

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

MONTREAL, May-June 1944

No. 9

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.

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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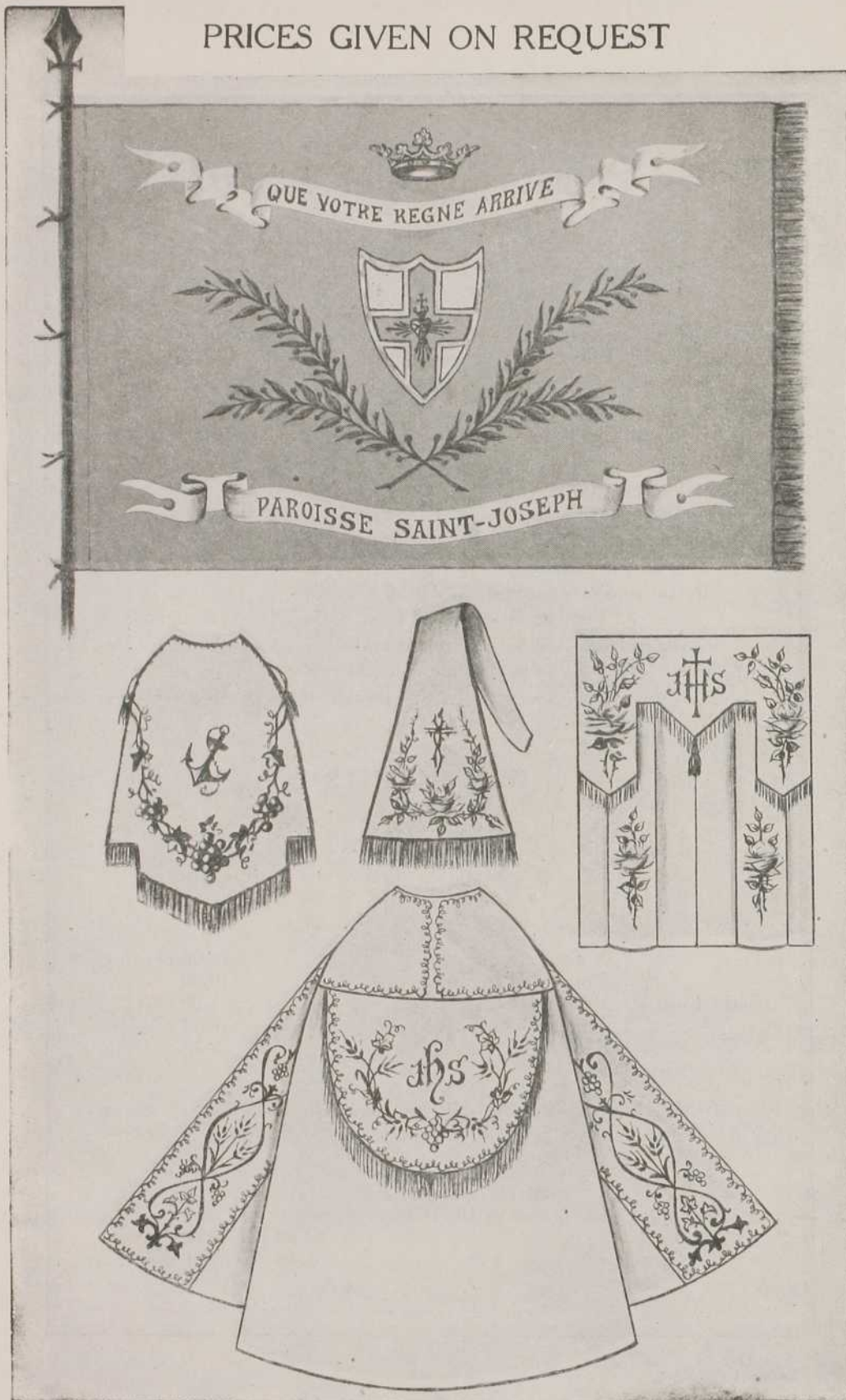
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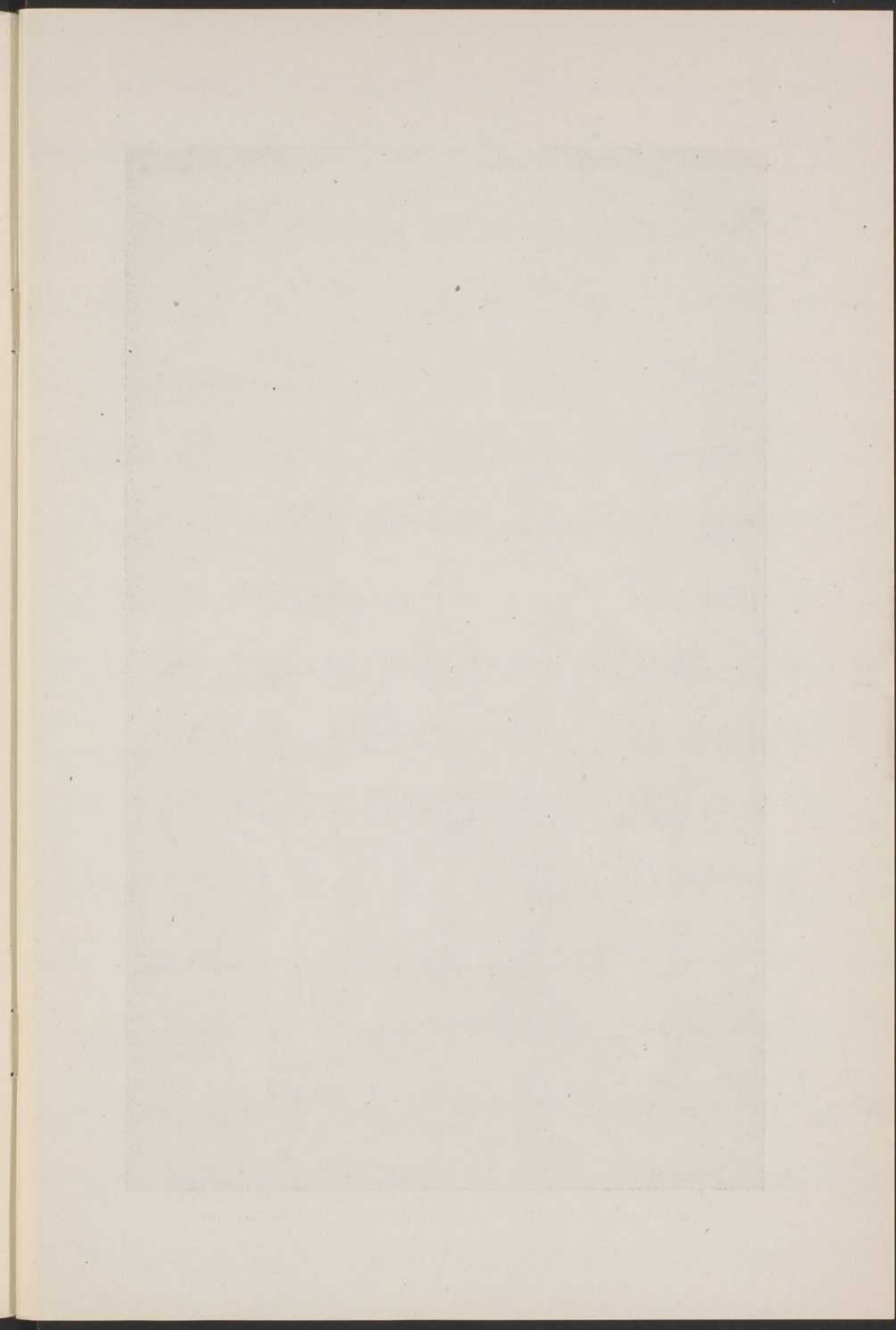
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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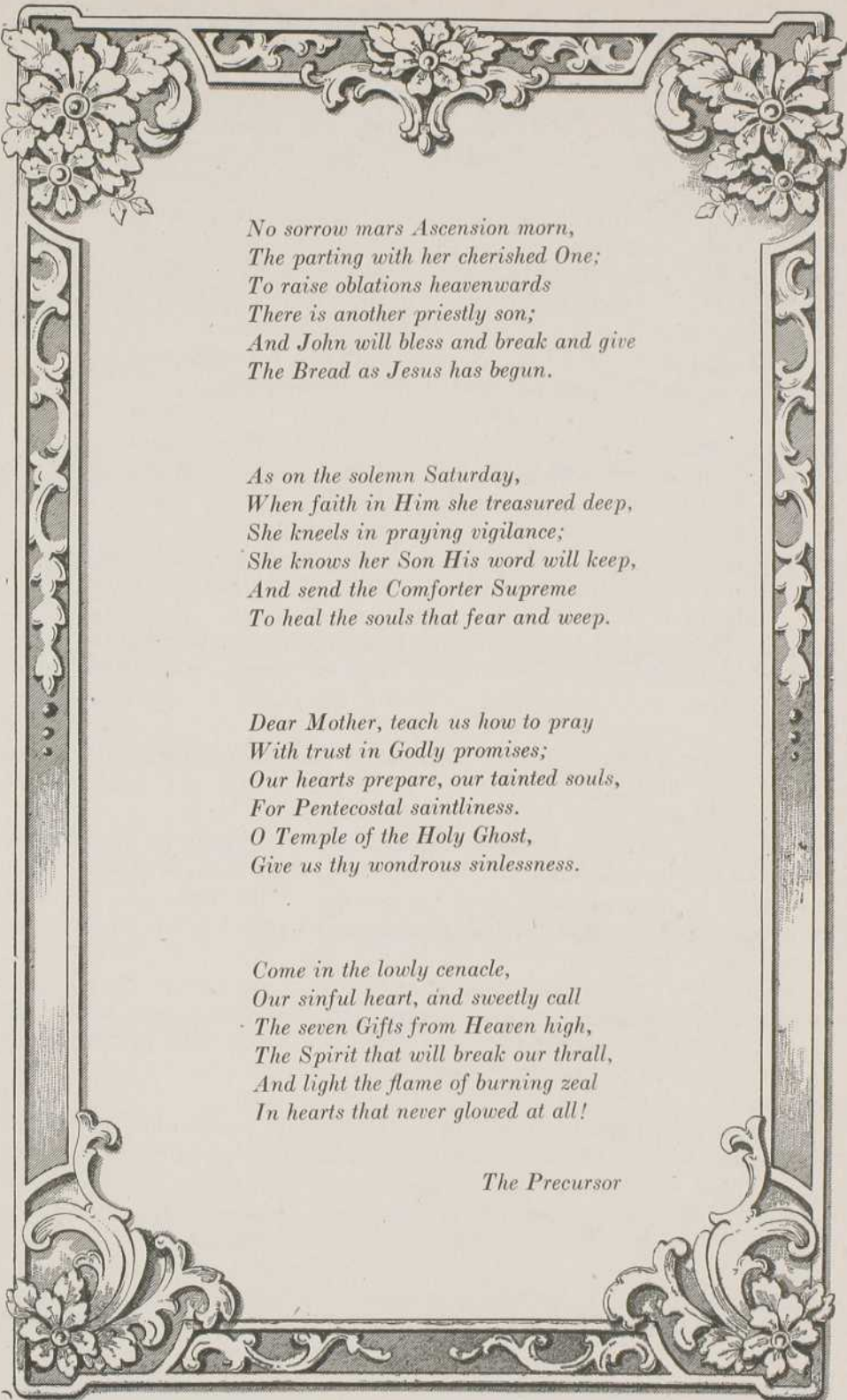
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Our Lady of Pentecost

*She yearns no more o'er Bethlehem;
This Upper Room — "the house of bread".
Her Priestly Son, one sacred night,
Here "Hoc est Corpus Meum" said,
And o'er a pure, unspotted Form,
In benediction bent His head.*



*No sorrow mars Ascension morn,
The parting with her cherished One;
To raise oblations heavenwards
There is another priestly son;
And John will bless and break and give
The Bread as Jesus has begun.*

*As on the solemn Saturday,
When faith in Him she treasured deep,
She kneels in praying vigilance;
She knows her Son His word will keep,
And send the Comforter Supreme
To heal the souls that fear and weep.*

*Dear Mother, teach us how to pray
With trust in Godly promises;
Our hearts prepare, our tainted souls,
For Pentecostal saintliness.
O Temple of the Holy Ghost,
Give us thy wondrous sinlessness.*

*Come in the lowly cenacle,
Our sinful heart, and sweetly call
The seven Gifts from Heaven high,
The Spirit that will break our thrall,
And light the flame of burning zeal
In hearts that never glowed at all!*

The Precursor

Our Lady in the Cenacle



OUR Blessed Mother certainly had an all-important role in the coming of the Holy Ghost and in the bestowal of His precious gifts.

In hidden conclave, shut out from distraction, the disciples prepared fervently for the coming of the Paraclete on earth. How ardent were the supplications, how fervent the prayers of these loving hearts! So ardent and so fervent that even the sighs and supplications of the ancient patriarchs could not compare with the burning desires and the powerful prayers ascending from the Cenacle.

But the prayer most agreeable to the Lord was doubtless that of Mary, Christ's Blessed Mother. It rose from her heart as from a golden censer, and its exquisite fragrance ravished the heart of the Almighty. Her prayer was more perfect than that of the disciples, because it ascended from a heart incomparably more humble and more holy.

The Queen of Apostles knew that the coming of the Holy Ghost had been promised by Jesus Christ, merited by Jesus Christ, that it would be the glorification of Jesus Christ and that it was greatly desired by Jesus Christ. These four thoughts were as four fiery darts inflaming her with love. Intimate communion with the mind of Mary infused knowledge into the minds of the disciples and fanned in their hearts the flame of divine love.

But Mary can still claim another glory. She hastened the coming on earth of the third person of the Blessed Trinity. Just as Our Lady had advanced the hour of the Incarnation by rendering efficacious the sighs and desires of the patriarchs; just as she had advanced the time of the first miracle of her adorable Son at the wedding-feast of Cana; in the same manner her ardent supplications hastened the descent of the Paraclete. Should we wonder, then, at her receiving a plenitude of graces in the mystery of Pentecost?

In fact, Mary received a greater abundance of graces than all the apostles and disciples. A pious tradition relates that the Holy Ghost descended upon the Cenacle under the form of a fiery globe which, after first reposing upon the Blessed Virgin, rested also over the heads of all those who were present.

Be that as it may, Mary was in the Cenacle, as at all other periods of her life, the beloved of the Lord who bestowed upon her exceptional gifts.

All those who were present in the Cenacle were verily filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, but this plenitude was proportioned to individual vocations. For instance, the plenitude of the faithful required abundant graces enabling them to lead truly valiant Christian lives. The apostles' plenitude was in keeping with their apostolic vocation, the vocation of ministers and witnesses of our Saviour. The plenitude of Saint Peter corresponded to his office of Supreme Head of the Church, of Infallible Doctor and Vicar of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

But the Blessed Virgin's plenitude was the most sublime, the most immense and glorious. In reality, she had already been filled with the Holy Ghost on two different occasions: at her initial sanctification, when from the very first instant of her conception exempt from original sin, she was moreover endowed with all divine gifts, since God wished to make of her the master-piece of nature and grace; then at the Annunciation, in view of preparing her to become Mother of the Redeemer.

On Pentecost Sunday she was filled with the Holy Ghost for the third time, because God wished to adorn her with a new dignity and ministry, the sublime ministry of Mother of all Christians, Mother of the Church.

Undoubtedly she had been made mother of all men on Calvary's height, when Jesus from off His cross had designated Saint John, saying: "Woman, behold thy son." It was then verily that she had been invested with the rights and dignity of Mother of mankind, but she was not to exercise these rights until such a time as she would have received necessary graces to do so in all perfection. On the day of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost reposing upon her proclaimed her mission, endowing her in view of its fulfilment with special gifts and particular graces. Thus is the Blessed Virgin transformed and pervaded as it were with divinity. Who can tell the wonderful progress she was given to make in the science of God, in His love and in all virtues? Temple and sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, she became a new marvel of perfection, a miracle of holiness, a new world as it were, filled with untold splendours in the sight of the Lord and of His Angels! Spouse of the Holy Spirit, she engenders Christ in the souls of Christians, she brings forth souls to Jesus Christ, continuing and achieving the mystery of the Incarnation, not only through her all-powerful intercessions, but in consequence of her particular mission of Mother of the Church which was imparted to her by the Holy Spirit.

On a certain feast of Pentecost, Msgr. Dupanloup was preaching with his wonted eloquence in his cathedral upon the descent of the Holy Ghost.

Telling his congregation of the passages of Holy Writ where the Paraclete is represented as the spirit of love and light and strength which enabled the Apostles to become witnesses of Christ, the illustrious orator added: "You also, if you are truly Christian, if you have the Holy Ghost within your hearts, you must stand as witnesses of the Son of God." This reminded him of a consoling episode of one of his pastoral visitations.

It was discovered that an aged peasant who was very ill had not yet been confirmed. His pastor engaged him to avail himself of the Bishop's presence in the parish to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, but the peasant obstinately refused. Then one morning he called for his pastor and said: "I have been doing some deep thinking! Maybe I shall soon die . . . There are three persons in God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Last night as I lay awake, a voice in my conscience whispered: 'You must be confirmed. For if you refuse, the Holy Ghost will rebuke you at death's hour and tell you: 'You have spurned Me during life; I will spurn you for all eternity!'" The dying man received with great fervour the Sacrament of Confirmation upon his death-bed. On leaving the house

the good Father exclaimed: "Surely even when the patriarchs of old blessed their children, the scene could not have been more heart-stirring or solemn!"

We also ought to remember that with the Father and the Son, the Holy Ghost will one day pass dread judgment upon us all. If we wish that judgment to be merciful we should cultivate genuine devotion to the Holy Spirit. Pentecost is not merely a memorial, but a continuous and living reality. The Paraclete is ever lavish in the bestowal of His gifts, but specially so on the anniversary of His solemn descent upon earth.

Let us then prepare for His coming, as the Apostles in the Cenacle, by prayer and solitude. The recitation of the beautiful liturgical prayers, *Veni Creator, Veni Sancte Spiritus*, will heighten our desires. The Divine Consoler will descend anew within our hearts to enlighten and sanctify them, in order that we too may "magnify the Lord in all His works".

Reverend Charles Rolland

Recreation and Morality

Recreation in its manifold variety has become a necessity of people who labour under the fatiguing conditions of modern industry, but it must be worthy of the rational nature of man and, therefore, must be morally healthy. It must be elevated to the rank of a positive factor for good and must seek to arouse a noble sentiment.

People who in time of repose give themselves to diversions which violate decency, honour or morality; to recreations which, especially to the young, constitute occasions of sin, are in grave danger of losing their greatness, even their national power.

Encyclical of Pope Pius XI

Homage and Wishes

To His Excellency Most Reverend Charles Eugene Parent, Rector of St. Germain Cathedral, Rimouski, recently appointed titular Bishop of Anea and Auxiliary to His Excellency Most Reverend Georges Courchesne; to His Excellency Most Reverend James Boyle, Rector of Holy Redeemer's, Sydney, N. S., who succeeds to His Excellency Most Reverend J. A. O'Sullivan as Bishop of Charlottetown, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception beg to offer their most respectful homage and prayerful wishes for a long and fruitful episcopate.

Catholic Mission Personnel

Figures prepared by the Rev. Frederick C. Dietz, M. M., for Fides Service reveal that, of the world's 83,775 Catholic mission personnel, 53,025 are nuns as compared with 21,915 priests and 8,835 Brothers.

The tremendous importance of Catholic Sisters in carrying on the work of the Church is shown by the fact that they are more than twice as numerous as priests in mission forces and constitute almost two-thirds of the advance army of Catholicism.

From statistics of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Dietz compiled the following figures, giving numbers of mission priests, Brothers and Sisters.

	PRIESTS	BROTHERS	SISTERS
Asia.....	10,659	3,118	21,544
Africa.....	5,330	2,698	10,672
America.....	2,333	579	2,869
Oceania.....	3,652	2,177	15,161
Europe.....	941	263	2,779

The number of foreign and native nuns in the missions, with the percentage of each, are given as follows:

	FOREIGN SISTERS		NATIVE SISTERS	
All Propaganda Missions.....	35,768	67.3%	17,347	32.7%
Asia alone.....	6,262	29.2%	15,252	70.8%
Africa alone.....	9,213	86.3%	1,459	13.7%
British India.....	3,128	36.9%	5,342	63.1%
Indo-China.....	351	7.1%	4,568	92.9%
China.....	2,146	34.5%	4,081	65.5%
Japanese Empire.....	584	35.1%	1,077	64.9%
East Africa.....	1,010	62.9%	596	37.1%
South and Insular Africa.....	4,714	90.4%	503	9.6%

The following figures compare native priests, brothers, and nuns, and give the percentage of Sisters:

	PRIESTS	BROTHERS	SISTERS	
All Propaganda Missions.....	5,696	2,307	17,347	68.4%
Asia.....	5,320	1,856	15,252	68.0%
Africa.....	338	355	1,459	67.8%
British India.....	1,612	693	5,342	69.9%
Indo-China.....	1,379	599	4,568	69.8%
China and Manchukuo.....	2,022	415	4,081	62.6%
Japanese Empire.....	260	143	1,077	72.7%
East Africa.....	125	56	596	76.7%
South and Insular Africa.....	46	111	503	76.2%

Pope Pius XII's Christmas Broadcast 1943

(Continued)



UCH a science cannot give happiness or prosperity. The apostasy from the Divine Word, by whom all things were made, has led man on to apostasy from the spirit and has thus made it difficult for him to reach ideals and aims of a high intellectual or moral order. In this way the science which has apostatized from the life of the spirit, while it deluded itself into thinking that it has acquired full liberty and autonomy in denying God, finds itself today punished by a servitude more humiliating than ever before. For it has become the slave and the almost blind follower of policies and orders that take no account of the rights of truth or of the human person. What to this science seemed liberty was in fact a humiliating and degrading fetter; and, dethroned as it is, it will not resume its primitive dignity unless by a return to the Divine Word, the source of wisdom so foolishly abandoned and forgotten.

To such a return, in fact, the Son of God, who is the way, the truth, and the life, invites us. He is the way of happiness, the truth which exalts, the life which gives man eternity.

He invites those deluded ones, in a mute but deep language, through His very coming into the world. For He does not delude the human soul, but gives it the impetus that carries it on toward Him.

PRIVATE DREAMS OF LIFE COLLAPSE

Beside those who go through life profoundly disconcerted because of the bankruptcy of social and intellectual trends largely followed by political leaders and scientists, stands the not less numerous class of those who are in great distress and sorrow because of the collapse of their own personal and private ideal of life.

This class comprises the immense number of those for whom labor was the end of life, and for whom the goal of their fatigue was a comfortable material existence, but who in the struggle to attain this end had put far from them religious considerations, and neglected to give to their life a healthy moral orientation. The war has torn them from this customary congenial activity, which was the delight and support of their life.

It has dragged them from their profession and their tasks, so that they feel within themselves a dreadful void. And, if some can still continue their usual activities, the war has imposed conditions of work from which all personal initiative has been eliminated, orderly family life is made difficult or impossible, and satisfaction of soul is no longer found, which can be had only from work as it was ennobled and ordained by God.

LABOR INTENDED FOR MAN BY GOD

Workers, approach the crib of Jesus! Do not shrink from that cave shelter of the Son of God. It is not by chance but by a deep, ineffable design of God that you find yourselves just simple workers. Mary, the virgin mother of a working family; Joseph, the father of a working family; the shepherds guarding flocks, and finally the Wise Men from the East — they are all workers — manual workers, watchmen by night, students.

They bow down and adore the Son of God who by His sympathetic and loving silence, more telling than speech, explains to them all the meaning and the worth of labor. Labor is not merely the fatigue of body without sense or value; nor is it merely a humiliating servitude. It is a service of God, a gift of God, the vigor and fullness of human life, the gauge of eternal rest. Lift up your heads, and hold them up, workers. Look at the Son of God, who, with His eternal Father, created and

ordered the universe; becoming man like us, sin alone excepted, and having grown in age, He enters the great community of workers; in His work of salvation He labors, wearing out His earthly life.

It is He, the Redeemer of the world, who by His grace, which runs through our being and our activity, elevates and ennoble every honest work, be it high or low, great or little, pleasant or tiresome, material or intellectual, giving it a meritorious and supernatural value in the sight of God, and thus gathering every form of multifarious human activity into one constant act of glorifying His Father who is in heaven.

PHYSICAL BEAUTY FADES IN WAR

Unfortunate, too, are those who see dashed their hope of happiness which in their day-dreams they placed in the enjoyment of this passing earthly life alone, considered solely as the full expression of bodily energies and beauty of form and person, or as opulence joined to a superabundance of comfort or as the possession of force and power.

But see how today, in the whirlwind of war, the vigor and beauty of so much of our youth, developed and perfected on fields of sport, declines or loses its burnish in the military hospital, while many young people wander, physically and morally mutilated or unfit, through the streets of their native land, which, in the cities of some of its finest regions, has been reduced to a heap of ruins by aerial bombardment and by military operations. If a section of the young men have no longer the energy to labor and work, the mothers-to-be of the next generation, forced as they are to do straining work beyond all measure and time limit, are losing the possibility of giving to a people bred white that healthy increase of body and spirit which promotes the life and education of those children without whom the future of their native land is threatened with a tragic eclipse.

(To be continued)

Prayer to Our Lady, Queen of Peace

O Virgin most holy, Mother of God and our most loving Mother, who through thy divine maternity didst merit to share in that universal royalty proper to thy Divine Son; we thy humble servants and devoted children remain consoled with the thought that as it pleased the Redeemer of the human race to be acclaimed by the prophets and the Angels of Bethlehem by the beautiful title of King of Peace, so must it be pleasing and acceptable for thee to be honored and called by us by the title of Queen of Peace which so appeals to thy maternal heart. Thy powerful intercession can drive away from the nations discords and hatred, turning their thoughts into the ways of fraternal charity and peace, which for the common good and safety Jesus came among men to teach and enforce, and in which the Church never ceases to direct our steps.

Deign then, O glorious Queen, to regard with thy favor and crown with success the Paternal solicitude of the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of thy Divine Son on earth. He never ceases to strive in calling upon the nations to maintain their union with the one and only center of faith and salvation; and grant, O glorious Queen, that to us also, in filial submission to the common Father, it may also be given to correspond with his salutary designs. Enlighten the rulers of our country with regard to the same designs of the Holy Father. Strengthen and maintain concord in our families, peace in our hearts, and Christian charity throughout the world. Amen.

(100 days' Indulgence each time; Plenary Indulgence, once a month. Pius XI, July 5, 1927)




My Mother

*"All that I am and all I have
My angel mother gave to me."
The finest lessons of my life
I learnt them first at Mother's knee . . .
Your loving arms once cradled me,
My head was pillowed on your breast;
I did not know what sorrow was,
I only knew my lot was best.*

*You taught my little toddling feet
To stand up well and run and leap;
To tread with boldness bright and brave
The climbing pathways, slender, steep.
You watched my growing limbs get strong
And sturdy as a normal boy's;
You gave me strength to breast the tide
Of sorrow mingling with my joys.*

*You taught my lisping lips to say,
"I love you, dearest Mother mine!"
You showed Above another love,
Another Mother, sweet, divine.
You taught me how to wend my way
With vision clear and conscience clean,
With courage that no fear abates;
To shun the low, the vile, the mean.*





*You taught me all the rules that go
To play the game of life, and shun
The wreath of fame, the loud applause,
In place of these — my God's "Well done!"
I hold it for a principle
This world would not be half so sad,
If Mother's dreams and Mother's hopes
Were standards for the average lad.*

*You wanted me to hold my head,
To walk with men and manly be;
To lift a wearied brother's soul
And bear his burden cheerily;
To give a helping word, a smile,
When things are gloomy, sad and drear,
And nothing but the will of steel
Can hold the heart, the spirit steer.*

*All these you taught me, Mother mine;
In grateful tribute at your feet,
I fondly lay whate'er I have —
For it is only just and meet.
You're growing weary, Mother dear,
Your silken locks are silvery;
A few more years, a few more tears,
And, Mother, you will go from me.*

*Your body they will lay to rest;
The chanting voices will be still;
While tender blooming buds will mark
The hallowed place, in heart, on hill.
But, Mother dear, you will not die
For me — what though the grave, the clay.
The saint my Maker gave to me
Will live in endless Mothers' Day!*

The Precursor



Mary's First "Mothers' Day"

(A Legend)



AY, the fairest month of all the year, had flooded God's beautiful nature with sunshine and thrilling new life.

A young mother smiled as she gazed out the window. She wasn't happy just because of blossomed May — why, hadn't it been blissful May-time in her heart and in her home, ever since the wonderful day when she had first pressed a very little Babe to her breast! The young mother smiled. Her thoughts wandered far from the baby garments she was joyfully sewing.

And the name of the Mother was Mary.

A few steps away, in his humble working-shop, a happy father smiled, too. He didn't mind being just an ordinary carpenter. He was ready to do anything for the wee Lad and His mother. His thoughts were not of blossomed May, either. He smiled because all through seventeen long months a little child had been making sunshine and mirth in his dwelling. He smiled because these last few months the soft music of tiny toddling feet had been reaching his ears... and his heart. Then the Boy had begun to call him "Father". He, Joseph, had never believed lisping baby prattle would tug at his heart-strings so. But this sweet cherub wasn't just a common child!

And Joseph was busy with his beautiful thoughts. Somehow, he didn't seem to notice that his golden-haired angel had quitted His playful frolic among the shavings. And he didn't hear baby feet patter over to the door.

The little Boy smiled and raised His limpid blue eyes to Heaven. Joseph had often seen Him do so, and each time he had felt like thanking God, who had given him this wee treasure to guard.

The little Boy smiled. Then sky, earth, sun, wind, trees, flowers and birds smiled back in glee and chorused: "Master, we adore You. We are at Your orders."

But He just looked at them and put a warning finger on His red lips.

"Sh! don't tell!" And smiling, He blessed them all and let them adore.

And the Boy's name was Jesus.

Joseph came out of his reverie with a start. He looked all around for the Lad who had been playing among the shavings.

"He's with His mother, perhaps," Joseph said to himself.



"Happy feast, Mother!"

He opened the door gently. Mary was all alone. She hadn't finished her Child's new dress. And Joseph thought it would take a good while yet — the young mother was too busy building pleasant dreams about the Boy they both loved more than life itself.

"Where's Jesus?" It wasn't even a whisper; Joseph didn't want Mary to grow uneasy. With one bound he was out of doors. Then all his fears melted into joy. Jesus was coming back, holding a bouquet of fragrant opening buds to His heart. Joseph wanted to say something, but Jesus placed a dainty finger on His lips, and the fond father understood; he pulled down his sleeves and, wiping his damp forehead, followed the little Lad in.

Jesus softly tiptoed over to His Mother. The first thing Mary knew, He was bowing to her in His own inimitable way and saying words that always find an echo in a mother's heart: "Happy feast, Mother!"

May, the fairest month of all the year, had come again and Mary, the dearest of all mothers, had been remembered on her first "Mothers' Day".

THE REDACTION

"To the Right for the Blessed Mother!"



O the left?"

"No! To the right!"

"You don't know anything about it. The middle road is the right one!" Perplexed, we stood still with those three roads staring out there at us. Which should we take?

With Abal as our destination, a pocket compass and our own ingenuity as sole guides, we had been tramping along since early morning — and where were we now?

"Well, let's draw lots. No, I've an idea!"

I fingered in my pocket for my faithful companion medal. The tiny image of Our Blessed Mother showed on one side, Saint Joseph on the reverse.

"Now, boys, to the right for Our Blessed Mother; to the left for Saint Joseph; the middle road..." And so saying, I threw the medal on the emerald mossy carpet. We bent down eagerly, hopefully. Heaven's Lady had won!

"Forward, to the right! And hurry!"

We reached Abal two hours later. Or did we? No, we had turned our backs to Abal and this was Mfunga! And it was almost night. We couldn't turn back. Served us right!

Mfunga isn't even a village. It has only five huts, three on one side and two on the other. A wrinkled old granny and close to a dozen youngsters, a man (absent for the moment), one dog and three hens — this is Mfunga.

The welcome was fairly cordial... in this wild corner of creation. Grandma eyed us suspiciously from head to foot. So did Doggie — but he didn't bite anyway. The hens dashed off excitedly. So did the childish regiment. Thank Heaven, the huts stayed on mutely standing. But were they filthy! Chances were evidently against us!

However, thanks to the favourable impression I like to maintain we gradually

created, trust replaced suspicion. A nook was cleared up to provide sleeping quarters. A bone coaxed Doggie into good humour, while caresses and medals won the youngsters. A well-filled pipe even brought a smile of contentment on the lips of our charming, if rebel, hostess. She offered us fire, a broken old calabash and even a still more ancient pot for cooking our bananas.

Five minutes later, the banana pot, duly scoured, was gaily boiling on the live coals. We engaged conversation with the little ones who had squatted in front of the open fire. Grandma took in every word. She was blissfully smoking the short pipe whose worn and blackened inside bore witness to long years of glorious service.

Night had fallen.

Supper was a brief matter. We gathered around the sparse handful of dying embers, gently murmuring the Rosary to Our Blessed Mother.

Together, over and over, we said "*Ma shume we, Maria*" (Hail Mary). One by one the beads passed through our fingers. There in her corner, squatting, elbows on her knees and wagging her bald head, the old lady of seventy-odd years listened, her eyes lost in space. "*Ma shume we, Maria.*"

We finished our blessed prayer to Mary. Grandma rose up unexpectedly, and I felt a bony, quivering hand weighing down on my shoulder.

"You were saying '*Ma shume we, Maria*'?"

"Why, yes, Grandma. Have you ever heard those words? Are you Christian?"

She didn't understand. Fingering the medal on my rosary, she simply said, "Show me."

She took it, compared it a moment with an object hanging around her neck and, abruptly, "Ah! my child! my poor child!"

Hot tears trickled down her wan cheeks. I myself found it hard to conceal my emotion. "Ah! my poor child!" she murmured over and over.

I let nature pay its tearful tribute. Then, discreetly, I attempted to console this mother heart.

Little by little, the contracted features resumed their characteristic placid expression. Between sighs a sad story gushed forth:

"It happened twenty years ago. I was here in this same hut. But I had my beloved son, my pride and joy, at my side. He had just returned from the land of the Whites. But he had come back to die and he lay down beside me, his poor mother, who could do nothing to put off the dread hour.

"'Mother,' he whispered, 'I am dying. I am going to a far-off land. But, you hear me, Mother, I want you to meet me there one day. Then we will never part again. The Whites have shown me the way to the land where I shall be happy forever. You will come with me one day. I haven't time to tell you much more, but take this medal around my neck. Look at it every day and say, '*Ma shume we, Maria.*' Do you promise me?'"

"Yes!" I answered. "I promise you. But tell me, who is *Maria*?"

"My son turned blank, staring eyes to me. Never shall I forget his look. He half sat on his pallet.

"'*Ma shume*—' he faltered, and his head fell back lifeless. His eyes closed wearily for the last long sleep. All was over. My son was gone forever. This medal received his last breath."

She grew pensively quiet. But a minute later she continued: "This last souvenir of my son has never left me all through these twenty long years. We buried him over there, behind the hut. He is waiting for me. Many a time, in loving remembrance, I have repeated his dying '*Ma shume we, Maria.*' A little while ago I was listening to you and I heard you say those very words, '*Ma shume we, Maria.*' Tell me, who is *Maria*?"

Explanations were not delayed, as you may believe.

Through several beautiful, heavenly hours, she listened, astonished, bewilderingly happy, to my simple exposition of the Catholic truths, teachings, and hopes beyond the grave. Faith was born into her heart that hallowed night.

As the sun rose in the eastern sky, the Lord of Heaven came down into this miserable hovel lost in the forest wilds. Old Ethu, our new conquest, joined us in many a fervent "*Ma shume we, Maria.*"

As the sun set in the crimson sky, the Lord of Heaven acknowledged this old, weary, wandering soul as a member of His beloved Son's Mystical Body. Ethu is now Mary. Could any other name have been as appropriate?

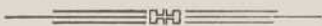
Far into the night we could hear the muffled, but ineffably hopeful murmur of a mother on her son's grave, "*Ma shume we, Maria.*" Sacred words that had brought salvation to her soul!

The next morning, my catechists dragged me out. Sweetly smiling, but cold in death lay Mary, Ethu till yesterday, over her son's grave, pressing the blessed image of the Heavenly Mother in her lifeless fingers.

My new child in Christ had gone to the happy land spoken of by her son in the dazzling purity of her baptismal innocence and ingenuous love. Mother had rejoined in an everlasting reunion the dear boy for whom she had prayed and prayed to an Unknown Mother, "*Ma shume we, Maria.*"

Good old Grandma, it was for you, it was to give you God and Heaven that we lost our way — and won the day.

Rev. Father Trilles, C. S. Sp.



Flowers for Our Blessed Lady

FROM A NON-CATHOLIC GARDEN

In the *Magnificat*, Mary looks beyond herself and sees that through her all generations will be blessed. What a contribution womanhood has made to our faith! It is not only in her tender ministry of love, but in the beauty which she has given to our religion, that this extraordinary contribution has been made. Many beautiful hymns have enriched the religious world, as women sang songs of rejoicing. In the Old Testament we read of the songs of Miriam, Deborah and Hannah, and in the New, the songs of Elizabeth and Mary.

But of all poetic gems the *Magnificat* is the finest. It begins as all true prayers do, with a note of praise to God. In her mind God takes precedence over all else. With prophetic insight she also saw the coming of God's Kingdom — the day in which the proud would come to naught and the humble be exalted. The Church owes a great debt to Mary. Her faith, her obedience, her humility, purity, tenderness and silent service are an example to all.

Rev. F. H. Groom, Franklin Circle Christian Church, Cleveland, Ohio

DECEASED BENEFACTORS

As we go to press we learn of the passing of:

Monsignor C. A. Parent, D. P., Pastor of Tilbury, Ontario, benefactor of our Community.

Mr. J. Champagne, father of our Sister Marie Berthe, who has always proved a devoted and generous friend.

Mr. J. A. D'Aoust, Montreal, who has rendered us many obliging services.

Gratitude makes it a duty for us to commend the souls of these departed friends to the tender mercies of our Divine Saviour.

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 of Social Science conferred by the Laval University.)

(Continued)



HE constituent unity of this great society is based upon the regularization of its home life.

The husband assumes all the rights of head of the family and the wife enjoys her own particular attributions. This division of roles in the family is characteristic of Chinese society since its foundation, and the staunchness of its home life has been the strength of the nation. We Chinese have early appreciated matrimonial functions and their vital importance to the welfare of a nation.

From this it appears that they are really not consistent those who distort our best traditions in stating that our marriage system is that of free unions.

The vital problem of capital and employment is also aptly attended to. How different from Marx's upheaval of social classes, proved the wisdom of our ancestors. Universal love, not class hatred, must prevail. This point of our Charter faithfully adhered to for ages, has kept Chinese society exempt from class distinctions. All had the same opportunity of promotion. The only points taken into consideration were virtue and ability.

The theory of private property was admitted and put into practice. Lavish waste of means was prohibited and estates were tended in view of society. Private property could be held as long as social needs were not utterly disregarded. Capital brought in its wake not only privileges, but the special duty of shielding common interests.

Labour was held in great honour. So much so that not only those who had to work at the sweat of their brow, but also those who could have escaped the common law, were expected to work. There were no idle rich, because labour was necessary to the Great Community, and even those who need not have worked for their own interests were expected to do so for the welfare of all.

In modern society, how often is the social obligation of work disregarded while workers assert a right to set up strikes at the least provocation, as if society had no right whatever on the labour of individuals!

From what has already been said of our Social Charter, it can easily be deducted that idleness is looked upon as a crime, and that labour and capital both have a social as well as an individual function. Who can wonder at an ensuing era of peace when all men are considered as belonging to one great family? When holders of private property seek to help their fellow-men, and when all workers labour, not only in promoting selfish interests, but for the general welfare of all?

Such were the ideals of the *Ta T'oung* Great Community.

Nevertheless, the value of this Magna Charta would hardly have been fully appreciated were its application restricted to China alone.

Chinese philosophy has always embraced the world at large. *T'ien Hsia*, all that exists on earth. The Social Charter's world was the then known world. To the Chinese it meant China and the fact need not excite surprise. At almost the same time the three continents remained unheard of in Europe, and little was known there outside of the boundaries of the Greco-Roman world.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was geographically restrained, the spirit of the Charter was a universal spirit and it expanded with the growth of the world for the Chinese. The Great Community really comprises the whole wide world.

Such was the ideal of Sun Yat Sen, Founder of the Chinese Republic. It is necessarily the objective of the Chinese political system. We can have peace within our borders only if our neighbours are at peace. And the acme of Chinese political philosophy may be expressed by these three words:



AFTER THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS SAID IN ST. ROCH'S CHURCH, QUEBEC, BY HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND PAUL YU-PIN, BISHOP OF NANKING, CHINA.

AT HIS EXCELLENCY'S RIGHT: MSGR. ELIAS ROY, D. P., SISTER MADELEINE DU CALVAIRE (ANNONCIADIE GAUTHIER, ST. THEODORE D'ACTON, P. Q.) AND SISTER MARIE DE LA MISERICORDE (BERTHE DUFRESNE, STE. HELENE DE BAGOT, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

AT HIS EXCELLENCY'S LEFT: REVEREND FATHER BONAVENTURE PELOQUIN, O. F. M., AND REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH FERLAND, PASTOR, ST. ROCH'S.

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. EDMOND BILODEAU, SISTER MARIE DU TEMPLE (BLANDINE ROY, ST. GERVAIS DE BELLECHASSE, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MR. HERBERT TOY, MRS. R. GAGNON, DR. ROMEO GAGNON, REVEREND FATHER ERN. LEMIEUX, QUEBEC SEMINARY; REVEREND FATHER ADRIEN CARON, CHAPLAIN AT THE CHINESE MISSION, MR. SETO DEP, DR. STEPHEN PAN, SECRETARY TO HIS EXCELLENCY, DR. T. P. SIU, NEW YORK, MR. PHILEMON GARNEAU, ALDERMAN.

Ping T'ien Hsia, which goes to say, "bringing peace to the whole world".

Thus China through her Social Charter affords a valuable contribution towards world-wide peace. Too many people nowadays are prone to consider this peace merely as a matter of dollars and cents, industrial and economic advantages.

China brings to universal peace a moral foundation, the democratic spirit which has always been hers, even under the Imperial Regime, and the feeling of universal brotherhood.

If I were to resume our *Magna Charta*, I would daresay it teaches us universal brotherhood.

As to the fatherhood of a living God, I need not try to prove its reality. The Chinese as a whole have never been atheists. They have always been convinced that the Golden Age could never have existed, if Heaven had not deigned to look with benevolence on China.

The Emperor stood as a father in our monarchy, but by divine mandate only and in imitation of God, Father of all men. In the sixth book of *Shang* we read: "Good and evil happen not blindly, but Heaven sends men bliss or misery according to their merits."

You will readily admit with me that ours is a really remarkable social system, which has outlived over four thousand years, and that it needs only to be baptized in order to become truly Christianlike. This also goes to show how easily Chinese culture could be christianized by simply raising its natural heritage to a supernatural plane.

Even in remote ages the ancient Chinese acknowledged the existence of God, who, in all ages and in all climes, has left undeniable traces of His passage among men. While striving at the perfection of the Great Community, at universal brotherhood and at union with the supreme Lawgiver, the Chinese have been able to fashion a naturally ideal State.

The fault is not theirs if they have not known Christ. It is up to your missionaries to bring Christ into China, to show her He who alone can satisfy Chinese yearnings for the perfection of their nation, because He alone is the sought-for link which can unite her to the Father in Heaven.

Then only shall the peace of our Great Community be spread to the world at large. It will be a much nobler and lasting peace, because it will prove the peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ.

(*The end.*)

THE IDEALS WE FIGHT FOR

We are fighting for ideals which are imponderable; ideals which cannot be measured, weighed and calculated; but are priceless. Righteousness, honour, peace, freedom; ideals which cannot but be pleasing to God, and we may confidently leave their triumph in His almighty hands.

His Eminence Card. Villeneuve, O. M. I.

St. Hyacinthe Diocesan Eucharistic Congress



"A certain man made a great supper and invited many." *Luke XIV, 16*

Eucharistic Congress is comparable to that love-feast spoken of in the Gospel. Jesus through His priests unceasingly calls souls to partake of His Banquet of Love, the Holy Eucharist.

For the inhabitants of St. Hyacinthe Diocese the hour for this mysterious Banquet draws near. Until June, the Propaganda Committee, as did of yore the retainers of the king, will often call the guests to attend the Congress. Soon all will be ready . . .

And souls will faithfully keep this divine tryst, sensing its importance and benefits. Guests will come to this divine Banquet in spirit and in truth, if prepared beforehand by prayer and self-sacrifice.

It must be kept in mind that the all-important objective of the Congress is to foster a revival of Christian life, which goes to say that the whole Diocese must, more than ever, live up to the *Credo* of the Divine Presence. The Congress should provoke:

Additional loving homages to the Divine Prisoner upon our Altars. Faithful souls feel an imperious need to repair for so many irreverences, profanations, neglects.

Jesus, so often forsaken by forgetful, frivolous men intent only on worldly pleasures and affairs, should be acclaimed by the very throngs that have so often, alas, abandoned Him. While borne in triumph through the streets of our cities, He receives a just tribute of homage otherwise too often withheld.

Then, the weak and the cowardly are strengthened by these collective manifestations of faith. Vice and impiety melt away like snow beneath the radiance of the Living Host. Insidious incredulity is stripped of its mask. Like the faithless disciples of old when Jesus first hinted at the Great Mystery of Love, it murmurs and argues, and finally leaves the Master's presence. This language is too harsh and who can hear it? Why go to such costly expenses? Abel's generous offerings are a shameful waste. Cain's stinginess would be more appropriate! So many oppositions to our dear Saviour's reign which serve Satan's purpose. Satan is not without greatly dreading the triumph of the Eucharistic King.

A singular occasion to give proof of the vitality of one's faith and the sincerity of one's love. The numerous sacrifices and great preparations that a Eucharistic Congress entails would never be assumed if there did not exist among Catholics deep religious convictions and unswerving faith. A Eucharistic Congress is a question of love, and who could refuse love to the Divine Beggar, who unceasingly pleads: "My child, give, oh, give Me your heart. You have wasted love that rightfully belonged to Me. Give Me at least the crumbs that remain. My glory yearns for them."

A Congress, then, means a Diocese on Retreat, in the state of grace, at the school of the radiant Host, striving to fathom God's fathomless love. A Congress does not merely consist of spectacular ceremonies, magnificent repositories, beautiful hymns of praise, holy though such may be. The all-important in this triumph of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is to create a strong, an impetuous current of faith and enthusiasm capable of assuring the reign of our Lord and King, of drawing down floods of choicest graces upon the poor sinners. Once this union of souls achieved, Jesus will become our Guest and the objective of the Congress will have been attained.

Propaganda Committee



Every moment comes to us bearing a command from God, and it plunges into Eternity, there to remain eternally what we have made it.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



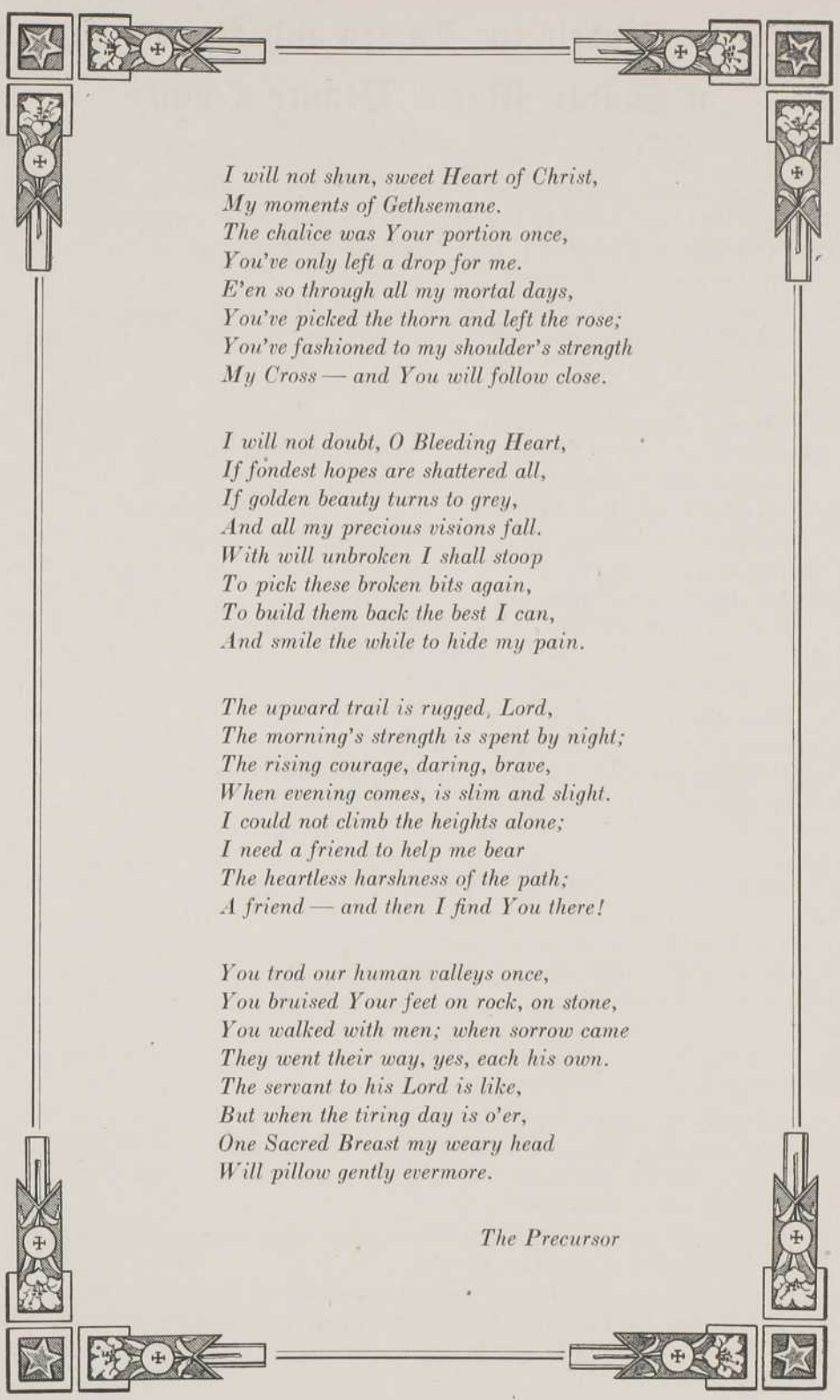
One Faithful Friend

*I will not fear, dear Constant Friend,
Though black and starless is the night,
Though giant billows rock my barque
And I am worn out with the fight.*

*I will not fear the raging sea
And toss and fret in blank despair;
What though the tempest surges wild?
You're sleeping — but You're there!*

*I will not doubt, dear Loving Heart,
When all around are doubting me,
When all my words are twisted, warped,
And I've no human sympathy.*

*My soul, my gaze will upward turn —
The servant to his Lord is like.
Perhaps had this not come to me,
I'd lost You, Lord, my soul alike.*



*I will not shun, sweet Heart of Christ,
My moments of Gethsemane.
The chalice was Your portion once,
You've only left a drop for me.
E'en so through all my mortal days,
You've picked the thorn and left the rose;
You've fashioned to my shoulder's strength
My Cross — and You will follow close.*

*I will not doubt, O Bleeding Heart,
If fondest hopes are shattered all,
If golden beauty turns to grey,
And all my precious visions fall.
With will unbroken I shall stoop
To pick these broken bits again,
To build them back the best I can,
And smile the while to hide my pain.*

*The upward trail is rugged, Lord,
The morning's strength is spent by night;
The rising courage, daring, brave,
When evening comes, is slim and slight.
I could not climb the heights alone;
I need a friend to help me bear
The heartless harshness of the path;
A friend — and then I find You there!*

*You trod our human valleys once,
You bruised Your feet on rock, on stone,
You walked with men; when sorrow came
They went their way, yes, each his own.
The servant to his Lord is like,
But when the tiring day is o'er,
One Sacred Breast my weary head
Will pillow gently evermore.*

The Precursor

A New Cenacle for Ladies and Young Girls at Sainte Marie, Beauce County

Beauce Castle, formerly the residence of Messrs. Théberge and Larue, Notaries, has been ceded to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in view of turning it into a Cenacle for Closed Retreats.

Thus are earthly treasures being transformed into celestial ones which neither moth nor rust will ever destroy. And all through the coming years as long as the Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary remains a haven of peace and holiness in a stormy world, so long will fructify the talent confided of yore to the worthy Notaries.

The first floor of the stately mansion has retained its luxurious atmosphere. Costly woven hangings of wool and brocaded satin, marbles of all hues, ornamented mantel-pieces, fluted gilt columns, marvellously tinted stained glass, paintings of great artists, crystal chandeliers, etc.

The perfect good taste which has presided over these appointments makes one feel at ease in these splendid surroundings, even as though one's whole life had been spent there.

Truly, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception prove such motherly hostesses in their gracious simplicity, that it would be difficult not to feel at home in their company.

Upon the Retreatants' arrival, Sister Directress shows them to their quarters. Each room is gay and flooded with light. The furnishings are comfortable; hot and cold water is also provided. The plain simplicity of this part of the house contrasts with the fine halls below, but tranquillity and recollection are all the more favoured as requisites of a holy and fruitful Retreat.

Life during these three days is planned for the uplifting of the soul without, however, occasioning physical weariness. Substantial sermons, vocal prayers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Way of the Cross fill the mind with light and joy, and help one solve past accounts and prepare a better future. Light-hearted, the Retreatants leave the house, ready to do God's holy will in all things, ready to extend a helping hand to those in sorrow or in need. Theirs is every true Christian's ideal, love of God and love of neighbour.

Before leaving, good resolutions and fervent desires are offered to Mary for safe-keeping. How many beautiful secrets are enshrined within the pious little chapel, secrets of virtues and heroic sacrifices, secrets also of untold bliss and consolation!

Oh you who have grown weary of everyday petty trials and annoyances, try the blessed rest of a Closed Retreat.

Retreats will henceforth be continually given at Our Lady of the Rosary's, Ste. Marie, Beauce County. Ladies and young girls will be welcomed in turn. Parishes can make arrangements for dates with Reverend Sister Superior.



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY CLOSED RETREAT HOUSE, STE. MARIE, BEAUCE COUNTY

Listen to the voice of Jesus calling you all at His blessed feet.

Fly hither from the storm that rages round,
Fly where true peace in solitude is found,
Where care and strife and earthly troubles cease,
Here I invite thee to repose in peace.

Translated.

A Retreatant

FIRST CLOSED RETREATS AT OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY'S

The first Closed Retreat at Our Lady of the Rosary's took place from February 29 to March 3, 1944. Twenty-six pious ladies from Ste. Marie Parish attended, and the Retreat was preached by Reverend Father Goyer, S. S. S.

From March 3 to March 6 the Children of Mary of East Broughton followed devoutly the first Retreat for young girls.

With the coming years may souls in ever increasing numbers enjoy within this haven of solitude and peace the blessed fruits of a Closed Retreat.



Saint John the Baptist, pray that to the desert
Of self-desertion I may take my flight,
And so prepare Christ's dawn upon my night.
Sustain me with the locust-bread of penance
And the wild honey of Divine delight.

Chiang Kai-Shek Is Ruled by Lofty Christian Ideals

President Chiang Kai-shek, temporal ruler of the most numerous people on earth, staunchly professes that the teachings of Our Savior are the beam that will direct the social order needed to restore harmony among the nations of the world.

The commander-in-chief of all the Allied forces in the Chinese war theater says his daily meditations on the Holy Scripture have given him the energy to carry on in the face of almost unsurmountable odds. He recently told his Catholic friend, Dr. John C. H. Wu, that in the parables of Christ he had found more wisdom and humor than in all the Chinese classics.

President Chiang, according to the Rev. Charles L. Meeus, former Belgian missionary priest who has become a naturalized citizen of China and who is now in the U. S. A., definitely stands out among the other leaders of the nations at war by his many public acts of faith in the Divine Person of Our Lord. These manifestations also have set him apart from the Chinese pattern of national hero exemplifications.

In the long history of China, writes Father Meeus, there never has been a leader more popular and more beloved by the nation, which is more united today than ever before. The tremendous influence he has won over the millions of Asia — including those still under the yoke of the Japanese and of Communist Russia — was recently demonstrated by an article in a Christian magazine in Chungking.

Chiang's concern for the welfare of the foreign missionaries in China is without reserve, according to Father Meeus.

"We need the missionaries, and welcome Christians from other lands," the Chinese leader said. "We need those who serve the people of China with true sympathy and devotion. Don't feel that you are our guests. You are our comrades, working with us to save our people and to build a new nation. Let the Church identify itself more intimately with the life and needs of the people and co-operate with the government and social welfare agencies to help build a heaven in society."

Instead . . .

It so happened that a white trader arrived at one of the South Sea Island stations and a native offered to help him carry his baggage from the boat. On the way the conversation turned to missionaries; it brought this sneering retort from the trader: "What good has Christianity done to you?"

"I can tell you some good it has done to *you*!" replied the native. "See that big stone over there? If you had come here when I was a pagan, I would have cut your throat on that stone and then my friends and I would have proceeded to eat you. Now here I am carrying your suitcase instead."

From the *S. V. D. Seminary Bulletin*

March fifteenth marked the passing away of a devoted friend of our Community, Mr. D. E. E. Larue, St. Raymond, Portneuf County, formerly Notary at Ste. Marie, Beauce County.

The late Mr. Larue had for several years been associated with Mr. G. S. Théberge in his profession, as well as in the exercise of untiring charity.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who have been especially benefited by his generosity, will keep him in grateful remembrance and make it a duty to commend his soul into the hands of the Divine Saviour.



Jimmie ... A Priest

"Mom, would you give me the dictionary, please."

"Here, Jimmie."

"Thank you, Mom."

And Jimmie put down the heavy book on the table with a bang. He thumbed pages and soon turned to the right one. Here was the word, "d-o-g". Jimmie read on breathlessly, but — "No, it doesn't say anything!"

"What are you looking for, Jimmie?" his mother asked wonderingly.

"Mom, I wanted to see what the dictionary says about dogs."

"Dogs!"

"Yes. Yesterday I went to play with Ray. He showed me a beautiful house and there were four little doggies rolling over the lawn. Ray said,

'They raise dogs here.' Then I asked him if they sold them and he answered, 'No, they raise them instead of ... children.'"

"Jimmie!"

"Yes, Mom. The lady takes care of them, gives them meals and baths and everything. They are her family, you see. She says raising dogs is more profitable than bringing up children! I told Ray she must be a queer woman and he just answered, 'Well, that's the way things stand.'"



Jimmie looking up the word "dog"

"Have you finished with the dictionary, Jimmie?"

"Oh! I wanted to see whether dogs have souls. Brother said the other day that a man was great according as he had a noble soul. Mom, have dogs souls?"

"Yes, they have material souls, my boy. With these they see, hear, smell, eat, run — but that's all. God hasn't gifted dogs with reason and when they die, everything is over for them. God made them for man's use. You, Jimmie, and everybody else have spiritual and immortal souls. God has created them to His own image and likeness. Human souls are all destined to enjoy God's friendship throughout eternity.

"Do you remember your Bible History lesson of last week, Jimmie? God began by creating heaven and earth, plants and animals, and then He

made man. He gave Adam and Eve immortal souls gifted with intelligence and free will. He made Adam king of His creation and gave him the right to use plants, animals and everything else on earth — "

"And Adam called all the animals and gave them their names," broke in Jimmie.

"And you know, Jimmie, our souls are so precious in God's sight that He sent His own beloved Son on earth to redeem them. Our first parents had sinned and Jesus came to suffer and die to restore us our right to Heaven."

"Isn't it silly, then, to raise dogs instead of children?"

"Persons who do so certainly are not pleasing to God. I am sure they will be sorry for it later on, but then it will be too late."

"Is it true, Mom, that children are so many jewels in their parents' crown in Heaven?"

"Quite true, Jimmie. And when children are good and love God, they make their parents happy on earth and in Heaven still more so."

"So, Mom, the more children, the better?"

"Yes, God gets more glory and, after all, we are on earth to know, love and serve Him."

"Suppose the children were lost for all eternity?"

"That can happen; but when it's through no fault of the parents, the latter will not be responsible. God will remember how they tried to further His glory and He will reward them in His own divine way."

"But, isn't it too bad priests and Sisters won't have those pearls in their crown?"

"Don't be too sure of that, Jimmie. Priests and Sisters will also have splendid jewels in their crown! They spend their lives for souls and give them the life of Faith. In that way they are spiritual fathers and mothers of many, many souls."

"Oh! Mom, I want to be a priest. I want to save thousands of souls for God!"

"Jimmie, nothing could make me happier on earth than to know I have a son a priest."

"Do you suppose I have a vocation, Mom?"

"That's God's secret and Our Blessed Mother's. Keep on being a good, dutiful boy and be faithful to your three Hail Marys every night. Our Blessed Mother will keep you from sin and make you a priest after the Heart of her Son."

"I never forget my three Hail Marys, Mom!"

Jimmie skipped off. This was a holiday and he had a glorious afternoon of good, healthy fun ahead of him.

Mom was left alone thinking of many things. Tears glistened in her eyes, but her face bore that beautiful expression which lights up only the countenance of mothers. She turned towards the crucifix and murmured: "Dear Lord, how happy I should be if Jimmie became a priest!"

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)

CHAPTER XII

UNDER FIRE



THE letters written by Theophane Vénard in May, 1858, did not reach their destination, and to follow the course of events preceding his martyrdom, we must have recourse to the report of Bishop Retord.

"Our position," the Bishop wrote at this time, "is terrible. We are like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert, always receiving messages saying that we have been discovered by the spies, that we have been denounced, that the mandarins are surrounding our mission, and that such and such Christians have been pillaged, tortured, and put to death on our account. In order to spare them, we hide in our little boats, or in caverns, or in tombs in the mountains, where we run the risk of being buried alive. One day we had to remain in one of these tombs for eight hours, being able to breathe only through a bamboo tube. When we came out we were all like idiots, and only half conscious. But the bodily pains we endure are nothing to the anguish of our souls, lest any neophytes should deny their faith under torture. The searchings of the mandarins are so thorough, that it is almost impossible to escape. One of our native priests was seized last week and thrown into prison, from which he was released only by martyrdom. His companions and pupils, who had been arrested at the same time, were condemned to perpetual exile. Among them was a little child ten years old who, rather than renounce Jesus Christ, bore the strokes of the bastinado, and after being separated from his parents and home, was sentenced to wear till death the malefactor's chain. Another priest and a catechist were arrested the next day and gained the martyr's palm.

"Two new edicts fulminated against us have greatly kindled the zeal and fury of the pagan governors. Our chapels are destroyed, our houses demolished, our students dispersed, and our money wasted in vain attempts to redeem our converts. There is not one of my poor missionaries who has not his personal troubles besides. Frs. Theurel and Vénard, surrounded by their trembling, weeping flock, have been obliged to take refuge in subterranean caverns, where the mandarins as yet have been unable to follow them. Fr. Titaud saw his church and house destroyed before his eyes, and hid himself with difficulty in a wild solitude, exposed to the attacks of all kinds of venomous creatures. The same has happened to Fr. Saiget. Fr. Mathevon, hard pressed, nearly fell into the hands of the enemy, who had already seized his catechist and his guide. It suddenly occurred to him to throw himself between two or three old mats and he thus escaped detection.

Bishop Jeantet has had to stop his theological class and hide in the mountain; God knows when he will be able to return to his post. Even Fr. Charbonnier and I, who hoped to have escaped the storm in my little retreat of Vinh-Tri, have had to seek shelter (which men denied us) of the bears and tigers who have their holes in the rocks. Frs. Galy and Néron, who are at the extremity of the mission, have enjoyed a certain immunity until now, but I expect every day to hear of fresh disasters."

Then follows a recital of the tortures to which the Christians were exposed, to compel them to apostatize. We give a brief *resumé* of these.

The most ordinary instrument of torture is the *cangue*. It is a species of ladder, four or five feet long, and varying in weight from ten to forty pounds, the two sides of which are united at a width of six inches by four iron bars. The head of the martyr is passed through the middle bars, and the two heavy sides rest on the shoulders. To bear this day and night is absolute misery. The flesh of the neck and shoulders becomes raw; and when the inhuman jailers drag the sufferers from side to side, the agony may be imagined.

In the prison itself, which is a species of hell upon earth, a fresh torture is resorted to. This is a kind of stocks, in which the feet are caught just above the ankle; very often these are too tight, and enter the flesh. What makes the stocks more insupportable is the fact that innumerable bugs live in the cracks of the wood, and constantly suck the blood of the victims. These stocks being immovable, the unhappy prisoners are compelled to remain in the same position day and night, either sitting or crouching, without being able to move in the least.

The third torture, and one universally employed, is the *rotin* or knout, which is inflicted most brutally. Several victims are laid flat on their stomachs in rows, one after the other, the feet of one being fastened to the hands of the next, and all so stretched as almost to dislocate their joints. Each blow inflicted produces blood, and gives an involuntary start to all like an electric shock, so that those who are not struck suffer nearly as much as those who are; and as a certain interval is left between the strokes, the torment lasts for several hours, each sufferer receiving fifty or sixty blows. The instrument used for this horrible flagellation is a flexible whip, about the thickness of one's little finger, and nearly four feet long. The lash is split into four bits, firmly tied with twine steeped in gum, which renders the blow heavier and prevents its being softened in striking.

After the flagellation come the pincers, either cold or heated in a forge, the bellows of which are always going, so that the pincers may be red hot. A portion of the martyr's flesh is seized with the iron, then dragged and torn off with a rapid twist of the pincers, while the victim is tightly bound to the ground. This operation is renewed on the same individual five or six times. The agony inflicted by the pincers when cold is more intense, but the wound is more easily healed than is that produced by the red hot pincers. In the latter case the flesh around the burn generally festers, and the whole process apparently poisons the blood; but the pain is less, because the burning deadens the nerves.

A fifth torture consists in forcing the confessor to kneel on a piece of wood full of nails, the sharp points of which pierce the flesh and penetrate to the bone. The unhappy victim sighs pitifully during this protracted torture, while the mandarins laugh at his contortions, and add to his agonies by their fearful blasphemies against our Lord.

If the martyr has survived the infliction of all these horrors, the persecutors try a sixth method of torture, which consists of dragging him by his *cangue* to the cross, while they scourge him, striving to compel him to trample it under his feet. If his lips still move in prayer, the executioners strike him on the mouth, and offer insult in the most disgusting manner to the object of his veneration.

Then the unhappy victims are again thrown into prison, heavily ironed, and separated one from the other. The chains which they wear are of three pieces, one being fastened around the neck by a large ring, the other two around the ankles by smaller rings, soldered to prevent the possibility of their being undone. These chains weigh five or six pounds. If the chain is too long the prisoner must hold it in his hand to be able to walk. If too short, his back is constantly bent. After tortures like these, it is not surprising if the courage of the Christians should sometimes, though very seldom, fail, and these occasional apostasies add to the sorrow of the missionary, whose whole moral nature has been agonized by the sight of such sufferings.

Bishop Retord declared that his sadness was intense, and that only the special grace of God could enable him to bear such misery. From Easter Day, 1858, nothing but misfortunes overwhelmed his diocese, and he gives a short summary of them in a letter to Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who had written to ask him for some account of the state of things. After a graphic picture of the persecution, the Bishop adds, "And now you ask what has become of us poor missionaries, apostles in a field once so fertile, now so desolate and abandoned? I can hardly tell you. It is more than six months since I have received news of Fr. Néron, and I do not know where he is, or if he still lives. Fr. Galy started on an Annamite merchant-ship to implore the aid of the Spaniards in Manila; but what has become of him I do not know. I fear that he may have been assassinated at sea like Fr. Salgot. Frs. Titaud, Theurel, and Vénard, finding themselves surrounded by the enemy in their little bamboo huts, escaped by night and took to the mountains. It is more than two months since I have had any tidings of them. Bishop Jeantet, after wandering about in the hills for a long time, took refuge with some faithful peasants; and being obliged to escape in the night, was nearly drowned crossing a river.

(To be continued)



Many people have every reason to thank God that they were sorely afflicted with an acute or lingering sickness. For it opened their eyes. It made them realize that God is the only lasting good, and that He is to be sought above everything else in the world. *Rev. L. A. Sander*

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions



Saint Therese of the Child Jesus was proclaimed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, December 14, 1937, chief Patroness of the Missions, with all the rights and liturgical privileges granted to Saint Francis Xavier, apostle of Japan and the Indies. The world wondered, because it could not see what right to this honour of supreme patronage could claim the humble little Carmelite nun. What could have

wrought for the revival of the Missions this child who had hardly ever been beyond the narrow limits of her own native province, and

who afterwards had shut herself up into the obscurity of the cloister? How could this frail young girl be ever compared to the dauntless conqueror of millions, to the fearless apostle of Christ?

Could it be that the love of the Holy Father for the Little Flower might have deceived the Church? Or, rather, was it not this very affection for Therese of the Child Jesus that enabled the Pontiff to discern how the youthful saint had indeed been a genuine missionary in vocation and in spirit, and how her activity never was and never will be at rest? Has she not left to missionaries of all times a doctrine on the true values of apostolate — a doctrine which helped to place her in the forefront of the missionary army?

1. — THERESE'S APOSTOLIC VOCATION

Little Therese has written a magnificent page on God's liberty in the choice of His instruments. "When did He lose the right to make use of one of His children to provide others with the nourishment they need? That right was not lost in the days of Pharaoh, for God said unto him: 'And I have raised thee, that I may show my power in thee, and my name may be spoken of throughout all the earth.' Centuries have passed since these words were spoken by the Most High but His ways have remained unchanged — He has ever chosen human agents to accomplish His work among souls." And in still another page redolent of truth and humility, the saint writes: "Jesus does not call those who are worthy but those whom He chooses." And He renders them worthy, could we add.

When Jesus called Therese to become the instrument of His action in souls, this child of fourteen did not seem predestined to great apostolic conquests. Hers was doubtless a lovable nature: a bright intelligence and generous heart won her universal sympathy; still, she suffered from what

she calls "over-sensitiveness". "Tears at that time were nothing unusual; they flowed for the most trivial cause. It had become a habit of mine..." Ofttimes this over-sensitiveness developed into real scruples. "If I unintentionally offended any one, far from making the best of it, I fretted until I became quite ill, thus increasing my fault instead of repairing it. Then when I began to be reconciled to the blunder, I would cry for having cried." Together with this sensitiveness appeared certain seekings of self-love so much opposed to the total apostolic surrender of oneself. "I had never been accustomed to wait on myself, or do any house work. However, with the intention of pleasing Our Lord, I would sometimes do little good turns. Since it was for Our Lord's sake that I did these little things I ought not to have looked for any return. But, alas! I did look for thanks, and if, unfortunately, Celine did not seem surprised or grateful for my small services, I was disappointed as my tears soon showed." Evidently, according to Therese herself, she needed a "conversion": some small miracle was expected. The looked-for conversion took place on Christmas, 1886. After Midnight Mass, Therese suddenly made brave enough to choke back her tears and still the throbbing of her heart, to overcome her sensitiveness. Immediately, the dark night of her soul was changed into floods of brilliant light; her mind, freed from torturing scruples, regained that strength that would nevermore abandon her. Therese was completely transformed. Jesus had changed her heart.

"Satisfied with my good-will, Our Lord accomplished in an instant the work I had not been able to do during years... He made me a fisher of men. Love and a spirit of self-forgetfulness took complete possession of my heart." Henceforth, Therese was prepared to take up her apostolic mission.

Therese had often gazed upon the image of Jesus Crucified. She had frequently kissed the sacred wounds of the Divine Redeemer of mankind. But she had not yet felt that deep compassion at the uselessness of Christ's Passion for so many souls. "But one Sunday on closing my book at the end of Mass, a picture of the Crucifixion slipped partly out, showing one of the Divine Hands, pierced and bleeding." Therese was deeply moved. "My heart was torn with grief at the sight of the Precious Blood falling to the ground, with no one caring to treasure it as it fell." She then resolved "to remain continuously at the foot of the Cross, that I might receive the divine dew of salvation and pour it forth upon souls." Jesus was pleased with her generosity and happy at having found a soul that would comprehend Him. "From that day the cry of my dying Saviour: 'I thirst!' resounded incessantly in my heart, kindling within it new fires of zeal." She wished to give her Beloved to drink, but He in return gave her a burning thirst for souls. "I was consumed with an insatiable thirst for souls and I longed at any cost to snatch them from the everlasting flames of hell."

(To be continued)

Rev. Paul Destombes, M. Ap.

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.

Thanksgiving to St. Teresa for a favour received. Mrs. A. M., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. H. L. — I am gladly acquitting myself of a promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a special favour and a cure obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. R. D., **Montreal.** — St. Teresa of Lisieux has all my gratitude for a favour obtained through her intercession. I solicit her protection for my soldier son and improvement in my own health. Mrs. L., **Hartford, Conn.** — St. Teresa of the Child Jesus granted me a favour last fall. I heartily thank her and solicit her continued protection. Mrs. P. B., **Varennnes.**

A New Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY

The Child Jesus Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister, which had been entered in November, 1941, has now been completed.

Our most grateful thanks go to all those who have so generously contributed to its completion. May He who has promised to reward even a glass of water given in His name reward our benefactors in His own divine way.

A new Burse under the patronage of the glorious Saint Joseph, purveyor of our Missions, is opened to-day. Who will be first to drop an offering into it? Every little bit helps the Missions and our dear Lord looks to the heart.

SAINT JOSEPH BURSE

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.

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

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

Heaven is as present now as ever it will be. God is here in His magnificence today, as He is in the courts of the angels. We must not dream of postponing our Heaven. We must prepare to enter in now by loyal service to God every instant.

W. E. Channing

A Missionary Sister's Day



AWN in the Orient. The day promises to be delightfully pleasant. Overhead, in the clear blue heavens, a few remaining stars are rapidly fading away into the oncoming splendour of the morning sun. Their last glimmering rays look down upon a breathtakingly beautiful corner of God's exquisite universe. A soft, warm breeze is playing in space and whispering its song of mirth through the palm, banana and orange-trees chancing in its path. It well knows that it is no undesirable intruder in the foreign Sisters' Convent; the windows are wide open to welcome it. Lightly, God's gentle breeze flutters over eyes still closed in slumber.

"Ding! Dong!" Silvery notes shatter the cloistral silence.

"*Benedicamus Domino!*" A joyous good-morning praise to God surges from a waking heart.

"*Deo Gralias!*" As hearty, as cheerful is the response.

The small wooden cross carefully laid under the pillow the previous evening is lovingly pressed to the lips, while Christ's consecrated spouses repeat with renewed fervour: "Behold I come to do Thy will, O God!" To Him their heart ascends in its first act of love. Mary's motherly blessing is confidently invoked, along with the Guardian Angel's faithful companionship and custody, according to the treasured formula of bygone Novitiate days.

Every moment is put to account. All proceed to dress and make their beds, "hurriedly but perfectly." In a brief twenty-five minutes the bell will ring out its inviting peal a second time, and they must be ready to answer: "Jesus, I'm coming!"

The morning rendezvous with the All-Loving Prisoner of the tabernacle is the next manifestation of the holy will by which they have promised to abide. All keep the early tryst except one, whose schedule we shall try to follow through one day in the far-off missions.

She is a smiling young nun whose heart will never grow old. She landed in her Promised Land, or rather Paradise, about two years ago. No time was lost in setting down to mastering the quaint idiom of her new people. Well she knows that first-hand acquaintance with native manners, customs and traditions is indispensable for a prospective apostle. Divine Grace has fecundated her brave attempts. Enough speaking knowledge has been acquired so far as will give her capacity to fill a loving mother's role on behalf of the dear wee charges entrusted to her care by Holy Obedience.

The early visit to the good Master is deferred and Sister goes to the Orphanage. Sister Directress will need an extra surveyor when the precious lambkins scamper out of bed in a few minutes. Naturally, both would rather make their meditation at the hour prescribed by the Rule, but this

act of self-denial is cheerfully offered to the One for whose loving sake it is accepted. They are glad to do His holy will in everything.

Let us now follow them to a spacious, tidy dormitory where little orphans are still blissfully oblivious of everything save the sweet angelic voices singing in their dreams.

"I love them already," muses Sister. "Some of the new-comers are still pagan, but how the others love God! So many have never known a father's strong, protecting arms nor a mother's tender caresses. Poor little orphans!

These are the souls she must give to Jesus and keep close to His fatherly heart. How beautiful, how sacred her mission!

"Ding! Dong!" Almond eyes blink in the broad sunlight, and, as is the way with children the world over, plump fists vigorously rub very drowsy eyes. Dreams are flown and spells are broken. The very-much-alive youngsters now get busy. A guarding angel, the Sister in charge, is keeping a vigilant eye on everyone while reciting the Joyous Mysteries of her Rosary to Mary. Sometimes one wee lass has to be helped with her important morning business. Or again, another smiling-faced tiny damsel needs to be reminded, "Less noise, dear," or, "This way, my little girl" — while Sister shows how it's done.

When the bell rings anew, the young flock kneels down for the morning talk with Jesus. Wide-awake eyes are devoutly hidden beneath the dark eyelashes. It prays better that way. The chubby, dimpled hands are folded like the Angels' on high, because the children are talking with their Great Friend, and Sister Sub-Directress says that's how they must go about it.

The young Missionary Sister adds her own adoring praise and prayer to the pure and fragrant incense ascending from innocent souls so dear to Jesus' Heart. Upon these, especially, her own "precious lambs" as she affectionately calls them, she calls down Jesus' loving glance and fond blessing — until His own divine arm is tired.

In perfect harmony, all the "lambs" patter over to the chapel for Holy Mass.

Sister remembers that this is the most wonderful, heaven-fraught hour of the day. Fervently she prepares for the great Mystery of Love presently to be re-enacted upon the altar-Calvary. Yes, the most precious hour, when, offering herself with the Bleeding Victim, she presents to the almighty and eternal Father all that she is and has, and generously acquiesces to His divine will in all things and everywhere. How easily it is recognized in the Religious life! There, biddings and counsels of kind Superiors, mothers at heart, are unmistakably true echoes of the voice of God.

Holy Communion strengthens the ties of love binding her to her adorable Saviour and Bridegroom, increases sanctifying grace in her soul and gives her all-embracing zeal for her personal spiritual perfection and the eternal salvation of every human soul. Quite naturally — no gentle bidding is required — her thoughts drift homewards, to her beloved parents whose remembrance is as cherished as on her leave-taking day; to her dear brothers

and sisters, especially the littlest ones, whose merry prattle by day and sweet dreams by night invariably bring their Missionary Sister in the role of heroine. Again she sees in retrospect the cherished Mother House, her devoted Superiors, and her dear fellow-Sisters envying her happy lot and patiently, hopefully awaiting their own assignment to — anywhere but, "Please, dear Lord, far, very far away." Prayerful wishes that this and all their other desires may be fulfilled are worded on her lips, but very often, too, left unworded, for the Divine Giver of all blessings heeds silent thoughts as well.

Sinners and the suffering souls in the Purifying Flames are also charitably recommended. Lastly, and lingeringly, Sister prays for the millions for whom Christ died and who as yet know nothing about it. Wasn't it to allay Christ's yearning thirst for these souls that she has gladly parted with all that could make life ideally happy away in her homeland?

"Dear Jesus," she prays in a scarcely audible whisper, "they do not know that You are a God of Love. See how cold and inert they languish in their pagan beliefs, adoring their pitiful substitutions for a Divine Being! Dear Jesus, bless us and our work in the field You have chosen out for us, and destroy Satan's empire in Your lands."

Her favourite aspirations are tirelessly repeated over and over. "Placed in Mary's motherly hands they will win the Heart of Jesus," Sister trustingly asserts.

The golden, heavenly hour includes other items in the non-spiritual sphere. Children are the same the world over — you can't take your eyes off them without their getting into mischief! The surveyor has to remind them that "Jesus is on the altar *in front*," — not behind, as half-a-dozen turned heads would seem to indicate. When order is restored once more, her intimate communings with the Master are resumed.

After Holy Mass with Jesus comes the fifteen-minute Rosary with Mary. Meanwhile Sister and two or three companions go down to their breakfast. Food is simple but wholesome. Missionaries need sustain their physical strength in order to be able to cope with difficulties rising up at every step under their feet. Mindful of the injunction of Saint Paul: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God," they sanctify their meal, because such is at that moment the will of the Heavenly Spouse.

From the Community refectory Sister passes to the Orphanage breakfast-room. The tiniest tot giggles out her glee and all follow suit. Merry "lambs" find breakfast so much more interesting when the tall, smiling shepherdess looks on!

When everyone and everything is ready and waiting, Sister Directress begins *Grace*, which pure and grateful hearts take up in unison. Older orphans serve the steaming hot rice and cooked vegetables to the hungry flock.

"Thank God they have hearty appetites!" Sister exclaims under her breath. And, as every true apostle, she prays that her words and examples may nourish their hungering and thirsting souls as profitably.

(To be continued)



ECHOES FROM OUR MISSIONS.

CANTON, CHINA

MEMOIRS

(Continued)

FURTHER TRIAL

In the year 1926, the Canton Mission suffered another heavy loss. On the Feast of Pentecost, May 23, Sister Saint Joseph (Emilda Charbonneau, Montreal) gently passed away after several months of a painful illness. She had left her homeland September 8, 1909, and had accordingly laboured seventeen years to alleviate suffering and misery in China. She had at first been entrusted with the care of the infirm, the blind and the insane poor, and to all of them she had devoted herself wholeheartedly. Two years later she was assigned the supervision of the Foundling Home. Gifted with a naturally sweet, compassionate nature, she lavished motherly care upon thousands of abandoned Chinese waifs.

Sister Saint Joseph never seemed to tire of devoting herself to the welfare of these frail little creatures. She was often seen spending parts of her nights drying, near a small stove, the garments that would clothe her "dear little angels", as she called them.

She worked to the very last, watching over her precious charges, mending their garments and striving to make them comfortable in every way.

SECOND SOJOURN IN HONG KONG

In the early days of 1927, violent Communist uprisings in Canton threatened the Sisters' security there. In March, the British Consul gave notice to leave Canton immediately. For the second time, on the 28th, began the exodus to Hong Kong, the Sisters bringing thirty-five orphans with them. The rest of the personnel had to be left to the care of the Chinese virgins.

After two or three days of fruitless tramping through the Hong Kong streets, the Sisters found at last two small dwellings side by side comprising four rooms in all. The orphans occupied one and the Sisters took up their abode in the other.

"Dear Mother," wrote Sister Saint Georges⁽¹⁾ to her Superior General, "during past years we have met with numberless trials, but we are now really

1. Corinne CREVIER, Montreal.

overwhelmed. Oh, how much is the Canton Mission costing us! When I was left alone with my companions at dinner-time I swallowed my tears with my soup. But why worry? God will take care of His own. I do not feel downhearted but am ready for the worst."

Meanwhile, Christians from Canton told tales of babies left to die on the threshold of the Foundling Home because there was nobody there to receive them. One morning a poor little outcast had thus been exposed and the police officer had it thrown into the garbage can, although it was still breathing.

The Sisters had hardly been a week in Hong Kong when a terrible typhoon all but smothered them beneath the ruins of their shattered houses. There remained nothing but piles of bricks and broken tiles, while all around the waters seemed to form a raging sea carrying along wrecks of all kinds.

That night there was only rice and salt for supper, which the Sisters shared with the hundreds of refugees who thought it safer to be near persons consecrated to God in this hour of danger for all.

Meantime, the Reds went on with their wholesale slaughters in Canton, and the Government decided to put an end to their agitations. Troops were mustered and kept in readiness for decisive action on December 12. On the issue of this battle rested the fate of the Catholic Mission. His Excellency Bishop Fourquet, of Canton, then made the solemn promise that he and all his missionaries would fast every year on December 12 during ten consecutive years, if the Reds were defeated.

After a terrible night, the Communist hordes were vanquished and the massacres ceased. Oh, the blessedness of relief felt by the Christians when at noon that day the Cathedral bells pealed out a joyful *Angelus*!

Relying on a lasting peace, the Sisters hastened back to Canton, only to be obliged to leave it again within a few days. Still, they did not have to remain very long in Hong Kong this time and, at the end of January, 1928, they had definitely set to work once more in their beloved Cantonese Mission.

The poor abandoned infants were legion in the devastated city, and the Foundling Home soon opened its doors to welcome hundreds of them. The Orphanage also was soon filled to capacity while the Home for the Aged gave shelter to the destitute. In the workroom nimble Chinese fingers were soon plying needle and thread in the making of wonderful laces, embroideries and Church vestments, while the young workers learned lessons of virtue and good behaviour.

Holy Ghost School, closed since 1927, was reopened only in 1930. This school had had an attendance of over four hundred pupils before Communist troubles in Canton.

In 1931, two hundred pupils, nearly all pagans, registered. They now number six hundred, in spite of the actual war which has paralyzed missionary endeavours in so many parts of China. Catechism is taught in all the classes and many straying sheep have been brought into the one true Fold.

A remarkable conversion was that of Miss Wong, who belonged to a well-to-do Canton family. Miss Wong had taken her decision only after

long reflections and a thorough study of our holy Faith. All the members of her respectable family, although pagans, were of a deeply religious nature. The hall of ancestors in their beautiful home was truly a sacred sanctuary where a veritable cult was rendered to the ancestral manes. One can gather from this that it was not lightly Miss Wong gave up the religion of her fathers in which she had been bred. Her solid convictions have transformed her into a true apostle among her own people.

Thanks to the zeal of a former pupil, a little girl one year old was benefited with a Christian education and thus snatched from heathen superstitions. Her devoted adopted mother, after having ransomed her \$90.00, had her baptized and provided for her education.

It is in the Holy Ghost School traditions that each class should adopt an orphan from the Foundling Home. The pupils provide for the child's needs out of their own personal savings. Thus they are trained to Christian charity and apostolate.

(To be continued)

* * *

*Our Missionary Sisters in Canton
Write to Our Reverend Mother Superior General*

Canton, December 22, 1943

BELOVED MOTHER,

With the last days of a year our thoughts naturally turn homewards, and our daydreams are often about the dear Mother House and you, beloved Mother. Our prayers are calling the Divine Child's fond blessings and His Immaculate Mother's protection upon you for the years to come.

God is a tender Father to all your Canton Missionaries and their charges. Nineteen hundred forty-four has been very consoling from the viewpoint of eternity and souls. A few random gleanings from our daily life will show you with what loving care Divine Providence surrounds us and our works.

On July 12, Sister Marie Immaculée⁽¹⁾ accompanied the School Directress on a visit to the Government Orphanage, where 2,500 homeless children are being cared for. The building isn't very attractive to the eye. Years ago it served as a school. Now, all the class-rooms have been transformed into dormitories. Platforms are the only semblance of beds for the tots. On the whole, the children are tidy, but so many little eyes are wistful with a sorrow no child should know! They have all been picked up from the streets and the Orphanage staff is devotedly trying to restore health to wan cheeks; still a good many droop away and die.

Sister asked the Director whether he would kindly permit her to baptize the dying babies, but the coveted favour was denied. However, our dear

1. Alice VANCHESTEIN, St. Michel de Napierville, Que.

Heavenly Mother intervened, and a few days later permission was given to baptize those who were too ill to be left with the others. Sister Saint Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ thus had the privilege of preparing many little souls for the Kingdom of Joy.

The sight of these poor homeless waifs breaks a missionary's heart. We think of our own Orphanage and can only repeat these words of a Ling Nam University student, "Your Orphanage is a haven and heaven for the Chinese children."

Rose Ng and Lucy Ley, two of our pupils, had a narrow escape from a watery grave in July. But God had appointed that means to draw them to His holy Faith.

It happened that Mrs. Ng had important messages to send to Ling Nam University, at two hours from Canton. The girls were glad of the occasion to enjoy a pleasant trip while doing a good turn. A Chinese Mother and her daughter took them in a light junk. Things went on very safely and happily until a typhoon, that dreadful visitation of Providence so familiar to China, blew with gigantic force, and their frail skiff capsized. Rose and Lucy having never learnt to swim, humanly speaking nothing could save them from being drowned in the now raging river.

Rose's first thought was that she and Lucy had not yet been baptized, and that both would never see God in Heaven. She implored Our Blessed Mother's help and protection while Lucy, who hardly knew the rudiments of our Faith, cried out, "Pentecost! Pentecost!" in Chinese (the name of Holy Ghost School). As for the Chinese mother and her daughter, they were calling on all their pagan gods for assistance.

Rose and Lucy rose to the surface again and managed to grasp the side of the boat, clinging to it with all their might. They begged the onlookers gathered on the river's edge to come to their rescue. Blunt refusal was the only response. Some said they hadn't any time to lose, others that they couldn't do anything to help. The true reason, however, was the age-old superstitious belief that whoever rescues a drowning person will sooner or later find himself in a similar situation. Evidently, the fight against death could not be kept up much longer. Arms were worn-out with fatigue and courage ebbing away. Finally, two men decided to come to their aid, after having been promised a large sum of money.

You can easily imagine what a stir the incident roused in Canton. Mrs. Ng sent her daughter to thank the God of the Sisters, while she herself went to the pagan temple. Rose, seeing her mother favourably disposed towards the Catholic Religion, asked permission to be baptized. The long-desired consent was at last obtained.

A few days later, Rose and her little sister began to study the Doctrine and a very happy Lucy joined them. On the same day, our bashful Fannie, who hadn't heard anything of her class-mates' decision, mustered up enough

1. Irène PELLAND, West Glover, Vermont.

self-confidence to ask whether she "could learn the things Catholics must know."

Assumption Day is our special feast at the Orphanage. Reverend Father Narbais preached the preparatory Retreat. The kind and devoted Father readily agreed to give a sermon for the prospective Sisters among the orphan girls and another for the tots. For more than a month all, from youngest to oldest, had been preparing for admission in the Children of Mary, Guardian Angel or Child Jesus Sodalties. Several teachers also requested the favour of being received in the Children of Mary Sodality.



SISTER ST. BARTHELEMY (MARIA LAMBERT, ST. BARTHELEMY, P. Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH NATIVE
VIRGINS, CANTON, CHINA.

The reception ceremony was held at three o'clock. Reverend Father Tsing gave a substantial instruction. The children received medals of Our Blessed Lady, the Guardian Angel or the Child Jesus, with ribbons in the appropriate hue. Solemn and serious was the election of the councillors that followed in the evening. Let us say in passing that the officers were chosen among those whose mild and conciliative dispositions were known to all — another confirmation of the Gospel maxim: "Blessed are the meek." A special *soung* closed the day's celebration.

War has abruptly and strangely altered conditions in Canton. Beggars of yesterday are the merchant princes of the hour. For instance, we could cite the case of a match-seller of dull days now past, at present a manufacturer who sees his fortune grow with every new date of the calendar.

Another monopolizes the city garbage and is perhaps one of Canton's wealthiest. In days of old, he had one wife — now he has four. Madam No. 3 is taking music lessons here. She had long been wishing for a piano. One day Sister Assistant showed the lady's husband a piano that had been left here to be sold.

"Twenty-five hundred yen," proposed Sister.

"Have you anything better?" he queried.

We had the Sisters' piano, but selling it would mean a sacrifice. Still, we thought of all the empty rice bowls and our beloved little protégées, and agreed to part with our treasured instrument for 5,000 yen. Then we bought Mrs. Chan's piano for 2,500 yen. The other 2,500 will go to fill the empty rice bowls.

One day Sister Joseph de la Sainte Famille⁽¹⁾ went out with our faithful Muriel. Their eyes fell on a poor aged man who had for hours been requesting the passers-by to help him to some shady spot. No one seemed to hear or cared to help the old Chinese. Sister told them how uncharitable that was, then, securing help, she had the unfortunate old beggar taken out of the ardent sun-rays. She offered him some biscuits she happened to carry, but had to dip them into water to soften them, so exhausted was the poor outcast. The compassionate Samaritans then spoke of Heaven and endless happiness with a loving Father whose child they made him in Baptism. Certainly his was a soul of good-will, and God would not let him die in his pagan faith.

Another beggar came here one morning. Unusual, but so consoling, was his request — neither food nor money, but the priceless gift of Baptism! Our good portress could hardly trust her ears.

"Don't lose a minute," the worn old beggar murmured. "Get a Sister to baptize me."

Sister Assistant was immediately summoned. But her heart was torn with pity at the sight of the veritable skeleton of a man before her. She inquired as to his whereabouts and condition and learnt that he had been living in Hong Kong previous to the war. There he had often heard Catholics speak about Jesus and had made up his mind to embrace the Catholic Faith. Moved to tears, Sister Assistant poured the Regenerating Waters upon his brow and made him a child of God. Then she gave him some food, along with a card for admission to the City Hospital. The poor old man hobbled away leaning for support against the wall. His exhausted body will soon go down to a nameless grave, but his pure soul will eternally sing the mercies of the Lord in Heaven.

Another morning we found a wee, whimpering mite on our door-step waiting for some kindly hand to make its little life a bit more bearable. Seu Lang gets angry every time we find abandoned babies.

"Heartless parents!" — it is well for her, probably, that they aren't within earshot — "Had you only been treated thus at your birth!"

But Seu Lang quiets down again, however, when Sister tells her: "God is giving us the happiness of saving a soul to-day. Let us ask His help for the penniless parents who have to part with their children."

Ng Kou and Ti Tac, our native catechists, are always busy on their errands of mercy, baptizing the dying and visiting the Government Found-

1. Jeannette DELISLE, Worcester, Mass.



LITTLE CANTONESE ORPHANS
PRAYING TO THE CHILD JESUS

ling Homes. Seldom can they stem the painful pangs of bodily hunger, but with God's grace they heal the sickness of souls and satisfy their yearnings for religious truth.

Sister Saint Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ is a zealous baptizer who opens Heaven to many adults and children on her daily journeys to Shameen School.

Madeleine, our devoted catechist, is giving lessons in Christian Doctrine in the classes we opened on August 30.

Holy Ghost School is filled to capacity — 600 pupils. The last dormitory on the third floor has been transformed into a class-room; the reception hall is our little Kindergarten tots' play-room. We have probably told you already how we had been compelled to refuse a number of children when we opened the Kindergarten. We lacked desks and chairs. Furniture wood is very scarce and consequently high-

priced. Kind Providence, however, cleared up the difficulty. The Kindergarten teacher, a former pupil of ours and a fervent Catholic, offered us a good hundred small tables and chairs she had at home.

After many moves and measures we finally succeeded, last October, in obtaining from the Government an eight-ounce-a-day rice portion for our orphans. A little later, Mr. Au Man Fou, a wealthy Chinese, entered us down on his charity list for a sum of 2,000 yen, which meant an additional fifteen bags of rice for our youngsters.

November brought other pleasant surprises. Sister Marie Céline⁽²⁾ had sowed hundreds of papaw-trees at Fong Chuen, and Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home also had a lesser quantity. One blessed day Our Heavenly Keeper inspired our pupils and their parents to come and buy papaws. Thus it was that the precious sum of 1,500 yen brought us relief in our poverty and made us sing the goodness of the Lord.

Naturally, space as well as means is restricted. Still, Sister Saint Barthélemy⁽³⁾ and one of our senior orphans manage to raise hens, rabbits, bees and pigs — which helps to tide us over trying periods.

We are confident that our beloved orphans have still a place in the thoughts of the kind sewing-circle Members over in Canada. They can no longer don their *Sunday best* — it is three years and over since fresh new garments have come from our homeland. We had a little reserve left over from happier days, but now our cupboards are empty. Still, we are not

1. Irène PELLAND, West Glover, Vermont.

2. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, Que.

3. Maria LAMBERT, St. Barthélemy, Berthier Co., Que.

for all that anxious about to-morrow. Peace will come and with it the long-expected, helpful cases from our dear Canada.

December gave us Our Immaculate Mother's beautiful solemnity and, consequently, Sister Marie Immaculée's patronal feast. Teachers and pupils alike spared nothing to make the day a joyful one. Gifts were of a very practical nature, as you shall see: six pigs, fruits, canned goods, etc.

In the evening of the 8th, it was the orphans' turn to offer their best wishes to our dear Sister. We have a large family, as you already know, but we are one in heart as always. Perfect harmony reigns in the Orphanage. Each and everyone does her best to help us through the present hard moments. The older ones stay up late at night to get more knitting done.

We had a beautiful Christmas this year. Midnight Mass, which we had not had since your visit, dear Mother — and a solemn one at that. Twelve of the English class pupils heard Mass and then stayed at the Orphanage overnight. We are sure divine grace will sooner or later work marvels in these souls of good-will.

Fannie Tong, one of their companions, was baptized on Christmas afternoon with a little girl from Formosa. All made it a point to be present at the beautiful ceremony.

The two newly-baptized children of the dear Heavenly Father made their First Holy Communion on the following day. On coming out of the chapel, Fannie turned towards her beloved companions with the customary Christian greeting: "God bless you!" Tears glistened in many eyes.

May many others follow Fannie's inspiring example and let themselves be gently drawn to our loving Saviour!

As you can see from these random gleanings, dear Mother, the year has been a very consoling one, as we said at the outset. We are glad to be able to help the poor abandoned children of this corner of God's earth. We are not worrying about the future. Haven't we the assurance that not one thing can happen to us that is not permitted by God our Father? May He give us the necessary strength to do all for His honour and glory and the ever-wider extension of His Kingdom upon earth!

We could not tell you, dear Mother, with what eagerness we await news from you. It is so long since we had letters from the dear Mother House and all our Sisters in Canada.

Assuring you, beloved Mother, of our filial affection and gratitude, we are once again requesting your prayers and those of our Mothers and Sisters, that God will continue helping us, and that we may be able to sustain our family until the so-desired days of peace.

YOUR LOVING CANTON DAUGHTERS



In the soul, any disorder that arises from lack of the true relationship of creature and Creator causes sorrow and suffering — not peace. Pain in the body, grief in the soul, are unmistakable evidences of disorder.

Rev. L. A. Sander

JAPAN

NAGASAWA TOKI KO

For several years a young Christian lady, university student, had been in the habit of spending her holidays at our Convent in Koriyama.

A few weeks before Christmas, 1932, she wrote asking if she could bring a friend fellow-student, Nagasawa Toki Ko, a pagan girl who wished to come in contact with Christians.

There were not many spare rooms in our small Convent, but things could be managed for a few weeks, and we wrote telling Onaga San to bring her friend.

On December 23, our guests arrived. But let us hear Nagasawa San herself tell us of her first impressions.

"While standing in the vestibule I suddenly felt like running away, such was my unaccountable fear of entering a convent. But I was somewhat reassured on seeing the Sister who opened the door. She seemed so simple and friendly in her white habit that I said to myself, 'After all, Sisters are not so bad as I thought.'"

Christmas Eve went by uneventfully. Our guest was extremely polite, but distant and reserved. Before leaving for the mission church where Midnight Mass was to be said, we explained briefly the meaning of Christmas and why offices were held at this unusual hour. We told her that she must not feel obliged to accompany us, but that she could retire for her night's rest.

This may seem a strange way of drawing pagans to our holy Religion, but such is the Japanese mentality. Indiscreet zeal may do more harm than good with these haughty intellects so sure of their own theories on religion.

Prayer being the first and only efficacious means in the conversion of unbelievers, we entrusted this soul, simple and straightforward as any, to the care of Our Immaculate Mother.

As we were about to leave for the church, Onaga San hurriedly asked, "My friend wishes to assist at Midnight Mass. May I bring her along?"

We readily acquiesced, telling Onaga San to remain near and explain things to her.

Kneeling before the humble manger in the mission church, we begged the Divine Infant to dispel the darkness enshrouding this pagan soul and to show her the shallowness of the shintoist creed to which she was strongly attached.

Some days later Nagasawa San remarked to one of the Sisters: "I really cannot understand why you have come to Japan. We have efficient professors in Tokyo who can teach French and English. Anyone wishing to learn music can find excellent Japanese teachers. Our schools are perfectly organized and our kindergartens, models of the kind, can safely be compared to yours."

"That is all very true," Sister quietly answered, "and we have no intention of competing with Japanese-held schools. Our aim is to make the



JAPANESE LADY WEARING
NATIONAL DRESS

true God known and loved. And even if we succeeded in winning just one soul to Him, don't you think it would have been worth-while to leave our beloved country and all our dear ones?"

No answer was forthcoming, but a startled, wondering look had stolen into the serious almond eyes.

Later she said: "I had always considered it a shame to have been born a woman, because it seemed to me that only men were called upon to do great things. But upon learning how the Sisters worked at such a sublime cause, for the first time of my life I felt proud of having been born a woman!"

Our guest continued to be coldly aloof, but from time to time she would question about things that puzzled her.

She was often to be found in the little convent chapel, apparently absorbed in deep thinking. At Mass, she sat quite still by the Sisters, refusing prayer-books and just intently gazing at the altar.

On New Year's Eve the Missionary Father gave us the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament exposed all night.

Many young Christian girls spent the night at the convent and we all kept vigil in turns before the Eucharistic Throne.

Naturally, we did not think of assigning a vigil hour to Nagasawa San, as she was not a Christian. This she deeply resented and begged of her friend to let her share her hour at least. Reluctantly,

Onaga San agreed to leave her one half-hour.

Little by little our guest became less distant and coldly reserved.

One of the Sisters asked her one day why she loved to spend hours in the chapel when no one was there.

"Oh!" she answered, "when the Sisters and the Christian girls are present, it seems to me that God must be all taken by those pure souls who love Him so well. He cannot then listen to me, poor pagan. But when I am there all alone before Him, He must be obliged to cast at least one look upon my soul."

On another occasion we inquired what prayers she said during Mass.

"I don't know how to pray," she replied with a slightly defiant tilt of the head. "I just think of God present there upon the altar. You told

me that He sees clearly into the depths of my soul and that is all I do . . . just bask in the sunshine of His presence. If you knew how happy it makes me feel!"

The winter holidays over, our guests took leave of us and returned to the Capital to continue their studies.

But Nagasawa San was no longer the haughty young lady who had looked down upon the Christian Religion. She even begged the Sisters to pray for her. She need not have asked us to pray; for we had been doing nothing else ever since we had met her, sensing what great influence she would wield one day upon her own people.

Letters came regularly, telling of her faithfulness in attending religious services at the Catholic Church with her Catholic friend. Then in March she asked to be allowed to spend her spring holidays at our Convent.

She came with Onaga San and was greatly amused at her first impressions of fear at Christmas.

A few more days and Nagasawa San humbly asked to be taught the truths of our holy Religion. "I want to begin here my study of the catechism."

Need we say how happy felt the privileged Sister who gave her her first lessons in heavenly lore.

But holidays were soon at an end and our dear friend was obliged to resume her studies at the University of Tokyo. The Director of the Major Seminary in the Capital willingly gave her instructions which she eagerly followed.

She spent the summer vacations with us in spite of the desire she felt of meeting her mother and little brothers.

"I am not yet strong enough in the Faith," she would say. And this generous sacrifice was repeated for two succeeding years.

On Christmas Day, 1933, she had the great happiness of becoming a child of God. It was His Excellency Msgr. Paul Marella's first baptism on Japanese soil. His Excellency had been appointed Apostolic Delegate to Japan a few months previously.

Nagasawa San had chosen Joan as her baptismal name. The dauntless Maid of Orleans held a strong appeal for this chivalrous daughter of a valiant nation. A few months later she went to visit her family; her pagan mother was so struck with the change wrought in her high-spirited daughter that she wrote us a long letter full of gratitude. Yes, her only daughter would become her joy and pride, but not just in the way the pagan mother dreamt of.

Joan assured us that nothing would satisfy her ambitions but the highest ideals of sanctity. She was not one to do things by halves. And when our dear Lord called her to be His Spouse by entering the Institute of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart, she gladly and generously responded. In the peace of the cloister, the fiery daughter of the brave Japanese knights of old still works to realize her ambition of becoming a great saint.

*A Canadian Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception
Repatriated from Koriyama, Japan.*

WEST INDIES

Excerpts from the Diary of Our Missionary Sisters in Les Cayes, Haiti

Wednesday, December 8, 1943

"How did you like your first Immaculate Conception feast in Haiti?" The happiest we had ever lived, dear Sisters-at-Home. We savoured something of the joys of Heaven when renewing our holy Vows in our poor little chapel. Our Chaplain, Reverend Father A. Bédard, O. M. I., intended, as usual, to say Mass in Sacred Heart Parish. However, at the last moment plans were altered; happily for us, we could add. So we had Mass in the humble sanctuary which is the best we can offer to our Divine Saviour, and thanked Him and Our Blessed Mother for the heavenly half-hour spent so close to them.

Breakfast over, we heard Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral. Then we of Les Cayes kept traditions of the Cote des Neiges Mother House and manifested our joy in a glad holiday. Hours went by very rapidly in preparing the procession scheduled for to-night in honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Patroness of Haiti.

His Excellency Most Reverend L. Collignon, our kind Bishop, had wished that the ceremony be one of unforgettable beauty for his Haitian flock — and that meant we all had to be lavish in our decorations.

Naturally, our poverty prevented us from doing much. Beyond the sparse fragments of cardboard left over from the inside of our tabernacle and a few white and blue streamers, we had little save our native wits. Here as everywhere else, however, necessity is the mother of invention. The cardboard soon acquired the oval shape of a miraculous medal on which stars, an M and the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary were etched. Our Blessed Mother was represented on the face of the medal. A scrap of net, through which a blue cellophane paper shed a subdued glow, was tied in a bow to hold the medal in place. Then we wrote in blue letters the legend: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee" on a narrow band of white cotton. Blue and white streamers were draped as gracefully as possible on either side.

Charity's employees had gathered an ample supply of palm-tree boughs. The luxuriant greenery added a pleasing note to our simple adornings in honour of the glorious Queen of Heaven.

Then the illumination problem had to be attended to, since the street lights cannot reach our house. Ordinary glasses garbed in blue or light yellow paper and each holding a vigil-light, served the purpose to our satisfaction. They cast a soft radiance and gave a pious finishing touch to the decorations.

Preparations were well on the way when, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in our chapel.

The great demonstration was held after Vespers in the evening. The procession wound out through the streets, reciting or singing the *Ave Maria*. His Excellency Bishop Collignon followed with members of the clergy.

An artistic representation of Our Lady of Perpetual Help closed the processional march. The ceremony ended with a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we reached home, a bit tired perhaps, but smiling and happy over Our Immaculate Mother's triumphant day.

Saturday, December 18

Charity, If You Please already gives us many consolations. The largest pavilion shelters about a hundred patients. The greater number have been suffering from large, gaping sores for a long weary year and more. How gladly we would do everything humanly possible to cure their bodily ills! Alas, means are too slender for the fulfilment of our dreams and plans! We have only fifty beds at the moment. You will not be surprised, therefore, when we say that a fairly good number of patients have nothing better than the hard cement floor as pallet. Many of them, even, haven't so much as a straw mat to recline upon. Others lie here and there in the field, supposedly because the grassy earth is softer and more comfortable than cement.

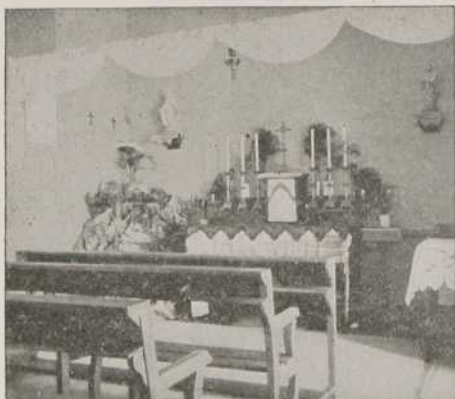
The kiosk — our school — has accommodation space for thirty pupils at most, and ninety have enrolled so far. The only satisfactory solution to the problem at present is to hold the classes out under the thick foliage.

Our poor little pupils necessarily pay frequent visits to the dispensary. They are orphaned for the greater number and have never known what it means to be sturdy, healthy, normal children. The employees have begun work on a sort of shelter where classes will be kept up during the rainy season.

Another construction harbours fifteen of *Charity's* sick and aged.



AN OUTDOOR CATECHISM LESSON ON THE GROUNDS OF *CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE*, BY SISTER MARIE RACHEL (RACHEL BLANCHETTE, ST. LIBOIRE, BAGOT COUNTY, P.Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI.



THE HUMBLE CHAPEL OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI

Charity is a fairly extensive property, yet we cannot hope to settle here definitely. The soil is marshy and consequently the favourite haunt of myriads of unwelcome mosquitoes.

The Haitian potato is widely cultivated here. It differs from the Canadian, which doesn't thrive in this climate. Rice doesn't need any coaxing to grow, since there is plenty of the moisture it calls for. Corn does fairly well, too. Bananas and coconuts are at home in this section of Haiti. One corner of the property has never yielded anything beyond

rushes. However, these fill their own particular function. We use them in the making of rush mats.

Friday, December 24

Spiritually speaking, we have been God's spoilt children these last few days. Every morning it was our privilege to hear two and even three Masses in our convent home. The ecclesiastical Retreat was being held and there were more priestly hands to offer up the white Host. Knowing we had been spoilt, we wouldn't have dared ask for the supreme joy of three Christmas Masses in our chapel. And still, God heard our unworried wish. To-night, it will come true.

Our "day before Christmas" fled by as if on wings, what with all the extra work and the setting up of the Divine Child's crib. We couldn't help thinking Bethlehem had been just as humble and rustic and destitute. Fortunately, though, the joys of Christmas have their wellsprings in the heart and do not depend on elaborate externals. A rush roof propped up by a few boughs of greenery constituted the best crib we in our poverty could offer the King of Kings, who came down on earth to teach men that spiritual goods outvalue material comfort and wealth.

While we were quietly having our supper, the familiar words of an old Canadian Christmas carol reached our ears . . . and hearts. Our days and months in Haitian missions are not many yet, and we haven't forgotten Christmas hymns, customs and traditions at home — and never will, for that matter.

Saturday, December 25

Aurelia, our helper, took over the function of house-guardian to-night. We heard Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral. Then we came back and Reverend Father A. Bédard said his three Masses in our chapel. It felt more homey here to receive our Christmas Communion Guest and whisper all our fond wishes to the almighty little Babe lying on His hard bed for love of us.

At noon, the small Community wended its way to *Charity*. There it was our pleasure to give a Christmas dinner to our charges in the name of the Christ Child. The special consisted of fowl and sweets. It was hard to repress tears at the sight of these drawn, suffering faces beaming with deep, childlike joy. They are so contented and grateful that we feel sorry we cannot do more for them.

Sunday, January 23, 1944

The thermometer ascends to a point equal to our hot July days in Canada. However, nights are comparatively cool, and we manage to lay off the day's weariness. We had a first taste of our own garden tomatoes to-day.



SISTER ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH LITTLE PROTEGES OF *CHARITY*, IF YOU PLEASE, LES CAYES, HAITI.

One of *Charity's* patients went to God a few days ago. He had been first to speak of Confession and the Sacraments of the dying. We hope and pray that he and all his companions in misery who have gone before, are now enjoying the Vision of the God of Love, who "shall wipe away all tears from their eyes".

Tuesday, January 25

Another one of our patients has answered the Homeward summons. Adam Daniel was his name and he was about thirty years of age.

This young man had never known his God and Father before coming to *Charity*. Still, he believed in a Supreme Being directing the course of events in human lives, but the Name of God had never reached his ears.

Always he had faithfully kept the moral law written in his heart and avoided what he deemed evil. Now he was penniless, and an ugly ulcer in his leg did not even allow him to hobble along a little. He bore his sufferings with resignation to the will of the Supreme Being in whom he had faith, and gratefully accepted what scanty food was given him.

We spoke of God, Heaven, Our Blessed Mother, and of all the consoling truths of our beautiful Catholic Faith. How eagerly he drank in every word! Poor young man! All his life he had been searching for the True God, and now when earthly existence was fastly ebbing away, the Divine Being was revealing Himself to his thirsting soul.

He had been sinking gradually these last few days. Soon he would pass out of the shadow into Eternal Day, yet the thought of death didn't frighten him. He was happier than ever before. He knew God was coming for him, and God was his Father, so there was no reason for apprehension.

Saturday, January 29

As a general rule, our dear charges are touchingly grateful for the least attention bestowed upon them.

We could cite, for instance, the case of old Zolie, whose long-cherished hope and dream has at last been realized — a new suit of clothes.

He was profuse in his thanks to Sister and promised to ask God's blessing upon her. Then he added the Creole equivalent of "May God remove every thorn and stone in your way." We shall remark in passing that the poor of Haiti usually go barefooted and very often bruise their feet on the stones.

"Very well," answered Sister, "but thank God first. He is taking very good care of you, as you can see!"

We are relying on your fervent prayers, dear Sisters in the loved homeland, to help us in our great and glorious task of making life happier and pleasanter for God's abandoned ones in Haiti. Here also the harvest is great and the labourers are very few. "Come over and help us!"



THANK GOD FOR EVERYTHING

"Glory be to God for everything: I said it when I was taken away from you; I have been saying it all the time we were separated; I say it again now that I am restored to you." So spoke St. John Chrysostom to his people when he was restored to his See of Constantinople after his long and cruel exile; and such must be the Christian's attitude in the face of all the changes and chances of life, whatever they may be. We are to thank God for them all, for they are all of them means of grace to ourselves and opportunities of rendering glory to God for His Providence, however mysterious it may seem.

VIATOR IN THE *Universe*



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Tuesday, December 28, 1943

Still another of our well-loved Sisters has answered the supreme call of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Through two long years of cheerful, resigned suffering, she had kept her lamp burning brightly for His coming, fully aware that He could be announced any hour. Generously, at His sudden approach last evening, she bade good-night to things of earth and opened her eyes on the eternal bridal-feast.

Our dear departed Sister Ste. Adèle (Joséphine Charron, Ile Verte) had become Christ's consecrated spouse through Holy Profession seventeen years ago.

She will be consigned to her last resting-place on Thursday, beside Sister St. Anselme, her sick-room companion, who preceded her Above by a brief three weeks.

These two recent divine visitations have stamped thoughts of death deeply on our impressionable young minds, yet not in sadness, but in the joy of the Communion of Saints; in the conviction, too, that "we shall meet again in a brighter land, where farewell is never spoken."

Friday, December 31

Eleven-thirty in the evening found us at the feet of our Eucharistic Friend, commending into His merciful hands the dying year given us pure and unspotted 365 days ago, and dedicating to Him the new one opening in this night of nights. Thrillingly close to the Sacred Prisoner, we penned the closing lines of our spiritual year-book, gratefully acknowledging His unnumbered kindnesses and trustingly placing our hands in His to touch His forgiving heart.

The solemn stroke of midnight broke the reverent hush and 1944, fresh-minted from Uncreated Artist Fingers, came down to earth.

As little children from a beloved parent, we confidently requested from Our Father in Heaven the benediction that will place His sign and seal upon this coming milestone on our life's journey. To Him and His Immaculate Mother rose the incense of our first New Year greetings. How fervently we prayed that His Cross and her love may soon illuminate a world-horizon, and that all nations and peoples may dwell in the scope of their splendid effulgence!

Holy Mother Church, our chosen Religious family, and the dear ones parted from but never forgotten, are remembered in pious supplications. Then, with the last sweet strains of our praising *Magnificat* still echoing in our ears, we drifted off into the arms of sleep.

Saturday, January 1, 1944

"The year promises well," we muse. It opens on a Saturday, the Lovely Lady of Heaven's special day.

New Year is par excellence a wishful date. After Holy Mass, our devoted chaplain, Reverend N. Turcotte, came to express his New Year wishes and called down on us a generous blessing from on high. Following this, Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants merrily hied to their respective quarters to exchange fraternal greetings and best wishes plentifully seasoned with mirth and laughter. To the Postulants, the great acceptable wish is for a white veil in February; among ourselves, by common consent, a still more precious black one that will make us full-fledged Missionaries beneath the standard of our Heavenly Queen.

Dear Mother Superior General sent her loving New Year message over the telephone, not for us only, but for our beloved ones as well.

Other anointed hands traced the sacred sign upon our bended heads late in the forenoon, when Monsignor E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary, gave us his blessing for 1944. In a brief but substantial address he enumerated the conditions to be fulfilled if we plan, according to his wish, to make this year the most successful in the light of eternity.

Over and above all, we must be exact, loyal observers of our Religious Rules. They are our means for attaining spiritual perfection. Secondly, we must bring unselfish, wholehearted co-operation in striving to preserve harmony and fraternal union in our Religious family. Is not that the spirit of unity and mutual charity Our Blessed Saviour can rightfully expect from His consecrated brides? Thirdly, we must work for God and for Him alone. Ordinary commonplace actions occasionally labelled "humdrum" thereby acquire tremendous value in God's sight. They are the coins with which we purchase endless happiness. Every deed that does not bear the effigy of divine love has no face value; counterfeit currency will never buy Heaven for us.

Monsignor incited us to make the best of our probation years and endeavour to imbue ourselves with the solid spiritual principles taught us during the days of our noviceship.

"Your Missionary Sisters in the Far East are toiling to lead souls to God. Sooner or later the burden will have to be removed from their weary shoulders. You will have to be as earnest, as self-sacrificing as they if you want God's mission work to prosper."

May all the graces and blessings called down upon us to-day help us realize our ideal for 1944 — a fervent year of energetic religious and spiritual training in view of our future exterior missionary activity.

Sunday, January 2

Letters from home brought long moments of unalloyed joy all through yesterday. Naturally, correspondence from the old family hearth had to be seen to first. Then, quietly, unobtrusively, we spent gay minutes with our dear fellow-Sisters in our various Canadian Convents. Still, our bliss was the silver lining of a dark cloud. War has closed communications with foreign lands where a good number of our Sisters are carrying on mission work, and no tidings from them have come through.

Thursday, January 6

Our Infant Saviour wasn't the only one honoured with Far Eastern visitors. We, too, heartily greeted cherished, long-expected guests from the far ends of God's beautiful Orient. In faithful compliance with tradition, dear Mother Superior General observed the Epiphany with her Novices, and had the kind thoughtfulness of inviting our recently repatriated Sisters to accompany her.

We didn't search long for appropriate words of welcome. Joy-wreathed faces spoke volumes of fond, affectionate, enthusiastic greeting.

Superlatives only and a goodly list of them could adequately convey the joy and inspiration of the day. Fascinating topics they were — the thousand and one incidents of the three-month sailing over uncharted seas, along with the thrilling hardships in alien countries through several sad years of war; "thrilling" because forming one of the most soul-stirring chapters in this romance of winning souls for Christ. How infinitely paternal has been God's providential care of our Missionary Sisters! Our Heavenly Father has His reasons, but we see them faintly when at all — which goes to say that our only rational procedure is complete, trusting, childlike surrender in the secure shelter of His protecting arms.

If envy in this case be a sin, we plead guilty. Can a prospective Missionary Sister sit on and listen quietly, resignedly, stoically, to actual narratives of veterans from the Far Mission Front? We don't think so, at least.

Missionaries are not made overnight, we are told. Deep-set habits of self-abnegation go in their training. However, provided the age-old maxim still holds good, if we set down to "practice" with energy and earnestness, "perfect", in the limited human range, will come in God's own appointed hour.

A recreative programme was presented in the evening and put the last cheery touch to this unforgettable Epiphany spent more in the Celestial and Flowery Kingdoms over the seas than in the Land of the Maple.

Friday, January 7

Snow-storms serve a good purpose sometimes, and this morning's certainly did, postponing a departure hour we ourselves would have liked to put off indefinitely. Wasn't that reason enough to bless Divine Providence who had spoken thus in our favour? Let the blizzard rage!

Tuesday, February 1

As February opens on a snow-mantled earth, Our Most Pure Mother usually guides fresh recruits to her Missionary Novitiate, there to offer them to God with her Divine Infant on the feast of His Presentation. Eager, fraternal and heart-warming is what we always try to make our welcome to these dear beginners in the Religious career. Our prayer is that the Spirit of Love, having given them the strength to break family ties asunder, will pursue His sanctifying mission and grant them perseverance in their holy calling.

Wednesday, February 2

During Holy Mass this morning we sang the praise of the humble Virgin-Mother who meekly bent to the law of purification — a law she well knew did not bind the Mother of a God. But Mary went beyond the strictly obligatory and did not count her deeds of generosity. What a perfect, inspiring model for the "missionaries of giving" we wish to become! Long, precious moments will be given us to meditate on the sublime virtues Jesus and Mary teach us in this mystery, for the silence of an eight-day Retreat will shortly hover within our walls.

As might be expected, the Novitiate this afternoon presented a scene of bustling and joyous activity. Every now and then, we would see familiar silhouettes, parcels or travelling bags in hand, cross the corridor and go to the particular cell assigned them. Over 150 Professed Sisters came to "renew the inner person" in the holy Retreat exercises. The reunion at the Mother House is a merry event looked forward to months beforehand. Good, isn't it, for Sisters to meet again and strengthen the bonds of deep, fraternal affection linking them together! We Novices rejoiced with our elder Sisters, while the words of the Prophet-King reverted to our minds: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

At seven-thirty, the "voice of God" interrupted the jovial, intimate chatting and convened us to the opening instruction. Our Retreat was placed under the special protection of the Holy Ghost, the "interior Retreat-Master", to quote the words of Reverend Father L. Lebel, S. J., who will lead us, these eight blessed days, in the highways and byways of the spiritual life.

Thursday, February 10

These happy days were winged indeed! Here we are already at the last hours of our beautiful, reposing spiritual vacation. Our Retreat-Master's objective obviously must have been to inspire us with childlike, trustful abandonment to Our Blessed Lord and make us fathom, in our finite capacity, His own infinite love for every one of us. With full hearts we thanked Him for the choice graces showered upon us with a prodigality that makes us wish to give everything we possibly can in grateful return.

Friday, February 11

Touchingly beautiful religious consecrations marked the anniversary of Our Lady of Lourdes' smile to the humble shepherdess of the Pyrenees.

The joyful feast brought to several the unspeakable happiness of binding themselves to the Divine Lover of souls in Holy Profession.

His Excellency Most Reverend H. Lafortune, Bishop of Nicolet, received the sacred pledges of the morning betrothals in Holy Mother Church's name. Assisting His Excellency were the Reverend Fathers C. Rondeau and J. N. Turcotte, P. M. E., and G. Auger, Secretary to His Excellency. Reverend Father Roch, P. M. E., was present in the sanctuary.

The final Profession and Clothing ceremonies of the afternoon were likewise presided over by His Excellency Bishop Lafortune. After the singing of the *Veni Creator*, Reverend Father H. Schelpe, S. J., gave an appropriate allocution.

Our new Novitiate companions are:

Miss Yvette Desnoyers, St. Henri de Mascouche (Sister Marie Anthime); Miss Agathe Dudemaine, St. Laurent, near Montreal (Sister Marie Viateur); Miss Rita Ouellette, Lewiston, Me., U. S. A. (Sister Marie Emile); Miss Irène Hétu, Montreal (Sister Ste. Irène); Miss Dolorès Tremblay, Port Alfred, Chicoutimi County (Sister St. Alexis); Miss Lucienne Ferland, Lac Mégantic (Sister St. Ferdinand); Miss Yvette Thibault, St. Jean des Piles (Sister St. Marcel); Miss Aline Gagnon, Ste. Félicité Ouest (Sister Ste. Félicité); Miss Juliette Morneau, Kamouraska Moulin (Sister Joseph Albert); Miss Rita Ready, Montreal (Sister Rita du Sacré Cœur); Miss Marie Jeanne Tanguay, Providence, St. Hyacinthe (Sister Ste. Joséphine); Miss Fleur Ange L'Heureux, Montreal (Sister Marguerite de l'Enfant Jesus).

Seventeen Professed Sisters of Temporary Vows consecrated themselves irrevocably to God:

Sister Thérèse de la Providence (Thérèse Smith, Southbridge, Mass.); Sister Marie Hervé (Annette Gouger, St. Henri de Mascouche); Sister St. Martin de Tours (Evelyn Martin, Shawbridge, Terrebonne County); Sister Eustelle du St. Sacrement (Lucienne Pelletier, Ste. Louise, l'Islet County); Sister Ste. Valentine (Gladys McLeah, Cabano); Sister St. Eloi (Cecile Desjardins, St. Eloi); Sister Marie Claudine (Laura Beaulieu, Bic); Sister Bernadette Soubirous (Jeanne Thiboutot, Notre Dame du Portage); Sister Joseph Armand (Gertrude Gagnon, Petit Saguenay); Sister St. François de Borgia (Antonia Demers, Laprairie); Sister St. Jean de la Lande (Clémence Caron, St. Jean Port Joli); Sister St. Ambroise (Marie Flore Beaudoin, Montreal); Sister Marie Adolphe (Florence Aucoin, Wellington, P. E. I.); Sister St. Philias (Georgette Richer, Plantagenet, Ont.); Sister Marie Alvarez (Noella Brisson, Cornwall, Ont.); Sister Marie Lorenzo (Gertrude Dussault, St. Hyacinthe); Sister Thérèse de la Ste. Face (Thérèse Leblanc, Moncton, N. B.).

The following members of the clergy were present in the sanctuary: Reverend Anthime Desnoyers, O. M. I., Vicar General; Monsignor J. O. V. Dudemaine, Pastor, Amos, Abitibi; the Reverend Fathers Raymond Hamel, O. P., St. Hyacinthe; Stanislas Viau, O. P., Lewiston, Me., U. S. A.; Francis T. Ennis, S. J., Montreal; Jean de Montigny, C. S. C., and Hervé Gouger, C. S. V., Joliette; Clovis Rondeau and Roland Roch, P. M. E., Pont Viau;

Sylvio Laporte, Pastor, Chambly Bassin; Aldéric Melanson, Shediac, N. B.; Alfred Thiboutot, St. Pacôme; Léandre Lacombe, Montreal; Lucien Poulin, Bishop's Residence, Sherbrooke; E. A. Martel, Providence, St. Hyacinthe; X. Gagnon, Longueuil; Elias Gagnon, Roberval; Georges Auger, Bishop's Residence, Nicolet; Reverend Brother René Thiboutot, O. M. I., James Bay, Ont.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the pious function to a close, after which His Excellency, accompanied by the members of the clergy, briefly addressed the Community. He urged us to live solely for God. After all, what else matters? Without Heaven's approval upon them, talents and showy deeds never amount to anything worth-while. To this ever-timely advice we mean to bring into our daily life was added a heartening blessing and, last but not least, a joyful holiday.

The evening recreation gathered us in a cosy, homelike circle around our beloved Mother Superior General. We let our happy thoughts wander along the pleasant paths of the beautiful day brimming with foretastes of the perfect bliss that will one day be ours when we get Home at last.

Saturday, February 12

His Excellency Bishop Lafortune said Mass in our chapel this morning. Yesterday's glorious solemnity is now a treasured gem of the past to be enshrined forever in grateful memories. The new day's loving meeting with the Divine Spouse was sweet, intimate, as once the Divine Friend's with the cherished three of Bethany. As the revered Prelate paternally distributed the Sacramental Bread, it came home to us with what infinite love and understanding mercy our dear Saviour gives Himself to souls that are His forever, or whose only ambition is to become His spouses for all eternity.

Pious hymns expressed our deep gratitude for the joy overflowing our hearts.

Reverend Father A. Thiboutot, brother of a Sister of the Last Vows, said Mass at a side-altar, assisted by Reverend Brother R. Thiboutot, O.M.I.

Thursday, February 17

Our Lady of Lourdes had whispered the promise and smiled at the perspective of a merry holiday. Consequently, these last few days we had been all ears in hopeful expectation that the bell would release its pent-up gladness. This morning the strain proved too severe, and the brass metal heart poured out its tale of joyfulness in a jubilant peal.

Thimbles and needles were brought to light, in thoughtful consideration that the inevitable, inexhaustible supply of mending should not be left in dark and dreary seclusion on this sunny, smiling date. The agreement, however, bore the supremely important clause that on holidays the usual nimbleness of fingers shifts down to low grade. Tongues have one over on needles then.

Amusing stories stole out of never-failing funds — the priceless repertoires of some — rousing general hilarity. Vastly deserving of ascending

the steps of glory to publication for the world to see, according to us, is this wee kindergartener's impression of our religious ceremonies of the eleventh:

"I saw processions. The Pope was there and he had a long hat and a golden cane. The little boys near the altar were dressed like the Sisters, but they had no veils. Some girls made their First Communion, too. They went up to the altar and the Pope gave them each a package. Then they all went out of the chapel, and when they came back they were dressed like Sisters." A precious tid-bit to round up our chronicle!

"Follow Your Master!"



T happened in some hidden, remote village of South America. The missionary priest, who also filled the function of convent chaplain, was requested by Mother Superior to say Mass very early the following morning, as a dying native had asked for the Last Sacraments.

The native's home village was at a considerable distance from the convent, and the priest would have to cross a thick, gloomy forest. It was still dark when he left on his charitable mission; however, he wouldn't accept the proffered companion. He knew the way perfectly, and what ill could befall him who bore the Divine Saviour upon his poor human breast?

The narrow pathway leading up to the dying man's village reminded one of a zig-zag tunnel under the weird, heavy boughs. Suddenly, the faithful bearer of his Lord halted in frozen terror. Two wild, fierce eyes flashed out like burning coals in the inky darkness. The king of the South American forest, the magnificent jaguar, sat on his haunches, ready to pounce on his defenceless prey.

The Missionary had brought no gun along, and he couldn't leave the Precious Burden in a frantic attempt to fight a winning battle with death that stalked him.

One comforting thought beamed through his terrified reflections. He wasn't alone. The tiny, frail love-Host contained the Sovereign Master of Heaven and earth, and this ferocious brute was face to face with his Mighty Maker. In assured, commanding tones, he addressed the beast, saying, "Follow your Master!"

The haughty tiger bowed, cowered, obeyed. He meekly slunk beside his Maker borne upon the humble heart of a man.

Our Lord, who had probably never had an escorting acolyte of this sort, was thus followed all the way by the king of the wild.

When the destined hovel was reached, the tiger halted at the door. Christ's anointed minister heard the dying man's confession and gave him the Divine Traveling Companion for the last lone journey Homewards.

Leaving the poor hovel, he cautiously looked all around, thinking the grim beast might be concealed in stealthy ambush. But the jaguar had fled.

From the French in *Jeunesse et Missions*

Before God prayer is more powerful than an arm of steel and bronze.

POPE PIUS XII



The Children's Page

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

There are so many things I would like to tell you about to-day that I find it hard to choose just one or two. Glad spring-time is with us once more and nature is bubbling over with songs and mirth. As I look out the window and gaze at the Divine Artist's handiwork, the thought comes to me, "Why, if the sky is so beautiful, the trees so beautiful, and everything so beautiful, how much more beautiful must be the One who made them all!" Yes, I would like to write pages on God's thrilling outdoors. But I have something still more beautiful and lofty and divine to tell you about. So I say to the merry spring-time, "Go your way and bless your Maker!"

And what about Our Blessed Mother's own month of May? As dear Mary's children, we are never tired of hearing its praises sung. May is the most beautiful month of the year because it is dedicated to God's Beautiful Mother and ours.

Perhaps you will be disappointed a little when I say, "No, we won't speak about May this time." The reason is I have been thinking of taking

you to a lonely, mysterious place. I know you're fond of mystery and here you'll have your heart's content of it, and happiness and joy, too. We shall smile and whisper to Mary's month, "Go your way and bless your Queen." But most certainly we shall invite our dear Mother. She knows the way and with her no fear of straying. Besides, if she comes with us, the Master of the Mystery House will be all the more willing to bid us in.

Dear young friends, forget everything else . . . for we are on our way to a sacred spot . . . to Jesus' own loving Heart!



In the merry month of May...

Here we are at the door. O Mary, deign to usher us within the divine dwelling! Not a word, children, for this is a hallowed place! What do we see? According to the words of Jesus to the Samaritan woman, "A fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting." This fountain is the source of grace and divine life.



We are going... to the Heart of Jesus...

come, so you have a right to those seats. Let us gather around our Mother. She has so many things to tell us.

"Children," whispers the sweet motherly voice, "if you wish to be happy on earth and in Heaven, you must love God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength and your neighbour as yourself.

"Do you wish to know whether God has a big place in your heart? See whether your prayers are well said and duties perfectly done. Of course, you avoid sin that would hurt His loving Heart, but sometimes you could accept a tiny sacrifice or something that's really hard — just to please Him. You love my Divine Son, too, when you help a companion or any other person, because He considers as done to Himself whatever you do to the least of His earthly brothers.

"But Jesus' earthly brothers are not only the people you know. They are also all the human beings who live on earth to-day. There are, too, the poor sinners, the souls in Purgatory, and the pagans who have never heard the wonderful story of the Redemption. You will love your neighbour if you 'keep busy being kind' and accept a little self-denial when the occasion offers. But the best way of loving is to love as Jesus does. And how does Jesus love? By wishing that all men be eternally happy. That was his reason and excuse for dying on the Cross. He wanted to ransom every single human soul for His Father.

"I am sure you all know what Jesus has done for you. It wasn't for the pagans alone, but for everyone of you, that He left Heaven and came down upon earth. Remember the years He spent in Nazareth — years that seemed as a day to me. He was poor, simple, obedient, and worked hard all day with Joseph in the humble work-shop. One of His chosen apostles betrayed Him, and still another one denied Him on the very evening He gave Himself as the food of our souls, on the first Holy Thursday. Then

"Draw near, little ones," we hear Mary say. "Drink of this wholesome water which will make your souls pure as driven snow and pleasing to Jesus."

Now let us follow Mary and *explore* every nook and corner.

"Look at these fragrant blossoms, children. You have often heard of virtues being compared to flowers. These lilies tell of my Son's purity; these violets, of His humility; and all these fragrant blossoms, of His other virtues, His patience, kindness, mercy and the rest.

"Here are seats for you. Love has prepared them for all who choose to enter into this Heavenly Garden."

You, dear friends, have chosen to

my Son climbed the heights of Calvary bearing His Cross, and let the executioners nail Him to the hard wood on which He gladly died that you might live.

"About three hundred years ago, Jesus appeared to a fervent nun, Saint Margaret Mary, and solemnly made twelve promises, asking her to make them known to all men. Never forget these promises, dear little ones; they have been made for souls devoted to Our Lord's Sacred Heart.

- 1°. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.
- 2°. I will establish peace in their houses.
- 3°. I will comfort them in all their afflictions.
- 4°. I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.
- 5°. I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.
- 6°. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.
- 7°. Tepid souls shall grow fervent.
- 8°. Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.
- 9°. I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honoured.
- 10°. I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.
- 11°. Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out.
- 12°. I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their Sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment.

"And now, how would you like to see Jesus?"

We all follow dear Mother Mary into a secret place, a sweet solitude, a sanctuary . . . Oh! how happy we are here! Listen! I hear a voice. Do you hear it, too? But what a voice! As sweet as honey, as gentle as a May breeze, as clear as a crystal spring and as bright as a sunbeam. Jesus is speaking.

"Come to Me; I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; I am Love. I am the Way you must follow, the Truth you must believe, the Life you must live, the Love you must love . . . Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart. If any one love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father will love Him, and we will come to him, and will make our abode with him. My delight is to be with the children of men. This is My commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you."

Presently we see Jesus. We could never have imagined He was like that. Oh, yes, we knew He was infinitely loving — but that beautiful expression, that tender look, the dignity of His whole attitude! He opens His arms wide as once when He said: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to Me." Yes, the kingdom of Heaven and Jesus' fatherly Heart is for you and for all those who haven't quite grown up, but have kept a little child's heart with which to love God.



*No one ever goes to
Jesus' loving Heart in vain.*

Oh! was it all a pleasant dream? Here I am back with my pen in hand, thinking of you. What else could we expect? Everything changes, everything passes on this earth of ours. But tell me, suppose it was only a dream, wasn't it a beautiful one? And I'm sure these fleeting seconds spent in Jesus' Heart were the happiest and best of our lives.

Now you know the way to Jesus' Heart, so you'll be able to go all by yourself whenever you like to. Mother Mary is always waiting with outstretched hands to accompany you. Never forget to take her along! There is only one thing that can forbid your entry into that delightful Garden — mortal sin. Dear little friends, you must never let it sully your soul; but, if that should happen, throw yourselves lovingly and confidently in Jesus' arms and tell Him you're sorry.

That will be your Act of Contrition. Then by His priest Jesus will make your soul white again and forget your misdeed.

You can be sure that you will never go to Jesus' Heart in vain; and every time your soul will become stronger, purer and more pleasing to your Divine Friend.

May Jesus' Heart be from now on the object of your love and zeal. May It be the confidant of your joys and sorrows, your refuge in difficulties, your protection in dangers and your consolation all through life. When Our Blessed Mother comes to take you Home in Heaven, may her Son's Heart be open to welcome you!

And if you wish to learn whether your name is written in Jesus' Heart, see whether Jesus' name is written in yours.

So now you all promise to do something special for the Sacred Heart during the coming month of June — and always?

May Jesus' and Mary's fond blessings be with you all, dear little friends, and with

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR

THE SECRET OF SAINTHOOD

Because they were Cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful;
And Patient when it was difficult to be patient;
And because they Pushed On when they wanted to stand still;
And Kept Silence when they wanted to talk;
And were Agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.
That is the secret of sainthood.

From the *Franciscan Review*

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favours Obtained.

Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for favours obtained. Mrs. G. MacD., **Noranda**. — Thank you for your prayers and please continue to pray for myself and my family. I have received a big favour a few days ago. Mrs. E. Y., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — I am acquitting myself of a promise made to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. C. L., **Ste. Agnes de Dundee**. — Please have votive lights burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. F. D., **Island Falls, Me.** — Please thank our dear Heavenly Mother for making my little son well again, and may our dear Blessed Virgin help me and cure my side. Mrs. R. L., **Rosemount, P. Q.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. Mrs. L. D., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a very special favour granted my boy. Mrs. L. F. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — We appreciate very much and are grateful for favours obtained. Mrs. T. B., **Scarboro P. O., Ont.** — I have obtained a favour from Mary Immaculate. Mrs. V. C., **Jewitt City, Conn.** — Gratitude for favours obtained through Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. F., **Dundee, P. Q.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — I want to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a great favour received. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Lively gratitude to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for protection granted my brother. Mr. R. C., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for having procured me a lodging. Mrs. J. B., **Montreal**. — Our Blessed Lady has granted me three favours; please help me to thank her. Mrs. A. R., **St. Jérôme**. — I wish to express my gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a favour obtained through her intercession. I also request another favour. Mrs. C. L., **Montreal**. — I am acquitting myself of a promise made in honour of the Blessed Virgin for protection in an accident. Mrs. A. M., **St. Jean sur le Lac**. — Gratitude to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. C. M., **Montreal**. — I am fulfilling a promise for a favour received. Mrs. O. V., **St. Jean Baptiste de Rouville**. — Lively gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favour granted me. I request her protection for my son in the army and for my two daughters. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. A. M., **Metabetchouan**. — Homage of gratitude for favours received. A subscriber. — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for favours attributed to her intercession. I solicit her protection upon my family. Mrs. W. O. M., **Frenchville, Me.** — Thanks to our kind Blessed Mother for favours received. Mrs. R. L. — I am acquitting myself of a promise in gratitude for spiritual and temporal favours received through the miraculous medal. A. M., **Montreal**. — Many thanks for a favour received. Mrs. D. H., **Salem, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — I am deeply grateful to Our Blessed Mother for favours received. H. D., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. Unknown. — I am thanking Our Blessed Lady for improvement in my health and request my complete recovery, if it be God's holy will. Mrs. E. B. — Grateful thanks for having been exempted from military service. M. R. C., **Adams, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favour granted. Anonymous. — A thousand thanks for my husband's cure! Mrs. Z. D., **St. Rémi d'Amherst**. — Gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for a temporal favour obtained. Mrs. G. J., **Bristol, Conn.** — Gratitude to Mary for a great favour. Mrs. T. C. R., **Joliette**. — My sincere thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favour received. Mrs. C. R., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude towards our Immaculate Mother for favours received. We are soliciting two cures, protection for two boys who will shortly be in military service, and other favours. C. E. L. — Gratitude for a position obtained. E. E. D. — A cure has been obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. A. B., **Ville LaSalle**. — Homage of gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. Mrs. J. B.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Many thanks to good St. Joseph. May he help me in all my needs. Mrs. de S., **Montreal**. — Gratitude to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for a favour received. I solicit another favour. Anonymous, **Ste. Rosalie**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Blessed Canadian Martyrs for a favour obtained through their intercession. Mrs. H. L. — Lively gratitude to Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for preservation of my eyesight after an operation. Mrs. J. D., **Montreal**. — Many thanks to St. Anthony of Padua for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. B. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favour received through the intercession of Our Lady of Victory and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. — Gratitude to St. Anthony for a favour granted me. Mrs. F. P. — Homage of thanksgiving for a favour attributed to St. Jude. Miss L. P., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. Mrs. R. R. — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Anthony of Padua for a cure. Mrs. I. L., **Bainsville**.



PETITIONS

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

Please remember my intentions in your prayers. They are for a happy peaceful home, a better position for my husband and that my baby will be a good happy little girl. Mrs. M. B. H., **Schenectady, N. Y.** — Will you please join me in a Novena to our Blessed Lady that my niece may regain good health, and for other intentions. Miss I. K., **Montreal.** — May I ask a special prayer that my late husband's business may be settled soon and also that my health may improve. Mrs. M. O'S., **Cote St. Paul.** — Please pray for my wife's complete recovery. Mr. L. R., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Would you please be kind enough to say a prayer for my soldier husband. A Friend. — Will you please continue to pray for the safe return of my sister's husband, in the Merchant Marine overseas. M. C., **Halifax, N. S.** — I am enclosing my petitions to be remembered in your prayers to Our Blessed Mother. May I request a special Novena? Mr. F. K., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my nephew, an aviator, who lies seriously ill in the hospital, and for his mother. A Friend. —

Will you kindly make a Novena for me with a light burning before Our Blessed Mother for two special intentions. Please remember my daughter whose husband is in the army, and also my son-in-law, and a dear boy who is away from home. Mrs. C. V. D., **Fort Fairfield, Me.** — Will you please pray for me. Mrs. C. L., **Middle Sackville, N. B.** — Will you please pray for my son who is in England, that he may have good health; for another son and his wife that they may make their Easter duty; for my nephew who is now in the hospital after four years overseas in the Air Force; also for me, that I may not lose my hearing. A worried mother. — Will you please make a special Novena for my sister that she may get well again, for my nephew now in the hospital, also for my brother, the father of a family, who lost his job some time ago. Prayers for me, too. B. P., **Montreal.** — Will you please offer up your prayers for my daughter's intentions, that she will be successful in the course she is about to take next month, also for other favours. Mrs. H. G., **Beaurepaire, P. Q.** — Please continue praying with us for the same intentions: continued deferments for my oldest son, and that my two younger sons may be exempt from the army and also that both of them will succeed in all their school work. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Will you please make a Novena for several special intentions. Mrs. D. K., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my special intentions and that my son will have better health. Mrs. A. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my son who is at sea; also for my husband and me. Mrs. E. M., **Montreal.** — Would you please make a Novena for the following intentions: a great spiritual favour, good health for my mother, and a suitable position. Miss R. S., **Outremont.** — I am sending an offering for lights to our dear Mother for the conversion of my son. Mrs. K., **Montreal.** — I am requesting the cure of a two-year-old child through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. B. D., **Vaudreuil.** — I recommend my fourteen-year-old son to your prayers. A subscriber, **St. Martin.** — I am requesting exemption from military service for my sons through the intercession of Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts; release of my son from a prison camp; the conversion of my children and the grace of a happy death. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please pray to Our Lady of Lourdes that I may find a suitable lodging for my family, and that peace may be restored in a family I love dearly. A Friend. — I solicit a special favour. Mrs. A. D., **St. Honoré.** — I solicit a special grace for my daughter's future. Mrs. F. A., **Montreal.**

VARIOUS PETITIONS

I am requesting grace to know my vocation, through the intercession of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and St. Joseph. Miss L. G. — Would you please pray to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Joseph for a cure. Mrs. A. St-A., **St. Moïse.** — May St. Teresa of the Child Jesus preserve me from a serious illness. A subscriber. — Please pray to St. Joseph for my mother's cure. Miss M. L. — I am confiding a very difficult and almost desperate cause to Mary Immaculate and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Anonymous.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 24; vocations, 10; cures, 87; positions, 5; special intentions, 114.



OBITUARY

Very Reverend Father Théodore Labouré, Superior General of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, **France**; Reverend Father S. Vermette, **Salem, Mass.**; Reverend Father Rosario Chagnon, **Montreal**; Mrs. Georges Frenette, **Montreal**, mother of our Sisters Marie de la Salette and St. Michel Archange; Mr. C. E. Vézina, **St. Joseph de Beauce**, father of our Sisters Thérèse de Lisieux and Marie Marthe; Mrs. Alphonse Blais, **Thetford Mines**, mother of our Sister du St. Nom de Marie; Mrs. N. Y. Montreuil, **Quebec**, grandmother of our Sister Alfred Marie; Mr. Ludger Chartrand, Mrs. Emma Curtis, Mr. Emile Quesnel, **Montreal**; Mrs. C. Walsh, Miss C. Hoolahan, Mr. Thomas Henry Duggan, **Verdun**; Mr. Harold J. Boyle, Mr. Thomas Formby **Pte. St. Charles**; Mrs. E. Blake, Mr. Peter Blake, **Rosemont**; Mr. D. E. Larue, Notary, **St. Raymond, Portneuf Co.**; Mrs. Edouard Lacroix, **St. Georges East, Beauce Co.**; Mr. L. Girard, **Three Rivers**; Hon. Sen. A. Sauvé, **St. Eustache**; Mr. Omer Baillargeon, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Z. Ducharme, **Victoriaville**; Mrs. Adélaré Piché, **Arthabaska**; Mrs. Léon Garnier, Mrs. Rosario Landreville, Mrs. Juliette Barsi, Mrs. Elisabeth Leclair, Mr. Ludger Chartrand, Mr. François Lajoie, Mrs. Siméon Lebeuf, Mr. Isaïe Provost, Mr. Raoul Aubertin, Mrs. Doris Trahan, Miss Séverine Roy, Mrs. Avila Brulé, Mr. Jean Paul Lapointe, **Montreal**; Mr. H. Deslongchamps, **Montreal North**; Mr. John G. Remington, Mr. Armand Clément, Mrs. Magloire Jean, Mrs. Joseph Campeau, Mr. Louis Riel, Mr. Napoléon Fontaine, Mr. Arthur Bédard, Mr. Camille Roch, **Verdun**; Mrs. J. H. G. Carrière, **Westmount**; Mrs. Adrien Allaire, **St. Janvier**; Miss Dora Gagnon, **Carillon**; Mr. Jean Baptiste Dionne, **Coaticook**; Mrs. Joseph Boyer, **Brosseau Station**; Mrs. Emery Bonneau, **St. Philippe de Laprairie**; Miss Aline Choquette, **Varenes**; Mr. Nérée Avila Hébert, **St. Paul de l'Île aux Noix**; Mrs. Edmond Paquin, Mrs. Joseph Farley, **St. Barthélemy**; Mrs. Joseph Philibert, **St. Elie de Caxton**; Mr. Jos. Paquin, **Three Rivers**; Mr. Philippe Carpentier, **St. Tite**; Mr. Alphonse Paillé, **Ste. Thècle**; Mr. Oscar Lavergne, **St. Séver**; Mr. William Guilmette, **St. Stanislas**; Mr. J. C. Poirier, Mr. J. E. Rouillard, Mr. J. N. Renaud, Mr. Georges McCallum, Mr. Stanislas Paradis, Mr. Michel Brunet; Mrs. Narcisse Malouin, Mrs. Joseph Ferland, **Quebec**; Mrs. Napoléon Poirier, **Limoulu**; Mrs. Jacque sJobin, **Loretteville**; Mrs. Pierre Francis, **Port Menier**; Mr. J. Olivier Blanchet, **Wickham West**; Mr. Adélaré Pérusse, **Ste. Emélie de Lotbinière**; Mrs. Charles Paradis, **Ste. Sophie**; Mrs. André Poirier, **Rimouski**; Mr. Arsène Malenfant, **Notre Dame du Lac**; Mrs. J. P. Morin, **St. Robert Bellarmin**; Mrs. Emma Ouellet Bossé, **St. André de Restigouche**; Mrs. Ulysse Tremblay, **St. Ludger**; Mr. Lucien Dufour, **Causapscal**; Mr. Thomas Maltais, Mr. J. B. Thibault, Mrs. Ismaël Gagnon, Mrs. Joseph Hamel, **Jonquièrre**; Mrs. Elie Tremblay, **St. Irénée**; Mr. Arthur Carboneau, **St. Nazaire**; Mrs. Anastasie Harvey, **Île aux Coudres**; Mrs. Louis Vézina, **Armagh**; Miss Huguette Lévesque, Mr. Nazaire Lavoie, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Méridée Minier, **Grande Baie**; Mrs. Edouard Dufour, **Matane**; Mr. J. B. Lincourt, **Ste. Rosalie**; Mr. Philippe Lanciault, **St. Joseph de Sorel**; Mr. Rodrigue Lavallée, **Granby**; Mrs. Paul Poirier, **St. Aimé**; Mrs. Olivier Lincourt, **St. Simon**; Mr. Roland Guilbert, **Acton Vale**; Mr. Robert Courchesne, **St. Guillaume**; Mr. Aristide Lassonde, **St. Michel de Rougemont**; Mrs. Joseph Galipeau, **St. Ignace de Stanbridge**; Mr. Joseph Paré, **Ste. Agathe des Monts**; Mrs. Gédéon Sanche, **Brébeuf**; Mr. P. E. Tremblay, **Macamic**; Mr. Salomon Caron, **Pain Court, Ont.**; Mr. Thaddée Girard, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Louis Trudel, Mrs. Wilfrid Barrette, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Edmond Leblanc, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mr. Langlois, **New Bedford, Mass.**

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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.

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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.