her years of mature womanhood, and was one day introduced by her brother to Fr. Varin.

On November 21, 1800, Sophia Barat and three other postulants made their consecration to God in the nascent Society of the Sacred Heart. Two years later, Barat, though the youngest of all, only twenty-three at that time, was made superior. Responsibility made her grow suddenly to the full stature of her powerful personality. The constitutions of the Society of the Sacred Heart were closely modelled on those of the Society of Jesus; and it was the soldier-saint of Loyola whom she chose as her model. Women could be soldiers; her own nation had produced a Joan of Arc. She too would be a soldier, though in another sphere. And she turned out to be a general. She held that post for sixty-three years — a record without a parallel — and her militia grew from strength to strength. These were hectic years in the history of France and of Europe. Empires were rising and falling; revolutions followed one another in quick succession. Great forces of evil were being unleashed in politics, in industry, in literature, in the common life of the people. The Church was being subjected to insidious persecutions by the powers of darkness. It was during such a period, in the first seven decades of the nineteenth century, that God entrusted to Marie-Madaleine Sophie Barat the grave mission of giving to the world ideal Christian mothers, and of spreading the reign of the Sacred Heart.

Mother Barat's enthusiasm was catching. Maidens of sterling character and great talents flocked to her institute; and she imbued one and all with her high idealism, her readiness to serve, her desire for consummate sanctity. The appeal of her fervent exhortations was irresistible. Her work spread, and more and more houses were opened in France and other countries. Innumerable were the letters she wrote — letters of stern rebuke, of sweet persuasion, of clear, precise command. Few women travelled as widely and constantly as she did though it was an age which knew none of the modern conveniences of express trains and motor cars. Thrice she went to Rome; she visited Switzerland, Austria and England; and almost continually she was travelling throughout the length and breadth of France. The hardships of the tardy stage — coaches and of many miles

on foot did not dismay her; even wars and revolutions held no terrors for her. Wherever she felt that her presence was needed, to found a new house, or to urge a slackening group to greater sanctity and efficiency or to ward off a threatening danger, she would promptly appear. All difficulties melted away before her gentle ways and compelling personality. And for the many house in United States of America which she could not herself visit, she chose superiors with most singular discernment, and kept them ever true to her high ideal through the many letters she wrote. Her method of government was gentle, but firm. She chose her subordinates wisely, gave them ample powers and exacted from them a flawless efficiency.

No wonder that under such a powerful leadership the work of Christian education of girls which she undertook progressed rapidly. The school in Paris gained within a few years after its foundation a great reputation throughout Europe. Bishops from many dioceses and missionaries from distant stations in the United States appealed to her for more and more Sisters of the Sacred Heart. For the city of Rome itself he had to found three of her schools, and the order to found them had come to her from three successive Popes. After Mother Barat's death, her work, begun with such an initial momentum, continued to flourish. Today the Sisters of the Sacred Heart have their excellent schools and colleges in almost every part of the world. In recent years India too has been fortunate to possess one of their colleges.

But the claim of St. Sophie Barat to the veneration of Sodalists lies chiefly in all she did to spread the Marian Sodality, and to make it an instrument for sanctification and apostolate in many schools, in many countries. The Sodality counts her along with St. Peter Canisius and St. Francis de Hieronimo among its great canonized founders. The first Sodality she founded was in 1818 in the school at Paris. As to what she intended to achieve by this work she wrote some years later: "How rare it is to meet a valiant woman. It must be so, because Holy Writ says: 'Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price thereof.' Let us labour to form some at any cost. They will form others, and good will come of it." She chose the lily as the emblem of her Sodalists, and "*Semper Fidelis*" — "Ever faithful", as their motto. A picture of "Mother Most Admirable" from the miraculous fresco of the Church of Trinita dei Monti was taken to represent the ideal of perfect womanhood which the Sodalists were ever to have before their minds.

(Continued on pag 65)

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Editorial Notes

THANKSGIVING

On Victory Day the hearts of all Sodalists were raised in thanksgiving to Jesus and His holy mother Mary that war in the west was over. The past six years have been years of suffering and sorrow, years, which have seen human blood flow in rivers, all over the world. May the cessation of hostilities be the beginning of a real, lasting peace. May Our Lady, Queen of Peace, guide the leaders and statesmen of today to see the postwar problems aright and solve them on the solid principles of justice and honour and love and mercy.

THE PRAYER FRONT

The Apostleship of Prayer is indeed a true Front; for it is a league of prayer and zeal in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which aims at making its members champions and apostles of the love of Christ as manifested in His Sacred Heart. It may also be called the Popular Front, for its strength is nearly 30 million all the world over. Every Catholic who has any claim to be a practising Catholic ought to be a member of this mighty prayer organisation. And should any one be tempted cynically to remark that what we need today

first degree, the practice of the daily morning offering, implies our personal consecration to the Sacred Heart; by it every morning we renew our union with His loving heart; by it we live *in* and *by* and *for* the Sacred Heart of Jesus; by it we realize the ideal of St. Paul that in Him we should "live and move and have our being". In the second degree, by the daily recitation of a decade of the rosary, we invoke the aid of Mary, Queen of Heaven, and her aid has never been known to fail. The third degree establishes our most intimate union with the Sacred Heart, through the Communion of Reparation. As true lovers we try to repair, however small the atonement, the ingratitude and insults we have heaped on His loving Heart. Do not the words of complaint ring in your ears: Behold this Heart of Mine which has so loved men and yet receives from most nothing but ingratitude. Let this month of June serve to inflame your heart with the fire of love that issues from His Sacred Heart.

CLEAR VISION AND A STRONG WILL

Aloysius was for more than a century the 'saint of fashion', the saint of stupendous miracles, the ideal of thousands of young men and

A Lesson from the Communists

M. THEKAEKARA S. J.



OUR Lord gave on one occasion a story of an unjust steward, and then concluded: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"—or as Fr. Ronald Knox's more expressive translation has it: "Indeed the children of this world are more prudent in their own fashion than the children of the light." There is in every age much that the 'children of light' have to learn from their enemies who, though professing a philosophy entirely different, show a remarkable wisdom and prudence in achieving their goal. Their goal may be far from commendable, but their methods often elicit admiration, and sometimes hold forth precious lessons.

A case in point is suggested by an article on the Soviet Press which appeared in a recent issue of the *Indo-Soviet Journal*, the fortnightly organ of the "Bengal Friends of the Soviet Union." The Article was typical of the many highly garbled accounts propagandised in India by these "friends of the Soviet Union." By the bye, who are these "Bengal Friends?" One cannot say much of them, because they have a way of eluding close observation. But if one is inquisitive and looks into the inside of Communist tactics in India, one will be surprised to learn that "the Bengal Friends" form but one group of a host of societies or political parties all over the country, serving the cause not of India but of Russia.

There are "Friend of the Soviet Union" not only in Bengal, but in most of the Provinces. Then there are the Communist Party of India, the Bolsheviks, the Radical Democrats, the All-India Kisan Congress, the All-India Trade Union Federation, the All-India Students' Federation, the Congress Socialists, and perhaps scores more of these organisations. One will find among them almost every variety of pink and red. There are those who would ask for nothing more than chopping off the heads of all zamindars; there are others who want a thorough revolution, and a new constitution imported whole-sale from Russia. On every major issue of Indian politics they disagree among themselves and with the National Congress and

Muslim League; but they all have two common traits: a thin veneer of lip-service for India's national cause, and an unbounded admiration for everything Russian.

The first is necessary that they may have a voice in the country; the second is part of their iniquitous conspiracy to bewitch India with the 'dazzling achievements' of Russia. They shout against one foreign power, Britain—cautiously, of course, so as not to be caught—and in the same breath, they shout for another foreign power, Russia. One begins to wonder what is the objective of Communist propaganda in India. Is it that by getting Britain out of the way, they may have a free hand in flooding the country with Lubianka's and Slovakia's, with endless liquidation and the most frightful tyranny that the world has seen?

This much about the Communists in India. But it is instructive to look at them also in their homeland—and that is what the article on the 'Soviet Press' helps one to do. Who will not gasp when he hears of 9000 newspapers published in 70 languages, and having a total circulation of 38 millions? In Great Britain, a country with a far higher cultural level, the total circulation for newspapers before the war was only 26 millions. And there is a great difference between the press of Russia and that of Britain, or of any other country. One is state-owned; the other is not. When one speaks of the press in India, one thinks of, *The Hindu*, *The Amrita Bazar Patrika* and similar papers, all owned by private individuals, and serviceable to the government only in so far as it pleases the owners. The government has for its propaganda a few, and not too powerful, organs like *Indian Information*. Even in Germany and Italy, the strangle-hold of the State on the press is not such as to prevent at least a few religious or cultural publications from having an independent existence. But in Communist Russia every single printed page comes to the people directly from the State. Hence the whole of the press, no part excepted is a

weapon in the hands of the State, and there is no counter-weapon in the hands of an adversary.

The Soviet Revolution realized from the beginning the need for a powerful press. In Russia before the first World War total print per day was less than three million copies. Within ten years after the beginning of the revolution, the number increased to ten million. But this was found to be not enough. The two five year plans, the organised attack on religion, the liquidation of the Kulaks and mass-executions of the highest officers of the State and the Army, all called for a vigorous propaganda. Public opinion had to be built in favour of the head of the State; all that the State did had to be argued as eminently desirable, in spite of appearances to the contrary. Nothing could do this as efficiently as the press. Hence a large number of factories for newsprint were established. Presses with the best modern equipment were imported from other countries. A vast army of 50,000 journalists was recruited. The Soviet press began to grow at a very rapid rate during the years 1928 to 1938. When World War II started, *Izvestia* (News), official paper of the government, had a circulation of one and a half million, and *Pravda* (Truth), official paper of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, had a circulation of two and a quarter million. These two are the most powerful organs of propaganda for the government. The indoctrination of the young, the Young Communist's League conducts two minor editions of the *Pravda*, one for Youth *Komsomolakaya Pravda*, circulation 700,000 and the other for *Pioneerskaya Pravda*, circulation 850,000

The work of the Soviet Press is not only vast, it is thorough. No corner of the Union is left out of its sphere of influence. Besides the great national papers published from Moscow, there are papers conducted by the regional authorities in all the chief towns, by the district and town soviets, by the collective farms and the factories. There are papers for workers, for professionals, for students. The Communists are not men to leave a work half done. The risks were great in a gigantic scheme of bloodshed and one-man policy; and the only safe provision against risks was to make all the hundreds and twenty million think as one man.

Will it be possible for the Communists to make the 400 millions of India think as one men? Perhaps not. But, at least that is what the Communists are trying to do. That they are having no small measures of success may be seen from the popularity of their journals and other publications. *People's War* the organ of the Communist Party of India claimed, last year a circulation of 33,000 for its English and vernacular editions together. *The Student*, the fortnightly publication of the Communist Students' Federation, announced in February 1945 that its subscriptions had risen to 85,000. But these are not all; there are many more, chiefly in the vernaculars, published either by the Communist Party of India or by the numerous other quasi-Russian parties. The "Bolshevik" paper *People's Front* and the Radical Democrats' paper *Independent India* both enjoy a very wide circulation. Evidently few in the present world have realised as well as the Communists that the press is a great power.

The Parish Church

The parish church may be lacking in architectural grace, and it may have none of the graces that sculptor and painter contribute. Its music may be defective and its ceremonies uninspiring, but it always has the real presence of Christ; it is a place of sacrifice where the eyes and the heart of Christ are attentive to the visitor and the prayerful. There is the fountain of living water which bathes the thirsty soil of the human heart and enables mere men to bring forth the rich fruit of virtue, which inspires their fellow men and appeases Divine justice for the paganism which might otherwise bring upon the world the chastisement sin deserves.

A parish is a miniature of the Church. It is a branch of the vine in which the life comes from the Sacred Heart of Christ. It is a moral body. It has a divine soul, but its members are human. The soul is never wanting. It floods the minds of men with light and it offers them all the help they need to follow the light. But these men have free will and even God cannot force them to use the gifts He offers them.

If there is something wrong with the parish, the fault is not in the soul, it is in the members. They can and they often do thwart the purpose of their Creator. Sometimes they openly rebel; but, usually, they waste divine suggestions and invitations by their indifference. They know what God wants them to do, but they seem to be asleep or they do not value the precious gifts He offers.

THE MORNING STAR

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The Transfiguration

The Evangelists tell us that Our Lord one day took with him Peter, James and John to a mountain to pray. According to a Palestinian tradition it was on Mount Tabor.

Whilst Jesus prayed, His countenance was transfigured and His garments became white as snow. His whole person was enveloped in a blinding light which proceeded from no external source, but was the radiation of an interior brightness which had till then been veiled, but which now burst forth in some of its divine brilliance.

Whilst Jesus thus stood in this radiance of celestial glory, two venerable men appeared and talked with Him: Moses and Elias. Their presence added to the majesty of the scene and brought to the glorious Christ the testimony of the Law and of the Prophets. Their conversation was not about the glory of the triumphant Messiah, but about His ignominious death, following His rejection by the priests and the scribes.

Peter and his two companions, probably tired by the length of the road and the ascent

of the mountain, were asleep. What happened to wake them up? They witnessed the glory of Jesus and of the two persons at His side.

With his usual spontaneity, Peter exclaimed: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee and one for Moses and one for Elias." The Evangelist adds: "He knew not what he said, for they were struck with fear." Christ indeed, did not take them to Mount Tabor to assist at a spectacle. He wanted to initiate them in the mystery of the Cross. The heavenly Father was to complete the lesson; for, "as he was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them and they were afraid, when they entered into the cloud. And behold a voice came out of the cloud, saying: This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear Him."

It is good for you to stay near Jesus; near Jesus, in His glory, but also near Jesus in His labours, near Jesus in His sufferings. Whilst near Him, look at Him and listen to His lesson: HEAR Him.



The Hand That Blesses



• M. THEKAEKARA, S. J.

THOMAS Pattam felt a great lump in his throat, as he tossed aside the blanket and rose from his bed. "A strange feeling for early morning," he thought. He knew why. His eldest son Joe was far away in the College infirmary, lying seriously ill with pneumonia. News about him during the last week had been more and more depressing.

"Sweet Heart of Jesus, I trust in thee," he prayed. The prayer brought with it no peace unlike on other days. His heart was heavy with unspoken, vague fears.

He knelt down and said the morning offering. The words "Heart of Jesus" loosened a long train of thoughts. To that Heart he had entrusted every one of his children. Today he had more reason to trust in the Sacred Heart than on any other day, for was not the Sacred Heart to be enthroned in his home that evening? Yet he felt it was not all right with Joe. What made him think so, he could not say.

At the foot of the bed, below the crucifix hung a photo, on which his eyes fell. Joe with hair combed back, spectacles on his nose, dressed in his best blue coat, standing by the chair of his mother. Dear Annie, she had gone away to heaven six months after the photo was taken, leaving to him the care of Joe and Rose and the three young children. This photo had hung there these two years, and his eyes were accustomed to it. But today seeing Joe and Annie together made a great terror seize him. It seemed neither was his any more. He tried to shake off the thought. In vain. He sat on the bed with no inclination to rise, with eyes fixed on the frame.

Rose came into the room. "Daddy, it is late already. Didn't you say Communion for all of us today?"

"Of course, it is First Friday, — and the day of enthronement for us," he said without taking his eyes off the picture.

"I have told Emma to wake the children and prepare them for the church. Only half an hour more."

He rose up with a start, seeing that Rose's eyes were searchingly fixed on his face. "That is right. I shall be ready soon," he said.

Rose left the room; it seemed to him she

did it reluctantly. He did his washing like one in a dream. The fingers were stiff and the hand was slightly trembling, when he took the razor blade and tried to sharpen it. The day was not cold; rather warmer than usual. He looked out through the window. Dark rain-clouds were sailing from the western sea towards the Ghats in the east. He knew that in a few days the monsoon would break out. "Worst season of the year for all fever patients," he thought. "My poor Joe. What would he be doing now?" He tried to think. A pale, emaciated form, stretched weakly upon the bed; the ice-bag applied to the head to keep the fever down; the table with the crucifix and candles standing near the bed, where Fr. Prefect placed the Sacred Body of Our Lord every morning — the picture of the distant infirmary room came vividly before his mind. Perhaps Joe was receiving Holy Communion now, — or was he too weak even for that?

He thought with a feeling of compunction that he should be thinking of his own Holy Communion, and not of Joe. Hastily he finished his dressing, and crossed two rooms to where Rose was sitting at her table with head bent over an open book. It was her habit to study for an hour daily before Mass. She rose from her chair when she heard her father's footfall.

"Daddy, I can't do anything today. I am thinking only of Joe," she said.

Her father tried to hide the paleness that came swiftly on his face, and answered: "Yes, he should have been with us today. I don't like to have the enthronement without him."

"You should be there, daddy. He needs you", she said, hastily flicking away a tear that stood in the eye.

Mr. Thomas knew that it was useless to pretend with this girl. But it was his duty to strengthen her. "Rose, you are thinking too much. You lack trust". Presently he felt he had said what he could not say with justice. It was he who was lacking trust. "Rose, didn't I tell you, Joe made Brother Infirmaryman write that I should not by any means leave home before the enthronement was over. His heart is set so much on that. What he would like us all to do now is to prepare ourselves well for this evening. He will be with us in spirit. Distance cannot separate us on a day like this."

"Will you start tomorrow?"

"Yes, by the morning train."

Rose came nearer and holding her face close to his, said: "Daddy, you don't look well at all. You haven't slept this night."

Her father shook his head and wished he could contradict her. She continued: "You must not go to the timber-yard today."

He stroked her chin and said: "Don't be silly, Rose. You heard John saying yesterday that the temple elephant is hired for today. A dozen logs have to be pulled out of the tank. If we delay, the monsoon will break out, and no elephant can work when his feet sink three feet into the mud."

"Can't John supervise the work?" Rose insisted.

"No better than you, girl. The mahout will sit on Govin's back and sing; and the logs will lie undisturbed in the tank."

"No, daddy; all the workmen are afraid of him, more than of you. I heard the mahout saying that Govin gets harder work when the accountant is in the yard than when the master is there."

Her father smiled, a weak, forced smile. However unwell he felt, he was determined to go to the yard today. There was heavy work, all the heavier since he was going away for a few days. And work was to him a relief which he needed greatly. It would lift away the oppressive weight he felt on his heart. He said, "Rose, you are as stubborn as your mother was. I must go to the yard; it can't be helped. Contracts with the railway have to be signed, and I must give directions for the week's work when I might be away."

The children came rushing into the room. Mr. Thomas said to his daughter: "It's time to go to church, Rose — not for standing here and talking."

"I am ready," she said, adjusting the hair of Elise which had fallen on her forehead.

George showed his prayer-book to his father and asked, "Daddy, show me where is the prayer for First Friday."

Rose interposed her hand and said: "Don't show him, daddy. I marked it for him yesterday, and he has again misplaced the book-mark."

"I didn't ask you," said George, without deigning to turn his face to his tall sister. He received the book from his father with the place correctly marked, put it into his pocket and ran to the gate. From there he shouted, "Oh! Rose, how slow you are. Girls are never in time for anything."

Elise ran down the steps to him and said: "You lie; it is dad and Lawrie who are late."

Still Mr. Thomas was unable to start. Lawrence's little rosary of glass-beads had become knotted and he would not leave the house unless his father disentangled it for him. He tried for some time, but the rosary only became more knotted, "I can't Lawrie; my fingers are too rough for it," he said, giving the rosary back to the boy. "Give it to Rose. She will do it on the way to the church."

"Lawrie, come quick; here is Govin going to our yard," shouted Elise from the gate in great joy.

Emma the faithful maid, who had prepared the children for the church, and was watching the scene did not approve of all this excitement. "Children should not shout so loud before going to Communion," she said. But her reproof was lost on the children. Even Lawrie had joined the others at the gate, and all were watching the elephant coming.

It was their father who answered Emma. "Emma, they will shout because they are happy. Our Lord likes to see them happy, I think. They know no sorrow."

"Why sorrow for them? That is only for us, master. Darling Joe! pray for him. Ask the children to pray. I shall say my rosary for him while you are in church."

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Cum permissu Superiorum.

"Thank you, Emma; that is all we can do." Mr. Thomas was happy that she too was thinking of Joe; but that happiness brought with it the pain of the night. "Pray for him . . .," he reflected, "perhaps all earthly remedy is useless and prayer is our only hope now."

Govin had stoppd before the gate to the keen delight of the children. His head was turned towards the house. "Salute master," commanded the mahout from Govin's back. The long heavy trunk of the elephant stretched forward, rose gradually in the air till its end came on a level with the top of the head, and then it dropped down. This slow form of salute was given thrice, and each time the children clapped their hands with joy. Elise tried to catch Govin's trunk as it came down, but was pulled back by the more cautious Rose.

Mr. Thomas just smiled and nodded once; it was the sign for Govin to turn and proceed on its way. "Bring him to the western side of the yard," he said to the mahout, as he himself turned in the opposite direction towards the church.

He walked silently; he felt he could not speak with the children or share in their thoughts today. They were talking loudly about Govin, and his mahout, about the breakfast Govin was going to eat, about Elise's new teacher, about the Redemptorist Father who had preached the mission and had asked all to enthrone the Sacred Heart in their families.

"What is enthroning?" asked Lawrence.

"It is putting in our big room that picture which the Maistry brought yesterday," said Elise.

"No, silly, that is not it," said George. "Enthroning is making our Lord master of the family. Isn't it Rose?"

Rose said 'Yes,' and explained to them the ceremony. She then turned their thoughts to Communion, and began telling them how they should prepare for it.

Mr. Thomas went nearer his daughter and said to her: "Rose, don't forget to tell them to pray for Joe after Communion."

"I shall tell them now," she replied.

He heard the children asking her whether Joe was very sick, whether our Lord could cure him. Soon Rose and the little ones were talking only of Joe.

He did not join in the conversation but walked silently behind them.

First Friday was always a day of great solemnity in the parish church of Mr. Thomas.

Railway Beyond the Grave

NOTICE

The Line that Leads to Heaven

Departure of trains. . . . At all hours

Arrival When God wills it

Fares

1st Class . . . Innocence and Self-sacrifice

2nd Class . . . Penance and Confidence in God

3rd Class . . . Repentance and Resignation

REMARKS

1. No return tickets are available.
2. There are no pastime trains so-called.

3. Children below seven years of age are received gratis, provided they are taken in the arms of their mother the Church.

4. The Agents and subordinates of this company will get no reduction of fares, but they will receive an increase of payment in proportion to their services.

5. No more luggage is allowed to passengers than their own good works. Otherwise they run the risk of losing the train, or of being detained for a longer or shorter period before they arrive at the end of their journey.

6. Passengers coming from all parts are received all along the line, provided they show their passports to be in order and written on paper bearing the Roman seal.

7. The General Booking Office is open at all hours in the Sacrament of Penance. Those who are unable to prosecute their journey owing to loss of tickets may renew them in the aforementioned office.

Sd/- Michael the Archangel,
Traffic Manager.

The altar was well decorated. The richest vestments were used for Mass. The church was packed to capacity, and the long stream of communicants going to and from the altar-rails never seemed to end. But all the grandeur of the day had little effect on the soul of Mr. Thomas. He felt sad and desolate. His thoughts were far away, by the bed-side of his boy; and all the prayers he said were for his recovery. Communion brought with it no peace. With a sense of dejection and helplessness, he prayed: "My Lord, if You must take him from me, let it be at least after I reach there. Let me be there to hear his last words, to close his eye-lids." He felt no assurance that his prayer was heard; at least his mental misery seemed more acute.

After benediction he slipped out of the crowd and went home alone. He could not bear to look at the faces of the many sympathizers who would be inquiring about Joe. "Rose will see them and answer their questions. I cannot," he said to himself.

The timber-yard was bristling with activity when Mr. Thomas reached there. John was already shouting out orders to some thirty workmen. Some of the men were in the tank dragging the logs nearer to the bank. Some were preparing the stout rope and the chains for the elephant to pull with. Four were fixing the scaffolds for the sawyers. The long saws were leaning against the log-house, and near them sat the group of sawyers waiting for the master. The mah-out was in the canal, neck-deep in water, pulling at some floating stems of plantain trees; and near him on the bank stood Govin, watching with greedy eyes the delicious meal which his keeper was bringing him. When

the stems were within reach, Govin stretched out his trunk, and dragged them to his feet. One of them he raised up and broke into pieces against his foreleg. He began to eat with a hearty appetite.

John came up to Mr. Thomas. "Good morning, sir; how is news about Joe?" he asked in low voice which showed concern and sympathy.

"Not good, John. I am anxious," answered Mr. Thomas huskily.

The young man's face fell. He was about to say something, but was interrupted by the sawyers who asked, "Those logs, master, for planks or sleepers?"

John went into the log-house and brought the order-file. Mr. Thomas began to consult

it. He measured the two logs which the sawyers had raised on the scaffolds. Pointing to one, he said: "This is too small, and besides too knotty; so, best for sleepers. Saw the other into planks, one inch thick."

More workmen came for directions.

"That elephant never seems to start, master," said Seenu from the tank, who had already tied the rope to the first log.

"Balu, don't you see we are waiting?" Mr. Thomas called out to the mahout.

"Coming presently, master," came the reply. But Govin continued his meal undisturbed. John was impatient of delay. "What do you mean by your 'presently'? Get started, quick," came the stiff command. Slowly the lumbering form of the elephant began to move forward with a plantain stem sticking sideways out of his mouth.

Mr. Thomas was called away by car-

Mary-Likeness

Mary-like in soul and body;
Mary-like in mind and heart;
Mary-like in every action—
Child of God, how fair thou art!
Fair to Christ and all His angels,
Fair to earth since thou art seen
To be like her—like Mary,
Earth's and Heaven's fairest Queen.

Mary-like in soul! What beauty
When thy soul is full of grace!
What a Mary-smile will greet thee
When thou'lt meet her face to face!
Mary-like in body! Keeping
All the senses in control;
Looks and bearing both revealing
A Mary-temple for the soul.

Mary-like in mind and memory!
Sintul thoughts and fancies flee;
Idle dreams and selfish musings
Find no place, fair child, in thee.
For the Mary-mind is lifted
From all sordid thoughts to live
On the high and noble promptings
That a Mary-soul would give.

Mary-like in thy affections,
Loving all, excluding none—
Loving, as you think our Lady
Ever faithful, would have done;
Mary-like in every action
In enjoyment, work or prayer,
Watching Mary, copying Mary,
Loving Mary, every where.

Night and day, in joy and sorrow,
Night and day, 'neath crushing care.
Ask of Christ true Mary-likeness,
Through the year be this thy prayer—
Christ will hear and Christ will answer
If thy pleading but ring true:
"Jesus, make me just like MARY.
Mary, make me just like YOU."

penters who were making furniture. Everywhere his attention was needed, and he felt relieved as he walked from one side of the yard to the other, giving directions, urging on the work or changing men from one job to another.

Govin took the rope in his mouth and began to pull at the log. The voice of the mahout seated on the back of the elephant, shouting out commands: "left, right, take, leave," sounded above all other noise in the yard. In a quarter of an hour the log was on dry land.

"Not there; bring it close to the other logs," said Mr. Thomas.

Balu translated the order into the elephant's language. Govin let fall the rope and came near the log. He bent forward; the trunk sprawled on the ground, while he applied his forehead and tusks to the side of the log. He pushed first one end and then another, obeying faithfully the repeated instructions of the mahout, till the log was in its place alongside others which had already been pulled on to the land.

Mr. Thomas climbed upon a high log of teak, and watched with satisfaction the work proceeding smoothly in all parts of the yard. Presently he saw in the distance something which made his heart stop beating. The telegraph office boy was coming towards the yard. He felt a presentiment that the worst he had feared had occurred. His feet seemed trembling. Cautiously he descended, and went to a corner of the yard where there were no workers. He did not want others to see how he would receive the news.

The look of sympathy on the face of the

boy was unmistakable. Mr. Thomas received the telegram, and stood rooted to the spot long after the boy had left. He held the envelope tightly, lest it fall from his trembling hand. "My God, give me strength; give me resignation," he prayed.

He leaned his back against a palm tree, and tore open the envelope. With misty eyes he read the words: "Joseph expired seven a. m." There were a few more words: expressing condolence, and then the name of Father Rector of the college.

For some moments he was dazed. He sat on a tree-stump and his face in his hands. "No, I must not cry; I must have strength, at least for the sake of Rose and the children," he said to himself. His eyes fell on the name

of Joseph. His own Joe; his first boy; the pride of the family. He has gone away; and his father was not allowed to be present to say a last farewell. "Oh! God, it is too much", he moaned in a low voice. He thought bitterly that he should have gone to Joe two days earlier, that he should have been brought home perhaps a week ago and given a better treatment. "Foolish thought," he then said to himself, "can I get better doctors here than he got there? He had the best attention that human skill could give. It was God's will". He repeated again and again "It was God's will," until he grew a little stronger.

He began to think what he should do next. The sun was gaining its height in the sky. Soon the workmen would disperse to their homes for the noon meal. He would have to catch the first train to be in time for the funeral, and should make all arrangements for it immediately. He

Anima Christi

Anima Christi, sanctifica me

Through the prayers you raise to God
Through the graces you impart

Corpus Christi, salva me

Through your sacrifice on the Cross
Through your presence on the altar

Sanguis Christi, inebria me

Through the effusion of your peace
Through the libations of your Spirit

Aqua lateris Christi, lava me

Through the virtue of Baptism
Through the virtue of Penance

Passio Christi, conforta me

Through the imitation of your example
Through the hope of your promises

O bone Jesu, exaudi me

Through the divine condescension of your
goodness
Through the divine condescension of your
power

Intra tua vulnera absconde me

Recollecting my senses in you
Uniting myself to you.

Ne permittas me separari a Te

Through the loss of your grace
Through the forgetfulness of your presence

Ab hoste maligno defende me

Through the wisdom of your inspirations
Through the sweetness of your appeal

In hora mortis meae voca me

To the ties of the eternal engagement
To the kiss of your divine love

Et iube me venire ad Te

The light and the way leading to the Father
Divine Gate that opens to the Blessed Trinity

Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem Te

In the joy of your heavenly kingdom
In the consummation of Unity

In saecula saeculorum

Not a momentary meeting
But an eternal union

Amen

This the call of my hope
This the end of my love.

reflected for a while and then walked slowly into the log-house.

John was sitting restlessly before an open account book. He rose, came forward to meet him, and asked: "Was it about Joe?"

Mr. Thomas read the anxious fear in John's eyes.

"Died this morning while we were at Mass," he said briefly.

John was deeply moved. He did not stir from where he stood, but remained speechless with clasped hands and bent head. A silent tear rolled down his cheek.

Mr. Thomas was touched by the young man's grief. He approached him and took hold of his hand. "Shake yourself, boy. It was God's will".

Neither spoke for some time.

Mr. Thomas said finally: "Listen John, we must make some arrangements. Yard will be closed for the evening. Send a man to Rose's college, and another to the school. All the children must come home soon; we must have the enthronement at three."

"You will inform the children about Joe?"

"Not yet; after the enthronement perhaps. Is there not a train in the evening?"

"Yes; you will go by that train?"

"I must leave by the first possible train; and the enthronement must be over before that."

John pleaded that he too should be allowed to be present for the funeral.

"If you come, John, who will take care of the children? Rose can't, and besides she must come with me. No, you must stay back, for their sake. I want to leave the children at your house."

John agreed. He despatched the messengers for Rose and the children, sent a telegram to Joe's college in the name of Mr. Thomas, and told the workmen that the yard was closed for the evening. Mr. Thomas signed with a shaking hand a few letters which John had prepared, and then walked slowly towards the church.

Inside the church it was cool and restful. Mr. Thomas went and knelt before the main altar. His gaze was fixed on the tabernacle. The tumult in his soul gradually subsided and he felt a new strength welling up from within. Joe had gone; the Lord had taken him. It was His will; and the bereaved father bent his head in humble submission. To God's will he united his own, no more rebellious, no

more complaining, sorrow-stricken, yet peaceful.

He left the church and went to the presbytery to call on one of the Fathers who was to be present for the enthronement and to bless the picture. Then he hastened home. He avoided all reference to Joe, and did not allow anyone to see what heavy news he carried in his heart. Rose watched him with a puzzled look.

The priest came; and also John and his mother. The picture was blessed and fixed in the place of honour in the sitting room. Mr. Thomas knelt in the middle and recited the prayer of enthronement in a voice which shook with emotion. He felt more than ever before Joe's absence. When he came to the portion of the prayer about the absent members of the family, he suddenly stopped. It seemed to him that his heart would break. Rose was motioned by the priest to take the book from her father, and to read for him. But he shook his head, and after a pause, continued to read.

The enthronement was over; Jesus was acknowledged master of his home by a new formal act, and he felt he had fulfilled what was Joe's dying wish.

The priest left; and soon after, also John and his mother, taking the three young children with them. They were always happy to go to John's house. They loved to play with the other children there, to chase the ducklings and to make garlands of lotus flowers. John's mother would gently and cautiously break the news of Joe's death to them, and she would see that they did not grieve too much.

Father and daughter were alone in the sitting room. Mr. Thomas wondered how he should speak about Joe to Rose. It would be like thrusting a sword into the heart; and yet he had to do it.

"Rose, look at that picture; isn't it a nice one?" he asked pointing to the picture which had been newly placed on the wall.

"Yes, daddy. I like the look of it."

"Read what is below it."

"That the Sacred Heart will bless this house."

"He will bless—but His Hand that blesses lays sometimes a heavy cross on our shoulders." There was a look of pain and fear on Rose's face. Her father continued, taking hold of his daughter's hand: "But the cross he lays is a part of His own cross; and it is He

(Continued on page 126)

grey, but the great majority young strong fellows well able to walk miles of back streets and climb countless flights of stairs. New members were being received with loud acclamation. I had come specially to witness the reception of two of my old pupils from far off China. Loud and prolonged cheers as these two Sons of the Orient were welcomed in the Society I loved so well. They were students of our National University and no doubt they later carried away much of value from that seat of learning. But I am sure they learnt still more in the S. V. P.; above all the profound Faith of the poor deepened by the hard struggle with life. And they would get an inner grasp of the social questions not from books, not from bombastic talk about immense problems, but from listening with Christian sympathy to the individual human problems in the cold narrow home, and then with the generosity and courage of youth trying to find a way to give this man or this family a better and more human life.

I was glad to have been able to give the two students a chance of seeing from the inside something of the very best we had in Christianity. May God grant that our Catholic students everywhere will not pass over this chance of a lifetime, that of *seeing the S. V. P. from the inside* and of learning at first hand what Catholic idealism is.

OUR THANKS ARE HERE TENDERED TO THE FOLLOWING SUBSCRIBERS, WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED UP TO 10TH JULY, 1945.

1944:—586.

1945:—20, 28, 33, 105, 110, 114, 128, 189, 245, 285, 352, 371, 379, 403, 420, 426, 540, 549, 551, 572, 578, 614, 620, 622, 629, 634, 659, 806, 858, 863, 866, 1000, 1018, 1021, 1036, 1041, 1091, 1100.

1946:—28, 196, 614, 1018, 1036. 1947:—1018.

May Our Lady Bless All Our Benefactors.

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(Continued from page 124)

Who gives it. He will give also the strength to bear it. Then changing the tone and making a painful effort, he said: "This morning while we were at Mass our Joe died."

"Oh, daddy", she said and burst into tears. He pressed her face against his shoulder and allowed her to weep. His tears mingled with hers; but he knew that below the sorrow and the tears there reigned in the hearts of both of them a deep peace, and a feeling of resignation which knew no bitterness.

After a long while he said: "Rose, my darling, you must go and get ready for the train: But before that look up and say to Him: 'Thy will be done'."

She wiped her tears and said: "Thy will be done."

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
OUR LADY'S SODALITIES
INDIA

VOLUME XXXVIII
NUMBER 9
SEPTEMBER 1945

EDITORIAL OFFICE

St. Xavier's High School

Bombay, I, INDIA

CONTENTS: Regina Pacis — Pondering in Our Hearts — Come to think of It — A Mother's Prayer —
The Challenge — Catholic Action and The Sodality — Back to Home — Plus XII and
Reconstruction — The College Sodalist — What Love is — Early Preachers of the Catholic
Faith — C. B. C. Ceylon Branch — The Catholic Press — Morality from Ink-wells. mt

REGINA PACIS

It was in May, the month dedicated to our Blessed Mother Mary, that hostilities were brought to an end in the West. It was on 15th August, the feast of the Assumption, that fighting ceased in the East. She was, she is, she ever will be the Queen of Peace. The world was consecrated a year ago by the present gloriously reigning Pontiff to her Immaculate Heart. With that consecration came peace, yes, the cessation of hostilities.

But, as yet, have we secured real, lasting peace? No. It is even more difficult to win the peace than to win a war. Mary is the Queen of Peace, and with uplifted hearts we turn to her for help and inspiration in the tremendous work of reconstruction.

Post-war reconstruction is going to be a difficult task. "Even when victory in the present war has been won," said the Bishop of Nottingham a few months ago, "hard and difficult times will lie ahead of us. They will be hard in the material order, but possibly much harder for us Catholics in the moral order." We Catholics shall have to face heavy odds—worst of all the spreading plague of materialism and irreligion. Materialism destroys morality, and when morality is destroyed, the seeds of war are firmly planted. We shall have to wage relentless war against false philosophies of life that make war inevitable.

This requires courage, wisdom and knowledge. This requires real men and women, "ever upright, ever straight, unbending in the face of temptations and allurements;" fearless men and women, heroes and heroines, "to whom it comes natural to profess their faith frankly, in word and deed, every time the law of God and the sense of Christian honour demand it."

O Mary, Queen of Peace, obtain for us the grace to re-fashion the world after the Heart of thy Son, Jesus.

Catholic Action and the Sodality

The S. S. C. A.

DURING the last weeks of August the Sodality of Our Lady in the U. S. A. held its Summer Schools of Catholic Action, S. S. C. A., at Fordham University, New York, and Morrison Hotel, Chicago. It was a happy idea that inaugurated the S. S. C. A. in 1931, and since then they have been held every year in various important cities of U. S. A. and Canada. The attendance which was 407 in 1931 rose steadily till it reached the imposing figure of 9735 in 1944. The guiding principles of the S. S. C. A., says the Prospectus, are.

1. Leaders may be born, but leaders can be made.
2. All the good will in the world will not, in the case of religious lay leaders, be sufficient without clear-cut knowledge, high ideals and what nowadays is called 'the know-how.'
3. Hence there is need for the systematic training that would give to Catholic leaders a certainty about *what* to do, masterly skill—*how* to do, and motives—*why* to do."

To one who studies the progress and working of the Marian Sodality in U. S. A. in the past fifteen years there can be no doubt of the tremendous power for Catholic Action which an efficient Sodality movement can be. The S. S. C. A. have given to the Bishops lay leaders fully trained and equipped to play a prominent role in every aspect of Catholic lay apostolate. And the Bishops have used these leaders in large numbers.

The Sodality in U. S. A.

As early as 1930 Mgr. Schrems wrote thus to Fr. Daniel A. Lord on behalf of the Administrative Board of the N. C. W. C.: "In my capacity as Episcopal Chairman of Catholic Lay Associations I wish to express to you my hearty approval of the National Federation of Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary which have been such a power for Catholic Action in past

ages and which are now being revived for the same purpose. It is time indeed that the true character and scope of the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin be brought back to the knowledge of our people."

Fifteen years of the S. S. C. A. and the brilliant record of work done by the Central Secretariate, "The Queen's Work", have more than fulfilled this wish of Bishop Schrems. There are to-day in U. S. A. 806,000 Sodalists who carry out a many-sided Catholic Action programme in 11,198 Centres.

The Pope Says:

But it is not only in U. S. A. that the Sodality has proved its value as a means for promoting Catholic Action and training leaders. Spain, Brazil, Austria, Holland, and many other countries can show a similar record of achievement. Hence it is that His Holiness Pope Pius XII in his allocution to Sodalists in January this year eulogised in the highest terms the ideals and the work of the Sodality. He said: "The Church counts upon you, as it counted on past generations of the Sodality. Her hopes were not disappointed. Your ancestors have nobly blazed the trail... We venture even to say that the image of the true Catholic as the Sodality outlines it has never been more in tune with an era's needs and happenings than at the present time. In truth what does life in the world to-day demand?... Catholics—genuine, well-trained strong Catholics... It has always been the aim of the Sodality to form such men, such Catholics."

The Sodality in India

Writing in India one would naturally turn from the Sodalities of the world to those of India. The Sodality is not only widely spread in Catholic India; one might even venture to say that it is the best-known and most representative of the many Catholic lay associations in this country. A series of articles have been appearing recently in the *Bombay Examiner*

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which show that the Sodality had a long and eventful record of history in India. In our own days Bishops in various dioceses have repeatedly extolled the work of the Sodality.

The reason for the popularity of the Marian Sodality is not far to seek. It is not a new, unproved venture, but one that has been tested and has shown its worth in many lands under different circumstances through nearly four centuries of glorious history. Unlike some of the more recent associations it does not bear the mark of any particular nationality, where it originated, so that it is equally acceptable to all; it is as Catholic as the Church is Catholic. It possesses a Catholic Action programme which is most easily adaptable to varying local conditions, and hence in a country where the Catholic communities are so widely different in economic and social status and in cultural and historical background, the Sodality specially recommends itself. Above all the Sodality, as the S. S. C. A. programme points out, is in an especial manner an organisation that belongs to the Bishops. It is the Bishop of a diocese who establishes all the Sodalities within his parishes and schools, with a very few canonical exceptions. Of these Sodalities the Bishop remains the head. The priest whom he appoints to act as the director receives the power delegated to him by the Bishop.

Look to the Future.

The Sodality of Our Lady in India has a great mission to accomplish. It is potentially a tremendous force for the building of the Church in this country. It can weld the unity of Catholic India. It can train leaders for our community. It can bridge the gulf that too often separates the masses of the Indian people from the representatives of a Church which false propaganda has unhappily branded as alien.

But to effect all this we need in India a capable machinery and considerable reorganization. The notion which still persists in some quarters, that the Sodality is merely a pious association must be rooted out. We need scores of energetic local units which will impart a new life to all dormant groups. We need a national federation and a central secretariate as they exist in other countries like Argentina, Brazil, Spain U. S. A. etc.

The Sodality in many countries has achieved much in recent years. In India too in several centres, notably in the dioceses of Nellore and the city of Bombay, it has created a brilliant record. One looks hopefully to a near future when it will prove its efficiency on a greater scale and in every part of Catholic India.

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The Religious Book
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At this time when a veil of obscurity has been drawn over the conditions prevailing in the U. S. S. R., a book, and especially one dealing with such a vital topic as religion, is not to be scorned, more so, when the book is a one worth reading as is Mr. N. S. Timasheff's Religion in Soviet Russia.

Knowing that the early Communists unconditionally condemned Religion, it is interesting to know how far they have succeeded in exterminating it. Timasheff's Book, is rendered the more valuable, as it is a formidable collection of facts, gathered from the official organ of the Soviet government and from his own experience beside other sources. The book shows the position of the Christian churches in relation to the state before the coming of Communism. It then traces the attitude of the communist government towards Religion; of its persecution of it; of its admitted failure and the development of a policy of compromise, and toleration towards religion. He traces the survival of religion, and its revival. In the main his argument to prove the existence of religion in Russia, may be briefly stated thus. If religion were non-existent why would the Soviet government launch such extensive and formidable campaigns to exterminate it? The fact that they do so proves that religion is still a vital force.

The author gives a number of interesting facts about Soviet policy, its more benevolent attitude towards religion. Gradually waling down, by an opportunist an interesting fact is the statement of Mr. Stalin made before American and British guests, in these pregnant words: "May God help, President Roosevelt in his task".

Nevertheless, the author is sceptical of the possibility of a complete religious freedom in Russia for communism and Christianity are fundamentally incompatible.

I believe that the value of the book lies in the fact that the work has not been written on lines of religious propaganda; but that the author by the force of facts, indisputable in themselves, shows that religion is too vital a force in the life of man for it to be easily exterminated, and that even the U. S. S. R. with all its scientific methods of extermination has not shaken the bed-rock of the belief in God.

Pius XII and Reconstruction

?? — M. THEAKARA S. J.

"PIUS XII and Reconstruction" presents in an easy logical synthesis the plan of Pope Pius XII for the reconstruction of the world and the establishment of the new order. The synthesis is based on all the important papal documents published since March 1939 till the present time. They include encyclicals, Christmas messages, allocutions on various occasions, broadcasts from the Vatican and addresses to various groups of men. The fundamental points of the Pope's teaching scattered in many places and reiterated again and again, are here presented in small compass for the close study of those who have no access to the original documents.

It is true that the words of the Pope are addressed primarily to Europe which has its Christian tradition and to countries directly affected by the war. India did not feel the ravages of the war to the same extent as the countries of the West; and India's attitude towards the Christian culture and civilization is one of indifference, suspicion, perhaps even hostility, but not one of apostasy or revolt. As a nation India has not yet felt the impact of the Christian culture, and the bulk of the Indian people are yet outside the pale of the Church to which the Pope's words are primarily addressed.

But in truth, the Pope's plan contains a salutary message for India also, for the solution of its internal problems, for guidance in its relations with the rest of the world. If India is not ever to remain in the darkness before the dawn, painfully conscious of its problems growing ever more acute, and fondly pinning its faith to poisonous panaceas offered by every intriguing caucus, it must set before itself a definite programme of action, safeguarding the rights of individuals and families, promoting just social and international relations, a programme that is based on the natural and divine law.

It is such a programme that the Pope's pronouncements have given to the world. India needs this programme if it is to steer clear of destructive abysses like capitalism and state absolutism, communism and moral bankruptcy. India needs a host of energetic leaders who are fully conversant with this programme. India needs above all splendid Catholic leaders — men who will study the papal programme, make it known to others, and win for it a large number of enthusiastic collaborators.

It is to such as these that this little manual "Pius XII and Reconstruction" is offered. It gives the correct answer to all the problems that agitate the modern mind. It opens wide vistas of thought. It gives plentiful references to the well-springs of true doctrine. It is a handy book of reference which no one can do without. (Price: Annas 5, Apply to The Catholic Press, Ranchi, or The Light of the East, 30 Park Street, Calcutta.)

The Magic Land of Dreams and other Poems

BY ANDREW G. D'SILVA.

This little collection of twenty-three lyrics in many moods and in many patterns reveals a facility for rhyme which makes many of the poems mere verse without the inspiration of poetry. The collection, however, shows a variety of subject matter. There are poems on such themes as Dawn, Dusk, Moonshine, Life, Death and Love, Woman, Devil etc. The poet wanders in—

*'The land of dreams' . . .
'Where happiness reigns King'
'Love turks in everything.'*

But the poet does not live always in this world of dreams. There are common things that interest him—

*'I am a singer who ever sings
For music in my heart ever sings.'*

He loves the buds, the winds, the hills, the roads, the lanes, the cars, the bulls etc.

*'The simplest things upon this earth
Fill me with pleasure and mirth.
I am a singer who ever sings
Of life and death and common things.'*

Though the themes are varied, showing a width of interest, the rhythm in which the inspiration is conveyed is regular to the point of monotony. The regularity of the faultless iamb and of the end stopped line mar the beauty of many of Mr. D'Silva's poems. He would do well to be a little more free and natural by using anapaestic and trochaic substitutions and varying the pauses.

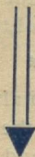
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St. Xavier's High School

Bombay, I, INDIA

M.T.S. 9.
CONTENTS: Editorial Notes — Pondering in Our Hearts — Here's Success, Boys! — Holy Father's Address to Sportsmen — Stamps Save Souls — Come to Think of it — Michael Makes a Contract — The Tactics of Communism — Social Service and the Sodality — At Home and Abroad.

Editorial Notes

WEAPON FOR VICTORY

V weapons and the atomic bomb—there they stand to frighten the world by their destructive power. But in the armoury of the catholic there is a V weapon of unsurpassed power, of tested value; a weapon that has been found as effective to conquer a soul as to reduce big fleets to submission. A weapon that is at the same time a weapon of mercy! A weapon that is as simple as it is wonderful in its results; a weapon as great as an army of millions! THE ROSARY!

The Rosary in the year 1683 brought about the miracle of pulverising the most powerful fleet of the Turks in gulf of Lepanto. when by order of Pope Pius V the whole Christian world kept on praying that wonderful prayer. that string of loving praises to the queen of Heaven, Mary. It was with that weapon that the great saint of the XIIIth century, Dominic, cruised the seas and walked the length and breadth of Europe transforming countries and bringing people back to God.

In our times too the Church has been urging us to apply ourselves to the practice of

this devotion with undiminished vigour. On October 1, the Rosary Campaign begins in India and in the rest of the world. The prayers of millions will go up to our Blessed Mother: Save the world, save India.

Let Sodalties be in the vanguard of this campaign and organise a Crusade of the Rosary and the Family Rosary. And as of old it saved Christian Europe from the attacks of Islam, so it will save the modern world from the attacks of materialism.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Our Christmas issue is expected to be out in the third week of November. Each copy will be priced at 8 annas. Will readers kindly book their orders in advance to save disappointment later? The issue may also be sent out as a Christmas gift. The Morning Star Office will forward a copy with a special Christmas Greetings wrapper to the address on an extra payment of As. 3 only for India and Ceylon, and of As. 4 for other countries.

As usual the number will be attractive as it will be 'Christmassy' — illustrations, stories, articles, poems, fireside chat, etc. One way of

S. S. S.—Stamps Save Souls

M. THEKAEKARA S. J.

THE Prefect had finished the customary prayer of the Central Committee Meeting. The members sank into their chairs. The Social Section Secretary used to keep all the chairs arranged in two straight rows against the wall at some distance from the long table which was in the centre of the room. It was for the members to drag themselves and their chairs close to the table, if they wanted it. And of course they always wanted it, since otherwise they would not have been able to follow the discussion.

The process of seating and dragging themselves to the table was very noisy. When silence was restored, the Secretary pushed a file of notes close to the Director who was seated in an arm-chair at the head of the table. He inspected it intermittently as he cast his eyes about looking from above the spectacle frame, to see who all were present. The chief Sodality officers, Prefect, Secretary, Treasurer, three Consultors, the Chairmen of the various Sections, were all there. There were also three or four members of the Mission Section Committee. "What business have they here?" wondered the Director, but he did not put the question, fearing that it might be embarrassing.

Secretary Frank tapped his pencil sharply on the table. "The new project SSS is the main business for today," he announced.

"What in the world is SSS? Seems like some naval code," said Jerry. He was the Section Secretary.

"A code for your official title," suggested Jerry's Chairman in mock seriousness. Some laughed outright.

"Nothing of the sort. SSS means Stamps Save Souls," cut in Harry in a tone of offended dignity. Harry was the Chairman of the Mission Section, and the SSS project had been his invention.

"Will Harry please explain the project before we start more guessing about it?" asked the Prefect.

Harry felt he should appear more modest than he did; and he wasn't too sure that he was not nervous, now that he had to lead the discussion. He uncrossed his legs and sat straight in his chair. He was distinctly uncomfortable that a dozen pairs of eyes were riveted on him.

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He began haltingly: "The project is briefly this: We should do all we can to collect used postage stamps for helping the Missions." The speech begun so well ended abruptly. It looked as if he needed a prompter. Fr. Patrick, the Director, came to the rescue.

"Well, Harry, what made you think of this plan?"

"An article in that magazine you gave me, what is its name? ... Eh... *The Jesuit Missions*. It seems some Jesuit scholastics in St. Louis University decided to collect used postage stamps, and sell them to stamp-collectors and dealers, so as to send the money to the Missions. Later other Jesuit houses also began the same work. At the time the article was written there were eight houses doing stamp-collection. The work used to be done by scholastics during their recreation hour. They were making in this way 8,000 dollars every year for the Missions."

"That is a pretty big amount," remarked Joe. Joe knew the value of money; he was the treasurer. But rarely had he to handle even 80 rupees at a time, not to speak of 8,000 dollars.

"I believe, 8,000 dollars represents only a tiny fraction of the amount the Missions of the world are receiving yearly from stamp collection," Andrew interrupted. Andrew was the Secretary of Harry's Section. For the past one week he had been gathering information about the project; and was now armed with a good amount of data. He placed a few sheets of paper on the table. He said: "I saw a striking article on stamp-collection written a few years back by Fr. Westropp of the Patna Mission."

"The Father who conducts the Catholic Book Crusade?" asked Fred, the Literature Section Chairman.

"Don't know. The article was signed Henry Westropp S J," answered Andrew.

"Must be the same then. What does he say?" asked Fred.

Andrew said looking down at his notes: He says that since the Patna Mission Stamp Bureau began, the Mission had received through it something near a lakh of rupees, if not more. That was several years ago. Now the total has perhaps trebled that amount.

"The Father writes that the money value is not the only consideration in the stamp drive. The stamp appeal reaches millions of people, whereas Mission papers will reach only a few thousands. Those who collect and those who give stamps naturally inquire what the stamps are going to do; and this is an occasion to spread the Mission idea.

"Besides each stamp means a little sacrifice. We know well that every sacrifice made in the

proper spirit has its value before God. Millions of stamps mean millions of sacrifices; they bring down God's grace on our country and speed up the hour of conversion."

"That is well said," applauded the Prefect from his place close to the Director. "But don't you think it a sheer waste of time to be collecting all kinds of common stamps? They have no value whatever."

"There I don't agree, Donald," said Harry. "There is no article called a *common* stamp. Our one-pice-stamp is common here in India, but not in U. S. A. or Europe. Of course, rare stamps, like those issued on special occasions and those of the native states are more valuable. But even of the others we should never allow a single one to be thrown into the waste paper basket."

Tom, the Chairman of the Social Section, raised his hand. It looked as though he disapproved of the entire project.

"What is your objection, Tom?" asked Harry.

"Your project is very attractive," said Tom, "but I wonder whether it will work. Those who can give us most stamps are only people with a large correspondence, and they are usually very busy. They won't find time for the job. It takes a lot of time to wet and peel every stamp, then to dry it and to keep it for you when you come for it."

"It is wrong to peel the stamps," answered Andrew promptly. "This might damage the perforations—a point about which the dealers are very particular. Besides, since most stamps are to be sold by weight, it is better to keep a margin of at least quarter-inch paper around it. So the correct way is to clip the stamps off from the letters and packages."

Harry was anxious to get to business. He

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said: "So let us see whether we all agree to push the project through."

"Yes, yes," all said, nodding their heads.

"That is, if you have a practical scheme for working it out," said the Director with characteristic realism.

"We have a scheme. Father," said Harry. "Every member of the Mission Section will be an organizer. Each will form a group of his own with other Sodalists as members. All the members should contact as many people as possible and persuade them to give them the used stamps of all their letters and packages. This is to be an all-out project. No member of the College Staff, no Father in the Community, no prominent Catholic in the town is to be left out. We should contact also a good number of non-Catholics. In fact every one who can give stamps must come into our project—and in particular those who were stamp-collectors at some time or other. Often the stamp hobby is a passing fit, and many people have good collections which are gathering dust uselessly. They won't mind giving it away for a good cause."

"Excellent" said Joe, "and now what will you do with all the stamps you get?"

Harry replied: "We are corresponding with the S. M. L. headquarters in St. Vincent's Poona, and the Patna Mission Stamp Bureau, about the best means for disposing off the stamps we collect."

"We have a few plans more connected with the SSS project," said Andrew consulting his notes.

Frank tapped the table with his pencil. He was the time keeper. "I am sorry, Andrew. It is time up for this project."

The prefect said: "We will work the project as it has been planned up to now. Further improvements will come later".

Suppose you were an eavesdropper at this meeting. Will you go back to your Sodality and get something started?



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1944:—223.

1945:—85, 124, 222, 223, 290, 382, 507, 584, 600, 720, 825, 830, 1002.

1946:—223, 1032.

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Pray for the repose of the souls of
Severine Saldanha

(Beloved father of Mr. J. B. Saldanha, Prefect, Men's Sodality, Pro-Cathedral of the Holy Name, Bombay,) who passed away to his eternal reward on 19th September 1945 at Mangalore.

Julia Martha

beloved wife of Mr. Isidore Lewis, of the Young Men's Sodality, St. Xavier's High School, Bombay, who passed away to her eternal reward on 18th September, 1945, at Mangalore.

R. I. P.

CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, KARJAT.

This year the feast of Our Lady of Fatima will be celebrated on the 14th of October. There will be mass at 8.30; 10 and 11 o'clock. Holy Communion will be distributed at all masses.

Those who wish to visit the Shrine this year, are requested to make their own arrangements as regards the journey, meals etc.

Am. Home

The Morning Star



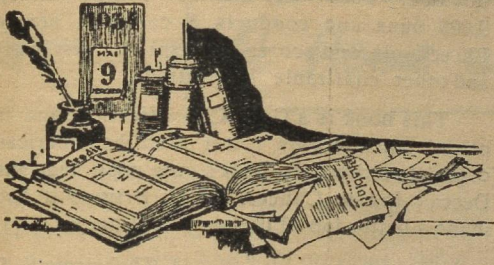
Christmas 1945

MARTIN

Hazelton blue
M. Thel 89.
St. Mary's

MORNING ST

1945



MIEKE SWEETHEART OF DEVIL'S CORNER (PP. 168)

(Translated from the French by Molly Bird—Catholic Press Ranchi)

DEVIL'S CORNER was originally the name of a notorious pub in one of the less godly streets of the city of Brussels in Belgium. The house was so called because once upon a time it sported a statue of Old Nick, which was yearly carried round in procession. The statue has now found a place in a museum of the Belgium capital; but, in remembrance of the part, there is even nowadays in that very house a large-framed picture of the devil, with horns and flaming eyes. The pub gave its name to the neighbourhood; and the half-a-dozen streets, close to the pub, became known as Devil's Corner. *Mieke*, of whom the book under review is a biography, comes from Devil's Corner.

The one fault of this biography is its title: MIEKE SWEETHEART OF DEVIL'S CORNER. *Mieke* is an absolutely meaningless name for English readers, who do not even know how to pronounce it, whilst its equivalent *Molly* is known to all. Again, the term *sweetheart* implies a memory which the term *fiancee* in the original has not got. The *betrothed* or perhaps even the *bride of Devil's Corner* would have a better translation. Be that as it may, there is no excuse for the superinscription on the jacket; where *Sweethart* becomes *Sweet heart*.

As regards the biography itself, it is a most entrancing and a most tricking—these superlatives are used designedly—spiritual odyssey, which it is impossible to read dry-eyed. Time after time the story in its noble simplicity, plucks at your heart-strings, when the printed page grows dim through a mist of overwhelming emotion, which nothing can either suppress or restrain.

From early childhood *Mieke* became acquainted with pain, mental and physical: well-to-do grand-parents who would have nothing to do with her, because their daughter had married below her station in life; a loving mother snatched away by the fell disease she transmitted to her daughter; a heartless father, a wastrel of a brother; and she herself so plucky, and brave and unselfish, even when

deserted by all; earning her own living, and interesting herself in the Youth Movements as a member of the Labour Party; she was a Socialist and something of a Communist; and so was her friend Emmanuel. It was not till she was twenty-old that she made her first confession and her first communion.

From that day onward, she never wavered in her allegiance to the Catholic Church. As time went on, her physical ailment increased apace. Switzerland did not cure her, nor did Lourdes. But at Lourdes she did not pray to be cured, there she made the supreme sacrifice for the conversion of Emmanuel, her friend and her fiancée. Her prayer was heard. She returned to Brussels in a worse state than she had been in when leaving for Lourdes. But Emmanuel became a Catholic... and eventually married *Mieke* a few days before she died, in the hospital which she knew she would never leave again. *Mieke* died like a saint.

With Christmas fast approaching, you may be considering what present to buy for some dear friend. I know no better present than this biography. MIEKE SWEETHEART OF DEVIL'S CORNER. Don't forget that charity begins at home; and so buy a copy for yourself; you will never regret it; you will read it once, and again, and come back to it later on.

J. H. G.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN, by Leonard Feeney, S. J. (Price Rs. 3-8. Catholic Book Crusade, St. Xavier's, Patna).

The reviewer's task might be quickly accomplished by stating the bare fact that this is a book by Fr. Feeney. Fr. Feeney, the author of "Fish on Friday", "You'd better come quietly", and other works, is one who has elicited the warmest eulogies—as well as the hottest criticism. He does not readily fit into the usual mental categories of sedate reviewers; and a first acquaintance with him comes as a rude shock to those who measure all writing by the yardstick of dignified conventions. But Fr. Feeney writes his books not for reviewers, but for readers; and he talks not at them but to them. He hates declaiming from a rostrum; instead he gets down to the marketplace where his fellowmen live and work, buttonholes one or another in friendly fashion, and chats with him, being less intent on cutting a fine figure than getting his thought across. This apparent lack of gravity embarrasses the reviewer, but puts the reader entirely at ease. If you are not already familiar with Fr. Feeney's way, the present work, the biography of Elizabeth Seton, is an excellent opportunity; and most probably, before you have gone through many pages, you will be a Feeney-fan yourself.

Elizabeth Seton, the subject of the present biography, was truly a remarkable woman, with a strong resemblance to her French contemporary St. Sophie Barat. She founded the

Sisters of Charity, who formed the vanguard of Catholic Sisterhood in America. Her cause has recently been introduced in Rome. Elizabeth Seton's was a life filled with the most unexpected turns. She was born into a Protestant family, and grew up in the midst of anti-Catholic prejudices to be the mother of five children, and then a widow. After a long period of doubt and conflict she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and eventually became a nun and the foundress of a religious

institute. Today her institute counts nearly 9,000 nuns and conducts 8 colleges, nearly 700 schools, and scores of hospitals, asylums, and other charitable institutions

This book is a C. B. C. publication, and is priced considerably lower than the American original edition. However, we wish that the Deccan Press, Calicut, which printed it, had made a better job of this excellent book.

M. Thekairate S. J.

OUR THANKS ARE HERE TENDERED TO THE FOLLOWING SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED UP TO 22ND NOVEMBER, 1945.

1944:—257, 468, 547, 558, 776.

1945:—71, 188, 255, 257, 468, 534, 547, 558, 598, 662, 708, 762, 769, 776, 840, 859, 1009, 1042, 1051, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1175.

1946:—60, 71, 78, 126, 188, 257, 347, 357, 413, 415, 487, 563, 596, 612, 756, 762, 840, 1009, 1162, 1176, 1177, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192.

1947-50:—257.

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