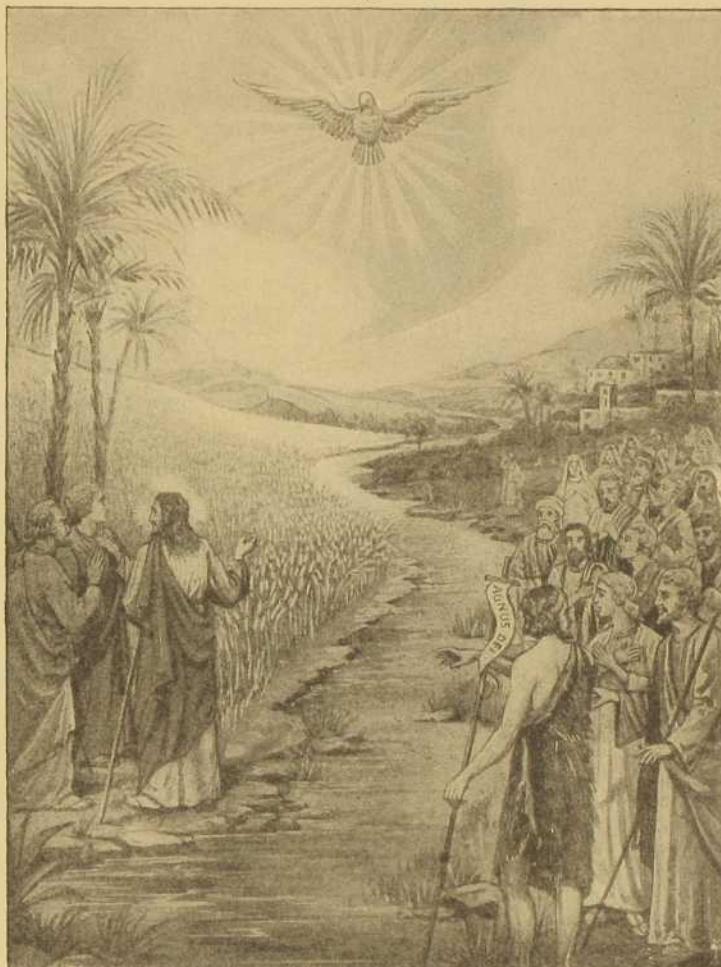
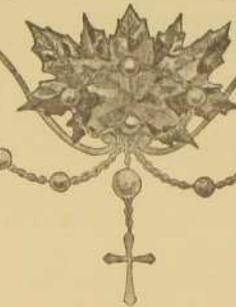
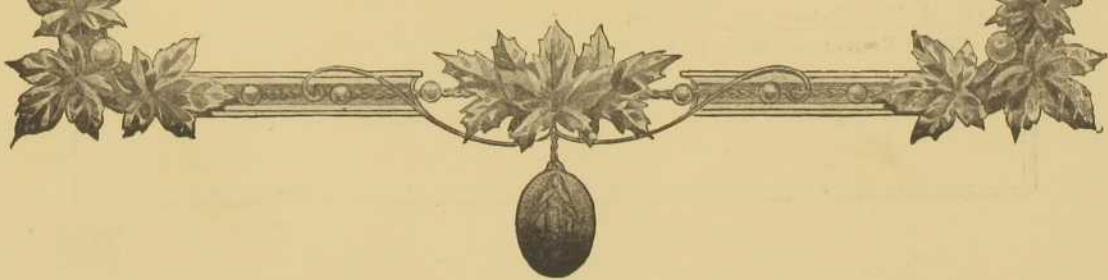


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 23rd Year MONTREAL, January-February 1945

No. 1



Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHER HOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, Que.

(Founded in 1902)

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

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

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

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

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Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover)

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		22 inches

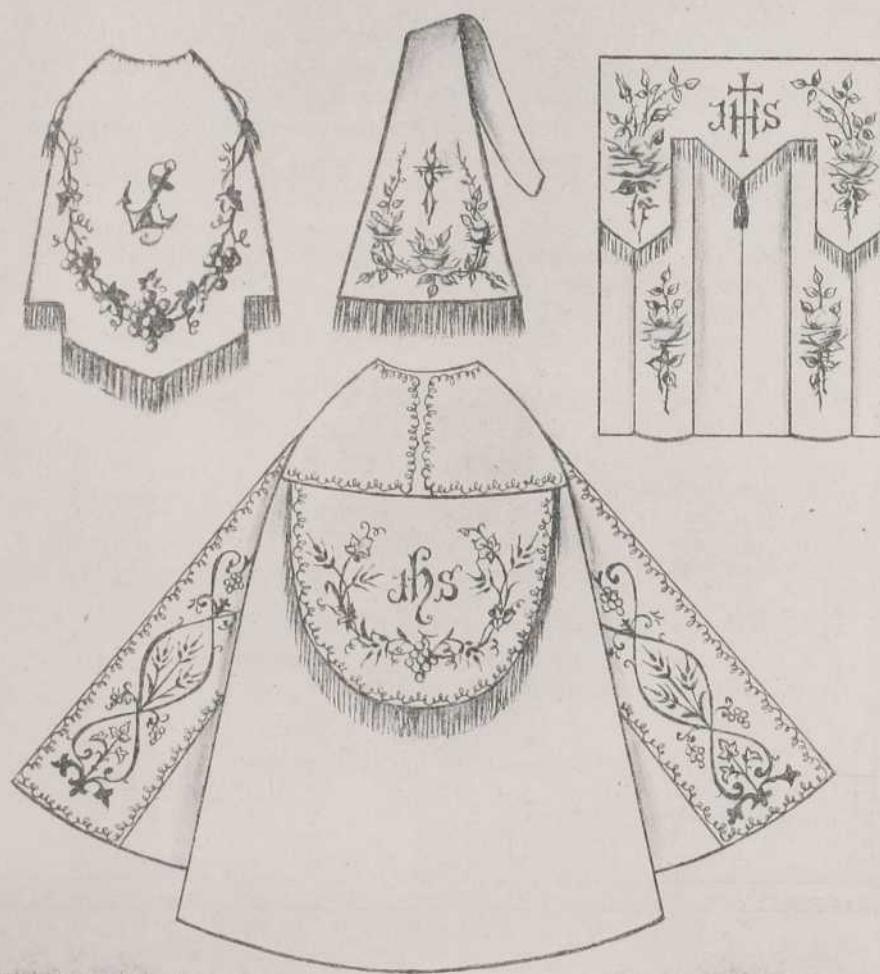
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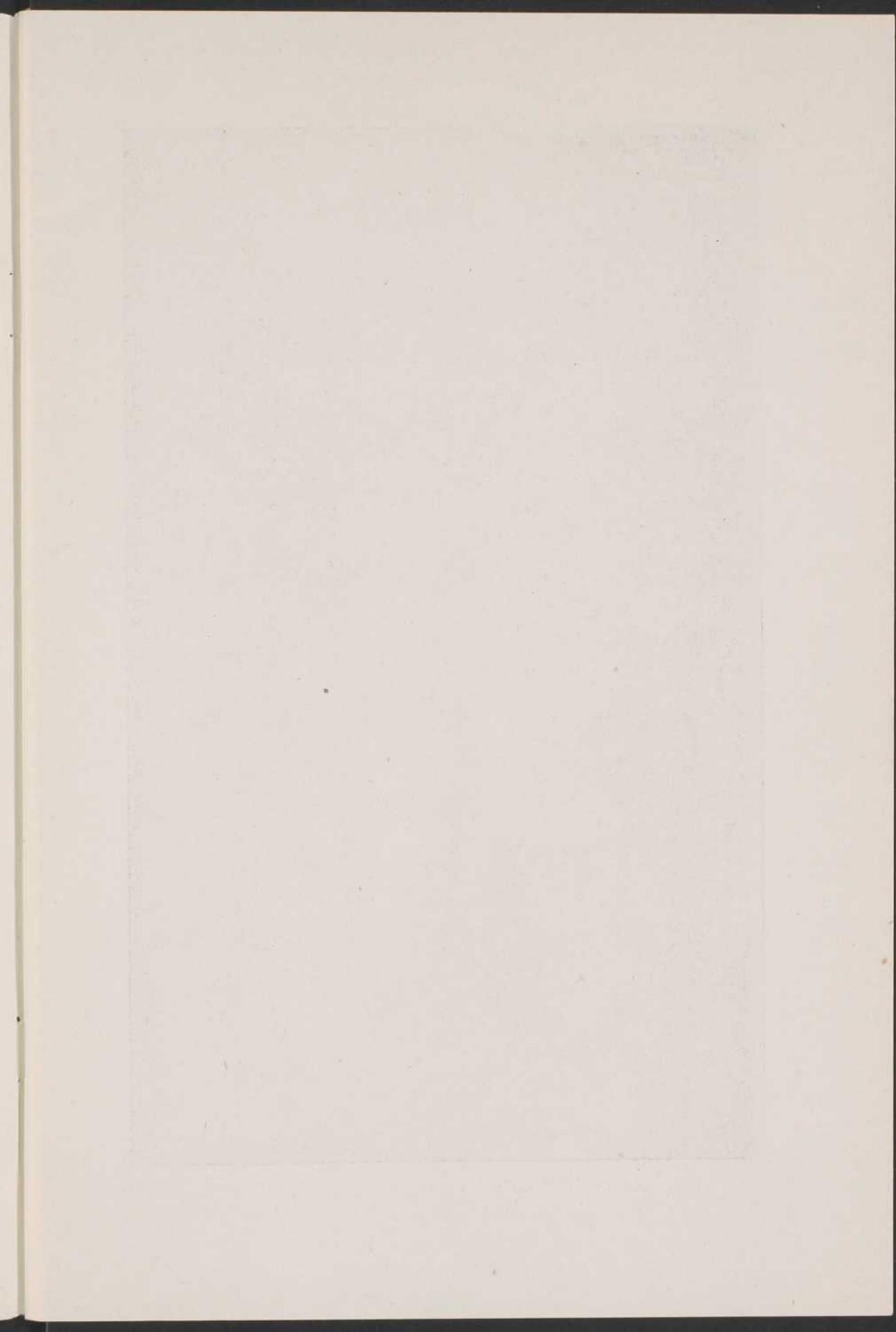
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

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of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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MONTRAL, January-February, 1945

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CONTENTS

Because of the Just.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	3
At the Crib.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	4
Peace on Earth.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	6
To Egypt in Exile.....	<i>Rev. Father Perdrau</i>	8
The Rosebush Cross.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	12
Life Sketch of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	15
Mother Church.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	20
“Where Have You Christians Been?”.....	<i>Rev. J. G. Keller, M. M.</i>	22
How Paul Became a Millionaire.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	23
Dying for Christ.....		27
St. Therese of the Child Jesus.....	<i>Rev. Paul Destombes, M. Ap.</i>	28
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.</i>	30
Echoes From Our Missions.....		33
Novitiate Chronicles.....		54
Children's Page.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	59
Thanksgivings — Petitions — Obituary.....		63

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chinese Children Praying for Our Benefactors.....	2
Christ the King.....	4
At the Christ Child's Feet.....	9
The Holy Family on the Way to Egypt.....	10
Joys of Exile.....	14
A Happy Dream.....	15
Marieville Church, 1865.....	16
Home of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Alix, Marieville.....	17
Little Délia.....	24
A Generous Mother.....	28
The Glorious Patroness of Missionaries.....	36
Directors of the Shek Lung Leprosarium, China.....	39
Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Wakamatsu, Japan.....	43
Christian Community, Wakamatsu.....	46
Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Leaving Les Cayes for Les Coteaux, Haiti, West Indies.....	47
Les Coteaux Church, Les Cayes Diocese, Haiti.....	48
Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, Haiti.....	51
Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Haiti.....	51
Women's Ward, St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver.....	60
Men's Ward, St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver.....	61
A Pleasant Evening.....	
The Three Kings Coming to Adore the King Divine.....	



That Christ May Reign Over All Hearts

At this moment when the kings of earth have shown themselves so powerless to give peace, justice and life to the world, our Christians must endeavor to understand that the kingship of Christ alone is mighty and sovereign, and that to be truly victorious men must above all belong to the Kingdom of Christ, and be consecrated, in life and in death, to Christ the King.

Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, O. M. I.

Because of the Just...

*O Father in Heaven, Our Father,
on this first day of the New Year,
look down upon Thy children and bless them.*

*Many are unworthy of Thy most pure gaze.
Have mercy upon them, O Father,
For the just are imploring Thy forgiveness.
Thy divine wrath hath unleashed
the terrible scourge of war,
the chastisement of our sins.*

*But remember, O tender Father,
that beside so many ungrateful children some there are
who love Thee and seek to make Thee loved.
Because of the just, O most loving Father,
Thou wilt be merciful.*

*May Thy blessing sanctify them that are holy
and bring sinners and pagans to Thy loving Heart.*

*O Father, Thou art infinitely liberal !
Reveal Thyself
To souls that have never known Thee, soften hardened hearts,
beckon the indifferent again to Thee.
May the just grow daily in perfection,
sanctifying themselves in order to sanctify their brethren.*

*Our Father who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name from pole to pole !
Thy Kingdom come in all hearts !
Thy will be done by all Thy earthly children
in this New Year and forevermore !*

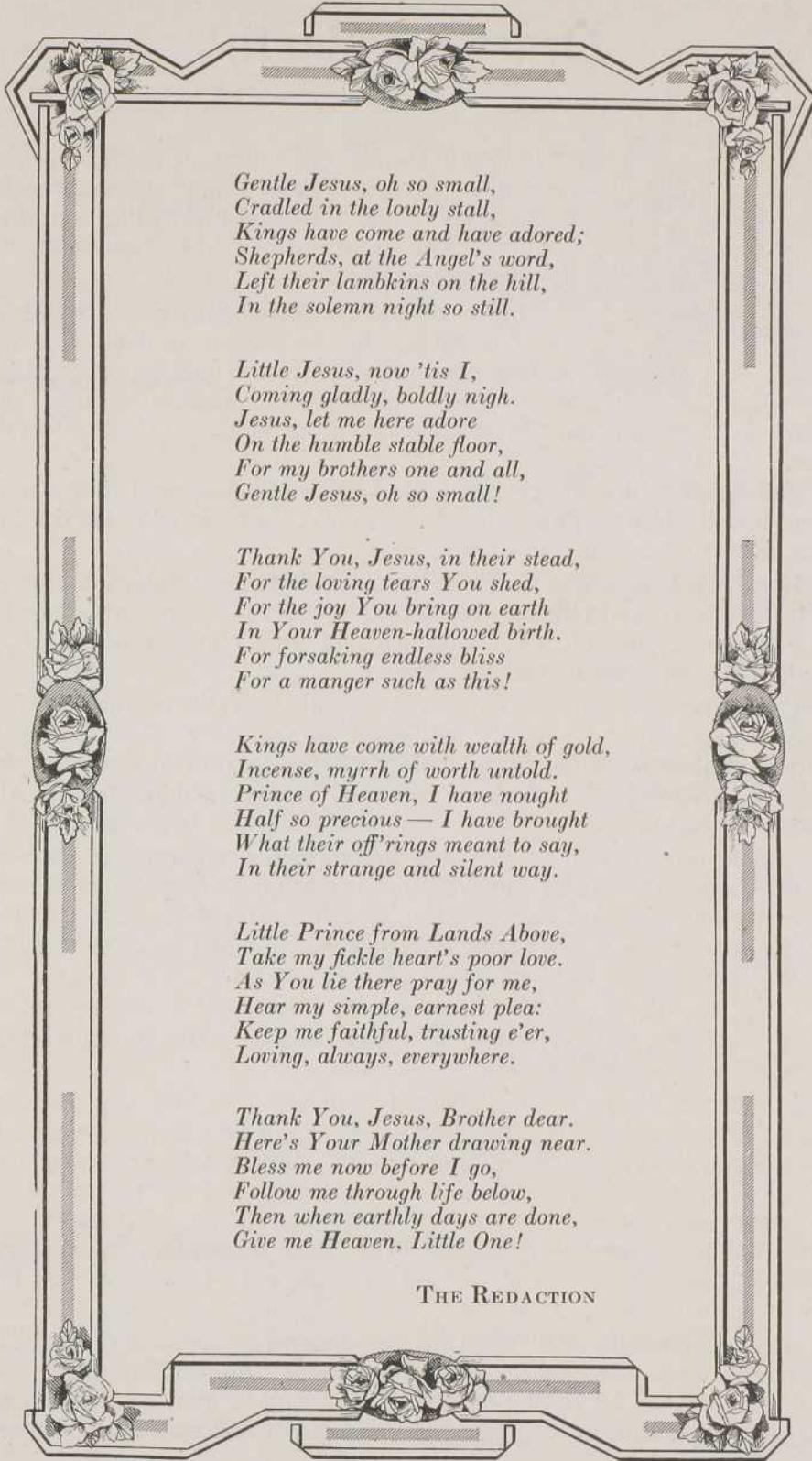
The Precursor



At the Crib

*Loving Joseph, open wide
Stable portals — God's inside!
Bid me enter, let me stay;
Surely Angels had their day.
Let me see on manger throne
Mary's Treasure and your own!*

*Mother Mary, never fear,
I shall tiptoe softly near.
See, the Babe is wide awake!
For a moment let me take
Close beside the Child of Grace
Your own blessed, chosen place.*



*Gentle Jesus, oh so small,
Cradled in the lowly stall,
Kings have come and have adored;
Shepherds, at the Angel's word,
Left their lambkins on the hill,
In the solemn night so still.*

*Little Jesus, now 'tis I,
Coming gladly, boldly nigh.
Jesus, let me here adore
On the humble stable floor,
For my brothers one and all,
Gentle Jesus, oh so small!*

*Thank You, Jesus, in their stead,
For the loving tears You shed,
For the joy You bring on earth
In Your Heaven-hallowed birth.
For forsaking endless bliss
For a manger such as this!*

*Kings have come with wealth of gold,
Incense, myrrh of worth untold.
Prince of Heaven, I have nought
Half so precious — I have brought
What their off'rings meant to say,
In their strange and silent way.*

*Little Prince from Lands Above,
Take my fickle heart's poor love.
As You lie there pray for me,
Hear my simple, earnest plea:
Keep me faithful, trusting e'er,
Loving, always, everywhere.*

*Thank You, Jesus, Brother dear.
Here's Your Mother drawing near.
Bless me now before I go,
Follow me through life below,
Then when earthly days are done,
Give me Heaven, Little One!*

THE REDACTION



Peace on Earth!

GLORY to God in the highest! Peace on earth to men of good will! Such is the glad tidings Angels brought to the world on the wonderful night which saw that prodigy of love — the Son of God become Flesh and dwelling amongst us.

If men gave glory to God, then peace would be given to them. In the present turmoil wreaking its fury upon mankind, in the unheard-of atrocities and devastations afflicting warring nations, one cannot fail to see the terrible consequences of the flouting of God's adorable laws.

Full many a time in ages past, the Lord's avenging hand thus struck terror into the hearts of men, in order to punish their wickedness and bring back sinners from their evil ways.

Holy Writ tells us that God sent the deluge because the abominations of the wicked had risen to the very heavens. The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were doomed because of their unrepented sins, while Nineveh was saved by the heartfelt repentance of its inhabitants.

People today lead disorderly lives, intent only upon the pursuit of selfish pleasures and interests, totally indifferent to the glory of their Maker. Nations infatuated with pride and ambition have vowed to do away with the Almighty. They have robbed the hearts of innocent children of the only worthwhile happiness here below, — the knowledge and love of God.

Crimes, heinous and innumerable, are crying for vengeance to Heaven. Can we, then, still wonder why wails of sorrow and pain are heard all over the earth, why peace has been banished from the hearts of men, from families and nations? The fatherly hand of God is punishing us, in order to make us turn from our evil ways and amend our sinful lives.

Let us but repent and give glory to God. Peace will be restored to our war-weary world, for God is not only just but merciful. Has He not Himself declared that His mercy is above all His works?

Numberless proofs He has tendered us of His love. He sent His own adorable Son to redeem mankind from the slavery of sin and open the portals of Heaven. Our Savior offered Himself in our stead upon the Cross, shedding His life-blood that we might be saved, and finding a means of remaining in our midst until the end of time in the Holy Eucharist. He founded His Church to be the faithful guardian of His divine teachings, remaining her invisible Head. To that Holy Church all souls must belong, at least implicitly, if they wish to attain the kingdom of Heaven.

At this time of the year, when we are reminded of the birth of Christ in the poor manger of Bethlehem, let us kneel beside Him with lively faith and give Him thanks for having taught us detachment from earthly riches. Acknowledging Him as sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth, let us adore

Him and thank Him for the gifts and graces He continually showers down upon us, more especially so for the divine Sacrament of the Altar.

While begging forgiveness for our sins and neglect, let us promise Him to be from now on more faithful to our duties, and resigned to whatever His adorable will may require of us.

All men should have a share in our earnest prayers, the erring outside of the true Fold, and the pagans in a special manner.

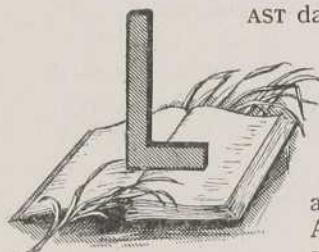
Jesus wishes us to plead with Him, that He may reveal Himself to these unfortunate souls. He wants to conquer their indifference and aloofness by the tenderness of His merciful love. He wants to open their eyes, so that they may behold in Him Eternal Light and that, beholding it, they may acknowledge Him as the one true God, and love and serve Him faithfully.

If our prayers bear the earmark of ardent desire and generous self-denial, we shall be doing more towards securing lasting peace to a war-torn world, than the wisest politicians and the most powerful weapons.

While thus giving glory to God, we shall win the Heart of our Savior, whence spring the fountains of Peace, and that blessed peace will be given to men inasmuch as we give glory to God.

THE REDACTION

Are We Ready?



LAST day of the year! So casually the hackneyed phrase escapes our lips! Another year drifting off into Eternity, one year less in which to know, love and serve God upon this earth.

We live, loved, laughed and wept throughout the old year. Now, the last day has come. Still Time runs its ceaseless course. Second by second, drop by drop, another year will come down to us, fresh-minted from Divine Artist Fingers. What will it bring? Health, happiness, sorrow, pain? We cannot tell. Our days are in God's hands. In His hands likewise are the ends of earth.

Think for a moment what powerless, infinitesimal beings we are! Puny, weak, ignorant, mere nothings when compared to our Sovereign Lord and Master, our Maker who fashioned us from the dust, who can call us back to Him this very moment or the next. Beloved relatives and friends have answered the supreme summons during 1944. Soon shall we follow them, through the portals of death, to God's judgment seat, there to answer for our immortal souls. "Come, ye blessed . . . depart, ye cursed . . ."

What shall be our sentence? The eternal bliss of the Beatific Vision, or the unending agony of hell with the devil and his angels?

Are we ready for the great summons? Or shall we pillow our head and sleep with the uncertainty, the terrible alternative of endless joy or endless woe? "Wherefore be you always ready, because at what hour you know not, the Son of man will come." (Matt. XXIV)

To Egypt in Exile



N Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: 'Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.' Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt."

In these brief, thought-provoking sentences, St. Matthew relates the Gospel narrative of the Flight into Egypt.

How infinitely paternal, God's provident care of the Holy Three! Thrice He despatches a celestial messenger to the foster father of His beloved Son. Firstly the Angel enjoins St. Joseph to "fly into Egypt", for Herod is entertaining thoughts of foul murder in his evil heart. A second time he bids him return to the land of his fathers. The three fugitives heed the divine command, and return to Judea. God's angelic messenger points to Galilee as their Heaven-elected abode.

Surely the Holy Family deserved the Almighty's particular protection. Jesus, the Ancient of Days, the Christmas Babe, had been entrusted to their gentle, loving care. God's complacent gaze rested upon Him. But not to Jesus alone was this fatherly solicitude restricted. Joseph and Mary also experienced its effects. However, God's provident goodness does not stop there. It extends to all who love and adore Christ. Passing a mother's vigilant care of her son are His ministrations to His servants. As shepherd never guided his flock, God leads the righteous throughout their mortal career. While preparing to be their reward exceeding great, God constitutes Himself their protector, their leader, their earthly companion traveller, walking at their side through human valleys, shielding them from the dread onslaughts of the devil and the persecution of a sin-maddened world. We need not have attained to Mary's or Joseph's eminent sanctity, before daring to hope for this special divine keeping. It is enough that the blessed dew of Baptism has made us children of the Heavenly Father, and that with simple, sincere good will we are seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice. "From the moment you believe," avers St. Augustine, "you are called just," and God's unfathomable solicitude has ever accompanied the just man in all his ways.

Only trust entirely in Him, obeying His decrees in your regard, remaining wheresoever He has willed to place you, until further orders shall interpret His blessed will. Well may we look up to Mary and Joseph, in this as in all other respects our perfect models. Joseph did not question the angelic ambassador. He did not delay in carrying out God's message. Nor were there elaborate preparations. The poor have so little to take along!

Picture the midnight departure for a strange and hostile country. Long and tedious is the four-hundred-mile journey across the bleak, unfriendly desert. Swiftly and willingly Joseph obeys. At a whispered word from him, Mary clasps the Infant to her breast and draws her protecting mantle close about Him. Thus begins the seven-day trek through the parched, barren wilderness. Happily, Jesus' royal adorers have presented Him with

gold. In Joseph's manly features we read the joy overflowing his heart at being able to buy food for his beloved Two. Later on, he confidently hopes, he will find some remunerating toil. His neighbors will become friends.

Mussulman fancy has woven many a charming tradition around the three holy exiles' sojourn in Egypt. A grotto is proudly pointed to as having sheltered the adoring fugitives and their helpless Child. Further on, a giant sycamore bears in its boughs all the pride of having given shade to the saintly passers-by. A crystal fountain purls softly close by. In its waters, says a pious tradition, Our Blessed Lady once washed the Holy Child's swaddling clothes. No wonder that the stream should be held sacred, and that mothers should give to drink to their little ones of the blessed waters! As to the city that harbored the Holy Family, nothing very definite is stated. Many, among whom the learned Doctor Sepp, speak of Mataria, near Heliopolis. There Joseph, son of Jacob, had married, in the zenith of his glory. There Moses, fleeing the wrath of Pharaoh, had sought refuge and safety. There again, and in the neighboring region, were to rise in the first centuries of the Church the countless monks, "Fathers of the Desert", who have penned glorious pages of sublime sanctity in her history. Ecclesiastical Doctors have attributed these miracles of grace to the presence of the Desired of Nations and the holy pair of Nazareth. Anyone versed in spiritual matters will readily vouch for this soul-parenthood. To Jesus, Mary and Joseph, then, the world owes its immortal giants of sanctity, Anthony, Paul, Arsenius, the precursors of our modern monks and religious.

O blessed Flight of Jesus across the dreary desert, most precious exile of Jesus, Mary and Joseph in Egypt, you are the hope of fugitives, of emigrants, of citizens driven from their country. You bring consolation to the homeless and friendless, to those who wander with heavy heart and lagging step, begging their daily crust at the door of unsympathetic strangers. Shall I say more? You are the charm of perfect souls, souls that suffer in this sorry pilgrim land, yearning after the true home and country, Heaven beyond the troubled skies of grey. This earthly abode is their Egypt, their foreign land. "With the inhabitants of Cedar" — to quote the Royal Prophet's phrase — they have staked their tents for the darksome night of earthly exile. They speak a strange



On the way to Egypt

tongue mortals do not understand. Here below they are not "at home", but patiently yearning, grieving, enduring as of yore the Holy Family in pagan Egypt.

What sorrow-laden moments the Child and His Mother must have experienced in their exile! Strangers are often gruffly received, not to say shunned and loathed. Back in homely Nazareth, Joseph worked happily and peacefully in his humble carpenter shop. Courteous and friendly neighbors lightened his labors. But in Egypt the shy, retiring workman had to proffer his services. He could not make a name overnight. Burdening tasks and meagre pay awaited the latest comer. Alone through the long days, Mary busied herself with humdrum household duties. Poorly and humbly she fared, sensing all the precious worth of the few coins Joseph earned at the sweat of his brow. Add to this their being compelled to abide in the strongholds of heathendom, amid the heartrending spectacle of men adoring false, senseless idols. Oh, the world of sorrow for their God-loving hearts! With what accents of yearning they must have called for Jerusalem, her sacred temple and her beautiful feasts, for secluded Nazareth and her blissful, unclouded Sabbath days!

But for God and for justice they willingly bore persecution and suffering. By divine mandate they dwelt in this idolatrous country. They were doing God's holy will. Besides, what mattered their own heart-stabbing sorrow, if it purchased security for Him whom they cherished more than life itself? From the vengeful wrath of Herod, "the poison of asps under his lips," they had saved the defenceless Infant. Miserable in truth was their humble dwelling, but Jesus' Sacred Presence therein shed gladness and light. As the sun rose in the radiant East, Joseph would tiptoe over to the sleeping cherub's homemade cradle, kiss the dainty wee hands, and bravely set out for the day, while Mary remained keeping vigil before the tabernacle and its thrice-holy Dweller. How throbbed her maternal heart as she held the little One within her arms! In His clear, candid gaze, she glimpsed a ray of heavenly radiance. Her Son's cradle was a sacred tabernacle wherein she loved and adored her Lord and God.

God never forsakes His saints. In every trial and affliction, the staff of His consolation strengthens their sagging shoulders. Indeed, through His dispensation sorrow and consolation mingle in our lives. Let us consider in this light the entire life of Our Blessed Lady. Alternate links of sorrow



Jesus, the Ancient of Days, the Christmas Babe, had been entrusted to their care.

and joy form the long chain of her earthly existence. Joseph and Mary were turned out of the inn on Christmas Night, but later Jesus drew shepherds and Kings to His crib. Herod compelled them to "fly into Egypt". Truly, she ate the bread of sorrow there, but there as well Jesus' first tender caresses were lavished upon His adoring Mother. The twelve-year-old Lad played truant on a visit to His Father's Mansion, but three days later He was Mary's again — and so for eighteen bliss-filled years in the sweet intimacy of the Nazareth cottage. She received Jesus' dying breath on Calvary's Cross, but she beheld Him gloriously risen from the tomb. And if, through twenty years, she remained on earth, it was but to witness her beloved Son's continual triumph. The Church of Jerusalem sprang, so to speak, from her prayerful heart. A new joy followed every new sorrow. Truly, Christian life is but a series of alternatives, a succession of good days and evil. God's enemies make us weep, but God Himself wipes all tears from our eyes. The soothing balm of His grace is continually healing our wounds.

How long did the Holy Family remain in exile? The exact time is not definitely known. Reliable sources infer two and a half years at most. Jesus was therefore a baby no longer when they returned to Judea. He had made His first unsteady steps, lisped His first words in Egypt. What joy must have flooded His parents' hearts as He confidently left Mary's protecting hands and toddled over to Joseph's outstretched arms! With what happiness the saintly patriarch, his hand in the Boy's, taught Him to walk on this earth He had made! For it must be admitted that Jesus partook of all the conditions and limitations of human childhood. In His unbounded wisdom He had willed to be like His brethren in all things. His parents taught Him to walk and speak. On their pure lips He first culled the sweet names of Joseph and Mary. How lovingly He must have learned to pronounce them! Never had like accents struck mortal ears! The Creator had taken a human voice to tell men, His brethren: "Yea I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee." (Jer. XXXI, 3)

In an outburst of sublime prayer, Bossuet thus addresses the divine Infant: "Most loving Child! Happy they who beheld Thee freeing Thy tiny hands from the swathing bands, caressing Thy holy Mother and the saintly patriarch who had adopted Thee, or, rather, to whom Thou hadst given Thyself as his son! Happy they who beheld Thee learning to walk and to lisp the praises of Thy Father in Heaven! I adore Thee, dear Child growing in age and in wisdom. The grace of God is with Thee; I wish to gather it in all Thy actions. Make me a child in simplicity and innocence."

(Translated)

FATHER PERDRAU



Mary was the all-undefiled Mother of Holiness, because the Holy One born of her was called the Son of God; she was the light-clad Mother of Light, because He who indwelt her and was born of her was the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Dr. Pusey

The Rosebush Cross

(A Christmas Story)



ARK days of sorrow had abruptly broken up the happy little home. An evil prince had threatened to lay murderous hands on the beloved Boy who was the light and joy of their lives. So they had left home, friends and country to ensure their Treasure's security. For two years now they had been dwelling in a tiny, hidden cottage, in a far distant land.

Joseph, the husband and father, was a carpenter by trade. His toolkit on his back, he would kiss the Boy goodbye and walk briskly to his nearby workshop. So kind, so manly an expression lit up his features, that one would turn back to take a second look at him. Still, he didn't mingle much with society. He seemed like a stranger always thinking of his native heath.

The poor and needy were his social set. An unfailing smile accompanied his charitable offerings, however small. He knew that "God loveth the cheerful giver". His long working day over, he would hurry home to his beloved Two. Sometimes, on pleasant evenings, he did little odd jobs around the house, hoed or raked the garden.

The wife and mother, Mary, like many a good Catholic mother we know, divided up her time with prayer, household tasks, and the care of her only Son. The dear little Lad, Jesus, just turned three, was a winsome tot and a favorite with everyone. He loved flowers. His fondest pastime was culling the sweetest blossoms He could find in bouquets for His beloved Mother.

One day, while Mother was getting supper ready and Jesus, as usual, was enjoying Himself to the limit among the scented blooms, a venerable old man, worn-out with the heat of the day, sat down near the bright, smiling flower plot. Often enough, Joseph had handed him alms, going out of his workshop. The day before, he had slowly followed his benefactor back to the tiny cottage. So now he knew the way. He would wait for Joseph here. Gently he called the Child to his side.

"Little one, where's your father?"

"Little One" smiled, oh! so sweetly, and lifting His blue eyes heavenward, pointed with a dainty finger: "Up there!"

Wonderingly the beggar continued:

"What's your father's name?"

"The one true God."

"And your name, my boy?"

"The Son of God, Jesus."

What did it all mean, anyway? There was so much simple truthfulness in the lad's tone of voice. The old man was getting more and more astonished. Those strange, new things he had been told about one true God — only one! Who was that God? Slowly he pulled a small metal idol from his pocket. "Look, little one, here's my god!"

"Son of God" breathed lightly on the prized possession. It fell in ashes and mingled with the dust of the pathway. Then, lifting radiant eyes, He said:

"No, that isn't your God. That metal is only dust. Your God, your real God, is a Spirit, an invisible and eternal Being, and He must be adored in spirit. One day, all your false gods shall crumble into dust, and men shall adore My Father, Creator of Heaven and earth. He alone gives souls happiness in this life and after death."

The grey-haired pagan wondered whether it was not all a beautiful dream. The Boy bent over a rosebush and plucked a tiny branch. In His hands it suddenly took the form of a cross, then turned into the most exquisite marble.

"Here," spoke Jesus, "take this cross instead of your idol. It is the Sign of Him who shall establish the kingdom of the one true God."

Jesus stopped abruptly. Dear, familiar footsteps had made music in His ears. Joseph was returning from work. The kindly carpenter had, as usual, an alms to proffer. Gratefully the poor old beggar thanked him. "I am not hungry tonight," whispered he in Joseph's ear. "Just to see and hear that gracious boy was food enough for me." Then, more audibly, "My good man, is this your son?"

"Yes, my adopted Son."

"And the young woman looking out the window?"

"His Mother. Good night, friend. Here, take these coins. You'll need them, perhaps."

And while the happy recipient of Joseph's kind charity vainly sought words to convey his gratefulness, Father and Son, hand in hand, hurried off to supper in the tiny cottage.

The old man considered them for a while, so sorry was he to have lost them after a few golden moments. How he longed to see again the wonderful child who had told him so many wondrous truths! He sat down on the velvety grass and waited. "Who knows," he told himself, "perhaps he'll come back and play among the flowers." Evening shadows had fallen when at last he decided to plod along. Jesus had not come. Slowly he retreated, promising to return on the morrow.

Early the next morning he came back to see Jesus. While strolling slowly, he mused: "Oh, if I could only hold him in my arms this time — press him to my heart — caress him — tell him all my love! Smilingly he quickened his steps. But — what did he see? Tears came into his dim eyes. Faded were the flowers on their lifeless stems! The very bushes, wet with morning dew, seemed as though shedding tears! The tiny cottage doors were closed, and so were the shutters. He could hardly trust his eyes. A sudden thought flitted across his mind, but hastily he tried to dismiss it. He would wait and see for himself.

So all the day long he waited, and nothing disturbed the sad stillness of the place. Still he hoped on. "When my benefactor returns tonight, I'll have the key to this mystery." Through the evening twilight he waited and hoped. Joseph did not come. Evidently, the three had left. Where had they gone? He questioned neighbors and passers-by. All shook their heads. He even asked the little marble cross, the prized treasure he carried on his breast. At the very name of Jesus it emitted lustrous rays, but it did not answer.

His fondest hopes forever shattered, as he thought, the poor old man felt a wave of sorrow surge up from his inmost heart. Hot tears trickled down his pale, wrinkled face. At last, broken with weeping, and feeling his courage ebbing away, he told himself: "I shall go in that lonely house and lie down on the threshold, and pillow my weary head on that stone Jesus touched with his dear little feet." No sooner said than done. But sleep was long in closing his eyelids that night. So cruel had been the deception, so painful, the agony!

Hours since, the merry Angels had lit radiant lamps in the cloudless sky. The unfortunate old pagan was living over, in a sorrowful nightmare, the bitter disappointment of the preceding day. Suddenly, before his bewildered eyes, smiling and brightly-haloed stood the adorable Child Jesus. Dazzlingly white gleamed His garments. A golden diadem crowned His pure forehead. Long and lovingly the Child looked at His friend of yesterday. In His sweet childish voice He addressed the happy dreamer: "Brother, dry your tears and seek Me no longer on earth. I have left Egypt with Joseph, My adopted father and Mary, My Mother. We are now in the land of Israel. Soon you shall see Me again in My kingdom of glory, and nevermore shall you leave Me. There you shall be happy forever. Only believe in the one true God, adore Him with all your spirit, love Him with all your heart, for the short time you have yet to live." And the beautiful Child disappeared into the night, leaving bliss untold in the earth-weary heart.

The sun was already high in the heavens when the old beggar awoke. So it had been only a dream after all—but what a dream! His soul leapt for joy in his bent, broken body. Certainly, hereafter he would believe in the one true God. All his thoughts, all his love would be vowed to God. Often, he would call upon Him and bear up with his painful existence out of love for that God, until death would usher him into Jesus' heavenly kingdom of unending happiness.



Smiling and brightly-haloed stood the adorable Child Jesus

A group of onlookers had gathered around a poor old tattered wretch lying utterly exhausted on the ground in the city of Mataria. What strange words fell from his dying lips! "Brothers, do not adore the idols. Soon they shall be dust and ashes. Believe in the one true God, Creator of all souls, who alone can give them happiness in this life and after death."

Hardly had he finished, when his pure soul took its flight to God. At that very moment, the throng saw a snowy dove alight on the dead man's breast, tear his garment and pick a tiny object with its beak, then spread its wings and soar aloft. The little marble cross made by a single touch of Almighty Hands, was being borne to Heaven for the Angels to treasure.

And the poor earth-weary soul, winging its way before the dove into the country of everlasting peace, was one of the Christ Child's most precious conquests in the land of the Gentiles.

THE REDACTION

HUMOUR AND RELIGION

Humour and Religion are quite happy in each other's company. Humour is not incompatible with godliness; the very contrary is the fact . . . The spring of a Christian's sense of humour and of all Christian joy is the consciousness of our being the children of God. A true sense of humour enables us to take a full and complete view of the world in which everything has its place, sorrow as well as joy, and in which an all-wise God is able to bring good out of evil.

Thoughts culled by Rev. Fr. Ernest Graf, O.S.B., from a Review Article

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

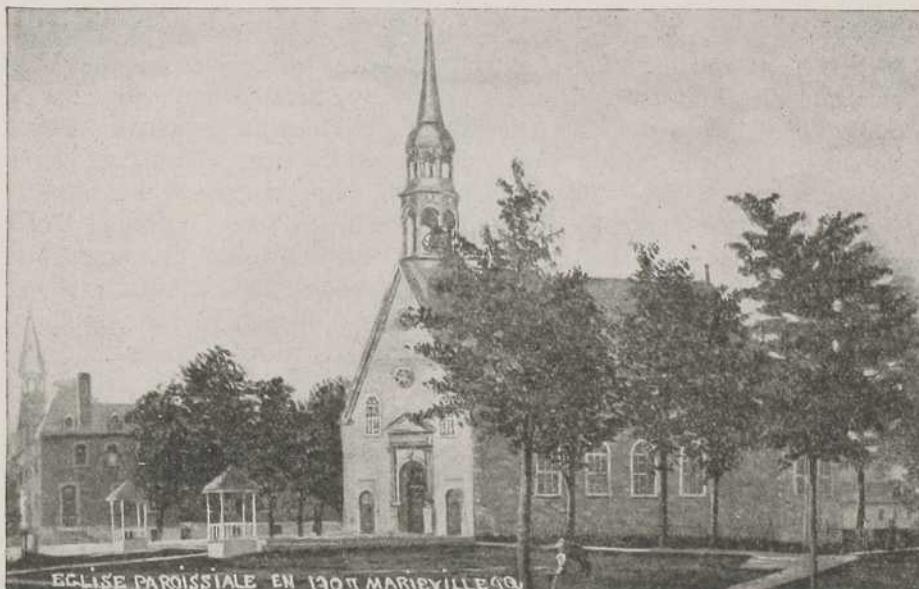
(*Délia Tétreault, Marieville, P. Q.*)

*Foundress and First Superior General
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*

"As there are no souls destined by God to greater works than Founders of Orders," writes Bishop Bougaud in his Life of St. Chantal, "so there are none He creates more lovingly and endows with greater natural gifts, with more attractive and heroic virtues."

We readily believe this assertion of the eminent French prelate can apply perfectly to the noble-hearted woman whose life history we shall attempt to sketch in its most salient traits. Patient suffering and unwearying toil filled up her earthly career, as it had that of the saintly Foundress of the Visitation Nuns; and God, who had bent with love passing mother's over her cradle, jealously watched over her all her life through. From the inexhaustible fount of Divine Goodness, choice blessings and graces flowed into her responsive soul singled out for the designs of His all-loving mercy.

Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit was born at Marieville, P. Q., February 4, 1865, and made a child of God in Holy Baptism on the following day. As long as she lived she religiously observed the anniversary of her spiritual, rather than of her natural birth. In the model Christian home of her parents, Alexis Tétreault and Céline Ponton (St. Germain), six brothers



MARIEVILLE CHURCH, WHERE REV. MOTHER MARIE DU ST. ESPRIT WAS BAPTIZED,
AND PRESENTATION OF MARY CONVENT, WHERE SHE STUDIED.



HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ALIX, MARIEVILLE, DEVOTED ADOPTIVE PARENTS
OF VERY REV. MOTHER MARIE DU ST. ESPRIT.

and sisters — Céline, Joseph, Alexis, Benoît, Pierre and Victoire — had already brought sunshine and joy, when little Délia and a twin brother were born. Brief, indeed, was the brother's life on earth. He longed for the nurseries of Heaven and, ere seven months had elapsed, had joined the Angels above. Hope waxed strong with the birth of another child two and a half years later. But this time again, the Heaven-urge proved too alluring. Soon, from her safe shelter in Fatherly Arms above, the dear child beckoned her beloved mother, who heeded the summons. Thus were the seven happy children left orphans.

When Délia and her twin brother were born, Mrs. Tétreault had been desperately ill. For tense moments of anxiety, her life had seemed as if hanging by a flimsy thread. In a neighboring room, relatives were discussing in subdued tones the question of godparents for the newborn pair. The baby boy seemed healthy and full of life, while his tiny sister, delicate and frail, would certainly not linger long on earth. So they proposed Uncle Jean Alix as sponsor for the boy. Childless and well-to-do, he would be in a position to adopt the motherless orphan. As to godparents for the wee lass, the matter was deemed of lesser importance. Apparently, she could not outlive the mother by many days. But Mrs. Tétreault had heard all. To their great surprise, she assured the relatives it would be preferable that Uncle Jean be the godfather of the girl, for she would later stand in greater need of protection than the boy. The young mother's wish was respectfully deferred to. Délia, as her baptism certificate testifies, had for godparents Jean Alix and Marcelline Tétreault. The future was to show that an all-wise Providence had inspired this maternal intuition. Seven months later, the pure soul of the baby boy soared heavenward, while in after years the girl stood sorely in need of the tender care of her good uncle and his wife, whom she always so affectionately called "Papa" and "Mamma". To

their untiring and vigilant devotion towards the frail little being entrusted to them, the Church doubtless owes today two new families of apostles, one of Sisters and a second one of priests, and our country, her apostolic spur and first Missionary Community.

Delicate and sickly, always hovering between life and death, the child cried day and night until the age of two and a half years, time when God gave her the new little sister already spoken of, who died immediately after birth and cost her mother's life.

We can readily guess what anguish tore the heart of the poor young mother about to bid a last farewell to her cherished family. She decided to confide the youngest, Délia, to her beloved sister Julie. But Uncle Jean was not over-fond of children, much less when they cried all the time . . . How could he be persuaded to adopt the orphan baby? Strong with her husband's consent to part with his darling daughter, the dying mother earnestly pleaded with Mr. and Mrs. Alix to grant her this last consolation. Confidently she promised that little Délia would disturb no more at night, adding; "I shall help you take care of her." The mother's "prophecy" was realized to the letter. So blissfully, so peacefully would the baby spend the long nights in the pleasant home of her dear foster-parents, that Uncle Jean would sometimes grow uneasy and, awakening his wife, "See to the little one, Julie. I'm afraid she's dead . . ." Often enough, they found the tot wide awake, playing with her fingers. Later, when as a young girl Délia gazed at her mother's picture, she remembered that many a time that same young woman dressed in black had tenderly bent over her cradle. As his nighttime anxieties proved, Uncle Jean was very good and kind to his adopted daughter. But between being very kind and bearing real fatherly love to her, there yet remained a broad margin.

One day, some time after her third birthday, little Délia, her face pressed against the window-pane, was watching her uncle working in the yard. Clapping her hands in innocent glee, she exclaimed, "Papa! Papa!" Touched to the heart, but not caring to show it, Uncle turned round and answered, "I am not your father, I . . ." — "You don't know anything about that, you!" returned the unabashed three-year-old. "It's *I* that knows!" Tears springing to his eyes, Uncle strode in, picked the wee angel in his strong, loving arms and pressed her to his heart. From that day on he loved her with a father's love. He became her "slave". All she did was perfect. Many years after, the dear Mother, who so seldom spoke of her childhood days, told some of her daughters how she had liked "playing kitchen and making cookies." But her fingers toyed so long with the originally white



LITTLE DELIA

dough that it often turned a suspicious grey. Her indulgent father, Mr. Alix, was the only one who cared for the cookies, and his congratulations were always forthcoming and appreciated. According to him, the cookies were delicious. And back the girlie would saunter to the kitchen, to begin again more enthusiastically than ever.

At about the same time, Aunt Julie — whom we shall hence call her mother — took her young charge to Rev. Father Archambault, a saintly priest of Marievile. "Take good care of this child," he counselled. "She will bring you great joy or great sorrow." Mrs. Rodolphe Courteau, sister of the venerated Mother, further relates that another holy priest, Rev. Father Crevier of Marievile, once addressed her in almost identical terms: "You must take good care of that child; she is a treasure."

We are indebted to the Foundress herself for the foregoing fragments of her life history. Three or four years after the heavy hand of illness had confined her to a bed of suffering, she consented at last to give them to us. To gain our point, we tried to persuade her God wished that she reveal what concerned herself and her work. God's holy will — the supreme argument! She was ready to face anything, once obedience had placed the seal of divine will upon her undertakings. So she agreed to leave us precious pages of her inspiring life. But, at the very beginning of her narrative, dread paralysis set in and abruptly put an end to her labor of loving submission.

It will not be amiss to speak here about the daring indiscretion of one of her daughters, concerning the generous Mother's admirable submission to God's holy will. "On June 15, 1938," relates Sister, "our venerated Mother, then very ill, was sitting on the edge of her bed, when a dizzy spell overcame her and she fell on the hard cement floor. A few days later, I arrived from one of our convents and found her in a truly pitiable state — lying in bed in the sweltering heat, her brow furrowed by the bloody wound made in her fall, unable, without the aid of her nursing Sisters and at the price of what pain, to change position ever so slightly! I asked her whether she did not want to pray God that He take her down from her cross. She replied at once, 'No.' — 'Why, Mother?' — 'Because He did not come down.' — 'So, Mother, you don't want to ask your cure? We are asking it with our whole heart. If you joined with us, God would listen to you.' — 'Well, let Him listen to *you* . . .' Another Sister, overhearing the conversation, remarked, 'Our Mother fears that it isn't God's will.' I then made bold to probe further. 'Mother, I think you have made a vow to seek God's will in everything and do it at any cost.' (Time and time again I had been deeply touched by our Mother's unwavering obedience to divine exigencies.) I pressed my point. 'Is it not so, Mother? Have you not made that vow?' She answered simply, 'Yes.' "

This declaration sheds clear light over many things. We can understand why, on certain painful occasions, she accepted nameless humiliations without seeking to avoid them, facing affronts with a courage that commanded the admiration of all who surrounded her, when she could have evaded them and justified her conduct.

But let us turn back to her childhood years. First Communion Day is usually a notable event in the life of a divinely-elected soul. The revered Mother has jealously sealed within her heart "the secret of the King", His intimate whisperings to her candid soul on their first loving meeting at the altar rail. But in counsels given later to her daughters on dealing with First Communicants, was revealed to us, unwittingly, the great fervor she had brought to her initial union with the God of the Eucharist. "One would hardly believe," she was wont to say, "the impression left in little children's souls by the sanctity of their teachers. As for me, I shall always remember most religiously the one who prepared me for First Communion. At all times she has seemed to me the true type of the perfect nun. I remember with what care she prepared our young hearts for reception of the Sacraments. She attached special importance to everything that concerned our holy religion, and strove so wholeheartedly to make us realize how much it mattered, that we were naturally compelled to consider all the rest as merely secondary, unworthy of our thoughts and looks. Oh, my dear Sisters, it is so important to have saintly teachers! Tell me, are you not going to sanctify yourselves, in order to be able to sanctify others?"

In the cup of bliss presented the child's pure soul on that great day, God, in His far-reaching designs, mingled a few drops of gall. Thus does He ordinarily treat privileged souls His Goodness calls to the heights of sanctity. From the venerated Foundress herself her daughters have received the following avowal, as complement to her precious counsels quoted above: "Sisters, when you prepare First Communicants, take great care never to treat them harshly. They are lilies. They must not be crushed, but handled with the greatest attention, respect and devotedness. More than anything else, avoid harsh scoldings. An example will perhaps serve as a lesson. On my First Communion Day my heart overflowed with joy. In the afternoon we gathered together before the ceremony of Consecration to Our Blessed Mother. My little companions were as happy as I, and we began playing while waiting to enter the church. Then along came a teacher, who said: "How can little girls who have received Jesus in their hearts this morning be so naughty!" I was appalled. So I had been a naughty girl and had grieved Our Lord! How my heart ached! All my happiness had vanished . . . So you see, Sisters, that very little is needed at times to upset a young soul; always be very prudent."

(To be continued)

MISSION-CONSCIOUS

We never met anyone who was interested in the Missions, who was not enthusiastic for the welfare of souls at home and who was not happy in working and giving for the glory of God and the good of the neighbor. To enjoy the Faith, indeed to help keep it, we must propagate it.

The New World



Mother Church

*What shall I render to the Lord,
From whom all blessings flow,
For this the gift surpassing great,
His Holy Name to know!*

*While heathen hearts that cringe and doubt
Are kneeling in the dust
To senseless idols — happy soul!
I kneel in love and trust!*

*Beyond the troubled skies of grey,
Above the human din,
Beyond the mortal vales we tread,
Made sorrowful with sin,*

*Rise visions of a fairer world,
Where wrong is righted all,
Where care and pain win gladsome meed —
Fond Heaven's blessed call!*

*In thee I hope, O Holy Church,
My Mother and my pride;
The Romeward look is ever true,
Infallible, my Guide!*

*Thou hallowed haven of the soul
That winds of doctrine toss,
Be thou full truly Catholic,
The boundless earth across!*



One only Keeper, shepherding
One only faithful Fold —
So pleads thy saintly Founder, Christ!
O Holy Church, behold!

*The nations rise and come to thee,
Thou Queen of truth and right!
The reign of darkness overthrow
With Christ's undaunted might!*

*O Holy Mother, sanctify
The members forming thee —
So many torches in the night
Of sinful revelry.*

*Dear gentle Lord, upon us look,
Have mercy on Thy sons.
We toy with earthly pleasures still,
And slight eternal ones!*

*Dear tender Christ, remember not
Our wayward sinfulness,
For once Thy Death on Calvary
Hath conquered wickedness!*

*Almighty Maker of our days,
The Prophet's "Prince of Peace",
Disarm the warring rulers all,
And bid our warfare cease!*

*What shall I render to the Lord,
Who reigns in bliss above?
In Holy Church, my Mother dear,
My heart shall beat for love!*

THE PRECURSOR

"Where Have You Christians Been?"



HE was near death from starvation and cold when a Maryknoll missioner came upon her, along a road in Northern China.

Nobody was paying the slightest bit of attention to her. The priest helped her as best he could, but it was too late to save her life.

Before she passed away, she summoned her last strength to ask the young American priest: "Why did you bother about me? Nobody else cared!"

"God made you and God made me," he answered. "And He said to go out over the world and help everybody who is in need."

The old lady was deeply touched by this. It was the first time in her life that she had heard of the love of God and man.

Weakly she continued: "What a beautiful religion! Where did this religion come from? Who started it?"

The missioner then told her quickly how God loved us so much that He sent His own Son down to earth to help us; how Christ worked daily to help the poor and the afflicted; and how He left one great command, that His followers should go out over the world and help every single creature, especially those in need.

The poor little lady was surprised and asked the priest when Christ had lived. She thought he would say about forty years ago. When he said nearly two thousand years ago, she couldn't believe him.

"You mean to say that two thousand years ago Christ commanded His followers to spread this idea of the love of God and man over the earth to all men?"

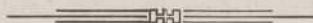
The priest admitted that it had indeed been so long ago.

It was hard for her to understand. Her next words made the missioner feel a bit ashamed: "Well, where have you Christians been for the past two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said? We have seen thousands of people from other lands spreading hatred and destruction over our country. Nobody told them to do this. But you say God Himself told you to spread His love over the earth! Where have you been? Why haven't you done it?"

This little old lady died soon after that. But she left behind a lesson, not only for the missioner to whom she spoke — but for every follower of Christ over the world who hears of her searching inquiry: "Where have you Christians been for the last two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said?"

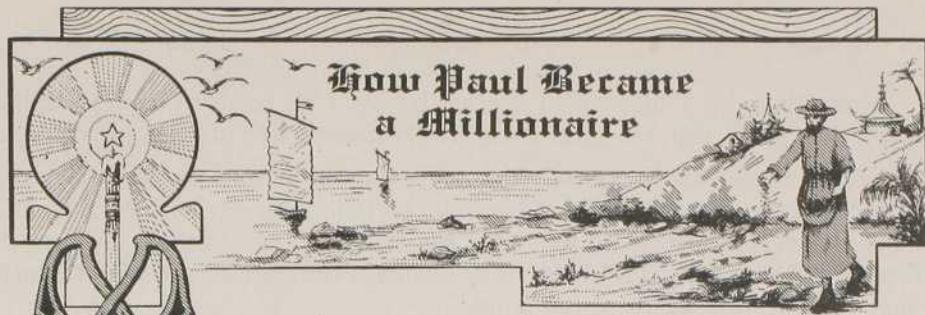
But if she could speak to each of us, it would not be to place blame. She was too grateful to the missioner for that. No, it would be a plea to all of us to be up and doing — to spread from one end of the earth to the other the divine message that brought to her dying hours a joy and peace no one had given her all through life. She learned that God is a loving Father and that all of us, His children, should treat one another as brothers and sisters. When that idea is known and loved by all men, then shall the Kingdom of God come on earth.

Father James Keller, M. M.



Imagine a man who counts God above all things, and who counts on God in all things, because he knows by faith and experience that he will never thus count in vain; a man who loves souls and seeks them with the selfishness of a true lover, through fire, among thorns, and in the most sordid places of the earth; one who acts first and foremost as a man of God, who esteems all human things and life itself as nothing, when God's work is at stake, or the salvation of a soul; such is the missionary. He is Christ's own hero, a hero of love.

L. Veuillot



UMMIE, is it true that there are still millions on earth who don't know anything about our dear Lord?"

"Only too true, my boy. Just think, there are one thousand million infidels yet on earth!"

"Whew, that's a whole lot! And how many do know about Him, Mummie?"

"About nine hundred million know Him more or less, but of that number one-third only are Catholics. The others belong to false religions."

"False religions? What does that mean?"

"Well, you've learned in your catechism how Our Blessed Savior, when He was on earth, founded His Church and made her one, holy, catholic and apostolic. Now in the course of ages men were found, proud and ambitious, who rebelled against this one true Church and pretended to make new religions of their own. The Jews refused to believe that Jesus of Nazareth was really the Messiah promised to our first parents, the Redeemer of mankind, and they went so far as to crucify Him. Then pagans there are who adore hideous idols or even vile animals . . ."

"But, Mummie, what about the missionaries?"

"The missionaries do all they can. They instruct and baptize many, but they are too few, alas, to cope with the tremendous task of converting millions. The heathen lands need missionaries in ever increasing numbers."

"Do you know, Mummie — when I am big, I want to become a missionary and convert millions of souls. I want to be a soul millionaire!"

"If you really want to be a missionary one day, you had better begin your training in self-denial right now. Our dear Lord chooses His apostles only among bighearted children, because missionaries are called upon to put up with all sorts of trials and vexations. Some can even expect to give up their lives for the Faith, to die martyrs."

"Oh, Mummie, I'd love to be a martyr!"

And with this declaration, dreamy-eyed Paul scampered out into the garden, where birds and butterflies were holding revel among the fragrant flower beds.

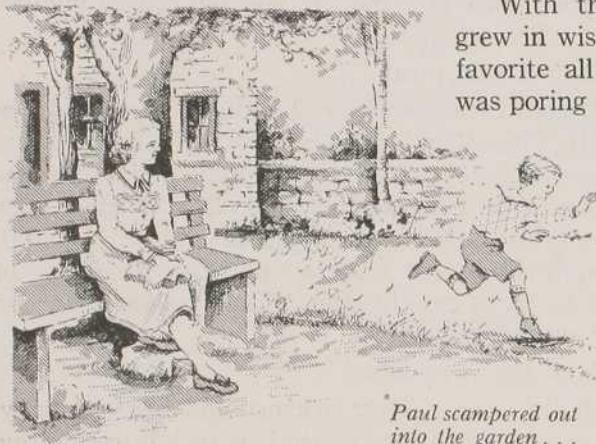
Mother's eyes were dreamy, too, and wistful, as she stood there looking after her young son's retreating figure. Then her lips framed a prayer such as mothers make: "O my God! How happy I would be if You chose my own dear Paul to be a priest at Your altar, a zealous missionary, a soul millionaire!"

From that day Paul seemed another boy, always eager to lend a helping hand, do a good turn, generous in cheerfully making lots of little sacrifices.

Sometimes he could even be found absorbed in fervent prayer before the little shrine in his room. What could he be telling his divine Friend? His mother never made bold to inquire. Between God and faithful souls, even though they be only children's souls, intimate communings are held which must remain "the secret of the King".

Still, at times, as might be expected of any normal boy, Paul did get into youthful scrapes and play mischievous pranks. Mother's gentle rebuke, "For a boy who is wanting to become a soul millionaire I must say he's taking the wrong road," would quickly bring him back to his senses.

Paul was also a devout altar boy, proud of serving Our Blessed Lord. His thanksgiving after Holy Communion would be patterned after that of Father X., whose Mass he served.



Paul scampered out into the garden...

With the passing years, the boy grew in wisdom and age and proved a favorite all around. His great hobby was poring over mission magazines and

books in order to learn as much as possible of the mission fields afar. Never did he miss being at every conference given by visiting missionaries who had come back. The kindly neighbors' comment was, "What a fine missionary that boy will make!"

Then came a day, a woeful day, when Paul made friends with a lad smooth of tongue, whose evil ways were carefully concealed beneath pleasant, well-bred manners. Poor unsuspecting Paul was caught unawares and began swerving from the straight path of duty, in which he had so blithely trod until then. Evil conversations and bad books soon wrought havoc in his soul. He grew sullen and moody. His mother was quick to note the change in her son, and wondered what baneful influence had been at work. While tidying up his room one day, she came upon a magazine of the very worst type. So this was what her Paul had been reading on the sly! She no longer wondered at his strange behavior. Determined to have it out with him at once and to fight for his soul against subversive influences, she gently but firmly pointed out to him the danger into which he was throwing himself headlong. All to no avail, however. Paul, her beloved Paul, who had always been so considerate of his mother's wishes, remained deaf to all her entreaties and scoffed at what he termed old-fashioned notions.

Years went slowly by. Paul was now a handsome youth much sought after. But his mother had aged greatly and seemed bowed under her bitter

sorrow. Her eyes, that had once been like pools of gay sunlight, were now dimmed with tears. She spent long hours pleading at Our Lady's altar. It soon became evident that her health, which had always been somewhat delicate, would give away under the strain.

Then the long-expected happened. Paul was called one morning to his mother's bedside, only to learn that her days were numbered. The thought that by his misconduct he had pained such a tender mother stabbed him to the heart. Day and night he hung over her, trying to make amends and hoping to snatch her from death. One evening, as he knelt beside her smoothing the silvery hair from the feverish brow, he sobbed out his regret at his past misdeeds, promising to amend. To his amazement, his mother gently replied: "My dear boy, I've offered up my life for your sake and for the sake of many souls you will be called upon to save. I feel that I am dying and that God has heard my prayer. You will be your own dear self again, Paul, nevermore to stray away from God and duty. You will be a missionary — a soul millionaire. I entrust you to Our Blessed Mother's safe keeping. I myself will continue to keep watch over you from our heavenly home. I die happy." And with these words upon her lips, Paul's mother breathed her last.

Paul was broken-hearted over the loss of his beloved mother. Never had he realized so strongly what she had meant to him — and now, she had been taken away from him and he was motherless. A secret impulse urged him to go and kneel where his mother had so often knelt, at Our Lady's altar. There he implored her motherly help and blessing in the amendment of his life. He rose strengthened and comforted. Surely Mary would help him realize his ideal and make up for lost time.

* * *

In a distant mission field where beasts of the jungle and malignant fevers prey constantly upon human lives, a missionary still in the prime of manhood lay dying. He had borne aloft far and wide in pagan darkness the torch of divine light and thousands had flocked around him, eager to hear the words of eternal life. But now his course on earth was run. His once sturdy frame had been wasted by unceasing labors and tropical fevers. Father Paul was dying.

His companion laborers in the harvest of souls knelt around his pallet, beseeching the divine Master to let His faithful missionary share their apostolate for a while longer. They were loath to lose one who had been such a valiant knight of Christ.

Suddenly, Father Paul's eyes opened wide. He gazed at his priestly friends gathered around him. His lips faintly murmured:

"I had dreamt to save one million souls, and I must go — go now, when I am yet so far from the goal. O Jesus, take my life, then — I unite my sacrifice to Your own on Calvary's heights. But give me my million souls — Jesus, grant my prayer."

One last fluttering breath, and another good and faithful servant had been called to enter into the joy of His Master and Lord.

Had he realized his lifelong ambition of becoming a millionaire? Why not, since God Himself assures us in Holy Writ that it shall be given to us according to the desires of our heart?

THE REDACTION

Up and Doing

In these days, when men are becoming more and more conscious of the whole world and all mankind, it seems very important that we, the followers of Jesus Christ, should constantly examine ourselves to see how much in earnest we are in bringing Him to "the whole world" and to "every creature."

The record is not very flattering. Nearly twenty centuries have passed, and still approximately one billion three hundred million human beings — almost two thirds of all men — have not yet come to believe in Him. Scarcely any of that vast multitude has heard of the great fundamentals of Christianity.

Wouldn't it be truer to say that we are thinking too much of the little we do, rather than of the great amount we leave undone; that we are really interested in converting, not the whole world, but only small sections of it; that the people who are spreading the ideas of hate and destruction are thinking much more of winning all men of all nations to their awful cause than we are of gaining the whole world to the love and peace of Christ? Let's not be halfhearted. Let us be up and doing. Let us do what Christ said: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Maryknoll

NOT EVEN CHIPPED

A member of the British Embassy attended a dinner in Berlin in March, 1939, at which Herr Goebbels was present. Warming himself up, Goebbels dramatically declared, "I shall break the power of the Roman Church as I break this glass." And seizing his champagne glass from the table he hurled it against the wall.

The goblet bounced against the wall, and landed on the floor, not even chipped.

The Universe

War has devastated both mission countries and those we have known as Christian. Yet we know that in the Providence of God patience makes perfect, adversity purifies and strengthens, death itself is followed by resurrection.

Everywhere the world war is revealing that other war whose V day will not dawn until the end of time, whose frontline forces ask no furlough, whose battles need the utmost efforts of us all.

Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston



Dying for Christ

LIOU WANG CHEU, intrepid as the heroic Christian martyrs of old who bared their throats to the executioner's spear, could put a bold front even before the inhuman Boxers.

One morning, as usual, she had sold them cookies. Suspicious glances were cast upon her. "Old lady," roared one, "are you a Christian?" — "No!" she replied. And back she sauntered to Toan Kia Ou, congratulating herself on having fooled the inquisitive rebels.

"Liou Wang Cheu, you must never say that!" chided the catechists. "You may not apostatize, not even in words."

Meekly she listened.

"Don't go there any more," they admonished. "You'll only deny your Faith a second time."

"I have to go," she answered resolutely. "I have to earn my living. But don't be anxious about me. I'll never again apostatize!"

So next morning she set out. The Boxers stopped and questioned her. "I am a Christian," she replied unfalteringly.

By dint of torture, so they thought, she would deny faith in Christ, and kowtow once more to her pagan gods. Long and horrible were the agonizing torments. Calmly and resignedly old Liou Wang Cheu suffered the white-hot pincers searing her flesh. Then pinches of salt were thrown in her gaping wounds.

The murderers marvelled at her staunchness. "So you are not suffering!" yelled one, tearing a piece of roasted flesh from her body.

"No, I am not suffering. Jesus Christ is suffering in me."

Poor old Liou, a hundred chances to one she had never heard of St. Paul's "Christ liveth in me." Yet her dying victorious outcry was but an echo of the great Apostle's words, and of the sublime martyr St. Felicitas' taunt to her tyrant: "Another in me shall suffer in my stead."

P. X. MERTENS, S. J.

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
November-December.....	13.25

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.

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Continued)



"God would not have given me the desire to do good upon earth after my death, if He did not will to realize it; He would rather have given me the desire for rest instead." And again, "It is not the happiness of Heaven which attracts me. Oh! it is Love! To love, to be loved, and to return to earth to win love for our Love!" —

"One hope alone makes my heart beat fast — the love I shall receive and the love I shall be able to give! I think of all the good that I shall do after my death. To baptize

the little children, help the priests, the missionaries, the whole Church."

Once more Therese's wishes are realized. She cannot be content with glancing down upon this weary world of ours from her throne in heavenly bliss. No. In a gracious gesture of love, she comes down, according to her promise. She comes down and bends with tender solicitude over souls, irrespective of race and color, even in the loneliest islands of the lonely seas. But her predilection goes to those who are the heart of the Church: Christ's Vicar upon earth, the bishops, priests, missionaries. In Heaven as on earth Therese has kept her keen catholic sense of hierarchy.

To her spiritual brother, Father Roulland, she wrote three months before her death: "If I die soon I shall ask Jesus permission to visit you in Setchoan and we shall continue our apostolate together." Always she prayed and sacrificed herself for priests, through whose ministry she could reach multitudes of souls, and in celestial glory her solicitude is visibly greater for this the dearest of all her apostolates. Our Holy Father the Pope entrusts her with the grave and weighty problems of his Pontificate and urges Bishops who visit him to do likewise. "Call on St. Therese of the Child Jesus in all your difficulties. We have unceasingly recourse to her power and she is never deaf to our entreaties." Bishops come to Lisieux in order to recommend their ministry of souls to her, priests throng around her altars, missionaries everywhere build chapels and churches in her honor and place their seminaries under her protection. In China alone six claim her as Patroness of their institutions.

And Therese not only preserves her missionaries from material dangers; not only does she collaborate to their missionary activities, but she moulds them into saints. "When I see a missionary who delights in reading the life of the Saint," states a Vicar Apostolic in China, "I have no anxieties about him. She always leads souls to God."

THERESE'S APOSTOLIC DOCTRINE

Not only did Therese lead a truly apostolic life, but she also taught a doctrine which forever establishes her as "apostle of apostles". Has not Pope Pius XI himself declared her "word of God"?

To all Christians she brings a message. She points out the duty, and teaches the possibility of efficient collaboration with the priests of God. She reminds them that the distinctive note of true catholicity is supernatural solicitude for the souls of our fellow beings.

To the laborers in the Master's Vineyard she teaches the worth of real values, genuine ways and means of apostolate.

We should keep in mind that, at the initial stage of her apostolic vocation, Therese had already had decisive experiences which later influenced the orientation of her whole life and her apostolic doctrine. God wrought within her soul in one brief moment a change which her efforts had been for years powerless to bring about. This was properly the miracle of her conversion, which gave her a keen insight into the merciful action of God in the moral transformation of souls. He transforms them according to His own divine will. That which is impossible to poor human creatures, is feasible to the Almighty. He had no need whatever of man in the work of the spiritual creation of the world. But He deigned in His mercy to use human instruments. It remains, however, that these instruments are poor and futile unless they are docile beneath the Almighty Hand which has set them a task to do. Therefore must prayer be the unshakable foundation of all apostolic activities.

Paul Destombes, M. A.

(To be continued)



A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

I have received a favor from St. Teresa. Mrs. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — My heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favor obtained through her intercession. A friend, **Ludlow, Mass.** — A thousand thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a successful operation. Miss H. B., **St. Angèle de Monnoir.** — Homage of gratitude towards the dear "Flower of Carmel" for a favor received. Mrs. H. L., **Lauzon.** — I wish to publish my gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for favors received through her intercession. Mrs. A. B., **Cherbourg West.** — Kind little St. Therese has helped me on many an occasion. My most heartfelt thanks. Mrs. P. B., **Varennes.** — Lively thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received through her intercession. Miss G. G., **Montreal.** — Homage of gratitude for favors attributed to the dear Patroness of Missionaries. I request her protection for my student boy. Mrs. N. L., **Amos.** — Many thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. O. D., **St. Alexis des Monts.**

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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



Y DEAR FRIEND, — It is a long time since I have written to you and perhaps you may fancy that I am dead, or that time has swept away our old friendship. Now I hope that both suppositions will disappear when you see this monstrous bit of paper — the only thing I can get — on which

I shall try to paint for you — I have nothing but a brush — a description of our life here, in as good language as a poor missioner can command who has nearly forgotten his native tongue.

“ I write to you from Tong-king, and from a little dark hole, where the only light comes through the crack of a partially opened door, just making it possible for me to trace these lines, and now and then to read a few pages of a book. For one must be ever on the watch. If the dog barks, or a stranger passes, the door is instantly closed, and I prepare to hide myself in a still lower hole, which has been excavated in my temporary retreat. This is the way I have lived for three months, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with my dear old friend, Bishop Theurel, now coadjutor to our Vicar Apostolic. The convent which formerly sheltered us has been destroyed by the pagans, who got wind of our being there. We had barely time to escape into a space about a foot wide between two double walls. We could see through the chinks the band of persecutors, with the mayor at their head, garotting five or six of the oldest nuns, who had been left behind when the younger ones took flight. They beat these poor women with rods, laying their hands on everything they could get, even a few earthenware pots which hung on the partition behind which we were concealed. And we heard them vociferating, howling like demons, threatening to kill and burn everybody and everything unless they were given a large sum of money. Their ‘agreeable visit’ lasted four hours; and we were so close that we almost touched them. We did not dare to make the smallest movement, and held our breath till our pursuers were invited by the principal people of the village to go out and eat and get drunk with them. They did not go, however, without leaving guards to surround the house; so it was not till cock-crow in the morning that we could make our escape, and take refuge in a smoky dung-heap belonging to a pious old Christian widow, where we were joined by another missioner who had had equal difficulties in making good his retreat.

“ What do you think of our position, dear old friend? — three missioners, one of whom is a bishop, lying side by side, day and night, in a space about a yard and a half square. Our only light comes through three holes the size of a little finger, made in the mud wall, and these a poor old woman is obliged to conceal by some fagots thrown down outside. Under our feet is a brick cellar, constructed with great skill by one of our catechists; in this cellar are three bamboo tubes, cleverly contrived to have their openings

to the fresh air on the borders of a neighboring lake. This same catechist has built two other similar hiding-places in this village with several double partition walls.

"We stayed with our poor old widow three weeks, during which time I am afraid you would have been rather scandalized at our gaiety. When the three holes gave no more light, we had a little lamp, with a shade to prevent its tiny rays from penetrating outside through the chinks of our prison. One day we found ourselves surrounded, in fact completely blocked, by sentinels posted at every corner of the house, so that there was no possibility of passing from one house to the other. An apostate who knew that we were in the village, had betrayed our hiding-place. Well, God defeated his plans. From morning till night, the pagans passed and repassed us, upset everything in the house, searched every corner. They broke in the walls behind which we were concealed, and I thought our hour of martyrdom had come. But vain are the efforts of men when God opposes their designs! Perhaps you will say, 'In such a place, without air, light, or exercise, how can you live?' Your question is perfectly reasonable; and, what is more, you might ask why we don't go mad. To be shut up between two walls, with a roof which one can touch with his hand; having for our companions, — spiders, rats, and toads; obliged always to speak in a low voice, 'like the wind,' as the Annamites say; receiving every day terrible news of the torture and death of our fellow-missioners, of the destruction of missions, the exile of our students, and occasionally, worse still, of their apostasy under torture, — to live thus and not be utterly discouraged and cast down, we require, I admit, a special grace, a grace fitted to our state, I suppose.

"As to our health, we are like poor plants in a cellar, stretching our lanky, unhealthy branches toward the light and air. When I can put my mouth close to the door which guards our retreat, I own occasionally to a feeling of envy for those who can enjoy as much of God's fresh air and sunshine as they please. One of my brethren writes to-day that for eighteen months he has not seen the sun, and he dates his letter 'from the land of moles.' As for me, I live on without being too bilious; the weak points about me are the nerves. I want something strengthening, like wine, but we have barely enough to say Mass, so one must not think of it. I have some pills now which an Annamite doctor has made up for me instead. Not many days ago, I managed to pass into a neighboring house, and was very much astonished to find myself tottering like a drunken man. I had lost the habit and almost the power of walking, and the daylight made me giddy.

"I wrote to my family in 1858, to tell them of the French squadron at Touranne. In 1859 the troops destroyed the fortifications of Saigon, in Cochin-China, leaving a garrison in one of the forts of the river. Then in the summer came news of the war with Austria, and a pestilential sickness which began to decimate the French forces. Nevertheless, hostilities were resumed against the Annamites in the autumn and continued till April, 1860, when, to the astonishment of everyone, the French retreated, and abandoned all the points which they had previously occupied."

Then follows a long comment on this retirement of the French troops,

ending with, " 'Man proposes, and God disposes.' An expedition undertaken by the iron will of the Emperor Napoleon III., and confided to such a man as Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, ought to have been crowned with success. But what are human probabilities to the Divine decrees? God has permitted that our deliverance should be delayed, and our Church still further purified by suffering."

"The Annamite government, seeing the French leave their shores, determined once for all to extirpate the Catholic faith throughout the kingdom. Mandarins in any way favorable to the Catholics were dismissed, and replaced by others whose hatred was well known. Crosses were placed at the entrance to all villages that the Christians might be forced to trample them. Horribly blasphemous verses were chanted, declaring that *Zato*, the Annamite name of 'Jesus,' had a dog for his father; and men were found vile enough to carve crucifixes with a figure of a dog on one side and a woman on the other, so as to degrade to the utmost the God of the Christians." He alludes to other blasphemies even worse, and continues, "The government has established in each canton a new functionary, who is called 'the shepherd of the flock' (you may imagine he should rather be called the 'wolf'), and in each mayoralty an officer styled 'the strong man of the village.' Both these men are employed in hunting down the unhappy '*Zato*,' or followers of Christ, who, being beyond the pale of law and justice, are exposed to every species of ignominy, suffering, and wrong, without hope of redress. Then there is a curious law in this country which makes a whole village suffer for the offense of *one* member. Therefore if a priest is found in a place, especially a European, the town is razed to the ground, half the inhabitants put to death, the rest scattered to the four winds, while the mayor or chief functionaries will be exiled and degraded if they have concealed the white man, or will receive a large sum of money if they have betrayed him. Who could resist such a temptation?

(To be continued)

* * *

Far away missionaries, courageous apostles of love in the midst of darkness and hatred, are ready to renew fully their work of moral and material rebuilding and thus make a great contribution toward the solidarity of all peoples.

All perceive the great work of reconstruction and above all the spiritual task, the rebirth of life in souls. We send, therefore, a salute to the fearless messengers of the Gospel, immobilized by war, dispersed from one place to another, who now are returning or preparing to return to their stations as fast as possible to engage in their work of peace.

Archbishop Costantini

* * *

CO-WORKERS OF GOD

In the exercise of zeal, we spread and build up the kingdom of God by gaining Him new subjects; we thus cooperate with God the Father in the work of creation, by teaching men to know, love and serve Him; with God the Son in the work of redemption, by making fruitful that blood He poured out for the salvation of man; with God the Holy Ghost in His office of Sanctifier, by strengthening the elect in love of virtue and hatred of sin. In the words of St. Denis the Areopagite, "Of all divine works, the most divine is to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls."

B. VERCRUYSE, S. J.



CHINA

THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

(Continued)

THE FOUNDING OF THE LEPROSARIUM

The flood tide had been gradually receding when, one sultry evening, a violent thunderstorm struck terror into the hearts of the islanders. Lightning fell on the roof of the room occupied by the children. A mass of tiling and other debris fell on the helpless little ones. Happily none were killed. An eight-year-old girl's clothing was burned on her body. Throwing down the walls, the lightning circled in the room, broke the cement pillars and, tearing holes in the floors and running along the iron wiring of the window screens, finally disappeared with a deafening roar.

The young girls were thus left homeless. They were temporarily housed in the room serving as chapel. But only a few days later, whether as a result of the flood or of faulty construction, this new building collapsed. From under its ruins the Missionaries, after hours of effort, succeeded in pulling out several wounded children. Once again, however, Providence had watched over the youngsters, for none had been mortally injured.

Disasters such as these caused heavy losses to the Missionaries entrusted with the leprosarium. Always, however, the leper personnel went on increasing. In December, 1923, over 1,100 patients, men and women, had been received for treatment.

WAR AND FAMINE

The civil wars that tore China in 1923 and the following years had repercussions even on St. Joseph's Island. In a skirmish between Generals Chang Wing Ming and Sun Man, Shek Lung experienced a terrific gunnery. The Sisters were obliged to seek shelter with their protégés between the walls of the lower story of their dwelling. When the struggle was over, Rev. Father Deswazières, like another charitable Samaritan, gathered up the fallen soldiers from their sodden battle plain, while the Sisters volunteered to dress their wounds.

Naturally, such a strife had cut off all communication with Canton and Hong Kong. As a result, food supplies dwindled down in the leprosarium and famine ensued. Strict rations had to be imposed on the lepers. Those who usually worked in the garden or at other occupations sadly admitted they felt too weak to keep on, lacking food as they did. A few of them asked to take in a single meal what was ordinarily reserved for breakfast and their evening repast, in order to be able to bear up with their work for a part of the day. Their wearying labor over, they would go supperless to sleep, for an evening portion or rice was out of the question.

After these distressing years, the Heavenly Father made His touching protection felt. Help reached the hungry inmates of the Shek Lung Leprosarium, through the paternal kindness of Our Lord's representative on earth, Our Holy Father the Pope. Deeply moved by the sufferings and misery of his sorely-tried children, the Father of Christendom offered a liberal alms to the leprosarium, while granting it a comforting blessing.

So precious an encouragement from the Head of the Church strengthened the Missionaries in their devotedness towards the poor lepers, and hope was kindled anew in confident hearts. True, they very often had to lie down hungry at night, while a simple cotton dress clothed their gaunt body; but love of the poor and suffering Christ had made its way, with the laborers of the Gospel, to the leprosarium. With resignation, more, with joy, the lepers bore up with their bitter life. "We are very much consoled," wrote the Sisters, "on seeing them so calmly resigned to their pitiable fate. Only the other day, a woman leper was enduring real torments. As I offered a sedative, she simply answered: 'No, thank you, Sister. Let me suffer.' For three years now that person has been undergoing a real martyrdom. Her ears and nose have been literally devoured by the dread disease. She is nearly blind and one involuntarily shudders on seeing her. But no sooner has she regained an ounce of strength, that she seeks again to cheer her companions in misery."

The lepers were strongly attached to the Missionaries and considered as done to themselves whatever touched the valiant apostles. One day, Rev. Father Director had gone to Canton to request a Government allowance. The officials had received him as they would have a coolie. The lepers resolved to avenge the affront. Through several hours they devised projects. In the morning they told the Sister on duty: "Sister, we cannot let Father be treated that way. Ask him to find us a boat and we shall go to the Government officials. They will be afraid and give us an allowance." Sister objected that they might be shot down. "We shall go to Confession and receive Holy Communion before leaving," they answered heroically. "If we are shot, we shall go to God in Heaven."

THE SISTERS ARE COMPELLED TO LEAVE THE LEPROSARIUM

Early in 1927, grave political disturbances compelled the Sisters to leave their dear charges and seek temporary security in Canton.

Sisters and patients suffered alike from the terrible ordeal. "I hope

these troubles won't last too long," wrote Sister St. Raphaël⁽¹⁾. "Far from our unfortunate patients, I feel like a fish out of water. Our Sisters here in Canton make life very pleasant indeed, but being separated from our lepers means such a heavy sacrifice. We fear ill-luck will befall them. Several of them were getting ready for Baptism, and now . . . how many souls will be lost!"

Some time after their forced departure, the Sisters paid a short visit to the leprosarium. With tears in their eyes the lepers entreated them to stay. "We shall take good care of you," they promised. "We are ready to die for you." How heartrending for the Sisters to tear themselves from such pressing supplications!

By May 24 danger was over. The Sisters hastened back to their beloved leper colony. Alas, Father Deswazières had had to spend some time in the Hong Kong hospital. As a sad result, several lepers and children had died. Others had reverted to their pagan superstitions.

"Thirty of our lepers have died this last month from a malignant fever," wrote Sister St. François d'Assise⁽²⁾. "Four or five passed away before the Sacrament of Baptism could be given. Several others have escaped in search of better living conditions. So many souls lost! A number have taken to gambling. All the day long they toiled away, then at nightfall staked their day's salary, hoping to double their meagre pittance. One night, the soldiers came upon them stealthily, and our gamblers were sentenced to three weeks in jail. You may well believe their prison cells are very miserable abodes."

THE DIRECTORS OF THE LEPROSARIUM

Rev. Father Deswazières, heroic successor of Rev. Father Conrardy, was recalled to France in 1928, to be elevated to episcopacy.

The lepers rejoiced on seeing their kind protector raised to the eminent dignity of Pastor of the Church. For fifteen years he had been their devoted father. But the separation, after so long a time, entailed another great sacrifice.

Rev. Father G. Pradel replaced Msgr. G. Deswazières. The new director, untiring and self-sacrificing as all true shepherds of souls, did not remain long at the leprosarium. God beckoned him to his eternal reward in October, 1928. Another heart-pang for the poor leprous victims. Already, Father Pradel had won their affection and sympathy.

But Divine Providence sent a zealous successor in Rev. Father J. Marnigny, who labored ten years in their midst, after which ill-health compelled him to bid farewell to his spiritual family and seek rest in Shameen. From there he followed his unfortunate children, uniting his sufferings with theirs and filling up those things wanting to the Passion of Christ for the salvation of the pagans as yet unconverted. He died September 12, 1940.

Since then, a native Chinese priest has been shepherding the poor lepers.

(To be continued)

1. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing.

2. Clara HEBERT, St. Cyprien, Napierville Co., P. Q.

*Directors of St. Joseph's Leprosarium, Shek Lung, China,
since its founding.*



REV. FATHER L. CONRADY,
BELGIAN PRIEST



HIS EXC. MSGR. DESWAZIERES,
OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS



REV. FATHER PRADEL,
OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS



REV. FATHER J. MARSIGNY,
BELGIAN PRIEST

JAPAN

WAKAMATSU

MARIA OBA SAN — *A Christian Mother*

Just a simple, upright mother, unhallowed and unsung. She would smile incredulously did you try to tell her she had made so much as a headline. "Don't bother about me. I'm all right. I didn't do anything." Just an ordinary mother. Say, rather, one in a million.

Maria Oba San was her name. To our Western minds the nipponese way of names and titles may seem somewhat topsy-turvy. Over there, family name comes first, then personal name, and lastly the title "San", filling the function of our Mr., Mrs. or Miss, as the case may be. "Oba" is the Japanese word for "aunt", but then, also, it serves many a purpose, and may even designate any lady whose name is unknown.

Oba San was the Catholic Mission's faithful housekeeper. Every now and then, she would call at the convent in her feastday finery. Her costliest kimonos were preciously laid away and had kept their first day freshness and beauty. Nor did she wear the short black ceremony mantle with the family crests much oftener — only on great days for her audiences with the Eucharistic King.

Oba San's national kimono wasn't worth a fortune. But that didn't matter. It was neat, dignified.

We like to picture her with a simple house apron or, oftener, a *monpei* (sort of Japanese slacks used by working women), broom or pick in hand, a bundle of wood strapped on her back. Sometimes it was a heavy bag of rice we couldn't have lifted an inch.

Oba San is past sixty now. Going downhill. Staunch and strong beats her heart, but her limbs are getting weary. Soon, beyond the valley of shadows, Fatherly Arms will open to welcome her to eternal joy and rest.

She is a Christian of many years' standing. A good Catholic young man had asked her hand and was accepted. Then dear little Francis was born. The family of three wasn't wealthy. Daddy had to look at both sides of a *sen* before spending it. But joy and sunshine flooded the humble home, and that was worth more than wealth and riches.

Already the fond mother was building golden dreams for the boy's after-tomorrow, when sorrow spread its purple pall and crushed all her hopes for the future. Her beloved husband died. She had to leave home and earn her living and her son's. I said "crushed". Apparently her young life had been blighted in its rosy springtime. But she arose again brave and courageous. She must live for Francis. And live and toil and pray she did, until she saw her own beloved orphan lad another consecrated Christ. Oba San, the mother of a priest!

The Father of the Catholic Mission needed a reliable housekeeper. A kind Christian lady thought of the young widow. Father gladly consented. Thus Oba San found a friendly lodging. Francis started school. Oba San worked hard all day, but she always reserved to herself special moments to call on her Eucharistic Friend and Consoler.

The Christians all liked Oba San. A heartwarming reception invariably met them at her house. Politely would she bid them in, push a thick cushion close to the brazier if in the wintertime, or to the coolest corner if in summer. Courteous receptions, surely. But Oba San — God forgive her! — had one failing. She would lose all notion of time. Hours, minutes, seconds, they were all the same to her. Now, Father had his day's schedule, right-to-the-minute calls to pay, prayers, instructions. Often enough, meals were half an hour late. Father gently chided. The lesson served for a few days. Then more delays.

Missionaries from Paris, Rev. Father Doi (today Archbishop of Tokyo), Canadian Dominican Fathers were successively pastors at the Catholic Mission. Then native anointed sons were appointed. Oba San had to vary her menus according to nationalities. Hard to improvise. Harder still to be on time.

"Ask the Sisters how to do it," she would be advised. And so she would come in, requesting cooking lessons once more.

"Certainly, Oba San," would we answer encouragingly, "bring the ingredients, and we'll help you get Father's meals ready for a few days." Bliss reigned anew.

Back to her tiny kitchen, back to her nipponese pots and pans, Oba San, after two days of irreproachable punctuality and efficiency, would again forget menus, measures, minutes.

On certain glorious days, she was allowed to serve Japanese dishes. Oh, blessed relief! But back again to the old deep-set habits. Another visit to the convent.

"Sister, I'll write down my recipes this time, so I won't forget them."

"Fine! we'll help you out, Oba San."

Poor old lady! Try as she would and will as she would, she never quite succeeded in reaching high culinary standards. Soup, mashed potatoes and omelets turned out fairly well. But the rest!

"Poor Oba San!" a Canadian missionary Father laughingly told us one day, "If she'd only get cross once in a while, I'd feel so much better!"

Never, never a dissatisfied expression on her features. True to Japanese form, perhaps? We'd have rather said, Christian virtue. But deep in her heart, probably unknown to all, Oba San suffered.

One day the pastor, a Japanese priest, told her he was going to have a distinguished visitor, a French Jesuit Father. No trace of anxiety in her words as she simply answered:

"Well, one at least who'll understand me!"

Francis was a teen-aged boy now. He had already begun his Latin studies. Keeping his clothes as well as the missionary Father's in condition took up most of her spare minutes. Sometimes she even had to stay up nights.

"Oba San, what were you at last night? We saw light in your window very late."

"Oh, Francis had ripped his coat. I just had to mend it. I can't afford buying him a second. He's getting bigger all the time, and I, poorer. Myself, I can shift along on very little. But the boy!"

"Cheer up, Oba San. Francis is a good dutiful boy. He's getting along well in Latin. He'll pay you back some day."

"Oh! yes, pray so he'll become a priest, a holy priest!" and her eyes filled with tears.

"We'll help you all we can. A sewing machine goes faster than even a loving mother's hand."

"Thank you, Sister!" and she struggled to repress more tears. Brave



CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

and generous, ready to do anything to get her future priest through his long years of study!

"I won't stop working a minute until Francis is ordained," would she promise over and over.

Presently Francis entered the minor seminary. Then more studious years at the major. Happy, healthy, hardworking, he would put every

minute to the best advantage. Holidays brought him back to his beloved mother.

Two fellow seminarians hailed him one morning. They were shortly to leave for the Grand Seminary of Quebec.

"You're not leaving, Francis?" they queried.

Francis laughed. "Made in Japan!" he replied pleasantly. He didn't envy his two confreres. He would be ordained in his own homeland. God wanted it that way.

On the day her son was raised to the sub-diaconate, the generous mother felt all the poignant bitterness of her sacrifice. He wouldn't share her humble dwelling any longer. The missionary Father offered him a room in the rectory, which Francis gratefully accepted.

"You must be very lonesome, now you're all alone?" we asked Oba San one day.

"Oh, now he is more God's than mine. It's all right," while uncontrollable sobs betrayed the price she had to pay to become the mother of a priest.

All alone? No. Kenji, a twelve-year-old nephew, had been staying with her for over a year. He was going to school. His father being ill and the family almost on the brink of destitution, Oba San had feared for the young boy and had offered to take care of him, now that Francis was gone. She knew Kenji as well as his own mother did. Kenji was a leader. He would lead his chums into the Church once he had been led himself.

Meanwhile, Oba San had to tend her sick brother, Kenji's daddy. We told her we would prepare Father Kainuma's meals for her, so she could spend the whole day at her brother's bedside. She returned radiant in the evening. The dying man was ready for the Great Journey. After summary instructions in the Catholic doctrine, he had readily agreed to baptism. Now he was waiting the opportunity to hie home to God. A fervent *Magnificat* welled up from our hearts as we heard the glad tidings of his conversion.

On the morrow Kenji lost his daddy. But daddy didn't forget his sonny on earth. Soon after, Kenji was made a child of the Father in Heaven. He selected his baptismal name, John.

"But what John do you choose?" he was asked.

"St. John who loved Our Lord so much!" explained the young catechumen. Thank God, the lonely orphan lad had a truly Christian Oba San (aunt)!

Anon came a companion for John. His older brother who had promised to pay his studies had had to give up work in Manchukuo. He was coming back ill. No salary for the young man. One more burden to Oba San. With her usual kindness she welcomed him. She asked our prayers, that ill-health might place him on the road to the true Church.

Discreetly, she added: "He'll be an easier conquest than Kenji. Pray for him, please."

We joined our prayers to hers. Shortly after, the young man followed his brother into the true Fold. In his newly-found Faith he gathered strength and consolation to tide him over the trying period of recovery.

After their father's death, the two girls remaining at home begged Oba San to harbor them for a while. With Father's permission, the two nieces were charitably taken in. So long they had envied their fortunate brothers!

In spite of never-ending sorrows and cares, Oba San ever proved a faithful friend, and did us any number of good turns. Every year on the Feast of the Assumption, she would offer us a gift often beyond her meagre means. Mary being her baptismal name, she had chosen Assumption Day as patronal feast. In keeping with Japanese custom, she gave presents on that day.

"But that's too much, Oba San!" would we tell her. "Keep that for yourself!"

"No, Sister, take it. I owe you ever so much more. Take it, please, and pray for me." So we would accept. Thereafter we watched and waited for a chance to repay.

Oba San proved especially loyal after the declaration of war in December, 1941. Compelled to give up our mission works and all relations with the Japanese, we were interned in our own convent.

Father had permission to say Mass for us every morning, until the day before Christmas. Then began our long and trying three-month spiritual fast. No Mass, no Communion, no Confession. Naturally, we had to bear up under many deprivations, but most of all we missed our daily Communion Guest. Oba San knew it. She came to pay us a visit one day. Before leaving, she knelt at the feet of the guards, beseeching them to allow Father to bring us Holy Communion. As may be readily believed, the pagan officers didn't understand the words proper to our Faith. We heard her say between sobs: "No, you cannot understand what those little white breads mean to the Sisters. You cannot understand."

"We have orders," was the reply. "Can't change anything."

Heavy-hearted, Oba San returned home. But soon she was back again. "Go to Communion for us," we said, as we gave her the altar breads we had made. "Go to Communion and hear Mass for us."

"Oh yes! and do you know what Father did? He left two of your priedieus in the church, one on the men's side, the other on the women's. Every Sunday two persons kneel at your place and pray for you."

Oba San's words drew tears to our eyes. Immediately, she added with all the sympathy her voice could convey, "Do not cry. Yes, someone is really praying at your place."

Then came Francis' ordination day. We were requested to remember his preparatory retreat in our prayers. We gave the Gothic chasuble we

had embroidered and sewed up to the future priest whose mother had so loyally befriended us. A fresh new veil accompanied the chasuble. That was our gift to the mother. We expressed our sorrow on being unable to assist at the newly-ordained Francis' first Mass, telling her our heavy sacrifice had already been offered for his intentions.

"He has asked permission to hear your confessions the Saturday he will be here," declared Oba San.

Internment-time confessions were a very simple matter. At the appointed hour, we all gathered on the second story balcony. From the rectory window, Father, in surplice and stole, gave us absolution. All the same, we found comfort in the brief rite. More than ever, we realized during these trying times that God, who makes use of the priest in ministering unto souls, may, when He chooses, fill that function by Himself, and that He never fails those who rely on Him. He has sundry modes of self-communication. In His own divine way He makes us feel that we cannot outdo Him in generosity.

Easter was close at hand. We were anxiously thinking about our Easter duty. Surely Divine Providence would lift the difficulty or, rather, the impossibility. God's hour would come. We were in March. Confidently we prayed to St. Joseph. Would Our Blessed Lady's Feast of the Annunciation bring some coveted heavenly signal? As to that, we entertained no doubts. Our hope was not in vain.

A police officer called upon us one day, telling us to keep on praying, that a great joy would shortly be ours. Being only a petty officer, he couldn't say more, but, already, we felt our prayers had been heard. Two days passed. We were called to the police station and told we could take up our usual schedule of happier days — church offices, home visits, free outings, provided we stayed within the limits of the city. How fervent the *Magnificat* that rose from our hearts!

On the same blissful day, the newly-ordained priest arrived at the Mission. Saturday morning, day before Palm Sunday, we heard his Mass and received Communion at his hand. God was rewarding us a hundredfold for our First Mass sacrifice. Perfect was our joy on that day. If ever we need to stir our faith, our trust in Divine Providence, we shall wander back in thought to that Saturday. God sometimes seems to be very long in coming, but, finally, He is always on time.

Palm Sunday saw us at our usual places in the church, presiding over the singing. Our dear Lord had His own adorable reasons, and our long spiritual fast will, we hope, win for many souls keener appreciation of His Presence in the Sacrament of Love.

But where was Maria Oba San during our rejoicing? She too exulted for joy.

All the Christians had been invited to the feastday meal following High Mass. A police officer, finding the doors of the convent closed, walked over to the Mission, asking for the Sisters.



CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY, WAKAMATSU

"They are here," answered Oba San. "We are celebrating my son's ordination day, and they are with us."

"All right!" and the visitor went his way.

However, one grey cloud hovered in our clear heavens. Exchange ships were spoken of. We were to be repatriated. Our convent, Mission, apostolic works, beloved adopted land — all these had to be forsaken! Only a missionary heart can realize the extent of the sacrifice concealed beneath those few words. But God's will had to be done. "If He wishes us to leave, blessed be His holy will! If He chooses that we remain, He will sooner sink our exchange ship in port!"

Two of our Koriyama Sisters were repatriated that year. Two months after their departure, we were ordered to prepare for the next exchange of war prisoners. But our Immaculate Mother kept maternal vigil then as always. At the last moment, an order postponed our departure another year.

Returning to Canada last year, we saw our would-be ship of 1942. She had been sunk, and the debris lay in a port where we stopped. God's Providence had been at work, saving us from a watery grave.

As we were finishing a fervent procession in honor of St. Joseph on September 1, 1943, a new order was given. This time we had to leave. Oba San had rejoiced over our belated sea journey, hoping it would be definitely cancelled. And now we had to go! She came to us almost convulsed in sobs.

"Sister, what are you doing, anyway?" she asked.

"Poor Oba San, we aren't doing anything. We're letting the others do it."

"But what shall I do without you helping me, giving me rice . . . ?"

"We are leaving, Oba San, but God shall stay with you always. Have confidence in Him."

"Ah, this terrible war! I shall see you off at the station. Nobody'll keep me from bidding you goodbye."

As best we could, we consoled our dear faithful friend. Yes, we knew she would miss the Sisters. Time and time again she had gently knocked at our door.

"Sister, could you give me some rice?"

"How much, Oba San?"

"All you can spare."

According to our surplus, we would hand back the rice bag, filled or half-filled. Smiling and happy, dear old Auntie would return to her young charges. Our little gift helped her over to the next ration. Had we not been there, what would she have had through one and even two days of waiting? Although rice was our principal diet three meals a day, we couldn't get used to it as the Japanese, and their meagre ration was plenty for us; we could even give a portion to less fortunate folk.

September 10 had been appointed departure day. Already the repatriates' tiny valises had made their way to the station. Oba San, who had seen everything, awaited a favorable opportunity to bid us farewell. It came on the very last day. She brought us the thanks and farewells of the Christians of the Mission.

"They would be very glad to speak to you, if it were possible. But now, they thank you for all you have done for the Mission, and ask a remembrance in your prayers."

"Oh, certainly, we shall always pray for them, and especially for you, Oba San. We owe you so much."

"I'll be at the station tomorrow night," she promised, choking back her tears.

"Don't go to that trouble, Oba San. We are leaving by the eleven o'clock train. You won't be able to speak to us, for we won't be alone."

"Well, I'll be able to see you at least," and tearfully she turned away.

The following night we looked in vain for our loyal friend. But, as the train left, we sighted her at the far end of the platform. She had kept her promise. There she stood, true and faithful to the end, to represent the Catholic Mission.

As we gazed at her, we murmured deep in our hearts: "O my God, we are leaving everything, because such is Your holy will. You are recalling Your workers, the humble instruments You had chosen to make use of in the salvation of souls. Dear Lord, accept our loving *Fiat*. In return, please give to all Missions the world over many a Maria Oba San, many mothers of priests, friends of homeless orphans, faithful guardians of the sanctuary lamp, generous friends and helpers of the missionaries."

As Oba San returned home, she probably cast a sad look on the "green-roofed convent", and thought of the Sisters leaving after ten, twelve, fifteen or seventeen years of devoted mission work in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Under Mary's protection we left. Eighty days at sea. New York. Canada. Cote des Neiges. Home at last in our beloved native land. But, oftentimes, our thoughts stray off to home in Wakamatsu.

Dear old Maria Oba San, wise beyond telling in the charity of Christ, when shall we see you again?

*A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception
Repatriated From Wakamatsu*

* * *

WEST INDIES

*Our Missionary Sisters of Les Coteaux, Haiti, write to
Our Reverend Mother General.*

Les Coteaux, October 15, 1944

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

At last we are at our long-desired southern mission post!

Rev. Father Letarte, O. M. I., and two native helpers, Mary Rose and Eva, made the journey with us from Les Cayes. Carmina and her young friend had gone the day before for last-minute preparations.

It took us four long hours from Les Cayes to Port Salut. At times, we had to jog along at snail's pace, to keep body and soul together through wide streams, steep mountains and dizzy precipices. Now and then, we brave missionaries shut our eyes tightly, in order to blot out the awesome vision of our poor vehicle with just passing space between the giant mounts and steep death-trap precipices. One false move and we were lost! Our chauffeur, a first-rate one and a blameless Catholic, fervently signed himself before launching out on the most peril-fraught trails.

Often, we had to get off and plod along on foot. Mud, mud on every side, and by the end of the journey, mud on our mantles, veils, dresses. Oh, well, it all washes off! More than that were needed to dampen the missionary spirit.

The charming landscape entranced us. We wondered if a fairer corner exists in all God's exquisite creation. Towering mountains, broad blue sea, bless ye the Lord and sing His might!

Port Salut at last, towards one o'clock in the afternoon. Hastily and

happily we partook of the heartening meal prepared by our Sisters of Les Cayes — just one of their many fraternal good turns and kindnesses!

Dinner over, we left by sailboat for our Promised Land of Les Coteaux. Two hours of sailing took us there.

Calmly the sea rocked us at first and we took deep, invigorating breaths of the pure sea breeze. But of a sudden, overhanging clouds released the very floodgates of Heaven, so we would have thought for a few tense minutes of anxiety. Sister Superior (1) and Sister Marie Berthe (2) had to pay tribute to seasickness. Gradually, the skies cleared up, however, and the sea trip had a happy ending.

Finally, in the distance loomed our long-yearned-for mission corner.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION LEAVING LES CAYES
FOR LES COTEAUX, OCTOBER 12, 1944.

HIS EXC. MOST REV. L. COLLIGNON, O. M. I., AND TWO FATHERS OF THE
MISSION BID THEM GODSPEED.

Shouts of delight greeted us. All the natives had gathered on the beach to welcome the Sisters. A heartwarming reception, if ever there was one!

Naturally, we had wished to reach Les Coteaux before the end of the rainy season, but we felt it was a case of "hoping against hope". However, Divine Providence and our Immaculate Mother heeded the simple prayers of our good people of Les Coteaux. So we came. And since that blessed day rain has been falling down with as much impetuosity as in the times of Noah. Roads are impassable now — in the fulness of the word.

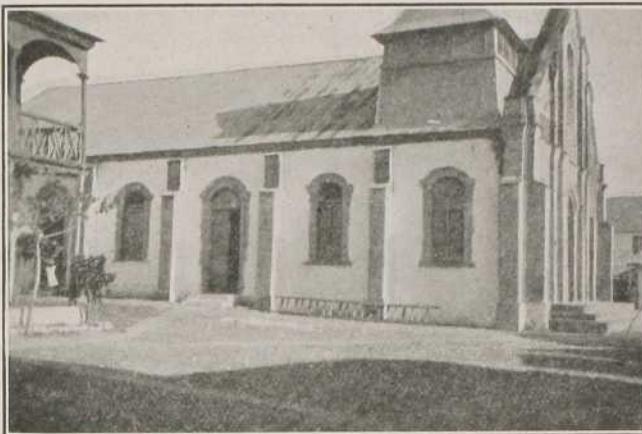
Before leaving Les Cayes, we had the joy of greeting His Excellency Bishop Collignon. On the morning of the 12th, he gave us a fatherly blessing that certainly sped us on our homeward way to Les Coteaux.

Dear Mother, we are all supremely happy. Do not worry about us.

1. Sister Marie Cécile (Cécile BREAULT, Val Racine, P. Q.).

2. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

Our tiny village is very attractive. One of the Divine Artist's choice masterpieces, we like to fancy. Tall mountains stand on guard fifty feet from our house. Graceful palm trees sway in the gentle breeze, and the land is cultivated where it isn't too rocky. Immense cornfields bask in the



LES COTEAUX CHURCH, LES CAYES DIOCESE, HAITI

tropical sunlight. A beautiful Calvary erected in the mountain calls the Haitians to prayer.

The inside of our little convent has been painted in Marian colors, blue and white. It is already very comfy and homelike. Three minutes' walk takes us to the broad blue sea right in front of the convent. Sometimes we



CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES COTEAUX, HAITI

go there for our evening meditation. Our powers of description remain sorely inadequate in the face of such entralling splendor. Instinctively, verses of our morning *Benedicite* spring to our lips, as our eyes dwell on the

beauteous vistas spreading out before them. At night, the monotonous murmur of the waves rocks our slumbers, while the refreshing mountain breeze gently floats down to us in blessing.

Yesterday afternoon a little welcome programme was presented in our honor. We felt it came from the heart, which made it all the more enjoyable. Our teaching Sisters will certainly have consolations with their future pupils. Our grateful thanks to God and to you, beloved Mother, for having assigned us to so promising a mission.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN HAITI.

Left to right, front row: SISTER MAURICE DE THEBES (YVONNE CLOUATRE, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE THEODORE (LUCIENNE GADOURY, ST. ELISABETH, JOLIETTE CO.), SISTER MARIE CECILE (CECILE BREAULT, VAL RACINE, P. Q.), SISTER EUGENIE DE JESUS (IRENE BLAIS, ST. BERNARD, DORCHESTER CO.), SISTER ST. ADELARD (CECILE FRAPPIER, SOREL, P. Q.), SISTER ST. LUCILLE (ADRIENNE DE GRANDPRE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.).

Back row: SISTER MARIE BERTHE (BERTHE ALICE CHAMPAGNE, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE RACHEL (RACHEL BLANCHETTE, ST. LIBOIRE, P. Q.), SISTER ST. OLIVE (JEANNETTE DUFRESNE, VAL DAVID, P. Q.), SISTER ST. JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS, P. Q.), SISTER ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC).

We shall try to write again shortly. Meantime, your good prayers will help us cast precious seeding in the souls entrusted to our care, and make Jesus and His holy Mother loved more and more in our dear adopted land.

Your loving daughters of Les Coteaux



Who stands in greater need of our brotherly assistance than the Gentile races which, in ignorance of God, are enslaved to blind and unbridled instincts, and live under the awful servitude of the evil one?

Pope Benedict XV

VANCOUVER

At St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital

Spiritual conquests are consolingly numerous. At the supreme moment many a stray soul, caught in the net of divine grace, surrenders to its mysterious grasp.

Soo Hor never permitted anyone to broach the question of religion in his presence. Still, something had to be done. Death was waiting for its victim. The virgin catechist at last decided to propose baptism. Imagine her joy when the dying man murmured the startling words: "Yes, yes, I want to become a child of God." Rev. Father Roberts, of the Chinese Mission, brought him the consolations of the faith and the Sacrament of divine adoption, giving him as a namesake to St. Anthony.

A beam of joy lit up the patient's features as he gratefully clasped Father's outstretched hand. "Jesus — Jesus saved me. And you, too, you saved me."

Then there was Old Lady Maria, already mentioned in our letters. She was fervent in the Protestant faith into which she had been baptized. Family deaths and untoward circumstances had affected her nervous system and deranged her mental faculties. We had as a result deemed it advisable not to awaken further cause for worry in her soul, as would have been the case had we told her that her religion was false.

One evening in mid-June she asked for the nursing Sister. The virgin catechist, chancing by at the moment, thought she would pay Maria a short call.

"I want peace for my soul, peace for my heart," the old lady gasped. "Get the Catholic priest."

After questioning the would-be convert to make sure of her dispositions, Sister Therese brought us the glad tidings. As dear old Grannie did not seem in a hurry to join the Angels, we thought Baptism could be safely deferred till the morrow and be given solemnly. But Sister Marie Gabriel⁽¹⁾ thought otherwise on seeing the altered features and labored breathing of Old Maria, in the small hours of the night. While Sister was gently holding up her head to have her sip a hot drink, the patient's face grew deathly pale and her shoulders fell back limply on the pillow. Sister had barely time to grasp the water vial close at hand and whisper the great words of eternal salvation. No solemn baptism this — just private, conditional administering of the Sacrament. But what matter, so long as it brought Old Maria's soul within the protecting shelter of Fatherly Arms above!

On June 27, His Excellency Most Rev. W. M. Duke called the Spirit of Love on twelve of our inmates, three of whom belong to Mount St. Joseph's. Three little misses from the Chinese Mission also received the Sacrament. We had transformed the largest ward of the hospital into a sanctuary for the impressive function.

Towards 3.30 in the afternoon His Excellency arrived, accompanied by

1. Evangeline GIGUERE, Quebec.

Rev. Father Brown, his Secretary, and the Rev. Fathers Moriarty and Roberts. The happy privileged ones of the day had formed in a circle. Pious and recollected, they awaited the coming of the divine Sanctifier. Several white-haired old patients, pagans of yesterday, had never even seen a bishop. Wide-eyed and visibly impressed, they watched every move of the prelate.

His Excellency spoke with his usual kindness to the candidates for Confirmation; them the symbolical liturgy unfolded itself.

Before leaving, our revered pastor called down a generous heavenly blessing on his children. As always, he had a thoughtful, heartening word for Sister Superior⁽¹⁾. "You are doing good, in the shade perhaps, but it is good all the same." Joy quickened our heartbeats that evening as we knelt before our Eucharistic Friend, thanking Him for having brought to precious fruition the humble seed we had been casting within these souls.

Our Blessed Lady's joyful Visitation Feast brought back dear Sister Superior's name day — which gave us double reason for rejoicing. When evening came, with Mary we sang a jubilant *Magnificat*, for He who is mighty had done great things in the soul of a last-hour convert, an old Chinese who had always postponed seeing to the great affair of eternity.

Sickness had come to Lum Quon and laid him low. Still he persisted in his refusal of Baptism. "No, no, I don't want to go to Heaven!" was he heard to say over and over. That very morning he appeared so hostile and defiant, that the nursing Sister murmured under her breath: "Surely the devil is after him."

During the Visitation Mass, which had been offered by our chaplain for dear Sister Superior's brother who had recently died, Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽²⁾ felt a strong impulse to invoke the beloved deceased for the conversion of her stubborn patient. "He has been one of our benefactors while on earth," she reasoned. "Why shouldn't he help us from on high?" After Mass, she sprinkled holy water over the raving man's bed, and had him drink a few drops, in spite of his maddened shrieks. How wonderful the depths of the goodness of God! Hardly had the blessed water wetted the fever-burned lips, when the patient's face became calm and composed. He reached for a crucifix and, lovingly kissing the image of the Savior, asked for Baptism.

He exchanged his pagan name for that of Charles Eusebius, in remembrance of the dear deceased to whom he certainly owes, in part at least, the priceless boon of Catholic Faith. Soon the new godson will join his godfather in the Eternal Mansions, there to sing through days unending the tender mercies of the Lord.

Another privileged soul was that of Yuen Yun Chong. Poor Chong liked the doctrine period and had smiled with joy on being given a miraculous medal. But, still wedded to his lifelong pagan beliefs, he would keep saying it would be wrong to decide so important a matter as Baptism while ill. "Later, later," was his invariable promise — and death was lurking! One

1. Sister Marie de la Visitation (Elise CROTEAU, St. Antoine de Tilly, P. Q.).
2. Emilia MARTIN, Saint François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co., P. Q.



WOMEN'S WARD, ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

SISTER ST. DELPHIS (CLARA BERGERON, STURGEON FALLS, ONT.) AND SISTER MAR-GUERITE DE JESUS (EMILIA MARTIN, ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE, BONAVENTURE CO.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

morning we found him half-conscious. What was to be done? Fervently the virgin catechist prayed beside him, watching his least move. Of a sudden he opened wide, lucid eyes. "Chong," said Sister Therese, "you are very ill. It's more than time to have your soul purified. If you wish to be



MEN'S WARD, ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

SISTER ST. MARC (ALIDA TALBOT, CACOUNA, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

baptized, kiss the image of *Jezo*." Silently and reverently Chong pressed his lips on the image of the Redeemer of mankind, then drifted off again into semi-consciousness. The priest who was present gave him Baptism there and then. A few brief moments after, disowned and penniless Chong came into possession of the incomparable riches of Divinity.

Day after day we feel more keenly the need of a larger hospital, for the greater good of our charges. Pagan mentality demands, on many an occasion, that patients occupy private rooms. The following instance will prove the point:

Gin Chong's illness forebode approaching death. Yet, the virgin catechist's words on religion and Baptism had never succeeded in striking a responsive chord in his pagan heart. One blissful morning the floor had to be waxed, and the dying Chinese's bed was wheeled into the treatment room for the time being. Hardly had he been comfortably settled there, when he turned smiling eyes towards Sister St. Marc⁽¹⁾. "Now's the best time to give me Jesus. I want to be baptized, but not in the big ward. Too many people there." We sent for the priest in the afternoon. Gin Chong is now a Catholic, 'has been given Jesus,' as he says, and bears the Christian names of Joseph Dominic.

Of no slight importance is the arrival of new companion Sisters. The event is a long-expected and long-dreamt-of happiness. Now our little community counts two more members, our dear Sisters St. Marguerite⁽²⁾ and Louise de Marie⁽³⁾. With joy overflowing our hearts, we sang a grateful *Magnificat* in the chapel. Then, gathered in the community room, we pleasantly chatted with our dear Sisters about the unforgettable "Home, Sweet Home" of Cote des Neiges.

Dinner postponed the intimate recreation. Minutes after our noon visit to the Blessed Sacrament, an old man was brought in dying. Sister St. Marguerite had the joy of pouring the saving waters on his livid brow. Is not this apostolic joy an initial blessing upon the heavy task our dear Sister will share with Sister Superior as Assistant?

Well filled with fraternal and missionary gladness had been the day, but the baptism of one soul at eventide put a special seal and blessing upon it.

The young Indian girl of seventeen thus made a child of God had been admitted here several days ago. At first, she seemed indifferent to the topic of religion. But, by degrees, she came to look more favorably on it, so patiently would her nursing Sister tell of God's infinite love and Mary's maternal care. Sister had suggested that she think the matter over by herself, which the young lady did most conscientiously. At last she asked for the priest. Finding her well prepared, he baptized her without delay. "I feel so happy and nothing worries me," she confided after the ceremony. "I want to stay with the Sisters. I love them now."

Nine days later, Jane closed her eyes to things of earth, murmuring to the last the sweet name of Mary. Our Blessed Lady had not kept her waiting too long.

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna.

2. Marguerite FARRELL, Ont.

3. Amanda ROBERGE, Charny, P. Q.

MONTREAL

His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve at the Mother House

His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, O. M. I., Archbishop of Quebec, while on a visit to Montreal November 27 last, had the kindness of coming to give our Reverend Mother General news from our dear Sisters in Rome. In his recent voyage to the Eternal City, the worthy prelate, accompanied by His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and venerated Protector of our humble Community, signally honored our Sisters by visiting them in their little convent.

His Eminence had paternal words of encouragement for our Community. He then called down a heavenly blessing upon us, to which he added a "holiday", all the more appreciated as it came from an illustrious Prince of the Church.

The all-too-short visit of our benevolent Cardinal has, nevertheless, been a source of much comfort and joy. And since His Eminence has but recently returned from Rome, where he spoke to the Holy Father, we fancied his kind blessing was an echo of that of the Father of Christendom, our Holy Father Pope Pius XII.

Our four Sisters in Rome, as well as all the good people of Italy, have suffered and are still suffering from the disasters of the war, but God has helped them through days of danger, and His strengthening arm will not fail them in the future.



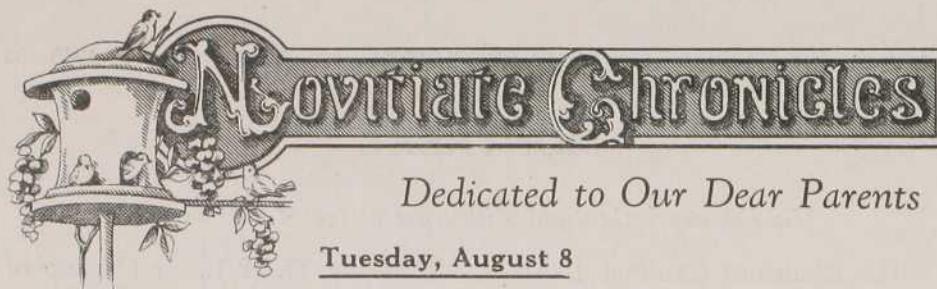
Pope Asks Penance, Missions, in Rome

The desire that public prayers of penance and mission exercises be arranged, in the Diocese of Rome particularly as "the field nearest our pastoral ministry and the centre of Catholic unity," is expressed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII in a letter addressed to His Eminence Francesco Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani, Vicar General of His Holiness for Rome.

The prayers and the mission exercises, the Sovereign Pontiff states, are to be offered up to appease Divine Justice and to beseech the mercy and goodness of God, that the days of trial may be shortened and that the world may be spared further ruin, suffering and sorrow.

Pope Pius invites all the faithful to join in the prayers and spiritual exercises with a sincere spirit of heartfelt humility and urges a return to and a following of the path of Christ's justice and peace.

His Holiness indicates that he will be spiritually present at these solemn manifestations of penance and prayer and will personally participate.



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Tuesday, August 8

This day recalls the Profession anniversary of our venerated Mother Foundress. Masses, Communions, prayers and good works of the day were offered in a spirit of thankfulness for the intentions of the beloved Mother of our Community. More than on other days we felt her maternal smile hovering over us.

The Postulants' hall had been pensively silent since the recent Clothing ceremony, when the arrival of new aspirant missionaries this afternoon brought mirth and bustling activity once more. Welcome, dear little Sisters! May our venerated Mother Foundress bless you and offer to Our Lord the heavy sacrifice of separation from your beloved ones!

Monday, August 14

Assignments marked Our Lady's vigil. Not mission assignments, much as we would have wished — but office assignments which are usually given every six months, after the retreat. Of course, there is work for everyone, but what shall be our individual portion? Shadows of anxiety lingered on almost every face, but not for long. Soon all had learned what their respective sphere of action would be for the coming term, and accepted as God's will the work wherein they will find matter for personal sanctification. The interior *Amen* will be voiced outwardly by devotedness in doing our best and in overcoming the hardships and petty annoyances poor human nature will not fail to raise up. Have we not the comforting certainty that we are doing God's own good pleasure, and, should our office directly oppose our natural inclinations, that we are deriving greater treasures of merit for the eternal good of immortal souls!

The youthful missionary in the making remembers also that Jesus, for whom she has left all she held dear, will give her the necessary graces of strength and abnegation.

Sunday, August 20, Solemnity of the Assumption

Choice hymns bore our praise to the glorious Queen of Heaven, our dear Mother Mary. In her honor we enjoyed a merry holiday, interrupted, it is true, by the special Sunday religious programme, but on the whole thoroughly enjoyable and enjoyed to the limit. A leisurely outing to the Point and an evening hymn to Our Blessed Lady ended the beautiful solemnity.

After so pious and restful a day, all felt ready and brave to attack the vegetable canning schedule of the coming week. "Go to the ant and be wise —" In the same way as the little persevering worker, we must lay by for the cold snow-mantled months round the corner. Our grateful thanks to God, "who giveth the increase", for the rich harvest obtained this year.

Thursday, September 7

Dear Mother Superior General spent the day with us. Of course, we were four days late in keeping her patronal feast of Providence Sunday. But don't we say, "Better late than never"? To which we might add: "Never too late to keep our beloved Mother's feast!" Anyway, we were not responsible for the delay. As to saying that our Sisters of the Mother House will answer some day for having asked us a big sacrifice, we leave that in the hands of Divine Providence. . . .

This morning we heard Mass for our dear Mother, asking the divine Friend of the Altar to bless her, and make all our affectionate filial wishes come true. We also sang choice hymns to God's fatherly Providence.

Our Mother had had the kind thoughtfulness of bringing our dear elder Sisters who will leave shortly for their new Mission in Haiti.

After a glad and merry forenoon and the midday spiritual exercises, we presented a recreative programme in honor of our thrice-welcome visitors. Specials on the schedule figured a four-act play and dialogues between would-be feathered songsters, "birds of the air who neither sow nor reap, but have a Heavenly Father to provide for them." A vibrant *Magnificat* bore our praise to Him who "clothes the lily of the field" and who has so lovingly garbed the Lily of the Valley in immaculate purity.

Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and afternoon spiritual exercises. Once again we prayed our Sacramental Jesus to bless our Mother's intentions and undertakings. Nor did we fail to ask His fond blessing upon our future West Indian Missionary Sisters, and a rich harvest of precious souls at journey's end.

We spent the evening in the novitiate hall, circling around our beloved guests, until the faithful bell rang out the signal for our evening audience with the Eucharistic King.

Sunday, September 10

Mass, Vespers and our various devotions were all in praise of Our Blessed Lady, whose Nativity was today solemnized the Catholic world over. An impromptu recreational programme took up our brief evening. When all is said and done, we simply have to admit — and thank God for His gifts — that Novices and Postulants have a talent for getting the greatest amount of fun out of the least amount of preparation.

A few pious strains in honor of our Mother in Heaven and our devoted Mothers on earth shed serious notes over merry ones, and prepared us for evening prayers, our last birthday tribute to the Child Mary.

Sunday, September 17

Winter is not far ahead. Every day we see squirrels busily storing up nuts for the cold white months. In our own realm, we are also reminded that we must store up as busily. But what? Practical knowledge, virtue, sanctity. No "nuts" here! We are thinking and dreaming of missions for tomorrow, and know we must be ready on the very first signal from the

Master. So with September we went back to our French and English lessons, after a few months of pleasant summer straying from French verbs and Shakesperian sentences. We held our first class this evening, meaning that a solemn-faced Novice had to struggle, through one long half-hour, with all the unexpected questions and answers popping up in the heads of eight and ten-year-olds. Yes, Postulants surely know how to imitate very bright fourth-year pupils.

Tuesday, September 26

The last days of September brought back our usual spiritual conferences and studies on Religion, kindly given us by our devoted chaplain. While seeking to penetrate into the sublime Christian virtues and deepen our knowledge of the Sacraments, we are mindful of calling the graces of the divine Sanctifier, that the precious seeding of grace cast in our souls may yield fruit a hundredfold.

Thursday, September 28

Our little Postulant Sisters confessed to having had to cope with many a thrilling distraction during morning meditation. And no wonder! This was their day of days for the long-awaited visit to the Mother House! We elder Novices cast more than one rueful glance on the happy party. But we managed to keep smiling, looking ahead to our blessed vow day and the hope of joining soon after our dear Sisters at the Mother House.

A hearty thank you to our Mothers and our beloved parents, who have helped in making this a red-letter day for our Postulants.

Sunday, October 1

Feast of the Holy Rosary and third anniversary of our venerated Mother Foundress' death. As usual, first Sunday of the month brought our monthly retreat.

We love to think that our beloved Mother, who has promised in the name of all her spiritual daughters that they would daily recite the Rosary, is now sharing the endless bliss of Heaven very close to Our Lady of the Rosary and all the other apostles of the sublime Marian prayer.

After having done our best to "renew the inner person", we laid our resolutions at Mary's feet, asking her blessing upon them and grace to be faithful.

Monday, October 2

Early this morning Angels winged their way heavenward, bearing the soul of our dear Sister St. Benoit (Liliane Guérette, Nashua, N. H.). Long years of illness cheerfully borne had prepared our dear deceased for the yearned-for meeting with the Lover of souls. May He reward her in His divine way for the twenty-three years of loving service she has given Him in the religious life!

Tuesday, October 3

Carmel's Rose Queen received today our grateful prayers and pious praise. Rightly may we believe that the loving Saint, who promised to let fall a shower of roses upon earth, has obtained us many a choice heavenly boon. Who knows whether our cherished missionary vocation is not a regal blossom fallen from her hands in the portals of Heaven?

Our gentle Patroness shed "precious petals" on our path this afternoon—inspiring counsels from a distinguished visitor, His Excellency Most Rev. N. Robichaud, Archbishop of Moncton, N. B. The visiting prelate was accompanied by Msgr. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary.

His Excellency spoke on devotion to Our Blessed Lady, especially in the glorious mystery of her Assumption, recalling that Acadians observe Assumption Day as their patronal feast. He then reminded us that truly apostolic souls are essentially interior souls, and that true devotion to our heavenly Mother and Queen quickly leads to spiritual perfection.

His Excellency's paternal blessing will certainly help us onward to that sublime ideal, so dear to the heart of our venerated Mother Foundress.

Before leaving, His Excellency expressed his hope to find several Acadian Sisters in our midst on his next visit, asking us to pray for that intention. May our dear Blessed Lady send us bands of valiant missionaries from her own dedicated Acadia!

Friday, October 13

Tiny devotees of Our Blessed Mother come from time to time to pray before the Madonna keeping vigil over the novitiate grounds. A four-year-old was seen just a few days ago, bidding her playmates kneel down and whisper a Hail Mary. And not only her playmates, but even her own cherished dollies as well! Mary's faithful little servant came back again this afternoon with a playmate. She knelt down as usual. But the boy stood up straight and just looked on. Nothing daunted, she drew closer still to the white statue, made a pious genuflection before Our Lady, then dipping her chubby fingers in what she believed a... holy water font, triumphantly returned to her play.

Dear wee child of Heaven's Queen, perhaps you will never know that this afternoon incident has been written down for many grown-up persons to read. Surely, when they learn of your love for Mother Mary, they will ask her to keep you always beneath her protecting mantle. They will whisper a prayer, too, that the Mother you love so well will help you be always faithful to the call of grace. Mary's blessing upon you, four-year-old lassie, and upon your own dear mother, who knows that little tots must love their Mother in Heaven with all their childish heart!

Monday, October 16

Sad news reached us this morning. A cablegram from Macao, China, brought the belated tidings of dear Sister Agnes of Jesus' death, which occurred July last.

Our beloved Sister (Margaret Sherry, Montreal) had long been suffering from a grievous illness which baffled medical skill. But through several years of intense physical pain borne so uncomplainingly, she always edified her fellow Sisters by her gentle charity and childlike abandonment to God's holy will.

Now God has rewarded His faithful servant, but who shall measure the extent of the sacrifice her beloved companions have been called upon to bear in losing her, especially in these trying times, when comforting news from the Mother House cannot span the mighty ocean?

Sister Agnes of Jesus had been Superior at our Shek Lung Leprosarium since 1939, and had consecrated close to twenty-five years of her all-too-short life to the service of souls.

Sunday, October 21

"Give me souls! Give me souls!" Xavier's conquering motto naturally springs to our lips as we kneel before the Master Missionary on Propagation of the Faith Sunday. Unfledged Novices as yet, we can give but our humble prayers and sacrifices to the great mission cause. But did not the loving Patroness of the Missions say that by prayer and sacrifice we can best help missionaries and Mother Church? Accordingly, morning meditation, hymns and Rosary prayers were offered in this spirit of spiritual cooperation to mission apostolate.

A pious tradition in the Community marks Mission Sunday as Mission Assignment Day. The names of our overseas and home missions are written on slips of paper, and Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants draw the name of the special mission to be entrusted to their prayerful care all through the coming year. Thus do we prepare by prayer and self-denial, to answer the beloved Master's far-off mission call.

Wednesday, November 1

November already! We could scarcely believe it, judging from the mild, sunny weather and midsummer breeze. Sunny skies make for sunny smiles, it seems, and we didn't find it hard to prolong the morning *Gaudeteamus* in a merry holiday. All Saints Day calls for special rejoicing, and we meant to keep it in a special, cheery way. The public presentation of our Heaven-assigned Patron Saints had its own humorous sidelights as well.

Solemn Vespers of All Saints were sung at 2.30, followed by Rosary devotions and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then, holy liturgy drew a purple pall over the joy and splendor of the Church Triumphant, calling our prayerful thoughts on our dear departed in Vespers for the Dead. Our hymns to the Saints in glory were reverently hushed, while we cast our eyes on Purgatory, where souls are being purified for the eternal vision of Almighty God in Heaven. But are not our humble prayers all-powerful keys that can open their prison doors and let them into endless freedom and joy? All through the month of Poor Souls, we shall ask Our Blessed Mother to change our spiritual offerings into precious instruments of rescue and Heaven-happiness for these suffering members of Christ's Mystical Body.



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Do you like stories? Now, I shouldn't ask that question, should I? Surely not only boys and girls, but solemn grown-up persons as well, think there's nothing half so delightful as a good story book, with plenty of fun and adventure between its two covers.

I know one young lad who is ready to listen to thrilling tales long after bedtime. Indeed, he says he could stay up all night just listening, if someone's willing to stay up "telling"!

"Mummie, tell us a story!" he pleaded the other night.

"Mummie won't say 'no' tonight for sure. I've been a *good boy* since seven o'clock this morning, and that's something!" he kept telling himself, his big brown eyes round with delight.

Little Helen, six years old since November, couldn't say as much. She hadn't been exactly what you would call a *good girl* that day. And Mummie knew how she liked stories. What if she said, "No story tonight, you've been a naughty girl!"

Mother didn't seem to hear Bob's request. He wondered whether she had heard aright. But Bob isn't a boy to give up so easily something he has set his mind upon.

"Mummie, will you tell us a story, please. You know wonderful ones. Say yes, Mummie."

Mother put the chairs in order, straightened the tablecloth and seated herself beside her two youngsters.

"No, Bob, no story tonight."

"Why, Mummie? Haven't I been a good boy today?"

"A good boy!" laughed Mother. "Well, not so bad, Bobbie."

"Then, why can't we have a story?"

"Because this is Christmas and New Year's time, my boy, I really have to tell you about the Child Jesus. How would you like to follow the Three Kings to the stable of Bethlehem? That isn't a regular tale, but I'm sure it's just as beautiful."

"Oh, yes, Mummie!" exclaimed Master Bob with a broad smile, while Helen, feeling all danger past, clapped her chubby hands in glee.

So Mummie began. But Mummie had her own way of telling stories. Words, words, words, and Bob and Helen never got tired of it all. Why, it took Mummie one whole half-hour bringing the Three Kings to the lowly stable. Then one more half-hour she let them kneel in front of the dear

holy Child, with Mother Mary and St. Joseph looking on at the wee King being adored by the Three Great Kings from the East.

Brother and Sister could fancy the Magi admiring a beautiful, radiant Star glowing more brilliantly than all the others in the clear midnight sky. They saw the Three getting ready for the long, long journey to distant Judea. Slaves were rousing hardy camels from sleep and dreams, and rounding up baggage and food for the wearying trek. Away from the East, plodding slowly on, came the royal visitors, their eyes fixed on the wonderful Star beaming from on high.

Then Jerusalem. But the Star? Brother and Sister felt sorry for the Kings. Still on they kept, until they reached Herod's palace. Herod told the Kings to go and adore the newborn King of Bethlehem. Then, when they would come back, he would ask all about the Child and go in turn to kneel before Him and adore.

"Liar!" shouted Bob.

Jerusalem was left behind. "Oh! the Star!" exclaimed the Black King. Yes, there shone the radiant Star in the clear heavens. Faithfully the Kings from the East followed its guiding rays.

Bethlehem and the stable at long last! It was evening and a sacred hush reigned within the humble stable, the Heavenly King's earthly palace of glory! Mother Mary was softly singing her sweetest lullaby to the little King. As the last notes of the gentle song lulled Baby's slumber, St. Joseph entered. The Three Kings followed him in. Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar knelt before the humble manger throne. The wee Boy wasn't just a common child. They wouldn't have left home and country and tramped across the bleak desert for days just for the sake of an ordinary boy, however dear and winsome. But this smiling Baby — He was their God! It was well worth coming from the ends of earth to see Him!

Kneeling, they laid down at His feet the gifts they had brought, gold, frankincense and myrrh.

What blissful days followed! Mary let them hold the little Boy to their hearts and fondle Him as much as they chose.

But 'happy days fly on wings', don't they? And even for earthly Kings! The three visitors began to think of home. Yet, I fancy they put off leaving as long as possible. They loved Jesus. Mary had been so kind and St. Joseph so friendly. They thought of all that and felt God was asking them a big



Listening to the story of the Three Kings

sacrifice. Generously they offered it to the Infant, and pressing Him to their hearts for the last time, they climbed on their tall camels and headed east. But something wonderful had happened during those heavenly hours spent with Jesus. He had changed their hearts and filled them with burning love. They weren't only Kings now, they were Missionaries!"

"Missionaries!" echoed Bob, who had been so thrilled by the whole story that he had even forgotten to put in an "oh!" or an "ah!" here and there.

"And after, Mummie?" asked Helen.

"After?" smiled Mother. "Bedtime for little girls like you! We haven't said our night prayers yet."

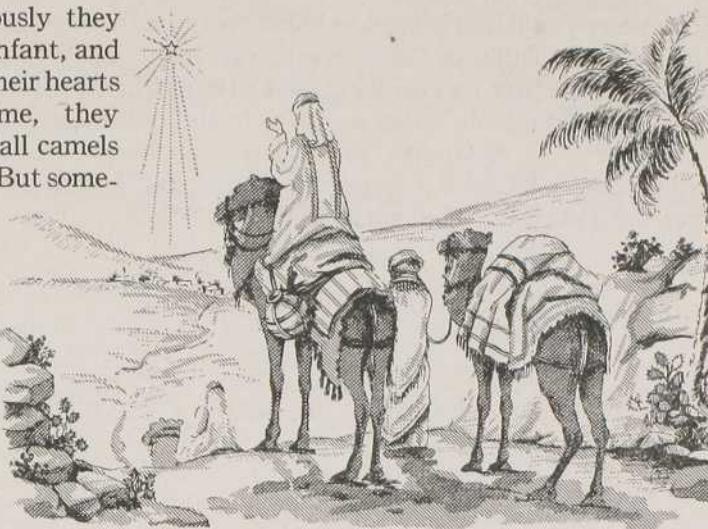
Mother's reasons were good, as usual, and the two gave in as nicely as they could. Tomorrow evening, they'd have her finish off the thrilling tale. Half an hour later, had you peeped in their bedrooms, you would have seen Bob and Helen, brown eyes tightly closed, wandering dreamily through the streets of Jerusalem in search of the Three Kings of their bedtime story.

* * *

Dear boys and girls, what do you think would have happened, if the Kings had not followed the Star? "Maybe they would never have found the Child Jesus," you will answer. But that is not all. They would never have found the true Faith, happiness, and the holy calling that later led them to be saints and martyrs for Jesus. And do you know why they received such great graces? Because they had been faithful to the first of God's graces, I mean, faithful to follow the Star. Many others, surely, had seen it. They knew that it hailed the Savior's birth. But they didn't "follow the Star", as the Three Kings did. And so they lived and died without knowing Jesus.

I can hear some of you saying, "I wish we had a star to follow, too. We'd be faithful like the Magi!"

But, dear boys and girls, did you ever stop to think that you have a star? We all have our star. It is "duty". From morning till night it shows the way. Lessons, prayers, games, meals, — the star will point to all these.



Coming to adore the King of Heaven . . .

Sometimes you'll find it hard to follow, because the star points out something you dislike. Think of the Three Kings then. They just kept on bravely, looking at the Star and thinking of the Baby Christ. And they found Him! We always find Jesus, when we listen to the call of duty.

I have to leave you on this, dear young friends. Of course, I'd like to write a longer letter, but — but "I see the star" pointing out to something else, and so I have to bid you goodbye and "Follow the star".

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR



GOD'S EQUAL — A BABE

Let us hie to the Crib and adore our King. Only a helpless Infant, yet Heaven, earth, centuries, patriarchs, lawgivers, kings, prophets, nations, masters of the universe, oracles, history, peace, stars, attend His birth, while miracle upon miracle acclaims His long-deferred coming. He cannot speak as yet, but He can make all hearts surrender to His adorable yoke. His tiny fingers hold the world in space, while He lets Himself be borne and rocked in His Mother's arms. Gratefully His caressing gaze rests upon her, teaching us to honor and love that all-pure Virgin Mother as she deserves to be honored and loved, and to trust in her maternal protection.

God's equal — yet a Babe, from whom we learn to humble our sinful selves, and accept the exalted mysteries of religion, not with the self-sufficiency of scholarly men, but with the simple credulity of unspoilt childhood.

Father Monsabre, O. P.

* * *

The year is opening for us; we know not what may be its close, but we know that all will be done by the hand of Christ our Lord. We will kneel down and thank Him for coming into the world in His beautiful, dreamlike way; and we will pray that Emmanuel may be our own God, throned in our hearts, Master of our time, our thoughts, our love. May the New Year be altogether new! And when God comes to us this year may He find us with hand full of gifts like the Magi, and with hearts full of love like the Shepherds!

The Orchard Floor



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

Vigil Light or candle.....	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{10 cents each.} \\ \text{75 cents for a novena.} \\ \text{\$ 2.00 for a month.} \\ \text{20.00 for a year.} \end{array} \right.$
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THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favors Obtained.

Many thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. St. A. **St. Vincent de Paul.** — Thanks be to God and our Heavenly Mother I am almost cured. C. R., **Hemmingford, Que.** — Many thanks for past favors. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — I have been granted a favor. Mrs. N. LaF., **Springfield, Mass.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for many favors granted us. She has been wonderful to us in more ways than one. Mr. and Mrs. J. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favor received. N. LaF., **Springfield, Mass.** — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for all the graces she has granted me, and would tell all those who desire favors to pray to her with the liveliest confidence. Never do we invoke her in vain. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal.** — O Mary, Queen of All Hearts, thanks to you I am well on the way to recovery. A thousand thanks. I request another favor. A subscriber. — Thanks for success in an examination. Mrs. N. A., **L'Islet Station.** — I wish to thank our dear Blessed Mother for a favor granted me. Mrs. E. D., **Longueuil.** — Lively gratitude towards Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. X., **Berthier.** — Many thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. Z. D., **St. Rémi d'Amherst.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. A little prayer, please, that I may have better health. A subscriber. — Gratitude to our dear heavenly Mother. Mrs. A. L., **St. Boniface.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for protection granted me during a recent operation and for my recovery. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude towards Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor granted a sick friend of mine. May she protect my two sons and grant me a special favor. Mrs. J. A. P., **Rimouski.** — Homage of gratitude for a favor received. A. D. — A great favor has been received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. A subscriber, **Trois Pistoles.** — Grateful thanks for a favor granted. Mrs. J. B. — I have been granted a favor. Miss A. E. A. — Our Blessed Lady has heard my prayers for my son. A thousand thanks. Mrs. A. B. — I am deeply grateful towards Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor granted my son. I recommend him to your kind prayers. Mrs. F. V. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. G., **Montreal.** — I heartily thank Our Blessed Lady for the great favor she has granted me. Mrs. J. S., **Verdun.** — Gratitude for a favor attributed to the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Miss A. F., **St. Jérôme.** — I have obtained a favor from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. M. Q., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks for a raise in salary. Mrs. A. B. — I have obtained a favor. I request Our Lady's continued protection. Mrs. R. S. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. L., **St. Julie.** — Lively gratitude for favors received through the intercession of our dear heavenly Mother. May she continue protecting us. A. M., **Montreal.** — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude towards Our Blessed Lady for a cure obtained. Please pray for my children. Mrs. J. L. — Grateful thanks to Mary. Mrs. E. D. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. A. D. — Lively thanks for a favor received through the intercession of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. A. M. — Gratitude for a favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. M. P. — Homage of gratitude for a favor granted me. Mrs. H. S., **Montreal.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. A. D. — Lively gratitude for a favor obtained through the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. A. M. — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors received. May she continue protecting us. A. M., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude for a salary raise. Mrs. A. B. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for a favor received and solicit her protection. Mrs. R. S. — I am fulfilling a promise for a favor received. Mrs. L. — Gratitude to Mary for a favor received. Mrs. M. Q., **Montreal.** — I heartily thank our heavenly Mother for the favor she has granted me. Mrs. J. S., **Verdun.** — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a cure obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. May she protect my children. Mrs. J. L. — A thousand thanks to Mary! Mrs. E. D. — Hearty thanks to our heavenly Mother for all her kindnesses. Mrs. E. D., **Lewiston, Me.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Miss L. M., **Moosup, Conn.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor granted me. Mrs. Z. C., **Notre Dame du Nord.** — Gratitude for temporal favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph. Mrs. L. M. — Lively gratitude towards the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Messrs. H. and R. G. — Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady for a favor granted to my friend. Miss L. B. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of Marguerite Bourgeoys. Mrs. O. R., **Sillery.** — Please publish in THE PRECURSOR that I have received favors from Our Mother of Perpetual Help, Catherine Tekakwitha and St. Jude. C. MacD., **Toronto.**



PETITIONS

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

Would you please make a novena for me to Our Blessed Mother for two special favors. Mrs. J. H., **Montreal**. — I was wondering if you would be so kind to make a very special novena for my two sons who are at home with me. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my little girl that she will get better health and succeed in her studies. Mrs. F. L., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly make a novena for a very important intention. Mrs. A. V., **Montreal**. — I would like you to pray to Our Blessed Mother for my sister's health; for my daughter and her husband who is now in the Navy; also for our family. M. D., **Montreal**. — Would you please make a novena immediately for me to the Blessed Virgin Mary. I would be very thankful if you would ask all the Sisters to pray for me. Mrs. K. B., **Montreal**. — Prayers, please, for the conversion of my unfortunate son who drinks. An increase of faith for my daughter. Mrs. E. C., **Notre Dame de Grace**. — Would you please join me in prayer to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. B., **Montreal**. — I would appreciate very much if you

would offer a novena for me to Our Blessed Lady for a soldier overseas, also for a young boy that he may have a steady position. I also request a cure, a special favor and world peace. Mrs. P. H., **Montreal**. — Please pray that my eyesight may get better. Mrs. M. B., **Point St. Charles**. — Would it be possible for you to commence a novena for one of my girls who is neglecting her religion. Mrs. D. — I am asking you to offer special prayers for my sister for a very special favor, and also for myself and family, for better health and a suitable city house. Mrs. M. W., **St. Eustache sur le Lac**. — I earnestly request a favor from Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber, **Maniwaki**. — Would you kindly make a novena immediately for my husband. Mrs. E. W., **Maniwaki**. — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my special intentions. Mrs. F. D., **Caughnawaga**. — Will you kindly make a novena for my intentions. M. E., **Arnprior, Ont.** — I entreat your prayers to our holy Mother to protect my only son in the Navy, that he may have courage to carry on and never lose his faith in God. M. C. R., **Timmins, Ont.** — Please pray for my special intention. Mrs. N., **Portland, Me.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. L. T., **Portage, Me.** — Please pray for my daughter who has left the Church and has undergone a serious operation, that she'll have a happy death or speedy recovery. Mrs. J. R. — Please pray for my daughter. Mrs. M. McM., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Please say a little prayer for my boy who is in the Army. Mrs. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I would like you to pray for me as I am not feeling so well, and for my brother who is somewhere across. We haven't had news from him for a while now and we are anxious to hear from him. A subscriber, **South Bellingham, Mass.** — Please help me pray to obtain a grace. Mrs. F., **New York, N. Y.** — Please pray for very special intentions. Mrs. F. J., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Please pray that my health will be restored to me. Miss E. S., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — I am asking Our Blessed Mother to protect my brother who is married and the father of a family. Another special intention. A subscriber. — A cure is requested. Mrs. N. P., **Montreal**. — I am asking my cure as soon as possible, through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Miss E. L., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a favor. Mrs. C. P., **Lachute**. — Please pray for my husband. Mrs. F. D. — May Our Blessed Mother help me be faithful to my religious duties, and grant protection to a sailor. A. L., **Montreal**. — Please say a prayer that my brother may find a suitable lodging. Mrs. H. D., **Montreal**. — I am asking the cure of my eyes. Mrs. O. L., **Haverhill, Mass.**

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Please make a novena in honor of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and St. Joseph for the cure of heart disease. A subscriber. — O Mary, Queen of All Hearts, I am asking my cure from you and from our dear Father St. Joseph. Miss Y. L., **Montreal**. — May Our Blessed Lady and St. Gerard obtain a deeper spirit of piety and obedience for my son. A mother. — I am asking a very important favor through the intercession of Our Lady and St. Joseph. An afflicted wife.



Rev. Father Joseph Cloutier, **Terrebonne**; Rev. Father L. A. Lamontagne, Chaplain at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, **Vancouver, B. C.**; Mrs. F. C. Clarke, **Toronto, Ont.**, mother of our Sister du St. Nom de Jésus; Mrs. Gédéon Boulanger, **St. Côme de Beauce**, mother of our Sister Marie de St. Gertrude; Mr. Olivier Lemoine, **St. Hyacinthe**, father of our Sisters St. Philomène and Marie Dolorès, novice; Mrs. Napoléon Dumas, **St. Côme de Beauce**, mother of our Sister Marie Judith; Mr. Roland Létourneau, **Three Rivers**, brother of our Sister Laurent Marie; Mrs. Louis St. Pierre, **Lowell, Mass.**, grandmother of our Sister St. Pierre Nolasque; Mr. Narcisse Guernon, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Hortense; Miss Margaret Gilmour, Mrs. M. Burke, Mr. A. Cleary, Mr. John Flood, Mrs. Katherine Geary, **Montreal**; Mr. L. Trimingham, Mr. Norman Drury, Mrs. Ann Folon, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Larivière, Mrs. George Biguelli, Mrs. B. C. Nowlan, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Leo Paul Ryan, **Westmount**; Mr. James Elliott, **Mackayville**; Mr. Patrick Keegan, **Maniwaki**; Mr. Malcolm Smith, Mr. William Barron, Miss Maud McConney, **Toronto**; Mrs. Teresa Rowland, **Parkhill, Ont.**; Mr. Joseph Walsh, **Doyle's Brook, N. B.**; Mrs. Lena MacMillan, **Dartmouth, N. S.**; Mrs. R. A. Ayotte, Mrs. Exilia Bergeron, Mr. Jos. Desrosiers, Mr. Jos. Bergeron, Mr. Russell Sweet, **Lowell, Mass.**; Doctor E. Lessard, **St. Joseph de Beauce**; Mr. Charles Gamache, **Montreal**; Mr. Amable Paré, **St. Valérien**; Mr. A. Paiement, Mrs. Jules Périard, Mrs. Joseph Chaput, Mrs. Marie Craig, Mr. Edouard Lorrain, Miss Cécile Dussault, Mr. Edouard Dupel, Mrs. Raymond Bergeron, Mrs. Léon Lacoste, Mr. Albert Giguère, Mr. Victor Blanchet, Mr. A. J. Keyes, Miss Lucienne Hébert, Mr. Emile Rivard, Mrs. Alexandre Préfontaine, Miss Séraphine Bessette, **Montreal**; Mrs. Jules Lapierre, **Verdun**; Mr. Moïse Brais, **Longueuil**; Mr. Léopold Trudeau, Mr. Jos. Alphonse Duval, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Emmanuel Auclair, Mr. Eugène Le Tonquère, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mr. J. Robitaille, Mrs. Edmond Labelle, **Chambly Bassin**; Mrs. Ferdinand Roy, **St. Maxime**; Mrs. Joseph Lavallée, **St. Josaphat**; Mr. Joseph Leroux, **St. Augustin**; Mr. Nap. Robert, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Laurent Marcil, **St. Isidore**; Mrs. Wilfrid Barbeau, Miss Jeannette Barbeau, **St. Constant**; Mr. Bruno Neveu, Mrs. Euclide Proulx, **St. Geneviève**; Mrs. Coache, Mr. Omer Landry, **Napierville**; Mrs. Zénon Barbeau, Mr. Cyrille Normandin, **St. Mathieu**; Mr. Philippe Coupal, **St. Michel**; Sgt. Jules Poulin, Mr. Ernest Lacasse, **Lachute**; Mr. Raoul Ladouceur, **St. Benoit**; Mr. Christophe Trudeau, Mr. Joseph Bourgeois, Mr. Eugène Villeneuve, **St. Canut**; Mr. Nicholas Cantin, Mr. J. J. Cournoyer, **Lachenaie**; Mr. Fernand Bisaiillon, Mr. Jean Bisaiillon, **St. Paul, Ile aux Noix**; Mr. Edmond Brosseau, **St. Luc**; Mr. Casimir Nolin, **St. Valentin**; Mr. Firmin Forget, Mr. Amédée Lacasse, **St. Anne des Plaines**; Mrs. Wilfrid St. Denis, **Oka**; Mr. Adélard Grenier, **St. Mathieu**; Mr. Médéric Laperrière, **St. Gérard des Laurentides**; Mrs. R. de L. Côté, Mrs. Antonio Blanchette, Mr. Leo Lefebvre, **Waterloo**; Mrs. Malvina Leduc, **Fulford**; Miss Thérèse Paradis Ruest, **Cabano**; Mrs. Camille Fournier, **St. Juste du Lac**; Mrs. Joseph Durocher, **Granby**; Mr. Yvan Lépine, **St. Théodore**; Mr. Louis François Frédéric, **St. Simon**; Mr. Paul Courchesne, Mrs. François St. Martin, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Miss Exilda Lusignan, **Upton**; Mrs. Emile Fontaine, **Pike River**; Mrs. Jean Villéard, **St. Aimé**; Mr. Adélard Lacourse, **Daveluyville**; Mr. Isidore Béland, **St. Barthélemy**; Mr. Albert Marion, **St. Côme**; Mr. Edouard Pelland, **St. Elisabeth**; Mrs. Joseph Dubéau, Mr. Louis Gérard Coutu, Mr. A. Desroches, **St. Félix de Valois**; Mr. Joseph Dubéau, **St. Damien de Brandon**; Mrs. I. Chartier, **Joliette**; Mrs. Joseph Poirier, **Berthierville**; Mrs. D. Desrochers, **St. Jacques de l'Achigan**; Mrs. Adélard Chevrette, **St. Ambroise**; Mr. Joseph Giguère, **Rawdon**; Mr. Henri Magnan, **St. Roch de l'Achigan**; Mr. O. Desjardins, **St. Lin**; Mr. Louis Maisonneuve, **Rosemère**; Mr. Joseph Courtemanche, Mr. L. M. Lafleur, **Ferme Neuve**; Mrs. Josaphat Gauthier, **Huberdeau**; Mr. Joseph Latourelle, **Bouchette**; Mr. Fernand Maillé, Mr. Joseph Boyer, **Mont Rolland**.

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Benefactors of the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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 commanding 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.