

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 22nd Year MONTREAL, November-December 1944 No. 12

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover)

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Length		Length	
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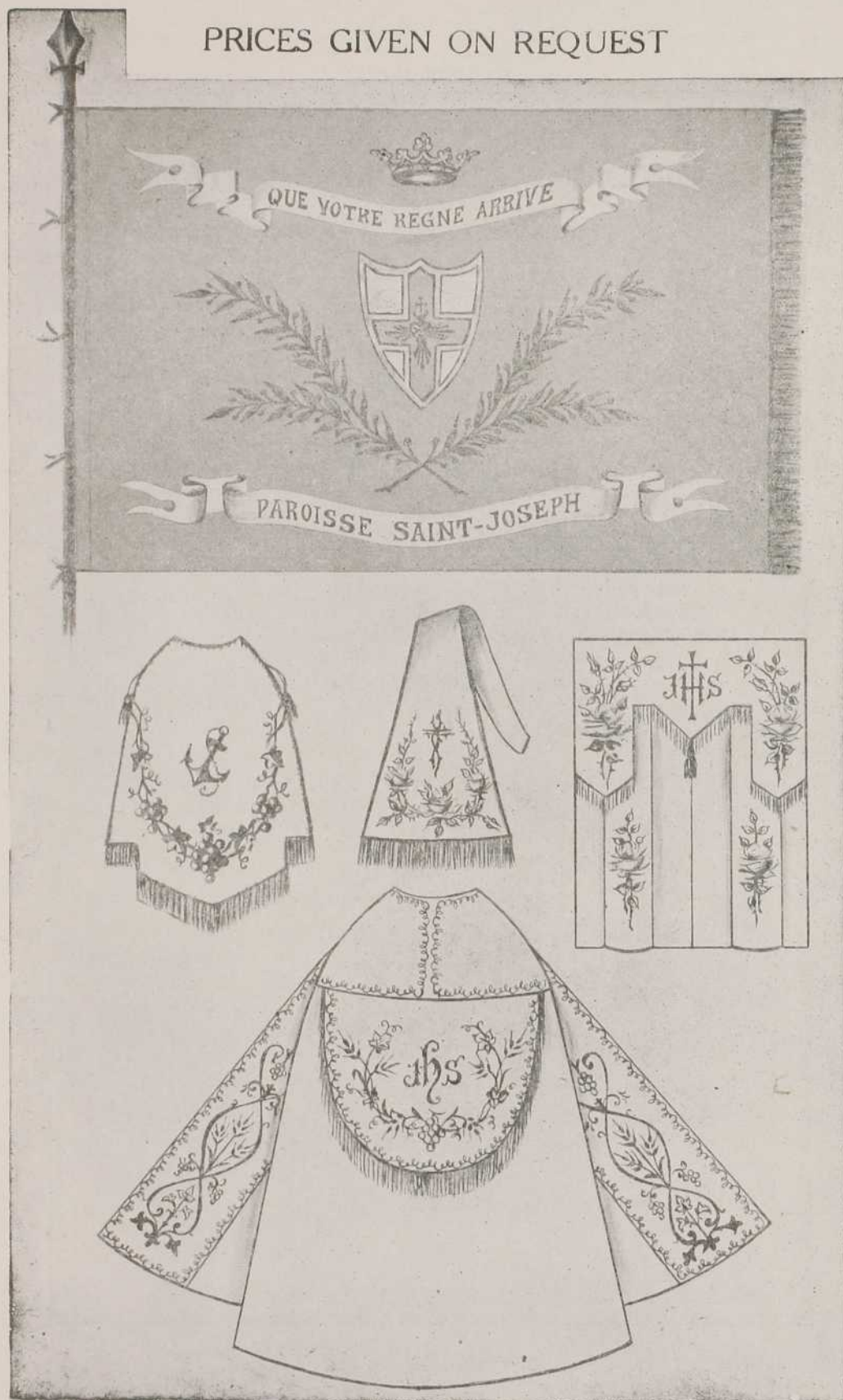
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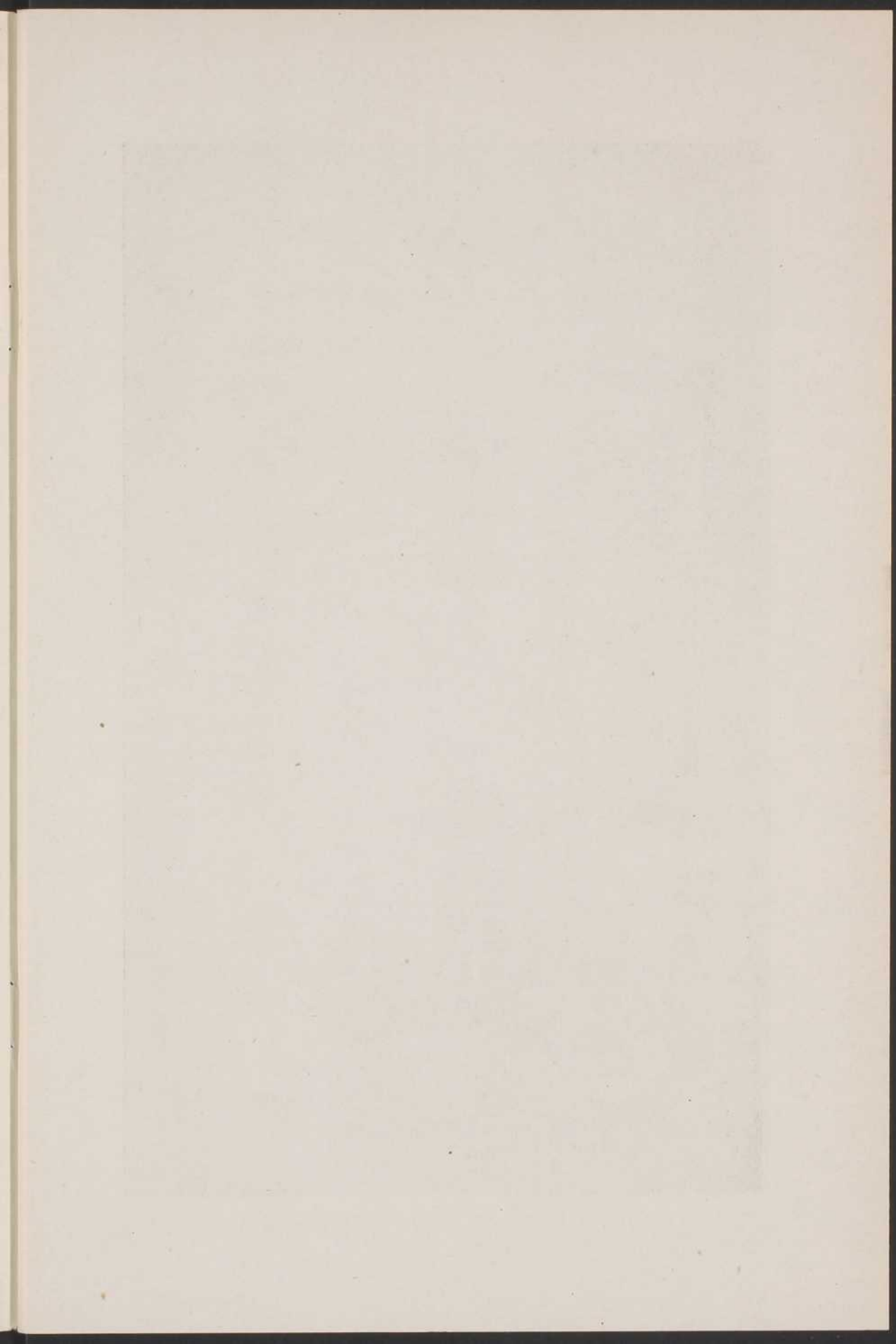
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PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST







O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

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Lily Maid

*O Lily Maid, thou stainless born,
Our blighted nature's only pride,
Pure flakelets of virgin snow
Are mantling earth, its stains to hide.*



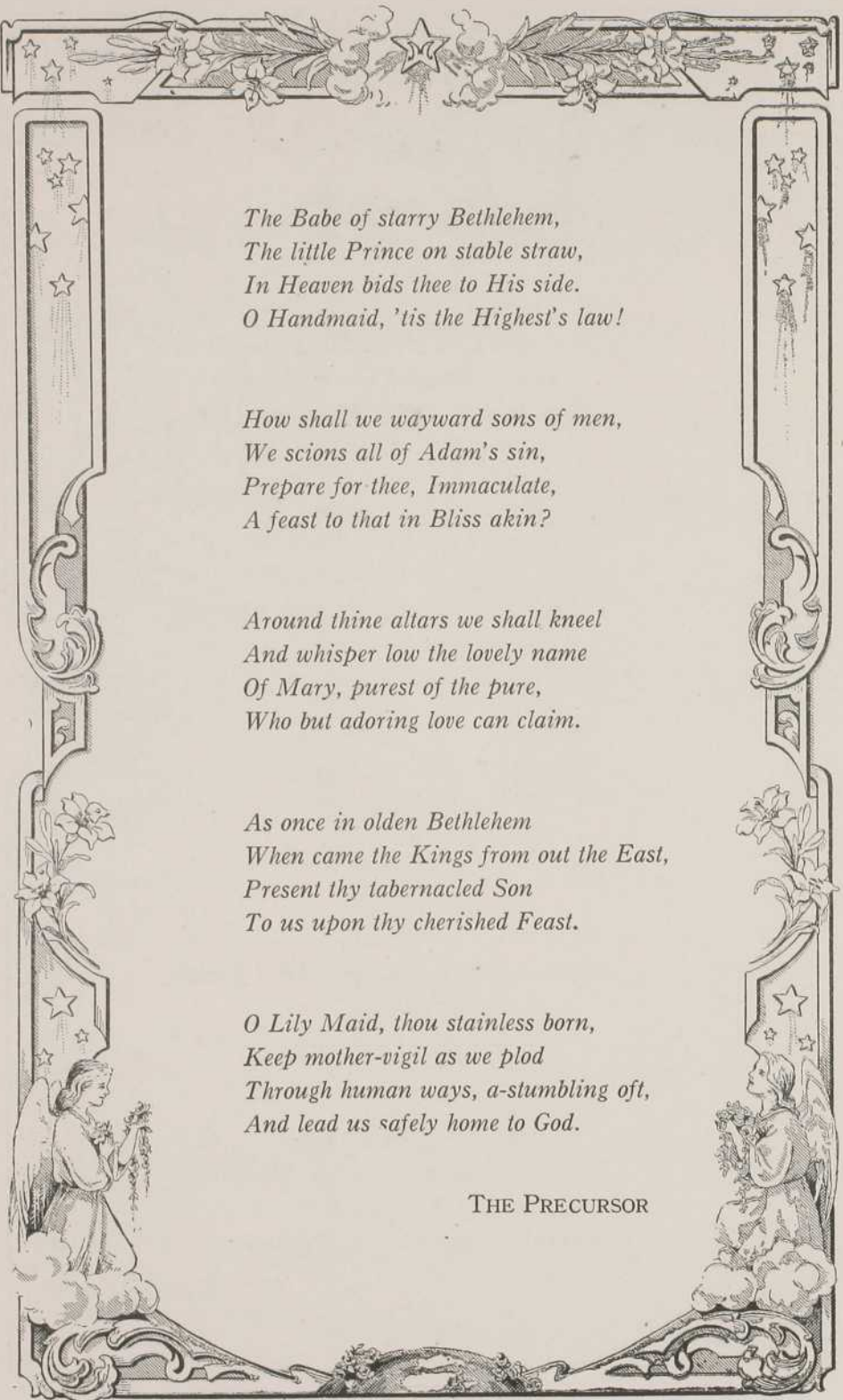
*For comes thy great white Festival,
O sinless Daughter of our race,
And tainted earth craves raiment white
To pray to thee, O Full of Grace!*

*Methinks that high in God's domain,
The Angel hosts on fleetest wings
Are lighting tapers, wreathing blooms,
A million fair and flashy things.*

*Meseems the bright Archangel smiles
As baby Cherubs fond repeat
Untiringly, their choicest role
Of laying garlands at thy feet!*

*Thy choristers, O hallowed Queen,
Who ceaseless chant the "Ave" praise,
In secret conclave glad rehearse
On harps of gold their sweetest lays.*

*I fancy all the Saints on high,
Apostles, martyrs, close to thee,
Pure virgins in the Lamb's cortege
Are singing anthems loud and free.*



*The Babe of starry Bethlehem,
The little Prince on stable straw,
In Heaven bids thee to His side.
O Handmaid, 'tis the Highest's law!*

*How shall we wayward sons of men,
We scions all of Adam's sin,
Prepare for thee, Immaculate,
A feast to that in Bliss akin?*

*Around thine altars we shall kneel
And whisper low the lovely name
Of Mary, purest of the pure,
Who but adoring love can claim.*

*As once in olden Bethlehem
When came the Kings from out the East,
Present thy tabernacled Son
To us upon thy cherished Feast.*

*O Lily Maid, thou stainless born,
Keep mother-vigil as we plod
Through human ways, a-stumbling oft,
And lead us safely home to God.*

THE PRECURSOR



Immaculate Conception Novena



UNSULLIED and beautiful she stands, "our tainted nature's solitary boast", in all the splendor of her Immaculate Conception. How radiant her soul-whiteness! Pure as a lily she rises, alone of Adam's children untouched by the stain of sin. Truly, this lily purity is of Mary's prerogatives the one dearest to her heart. Picture her at Lourdes smiling down upon Bernadette the shepherdess, and saying in a gesture of sublime gratitude to the Most High: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Our Blessed Lady cannot but bear special affection to her children who honor her Immaculate Conception and praise the Almighty for having done "great things" to the Mother of His divine Son.

Would we deserve our most pure Mother's good graces and choice blessings? Let us prepare fervently for her great white feast of December 8, striving to bring something of her serene and undefiled purity into our own lives.

Fervent preparation. — To the novena prayers beginning November 29 let us add a few worthwhile acts of self-denial. Let us purify our soul in the sacramental stream of Confession, sincerely admitting our sins, heartily regretting them and firmly determined to love and serve God at any cost. With Mary and in imitation of her let us prepare a fitting abode for the divine Visitor on the morning of her glorious day. Who better than the first living tabernacle of the God-Man could make our own tainted souls ready for His coming?

December 8 — may it be for us a day of jubilation, of grateful thanks to God, of charity towards our brethren.

Purity with Mary. — There is no shadow of evil in her gentle eyes, no stain upon her lips, no guilt within her heart. True, we shall never fathom the maternal tenderness with which sinners are folded to her breast. How then shall we understand her unspeakable fondness for chaste souls, for souls rising above fallen nature and striving to be Mary-like in soul and body?

Could we only catch a glimpse of our soul in the state of grace the thought of its entrancing beauty would fill us with dread lest the slightest evil breath tarnish it. But if this consolation granted to St. Catherine of Siena be denied us on earth, let us live in the faith of the revealed Truth, of the teachings of Christ's infallible Church. Never should we forget that our loving Savior did not deem our soul of less value than His very life-blood shed to the last drop. How precious it must be in the sight of the Blessed Trinity! Even hell's untiring attempts to enchain a human soul give proof

of its priceless worth. Let us confide our soul to Mary, who will keep it white and unblemished for the eternal vision of God.

Being zealous for her Immaculate Conception. — Mary expects us to spread the prayer to her Immaculate Conception, to honor her under that sweet title and to make her loved by our neighbor, by the children entrusted to our keeping, by the grown-up people we are missioned to instruct in the truths of salvation.

Yes, let us bring more zeal for the honor of her spotless conception, and Mary's fondest blessings will be ours through life. And after this our earthly exile she will usher us into the Everlasting Dwellings, to sing with her the grateful *Magnificat* through the day that knows no setting.

THE REDACTION

INDULGENCES

To the faithful who follow the public Novena exercises preparatory to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception is granted an indulgence of seven years, each day; a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions of confession and prayer for the intention of the Holy Father, provided one has performed the public Novena devotions at least five days.

To the faithful who daily recite special prayers to the Immaculate Conception with the intention of continuing through the nine days of the Novena, is granted an indulgence of five years, once a day; a plenary indulgence on the last day of their private Novena, on the usual conditions. This plenary indulgence may be gained only by the faithful who are unable to follow the public exercises.

(S. P. A., May 18, 1935.)

NOVENA PRAYER

Most pure Virgin, conceived without sin! ever beautiful and spotless from the first moment of thy creation, glorious Mary, full of grace, mother of my God, Queen of angels and of men, I most humbly revere thee as the mother of my Saviour; I render thee the honor and homage which my Redeemer Himself taught me to as thy due, by the respect, obedience and submission which He paid thee during the course of His mortal career. Deign to accept this Novena which I offer thee. Thou art the assured asylum of penitent sinners, it is but right then that I should have recourse to thee. Thou art the mother of mercy; my wants and miseries will move thee to compassion. Thou art, after Jesus Christ, my sovereign hope, and I know thou wilt look favorably on the tender confidence I place in thee. Make me worthy of being called thy child, so that I may say with confidence: *Monstra te esse matrem*: show thyself my mother.



Devotion to the Blessed Mother of God is the protection of faith in her Divine Son. Every time that we invoke her we renew our faith in the Incarnate God, reverse the sin and unbelief of our First Parents, and take part with her who was blessed because she believed.

Fr. H. S. Bowden

The Scapular of the Immaculate Conception



ESS heralded than the origin of the Queen of Carmel's Brown Scapular is that of the Blue Scapular or Scapular of the Immaculate Conception. Yet both were revealed by the Blessed Virgin in visions granted her devoted servants, Simon Stock of England and the venerable foundress of the Congregation of the Theatine Nuns, Ursula Benincasa, whose virtues Rome has declared heroic. On the Feast of the Purification, February 2, 1616, Our Blessed Lady appeared to the saintly nun. A velvety, sky-blue mantle fell in graceful folds about her shoulders. Mary enjoined her pious devotee to have her spiritual daughters garb a scapular of the same color, promising to protect and bless in a special manner all who would wear this celestial livery in honor of her Immaculate Conception. At the same time Ursula beheld an endless throng of Christians of every rank and condition, young and old, men and women, wearing the Scapular and secure under Mary's royal mantle.

Our Lady's Blue Scapular spread with increasing popularity. The Holy Pontiffs Clement X and Clement XI approved it and granted indulgences, which were later confirmed in a decree of Gregory XVI, July 12, 1845. Pius IX, June 7, 1850, made them applicable to the souls in Purgatory. Seven years later, March 21, 1857, they were ratified by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences.

The very nature of this holy habit indicates the general aim of the devotion.

Subjects garbed in the livery of an earthly monarch thereby testify that they are in his service. Persons donning the military uniform or the magisterial toga, give silent proof that their lives, their talents are dedicated to the defense of their country. Now the Scapular is a livery, a uniform, an emblem showing that he who wears it vows especial devotion towards the all-pure Mother of God, and binds himself to use all the means in his power to defend, honor and love the Immaculate Virgin.

Although the special aim we must bear in mind when receiving the Scapular is prayer for the amendment of Christian morals and the conversion of sinners, no particular prayer or work is prescribed to that end. Freedom is left in the choice of whatever prayers or good works personal piety may suggest, or an enlightened spiritual adviser may indicate.

To the aforesaid conditions must be added: (1) Purity of soul; (2) practice of virtue; (3) perseverance in true devotion towards the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin.

NOTE.—None of these prescribed conditions binds under pain of sin; their omission has no other effect than that of depriving one of the favors conceded to those who fill the conditions. To gain an indulgence one must: firstly, be in the state of grace; secondly, have the intention of gaining it; thirdly, fill the prescribed conditions.



The Scapular is imposed by a duly-authorized priest. It must be worn round the neck, over or under one's clothing, and so that one part will fall on the breast and the other on the back. The Scapular must be made from sky-blue woollen material, to which may be joined, if personal piety desires it, an image of Mary Immaculate. The strings may be of blue, black or white thread or cotton. The Scapular may be sewed on to another Scapular and to the same string. A person who should happen to have abandoned the Blue Scapular for a while, may procure another without further blessing being necessary. This clause holds good when the Scapular is worn-out and has to be renewed. Children may also don the Virgin's blue livery.

The faithful who wear the Blue Scapular share in all the prayers and good works offered up in the Order of the Theatines. They gain countless indulgences. Mass said at any altar for a deceased person who wore the Scapular of the Immaculate

Conception, enjoys the spiritual advantages of a Mass said at a privileged altar. But the most precious favor is that granted to associates every time they recite six *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias* in honor of the Most Holy Trinity and of the Immaculate Mother of God. They may then gain the indulgences granted those who visit the seven Roman Basilicas, the Portiuncula indulgence, the St. James of Compostella and the Jerusalem indulgences; the only condition prescribed is prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father. Reception of the Sacraments is not binding. This extraordinary favor has again been confirmed and approved by Pius IX, April 14, 1856. Laudable and fruitful indeed is the practice of the faithful who recite the six *Paters* spiritually kissing the wounds of the crucified Savior.

Should anyone marvel at this wealth of indulgences, let him reflect on the excellency of the intentions for which they are granted. Let him remember that the Church has in her possession, according to St. Thomas, the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ, and that she is free to apply them as she judges convenient.

Let us then, every morning when we waken, renew our intention of gaining all those indulgences known or unknown to us, offering them to Mary that they be applied by that all-merciful Mother to her suffering children in Purgatory. Our Lord once said to St. Gertrude: "You do not lose your merits by ceding them to others, on the contrary, you double them." Remember, Christian soul, the alms you give to the Poor Souls is nothing less than the eternal possession of God, in the Kingdom of everlasting glory.





To His Excellency Most Rev. R. J. Cushing

recently elevated to the Metropolitan See of Boston,

the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
beg to present,

with the homage of their profound respect and lively gratitude
for his many kindnesses to their Community,
their congratulations and prayerful wishes
for a long and fruitful career.

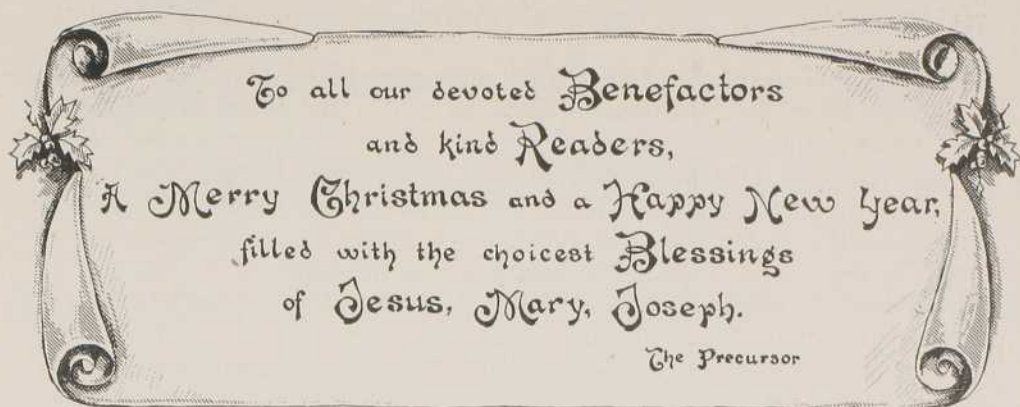


The Most Excellent of All Gifts

How noble a mission is the propagation of truth! When a man has given his brethren all his earthly wealth, the very sod beneath his feet, we say he has yielded much. Yet his donation consisted merely of material objects outside his sphere. Should he surrender his heart, that were more; but that selfsame heart, howsoever precious, is a transient, material thing. A day shall come when it will be utterly powerless to offer itself.

There is something in man which, while constituting his very personality, is even more than that — something which never passes, never changes, never dies; something which is immortal, nay, eternal. Such is *truth*. While everything is altered within us, even to the feelings of our heart and the faculties of our soul, truth maintains therein its immutable life, and in giving it to others we give them that which outlives us, which outlives every death, which blossoms above graves and abides perennially youthful after centuries untold. Such is the reason why the surrender of that part of ourselves is the most excellent of all gifts and the primary charity.

LACORDAIRE



To all our devoted Benefactors
and kind Readers,

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
filled with the choicest Blessings
of Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

The Precursor

Mary at the Crib

THEY found the Child with Mary, His Mother." (St. Matt. II, 2.)
Of all the thought-provoking and heart-consoling scenes which light up the gospel narrative there is none which holds the Catholic mind, with its deep mysteries, and grips the Christian soul, with its inviting love, as that of the crib of Bethlehem. There in the still December night, on a handful of straw, lies wrapped in swaddling clothes the Son of God, who for the redemption and love of humanity has become the Son of Man.

Beside the crib, at the feet of the Divine Infant kneels in silent adoration His Immaculate Mother, Mary. The heavens are ablaze with light, the clear, frosty midnight air throbs with the music of angelic choirs, a mysterious star looms up brilliant on the eastern horizon, the watching shepherds crowd around the new-born Babe, the Kings of the East are already on their way to Bethlehem.

Centuries have come and gone since that first Christmas night, and yet awe-stricken Christians throughout the world still sing "Holy Night, Silent Night!" To reconstruct the gospel scene and throw around it that atmosphere of mystery and love with which it remains impregnated, after twenty centuries, has been the ambition and despair of the artist's brush. It could not be otherwise. Bethlehem brings God so near to man and man so near to God, that they become one in the mystery of the Incarnation. The crib remains the supreme revelation of God to man. "God, Who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son, Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by Whom also He hath made the world. Who being the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, making purgation of sins, sitteth on the right hand of the Majesty of high." (Hebr. I, 1-3.)

Mary kneels at the crib as she will stand by the cross. This association of the Virgin Mother with the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption shows us plainly the part she was called to play in the economy of man's salvation. She is an integral factor in the loving plans of Divine Providence.

For to become one of ours and to dwell among us the Word of God became the Flesh of her Flesh, the Blood of her Blood. Through Mary, His Mother, the Son of God embraces our fallen humanity. Through that Sacred Flesh He received from His Immaculate Mother He redeemed the world and continues every day to reach out to the individual Christian soul in the loving mystery of the Eucharistic Communion. For are not these tiny outstretched hands of the Infant Jesus, of the Son of Mary, the hands of the Almighty, Who "laid the foundations of the earth," the very hands from which has come the soul of man and wherein it hopes to rest after the weary pilgrimage of life? Are not those eyes of Mary's Divine Babe, the eyes of the all-seeing God? Is not that smile of her child the smile of our Heavenly Father? In the light of that wonderful mystery, how great, how beautiful, how loving is Mary at the Crib!

"Holy Night! Silent Night!" whispers the soul lost in admiration.

G. T. Daly, C.S.S.R.



The Birth of Jesus

The Birth of Jesus Christ brought universal joy to the whole world. He was the Redeemer who had been desired and sighed after for so many years; and therefore He was called the Desired of the Nations, and the Desire of the Eternal Hills. Behold Him already come, and born in a little cave. Let us consider that on this day the Angel announces to us also the same great joy that he announced to the shepherds: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour." (Luke II, 10.)

What rejoicing there is in a country when the heir is born to a king! But surely we ought to keep still greater festival when we see the Son of God born and come down from Heaven to visit us, urged to this by the tenderness of His Mercy: Through the bowels of the mercy of our God, in which the Orient from on high hath visited us. (Luke I, 78.) We were lost; and behold Him Who came to save us: He came down from heaven for our salvation. (Symb. Nic.) Behold the Shepherd Who came to save His sheep from death by giving His life for their sake: I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep. (John x, 11.) Behold the Lamb of God, Who came to sacrifice Himself, to obtain for us the Divine favor, and to become our Deliverer, our Life, our Light, and even our Food in the most Holy Sacrament!

St. Alphonsus Liguori



The more we trust in Mary, the more she justifies that trust. But it must be a trust accompanied by repentance, prayer, and good works; a trust expressed by zeal for her honor, by personal devotion toward her, and by heartfelt thanksgiving to Almighty God.

Bishop Hedley

The Pope on Church Unity



O-DAY, in fact, more than ever before, is to be seen by any clear-sighted and honest observer, the sadly deficient balance-sheet which cleavages from the Church in the course of centuries have effected for Christendom. In a turbulent and afflicted age like ours, when mankind is engaged in reaping the consequences of a spiritual decadence that has hurled it into the abyss, and when in every nation voices are raised to insist that, for the gigantic work of restoring order anew, not only external guarantees but the essential juridical and moral foundations be secured, it is of vital importance to know what influence it can have to prevent false and dangerous tendencies again predominating.

Mother Church, Catholic, Roman, she who has remained faithful to the constitution received from her divine Founder, and who even to-day stands firmly on the solid rock on which He willed to found her, possesses in the Primacy of Peter and of his legitimate successors the assurance, guaranteed by divine promises, of maintaining and transmitting whole and inviolate, though centuries and tens of centuries, even to the end of time, the whole body of truth and grace contained in the redemptive mission of Christ. And while she finds in the stimulating and comforting consciousness of this double possession her force to conquer all the darkness of error and all moral deviations, she exerts her activity to the advantage not only of Christendom but of the entire world, inspiring sentiments of justice and of genuine fraternal charity in those great divergencies in which blessings and calamities, abundant harvests and poor gleanings, often are to be found side by side.

But how much more potent and efficacious would be the influence of Christian thought and Christian life on the moral substructure of the future plans for peace and social reconstruction, if there were not this vast division and dispersal of religious confessions, that in the course of time have detached themselves from Mother Church. Who to-day can fail to recognize what substance of faith, what a genuine power of resistance to anti-religious influence is lost in many groups as result of that separation. A striking proof among many others of this painful reality, is afforded by the history of rationalism and naturalism in the past two centuries. In those quarters where the office of "confirming his brethren" (Luke XXII, 32), committed to him who is invested with the primacy, can not exercise and exert its preservative and protective activity, the cockle of rationalism has penetrated in a thousand different forms, with its stalks and baneful off-shots, into the thought and mentality of many souls who call themselves Christian, and has poisoned what was still left in them of the divine seed of revealed truth, spreading everywhere darkness, schism, and a growing abandonment of faith in the Divinity of Christ.

Between Christ and Peter there reigns, from the day of the promise near Cesare Phillippi and that of the fulfillment by the Sea of Tiberias, a mysterious but eminently real bond which was effected once in time but which

draws its roots from the eternal counsels of the Almighty. The Eternal Father, Who revealed to Simon Bar Jona the mystery of the divine Sonship of Christ, and thus rendered him capable of answering with an open and ready confession the question of our Redeemer, had from all eternity predestined the Fisherman of Bethsaida for his singular office. And Christ, Himself, only fulfilled the will of His Father when, promising and conferring the primacy, he used expressions which were to fix for ever the uniqueness of Peter's privileged position.

Those therefore, who — as was said (or better, repeated) some time ago by representatives of religious confessions who profess themselves Christian — declare that there is no Vicar of Christ on earth because Christ Himself promised to remain with His Church as its Head and Lord to the end of time, besides depriving the whole Episcopal office of its foundation, are ignoring and misinterpreting the profound meaning of Papal primacy, which is not the negation but the fulfillment of that promise. For, if it be true that Christ in the fulness of His Divine Power disposes of the most varied forms of enlightenment and sanctification, in which He is really with those who confess Him, it is no less certain that He wished to entrust to Peter and to his successors the guidance and government of the Universal Church and the treasures of truth and grace of His work of redemption.

The words of Christ to Peter leave no doubt as to their meaning; that was recognized by West and East in times that can not be questioned and with marvelous harmony. To try to create an opposition between Christ, as Head of the Church, and His Vicar; to see in the affirmation of one the negation of the other, means distorting the clearest and most luminous pages of the Gospel. It means closing one's eyes to the most ancient and venerable testimonies of tradition, and depriving Christendom of that precious heritage, the correct knowledge and appreciation of which, at the moment known only to God and by the light of grace which He alone gives, can instill into the separated brethren the longing to return to their Father's house, and the efficacious will to come back to it.

Every year when, on the eve of the Feast of the Prince of the Apostles, We visit Our patriarchal Vatican Basilica, to implore at the tomb of the first Peter strength to serve the flock committed to Us according to the designs and purposes of the Eternal and Supreme Priest, from the majestic architrave of that lofty temple there appear before our gaze in glittering mosaic the words of power with which Christ manifested His intention of founding the Church on the Rock of Peter. And they remind Us of Our insistent duty to keep intact that incomparable heritage of our divine Redeemer. Then as We see glistening before Us the "Gloria" of Bernini, and above the Chair, held aloft by the giant figures of Ambrose and Augustine, Athanasius and John Chrysostom, behold refulgent and supreme, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, We are deeply conscious of all the sacred character, all the superhuman mission, which the will of Our Lord, with the assistance of the Spirit Whom He promised and sent, has conferred on this central point of the Church of the Living God. "The pillar and ground of truth." (Timothy I, 3-15).

Would that all those who are counted Christians could understand what an unsurpassed field of action would be open to Christianity at the present moment if, in full unity of faith and purpose, they were to dedicate their activity to saving the human family and preparing it for a better future.

Pope Pius XII



BUGS TO BAPTISM

Professor Samuel Stehman Haldeman, professor of natural sciences at the University of Pennsylvania, was once asked what led him to be converted to the Catholic faith.

"Bugs!" he replied. Then observing his questioner's amazement, he continued:

"No matter how tiny the insect, I have found that God Who made it provided one organism that controlled all parts, and kept them working together. I believe that when He was making so big a thing as His Church, He would do as much for it. There is only one Church with such a single controlling organism. That is why I became a Catholic."

* * *

LAY APOSTOLATE

A New York mason contractor named Jerry Donovan was engaged in some work on a church in Mine Creek, South Carolina. Just another routine job — so he thought. But his landlady, a Mrs. Mary Rogers, was so edified by his practical Catholicity and fidelity to his devotions that she began to inquire about the Catholic religion and eventually made her profession of faith. When Mrs. Rogers died a few years ago she left behind her over a hundred direct Catholic descendants. God alone knows how many more there may be in the years to come.

Probably this soldier of Christ named Jerry Donovan never realized what a missionary he was merely by his good example. But the Son of God knew — and knows for us all. Simply living up to the principles of our faith has infinite possibilities before the throne of God.

* * *

CONSOLATION TO THE HOLY FATHER

A light of consolation to His Holiness is the continued and virile demonstration of the true mission spirit throughout the world . . .

The war has wrought much havoc on missions in many parts of the world. Missionary priests, brothers and sisters need imperatively the twofold alms of spiritual and material help. The material structure of the missions in many areas has been demolished. Unusual strain and expense have impoverished foreign mission stations. To take advantage of the great post-war opportunity there will be an urgent demand for many more trained and zealous missionaries, as well as a pressing need for restoring old and building new missionary properties.

Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, New York

The Teresa of the New World



RIGHTLY may our nation glory in its staunch religious past. Rightly may we pride ourselves on being the spiritual sons of heroes and Saints. Were they not such, the valiant founders of the Church in our country? Still, we have to confess a certain indifference in their regard. Have we ever, for instance, pondered over the stirring life-story of a great mystic, Community foundress, enlightened educator, counsellor of governors and clergy? Mother Marie de l'Incarnation was all these. It must be admitted that we are sorely ignorant of the virtues and merits of our saintly ancestors. The result? We neglect having recourse to their intercession. We do not beseech God to glorify His servants. Such is, to our mind, the answer to the query: "Why does not the Church declare them Blessed? Why does she not place the seal of sanctity on Msgr. de Laval, Mother Catherine de St. Augustin, Mother Marguerite Bourgeoys and that noblehearted woman, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, to whom posterity awards the telling title: 'Teresa of the New World'?" We do not pray to them, because we have not brought them into our lives. Let us therefore attempt through the year a brief survey of their lofty virtues. Thus shall we be brought to understand the greatness of their soul and the importance of their mission.

Prayer and Action.—The life of Mother Marie de l'Incarnation strikingly illustrates the intimate harmony that should exist between contemplation and action. "She gives us proof," said His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, O.M.I., "that the spirit of contemplation must penetrate and stimulate all our outward activity."—"She shows," wrote one of her biographers, "that the highest form of contemplation easily adapts itself to the lowliest duties of a state of life, and even the most absorbing temporal concerns. O vessel of perfect love, what fragrance you shed over our everyday existence!"

Marie Guyart—Marie de l'Incarnation's family name—was born at Tours, October 28, 1599. Her parents, Florent Guyart and Jeanne Michelet, were model Christians. As a gift from God they received and welcomed this their first-born child. The earliest years of this child of predilection were marked by the delicate touches of divine grace. Clearly they foretold God's own special designs upon her soul. Her father was determined she should marry. Marie had other aspirations. Finally, believing such to be God's will, she accepted the hand of an excellent young man of Tours, Claude Martin. Joy and sorrow mingled in her married life. But sorrow predominated. Marie suffered. The married state directly opposed her inclinations and aspirations. A selfish and ill-natured mother-in-law continually beset her path with crosses and difficulties.

Still, a ray of joy attended the birth of a son, April 2, 1619. The baby was given its father's name, Claude. In October of the same year death claimed Marie's husband. She was left alone to earn her living and that of her six-months-old child. Harsh financial difficulties and nameless humiliations followed for the young widow. Her husband's sudden death had not permitted his settling with exacting creditors. This she tried to do as favorably as possible. Then she took charge of a transport business owned by her brother-in-law. There we find her until 1631, time when she entered the Ursuline Monastery.

First Mystical Graces.—During these years of unrelenting toil, Marie was gradually led to mystical heights. God favored her with extraordinary graces, even in the midst of the most engrossing occupations.

Full often the twelve strokes of midnight found her on the wharfs of the Loire. There she directed the loading or the unloading of goods. Those who saw her daily in the thick of merchants' hubbub would have been astounded had someone told them Marie Guyart was "plunged in the Divine Majesty." Once, for instance, she was granted the impression of the Most Blessed Trinity, and ascertained that



VENERABLE MOTHER
MARIE DE L'INCARNATION
FOUNDESS OF THE URSULINES IN CANADA,
THE TERESA OF THE NEW WORLD.

what she had "experienced" was in accordance with the faith of the Church. Later on she "experienced" that the Holy Spirit espoused her to the Eternal Word.

A few choice graces marked this mystical ascent which began in March, 1620: the following year, the gift of contemplation; in 1624, the gift of peace; in 1625, a vision wherein the Heart of Mary appeared to her enshrined within the Heart of Christ. All these supernatural visitations had as crowning graces two manifestations of the Blessed Trinity, one in 1625 and the other in 1629.

Courageous Mother.— This interior activity was to sustain Marie in the heavy trials God had in store for her. After her husband's death she again heard the persuasive inner voice that had seemed to beckon her to evangelical perfection before her marriage. Every time she passed in front of the Ursuline Monastery that interior call made itself felt.

Still she hesitated. Young Claude had barely reached his twelfth year. Did God really require that she leave him alone? To whom should he be entrusted? What would become of him? Would his precious soul pass unsullied through the world and its perils? Still more pressing grew the inward voice. "Enter the Ursuline Monastery. I shall take your son under My care. It is I, Love, who am speaking to you." Marie's vocation appeared to her unmistakably clear. Steeling her heart against her son's tears and entreaties, she entered the Monastery of Tours, January 25, 1631.

The Nun.— As a Ursuline nun, Marie de l'Incarnation experienced as painful a spiritual motherhood. Named Sub-Mistress of Novices, she sought to fire her charges with the Love consuming her own soul. From an interior life of superhuman intensity sprang her unabatable ardor in giving and spending herself. Simple Novice as yet, Marie was favored in March, 1631, with a third manifestation of the Most Blessed Trinity. God revealed Himself to her in the unity of His essence and the beauty of His Persons, and took complete possession of her soul. Then followed years of purification in the crucible of temptation and spiritual aridity. At this period she received as well a heavenly communication enlightening her on the indispensable mediation of the Heart of Jesus. "I then experienced," she later wrote, "an emanation and a divine ray in my soul, and I heard these words: 'Ask of Me through the Heart of Jesus, My most loving Son.'"

Not in France, however, but in Canada, was Marie de l'Incarnation to lavish the treasures of her life of union with God. She had crossed over with the intention of implanting the Ursulines in our country. A thousand cares and hardships harassed the Community foundress. She had to raise up from its ruins the Monastery destroyed by the fire of 1650. Novice Mistress, Marie de l'Incarnation was charged with leading in interior ways the choice souls looking to her for guidance. Superioress, she had to direct the apostolic efforts of her spiritual daughters. Hers was also the task of adapting to the new order of things the educational code which has made the Ursuline Nuns teachers of the highest standard. Upon her devolved the arduous duty of binding in fraternal union members come from different monasteries. Wearying and delicate an undertaking—so many venerable traditions exacted deference and respect.

The Counsellor.— Activity within the Monastery did not suffice to the energetic foundress. There we find her, doubtless against her will, become the counsellor of

all. One of her biographers writes: "Ten times a day, whatever her proper function, she might be called to the parlor. People appreciated her clear-sightedness, her open and fearless manner of dealing with the most intricate situations. Not only for food supplies, alms, constructions, accounts and the treasury had she to write countless letters and sign notes every summer. Governors and settlers alike consulted her on all the important affairs of the country.

On the Heights.—During these years of intense outward exertion, Marie de l'Incarnation attained to the heights of contemplation. She was introduced into that supreme union with the Trinity she has attempted to describe in her writings.

"The state I now experience relating to the above-quoted passage, is an extraordinary light on the ways of the Spirit of the adorable Incarnate Word, which I experience with great purity and certainty, to be objective Love intimately united to my spirit and uniting it in like manner with His; and I feel that all He has said is spirit and life within me. Especially does my soul feel that, intimately united with Him, it is in the same manner united with the Eternal Father and the Holy Spirit, conceiving by this impression the truth and certainty of the words of our adorable Lord and Master to His Apostles in His last discourse with them, and in His prayer to His divine Father; for, to St. Philip who asked to see the Father, He answered: "Philip, he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also. How sayest thou, Show us the Father? Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?"

On April 30, 1672, God called to her eternal reward His faithful servant, the "Teresa of the New World". To this day Catholic Canada has given her the reverence due a divinely elected soul and a great mystic.

Emile GERVAIS, S. J.

Honoring the Sign of the Cross

Let me tell you how Black Hawk and his men showed their reverence for one who spoke to God in prayer.

Long years ago when a missionary Blackrobe came to teach these Indians about God, they still knew very little of the Great Spirit whom they regarded as God.

Once they invited the Blackrobe to have dinner with them. Before and after eating he prayed. They asked the Blackrobe what he was doing. He told them he was speaking to the Great Spirit and thanking Him for the gift of food. And do you know what happened then? They asked him to sit on a big, beautiful buffalo robe. The Blackrobe thought they were going to smoke the peace pipe and so he squatted down in Indian fashion. Then twelve big braves, dressed in their finest robes, picked up the ends of the buffalo skin and carried him to the tepee of Black Hawk, the chief. There he was given the place of honor, and Black Hawk greeted him saying, "Today is the happiest day of my life. It is the first time we see such a great man who can talk to the Great Spirit." The Blackrobe did not know what to make of this. He was so surprised. Then Black Hawk said, "Talk to the Great Spirit again." Thereupon the Blackrobe made the Sign of the Cross, and all the warriors raised their hands to heaven and then bent forward and touched the ground. Black Hawk then explained that by this they meant to honor the Great Spirit without whom they were nothing and could do nothing.

Just see how the Indians honored a man who spoke to the Great Spirit. They thought that was some very special privilege. And yet our Faith teaches us that God loves to listen to our prayers any time we wish to turn to Him.

SISTER LEONORE, S. Sp. S. in the *Little Missionary*



"Jack, why doesn't your dad go to Mass on Sundays?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Did you hear what Brother said about people who miss Sunday Mass when they can easily attend?"

"Yes, Eddie. He said it was a mortal sin. And Daddy never goes. Maybe that's why Mummie cries so often, too. Every night when I say my prayers she whispers, 'Don't forget Daddy, Jack.'"

"Well, perhaps he can't go to church after all. What does he do on Sundays?"

"Oh, when Grandpa, Mummie and I came home yesterday he was out working in the garden. Mummie didn't say a word, but I looked up in her eyes and saw tears. Grandpa spoke under his breath, but I didn't understand. I had to brace up or I would have cried too."

"Jack, you tell your dad it's a sin to miss Sunday Mass. Perhaps he doesn't know it."

"Member, Eddie, when you and I made our First Communion I coaxed Daddy to come and receive Jesus with Mummie and me, and he wouldn't. That's the only thing I ever asked him and didn't get. I love Daddy. He's a great pal, you know. Gives me money, sweets, and everything. But Mummie's so sad sometimes and —" Jack manfully swallowed a hard lump in his throat.

"Does he say his prayers?" queried sympathetic Eddie.

"I never see him pray —"

"Maybe it's because he's a sinner," broke in Eddie. "We could convert him."

"You mean it, Eddie? How?" Jack's voice grew hopeful again.

"I don't know... Oh, I've an idea! You know I have an aunt in the convent. She came over to our place last week and gave us medals. 'Miraculous', she called them. I'll lend you mine, Jack, only be sure to give it back to me."

"What'll I do with it?" Jack looked puzzled.

"Try to give it to your dad, and — and Our Blessed Mother will make a miracle. What do you say?"

"Sure, I'll try!" replied Jack with enthusiasm.

"Auntie said we had to pray Our Blessed Mother, too, besides wearing the medal," confided the young nephew.

"We could say a prayer right away, couldn't we?" asked Jack eagerly.

"All right!" and kneeling down, the two boys with hands joined and faces solemn whispered a few Hail Marys to their dear Mother in Heaven, adding a dozen or so invocations Brother had taught them at school.

* * *

"Hello, Daddy. I'd like to know what's written on this."

Mr. Woods turned around with a cheery smile for his sturdy son. "Oh, a medal," and his face clouded. "Don't you see I'm busy, Jack? Ask Mummie." So saying he plunged again in a long list of figures.

"But it'll take you just a second, Daddy."

"A man like you ought to be able to read that!" his father returned gruffly.

"But the letters are so very small. Look . . ."



*Hello, Daddy. I'd like to know
what's written on this.*

In a bound Jack had climbed on his father's knees. His bright brown eyes searched Daddy's troubled face.

"Daddy dear, won't you read what's written all around the medal?"

Daddy couldn't resist any longer. He took the medal in his hand.

"Just look at the picture of Our Blessed Mother," beamed Jack. "All those graces she is waiting to shower on us."

Mr. Woods tried to remain indifferent. Casually he read: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Don't read so fast, Daddy. Try again, and slowly this time," ventured the boy.

"What's the big idea, Jack? Do you think I have any time to lose? Oh, well — O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"What does this mean anyway?" muttered Mr. Woods to himself. "That youngster is getting the better of me with his prayer." He laid a powerful grasp on the chubby hands clasped tightly round his neck. "Run off, Sonny. I'm busy just now."

Jack's face fell. But it was only for a brief moment. A bright idea surged up in his mind. He strengthened his hold on his beloved dad's neck and placed a warm kiss on his withered cheek. "Dad, want me to read with you this time? Honest, I'll run off after. O Mary, conceived —"

Reluctantly Mr. Woods took the precious little image Jack was offering him. Together Dad and Sonny said the prayer, while both looked at the sweet picture of the heavenly Mother.

"— who have recourse to thee!" Jack leapt out of his father's arms at the last words.

"Oh! I'm so glad now. I'll get it surely."

"Get what?"

"My miracle!"

"Your miracle? What do you mean?"

"Eddie lent me this medal, Daddy. He said it was miraculous and could convert sinners. His aunt gave it to him, saying many sinners had been converted after reciting this prayer three times."

"And so I am a sinner?"

"Eddie and I have been thinking you must be, because you never go to Mass. We wanted to convert you, so we could meet you again in Heaven. Daddy, are you converted now?"

Mr. Woods remained strangely speechless. Two hot tears trickled down his flaming cheeks.

"It's all right, Jack," he blurted out at last, clasping the dear little fellow to his heart. "Now run along!"

Clapping his hands in delight, Jack exclaimed: "Oh, yes, now I'll run along, precious Daddy, and tell Eddie all about the miracle!"

For a moment Mr. Woods watched his dear young son running briskly off. Then he tried to settle down to the list of figures again. But his conscience protested. A powerful and irresistible grace had struck its inmost depths.

"Ah, those little ones!" he mumbled to himself, pacing the room in agitation. "They see everything. You can't keep any secrets from them. Jack asks me whether I am a sinner. Yes, a miserable sinner unworthy of being the parent of a sweet, lovable child like him. I have sacrificed my soul to vainglory, to paltry dollars. And am I any happier? . . . No! always that shame and remorse gnawing at my heart. And my dear wife, my gentle Alice, has been suffering me so patiently and silently all these last years! How many times I have surprised her weeping over her wayward husband! No, happiness is not purchased with wealth. I was happy before enrolling in this cursed sect. True, I bring in a much higher salary — but at what price! I have had to trample underfoot my most sacred duties. Yes, a miserable sinner offending God every day of my life . . . lost for all eternity . . . lost!"

Nervously he grasped a chair and dropped into it. Burying his face in his hands, he remained a long while deeply absorbed in his thoughts. When he arose at last his features had resumed their serene expression.

"I'm through with all this! Not later than tomorrow I'm breaking up with this blamed sect and making my peace with God. I'll prove worthy again of my devoted wife's faith and love. Jack will find a dutiful father in me."

Suddenly his tranquil brow darkened. Apprehension, fear, doubt, endless pretexts assailed him and strove to down his courage. The enemy of souls, loath to lose an easy prey, was playing his last trump card.

"Oh, this is terrible!" murmured Mr. Woods. "I can't pray — have forgotten how. O my God, help me!"

For one dread moment his spirits seemed on the brink of faltering. But victory was at hand, for the Mother of mercy, powerful as an army in battle array, was coming to the aid of the soul that had been redeemed by her divine Son.

Through tear-blinded eyes, Mr. Woods saw the image of the miraculous medal his own little lad had shown him a while ago. So gentle, so penetrating the gaze of the tender Mother of God, that the shamefaced culprit felt compelled to kneel before her. Fervently, faithfully he repeated the invocation cherished by children of Our Blessed Lady the world over: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

At the first words of the potent supplication, Satan beaten out of his quarters retreated, leaving his prey under the loving protection of his immortal Enemy, she who crushed the wily serpent's haughty head and whose very name spells terror for hell, she whom we never invoke in vain, Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God, the Queen of mercy and love.

"Now you see I was right about the miracle, Daddy!" a clear carefree youngster's voice made music in the mellow October evening. Mummie and Jack were going to church for the Rosary devotions and — Daddy was accompanying them!

"Yes, thanks to that medal, you rascal!" laughed the fond father. And too low for the lad to hear he added, "I have found my God again."

In the celestial courts that evening of Mary's own dedicated Rosary month the angelic hosts rejoiced and glorified their Queen, through whom another sinner had been brought back to his Lord, another straying sheep had been led safely again into the welcoming arms of the all-loving Shepherd.

WHAT IS HOME ?

What should be the true meaning of a *home*? It should be the centre where the family gather into one; within its walls love should find a dwelling-place; there parents and children should fully share their joys and confidences; there the great work of training human beings for the duties of the present life and the perfection of another should be begun and carried on. If not there, where? These are the true ends of a human dwelling. This is *home*.

Channing

CAUSE OF CANONIZATION ADVANCING

The two miracles required for the progress of the cause of canonization of Blessed Catherine Labouré were examined on July 17 in a session of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Verde, promoter of the cause.

Mary's Miraculous Medal

(Feast on November 27)



LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, in 1830, Our Blessed Lady appeared to a Novice in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity, at 140 Rue du Bac, Paris. Already this humble Sister had been privileged to receive celestial visitations. That particular November evening of 1830, as Sister Labouré afterwards related, the Blessed Virgin was standing on a globe. Her hands which were on a level with her waist, held another globe. Her eyes were raised to Heaven, and she was offering the globe to Our Lord.

"Suddenly," relates Sister Labouré, "her fingers were covered with rings and beautiful precious stones. Rays of dazzling light darted out of them, and the whole of her figure

was enveloped in such radiance that her feet and dress were no longer visible."

As the meek and unassuming Novice was busy contemplating her, the Blessed Virgin fixed her eyes upon Sister Labouré, who heard an interior voice saying:

"*This globe which you see represents the world, especially France, and each person in particular.*" Then the Blessed Virgin added: "*Behold the symbol of the graces which I will bestow upon all those who ask for them.*"

"After a while," continues Sister Labouré, "a sort of oval frame surrounded the Blessed Virgin on which were written in gold letters these words: 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.' Mary lowered her hands, laden with the graces symbolized by the rays, and outstretched them in the gracious attitude reproduced on the medal. Then a voice said to me: 'Get a medal struck after this model; those who wear it when it is blessed will receive great graces, especially if they wear it round the neck; graces will be abundant for those who have confidence.'

"At the same instant the oval frame seemed to turn round. Then I saw on the back of it the letter M, surmounted by a cross, with a crossbar beneath it, and under the monogram of the name of Mary, the holy Hearts of Jesus and of His Mother, the first surrounded by a crown of thorns and the second transpierced by a sword."

On June 30, 1832 the first medals were struck, with the approval of Msgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris. They quickly winged their way through the whole world, affording bodily relief and protecting souls against the onslaughts of hell.

This little medal has been instrumental in obtaining so many remarkable favors the world over that it has come to be termed "Miraculous".

Wearers of the Miraculous Medal, have we ever stopped to ponder over its touching beauty and practical lessons?

The engraving bears the image of Mary Immaculate, all fair and all-merciful, her blessed hands whence issue countless rays, symbolizing, after her own revelation, the treasures of graces she strews on all who pray to her. But how shall we pray? Our Blessed Mother has taught us the secret of obtaining all we wish for: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Turn the medal on the other side," Mary seems to be telling us. "There you will learn what good works should accompany your faith and prayer: *charity, penance, mortification*, implied in the two hearts and the cross; *apostolic zeal*, figured by the stars. There is no writing on this side. 'The M and the two hearts speak plainly enough,' have I said to my devoted servant."

The Feast of the Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin Mary under the title of the Miraculous Medal is observed on November 27.

The Miraculous Medal is a heavenly gift, for Mary herself has given it to her earthly children. Just as we honor our mothers by cherishing something that reminds us of them, so we honor Our Blessed Mother by wearing the almighty armor she has given us and praying to her as God's chosen maid, "conceived without sin".



Mother's Answer

'Mummie!' — "Yes, my little lad!"
"Guess I should be mighty glad
Having dad and home and you!
Tell me, Mummie, is it true
What these mission stories say,
That in countries far away
Boys and girls not older'n me
Do not live so happily?"

"Very true, my boy." — "But why?"
"If they're left alone to die,
Thrown in ditches, fields or streams,
'Tis because their dad ne'er dreams
That their feeble bodies hide
An immortal soul inside.
Never has he heard the plea:
'Let the children come to Me.'"

*"But then, Mummie, when they die,
Will they go to God on high?
Will they join the Angel bands,
All these tots of pagan lands?"
"Sonny, never!" — "Tell me, why?"
"Since the streams that purify
Never cleansed their soul of sin.
Only pure souls enter in."*

*"Mummie, then they'll never see
God's own Angels? Where'll they be?"
"In a place of joy and rest."
"Mummie, Heaven would be best!
Don't the priests and Sisters go
Over to those lands?" — "E'en so,
Still so small's their number, son,
That some tasks are left undone."*

*Pagan souls are waiting, too,
Ready for the Saving Dew,
Longing for the Gospel light,
Yearning, dying in the night."
"Mummie darling!" — "Yes, my lad!"
"Do you thing my precious dad
Would say, 'Surely, son, go East,'
To his future mission priest?"*

*Mother closed her gentle eyes.
When they opened — O surprise!
Shone in them a pearly tear.
"Mummie, will you answer, dear?
Tell me, when the call will come,
Will you let me go, sweet one?"
Shone a tear — through smiling eye,
"With our blessing, Dad and I!"*

The Redaction

A Missionary Sister's Day

(Continued)



CESS follows, when merry laughter and lively chatter tell of happiness and fraternal love among the inmates of the orphanage. Lessons in singing or in drawing are given according to the school schedule, and then Sister Directress takes charge, while our missionary hastens to join the Community for evening meditation in the chapel.

Like the spouse returning home, she kneels before her Beloved to offer Him the joys, deeds and sacrifices of the day as a sweet love gift. Thus the intimate converse goes on for a quarter of an hour all too soon elapsed. Then meditation is continued on the Passion of our Savior by the Way of the Cross. The contemplation of that adorable Heart pierced and wounded for the salvation of mankind kindles in her soul an unquenchable thirst for labors and sufferings whereby she may help in the spreading of God's Kingdom upon earth.

The soothing notes of the *Angelus* are now borne upon the balmy evening air. How consoling to unite with millions of hearts all over the earth to salute the heavenly Queen by the age-old antiphon, "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*". From her throne above our dear Lady seems to smile down upon her children and in a motherly gesture bid them as one great family gather for the evening spiritual repast.

From the chapel Sister wends her way to the children's refectory. Ruddy-cheeked youthful guests are already eyeing with interest the steaming wooden casks filled with rice. Little heads reverently bow while the tables are blessed, and then chopsticks fly in and out of heaped rice bowls, while sly glances are cast in the direction of the wooden casks, to see whether a second helping will be forthcoming.

While feeding their wards the missionaries give thanks to the Father in Heaven, who ever provides for these poor abandoned waifs in such a wonderful way. O adorable, O tender Providence of God, how shall we ever be grateful enough for thy loving care!

When healthy appetites have been duly satisfied, Grace is piously recited, and willing little hands busy themselves clearing away dishes and doing other household chores, while Sister goes to the refectory for her own refecton.

She sits with a few other Sisters whose office, like her own, keeps them from the community repast, and listens to the spiritual reading which nourishes the soul while the body is being fed.

The convent bell now calls the inmates to evening recreation and Sister returns to the children's quarters, where her winsome charges are awaiting her. Merry games are played and entrancing tales are told, until once again the bell summons to other duties. In the peaceful twilight, feathered choristers are singing the praises of the Creator. The sun is slowly sinking

in a glory of crimson and gold, and presently the shadows of night spread over the world.

Little limbs are weary and the Sandman is beginning his rounds. Time for children to slip into the Land of Nod. Before setting out for that pleasant Land, however, all enter into the chapel for the evening greeting to their Father in Heaven.

Then to the dormitory, where Guardian Angels are waiting to keep watch and ward during the night over the slumbers of children dear to the Lord.

After having tucked snugly each sleeper in its cosy cot, Sister, leaving the dormitory in charge of a faithful helper, proceeds to the community room for spiritual reading. The blessed words on religious life seem like a refreshing dew to her soul filled with the ardent desire of perfection.

Another call of the convent bell, and in the fast gathering shadows the Community kneels round the altar for evening prayers. The Brides of Christ confide to His Sacred Heart all the works, joys and sorrows of still another day spent for His glory and the salvation of souls. His blessing is called down upon the night's sleep, when loving hearts will watch while tired limbs rest.

The touching melody of the *Salve Regina* seems like an echo of angelic songs above. How sweetly smiles upon their exile the Queen of Missionaries, at this the last hour of the busy day! Before retiring Sister leaves in spirit her heart beside the tabernacle, in order that its work of love and praise may go on uninterruptedly in her own name and in that of all creatures.

In the dormitory, at the pealing of the nine o'clock bell, promptly she kneels beside her bed and with her companions recites an Act of Humility, afterwards kissing the floor, thus acknowledging her nothingness before the God of infinite majesty. Another quarter of an hour. All lights are extinguished and the solemn silence of the night sets in.

Before drifting off into peaceful slumber, however, she offers anew her heart to God, asks the blessing of Mary Immaculate and fervently kissing the light wooden cross laid away this morning under her pillow, murmurs the prayer which was Jesus' last on the Cross of Calvary: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

In the gladness of her heart our young Missionary Sister cannot but recollect with deepest gratitude God's precious gifts to her today. "What overwhelming happiness was mine today, dear Lord! Seven precious immortal souls safely ushered into the Abode of eternal bliss and light! Seven souls who will sing forevermore the praises of God and of His Immaculate Mother! Oh, what a joy to be a missionary! Would that it were given me to pour oftener still the blessed waters of Baptism on dying brows! But then, O Jesus, Your divine will is best. Whatever work You may call me to do, I can always help in the saving of souls by prayer and sacrifice. Give me but the grace to serve You well and ever to keep in close union with Your adorable Heart. Thus I shall surely become mother to numberless souls." Sister's eyes softly close in sleep upon this fervent Act of Love, which her Guardian Angel pens to her account within the Book of Life.

Our Missionary Sister's day is done. What will the morrow bring? Casting aside all idle previsions, she fondly trusts in God's tender Providence. Not in vain has she given up everything for His sake — country, parents and friends. The promised hundredfold He royally gives, and with wholehearted devotedness she spends her life for the furthering of His interests on earth and for the salvation of souls. In that sense all her days are alike, whether they be filled with unlooked-for events or with humble humdrum duties. Always they are busy days, for in mission lands work abounds and laborers are few.

Dear Jesus, we beg of You to send many devoted laborers, hearts afire with zeal, into the harvest fields of the world, in order that soon there may be but One Fold under the crook of One Shepherd!

(The end)

The Field of Catholic Action

Pope Pius X has given us a very definite notion of what this Action should be: "Its purpose is the righteous and lawful strife for the abolition of anti-Christian civilization, and the intelligent healing of the grave disorders that have sprung from it. Catholic Action aims at the recognition of Christ in family, school and society; at the re-establishment of the principle that God has delegated His supreme rights to men constituted in authority. Again, Catholic Action embodies the wholehearted furthering of the interests of society and especially of the laboring and agricultural classes, not solely by instilling religious principles, primary and only source of comfort in anguish, but by endeavoring to wipe away tears, to alleviate sorrow, to improve economical conditions, with prudence, however, so that temporal betterment will in no wise compromise eternal well-being. Moreover, Catholic Action implies discerning exertion towards the promulgation of public laws in conformity with justice and the suppression of such as are not; the upholding and defense, in a truly Catholic spirit, of the inalienable rights of God and the equally sacred rights of the Church.

Widely embracing indeed is this enumeration; nor is it exclusive or exhaustive. It is precisely the reunion of all these works, upheld and promoted by the Catholic laity, works the conception of which varies according to the needs of each individual nation and the particular circumstances of each country, that constitutes what we designate by the special and certainly most laudable term of Catholic Action or the Action of Catholics. Always it has seconded the efforts of the Church and always the Church has favorably regarded and affectionately blessed it, in all its divers phases throughout the years.

MISSION-MINDED

The Catholic who is not a sharer in mission activity is not a full-grown Catholic. He is a stunted member of the Body of Christ. Our Lord inaugurated the missionary plan of His Kingdom, and everyone who belongs to Him must be a missionary according to his place in the Church. Every Catholic must be mission-minded because every Catholic must be Christ-minded. To have the mind of Christ means to desire and to labor for the salvation of the world. Charity does indeed begin at home. But the Catholic's home is in the Church.

Rev. Father Ed. MURPHY, S. J.

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Continued)



She yearns after the vocation to the priesthood. "With what love, my Jesus, would I bear Thee in my hand when my words brought Thee down from Heaven! With what love, too, would I give Thee to the faithful!" And yet, with all her longing to be a priest, she admires and envies the humility of St. Francis of Assisi and feels herself "drawn to imitate him by refusing that sublime dignity."

This is her ardent longing: "Like the prophets and doctors, I would be a light unto souls." She goes further still and, although living the life of a recluse, exclaims: "I would travel the world over to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and raise on heathen soil the glorious standard of the Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would spread the Gospel in all parts of the earth, even to the farthest isles. I would be a missionary, but not for a few years only. Were it possible, I should wish to have been one from the world's creation and to remain one till the end of time."

Voluntarily confined within cloistered walls, doomed by a relentless malady to be "gathered in her springtime," Therese yet feels welling up within her the unconquerable desire of being everywhere and always Jesus' missionary. Her heart going through the wine-press of love craves the salvation of souls and dreams of martyrdom. "The greatest of my desires is to win the martyr's palm. Martyrdom was the dream of my youth, and the dream has only grown more vivid in Carmel's narrow cell. Yet this too is folly, since to slake my thirst for suffering, not one, but every kind of torture would be needful."

Therese, in the richness of her soul and the wonderful power of her love, knows aspirations seemingly at variance with one another. They form the woof and warp of her entire life and these passionate longings prove "the most grievous of all martyrdoms."

Turning to Holy Writ, she seeks therein alleviation to her torment and means of realizing her desires. But the folly of her countless aspirations is brought home to her while perusing the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. "There I read that all cannot become apostles, prophets, and doctors; that the Church is composed of different members; that the eye cannot also be the hand." The answer is clear but it neither satisfies her longing nor brings her the peace she seeks. Is there no exception to this rule? Therese reads on. "*Be zealous for the better gifts. And I show you a yet more excellent way.*" (1 Cor. XII, 31.) She understands how all the better

gifts are nothing without Love, and that Charity is the most excellent way of going in safety to God.

Then beside herself with joy she bursts forth: "O Jesus, my Love, my vocation is found at last — *my vocation is love!*" In the Mystical Body of Holy Mother Church among whose members she had never been able to recognize herself, because in her eagerness to be everything and everywhere she could never rest satisfied, she has at last discovered the noblest of all organs. And now she wishes to fulfill its functions. "In the heart of the Church, my Mother, *I will be Love!*..."

She remembers that "the least act of pure love is of more value to the Church than all other works together," and finds relief at last to the yearnings of her heart by spending herself for the universal needs of all. Her own loving heart-beats will quicken those of Holy Mother Church. Through her oblation as victim of love she will vivify the Church's life stream. She will act through every member of the Church, because, "love alone imparts life to all the members, so that should love ever fail, apostles would no longer preach the Gospel and martyrs would refuse to shed their blood. Love includes every vocation, love is all things, love is eternal, reaching down through the ages and stretching to the uttermost limits of earth."

Love will transform Therese here below and make her "apostle of the apostles," according to her ardent wish. She loves God for all those who are in the strife. She knows that by little acts of charity practised in the shade one can save souls, help missionaries and erect spiritual and material dwellings to Jesus. Love, the same powerful love, will render her a "true daughter of the Church," whose anxieties become her own. Love it is again that bids her exult, suffer, strew fragrant blossoms. "The Church Triumphant," she writes, "stooping towards her child, will gather up these scattered rose-leaves, and will shower them on the Church Suffering to extinguish the flames, and on the Church Militant to make her triumph."

To all evidence, love is consuming and devouring its prey. God takes at her own word she who had offered herself as a victim of love. Therese becomes a holocaust. "I am utterly exhausted!" she admits one day, but forthwith she adds with longing ardor: "I have no regret for having surrendered myself to Love." She also reflects: "All my smallest desires have been realized... Then the greatest of all, to die of love must be realized also..." This greatest of all her desires is to be granted her and it will be given her to die upon the Cross. A few moments before her death she exclaims: "Ah! I do not wish to suffer less," and with a loving glance at her crucifix, "Oh!... I love Him!... My God, I... love... Thee!" In answer to her petition, "the divine Eagle has swooped down upon her, bearing her away to the source of all Love." Prayer, love and sacrifice, in the hidden life of the cloister, these were Therese's missionary activities and her very personal response to the apostolic calling.

Was this response at all practical? Let us ponder over its results. Therese has conquered the world. Far from having been hampered by death, her missionary activity has been heightened instead, and even the remotest parts of the earth have felt her blessed influence. For over forty

years she has wrought in every clime the salvation of numberless souls. Of this wonderful activity she seems to have had a premonition when she said: "I feel that my mission is soon to begin — to make others love God as I love Him . . . to teach souls my *little way*. I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth. This is not impossible, for the Angels keep watch over us while they enjoy the Beatific Vision. No, there cannot be any rest for me till the end of the world — till the Angel shall have said: '*Time is no more.*' Then I shall take my rest, then I shall be able to rejoice, because the number of the elect will be complete."

(To be continued)

Pope Pius XI in India?

Everyone knows what lively interest Pope Pius XI bore foreign mission apostolate. Has he not been commonly called the *Pope of the Missions*?

But that Pope Pius XI should have gone personally to convert pagans in their own native country, is something extraordinary.

In 1928, *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, had published a very singular letter from Father Maschio, Salesian Missionary of Dom Bosco in Assam, to the north of India close to the towering Himalayas.

A few years later, in a visit he made to Turin, Msgr. Mathias, Prefect Apostolic of that very section, confirmed the same strange fact in these terms.

"We were at Shillong, capital of the province and seat of the prefecture. One Sunday on coming out of the church a poor woman who had just heard High Mass drew near Father Vendrame.

"'Father,' she said, 'I should like to be instructed in the Faith and be baptized.'

"Our confrere eyed the newcomer. A poor old white-haired woman with dusty clothes and weary face. She seemed to have covered a long distance on foot. Moreover, the dialect she spoke was not that of Shillong. Nor was it any of the varied dialects of the province — of which there are not less than 167.

"'But,' asked Father, 'you do not seem to be from any neighboring village?'

"'Oh no!' replied the old lady, 'I have come a long way!'

"She named a section to the east, in the province of Jaintia, many kilometres away from our Mission — a section which we had never been able to reach and as yet wholly Protestant.

"'But you have no Catholic missionaries over there!' insisted Father. 'Who in the world put this notion about getting baptized into your head?'

"'A man dressed in white like you.'

"So far nothing extraordinary. In Assam, as in the whole of India, where the heat is extreme, missionaries wear white cassocks. Our nearest Catholic post is Jowai. Father Tomé, surmised Father Vendrame, might have staked his tent farther inland.

"'Good!' the priest continued. 'But there must have been some misunderstanding. I am sure the missionary didn't tell you to come here for instructions. Didn't he say Jowai? Perhaps you didn't understand.'

"'Yes, yes, he told me to come to Shillong. Or else I surely wouldn't have done so. It's so very far . . .'

"'But tell me, did that missionary you saw dressed in white have a long beard? Did he look young?'

" 'No, Father. He had no beard and I think he must have been very old. He also wore glasses, as some of you do.'

"Our confrere was nonplussed. Old, beardless, spectacled — that hardly answered his description of Father Tomé or of the missionary stationed at the neighboring post of Raliang. And no Salesian missionary of the prefecture as well.

" 'Your old man with glasses must be a Protestant missionary, my good lady. He couldn't have been wearing a cassock.'

" 'Yes, Father, he did have a cassock and — but I'm not the only one who saw him. He also appeared in dreams to several other women in my section. They were groping about in the darkness and couldn't find a way out. He came up to them, holding a lighted torch in his hand and invited them to follow, saying: 'If you wish to be really happy and walk in the right path, you must ask for Baptism and become Catholic.'

"Bewildered, our confrere led the old woman to the Sisters, asking them to see to her.

"In the afternoon he called again for his prospective convert. He would write her name down at least, and perhaps begin a first lesson in the doctrine. But hardly had good old Grannie crossed the threshold, when he saw her gazing in ecstatic wonder at the enlarged photo hanging on the wall right in front of the entrance.

" 'The missionary!' she exclaimed, 'It was he! The old man with glasses, there he is! Oh, I know him well! And you know him too, Father.'

"The photo beneath which Father Vendrame stood was that of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, gloriously reigning."

From the French in *Jeunesse et Missions*

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do — any kindness that I can show to any human being — let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it; for I shall not pass this way again.

A. B. Hegeman

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.....	\$176.04
July-August.....	70.50
September-October.....	34.00

All offerings for this Burse will be received with sincerest 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)



FROM that moment we resolved to live in our boat among the reeds, now in one place, now in another. A faithful and devoted young Christian came every day, on the pretext of going fishing to bring us food. Our life as sea-birds went on for some weeks, when we found that we were again discovered and watched. So we were compelled to separate, and to seek shelter in different houses. I returned to my old district and lived for three weeks in the house of a catechist, but amid continual alarms.

I then took lodgings at Bût-Dông, in a convent, where I still remain. This village is half Christian, half pagan; and in case of alarm I have promised not to leave it, but to hide in a cavern which has been prepared for me. Fr. Saiget, who had been imprisoned for three months in a dark place, escaped through a hole in the roof, and has been able to come and join me. Just now we are enjoying a certain tranquillity. The nuns have given up their own room, which is large enough for us to walk six or seven steps, and two of our catechists are with us. So we study Chinese together to occupy time. But the spies of the mandarins surround us, and the poor nuns are in continual terror. There are sixteen of them and they take turns watching day and night. On the other hand, it is an immense consolation for them to have the Sacraments, and we strive to console and strengthen them to the utmost of our power.

"We are in daily expectation of peace. A French squadron arrived at Touranne on the 1st of September, and three thousand soldiers are camped on the shore. As soon as their arrival was known, there was great rejoicing among pagans as well as Christians, for the pagans hate the reigning dynasty and attribute all the misfortunes of late years to the bad conduct of the king, who thinks of nothing but pleasure, and neglecting his people, gives them up to the oppression and rapacity of mandarins. Many say, 'The cruelties against the Christians have brought down the vengeance of the gods on this dynasty. The Europeans come to deliver them, which is just and fair.' The appearance of a comet has strengthened the popular belief in the approaching dissolution of the Government. Such phenomena are always a sign of war to a superstitious people. A revolt has been organized, and waits only for the reported success of the French troops to lift its standard from one end of the country to the other. Strangely enough, although the French squadron has been for three months and a half in Cochin-China, we have heard nothing."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE CAVES

"I have just heard that six more of our Christians have won the martyr's palm. Four were priests. One of our young students — of a noble family—

who had had the misfortune to apostatize under torture, overwhelmed with remorse, gave himself up again into the hands of the cruel mandarin of Nam Dinh, who, in his fury, had him crushed to death under elephants' feet. Bishop Jeantet says he was quite a little fellow, and in one of the youngest classes. He adds, 'Our older students were superhuman in faith and fortitude. One of them, covered with blood, said, smiling, to the torturers, 'Your pincers and scourges are nothing to us; try something else!'

"Fr. Legrand de la Lyraie, one of our missionaries in the eastern district, writes for Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who commands the French squadron in the Chinese waters, imploring us to seek refuge on board his French steamer until the necessary measures are taken by the French army to deliver the Annamite Christians from oppression. The admiral is excessively alarmed at the dangers with which we are threatened, and wished to put our lives out of the reach of the persecutors. Unfortunately, his proposal is impossible to us poor missionaries of the western district; we are too far from the sea, and journeying in the country is too perilous to be attempted. I have answered Fr. Legrand's kind letter and enclose this one in his, although there is fear that they will not reach their destination. I pray the Holy Angels to guard and conduct in peace the two devoted women who will be the bearers of my epistles! Women are our letter-carriers everywhere and manage it much better and with greater facility than men. Adieu."

This letter was dated December 21, 1858, and reached its destination in March, 1859, God having watched over the faithful messengers, so that they reached the French squadron at Touranne in safety. In July, 1859, similar letters were despatched by our missionary, but they were intercepted and never touched the soil of France. It was not till March, 1860, that Theophane again put pen to paper. But already his father had gone to announce in Heaven the coming of his son. His three children, grouped around the bed, had implored his benediction, and Mélanie, faithful to her promise, held before her father's dying eyes the portrait of his absent one. "Dearest father, Theophane is also here; you must bless him with us." The poor father gave a deep sigh, and murmured faintly, "Ah, that dear child! where is he?" . . . Then, gathering all his strength, and raising himself in his bed, he exclaimed, "Dear children, receive this, the last blessing of your father, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." His uplifted hand fell heavily back on the bed. Then he looked upwards with a fixed expression for some minutes, and those around him felt that he must have seen a beautiful vision. So this good man fell asleep sweetly in God, and his pure, honest soul passed without struggle to its rest. The death occurred at noon on Friday, the 26th of August, 1859, M. Vénard being sixty-four years of age. His children had the following inscription engraved on his tomb:—

"Lord! He shared in Thy sacrifice; grant that he may share in Thy peace."

The sad news was at once conveyed to Tong-king but the unhappy state of that country prevented the arrival of the letters; and Theophane never knew on earth of his father's death.

But let us return to the Mission. After Bishop Retord's death, Bishop Jeantet — who was about seventy years of age — remained alone to administer the vast diocese. He chose Fr. Theurel to act as his coadjutor; and this devoted missionary, a bosom friend of Theophane, was consecrated Bishop of Acanthus, though only twenty-nine years old. If God had given peace for a short time to the persecuted Church, much might have been done by these two men, the one of such ripe wisdom and experience the other with such fervent zeal and burning love of souls. But Our Lord permitted the still further desolation of this land; and the following letter from Fr. Vénard gives an account of the first and last persecution of which he was to be the witness and the *victim*. The letter is addressed to an old college friend, the Abbé Paziôt, and is dated the 10th of May, 1860.

(To be continued)

Coiled Around the Chalice



LIGHTLY Father Denys sprang from his cycle, a broad smile playing about on his features. He had had to cover a fair distance back from his poor Mission on the banks of the Ganges, the great sacred river of India. But his Superior had thought of the lone natives in the remote Hindu village. They couldn't be left without Mass on the Feast of Mary's Immaculate Conception. Father Denys had volunteered.

The small Christian community welcomed him with shouts of delight. They had no chapel as yet. Only their tidiest and biggest hut had been opened to the faithful and to the foreign priest.

An old wooden box that had weathered many a perilous sea voyage had been brought in and set in a corner. The staunch Christians knew their Sacramental King had not had a humbler stable throne. Rich Indian drapings had been hung around the makeshift altar, while fresh blossoms added a note of joy and color. Six tall candles were waiting to burn out in His Presence.

Father had no bell. But they brought a gong. The catechist pounded on the heavy brass cymbals with his hand mallet. The Missionary drew out the sacred altarstone and the altar linens. Then he vested the white chasuble he had brought along. All the Christians were ready and waiting when Father entered, preceded by a tall, lanky Hindu who had learned many a trade in his day, and was now as fond of serving at the altar as any ordinary youngster.

Lusty voices sang during the ceremony. After the Gospel Father spoke and his listeners hung on his every sentence. The word of God wasn't preached every day in that out-of-the-way hamlet! Then more hearty singing until the Consecration.

When heads were lifted again after the great moment, a shudder ran through the pious throng. The prayers said in common were hushed in every throat. Groups of excited youngsters were pointing at the altar, horror on their features.

Quietly Father continued saying Mass. His eyes fixed on the sacred Host he recited the *Pater*. *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*. The server's answer was scarcely audible. The next instant he arose stealthily with the lightness of a panther, and his long, bony fingers clutched the priest's arm.

"For the love of God, don't move a bit and breathe as gently as you can!" he whispered frantically.

Quite naturally the celebrant turned around.

"Don't move, I said!" gasped the Hindu. "Remain quiet as a palm in the ardor of the noonday sun!"

The golden paten trembled in the priest's unsteady hand. Father had seen with the others. A snake of the most deadly specie was treacherously creeping on the spotless altar linens.

The slimy reptile crawled beneath the priest's hand, touching the paten and the consecrated Host; then, haughtily eyeing the chalice, it tried to bite at it again and again. The gold of the sacred vessel evidently fascinated it. Halting a moment, the serpent drew nearer and coiled itself around the chalice.

Ashen pale, absorbed in a mute prayer, knowing that his slightest move could spell death for him, Father Denys stood stock-still.

Briskly the Hindu Mass server had left the altar and, motioning to one of the men present, had slunk out with him.

Presently he returned with a flute and a chisel. He went back to his place at the foot of the altar and started to play the monotonous notes so familiar to reptile charmers.

The serpent, entwined around the chalice, gradually ceased attempting to reach the Precious Blood.

Then the other Hindu entered with a saucer of milk. For a moment the server laid down his flute, took the saucer and cautiously placed it at the end of the altar on the Epistle side. Then back to his instrument.

Scarcely a minute later the serpent relinquished its grasp on the chalice, fell on the corporal and slowly crept towards the sweet white liquid of which all reptiles are so fond. Soon its head was entirely buried in the dish. Heedless of the rest, the animal was drinking its fill.



A Reptile Charmer

Father Denys' altar boy threw his flute aside. Grasping the chisel open beside him he bounded on the murderous serpent. A streak of blood reddened the white altar cloth. The horrible intruder, cut straight in two, rolled lifeless at the foot of the altar.

All was over. Father finished his Mass. But that morning he prolonged his thanksgiving.

"All the same, Father," laughed his old server, as they walked out in the morning air, "it was lucky for you that I had been a fakir and a reptile charmer years ago! Will you dare scold me again for it?"

Father laughed heartily.

"Do you know what I was thinking of," he asked the Christians gathered around him, "even while I was so terribly afraid? That serpent coiled around my chalice made me think of the serpent in the Garden of Eden."

"Yes, Father," a six-year-old darkie clamored. "The devil near our souls."

"The devil striving to sting your souls. Beware of him."

And Father Denys had no need to add anything else. He had been understood.

From the French in *Jeunesse et Missions*



CHINA

THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

(Continued)

THE FOUNDING OF THE LEPROSARIUM

In a letter dated October 22 of the same year, the Sisters gave an account of their first days on the island.

For ten days we have been occupying the new post Divine Providence has assigned to us. Already we are deeply engrossed with the work. Let us begin with a brief description of our home and surroundings. Our Convent, an eight-room house comprising a chapel, is situated in the centre of the island. The place is isolated and the lepers are not admitted. A vast field encircled with bamboo poles near our premises forms one of the extremities of the island; at the other end stand the miserable homes of those of our leprous women who are still able to see to their own needs. Not far from our Convent the lepers have their public chapel, where we have especially reserved seats. A few small buildings near the modest chapel but altogether isolated from it, constitute our disinfecting rooms. There every instrument or object having served for dressing wounds or for anointing the dying is scrupulously sterilized. Four pavilions compose our hospital which we can rightly term General Hospital, since we give treatments for the thousand and one ills of our leprous charges.

We reached St. Mary's Island on October 11. Hastily we prepared an abode for Our Blessed Lord and on the morrow He came to dwell permanently beneath our humble roof. What more could we wish for? The Almighty is our residing Guest! Better than the twenty soldiers appointed as guards will He keep watch over our little Community.

On the same date the lepers of St. Joseph's Island (also called Father Conrardy's Island) moved to our island. The great event happened very quietly. The unfortunate women lepers, Christians for the most part, patiently bear up with their sufferings and are happy to come with us.

October 18 brought us the first contingent of lepers sent by the Government. What a heartrending sight! Could one who has never witnessed a similar spectacle imagine that offered by those hundred and twenty poor women, covered with repulsive sores, many of them carrying wailing infants in their arms! Several were utterly exhausted and lay down on the grass waiting for our ministrations. Some had no feet, others no hands. All carried along bundles of ragged clothing and nondescript articles that constitute what we here call a regular Chinese baggage.

Still more painful was our impression when the leper boat left. The poor creatures, whose life had been but a long nightmare of pain, dreaded the unknown and looked disconsolately at one another. What would they become? An outburst of despairing grief followed. Piercing cries of despondency rent the air. Without losing a moment we laid hands on all the cords lying about, lest some seek to do away with their lives by hanging themselves. In spite of our close custody one of our new protégés in the depths of despair plunged headlong into the water and was drowned. A few days later sixty-nine other recruits were added to our family.

The Government honors us by counting us in with the lepers and, as a result, is granting us each a daily pension of five cents.

Winning over, by dint of sacrifice and devotedness, the affection of our patients, is at the moment our constant preoccupation. Our nursing Sisters have cheerfully set to work. All the day long they patiently dress horrible wounds, putting to advantage the practical knowledge gained at the Montreal Hospital for Incurables. How grateful we feel towards the dear Sisters of Providence who, through two long months, have initiated us in the priceless art of treating wounds!

With mingled sentiments of gratitude, pride and apostolic ambition we are emptying the helpful cases donated by our generous Canadian benefactors. Their alms could never have been more profitably invested!



WOMEN LEPERS, SHEK LUNG,
LIMBS MANGLED
BY THE DREAD DISEASE

To the great joy of the Missionaries, on November 1 of the same year all their lepers had been baptized, and several pagan women were present at the Mass of All Saints. Doctrine lessons were given daily by a Chinese virgin catechist. Even the most fanatic on their arrival at the leprosarium meekly listened to the divine teachings. "We are always deeply moved," wrote the Sisters, "on seeing those poor women hobbling along on their leprosy-mangled feet to the chapel 'to hear explanations on the doctrine,' according to the local expression."

During that first month Baptism was administered to four patients. A six-year-old lad, whose father was a Catholic and whose mother was a pagan, was the first to be made a child of God. Then an old lady and two young girls followed him into the true Fold. A few days later the Angels claimed one of the newly-baptized lasses. Our Christian women prayed aloud beside the dead girl's coffin until the last moments. Then they accompanied her mortal remains to



THE FLOOD, SHEK LUNG ISLAND, 1923

WHEN THE DAMS OF THE PEARL RIVER GAVE WAY, THE PREMISES OF THE LEPROSARIUM WERE COMPLETELY FLOODED
AND THE POOR LEPERS HAD TO WADE KNEE-DEEP IN THE WATER.

the boat that was to take them to the cemetery, for as we have said before, a body of water separates the leprosarium from all exterior communication with the healthy population. From afar on the water's edge they prayerfully observed the burial ceremony and remained thus looking on, until the body of their companion was lowered into the grave.

Rev. Father G. Deswazières, helpmate of Rev. Father Conrardy⁽¹⁾ and his successor in the heroic leper work, spent himself with admirable zeal for the spiritual and bodily welfare of the ill-fated sufferers. Once he had been called from the lepers' island in the dead of night to console a dying girl in her last moments and see her safely to God. The patients, seeing him crossing the corridor to reach the child's pallet, exclaimed in admiration: "Our own father would not have done so much!"

A FLOOD AND WHAT FOLLOWED

By 1918, the leprosarium harbored 400 leper women, when, in the months of June and July, the poor leprous charges and their charitable guardians all but lost their lives in one of the terrible floods so frequent in that section of China.

It was then ascertained by experts that the island ceded by the Chinese Government for the lepers was but a mound of sand piled up by the tide. A cyclone or a second flood might easily sweep it away.

In the face of the imminent danger the Missionaries set about to find a new site. But monetary means were slight and a giant task confronted the advocates of a further establishment. Appeals were launched to Canada. In 1923, the personnel moved to a part of St. Joseph's Island occupied by the lepers and Rev. Father Conrardy. There a large shed served as shelter to the patients, while the building was under way.

Hardly had the new leprosarium been completed when another flood, similar to that of 1918, followed in the wake of a three-day typhoon. In spite of repeated warnings from Father and the Sisters who sensed the oncoming danger, the lepers could not decide to secure their household effects. At one-thirty in the night the river dams suddenly gave way and on came the surging sea with terrific speed. The guards awoke the poor terror-stricken women. Despairing shrieks pierced the sinister night. The young girls of the Red Cross and the more active lepers devoted themselves to salvaging, but it was not long before the rolling waves forced them to recede.

For several days all exits from the houses could be made only by boats. The Sisters were compelled to hear Mass on the altar steps, for water flowed freely in the aisles.

(To be continued)

1. Rev. Father Conrardy died August 24, 1914.

Apostleship consists in giving Jesus to souls and souls to Jesus.

Rev. Mateo Crawley-Boevey, SS. CC.

JAPAN

WAKAMATSU

Tomi Ko Heeds the Call

There is no denying that Tomi Ko was a privileged soul. The divine Master had cast a loving glance on this lowly maiden, in whose heart were so happily blended the sturdy virtues and noble ideals of ancient and modern Japan. He had called her to His service: how eagerly she responded to the call will be recounted in the following lines.

Tomi Ko's childhood paths had been far sequestered from the garden of religious life where she was later to enter. Born in a lonely mountain village entirely pagan, where never a missionary had ventured, the child grew up as millions of children do in Japan, totally ignorant of the true God and of their eternal destinies. During the six years of primary school she was a model pupil, very fond of study and rewarded with brilliant success. It is therefore not surprising that graduation over, she pleaded with her parents to be sent to High School. At first they were loath to do so as straitened means had kept them from giving this advantage to their older children.

But they soon found out that once their youngest daughter had set her mind on something it was not easy to dissuade her. Accordingly, Tomi Ko was taken to City High in Wakamatsu and having successfully passed the entrance examinations, was admitted as a pupil.

During four succeeding years she was to live in the neighborhood of our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, our Convent being just across the school campus. Although she never told us whether she had then first felt the gentle whisperings of grace within her soul, we like to feel that the countless Aves strewn about the school grounds by our missionaries were for something in the subsequent conversion of many graduates.

Rev. Father Larose, O.P., apostle to the core, welcomed these young ladies at the Mission and with great zeal gave them instructions and supervised their study of the catechism.

Seven of them were baptized on Christmas night, but Tomi Ko could only look on the impressive ceremony, eyes brimful with unshed tears. Very wisely the missionary Father had decided to postpone her reception into the Church, wishing to test further the genuineness of her conversion and steel her against future temptations and discouragement. The trial was severe, but it bore the looked-for fruits.

A few months later Rev. Father Larose was sent to another district, while a native priestly son of Japan recently returned from France, Rev. Father C. Sawade, shepherded his flock. Tomi Ko was assured that the former pastor's decision was too wise not to be maintained. Nothing daunted, she kept on coming to church as often as possible and studying with ever increasing ardor catechism and church history. She often called at the

Convent begging the help of our prayers, in order to win through the struggle and make greater progress in the paths of Christian perfection.

Meantime, she had secured work at the City Post Office, where her sterling character and unswerving sense of duty were duly appreciated by her employers. She was soon to be promoted beyond her expectations.

But the great ambition of her life was to become a child of God through Holy Baptism. She was at last to be granted that most wonderful of all promotions. Her name of Tomi Ko, which means "fortunate" in Japanese, was exchanged for the blessed one of Mary Casimir, and on the same day she knelt at the Heavenly Banquet after which she had yearned so long. Her happiness was all the greater for having been longer delayed, and she was later to understand still better God's merciful designs in lengthening her trial.

Life sped by uneventfully for the next few years. Mary Casimir continued to work at the Post Office and to win promotions. Employers and employees, all non-Christians, could not fail to admire her unassuming efficiency and the gracious dignity of her behavior.

At the Catholic Mission the Christians hardly ever met her, as her duties kept her busy all day. Not wishing to have taunts of favoritism thrust at her employers if she asked too many exemptions, the young girl rarely was able to attend Mass on weekdays, and even on Sundays she was often obliged to remain at her work. But we who repaired to church earlier in order to have things ready for Mass, often had the occasion to admire the courage of this newly-baptized girl, who asked to receive Holy Communion as early as half-past five. She then partook of a cold hasty breakfast in the parish hall before hurrying on to work.

Forced to live in pagan surroundings, she found her strength and solace in the frequent reception of our Blessed Savior in the Sacrament of Love. No sacrifice seemed too great for her to realize and we often wondered, on seeing her so fervent, whether many of our Catholic young girls would have had her courage — and she a Christian by a few years only!

But the Evil One could not indifferently stand by and let this soul slip from his grasp. Unpleasant rumors began to circulate about Tomi Ko's supposed hypocritical conduct: her virtue seemed too much for certain girls of her neighborhood, whose laxity she had gently rebuked.

She was tried so as by fire, but when her ardent nature had been subdued according to God's designs, He took care that her innocence be proved in a startling manner, and by the very persons who had attempted to tarnish her reputation. She continued to live up to her high Christian standards, trying to draw many souls to the true religion. Her charity towards the poor and helpless was remarkable, and she took time off her night's rest to visit them and relieve their ills and poverty.

About the same time she began taking French lessons at our Convent, and we were not surprised to learn that her ideal was religious life. She had already asked and obtained her admission to the Monastery of Domini-

can Sisters in Morioka and was awaiting a favorable opportunity to realize her project.

Opposition came from where it was least expected. Rev. Father Sawade did not approve of her choice and advised her to think no more of the cloister.

According to his way of thinking, his penitent with her proud, richly gifted nature, would run the risk of being made too much of as the first native Postulant of the Monastery. He thought it safer for her perseverance that she enter a Community with an already established Novitiate, where she would be lost to sight and merged as it were with many. It meant the shattering of long-cherished dreams, but Mary Casimir's remarkable spirit of faith and submission bade her offer this choicest of all sacrifices on the altar of God's love. Rev. Father Sawade then advised her to seek admission at the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres in Tokyo.

Upon receiving a favorable answer she made ready to leave. But the struggle was far from being ended. Her family clan, strangely indifferent till now, became suddenly hostile and ridiculed the idea of her going to shut herself up into a Christian Convent. Pleas, threats, caresses, all proved to no avail, however, and Tomi Ko firmly but respectfully held to her decision. Then the anger of the whole family was wreaked upon the courageous girl. Very well, then, since she was bent on disgracing her own people, they would disown her: never again would she be allowed to enter the old homestead. This was the cruellest trial of all and her soul was torn with anguish at having thus to bring pain and sorrow to her beloved ones. But grace triumphed once again and, the last ties sundered, she felt free to follow her vocation.

The last few days she had intended to spend with her family were spent at our Convent instead. With religious sympathy we strove to comfort her and strengthen her in her resolution.

When the time came to leave for her dear Novitiate, she set out bravely, alone. None of her family were there to wish her goodbye; not even a friend came to bid her an affectionate farewell. She thanked us for our charitable hospitality and for having encouraged her to be faithful to the end.

We gave her as trysting place the cortege of the Lamb, where virgins follow Our Blessed Lord wheresoever He goes.

And now, the trials of the Novitiate over, Tomi Ko has had the happiness of making her holy vows. Under the name of Sister Mary Casimir, she spends a life of entire devotedness to God's poor and ill. Smilingly she goes about her duties, for the joy welling up from her heart brightens up the countenance under the white cornette. And she finds fully realized in her favor the divine Master's promise: "Every one that hath left house, or father, or mother, . . . shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt. XIX, 29)

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
Repatriated From Wakamatsu, Japan

WEST INDIES

With Our Missionary Sisters in Les Cayes, Haiti

Saturday, June 3, 1944

This day of days bringing anew the anniversary of the founding of our beloved Community, was rightly offered in a spirit of thanksgiving. Already our infant Mission of Les Cayes has so many grateful thanks to render God and His Immaculate Mother. How tenderly they have guided its first faltering steps! Daily confronted with unspeakable sights of suffering and misery, we feel an imperative urge to thank the divine Bestower of all the gracious bounties lavished during our childhood days, as well as on our subsequent religious life, without any merit on our part.

Thursday, June 8

Following 5.30 Mass in our chapel and a hurried breakfast we left for Sacred Heart Parish to accompany our pupils in the Corpus Christi procession. Be it said in passing that this date is a holyday of obligation in Haiti.

The pious cortege left the church at 6.45, to be joined at the Cathedral by a second group of devout adorers. Three repositories had been erected to welcome the divine Passer-by. The last one was a dream of artistic beauty in its profusion of natural roses of the most delicate tints and delightful fragrance.

Our Convent had been decorated for the solemn occasion with what ornaments we could manage in our poverty. A Canadian flag of the Sacred Heart, appreciated gift of His Excellency Bishop Collignon, and several other national and papal banners surrounded by natural palms, comprised our humble adornings in honor of Him whom we would fain see enthroned in every human heart the world over.

Saturday, June 10

We had all but finished our Stations of the Cross when the hum of a nearby motor disturbed our prayerful thoughts. An employee of the Military Guard was bringing us cases from Port-au-Prince.

The last cases having taken over four months to reach us from the Mother House, we could hardly trust our eyes — why, only one brief month had elapsed since we had been informed that they were on their way! Yet the handwriting was unmistakably familiar; doubts could no longer be entertained. Heartfelt gratitude to our dear Father St. Joseph who has sped the transportation!

How amply repaid for their painstaking preparations our dear Mothers and Sisters would feel, could they only have witnessed the unpacking scene! What joyous exclamations springing from hearts to lips when each precious item was brought to light! Most of the articles will go to our ailing charges of *Charity, If You Please*. The dear patients are beginning to understand the

charity of their kind Mothers over in Canada, and every day fervent prayers from loving hearts rise to Heaven in thankful appreciation.

After supper welcomed by whetted appetites, we spent glad moments reading the short notes slid in here and there in the different boxes. A fervent thank you rose from our grateful hearts to God, who inspires all these delicate attentions on the part of our dear Sisters-at-Home.

Sunday, June 11

Spoilt children again this morning, we had two Masses offered in our Convent chapel. Our Sacramental Friend evidently wishes to serve us plentifully before the three-month journey of our revered Bishop and his Secretary to Canada and the United States, when our altar will probably often remain without priestly hands to break the Living Bread.



DEAR OLD GRANNIES AT CHARITY. IF YOU PLEASE,
LES CAYES, HAITI

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 3.30 we bade a last farewell to our kind bishop. With his usual paternal benevolence, His Excellency spoke of our work, voicing his approval and satisfaction for the good already done and promising to tell our Reverend Mother General about it. He then gave us a heartening blessing. Our humble prayers will accompany the venerated prelate on his long and arduous voyage in the interests of his diocese. As for us, what gift more priceless could we long for than that of the fresh missionary reinforcement he has promised to recruit?

Saturday, June 24

St. John the Baptist sent us an orphan from the Home. The newcomer, Carmina, will here prepare to serve our future Mission of Les Coteaux as a helper.

Not more than when in Canada could we let our national day slip by without marking it by a glad holiday. From the apostolic Patron Saint of our native land we requested cooperation in the fostering of many a

religious vocation over there. The Master's harvest so urgently needs strong hands and generous wills.

These last days the thermometer reads 106°. Thanks be to God we bear up more easily under the strain than the natives. Missionaries broken in to the climate hold that foreigners at first perceive but slightly atmospheric variations. This would explain why we found January almost as hot as June. Later on, as we become more sensitive to the transition from one season to another, we shall doubtless suffer more from the effects of tropical heat.

Friday, June 30

The closing day of the month of the Sacred Heart will remain a red-letter one for our seventy young scholars of *Charity, If You Please*. Prize day it was and — which was more — the dainty rewards had travelled all the way from the Mother House in Canada!

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ spent very pleasant minutes awarding the coveted little items to bright-eyed pupils who deserved them for good deportment and application to lessons.

After a joyous vacation song executed by all, one of the pupils came forward in the name of his schoolmates to thank the Sisters for their motherly



A GROUP OF PATIENTS AT *CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE*, LES CAYES, HAITI.
A NET OF BAMBOO TWIGS SEPARATES THE MEN'S QUARTERS FROM THE WOMEN'S.

care during the last ten months, as well as for the instruction and Christian training, food and clothing kindly given during that time.

Vacation months held no special attraction for twenty of our dear students who are among the most destitute. Sister Superior has found a way to put joy into their lives by telling them she would see they had at least one hearty meal each noon. The comforting promise dried many a mournful tear and the youngsters left lighthearted and at a loss for words to tell what Sister Superior's kindness meant to them. May our Immaculate Mother keep

1. Sister Eugénie de Jésus (Irène BLAIS, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co., P. Q.)

them all beneath her protecting mantle during these months of freedom from books and studies!

Thursday, July 6

News came yesterday that a case had just arrived from the United States, the generous gift of Mrs. Ennis, the mother of one of our Sisters. A short note from another kind mother, Mrs. Blanchet, informed us that two other cases had been forwarded to our address. With what paternal goodness our Heavenly Father sees to our every need! May He reward the charitable donors.

Before breakfast this morning a bulky parcel was brought in. We had hardly been expecting this — a typewriter! But thoughtful friends from Port-au-Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, had gone ahead of our desires. Two sheets and four pillow cases of fine linen and several towels had been fitted in to fill every empty space. Evidently charity was in this case the mother of invention. Yet this is only one of the many reasons we have for a heartfelt recognition of a divine Provider ever solicitous for our welfare.

Saturday, July 8

The weather having proved unfavorable for the season's harvest, the cost of living has as a result reached an exorbitant peak. Since the beginning of the month several penniless mothers have begged us tearfully to take care of their poor little ones. "Mother, won't you keep my baby boy. We have no more food in the house. I'd gladly give him to you. Then I'd be alone to suffer." Could we only provide food and shelter for the dear wee babes! But the best we can do as yet is to encourage the weeping mothers and help them a bit out of our own meagre means.

Saturday, July 15

Other charitable benefactors have been bearing in mind our most pressing needs. The Reverend Oblate Fathers who conduct a hospital in Lowell, Mass., have provided our dispensary with a centrifuge and that of Les Coteaux with all the required instruments and medicine. Blessed be our loving Father St. Joseph and the generous intermediaries through whom he lavishes his favors upon us!

Wednesday, July 19

We were up before the sun this morning, for a special item figured on the day's programme. High Mass was to be sung at 5.30 in the oratory at *Charity* dedicated to St. Vincent, in honor of the day's Saint. Several of our patients and old ladies received Holy Communion, among them our dear newcomer, Flavia, a model of Christian patience and resignation to the will of God.

Our nursing Sister needs all the charity of the Good Samaritan to dress the horrible sores covering this poor woman's limbs. But He who first gave the example of compassion on the lepers, the infirm, the lame, grants strength to overcome natural horror of infected sores.

In honor of the Patron Saint of the poor we distributed tobacco to our patients, followed by a treat of sweets, always and everywhere welcome. All profusely thanked their kind Mothers.

Sunday, July 23

The thermometer soars ever higher. Heat reaches 135° or 140° Fahrenheit in the sun. However, we didn't succeed in cooking an egg beneath its burning rays. The white dried up in fine dust, while the yolk made one think of a jelly mould.

Our house being well situated, a light breeze helps us bear up with the sweltering heat. It seems to us that we suffer less than the natives, who, after their own expression, "feel dying".

Wednesday, July 26

All the night long rain swished, swished in violent squalls. Today the wind has cooled the weather and we had a real fall day like those back in Canada. The good people of Haiti hold that when rain falls on St. Anne's feastday every drop represents a blessing showered upon her children. We may therefore expect great liberalities from our dear heavenly Grandmother.

Our youthful workroom members sew from forty to fifty articles of clothing every week for our patients of *Charity*. Confidently we implore from our loving Father St. Joseph the necessary yards of cotton to clothe our needy charges.

However, it seems as if we were to start over at the beginning with every new day, for patients are daily admitted at the Home and we haven't the courage to ask back from those who leave us the wearing apparel that has been given them during their stay here. But God will provide.

Monday, July 31

How strange the weather in Haiti! These last days a cool wind, cold according to the Haitians, suddenly replaces that so warm as to be scarcely felt. Four times last night the rain driven by a strong wind threatened to flood our dormitory. Disturbed from our sleep, we remembered that a cyclone had been announced since last Thursday. Maybe it was making its debut. The poor people whose dwellings are simply tumbledown shacks certainly did not sleep a wink through the blustering night. And our patients of *Charity*, with only a simple roof for shelter and not even a side wall keeping driving rains and winds at bay!

Our beloved Sisters who have spared no trouble preparing the last cases come from Canada, will be glad to hear that the flannellette patches protecting the medicine bottles have been sewed together into four comfortable quilts for our patients.

In the face of destitution and extreme suffering one would go to no end of trouble so that every tiny remnant be put to account. How consoling the assurance that what we do for suffering members of Christ is done to our beloved Savior Himself!

*Excerpts From the Diary of Our Missionary Sisters
Who Left the Mother House September 12, 1944*

New York, September 13.

Your six southward-bound Sisters are gathered around a long table, hastily penning a few words to their dear families who must be anxious for news. We are staying here at St. Joan of Arc Convent, with the Reverend Sisters of Providence of Portieux.

Last night after the train left we made our spiritual exercises and then tried to settle down comfortably for the night's rest. But sleep refused to "weigh our eyelids down and steep our senses into forgetfulness" before midnight. At daybreak the appetizing luncheon prepared by our dear Sisters back at the Mother House restored strength and high spirits slightly dampened by the fatigue and sleeplessness of the previous night.

Miami, September 15

It was almost 5.30 when we boarded the Miami-bound train. There had been a delay of two and a half hours.

The night was fairly good. All the day long enchanting landscapes provoked our admiring exclamations. The Heavenly Artist has certainly sketched scenes of exquisite beauty in this corner of His creation.

The train came in at 9.30 last night. We were very kindly and warmly welcomed by the Reverend Sisters of St. Joseph.

News came today that the delay of yesterday's train had been caused by the derailment of the preceding one. Several persons have met with death in the accident. Gratefully we thanked our vigilant Heavenly Father for the visible protection granted His missionaries.

September 16.

If the schedule is not altered we shall board the plane for Port-au-Prince tomorrow morning at 5.30. We are all in fine health and very happy. The tiny white statue of Our Blessed Mother found in Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ travelling case is regally installed in our quarters and the dainty little bell gently wakens us from our night slumbers. Its silvery tinkle reminds us of the Mother House and we seem to hear a dear voice speak of home and sing the *Angelus*.

Les Caves, September 23.

Magnificat! At last we are on our mission territory! We reached Les Cayes on the nineteenth. We were up long before dawn on the eighteenth, and by 3.45 A.M. had reached the Pan American Airways. There we boarded the bus that was to take us over to Miami Airport.

1. Cécile BREAU, Val Racine, P.Q.

Needless to say, we were all ready and waiting when the plane was announced. How we longed to speed onward towards our beloved Promised Land! The morning mist and the darkness covered the enthralling vistas spread on every side, but with the bright dawn our eyes feasted on matchless stretches of beauty. When the merry sunrays gleamed among the clouds we could readily believe ourselves treading on a golden path carpeted with ethereal beauty.

We all agree in saying that planes afford the smoothest means of transportation. Yet the pilot told us we were making as much as 188 miles an hour.

A short stop at Havana gave us time to sip a cup of coffee and get a few breaths of fresh air. Then back to our wings.

We landed at Port-au-Prince towards ten o'clock. Dear Sister Eugénie de Jésus⁽¹⁾ was there to meet us with two Oblate Fathers. After cordial greetings we rode to Bel-Air, Convent of the Daughters of Mary Immaculate, where fraternal hospitality greeted us. From the Convent a splendid panorama met our gaze; the calm blue sea, lofty mountains, and bright green trees beneath whose boughs stand gay little dwellings. Everything sings of the goodness and munificence of the Creator.

At 4 o'clock we went to offer our religious respects to His Excellency Archbishop Le Gouaze, who received us with kindness and benevolence. We also had the honor of meeting the representative of the Apostolic Nuncio, Msgr. Ferrofino, whose missionary zeal greatly edified us.

At 8 the next morning two cars from the national palace were placed at our disposal for the trip to Les Cayes. At last we had reached our sunny land of adoption! It being market day we saw the long file of merchants, the majority of whom carried their products on their head. A few of them rode mules.

Despite the muddy roads and the steady rain we finally ended happily at Les Cayes, where our Sisters had been anxiously awaiting us. Need we say how heartening and glad was the reunion?

Now every day brings squalls of diluvian rain and a cyclone has broken up all communications with Les Coteaux, so we simply have to bridle our impatience. Soon, we hope, our Immaculate Mother and our loving Father St. Joseph will see us safely to our new portion of the Master Missionary's Vineyard.



Not only the sacred ministers and those who have consecrated themselves to God in the religious life, but the other members as well of the Mystical Body of Christ have the obligation of working hard and constantly for the upbuilding and increase of this Body... There never was a time when the salvation of souls did not impose on all the duty of associating their offerings with the torments of Our Divine Redeemer.

Pope Pius XI in MYSTICI CORPORIS

1. Irène BLAIS, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co., P. Q.

EXCERPTS FROM THE MOTHER HOUSE DIARY

*Second Mission Leave-taking for Haiti, West Indies***Tuesday, September 12, 1944**

Under the auspices of the Most Holy Name of Mary, a second band of apostolic workers bade farewell to the Mother House, bound for the sunlit land of Haiti.

Our dear Sisters Marie Cécile (Cécile Breault, Val Racine, P. Q.), Superior of the little group, St. Olive (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David, P. Q.), St. Lucille (Adrienne de Grandpré, Pawtucket, R. I.), Marie Théodore (Lucienne Gadoury, St. Elisabeth, Joliette Co.) and Marie Berthe (Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal) will open a Mission at Les Coteaux, in the Diocese of Les Cayes. Sister Maurice de Thèbes (Yvonne Clouâtre, Montreal) will join her five companions already settled in the episcopal city of Les Cayes since September of last year.

The departure ceremony was presided over this afternoon by His Excellency Most Rev. J. A. Papineau, Bishop of Joliette. After having for several years laden with paternal attentions two of our departing Sisters whom Divine Providence had assigned to his diocese to work in the interests of Closed Retreats, the revered pastor had the kindness of coming to bless their departure for foreign strands and call upon them and their fellow-Sisters the graces attached to the solemn prayers of the Church.

Were also present in the sanctuary: Very Rev. Canon J. C. Garceau, Chancellor of the Diocese of Joliette; Rev. Father G. Sanche, Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal; Rev. Father R. Bounadère, Secretary to His Excellency; Rev. Fathers I. Fréchette, C. S. V., and A. Cholette, C. S. V., Joliette; Paul Laramée, S. J., Montreal; G. E. Gervais, C. M. M., Lauzon; Gérard Dufresne, S. S. S.; H. Hamelin, C. S. V.; Paul Lachapelle, chaplain at the Mother House, and P. E. Marsan, Holy Redeemer Parish, Montreal.

His Excellency Mr. Sténio Vincent, former President of Haiti, and Mr. Jean Lescouffair, lawyer, Ottawa, representing the Vice Consul of Haiti, occupied front seats in the nave. The dear parents and relatives of the departants and a good number of benefactors and friends of the Community, among whom twenty members of the Joliette Sewing Circle, were also present.

Before the ceremony His Excellency Bishop Papineau addressed the congregation in about the following terms:

" You shall be witnesses to Me, even to the uttermost part of the earth."
(Acts of the Apostles, Chapter I, Verse 8.)

DEAR BRETHREN,

The words you have just heard are the last that fell from the lips of the Incarnate Word. After He had spoken them, He ascended into Heaven and a cloud hid Him from the eyes of men. These words are the supreme will and testament of Christ to the Apostles and the disciples. The marvel they promised was immediately wrought and has continued without interruption adown the centuries.

Verily, the Man-God has had His witnesses, men and women who, at the cost of their life-blood, have testified to His Incarnation, His Death and Resurrection, and to the Divinity of His Persons and Doctrine.

Always the Man-God has had witnesses, today He has witnesses, and so will it be until the end of the world, to the furthest confines of the globe.

To be a witness of Christ even to the ends of the earth — such is the ambition of every Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception; such is the ambition of the six Missionary Sisters who will leave tonight for the West Indies. They are not setting out for a country as distant as China or Japan, but wherever Obedience will lead them, there shall they be apostles. You may be wondering how the missionary idea has sprung up and developed in their souls?

You have read the story of the rich young man of the Gospel. "Behold one came to Him, and said to Him, Good master, what good shall I do, that I may have life everlasting? Who said to him, Why askest thou Me concerning good? One is good, God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. He said to Him, Which? And Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, honor thy father and thy mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The young man saith to Him, All these things have I kept from my youth; what is yet wanting to me?" (Matt. xix.) "And Jesus looking on him, loved him." (Mark x.)

Brethren, do you hear? To be loved by God! What greater boon could man desire? "Jesus saith to him: If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and come, follow Me." (Matt. xix.)

Brethren, a similar scene has been enacted in the inmost heart of these six Sisters. Was it after a fervent Holy Communion, during a retreat, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or again while reciting the Rosary or making the Stations of the Cross? We shall never know. The tremendous problem of salvation appeared to them in its true light. Shall I be saved? . . . What must I do to obtain life everlasting? . . . Clearly they perceived the emptiness and vanity of honors, pleasures, wealth. They understood perfectly that death is the echo of life, and that one must live in keeping with the Christian precepts if one would die a truly Christian death. Deep in their hearts surged a strong impulse to work for the extension of the Kingdom of God. Through tears they beheld thousands, nay, millions of souls plunged in the darkness of paganism, and, above that heartrending spectacle, the image of the crucified Christ who has bled and died to save them all. Discreetly the Master spoke: "If thou wilt be perfect, leave all; then come and follow Me." They heeded the invitation. For several months, for several years, they have been joyfully bearing the Savior's sweet yoke. What graces have been showered upon them since they entered the Community! How many secret inspirations and intimate enlightenments on time and eternity! Inward graces of burning zeal for souls, of boundless desires for sacrifice; outward graces of daily Communion, sermons, retreats, spiritual readings.

For years they have been waiting for the mission call. Their girlhood ideal, the noble dream of their novitiate days, of their years as Professed Sisters, is about to come true. They are leaving for the missions, they are going to the West Indies, where a far-stretching field is awaiting their valiant hands. In that country, as in so many others, Our Lord is unknown, rejected, or mocked. More than that, error there has its partisans, vice its victories and its worshippers. With what love our departing Sisters will help the priests in their effort to lead those souls to Christ and His Church! How kindly and maternally they will let the little children come to them to be told of the adorable Christ Child! With what tender affection they will nurse the ill, solace the aged, console the infirm and stretch an encouraging helping hand to the needy! Difficulties and trials will come with every new day, but they are ready, the six of them, to accept God's will generously. In silent

meditations before the altar, their eyes resting on the tabernacle, sacrifice has appeared to them the fundamental law of life and fecundity. Ever since Christ was born, suffered and died on His bloody gibbet, nothing of any value and beauty has been wrought on earth outside of this supreme law.

Brethren, sentiments of sympathy and admiration are at this moment springing up from your hearts. Thanks be to God! But will you not do more? Will you not renew your zeal in this contact with theirs, to deplore with the departing Sisters the fate of so many countries and provinces as yet ignorant of the one true God? You will come to the aid of their Missions, you will grieve over their sorrows and rejoice over their successes; your liberal alms and fervent prayers will accompany them in their missionary labors. You will strive to deserve, according to the expression of St. Gregory, by your holy activities, the sublime names of angels and apostles given to the preachers of the Gospel.

As for you, dear Sisters who will leave Montreal this evening for Les Cayes, West Indies, I am wishing you health, happiness and success in your apostolate. To your future Superior and her Assistant, I should like to offer my heartfelt gratefulness for the good they have done in my diocese. Go forth, valiant bearers of the glad tidings of salvation; have confidence in Him who has called you and will be your reward exceeding great when your earthly days are over.

Now, suffer me to call down a heavenly blessing upon you all.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Itinerary Prayers, His Excellency had the kindness of coming to the community room.

With paternal condescension he chatted with those of our departing Sisters who had formerly lived in his diocese. Then to all of us he addressed practical advice on ensuring our own happiness and the grace of God on our apostolate.

A second benediction sealed his words, which our dear Missionaries will treasure as a spiritual posy whose fragrance will linger on all their apostolic works. As for us, we shall remember his counsels and ponder upon them, that more holy may be our years of preparation for mission life.

Supper at the Mother House was taken in silence, as is the custom the year round, and in the hearts of those who were leaving as of those who stayed, a thousands feelings rose — feelings for which we had no words. A few minutes after supper, the dear departants in black travelling garb joined us in the reception hall for the silent but impressive farewell accolade.

Then we all hied to the chapel to implore our Immaculate Mother's blessing on those of her children who were leaving country and home to make her known and loved in southern climes.

At the Convent entrance several cars were waiting to escort the departing Mission band to the station. And while we who stayed sang in chorus the protecting hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, our dear companions drove off into the calm evening.

"Hail, thou Star of Ocean, Portal of the sky, Ever virgin Mother, Of the Lord Most High!" O Mother, open the way to these new apostles setting out beneath your spotless white Banner to win souls to your divine Son! Lead them safely and happily to the West Indian field of labor where souls are waiting for the glad message of eternal hope!

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Tuesday, October 10

His Excellency Most Rev. M. J. Lemieux, O. P., the worthy and zealous pastor of Gravelbourg, honored us in coming to offer Mass in our Mother House chapel this morning.

His Excellency, accompanied by our chaplain, Rev. Father A. Forget, then came to address the Community in the reception hall. In his brief talk he pointed out the imperious necessity of fostering mission-mindedness in our country, in view of the prominent role it will have to play after the war, to repair the losses incurred by the Missions in these troubled times.

Our distinguished visitor had appreciative words for the Holy Childhood Association so dear to our hearts, Association which is a powerful factor in the growth of the Kingdom of Christ in the souls of our boys and girls, and thence in the souls of the poor pagan children.

"In our schools of Gravelbourg," remarked His Excellency, "all our little ones belong to the Holy Childhood. We have noticed that this great Work helps to form a noble Christian character in them and increases their spirit of charity."

May the blessed Association take on ever greater extension among our people, that, in the words of His Excellency, "our little ones may be Catholics in the fulness of the word and understand that they must live in the spirit of the charity of Christ."

A paternal blessing crowned the pleasing visit we shall keep in grateful remembrance.



EACH ONE OF US HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

We, who have the grace of faith cannot help worrying over the fact that most of the children of God do not know Him as we do. Yet it is no good allowing this tremendous problem to stop there. Our faith should make us leave the exact time for the conversion of the whole world to the almighty Providence of God. To balance this we have the fact that it is through His Church, that is, in the last resort, through *us*, that the grace of faith must come to those of this generation who are destined to receive the light.

This is a sobering thought, and one which should put us on our mettle. What, we can ask ourselves, are we, or rather am *I*, doing in this line — for those near me, let alone for those afar?

Father Kay in the *Universe*

* * *

The faith that stays at home is the kind that is soon homeless, and the faith that goes abroad, remains at home.

Bro. Matthew Queen, M. M.



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Tuesday, July 4, 1944

"A picnic next Tuesday!" For several days past the gay event announced for today had been blithely broadcast to the four winds, while fascinating vistas of delightful thrills sprang up in the mind of many a prospective Missionary Sister.

As fitting prelude — although entirely unexpected — to our day of rejoicing, a very special number figured on our everyday spiritual menu. A newly-ordained levite, Rev. Father R. Ferland, O. M. I., had chosen our humble sanctuary for one of his first *Introitos*.

Making ours the grateful and joyous sentiments welling up from the soul of the happy anointed celebrant and his beloved family, one of whose members is treading with us the opening pathways of the religious life, we called down the blessed gifts of the Spirit of Love in a fervent *Veni Creator*. After the solemn and impressive liturgical function, the exultant strains of the *Te Deum* bore our thanks to the Giver of all bounties.

The Reverend Father kindly addressed the Community, following which he gave each one of us a personal blessing and a pious token in remembrance of this day of days.

Haiti to the south and its promising mission field is the visiting missionary priest's portion of the Lord's Vineyard, to which he will soon be called to labor. May our Immaculate Mother, Patroness of his Community and ours, help him garner in a rich harvest of immortal souls for the Father's Mansions above!

The beautiful ceremony over, our thoughts lightly turned to the promised outing. What though our plans had been altered! The day was yet young, we reflected, when at ten o'clock the merry caravan set out — for our garden thicket. Our first loving duty was to gather bunches of fragrant blossoms to deck Our Blessed Mother's improvised tree-shrine. All the day long we took turns saying the Rosary before it.

Dear Sister Superior came to take dinner with us beneath the thick foliage. The pleasant surprise was greeted with gladness by everyone.

But, "not in bread alone doth man live", — and hungry appetites once seen to, we leisurely wended our way to Our Lady of Lourdes' grotto, strewing on our path the blossoms of our afternoon chaplet. Then followed more games and songs and a recreative programme that could have lit up the most thoughtful brow. But we had brought no gloom along and everything was bright and gladsome, as befitted the occasion.

Came four o'clock and rumors that the picnicking party would have to be broken up. Inquisitive looks therefore greeted the injunction to say the last part of our Rosary. A radiant smile from Mother Mistress heightened our wonder. Our devotions over we returned to the picnic grounds. Nothing

spoke of the homeward trek. Only a hearty, inviting meal had been spread beneath the leafy trees. Flashing smiles on every face bespoke hundred per cent approval.

Down in the western skies the crimson sun was sinking beneath the flaming horizon. It was high time to pack up and hurry home, after sending our thanks to God and Mother Mary in a joyful *Magnificat*.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament had been thoughtfully deferred until this late hour for the spoilt children of Divine Providence — another precious boon we had scarcely dared covet on this occasion.

Tuesday, July 18

His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. Collignon, Bishop of Les Cayes, Haiti, honored us by a pleasing visit to our Novitiate. The distinguished visitor entertained us on the work of Christian mercy several of our Sisters are carrying on at *Charity, If You Please*. It is in very truth a mission work. From the material viewpoint poverty defies description; but looked at in the light of Faith, what consolations! How many times the balm of divine comfort is poured in aching souls, while gentle hands minister to the bodily ills of disowned sufferers!

Workrooms have been opened to provide clothing for the needy country people, whose stark misfortune no words can adequately convey. Had we only the wealth of Croesus to alleviate such distress! Oh, that we were already Professed Sisters, ready to spread our wings and fly over to the rescue of Christ's suffering and forsaken ones! Come, blessed vow day!

His Excellency expressed his satisfaction on having obtained a number of workers for the Mission of Les Coteaux, to be opened in September. He requested our fervent prayers that another fresh band of missionaries will be given him next year to help gather in the overripe harvest of souls.

Our worthy visitor raised his hand in blessing over us before leaving. His short but apostolic address has prompted feelings of sympathy and deep affection for his people, and the yearning to spend ourselves bringing them to God and His Blessed Mother.

Thursday, July 27

True to tradition, the Novitiate was a rallying centre today, for the annual retreat period has come again for a goodly number of our dear elder Sisters. Today they came in from the four corners of the province, eager for these few days of more intimate communings with their divine Spouse. How thrilling it must be to come back to the dear Marian dwelling that has cradled their earliest years in the religious life!

At four-thirty the convent bell hushed the merry chatter and the reverent quietude of first Sunday of the month recollection will be prolonged for eight retreat days.

Saturday, July 29

Readily could we have believed ourselves on Mount Sinai receiving with Moses the tables of the law. Flashing streaks of lightning and the rumbling

of thunder so often punctuated our opening retreat exercises! Were we to gather that the divine King and Lawgiver had weighty messages for us? Why not believe it? A retreat is always important, and even supremely important.

Rev. Father R. M. Hébert, O. P., is our retreat master. The sacred presence of the Most Blessed Trinity in our souls, the action of the Holy Ghost in each individual soul, form the central theme of his substantial sermons. In quiet and prayer all strive to assimilate these marvellous truths, and we have reason to believe the Recording Angel will more than once through the year chronicle generous acts of correspondence to the inspirations of the Spirit of Love.

Saturday, August 5

The feast of Our Lady of the Snow marked the closing of our retreat and beautiful religious celebrations as well. Right after breakfast long-imprisoned tongues once again enjoyed blissful freedom. Recreation was taken rather discreetly though, for the happy prospective Brides of Christ had not yet come to the last moments of their eight-day prayerful tryst.

At nine-thirty, six Novices made their first vows. Rev. Father Frigon, brother of one of them, received their sacred pledges. The afternoon ceremony brought the great joy of donning the holy habit to nineteen Postulants, and to five Professed Sisters the supreme happiness of lasting union with the divine Lover of souls.

His Excellency Most Rev. J. A. Papineau, Bishop of Joliette, presided over the two solemn functions, which enhanced the grandeur and gladness of the feast. Seven of the happy privileged Sisters of this day formerly belonged to his diocese.

After the assistance of the Holy Ghost had been called down in a vibrant *Veni Creator*, Rev. Father R. M. Hébert, O. P., retreat preacher, gave an appropriate allocution. He compared the principal parts of Holy Mass with the two milestones of the religious career represented by the ceremonies of the day. Seen in this light the Clothing ceremony symbolizes the Offertory, while the oblation of last vows recalls the Consecration. In the first part, the victim prepares for the sacrifice; in the second, the immolation is accomplished through final Profession.

In the Clothing ceremony we must not think the Community limits itself to giving a religious habit; rather we must consider the action it performs, the present it offers. Truly this is an Offertory, in view of a future Consecration. The happy Sisters donning the holy habit offer themselves, while the Community presents them to the Church as an official offering, as a host. As future consecrated members they are the hope of the Institute; as His future spouses they are the hope of Christ.

In final Profession is accomplished the perfect sacrifice, or holocaust. Then the privileged Sisters are invited to complete self-consecration. They voluntarily give up the world and its possessions, family joys and personal

satisfactions. They renounce independence, personality, fortune forever. Why that immolation, that integral self-surrender? For the greater glory of God, for the salvation of souls, for a closer identification with Our Lord in His daily sacrificial oblation — so that the chosen ones are called and become in very truth spouses of Christ. A ring is therefore given them as a token of their consecration.

Concluding, the Reverend Father called attention to the consoling truth that those offerings were also our families' own, in the same way as in the primitive Church the faithful brought what was required for the sacrifices. Having once made their sacrifice, father, mother, brothers and sisters will continue presenting it to God in a generous Offertory. How better could they prove their love for Him?

This similarity between Holy Mass and the religious life could not but prompt grateful appreciation of our noble calling. With all our soul we joined in the solemn *Te Deum* sung during Benediction, in thankfulness to the divine Spouse for His mysterious, merciful choice.

The following Sisters received the white livery of the Immaculate Virgin: Miss Laurette Edger, Montreal (Sister Raymond de Jésus); Miss Berthe Rivest, Joliette (Sister St. Berthe); Miss Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba (Sister St. Imelda); Miss Aline Vincent, Montreal (Sister Marie Adrienne); Miss Renée Ratel, L'Epiphanie (Sister René du Sacré Cœur); Miss Gemma Gagnon, Hébertville Station (Sister Marie Gemma); Miss Lucille Michaud, Plessisville (Sister Marie André); Miss Marthe Ménard, l'Islet (Sister Louis Amédée); Miss Marthe Laporte, Berthierville (Sister St. Geneviève); Miss Marguerite Cloutier, Montreal (Sister Marie Donald); Miss Yvette Carle, Joliette (Sister St. Yvette); Miss Jeanne Guinois, Montreal (Sister St. Pierre); Miss Aline Tousignant, Outremont (Sister Suzanne des Anges); Miss Madeleine Delorme, Worcester, Mass. (Sister St. Omer); Miss Lucille Boudreault, Grand'Mère (Sister St. Clément); Miss Germaine Laflamme, St. Luc de Bellechasse (Sister St. Germaine); Miss Lucienne Dandurand, Pont-Château, Soulanges Co. (Sister St. Françoise); Miss Simonne Perreault, Joliette (Sister Marie Eugène); Miss Marie Paule Michaud, St. Jude (Sister St. Jude).

The Sisters of last vows were: Sister St. Léonidas (Maria Vachon, Lac Frontière); Sister Rollande Marie (Rollande Vincent, Montreal); Sister Madeleine de Pazzi (Madeleine Dugal, Quebec); Sister St. Sylvere (Clara Leblanc, St. Sylvere, Nicolet Co.); Sister Marie Hélène (Rose Hélène Turgeon, St. Anselme, Dorchester Co.).

Were present in the sanctuary: Msgr E. Larochelle, P.A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Fathers R. M. Hébert, O. P., retreat master; Joachim Primeau, S. J.; Pierre Angers, S. J.; Loyola Carrier, C. S. V., Christ the King, Joliette; Roland Roch, P. M. E.; Sylvere M. Leblanc, O. F. M.; Serge M. Lefebvre, O. F. M.; Omer Valois, Joliette; Louis Philippe Latulippe, Assumption College; A. Allard, Berthierville; René Bounadère, Secretary to His Excellency Bishop Papineau; Jacques Guillet, eccl.

After the ceremony, His Excellency Bishop Papineau escorted by the

members of the clergy came to address the Community and give his blessing. Inspiring himself from the retreat master's allocution, His Excellency remarked that after the Clothing Day or Offertory and the final Profession or Consecration, there yet remained the Communion — communion to the intention and will of God by generous obedience to the Rule and the Superiors. Beautiful indeed are Clothing and Profession Days; one feels ready and strong to set out on life's pathway; but oftentimes dark and dreary days arise — days when God's will and self-will are at odds. God makes known to us His intentions and wishes through medium of Superiors. Only, therefore, by complete submission to their authority shall we realize our communion to the divine will.

It is all very well and praiseworthy to cultivate desires of going off to foreign lands, but it is still better to wait, humbly, silently, for the call of God through our Superiors. Our favorite prayer should always be: "Thy will be done!" What matters it whether we occupy an honorable or a hidden post? The primary, essential affair is the degree of love we bring to that post. There shall we work out our salvation; thence shall we soar into the open arms of our Heavenly Father.

His Excellency tenderly exhorted us to practise true charity, pointing out that it was the most salient characteristic of Our Lord. St. John, the beloved disciple, had but one counsel to give his followers: "My little children, love one another." If we faithfully keep this precept we shall observe the whole law. But charity means self-denial, self-renunciation, self-effacement. The best form of charity, we were told, is that practised by St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nazianzen, who vied with each other in good will. If we follow them thus far we shall keep in constant communion to God's intentions, to our loving Savior's desires.

His Excellency granted us a glad holiday which, as always, we heartily welcomed. The paternal blessing he then bestowed upon us will, we confidently hope, fecundate in our souls the precious seed of his enlightening counsels.

The happy elect of the day then went to share their soul-gladness with their beloved families.

As usual, the radiant day ended by the crowning of the Sisters of last vows to the strains of the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, and the customary religious family gathering.



THE REAL MEASURE

It may be truly said that we show as much appreciation of our Catholic Faith as we manifest zeal in living up to our missionary obligations. Generally speaking the measure of the one is the measure of the other. That is why, if we wish to be ardent and zealous followers of Christ, our missionary zeal should never be at a stand-still.

The New World



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Merry Christmas! A little early, you will say. Well, perhaps, but this is the last chat we'll have before Christmas and my last chance to tell you just what sort of Christmas I'm wishing you. A very happy one, of course, with plenty of presents and fun and pleasant times. But something more — a wonderful day all lighted up with Baby Jesus' smiles and blessings and Mother Mary's love for every one of you.

Now I suppose you are trying hard to get ready for the wee King's coming? I know two little girls who are. Maybe you'd like to know what they are doing? Well, it's a long story — but I heard you say you liked stories, and the longer, the better. Now nestle down close and listen.

I can't begin with, "Once upon a time," as all real tales go, because this one isn't an old, old story. It happened only a few days ago.

So then, a few days ago a dear old silver-haired grandmother was sitting in her rocker, when in walked ten-year-old blue-eyed Joan.

"Joan," asked Grandma, "what in the world is the matter with my darling? Why were you hiding tears last night?"

Grandma spoke kindly but she looked worried. Why, Joan had always made sunshine and fun in the house! Now Miss Sunbeam had an ugly frown that wouldn't come off. Grandma said she would have to call her Miss Cross Patch if the frown didn't wear off soon.

It wasn't very pleasant at home when Joan didn't smile and make everybody happy. Teresa, Leo and Baby knew something must have happened. They didn't dare ask just what it was. But Grandma thought she would. So when Joan walked in she told herself the moment had come.

Joan didn't answer Grandma's first question. Instead she tossed her black curls and frowned still more darkly. Grandma saw that she was trying with all her might to keep tears away again. Very gently she said, "Come, Joan, tell Grandma everything."

Big, hot tears Joan had been choking bravely back since yesterday started rolling down her red cheeks.

"So now our gay little sunbeam is hiding behind dark heavy clouds! Will it peep out again and smile as merrily as before? What chased it away, Joan?"

No answer.

"Don't you feel well, dear? A headache again?"

"No, Grandma."

"Then perhaps you've hurt someone?"

"No, Grandma."

"Have you lost something very precious, then?"

"Oh no!"

"Well, well — Teacher scolded you? You've been scolded, Joan?"

Joan looked straight into Grandma's eyes.

"Yes, scolded — and — and punished, too!"

"But, my dear girl, don't take it so much to heart. You got scolded and punished because Teacher wanted to help you correct yourself and be a fine little lady. Now it's all over. Let's forget about it."



Grannie and little Miss Cross Patch

Still the ugly frown on Joan's brow.

"I shouldn't have been punished. I hadn't done anything wrong. I hadn't!"

"Then how —?"

"Teacher thought I had copied from Lucy's notebook and I never did! So—"

"So what?"

"So now I've lost marks and won't come out first this month. Isn't that a shame?"

Joan didn't wait for an answer. She kept on:

"Teresa studies only when she feels like it. She's having fun in class, and when she gets scolded it serves her right. But what's the use of trying real hard not to lose one single mark all the month, when things turn out this way?"

That was the reason why Miss Sunbeam felt so very sad and cross!

She looked up at Grandma. The dear old lady didn't say a word. She didn't smile. She didn't even scold as Teacher had done. Joan wondered whether she should laugh or cry. She looked at Grandma again.

"Call Teresa. I have something to tell you both."

Joan's steps were lighter now. But she hoped Grandma wouldn't scold Teresa. She had never meant to tell on her like that!

In came the two lasses, wondering if they should smile at Grandma.

"I wanted to tell you about Christmas," Grandma began.

Christmas! What did it all mean, anyway? Two pairs of bright eyes turned on her so wonderingly that Grandma's own smile almost grew into a hearty laugh.

"Well, why not? Christmas will soon be here. It'll be the sweet Child Jesus' birthday again. There'll be the crib with the dear little Baby lying on the straw —"

"Oh, Grandma, Christmas is just the best day of all the year!" Teresa clapped her hands in wild delight.

"Even Grandma says it is! But we mustn't forget that Christmas isn't just Jesus' birthday. It is also the feast of souls, since Jesus was born to save them. So then, Christmas will be the feast of our own souls, yours and mine, and the feast of all souls, too."

"Oh, Grandma, I never thought about that. Great, isn't it?" laughed Joan. Her frown had gone as if by magic.

"Joan, can you tell me why Jesus came down on earth? Why was He born a wee babe on the first Christmas night?"

"Because He wanted everybody to love Him."

"You, Teresa?"

"I guess He became a child so nobody'd be afraid of Him."

"Both right. He knew nobody'd be afraid of a sweet little baby, so He chose to become one and to have His own beloved Mother, too. But Jesus had another reason besides. Can you guess what it was?"

"No, Grandma, I'm sure I can't," said Teresa.

"Well, He wanted to show every boy and girl how they must behave if they would be good and kind and helpful. In that way we say He is our model, and when we try to do as He did, we are copying our model."

"Grandma, isn't it great to think we can help Jesus save souls, too? Sister said we can offer our games and studies and everything to Jesus to save souls."

"Yes, games and lessons and everything. I'm sure the Child Jesus must have offered His, too, when He was just a little boy. The Gospel doesn't tell us anything about that. It doesn't say much of His boyhood. But it does say that *He was subject to them.*"

"To His father and mother, Grandma?"

"Yes. He loved His parents like any good child and He always did what they told Him. Now when we try to copy Him in that we are helping Him save souls. Sometimes we find it hard to do our duty, to obey Mummie, to get scolded in class, but—suppose we told Jesus that we really find it hard, don't you think He'd help us do it all for Him and for the pagans He loves so much?"



The Children's Friend

Dear boys and girls, that's about all I know of the story. But as Grandma said her two granddaughters are so happy and obedient now, I thought to myself I'd better tell my young friends all about it.

Now you know that the best way to get ready for Jesus' birthday is by being just the kind of boy or girl Jesus wants you to be. Good, dutiful and loving. First of all you must love Him and your own dear Dad and Mummie and brothers and sisters; then also, all the poor pagans who have never heard of Him.

Be sure to pray very hard when you'll kneel before Baby Jesus' crib, and ask Him to save all the poor sinners and pagans. Tell Him how much you love Him and how glad you are that He loves you. Thank Him, too, for having given you His own Mother Mary to love you and watch over you. If you do that I can be sure my Christmas wish to you will come out true. Jesus' sweet smiles and Mary's love will surely be yours. So once more, dear boys and girls, a very Merry Christmas to you all.

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR



Our missionary action, behind the lines so to speak, is efficacious not only for the Missions, but also for the salvation of our own souls.

Pope Pius XI



Our religious family has suffered a great loss in the death of Sister Agnes of Jesus (Margaret Sherry, Montreal). A cablegram from Macao, China, brought us only recently the sad news, two months after our beloved Missionary had passed away to her eternal reward.

Sister Agnes of Jesus was missioned as Superior to our Shek Lung Leprosarium in October, 1939. Previous to that assignment, she had been devoting herself to the Chinese and Japanese of our Vancouver Mission.

Our generous Missionary joyously spent herself for the unfortunate victims of dread leprosy, seeing in them suffering members of the Body of Christ. Through several troubled years of war she cheerfully shared their utter indigency and strove in every way to better their pitiable condition.

Early in 1944, ill-health compelled her to bid farewell to her dear charges and seek medical care and rest with our Sisters at Canton. There she stayed until July, when our divine Master called her to share the unspeakable bliss reserved for those who leave all for Him and souls.

Sister's passing deeply tries our Canton and Shek Lung Missions, depriving them of an untiring apostle. Our entire Community as well mourns in the regretted deceased a loyal and zealous Missionary.

The Jewels of the Christ Child

The rays of the morning sun were dancing upon the frost-covered roofs of the little town of Bethlehem; the air was crisp and clear, the ground covered with a carpet of whitest snow. In every home, the children, gathered beside the hearth, were listening with eager attention to the story of a wondrous Babe that had been born in a cold stable and laid in a rude manger, over which a beauteous Star had shone, while the air resounded with the melody of angelic voices.

Suddenly the clanking of swords was heard in the streets, and young and old rushed to the windows to see what could be the matter; for Bethlehem was a very quiet, peaceful place. The roadways in every direction were crowded with fierce-looking soldiers.

Fearing some terrible scene was going to be enacted, the mothers shrank back; but the children gazed at the bright weapons and uniforms of the soldiers, becoming every moment more excited and curious. Only the little babes in their mothers' arms remained still and fearless. Soon the soldiers dispersed in all directions, and forced their way into every house. No questions were asked or heeded. The boy babes were torn from their mothers' arms, and carried into the street, where their blood was mingled with their tears.

The cruel King Herod had given orders that all the baby boys of his domain should be put to death, to make sure that the newborn King of the Jews, of whom he had heard and whom he feared, might be included. All day long the killing of the innocents continued, and Bethlehem was filled with the wailing of heartbroken mothers. But now the sun was sinking, the shadows were beginning to fall, and a deep calm was settling over the little town. The queen of night took her throne in the sky, and the stars peeped out from the depths of blue.

Then a wondrous thing occurred on earth, — something that shall never occur again. Wherever a tear of a Holy Innocent had fallen, there blossomed a rose of dazzling whiteness; and wherever a drop of blood had been spilled, a rose of deepest red blushed on its stem.

These were the fairest roses ever seen on earth, and they were called by the wondering beholders "the flowers of innocence," the diamonds and rubies of Bethlehem, or, still more appropriately, the jewels of the Christ Child.



The Birthday of Christ, the Redeemer! When you kneel before the little manger-bed of your Infant Saviour, my dear Christian friends, ask Him to keep you safe from the pagan poisons that are spurting their virulent energies into the heart-fibres of the modern world. Look at the tender hands of Christ and beg Him to bless with His pure baby-fingers the souls of men. Ask Him to stand with His little baby-feet upon the highway of the world to purge and purify every path, every lane, every avenue that, with lurid posters at its sides, is leading souls to the terrible canyon of fire at the end of the way — the abyss of eternal Hell.

John A. Laicher, C. SS. R.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Please publish my thanks to the Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. S. S., **Verdun**. — Thanksgiving for favors received. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — I am renewing my subscription to THE PRECURSOR in thanksgiving for favors obtained. Mrs. N. Y., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I am fulfilling a promise in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mr. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — I am fulfilling my promise of sending 1% of my wages for the christening of Chinese babies that are dying. Thanking you for your prayers, and please pray for my little family and myself. Mr. A. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I am glad to say my health is much better. Please continue to pray for my husband and myself. Please pray also for a neighbor who is ill in bed. Mrs. H. B., **Swanton, Vt.** — I wish to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. R. A., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Kindly have a low mass said for me in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favor received. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Lively gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. F., **St. Hyacinthe**. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for several important favors granted me. Mrs. H. H., **St. Canute**. — I am very grateful for a cure. Miss M. R. M., **Louiseville**. — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, who has helped me keep my position. Miss L. C., **Danielson, Conn.** — I have obtained a favor from Our Blessed Lady. Anonymous. — Thanks to our heavenly Mother for a successful operation. Mrs. C. C., **Granby**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. B. F., **St. Thérèse de Blainville**. — I wish to thank our dear Blessed Lady for a favor obtained through the miraculous medal. Miss A. V., **Salem, Mass.** — I have obtained a great favor from the Immaculate Conception. Mr. G. A., **St. Siméon**. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained. Mrs. A. A., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. I. B., **Three Rivers**. — Heartfelt thanks to our Immaculate Mother for a successful operation. A subscriber. — I wish to thank our dear Heavenly Mother for her protection. Mr. A. M., **Montreal**. — Our dear Blessed Mother has cured my child. Mrs. D., **Farnham**. — Hearty thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. R., **Charette**. — Gratitude to our heavenly Mother who has answered my prayers. Mrs. A. Q., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank our heavenly Mother for her many kindnesses. May she keep our family in good health. Mrs. R. D., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for a favor received. Mr. A. M., **St. Léon, Maskinongé Co.** — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for favors obtained. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for favors received. Mrs. O. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in gratitude for a favor granted me. Anonymous. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for her great favors. Mrs. M. L. — Our Blessed Mother has granted me a favor. Mrs. J. P., **Montreal**. — Protection has been granted me. Mrs. H. L., **Montreal**. — Lively thanks for a cure. Mrs. S. M. — I have been successful in a difficult undertaking. I also wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for exemption from an operation. A. P., **Ferme Neuve**. — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for my cure. Miss G. B., **St. Tite**. — I wish to thank Our Lady for a favor received. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin. Mr. R. R., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. C., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Lively gratitude to Our Lady of Sorrows for a favor received. Mrs. C. B., **Launay Station**. — I wish to express my thanks to our heavenly Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. P., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — I wish to thank Our Lady for having helped my daughter keep her position; may she also protect another daughter at present without work. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for improvement in my health and another favor. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — I am fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favor granted me. Miss L. G., **St. Irénée**. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady for having saved our harvest. Mrs. A. L., **St. Louis de Gonzague**. — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favor received. Mrs. J. M., **St. Siméon**. — I wish to thank Our Lady for a great favor she had the kindness of granting me. Miss F. P., **Outremont**. — Our Blessed Lady has heard my request; I am happy to fulfill my promise in thanksgiving. May she keep on protecting us. Mrs. R. B., **Montreal**. — I am very grateful for a favor received and would like to ask prayers for the conversion of dear friends and protection for my children. Mrs. H. M., **Baltic, Conn.** — I am sending in my subscription to THE PRECURSOR in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. G., **Thetford Mines**. — Gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. G. D.



PETITIONS

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

Will you please make a novena for my sister-in-law and her children. Please remember me also in your prayers. B. P., **Montreal 3.** — Will you please have some special prayers said for my daughter. Mrs. L. B., **Montreal.** — I most earnestly ask your prayers for my intentions. I ask of you to beg Our Blessed Mother to hear my plea. Mrs. A. V., **Montreal.** — Will you please have the Community pray for the safety of my son who has been missing overseas since July 28. Mrs. M. D., **Montreal.** — I would like to have prayers offered for my dear relatives. Please pray for me also. J. C., **Montreal.** — Will you please include my family and myself as petitioners in your novenas. Mrs. C. M., **Montreal.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. R. St. G., **Verdun.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. P. B., **Ville St. Laurent.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. E. B., **Temiskaming, P. Q.** — Please pray for my son's safe return from overseas. Mrs. W. B., **St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.** — Please pray for the safe return of my son, also for other favors. Mrs. P. M., **St. Agathe, Lotbinière Co.** — I ask your prayers for my daughter that is going under an operation on her throat. Mrs. M. McG., **Chute Rouge, P. Q.** — Please say a prayer for a special intention. Mrs. A. G., **Lanoraie, P. Q.** — Will you please pray for my daughter and myself. Mrs. M., **Douglstown, Gaspe.** — Please remember my petitions in your prayers. Miss M. E., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother for me. Mrs. S. R., **Barry's Bay, Ont.** — Will you kindly have special prayers said for my intentions. Mrs. J. R., **Barry's Bay, Ont.** — Please make a novena in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Also remember my children, especially my son in the Armed Forces. Mrs. P. C., **Renfrew, Ont.** — Please have votive lights burn for a special intention. M. W., **Biddeford, Me.** — Please help me with my very special intention. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Kindly have prayers said for my intention. Mrs. E. St. L., **So. Berwick, Me.** — Will you please say one Hail Mary for my intentions. Miss E. A., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please pray that my eyesight may get better. I would like to have you pray for my husband also. Mrs. A. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you please pray for my brother that he will give up drinking and be kinder to his family. Please pray for me that I will be successful in selling my house. Mrs. M. LaF., **Worcester, Mass.** — I'm still asking for prayers for my boy who is in the Army. Your help is a great comfort to us. Mrs. L. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I have a great favor to obtain. Miss N. LaF., **Springfield, Mass.** — I am asking the cure of a young boy through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. P., **Lynn, Mass.** — I am asking the Blessed Virgin to protect my boys in the service. Mrs. A. B., **Lynn, Mass.** — Please pray for my daughter. Mrs. F. Q., **Fort Covington, N. Y.** — Will you please have a novena offered in honor of Mary Immaculate for a very special intention and light on my vocation. Miss R. L., **Mass.** — Will you please pray for a special favor if it is God's holy will that it be granted. Mrs. L. DeF., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Will you please pray for a few special intentions for my family. Mrs. W. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray so that my husband may have good luck in his work and in his travels. Mrs. H. R., **Burlington, Vt.** — Will you kindly offer up a prayer for me. Mrs. A. J., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Will you please make a special novena for my brother who is in England. Miss J. G., **Willimantic, Conn.**

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Special favors are requested from Our Mother of Sorrows, Good St. Anne, Good St. Joseph, St. Anthony and St. Therese. An old subscriber, G. N. — I am asking another very important favor. Please pray to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Mrs. J. P., **P. Q.**

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



OBITUARY

Rev. Bro. Lucien Deschênes, F.S.V., **Quebec**, brother of our Sister St. Juliette; Mr. N. S. Papillon, **Quebec**, father of our Sisters Gertrude du Sacré Cœur and Mechtilde du Sacré Cœur; Mr. Alphonse Alarie, **St. Janvier**, father of our Sister St. Janvier; Mrs. Alfred Morin, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie du Perpetuel Secours; Mr. Joseph Dion, **Three Rivers**, father of our Sister Jeanne de Valois; Mrs. Michel Breton, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Elisabeth du Portugal; Mrs. Charles Bouchard, **St. Eloi, Rivière du Loup Co.**, mother of our Sister St. Charles de Milan; Captain André Giguère, brother of our Sister St. Irénée, killed in action; Mrs. Arthur Picard, **St. Anne des Plaines**, grandmother of our Sister St. Vincent Ferrier; Mr. Agnus H. McGillis, Mr. Harold Laplante, Miss Margaret Fox, Mrs. Robert Allen, Mr. Arthur Gedeon, Mr. James Rinahan, Mr. Wm. J. Piper, **Montreal**; Mr. R. St. Germain, **Verdun**; Mr. Gerald Scott, **Cote des Neiges**; Mr. John Elliott, Mr. Joseph Elliott, Mr. Charles Elliott, **Arnprior, Ont.**; Mr. Alfred Humphrey, **Webster, Mass.**; Mr. Bartley Connolly, **Ireland**; Mr. Pierre Pagé, **Knowlton**, killed in active service; Mrs. Jos. Côté, Mr. Norbert Faribault, Mr. René Guilbault, Captain Georges Brégent, Mr. Léo Montagne, Mrs. Alexandre Préfontaine, Mrs. Alexandre Séguin, Mrs. Joseph Messier, Mrs. W. Bradette, Miss Claire Maranda, **Montreal**; Mr. Alphonse Desmarais, **Verdun**; Mrs. Louis Bolduc, **Rosemont**; Miss Elisa David, **Boucherville**; Mrs. Armand Dulude, **St. Bruno**; Mrs. Hubert Rocheleau, **St. Hubert**; Mrs. Maurice Ethier, **St. Rose West**; Mr. Henri Sigouin, **Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur**; Mrs. Octave Handfield, Mr. Alphonse Cabana, Mrs. Edouard Lacroix, **Contrecoeur**; Mr. Paul Dagenais, Mrs. Leo Comtois, **St. Eustache**; Mr. Alfred Brazeau, Mr. Emile Beaulieu, **St. Sauveur des Monts**; Mr. Joseph Carrières, Mrs. William Wilsey, **St. Jérôme**; Mr. Venant Boivin, **St. Jovite**; Mrs. F. X. de Bellefeuille, **Rigaud**; Mrs. Jos. Gauthier, **Huberdeau**; Mr. Joseph Leclerc, **Nominigüe**; Mr. Paul Chartré, **Malartic**; Mr. Delphis Lapointe, **Dubuisson**; Mr. Antoine Nadon, **Maniwaki**; Mr. Marcel Bergeron, **St. Ludger de Milot**; Mr. Armand Gaudreault, **Notre Dame du Laus**; Mr. Joseph Despart, **South Roxton**; Mr. René Gingras, Mr. David Labonté, Mrs. Albina Roberge, Mr. Frédéric Guay, **Granby**; Mr. Azarie Lapierre, Mrs. Osias Courtemanche, Mrs. Joseph Berthiaume, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Alphonse Dansereau, **La Providence, St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Ferdinand Giard, **St. Pie**; Mr. Alfred Mercier, **Champlain**; Miss Laurette Champagne, **Grand'Mère**; Mr. Omer Bellemare, **Yamachiche**; Mrs. Philippe Charette, Miss Simone Giguère, Mr. Jacques Lafrenière, **St. Ursule**; Mr. Médéric Boisvert, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Bruno Goulet, **Proulxville**; Mrs. Eugène Faucher, **Pont Rouge**; Mr. Augure Roy, **St. Anselm Station**; Mrs. Lucille Paré, **St. Ephrem de Beauce**; Mrs. S. Brodeur, **St. Hughes**; Mr. Eugène Labrie, **St. Grégoire de Montmorency**; Mrs. Ludger Deschênes, **St. Ludger, Rivière du Loup Co.**; Mrs. Pitre Fillion, Mr. Simon Allaire, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Stanislas Hébert, **Pont Etchemin**; Mr. Henri Mancherson, **Bureau Lamarche**; Mrs. Hormisdas Guilmond, Mr. Adélard Raymond, Mr. Henri Sansoucis, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Ernest Gaudette, **Taftville, Conn.**; Mr. Joseph St. Jean, Mr. Léandre Thibodeau, **South Bellingham, Mass.**; Mrs. Louis Pelland, **Woonsocket, R. I.**; Mr. Ludger Brunet, Mr. Philippe Fugère, Mr. Antoine Morneau, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Rosanna Charron, **Nashua, N. H.**; Mrs. Anastase Gaudette, **Lowell, Mass.**; Miss Elise Richard, Miss Alice Richard, Mr. B. A. Beaugard, Lieut. Georges Beaudry, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Césaire Brideau, **Gardner, Mass.**; Mr. Lionel Simard, Mr. Alph. Comeau, Mrs. Azilda Janvier, R. F. C. Renald J. Lachance, Mr. Edward Maurice, Mrs. Honoré Côté, Mr. Vilmond Chenard, Mr. Hilaire Lavoie, Mr. Joseph Pelletier, Mr. Honoré Blanchet, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. Virginie Létourneau, **Biddeford, Me.**

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

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

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

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above-mentioned donations.

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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