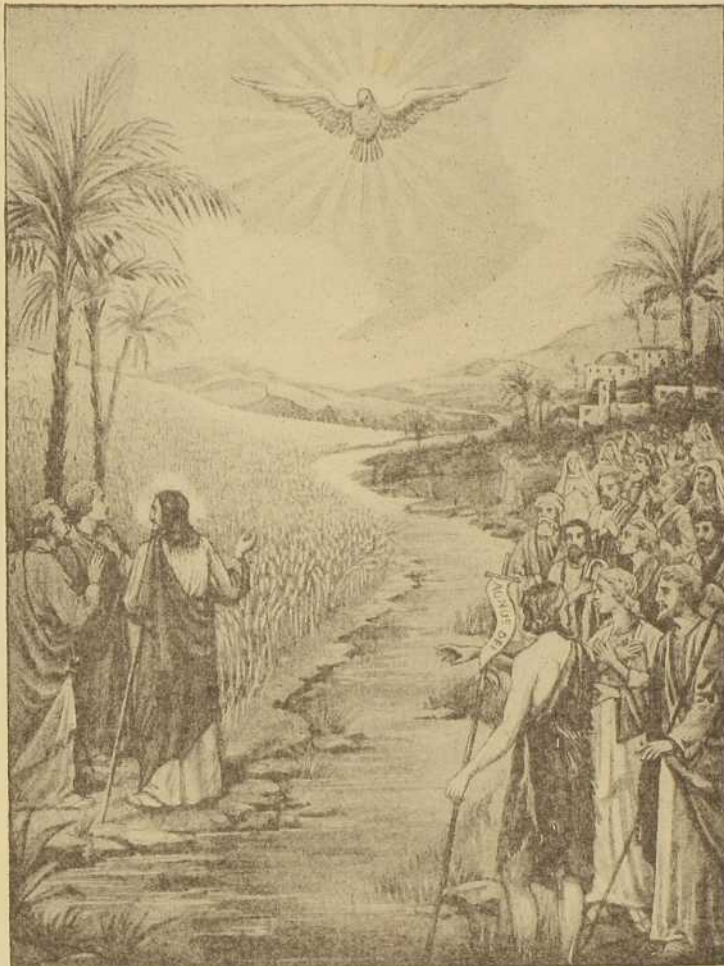


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

MONTREAL, March-April 1944

No. 8

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

MOTHER HOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Que.,
(Founded in 1902).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Procure for the Missions. Workroom for making Church Vestments, embroidery, lace and painting for the support of the Mother House and Novitiate. School for the formation of Chinese catechists. Sewing-circles for ladies and girls. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: THE PRECURSOR. Free Missionary Library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Vlau (near Montreal), Laval Co.

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles. Kindergarten.

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetière St. West, Montreal,

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918).

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when requested to do so.

NOMININGUE, Que., (Bethany) (Founded in 1914).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls.

RIMOUSKI, Que., St. Germain St., (Founded in 1918).

Apostolic School for Aspirants to the Missions. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing-circles for ladies and girls. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, Music and Painting.

JOLIETTE, Que., 750 St. Louis St., (Founded in 1919).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing-circles.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St., (Founded in 1919).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollections for girls. Sewing-circles. Private lessons in Painting.

VANCOUVER, B. C., 236 Campbell St., (Founded in 1921).

Oriental Hospital. Home and Dispensary for the Chinese. Private lessons in Language and Catechism for Chinese children and adults. Visits to Chinese families.

THREE RIVERS, Que., 466 Bonaventure St., (Founded in 1926).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Sewing-circles for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St., (Founded in 1928).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

GRANBY, Que., 35 Dufferin St., (Founded in 1930).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Hostel for young ladies. Sewing-circles. School. Kindergarten.

CHICOUTIMI, Que., 61 Jacques Cartier St., (Founded in 1930).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles. Hostel for young ladies.

GRANBY, Que., 279 Main St., (Founded in 1931).

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

STE. MARIE, Beauce Co., (Founded in 1932). Apostolic School.

ST. JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain St., (Founded in 1935).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Sewing-circles.

(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

By Encouraging Our Workroom You Help Our Missions



We make church vestments: chasubles, dalmatics, copes, humeral veils, Roman, French and Gothic Benediction stoles and burses.

Rochets, albs and surplices in fine linen with guipure or handmade lace.

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7 ".....	5.00	16 ".....	20.00
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	24 inches.....		35.00

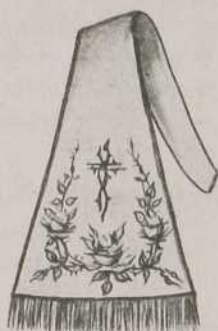
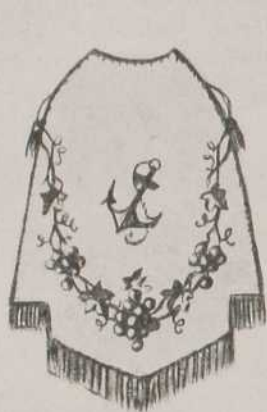
Altar Linens	{ Amices.....	\$15.00 per doz.
	{ Corporals.....	10.00 " "
	{ Purificators.....	7.00 " "
	{ Finger-Towels.....	6.00 " "
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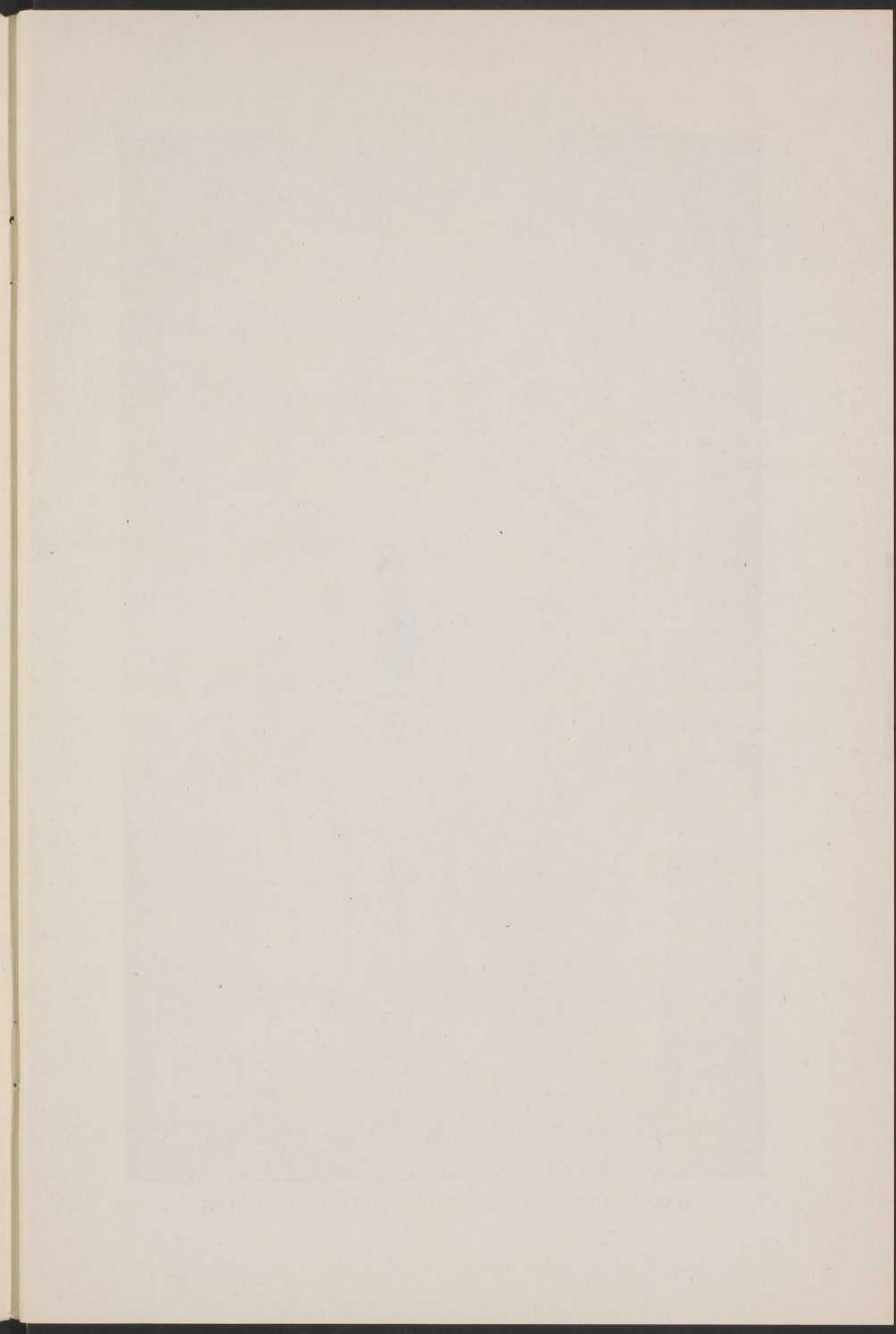
All the above-mentioned articles are subject to a sales tax of 2% in the Province of Quebec and of 4% in the City of Montreal. Prayer-books and sales to churches excepted.

We supply altar-breads at the following prices:

Small.....	\$1.20 per 1000
Large.....	.40 " 100

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST







O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

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With Jesus

What bliss must have been that of Saint Joseph, not only to see Jesus, but also to hear Him, bear Him in his arms, kiss Him, nourish Him, and above all to participate in those unutterable mysteries hidden from all eyes!

Saint Bernard



Guardian of His Ford



Tell me, Joseph, when the weary day in Nazareth
Did the little Prince of Heaven count the star-lights
Till a gentle mother voice would whisper, " Bed-time,
little Son " ?

It was just a lowly cottage, but the Son of God
And you taught the hands that wield the world to join
And you gave the Mighty Maker loving, tender
father's care.

When you planed a heavy board within the hidden
Eager boyish hands would pick up all the shavings
And the little Son of Man, you'd say, " Oh, what
a helpful prop! "

Joseph, when I'm homeward bound and all my working-
Bid the little Prince of Heaven open wide
As He oped in Nazareth when every working-day
days are o'er,
the Pearly Door,
was o'er.

The Redaction



Saint Joseph, Patron of Happy Deaths



JOSEPH, son of David, the humble God-fearing carpenter to whom the Most High revealed His secrets of love in the plan of the Redemption; Joseph, modest in the eyes of the world but sublime in the sight of the Heavenly Court, ended his fruitful career on earth in the humble dwelling of Nazareth.

He had been the faithful servant of God and had lovingly accomplished His holy will in everything. The lily of his virginal purity had been kept unsullied.

But Joseph had done more. He had concealed from the world the virginity of the Redeemer's Mother. He had been the watchful guardian of those two sacred charges entrusted by Heaven to his care.

The hour had come when Jesus was to manifest Himself to the world. Henceforward the Eternal Father would glorify His Son, and Joseph's mission on earth was ended. The saintly Patriarch had a right to cry out with the just and devout Simeon: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace." In the arms of Jesus and Mary he breathed forth his last. Never had there been a more consoling death! It was the echo of a meritorious life entirely devoted to Jesus and Mary.

Holy Mother Church has considered this admirable passing away, and, inspired by God, has chosen Saint Joseph as special patron of happy deaths. To obtain the signal grace of a pious and happy death for each of her children, she bids them invoke him frequently, and imitate his virtues, above all, his tender love for Jesus and Mary.

The noble patron of a happy death continually reveals how much the trust placed by the Church in his intercession is pleasing to him. No one prays to him in vain. He is mindful of all our needs and helps us in all our difficulties. At the hour of death he will be at our side to prepare us for the meeting with our Lord and Judge.

If, therefore, we wish to obtain choice favours from Saint Joseph, let us daily offer him our praise and



In the arms of Jesus and Mary . . .

our trusting prayers. Let us, above all, practise the virtues of which he has given us the example: his prudence, his love of silence, his generous obedience. Let us bring into our lives something of his gentleness, his love for Jesus and Mary and his perfect devotedness in their service.

And in order that these blessed three may come to our assistance when the time comes to cross over the fearful threshold of eternity, let us often repeat this beautiful indulgenced prayer:

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you.

(300 days ind. each time)

THE REDACTION.

◆◆◆

Glories of Saint Joseph

Saint Teresa ranks first among those Saints who have manifested great confidence in Saint Joseph. "I cannot call to mind that I have at any time asked him for anything which he has not granted," she writes. Her spiritual works, narratives of voyages and intimate letters reveal this great devotion. Saint Joseph preserved her from the terrors of death at the age of twenty-six and was her master in mental prayer and in the extraordinary ways to which God called her. He miraculously came to her aid when human assistance failed her, and defended her against the most horrible attacks from hell.

Saint Teresa made it a point to place all her foundations under the protection of the glorious Saint. She was persuaded that no better protector could be found than the devoted Guardian of the Holy Family of Nazareth.

* * *

One Sunday, a woman of Bordeaux, whose two sons were Pontifical Zouaves, was hearing Vespers in Saint Andrew's Cathedral, when a sudden irresistible impulse urged her to go to the wayside shrine of Saint Joseph, some distance from the city.

At the same hour, one of her boys was engaged in battle at Mentana. In the evening, the young soldier, although worn-out with the day's hard fighting, jotted down in a letter to his mother the astonishing details of all the perils encountered.

On four different occasions he had overcome four of his enemies. Once a well-aimed shot would have killed him outright, had not a mysterious call made him turn his head. Bullets had pierced his clothes, but had not so much as scratched his body. He did not understand what it all meant, but simply wrote: "They who have mothers praying for them are indeed happy."

In fact, it was his mother who had saved him. She had placed him under the protection of the glorious Patriarch of Nazareth in the thickest of the battle.

* * *

In March, 1859, Miss Gossin, daughter of the great Founder of the Society of Saint Francis Regis, had a serious fall in which she injured her spine. The men of science, after having tried long and painful treatments, confessed their powerlessness to cure her. The family then had recourse to Saint Joseph. They started a novena for her cure, which did not call for less than a miracle.

One day of the novena, while Miss Gossin's father was hearing Mass for her intention, she suddenly felt greatly relieved, seated herself on her bed, called her

mother and threw herself into her arms. How great was her father's surprise when he arrived shortly afterwards and his daughter greeted him. He could hardly believe his eyes. She had been perfectly cured! Thus does Saint Joseph answer a trusting prayer.

* * *

From the coast of Flanders sailed a ship with about three hundred passengers on board. Among them were two Franciscan Friars. A great tempest arose which shipwrecked the vessel, and all were considered lost.

However, the two Friars having grasped a piece of timber clung desperately to it. Thus, they kept themselves above water for three days, but were so violently tossed and buffeted by the waves that they were in danger of being drowned. Having always faithfully venerated Saint Joseph, they now fervently invoked his aid in their extreme peril. Lo! their confidence was not in vain. The fury of the storm abated, the sky became clear and the sea calm. Their joy was unspeakable on suddenly beholding a man of celestial beauty, who greeted them and guided them to shore in safety. Having reached land, the two Religious cast themselves at the feet of their rescuer to thank him, for they supposed him to be an angel. "I am Joseph," replied the apparition. Saint Joseph spoke to them of the joys and sorrows that had filled his life, and promised to bless all those who would meditate them piously.

Such is the origin of this beautiful devotion known to all devout souls and enriched by Holy Mother Church with precious indulgences.

* * *

A Venetian nobleman had led a life that was far from Christian-like. Still, he had never passed before the image of Saint Joseph without honouring the holy Patriarch by a fervent prayer. One day he fell seriously ill, but, as he was in the habit of living estranged from God, he worried little over death and judgment. His dear ones were grieving over the state of his soul when a venerable old man entered the sick room and stood by his bedside. The nobleman recognized in his visitor the very traits of the image he had been wont to honour. Presently his soul being enlightened by divine grace, he realized the sad state of his conscience and felt deep regret for all his sins. A priest was summoned who heard his confession and the repentant sinner died after having received absolution and made his peace with God.

* * *

In the memoirs left by Mr. Olier, Founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, we read: "The Blessed Virgin gave me Saint Joseph as patron, assuring me that he was the protector of hidden souls; and she added: 'I own nothing, whether in Heaven or on earth, that is dearer to me after my Divine Son, than Joseph, my chaste Spouse.'"

* * *

A person horribly tried by temptations, especially during prayer, let herself become troubled and discouraged, persuaded that God had abandoned her. One day, feeling more distressed than ever, she addressed her prayer to the Mother of God and begged her for the protection of the Saint of Heaven who is dearest to her heart. At the same moment she felt greatly consoled and inwardly saw the Blessed Virgin present Saint Joseph, her own chaste Spouse, as the defender of her choice. Her troubles disappeared. Henceforth, whenever similar temptations assailed her, she simply had recourse to Saint Joseph and was immediately relieved.

* * *

A person having had the unhappiness of committing a grievous sin felt very much ashamed and, in spite of the most tormenting remorse, withheld it in confession.

But at last, unable to hold out any longer against the reproaches of her conscience,

she had recourse to Saint Joseph and begged of him the courage to confess her sin, together with the numerous sacrileges she had committed.

Saint Joseph heard her prayer. Soon after, feeling inwardly strengthened, she revealed the state of her soul to her confessor and, freed of so heavy a burden, left the confessional much consoled and deeply grateful to her powerful Protector.

Canon A. WEBER

Spiritual Treasury

FOR THE DEVOTED CLIENTS OF SAINT JOSEPH

Month of Saint Joseph. — All the faithful who honour Saint Joseph by some pious public devotion during the month especially dedicated to him by the Church, can gain the following indulgences:

An indulgence of seven years on any day of the month.

A plenary indulgence, if they have followed at least ten devotional exercises during the month, on the usual conditions: Confession, Communion and prayer according to the intention of the Holy Father.

The faithful who honour Saint Joseph by some particular private devotion every day of his month, can gain the following indulgences:

An indulgence of five years, once, on any day of the month.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, provided they have honoured Saint Joseph by some special devotion every day of the month, and have been prevented from following the public exercises.

(I and II: Sacred Cong. Indulg., April 27, 1865; Sacred Penitentiary, November 21, 1933.)

NOTE. — The above-mentioned indulgences can be gained on the same conditions, by the faithful who anticipate the exercises in honour of Saint Joseph so as to end the month on March 19, Feast of Saint Joseph.

(Sacred Cong. Indulg., July 18, 1877; this decree has been kept in force in the revision.)

Novena. — The faithful who say the Novena prayers publicly can gain:

An indulgence of seven years, on any day from the 10th to the 19th.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, if they have assisted at the public exercises at least five days.

Those who have been prevented from following the public prayers of the Novena, but who shall say these privately for the nine consecutive days, can gain:

An indulgence of five years, once, on any day of the Novena.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, if they say the Novena prayers on nine consecutive days.

(Sacred Cong. Indulg., November 26, 1876; Sacred Penitentiary, March 4, 1935.)

First Wednesday of the month. — The faithful who honour Saint Joseph by some special devotion on the first Wednesday of the month, can gain the following spiritual advantages:

An indulgence of five years.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions.

(Sacred Penitentiary, April 1, 1921, November 27, 1928, May 13, 1933.)

Representation of Saint Joseph. — The faithful who shall piously say a *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria Patri* before a representation of Saint Joseph, and add the invocation: "Saint Joseph, pray for us," can gain:

An indulgence of three hundred days.

A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, if they have performed this pious act of devotion every day during a whole month.

(Sacred Penitentiary, October 12, 1936.)

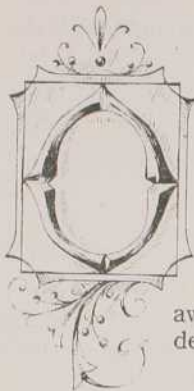
PRAYER TO SAINT JOSEPH

Guardian of virgins, and holy father, Joseph, to whose faithful custody Christ Jesus, Innocence Itself, and Mary, Virgin of virgins, were committed; I pray and beseech thee, by these dear pledges, Jesus and Mary, that, being preserved from all uncleanness, I may with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever serve Jesus and Mary most chastely all the days of my life. Amen.

(100 days once a day. Pius IX, February 14, 1877.)

Pope Pius XII's Christmas Broadcast

1943



ONCE again, for the fifth time, the great Christian family is preparing to celebrate the magnificent feast of peace and love, which, in a sombre atmosphere of death and hate, redeems us and makes us all brothers.

This year once more are felt keenly the gentle message of Bethlehem and the fierce hate by which mankind is being torn.

Sorrowful were these past years, disturbed by the din of arms; but the bells of Christmas, giving our souls courage, have awakened and raised timid hopes and inspired longing, vehement desires of peace.

WAR REMINDS POPE OF THE APOCALYPSE

Unfortunately the world, as it looks around, must still behold with horror the reality of strife and destruction which, growing daily wider and more cruel, dashes its hopes and, with the icy blast of harsh experience, destroys and cuts short its most sanguine impulses. We see, indeed, only a conflict that generates into that form of warfare that excludes all restriction and restraint as if it were the apocalyptic expression of a civilization in which ever-growing technical progress is accompanied by an ever greater decline in the realm of the soul and of morality.

BLOODY HISTORY PALED BY PRESENT WAR

It is a form of war that proceeds without intermission on its horrible way and piles up slaughter of such a kind that the most bloodstained and horrible pages of past history pale in comparison with it. The peoples have had to witness a new and incalculable perfection of the means and arts of destruction while at the same time they see an interior decadence which, starting from the weakening and deviation of the moral sense, is hurtling ever downward toward the state where every human sentiment is being crushed and the light of reason is eclipsed, so that the words of Wisdom are fulfilled: "They were all bound together with one chain of darkness" (WIS. XVII, 17).

But in this dark night the faithful see the light from the star of Bethlehem shine out, to indicate and illuminate the road to Him "of whose fullness we have all received" (JOHN I, 16); the road to Our Redeemer who became in this world by His advent essentially the Prince of Peace and our peace: "For He is our Peace" (EPH. II, 14).

Christ alone can drive out the dreadful spirits of error and sin, which have subjected mankind to a tyrannical and degrading servitude, making them slaves of one thought and one purpose, dominated in their movements by the insatiable desire of limitless wealth.

Christ alone, who has rescued us from the sad slavery of sin, can point out and open up the way to a noble, controlled liberty supported by genuine righteousness and a moral sense.

Christ alone, "on whose shoulders is government" (ISA. IX, 6), can by His omnipotent aid raise the human race from the harsh privations which torture it in this life, and set it on the road to happiness.

A Christian who is nourished and lives by faith in Christ, in the conviction that He alone is the way, the truth, and the life, carries his share of the sufferings and sorrows of the world to the crib of the Son of God and finds in the presence of the newly born child a consolation and support such as the world knows not, which gives him

strength and courage to resist and to remain imperturbable without desponding or weakening in the might of the direst and gravest trials.

PEOPLE WITHOUT FAITH LOSE ALL CONSOLATION

It is tragically sad, dear children, to think that countless men, while in their search for a happiness that will satisfy them on this earth, feel the bitterness of deceptive illusions and painful disillusionment and have closed the door to all hope; and living, as they do, far from the Christian faith, they cannot retrace their steps toward the crib and toward that consolation in which the names of the heroes of the faith abound in joy amid all their tribulations.

They see dashed to pieces the structure of those beliefs in which they humanly trusted and set up their ideal. But they never achieved that one true faith that would have given them comfort and renewed spirit. In this intellectual and moral trial they are seized by a depressing uncertainty and live in a state of inertia, which weighs down their soul. It is a state that can be deeply understood and commiserated only by those who enjoy the delight of living in the clear, warm atmosphere of a supernatural faith, which ascends above the storms of temporal contingency to dwell with the eternal.

BROTHERHOOD NOT FOUNDED ON RICHES

In the ranks of these straying disillusioned souls it is not hard to find those who placed all their faith in a world expansion of economic life, thinking that this alone would suffice to draw the peoples together in a spirit of brotherhood, and promising themselves from its grandiose organization, perfected and refined to an ever greater degree, unheard of and unsuspected increase of prosperity for human society. With what complacency and pride did they not contemplate the world growth of commerce, the interchange even between continents of all goods and all inventions and products, the triumphal march of widely diffused modern technical perfection, overcoming all limits of time and space. Today, what is the reality that they behold? They see now that this economic life with all its gigantic contacts and wide ramifications, with its superabundant division and multiplication of labor, contributed in a thousand ways to generalize and accentuate the crisis of mankind, whereas, not having the corrective of any moral control, or any guiding light from beyond this world, it could end only in unworthy and humiliating exploitation of the nature and personality of man in a sad and terrifying condition of want on one side contrasting with a proud and provoking opulence on the other. There is a torturing, implacable divergence between the privileged and those who have nothing — ill-omened effects which are not the last link in a chain of causes that led to the immense tragedy of today.

Let not these disillusioned votaries of science and the economic force fear to come before the crib of the Son of God. What will the Child, just born and adored by Mary and Joseph, by the shepherds and the angels, say to them? Undoubtedly the poverty of the stable in Bethlehem is a condition that He chose for Himself only, and it does not, therefore, imply any condemnation of the economic life as far as it is necessary for the physical or natural development and perfection of man.

But that poverty of the Lord and Creator of the world, deliberately willed by Him, a poverty that will accompany Him in the workshop of Nazareth and throughout His public life, signifies and portrays the command and the dominance He had over material things; and thus it shows with striking efficacy the natural and essential subjection of material goods to the life of the spirit and to a higher cultural, moral, and religious perfection that is necessary for man endowed with reason.

Those who looked for the salvation of society from the machinery of the economic market have remained thus disillusioned because they had become not the lords and masters but the slaves of material wealth, which they served without reference to the higher end of man, making it an end in itself.

SCIENCE ALSO FAILS TO SAVE MANKIND

In the same way acted and thought in the past those other deluded ones, who placed happiness and prosperity exclusively in a form of science and culture that was adverse to recognizing the Creator of the universe; these were the exponents and followers not of the true science (which is a wonderful reflection of the light of God) but of an arrogant science that did not allow place for a personal God who is untrammelled by any limitations and is superior to all things earthly, and boasted that it could explain the happenings of the world exclusively by the rigid and blind application of fixed laws of nature.

(To be continued)

St. Hyacinthe Eucharistic Congress

AIM OF THE CONGRESS

The radio and the press informed the public, in the first weeks of 1944, that St. Hyacinthe would hold its first Diocesan Eucharistic Congress from June 21 to 25 next.

His Excellency Bishop Arthur Douville, in a letter dated January 6, 1944, officially announced the Congress to his faithful and determined its purpose as follows:

"We feel the time has come to make this year-old project a reality. We are doing so with the desire of strengthening faith in the Holy Eucharist and of giving public and solemn profession of our belief in the Sacred Presence.

"At the present time, when the enemies of our Holy Faith are rising against God, when atheists preach and practice godlessness and so-called Christians curse the God of Love and His all-merciful Mother, we must more than ever render public homage to the Divine Victim of our Altars."

The great central theme of the Congress will be the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Consequently, from now until June 20, Eucharistic Days, instructions and Holy Hours, Liturgical Expositions, orations, etc., will aim to make better known and appreciated the treasures of grace and sanctity contained in the Sacrament of Love. Triduums held in various parishes of the Diocese throughout 1943, have already stirred in generous hearts the desire of making the Diocesan Eucharistic manifestation a brilliant success.

This is the time for fervent preparation. The organizers of the future Congress can hardly expect to equal the liturgical splendour and glorious ceremonies that have marked the Drummondville and Three Rivers Congresses; still, their dream is to make this a veritable triumph for the God of the Eucharist.

The faithful are earnestly requested to give wholehearted co-operation. Their prayers and sacrifices will serve as so many precious stones to erect Temples for the Host, firstly in their own hearts, then on the repository grounds and on the ultimate triumphal route.

(Committee of Propaganda)

February 4, 1944.

Missionaries for Cuba

For the twentieth time since its foundation, the Quebec Foreign Mission Seminary has sent out apostles to help in the harvesting of souls.

Now that World War II has closed the Far East to the valiant members of the young Canadian Society, the Harvest Master is calling them to another section of His Vineyard. Towards the end of 1942, they opened a Mission on Pine Island, forty miles south of Cuba. Five priests are already spending themselves there for the Cubans.

This time the two departing Missionaries are assigned to the Capital. His Excellency Archbishop Arteaga, of Havana, has marked out a field of action for them in his Episcopal City and in the surrounding districts.

The departure ceremony of the two Missionaries, the Reverend Fathers Marcel Gérin and Florian Roch, took place in Holy Redeemer Church, Montreal, on January 30. It was a beautiful ceremony that will leave lasting impressions to all those who assisted. His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme, who presided, gave an appropriate address in which he recalled to the faithful present their duty of collaboration in the mission apostolate.

Prayerful wishes for success accompany these two heralds of Christ going to take His message of love to the people of Cuba.

The Christian Family Must Be Saved

With the approval of His Excellency the Most Reverend Archbishop, the Catholic Action Diocesan Committee has given the above-quoted watchword to all Catholic Action movements, Parish Committees and other auxiliary Societies. Our enemies are organizing for the disruption of true Christian family life, being only too well aware of its value. We must, in an endeavour to save and restore its unity and perfection, rally all the Catholic forces of the Diocese.

"How sublime is the role of the family in society," declares His Excellency Most Reverend A. Vachon. "It is the primary cell of natural and social life, its fundamental element. Society is worth what the family is worth. We may therefore look to it as to the bulwark of a strong and happy nation. Modern dictators are striving to hold absolute power and control over family life. On the other hand, Satan in his efforts to corrupt the world attacks the very foundations of the Christian family. In fact, learned men, after extensive researches in the vast laboratory of the history of nations and peoples, assert that the family is the cell whence the life of the nation springs and where it is constantly being renewed. It is the cradle of society and the rockbed of civilization."

Our Bishops and Archbishops proclaimed a similar truth in their collective Pastoral letter of March 11, 1941. "The family is the primary cell of society, the nation's spring of life. For the virility and strength of a nation depends almost entirely on the quality of its homes — the cells of which it is made. If the family fails to do its duty, the nation's life is endangered. Great nations give mournful evidence of this assertion."

This crusade is being undertaken for the preservation of sound home life, with the aim of sparing our country the exhaustion of her national life spring. All efforts

should be bent on fostering true family spirit by which father and mother are united by love "as Christ loves the Church (Eph., V, 25)". This mutual love will help them in the faithful accomplishment of their duty and make them realize their responsibility towards the children confided to their care. "We plead with them for the love of Christ to give the greatest possible care to the children confided to them, and to look to protecting them from the multiplicity of snares into which they can fall so easily to-day. (Encycl. on Mystical Body)"

To this end, the Diocesan Committee of Catholic Action musters all good wills for the success of this campaign.

During the year 1944:

1°. Rectors of parishes will frequently from the pulpit instil in the faithful the necessity of practising Christian virtues for the greater happiness of the home life.

2°. Parish Committees, under the guidance of their pastors, will organize campaigns to build up a staunch Catholic family spirit and all parish associations will be asked to collaborate.

3°. Chaplains of pious associations will kindly, at reunions, have most of their sermons bear upon the subject of the family.

4°. Directors and editors of pious magazines and parish bulletins are requested to publish articles on the same subject.

5°. Our monthly publications are already giving out enlightening articles on the problem of Catholic home life.

6°. Let fathers and mothers who belong to our associations reinforce our directions by producing a deeply religious atmosphere in their own homes. The young people are also expected to do their share.

To attain to this ideal, devotion to the Sacred Heart should be spread with renewed fervour. Has not Our dear Lord Himself promised that He would establish peace in the homes of those who were devoted to His adorable Heart?

Let the beloved image of the Holy Family be hung in a conspicuous place in every home and all kneel together before it in united prayer. Night prayers could be concluded by these holy invocations: "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."

We must at the same time bear in mind the grave words of Their Excellencies our Bishops and Archbishops in their collective letter on the anniversary of the Encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*: "It must be admitted that the situation of large families is getting more and more entangled. Daily wages are insufficient, taxes high and the housing problem difficult to solve.

"All this means a serious threat to our high birthrate. But the State can remedy this. Let its politics be run on a staunch family system as other countries have advocated — family grants, lowered taxes, cheap, sanitary lodgings.

"These few simple suggestions could give important results if followed. They are not by any means novel. They have even been considered and discussed, but, for some reason or other, the State hesitates in adopting them. Our population would be happy and deeply grateful if they were adopted. We shall repeat what has already been mentioned in our letter on the rural problem. Let our whole political system be brought to sincere fundamental politics which go to favour the family."

We hope all our associations will unite to request of our rulers the grant of family allowances and of better lodgings.

Let us rally, then, for the spiritual and moral rehabilitation of our Canadian home life!

(Semaine Religieuse de Montreal)

China's Social Charter

(Address given by His Excellency Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, of Nanking, China, upon reception at the hands of His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, of the honorary degree of Doctor in Social Sciences conferred by the Laval University.)



CONSIDER it a great privilege to be awarded by yourc elebrated University the honorary degree of Doctor in Social Sciences, and am deeply grateful to you. I feel sure that your intention in conferring this doctorate upon me is to honour in my person the Chinese people as a whole, and I accept it as the expression of your respect and consideration for my beloved motherland.

Since you honour me with the title of Doctor in Social Sciences, it would seem proper to speak to you on the social theories of my country.

I would like to have you consider with me a document that will prove a veritable revelation to most of you — a document that Western writers have left too much in the shade.

The aforesaid document, China's Social Charter, is brief — only 108 Chinese characters — but it is rich in noble ideas. It may surprise and amuse you if I assert that this Magna Charta, now inserted by the Chinese in their national anthem, was originally drawn up by Confucius in 500 B. C. And you may smile and seem incredulous when I declare that it reflects the customs of China's Golden Age, about 2300 B. C., when the Emperors Yao and Hsun were guiding the national destinies of China.

We Chinese call it the *Ta T'oung*, or *Great Community*. It has been handed down to posterity by Tse Yu, a disciple of Confucius.

It seems that one winter day Confucius attended a popular festival where he saw people offer sacrifices, — but also dance and loiter. When the feast was over, Confucius went for a walk and, presently stopping at a roadside inn whence the city could be seen, he began to grieve on his country's unfortunate state.

His companion and follower, Tse Yu, enquired after the cause of his grief.

"Oh!" answered the sage, "I was thinking of the Golden Age. How I wish I had then been born!" Then Confucius went on to describe the Golden Age, thus wording China's Social Charter.

Allow me to read it.

"When the Great Ideal prevailed, the whole world belonged to everyone.

"Rulers were chosen among the virtuous and the efficient.

"Loyalty and sincerity were extolled.

"Peace and concord were favoured.

"Consequently, men did not consider their own parents only as relatives or solely their children as sons and daughters.



HIS EXC. MOST REV. PAUL YU-PIN
Bishop of Nanking, China

"The aged were cared for until death and employment given to those who were in condition to work.

"The young were properly instructed and educated.

"Men laboured diligently at their proper callings.

"Women guarded the family sanctum.

"Riches were acquired in order to prevent the lavish waste of means, but there was no necessity of hiding them in secret places.

"It was deemed most unworthy to avoid labour, even though selfish interests might not be interested.

"In this manner intrigue and fraudulence were obviated.

"Bandits, rebels, traitors were unknown; therefore, there was no need of locking doors."

This era was called *Ta T'oung* or *Great Community*. How easy to deduct from these texts the principles of sound democracy. The whole world belonged to everybody; not only the material universe, but also the social and political world. During our Golden Age, right of succession to the throne was not hereditary, but rulers were elected among the wisest and ablest. Thus, it came to pass that Yao overlooked his own son and left the Empire to Hsun. And Hsun in turn named as his successor Yu, who was not of his kin. Even under the monarchic form of our government, the principles of democracy prevailed.

Kao Yao (2250 B. C.) asserted: "Heaven sees and hears through the eyes of the people. Heaven disapproves whatever the people disapprove."

Meng-Tse (300 B. C.) wrote: "The people form the most noble and important element in a country."

Our Charter demands that rulers be chosen on principles of virtue and capacity. You will have noticed how virtue is mentioned in the first place. There lies, I believe, the keystone of Chinese culture: morality above capacity.

Greek culture may be resumed in its love of truth and beauty, Roman culture in its solicitude for law and order, but Chinese culture seems to glory in its morality. Alone of all ancient cultures, it can safely place its classics in the hands of even the most innocent children.

While perusing this social Charter, have we not also met with the principles of universal love? Thus, "men did not consider their own parents only as relatives or solely their children as sons and daughters." Their affectionate interest extends beyond the limits of their own families, for the Great Community is realized there only, where all things belong to one great family: that of the nation.

This idea is a common link in Chinese tradition. Confucius taught that "within the four seas all men are brothers". How strikingly like the form of the Golden Rule, this saying of the sage: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." With the practice of the *Golden Rule* and the spirit of universal brotherhood, it is not surprising to find as a logical consequence, social security."

The needy aged will be benevolently cared for. China has always borne remarkable respect for old age. What a contrast with the so-called mercy killings of apostate Christian nations with whom aged people are a useless lot, fit only for death.

(To be continued)

The Pope Says

As earthly Representative, however unworthy, of the Eternal Shepherd, We feel in a special manner the force of the words that reveal the superabundance of His love for all mankind: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring . . . and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

These words of Our loving Redeemer are often in Our mind and spur us on to implore the Holy Spirit with prayers and groanings to open wide the paths of salvation to the vast multitudes still enslaved to idolatry and chained by ancient error, so that they too may share hope and grace with Us. Teaching with Blessed Paul "that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs and of the same body: and co-partners of his promise in Christ Jesus, by the gospel," we shall spare no effort to cause the Catholic Religion to shine also upon distant peoples and to have the shadow of the Cross, in which are life and salvation, fall on the remote areas of the earth.

POPE PIUS XII

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* *

CO-OPERATION INCUMBENT UPON ALL

Co-operation in the spread of the Kingdom of God, which in every century is effected in different ways, is a command incumbent upon every one who has been seized by Divine Grace from the slavery of Satan and called in Baptism to citizenship of the Kingdom of God

Pope Pius XII

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



EARLY IN 1936, a second dispensary was opened in the centre of *Chinatown* for all Chinese: men, women and children. It is in operation two days a week and a doctor of the same nationality, although not Catholic himself, has the kindness of giving his services free of charge to his compatriots. A Chinese virgin-catechist whom the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception called from the Orient, accompanies the Infirmarian-Sisters on visits to the sick in their own homes or in the dispensaries.

The statistics published below are an eloquent testimony of the work done during these few years of effort and painstaking labour, and they also show how a more spacious hospital is necessary, a hospital that could receive all the patients requesting medical, surgical, and especially spiritual care among the Oriental population, Chinese, Japanese, Negroes, Hindus and Indians in Vancouver and vicinity.

A location for the erection of that hospital having been purchased on Kingsway Street, its future name was even chosen, "Mount Saint Joseph." Plans were about to be drawn up for the future establishment, when the consequences of the actual war hindered the realization of the project. It was then decided that the building already existing on the grounds purchased would be furnished to receive the surplus of patients from the little hospital on Campbell Street.



MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH CHAPEL, VANCOUVER

On May 2, 1942, Monsignor Forget, D.P., Pastor of Saint Patrick's Church, Vancouver, deigned to bless the new abode; the latter, being still in need of important material improvements, could receive its personnel only in September. On the 24th, feast of Our Lady of Ransom, the first Mass was celebrated and the new establishment welcomed its occupants.

STATISTICS FROM 1924 TO 1942

SAINT JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER

Baptisms.....	902	Extreme Unctions.....	247
Holy Communion.....	4,156	Confirmations.....	28
Patients received.....	1,543	Various Treatments.....	113,654
Dressings.....	38,953	Injections.....	14,955
Electric Treatments.....	5,663	Pneumothorax.....	3,305
Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	3,830	Radiographs.....	1,491
Home Visits.....	2,105	Laboratory Examinations.....	25,688

DISPENSARY, PENDER STREET EAST

1936 to 1942

Patients registered.....	1,158	Patients re-admitted.....	3,784
Patients treated.....	4,942	Physical Examinations.....	1,129
Medications.....	4,411	Dressings.....	329
Vaccinations.....	79	Radiographs.....	114
Various Treatments.....	43	X-Rays.....	61
Prophylactic Treatments.....	157		

Before the opening of the Refuge in 1924, the visits to the poor and the sick since May, 1921, that is, since the opening of the Mission, had been instrumental in procuring the grace of Holy Baptism for forty adults.

As we can see, the Work had been worth undertaking and deserved the sacrifices it cost. Close to a thousand souls — not counting those culled in the regions of Montreal, Quebec and Three Rivers — this is a beautiful number added to the phalanx of the children of God. Let us hope that not one of these souls gathered from the night of paganism will be absent in the glorious choir of the elect to sing the eternal *Sanctus*, and to bless unceasingly the Queen of Missions who gave to the poor Chinese colony on Canadian soil an apostle with a heart on fire with zeal in the person of Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit.

THE END

Living Faith

Here is a beautiful simple little story about an incident which happened in Ireland. It is a true story. The pastor in a parish noticed a man make a hurried visit every day to the church, at the same time each day. The man would rush up to the altar rail, hesitate for a moment and then rush out again. The priest thought the man was not very respectful, and questioned him. He replied that he was a working-man and had only a minute each day for the visit, so he would go up as far as he could and would say: "It's Jiminy, Jesus, and he loves You!" Later the man became very ill, and when the priest brought him Holy Communion the Host spoke to him and said: "It's Jesus, Jimmy, and He loves you, and is going to bring you to Heaven with Him." The simplicity of the prayer makes a great appeal.

New Leader



No Fairy Tales

"Have you seen Father Albert?"

"No! Is he really back from the missions?"

"Yes, I met him yesterday. He has been repatriated as a prisoner of war."

"How is he now?"

"Oh, fairly well, for having been interned several months."

"He must find life easy over here!"

"He was very much surprised to see how little we have to suffer, even with the rations."

"Money is as plentiful as ever."

"Yes, and a great many are better off than before the war. People are working and salaries are high. Do you remember Roger?"

"Surely. What of him?"

"Well, before the war he and his family were receiving help from the City Welfare. Now, he's setting aside five hundred dollars every month, and his daughters have enviable positions. He has bought a fine property."

"A very profitable investment, I should say. But do you know what Father D. is doing since he came back to Canada?"

"He's collecting here and there in order to repay his fare."

"What? Isn't it the Government that pays to have the war prisoners repatriated?"

"I don't think so. The repatriated missionaries have to repay their travelling expenses. It will cost much to certain Communities that had several of their Religious among the repatriates. The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, for instance, had fourteen on the last ship. I believe a few of their Sisters were also repatriated last year."

"I wonder how much a voyage like that can amount to?"

"Father said, 'from seven to eight hundred dollars.'"

"That's money! And I suppose all those missionaries will return to their work after the war?"

"Most probably. As for Father D., he was very sorry to have to leave his Mission. He had been Rector over there a few years and had made a good number of converts. He's longing to go back again — but I daresay he will find his Mission in a sad condition."

"He'll probably have to begin all over again."

"That's disastrous. So much work for nothing, the fruits of so many generous efforts and hardships so quickly tossed to the wind! Until now, I had never given a thought to the missions, but Father spoke so well on the subject yesterday that, on his invitation, I agreed to say a decade of my beads daily and set aside one per cent of my salary for the missions. Why don't you do as much?"

"I haven't time to pray."

"I thought so, too, before my Closed Retreat, but I see things in a different light now. During my Retreat, I heard a fine instruction on prayer and, with the help of God's grace, I understood its importance and necessity. Now I never let a day pass without saying my morning and evening prayers and my beads."

"You are getting devout?"

"Dear friend, that's what we should all be."

"Huh! that's for old women!"

"I fear the old women will be far ahead of many of us. Saint Alphonsus was wont to say that the man who prays will be saved and the man who doesn't pray will be damned."

"So many fairy tales!"

"Suppose you came to the Retreat this summer? I'm so pleased with mine that I have made up my mind to follow one every year. Besides, I mean to do a little recruiting."

"A Retreat? Where?"

"At Saint Martin Villa, with the Jesuits."

"Shucks!"

"I was in excellent company. In our group we had Judge L., the Lawyers M. and N., a Notary, a Contractor, and still others. In short, we spent very pleasant moments together."

"Pleasant moments? I'm for that!"

"I can assure you there are many. You'll have good chats with people you already know or with whom it doesn't take long to get acquainted, for we're of one heart there. And when the Retreat is over, you'll have the pleasure of feeling your conscience at peace, and means will have been suggested to you to keep it thus. It's true we must do some spiritual washing and scrubbing, but all the others do similarly, and there's enthusiasm. The kind Fathers are always ready to help. What do you say?"

"I had intended to go on a pleasure-trip."

"I promise you there'll be pleasure."

"Very well. Remind me when the time comes and I'll go, upon my word."

"I'll keep a place for you, upon my word!"



"That's what we should all be..."

God is much more delighted with little things done in secret and in solitude, without any desire of being seen, than with a multitude of great works accomplished with the desire of drawing the attention of men.

Saint John of the Cross.

The "Pater" Test



HIS happened in Eyamiyong. We were in an open hut, seated on ebony blocks and breakfasting among a large assembly of people, when a little Pahouin lad drew my attention.

"White man," he said, "they tell me that you're a priest. Are you really?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'd like to speak to you."

Naturally, I followed him away. When we were at a considerable distance, he continued: "I've lived at the Mission for one year; I know my Catechism, but I'm not a Christian. The reason why the Father sent me away was because I became too quarrelsome. You see, I was tired of being shut up.

"When I returned home everything was delightful; I did as I pleased and ate whenever I felt like it. But my grandfather, whom you will see before long, used to question me every night on what I had learnt at the Mission. He thinks the Religion simply wonderful. I was ashamed to tell him about my conduct. I admit having been wrong, but what can be done now? They will never take me back at the Mission; perhaps I'll never be saved! However, let's look over that for the moment. Grandfather would question me and I would tell him all I knew about Heaven, Hell, Baptism, marriage and everything, and when I was expelled it disappointed him very much. He reproached me for not having wished to become a Christian; he said I had done very wrong to behave as I had and reminded me he was old and did not wish to be damned, but desired on the contrary to go to Heaven.

"I said I would baptize him; but he would not hear of it, since I was pagan — he intended to be baptized by a priest! I explained how impossible it was for me to bring him to the Mission. Upon this, Grandfather simply declared he would wait until the priest came. What's beyond me is his great confidence that the priest will come!

"And when Grandfather heard about the *white men* who were passing through his village, he sent me to see whether there happened to be a priest among them."

So that was the reason why the lad had come for me! We reached the old gentleman's hut before long. I found Grandfather indeed very old; in fact, I gathered that death was not far away.

He examined me closely and asked: "White man, I am told you are a priest. Is it true?"

"Perfectly true!" I answered.

"Well, let me hear you recite the *Our Father*!"

I was nonplussed for the moment to hear so queer a request, but still, I soon calmly recited the *Esa waza*.

He did not make the slightest move, but listened very attentively. When I had finished he said: "I see you are a true priest; the other white men can never say the *Esa waza* in our language as you do. Now, I would like you to baptize me."

"Wait," I said, "not so fast. It's my turn to do the questioning. Will you say the *Esa waza*?"

He recited it perfectly.

"Very well," I remarked. "And the *Mas homme we, Maria*?"

To my great astonishment there was no faltering whatever, and I showed my approval by a hearty *Bravo*!

We then took out the Catechism. In truth the old gentleman had been well instructed. There was evidently no reason for delay and, as we were celebrating

the feast of Saint Gabriel, the Regenerating Waters which were poured upon his brow consecrated him to the Angel of the Annunciation. After all, was he not announcing the salvation of his people? Poor Grandfather! in his firm, childlike trust he had waited for the priest. God had sent him the priest!

But wasn't it rather amusing? Imagine this dear old gentleman in the heart of a pagan country having me undergo the *Pater* test!

A MISSIONARY

A Little Indian Girl's First Communion

A little nine-year-old Indian girl was not permitted to make her First Communion on account of her tender age. Nevertheless, she had a real desire to receive Our Blessed Lord, so she came to see the Missionary.

"Father," she begged, "I want to make my Holy Communion."

"You want to make your Holy Communion? Oh, but you're too young! You don't understand much about the Eucharist. You'll have to wait, that's all!"

The poor child renewed her pleadings, but to no avail.

Towards noon, one bright day, she found herself alone in the church. The Missionary did not usually drop in at this time of the day, but, strangely enough, he happened to be near and thought he would pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He entered without being noticed and, to his great surprise, recognized the pious little Indian girl praying aloud before the tabernacle.

"Chief," she exclaimed, "the missionary says I don't know You, but I do! I know You are the Son of God. You are the Infant that was born in the stable of Bethlehem. It was You who lived in Nazareth and who was found in the Temple among the men of prayer. You died on the Cross and arose again the third day. Great Chief, You know that I know You and I have come to ask You one thing which I'm sure You will not refuse me. Please make the Missionary understand that I do know You."

The Missionary was indeed moved; he wept with emotion and withdrew silently.

After the singing of Vespers in the evening, the Missionary priest called the fervent child from among the attendants.

"My little girl," he asked, "how many times did you come to visit Our Lord to-day?"

"Fifteen times," she answered.

"And what was it you told Him?"

The child hesitated for a moment and looked timidly at the Missionary. "Father, I told Him bad things about you!" Then she repeated what she had said.

"My dear little girl, you did well to come here to pray. As you see, the Chief of Heaven has made me understand that you do know Our Blessed Lord, and now you will make your First Holy Communion."

The poor child burst into tears. After a few moments she exclaimed between sobs: "Father, are we any happier in Heaven?"

Translated from *Le Noël*

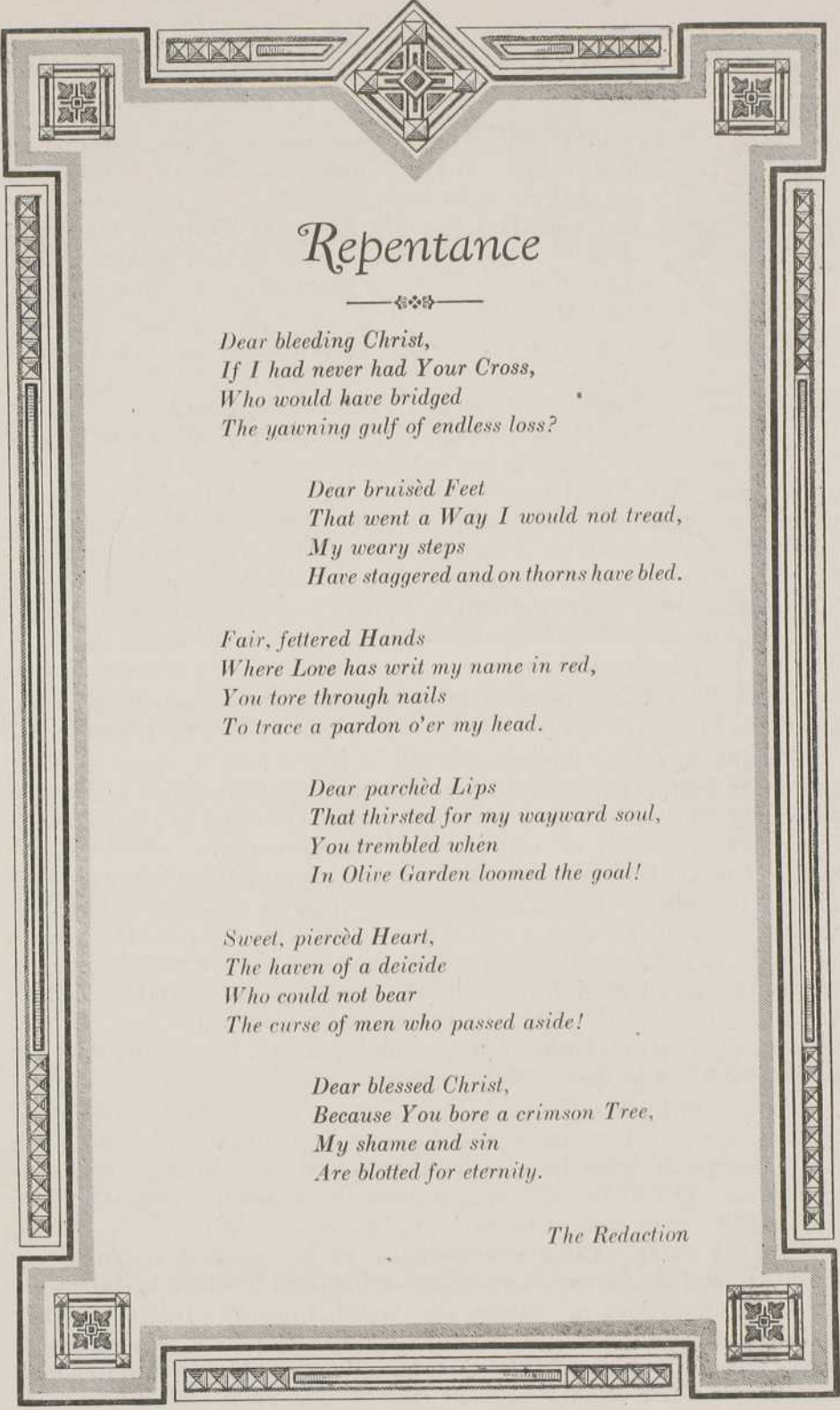
TWO WORDS

Our Father! Two ordinary words said over and over again many times each day. *Our* — belonging to us. Yes, and to all men, be they Christian or pagan, black or white, yellow or brown. Each one may claim Him for his very own. How many there are who do not know they have a part in that "Our"! How few are helping others to say the "Our" that will make all men one, as Christ desired when first He breathed the words!

From The Field Afar



He Died That I Might Live



Repentance

*Dear bleeding Christ,
If I had never had Your Cross,
Who would have bridged
The yawning gulf of endless loss?*

*Dear bruised Feet
That went a Way I would not tread,
My weary steps
Have staggered and on thorns have bled.*

*Fair, fettered Hands
Where Love has writ my name in red,
You tore through nails
To trace a pardon o'er my head.*

*Dear parched Lips
That thirsted for my wayward soul,
You trembled when
In Olive Garden loomed the goal!*

*Sweet, pierced Heart,
The haven of a deicide
Who could not bear
The curse of men who passed aside!*

*Dear blessed Christ,
Because You bore a crimson Tree,
My shame and sin
Are blotted for eternity.*

The Redaction

Our Mount Calvary



SUFFERING will always prove the most efficacious means of salvation. God has made suffering the crucible for the purification of souls and their surest way of preservation. In the midst of trials every Christian can repeat these words of the grief-stricken Louis Veuillot: "There are souls God delights in beautifying, but mine is among those He deigns to purify."

In fact, it is through suffering that God beautifies and sanctifies souls. He sketches His Saints on Mount Thabor and perfects them on Mount Calvary. Mary, His Mother, chosen to be the Queen of All Saints, became firstly Queen of Martyrs. Such is the law of perfection as well as the law of salvation. When God has the sanctification of a soul in mind, He throws it into the crucible of tribulations; but what virtues and merit, what fruitfulness of life, staunchness of heart and glory in Heaven can become ours by faithfulness! Madame Dubourg (Mother Marie de Jesus) used to say: "If sufferings were sold in the market, I would go and buy some every day." Let us at least have the courage to accept our cross, to take it up and carry it valiantly, following the way where Jesus and Mary have preceded us.

We should ask God that suffering may find us always standing as it has found His Mother on earth; standing will help us to bear up patiently.

Standing by faith. Blessed will you be if you receive with a childlike and loving heart whatever sufferings Our Lord sends you from a Heart so paternally solicitous for your perfection. How consoling to think that all trials are sent directly or indirectly by Divine Providence, which uses the malice of men either for our purification or our progress in divine love! God will not overwhelm us with more adversity than we can bear, but He will always proportion His assistance to the sufferings He sends, and His wisdom will make use of these sufferings to help us advance in virtue. Saint Paul tells us that by their faith, the Saints have conquered the world and have valiantly withstood the trials the wicked had prepared for them. In our sorrows, let us rely on faith which is as solid as a rock, for with faith we can neither falter nor be overthrown.

Standing by trust. We must be convinced of God's infinite wisdom and goodness as of His deep and everlasting love for mankind. If we are tried, it is for our greater good, because by the cross God sanctifies us and preserves us from sin; if He allows afflictions at times, it is to teach us to abstain from sin. By the cross alone does our heart become detached from the fleeting goods of this world, which too often blind us to the real value of things. By the cross our souls are knit more closely to the heart of Christ and treasures are stored up in Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake! Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven. With Saint Augustine I would ask Thee to punish and purify me here below, dear Lord, only to spare me in eternity.

Standing by love. The Holy Ghost tells us that love is as strong as death. Love takes away the sharpness of suffering or makes us willing to bear it. Christ who was innocence itself suffered and died for me, while I, a miserable creature, His executioner, would not be willing to endure anything for Him! Could I then pretend to be the disciple of a crucified God, or merit to be one day among the elect? Would I be Mary's child if I let her suffer alone, and would I have a great love for souls if I refused to pay their ransom with suffering? Love will make us welcome the cross, like Jesus and Mary. It will help us to carry it patiently and even lovingly. The cross is the ladder by which we pass from these temporal years to the eternal years. Therefore, let us be patient. Life is fleeting and trials will pass, while Heaven will never end.

D. CASTELAIN, C. SS. R.



WEAVING A PATTERN

Making sacrifices keeps us nearer to God. If you have sorrow, bury it in good works. It is an empty life where there are no sacrifices, and it is a full life when all its little trials and crosses are woven into a pattern of beauty to make a fit offering for God. The sacred scenes of Passiontide remind us of these truths as we review the story of the one great sacrifice that gave our lives a meaning. Our study should be to make a return in kind.

— M. M.

* * *

True heroism is required to do little things, so often the same little things, day after day, and to do them consistently well for love of God. The little smile, the little sacrifice, the little prayer, the mighty chain of dedicated details! At times the forging of one small link is a torment. Yet every link must be there. With God's grace, none need be missing. In the end, the chain that seemed so painful and so futile in the making will prove the golden thread that led us to the feet of God. — W. M. Q.

* * *

When the Cross had been lifted up with its precious Burden, suffering in its most acute form lingered under the dark silent sky of Calvary; it was there transformed from something gloomy and despairing to the most sublime form of charity. Since then, the Cross is the symbol of suffering elevated to the plane of divine love.

MOST REV. J. C. MCGUIGAN, D. D.

* * *

How much is comprised in the little words *agere contra*: Act against yourself! Therein is the real secret of sanctity, the hidden source from which the Saints have drunk deep of the love of God and reached that height of glory they now enjoy.

FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S. J.



In the spirit realm, souls form a vast flower-garden with myriads of blossoms varying in shape, colour and perfume. From this creation, which no mortal eye can see, God's unfathomable attributes, especially His love, shine forth brilliantly.

All in our magnificent universe sings of the beauty, the greatness, the perfection and goodness of man's Maker; but these things created at His word lose their magnificence and fade away when compared with the spiritual masterpieces, our souls — human souls, God's very breath, which are created to the divine image and likeness.

Gifted as they are with reason, a quality that raises them much above visible beings, our souls are priceless, immortal, and destined to contemplate their Maker throughout eternity, to enjoy everlasting bliss in the vision of His infinite perfections and in the knowledge that they are loved by God and love Him in return.

Our souls are of divine value, for, having through Adam's sin become unworthy of the friendship and eternal company of the Lord, the Precious Blood of His Adorable Son alone could restore them to their former status and give them a right to Heaven.

For the time of trial on earth, God has given our souls a mortal form, called a human body, capable of feeling and suffering. We know our souls have been made by God for His glory; that is, to know, love and serve Him. He means to be glorified by them freely, having given them a will with the faculty of choosing between good and evil, His friendship or His reprobation, His reward or His punishment; but a day shall come, the glorious day of the resurrection, when those mortal forms, after having decayed in the earth, shall live again and become, as regards the friends of God, subtle, impassible, and immortal. Once more, they will be united to the souls that had been their earthly companions and, for having struggled, laboured and suffered with them on earth, they will become sharers of their endless glory.

Such is our soul, such are the souls confided to our care and for which we shall answer before God, such are all the souls whose salvation should interest us, if we are truly children of the Father in Heaven; souls that are in our hands as so many flowers we are bound to render more beautiful and fragrant.

Our soul. Our first concern must be for our own soul, as its salvation is our personal, our *capital* interest. Its degree of eternal joy will depend on the degree of merit it will have acquired on earth through our vigilant care to keep it free from sin and our efforts to make it advance in the love of God and Christian virtues. We must, therefore, consider firstly the needs of our soul, even if the flesh should consequently suffer — for the desires of nature are often directly opposed to the welfare of the soul. We must,

on occasions, imitate the staunch Catholic who, requested by his Prince to take a hand in some unjust dealings, answered: "If I had two souls, I would perhaps sacrifice one to you, but having only one I owe it to God."

The souls entrusted to you. Catholic parents, educators and all shepherds of souls have an urgent and sacred duty with respect to the mystical blooms entrusted to their care. Notwithstanding the trials, hardships and weariness it brings, this culture is very captivating and encouraging for those who understand its worth. Oh, how wonderful a task is that of cultivating these tender plants, these exquisite buds, whose baptismal freshness has been sheltered from all alien breaths!

Catholic Parents, you are guilty when, in your home where these precious flowers take root and grow, you fail to create an atmosphere of piety and decency, a nursery where they will learn to know God and practise virtue. And how guilty you would be if, through bad example, you defiled and blighted them! It were better for you that a millstone be tied about your neck, and that you should be drowned in the depths of the sea. Such is the Sovereign Judge's sentence on those who scandalize the innocent.

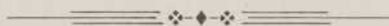
And you, Educators, who take the parents' place with regard to the children confided to you, how noble and meritorious is your mission! How important it is that you instil good principles into these tender souls, and teach them, together with human knowledge, the one science necessary: that of salvation. Woe to you if, through negligence, false teachings or pernicious examples, the delicate and defenceless flowers are sullied and lose their freshness and beauty! Yes, woe to you, for the chastisement of the great Master of souls will be rigorous. But blessed are you if you take assiduous care to have them spring forth in the wholesome light, in the sunshine of truth, in a well-conditioned soil. A magnificent reward awaits you, according to these words of Daniel: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

You, Shepherds of souls, chosen by God to enlighten, guide and uphold especially the ones engaged in life's great struggles, know what He expects from you and how merciless He will be in your regard if you are unfaithful to your privileged vocation.

All souls. If we are worthy children of God, love and honour Him and work for His glory, the salvation of every human soul should be our aim. The circle of our exterior apostolic activity is naturally limited, but that other great apostleship — prayer and sacrifice — can embrace the world.

Let us, therefore, use these great means of salvation, the most potent, we may say, since they call divine grace, source of all good, into our souls.

We shall thus, though perhaps unawares, labour efficiently in the world-wide garden of souls; and if we may not behold the blessed fruits of our work here on earth, our eyes shall feast on fragrant and blossomed sheaves in the Land of eternal surprises and infinite rewards.



If we have not acquired the habit of considering God as a Father, the very sources of piety corrupt in us.

— FATHER FABER

The Friend of the Clean of Heart



Rightly do we admire all that is fair and stainless — immaculate snow, crystal water, spotless raiment. Yet, there is a beauty far surpassing these natural excellencies: purity of heart and of soul — purity, alas! that few appreciate.

God has created our soul pure and beautiful, to His own image and likeness. When we strive to keep it free from stains and to enhance its beauty by the practice of Christian virtues, our soul delights its Creator; but when we sully it by sin, it becomes repulsive in His sight and worthy of chastisement, until its primal beauty is restored by the Sacrament of Penance and by atonement.

“Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.” They shall see Him face to face in eternal splendour,

but even in this mortal life they shall come in contact with Him in an ineffable way, a way that will forever remain a mystery to the heart addicted to vice.

“He that loveth cleanness of heart, for the grace of his lips shall have the king for his friend” (Prov. XXII, 11). As a matter of fact, God so loves the clean of heart that He seeks them, reveals Himself unto them and grants them His intimate friendship. If He cherishes children on account of their innocence, regardless of their personal merit, how much more does He not cherish those who, for very love of Him, become as little children and make their souls filial, pure, simple, trusting, grateful, and acquiescent in all things to His divine will!

Catholic friends, these truths have often been brought home to us; we have often been reminded of these words of Our Lord: “Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” But have we made any personal application of the precept? Have not Our Lord’s words fallen along the wayside of our heart, or upon a rock, or among thorns?

Let us take a moment to reflect and if, in the past, we have made little of Our Lord’s formal precept, may it fall to-day upon good ground and yield fruit a hundred-fold!

God is our Father and we are His children. He has created and redeemed us. He gives us life from day to day and will reward or punish us after our death. *Our Father Who art in heaven!* Do we say His favourite prayer

every day, with reverence, attention, love and humility? When we kneel in His presence, we should imagine ourselves to be before His Majesty as very little children beside the best of fathers. A like disposition will give rise to sentiments of humility and simplicity, and will help us to acquire cleanness of heart and the other virtues which characterize *spiritual childhood*.

Then God, who seemed so far away in some inaccessible region where our voice could not be heard, will seem very near to us, within us in fact! We shall taste and see that His friendship is sweet.

And let us not think that this intimacy with God is not intended for us, but only for the Saints. We are all called to sanctity. If we must confess that we are still far from having acquired it, let us ask Our Blessed Lord to help us in our endeavours. Let us also pray the Queen of Heaven, our loving Father Saint Joseph, and all the elect of God who have excelled in the way of spiritual childhood, especially Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, that we may be granted the grace to follow their wonderful example.

When we request this favour, we should not ask it for ourselves alone, but also for all those whose salvation we have at heart, and for the whole world. Let us not exclude from our prayers the pagan masses living in complete ignorance of God, that all may come to know Him and experience the truth of the maxim: "He that loveth cleanness of heart . . . shall have the king for his friend."

Child Jesus Burse

for the support of a missionary

A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all the spiritual advantages of the Community. The sum of \$1,000.00 given in one or several payments by one or several persons, forms a complete burse.

Offerings received for the Child Jesus Burse

November-December 1941.....	\$ 1.00	Year 1943.....	\$594.57
Year 1942.....	460.65	January-February.....	6.00

All offerings for this Burse will be received with most sincere gratitude.

Address: Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal.



Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

From the Franciscan Review

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

Revised and annotated by the Very Rev. James A. Walsh, M. Ap.

(Continued)



AFTER the Feast of the Assumption I went to a district almost entirely pagan. Only about two hundred Christians were scattered here and there. It was close to the residence of the mandarin. No European had ever penetrated so far into the interior; so I had to keep myself as hidden as I possibly could. But the children whom I had confirmed, unintentionally betrayed me by chattering and saying 'A little European has come into the village, very small, but very white and pretty;' for you must know, my dear little sister, that we poor Europeans pass for great beauties, and one who is considered dark in France appears white among these people, who are burnt a mahogany color by the tropical sun. Well, what was to be done? The hare was started and the dogs on the scent! I resolved not to lose courage; but putting my whole trust in God, I worked day and night in this, His neglected vineyard, during one whole week; meanwhile the Christians, who were in a terrible fright, acted as sentinels, and refused all visitors whose curiosity prompted them to wish to have a look at the European. Having finished my work, I departed secretly by night, favored by the darkness, and came to another place, where the villagers, amounting to four or five thousand souls, were all Christians, and the neighborhood, though pagan, was favorable to Christianity.

"My goings and comings are easy at this season of the year, as the inundations last for four or five months. The country becomes an immense sea, in which float green villages. There are no roads. Everyone goes in boats; but fortunately there are plenty of these in all shapes and sizes. I have one which holds just one person. It is very light, and woven of bamboo; every evening, sitting like a sailor in my little skiff, I paddle myself along to my different penitents, often meeting one or the other on the way, and then having races to see who shall be the quickest, in which manoeuvre I need not say that your poor brother is always beaten. I make a point of visiting my flock in their own homes, which gives them immense pleasure. In fact, it is impossible to find a better-disposed people than these poor Annamites, or to meet more fervent or pious souls. This year (and last) the inundations have been extraordinary, and more than a foot of water came into my house. I had fishes, frogs and toads, crabs and serpents, swimming about my room very happily, while I myself was perched on some planks about three or four inches above them. But what I disliked most was that the rats insisted upon taking refuge on my mat, and one night I squashed one while I was asleep. It was a disagreeable discovery, but on waking, I found a poisonous viper, with black and white stripes, which had likewise coiled itself up on my poor bed, as if to ask for hospitality, and was hissing just as I stretched my toes. So I forgave the rat. However, I determined, under the circumstances, to raise my house. I got the Christians to bring me a quantity of

earth, and then to lift up my house four or five feet. For you must know that this house, like all the rest, consists only of two or three wooden columns, interlaced with bamboo trellice, outside of which is a thin plaster of mud, covered with a coating of lime that is supposed to look 'grand'. The height is never more than ten or fifteen feet, and the roof is made of dry leaves. The whole edifice is easy enough to transport, as it is very light, and a man can lift it in his hand. So now I am high and dry, and away from the water. I have actually made a little garden, with flower seeds from Europe, and I have a rose tree, a honeysuckle, some balsams, and some stocks. Don't you think I was very persevering? But now, my darling little Mélanie, don't go and imagine, in your foolish, loving sister's heart, that I am a great saint. I am not even a little wee one! Sickness has weakened my poor body, and stupefied my senses, and cooled my ardor. You see I own all my spiritual miseries to you so that you may pity me and pray for me. My heart is as cold and icy sometimes as the tropical sun is burning and hot. There are no beautiful churches or services here to rouse one's tepidity, and to drop a little dew of piety on one's frigid soul. Pray then for me, dearest sister, that the heavenly dew may descend and soften your brother's heart; that his interior life may be strengthened, and his prayers become more fervent, and the spirit of sacrifice more entire; so that he who bears the great title of missionary may do works worthy of the name. Ask also that God may give me a little more health and strength, for you know how the body reacts on the soul; and if the laborer stumbles in tracing the furrow, it will be crooked and only half done. Beg the Author of all Good for these gifts which I so greatly need, that His work may be better done, and His name be glorified.

"You ask me if I should not like some object of devotion, or something for my church. If you could manage to make me a chasuble I should be most grateful, and my catechists would be delighted. Only yesterday they said to me, 'Oh, father, do write to France, and get a prettier set of vestments for Mass on Feast Days.'

"And now, dearest sister, God bless and keep you and all near and dear to us. I recommend myself especially to the prayers of all who care for your unworthy brother,

(To be continued)

Theophane."

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

"When I shall be in Heaven, Jesus, Thou wilt fill my hands with roses and I will shower them upon earth."

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Fulfilling a promise in honour of St. Teresa, the "Little Flower", for favours obtained. A friend. — Humble homage of gratitude to my dear and powerful protectress, Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L. M. — Thanksgiving to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for her constant protection. A friend of Saint Teresa. — Lively gratitude for maintenance in good health through the intercession of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. A. L., St. Lazare. — Please publish my gratitude to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for favours received through her intercession. G. G., Montreal. — I heartily thank the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour obtained through her intercession and request her to continue protecting me and mine. Mrs. C. H. C. — Saint Teresa has granted me favours. Please thank her with me. Mrs. R. F., Central Falls, R. I.



ECHOES FROM OUR MISSIONS.

CANTON, CHINA

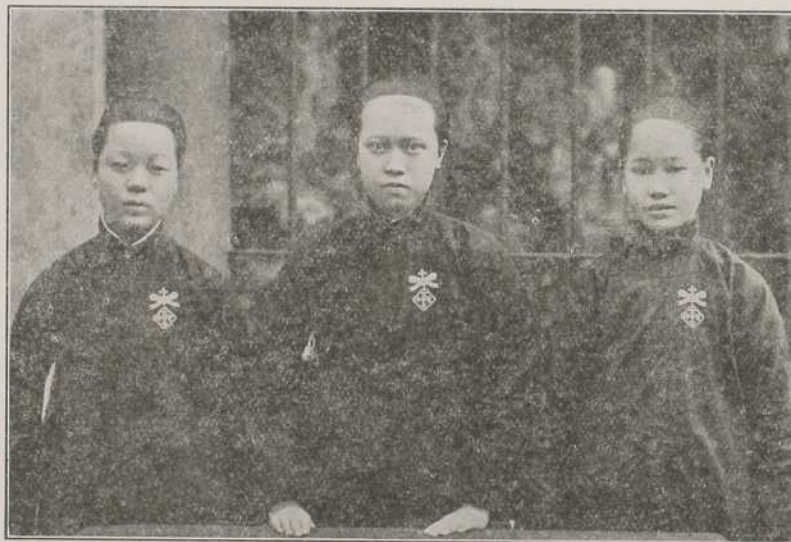
MEMOIRS

(Continued)

WORKS IN PROGRESS

God gave divine efficacy to generous human efforts and all through the following years, the Works prospered and took ever wider extension.

Thousands of pagan baby souls were baptized every year at the Foundling Home. There, also, the Sisters took gentle, motherly care of several hundred orphans and strengthened them in their newly-found faith.



PUPILS OF HOLY GHOST SCHOOL, CANTON, CHINA

The poor of China, whose hard couch was nothing better than a board or the bare floor, were bewildered to see that each orphan had her own cozy bed. They learned, moreover, all that Christian charity wrought for the children. Many needy mothers came to ask whether the Sisters would take in their daughters — dear little children dying from hunger and unhealthful living conditions in their poor hovels.

Holy Ghost School had won the sympathy of the honourable pagan famil-

ies of the City. They confided their daughters to the Sisters. Reverend Father Lerestif, of the Paris Foreign Missions, has nothing but words of praise for the Institution.

"Like a tiny spring at its outlet," wrote he, "Holy Ghost School wasn't much at the beginning. But it grew through sunshine and rain. Nothing has been able to hinder its onward progress and its wonderful achievements. I gazed at the shabby entrance of the dull, dilapidated building . . . if only means had not been so modest! — but, however humble, the School has a remarkable attendance. A whole pacific army of young Chinese girls, bright and intelligent as any, are receiving there the solid intellectual and moral formation which will equip them for the years to come. The majority are pagan, but frankness and friendliness are reflected in their eyes. What a striking contrast with the false and often hostile countenances to which the pagans have accustomed us! The calm, peaceful expression on every student's face reveals a soul on childlike, happy terms with the God of Love. One marvels how China's noble youth acquire, at Holy Ghost School, that undefinable *touch of Christ* even before having accepted Him as their God, and how they seek to copy the Master months before saying their Act of Faith. 'Some gentle, divine influence must necessarily pervade the atmosphere,' will conclude any sincere person when he sees shrewd Chinese intellects submit to the Christian moral code and give their hearts and their lives, not to the lifeless gods of paganism, but to the One Living God. Alas, the witness who would pen these lines for the greater glory of God, although himself an intimate friend of the Institution, has not followed its mode of procedure closely enough to give a clear outline of the endeavour a like transformation supposes in China's pagan youth. He acknowledges facts and figures and, rejoicing with the Master Missionary, cries out with the Prophet King: 'O Lord, how great are thy works! (Psalm 91, 6)'

"Whoever sets foot in China is astonished to see in what state of inferiority paganism holds womanhood. Various Christian Societies have set to work to remedy the evil. We Catholics are pleased and happy to see the rehabilitation of woman generously undertaken in the Canadian Sisters' School. The tyrannical authority of parents yields to enlightened aspirations. The Chinese Educational Authorities, even, have not withheld their admiration. The Sisters' training is intelligent, loving and considerate. While human knowledge is being imparted to fresh young minds, the good example given day in and day out by the Missionaries is contagious and spreads far beyond their ken. Christ's moral beauty gradually attracts these souls. They hunger for a loving God — not a cold idol human hands have made.

"God's blessing be on the tireless Canadian Missionary Sisters, who are gladly spending themselves to assure the penetration into pagan lands of the glorious Standard of the One True God!"

NEW TRIALS

In 1923, the Catholic Mission of Canton was struggling through one of its most difficult times. The terrible war, the plundering that followed and the high cost of living were heavy trials for the Missionaries. Political dis-

sensions grew worse in 1924. The Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception wrote on October 14:

"There was fighting on the streets and thousands of houses were burnt. Petroleum was spilt over many other buildings, and the soldiers were about to set fire when a word from an officer caused their villainous act to be postponed. Happily, they did not put up appearance the next day — which goes to show the powerful protection of Divine Providence.

"The poor people die of fright. Our Convent is filled with refugees. Even as I write, there are about a thousand persons here. This calls for constant watching and necessary precautions. However, the Rosary is continually being recited and even the pagans finish by learning the prayers and join with the Christians in this pious practice."

The war was not yet at an end. Here are a few gleanings from the Sisters' diary.

June 30, 1925

"Here in Canton, the only foreigners to be found are the members of the Catholic Mission: Bishop Fourquet, four priests of the Paris Foreign Missions, six Brothers of Mary and ourselves. Our dwellings are in the City, and we live in the greatest anxiety. On June 25, a battle took place between strikers and the Shameen people (French concession). A good number of Chinese lost their lives. Defense works on land and water are formidable. Shameen Island, which measures only 630 yards in diameter, has twenty war-ships protecting it. The Protestant Missionaries have fled. Were the people to avenge themselves on us, I do not know what we would do, defenceless as we are. However, come what may, our trust is in Divine Providence.

"Since the outbreak of war, there has been no commerce between Canton and Hong Kong. We bake our own bread the best way we can — flour costs \$48.00 a bag and milk \$1.00 for a small can. Rice is sold at twenty-five cents a pound and we are notified that next week it will not be available. This means we shall have more worries about our great family."

July 28

"The situation has not improved in any way. Everyone is still on the alert. We heartily wish for the end of these troubled times, as our apostolic work is paralyzed. Still, starving babies are brought to us more numerous than ever.

"The Chinese post-office clerks are also gone on strike, which means no letters for us. Thus we are completely isolated. It will be impossible to remain here if matters grow worse. We shall have to seek refuge in Hong Kong for a few weeks. Meanwhile, we are making necessary preparations."

August 13

"We fear a bombardment by the Authorities, similar to the one which took place in 1900 when the Boxers spread terror everywhere. They have everything ready: soldiers, gun-boats, thirty-six aeroplanes, etc. Fifteen

battle-ships are lying in port just in front of our house, while on the other side there are the Russians who help the Chinese Reds. If Bolshevism triumphs, we shall have to give up our Mission in Canton.

"The strikers are furious against the foreigners. Merchants are allowed to sell to the Russians, but it is strictly forbidden to sell to people belonging to nations possessing concessions or land in China. Nevertheless, our devoted pupils and native friends manage to procure us food. After all, having wholesome bread, we have what is absolutely necessary. We are obliged to practise real poverty, and we appreciate it as a godsend."

August 27

"The deafening roar of cannon and gunnery continued during several hours last night, preventing us from taking even a wink of sleep. We spent the night in the corridor, the thick walls of which are a real protection."

The fury of the strikers constantly increased. They were seen with great knives fastened to their belts and shouting insults at the Christians they would meet. Church bells were ordered to be silent from August 31, and remained so for long weary months. Missionaries were kept in continual anxiety and fear by these Bolsheviks whose aversion for Christians equals that of the Boxers of 1900.

(To be continued)

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HAVEN AND HEAVEN FOR CANTON'S HOMELESS CHILDREN

HOLY GHOST ORPHANAGE

by Ku Lo King, Lingham University Student

Mid-summer had come. Canton's sun was a burning disk in a cloudless sky. I thought of dispelling my consequent drowsiness by calling on the Canadian Sisters of Holy Ghost Orphanage.

I crossed Canton's famous bridge and walked a short while on Wai Sun Street. Then I turned on Tai Sun Street, where a wild medley of human beings, vehicles and what not, marks the centre as one of bustling activity. From there it wasn't far to the Sisters' home.

Holy Ghost Orphanage was founded over thirty years ago in the Catholic Mission compound. When the new establishment was well on the way to steady progress, it branched off to the outskirts of the city. The Sisters named it "Our Lady of Providence". There they lovingly care for close to a hundred babies; they also bring up orphan girls varying in ages from one to seven. When the seventh birthday comes along, the youngsters go off to a new home, Holy Ghost Orphanage, to follow regular classes and learn to do all sorts of things.

The Orphanage is conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Fifteen of them take care of the precious little charges who number 248. I imagine anxious thoughts often cross Sister Superior's mind



ORPHANS OF NOTRE DAME DE LA PROVIDENCE,
CANTON, IN "SPECIAL OCCASION" FINERY

— especially when the monthly 5,200 yen bill has to be met. It is true that the Kwantung Relief helps her pay expenses. She has generous friends, too, and they do their share, however little sometimes. But a fairly good sum is the fruit of the dear Missionaries' glad and untiring devotedness, each Sister being accomplished in some art or language. Piano, English, French, and knitting lessons help to balance the budget. The humble knitting needles are worth their weight in gold. They bring in 400 yen or so every month.

May I introduce you to the little orphan maids? Ninety of them are still in the sweet cheerful era of early childhood. One hundred and twenty-five have all the wisdom of ten and even fifteen summers. Thirty are over that age.

"The little ones have breakfast at eight," remarked Sister Superior. "The older ones keep on an empty stomach till ten. Supper-time for everyone comes at four-thirty. Thus you see our little Chinese orphans have only two meals a day. The little ones go to bed at eight and the others at nine. They begin the day at five-thirty in the morning. Then they go to the chapel for the morning devotions. Next on the programme is a fifteen-minute physical drill exercise. Then the workers get at their tasks. The 'babies' up to ten must take a two-hour nap. Now you have an idea of personnel and things at the Canton Orphanage." But let us go back to my arrival.

Sister Marie Immaculée⁽¹⁾ greeted us with true Chinese hospitality. I say "us", for pupils of Lingham University, class-mates of mine, had come along with me. Sister, who is in charge of the establishment, had us visit every corner of the building. Deep and lasting impressions fill my heart as I write. I can well say that I have seen the Cantonese orphans' haven — and heaven, too.

The first storey caught my interest. It consists of one vast sunlit room. Looking all around I noticed large cupboards; it seems that the children keep their clothing in them. The room serves as recreation-hall and when work and school are over for the day, the little girls transform it into a study-room.

The second floor becomes the land of dreams when wee limbs are weary. Plenty of light and fresh air comes in through the open windows. Here are fifty beds in perfect order. The blankets have been made with scraps of every sort of material, yet the general effect is very pleasing. The third and last floor is everybody's workroom. Several sewing-machines stood silently in an orderly row — it was knitting and needle-work time. Three Sisters were showing the children how to hold their needles and make their task a

1. Alice Vanchestein, Saint Michel de Napierville.

success. The orphans are proud to have their own work exposed for all to see. They certainly have deft fingers. The Chinese proverb would hold good here: "Skill surpasses nature." The exhibits are for sale — but as this is a charity sale, not a commercial one, there is no price-limit. Every little surplus amount means much to the Sisters who have to feed all these abandoned waifs. However, the handiwork is finely done and proves a worth-while investment. Supply them with wool or any other material and these orphans will surely turn out something you will treasure. The fourth floor of the principal building, a spacious, tidy room, is the older ones' dormitory. This floor is connected to the third of the second building. So Sister took us over there. The well-kept dormitory welcomes many little sleepers every night.

"The second floor," our hostess explained, "serves as refectory — when classes are out." There, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked tots were listening with all the attention one could expect from them to a Chinese language lesson. Evidently the plump little ones are not those who suffer the most, even if food is very scarce in the city. They look happy in their bright red dresses — onetime flour-bags in America, several thousand miles away. The vivid colours give a feast-day aspect to the orphans' clothing. The teacher, non-salaried I may say in passing, seemed glad of our visit and did the honours.

Then we went down to the first floor. The kitchen stoves are of cement. A giant pot, with ample capacity for two hundred rice portions, attracted our attention and wonder. The kitchen utensils are spotlessly clean. I carefully scanned every nook, but not a speck of dust or rubbish could I see. Truly, our little compatriots are being admirably trained to order, cleanliness, good habits of work and receive a fine, solid formation.

We had visited two buildings. The third is the laundry-room. Here, tiny cubicles on each side contain basins, towels, etc. We were also shown the ironing-room on the second floor. There, too, the children's warm winter togs are safely tucked away for colder weather.

We then followed Sister to the school and the simple, restful chapel. Thence we strolled out into the garden. Prospects are good there and wholesome vegetables are cultivated. The garden is very fertile and means much in time of war.

After having spent a few delightful hours at the Cantonese orphan girls' Paradise, we returned to the University.



A STUDY IN SMILES

SISTER SAINTE FOY (ELIZABETH LEMIRE, BAIE DU FEBVRE), A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT THE CANTON ORPHANAGE, CHINA

What beautiful things we had seen! And how admirable the devotedness and perfect harmony reigning within the humble walls of these unwanted children's Home, Sweet Home! The dear little tots and the older ones, too, cannot fail to become, in the future, China's pride and joy.

* * *

JAPAN

A FINAL MISSIONARY JOY IN WAKAMATSU

Ever since the opening of hostilities, December 8, 1941, our missionary activities had been restricted and for months we could do little but pray and hope for better times.

Still, time brought us a little more freedom of action and we were eventually allowed to visit the poor and the sick and to attend offices at the Mission chapel. One Sunday after Holy Mass, a kind Christian lady having called on us, I asked her as she was about to leave whether she knew of any sick people in her neighbourhood.

"There is an old gentleman who is very ill not far from my home. The doctors do not give him more than a few weeks to live. But he is very much opposed to our Holy Religion. He says it is all nonsense. You would really be wasting your time visiting him." Plainly, the good lady was convinced that the case was a hopeless one.

At recreation-time I told the Sisters about this, and all agreed that during the novena in preparation for the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, Heaven must be stormed for the salvation of this soul about to return to its Maker.

Permission to visit the sick man having been secured from the officer, who called regularly, I set out with a Japanese girl one bright frosty morning. The Sisters promised me the help of their fervent prayers in my venture. We were somewhat perplexed about the address but a kind neighbour brought us to the very house we were looking for.

Mrs. N. and her young daughter were not entirely unknown to me. We had become acquainted at a hospital during the illness of one of our Sisters. After the customary salutations and greetings, the all-important subject of Religion was broached. We had brought a small leaflet entitled, *The Way to Heaven*. Would we be allowed to offer it to the *honourable father*? It might bring him consolation and relief in his sufferings. The ladies explained that the patient being extremely weak, the doctor had forbidden him to see visitors. With a fervent inward prayer, I entreated Our Blessed Mother not to let this soul slip away from us.

The young daughter, as if prompted by a sudden impulse, retired to the inner part of the house. A few moments later she returned radiant. "My father wishes to see you immediately," and she led us to his room. The sick man lay on his wadded blankets upon the straw mats. He welcomed us graciously, thanking us for the trouble we had taken.

"How unfortunate that our countries should have become foes. If you are in need of anything, please let me know; I will do my best to help you."

Thinking hard, I answered that in Heaven there would be neither warfare nor foe and that we would all be happy together, and added: "Would you like me to give you a passport for that heavenly country?"

"Oh, I feel so very much ashamed not to know anything about prayer. What can I do?"

"It is very easy, honourable one. Here is the holy Mother's miraculous medal. She, herself, will prepare you for your great voyage."

Faithful to the rules of Japanese etiquette, the sick man asked that we lay the precious medal upon his forehead, as being the noblest part of his body. Then my companion read him the leaflet we had brought and I instructed him briefly, for he was gradually sinking. When asked whether he wanted to be baptized, he immediately acquiesced. As the Mission was not far off, I told him we would call the priest and that he should rest meanwhile.

Both wife and daughter were greatly astonished at the change wrought in their dear one. Confiding him to the care of his Guardian Angel, we took leave and flew rather than walked back to the church to acquaint Reverend G. Fukasawa, pastor, of the needy soul eagerly awaiting Baptism. Wondering at our bold venture, he followed us to the dying man's bedside and, after completing the instructions already given, made him a child of God.

Long after Father Fukasawa had gone, we still knelt beside the happy neophyte, sharing in his new-found happiness and thanking God and Our Immaculate Mother for their mercies.

"How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" murmured the dying man in a weak voice, while his eyes sought ours. We reassured him, telling him that all was well with him now and he need not worry.

"Thank you, oh, thank you, from my heart," we heard him whisper over and over again. Too deeply moved for words, we returned to our little Convent where the Sisters joined with us in singing a fervent *Magnificat*.

The next day, feast of Our Lady's smile at Lourdes, we quietly celebrated the anniversary of our Religious Profession. As we were commenting on yesterday's wonderful conversion, word was brought that *honourable father* had been called to eternal bliss while the dew of Baptism was still fresh upon his brow.

To a young Christian girl who visited the family afterwards, the old grandfather said: "I am proud that my son died a Christian. I think it a much greater honour than his having been one of the town's aldermen for many years!"

A few minutes before he died, Mr. N. asked his daughter to read him once again the leaflet, *The Way to Heaven*. He consoled his dear ones, assuring them he was going home to God and would never forget them. All his pagan friends and relatives wondered at his tranquil, peaceful death. The afflicted mother and daughter said: "Our hearts are broken with sorrow, yet filled with a joy we cannot understand."

It was easy for us to solve the mystery for these two souls already open to divine influence, and we gently invited them to find still greater peace and joy by becoming fervent Christians.

It was a great consolation for us to see the young daughter soon engrossed in the study of the catechism. She yearned all week after the joy of coming to church on Sundays with the Christians. Surely Our Immaculate Mother, to whose tender care this family has been entrusted, will lead it to her Divine Son!

A REPATRIATED MISSIONARY SISTER
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

* * *

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti

"CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE"

A CHRISTIAN WORK

(A Work recently confided to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception)

(Continued)

The Foundress of the Society graciously says: "Our poor people must be made to feel very comfortable."

They are dressed in Nelson blue, and wear a hat and sandals. When anyone falls sick, the doctors of the Hygiene Service gladly give their devoted service. *Charity* requests work several hours a day according to their ability and physical strength. Prayers are said in common, after the manner recommended by Our dear Lord Himself. Catechism, etiquette, hygiene and other subjects are taught in the primary school. At *Charity, If You Please* we endeavour to create an atmosphere wherein body and mind may be equally tended.

The upkeep of this work of mercy calls for efficient supervision. Lofty aims and generous devotedness are necessary, together with a fair collection of practical notions. One must love the work and be ready to give whole-hearted co-operation. Food must be purchased and clothing made. Cleanliness and hygiene must be seen to and the sick tenderly cared for.

There are two delicate problems to be solved. The first is to do the greatest possible amount of good with the slim resources at our disposal; the second, to create an atmosphere of joy by self-forgetfulness.

When President Vincent came to Les Cayes, he was wont to pay a visit to the poor at *Charity*. These received a monthly Relief Fund thanks to his generosity. He spent most of his time chatting pleasantly with those who were ill and had money distributed to every inmate of the Institution. As to the devoted Foundress and President, she is often seen, during working

hours, clad also in Nelson blue. She has been awarded the rank of Officer in the National Order: *Honour and Merit*.

On his first trip to the southern Capital, President Elie Lescot honoured *Charity* with his distinguished presence. He expressed his admiration to Mrs. Birmingham for the work done and donated a cheque for one hundred dollars.

Charity, If You Please has also enjoyed the appreciation of the honoured leaders of the Catholic Church in Les Cayes — His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon and his predecessors, Bishops Pichon and Person.

Mrs. Birmingham has stated that on every occasion the Catholic Clergy has done its ample share in promoting the spiritual interests of the Society. Thanks to its devotedness, religious functions are frequently held. To mention only a few, there was the blessing of the great cement Cross, the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel, the erection of Bouchardon's statue of Christ, the inaugurating of the chapel, and the dedication of Our Lady of Lourdes' Grotto, which favoured the extension of the Society.

To-day, *Charity, If You Please* has come to the crossroads. Times have become very difficult. Still, for the general good of the population, the work must not only continue, but must be expanded and perfected. It already serves as a lodging-place for the neighbouring peasants who call for medical care at the Hygiene Service, and who afterwards find it convenient to seek temporary lodging at *Charity, If You Please*. Let us hope Haitian generosity will not allow so wonderful a Work to decline.



SISTER SAINTE JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS), a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, caring for a patient at *Charity, If You Please*, Les Cayes, Haiti

Charity is a great Christian work of mercy capable of withdrawing the people from the subversive influences of neo-paganism and leading them to the truths of faith.

The modern cry is: "Aim for wealth — money brings pleasure! What does it matter if we impose on others! Might wins out at the end — the weak must give in to the strong! The only efficient fraternal union is the upheaval of the social classes, the destruction of the old order of things."

Others advocate promotion of selfish interests. "Dilettanti and partisans of individualism, our first interest lies within ourselves."

But the Law of life such as laid down in the Gospel is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind . . . and thy neighbour as thyself."

Charity, If You Please stands in eloquent opposition to all egoistical searchings after fleeting pleasures.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." — "Do this and thou shalt live," is what this beneficent Society ceases not to proclaim to souls unblinded by prejudice.

J. FOISSET, C. S. SP.

* * *

VANCOUVER

St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital

When we were very young, how fond we were of poring over tales telling of thrilling adventure and pirates! Little did we think we would one day be writing stories by far more wonderful. As you shall see, this is a fair collection of them. "God's wonder stories" we call them.

A son of the Celestial Empire stole his way into Heaven, we may say, thanks to the devotedness of a Catholic Nurse on duty in the Protestant hospital to which he had been admitted. The poor Chinese had long been suffering from cancer and was nearing death. But his Catholic guardian could not let him die without the consolations of our holy Faith. Sister Marie Gabriel⁽¹⁾ and the virgin-catechist were invited to his bedside. They explained in a few words the fundamentals of the Catholic Religion and made him a child of Heaven. A few moments later, he had gone to his God. It was Ascension Thursday. Our Lord was going to Heaven and He was taking with Him one to whom He had just whispered the comforting promise: "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."

Two days later, Sister Saint Delphis⁽²⁾ had the joy of giving another patient in that hospital a right to the Eternal Homeland. He soon joined the Angels on high.

Chew Ming Chang, a number-one Good Thief, was baptized on July 2. No, we didn't name him Dismas. Someone had persuaded him that he

1. Evangéline Giguère, Quebec.

2. Clara Bergeron, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

would die if he consented to baptism — and so he had always remained wedded to his pagan superstitions. Not a word would he hear of Heaven and the true Faith. But Our Immaculate Mother was keeping watch. Was he not her son, even if he had not yet been made a joint-heir of Christ? Yes, Mary prayed and watched, and one blessed moment came when God's powerful grace opened his blinded eyes. Chew Ming Chang turned a smiling face towards Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽¹⁾ and the Chinese Sister, saying: "I have thought it all over and want to be baptized. Bring in the priest any time; I'm ready."

Thus, on Mary's Visitation Feast, Chew Ming became a Catholic, along with one of our tuberculous patients and five of our dear old charges. Holy Mother Church's tender arms opened to receive them, and divine goodness made their souls so many tabernacles of the God of Love.

The new converts exchanged their pagan names for Christian ones — names suggested by the Sisters who acted as sponsors and recalling the beloved parents left for God and souls. The seven were happier than ever before. "If I were young," said one, a venerable old man ill with paralysis, "I'd study to become a priest." God, who is so understandingly human, will remember so beautiful a desire and reward it as only He knows, when this *priest of desire* lies down for the eternal rest.

Mr. Okamoto, a Japanese who had always refused baptism, changed his mind at the last hour. His son, who was present when he died, told us with sobs in his voice: "Father was lucky to have you kind Sisters take care of him. I would like to die here, too." A miraculous medal pinned on his father's breast drew his attention. We were only too glad to give it to him — especially after he, a pagan, had asked for it. We hope and pray Our Heavenly Mother will bring him to her Son, as she has brought his father.

"The Catholic Religion is beautiful!" One of the Sister Nurses was overjoyed to hear this consoling appreciation from the lips of a patient she had just baptized. "I know it is the only true one. It makes us all children of God, equals and brothers!"

"Your Religion could never be the wrong one," said Chew Ming Chang on his Baptism-day. "You are too kind for me to have any doubts about it. I don't understand it all yet, but I am willing to believe what you tell me." Speaking of Chew Ming — we had given him a private room, and nothing would decide him to accept another. Yet Sister needed his prized domain for a dying patient. Our Blessed Mother solved the difficulty. She suggested the very words to say: "Chew Ming, would you like to make a big sacrifice to please Our dear Heavenly Mother? I have another good bed for you just a few steps away." The patient sighed; then, looking at Mary's picture in the Sister's hand, answered, "Yes, for her!" And turning towards the Crucifix, he added, "And for Him, too!"

Home visits were instrumental in the regeneration of two Chinese pagans in early August. One was hesitant at first, and wanted to put off baptism

1. Emilia Martin, Saint François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co., P. Q.



REVEREND FATHER R. ROBERTS, PASTOR OF THE CHINESE MISSION, VANCOUVER, GIVES BAPTISM TO SEVEN INMATES OF THE CHINESE ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, JULY 2, 1943

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WHO ACTED AS GODMOTHERS TO THE NEWLY BAPTIZED. LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER SAINTE ELISE (ALPHONSINE CHENARD, BIC, RIMOUSKI CO.), SISTER SAINT ALPHONSE RODRIGUEZ (CECILE ANCTIL, MONTREAL), SISTER SAINT ISIDORE (JEANNETTE BOUCHARD, SAINT HILARION), SISTER MARIE DE LA PRESENTATION (BERTHE SURPRENANT, SWANTON, VT.), SISTER MARIE DE BETHANIE (BERTHE PICHE, SAINT BASILE, PORTNEUF CO.) AND SISTER MARIE FLORIDA (CLARA LEBLANG, GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT.)



LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER MARGUERITE DE JESUS (EMILIA MARTIN, SAINT FRANCOIS D'ASSISE, BONAVENTURE CO.), SISTER SAINT DELPHIS (CLARA BERGERON, STURGEON FALLS, ONT.), SISTER MARIE GABRIEL (EVANGELINE GIGUERE, QUEBEC), SISTER SAINT MARC (ALIDA TALBOT, CACOUNA, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND A FEW PATIENTS AT THE VANCOUVER ORIENTAL HOSPITAL.

till some unknown future day — he who could pass away any moment. The Sisters left him to his own thoughts, but their hearts were torn with pity. All by himself once more, he mused on Heaven, eternal happiness and the God and Judge they called "Father". When the Sisters returned, a wonderful, blissful "yes" welcomed them. It was not long before the dying man had settled his long-standing accounts with the God and Judge whom baptism gave him every right to call "Father", too.

Jung Lam is also a heavenly pirate captured by the God of Love from whom he had drifted away. He was brought to us in a dying condition last July. A sign of the cross and the words, "I am a Catholic" met the virgin-catechist who welcomed him. Yes, Jung Lam had been baptized, but the Faith hadn't meant much to him all these years.

"A Catholic foreign Missionary took me as interpreter when I was thirteen or fourteen," he explained. "I followed Father on his journeys, was baptized and became his catechist. I even thought of spending my days as a Missionary. I wanted to help Father save souls. But my grandmother, a pagan, rebuked me for my ideas and my daily wanderings with the priest. And I finally gave up."

Poor Jung Lam! Little by little, he grew indifferent to his religious duties. He came to Canada after his marriage. He fell sick one day and was taken to a Protestant hospital. Doctors said he could not live long. Truly, God's mercy is above all His other works! A priest came and Jung Lam was reconciled with his long-forgotten Father in Heaven.

"Then," said he, "my past stood clear in my sight. I remembered the time I accompanied Father on his rounds in Chinese missions. My dreams and desires of becoming a Missionary came back to me, and I was sorry over my useless life."

Jung Lam is better now and has been brought to our hospital. The virgin-catechist is helping him to learn his Religion again. He wants to make a general confession and begin life once more — with nobler principles. His piety at the chapel is a source of edification to all his companions.

Grandpa Lee came back to us the other day. He was smiling and his heart beat high with the hope we would be able to give him health again. But God had planned otherwise. He gave Lee time to prepare and then called him up above.

Mrs. McAdams is a coloured lady, greatly interested in studying our holy Faith. Hardly has she taken her supper when she plunges once more in her books. Lately, she read the life of Saint Gerard Majella. All enthusiastic, the good lady began with great fervour the novena published at the end of the book. The nine days of prayer over and the grace requested not having been obtained, she wavered in her confidence; but the Infirmarian-Sister encouraged and reassured her, advising her to continue her supplications. Let it be said in praise of the holy Wonder Worker that the favour has been granted. The happy beneficiary proposes to send an account of it to the Redemptorist Fathers.

Joyce, seven years, Mrs. McAdams' child, takes piano lessons here.

While awaiting her teacher's arrival, she is fond of roaming about. There is one room of the house that from the beginning has aroused her curiosity; that place seemed mysterious, because she would see the Sisters go in and out of it with a prayerful mien. So one day she made bold to open the door a bit. Her little heart beat fast, what would she see? . . . Oh, surprise! Her beautiful black eyes opened very wide, she remained dazzled. "How lovely it is here! Those statues, the flowers, the lights, what does it all mean?" she asked the Sacristan who had just joined her. A wave of questions told her admiration. Placing a finger on her lips, Sister invited the little one to keep silent, then in a whisper she said, pointing to the Tabernacle, "Jesus is there!"

"Jesus is there!" broke in Joyce, looking with questioning eyes that sought to penetrate the mystery. After having imitated the Sister's genuflection, she withdrew, not without turning around once more to see the mysterious little abode. May Our Lord have cast on her candid soul one of His looks of predilection, that will one day be changed in graces of Baptism and Eternal Life!

* * *

We're glad you came in our story, Joyce. There has been so much talk about pirates — and don't you think little girls are more interesting? We are asking Jesus to give you the gift of Faith and keep us all His friends on earth. Then we shall go to Heaven and be happy ever after.



The Purpose of Life

Life's purpose is to purify us, not gratify us. It is not a theatre where we are called upon to play a brilliant part with a view to gaining the applause of the audience, nor an arena in which to achieve success to be greeted by the acclamations of the onlookers, but a process by which our souls are to be made strong with the strength of the supernatural life. Existence is . . . a mill of God, in which everything in our souls that proves an obstacle to the supernatural life is ground into dust.

FR. EDWARD LEEN, C. S. SP.

* * *

A Missionary must be devoted wholeheartedly in charity to the conversion of all peoples. That charity must be one which makes no distinction of person; one which must manifest itself to the good and to the bad, and yet manifest itself without seeking to create a reputation of personal fame . . . Your personal service must be that of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, who gives Himself to all while yet He remains hidden under the appearance of bread. With Christ, you must expect tribulations, for did He not say: "I have given you an example . . . so you do also"? The apostle is not greater than He who sends him. "If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them."

Most Rev. Celso Costantini

Here and There

MOTHER HOUSE

The Mother House Welcomes Bishop Yu-Pin

Thursday, December 16, 1943

"No lasting peace is possible, if we do not base it on the doctrine of Christ."

These words, first addressed by Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek to a group of Allied leaders, were the theme of His Excellency Bishop Yu-Pin's short but substantial address given at the Mother House this afternoon.

His Excellency Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Nanking, the "Cardinal Mercier of China", as he is sometimes called, arrived in Montreal on the fourteenth. Religious and civil authorities and his compatriots, members of the Montreal Chinese Colony, enthusiastically welcomed the distinguished Prelate.

Bishop Yu-Pin, who highly commends the noble, unselfish devotion of the foreign Missionaries and is preparing the Christian China of to-morrow, confidently looks up to America and Canada. He asks for 100,000 valiant Gospel-bearers who, during the coming years of reconstruction, will teach his own people the Christian way of life.

His Excellency spoke on the war now being waged in his homeland, and of the sacrifices it entails for the Chinese. Still, his principal thoughts are not of the present, but of the future — a bright, glorious to-morrow according to the principles of Christ. "The war has changed the trend of thought," said he. "The Chinese realize that the Church is opened to all men and interested in the welfare of all nations. The leaders of China have confidence in the Catholic Church.

"To-day, mission apostolate is necessarily hampered, but when peace comes back, thousands of missionaries will be needed to bring the pagan world to Christ. The people's attitude will be friendly and co-operative and the blessings of Christianity will be more easily accepted.

"Pray for peace in the whole world. Prayer alone can solve the problems of humanity. Prayer alone will raise up an effective fighting force of missionaries who will go forth to do good to all men in the name of the Prince of Peace. Prayer alone, too, can challenge Satan's supremacy and destroy his reign in the land of the Rising Sun. More than ever the Church needs our prayers in this hour of trial."

Before leaving, His Excellency spoke kindly to our dear repatriated Sisters. He smiled pleasantly on hearing two of them answer in his native Mandarin dialect. His last words of farewell were full of promise and bright with hope: "When the war is over, Sisters, you will return to your Missions in ever increasing numbers!"

Yes, with what joy Missionary Communities will resume their apostolical labours in the vast mission-fields open to their zeal the world over! How gladly they will go to take Christ's loving message of peace to men of every race and creed!

NOMININGUE

Night had fallen on Capharnaum. Jesus was returning from a visit to His beloved friends. Jesus loved Lazarus who received Him so kindly. He loved Martha, although He wished she wouldn't take so much trouble preparing the meals when He was there. And what shall we say of His joy in conversing with Mary, the public sinner, whose soul had been purified "because she had loved much"?

You will perhaps wonder, gentle reader, what all this has to do with Nominingue. It's all very simple.

"Would you like to go to Bethany?" The question will doubtless bring a smile to your lips. Probably no ship or aeroplane would take you there to-day in our war-stricken era. Shall we then wait till peace comes back on earth to men of good will? No, dear friend. Come to our Bethany. We have one in our own Canadian Laurentians, and here the Divine Lover of souls is waiting for you.

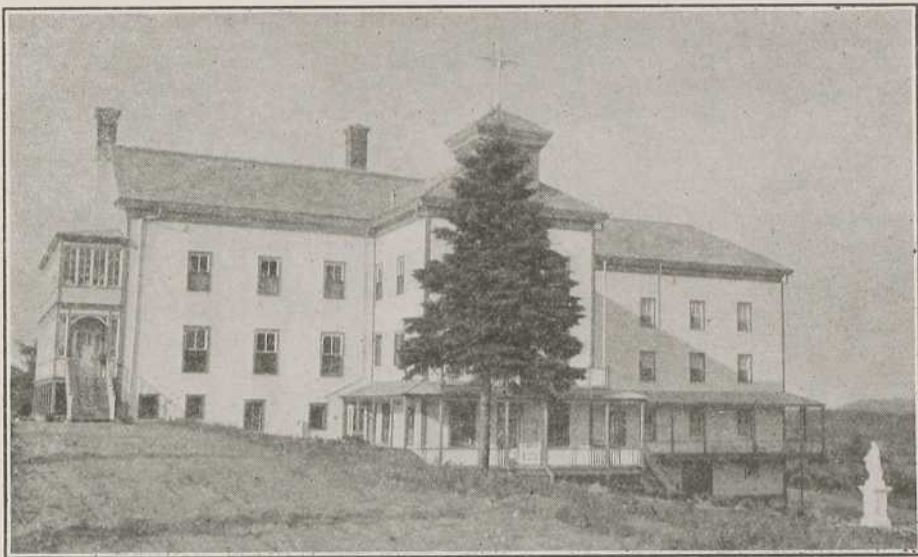
Bethany! What a perfectly chosen name for the sweet, peaceful abode where souls come to rest awhile at Jesus' feet and blissfully forget all their troubles and worries!

Bethany! Our Divine Lord must have suggested the beautiful appellation! Manresa was the first name chosen by our revered Foundress, Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, in 1915. Manresa — the home where her dear spiritual daughters were taught to follow gladly and generously in the steps of the Master. Manresa — the word recalls Saint Ignatius who trained armies of noble soldiers of Christ and left them his inspiring Spiritual Exercises. It was fitting indeed that such should be the name of an institution which, in the days to come, was to help so many souls on their onward march to God and a nobler Christian life.

"So many souls," we have just said. "How many ladies and young girls follow your Retreats?" you will perhaps ask. Bethany, as you know or probably don't, is situated in a growing Diocese, right in the heart of the Laurentians. It hasn't the population of Montreal or Quebec or other large centres. Consequently, we must expect a modest number of Retreatants. Still, God's blessing is on the Work and the chronicles of the House bring consoling results to light. The wonderful thing about it is that once you have made a Retreat at Bethany, you always want to come back. A Retreat isn't all pleasure, you know. There is the quiet meditation at the altar of the gentle Saviour or in your room. There is the withdrawal for a while from one's daily life and annoyances. But there is, too, that gazing into the inmost recesses of the soul, those by-paths where even intimate friends dare not tread, where even we would prefer to hurry past sometimes. A Retreat is all that. But our dear ladies and young girls are not daunted by the perspective. They come to Bethany and tell us they are "subscribers for life" to the Closed Retreats.

Would you like to turn over a few leaves of Bethany's life-story with us? It is a narrative of the wondrous love borne by the Heavenly Mother to

daughters whose mission it is to make her most beautiful and cherished privilege known to the farthest confines of the earth. The first pages were written in 1915, as has already been said, when Our Blessed Mother called the humble Missionary Sisters of her Immaculate Conception to Saint Ignatius' Parish. One short year after, she inspired the Spiritual Head of the Diocese, His Excellency Bishop F. X. Brunet, with the thought of confiding the Closed Retreat Work to the newly-arrived Missionaries. How gladly the Sisters acquiesced to Mary's will, always one with Jesus' own! Many consoling chapters were written in the chronicles of Manresa, the



BETHANY, CLOSED RETREAT HOUSE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, NOMININGUE, P. Q.

future Bethany. But 1921 came and with it the temporary closing of Manresa. The Novices returned to the Mother House.

Let us now turn to 1935. Sister de la Nativité de Jésus, who laid down her life on the Chinese mission-field of Canton three years ago, was then Superior at Bethany — the Manresa of 1915. Let us say in passing that the name was changed in 1928. Once more Mary Immaculate had a task for her beloved daughters — the Closed Retreat Movement in Mont Laurier Diocese. She made known her will through the medium of the revered first Prelate of the Diocese, His Excellency Bishop J. E. Limoges.

And now you know the history of Bethany. All through these last years it has been steadily progressing. Mary is Queen everywhere and brings lonely, weary souls to rest with Jesus away from the stir and bustle of the outside world. She knows what the olden Bethany of Judea meant to her Divine Son and gently, in the way of mothers, she strives to make Him feel "At Home" in the Bethany of the Laurentians.

Maybe you would like to know how the Retreatants *feel* about Bethany?

We could let you read these impressions of one who had followed Jesus and Mary *into the wilderness*.

"I was welcomed by the beautiful white Madonna who keeps vigil in front of the dear Sisters' House. When I left, my last farewell was for her, too."

Then she goes on to describe the closing of the Retreat.

"After dinner we had a last rendez-vous with the Divine Prisoner of the Altar. There we began the Rosary, which we recited on our way to the simple, rustic grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Mary was awaiting us, and how motherly she seemed! I asked her to bless my resolutions and to keep me her pure, trusting and loving child until Faith and Hope give place to the Vision of Glory in the Kingdom of Love. I requested similar graces for my three-day companions."

Our Retreatants appreciate these prayerful days and the last sweet farewell to their Queen. Many like to visit the Community cemetery a short distance from the Convent and let their thoughts wander to the mystery of death. But remembrances of their dear Heavenly Mother bring comfort and hope. She will be Home to welcome them with open arms when earthly life is over.

Under God, we are grateful to the Reverend Pastors for the good results achieved. Their devotedness is admirable and no words can adequately convey our thanks to them.

Will you come to Bethany? The calm, restful home is open to you, and Retreats are held in the summer and autumn months. Recollection Days have been added recently, and our former Retreatants are glad to meet again once in a while in Jesus' and Mary's home of peace and rest.

If you think of coming to Bethany, write:

Reverend Sister Superior,

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,

Nominingue, Labelle Co., P. Q.



Widest and deepest thing in the world is the law of charity, universal in its obligation, all embracing in its application. No charity is ever lost, and all forms of it are always apropos. Yet it has its own hierarchy of order, and first things come first. You can give a man medicine to cure the diseases of the body, but you can also implant in his heart the faith that will cure the much more pitiable ills of the soul. It is impossible by human means to console your neighbour in some sorrow or difficulty, but you could also link him with the heavenly means of divine consolation that were provided to assuage all his difficulties. The gift of faith is the first charity. In answering the greatest need it alleviates all other needs. There is no better charity than that which makes men children of God and heirs of Heaven. Nor is there any quite as good.

Maryknoll Editorial



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Saturday, October 30, 1943

Who was it once penned the beautiful thought: "Every month is Mary's month"?

We like to think the author would be glad to see what we *do* for Mary here. Naturally, she is our all-year favourite, but when May-time, the fairest month of the fairest Lady, comes around, it brings the thrill of a thirty-one-day jubilation. So does October, Mary's autumn month. But when we come to the second last day of the second best month, try as we may we cannot entirely succeed in banishing the feeling of sadness that creeps upon our hearts. How glorious we had wished October to be! We fondly hope,— no, we are sure — our filial Rosary praises to the one who can claim all but adoring love will have drawn down a shower of spiritual rose-petals upon us and all those for whom we have prayed.

October's breezes are not so warm as May's, and the great cold wind is whistling through the leafless trees. Still, there is a happier side to the picture — November is coming and with it our own feast of the Presentation of Mary. Then snow-flakes, symbols of her purity, will mantle the ground and make a perfect setting for December's glorification of the Immaculate *Oriens ex alto*.

Sunday, October 31, Feast of Christ the King

We can safely venture to say that Jesus' Blessed Mother on earth, like so many fond mothers we know, thought the sun rose and set in her Son. To-day she retires into the background so that her little Nazareth lad, the King of Kings, may alone be praised and glorified — or perhaps it is the other way? Is it not she, our Queen, who leads us into the King's Presence?

For prospective missionaries, the day takes on a special significance. In our morning meditation we lifted up our eyes to gaze upon the Kingdom of the Master unbounded by land or sea, and prayed that the countless heathen masses, too, might lift up their eyes high enough to see the Light of the World shining in the darkness. How earnestly we prayed Our King to send bearers of the truth, who, with His own powerful grace upholding them, will persuade pagan souls to trample upon the standards of their make-believe gods and swear fealty to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!

An appreciated number on the day's intellectual menu was the exposition of a new method of phonic teaching. Its authors, the Misses M. Forest and

Ouimet, had the kind thoughtfulness of coming personally to acquaint us with their new attempt in the field of education.

As Novices whose dreams of to-morrow include teaching the divine and the human ABC of knowledge to the almond-eyed little ones of the Orient as well as to the tiny wistful waifs of black Africa, we gladly welcome every method and every means that can be of help. We know, too, that Our loving Lord has ways all His own, and that even so humble an instrument as a simple Phonic Reader can do its bit in the Coming of His Kingdom.

Monday, November 1

In Liturgical keeping with Mother Church's age-old practice, we prolonged the *Gaudeamus* of the morning's Introit in a joyful and pleasant holiday. This is a date of very special rejoicing for the Saints in the Beatific Vision of Glory, and we who live by Faith are gladdened by the thought of their victory and the hope of taking our places with them and the Angels when for us also earthly life lengthens into Life Eternal.

Ours is a tradition of a good many years' standing, that the first Saint on whom our thoughts alight as we struggle back to wakefulness on this particular morning, is the coming new year's special Patron — or Patroness, as luck or rather Providence will have it. Consequently, one of the highlights of the day's programme was the public presentation of our protectors. The affair was not without its humorous side. It happened that some Sisters were confided to the keeping of a long-honoured and loved friend from on high, but others, too, chanced on obscure denizens of the Heavenly Realm whose name they barely knew and for whom they had no particular affectionate feeling!

But the day's merriment, hearty as it was, could not last long. The gladsome *Gaudeamus* of early morning was hushed and the mournful *Requiem* of First Vespers for the Dead called our thoughts to our dear ones who have gone to God. Once more we consigned them to loving Fatherly arms — a safe resting-place, surely, for souls who had kept their lamp trimmed and ready for the coming of the Master.

We also agreed to spend the evening's and the morrow's recreation periods in loving supplication for the poor Souls in Purgatory, that Our Blessed Lady may soon see them safely Home and give them as heavenly intercessors to her Missionary Novices.

Sunday, November 21, Presentation of Mary

Loving preparations preceded this our patronal feast. We greeted the day with joy and pious enthusiasm, and crowned our "Little Queen" with flowers of love and self-denial.

After Holy Mass, the bell rang out a merry holiday. Heeding this invitation to gladness, we gathered around the statue of our dear Lady and outpoured our hearts in song. Then some angel from the Heavenly Queen's court wafted messages — which gave us moments of delight and food for deep thought, too. Each one seemed purposely intended for the receiver.

Meal-time told in its own way that this was our special feast, for the Postulants waited on the tables; besides, they had taken over our little duties, except, however, the best of all — the Guard of Honour to the Eucharistic King and our beloved Queen.

The day was fittingly closed by a religious programme which the Postulants presented with the devoted co-operation of the Professed Sisters. The principal item, a play, reminded us of the emptiness of worldly things and, consequently, of the beauty of our vocation. We were also shown how heroic a young girl can be when she loves God with her whole heart and is upheld by His grace.

A very sincere "Thank you" welled up in our hearts towards the Virgin of the Temple for the joys strewn in our way, and towards those whose kindness had made possible so beautiful a day.

Monday, November 22

Yesterday was Sunday and included numerous spiritual exercises and visits from parents and friends; we had therefore forgone the traditional game of *Perfection*. But our Mothers wished us to keep the custom and, at nine this morning, the bell ushered in a second holiday.

We spent the forenoon roaming about in the open. Virgin snow mantled the ground, and we liked to fancy God had sent it purposely for His Missionary Novices. After the noon exercises the fight for *virtues* was declared open. Dexterous feats and absent-minded moves in turn prompted merry laughter and loud applause. As all things come to an end, so it happened with our pleasant game. Prizes were awarded to the winners, but weren't we all, from the viewpoint of joy at least, *winners* — so merry had been our day?

Thursday, November 25

A *special* usually marks the feast of Saint Catherine here. True, we don't honour her as the *model of philosophers*, but rather as the Patroness of those Sisters... who have reached a certain number of years. Naturally, few are over twenty-five, so they can be given a surprise at the evening recreation. This year — among other things — a magnificent bouquet was presented the eldest with our best wishes.

Sunday, November 28

Notwithstanding its essential gravity, the first Sunday of Advent brought us a good amount of happiness. Dear Mother Superior General spent the day at the Novitiate. The pleasure had well been longed for, since our Mother had just returned from a two-month stay at our Mission in Haiti.

During the evening recreation we listened to the happenings of the journey and to the long list of difficulties met with in opening a Mission. Our loved visitor insisted on the sad situation of a people that has lacked priests and Religious.

"Charity, If You Please", the Work confided to our Community, stirs up many ambitions among the aspirant Missionaries. We are told that many Sisters will be needed, as there is so much to be done! We must therefore get ready; we must know how to do things, understand all and be disposed to accept God's will in everything.

But time flew as if on wings, and the bell soon called us to the chapel for night prayers. What thanks we owe God for having brought our Mother back, and for having allotted so beautiful an apostolic field to our Community!

Thursday, December 2

Several of our Missionary Sisters in the Far East whom the war has compelled to return to Canada, arrived at the Mother House this morning. Every evening we sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, requesting Mary, the Star of the Sea, to lead them safely into port. Now we render fervent thanks to the loved Protectress who has guarded them so well through their long and perilous voyage.

Naturally, our dear Sisters' home-coming will occasion pleasant meetings; still, we can guess what a sacrifice it meant to leave the missions they loved. As Novices, we have never experienced anything of their apostolic hopes and fears, joys and sufferings, but it seems to us we can understand them a little.

With keen anticipation we are now looking forward to the day which will bring the welcomed guests before us in the role of chroniclers of the mission life.

Sunday, December 5

Our Immaculate Mother gently beckoned one of her cherished daughters, Sister Saint Anselme, to her eternal reward early this morning.

Our beloved Sister (Lucienne Mercier, Saint Anselme, Dorchester County) had consecrated ten blessed years of her brief twenty-nine to God in the Religious life. The acute sufferings of her last weeks had undoubtedly prepared her to celebrate Our Heavenly Mother's Immaculate Conception with the Angels.

This divine call in the early dawn of a promising young life suggests matter for deep but at the same time encouraging thought. For, when we reflect on the salutary lessons of death, consoling thoughts mingle with the sadder ones — may we not hope for help and protection from Our Blessed Mother, if we are her faithful and loving children and copy her virtues? It did our souls good to ponder over this during the prayerful days preceding Our Immaculate Mother's beautiful white feast. Once more we resolved to be affectionate and trusting children of Mary, knowing full well how fondly she strews blessings in the paths of souls devoted to her.

Tuesday, December 7

This year again, for the triduum preceding the feast of the Immaculate Conception, we were privileged to hear beautiful and inspiring instructions

on Our Blessed Mother. These conferences, given by Reverend Father Pageau, Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary, treated of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin and of her great roles of Co-Redemptrix and Mediatrix. They also taught us anew our duties of filial love, childlike confidence and generous imitation with regard to our dear Mother. Lastly, they gave us in her an exemplar of the true spirit of apostolate, which gallantly answers to every call of God or divine glory, no matter what the sacrifice.

With this new light thrown across our pathway, how could we fear to surrender ourselves with unshaken trust to the keeping of the Virgin of virgins!

This forenoon we accompanied the mortal remains of dear Sister Saint Anselme to their last resting-place; the Funeral Mass had been said at the Mother House. Several of her loved ones were present: Mr. and Mrs. Mercier, her parents, her two brothers in the clergy, her sister of another Religious Community, and a few others.

For the last time here on earth we gazed on the features of the beloved deceased. Then the singing of the *Salve Regina* closed the funeral ceremony.

Wednesday, December 8

Advent lifted its austere purple veil to grant us this day of joy and splendour — the Immaculate Conception. In our Community everything is done to bring these two characteristics into our great patronal feast. There was the mystic language of blue and white floating in the air. Timidly bending on their stems, the white lilies seemed as if bowing to the loveliest of them all: the Lily of the Valley, the Virgin Most Pure. Here and there, blue lights cast discreet radiance reminding us of the veiled charm that was Mary's.

The choir sang beautifully at the two Masses. How fondly we, children of Mary, love to sing her praises with the Angels and Saints! At Communion, the Professed Sisters renewed their holy Vows. We Novices, yet in expectation of that great act, can only envy their happy lot. Still, confident that on a day like this Our Immaculate Mother cannot refuse us anything, we begged her help in realizing our great dream of union with the Divine Lover of souls.

There was a joyful tone to everything on this beautiful feast-day. We were happy to open our doors to a group of Brothers of Saint Gabriel who came to our chapel to unite their filial homage with ours. The evening afforded us pleasant and pious melodies all in Mary's praise.

Tuesday, December 14

We were saying the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* before the spiritual reading, when the visit of His Excellency Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Nanking, China, was announced. Accompanying him were Reverend Father J. B. Michaud, Foreign Mission Seminary, Dr. S. Pan and another member of the Montreal Chinese Colony.

As might be expected, the visiting Missionary spoke on the great mission land of China. We listened with rapt attention to his exposition of the

political and especially the religious situation in his homeland. In Free China there is a decided movement towards Catholicism, and the Chinese Government looks on favourably. But the weighty problem in the spread of the Gospel at the present hour is the lack of missionaries. The charity of the Church urges her to answer this dire need, but actual conditions make it impossible. The hour is not a propitious one for the labourers of the Gospel, but we must not for this reason lose confidence that better days will come. God knows well how to draw good from evil.

His Excellency spoke in praise of Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek, wife of the renowned Generalissimo of the Chinese armies, who, although herself a Methodist, admires and highly extols the Catholic missionaries and their works. An enlightened patriot and free from prejudice, she gives them monetary assistance and has nothing but words of encouragement for them. She even confides responsible positions in hospitals, schools and universities to foreign missionaries.

China is truly ripe for the harvest. "Opportunities are great," said His Excellency, "but workers are too few."

In confirmation of this statement, he cited the case of a home for the aged that had been offered him and which he had been compelled to refuse, having no missionaries to assume the charge. Thus institutions, where so much good can be done and so many souls brought to Christ, are handed over to partisans of error.

His Excellency requested our fervent prayers to remedy the sad situation and bade us prepare for our future apostolate. After the war, the task confronting the Catholic missionaries will be enormous and thousands of them will be needed on the mission-field. He appreciates the good work our Sisters are doing in China, as we could gather from his first words by which he wished to express, so we thought, the gratitude of his compatriots: "I am coming to greet you and to thank you for all the good your Sisters are doing in my country."

His Excellency is hoping to meet a few of us at least in China. And truly, such is the great desire his visit aroused in our hearts whose sole ambition is to conquer souls for the loving Master.

Before leaving, the worthy Prelate granted us his kind blessing. He reminded us that we can do much for the missions through prayer and sacrifice, and invited us to work with generosity. "Generosity!" he repeated, "this is my last word." We mean to keep it as an inspiration for the future.

Friday, December 24

"'Twas the *day* before Christmas, when all through the house, not a creature was stirring —" or rather we should say, "not a Sister was speaking," for we were preparing in silence and prayer to welcome the Little Babe of Bethlehem. But it would be altogether false, this idea that "not a creature was stirring," — what with our dear Superiors and elder Sisters going to no end of trouble getting pleasant surprises ready for to-morrow. We did our best to say our thousand Aves with heartfelt devotion. And then, too, Our

Blessed Mother gently suggested that it would be a good act of self-denial not to pry into secrets designedly kept from us. To-morrow, all would come to light.

Bells began to chime out at eleven-thirty. Carolers wakened the house to the sweet strains of *Ca, Bergers*, inviting us to the Little King's cradle. As once the humble shepherds of the hillsides of Judea, we lent a very docile ear to the joyous message and, a few minutes before the solemn stroke of midnight, went down to the chapel to adore the new-born Babe and offer Him our hearts. It was no longer in the cold cattle-shelter of Palestine that Jesus lay, but in the cheery, welcoming abode we had set up for Him in our chapel of Pont Viau. Gay lights spread lustre all around, and we thought His Little Majesty must have felt very comfortable in His crib made warm with the glow of our love. Our Blessed Lady and Saint Joseph looked on with joy as we fondly adored their Divine Child. "But have you another crib for Me?" the Little One seemed to say from His bed of straw. He wanted our hearts as His dwelling. How lovingly we had been preparing them! Had we not asked Our dear Heavenly Mother, who knows so well her Little Son's caprices, to make everything ready for His coming to-night? With childlike confidence we believed that Mary had done her task of love, and as confidently went to receive the Little Guest of our souls. Then long precious moments passed as we promised Him to be faithful, prayed Him to bless our beloved parents and benefactors and make the glad message of the first Christmas known to all men.

At the second Mass, the little brother of one of our Sisters took his place for the first time at the Banquet of the Angels. How consoling to the Divine Lover of souls this first meeting with the fresh, pure and candid soul of a child!

After the last *Deo Gratias* of the third Mass, we went to the refectory for the customary Christmas repast. All had been prepared by the Professed Sisters while the Novices and Postulants were supposed to have drifted off to the world of dreams. Then we were told to wait for the bell before getting up in the morning. This was wise, for the Sisters who are only at their first Christmas here, might have wondered why the bell was napping, too. On Christmas Day, we are hardly up before the sun, which is a late lazy drowser at this time of the year.

For once the mops were kindly left in undisturbed repose, and full liberty was left to whatever dust we might have overlooked yesterday, to roll about under tables and chairs.

After morning meditation and breakfast, the "No Trepassing" order having been lifted, we were allowed in the Novitiate hall. Then all our dreams and expectations came true! The Little Saviour, from His crib, stretched out His arms to us, while a sweet baby smile played on His lips. The surprises were in many ways like those we had at home. Even the Christmas Tree had found its way into the hall. Our dear Lord, for whom we have left our beloved parents, is in every way true to His promise of a hundredfold!

Not the least of the day's cheery, long-expected joys was the distribution of *the letters from home*. Along what pleasant paths our thoughts wander as we eagerly read the ever captivating home news!

Monday, December 27

From the crib of the Little Saviour, we passed on to remembrances of Holy Thursday and its miracle of love. Our Eucharistic King is solemnly exposed to receive our praise, thanksgiving and adoration during the Forty Hours Devotion.

Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants are in turn convened to keep watch before the Divine King throughout two blessed days and nights. How fleeting these prayerful moments! So many requests have to be made to the Master! We must not forget that during these precious hours we are Holy Mother Church's special delegates, whose mission it is to appease Divine Justice and bring peace upon earth again.

The beautiful Eucharistic solemnity brought groups of adorers to our humble chapel, among whom the Reverend Brothers of Saint John of God, as well as the Reverend Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, to glorify the all-loving Prisoner of the Altar.



Those who have great signs of predestination love and enjoy reciting the *Ave Maria*; and the more they are united to God, the more they love this prayer.



He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater. It is the courage displayed every day in the small sacrifices which preserves the soul from failure on the days of great sacrifices.



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp \$ 25.00

Vigil Light or candle	{	10 cents each.
		75 cents for a novena.
		\$ 2.00 for a month.
		20.00 for a year.



The Children's Page

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

You have been told, I am sure, that a good number of missionaries labouring in the Far East have been forced to return to their native countries, on account of the great war actually waged over the earth. You have also heard that some missionaries have remained at their posts, where they are called upon to suffer much and that many of them are prevented from exercising any apostolate among the pagans. Pondering over the great harvest of souls still waiting to be garnered, you have doubtless said to yourselves, "Oh, how sad!"

Yes, dear little friends, how very sad to see so many apostolic fields until now yielding plentiful harvests abandoned and laid waste, deprived of their labourers, the priests and Sisters who are imprisoned while waiting to be sent back to their own homeland! And who can tell their sufferings? One of these missionaries wept bitterly on leaving his Mission, where for fifty years he had worked with his whole heart to further the reign of Christ. "Alas!" said he, "the Catholic Religion will be set back for a good fifty years!"

Yes, the mission lands will have much to suffer because of the departure of their missionaries. Now that these apostles are gone, how many little children will be left to die without Baptism; how many will grow up and never hear anything about God; how many orphans will have no one to care for them; how many sick persons will no longer be visited, relieved, instructed in the Faith; how many old men and women will be without a home! Then, how many thousands will never again hear the Gospel! Prayers and Holy Communions will grow fewer, and many tabernacles will no longer house their Guest Divine! How much glory God will lose thereby!

It is true that native priests and Sisters will take over the work, but they are few and most of them still need the missionaries to strengthen them in their Faith, and direct and counsel them in their apostolate.

The present situation causes sorrow to the true children of the Heavenly Father, to all those who love Him and are devotedly working in His service. The sad distress in mission fields adds much to the great trial the Catholic Church has to bear in this era of warfare.

HOLY MOTHER CHURCH

Dear little friends, we must love Holy Mother Church! She is our spiritual mother. Having given us the life of Faith, she continues to give us that of grace. Holy Mother Church gives us the Sacraments, helps us at the hour of death, and opens Heaven to us. A true child of the Church should pray for her every day. He should pray for her visible Head on



Holy Mother Church is the divine Fold...

les the little lambs upon His knees.

Who are those little lambs? I hear you answer that they are the children. Yes, the little children and all the grown-ups who have become as little ones, who have tried to become pure, candid, obedient, loving and trustful. Happy little ones, they are favourites of Jesus! They rest within His arms, hear the beatings of His Sacred Heart, learn how sweet it is to love Him and make Him loved, and are granted everything they ask for the divine glory.

But, in order to preserve or to acquire these beautiful qualities of the little child, that win the Heart of God and draw down His choice blessings, we must be very careful to keep our soul free from sin and to beautify it by practising virtue; we must, for the same reason, deny ourselves, forget ourselves and, above all, love God.

WE MUST LOVE GOD

Saint Augustine, a great Doctor of the Church, was fond of saying: "Love and do what you will," which meant: "Love and you will never sin." When we love someone, we are careful to avoid all things which could displease the loved one, and we do our best to give him pleasure. But a person must be known before being loved. Evidently, we cannot love someone we do not know. And if a person is lovable and gifted with fine qualities, the better we know him the more do we love him. Thus it is with God,

earth, our Holy Father the Pope; then, also, for her spiritual leaders, the bishops and priests, who dispense us her sacred treasures. We should pray that they be holy, for the holiness of the Shepherds will help in sanctifying the whole flock.

Holy Mother Church is the divine Fold into which all men are gathered, but the number inside the Fold is small when we consider the great multitude still wandering outside it. Do we not count 373 million Catholics against one billion, 805 million pagans, heretics, schismatics, and others?

The Pastors or Shepherds are the bishops and priests, but the Master of the Fold, the Supreme Pastor, is Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. We cannot see Him, but we know He stands in the midst of His flock, and in His kind, tender and merciful way! He lavishes all good things on His faithful sheep, goes after the stray ones and fond-

our infinitely lovable Creator, possessing all perfections in their fullness. If a great number of men love Him very little or not at all, or remain so indifferent towards Him, the reason is that they have never taken the



They are favourites of Jesus!

trouble to hear about Him; consequently, they know Him very little. Others are filled with love for Him, because they have learnt to know Him.

It is therefore of great importance that we learn to love Our dear Lord, else:

1° *We cannot keep the first and greatest of all Commandments:* "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind."

2° *We deprive ourselves of a great happiness,* for it is very sweet to love God, and when we love Him with our whole heart we sometimes experience foretastes of heavenly joys. Our bliss in Heaven will consist in loving our Creator and Father, in enjoying His presence and contemplating His perfections.

3° *We lose degrees of merit.* What gives merit to our actions in the eyes of God is the love with which they are accomplished. It matters little whether they are minute deeds or very great ones. For instance, it is a thousand times more meritorious to pick up even a straw through love of God, than to fast on bread and water without love. And since we gain Heaven by our merits, the more we shall have acquired, the greater will our joy be after death.

Dear little friends, perhaps you had



... Holding a heart on fire in his hand.

never thought of this truth. Now, you must remember it all your life long. If you are afraid to forget, copy these lines in your everyday note-book and read them over now and again. But here I fancy some of you are asking: "How can we learn to know God better?"

That is what we shall now see.

1° You must request this grace by prayer. Saint Augustine, at one time a great sinner and later on a great Saint, had taken the habit of saying this invocation: "O Lord Jesus, that I may know myself, and that I may know Thee." His prayer was answered and the more he would learn about God, the stronger became his love for Him. The men who lived in his time were so deeply convinced of his ardent love that, after his death, they painted him holding a heart on fire in his hand.

2° You must study your Catechism and Bible History and be very attentive when religious instructions are given. At the age of nine, Saint John Bosco had not even gone to school and had not learnt to read or write, but he was already far advanced in the knowledge of spiritual things and his heart was burning with love of God and zeal for His glory. Young John Bosco had always listened earnestly to his dear mother's teachings and to the sermons in his parish church.

3° You must turn your mind away from all worldly things now and then during the day, to think about God and let your heart love Him, just as you do for a person you love and who is far from you. Saint Teresa of the Child

Jesus, while yet a child, liked to hide in her little room behind the bed-curtain and talk to Jesus whom she loved so earnestly. She would unawares spend long moments in what we call meditation or mental prayer.

4° You must pray attentively and fervently at least morning and night, hear Holy Mass as often as possible and receive Holy Communion with reverence and devotion. In Holy Communion above all, Jesus makes Himself known to us and helps us to love Him. It would be well to have a little prayer-book you could take with you to the church.

Oh, but it's getting late! How time flies when we speak of love! I shall leave you as a spiritual posy these words of St. Augustine already quoted: "Love and do what you will."

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR



In her little room behind the bed-curtain . . .

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. W. M., N. D. G. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. W. T., **Verdun**. — My husband is continually improving. Mrs. F. C., **Verdun**. — I have obtained the favour prayed for and with tears of joy I acknowledge it. Mrs. E. M., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for all the favours she has granted me. Mrs. C. McK., **Jewitt City, Conn.** — Will you please offer a novena of thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady of the Immaculate Conception for the wonderful favours she has granted me. G. E. B., **Montreal**. — I have obtained a special favour through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mr. C. K., **Anthony, R. I.** — Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — I have received a favour. Mrs. W. R., **Worcester, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. A. D., **Winthrop, Me.** — I have obtained several favours. Mrs. J. O'C., **Chute Rouge, P. Q.** — I have received a special favour. Mr. V. G., **Millbury, Mass.** — It really would be impossible for me to count the favours I have received. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — I have obtained a favour from the Blessed Virgin. W. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Gratitude for a recovery from sickness. Mrs. H. G., **Douglstown, Gaspe**. — I have obtained a favour and am fulfilling my promise. Mrs. W. C., **Millbury, Mass.** — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favour received. Anonymous. — Lively gratitude for a cure obtained. A. M., **Montreal**. — All my gratitude to Mary, our Mother, for her protection. A. M., **Montreal**. — I had requested two favours from Our Blessed Mother and they have been granted me. I thank her wholeheartedly and request her continued protection. L. D., **Montreal**. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favour received. J. P., **Lewis-ton, Me.** — Thanksgiving for my daughter's successful operation. Mrs. I. M., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for favours received. Mrs. N. R., **Lorrainville**. — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for graces granted me. Miss R. P. — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Unknown, **Montreal**. — Our Blessed Mother has answered my prayers; I thank her with all my heart. Mrs. A. G. — Lively gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. J. B. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. M. P. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a cure. Mrs. G. B., **St. Hippolyte**. — My husband has been exempted from the army; thank Our Blessed Mother with me. Mrs. C. L. — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin who has found me a position. A thousand thanks! A. M., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for favours received. T. V., **St. Lambert**. — Thanksgiving to Mary for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. L., **Quebec**. — Gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a successful operation and other favours. C. B., **Lawrence, Mass.** — After fervent prayers to the Blessed Virgin, I have been cured without calling for the doctor. Hearty thanks to Mary Immaculate! M. de S. — Lively gratitude for a favour received. Miss Z. C., **Montreal**. — Mary, Queen of All Hearts, has answered my prayers beyond my expectations. Many thanks! A subscriber to the PRECURSOR. — Gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for a favour received through her intercession. I request her protection. Mrs. R. B. — Homage of gratitude for a favour that has been granted me through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. L., **Montreal**. — I heartily thank God's holy Mother for a favour. Please pray for my health. Mrs. J. H. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. F., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. O. B. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a special favour received. Mrs. R. C., **Cowansville**. — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of Our Blessed Mother for a favour obtained. A subscriber. — I wish to thank Our Heavenly Mother for the favours she has granted me. May she continue protecting me. A. M., **Montreal**. — I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for having protected an orphan child. Mrs. D. P. — Please help me to thank Our Blessed Mother. I am very much better now and hope I shall soon be completely cured. Mrs. E. B. — I am grateful for a favour obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. R. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a successful operation. I request prayers for another favour. Mrs. E. B., **Montreal**.

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to the "PRECURSOR" and all their living Benefactors.



PETITIONS

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee"

Please pray for my two nephews in military service. A. L., **North Adams, Mass.** — Please remember my husband and family, especially my son a Pilot, in your prayers. Mrs. W. H., **Verdun.** — Please remember my brother in your prayers. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — I am praying Our Blessed Mother to help my boy in his studies. Mrs. F. L. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Kindly pray that my husband may not have to sell out his business. Mrs. M. A., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please pray for a very important favour. Mrs. C. B., **Granby, P. Q.** — Please pray for my complete cure. Mrs. G. S., **Kippewa, P. Q.** — I am requesting a share in your prayers for a special intention. Mrs. M. F., **St. Odilon, Dorchester Co.** — Will you please pray for me that I may have better health and that my son will take more interest in his school work and pass his examinations. E. A., **Montreal.** — I would like to request special prayers that my sons will pass successfully in all their examinations, also that they may be exempted from the army. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Will you kindly make a novena for my intentions.

Mrs. P. H., **Montreal.** — Please make a novena for me that I may find a heated apartment for the spring, also that my hands and my health may get better. Mrs. C. D., **Outremont.** — I request prayers for my husband. Mrs. N. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — I would like your help in making a novena to Our dear Mother that I will be cured of a tumor I have, also for prayers for a very nervous case, and work for my sister. Mrs. K. G., **Montreal.** — I would ask you to pray for my intentions, especially for success and health for my daughter and for the other working members of the family. Mrs. E. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Will you please make a novena for my intentions. Mrs. J. E. L., **Montreal.** — I am sick and have very bad headaches. Won't you please pray so I will feel better. Mrs. E. B., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Kindly pray that my eyesight may get better, also for my husband. Mrs. A. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray that my husband will not have to go to war. Mrs. P. P., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray for a special favour that I would have granted. Mrs. W. C., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray that there may be some improvement in my condition. I have been in hospital for the last twenty months with a broken leg. Mr. G. S., **Montreal.** — Please say a little prayer for the recovery of the sight of my little daughter's eye. Mrs. I. W., **Verdun.** — Please pray for an aunt of mine who is very sick and blind. Also for my intentions and the intentions of all my relatives and friends. B. P., **Montreal.** — Would you please make another novena for the same special intention. E. X., **Timmins, Ont.** — I am in urgent need of better health and new employment. Please pray also for the conversion of two persons. K., **Montreal.** — I have a special and very worthy favour that I would like granted. O. C., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you kindly make novenas for two very special intentions. If these favours are obtained I promise to become a perpetual subscriber and pay for two novenas. Anonymous. — I request prayers that my son and his wife may make their Easter duty; that my son in the Air Force may be protected; that my niece may have good health; also for other intentions. A subscriber to the PRECURSOR. — Please pray for three special intentions. E. P. T. — Please pray that my husband and sons may be exempted from military service. Mrs. J. E. D. — Please say a special prayer for me. M. O. — I am requesting prayers for my daughter at work in a munition factory, that she will receive the Sacraments oftener. A mother.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Will you kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anne and St. Joseph that I may sell my property soon and get my price; that my husband's health and mine may soon improve; that my four nephews in the service may be protected; also for several other intentions. Mrs. J. P., **St. Léon de Chicoutimi, P. Q.** — Would you kindly make a novena to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus that I will get a good permanent position. Miss R.S., **Outremont.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 13; cures, 43; positions, 6; special intentions, 70.



OBITUARY

Reverend Father J. E. Piette, **Montreal**; Reverend Father E. Pépin, **Beauceville**; Reverend Father Louis Ouellet, **St. Jean de Dieu, Témiscouata Co.**; Mr. Daniel McCauly, Mr. Michael Fleming, Mr. Edward McGreevy, Mrs. Jane Eliz. Dalton, Mr. A. Flinn, Mrs. J. F. Newman, Mr. Archie Sioui, **Montreal**; Mrs. David Finn, **Quebec**; Mr. Adolf Groulovits, **North Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.**; Mr. Arthur Blouin, **N. D. G.**; Mr. John M. Lenaghan, **Outremont**; Mr. Alphonse Langlois, **Ste. Claire de Dorchester**, father of our Sister Sainte Lucie, deceased; Mr. Parfait Ethier, **Ste. Anne des Plaines**, father of our Sister Saint Vincent Ferrier; Miss Noëla Farrell, **Plantagenet, Ont.**, sister of our Sister Sainte Marguerite; Mr. J. A. Champagne, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**, grandfather of our Sisters Marie de Lourdes and Marie Berthe; Mr. Oswald Saint-Roch, **Fall River, Mass.**; Mrs. Jean Baptiste Morvan, Mrs. Henry McCready, Mr. Charles E. Larocque, Mr. Albert l'Ecuyer, Mrs. Wilfrid Dionne, Mrs. L. C. Gendron, Mr. Pierre Normandin, Mr. Ivan Dorval, Mr. Josaphat Bouvier, Mr. Ernest Charron, Mrs. R. Forest, Mrs. Ernest Brière, Mr. V. Charnaud, Mr. Benjamin Bertrand, Sgt. Nav. Gérard Toupin, Mr. Louis Raoul Vachon, Mrs. Salem Alpin, Miss Gilberte Daragon, Mrs. Napoléon Labine, Mr. Aimé Beauchamp, Miss Madeleine Villeneuve, Mr. Adélarde Beaudoin, Mr. Ladislav Létourneau, Mr. Wellie Gélinas, Mr. Alphonse Favreau, Mrs. Louis Corbin, Sgt. Pilot Gilles Meilleur, Mrs. J. A. Brunet, Mrs. J. O. Gratton, Mrs. Edgar Bélanger, Mrs. A. J. Nadeau, Mr. Arthur Nadeau, Mr. Cléophas Bernier, Mr. S. Riccè, Mr. Aldéric Tétreault, Mrs. Joseph Tremblay, Mrs. Siméon Boyer, Mrs. Eug. Laderoute, Mrs. Maurice Cussen, **Montreal**; Mr. Adam Haley, **Matapédia, P. Q.**; Mr. Adélarde Giguère, Mr. Attavis Mercantini, Mr. Ferd. Malbœuf, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Clovis Sauvé, Mrs. C. Geoffrion, Mr. Edgar Doucet, Miss Corinne Angers, Mrs. Joseph Beaulac, Mrs. R. Morin, Miss Mireille Guérin, **Outremont**; Mrs. Camille Saint-Denis, **Lachine**; Mrs. Oscar Provost, **Verdun**; Mrs. Alfred Landry, **Villeray**; Mrs. Joseph Pitre, Mrs. J. Croteau, Miss Madeleine Croteau, **Rosemont**; Mr. Jean Dubord, **Sault au Récollet**; Mrs. Albertine Giguère, **Youville**; Mrs. Henri Lamarre, Mr. Napoléon Jodoin, **Longueuil**; Mr. Alphonse Champagne, **St. Lambert**; Mrs. Eugène Monette, **St. Philippe, Laprairie Co.**; Mrs. Joseph Léveillé, Mr. Napoléon Guénette, **Ste. Thérèse de Blainville**; Mrs. Louis Beauregard, **Lachine Mills**; Mr. Jean Emile Rioux, Mrs. Raoul Germain, Mr. Albert Raymond, **Chambly Canton**; Mr. A. Lauzon, **Chambly Bassin**; Mrs. Giraldeau, **St. Jérôme**; Mrs. Pierre Parent, Mr. Napoléon Jobin, Mr. Jean Duval, Mrs. Rosaire Lemay, Mrs. George Beaupré, Mrs. Jean Louis Alain, Mr. Hermel Simard, Mr. Joseph Cantin, Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Beaumont, Mr. Lucien Morillon, Mrs. Octave Gaboury, Mrs. Joseph Genest, Mrs. Alfred Morissette, Mrs. Pierre Savard, Mrs. Jean Dudemaine, Mrs. Alfred Lapointe, Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, Mr. Alphonse Paquin, **Quebec**; Mr. Joseph Tessier, **Quebec West**; Mrs. Ernest Renaud, **Loretteville**; Mrs. Herménégilde Desmeules, **Charny**; Mr. Albert Hardy, **Giffard**; Mrs. Théodore Tanguay, **Ste. Justine, Dorchester Co.**; Messrs. Jacques and Martial Dion, **Ste. Hedwidge**; Mr. Maurice Gagné, **St. André**; Mrs. Elie Pichette and Mrs. Joseph Elie Pichette, **Ste. Famille, Orleans Island**; Mrs. Gustave Duchesne, **Hérouxville**; Mrs. Joseph Gagnon, Mr. Arcadius Fournier, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mr. Anatole Deschenes, **Ste. Anne de la Pocatière**; Mr. Raymond Arsenault, Mr. John Richard, **Wellington, P. E. I.**, killed on active service overseas; Mrs. Joseph Bureau, **St. Adelphe**; Mrs. Thomas Roy, **Louiseville**; Mr. Lucien Dufresne, Mrs. Gédéon Lemay, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Arthur Gélinas, **St. Barnabé North**; Mr. Lazare Naud, **St. Marc des Carrières**; Mr. Gilbert Duchesne, **Rimouski**; Mrs. Ernest Lacerte, **St. Boniface, Shawinigan Co.**

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TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

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of the

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1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.

2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

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3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.

4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

The Society also considers as Benefactors, all persons who contribute to the maintenance of its works any offering whatever, in money or kind.

While commending their Benefactors to God, that He Himself may reward them according to their generosity, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the merits of their apostolic labours, as also in the prayers and sufferings of all the poor unfortunates confided to their care.

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.

2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.

3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honour is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.

6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.

7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.