

THE PRECURSOR



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Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

MOTHER HOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, Que., (Founded in 1902).

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

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

OUTREMONT 8, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetière St. West, Montreal 1,

Religious instruction for the Chinese. (Founded in 1918).

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

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

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

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

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

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The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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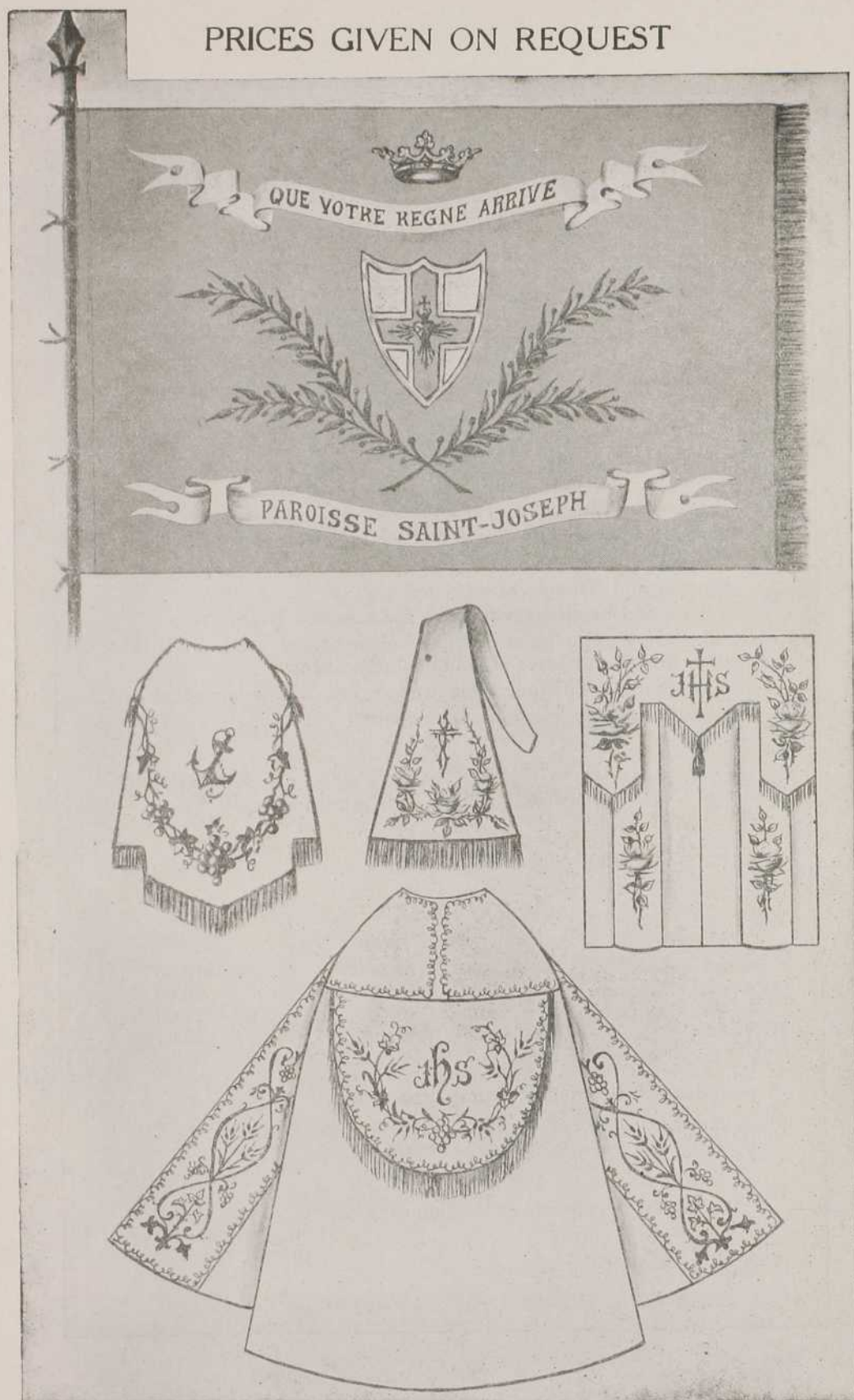
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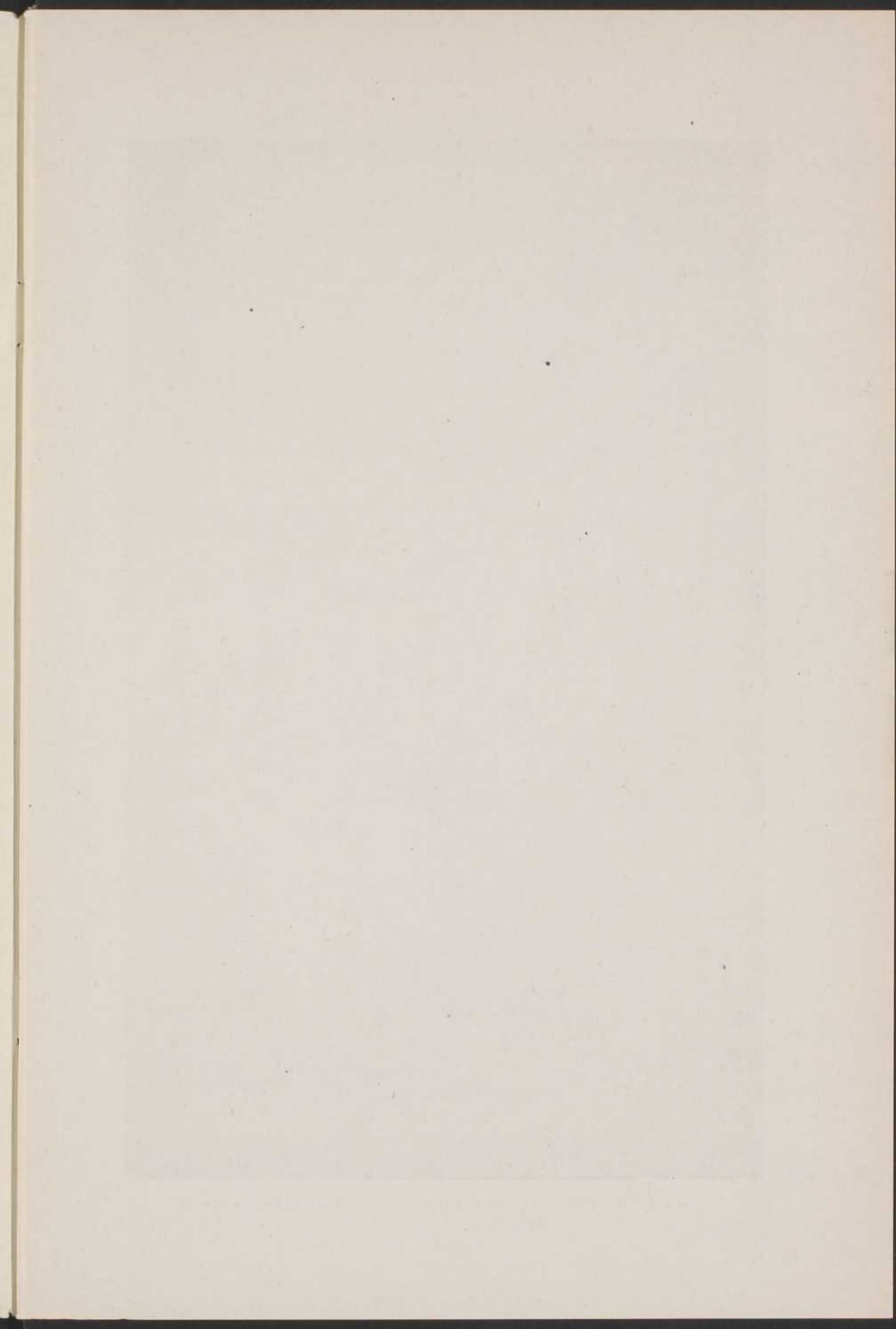
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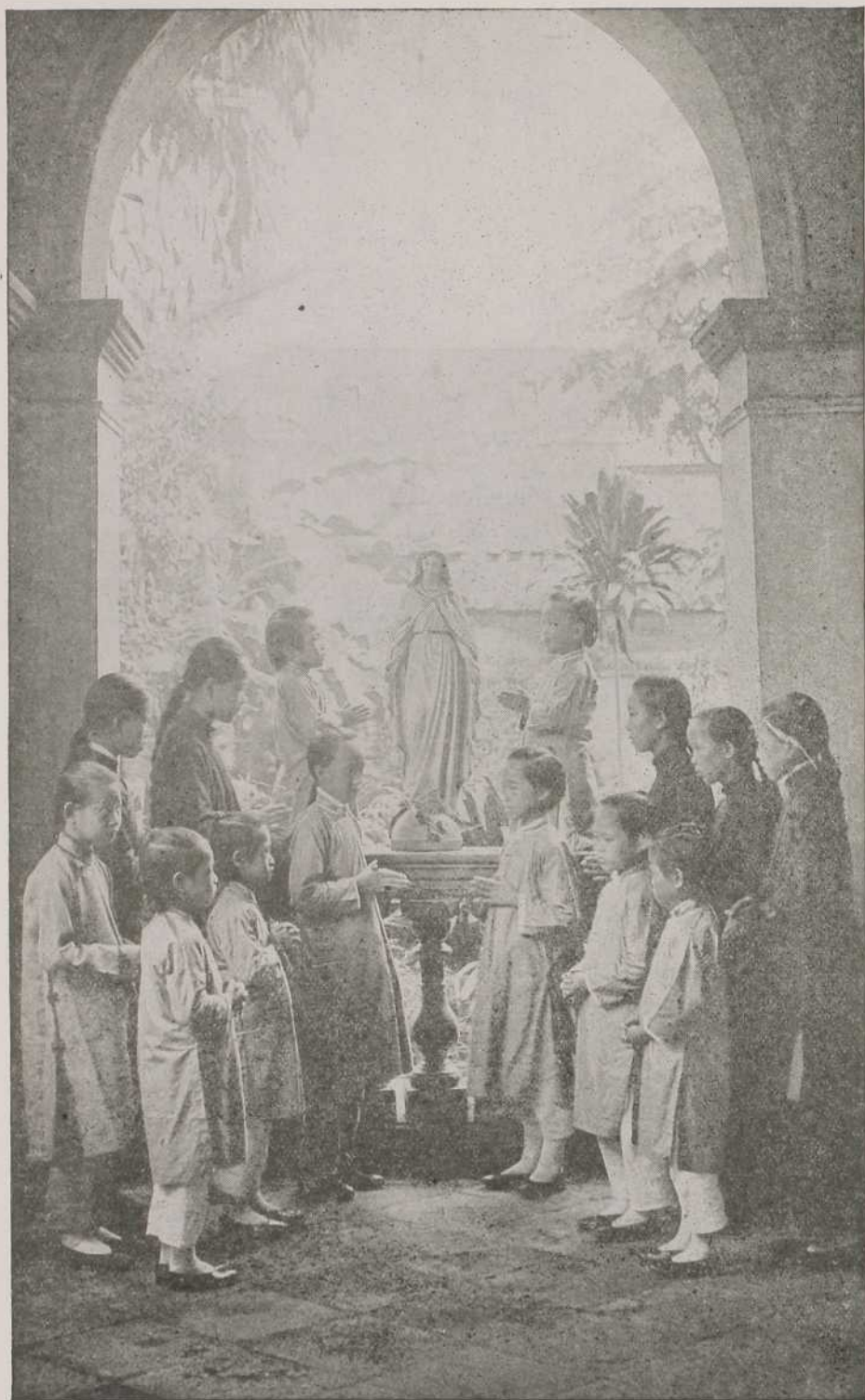
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

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Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

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Celestial Guides

*'Tis sweet to follow, Lord,
Where Angels lead the way,
When in their hands Thy Princely Bands
Will bear us night and day.
For oft the Royal Mount
Dread Calvary we tread,
'Tis steep and stark, we cannot mark
The steps where Thou hast bled.*

*'Tis sweet to journey, Lord,
For Angels softly spread
Their shell'ring wings, pure coverings,
Above our bended head.
But oh! still sweeter, Lord,
When darksome days are past,
And we are born to blissful morn,
Our gaze meets Thine at last!*

THE REDACTION

In Charge of Angels



NOT the least proof of the infinite love wherewith God has encompassed us, is His having set Angels over us all individually on the perilous journey we are making to our eternal home.

We know that a Prince of the heavenly court, commissioned by Divine Goodness to keep us in all our ways, is day and night watching over our steps and offering help and protection. Unseen but always present, he keeps loyal vigil, safeguarding us amid the dangers to soul and body surging upon us from every side. Faithfully he lifts our aspirations heavenwards, weans us from the transient joys of earth and fixes our thoughts on treasures defying the hand of time. Never found amiss in his God-appointed function, he untiringly bears up to the Most High our every deed and supplication.

To very few mortals has been granted the privilege of beholding their celestial friend. Still, several Saints have been thus favored; for instance, St. Cecilia, whose fervent prayer obtained from God that her Angel appear to Valerian and Tiburtius and thereby convert them to the Christian Faith. St. Ozanna, borne in spirit to Heaven, was shown by her Angel the glory of the elect. We could also mention St. Thoretta, who was often replaced in her humble duties by her heavenly companion, while she knelt in contemplation; also St. Maura and St. Bridget, shielded from great perils by their vigilant Angels.

We believe in the constant attendance of a heavenly messenger beside us, in his concern for our welfare. Such is the doctrine of the infallible Church, echoing the words of her Founder, Christ, who is Truth itself: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven." (Matth., XVIII, 10)

We forget that Angels are set over us as guardians. How lamentably illogical we are in things pertaining to the spirit realm, in momentous matters concerning our eternal and even temporal welfare! Toying with the delusive playthings of earth, we forget the things which are above. May we never hear the terrible reproach, weighty with eternal consequence, addressed to Baltasar: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting." (Dan., V, 27)

What is our attitude towards our Guardian Angel? How frequently do we converse with this God-given friend and counselor? Do we thank him occasionally for his devotedness? And when we do, is our heart in harmony with our words? Do we request his assistance in trials and difficulties? Alas! what a wealth of spiritual advantages slips through our listless and indifferent fingers! What irrational mortals we are! Were our conduct more in keeping with the faith we profess, we should not find so much heartbreaking bitterness in the cup of life.

THE REDACTION

Angels Help and Protect Us



It is related in the life of Blessed Mother Julie Billiart, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, that she was miraculously delivered from imminent peril through the solicitous protection of the holy Angels. The incident occurred in the course of a dangerous journey undertaken by Mother Julie and several of her Daughters in the month of January, 1809.

The Reverend Mother had placed the journey under the patronage of the holy Angels. She was soon to be the object of their benevolent assistance in a very extraordinary manner. Details of this celestial protection have reached us through Reverend Father Sellier, of the Fathers of the Faith, who learned them from the Foundress herself.

One evening the coachman halted in a very surly mood before an isolated inn of dilapidated aspect. Entering, Mother Julie sighted, gathered around a table with the innkeeper, men of questionable mien who thereupon brusquely left the inn, saying they would return shortly. The Sisters had fallen unawares in a death trap! In order to ward off suspicion, Mother Julie accepted the frugal fare offered in vessels of doubtful cleanliness. Then she went on the highway to explore the surroundings. While walking profoundly absorbed in ardent prayer, she suddenly beheld standing in front of her a young man of dignified and modest port who said: "Oh! you are indeed in a bad place. Leave this house!" She wanted to question the stranger but he had disappeared. Deeply upset she turned back, only to meet two of her Daughters who were coming to seek her. "Mother," they cautioned, "we have just seen a good and respectable lady who told us: 'Oh! you are indeed in a bad place. Leave this house!' We wanted to have her speak to you, but did not see her again."

Evidently Heaven had intervened and manifested its will. But how were they to leave the inn? Twilight had long since fallen, the horses had been unharnessed and the baggage unloaded from the carriage; rooms and beds had been prepared for the night and the travelers were worn-out with the fatigue of the day. And yet, they simply had to depart on the hour! The courageous Mother addressed a few heartening words to the coachman who rather gruffly consented to resume the wearying journey. She then informed the irate innkeeper that the rooms were not suitable and that more convenient lodging could be found elsewhere. "At that very moment, I know not how it happened," she later related to Father Sellier, "my Daughters were in the carriage, the baggage had been re-loaded and the horses, refreshed and harnessed, were awaiting only the signal for leaving. Hastily we continued on our way, to the discomfiture of the inn people, and shortly after reached a propitious place where we spent a tranquil night.

"Considering all the circumstances, and especially our speedy departure from the inn, I could not but recognize the hand of Divine Providence that, by the ministry of Angels, had snatched us from an occasion of great peril."

* * *



SAINT ZITA, a humble domestic servant, was granted the privilege of having her Guardian Angel in close attendance. One day when she had spent hours in contemplation before the altar, she was horrified on noticing that the sun was already high in the heavens; that very day she was to knead and bake the family bread. Naturally, she prepared for bitter reproaches. But Angels had replaced her in the kitchen. She found the bread ready for the oven and divined from its fragrance the celestial hands that had kneaded it.

One Christmas night in extremely cold weather Zita was preparing to leave for Matins. Her master asked: "How can you go to church in this weather, when we can hardly bear the cold with all our clothing? You especially, exhausted as you are with fasting and so poorly clad. Stay here and pray in

your chamber; or at least put on my fur mantle to protect yourself from the blast." Zita, loath to miss so solemn a function, was on the threshold when her master, presaging what would happen, admonished her with these words: "Take care, Zita, not to leave my mantle to anyone, lest, if it be lost, I should suffer prejudice and you, a fit of passion from my part." — "Do not fear, master," answered the humble servant girl, "I will bring back the mantle by all means."

Entering the church, Zita noticed a scantily-clad old man mumbling to himself and shivering with cold. Deeply moved, she drew near saying: "What ails you, brother?" Staring at her mutely, the beggar extended his hand in a blank gesture towards the mantle she wore. On the instant Zita removed it from her shoulders and helped him don it, saying: "Take this mantle, brother, and give it back to me when the service is over. Do not leave this place, for I wish to bring you to my master's home so you can warm yourself by the fire." Then Zita walked over to where she usually knelt for prayer.

When the congregation had dispersed after the service, she sought the object of her charity, but nowhere could she find him. "Where can he be?" she wondered. "I fear someone has taken the mantle from him and now he is ashamed to return without it. He seemed honest, and I cannot believe he would have stolen away with the garment." Thus did she charitably excuse the old beggar. Having searched to no avail for him, Zita retraced her steps somewhat dispirited, yet still confident that God would appease the anger of her master or inspire the poor man to bring back the mantle. Zita's master met her with cutting reproaches. Not a word of self-excuse passed her lips. She related to him what had happened and humbly bade him hope his property would be restored.

In the afternoon a man of meagre means but evidently of noble port and state, presented himself unannounced at her employer's house. He handed to Zita the mantle he had been bearing on his arm, thanking her for her act of loving charity. Zita and her master as well could see and hear the stranger; but when they advanced to speak to him, he disappeared with the speed of lightning, leaving in their hearts ineffable joy such as they had never before experienced.

It has been held that the unknown caller was an Angel; for this reason, the church door where the humble domestic servant first met the beggar in earthly disguise has been named the *Angel's Door*.

* * *



ET US never forget that the Angels, besides being powerful protectors, are devoted helpers as well. Fresh proof of this is found in the edifying life of St. Isidore.

The saintly workingman consecrated entire holy-days to prayer, assistance at Holy Mass and other church functions. On working days he would arise very early after spending the night in prayer, to visit the principal churches of Madrid. But always he arrived most punctually for his work. Nevertheless, more worldly-minded fellow workers accused him before their master of giving greater attention to an extravagant devotion than to the duties of his state. The master, wishing to ascertain the weight of such accusatory charges, minutely observed Isidore. O prodigy! one day he beheld two personages of celestial appearance helping the God-fearing ploughman in his field. From Isidore he learned that they were angelic spirits. Thereafter the upright master considered Isidore as an extraordinary man whose piety would draw heavenly blessings on his family and all his possessions.

Pope Pius XII's Christmas Broadcast

1943

(Continued)

CHRIST'S POWER IS STILL UNABATED



O action, then, beloved children! Close your ranks! Let not your courage fail! Do not remain helpless in the midst of the ruins! May the star that guided the Magi to Jesus shine above you. The spirit that comes from Him has lost nothing of its force and of its power to heal fallen humanity. It triumphed once over paganism in its ascendancy. Why should it not triumph today, too, when sorrows and delusions of every kind show to so many souls the vanity and deception of the roads hitherto followed in public and private life? A great number of minds are searching for new ideals in politics and social life, in private and public, in training and education, and feel a deep yearning to satisfy the needs of their hearts.

May the example of your Christian life guide them, and your burning words stir them. As the form of this world passes away, show them that true life means that they "may know Thee, the One True God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (*John* XVII, 3).

Through your words let there be regenerated in your fellowmen the knowledge of our Heavenly Father, who, even in times of terrible misery, rules the world with a wise and provident goodness. Let them feel the tranquil happiness that comes from a life aflame with the love of God. The love of God renders the mind responsive to the needs of one's brethren, ready to give spiritual and material aid, disposed to make every sacrifice in order that fervent and practical love may flourish again in the hearts of all. Power of the charity of Christ! We feel it pulsating with all tenderness in our paternal heart which, open and loving toward all alike, makes us give utterance to an appeal for works of mercy and of generous charity. How often have we not had to repeat with a throbbing heart the exclamation of Our Divine Master, "I have pity on the multitude," and how often, too, have we not had to add: "They have nothing to eat" (*Mark* VII, 2), especially as we behold so many places devastated and desolated by the war!

And there never was a moment or a period when we did not feel the contrast between the scantiness of our resources, which are insufficient for the work of relief, and the gigantic increase in the need of many, who raise to us their suppliant cries and sorrowful groans, at first from regions far away and now also from those nearby, in ever increasing numbers.

CALLS FOR CHARITY TO WAR SUFFERERS

In the face of such want, growing every day, we raise to the Christian world an insistent cry in a fatherly appeal for help and pity: "Behold I stand at the door and knock" (*Apoc.* III, 20). And we do not hesitate to turn, in the confidence with which God inspires us, to the humane and Christian sentiments of those peoples and those nations that providence has up to now preserved from the direct impact of the horrors of war, or which, although at war, still live in conditions that allow them to give generous expression to their charitable intentions, and to offer help and support to those who, surrounded by the hardships of the conflict and bereft of outside aid, are already in want of necessities and will be in greater need in the future.

For such an appeal we are inspired and sustained by the hope that it will meet with genuine sympathy in the hearts of the faithful and of all who are endowed with a lively sense of humanity.

Amid the animosity which the world conflict has aroused and intensified there appears in ever clearer light a consoling development of plans and purpose — we mean the reawakening of the sense of common responsibility in the face of the problems arising from the general impoverishment caused by the war. The destruction

and devastation that have followed it urgently demand work of reconstruction and relief to meet all the harm done.

The errors of the recent past are warnings for free and enlightened minds to which, for reasons of prudence as well as from a sense of humanity, they cannot remain deaf. They look upon the spiritual reconstruction and the material restoration of the peoples and states as an organic whole, in which nothing would be more fatal than to leave unhealed centers of infection, from which tomorrow disastrous consequences could again arise. They feel that in a new organization of peace, of law, and of labor, the treatment of some nations in a manner contrary to justice, equity, and prudence should not give rise to new dangers that would jeopardize its solidity or its stability.

URGES THAT PEACE NOT BE HARSH

Scrupulously faithful as we wish to be to the duty of impartiality inherent in our pastoral ministry, we formulate the desire that our dear children will not let slip any opportunity of securing the triumph of the principles of far-seeing and even-minded justice and brotherhood in the questions that are so essential for the salvation of states. It is indeed a virtue characteristic of wise minds, who are true friends of humanity, to understand that a real peace in conformity with the dignity of man and the Christian conscience can never be a harsh imposition supported by arms, but rather is the result of provident justice and a responsible sense of equality toward all.

If, while waiting for such a peace which shall restore calm to the world, you, dear sons and daughters, still suffer intensely in body and mind from privations and injustice, you must not tomorrow stain the peace and repay injustice with injustice, or commit an even greater injustice. On this eve of Christmas let your hearts and minds turn to the Divine Child in the crib. See and meditate how, in that abandoned cave, exposed to cold and winds, He shares your poverty and misery — He, the Lord of heaven and earth and of all the riches for which men contend. All His; and yet how often in these days has He not had to leave churches and chapels destroyed, burnt, collapsed, or in danger. Perhaps where the devotion of your ancestors had dedicated to Him magnificent temples with rearing arches and lofty vaults, you can offer Him, amid the ruins, only a miserable dwelling in the shelter of a chapel or a private house.

We praise and thank you, clergy and laity, men and women who, not infrequently contemning every risk to your life, have rescued and kept in a safe place Our Eucharistic Lord and Savior. Your zeal did not want the words spoken of Christ to be verified again: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not" (*John*, 1, 11).

So Our Lord did not refuse to come into the midst of your poverty, He who once preferred Bethlehem to Jerusalem, the stable and the crib to the magnificence of His Father's temple. Poverty and misery are bitter; but they become sweet if one keeps within oneself God, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and His grace and truth. He remains with you, as long as your faith, your hope, your charity, your obedience and devotion remain alive in your heart. In union with you, dear sons and daughters, we place our prayers at the feet of the Child Jesus and we beg Him that this may be the last war Christmas and that humanity may be able, in the coming year, to celebrate the recurrence of the Christmas feast in the brilliant light and joy of a truly Christian peace.

Now do you all, who have responsibility, all of you who by the disposition and permission of God hold in your hand the destiny of your own and other peoples, hear the suppliant *erudimini* (be ye enlightened) that resounds in your ears from out the abysmal ruins of this terrible war. It is a duty and a warning for all, a trumpet call anticipating the coming judgment which will decree the condemnation and punishment of those who were deaf to the voice of humanity — which is also the voice of God.

In the consciousness of your power, your war aims may well have embraced

entire peoples and continents. The question of guilty responsibility for the present war and the demand for reparations may also lead you to raise your voice. But today the devastation that the World war has produced in every walk of life, material and spiritual, has already reached unprecedented gravity and extent. And the dreaded danger that, as the war goes on, the destruction will be increased by frightful horrors for both sides and for those who, against their will, have been drawn into it, appears to us so gloomy and threatening that we, anxious for the welfare and even for the very existence of every people, address this appeal to you: Rise above yourselves, above every narrow calculating judgment, above every boast of military superiority, above every one-sided affirmation of right and justice. Take cognizance also of the unpleasant truths and teach your peoples to look them in the face with gravity and fortitude. A true peace is not the mathematical result of a proportion of forces, but in its last and deepest meaning is a moral and juridical process. It is not, in fact, achieved without the employment of force, and its very existence needs the support of a normal measure of power.

But the real function of this force, if it is to be morally correct, should consist in protecting and defending, and not in lessening or suppressing rights. An hour like the present — so full of possibilities for vast beneficent progress no less than for fatal defects and blunders — has perhaps never been seen in the history of mankind.

This hour demands, with insistent voice, that the aims and programs for peace be inspired by the highest moral sense. They should have as their supreme purpose nothing less than the task of securing agreement and concord between the warring nations — an achievement that may leave with every nation, in the consciousness of the duty to unite with the rest of the family of states, the possibility of co-operating with dignity, without renouncing or destroying itself, in the great future task of recuperation and reconstruction.

Naturally, the achievement of such a peace would not imply in any way the abandonment of necessary guarantees and sanctions in the event of any attempt to use force against right. Do not ask from any member of the family of peoples, however small or weak, for that renunciation of substantial rights or vital necessities that you yourselves, if it were demanded from your people, would deem impracticable. Give mankind, thirsting for it, a peace that shall reinstate the human race in its own esteem and in that of history — a peace whose cradle the vengeful lightning of hate and the instincts of unchecked desire for vengeance do not flash, but rather the resplendent dawn of a new spirit of world union which, sustained by the indispensable, supernatural help of the Christian faith, will alone be able to preserve humanity, after this unhappy war, from the unspeakable catastrophe of a peace built on wrong foundations and therefore ephemeral and illusory.

Inspired by this hope, with fatherly affection towards you, dear sons and daughters, and especially towards those who are suffering more painfully than others from the trials and sorrows of the war and who need divine consolation, and not least to all those who in answer to our appeal will open their hearts to practical charity and pity, or who, while ruling the destinies of the nations, are anxious to give them back the olive branch of peace, we impart, as a pledge of abundant favors from heaven, our Apostolic benediction.

(The end.)



In a day when the peace of God is so far from the hearts of many men, it is well to bear in mind that good will is a prerequisite for the enjoyment of that peace. It is asserted with boldness and defiance that Christianity has failed the world, that in spite of it neighbor rises against neighbor and nation against nation. In truth, the world has failed, failed to show good will, and therefore failed to make secure for itself the possession of true peace.

Rev. L. A. Sander

Another Departure for Haiti



IN mid-September, six Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will leave their Mother House for the Mission of Les Cayes, Haiti, West Indies.

Five will open a new outpost of charity at Les Coteaux in the diocese of Les Cayes, assigned to His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, O. M. I. They are: Sister Marie Cécile (Cécile Breault, Val Racine, Frontenac Co., P. Q.); Sister Ste. Olive (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David, Terrebonne Co., P. Q.); Sister Ste. Lucille (Adrienne de Grandpré, Pawtucket, R. I., U. S. A.); Sister Marie Théodore (Lucienne Gadoury, Ste. Elisabeth, Joliette Co., P. Q.); Sister Marie Berthe (Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal).

The sixth, Sister Maurice de Thèbes (Yvonne Clouâtre, Montreal), will join the Sisters who have gone last year to the episcopal city of Les Cayes, where they have been laboring wholeheartedly at the work of *Charity, If You Please*, comprising a dispensary, a school for needy children and a Refuge for old people.

How great the joy filling the hearts of our missionaries at the thought that it will be given them to spend their lives making God better known and loved by the good people of Haiti, who for the greater number are in so much need of help both spiritual and material.

May God grant them to bind numerous sheaves of souls in their newly assigned mission field. Let us not fail to share in their apostolate by our fervent prayers and also by practical material aid.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION LEAVING FOR HAITI, WEST INDIES, IN SEPTEMBER 1944

Front row, left to right: SISTER STE. OLIVE (JEANNETTE DUFRESNE, VAL DAVID, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE CÉCILE (CÉCILE BREAUT, VAL RACINE, P. Q.), SISTER STE. LUCILLE (ADRIENNE DE GRANDPRÉ, PAWTUCKET, R. I.)
Back row: SISTER MARIE THÉODORE (LUCIENNE GADOURY, STE. ELISABETH, JOLIETTE CO.), SISTER MARIE BERTHE (BERTHE ALICE CHAMPAGNE, MONTREAL), SISTER MAURICE DE THÈBES (YVONNE CLOUÂTRE, MONTREAL).

French in Haiti



HAITI — a puzzling land of contrast and opposition, basks in the tropical sun five hundred miles to the south of Miami. There in the sunlit island you have every difficulty in convincing yourself you have not strayed off to some cultured milieu of olden France, while, at other times, you can fancy yourself treading the rugged plains of darkest Africa.

In Port-au-Prince, capital of the sunlit isle, I was pleasantly surprised on hearing employees greet me in impeccable French. The same tongue spoken remarkably well reached my ears as I went from the airport to the hotel. French posters and notices caught my eye on every side. It seems almost incredible that so many French names should be seen and heard in a section where skin-color runs the whole gamut from ebony black to pale white, including bronzed red and chocolate brown.

The tourist's astonishment heightens, however, when beside the irreproachable French of the elite or of the middle class, he catches fragments of an idiom in which he recognizes absolutely nothing or at least very little already familiar. This idiom — Creole, the popular tongue in Haiti — is spoken exclusively by three-fourths of the population. The remaining number, along with it, speak excellent French.

But just what is this Creole? Whence its sure footing in Haiti? To explain briefly, let us recall that after the proclamation of independence by Dessalines in 1806, only negroes and men of the yellow race remained in Haiti.

These negroes, masters of the colony, understood and spoke in their own crude way French, the then general language of Santo Domingo. But a motley collection of African, Spanish, English and Indian expressions had outlived the Spanish conquest and had gradually crept into the French tongue of the island.

"Even French words," writes Mr. Bellegarde, "pronounced by negroes of Guinea or the Congo, had become irre recognizable. Settlers from France, and especially Normandy, mingled with their language provincialisms, that were later incorporated into the local idiom."

From this amalgamation has sprung Creole (also spoken in Louisiana and Mexico). Unquestionably, Dessalines and his collaborators did not consider adopting this as the national tongue.

And thus is explained the reason why, as early as 1806, French had been naturally chosen as official tongue in the Republic. The proclamation of independence written in French is, according to Mr. Bellegarde, "the first monument of autonomous Haitian literature."

It is, consequently, as a result of historic events, more than by natural evolution, that French has become the heritage of the Haitian nation.

Translated

A. POULIOT

Pontiff Cites Mission Progress Despite War

Citing continued successes, in spite of the most gigantic conflict the world ever has known, through which the missionary activities of the Church have flowered as never before in history, His Holiness Pius XII declared that he "looked to the future with a serene eye" and a confidence that the unprecedented expansion of the mission work would continue.

The Holy Father made this declaration in an address to the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. He characterized the work of the missionaries as "the sign and symbol of the Universal Church." He declared that the great

advance made in the mission fields despite World War II is an "evident and almost tangible distinctive sign of the Catholic Church, which is very contrary to that discord which disturbs and undermines nations," and expressed confidence the present century will bring a "rich harvest" in the mission fields.

"We do not hesitate to assert," the Holy Father said, "that the Catholic missionary activity in this modern era constitutes of itself alone an admirable proof of the divinity of the Church."

The Eloquence of Figures

The Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith has recently published that mission activity is yearly instrumental in the conversion of 800,000 infidels.

The Sacred Congregation has charge of 560 missionary jurisdictions throughout the world. Of these jurisdictions, seventeen, although belonging to the Latin rite, are nevertheless attached to the Congregation of the Oriental Church. Actively collaborating in the work of the missions are: 22,000 priests, 9,000 Brothers, 53,000 Sisters, 76,000 men and women teachers, 92,000 catechists and 33,000 assistants, bringing to a grand total of 282,000 the number of laborers commissioned by the Catholic Church to kindle the torch of Faith in heathen darkness.

In mission lands, 97,000 schools give out instruction to over 5,000,000 pupils, 3,000 dispensaries yearly provide medical care for 30,000,000 sick or infirm, 2,000 orphanages shelter millions of abandoned children. Statistics also reveal hundreds of leprosariums and as many homes for the destitute, 1,000 hospitals with 75,000 beds in all, 76,000 churches or chapels, 400 seminaries for native clergy.

"The Pope! The Pope!"

Following the liberation of Rome, towards the evening of June 5 last, a glorious demonstration took place in St. Peter's. The vast circle of the colonnade was suddenly thronged with compact masses. Thousands of soldiers, thousands of civilians, a multitude of 100,000 persons were acclaiming and shouting: "The Pope! The Pope!"

Pope Pius had appeared on the balcony of St. Peter's. His paternal voice, borne to the last ranks of this human throng, spoke these heartening words: "Let us thank God for having inspired the two belligerent parties to spare Rome; let us prove our charity by banishing hatred and resentment from our hearts and practising charity and good works." A thunder of applause covered his last words. The Holy Father added that the cessation of hostilities was a fresh manifestation of the affection borne by the Blessed Virgin to the people of Rome. Then he granted his blessing.

The historic scene created a profound and indescribable impression on all who witnessed it.

PRUDENT MEASURES

Prudence is a virtue which is sometimes used as an excuse for inaction. To paraphrase the words of a wise old parish priest, it is proper to save up for a rainy day, but it is not necessary to prepare for a deluge. One of the most prudent measures ever invented is to leave something to God. Another one is to do something for God while we have the opportunity.

Maryknoll Editorial

A Missionary Sister's Day

(Continued)



IF you would take the boy to the dispensary for regular treatments, I am sure he would soon get better with proper care. But it seems to me that I hear someone crying — Where is the other child you mentioned?"

"Oh, there is the littlest one that I must throw away tonight. He is over there in the other room. There is no hope, so we must not let him die in the house."

"How could you think of doing such a heartless thing? Show me the baby, I can surely do something to help."

Poor little abandoned mite, the superstitions of a heathen land have all but doomed your short life here below, but the tender care of Holy Mother Church is about to lay you through a missionary's hands into the very lap of your Heavenly Father! Rejoice, ye angels above, and stand ready to swing wide open the heavenly Gate. One more little runaway from the miseries of this earth is about to enter his Father's House.

The noonday sun is scorching, but our missionary scarcely feels its glare, so great is the joy bubbling over in her heart. Two priceless jewels have been added to the crown of Mary Immaculate, whose motherly smile speeds her on her homeward way. And once again loving fingers twine the blessed garland of the Rosary, this time in homage of thanksgiving. How great, how boundless the mercy of the Lord who has made choice of His feeble little creatures to help Him in the salvation of souls!

Within the hallowed shelter of the convent, Sister hastens to pay a loving visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out thankful prayers for the favors granted. Then she shares with Sister Superior the consolations of this day and together they praise God for the wonders wrought by the Master of the Harvest in a yet wild corner of His field.

When at last she reaches the refectory the community noonday meal is over, but a thoughtful companion has kept some appetizing dishes ready for the weary travellers of the Lord, who murmur with their Grace: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

A silvery chime close by peals out two o'clock. Sister rises, her refectory over, and reverently gives thanks to Almighty God. Then, as is usual in the Community upon leaving the refectory, she recites the *De Profundis* for the dear departed, while putting the table in order so as to spare the Sister in charge further trouble. How agreeable to the Heart of the Heavenly Spouse prove these tiny acts of charity! The loving Bride of Christ knows and is skilful in thus rejoicing His adorable Heart.

Sister's steps now turn towards the orphanage. "The older ones must have gone to their respective classrooms," she muses, eyeing the timepiece. "That's it, I'll go to the dormitory where the little ones are just about waking from their after-dinner nap. Sister X. must have been seeing to them

while I was away —" and with hurried gait she has all but reached the orphanage when suddenly the clang of the doorbell startles her.

Wondering all the while where the faithful doorkeeper, one of the older trusted orphans, can have gone, Sister hastens to the front door.

Judging from the repeated appeals, the visitors seem in feverish impatience to be answered. The heavy outward door swings open and oh! what sad sights meet Sister's gaze. Standing close by a poor young woman, hair dishevelled, dark circles under her eyes which seem to hold a mute appeal for pity. Clasped to her breast a puny infant whimpering pitifully. There, a ragged, crippled beggar ready to drop from exhaustion and — still clinging to the doorbell, a "gleaner", one of those women who go about the streets and byways to gather abandoned waifs and bring them to the convent to be ransomed for a small sum. Hopefully she displays the contents of her baskets: eight tiny, miserable babes, five of whom are dying. Lucky little ones, they are just in time to see the Gates of Pearl swing open and admit them into bliss eternal! Swiftly the bargain is made. Our missionary marks with the seal of the elect each pale pain-puckered brow, which now seems to radiate the glory of the great Beyond.

But the faithful A Seuil, who had been obliged to go on an important message, is back at her post. Gently she lifts the precious burdens from the basket and the "gleaner" speeds on to other fields only too fruitful, alas, in similar living gleanings. Meanwhile, the young woman who had been standing aside, drawing near, entreats Sister to listen to her sad story. Under-nourished, ill-treated by a brutal husband who keeps her out in the fields at a back-breaking labor, she is just about exhausted. Physical sufferings, however, are nothing compared to the pangs caused by the tiny mite she is holding so tenderly to her heart. The diminutive form is all but wasted by disease and the heartless mother-in-law has ordered to do away with it, because if left to die within the house it might call down untold misfortunes upon the rest of the family. Loath to throw her beloved child to be the prey of roving dogs, the distracted mother recalled hearing about the foreign ladies at the Mission, and how they rescued abandoned babies.

"Oh, Sister," she pleads, "please do not refuse to receive my darling Peach Blossom. Keep her safe away from the dogs, cure her if you can." And without further ado, the ragged bundle is laid on Sister's arms.

"You may trust me with your treasure," Sister gently replies. "Even if we cannot save her poor blighted life here below, we can and will see that life eternal be given her. You will meet your Peach Blossom in the gardens of eternal delight, if you look up to the true God for help and succor; if you love Him and strive to keep His blessed laws."

What a relief for the heart-broken mother to see her beloved child safe in the shelter of the convent!

The old beggar crouching beside the door has quickly emptied the bowl of rice brought by A Seuil, but instead of leaving, his eyes seem to search the missionary's face. Poor lonely old soul hungering no doubt for the words of comfort a cruel, thoughtless world knows not how to speak! What a consolation for him to learn that in the heavenly Home above, a tender

Father, a gentle Mother love him, care for him, feel for the hardships of his lot and desire to relieve his misery. The miraculous medal of Our Blessed Lady is gratefully accepted.

"The Queen of Heaven must be merciful indeed to have sent you here to minister to our wants with such kindness. The remembrance of all you have told me will help make life less unbearable." And with a look of calm resignation upon his countenance the beggar hobbles away.

"O my God," interiorly whispers our missionary while returning to her charges at the orphanage, "how divinely tender You are in allowing me to pour the balm of Your consolations upon souls so dear to Your Sacred Heart! Surely life will not be long enough to thank You for my wonderful vocation."

The littlest ones gamboling in the garden have spied Sister coming towards them, and in a moment they are surrounding her affectionately.

A hundred and one childish questions and problems solved, Sister relates to her little flock her eventful outing. The dying woman, the sick boy, the abandoned babe about to be thrown to the dogs, and how a faint moan had betrayed its plight and given her the occasion to cleanse its soul in the blessed waters of regeneration.

"Ah, dear children," exclaims Sister, "never can you be grateful enough to God for the tender care He has taken of you! So many of your less fortunate brothers and sisters would envy you. Sheltered and lovingly cared for, taught to love God and to praise His Blessed Mother, how happy is your lot! Never forget to thank your Heavenly Father every day!"

Merry faces grow solemn, bright eyes glisten and pleading voices call: "Oh, Sister, tell us more about the poor abandoned babes and the sick people. We want to pray hard so that God will send them all kind mothers like you. Please, Sister, tell us—"—"Ding, dong, ding, dong!" The school bell cuts short the interesting conversation. Taught to revere God's own voice in its mellow call, the children promptly stifle sighs of disappointment, form ranks and are off to their respective classrooms, where native teachers are ready to impart wise old ways of Chinese learning.

Meanwhile, with a recollected look upon her face, Sister wends her way to another part of the house, where a sympathetic group of older orphans are eagerly waiting to be instructed in the laws of the Lord of Heaven. Fervently she implores the Holy Spirit and her Immaculate Mother to direct her thoughts, speak through her lips and act through her whole being, that these hungering souls may be fed with the spiritual food they crave.

Of all the subjects she is called upon to teach, catechism is the one she prefers by far. How carefully she prepares her instructions! How feelingly she tells her pupils of God's mercy and love! Catechism over, all repair to the chapel for the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Sister's respectful mien, her devout way of reciting the prayers betray her ardent love and faith towards the Guest divine and make a deep and salutary impression on her pupils.

(To be continued)

If we knew the value of a single soul, we would willingly give a hundred lives for it. *St. — Catherine of Siena*

Wonderful Grace



NEAR the spot where the Kasai River empties into the mighty Congo lies the attractive little settlement of Kwamouth. Two and a half kilometres away on the opposite bank giant cliffs tower above the vast expanse of water. In the distance looms the French Congo.

The whole village was jubilantly astir and festivity reigned everywhere—the Missionary had just arrived on a pastoral visitation. Catechist and schoolchildren crowded around the beloved Father. Pleasant greetings and salutations over, came the lesson in Doctrine.

“Father,” broke in the catechist, “I have baptized a dying woman.”

“Fine, Michael! Tell me about it.”

“Father, some days ago my wife and I crossed the Congo and were told that the first wife of the chief had asked for us. I hurried off to the chief’s quarters. There lay the poor woman on a mat, but in what a pitiable condition! Her back was literally harrowed with loathsome running sores that bared her very bones. Still, a ray of joy beamed on her pain-drawn face.

“‘Quick,’ she implored, ‘give me God’s water.’

“‘But’, I protested, ‘your *chimbek* is laden with fetishes!’

“‘Yes, but I don’t want them any longer. Throw them all out.’

“Hurling out the hideous idols was a brief matter, after which I tried to prepare her as well as I could for Baptism. I hadn’t suggested any baptismal name, for death couldn’t tarry; whether Martha or Jane, my neophyte would surely reach Heaven.

“As I was raising my hand to pour the sacred water on her brow, she murmured, ‘I want the name of Mary.’

“Three days later, Mary, my new Christian, gave up her soul to God.”

“Never,” affirms the Missionary narrating this incident, “never, to my knowledge, had a Catholic penetrated into this out-of-the-way hamlet Mary claimed as earthly home. But twice she had seen on the left bank of the river a bearded white man the children merrily accosted and called ‘Father’.”

A vital spark had been lit within her upright soul by that providential encounter. God’s powerful grace and Mary’s maternal intercession had done the rest.

Translated from a French Jesuit Mission Magazine

May the missionary spirit be enkindled today in the heart of every priest and may it inflame the hearts of all the faithful and win them for the holy and divine work.

Pope Pius XI



Catholic Action

"Hello, Roger!"

"Hello, Jerry!"

"Satisfied with your retreat, eh?"

"Perfectly. I've taken my decision."

"You don't say so? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going in for the priesthood."

"Well, I can't say I'm surprised. I rather expected it all along. Lucky old fellow!"

"It's up to you to do the same, isn't it, Jerry?"

"No, I really don't feel called to scale such lofty heights. The vocation to the priesthood is so great, it entails such tremendous responsibilities! One must be so holy . . . set apart from the world . . . standing as it were between God and man . . . nearer to Heaven than to earth."

"You're right about the vocation of a priest being sublime, but don't think for a moment that I rely on my own strength or ability. My trust is all in the infinite mercy and power of Him who chose, to lay the foundations of His Church, twelve poor fishermen, ignorant and without any worldly influence."

"You've said the word — chose. They were chosen by God. And between the two of us, *you* are the one upon whom God's choice has fallen."

"What a mysterious choice! How unfathomable are the ways of God!"

"I feel called to remain in the world, there to become a staunch supporter of the priest, a sharer in all his apostolic ventures. The world needs men who will fearlessly stand beside God's chosen ones, shield them from the snares of the wicked and help them spread the Kingdom of God on earth. With God's help I hope to become a perfect Christian and to bring up many children, thereby to increase the number of the elect who will praise the Blessed Trinity throughout all eternity. And if some among mine were chosen, were granted a vocation to the priesthood, how very proud and happy I would be!"

"According to the dictates of the divine will, we shall walk separate ways, then. I feel drawn along the paths of virginity; its beauty and merit entrances my soul. How sweet to give Jesus in His Host to countless hungering souls! How divinely consoling to exercise my priestly ministry in giving souls to Jesus and Jesus to souls! I can dream of nothing greater or better. You'll pray for me, won't you, Jerry?"

"Always. How could I ever forget all these happy years we've spent together?"



On the corner of a shady avenue in the prosperous town of X. stood a pleasant house Father, Mother and five little cherubs proudly called home.

Returning at night to his earthly paradise, Daddy would hardly be settled in his favorite chair when a merry tussle would ensue and chubby arms would twine around his neck, while childish prattle made music in his ears. Lovingly his gaze would alight on his wife busy over the supper preparations. Yes, he mused, she had been the ideal wife indeed, full of tender solicitude for her husband's well-being, devoted to her children, the type of the valiant woman lauded in the Scriptures. As a young man eager to form an ideal Christian home, he had singled her out among other young girls. They had met, not in gay and crowded thoroughfares or in brilliant social functions, but their paths had crossed close by the old parish church.

And with his treasures ensconced upon his knees or clinging to his chair, Daddy

*Waiting for supper*

would be lost in pleasant dreams of bygone days. Once again he would be assisting at the opening of May devotions in the church of X. The rays of the evening sun stealing in through the stained-glass windows had seemed to weave a halo round the brow of a young girl kneeling directly in front of him — a young girl modestly though becomingly dressed, whose whole demeanor betokened lively faith and ardent piety. He had felt drawn towards her from the first, and had managed to learn about her family, one of the most respectable in the parish. Even the old-fashioned name of Margaret that she bore seemed of fair omen. Was she not the pearl of great price he had been seeking far and wide? Every evening in May he had seen Margaret kneeling before Our Lady's altar. Evidently she was a fervent child of Mary. Later he had made bold to greet her respectfully, then a few words had been exchanged. Finally he had called at her home where he had been welcomed by her worthy parents. The more he saw of her, the more he became assured that she was really a peerless jewel God had destined for him, and then one evening he had proposed. He recalled how Margaret had raised startled eyes to his own: she had been taken by surprise. With her studies just over, she had not yet thought seriously about her future, still less about marriage. She had even vaguely dreamt of becoming a Missionary Sister to help gather in the harvest of souls in benighted pagan lands. She had begged for time, time to pray and ask advice, and time to ponder well over his proposal. After several weeks which had seemed ages to his impatient longing, Margaret, convinced that God was calling her to the married state, had at last given him a favorable answer, and they had been bound for life by their sacred vows of love and conjugal fidelity. As of yore the mother of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, she had prayed that many children be given her and that they might all be consecrated to God in the religious or the missionary life. Their union had been blessed indeed, and five lovely children graced their comfortable home, five little ones whose first lisps had been of Jesus and Mary, and who were being reared in sound principles of Christian life.

"Jerry!" Margaret's voice startled Daddy out of his reverie. "I think we are going to have guests."

"Why?"

"The potatoes are scorched, the soup too salty; somehow, every dish I lay my hands on seems to go awry this evening."

Just then footsteps were heard on the graveled path outside, and Rex fairly barked his head off as a visitor rang the doorbell. Gently putting the children down, Jerry hastened to answer.

"Hello, Father M. I haven't seen you for ages."

"Hello, Jerry. I hope I am not intruding, coming in unannounced."

"As if you were not always welcome! Come right in. How are you?"

"Oh, I really didn't intend to stay long."

"Well, you'll have supper with us anyway, and afterwards we can chat. Margaret!"

Margaret was graciousness itself towards her husband's friend and felt overjoyed at having to entertain at her table a priest of the Lord.

While waiting for supper the two friends talked business, not the business of earth, but that which Jesus spoke of when He said: "I must be about My Father's business."

For Father M. was none other than the Roger of some twelve years ago who dreamt of the priesthood and of devoting his whole life to the salvation of souls. His goal had been attained and Jesus had entrusted him with a portion of His Fold. No shepherd ever showed more vigilant and tender care of his sheep than he of the immortal souls confided to his keeping, guiding them in fertile pastures of sound Christian doctrines and giving them as food the Bread of Life Eternal, soothing them in pain and trouble and, above all, shielding them from ravenous wolves seeking to devour them. That was just what had brought him that evening to the home of his friend Jerry D., that staunch champion of worthy causes. For some time past, subversive pernicious influences had been at work among his flock, threatening both faith and morals. A powerful antidote had to be found to counteract the poison which was bringing ruin to immortal souls. That very morning at Holy Mass Father M. had implored and had been granted enlightenment. He had seen in the divine light vouchsafed him just what means should be adopted and had come to discuss his plans with his friend tried and true, for the aid of lay apostles would have to be enlisted in this particular offensive against the powers of Satan striving to wrest men's souls from Christ.

The discussion of plans was at its culminating point when seven-year-old Mabel announced in her clear childish treble: "Mother says that supper is ready and would you please come into the dining room."

While doing justice to Mrs. D's appetizing meal, both friends made her sharer in their plans for a campaign against evil influences. What power could she not wield for good even while remaining at home, by her devotedness, by praying herself and having her innocent little ones pray for the triumph of right over might!

Myriads of stars were gleaming overhead and a tranquil hush had fallen over the world, when Father M. finally took leave of his friends. His gait was that of a man whose burden has just been lifted off his shoulders or at least considerably lightened. How consoling for his priestly heart the sight of this family striving to re-live the saintly life of that blessed Family in Nazareth centuries ago!

That night Jerry and Margaret kneeling before the image of the Holy Family recited an extra decade of the Rosary, that Catholic Action in their parish might realize wonders to the greater glory of God and the welfare of straying souls.

O Jesus, O Friend that hast loved Thine own to the end, deign to give us in Thy tender mercy, for the strengthening of our faith and the betterment of our Christian life, many holy priests such as Father M., and countless fearless champions of Catholic Action like Mr. Jerry D. and his devoted wife Margaret.



The first and most natural place where the flowers of the sanctuary should almost spontaneously grow and bloom, remains always the truly and deeply Christian home. Most of the saintly bishops and priests 'whose praise the Church declares' owe the beginning of their vocation and their holiness to the teaching and example of a father, strong in faith and manly virtues, of a pure and devoted mother, and of a family in which the love of God and of neighbor, joined with simplicity of life, reigned supreme.

Pope Pius XI

Prayer Is Power



PRAYER is not only worship; it is also an invisible emanation of man's worshiping spirit — the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands. Its results can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, greater intellectual vigor, moral stamina, and a deeper understanding of the realities underlying human relationships.

If you make a habit of sincere prayer, your life will be very noticeably and profoundly altered. Prayer stamps with its indelible mark our actions and demeanor. A tranquillity of bearing, a facial and bodily repose, are observed in those whose inner lives are thus enriched. Within the depths of consciousness a flame kindles. And man sees himself. He discovers his selfishness, his silly pride, his fears, his greeds, his blunders. He develops a sense of moral obligation, intellectual humility. Thus begins a journey of the soul toward the realm of grace.

Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. It is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the so-called "laws of nature"; the occasions on which prayer has dramatically done this have been termed "miracles." But a constant, quieter miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power in their daily lives.

Too many people regard prayer as a formalized routine of words, a refuge for weaklings, or a childish petition for material things. We sadly undervalue prayer when we conceive it in these terms, just as we should underestimate rain by describing it as something that fills the birdbath in our garden. Properly understood, prayer is a mature activity indispensable to the fullest development of personality — the ultimate integration of man's highest faculties. Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human reed its unshakable strength.

The words, "Ask and it shall be given to you," have been verified by the experience of humanity. True, prayer may not restore the dead child to life or bring relief from physical pain. But prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous, self-generating energy.

How does prayer fortify us with so much dynamic power? To answer this question (admittedly outside the jurisdiction of science) I must point out that all prayers have one thing in common. The triumphant hosannas of a great oratorio, or the humble supplication of an Iroquois hunter begging for luck in the chase, demonstrate the same truth: that human beings seek to augment their finite energy by addressing themselves to the Infinite source of all energy. When we pray, we link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power that spins the universe. We ask that a part of this power be

apportioned to our needs. Even in asking, our human deficiencies are filled and we arise strengthened and repaired.

But we must never summon God merely for the gratification of our whims. We derive most power from prayer when we use it, not as a petition, but as a supplication that we may become more like Him. Prayer should be regarded as practice of the Presence of God. An old peasant was seated alone in the last pew of the village church. "What are you waiting for?" he was asked; and he answered, "I am looking at Him and He is looking at me." Man prays not only that God should remember him, but also that he should remember God.

How can prayer be defined? Prayer is the effort of man to reach God, to commune with an invisible being, creator of all things, supreme wisdom, truth, beauty, and strength, father and redeemer of each man. This goal of prayer always remains hidden to intelligence. For both language and thought fail when we attempt to describe God.

We do know, however, that whenever we address God in fervent prayer we change both soul and body for the better. It could not happen that any man or woman could pray for a single moment without some good result. "No man ever prayed," said Emerson, "without learning something."

One can pray everywhere. In the streets, the subway, the office, the shop, the school, as well as in the solitude of one's own room or among the crowd in a church. There is no prescribed posture, time or place.

"Think of God more often than you breathe," said Epictetus the Stoic. In order really to mold personality, prayer must become a habit. It is meaningless to pray in the morning and to live like a barbarian the remainder of the day. True prayer is a way of life; the truest life is literally a way of prayer.

The best prayers are like the improvisations of gifted lovers, always about the same thing yet never twice the same. We cannot all be as creative in prayer as Saint Theresa or Bernard of Clairvaux, both of whom poured their adoration into words of mystical beauty. Fortunately, we do not need their eloquence; our slightest impulse to prayer is recognized by God. Even if we are pitifully dumb, or if our tongues are overlaid with vanity or deceit, our meager syllables of praise are acceptable to Him, and He showers us with strengthening manifestations of His love.

Today, as never before, prayer is a binding necessity in the lives of men and nations. The lack of emphasis on the religious sense has brought the world to the edge of destruction. Our deepest source of power and perfection has been left miserably undeveloped. Prayer, the basic exercise of the spirit, must be actively practiced in our private lives. The neglected soul of man must be made strong enough to assert itself once more. For if the power of prayer is again released and used in the lives of common men and women; if the spirit declares its aims clearly and boldly, there is yet hope that our prayers for a better world will be answered.

ALEXIS CARREL, M. D.

Mission Sunday, October 22nd

In the problem of post war planning the question of mission aid is one that brooks no denial. It is a need which must be met, not alone in the future, but in the immediate present as well. For this reason we wish to announce to our readers the importance of Mission Sunday observance held on October 22nd at the request of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The men and women in our armed forces have viewed first hand the glorious achievements of our missionaries at home and in the foreign field. Now we realize, as perhaps never before, the need for spiritual as well as monetary aid if our bishops, priests, brothers and sisters are to continue their gallant role of "Soldiers of Christ". They must be sustained by our prayers for the conversion of souls, the strengthening of the missionaries, themselves, and the fostering of vocations for this apostolate among the youth of America. Finally they must be aided by help which will make it possible to rebuild the thousands of stations which have been destroyed during these long years of devastating warfare. Therefore on Mission Sunday, October 22nd, we ask our faithful people in prayer and almsgiving to answer this universal call to help the missions of the Catholic Church at home, in the Far East and in the Near East.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

RT. REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL

National Director for the United States



The Pope and Canadian Soldiers

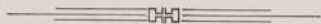
Words of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the Canadian soldiers of the Royal 22nd Regiment, received in audience at the Vatican, July 3 last:

"Admire the laws of Providence. At the moment when the world seemed drifting at a vertiginous pace towards the abyss of irreparable loss, the very whirlwinds bring back our poor, dispersed and torn humanity towards the centre from which the reign of Christ radiates on a worldwide horizon for the greater good and even material prosperity of nations.

"When you return to your beloved homeland, relate to all and remember yourself these great lessons of fidelity to the Church of Rome, of union and universal charity, of confidence in the dispensations of Divine Providence.

"Such is the desire, such the prayer We present to God through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and the glorious martyrs whose sacrificed blood has so marvellously fecundated your land.

"And while, after having given unequivocal proof of your unique courage, you are leaving for new fatigues and fresh perils, Our heart accompanies you, to give you as well as all you hold dear and your beloved Canadian homeland, Our Apostolic benediction."



There is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this of her Nativity, right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, and indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world.

Father Faber





Prayer

*Try a little praying
When the world goes wrong,
When the skies are graying
And the day seems long.
Pain will come, and sorrow,
'Tis the human way;
Prayer will make tomorrow
Gladder than today.*

*Just you try confiding
In the Altar Guest;
Never will your seeking
Fail to bring you rest.
Do not be a mourner,
Rather learn to smile;
Cheer is round the corner,
Wait a little while —*

*Wait a little, then,
Kneeling at His feet,
Ere you lift your burden,
Blessed now, and sweet.
He will make it lighter,
And the things you fear
Touched by Him, the brighter
Surely will appear.*





*Try a little praying
When you'd rather frown.
"Look up!" One is saying,
"I am looking down."
Never cross your bridges
Ere you meet them true.
High above the ridges
Skies are always blue.*

*Fretting and repining
Should be cast aside;
There's a silver lining,
'Tis on Heaven's side.
Roses are blooming
Right among the thorns,
Warblers are chirping
In the dullest morns.*

*Try a little praying
Though the trying cost.
God is always waiting,
Not a sigh is lost.
Everything is counted,
All will be returned.
Was it once accounted
Praying He had spurned?*

*Take that praying habit
All along your way,
There is gladness in it
For your life's brief day.
Lift your eyes up, smiling —
Heaven — Home — is fair,
Just a little waiting,
Prayer will take you there.*

THE REDACTION



Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Continued)



With an ardor capable of stirring to the depths the Sacred Heart so loving men, Therese multiplied her prayers asking for an increase of missionaries and apostles. "Souls — dear Lord," she prayed, "we must have souls! Above all, souls of apostles and of martyrs, that through them we may inflame the multitude of poor sinners with love of Thee." And in a letter to her sister Celine: "During the fleeting

moments that remain to us, let us save souls! I feel that our Spouse asks us for souls — above all, for the souls of priests . . . It is He who bids

me tell you this." On still another occasion she wrote: "In this great sorrow (her father's terrible trial) we should forget ourselves, and pray for priests — our lives must be entirely devoted to them. Our Divine Master makes me feel more and more that this is what He asks of you and me."

But Therese can not rest content with merely entreating Jesus to send more laborers into His harvest. She esteems her summons to be of a still higher nature. "It is for us by prayer to train workers who will spread the glad tidings of the Gospel," she asserts; and if humility forbids her to "consider herself capable of teaching missionaries," she need not for that forgo the task of nurturing holy priests. One would hardly have understood this child so artless and so ingenious, who had long since learnt the art of overcoming obstacles by slipping around or under them. Hers is not the thought of shouldering a responsibility which after Jesus only Mary herself could have assumed. No, she will form holy priests through the action upon their souls of the sovereign High Priest Himself. And this is wisdom for the little one who, while knowing the task to be one far above her weakness, all the more fully comprehends the pressing needs of priestly souls. "In Italy, I understood my vocation, and the long journey was well worth undertaking to gain such useful knowledge. During that month I met many holy priests. Yet I saw that despite the sublime dignity of the Priesthood which raises them above the Angels, they still remain men and subject to human frailty. Now if those whom Our Lord in the Gospel calls '*the salt of the earth*' — if holy priests have need of our prayers, what must be the needs of the lukewarm? Has not Our Lord said also: '*If the salt lose its savour wherewith shall it be salted?*'" And as Therese's faith in prayer, "that queen, who having free access always to the king can obtain whatsoever she asks," is unbounded, she will pray for priests. In her eagerness to obtain more surely that for which she is praying, she will use the very words of the Divine Master at the Last Supper. "Perhaps I am

very daring . . . and yet for a long time hast Thou not allowed me to be daring with Thee? Thou hast said to me as the Father of the Prodigal to his elder son: '*All I have is thine.*' And therefore I may use Thy own divine words to draw down favours from Our Heavenly Father upon all the souls under my care." With Jesus, she will say to God while speaking of the missionaries: "Thine they were, and to me Thou gavest them; I pray for them whom Thou hast given me, because they are Thine. And now I am no more in the world, and these are in the world. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name. I do not ask that Thou take them away out of the world, but that Thou preserve them from evil."

These last words reveal Therese's apostolic soul. If she prays for priests, it is because of the souls to be drawn through them to a loving God; she also prays for souls because "the most eloquent discourses would be incapable of inspiring one act of love without the grace that moves the heart." Therese had learnt it from her own experience — had it not come home to her on the night when her conversion was wrought, that even the most persuasive reasonings could wield but scant power over her "miserable failing", and that on the contrary, God's grace had won an easy victory? "Satisfied with my good-will, Our Lord accomplished in an instant the work I had not been able to do during years." In the novitiate also she had felt that in the divine task of the transformation of souls, human means are powerless. "From afar it seems easy to do good to souls, to make them love God more, to mould them after our own views and opinions. But coming closer one feels, on the contrary, that to do good without the divine assistance, is as impossible a thing as to bring the sun back after it has set." This powerful aid, Our Lord has promised to give it in answer to fervent prayers. Therese will then have unceasing recourse to prayer and she will pray, not only for a privileged few, but for "all those who are in the strife." She writes: "The zeal of a Carmelite ought to embrace the whole world, I hope with God's help to be of use to more than two missionaries. I pray for all, without forgetting our priests at home . . ."

To prayer Therese will constantly join sacrifice; these two blessed words seem ever united in all her writings as they were never parted in her fruitful life. "My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice: these are my invincible weapons."

Writing to her spiritual brothers, she constantly reminds them of the profound law of the generation of souls: "From the day He (Christ) raised the standard of the Cross, in its shadow all must fight and win." And again: "Was it not by suffering and death that He ransomed the world?" — "Far more by suffering and by persecution than by eloquent discourses does Jesus wish to build up His Kingdom." Since Therese yearns to become "mother of souls", she will joyfully welcome suffering of all kinds. "Our Lord had made me understand that it was through the cross He would give me souls!" she exclaims, and her practical conclusion is, that "the end cannot be reached without adopting the means." From then on, the cross became her joy, her attraction, the veritable passion of her heart. "My heart is naturally sensitive," she writes, "and it is precisely because of its

capacity for pain that I wish to offer to Our Lord every suffering it can bear."

Therese as a child stood at the foot of the Cross to gather the Precious Blood of her Savior, but she now desires to do more and to give her own lifeblood even to the very last drop. On the day of her Profession she bore upon her heart the following prayer: "O Jesus, I ask that for Thy sake I may die a martyr — give me martyrdom of soul or of body. Or rather give me both." Jesus, who knew not how to refuse what she asked, granted her ardent wish. Well could she say later, "Already I have suffered much." True, it will not be given her to shed her blood in a glorious martyrdom, but pain, relentless and exquisite, will literally torture her frail body. The observance of a rule beyond the strength of a delicate child, the cold from which she suffers until she almost dies of it, a painful illness which drains her physical strength, the "wound of love" through which her communings with her crucified Spouse become still more intimate. The secret martyrdom of the heart is not spared her at the time of her father's terrible trial, and especially that frightful night of the soul haunts her with its devilish attacks, its doubts against Faith and utter spiritual abandonment.

In all these trials, hers is a joyful and smiling submission which admits of never a word of complaint. She even boldly asserts that she is happier than the Angels, because they cannot redeem souls through suffering. She has made of suffering her earthly paradise. So much so that at times the other Heaven seems almost to frighten her. "I find it hard to understand how I shall become acclimatised in a land where joy reigns supreme and alone. Jesus must entirely change this soul of mine, otherwise it could not endure eternal bliss."

This exile, however, has not been robbed of its bitterness. "Earth's air is failing me," will she sigh on the dawn of the day which was to be her last here below, "when shall I breathe the air of Heaven?" — "Mother, the chalice is full to overflowing! I could never have believed it possible to suffer so intensely . . . I can explain it only by my great longing to save souls . . ." — "It has been sheer agony, without a ray of consolation." This avowal does not savor of complaint. Her exile seems yet too sweet, because she still feels herself surrounded by her beloved Religious family. "Here I am loved by you and by all the Sisters, and because this love is so sweet to me, I dream of a convent (that at Hanoi) where I should be unknown, where I should taste the bitterness of exile."

But Therese goes further yet. In her apostolic thirst for souls she would willingly endure even the dread exile of Purgatory. "Oh! I should be so happy, if through that, I was able to deliver other souls, and to suffer in their place, for then I should be doing good. *I should deliver the captives.*" She even accepts it in spirit. "I do not know if I shall go to Purgatory, but if I do I shall not regret having done nothing to avoid it, I shall never repent of having laboured wholly for the salvation of souls."

These sublime outbursts betray the passionate love of Therese for souls. She who wrote, "To be truly a victim of love requires absolute self-surrender," gave up her entire life for the salvation of souls and unceasingly called to Jesus, "Consume Thy little victim in the fire of divine love."

She prays: "May all those on whom faith does not shine, at last see the light!" She wishes to win all souls to Christ, by assuming every form of apostolate.

"To be Thy spouse, O my Jesus, to be a daughter of Carmel, and by my union with Thee to be the mother of souls, should not all this content me? Yet other vocations make themselves felt, and I would wield the sword, I would be a Priest, an Apostle, a Martyr, a Doctor of the Church. I would fain accomplish the most heroic deeds — the spirit of the Crusader burns within me, and I would gladly die on the battlefield in defence of the Church."

Rev. PAUL DESTOMBES, M. Ap.

(To be continued)

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.

I have received many favors from St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. J. E. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — My heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor obtained through her intercession. L. J., **Mass.** — All my gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. Olivier Dupuis, **St. Alexis des Monts.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in homage of gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favor received. J. H. Bédard, **Rosemont.** — Thanks to St. Teresa of Lisieux for her protection. A fervent client of St. Teresa. — My heartfelt thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a favor received through her intercession. I request her continued protection. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Grateful thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Miss L. B., **Laval sur le Lac.** — I am coming to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards dear little Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favor attributed to her intercession. Mrs. A. Ménard, **Chambly Canton.** — Gratitude for a favor granted me by the little "Flower of Carmel". Mrs. L. L., **Chateauguay Bassin.**

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

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

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

May-June 1944.....	\$176.05
July-August.....	70.50

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

Address: Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



It is not only Bishop Retord's diocese that has suffered so terribly. The persecution has swept over the whole country from Cambogia to China. The Spanish Dominicans have been even more cruelly treated than ourselves. The order has come to seize all Christians, and to put them to death by what is called 'lang-tri,' that is, slow torture, cutting off first the ankles, then the knees, the fingers, the elbows, and so on till the victim is nothing but a mutilated trunk. Bishop Melchior, the Dominican Vicar Apostolic of the eastern district of Tong-king, suffered this horrible death last August. But you will ask me, 'How did *you* manage to escape the fury of a storm like this?' I can only reply, 'By the grace of God, who has me in His holy keeping, and considers that my hour has not yet come.' Our Christians guard my cabin and the only thing for me to do is to keep myself in a little corner without speaking or making the least noise. Even a sneeze or a cough might betray me. We consider ourselves fortunate if, in these retreats, we can have a little hole for light, so as to be able to read our office and some comforting book. In this weary but voluntary imprisonment one has to learn patience, and give up one's life freely to Divine Providence. Then, if the mandarin seems inclined to search the house, we take advantage of the darkness to escape to another hiding-place. Sometimes in a temporary lull, or a favorable moment, we are able to get a little fresh air, and to stretch our cramped limbs.

"The great misery of this state of things is that we cannot administer the Sacraments, and many of our converts have to die without any spiritual consolation. Another misfortune is that we nearly always compromise the Christians who give us hospitality, so that we often prefer trusting ourselves to the loyalty and good faith of pagans, who are less suspected. Fr. Theurel and I stayed two days and two nights in one of these houses; but we did not meet its owner, who hid himself, that he might not see a European face. One night we received a sudden notice to leave this asylum and only a quarter of an hour afterwards the troops of the mandarins arrived. Bishop Retord, seeing the way in which we were hunted, advised us to take refuge, as he and Bishop Jeantet had done, in the mountain. We went, but the apostate before mentioned got an inkling of this, and surrounding the cavern where the Bishops had lately been concealed, placed guards at all the mountain passes. But God watched over His servants and they escaped to the forests before the enemy had completed preparations. The mandarins searched all the caves, and carried off everything they could find, which, in fact, was all that we possessed; but no one was taken prisoner.

"Bishop Retord, Fr. Charbonnier, and Fr. Mathevon wandered barefoot through the woods, half dead with hunger, their feet wounded at every step

by the pointed stones which the Annamites call *cats' ears*, and with no means of quenching their thirst but a villainous kind of water which no one can drink with impunity. Seeing no way of escape, they built themselves a little cabin in the centre of the forest, and remained there four months, during which time they were fed by neighboring Christians, and preserved in spite of the danger of being devoured by bears and tigers. I sent one of my catechists to them in August, and he was met by a magnificent royal tiger which had that very day eaten two poor girls who had been pasturing their bullocks on the roadside. My poor catechist was saved only by a miracle from a like fate. Dear brother, you will want to know if Bishop Retord is still in his forest home. His body, yes; but his spirit has left this vale of misery for a better world. A malignant fever carried him off on the 22nd of October. Thus ended his life of labor and suffering, after twenty-five years spent on the missions, and fifteen in the episcopate. He did not live to see peace dawn on this unhappy country. All his days had been passed amid persecutions and contradictions, the realization of a dream which he had as a child, when the Virgin appearing carried him to the top of a high mountain, to the foot of a great Cross, and told him his life would be a series of crucifixions to the end. All missionaries have to follow the way of the Cross, but Bishop Retord did so more than any of us, and his death in this terrible forest, where he was exposed to the continual attacks of wild beasts, and had not even the commonest necessities of life, was indeed death on the Cross — naked, austere, like that of his Lord and Master.

“When Bishop Retord died he was alone with Fr. Mathevon, for as Fr. Charbonnier had had a touch of the fever, the Bishop had sent him down to the plains to be nursed in the house of a pious Christian. After our holy Bishop had expired, Fr. Mathevon took shelter in a less unhealthful place, where he remains concealed. As for Fr. Theurel, Fr. Titaud, and myself, we too had to climb the mountains, walk with bleeding feet on the *cats' ears* and install ourselves as hermits in the forest. We remained a fortnight in perfect peace, and each day added some improvement to our Robinson Crusoe life. We collected rain-water to drink, and to use in cooking our provisions; then we made a little straight avenue where we could walk and recite our office. Every morning the inhabitants of the village of Đông-Chiem brought us provisions; and we had just begun to dig the ground and plant some vegetables, when one morning we had an unexpected visit from six pagans, armed to the teeth, who came in the guise of tiger-hunters. We received them with great civility, and a few moments after, under pretense of going out into the adjoining forest to get some wood, we escaped rapidly down the mountain-side to a boat which we kept on the river always ready for emergencies. These ‘hunters’ were in reality spies sent by the mandarins.

(To be continued)



Sacrifices made for God have a sweetness and a joy unknown to the world.

Henry Dorie



CHINA

THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

THE FOUNDING OF THE LEPROSARIUM

Before speaking of the founding of the Shek Lung Leprosarium, it may not be out of place to relate an event which, for having happened over thirty years ago, has lost nothing of its cruel and barbarous character, and which poignantly illustrates the horror with which leprosy and the lepers are viewed by the unenlightened pagans.

Several cases of the dread disease had been found out in Nan Ning, China. In their great solicitude for these forsaken sufferers, His Excellency Bishop Duceur and his priests had segregated them from the healthy population. But the Chinese of the vicinity, fearing contagion, demanded that the lepers be removed to a still more isolated locality. The Catholic missionaries then requested from the President of the region a more distant site for the establishment of a leper asylum. "Certainly," was the answer, "we shall find a convenient place for your leper colony."

Let us now see to what indescribable excesses of inhumanity will go pagans who have never learnt to love God as their Father and all men as brothers and equals.

Upon order from the Chinese authorities a deep pit was dug in the earth, into which sticks of wood saturated with petroleum were thrown. A ladder was leaned against the side to facilitate descent into the cavity.

The date was December 14, 1912. In the early morning, a band of over one hundred soldiers hemmed in the leper quarters, rendering all escape impossible. The unfortunate victims were then marched off and forced down one by one, even to weeping mothers with their babes in arms, into the dismal hole.

When all had at length been compelled into the murder trap, a shrill cry signalled to the soldiers that the moment for the mass slaughter had come. Shots rang out in the morning air. Thirty-nine lepers, pariahs of humanity, were riddled with bullets. But that was not all. The very bones of these loathsome creatures must be destroyed. Fire was set to the wood beneath the fallen corpses and soon wild flames announced that Nan Ning was at



TWO PATIENTS OF SHEK LUNG,
CHINA, VICTIMS OF LEPROSY

last free from the "living deaths" that struck terror into the hearts of all.

Not long after, the Governor published a proclamation ending with the words: "I had a deep grave dug and on the morning of the 14th, had soldiers circle, stop and kill all the lepers. Thus shall we be delivered forever from contagion. In this measure I am assured of universal approbation."

As might be expected, this deed of revolting cruelty, instead of winning its pagan author the general consent he believed to have deserved, caused a wave of holy indignation to surge in every Christian heart. The missionaries strove with unbounded zeal to defend the poor leprous beings under their charge from a similar unutterable fate.

Saintly apostles, worthy imitators of Damien of Molokai, were already consecrating their lives to the service of these despised sufferers. Father Conrardy, who had known Father Damien and had lived with him in Molokai, had industriously sought out all the lepers of the section and had established a regular leper village on St. Joseph's Island, Shek Lung, near Canton. For twenty-five years the tire-

less apostle had been spending himself heart and soul for these outcasts of society.

But dread leprosy was spreading to the neighboring provinces, taking yearly an ever greater human toll. His Excellency Bishop Merel, who had wept with his venerable colleague over the forementioned mass murder, was seeking means of protecting those of his flock tainted with the disease. Thanks to the friendly relations maintained between the Catholic Mission and the Cantonese authorities, the Bishop of Canton had the consolation and the hope of seeing his wishes soon realized. The Government offered the missionaries the charge of a leprosarium where medical care and shelter would be given to three or four hundred women or little girls, promising a grant of five cents each day for the upkeep of each individual patient.

Preparing and furnishing buildings would be comparatively easy, but to whom was the missionary to confide the new establishment? Three years previously, he had obtained a mission reinforcement from Canada for his episcopal city. Confidently he resolved to appeal again to French-Canada, where generous youth and ardor had scarcely as yet been given the occasion of proving its worth in mission countries. To the then Archbishop of

Montreal, His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, he addressed the following lines, after having eulogized the good work done by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception since their arrival in Canton:

Another work is open to the zeal of your devoted Canadian Sisters, that of the leprous women. The Chinese Government has asked us to conduct a leprosarium that will shelter from three to four hundred women or little girls. The Government will give five cents daily for the upkeep of each leper. Three or four Sisters will suffice to operate the leprosarium, for they will find helpers among the Chinese women. The little girls of six, eight, ten and twelve will be taught by the Sisters. How glorious for your worthy Archdiocese of Montreal, if your Sisters accept the leprosarium! The name of the Montreal Sisters will be blessed in the whole world. Followers and imitators of Father Damien, they will copy his saintly and heroic devotedness towards the poor lepers.

Hundreds, nay, thousands of leprous women, of young girls stricken by the inexorable malady and deprived of their parents, are extending beseeching hands towards you, Monsignor, and crying out in their distress: "O Monsignor, O merciful Father, send us your Sisters, your children! To us wretches they will open the gates of Heaven, and while alleviating our bodily ills they will snatch us from the eternal flames of hell. O Father, have mercy on us, have mercy on our distress!"

You will have mercy on them, Monsignor; for the love of God and for the honor of your dear Canada, you will send us Sisters, Mothers for our lepers.

In his reply of December 12, 1912, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi related to his colleague overseas with what generosity his apostolic request had been greeted.

MONSIGNOR,

Your letter arrived while I was visiting our religious institutions in the Canadian and American West. I was therefore unable to read it before my return in mid-November.

Your appeal on behalf of the poor leprous women has deeply touched me. The greater a misery, the more eager should be our desire to relieve it. Opening His arms to those who suffer, Christ made no exception. Has He not said: *Venite ad me, omnes qui onerati*



LEPERS OF SHEK LUNG, LIMBS MANGLED
BY THE DREAD DISEASE

estis? In my heart, Monsignor, I answered your appeal affirmatively.

I then went to see our dear Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. They had learnt of your desire and were awaiting me. There they were, about forty in all, Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants. "Children," I said, "a new work is offered you in China, a work of abnegation and sacrifice, but one beautiful and glorious as the charity our divine Master has preached and practiced. It is the care of leprous women. Will you accept? Let those of you that feel themselves ready to leave for that mission stand." Monsignor, the forty stood up as one!

The matter is now decided and I am very happy. Your leprosarium will be under the management of our Sisters from Montreal. I am sure it will be a source of blessings and graces for our diocese. We shall send a number of Sisters in the spring. I have met in Vancouver the four that reached Canton last month. Their courage and spirit of sacrifice edifies me. They are apostles. I thank the Lord who makes use of our children in the conversion of the infidels and the eternal salvation of thousands of souls. Once again I assure you, Monsignor, of my heartfelt gratitude for your paternal kindness towards them.

The forthcoming departure of three Missionary Sisters for the new post of devotedness being decided upon, the young Community began preparations under the direction of the Mother Foundress, who, unable to give herself to that arduous but enviable labor, was willingly sacrificing three of her daughters she had been training, since the earliest years of her Institute, in the spirit of sacrifice and evangelical self-renunciation.

Meanwhile, in Canton, the missionaries were acquiring information on life and customs in the leper settlement, so as to have first-hand data for the promised missionary band. Already in November, 1912, they had visited their island, where the devoted Father Conrardy was untiringly toiling for his adopted children. One of the excursionists related in about the following terms her impressions on the journey:

I had the happiness, lately, of accompanying our Sisters to the lepers' island. The journey takes two hours and we had to use in turn the rickshaw, the train and the boat.

The morning was ideal and the country we sped across, of an enchanting aspect. From this beautiful and active scene we suddenly passed on to an altogether different one — that of human beings vowed to the saddest of lives. It would tear your heart to see all those poor exiles. The ghastly sight of swollen faces, fingerless hands and half-rotten feet still haunts me.

A young man had just been brought in, suffering from a gaping wound in his foot that bared his bones.

A group of women and young girls came to meet us in one of the fields and we asked them whether they knew how to pray. At once they joined what remained of their mangled hands and piously began to say the prayers their devoted physician and protector, Father Conrardy, had taught them.

We turned homewards our hearts still torn with sorrow, longing to stay with these unfortunate victims and devote ourselves for them.

The glad tidings of the acceptance of the projected leprosarium brought great joy to Canton and we can surmise with what impatience the promised nursing Sisters were expected.

The latter left Montreal in July, 1913. They were Sister Marie Bernadette⁽¹⁾, Sister St. François d'Assise⁽²⁾ and Sister St. Raphael⁽³⁾, inde-

1. Alma LEGER, Green Valley, Ont.

2. Clara HEBERT, Montreal.

3. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, P. Q.

fatigable workers still, after thirty years of strenuous toil, at their post of heroic devotedness.

On October 11 of the same year, the three Missionary Sisters, joined at Canton by Sister St. Paul⁽¹⁾, named Superior of the small contingent, proceeded towards the tranquil isle of St. Mary's, which was to become the isle of suffering and pain, but that of prayer and Christian resignation as well.

(To be continued)

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MANCHUKUO

A letter from the Canadian Ministry of Foreign Affairs herewith reproduced has given us information regarding a number of our Missionary Sisters in Manchukuo.

No news has as yet reached us from their companions scattered in the other posts of the Vicariate.

Ottawa, July 6, 1944.

Reverend Mother,

I wish to inform you that, according to official information received from His British Majesty's Minister at Berne, Thérèse Sauvé⁽²⁾, Agathe Dion⁽³⁾, Marie Louise Gosselin⁽⁴⁾, Alice Larouche⁽⁵⁾, Odile Malboeuf⁽⁶⁾, Marie Blanche Dion⁽⁷⁾, Laura Thérien⁽⁸⁾, Germaine Gravel⁽⁹⁾, Jeanne Sanschagrin⁽¹⁰⁾, Alice Buteau⁽¹¹⁾, and Marie Thérèse Roux⁽¹²⁾ are at present at Szeping kai.

Eustelle Samson⁽¹³⁾ is interned at Szeping kai and Marie Berthe Fleurent⁽¹⁴⁾ is at Pamientcheng.

Please accept, Reverend Mother, the expression of my respectful sentiments.

N.W.M. Kinley,

*For the Under-Secretary of State
for Foreign Affairs.*

May Divine Providence and our Immaculate Mother keep our beloved Missionaries from every danger until peace is restored once more and the laborers of the Gospel are again free to exercise their apostolate in heathen lands!

1. Blanche Clément, Montreal
2. Sister Thérèse d'Avila
3. Sister Ste. Jeanne de Valois
4. Sister Ste. Anne
5. Sister Marie de l'Assomption
6. Sister Ste. Denise
7. Sister Marie des Cinq Plaies

8. Sister Joseph Arthur
9. Sister Marie Germaine
10. Sister Ste. Rose
11. Sister Marie Esther
12. Sister Marie Thérèse
13. Sister Eustelle de l'Eucharistie
14. Sister Ste. Emérentienne



For the faith which we have received from God, let us cooperate to give the faith to others.

Pope Pius XI

WEST INDIES

With Our Missionary Sisters in Les Cayes, Haiti

Tuesday, April 4, 1944

A telephone call from Port-au-Prince to the Bishop's Residence brought the gladdening news that the bulky, helpful cases prepared four months ago at the Mother House had at last reached destination.

It goes without saying that our heart-beats quickened with hopeful expectation whenever the hum of a motor reached our ears. As we were finishing breakfast a Sister whispered: "Here comes the truck!" Doors and arms were opened in welcoming gesture to greet the much-needed equipment we had been patiently awaiting.

With his usual paternal kindness His Excellency Bishop Collignon "rejoiced with us who rejoiced" and even dispensed our nursing Sisters of *Charity, If You Please* from holding clinic, so that the five of us could busy ourselves with the unpacking. If you only knew, dear Sisters-at-Home, what your charity means for the poor and ill under our care! Nor have you forgotten the thoughtful personal little gifts for each one of us. Our hearts know not how to express in poor finite words the sentiments of joy and gratitude springing up from their depths.

Easter Sunday, April 9

After an early Mass in our convent chapel we heard Pontifical High Mass at the cathedral. A stirring sermon by Rev. Father Turcotte, O. M. I., commented the consoling belief in the future resurrection of the body and eternal happiness with the Risen Christ.

When we returned home a satin-decked community bell gaily pealed out announcing the opening of a merry holiday. How could we fail to respond as joyously, uniting our gladness to Our Blessed Mother's on this day of days?

Uppermost in our minds, however, remained our dear charges. With a soothing word and smile of sympathy we gave them an always welcome treat, however meagre, of sweets. Grateful thanks echoed in our ears long after the pleasant "party" had ended, as end all beautiful things of earth.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at four o'clock added one more to the list of our Heavenly Father's blessed boons of the day. Truly, we are His spoilt children; to speak otherwise would be denying our own strong convictions. Some day the divine Harvester may beckon to other climes or strands less favored with this heavenly manna. Is it not wisdom, therefore, to set aside ample provisions for darker days of deprivation and spiritual fasting we may have to live through in far-off forsaken mission outposts?

Wednesday, April 26

By order of our revered bishop, two members of the Haitian guard will henceforth sentinel our house and premises, the frequent and undesirable

intrusion of nocturnal prowlers having made such a precaution necessary. In the night of the fifteenth we were relieved of a fair supply of coal; and last Friday, Iva, one of our helpers, awoke in the middle of the night to find one of those intruders at her bedside. Terror-dazed, the poor child remained stock-still and dumb with amazement. But Our Blessed Mother, whose miraculous medal looks down from the main entrance, permitted that the young girl recover her senses and cry at the top of her voice. At the same moment, with more vigor than we had ever known her, Iva sent her little table banging against the opposite wall. The bedlam was enough to rouse anyone from the soundest of sleeps and suggest to the impolite visitor that he had better seek safety in flight. No damage was done that time, but it is not His Excellency's intention that these night scenes be rehearsed.

Monday, May 1

In our sunny land of adoption no period of transition marks entering upon a new season, for the vegetation is pretty much the same all the year round. But as children of Mary Immaculate, under whatever skies we have staked our tent, we love to sing the sweet advent of her own special month.

As if in grateful acknowledgement of our childlike tenderness, our heavenly Mother sent us the unpriced gift of a second Mass. The gracious donor being herself Queen of Missions from pole to pole, we thought we could not use our wealth of spiritual goods more advantageously than by placing it at the disposal of her great human family and calling down lasting peace upon her warring territories.

Tuesday, May 2

Rev. Father Bertrand, O. M. I., parish priest of Les Coteaux, paid us a brief call and spoke enthusiastically of the promised reinforcement he is eagerly expecting. Conversation never lags with us, either, when the theme refers to the band of companion Sisters soon to join us in Haiti. Four long months have yet to be lived day by day before the cherished expectation matures into glad reality. May we be patiently resigned!

A small-scale workroom was opened today with a view to providing clothing for the needy inmates of *Charity, If You Please*. Fifteen young ladies readily responded to our appeal and we like to think they spent a really pleasant afternoon in friendly chatting and the fairy-finger plying of needles. Before leaving they paid a visit to Our Blessed Lord in the chapel, where they sang a hymn and recited an act of consecration to their heavenly Mother.

While doing a work of Christlike charity, these young workers will be encouraged to do their duty in a deeply supernatural spirit and cultivate filial devotion to our Immaculate Mother and Queen.

Wednesday, May 3

This morning's attendance at catechism lesson was a record one — close to sixty of our patients were present. It was indeed touching to hear them pray and sing with their whole heart. These unfortunate sufferers are of

all ages, some well along in years, others yet in the springtime of life. They are happy now that they have learnt the immense value of suffering. One of them, covered with repulsive sores and lying helpless on his pallet, has been taught by Sister Marie Rachel⁽¹⁾ an act of conformity to the divine will, which prayer he piously repeats with faith and resignation: "Thank You, O my God!"

Saturday, May 13

A precious gift, all the better appreciated for its providential timeliness, came today in a good supply of injection needles and medicine. How we wish their charitable donor, Dr. Frappier, brother of our Sister St. Adélarde⁽²⁾, could have seen the exuberant joy with which Sister Ste. Juliette⁽³⁾ opened the parcel to find within it so priceless a treasure! Having had the misfortune to break her last needle, Sister had had to stop giving injections, and now at the very moment when she least expected, kind Providence lifted the difficulty. Our dear Sister is so delighted that no words could convey her deep gratefulness.

And what shall we say of the appreciative smiles of dear old grannies upon receiving each a pair of sandals? We suggested that they go and thank Our Blessed Lady at her grotto, which they did with fervor and love. Then as lightheartedly they hobbled back to their own little rooms, asking God to keep the Sisters in fine health and always in Les Cayes.

We had noticed lately that ardor during evening prayers was slowly dying out. The Sister in charge gently rebuked the "culprits", urging them to join in the singing and prayers with heart and voice. When Sister arrived this morning their first salutation was assuring her that they had prayed and sung well and had spent a very good night. What childlike simplicity of soul!

Thursday, May 18

The beautiful feast of the Ascension coincided this year with that of the Flag, observed in Haiti in remembrance of May 18, 1803, when the Haitian standard floated for the first time over Gonaïves. In keeping with long-standing traditions for national feastdays, the civil and military authorities heard High Mass in specially reserved seats in the sanctuary. School-children also paraded, bearing aloft their beloved emblem; the military band threw to the four winds the echoes of Haiti's national anthem named after Dessalines, her liberator of olden days.

Tuesday, May 23

Last night we had an exact idea of what a storm can be in the tropics. Rain fell in torrents and, we readily believe, with as much impetuosity as in the flood of biblical times.

Sister Ste. Juliette and Sister Marie Rachel had to go by car to *Charity*,

1. Rachel BLANCHETTE, Saint Liboire, P. Q.

2. Cécile FRAPPIER, Sorel, P. Q.

3. Juliette DESCHENES, Lévis, P. Q.

the roads being impassable on foot, pedestrians having to wade knee-deep in the water. The surroundings of the establishment were completely submerged and the school, rather more isolated, seemed stranded in a vast sea. Both Sisters returned shortly, which gave us the joy of passing the day together.

On May 23 of last year, His Excellency Bishop Collignon offered our dear Mother General the promising field of action wherein we are now laboring. It was fitting, therefore, that this first anniversary be noted by a joyous holiday, and we wonder whether an ever-thoughtful Providence did not send down the diluvian rain purposely to have us spend the day in the intimacy of our little convent home.

His Excellency honored our modest workroom in a benevolent visit and christened it "Our Lady of the Assumption". The whole diocese of Les Cayes has been especially dedicated to Our Lady under that beautiful title, and the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, marks the birthday of our revered bishop.

Saturday, May 27

Our chaplain, Rev. Father A. Bédard, O.M.I., gave us a substantial conference on the role of the Spirit of Love in our missionary life, taking as opening text: "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses to Me . . . even to the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts, I). "That the solemnity of Pentecost," said he, "should be, along with the feast of our Immaculate Mother, the greatest day in the year for your Community, does not surprise me in the least. I have no doubt that with entirely legitimate pride you sing the glories of your dear heavenly Mother in her Immaculate Conception, which title she has conferred upon your Institute. As to the feast of Pentecost, it must likewise remain one of first rank for you. As if by heavenly inspiration, your venerated Mother Foundress, whose projected missionary community would have as primal end the extension of the Kingdom of God to the farthest bounds of the earth, chose to adopt the name ever since held in veneration, Mother Marie du St. Esprit. Your beloved Foundress, in drawing up your rule of life, was but penning the interior dictates of the Spirit of Life and Light. We read in one of her letters: 'Divine charity must fill our lives if we would be apostles. What is expected from an apostle, if not a heart on fire with love for God and charity for one's neighbor — charity which is the complement of divine love? What zeal must overflow from the heart of an apostle, whose only aim on earth is the furthering of divine glory through the salvation of souls!'

"Charity and zeal are also, for the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the treasured legacy of their revered Founder."

The Reverend Father ended with this reflection: "The Holy Ghost owes it to Himself to help missionaries in their sanctification. Such is His special mission. Let us request from Him strength and solace in our missionary labors, graces and enlightenment in our pursuit of personal sanctity."

VANCOUVER

*Excerpts From the Diary of Our Missionary Sisters at
St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver*

Thursday, January 6, 1944

Exactly a year ago one of our Japanese inmates, Frank Amai by name, came into possession of his inheritance of child of God. This year again the day of Christ's revelation to the Gentiles marked the supreme homeward summons for another son of the Orient, Harry Joe, a young man of twenty-three.

He was of good will, poor lad, and this more than offset his frequent failures in complying with regulations and his strong natural impetuosity. In the end, however, divine grace overcame the powers of darkness and Harry Joe began to look more favorably on the priceless boon of Baptism proffered him.

At ten o'clock this morning came a turn for the worse. "Sister, I'm dying—don't let me go without Baptism." Thrilled beyond words to open Heaven to one more immortal soul, Sister St. Luc⁽¹⁾ christened him Joseph. A few moments later, led by his celestial Patron, he went home to the open arms of his heavenly Father, with the name of Our Blessed Mother on his lips.

Wednesday, January 26

An elderly Chinese was brought in very ill this afternoon. For three long days he had not touched a morsel of food and had received no medical care. A bowl of hot soup helped him rally somewhat. Then a cosy bed and tidy coverings brought a faint smile of pleasure to his lips.

Sister St. Marc⁽²⁾ spoke to him of Heaven and of the joys awaiting him there. He listened wide-eyed with wonder at the beauty of it all and of his own accord pleaded for Baptism. A priest was called for towards noon and thus was this belated soul rescued for eternity. While the newly-converted drifted off to a calm slumber Sister went to her dinner. Imagine her amazement when upon suddenly returning she beheld the livid-faced old man standing in the doorway, his gaunt bony hands clutching at the wall for support! "I'm a bit tired," he gasped. "Then wouldn't it be better to stay in bed?" Sister returned gently, trying to conceal her surprise while she led him back to his room.

Poor man, he was indeed a "bit tired". But he was almost at day's end and the weary journey would presently be over—he passed on to eternal repose this very afternoon.

Friday, February 4

One of our oldest patients has just left us for Heaven in the purity of his baptismal regeneration. We had deemed it prudent to have the Sacrament

1. Marie BOURDEAU, St. Luc, St. Johns Co., P. Q.

2. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, P. Q.

administered after he had somewhat recovered from a severe heart attack. Although a pagan, the old man had never ceased edifying us by his kind-heartedness and ready compliance with what was requested from him. All the delicacies he received he liberally shared with his fellow inmates. Nor was the nursing Sister once forgotten; hers was the better portion of whatever sweets and fruits his friends thoughtfully brought.

To this upright and straightforward soul has now been granted the glorious gift of Faith and the Beatific Vision of the God of Love.

Another patient was brought to us today. He too was at death's door. But not even that could prompt any evidence of salutary worry about the state of his soul — he openly refused Baptism. "No! I said no. I don't want to be baptized!" Such was his response to our pleading entreaties. Confidently we turned to God and our Immaculate Mother.

In the afternoon Sister St. Delphis⁽¹⁾, who had been called to replace the nursing Sister, pinned on the obstinate moribund's shirt a miraculous medal that had been applied to the remains of our venerated Mother Foundress. Fervent Aves pleaded with God for this all-but-lost soul, and they wrought a miracle. When Sister Marie de Béthanie⁽²⁾ returned her patient was ready and willing to be baptized. May we not consider this last-hour

conversion another proof positive that this medal, token of the Queen of Heaven's love and protection, is indeed miraculous? But may we not, in an outburst of filial affection, attribute this sudden transformation in part to our beloved Foundress, who spent herself so unreservedly bringing salvation within reach of the outcasts of paganism, and who, from her throne of glory above, is helping her spiritual daughters carry on her noble apostolate on behalf of heathen souls?

Thursday, February 17

To Soo Ken, a son of old China, has come the precious gift, the pearl of great price, supernatural faith.

He was brought to us dying. We hastened to do what we could to alleviate his bodily sufferings. But his soul, purchased with the redeeming blood of Christ, had to be insured the eternal vision of its Savior. We spoke of God and Baptism which would open the city of Everlasting Happiness for him. He readily and gladly consented. Not a moment could be lost, for the angel of death was waiting. With holy joy Sister Marie Gabriel⁽³⁾ poured



MR. SAM LEE, PORTER OF THE PATIENTS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER, AND MR. THAKAR SINGH, A HINDU, VISITING HIS SICK FRIENDS.

1. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon-Falls, Ont.

2. Berthe PICHE, Saint Basile, Portneuf Co., P. Q.

3. Evangéline GIGUERE, Quebec.

the saving waters on his forehead, giving her godson the name of her beloved father. A happy witness of the touching scene, Sister Marie Gabriel's own sister then in Vancouver, will no doubt relate all its details to our dear fellow Sister's parents.

Saturday, March 4

Dalip Singh, already introduced to our readers, received here his first lessons in Christian doctrine. Never had he heard of God and Our Blessed Lady. Now questions on the Faith succeed one another with lightning rapidity. A few days ago the nursing Sister remarked: "Why not ask the priest to instruct you in the Faith? He could give more satisfactory explanations." — "But, Sister, would the priest agree?" — "Certainly, if you wish." — "Oh, then, I mustn't miss that!" And in his eyes aglow with joy Sister could read the eagerness of his desire.

On his first visit Father asked Dalip why he wanted to become Catholic. "Father," answered the young man with a quivering voice, "I have been within inches of death. Really, Father, I felt dying when Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽¹⁾, my nurse, assured me God had great designs of mercy on my soul. And now, Father, it seems to me I do understand those designs. I must become Christian, I must know and love God. Then I'll go back to India and teach the Faith to my people."

All these last months Dalip has been praying Our Blessed Mother with deep childlike devotion. We are fully confident her all-loving maternal heart will tenderly bend over the tiny seedling sprouting in his simple soul and tend it unto fruition for the greater glory of her divine Son.

Thursday, March 9

March is pre-eminently St. Joseph's own month. The name of the glorious Saint comes in many a conversation, for our nursing Sisters have appointed him especial patron and protector of their ailing charges. One of our patients was grieving over intricate matters he did not know how to settle. Sister advised him to begin a novena to St. Joseph, who never leaves prayers unanswered. His courage grown strong again our patient turned to the guardian of the Holy Family. After seven days of fervent supplication all difficulties had cleared up, to the great satisfaction of our happy inmate. "I don't know how to thank St. Joseph," said he with a grateful smile. "He has settled everything so well."

Thursday, March 30

A blind old man, but one mass of repulsive sores from head to foot, was given his passport to the land of Eternal Bliss. With what joy his eyes blinded to things of earth must have opened to behold his Savior, in the glorious light of the Beatific Vision!

This second last day of St. Joseph's month marked the solemn baptism of a young Indian girl who now bears the Christian names Mary Theresa.

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

Our dear Lord seems to have ardent longings to bring her up to His heavenly home. Before long the privileged neophyte will sing His mercies on high.

Holy Saturday, April 8

Great joy came to Joe Wong, a ten-year-old lad ill with tuberculosis. After long days of eager waiting and desire he has at last been made a child of God in Holy Baptism.

Although Joe Wong belonged to a pagan family, he had been attending the Catholic Chinese Mission kindergarten before his admission to the hospital. He was brought here on February 12 last. "I'm not a Catholic, but I'll be one later on," he told us. "I'll be a priest some day, like Father Chafe who is so kind."

The pious lad continued his catechism lessons ardently longing for the wonderful day of his baptism. But the parents' consent had to be obtained



SISTER MARIE DE ST. LUC (MARIE BOURDEAU, ST. LUC, ST. JOHNS CO.), SISTER ST. IRENEE (MARTHE GIGUERE, STE. MARIE DE BEAUCE), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND SIX YOUNG CATECHISM STUDENTS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

and the mother's especially was not forthcoming. "Sister," confided Joe to the nursing Sister early in March, "wouldn't Good Friday be a beautiful day for my baptism?" Sister asked the reason of his choice. "I'd like to be baptized on Good Friday, it would be a consolation for Our Lord on this saddest of all days!"

A telephone call from a priest of the Chinese Mission informed us this afternoon that Mrs. Wong had at long last agreed to her son being baptized. The dear little patient could hardly believe his ears. He was at a loss for words to express his boundless joy. "Why didn't you tell me before?" he asked, clapping his hands in glee.

The impressive ceremony began. The child's face lit up with holy joy. We could guess the unspeakable consolation filling his heart.

Michael Wong, former patient of our hospital and godfather of the newly-baptized boy, embraced our holy Faith ten years ago, in almost similar circumstances. What touching remembrances must have surged up in his soul, what feelings of thankfulness towards God who, after having given him the inappreciable gift of Faith, has brought him back to health and is now inviting him to follow Christ in Holy Priesthood! Will it be given him to fulfill his noble dreams? Confident prayer is almighty, it can obtain even the assent of the pagan parent who sees in his son's resolve nothing short of silliness, besides unavailing expenses, at a time when the young man could be of immense advantage to his worldly ambitions.

The lad's godfather promised Sister Superior he would be a faithful guardian of his godson, should the latter recover good health and afterwards have to stand up for his newly-adopted Christian creed in his pagan environment.

Easter Sunday, April 9

Easter Sunday! Hail to the triumphant Christ risen from the tomb!

After Holy Mass, our little Joseph received for the first time the divine Lover of children in the Sacred Host. Yesterday brought him the joy of divine adoption through Holy Baptism, and today intimate union to Jesus. What did the sacramental Guest whisper to the young neophyte in this ineffable moment? That will remain the boy's secret, but the smile of joy enwreathing his features makes us suspect something. "Sister," said Joseph to the nursing Sister in the forenoon, "I'm not sorry any longer when you go away, now I have Jesus with me."

Mrs. Gee Kee, a Chinese lady afflicted with tuberculosis, suddenly grew worse this evening. The nursing Sister hastened to pour the waters of Baptism on her brow. Shortly after, the newly-regenerated soul passed away to eternal rest.

Mrs. Kee had been transferred to the General Hospital a few weeks previously, where she had cordially assented to Holy Baptism and had arranged for our Sisters to give it to her. We rejoiced at her arrival here, planning to give her more lengthy explanations on the doctrine. But our dear Lord was satisfied with her pious desires.

Monday, April 17

A long-expected favor has at last been granted us. We have received permission to have a vaster hospital erected for our patients — a favor we attribute to our loving father St. Joseph, our "chargé d'affaires". From our Great Provider we are now requesting benefactors and monetary means. The work is not without attraction for generous hearts afire with zeal for souls; so many are the pagans here receiving bodily and spiritual care and being prepared for the Kingdom of God, that we could truly call our hospital "Gate of Heaven". Are they not also apostles, who help missionaries by their prayers and alms? And will not the divine Rewarder one day speak these

consoling words to our charitable helpers: "I was hungry and thirsty, I was ill and in sorrow, and you have succored Me."

Monday, April 24

Nip Jang, an aged Chinese already treated at our hospital a few months ago for cerebral hemorrhages, came back to us this evening. Having recovered sufficient strength, he had returned home taking along what instructions we had given him on the true Faith and already believing the essentials of our holy Religion. Wishing to acknowledge the care that had been lavished upon him during his illness, he had a Chinese newspaper publish a long panegyric on St. Joseph's Hospital, the kindness and efficiency of the Sisters and nurses.

As he came back unconscious and on the brink of death, we immediately prepared him for the great journey to Heaven. Hardly had he been purified in the cleansing waters of Baptism when he was called to behold on high the countenance of his God and Savior.

Wednesday, April 26

Another privileged soul, simple, docile and responsive to the biddings of grace, has gone home to the all-loving Father. While the priest of the Chinese Mission was administering the regenerating Sacrament, the features of the dying man assumed an expression of unearthly happiness. He was profuse in thanks for the kindnesses bestowed upon him and begged of the virgin catechist to remain at his bedside and speak about Heaven. For long moments, Sister Theresa told him about the love and mercy of our divine Savior. Wide-eyed and enthralled the dying man listened, while above angel hosts were making ready to usher his purified soul into the everlasting dwellings.

Tuesday, May 2

A sudden ringing of the convent bell reunited us in the community room early this afternoon. Somewhat mystified, we responded to the joyous call, wondering what surprise awaited us. Could it mean, perchance, the arrival of new companion Sisters? Sister Superior did not leave us long guessing. Outbursts of joy greeted the happy news. Dear Mother Superior General is on her way to Vancouver, the erection of our future hospital making her presence necessary here. How lightheartedly we returned to our respective offices, in order to have everything in readiness for the arrival of the beloved visitor!

Saturday, May 6

We put the finishing touches to preparations, while Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie⁽²⁾ went to the station to meet our beloved Mother. Towards nine-thirty our expectations were happily realized. Our dear Mother Superior General and Mother Marie du Bon Conseil⁽³⁾ were

1. Sister Marie de la Visitation (Elise CROTEAU, Saint Antoine de Tilly, P. Q.).

2. May MOQUIN, Eastman, P. Q.

3. Marie CLOUTIER, Champlain, P. Q.

with us. What words could express the rhapsody of joy overflowing our hearts in this exquisite moment of reunion after several long years of separation?

To Mother Marie du Bon Conseil on this her first journey to our western Orient, was reserved the unexpected happiness of pouring the baptismal dew upon the brow of a Chinese patient dying with tuberculosis. Visibly moved, she marked this eleventh-hour convert with the seal of God's elect. Baptizing one single soul, giving it the right to call God its Father and to inherit His heavenly Kingdom, what ineffable consolation for an apostle who thus sees long-cherished desires at last become a sweet reality!

Apparently the earth-weary pilgrim had only been waiting for his right to Heaven, for he passed away calmly a few hours after his baptism.



MOTHER MARIE DU BON CONSEIL (MARIE CLOUTIER, CHÂAMPLAIN, P.Q.), WHEN AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL HAD THE HAPPINESS OF BAPTIZING A DYING CHINESE PATIENT.

SISTER MARIE DE BETHANIE (BERTHE PICHE, ST. BASILE, PORTNEUF CO.).

Sunday, May 14

A short recreative programme of songs and recitations was put on this forenoon in honor of our well-loved guests. With our Sisters from Mount St. Joseph who had come for the occasion we heartily enjoyed this intimate reunion, feeling that from above Our Blessed Mother and our venerated Mother Foundress smiled down upon our filial rejoicing.

We had a Chinese dinner today, graciously offered in honor of *Tai Ma Mé* by Mr. Lee Sing Hung. He is an old friend and has closely followed the development of our work here. How many times has he not made the trip from Vancouver's Chinatown to St. Joseph's Hospital! Several souls have already been marked in Heaven to his eternal account. Although

a pagan himself, Mr. Lee Sing Hung understands that we have something even more precious than health to give our charges. One day Sister Superior remarked that he should not wait till his patients were so low to bring them to the hospital. "Oh, that doesn't matter; *you*, send them above."

Monday, May 15

Our dear Mother General and Mother Marie du Bon Conseil paid a visit to our patients, leaving each a little token of remembrance. This was a great occasion for the happy inmates. Some proudly displayed their knowledge of French by rounding out a sentence painstakingly rehearsed for days before. As for us, it was a consolation to have our protégés share so pleasing and comforting a visit.

Friday, May 19

His Excellency Most Rev. E. Jennings, Auxiliary Bishop of Vancouver, came this afternoon in the name of His Excellency Archbishop Duke, for the canonical visit of our small Community.

Words fail to convey an impression of the paternal kindness with which the revered prelate bent over our beloved sick, after having given us his blessing. Our charges were all confused at so much condescending goodness. As for our small Community, we shall keep this visit in glad and grateful remembrance.

Sunday, May 21

Once again fresh proof was given us of the infinite love with which Divine Mercy snatches from the misery of earth privileged souls for which Heaven yearns.

For over a year old Chan had been receiving care and shelter in our Home; much to our sorrow we had been unable to instruct him in the rudiments of our holy Religion, his mental faculties deranged as a result of his illness making all study impossible. However, our Sisters, having once visited him in a Protestant hospital where he had been admitted, had obtained his verbal assent to baptism. Considering this previous good disposition, the nursing Sister christened him a few days ago. This morning, overjoyed on seeing a flickering ray of lucidity in his gaze, Sister Theresa drew near his bedside saying: "Chan, you are very ill. The nursing Sister baptized you so you would be happy forever. So now you are a child of God."—"I am very glad," murmured old Chan. Then in a faint whisper he repeated after Sister Theresa: "My God, I love You, I believe and hope in You. Forgive me my sins." And his features resumed their usual blank expression.

Blessed be God and His merciful Mother for this moment of lucidity which gave a poor sufferer the joy of sending at least one act of love to his Father in Heaven!

Monday, May 22

Time has fled by as if on wings and today, after fifteen blissful days of filial intimacy with our two visiting Mothers, preparations were made for their departure.



Right: VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, DURING HER VISIT TO VANCOUVER. *Left:* REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DU BON CONSEIL (MARIE CLOUTIER, CHAMPLAIN, P. Q.). *Centre:* SISTER MARIE DE BETHANIE (BERTHE PICHE, ST. BASILE, PORTNEUF CO.), AND SISTER THERESA, CHINESE VIRGIN CATECHIST.

Front: SUSAN JEW AND LEE SING, OLD INMATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

A brief half-hour of recreation this evening was followed by farewells, which we hope will prove only temporary, cheered as we are by the promise of having only one year to wait.

While Sister Superior, Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie and Sister Marie de la Présentation⁽¹⁾ accompanied the dear departants to the station, the rest of the small Community gathered to bid a last goodbye when the train would go by bearing away our cherished Mothers. And in the night shadows fast gathering we were left alone with memories. Memories of motherly counsels, gentle exhortations or inspiring examples; memories, also, of our dear Mother's parting words: "I leave you as spiritual posy my prayer that you may advance in gratitude, in joy and in fraternal love." Yes, beloved Mother, may we fully realize this missionary ideal, the dream of our venerated Mother Foundress for everyone of her spiritual daughters.

Monday, May 29

For several days past Mrs. Fun, a tuberculosis sufferer, had been failing rapidly. But, contrary to the good dispositions she had given evidence of in the past, the invalid now adroitly avoided a syllable about religion and baptism. This sudden turn of mind was sadly distressing but we were not long before obtaining a clear explanation. One morning the Chinese virgin found out that Mrs. Fun had somehow laid hands on a Chinese amulet, the would-be instrument of her cure. But with faith in the diabolical talis-

1. Berthe SURPRENANT, Swanton, Vt.

man could our patient cherish the desire of going to God and Heaven? The cursed article was dexterously mislaid by the nursing Sister. With the enemy routed from his fortress, victory would be an easier matter. So thought we and so it happened. Sister Theresa was soon bringing us word of a change for the better. Another soul of childlike simplicity had placed its hopes in the future vision of the God of Love. The priest was sent for who baptized the happy convert and named her Mary in honor of Our Blessed Lady.

Not many months ago Mrs. Fun had shed tears over a page of the Passion read to her. May we not believe her deep compassion for the Mother of Sorrows has obtained her the precious gift of faith?

Mr. Fun, although himself a pagan, is comforted seeing his wife so calm and joyful in the face of death. "I should like to live longer," was she heard to say the other day, "but if God chooses to come for me I am ready. Nothing at all worries me."

Peacefully she passed away this evening, trying to the last to murmur the holy name of Jesus. Her husband's courage and resignation are truly admirable. He asked to be led to the chapel where the Chinese virgin suggested him this prayer to Our Blessed Lady: "O Mary, Mother of the Afflicted, help and console your child!" Later he accepted all our propositions regarding his wife's funeral in the Catholic Church, despite almost insuperable difficulties. We hope this upright soul will soon embrace the true Religion and become fervent in the Faith. May our Immaculate Mother and Patroness guide Mr. Fun safely into the Fold of her divine Son.

* * *

MONTREAL

CHINESE HOSPITAL

A Baptism Ceremony

On Sunday, April 30 last, the modest chapel of the Holy Ghost, Montreal Chinese Mission, was witness to a scene which brought great rejoicing in hearts filled with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, namely, the solemn baptism of Mr. Wong Yin, a Chinese resident of Newcastle, N.B.

Mr. Yin was brought to the Lagauchetière Chinese Hospital in January. As his was a soul of good will, the teachings of our Chinese Sister on the beauty of our holy Religion were readily accepted. Our patient soon set to work with a will to learn the catechism. After three months of earnest preparation he was admitted to the Sacrament which makes us children of God.

The impressive ceremony of baptism began at 10 A.M. After the exorcisms, Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, assisted by Rev. Father Jacques Desparts, P.M.E., led the catechumen to the chapel where the customary questions were put to him. The cleansing waters were then poured over the brow of the happy neophyte, who took the name of Charles in affectionate remembrance of his godfather,

Dr. Charles Lefrançois, and Holy Mother Church rejoiced over one more adopted child of God come into his rightful inheritance.

A solemn Mass of thanksgiving was afterwards celebrated for the great favor granted the newly-converted. Msgr. Larochelle offered the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by Rev. Father Jacques Desparts, P.M.E., and Rev. Fa-



BAPTISM OF MR. WONG YIN, CHINESE FROM NEWCASTLE, N. B., BY MSGR. EDGAR LAROCHELLE, P. A., SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY, ON APRIL 30, 1944, AT THE MONTREAL CHINESE MISSION.

DR. AND MRS. LEFRANÇOIS, GODPARENTS OF THE NEWLY CONVERTED.

ther R. Roch, P.M.E., as deacon and sub-deacon, while Rev. Father J. B. Michaud, Rector of the Chinese Mission, gave an appropriate sermon. After recalling Mr. Yin's generous charity towards his needy compatriots, charity which probably called down upon him the wonderful grace granted him today, the Rector spoke feelingly of the graces and privileges attached to baptism and the sacred duties it entails.

During Mass, Mr. Yin had the great happiness of making his First Holy Communion. Reverently, his face alight with joy, he approached the Banquet of Love. What mysterious communings between the Lord of Glory and His creature on this their first meeting, heart to heart!

Dr. and Mrs. Lefrançois gave as a gift to their godchild a beautiful crucifix whereby to remember this day of days.

On May 7 in the Cathedral, Mr. Yin was confirmed at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. J. Guy, O.M.I. Rev. Father J. B. Michaud was present and Mr. Albert Chevalier served as godfather.

Henceforward armed with all the weapons which go to make a valiant soldier of Christ, the newly-baptized will be ready to fight bravely in the battle of life and will prove, as we fondly hope, a real apostle among his compatriots.

Here and There

MONTREAL

A Distinguished Visitor

July 18, 1944

We were signally honored in welcoming to our Mother House His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, O.M.I., Bishop of Les Cayes, Haiti, who celebrated Mass, assisted by our chaplain, Rev. Father Paul Lachapelle. During the offering of the Holy Sacrifice we expressed in pious hymns our desire to see the God of Love enshrined in all hearts and implored our heavenly Mother's assistance in the Catholic Church's effort to win the ends of earth for Him.

After a modest breakfast, His Excellency, accompanied by Rev. Father Bédard, O.M.I., his secretary, and our chaplain, came to the reception hall to address the Community.

Answering our confident expectations, His Excellency spoke, with all the feeling of his apostolic soul, of his dear diocese and especially of the town of Les Cayes, where, in September of last year, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception were confided the supervision of a beneficent Christian work of mercy, popularly termed *Charity, If You Please*. Then our distinguished guest led us in thought to Les Coteaux, a second West Indian field of apostolate where five Sisters of our Community will take up labor in September.

The revered prelate left us with a heartening and stimulating reflection. "Your first vocation," said he, "is the vocation to sanctity. Strive to acquire sanctity, that God's mission may be the more beautiful. If you are denied the happiness of going to foreign lands of apostolate, you will remain missionaries nevertheless. Such you are by vocation, because you have wanted to enter the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Even should you spend your whole life at the Mother House, you would still be missionaries in desire.

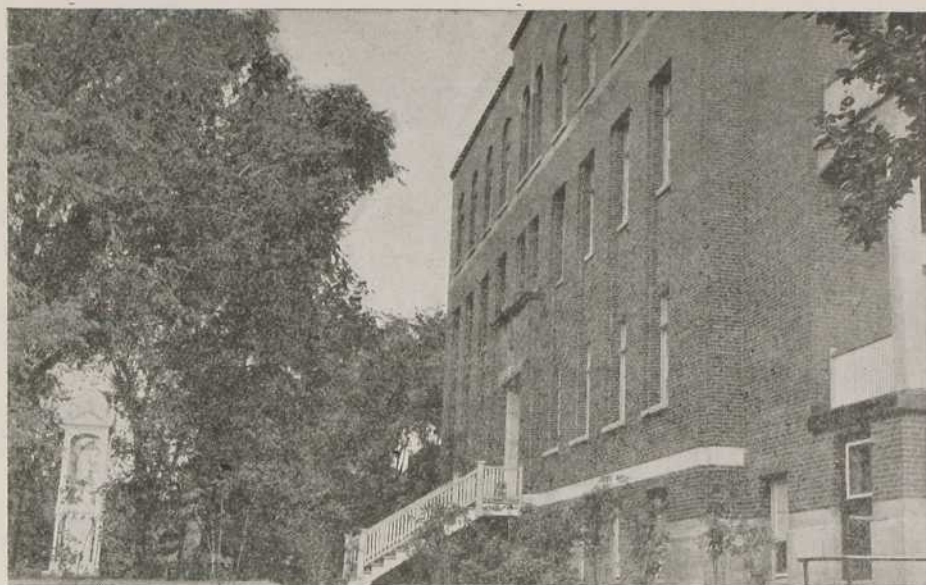
"If you are called to do pioneering apostolic work in Les Coteaux, remember that the best preparation is always the pursuit of personal sanctification, the nurturing of a deep abiding love for God, cooperation with divine grace in the erection of a living temple of the Holy Ghost within your own soul . . ."

A paternal blessing sealed the apostolic words. While the sacred sign was being traced over our bended heads, from our hearts arose a common supplication towards the throne of our Immaculate Mother, asking her to perfect in us the ideal apostolic person recalled by our distinguished visiting prelate.

OUTREMONT

Catholic Action at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost's

The Closed Retreat House Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, in front of which a white Madonna unceasingly extends her welcoming arms, had the pleasure of receiving during the first half of this very active year which is 1944,



OUR LADY OF THE HOLY GHOST CLOSED RETREAT HOUSE,
314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT.

over 2,000 retreatants coming to renew their spiritual energy at its divine source.

Graduate class retreats, vocation retreats, retreats in preparation to marriage, private retreats, general retreats, special retreats, have in turn grouped souls athirst of light and truth. All have left after three days of



ST. BERNADETTE'S WORKROOM, OUR LADY OF THE HOLY GHOST
CLOSED RETREAT HOUSE, OUTREMONT.

pious solitude, reflection and ardent prayer, with greater fortitude for their daily spiritual struggle, with a clearer conception of the duties resulting from their baptism and state in life, with a stronger desire of loving God and serving Him at any cost.

Besides regular retreatants, the Closed Retreat House has also welcomed hundreds of members of Catholic Action movements for Sunday forenoon recollections. In order to facilitate reflection and quiet for the one or two groups following the three-day retreat, the Sunday retreatants hold their spiritual exercises in the chapel and hall particularly reserved for their use. Here it is that in turn, Catholic Student Youth, Catholic Working Youth, Catholic Independent Youth, Social Workers, Girl Guides and still others are given by their director, chaplain or speaker, illuminating instructions on the formation of Catholic Action leaders and on the virtues Catholic young women must cultivate in their souls if they would become potential crusaders for the cause of the common good.

In these days of recollection or study, inspiring programmes are elaborated, experience and ideas exchanged, noble ideals held up before our Canadian Catholic youth, stirring appeals launched out to them to cooperate with the Holy Father and their diocesan and parish spiritual heads in the uplifting of the religious and moral status of the modern world. The sombre hours we are now living, and the probably still more perilous to come, call for clear-sighted, indomitable and constant souls. What strength is derived from these reunions, where everything is put in common for the great cause of Catholic Action, where one learns "to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to labor and not to seek for rest"!

From January to July, over 2,000 young women have come to request of Our Lady of the Cenacle light and strength to realize their ideal of Christian service.

Besides these various Catholic Action groups, the former retreatants also have their special Sunday, the second of the month, when from nine to eleven-thirty they continue the work undertaken in their Closed Retreat and see how far they have followed the programme then drawn up.

These recollections or days of study, after a momentary lull during the summer months, will be taken up again in September. Our heartiest welcome goes out to all who wish to participate in these exercises productive of so much good. Come to Our Lady of the Holy Ghost's where, as always, your Immaculate Mother is awaiting you with open arms.

At St. Bernadette's Workroom

314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

The mission sewing circle will again enter upon its activities on the first Wednesday of October. Ladies and girls who can dispose of a few hours each week and are desirous of helping the missionaries are invited to join our faithful workers. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Arrival at 2 P. M. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5 P. M.

Recollection Days for Young Women

Young women are earnestly invited to take part in the monthly recollections for former retreatants, to be held on the second Sunday of the month, from October to June inclusively, at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

Ordinary programme: Mass at 9 A. M., followed by breakfast, conference and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Departure at 11.30 A. M.

Young women and girls, whether or not former retreatants, are urged to follow these pious exercises. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

* * *

STE. MARIE DE BEAUCE*Memorable Feasts*

The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the erection of Ste. Marie de Beauce parish was marked by splendid and memorable ceremonies. From July 5 to 9 last a grateful population took part in the grand demonstrations organized by the parish in memory of its founders and the pioneers of the region, as well as in honor of its revered Pastor, Msgr. J. E. Feuiltault, D. P., F. V., who observed the sixty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Everything was worthy of the beautiful Marian name conferred upon the sunlit, tranquil valley on the shores of the Chaudiere River. Its religious and civil history was re-lived in a historic pageant, which proved the main attraction of these days of rejoicing.

To this glorious past was added in the present jubilee year the opening of a Closed Retreat House for women and girls, under the special patronage of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

The Retreat Cenacle was blessed in the afternoon of July 5, by His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, who had pontificated at the morning ceremonies inaugurating the series of commemorative celebrations. Before blessing the House, His Eminence gave a brief address to the Community in the convent parlor. Following this, the revered prelate, accompanied by Msgr. J. E. Feuiltault, Rector of the parish, and Msgr. W. Lebon, Superior of Ste. Anne de la Pocatière College, proceeded to the conference hall where priests, Sisters, and a number of parishioners were awaiting him. With his wonted eloquence His Eminence emphasized the wealth of good operated by Closed Retreats. Convincing and enthusiastic words as these multiply our zeal a hundredfold for the development of so consoling and necessary a movement.

"Each one of us had already been blessing this House in his heart, and now it is being officially blessed according to the liturgy of the Church. Closed Retreat Houses are proofs of the thriving progress of a parish. Teaching Communities preside at the birth of a parish. Then Retreat Houses are opened to renew energy and give new impetus to zealous good wills. Retreat Houses are wellsprings of Christian virtue. The priest

cannot cope with all the imperative spiritual needs of his flock; the cooperation of lay apostolate is required.

"We need, not so much persons of superior intellect as hearts on fire for this apostolate; and it is in the peaceful haven of a Closed Retreat that hearts best nurture burning zeal for things Catholic. Modern society is threatened with dread catastrophes from every angle; however, it is to Closed Retreats that it owes, since 1911, preservation from still worse evils.

"I congratulate the Reverend Pastors who have encouraged groups of retreatants to follow these strengthening exercises, and I invite the others to do likewise. Closed Retreats do not stand in the way of parish retreats; on the contrary, the frequenters of Retreat Houses are often daily followers of devotions in their own parish church. It is to be hoped that Superiors of teaching Communities will grant a like benefit to their pupils at the summer school closing. A Closed Retreat will enlighten and counsel young girls in the difficulties inherent to their respective vocation.

"A Closed Retreat will also fortify generous wives and mothers in the resigned and loving acceptance of whatever crosses God calls them to bear."

His Eminence added a few words of congratulation and ended expressing his hearty wishes for the development of the nascent Work.

Our benevolent Cardinal would not leave us without paying a short visit to the various rooms of the House.

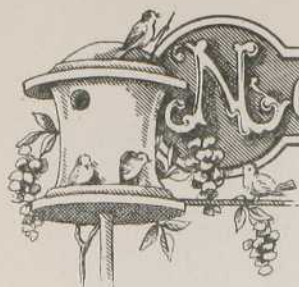
The centenary programme bore for Saturday a thanksgiving Mass in all the chapels of the parish. Msgr. Cyrille Gagnon, V. G., Rector of Laval University, offered the Holy Sacrifice in our chapel. The text, "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*", which he developed after the reading of the Gospel, aptly translated the public sentiment of gratitude for the liberal divine bounties showered upon Ste. Marie throughout two hundred years, as well as the more recent heavenly favors granted our young Community since its implantation in the parish.

The closing day of the centenary commemorative feasts reserved us the honor of welcoming to our convent His Excellency Most Rev. Georges Léon Pelletier, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, whose consolation it was to assist at the crowning of the parish celebrations and the inauguration of a new century, worthy of the first two and saturated with the spirit of virile faith that has presided over the work accomplished so far.



As God loved the world, so the Church loves the world. And she shows it most of all through her love for the millions who do not know Christ. She has shown it through the centuries in blood, and pain, and sacrifice. This same love is in the soul of every Catholic. If it is not expressed, it will shrivel up and die. To refuse to cooperate in the missionary life of the Church is to refuse to love. Refusal to love is refusal to share in Christ's conquest of the world.

From *Beachheads Won for Christ*, by Rev. Fr. Ed. Murphy, S. J.



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Sunday, April 30, 1944

Our Sister Musicians finished off the merry month of April with an interesting programme of their favorite selections. Executed with a maximum of enthusiasm and simplicity, the recital, while affording us a thoroughly enjoyable evening, also had its practical and suggestive angles and furnished appreciable hints for the music teachers of tomorrow.

A hearty thank you and encore to the sponsor of our pleasant evening!

Monday, May 1

Blessings on thee, dear Mary's month, jubilation for the soul, heavenly oasis amid the barren deserts of earth! With joyful hearts we offered our celestial Mother and Queen our homage of confident prayer and gratitude. So shall we do through thirty-one blessed days, rejoicing that Divine Providence has made Mary's own dedicated months of May and October as long as possible according to human calendars.

Fairy-fingered springtime awakens to fresh young life blossoms and greenery, giving added sweetness to the carefree strains of treetop carolers and unfolding its wealth of lovely beauty in praise of the First Lady of Heaven and of earth. Thus is fulfilled the decree of the Divine Ordainer.

Seeking for the most appropriate gift to present our Queen, we asked suggestions from the Maytime blossoms, and were gently reminded that each symbolized one or another of the virtues so dear to Mary's heart. Not natural blooms only, therefore, shall we offer, but spiritual flowers as well, our humble efforts to copy the Queen of May's beloved virtues and to live these days in closer union with the Queen, Mother and Guide of our souls.

Sunday, May 7

Halls and corridors meditatively tranquil, souls giving thought to the one necessary matter — Retreat Sunday at the Novitiate. No jovial sun pierced through the overhanging clouds. We even wondered whether Heaven would give us time for our customary procession in honor of Our Lady before releasing its pent-up tide.

Not vainly did we pray that the threatening downpour be postponed. Minutes after our chorused invocations to Our Lady had died down on the breeze a gentle rain fell upon the thirsting earth and parched plants. A fervent *Magnificat* bore our thanks to God and His Blessed Mother.

We children of Mary must never forget that our souls are also gardens in as great need of the dews of heavenly graces. May we merit to receive, day by day, the bounties of Divine Goodness.

Sunday, May 28

The Holy Ghost, say spiritual writers, is self-diffusive especially in recollected and silent souls. Confident in this assertion, we observed a

three-day silence in preparation to Pentecost. Of this prayerful triduum we endeavored to make a retreat in intimate union with Our Blessed Lady, as of yore the apostles in the Upper Room.

The chapel, temporarily closed for painting and decoration, was ready to receive us on this Pentecostal morn. Velvety bouquets of yellow tulips composed the altar adornings and told in their own candid way that to purity of soul we must join good works — golden blooms of charity and love — if we would worthily receive the divine Indweller.

As always on similar pious solemnities, religious duties took up a good part of our time. Still, gay moments of friendly chatting alternated with the more grave minutes of communion with things divine. An outdoor supper proved a satisfactory solution to the problem of coping with whetted appetites. Then, as an ideal close to a perfect day, we wended our way to the Madonna's garden oratory and thence to the grave of our venerated Mother Foundress, whose loving memory will ever make Pentecost one of the greatest days of the year for her missionary daughters. Our feastday bouquet fragrant with morning Mass and Communion and day-long filial thoughts, was completed by our evening homage of veneration, gratitude and love. Hopeful supplications arose with our spiritual blossoms, for we reflected that prayers also were acceptable and agreeable, especially when they requested from our heavenly Patroness, through the intercession of our beloved Mother Foundress, the true spirit characteristic of every Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception.

Wednesday, May 31

Dear Mother Superior General spent the day at the novitiate. A merry holiday was proclaimed in her honor and in that of Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces, whose praise echoed today in Catholic hearts the world over.

Throughout the afternoon pressing affairs kept our beloved Mother away. Still, as compensation, dear Sister St. Etienne, returned last winter from Hong Kong, took us on the wings of imagination to her cherished mission land where we re-lived with her the last days preceding her departure.

In the evening, however, our dear Mother was wholly ours. Leaving for the moment more weighty matters, she kindly listened to our struggling attempts at a debate on history. Arguments raining down with vigor on every side, our Mother observed that strength lies in union. The contest over, we asked and received more precious bits of advice regarding our religious life. All these we shall keep as a lasting souvenir of her visit.

Thursday, June 8, Corpus Christi

In keeping with a long-standing pious custom, the two missionary communities of Pont Viau and the Antonian Sisters observed Corpus Christi by joining in a public expression of homage to the God of the Eucharist.

To the strains of adoring hymns and the floating murmur of Aves, the pious defiling proceeded from the novitiate chapel, its appointed starting-point, towards the Foreign Mission Seminary. A repository altar had been diligently prepared and adorned to receive the Eucharistic King. From

this throne, humble but beloved by Him who blesses simplicity and good will, came down upon our bended heads a first blessing, after which we returned to our own novitiate sanctuary.

What though the radiant orb of day remained concealed all during our beautiful manifestation — was not the Divine Sun shedding rays of blinding brightness within our souls — as we prayed that for all nations may arise a glorious dawn preluding to an era of faith in the love of God and humble submission to His infrangible rights.

Sunday, June 11, Solemnity of Corpus Christi

Yesterday's uncertain weather had given us well-grounded fears for today. But on beholding the ideal day promised by the golden dawn our hearts leapt up in grateful exultation and a *Magnificat* of thanks overflowed from them. Fair weather — and here we had it — was the great and indispensable condition for a splendid triumphant function in honor of our Eucharistic Lord. As in the past we had been invited to join with the parishioners of St. Christophe in the Corpus Christi procession. And this year, the joy of preparing a throne for the divine King was ours. With joy and happiness we fulfilled our labor of love, fancying we heard Jesus telling us as once to Zachaeus: "Make haste and come down, for this day I must abide in thy house."

Hangings, varicolored lights and fragrant flowers made our improvised altar a thing of beauty, thanks to Providence and its earthly imitators, through whom had reached us an exquisite bouquet of red and white peonies. Gladly we placed them close by to embalm the divine Passer-by. May He Himself reward the generous and thoughtful donors!

Towards 10.30, following Mass in the parish church, the pious cortege formed and wending its way on Taschereau Boulevard and Desnoyers street, proceeded as far as the Foreign Mission Seminary, thence returning to halt before our repository altar for solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then the throng continued their adoring escort to the vibrant notes of the *Te Deum*.

On the way back, the procession followed St. Charles, St. Eusèbe and St. Hubert streets, and thus up to the church where a second time our Sacramental Friend gave us His loving blessing. The pious liturgical function was now a priceless contribution to our repertory of holy souvenirs; but in our souls throbbing with deep spiritual joy re-echoed throughout the day the hymns of praise and adoration of the glorious forenoon.

Then came evening and with it the finishing touch to the day's joy — a debate. "Resolved, that the virtuous teacher has more chances of success than the learned." A rather embarrassing problem to solve. Tensely we awaited the verdict of prudent judges. A few musical selections and a mirth-provoking play tempered the rather serious programme with what someone has called "the little joy necessary to life".

Tuesday, June 13

What is so rare and so precious as a day in June, when it means a grand holiday for our "benjamins" the Postulants? This thirteenth of the month

was their *lucky day* for a pleasurable excursion to the Cote des Neiges Mother House. Bright and early each one answered the five-fifteen waking bell. After morning devotions, a light breakfast and last-minute preparations, our little Sisters departed, taking along our hearty wishes for a very happy day — wishes we well knew would be amply fulfilled. We who had ceded our "rights" to the youngest, were given the always deeply appreciated and relished joy of an outdoor supper. What pleasure-filled moments we spent beneath the giant shady boughs, in this vast temple of the Creator, with flimsy skies for chapel dome and a dazzling sun for sanctuary lamp!

Sunday, June 25

French-Canadians to the very core, we usually look forward for weeks to the feast of St. John, Christ's Palestinian Precursor and faithful Patron of our nation. Today we greeted it with long-cultivated enthusiasm and lifted up our voices, as yesterday, in a paean of praise to our mighty defender. With grateful thanks for previous favors arose our earnest prayer that he watch over the destinies of the people committed to his guardianship.

Perplexingly numerous volunteers offered their services in preparing the programme scheduled for the evening; naturally, all was ready by six-thirty and we hied over to the grounds. We say "grounds" for this was an out-of-door representation, such being the more advisable sort, according to us, for a patriotic demonstration. Symbolical adornings of maple leaves and national flags that speak so well to hearts wherein beats love of God and country shed a note of gladness everywhere.

A musical selection came as first item on the list. The second was especially dedicated to Her Majesty the French Language. Having corrected a dozen or so faulty expressions, the Parts of Speech "in person" expounded their worth and rights to priority. So convincingly did each present its natural advantages that the entire group was admitted to citizenship in the Kingdom of Her Majesty, who appeared and fittingly ended the discussion. A little St. John seated on a decorated chariot escorted by four prim pages brought applause to a new high. In turn, two Canadian country scenes recalled times and customs of our hardy forefathers. A third one depicted the heroic patriotism beating high in the heart of a young girl and gave rise to bursts of applause and congratulation to the noblehearted maiden.

Complying at last with a desire oft expressed with persevering patience, our dear elder Sister in charge of the Postulants gave us an inspiring talk, beginning with an explanation on the relationship existing between patriotism and apostolate. Then we were graciously bidden to banish all incorrect phrases and sayings from our everyday speech. Our pleasing speaker pointed out how such a practice would provide matter for the striving after perfection. The curtain opened a last time for a well-rendered pageant on Our Lady of Canada, while the choir intoned the French-Canadian's favorite hymn to Mary under that appellation. As always, a fervent *Magnificat* closed our rejoicings.



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Autumn's here and you are all back at your desks and textbooks after a very pleasant summer vacation. My good Angel suggested that you would enjoy a story, so here is a very touching one I heard years ago — a true one at that. You are listening?

The hero of my story, by name Peter, was a twelve-year-old lad in a deeply Catholic Canadian family. Bright and intelligent, besides being gifted with every talent, Peter should have been a model boy, but no — a rough and tumble mischievous imp he was, the despair of his parents and teachers on account of his unmanageable dispositions. Peter didn't care a farthing for study or work, and would get vexed and disobey oftener than any little lad I have ever known. In a word, he was a regular rascal. But his dear mother loved that rascal with all her mother heart, even if she often did shed tears, anxiously worrying about the boy's after-life. Poor mother! How fervently she implored Our Blessed Lady to watch over him and make him a good dutiful boy again!

Alas! Peter was almost thirteen and still the same thoughtless madcap. Hair-raising escapades and silly jokes on his brothers and sisters were daily happenings with him. The boy was not really wicked underneath it all. But bad habits had gotten the better of him and he couldn't wriggle out of them. Bad habits are enemies, you know; they steal in on the sly, sounding no warning siren, and then they become masters and we, slaves.

Oh, dear little friends, who shall ever reckon all the evil done by unconquered habits! Who shall ever tell the sad story of so many young lives wrecked and hopes shattered! The poor shame-faced drinker, more brute than man, is a dread and sorry example.

But where are we? As I was saying, Peter had become the plaything of mean habits of laziness, anger and disobedience. He wasn't "captain of his soul" any longer, as the poet would say. To his teachers' and his father's kind reproaches, as well as to his mother's gentle reproofs, Peter would oppose a disheartening, "I can't; it's too much for me."

Thus stood things when, on a sunny August afternoon shortly before the re-opening of school, the unruly lad having teased brothers and sisters out of patience was politely told to play by himself and let them alone. Peter scrambled off to the library for an adventure tale, then as briskly leapt into his father's boat and pulled at the oars with all the might of his stalwart arms. "At least I won't hear them laugh and play from here. It was

mean of them not to let me share in their games." But his conscience protested. "You're the guilty one!" He tried to win it over. "After all, whose fault is it if I'm not as gentle as a lamb?" But conscience, we know, is not easily surprised and ensnared. Peter's kept on without an ounce of pity: "It's your own fault. You don't even try to correct yourself."

Vexed again, Peter heaved a deep sigh. "Let's get off and read." Maybe that would chase away those annoying thoughts that kept haunting him. A shady little thicket close at hand would give him shelter from the leaden sun. Peter tied his sail boat to a heavy plank, went to

sit beneath a giant maple and opened his adventure book. "Shucks!" there had evidently been some mistake. In his flurry, the none-too-devout fellow had picked up, not a thrilling adventure tale, but — the "Lives of the Saints"!

"Whew!" he scornfully tossed the offending volume out of sight. "Everybody and everything's against me today!"

Soon, however, Peter changed his mind. He lazily rescued the book from its lonely corner, muttering: "Perhaps I'll find something interesting in this famous 'Lives of the Saints' Mother has been coaxing me to read for months." He aimlessly thumbed pages and began to read without enthusiasm. And then — he had never expected it would be half so enthralling as that! Hours fled by and Peter was still completely absorbed in his "Lives of the Saints"! Very likely sunset would have found him reading, had he not lifted up his eyes while fumbling in his pocket for a handkerchief. Peter — would you believe it? — naughty, bullying Peter, madcap and rascal, was crying! And he felt those tears doing him good. Within his changed heart never altogether bad surged strong desires of turning a new leaf, of fighting against his evil habits, of becoming — a saint, too!

The wheeze of a yacht broke up Peter's daydream. He was amazed. "Great Scott! I never thought it was that late! I've been reading for hours. Let's dash home!"

In one bound he was on the shore. Hastily he washed his tear-stained face with the fresh lake water, and sprang into the boat. "I'll be late for supper again!" he warned himself.

When at last a tired but happy Peter got home, his early-afternoon persecutors had long since finished their evening meal, and not one of them



With all the might of his stalwart arms . . .

could be seen. Mother was alone. She had been awaiting him, thought Peter. Would she scold? Manfully Peter walked over to her.

"Mother," he stammered, "I'm sorry. I was reading and I didn't think it was so late. Forgive me."

Mother felt all her severity flee out the window. "Sit down to your supper," she smiled.

"Come, Peter," she persisted, when that young man remained obstinately silent and standing. "Don't think of it any more. You must be hungry as a wolf. Sit down to your supper so I'll have time to do the dishes before the little ones get back."

"Where'd they go?"

"To meet your father. I'm sure they'll be back soon."

Peter was strangely wordless.

"Mother," his voice grew gentle, "I've something to tell you."

"What is it, Peter?"

"Well, Mother, I — I want to quit all my silly pranks and notions. I want to be a saint!"

So feelingly were the simple words spoken that the astonished mother hastily gazed up at that sturdy son of hers and searched his eyes.

"It can be done, Peter — on one condition."

"Which, Mother?"

"On condition that you confide everything to Our Blessed Mother. In your difficulties — yes, my boy, there'll be difficulties — remember that our heavenly Mother is mightier than the world and the devil. She will help you keep your noble purpose in view and live up to it."

Days passed, warm September morns and cooler October ones; and Peter bravely carried on. He wasn't alone to face the enemy. Mary was standing by, presiding over his battles and Peter went with gladness of heart from victory to victory.

Of course Peter hadn't reached the heights of sanctity after a few days, or a few months, far from it. But he bravely struggled on, trying to make up for his failings. Soon he had won the upper hand on his habits; nor was it long before the stouthearted boy was again "captain of his soul."

Months crept slowly by; and Peter didn't give up. Now that he had cast out his bad habits of old, they had to be replaced by good qualities, by virtues. Peter didn't try showy things, heroic actions God didn't expect from him. He did all his little everyday duties as best he could. Presently the onetime unbearable bore came to be considered as a model student and his brothers and sisters fairly burst with pride when speaking of their Peter.



"Mother, I'm sorry... Forgive me."

The lad grew out of his teens; he went to school, then to college, then to the seminary, all the while riveting his eyes and soul on his great central aim—sanctity. He became a priest in a missionary community. On the evening of his departure for the foreign missions, his mother encouraged him: "Go, Peter, since God is calling you to win Him souls. I couldn't refuse you to Our Lord. But I am entrusting you to Our Blessed Mother's care and protection."

Cheerfully Peter answered: "Mary! Oh, yes, she shall be the Queen of my apostolate!" And Peter left to win souls, his own afire with zeal.

And thus ends my story, dear little friends. Beautiful, isn't it? It seems to me some of you will want to copy Peter, not in his unruly conduct, to be sure, but in his persistent efforts to deal death blows to those habits of laziness, disobedience, anger and still others that had almost mastered him. Now, you mustn't think you will become perfect in a day, or that you will get anywhere by throwing up your hands in despair at the very first defeat. Nor must you believe great acts of virtue and rigorous penance are to be accomplished. You know very well God doesn't ask that of you. How long could you bear up with such practices? But, tell me, is it so very hard to own up you've done wrong, to make others forget your misdeeds? You will probably smile on reading this and say it can all be done quite easily. Just try, dear young friends, and you will see what cowards are those troublesome little habits that creep upon you almost unawares. Before long they will have scuttled out of sight.

"Down with our failings! Down with our bad habits!" Let this be your watchword for the new schoolyear. *Down* with all those whims and caprices, and *up* with dauntless spirits and unyielding courage!

From Peter's mother you have learnt the great secret and main condition of success: Confide everything to Our Blessed Mother. Whoever places the outcome of his warfare with the dread enemy of his soul in her maternal hands cannot but achieve glorious victory.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR



ST. THOMAS MORE'S REASON FOR HIS DAILY COMMUNION

St. Thomas More, even at the busiest period of his life, heard Holy Mass and received Holy Communion daily. One day some of his friends reproached him for it, telling him that, on account of the great number of his occupations, he should give up that practice and devote more time to business. "Your reasons for wanting me to stay away from Holy Communion," answered he, "are exactly the ones that cause me to go so often. My distractions are great—but it is by Holy Communion that I recollect myself. Many times a day I am tempted to sin—it is through my Communion that I overcome. I have many weighty affairs to manage—and I have need of light and strength to do them well. It is in my Communion I find all this."

Fr. A. T. Zeller, C. SS. R.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. N. M. — Many thanks for prayers. I have had answers to every one of the favors asked. My son is still safe, has been wounded but is well again. Mrs. A. L., **Sweetsburg, P. Q.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady, my daughter has passed her exams in third year high. Mrs. A., **St. Vincent de Paul.** — My husband has obtained a good position after praying to Our Blessed Lady and promising to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. G. B., **Verdun, P. Q.** — I am enclosing an offering of thanksgiving and hope you will continue to pray for us. E. R. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. E. St. A., **St. Vincent de Paul.** — Many favors have been granted us. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Hearty thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — All my gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for favors obtained. Mrs. N. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. I am requesting good health. Mrs. E. V., **St. Césaire.** — Gratitude for success in examinations. Mrs. X., **St. Simon.** — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. Z. Landry, **Montreal.** — Gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. A subscriber. — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a cure without an operation. Mrs. E. L'Italien, **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for three cures. Mrs. Emile Garneau, **Montreal.** — Thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — I have obtained several favors from our dear Blessed Mother after promising to publish. Mrs. Eddy Rifond, **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for improvement in my health. I am requesting another favor. A subscriber, **St. Cyprien.** — Heartfelt thanks for success in my daughter's examinations. Mrs. C. P. H. — Gratitude for a very special favor. Mrs. S. Lefebvre, **Ville LaSalle.** — Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. Angéline Marchand, **St. Paul d'Abbotsford.** — Sincere gratitude for favors that have been granted me. M. E. — Homage of gratitude towards our dear heavenly Mother for a favor received after promising to publish. Mrs. G. Leclair, **Bordeaux.** — Gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for the sale of a property. Mr. and Mrs. D. Brunelle, **Ste. Cécile de Milton.** — A thousand thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. C. Pomposelli, **Montreal.** — Hearty thanks for favors received. C. D. — Gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. Emile Côté, **Montreal.** — Gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a great favor received through her intercession. Mrs. D. M., **St. Tite.** — I am fulfilling a promise in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. L. D. — All my gratefulness to Mary for her protection. I request other favors. Mrs. N. M. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. W. D., **Grand'Mère.** — Gratitude for graces granted my daughter. May Our Blessed Lady continue protecting us. Anonymous. — Gratitude for protection granted us in business. Mrs. A. S. — Grateful thanks to Mary, for two important favors granted our family. Mrs. A. Papineau, **Montreal.** — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. Fitzgibbons, **Montreal.** — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards our dear Blessed Mother. Mrs. L. Durant, **St. Jean de Matha.** — I have obtained a special favor. All my gratitude to our heavenly Mother. Mr. G. Asselin, **St. Siméon.** — Lively gratitude for a favor received after promising to publish. Mrs. P. Ouellet, **Notre Dame du Lac.** — Gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. F. V. — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards our dear Blessed Mother. Mrs. B. B., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Homage of gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. A. D., **Mont St. Michel.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Please publish that I have received favors from the following: The Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Gregory the Wonder-Worker, St. Francis Xavier, St. Rita and St. Ignatius. C. MacD., **Toronto, Ont.** — Please have a Mass said for the Souls in Purgatory, in thanksgiving for favors received. C. G., **Williamstown, Mass.** — Many thanks to the Sacred Heart and His Immaculate Mother for all their kindnesses. Mrs. H. L., **Northbridge, Mass.** — Gratitude to Our Blessed Lady and the Souls in Purgatory for a great favor received after promising to publish. Mrs. E. Liberson, **Ste. Geneviève.** — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Jude. A thousand thanks! Anonymous. — Please thank Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Anne for four favors granted me. Mrs. A. P., **Mont Laurier.**



PETITIONS

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

Would you kindly make a novena immediately for a very special favor. A subscriber, **Sutton, P. Q.** — Please join me in prayer to Our Blessed Mother that she may restore my mother's health if it is God's holy will. **Mrs. M. C., North Clarendon, Vermont.** — May I ask you to please pray for a dear friend of mine who has to undergo a rather delicate operation. **Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me.** — Please pray for my four petitions, especially for the conversion of my wife and the safe return of my nephew, a flying officer who was lost in a flight over France. **Mr. R. McD., New York, N. Y.** — I would appreciate very much if you would offer a novena for me to Our Blessed Lady that my husband will give up drinking and that our home will not be broken up. **Anonymous, Montreal.** — Please pray for my son's safe return. He is fighting in France, has been wounded twice and has recovered from his injuries. Will you also say special prayers for my daughter. **Mrs. A. St. M., Ontario.** — Please ask all the Sisters to say special prayers for my mother. **Miss B. P., Montreal.** — Will you please

have a novena of prayers for a niece of mine who met with a big accident, also for a dear friend of mine who I fear will lose his work. **M. M., Montreal.** — I am requesting special favors. **Mrs. J. H., Montreal.** — I ask your prayers that I may be able to keep on working. **Miss C. L., Ste. Agnes de Dundee.** — Please pray for the safety of my son. **M. A. K., Montreal.** — Please pray for me that I can keep my family together and that I will get an allowance from the Government for my two small children. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please pray to our heavenly Mother that I may see a general improvement in my health, also for my dear mother. **Miss C. M. R., Hemmingford, P. Q.** — Please pray for me. **Miss S., Brigham, P. Q.** — Do not forget me and my dear ones in your prayers. May God give me strength to work for some years to come so I can continue to help the missions. **Mr. G. L., Salem, Mass.** — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother Mary for very special intentions. **Mrs. R. S., N. D. G., Montreal.** — I am in need of prayers to make a very important decision. Please ask the Sisters to make a novena for me. **B. P., Montreal.** — Please pray for my brother in the U. S. Army who is somewhere across. **Miss G., Willimantic, Conn.** — Please offer some prayers for me. **S. K., Granton, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my intentions, that I will have better health, also for my son who is in the R. C. A. F. and has ulcers of the stomach; also for my daughter and my niece. **Mrs. C. H., Cornwall, Ont.** — Please pray for my son and myself. **Mrs. C., Renfrew, Ont.** — I would ask you to pray for my daughter who is to have a serious operation. A worried mother, **Cornwall, Ont.** — Will you please pray that my son will regain strength and health. He was in a serious accident at a shipyard and is still feeling the effects. **Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me.** — Please pray for my only son who has been in the army for three years and who will probably be sent to England. A subscriber. — Please say a novena for my family's health and another intention. A Friend, **Ontario.** — Kindly remember in your prayers my intention, the speedy satisfactory erection of a little home. Please pray also for my sister and myself. **Miss C., Barry's Bay, Ont.** — Please pray for our intentions. **Mrs. H. B., New Britain, Conn.** — Will you kindly make a novena for a very special intention. A subscriber. — Would you please be so kind to have two novenas of lights for my wife who has just gone under an operation at the hospital. **J. L., Springfield, Mass.** — Please pray that I may find work. **X. L., Grosvenordale, Conn.** — I am asking your prayers that I may recover good health. **Mrs. M. A., Merlin, Ont.** — Will you please offer a few prayers for my father's health. **Mrs. E. C., Detroit, 5, Mich.** — Will you kindly make a novena and please pray for me to Our Lady the Blessed Virgin Mary so I may get well soon, and also for my husband who is overseas. May God keep him safe. **Mrs. J. W., Montreal.** — Please pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help asking her to grant me the favor I ask. My eyes are weak and sore. Pray for me that I may be cured. **Mrs. L. T., Maine.** — Please pray for our soldier boys. **Mrs. D. G., Chicopee Falls, Mass.** — Will you kindly pray for my intentions, for two favors ardently desired. **Miss S. B., Ste. Justine de Newton, Vaudreuil Co.** — Please pray that I will have better health and for the cure of my leg. **Mrs. J. K., Ste. Catherine Sta., Portneuf Co.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 3; conversions, 20; cures, 51; positions, 3; special intentions, 75.



OBITUARY

Rev. Father Frédéric Langevin, S. J., **Montreal**; Rev. Father H. Couture, O. P., **Notre Dame de Grace**; Rev. Father R. Lauzon, **Fort Covington, N. Y.**; Rev. Father Laval Laurent, O. F. M., **Quebec**, brother of our Sisters Marie de la Purification, Gabriel de l'Incarnation and Marie de Lorette; Rev. Sister Gatie, Sisters of Providence, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister St. Mathias; Mr. C. E. Croteau, **Joliette**, brother of our Sister Marie de la Visitation; Mrs. Anthime Rivest, **Joliette**, grandmother of our Sisters Marie Georges and Eustelle de Jésus; Mrs. C. English, **Montreal**; Mrs. Pierre Thibault, **Montreal**; Mrs. T. M. Egan, **Montreal West**; Mrs. Nelly Middleton, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. R. Thompson, **Point St. Charles**; Mrs. Margaret Eagan, **Valleyfield**; Mr. Edward Philpott, Mr. Sam. D'Entremont, Mrs. Antoine Desrosiers, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Joseph St. Jean, **So. Bellingham, Mass.**; Mr. William Chouinard, **West Bridgewater, Mass.**; Mrs. Julia Malaspini, **Everett, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Ingals, **Medford, Mass.**; Mrs. Joseph Hogan, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Descoteaux, Mr. Robert Fournier, Miss Pauline Foucault, Mr. Henry Sansoucie, Mr. Eugene Sabourin, Mr. Stanley Jesinossky, Mr. Raymond Dupont, Mrs. Charlotte Crepeau, Miss Octavie A. Prevost, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Hall Brock, **N. Y.**; Mr. Wm. Desjardins, **Somersworth, N. H.**; Sgt. John McGovern, **Woonsocket, R. I.**, killed in action in Sicily; Mrs. Philibert Pépin, **Hartford, Conn.**; Mr. Ward Vincent, **Ventura, Calif.**; Lucia, Marie Rose, Yvonne, Léonore and Henri Gélinas (children of Mrs. Henri Gélinas), **Lac Bellemare**; Mr. Paul Emile Bellemare, Miss Jeannine Thibault, Mr. Didace Gagnon, Mrs. J. C. Bertrand, Mrs. Alphonse Cloutier, Mrs. Arthur Durette, Mr. René Gauthier, Mr. and Mrs. Placide Racette, Mrs. Ferdinand Julien, Mr. Eugène Durocher, Mrs. Ambroise Larose, Mr. Onésime Gauthier, Mr. J. N. Desrosiers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lavoie, Mr. Wellie Bigras, Mrs. Anna Berlinguette, Miss Annie Walsh, Mr. Edmond Tremblay, Mr. Julien Dumas, Mrs. E. Fortin, Mr. Wilfrid Desautels, Mrs. F. X. Girard, Miss Laure Courtois, Mr. Paul Emile Gratton, Mr. A. Labarre, Mr. Jean Labonté, Mrs. Ernest Provost, Mrs. J. D. Therrien, Mrs. Napoléon Marion, Mrs. Albert Bernard, Mrs. Georgiana Meunier, Mrs. Alfred Dugal, Mrs. Félix Bastien, Mr. Rolland Brault, Mr. Joseph Trussart, Miss Valérie Harel, Mrs. Ernest Corbeil, Mrs. Dominique Madore, Mr. J. T. Villeneuve, **Montreal**; Mr. Edmond Gervais, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Julien Bougie, Mrs. Lucien Marchand, **Lachine**; Mr. Alex Bourbeau, M. D., Mr. Oscar Tessier, **Point St. Charles**; Miss Albina Fortin, Mr. Georges Girouard, Mr. Jean Cyr Legal, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Louis Tardif, Mr. Rolland Pariseau, Mrs. Louis Joseph Crevier, **Longue Pointe**; Mr. J. C. Roy, P. N., **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mrs. Avila Roy, **Tétreaultville**; Mr. Jean B. Deguire, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mr. John A. McFadden, **Cartierville**; Mrs. Achille Nantais, **St. Sulpice**; Mrs. Georgianna Bincette, **Delson Village**; Mr. J. E. Lachapelle, P. N., **St. Paul l'Ermite**; Mr. F. Fortin, **Rivière des Prairies**; Mrs. Hormisdas Meloche, **Ste. Geneviève de Pierrefonds**; Miss Aline Denis, **Vaudreuil**; Mrs. Adélaïde Giard, Mr. Emile Côté, Mrs. Rosalie Simard, **Ste. Rosalie de Bagot**; Mrs. Aza Breault, **Dunham**; Miss Jeanne d'Arc Martin, **St. Paul d'Abbotsford**; Mrs. René Bessette, **Iberville**; Mrs. François Marchesseault, **St. Antoine sur Richelieu**; Mr. Ozani Paris, Mrs. P. J. A. Cardin, Mrs. Rémi Plante, Mrs. Alph. Beaudet, Mrs. Pierre Lavallée, Mr. Raoul Girard, Mrs. Joseph Plante (Gertrude Gagné), **Sorel**; Mrs. Joseph Bérard, **Ste. Anne de Sorel**; Mr. J. Edgar Côté, **St. Cyrille de Wendover**; Mrs. Dosithee Beauchamp, **Ormstown**; Mrs. Léo Montpetit, **Howick**; Mr. Louis Lafontaine, **Bellerive**; Mrs. Pierre Gauthier, **St. Louis de Gonzague**; Mr. Antoine Daoust, Mr. Louis Beaupré, Mr. John Charron, Mr. J. B. Charbonneau, **Valleyfield**; Mr. Anestor Archambault, **St. Roch de l'Achigan**; Mr. Camille Bolduc, **St. Damien de Brandon**; Mr. Philippe Massicotte, **St. Prosper, Champlain Co.**; Mrs. Alfred Giguère, **Grand'Mère**.

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Dispensary. School.

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-

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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.

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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.
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