

THE PRECURSOR



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MONTREAL, March-April 1945

No. 2

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover)

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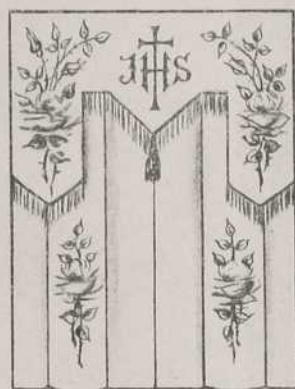
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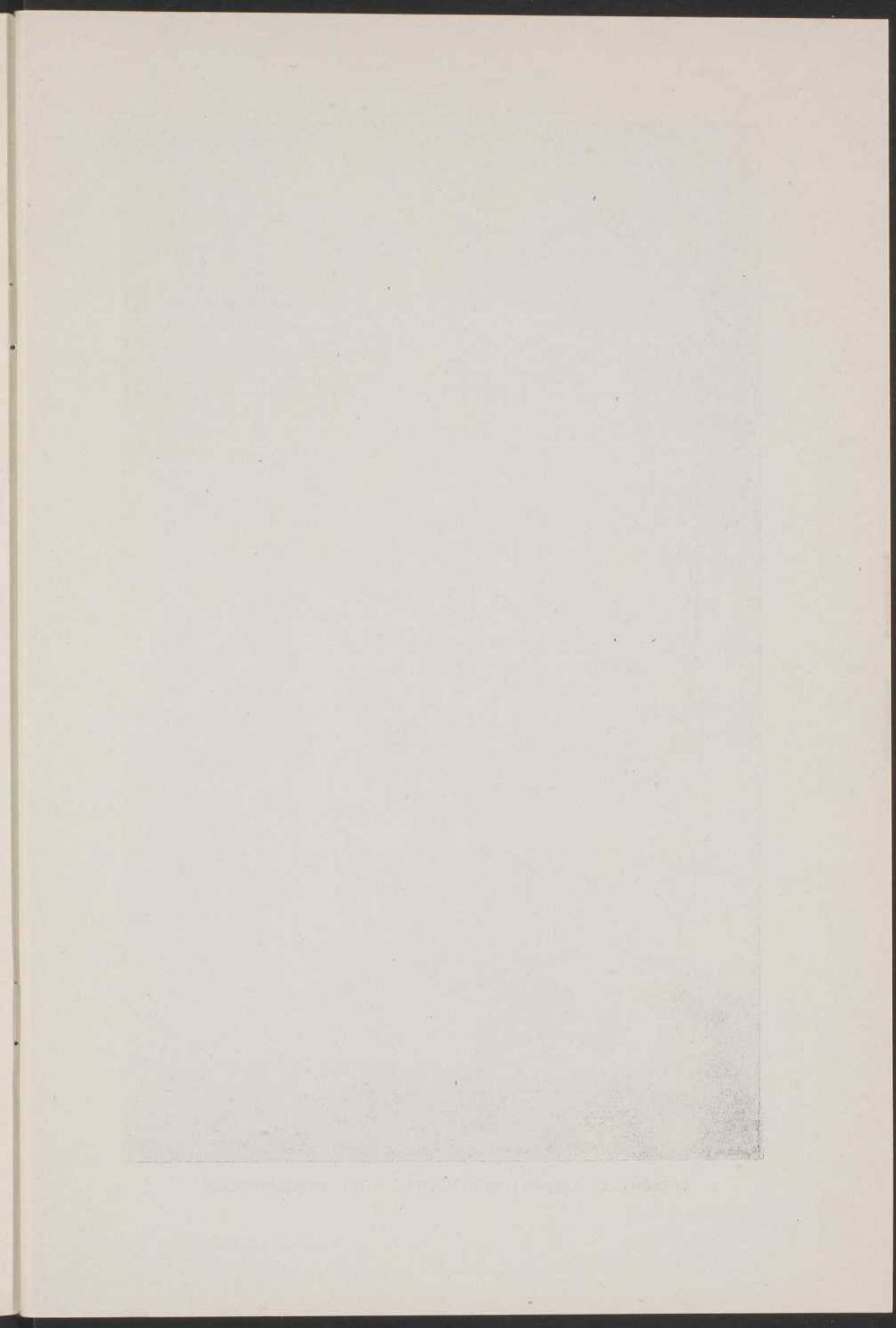
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

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*When St. Joseph held the Divine Child in his arms
and conversed with Him,
when the Boy Christ lisped His first words,
who could deny that the same Holy Child,
both in His Infancy and in His Youth,
filled the heart of His foster father
with ineffable sentiments of His Divinity
and with joy beyond the power of men to describe?*

St. Bernardine

Humble Saint Joseph

*O humble Saint Joseph, by Heaven ordained
Protector and Spouse of a Maiden unstained!
O vigilant Keeper, most faithful on earth
Of Jesus, Our Lord, from His Bethlehem birth!
So close to your shrines we are kneeling to pray,
For March is your Month — our sweetest save May!
Reveal us, O Joseph, the fair secret of love
For Jesus, the Son of the Father above!*

*O Carpenter workman, elected by God
To watch o'er His Son when our valleys He trod!
Fond fancy has woven full many a dream
Round Jesus and Mary — so sweet is the theme!
But gladness and sorrow have blended below —
The Two who were purest have tasted of woe;
For servants of God drain the chalice of pain,
And hearts that are chosen are broken in twain.*

*Remember, O Joseph, how the Little One's hands
Were wiping your tears out on Egypt's dark strands?
Remember the thrill when the Baby first came
To whisper, with Mary's, O Joseph, your name?
O humble Saint Joseph, in His moments of rest,
His little fair head He would lay on your breast.
Did cherubs peep down on the Nazareth home,
And stars beam the brighter through th'heavenly dome?*

*From Mary's embrace, from her motherly smile,
He toddles to where you are planing the while;
The hands of the Lord whom the Angels adore
Pick shavings that curl on the working-shop floor.
Then Boyhood is come, and the Carpenter's Son
All willingly toils till the day's work is done.
Ah, surely fair Angels in their wonder would stop
To see Him at work in that carpenter shop!*

*The little white hands that are clasped round your neck
When shadows come creeping, have the power to deck
In beauty that passes our palettes and pens
The queen of all blossoms in gardens and glens.
Those fingers so wee, and so dainty, so fair,
Set stars in the skies and are holding them there;
They moulded the earth in its glory of light,
And weave both its mantles of verdure and white.*

*The little frail hands that are trying their best
To help in the workshop, in earth's morning have blest
A clay that was formed as a temple to shrine
The soul of a man and a Dweller Divine.
For man He has fashioned "for His glory," He said.
Our days are His own; e'en the hairs on our head
Are counted by Him, and His Provident gaze
With love more than mother's is guiding our ways.*

*O Blessed Saint Joseph, be mindful today,
The brethren of Jesus are kneeling to pray!
'Tis true we are wayward, but He knows our frame
Who for the salvation of sinners once came!
If splinters are cleft from the Cross of the Lord
And laid on our shoulders, we shall in His word
Say: "Father in Heaven, Thy will and not mine!"
For sorrow of bliss is the pledge and the sign!*

*Dear Keeper of Christ, will you tell, as we pray,
Why Jesus, Our Savior, came earthward one day,
As one of our race — our own Brother and Friend,
And shared in our life to His journey's last end?
For once that we learn all the lessons He taught,
His Crib and His Cross with their lovingness fraught,
His preachings and teachings on Galilee's plain,
Will conquer our souls to the yoke of His reign.*

*The King of all Ages, the Ancient of Days,
In Heavenly Glory your Foster Son stays.
While Angels acclaim their Creator and Lord,
How few are the souls by whom He is adored!
Yet earth is His Kingdom He won on the Cross
That Hell is usurping vast regions across.
O humble Saint Joseph, a-kneeling we plead —
The footsteps of Jesus in pagandom lead!*

St. Joseph's Life



HAT is life? How often do we ask ourselves that question, while in frightened mood we gaze at the swiftly flowing tide of our years here below! Why should so many sorrows and misfortunes beset its course?

Life is a warfare and victory is won only when heavenly portals open before us.

A warfare, yes, and if we make use of the victorious weapons of love and faith and hope, life is beautiful notwithstanding its numberless trials. And its end will be peaceful and joyful even, for whomsoever has battled unflinchingly, believed sincerely, firmly hoped in eternal rewards and deeply loved the only Being capable of quenching man's thirst for love true and enduring. For such a man knows with certainty that, upon leaving the gory battlefields of life, he will be awarded undying honor in unending heavenly bliss.

But he who refuses to be a hero in the strife, he who seeks earthly riches and vainglory and unlawful loves, will reap only remorse and bitterness and disillusionment. And his end, what will it bring? Alas! if the infinite mercy of God fails to brighten its awful darkness, it will bring only despairing regret.

What really is this warfare in which all Christians must partake? The warfare for the observation of the laws of God, Church and conscience.

We have in the lives of canonized Saints examples innumerable after which to pattern our own lives. But the example outshining all others is that of Jesus Christ, Our Savior, who was made Flesh and dwelt among us in order to teach us how to conquer the Kingdom of Heaven.

Besides the outstanding examples of a life divine, we also have those which shine forth from the most holy lives of Mary and Joseph.

Let us not fail to ponder over the lives of the Saints, fearless warriors all who have battled before us in this earthly strife. Their bravery will teach us lessons of courage and steadfastness. But, above all, let us study the lives of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, as penned in the Gospel. If, every day, or at least every Sunday, we make a few minutes' meditation on the divine truths contained in the Gospel, we shall soon have learnt to appreciate life at its true value, and if we feel prompted to ask for a lengthening of our days, it will not be with the desire of enjoying the fleeting pleasures of earth, but in order to acquire further heavenly merit.

The life of Jesus, Our Redeemer, we find it written in its very essence in the Gospel. Those blessed pages also disclose His divine teachings. In that most wonderful of all books we may also see clearly, though briefly, outlined the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, in a few short but revealing sentences, the life of the holy Patriarch St. Joseph, life of faith, of purity, of humility, life all fragrant with the perfume of complete submission to the will of God.

At least during the month of March especially dedicated to St. Joseph, let us strive to understand better that beautiful model of Christian perfection.



ST. JOSEPH,
Model of Fathers

His joys and sorrows will prove an ever fruitful subject of meditation, for the life of every Christian soldier knows like alternatives of trials and consolations. Such are the merciful ways of the Heavenly Father towards His earthly children. He fashions them through pain and sorrow into the resemblance of His Divine Son, Our Holy Redeemer, rendering them more capable thereby of cooperating with Him in His work of redemption, and more worthy of glory everlasting.

Heads of families may look up as their model to Joseph, so devoted to Mary, his chaste spouse, and to the adorable Child Heaven had committed to his fatherly care. Those who are privileged to tread in the secluded paths of religious life will also find in St. Joseph admirable examples of all Christian virtues. Joseph, whom the

Holy Spirit calls a just man, was ever faithful to the daily duties of his humble calling, filled with the spirit of prayer and love of the hidden life, pure and unsullied, model of virgins and souls consecrated to the Lord.

All Christians may learn from him practical lessons of trust in Divine Providence and of charity in all doubts, trials and perplexities, lessons of humility and obedience to the laws of God and State.

St. Joseph is also the patron of a happy death. Tradition tells us that he died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. How holy and peaceful his last hour must have been!

And now in Heavenly Mansions, St. Joseph has become Patron of the Church Universal, for after Mary none has furthered more than he the interests of the Kingdom of Christ here below. In celestial glory as of yore in Nazareth's humble dwelling, he seems all-powerful over the Heart of Jesus. Infinite riches are put at his disposal, and he delights in showering them upon his brothers still battling on earth.

Let us cultivate sincere devotion towards St. Joseph. To implore his powerful intercession means that we honor him and are thus agreeable to his paternal heart. The poorer and more miserable we may feel, is only one reason added to many others why we should have recourse to the foster father of the Lord, who walked among the poorest and humblest of His creatures, delighting to alleviate their suffering and give them help in all their needs. Above all favors, we should beg of St. Joseph for ourselves, our dear ones and all human beings, the priceless treasure of eternal salvation.

THE REDACTION

Garlands at St. Joseph's Feet

It is related of St. Margaret of Cortona that even in her years of wandering from virtue, she had never let a day pass without calling on St. Joseph for assistance. Our Lord deigned reveal her in a mystical conversation how deeply her confidence towards His devoted Guardian touched Him. He then added: "I beseech thee, My daughter, never to let a day pass without offering a very special homage to My beloved foster father, St. Joseph."

* * *

In his sermon on the Nativity of Our Lord, St. Vincent, of the Order of Preachers, relates the following fact: A merchant of Valencia was in the habit of inviting an old man, a mother and her little child to celebrate Christmas in his home. These three persons represented to him the Child Jesus with the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. When the merchant died, Mary, her Divine Son and St. Joseph appeared to him, saying: "So many times thou hast welcomed us to thy house; enter thou in ours."

* * *

A charitable person used her leisures preparing medicine for the sick poor. One day, a child came to her with a doctor's prescription for his mother, who was desperately ill. The kind benefactress lost no time in preparing the needed medicament and handing it to the child. What was not her anxiety when, a few moments later, she discovered she had made a serious mistake, and that the remedy she had given the boy would mean poison for the mother! What could she do? The young messenger was unknown to her and, besides, it was too late to run after him. Anguish searing her heart, she threw herself before a statue of St. Joseph, beseeching him to ward off the impending danger. Hardly had she ended her prayer, when the child returned. "I was almost home," he confessed shyly, "when the bottle slipped from my hands and broke to pieces." Would the kind lady give him another one?

We can readily imagine the pious woman's emotion and joy on witnessing this fresh proof of St. Joseph's prompt assistance.

Canon A. Weber

* * *

We read in a Catholic weekly published at Vannes: "On Thursday, February 19, at eleven-thirty in the morning, several children were at play in a street of Gourin, when a heavy vehicle piled high with furniture and straw passed by. Suddenly seized with fright, one of the boys, William, aged eight, stumbled on a stone while trying to make his escape, and fell under the vehicle. One of the wheels ran over his legs. The children and grown-up persons who witnessed the accident were terror-stricken. They hastened to pick up the child who, they thought, must have been crushed. But they had not yet reached William that he was already on his feet. His young playmates, pale with fear, cried out: 'He is going to die! He is going to die!' — 'Perhaps I am going to die, but I want to see my mother again!' the boy said to himself, driven fairly dizzy by their repeated shouts. And he ran home. Seeing him crying, his mother thought he had been quarrelling with his comrades and determined to punish him as he deserved. But the child simply said: 'A wagon ran over me.' All the people who had followed the boy in confirmed his statement. In her turn the poor mother wept and grew concerned. As William was being undressed, he pulled out a tiny statue of St. Joseph he had been bearing on himself when the vehicle ran over him. 'Do not cry, Mother, I shall not die, St. Joseph is with me.' Then he added that, believing himself about to be crushed, he had thought of St. Joseph and pronounced his blessed name, which his mother

had taught him to invoke from his tenderest years. Then he had felt a very heavy weight pass over his body without hurting him in the least.

"The doctor diagnosed no bones had been broken. Only the flesh had become black and bore the trace of the wheel. The little devotee of St. Joseph proudly carried his small statue, saying: 'He saved me.'"

* * *

Under the first French Empire lived a grenadier of the 29th infantry regiment, who, from the lessons of a good Christian education, had kept nothing but the habit of saying a Hail Mary daily, followed by a prayer to St. Joseph for a happy death. At Leybach, in 1809, he was wounded in the leg and left helpless on the field. Instinctively, he cried out: "O St. Joseph! St. Joseph!" No other word did he pronounce in his agonizing pain. He was picked up by an ambulance and carried to a nearby house. A French emigrant priest in a room close by, hearing his repeated invocations to St. Joseph, hastened to his bedside. Overjoyed to find him favorably disposed, he reconciled him with God and called down heavenly peace into his long-agitated soul. A few moments later, the brave soldier breathed his last, thanking St. Joseph for having answered in so miraculous a manner the prayer he had daily addressed him for grace to die a happy death.

Canon A. Weber

* * *

For close to two years a seminarian of the diocese of Verdun, France, had been suffering from a disease declared incurable by physicians. His Reverend Superior had been regretfully compelled to tell him that he must give up his long-cherished ideals. It was then in early March. The young man turned to St. Joseph, and several of his confreres joined with him in a fervent novena. On March 19, last day of the novena, he was completely cured. His heart overflowing with gratitude, he re-entered the seminary and was ordained some months later. Today the happy privileged friend of St. Joseph has fulfilled for over thirty-two years the sacred duties. To the greater glory of the august Patriarch of Nazareth, he wishes to pen these lines, humble tribute of his thankfulness.

Canon A. Weber

* * *

The event I am about to relate happened in a town whose name you will forgive me for not quoting, in order that no one may accuse me of indiscretion.

After Holy Mass, the parish priest of Notre Dame was accosted in the vestry by an elderly lady, a practical and discreet woman, one of his fervent parishioners and a devoted supporter of his charitable works.

"Father, I need a word of advice. But what I shall tell you is so unusual . . . you may think I am mad . . . Father, all this last month I have been tormented . . . these last days I am obsessed . . . Do you know the captain who hears your Mass every day?"

"Not at all, Madame. He is very edifying. But I do not even know his name."

"Oh, Father, I cannot sleep with this obsession. I am haunted with the thought of offering him five hundred francs."

The Reverend Pastor broke into a hearty laugh.

"You are laughing at me, Father, and with reason. Now I have spoken to you on the matter . . . you will decide for me . . . Shall I forget all about it or follow this inspiration? I leave you full responsibility. Think it over, and I shall come back in three days."

After the lady had left, the priest smiled at the odd idea . . . that was obsessing him now. On the morrow, after Mass, he called the sexton.

"Will you kindly tell the captain praying before the altar that I should like to exchange a few words with him."

Hardly had the sexton gone, when Father felt like calling him back.

"Oh, what have I done! What shall I tell him? What will come of all this?"

All these ideas were whirling in the priest's mind when the captain, as stiff and as straight as his sabre, stood before him. The priest tried to remember Madame X.'s incoherent phrases. As incoherently he spoke to the dumbfounded officer. "Please be seated, sir, and forgive me for saying this, but a wealthy lady would like . . . I mean she wishes . . . She knows you only for having seen you once or twice . . . She feels inspired by Heaven . . . she wishes to offer you five hundred francs."

The captain could not trust his ears. Ashen pale, he looked at the priest, while hot tears trickled down his drawn cheeks. "O St. Joseph! St. Joseph!" he murmured.

The priest did not know what to make of it. At last the officer grew composed.

"I must explain my deep emotion. Five days ago, my colonel called to announce my appointment to M. I have nine children and no money. So you can imagine the news was gladly welcomed.

"But my wife seemed anxious. She told me we were barely eking out a living as it was, and that I simply had to refuse this unexpected promotion, moving costs alone going beyond our slender means. Refusing meant compromising my career. We figured it out again and again. We needed five hundred francs more. When on the next day our little ones merrily prattled of our departure and the new post, I told them: 'But there is a difficulty in our way. As I see it, we shall not be able to go. But God can do everything. Let us all make a novena to St. Joseph. I cannot see how he will fix matters, if they can be fixed at all . . . That's his business. . . .'

"Here we are at the third day of our novena! I need not tell you, Father, that I accept as a loan this sum so evidently sent by Heaven. I shall do my best to settle this debt as soon as things clear up, so that your kindhearted parishioner may be in a position to continue her charitable works."

How could this story, true to the least detail, fail to increase our confidence in St. Joseph, the great and powerful friend of Divine Providence?

Notice that the kind lady was interiorly bidden to do this charitable deed, even before the officer had been notified of his new assignment.

Does not this recall the divine promise consigned in Holy Writ, that even before we open our mouth to pray, God has heard the sighs of our heart and has answered us?

Our Heavenly Father Knows, Too

Two little children were carrying wood with their father. One of them stretched out his feeble arms, and his father laid the cut wood upon them for him to carry it into the house. His brother stood looking on. When he thought there was enough wood on his little brother's arms, he said: "That will be enough, brother, you won't be able to carry any more than that." The little brother, however, replied with a smile: "My father knows how much I can bear, and he will pile only that much on my arms."

Msgr. Tihamer Toth

Bright Future for Missions



ONE of the most serious consequences of the war has been its effect on seminaries, both in the missions and in other countries supplying mission personnel. In the missions, the seminaries have suffered directly from the war. In the Apostolic Vicariate of Sienhsien, China, a number of seminarians have been killed. In another mission country, the seminary curriculum was affected directly when the occupying authorities forbade the teaching of religion. In other cases, seminaries have been closed down or requisitioned to house troops.

In Europe, many students studying for the foreign missions were forced to leave to join the army. Their death on the field of battle means just that many empty places in the ranks of the future army of Christ.

Numerous Institutes, for lack of means, have been forced to reduce the number of students. In other cases, the candidates themselves have had to return home to help their families. The very atmosphere of the war has tended to decrease the number of vocations. Thus it is foreseen that in the first years after the war the supply of missionaries will be woefully inadequate to meet the demands.

The rapid and incomplete survey given would seem to presage a very black outlook for the future, but this would mean forgetting that the missions are the work of God and not merely of men. Other aspects, too, should be taken into consideration which make the picture more comforting. The war with its repercussions has increased the sense of responsibility of the native clergy and faithful. After the war this should result in a closer and more efficacious collaboration with foreign missionaries.

The persecutions that have resulted in some quarters will be, as has ever been the case, the seed of new Christians. The trials caused by the war will arouse new and fresh energies in the day of peace dedicated to the highest and most sublime ideals.

Material help will not be lacking, because a greater interest in the missions has been manifested even in those countries which have suffered most from the war.

Missionary vocations, after a momentary decrease, will become more numerous, in reaction, as it were, by works of charity and an apostolate of good to the tremendous outburst of evil that has been this war.

The difficulties of the post-war period for the missions will not be few. Many will be solved by the just solution of the problems of peace; all can be overcome by the good will of men and by the Divine Help that has been invoked so often during the conflict.

The missions and the missionaries in the midst of this awful conflict have furnished to the world a shining example of Christian charity, and their trials and tribulations will not have been in vain with the flourishing anew of the mission spirit all over the world.

POPE'S WORDS RECALLED

To those who are fearful and doubtful about the future of the missions, it may be well to recall the words of His Holiness Pope Pius XII in a recent address.

"Even in the first World War," said the Holy Father, "how many this thought for the future of the missions disturbed. But to the doubtful and fearful of those days, the interval between the two great wars furnished a reply that surpassed all expectation. The missionary work, both in countries already illuminated by the light of the Gospel as well as in the missions themselves, gained such an impulse and outward expansion and such an internal vigor as has perhaps never before been manifest in the history of the missions. Therefore we should not hesitate now in this second and more formidable conflict to look to the future with a more serene eye, and indeed, we believe, with more reason now than before."—*The Canadian Register*

Bringing Christ to All Men

The missionary must have the will to help the world, to bring Christ to *all* men. Once he has that clear, all else follows. It is all so easy. He will soon find growing within himself a burning desire to do good to as many human beings as possible. He will feel that he has something that belongs to all men, that no sacrifice is too great to get it to them. The "Go" of Christ will not be just another empty word to him. For him it will mean: "Hurry, hurry! The time is short. People are in need. You have peace and happiness for all men, sent by God Himself. Go to them. Don't wait for them to come to you." A divine discontent and impatience will keep urging him on. He will be fired with an ambition to bring the love and peace of Christ to every part of the globe. Although his own personal efforts must be limited, yet he is deeply concerned with the *whole* job, with *all* men.

If any added incentive for zeal is needed, he need but take a lesson from the fanatics who are spreading everywhere hatred, destruction, death. They labor day and night. No hardship is too great for them. They are misguided but driven by an ideal. As the late Holy Father put it:

"These people have an ideal. They are captivated by it. When necessary they are capable of suffering for it and even of risking their lives in defense of it. That is strength. And we, have we not a higher ideal? If we Catholics could all be captivated by that ideal to the extent of suffering something, and if necessary even risking our lives to realize it, then the victory would be ours."

Father James Keller, M. M.


CONFESSION MAKES CONVERT OF CHICAGO CHINESE GIRL

"When a Catholic commits a sin, he goes to Confession, but the non-Catholic, when he sins, does nothing or does not know what to do." These are the words of Rose Yee, a 19-year-old Chicago-born Chinese girl, who, because she realizes the divine gift that is found in the Absolution in a good Confession, has joined the Church. She was baptized, conditionally, Jan. 1 by the Rev. Augustinus Tseu, pastor of St. Therese's Chinese Catholic mission.

For years Rose had been one of the active members of the Union Christian church in the Windy City's China Town. But now she tells her friends, "I go to the *Church across the street*," as the Chinese Protestants refer to St. Therese's.

The Register, Denver, Colo.

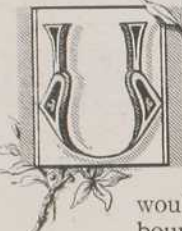
Zeal of Wu Jung Min

T so happened that Wu Jung Min, seventy years old, with hollow cheeks and a toothless smile that made his face a study in wrinkles, one day came upon a catechism quite by chance. He read it through and was so impressed by the reasonableness and beauty of the Catholic Faith that he asked for further instructions. With the zeal characteristic of converts Wu Jung Min was not content to hoard his new-found treasure. Back in his native village he began to share his knowledge of the Faith, and when Holy Saturday came he brought thirty of his friends along to be baptized. Nor did his zeal stop there. He volunteered to act as a catechist so that he could continue to bring the word of God to his pagan countrymen.

Stories of such zeal always give a jolt to the complacency of born Catholics who think they deserve halos for going to Mass and attending the parish bazaar. If every Catholic were inflamed with one-third or even one-fifth of the zeal of Wu Jung Min, the love of God would burn more brightly in the hearts of men.

Rev. Father C. O'Connell, Missionary of St. Columban in Nancheng, China

The Cross Bearer

NDER tall sycomore trees stood a hospital conducted by missionary Fathers in Japan. It was customary to have each year the Corpus Christi procession through the grounds. For three years the Cross leading the procession had been carried by Omura San, handy man about the hospital, who was not a Catholic and always seemed rather taciturn on the subject of religion.

The fourth year of the procession, the missionary thought it would be better to have one of the Catholic young men from the neighbouring parish carry the Cross and lead the procession. He asked Omura San to carry the message.

"But, Father," answered Omura San, "does that mean that I am not to carry the Cross this afternoon?"

"Well, I thought..." said the missionary, beginning to explain. But he was interrupted.

"Father," said Omura San, "for three years I have carried the Cross in the Corpus Christi Procession, only because I was asked to, but this year it is different. This year it means everything."

"But," remonstrated the missionary, "why should it mean so much to you? You are not even a Catholic."

The lad hesitated for a moment and then told his story.

"No, Father, I am not a Catholic and neither am I worthy to be one, but some day I hope to be. A while ago, I read a story about the man who helped to carry the Cross of Jesus, up the slope of Calvary. He carried it, because he was forced to, but on the way he learned to love the Man Whom he was helping, so that the Cross became not a burden but a joy, and he bore it willingly. Father, it seemed like the story of myself. Now you understand why it means so much to me, and may I carry the Cross this afternoon?"

"Yes, Omura San."

"And, Father, may I wear a cassock?"

"You may."

"And, Father, when I am baptized, may I receive the name of Simon?"

"You may, indeed."

Omura San's eyes filled with joy, and he hastily withdrew . . . Another man who carried the Cross had learned that its yoke was sweet and its burden light.

The Catholic Record

Mission Intention for March 1945

The Arabic Nations From Which Mohammedanism Arose

Besides being the cradle of Islam, Arabia in all probability was the home of the Semitic race. Ageless, timeless, the native there today pursues the same leisurely manner of living as did his forebears in the time of Ismael, and in the time of the Messiah, Whose birthplace was to the north in Palestine.

We know that from Jerusalem the doctrines of Christ spread after the pentecostal teaching southward to Arabia, eastward to India, westward to Rome and the Mediterranean fringing Africa, then northward to the tribes of continental and insular Europe. However, as Dr. Gabriel Oussani remarks: "Arabian Christianity was a seed sown on stony ground, whose product had no resistance when the heat came; it perished without a trace when Islam appeared."

Then in 610, when the forty-year-old former shepherd and caravan attendant, Mohammed of the tribe of Fihir or Quraish, received his "divine" message of salvation, Arabia did not possess the tenacious faith necessary to thwart Moslemism. However, to insure the success of his project the wily Mohammed first conquered the Arabian, Jewish and Christian tribes of his native land and then united all under one symbol and one religion.

His homeland thus became Allah's fortress from which Mohammed was able to attack the citadels of Christianity. This was easily possible since Arabia constituted the great overland link from Europe to the east. The caravans from the various marts of trade moved then as now in leisurely fashion over its deserts to bring the produce of the world to peoples of all nations. Thanks to the zeal of Mohammed every caravan leader, every captain of the ships plying the lanes of sea travel who came in contact with Allah's Prophet, became an apostle to win new souls to this easy and man-made religion.

It is not surprising therefore to find that Moslemism swept over the desert like a prairie fire. Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, Egypt and northern Africa, over which St. Augustine had ruled, all succumbed. New conquests followed in Persia, Afghanistan and India. By the 12th century the Moslems were masters of all western Asia, all northern Africa, as well as several islands of the Mediterranean and Spain.

While we glory in the great triumph of Christianity over Moslemism in the battle of Lepanto, let us remember that the followers of the Prophet are still firmly entrenched in practically everyone of the above mentioned countries. For this reason it is not surprising that the Holy See, through The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, requests the prayers of the faithful during the month of March for "the Arabic nations from which Mohammedanism arose", and from which it still threatens great sections of the world.

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL,

National Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U. S. A.

Catholics are the world's worst salesmen. . . . I would have been a Catholic long ago had I known what I was missing. I could have been sold easily. So can thousands of non-Catholics. The main trouble is that many Catholics haven't the enterprise of even a dealer in second-hand cars. Catholics have the greatest product on earth. . . . It answers all perplexities, gives strength for all needs, makes life worth living, and is a means of a happy eternity. . . . We have exactly what the world needs. Yet we make little effort to bring our blessings to others.

A CONVERT in *The Witness*

* * *

Great are the forces of hell, but prayer is more powerful than all the devils together.

St. Bernard

On the Value of Time



TIME is worth what Heaven is worth," says St. Bernard; and nothing is more true, because not only will no one attain Heaven without having passed through the trials of time, but he will only obtain it, according to the divine promises, as a reward of a good use of time. This eternal reward can depend upon a single moment well employed. Witness the good thief: his life had been a bad one; he was on the point of death; but in that awful moment, enlightened by grace, he humbly acknowledged his sins, he implored mercy from Our Divine Redeemer; immediately Heaven was promised to him, and Jesus said to him: "*This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*" (St. Luke 23: 43.)

"*Time is worth what the Blood of Jesus Christ is worth,*" adds St. Bernard, because our good actions done in time can not have merit before God save in consequence of and in virtue of the redemption; this redemption has been wrought only at the price of the Blood of Jesus Christ; it is His Blood which has made time fruitful; the Blood of God has become like money, which represents the value of time.

"*The Precious Blood of Jesus Christ,*" is a consecrated sentence in all languages. What can be more precious? "*A single drop of that Blood would suffice.*" says St. Thomas, "*to redeem the world.*" How avaricious ought we, then, to be of time, in order not to lose a moment of it! God Himself sets us the example: He bestows His gifts and graces on us in torrents, but time He gives us only drop by drop; no one ever received two instants of it at once. And how do people waste this precious time! They spend it in trifles, they study how to get rid of it, they use it to offend God, and to bring on themselves eternal misery.

"*Time is worth as much as God Himself;*" and behold why and how, continues St. Bernard, because *every instant well employed earns the eternal possession of God.* Therefore what a severe account will one day be demanded of us! One moment is sufficient to utter an idle word; and Jesus Christ assures us that this loss of time, insignificant as we think it, will not pass unnoticed. "*I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it in the Day of Judgment.*" (St. Matt. 12: 36.)

Compassionate the blindness of those who abuse the most precious gift of God, a blindness in which you perhaps have participated.

The great means of spending time usefully and happily is to make a rule of life, and to be faithful to it.

TO SANCTIFY TIME

To sanctify time, and never to waste it, we must live continually in a state of grace. Faith teaches us that no action, however holy and good it may be in itself, will be meritorious of eternal life for him who performs it in a state of mortal sin. Consequently all the time passed consciously in the state of mortal sin is time lost for eternity. What loss and what misfortune! And is it not the misfortune of the greater number of Christians? How many are there to whom this year, or the greater part of this year, will be thus forever lost! How they will one day regret it!

To sanctify time, and never to waste it, we must be in a state of grace, and have a pure intention.

All our actions, whether good or indifferent, must be done from a supernatural motive — for God, in consideration of God. Men see only the exterior, God judges the intention: what we do not do for Him He will not reward. The Scribes and the Pharisees did many good works, but through ostentation, and for love of a vain popularity; Jesus Christ tells us in the Gospel that they will not be rewarded — they will have lost their time and labor. (St. Matt. 6: 1)

To sanctify time, and never to waste it, it is necessary that our actions be done fervently, in a manner worthy of God.

You perform many good actions with an habitually pure intention; but you do them languidly, in a lukewarm and imperfect way, and the greater part of the time you have spent in them will be lost, and without merit. This is why the Holy Spirit urges us so strongly, or rather commands us, *In omnibus operibus tuis præcellens esto.* "In all thy works keep the pre-eminence." (Eccles. 33: 23.)

Happy is the man who with vigilance and generosity keeps this divine precept. What a harvest of merits he will lay up in a short time! He will, as the Wise Man says, *"in a short space have fulfilled a long time."* (Wisd. 4: 13.)

Rev. Father B. Vercruysse, S. J.

The Cross

The doctrine of the Cross is what men understand the least. Their reason will humble itself to the mystery of a God dying to save them; but the idea that they should associate themselves to this mystery by dying to themselves, to their passions, to their wills, to their desires, — that is what they revolt against, and which makes them say like the Capharnaïtes: *This saying is hard, and who can hear it?* (John, VI, 61) Nevertheless, it is necessary that we should hear it, for our salvation depends on it. Heaven was separated from the earth; the Cross has re-united them; and and it is from the foot of the Cross that everything departs which goes to Heaven. Let us, therefore, cling to the Cross; that it may be our consolation as well as our strength here below. When God in His Goodness sends us trials, let us say with St. Andrew: *O good Cross, long have I desired thee: now thou art made ready for my longing soul.* All the Saints have experienced similar desires and framed them in like language. *To suffer or die*, would St. Teresa often repeat. She found more peace and happiness in suffering than will ever find those whom the world proclaims happy.

The Imitation of Christ

The work of converting souls to Christ is not the work of the individual but the work of the Church as a whole. Until we get this notion into our blood, namely, that we must work together, every single priest and every single Catholic, the Church will be at a standstill. The body of the Church will grow only if we work together.

Rev. W. T. Davis

To the Revered Memory

of M^{sr}gr. Louis Chartier, P. A., V. G. H., Three Rivers,

who was called to the Lord in January last.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception lose in the regretted deceased a devoted friend and benefactor of their Missions. In their gratitude, they will make it a duty to pray for the repose of his soul, and will always remember his many kindnesses to their Community.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

(*Delia Tetreault, Marieville, P. Q.*)

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

(*Continued*)

Miss Tetreault attended the parochial convent school conducted by the Reverend Sisters of the Presentation of Mary. Gratefully and reverently she loved, in after years, to evoke fond remembrances of her first guides in the paths of knowledge and virtue. Her keen intellect, quick perception and remarkable memory, as well as the excelling gifts of mind and soul with which God had endowed her, combined to make of the talented young girl a brilliant and model student. Such is not, however, the testimony this truly humble soul gives of herself, as we shall presently see.

Let us firstly quote another appreciation, dated January 29, 1942, due to the gifted pen of one of Miss Tetreault's classmates, who later became a Religious of the Presentation of Mary, under the name Sister Marie de St. Zephirin.

"Delia Tetreault was for two years a classmate of mine. I cannot but believe that this dear companion, accomplished in every virtue and good quality that should characterize a model pupil, drew choice heavenly blessings upon the school. To all of us she was ever a living exemplar of fervent piety, of faithful application to duty and of heart-warming charity. Modest and unassuming, she was always cheerfully ready to render her companions the kindest and most affectionate services. Her earnest fidelity to duty, her irreproachable uprightness, the sweet gayety she brought to every conversation, made her a general favorite. Her calm serenity of soul and countenance revealed her constant preoccupation — to seek in all things naught but the holy will of God. Her considerate kindness extended to the hundred and one details of convent life. She also excelled in concealing her spirit of mortification beneath the golden mantle of the most exquisite graciousness.

"The virtues she practised in class were but the outgrowth of those she daily practised in the home of her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alix. Already it could be sensed that Heaven had particular designs upon Miss Tetreault, as the future was to prove. She always seemed intimately united to God. One had only to see her absorbed in prayer to judge of her interior recollection. Pleasures and pastimes so eagerly sought for by youth left her indifferent. Moreover, she gladly spent all her leisure moments making life more pleasant for her ailing mother.

"Our beloved classmate, with her strong and simple nature, brimful of courage and selfless generosity, was indeed eminently qualified to become the cornerstone of a nascent Institute.

"Such are my memories of a truly saintly soul I am inclined to invoke, as being already in possession of eternal bliss."

Following so eulogistic a testimony, let us now read the humble avowals penned by the lowly Foundress, November 1, 1922, in obedience to an order from His Excellency Most Rev. Georges Gauthier, Administrator of Montreal. Therein we shall trace scarcely more than the bare outlines of her

great vocation, lack of time having prevented her from completing writings that would have been so edifyingly interesting from manifold angles.

*"Convent of the Immaculate Conception
Outremont, November 1, 1922*

To His Excellency

*Most Rev. G. Gauthier, Adm. Apost.
Archbishop's Palace, Montreal*

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

In obedience to the desire you deigned to express on the Eve of All Saints, I am setting down in writing certain details of my life that may have a bearing on my religious and apostolic vocation. As I have already declared to Your Excellency, I am loath to speak of these intimate matters; firstly, because I fear to mistake imaginings or illusions for truths, and thus to deceive Your Excellency, while deceiving myself as well. This fear at times causes me great anxiety; what if I should in these communications unwittingly write against the truth and deceive Your Excellency? I should thereby assume great responsibilities and even imperil my eternal salvation. Moreover, if what I am about to write is not purely imaginary, but truly the action of God, will He not chide me for thus disclosing His secret? Besides, writing as seldom as I do, it seems to me I shall not be able to express my thoughts in an intelligible manner. At this moment, the thought comes to me that these revelations may well prove harmful to our Community. But, then, how could God permit that our Sisters, in general so good and fervent, suffer on my account? Upon Your Excellency's order, then, I shall strive to obey, casting aside all reasonings and reluctances.

"I remember how, as a child, I took every opportunity to hide in the attic at home and read old annals of the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith I had discovered there in a box. It did not then occur to me that I might become a missionary myself one day; my childish mind was satisfied with admiring the priests and Sisters who enjoyed that happiness.

"It might not be out of place here to relate a dream I had at the time, or so it seems to me. I dreamed I was kneeling beside my bed when, of a sudden, a field of ripened wheat stretched out before me as far as the eye could see. Then, at a given moment, all the ears of wheat were changed to little children's heads. I understood at the same time that these represented pagan children's souls. The dream left a deep impression upon me, but I did not think of telling anyone about it, not even my mother, to whom I usually confided everything.

"I was thirteen when I felt strongly drawn to the religious life; these aspirations were accompanied by great graces, that helped me improve my character and led me to seek a life of solitude and prayer.

"In my fourteenth, or more likely my fifteenth year, I felt urged, in a moment of fervor, to make the vow of perpetual chastity; I did so, without understanding fully the character of such an obligation. Nor did I ask the advice of my confessor, not knowing that it was the proper thing to do.

"These early years, that should have been the happiest of my life, were far from being happy. The world allured me on the one side, Divine Grace attracted me on the other. Our Lord bitterly reproached me with the satisfactions I sought in the world. My failure to answer the pleadings of Grace deprived me of divine consolations. To these searing reproofs of conscience were added scruples, that rendered Confession a real torment. This last trial lasted a few years only, and never after did I suffer from it. My dear mother did all in her power to help on these painful occasions. How tenderly, yet how firmly, she pointed out my failings and aided me in correcting them! I can still hear her say — and how feelingly! —



MISS DELIA TETREAULT
at the Age of Eighteen

'My Delia, if you do not root up that pride of yours, it will play ugly tricks on you. But if you overcome it, all will be won.' God had truly given me faithful guardians in my admirable mother and the saintly nuns to whom my education had been confided. It is always with deep emotion that I recollect the wise counsels of my devoted teachers.

"Another trial also combined to make life sorrowful for me. My health was far from robust. I could hardly follow my classes and success was slim. My high-strung nature rebelled and grew restive; these were the first death blows being dealt to it. I suffered at the outset. Soon, however, I understood that these trials might well be sent by Divine Providence for my own sanctification, and I determined not to give in to sadness any longer.

"True, I then felt strongly drawn to solitude, silence and prayer, but the world held its own powerful attractions as well. Love of the world and its vanities and the reading of novels continually kept my soul in a state of feverish

agitation. On the other hand, I felt that God wanted me to be entirely His. But I did not have the courage to answer His sweet beckonings that made me so happy nevertheless, but that would have demanded my breaking off with my worldly habits.

"When I was seventeen or eighteen, I heard our parish priest — or was it some other priest, I cannot distinctly recall — preach a sermon on the dangers of novel reading. That sermon moved my very soul-deeps, and dealt the great blow to the work of my conversion. There and then, I promised to Our Lord that I would never again read novels, nor any light literature. Instead, I would devote all my free time to the perusal of serious, and especially spiritual, literary works. Having returned home, I took advantage of a moment when I felt sure no one would see, and burned all the light literature I had in my possession and that belonged to me. As for the books that were not mine, I lost no time in returning them. Never after did I read any of this sort. God gave me grace to be faithful to my promise. I do not remember that this action cost me a great deal, although these readings had captivated my mind for a few years. They were the occasion of many a failing. I neglected and sometimes omitted even my morning and night prayers. They nurtured vanity and the desire to please, which at times led me to assist at Church functions to see and be seen, rather than to pray. In all justice to my parents, fervent and sincere Catholics, I am in duty bound to add that these books which had such an unfavorable influence on me, were not in themselves dangerous. To my knowledge, no evil literature ever entered our home.

"Bishop Grandin, missionary in the North West, visited our parish that year to obtain help for his missions. The sight of the saintly apostle stretching his hand to the faithful was touchingly impressive. I fancied it was St. Paul visiting the churches he had founded. The passage of this great missionary, and that of another prelate of the Canadian West, Bishop Clout, who came a few years later, completely detached me from earthly allurements. Although mission life stirred inexpressible admiration in my heart, I should never have dared aspire to it. Besides, it seemed impossible to attain such a noble vocation, there being no Community of missionary Sisters in Canada."

Closing quotations here perined come to mortify our legitimate curiosity. Later, when the revered Mother will have been stricken by a grievous illness and will have piously received the Sacrament of Extreme

Unction, her exquisite delicacy of soul will cause her to feel uneasy. She will ask to see Very Rev. Canon Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary. In broken sentences, she will continue her act of obedience to her bishop, which had become impossible owing to her many duties as Superior General, and to the ever progressing mission works confided her Institute.

The above quoted notes were given to the then Assistant General by Very Rev. Canon Roch, January 22, 1937. Notwithstanding their regrettable brevity, they do shed light on other documents, which will be duly given their place in this short sketch.

In the papers of Mother St. Gustave, first companion of the venerated Mother, we also find fragmentary confidences made by the latter and probably written without her knowledge. They are in complete harmony with those set down in writing in 1922, upon the request of His Excellency Most Rev. G. Gauthier. They moreover contain a few additional details concerning her youth and student life. "I used to go to the chapel during recreation," she confided. "I would take a prayerbook and say various prayers, but I took care to pass over those that asked for detachment; I did not feel the courage to part with the things I loved. The thought of the religious life frightened me; I imagined that in the convent one would lack affection. In my fifteenth year, as I recall, I made the vow of virginity. I can still fancy kneeling at the altar rail and making that vow. I remember what consolation it afforded me."

A few months previous to the death of the revered Foundress, other personal notes reached the Institute, communicated by Rev. Father Barre, who had known Miss Tetreault back in 1893. They are written from the Hotel Dieu of St. Hyacinthe, where the worthy priest had retired.

"Ordained in 1888," he writes, "I was sent out to exercise priestly ministry in rural parishes, and returned to the seminary five years later. My health had broken down, and I could do very little. The new Superior — who was also parish priest — asked me whether I would be able to visit Mrs. Alix and take her Holy Communion as often as she desired. I gladly accepted. Then it was that I made the acquaintance of Miss Tetreault. Strange to say, the latter never spoke to me; all was done silently and in perfect recollection. The door opened softly, and your dear Mother knelt to adore the Divine Master entering the house. After I had given Communion, she accompanied me to the door, cordially thanked me and returned to kneel beside her adoptive mother, so as not to lose one moment of God's visit. In 1894, I was named parish priest and went no more to Marieville.

"Under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, your Very Reverend Mother was working to found her Community, which received its name from the Pope himself — the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. I chanced to be in Montreal one day, when I learned that a Religious Profession ceremony was being held at your convent. It was my good fortune to be present. The ceremony over, I went to the parlor, where I knew no one. It was not a favorable moment to meet Reverend Mother Superior. I was preparing to leave, when a voice called: 'Good afternoon, Father Barre!' I was pleasantly surprised, and so was your Reverend Mother. From then on, I occasionally went to your Motherhouse, where I had several times the happiness of saying Holy Mass.

"Finally recalled by my bishop, I have been at St. Hyacinthe these four years. Now that I am past eighty, illness prevents me from travelling alone, but I have

never entirely dismissed the thought and the desire of going to see your saintly Mother Foundress, if she is still living, and to visit your new convent."

To this personal testimony, Rev. Father Barre added that of a priestly confrere, likewise retired at St. Hyacinthe. The latter was chaplain at the Marieville convent school when the Reverend Mother was a pupil there. "Miss Tetreault," states the venerable priest, "was a dignified and upright young person who held the affection of her Superiors and the esteem of her companions."

(To be continued)

War Imposes Heavy Setback on Missions

Lack of personnel has slowed down mission work, sometimes even paralyzing it, resulting in some cases in the loss of the fruits of hard labor and enormous sacrifices. Death, transfer and internment have decreased the number of active missionaries, while the difficulties of travel have prevented reinforcements from the houses in America and Europe from reaching the missions.

Brief reports from various missions tell their own tragic story: "Vicariate completely destroyed," or "Vicariate seriously damaged, many churches and buildings wiped out."

Despite all this it is consoling to hear that in general the Missions have been able to maintain their positions and in certain cases some progress, though slow, has been realized. The difficulties and obstacles have increased the zeal and energy of those who are able to work.

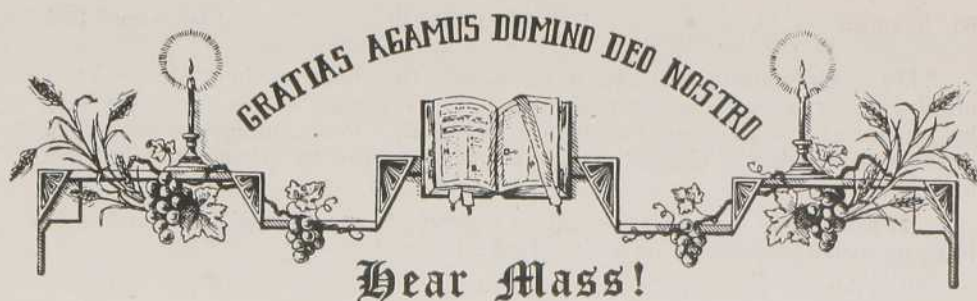
Rev. William J. Collins, M. M.

LOOK, GOD

Look, God,
I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say, "How do You do . . ."
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
And like a fool I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole, I saw Your sky;
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see the things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand —
Somehow I feel that You will understand.
Funny I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face.
Well! I guess there isn't much more to say.
I'm sure the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near
The signal! Well, God, I'll have to go —
I like You lots, this I want You to know.
Look now, this will be a horrible fight . . .
Who knows, I may come to Your House tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God . . . if You'd wait at Your door?
Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well! I have to go now, God . . . Goodbye!
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die . . .

— EDITOR'S NOTE: The above poem was found on the body of an unknown American soldier killed in action. It came into the possession of Father Gerald Lachance, W. F., an American priest now in Africa.

White Fathers Missions



"Up bright and early this morning, Jack?"

"What about yourself?"

"Well, I can't say early rising is a pet habit of mine, especially in winter-time. You see, I go to bed rather late, so I need the morning rest after all. But I just had to get up early today — urgent business on hand!"

"Same with me. I've some urgent business on hand, too."

"Nothing amiss, I hope?"

"Oh, not at all — but it's very important business all the same, if you want to know. The very important business of saving my soul urging me to go to early Mass and receive Holy Communion —"

"To Mass on weekdays, and Holy Communion? Gosh, I never knew you'd turned out into a church barnacle!"

"I see you're not very particular about your expressions, Allan."

"Oh, I ought to have said something about your becoming very pious, I suppose?"

"I'm not half so pious as I should be."

"What's the use anyway? Only sets folks laughing at you."

"I'm afraid you're not seeing things from the right angle, Allan."

"Maybe not, but tell me, what do you get out of hearing Mass and receiving Communion? Does it make you any wealthier or happier?"

"You've said it. I've secured both wealth and happiness since I go to daily Mass and Communion."

"Good Heavens! Since when are you going along at that rate?"

"Oh, since a couple of years."

"Well, I'll be —! Honest, Jack, from man to man, tell me, what do you get out of it?"

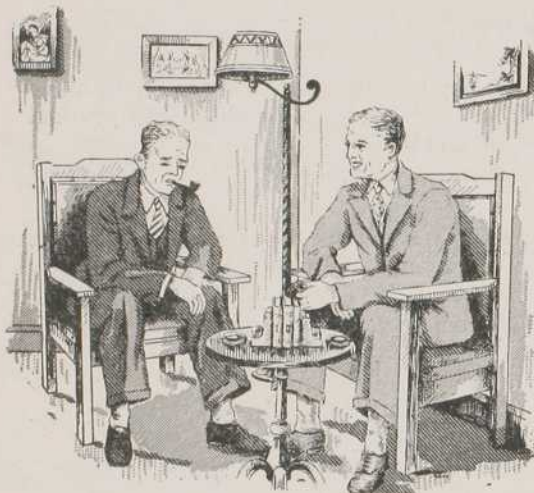
"Treasures, man! Treasures of peace for my conscience and of light for my soul. You wouldn't believe it, but I understand all the better now how to bring up my family, and I even get a clearer insight into business matters. Treasures of courage to bear up under everyday vexations and trials. Treasures, also, of sanctifying grace which draws one closer to God and heavenly joys. I'll admit that I didn't always appreciate at its true value the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Two years ago, my wife gave me as my birthday gift a missal, latest edition. It happened to be a Saturday and I took time to look it through far into the night. The next day, I took it along to church and followed the prayers of the Mass. It was quite a revelation to me, I assure you. I really had never taken notice of the beauty and depth of meaning held in the divine office. After dinner, that Sunday, I again took up my missal. I learned therein the value of my own and of my neighbor's soul, and how every Christian should be a redeemer of souls like Christ Himself was. From a practical knowledge of the Mass I came to a spiritual craving after daily Communion."

"My children have also learned to love the missal. They all have one now, which they use at daily Mass. They usually follow me along every morning, but today they've gone on ahead. You see, the baby has been out of sorts for the last few days and my wife is worried, so I had to call the doctor."

"My children are much better behaved since they assist at daily Mass. Their upbringing is causing me joy instead of trouble. You may be sure my wife is very happy at the wonderful change wrought in our family. Peace and joy are permanent dwellers at my place. These, then, are the riches gained by attending daily Mass and Communion."

"So that's why you always seem so happy! Never worried over having to bring up such a large family on such a slender income!"

"Yes, Allan. I'm a really happy and lucky fellow. Somehow I feel you can't say as much."



"If you only knew, Jack —"

"If you only knew, Jack —"

"Well, why not share my happiness?"

"But how?"

"Quite easy."

"What do you mean?"

"We've reached St. Peter's and I must say goodbye or I'll be late. How about calling at my home one of these evenings? We could talk things over as long as you care to while enjoying a smoke. Can you make it tonight, Allan?"

"If I'm not intruding. There are lots of things I'd like to talk over with you. Business projects are not so very bright just now."

"Be waiting for you then."

"So long."

* * *

"Well, Allan, you may feel sure of all my sympathy in your mishaps. Wouldn't the best way to get around them be, having recourse to prayer and being faithful to your duty as a good Catholic? Prayer is a wonderful thing in our life and a powerful one, too. It is like a cure-all for spiritual complaints; gives us strength to resist all temptations, and is also a provider against all necessities of body and soul. Its power comes from the fact that, when God sees us kneeling humbly before Him and asking His help, His fatherly Heart is moved to compassion for our needs, and He can't refuse what we ask of Him.

"But of all prayers, the grandest are the prayers of the Mass. The prayers by which we offer the Divine Victim to His Heavenly Father, imploring graces for the living and the dead. The prayers through which we give praise and thanksgiving for ourselves and all creatures. What grander offering can we make than that of Jesus on the altar, offering Himself for the salvation of the world?"

"I see you're all out for this devotion."

"I am indeed, and I wish you were also, for your greater happiness. If we always remembered that it is the Mass that matters, our whole life would be different. We would become real Christians and taste something of the bliss of Heaven. We would always be happy, because we would always see the good side of people and things, always glimpse the silver lining of the dark clouds of worry and anxiety.

"Here, Allan, I've a mind to send you a missal as a gift soon. I'll have it mailed in time so you'll have it by next Sunday."

"That's really too kind of you."

"I only wish the missal means as much good luck to you as it brought me. If you're faithful in using it every Sunday, you'll soon feel your conscience lightened of all its burden and worries."

"You've certainly been good to me, Jack, and I promise to try getting as much out of Mass and Holy Communion as you do."

"Fine, Allan. If you do so, I can promise you genuine happiness!"

THE REDACTION

* * *

God's Call

A war-torn world looks to Canada and America for priests, brothers and sisters.

DO YOU KNOW that every diocese in our country needs priests and religious?

DO YOU KNOW that Europe will be unable to supply foreign missionaries for years to come?

DO YOU KNOW that the United States supply only three percent of the foreign mission personnel?

DO YOU KNOW that Canada (with one-fifth as many Catholics as the United States) sends twice as many missionaries overseas?

DO YOU KNOW that two-thirds of the human race — over 1,400,000,000 human souls — are still ignorant of the God who made them and the Church He founded to save them?

The Church looks to Canadian and American boys and girls as the hope of the future.

"The harvest indeed is abundant but the laborers are few." (Matt., IX, 37)

"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you that you should go and bear fruit." (John, XV, 16)

PERHAPS GOD CALLS YOU! WILL YOU RESPOND?

* * *

Tell It to the World

"Good morning, Jesus."

"Good morning, My child."

"Dear Jesus, I adore You, I love You, I thank You, I long for You, I offer myself to You. Have mercy upon me and upon the whole world."

"Child, it makes Me happy to have you adore and thank Me, ask forgiveness of Me and pray in the name of so many men on earth who never kneel in prayer."

"Dear Jesus, I know there are millions who do not love You . . . You who are so loving, so kind, so merciful! Many never even seem to notice You are here and offend You every day. Many others hate You, turn away and try to have others turn away from You. And, Jesus, it makes me so sorry, because I wish everyone would love and serve You."

"Child, your words console Me."

"Oh, Jesus, I so want to make You happy! But why is it that men, Your creatures, are so heartless and ungrateful, when You are so good to them at every moment?"

"Because they do not go to Holy Communion. I am in their midst as a Fountain of life everlasting, and yet they never come to drink — or if they do, it is so seldom and so unworthily! Without Me, they cannot have strength to avoid evil and do good."

"Now, if all children, youth, men and women, and even the aged, came to My Sacrament of Love, if they received Me often and fervently, the face of the earth would be renewed. Peace in justice and charity would be restored to men. Go and tell that to the world."

Thank Offering



"God is good!"
The burden of my song
At close of day,
When far from worldly throng
I kneel to pray.
Communing with my Lord
In solitude,
I search my soul for word
Of gratitude.

God is good.
What greater proof need I
Than this alone —
His grace is ever nigh,
He keeps His own;
While benedictions sweet
Each day descend
With lovingness replete,
On paths I wend.

"God is good!"
So sings my grateful soul.
A world is proof, —
Each sparkling lake and knoll
The starlit roof,
His Hands all these have shaped
From nothingness,
In grace and splendor draped,
And loveliness.

God is good,
And goodness tokens teem
In rippling brook,
On lea and winding stream —

*An open book.
The golden grain that bends
In August breeze,
The starry snow He sends —
Blest tokens, these!*

*God is good.
His countenance I see
In every soul
He formed indulgently
For Heaven's goal.
Yet some in sinful ways
Ungrateful stray,
But mercifulness stays
His justice's sway.*

*God is good.
He waits with lifted Hands
To loose and bless;
Alone He understands
Our wretchedness.
He yearns for willing hearts
To bear His Name
To distant heathen parts —
For all He came!
God is good.*

*What shall I render Him?
A Presence fair
Upon the altar dim
My thanks will bear.
What shall I render God,
What off'ring cede
Above our tainted sod?
A Chalice Meed!*

*God is good.
My thanksgiving shall rise
At His behest
With Jesus' Sacrifice,
Oblation blest.
When Jesus prays for me,
'Tis understood
God shall His thanks agree,
For God is good.*

THE PRECURSOR



Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Continued)



"From the moment I entered the sanctuary of souls," confides Therese, "I saw a glance that the task was beyond my strength, and quickly taking refuge in Our Lord's arms, I imitated those babes who when frightened hide their faces on their father's shoulder: 'Thou seest, Lord,' I cried, 'that I am too small to feed Thy little ones, but if through me Thou wilt give to each what is suitable, then fill my hands, and without quitting the shelter of Thy arms, or even turning my head, I will distribute Thy treasures

to the souls who come to me asking for food.' "

Thus will the apostle find his task greatly simplified. Striving after an ever closer union with God, the remainder, namely, access to souls and their sanctification, will be added unto him. Secure under this divine influence, he will never be tempted to quit the battlefield of souls. Christ Himself will be speaking through His instrument, and light will rise out of the darkness to illumine the righteous of heart. Therese also warns against the danger of neglecting spiritual values, deep interior life, in works of apostolate. She also points out another danger lurking in the path of those who work at the salvation of souls, the danger of putting the disciple before the Master in the very preaching of the Gospel. "By God's help, I have never tried to draw hearts to myself. I have always known that my mission was to lead them to Him."

"Our own tastes, our own ideas must be put aside, and in absolute forgetfulness of self we must guide souls, not by our way, but along that particular path which Our Lord Himself indicates." This respect of the ways of God in human souls, Therese avers, will entail stern renunciations on the side of the apostolic worker. He will also suffer, and keenly, in seeking to adapt himself to the lives of those to whom he has been commissioned to teach the word of God. "No two souls are exactly alike, each one must be dealt with differently." There can be no question here of treating them according to their whims and fancies. "No one is a good judge in his own case." Many souls often remain totally ignorant of the methods and remedies they stand in need of. In dealing with souls, one must be firm, withal gentle, seeking to fathom their secret aspirations and leanings, the better to mould them after the pattern God desires. Whoever works for souls should not forget he is treading on sacred ground.

Apostles must live, hearts untrammelled by transient, material things of earth. They must even be entirely detached from those gifts of the intellect the Saint mentions in her life: "Our own ideas, the fruit of our own

mind and heart, we regard as a sacred and personal treasury upon which none may lay hands. Yet they belong to the Holy Ghost, not to us, for St. Paul assures us that '*without the Spirit of Love we cannot call God our Father.*' "

This absolute self-forgetfulness of the apostolic worker is not, however, meant to imply complete abdication of one's true personality. Quite on the contrary, natural resources are thereby put to better use for the greater glory of God and the extension of His reign. Therese appreciates fine human qualities, provided they be purified and directed by God. She would even wish every missionary gifted with that keen psychological sense which would be of great help in coping with the needs and aspirations of souls.

(To be continued)

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mr. A. B., **Granby**. — St. Therese of the Child Jesus, to whom we never pray in vain, has granted me great favors; I am coming to express my heartfelt thanks. Mrs. H. de C., **Rimouski**. — Sincere thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for her constant protection. Mr. and Mrs. A. T., **Village Richelieu**. — Grateful thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for the favors she has granted me. I hope she will continue protecting me and grant me a special favor. Mrs. A. M., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank St. Therese of the Child Jesus and request prayers for my cure. Mrs. B. T., **Salem, Mass.**

THE ROCK OF PETER

Our times, which could well be called apocalyptic, witness the wavering of orders, powers and earthly systems in existence for centuries. Without doubt, great political and social changes usually bring outwardly deep consequences also for the Church. But they cannot touch, nor ever touch, her life. Divine Providence has maintained its protecting hand over us. To Providence we tranquilly confide ourselves for the future. Violent storms may demolish temples of stone, symbols of the Church, they may demand the sacrifice of human lives, and all of us, without doubt, would be ready if Our Lord wants it to immolate our life, this short mortal life, for our brethren. But the Church and the Papacy — we have sure guarantees expressed in the Divine promise — is the Rock of Peter.

Pope Pius XII

HOLY THURSDAY INDULGENCED VISITS

All the faithful who, on Holy Thursday or in the morning of Good Friday, piously visit the Repository Altar or the Sepulchre and recite each time five *Paters*, *Aves* and *Gloria Patris* in thanksgiving for the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and another *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria Patri* for the intentions of the Holy Father, can gain an Indulgence of fifteen years for each visit, and a Plenary Indulgence once a day on the usual conditions, Confession and Holy Communion.

Semaine Religieuse de Montreal

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
January-February 1945	103.70

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.

Guardian of the Lord

In the sixteenth century, when the holy Patriarch was almost as hidden in the Catholic Church as in the lowly workshop of Nazareth, and received only the discreet homage of a chosen pious minority, Isidore de Isolano, a renowned Dominican, penned these remarkable lines: "We shall witness one day in the Church Militant a wave of triumph and transports of joy, when the Christian peoples will come to know of the sanctity of Joseph. From that day, the Holy Ghost will unceasingly solicit the hearts of the faithful, until the whole Empire of the Church Militant will give to the cult of St. Joseph renewed splendor, will erect monasteries and churches and dedicate altars in his honor. His feasts will be celebrated with great solemnity. The Lord will lift the veil, and we shall admire the hidden interior gifts of St. Joseph. In him we shall find a treasure of great price, for a wealth and abundance of spiritual gifts have radiated from him with unique lustre."

These prophetic words are today beautifully realized in our midst. Today, according to the immortal Pius IX, the cult of St. Joseph holds, in liturgy and popular devotion, the place it rightly deserves and should always have occupied. And we know that the Church Militant does but reflect, in her cult, the splendors of the Church Triumphant. "There," says Gerson, "the servant who stood closest to his Master in the days of trial, is now, with his blessed spouse, nearest to His Throne in eternal triumph."

Canon A. Weber

Surely it is just as honorable and noble to develop a talent for manual labor as to develop a talent for teaching. Saint Joseph became one of God's noblemen at a carpenter's bench, and Saint Thomas Aquinas became a great saint at the blackboard.

John P. Delaney, S. J.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



GAIN, on account of the destruction of our college, more than twelve hundred young men are without home or occupation, not daring to return to their families (if they have any), and wandering from one Christian mission to another till they almost inevitably fall into the hands of the persecutors. Scarcely one of these has yielded to the cruelty or blandishments of his tormentors, and the Church may indeed be proud of having engendered such noble confessors of

the faith. But you see, dear friend, how impossible it is for us, pastors of the flock, to console our poor, suffering children or break the bread of life for them. We are compelled to hide ourselves and leave our lambs to the wolves. And then in this country the more insolent the nobles are, the more cowardly are the people, who become practically slaves. The women, too, are treated as children without souls; and although they are models of chastity and of zeal for the faith, they are so frightened that they almost lose their senses. It is only the nuns, who have had a longer and more careful Christian training, who can calmly brave the persecutors. When the French squadron appeared in 1859, the officials here persuaded themselves that the missionaries had sent for it and that we were in league with the rebels to upset the reigning dynasty and to help on the revolution. They therefore seized the principal Christians in each village and threw them into prison, a terrible blow to the poor of the congregation, who had no longer any protectors whatever against their cruel oppressors. Out of seventy Annamite priests in this district, ten have already earned the martyr's palm; seven others are waiting in prison for the moment when death shall put an end to their torments. More than a thousand priests and laymen are exiled in the mountains.

"I began this letter in a little hiding-place in the midst of a fervent Christian population. In vain the mandarin, who has the hatred of a demon against Christ, has employed every possible agent to destroy or weaken their faith. He has failed because the population is of one mind and he cannot put all the people to death. To revenge himself he sends bands of young pagans to announce his arrival, to seize and gag the young girls, and to commit every species of atrocity. When he does not come, they are released only on payment of immense sums. So our Christians are always on the *qui vive*; to escape these horrors, men, women, and children flee to the rice-fields, and remain night and day concealed in mud and water. Sometimes the poor girls have been brought back to us half dead with the cold from this kind of exposure. One day the mandarin announced his visit, and his satellites were carrying on their work of pillage

and brutality in every house. Suddenly they discovered one of our hiding-places, which, happily, was empty. They made a great fuss about this, and next morning, sent masons, with spades and hoes, to dig in every Christian house until they could find us. But Providence watched over us and we made our escape. I am now in the midst of pagans, not knowing what is going to happen next. They appear kind and benevolent; but God alone can read to the bottom of their hearts. They have a high idea of hospitality, and would hardly wrong a stranger who has come so far to seek it. Perhaps God has chosen such protectors so that the light of Gospel truth may shine upon them. Dear old friend! as I write this, the thought of all our misfortunes nearly overwhelms me, and I can hardly restrain my tears. Before this terrible persecution our mission was so flourishing! so many souls were being harvested! And now I feel like Jeremiah groaning over the ruins of Jerusalem. Will these ruins ever be rebuilt? It is like Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. Can they ever be resuscitated? I have given you a summary of our misfortunes, but they are aggravated by a multitude of little circumstances which I should only weary you by enumerating. '*Magna est velut mare contritio tua!*' (Great as the ocean is thy sorrow.)

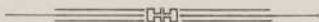
"But as for myself, dearest friend, I have confidence in God that I shall accomplish my course, preserving intact the deposit of Faith, Hope, and Charity; and that finally, by the merits of our Lord, I shall share with His friends the crown of the just. I wrote to my father in June, 1859, but I fear the letter has never reached him. Send him this one, and let him feel it is as if written to himself; and ask him to redouble his prayers for his poor little child-missioner. Dear father! he must be getting old now! I cannot help being anxious for tidings of him and all; for two years I have heard nothing.

"Dearest Mélanie, — I meant to have written a separate letter to you, as also to my brothers; but this one must do for you all. I have had no news of you since December, 1858; but I do not doubt that you have written, and perhaps a few months hence I may get your letters. Adieu! and God bless you, my much-loved ones. May you become greater saints day by day. — Your own devoted

Theophane."

"I commend myself especially to your prayers."

(To be continued)



We note in the *African Missionary*, published at Cork, Ireland, an adequate reply to a frequent and somewhat plausible argument against generous assistance to foreign missions. The argument runs: "Haven't we heathens at home?"

We must distinguish between formal and material heathen. People at home here have had chances over and over again. Graces are superabundant, and they have only themselves to blame if they neglect to avail of the opportunity. If a man squanders a sum of money, whose fault is it if he becomes poor? The case is different with a man brought up in squalid surroundings, who has always had a hand-to-mouth existence; and this is precisely how many pagans are spiritually. *They have never had a chance!*

The Ave Maria



ECHOES FROM OUR MISSIONS.

CHINA

THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

(Continued)

HOW THE LEPERS LIVE

Star of the Sea is the name of the small boat that usually makes the crossing of the Pearl River to reach St. Joseph's Island. It is manned by the more active lepers.

The Sisters, as well as Rev. Father Director, have a humble but fairly comfortable dwelling on the lepers' isle. Nearby they tend a little garden, a few fruit trees and plants for altar decorations.

The men and the women lepers have separate quarters, as well as different chapels.

The Infirmary consists of a single room. There are treated the most advanced cases of leprosy. Boards laid across stands fill the purpose of beds for those poor victims shrunk into pitiful wrecks by the wasting disease.

The humble dwelling of Rev. Father Conrardy, the generous missionary who, having given his heart to these pariahs of humanity, was called upon to lay down his life for them, has been reverently preserved. Today it serves as hospital or dispensary. There also these last years, the lepers are given Chaulmoogra Oil injections, a precious boon that lightens their agony.

Each leper possesses a tiny corner of land, which he digs and rakes and furrows, very crudely perhaps, but how heartily! A section yields enough rice to sustain the personnel through a month. Another section is reserved for mulberry trees, on whose leaves feed thousands of silkworms. A good number of workers are employed at the silk industry. Other specialties are shoemaking and carpentry. Hens, dogs, rabbits and pigs are also raised. Occasionally, these make a happy diversion from the usual meagre ration. A troop of soldiers sentinel Shek Lung Island, which is hemmed in by bands of pirates.

The leper women spin and weave silk and cotton, prepare thread for the making of fishing nets and make clothes for the lepers.

Those who can still shift along for themselves are grouped together in an association called the Red Cross. Their function, which consists in



SISTER ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, ST. CYPRIEN DE NAPIERVILLE), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SHEK LUNG, IN THE LEPROSARIUM GARDEN, WHERE FLOWERS ARE RAISED FOR ALTAR DECORATIONS AND TO GIVE PLEASURE TO THE POOR PATIENTS.

dressing fetid sores, washing the bandages and clothing of their companions in misery, is certainly one of the most repulsive we can imagine, but also one of the most meritorious.

St. Joseph's Island has been called the Island of Prayer, and rightly so, for there is perhaps no other corner of the earth whence prayers arise more fervent and numerous than from this solitary, secluded isle, where the outcasts of humanity are harbored. Unceasingly the blessed Aves of the Rosary are recited with all the fervor of suffering souls, bearing to the Immaculate Mother's heavenly throne their grateful thanks and confident supplications.

Long before five o'clock in the morning, our lepers wend their way to church. Nothing can hinder these Christians worthy of the first centuries of Mother Church from repairing to the humble sanctuary an hour before the appointed time, for the recitation of morning prayers. Those who cannot walk by themselves are given the support of a kind neighborly arm.

Whenever sacred liturgy brings a religious celebration, the lepers prepare with most edifying fervor. Days such as these leave in their hearts deep spiritual joy and fortitude to bear up heroically under their indescribable afflictions. And thus, from feast to feast, from oasis to oasis, they cross the bleak desert of their sorrowful existence. Especially touching is their pious preparation for Corpus Christi. Is it not to them, more than anyone else, that the Good Master speaks the comforting words: "Come to Me, all you that are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. XI, 28)

Wayside altar decorations are begun in great secret a month beforehand. Their favorite ornamentation work consists of wallpaper imitation made from glass beads and seeds tinted in various hues. These adornings call for infinite patience, and one would hardly believe they have been fashioned by patients almost blind, in many cases bereft of fingers and even hands. A friend in misery ties a small bamboo stick to the stump of their wrist. Then they dip the end of the stick in glue, which is applied on the traced designs.

With the first days of the Lenten season, all distractions and pastimes are banned, while the lepers learn prayers on the Passion of Our Lord. Prayer is at all times their greatest source of comfort in their physical and

moral agonies. Even the most indifferent and hostile are gradually influenced by their contact with Christian charity. Then, when Holy Baptism has made them children of the Father in Heaven, the consolations of Faith give them courage to accept resignedly and lovingly the heavy cross laid on their drooping shoulders.

While visiting the sick one morning, a Sister who had but recently arrived at the leprosarium saw one of the lepers walking on his knees on the cement flooring. "Poor child!" she told him gently, "you have no feet and must creep along that way!"

"Oh!" answered the patient, "I can still use my legs once a week and then I use them for God — I go to Sunday Mass walking." What a heart-stirring example!

A foreign doctor who visited the leprosarium has this to say about the



SISTER ST. EXPEDIT (MARIE ANNE ROMPRE, ST. THECLE, P. Q.), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND TWO WOMEN LEPERS OF SHEK LUNG.

THE ONE AT THE RIGHT RECEIVES CHAULMOOGRA OIL INJECTIONS, WHICH TREATMENT PREVENTS THE PROGRESS OF LEPROSY; THE OTHER PATIENT, BEREFT OF THIS SAVING REMEDY, WAS SOON REDUCED TO THE MOST PITIABLE STATE.

lepers of Shek Lung: "They are all very miserable physically, still they give us the impression that they are all contented and joyful."

Leprosy sometimes does its wasting work very rapidly. One day, a leper woman came to the dispensary to have a tiny wound the size of a dime bandaged up. On the morrow she returned sobbing. "Sister," she said to the nurse, "look at my leg!" The gaping wound was now the size of her hand and half an inch deep. Two days passed and the other leg was in as pitiable a state as the first. It was not long before the poor unfortunate woman had lost complete use of both.

This rapid progress of the horrible disease results in frequent deaths on Shek Lung Island, but vacancies are filled without any delay by fresh groups.

(To be continued)

CANTON

Our Blessed Lady Breaks the Bonds of an Unfortunate Pagan Woman

As once the Angel of the Lord came down from Heaven and broke the bonds of St. Peter, who was held captive by the hatred of his enemies, so Our Blessed Lady came to shatter the still more cruel bonds holding captive not only the body but also the immortal soul of the poor Chinese woman whose story we shall tell here — story true in every detail and comparatively recent, the event having happened scarcely twenty years ago.

One summer day, a well-dressed, comely young woman arrived at the Canton Foundling Home, bearing on her back a year-old baby. Hesitatingly she pleaded with us to adopt the child. This seemed unusual; the Chinese do not easily part with their baby sons. Sister X., of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, in charge of the children at the Foundling Home, gently asked:

"Why do you want to give me so lovely a child? Is it ill?"

"I want to give him," she answered simply.

Somewhat suspicious, Sister insisted on being given the reason for this strange mother-conduct. She soon perceived that the poor mother fain would speak, but that she felt she should not do so. Delicately she probed further to find out the visitor's intentions.

"Where are you from?"

"From the country."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"How long have you been married?"

"Nearly four years."

"Is your husband living?"

"Yes."

"What kind of work is he doing?"

"He cultivates rice fields."

"And you cannot take care of your child any longer?"

The young woman heaved a deep sigh. Then she decided to take Sister into her confidence.

"My husband compels me to help him all the time. I have to carry the water and do all the heavy work. When he is not satisfied, as often happens, he beats me. When I had no children, I could bear that ill-treatment, but now I can't do so any longer. I am weary of this sort of life and don't want to return with that *Kom hak som* (heart as black) my husband. I am bringing you my boy so I'll be able to earn my living more easily."

"But don't you know that once you give him to us, you will never have the right to ask him back?"

"I know very well. But that doesn't make any difference. I want to give him."

We took the baby and led So Allan — the mother — to one of the wards where many other tots snatched from pagan inhumanity were peacefully sleeping. No doubt she told herself we needed help to see to all these wee

ones. A sudden desire sprang up in her broken heart. Would the Sisters allow her to stay with them? Timidly she asked the great question: "If you would like to have me, I'll be at your orders from morning till night, and I'll do everything in my power to give you satisfaction."

So Allan seemed so sincere that we resolved to receive her into our family. She could sleep at the Old Ladies Home and help in the daytime at the orphanage. What she had promised she faithfully kept, rendering us any number of good turns. Sweeter with every new day was the happiness of having been freed from the heartless tyranny of a brutal husband. But oftentimes her thoughts wandered to her little girl, a winsome lass of three, whom she had left far behind at the village. One morning, she made up her mind to ask permission to bring the child to the orphanage.

Acquainted as we were with the cruel reprisals exercised by the pagans on fugitive women, we tried to dissuade her. She was on the point of exposing her children and herself to the most gruesome of fates. Would she ever be able to return? But maternal love spoke too persuasively to be unheeded. Hoping thereby to save a soul, we consented to her attempting the recovery of her young daughter. Her husband being absent at the time, the mother had the joy of returning three days later with her beloved child.

But soon the husband got home again and became furious on seeing his daughter taken from him. He ordered his mother and a relative to go and seek her. The two women were sheltered overnight at the convent, and were about to leave when one of them noticed So Allan and recognized her, though without pretending she did. Early the next morning, the husband was at the Mission gate, politely demanding to see his wife. He was not understood at first, for he gave a name unknown to the portress. Then he launched into a long description that fitted our helper so perfectly that it was impossible to think otherwise. Our faithful portress, a Chinese, assured the visitor she did not believe his wife in the house,



AT THE CONVENT DOOR, THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON, CHINA.

SISTER MARIE DE LA MISERICORDE (BERTHE DUFRESNE, ST. HELENE DE BAGOT, P. Q.) AND A FEW HELPERS AT THE FOUNDLING HOME AND ORPHANAGE. "TO THE LEFT, SO ALLAN IS INDICATED BY A CROSS."



A CHINESE MOTHER

adding, however, that she would go and see. Informed, So Allan broke into fitful sobs, saying: "No, no, I do not want to go with him. He is going to kill me. No, never, never!" And she fled. The portress had to return and tell the caller there was no one answering to the name he mentioned. Then the young man, theretofore so mild and polite, answered with all the passion his voice could convey: "She is here and I know it. I want her and I will have her, whether of her own accord or by force." All arguments proving useless, we finally decided we would have to hand over the poor victim. But where was she? She had sought security somewhere in the outbuildings. She was searched for, but to no avail. We hoped and believed she might have escaped, and told her husband so. "Do you mean to say," roared he, "that people here go out without you noticing? No, you know very well where she is and do not want to give her back to me."

! So saying, he brusquely walked out, to return a few moments later with a policeman, to whom he had undoubtedly promised a fair sum if he fulfilled his duty satisfactorily. Calmly the officer exposed

his client's case and insisted, although without heat, that the woman be restored. We told him the person in question must have fled as she was nowhere to be found. For answer, the policeman got into a fury, and the irate husband seconding him, both belched forth threats and jeers in an effort to intimidate the doorkeeper.

Meanwhile, one of the children had come upon the fugitive's hidingplace. But So Allan emphatically demurred. Dreading serious complications for the Mission if she persisted in demanding to stay, Sister X. tried to reason with the unfortunate woman. "My poor child," she said gently, "I am broken-hearted at having to dismiss you. We welcomed you here because you were very unhappy. Now that we know you better we cannot but love you, so faithful have you been in everything. But you understand that if you persist, you will place us in a difficult position. I know you love us too dearly ever to think of doing that. Here you have studied the doctrine a little. You know that there is a good God who loves you. Never forget that. Here," continued Sister, handing her a miraculous medal, "I am giving you a medal of God's holy Mother. She is very kind; she will be your own Mother also if you wish. She will protect you if you invoke her, just as she protects all who pray to her with confidence. If ever you are in distress, say with your whole heart: *Sing Mo Malea, koa ngo*. (Holy Mother Mary, save me.) Go now, as courageously as you can. We shall pray for you and if you can come back later, we shall be only too glad to receive you in our family. Go and be a good mother to your little ones."

So Allan, bearing her two precious burdens, came forward. It was easy for the two men to see that she had no great desire of returning home. Sister X. politely admonished the husband to treat her more kindly. Her recommendation provoked questions on the part of the officer. "Is it true that your husband treats you cruelly?" — "Yes, it is all very true," So Allan answered, weeping. "He beats me every day and leaves me all the hard work. I can never please him and he keeps grumbling all the time. That's why I do not want to go with him." — "Is that true?" asked the policeman, turning towards the husband. The latter hung his head and did not reply. "Now listen, if you beat her again and she runs away a second time, you will have no more rights over her."

Poor So Allan! How would things turn out for her? Still, we hoped better days would come. We felt confident Our Blessed Mother, to whom we had confided this dearly-loved soul, would take care of her.

With the first streaks of dawn on the very morrow of the sorrowful day, So Allan was at the orphanage door, a lighted lantern in her hand, imploring us to open at once. Asieu, the doorkeeper, could hardly trust her ears. Hastily she went to notify Sister X. *'Ma seu, fy te, fy te, Allan fan tcha lai, queu seung yop lai, tak m'tak ne? Tsan leung ka? Ngo heu tai ha.* (Sister, come quickly, So Allan is back again and asks to be let in. Shall I open? She is afraid and wants to come in right away.) Sister hastened to the door. Here was So Allan in person, alone, hair dishevelled, eyes swollen from weeping. A faint smile lit up her wan face.

"Poor Allan, is it really you? You must be very tired. Come and sit down a while. Have you eaten?"

"No. I didn't have anything to eat since yesterday morning."

"Come, then, and have a good cup of coffee."

While sipping the beverage, the woman related her pitiful story.

"We had hardly left the convent when the policeman and my husband began to rail at me. They yelled so that my little boy trembled with fear in my arms. As soon as we got home, I was forced to crouch down in a corner. To quiet baby again, my husband put an old shoe sole to boil and gave him a drink of the beverage. An old lady felt sorry at my plight and would have befriended me, but my inhuman husband forbade her even to look at me. Then he dragged me to the rice fields and tied me with a chain in a bamboo hut. He locked the door and walked away, warning me that he would come back that very night to behead me.

"A few minutes later, I glimpsed a shadow silently pushing a bowl of rice through a tiny opening between the bamboos. I figured it must be the old lady who had been so sympathetic, but the bowl was out of reach and I did not have the courage to drag myself over to it. Wearily I sank to the ground and sobbed my heart out. But then I remembered I had the Blessed Mother's image on me, and I held it in my trembling fingers. *Sing Mo Malea, koa ngo*, (Holy Mother Mary, save me.) I prayed, pressing the precious object to my lips. Then I drifted off into a fitful sleep, still clasping the blessed medal. Suddenly, a gentle hand touched my arm to awaken me. Dazedly I opened my eyes. There stood before me a beautiful

Lady, like the one on the medal. 'Arise and go!' she said. Believing it a dream, I rubbed my eyes and looked all around. My chains had fallen and the door was wide open! A second time the Lady spoke: 'Arise and go!' I struggled to my feet and stumbled outside, trust in the Lady giving me strength to advance. This lighted lantern I found on the floor, and the Lady told me to pick it up. We crossed the rice fields together and reached the city safely. Until then the Lady had gone on before me, but after that I saw her no more. And that is how I'm coming in with my lantern still burning.'

"It is all so marvellous," answered Sister X. "You must be very grateful to Our Blessed Lady. She it was who came and broke your bonds."

That very day, So Allan was taken in at the hospital laundry. About a week later, a Christian family of Hong Kong accepted her devoted services.

Months lengthened into years. In the summer of 1932, Sister X., who had been missioned to Kowloon, was one day accosted by a Chinese lady.

"Do you remember me?"

"I think I do. But I seem to have forgotten your name."

"I am Allan. Don't you remember how Our Blessed Lady saved me through the miraculous medal?"

"I know you now and am so glad to see you. Where do you live?"

"Always at the same place, where you sent me back in 1922."

"And what about your children?"

Tears were the sole response. Not daring to ask further and reopen the wound in her mother heart, Sister could learn no more, but of the one thing that mattered she had made sure. So Allan had become a fervent Christian.

Tin Tchu po yao, was Allan's grateful farewell. (God bless you, Sister.)

"May He bless you also, So Allan, who are so dear to Him," replied the missionary Sister, tears welling in her eyes.

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION *Repatriated From Canton, China*

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HOW THE WONG FAMILY CAME TO CHRIST

Wong Wai Yi and Wong Wai Fong, nine and ten, were the little daughters of a wealthy Chinese gentleman who had four wives. Wong Wai Yi was the child of the first wife, while Wong Wai Fong belonged to the third. Both lassies were attending classes at our Holy Ghost School of Canton. The two were well-educated youngsters, but Wong Wai Yi was considerably less bright and clever than her younger sister. Still, she did her best to keep up with the others and Teacher, by way of encouragement, had offered to give extra lessons out of school hours. But Wong Yi felt herself thrust in the shade by the more efficient Wong Wai Fong, and before long hostilities broke out. Wong Wai Yi tried every means envy could suggest to have her sister removed from the school, and she succeeded. Thereafter, she slightly looked down upon the younger girl whom she maliciously termed *Moui Tsai* (servant girl).

Wong Wai Yi was a type all her own. Proud and headstrong, the least

outspoken of children, she carefully avoided Teacher, or came only to have difficult lessons explained. Clandestinely she had set to distributing Buddhist literature among the younger students. Whenever the occasion presented itself, she would put in a depreciatory word on the *San Fou's* (spiritual Father) account. Nor were her teachers spared.

Evidently, bringing this wayward child to better sentiments would not be an easy matter. But the missionary Sister entrusted with Wong Wai Yi remembered how affectionately Our Lord had fondled little ones. This little one also must be brought safe within His protecting arms. Sister asked the orphans, four-year-olds up to seven-summer tots getting ready for First Communion, to join with her in a novena. Oh, how fervently they clasped their chubby hands to pray! No wonder Our Blessed Lady felt almost compelled to work the miracle — for the conversion of this unruly girl needed nothing short of supernatural intervention.



THE LITTLE ORPHAN LASSIES OF CANTON SAYING THEIR PRAYERS

Tenderly Sister watched over her young rebellious charge, seeking to win her through untiring kindnesses. At last, Wong Wai Yi accepted a tiny miraculous medal of Our Lady. However, when Sister suggested the invocation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee," the child flared up with: "Never, never shall I invoke a *Shan* (spirit) I do not know and whom none of my family honor."

Came the Catechism lesson period one day, and Sister related to the almond-eyed lassies the story of Our Lady of Lourdes and her apparition to the peasant shepherdess. This was something new for Wong Wai Yi. She overwhelmed the narrator with questions. Some time later, she told Sister that that Lady surely was a great spirit since she was so powerful. Did Sister think the Lady could cure her mother of the plague? (In China, the disease is usually propagated by rodents.) "Would you like me to call on your mother and tell her all about the beautiful Lady?" asked Sister.

The child ran off to tell her mother. The good pagan woman said she would be greatly honored receiving a professor's visit.

On the Feast of the Purification, two Sisters set out on their errand of mercy. The young girl led them. In her loving heart hope leaped high.

They reached the child's home. Several bonzes garbed in yellow flowing robes were beating their tam-tams in front of the family god. Bowls of rice, olives, papayas and lai-tchi had been disposed at the feet of the grinning Buddha. Joss sticks were burning in token of religious veneration.

One glance at the angry faces of the Buddhist monks convinced the Sisters that their visit was more or less appreciated. But Wong Wai Yi was at home and in her quaint way took charge of the situation. The poor ill mother cordially greeted the visitors and as cordially chatted with them. Still, the very important topic of religion had to be scrupulously avoided this time. The poor woman had other visitors, too, mostly pagans.

As the Sisters were about to bid her farewell, Mrs. Wong whispered: "I should like so much to speak with you. Come this evening at six."

Faithfully the two missionaries returned for the appointed evening tryst. But the father of the family, too, had returned. A sign from the lass cautioned prudence. Still, they knew "God moves in a mysterious way", and they felt confident His wonder would be performed — the conversion of this pagan family — at the hour marked in His Wisdom from all eternity. Then a third call. They were able to speak freely with the patient that time. Mrs. Wong, after lengthy explanations on her illness and fond comments on the youngsters, called the little ones to see the foreign ladies.

Wong Wai Yi was no longer the obstinate young damsel they had known. She told her mother the Sisters would be delighted to have Wong Wai Fong back at school. Mrs. Wong graciously acquiesced. She then inquired of the Sisters what had come over her little daughter since she had been attending Holy Ghost School. How was it she had grown so loving and respectful towards her parents, and so kind to her brothers and sisters?

"Besides," added the mother, "she tells me such wonderful things about your religion that I cannot dare believe them. Now I understand how our pagan beliefs cannot secure happiness, and I feel we are in need of something else. Yes, we need your God. I want to be instructed in the Faith."

There and then she was given a rudimentary lesson in Christian doctrine, followed by several others throughout the ensuing weeks. One glorious day, the missionary Father poured the Baptism waters on the mother's forehead, and the two youngest of the family became God's beloved little ones in the purifying Sacrament. Proud and happy over her newly-found Faith, Mrs. Wong determined to share it with others. She implored all her children to take Catechism lessons at the cathedral, which they did.

Nevertheless, joy was not complete — the father still held out. Hopeful prayers rose heavenward for his conversion. One day, a messenger arrived at the convent, bearing the sad tidings that Mrs. Wong was at death's door.

The providential moment had come. Weeping youngsters' arms were clasped around the father's neck, while broken voices tried to make him understand all would be well and the Lord of Heaven would spare their mother, if only he would believe. Before such pleadings, Mr. Wong felt utterly powerless and overcome. Spontaneously he promised to believe.

And the Lord of Heaven spared the young mother and brought her back from the portals of death. The grateful father nobly kept his plighted word. Only too glad to break up with his pagan practices, the happy convert brought down all his heathen gods from their vantage point of the kitchen and handed them to the Sisters. February 11, 1911 — Chinese New Year Day that particular year — the Catholic Mission of Canton numbered one more Christian family. In His ever adorable, mysterious way the Lord of Heaven had performed this greatest of all wonders, bringing another family from out the heathen darkness into the broad light of the one True Faith.

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
Repatriated From Canton

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JAPAN

Keeping the Fires of Faith Burning

Agnes Naga Ko came from a distinguished *samurai* family of ancient Japan, where traditions of valor and loyalty had been handed down as priceless heirlooms from generation to generation. Years before Agnes was born, the family had embraced the teachings of our Holy Faith, and so the child had the happiness of being reared in a truly Christian home, where she received examples of grace, refinement and lofty virtue.

Her mother was a strong believer in the spartan methods of education in use during feudal times. The stern upbringing which she consequently gave her children was tempered, however, by gentle lessons of Christlike charity. Agnes was trained in all the intricacies of native etiquette. She learned never to complain of the rigors of seasons, to accept indifferently of any food, to smile pleasantly even in the face of contradictions.

She was about ten years old when her education was entrusted to missionary Sisters in the capital.

Being very bright and studious, she made rapid progress in her studies. She felt especially drawn to the study of the French language, which she soon learned to speak and write fluently. Her aunt, who was an author much appreciated by the Japanese public for her short stories and translations of French and English literature, put to advantage her young niece's budding talent and introduced her to the literary world. Agnes wrote essays and stories for Catholic Japanese magazines, and also began translating French books into her native tongue.

Her course of studies over, her family claimed her once more.

Gentle and refined, of a deep piety, she soon became a favorite even with all the pagan families of the vicinity.

"Naga Ko is a perfect young lady," people would say. "She is a real model of filial piety, and how pleasant and considerate she is to everybody."

Marriages in Japan are arranged by the parents, who seldom take into consideration the young person's wishes. This is what renders the baptism of young girls belonging to pagan families such a delicate problem.



BENEATH JAPANESE SKIES

In a family known all over for its staunch Christian principles, Agnes had no need to worry over being forced to marry a pagan. Still, as future son-in-law, her parents had already had a certain non-Christian gentleman of sterling character in view. No arrangements were made, however, before sounding the prospective bridegroom's feelings towards the Catholic Religion.

How wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence! This proved just the occasion which this soul of good will awaited to enter the one True Fold. Mr. X. asked to be instructed in the truths of our Holy Religion and, after several months of study, he was finally baptized. Arrangements were then made for his marriage with Naga Ko, and the traditional betrothal gifts of *sake* (rice wine) and wedding garments were duly exchanged.

Agnes prepared herself for entering this new state of life by several days of prayer and retirement, begging God to grant her the grace to found a truly Christian home which

would exert a favorable influence over surrounding pagan families and draw them to the practice of the Catholic Religion.

This marriage was the occasion of great rejoicings in the family and among all the Christians. The young couple seemed admirably suited to each other and the future beckoned, rosy and full of promise. But God's ways are not our ways, and who are we to question the wisdom of His designs over His earthly creatures? The path Agnes was destined to tread in life was not the flowery, easy path of worldly happiness and ambitions, but the darksome way of the Cross where once the Son of God Himself trod for the salvation of mankind.

Scarcely a few months after their marriage, her husband suddenly showed unmistakable signs of being mentally deranged.

Agnes was only twenty-four, and this was the first real sorrow to shadow her hitherto happy and sheltered life. All her pleasant dreams of future happiness were shattered. For the first few days, her spirit seemed broken and she went about listlessly, as one in a trance, but her deep faith soon showed her God's holy will in her terrible trial. As valiantly as her knight-ancestors of old had waged earthly combats, she determined to win in the spiritual battle of life.

Cheerfully she set about taking care of her now helpless husband, following him and watching him in all his vagaries, day and night. Soon she had to leave the capital, part from her own beloved family and childhood friends, to go and bury herself in the country villa of her husband's

family. The nearest Catholic church was over fifty miles away and Agnes, who had delighted in daily Communion, had to be content with receiving once or twice a year. Her mother-in-law, a stern pagan woman, hated the very name of Christian. Agnes was daily lectured on her pious practices and humbled before her brothers and sisters-in-law, who seemed to lay the blame of their brother's mishap on the Catholic Religion. God alone knows what this meant of suffering to Naga Ko's refined, sensitive nature. But she never gave up the struggle to win her husband's family to Christ.

Years went by without bringing any improvement to this painful situation. In the spring of 1933, the family decided on entrusting the poor patient to a specialist in mental diseases in the city of Kagoshima. Agnes accompanied him to the sanatorium for a few months of special treatment. She had secretly rejoiced over having this occasion to attend Holy Mass and receive Communion oftener. How pleasantly surprised she was on meeting our Sisters at the Mission church and hearing that she would be a welcome guest at our St. Therese Hostel the length of her stay in the city!

During over three months that she stayed with us, we could not but admire the wonderful work wrought by the grace of God in this privileged soul. The first thing she did was to make a few days' retreat to wash her soul, as the Japanese say. She set up a simple rule of life which she had approved by the missionary Father. Daily recitation of the Rosary, one hour of meditation, one half hour of spiritual reading, etc.

"How good God is to have given me these days of peace and rest in His own dwelling!" she would often exclaim. Then she would add wistfully: "But I feel in my heart of hearts that Our Lord is thus preparing me for further struggles. I'll never give up the hope of winning my husband's family to the True God. The task is far beyond human strength, I know, but I'm sure to win through God's grace and the help of your prayers. Long ago I used to pray that God give me many children. Since He has refused me the joy of motherhood, I feel sure He will not refuse me the happiness of leading many pagan souls to Him."

During her stay at our hostel, she spent all her leisure hours working on an excellent Japanese translation of the Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, which she completed in two months' time. This book was greatly appreciated by Catholic youth all over Japan. Agnes had dedicated it to the inmates of our little convent where she had spent such happy, peaceful days after years of trial and agitation. She then set to work on a translation of the Life of Jesus Christ by Rev. Father Berthe, C. SS. R. But she had hardly begun, when the specialists declared there was nothing to be done for her poor husband, and that country life would be best for him. She accordingly bade us farewell and left once more for her in-laws' home with the invalid.

In the following years, Agnes wrote from time to time to tell of some conversion in the family. But the mother-in-law and one brother-in-law proved hostile and made life miserable for her. Still, this valiant soul was being tempered and perfected in the fire of tribulation, and her zeal for the salvation of souls grew stronger and more ardent.

With the opening of the war, December 8, 1941, we were interned. Letters, messages, relations with the outside world were forbidden.

During those two weary years, only a few friends tried and true found the means of reaching us at a real peril for their own security. In September, 1943, we were notified of the impending evacuation. Agnes heard of this in her country home, and she found a way of sending us a long farewell letter, in which she told of her sorrow at seeing us forced to leave our beloved mission field.

"If many among the Japanese have done all in their power to have you sent from their country, you may rest assured that you still have in Japan faithful friends who love you and who deeply appreciate the good wrought by the missionaries. I for one will live with the hope of welcoming you back some day when war is over."

This letter also brought the consoling news that on Easter of this same year, in the little Mission church of Miyazaki, the last remaining pagan in her husband's family had been baptized. Agnes' heart was filled to overflowing with gratitude for God's tender mercies.

"Thank God with me," she wrote, "for His goodness in letting this beloved family share in the treasures of Christian Faith. My life is a busy one. I no longer have time to spend in spiritual readings. I have had to give up altogether my literary work and I have nearly forgotten French. God is asking me the sacrifice of cherished aspirations. Such is the ransom price He seems to ask for the winning of souls to His love. My one remaining ambition is to keep brightly burning the fire of Faith you missionaries brought to our country at the cost of such great sacrifices. Come back to Japan as soon as possible. We need our missionaries. . . ."

On reading this letter, our hearts saddened by the thoughts of our impending departure were comforted. The sacred fire which Jesus came to cast upon earth will never go out as long as souls like that of Agnes keep it burning. As of yore after two hundred years⁽¹⁾, the missionaries who will come after us will find it still burning brightly in the Land of the Rising Sun.

*A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception
Repatriated From Koriyama, Japan*

1. In 1590, the Church in Japan numbered over 300,000 Christians, which number rose to around 750,000 in 1605. Today there are 117,000 Catholics in this vast mission field. The Empire would have become a Catholic nation had it not been for the terrible persecution which broke out and lasted for over two hundred years. Father Petitjean, allowed residence in Japan only as chaplain to foreigners, had succeeded in building a church in Nagasaki in 1865. Hardly a month had elapsed since the inauguration of this church, when on the seventeenth of March, fifteen Japanese asked to visit the sanctuary. Having ascertained that this priest held his powers from the Pope in Rome, that he revered the Mother of God and kept ecclesiastical celibacy, they declared that they were the descendants of the old Christians converted by Saint Francis Xavier.

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Daily we need to pray for strength to do the greater and better things — the things that will touch even our lives and not merely a share of our living. Today our nation pays this price to keep the flag raised in security over our homes. We cannot hope to pay less if we wish to do our part in raising the Cross throughout the mission world. — *Archbishop Mooney*

WEST INDIES

From Day to Day with Our Missionary Sisters of Les Cayes, Haiti

Saturday, August 5, 1944

Blithely Yolande hurried back from the post office, bringing Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ a letter from our beloved Canada. Long had our helpers and ourselves, it goes without saying, been expecting the special letter announcing assignments for our new Mission of Les Coteaux. Today our eager desires matured into sweet reality. Reverend Mother General named our six future companions here in our vast harvest of Haiti. Come, dear Sisters! We shall try by prayer and longing to hasten the blessed day of your arrival.

Sunday, August 20

Les Cayes experienced a dreadful cyclone last night. Hundreds of trees have been blown down by the blast. Only a few hardy banana trees outlived at *Charity* and on the grounds of our prospective building. Spreading palm and cocoanut trees stand today bared to the trunk. Luckily for the natives' dwellings that they are provided with openings on every side, for the wind can thus circulate freely and no heavy damage was done.

Tuesday, September 12

Another heartening letter from dear Mother General informed us that our long-awaited missionaries will reach Port-au-Prince on the eighteenth. Thanks be to God and Our Immaculate Mother! Immediately we began to plan our fraternal reunion at Les Cayes on the nineteenth.

Everyone does her share. Our *mounes* (helpers) wash and scrub and starch and iron. Our rustic wood floors, after repeated vigorous scrubblings, take on a lustrous yellow color. Naturally, we want to have our humble dwelling as attractive as we can make it with the slender means at our disposal, before the arrival of our companion Sisters. No time or trouble must we spare in order that our modest home be a blessed welcoming haven to the dear southward-bound mission band.

Sunday, September 17

First anniversary of our arrival in Haiti. Today marks the closing of a fruitful year every day of which has been especially blessed by God's paternal Providence and Our Immaculate Mother's loving care. When shall we ever render adequate thanks for all their unnumbered kindnesses! Do we not read somewhere in St. Paul that fervor is the best token of gratitude? So have we promised to live each day solely for God, bringing more fervor in His service and zeal in our apostolate.

One of our inmates of *Charity*, *If You Please* was called to his eternal reward today. Arvius Loussant was the name of this young man of thirty-five.

1. Sister EUGENIE DE JESUS (Irene Blais, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co.).



A FEW PATIENTS
AT CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE

Arvius had been stricken some time ago with unforgiving leprosy. All through the long days and tedious nights he lay in the open, palm branches his only couch and tree trunks affording scant protection from the vagaries of the weather. Treatment hour was the dread time of the day for this suffering outcast. The nursing Sister, to whom his guardians daily led him, after long moments of gentle coaxing would finally succeed in persuading him to have her bandage his nose, shrunk into a hideous sore by the wasting

disease. Then leprosy set in the eyes and these last days on the forehead, so that the dressing took the form of a cross. "Let us carry the cross today again, my poor Arvius," would Sister whisper, seeking to raise up his sinking courage. The torturing but necessary treatment often lasted over fifteen minutes. "Yes, Sister, thank you," would the edifying patient invariably answer. Deep cavities had been formed by the disease, and the young man's mind had soon been deranged. He had received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and until the very end bore up uncomplainingly and resignedly. A cordial thank you assured us of his gratefulness after each painful dressing, as after each kind little attention lavished on him. "Thank you, Sister, Heaven is open for you!" How beautifully Christian and grateful!

Tuesday, September 19

Finishing touches were put here and there throughout the glad forenoon. We have no shadow of a doubt but that our beloved Sisters will feel pleasantly at home, and that each will find herself a place, although our quarters are necessarily crowded.

Dear Sister Superior, who had gone to Port-au-Prince a few days since, called this morning at eleven-thirty, telling us to be ready to welcome our travelling Sisters at one-thirty in the afternoon. Two Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi were to accompany them, the one missioned to Maniche and her companion to Arniquet.

After what had seemed hours of patient waiting, two cars stopped at our door. Our Sisters at last! While the convent bell pealed out all the gladness of its metal heart, we hastened to meet the beloved newcomers. After exchanging first greetings and giving one another a true sisterly accolade, we went to the chapel for the singing of a heartsprung *Magnificat*.

Much as we would have loved to keep on chatting for hours, we knew our Sisters must be tired out from the long journey. So after a restoring meal we consented to let them take a few hours of sorely-needed rest. Tomorrow we shall start over from where we had to leave off today, and the

pleasant recreation will be all the more enjoyable for having been the occasion of a sacrifice.

Thursday, September 21

Our five missionary Sisters are thinking night and day of their beloved home of Les Coteaux. Still, they have to await God's hour and repeat "Thy will be done!" for the rainy season compels them to tarry at Les Cayes. God's hour will come, of that we entertain no doubts, but God's plan it is as well to have our Sisters enjoy the comforting reunion of these all-too-short days, while adapting themselves to their new situation and mode of living. So seldom shall we meet later, what with our manifold works and all the handicaps of communication and travel.

Today we unpacked a heavy case received from the mother of one of our Sisters, Mrs. Ennis. Medicine, clothing, blankets — what Godsent boons for our ailing charges! May Our Immaculate Mother and our loving Father St. Joseph liquidate the great debt of gratitude we owe the charitable purveyors of our needy Mission.

Wednesday, October 11

Cathedral bells pealed out merrily yesterday evening towards seven o'clock, announcing the return of His Excellency Bishop Collignon. With customary and unfailing enthusiasm, the Haitian Christian flock welcomed its zealous shepherd.

In the late afternoon, the eleven members of our little Community paid a visit to the bishop's residence. Despite the wearying schedule of reception upon reception throughout the day, His Excellency deigned to entertain us lengthily and paternally.

Thursday, October 12

Our five Sisters had at long last the joy and consolation of setting out for the Mission of Les Coteaux. Rev. Father Letarte, O. M. I., cordially offered to accompany the dear travellers on their homeward journey. At eight o'clock, the departing missionaries and two helpers boarded a none-too-modern truck, the only suitable vehicle for the trek through perilous trails.

Rev. Father Letarte sent a message from Port Salut this afternoon, to the effect that the journey, although an altogether new experience for the Sisters, had on the whole been very satisfactory. While our grateful thanks were rising heavenward to God and Our Blessed Mother, a telephone call informed us that the small contingent had reached destination, and that the sympathetic and enthusiastic people of Les Coteaux had escorted them to church to the strains of the *Magnificat*.

Monday, October 16

It was our joy yesterday to receive the visit of two Sisters of the Congregation of St. Ann, whose principal house is at Lachine. Both have only recently arrived at St. Louis du Sud Mission. They spent part of the forenoon visiting *Charity* and looking on while the nursing Sisters dressed

infected sores. The heart of a missionary cannot but be moved to compassion before the sight of such great suffering as some of our patients so resignedly endure. Our visitors remarked on the cleanliness everywhere. For the very first time, we must say, the beds — and there are about a hundred, — had been covered with clean new sheets come from our dear Sisters at the Motherhouse, and from our charitable benefactresses both in



THE SCHOOL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT *CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE*.
THE ROOF IS MADE OF BAMBOO STALKS AND STUBBLE. THE OUTER WALL IS OF BAMBOO
TWIGS INTERTWINED.

Canada and the United States. On each sheet the words *Charity, If You Please* have been embroidered in red letters by our young workroom helpers.

Once in a while, the Angel of Death visits one or another of our poor sufferers and ushers him, we confidently hope, before the judgment seat of the loving and merciful Heavenly Father.

Dear old Flavia, whose prolonged existence is humanly inexplicable, and who should have long since gone to her reward, is still spared us. Her companions in misery, awestruck and wonder-eyed, watch her tottering along as best she can to St. Vincent's Oratory. To the loving Patron Saint of Catholic charity she attributes her length of days. More than ever these last weeks she bears up cheerfully and with entire submission to God's holy will — which is not saying little, if we bear in mind that the dear grannie's body is all covered with gaping sores gnawing into her flesh. Even the gentle ministrations of the nursing Sister can bring but slight momentary relief. The elbow of the right arm is bared to the bone, while her swollen and twisted fingers are pitiful to see. Considering this dear old lady so admirable in her sweet resignation, is worth many an inspiring meditation to us.

There is also our genial Sonson, whose generous acceptance of God's loving decrees in his behalf is always a source of deep and lasting edification.

He is suffering from a very severe nervous breakdown and unable to control his movements or actions; he is utterly dependent on kindly neighbors for everything. Does he wish to walk, his nearest friend gives him a push, and the poor sufferer halts only when an obstacle in his way bars further progress. "Everybody is very kind to me. They all help me and would do anything for me. The Sisters are so kind, too. Heaven is open for them!" Such is his appreciation of fellow patients and nursing Sisters. Pathetically grateful is the expression ever on his wasted lips: "God is good!"

Monday, November 6

Sister St. Jean de Brebeuf's⁽¹⁾ recent illness and days of convalescence have necessarily postponed the reopening of classes at *Charity*. Today, ninety bright-eyed pupils were enrolled. Here they will be sure of having a noonday meal at least, and the glad prospect means something, very much to them, judging from their rippling laughter and twinkling eyes. Our Lady of the Assumption Workroom, under the supervision of Sister Maurice de Thebes⁽²⁾, employs several young girls, all of whom are at present making school uniforms for our ninety scholars. The girls will wear a navy blue cotton skirt and the boys, trousers of like material. All will have, besides, a white cotton blouse and blue tie.

Sixty of these boys and girls are to be prepared for First Communion



A GIANT COCOANUT TREE LADEN WITH GREEN AND RIPE NUTS.
A LITTLE BLACK LAD IS PROUDLY PERCHED IN THE CENTRE OF THE TREE.

and Confirmation. With Our Immaculate Mother's help and counsel, of which she feels assured beforehand, their teacher will show them to love and serve their Divine Friend.

1. Alice MAGNAN, Quebec.

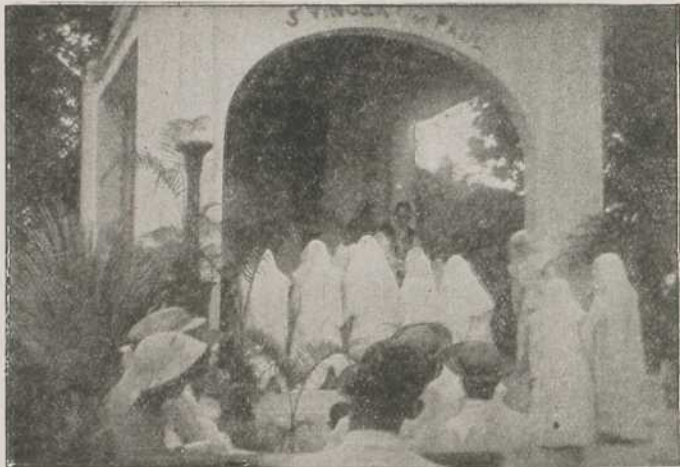
2. Yvonne CLOUTRE, Montreal.

Saturday, November 11

Bright and early we left our pillows this morning, heedless of the first-moment sacrifice, thinking ahead of the happiness the proposed open-air Mass would afford our inmates of *Charity*.

Special rejoicing was called for on this occasion, it being First Communion Day for one of their number, a young man of eighteen. The Sacramental King will surely find a loving abode in the soul of this poor cripple. For over two years now, the young man's legs have been paralyzed, and he has to remain seated all the time. In this position he crawls miserably, using his hands to help himself along. Judge of our surprise this morning on seeing him frantically clutching at a tree and trying to remain standing. He confidently hoped and prayed to be cured on this great day of his First Communion.

If the Divine Healer appeared upon the human scene today, His loving Heart would be moved again with compassion for all the bewildered and



MSGR. BERTOLI, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES OF THE HOLY SEE IN HAITI, OFFERING THE HOLY SACRIFICE AT ST. VINCENT'S ORATORY, *CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE*, LES CAYES, AND DISTRIBUTING HOLY COMMUNION.

dejected and sorrowful we strive to cheer and succor in His Blessed Name. In their nightmare of pain and anguish, He would again feel the compelling urge to lay hands upon them and heal them of their infirmities.

Daily deaths are being recorded. Weather variations and cool nights — cold nights as the Haitians say — and the cold December wind seem to be largely responsible. Vacancies do not remain so for long. With every new day, a good number of ill and lame tearfully implore care and shelter beneath our roof. Hearts torn with grief and pity, we are regretfully obliged to refuse many. All the beds are occupied as we write. Moreover, several have to stretch their bruised limbs on the hard cement floor for a few comfortless moments of much-needed rest.

Monday, November 20

The infant Mission of St. Louis du Sud has been plunged in sorrow by the passing of its devoted Sister Superior. Sad tidings came last Saturday, informing us of the desperate illness of this valiant missionary, whose arrival in Haiti dates less than two months back. In a last frantic attempt to ward off death, Sister Superior had been taken to Les Cayes Hospital, but it proved too late. Today, cathedral bells tolled out mournfully the regretted passing of this promising apostle, whose mission career was thus so tragically shattered at its very beginning. Two of her fellow Sisters who had accompanied her to the hospital are also ill with impaludism, a malarial disease.

No doubt God wills to establish this newly-founded mission post on a solid base. Trials and afflictions are ever the foundation stones of edifices dedicated to His Name and adoration. O Master Missionary, Your laborers are so sorely few here in Haiti! But lovingly we resign ourselves to Your will, persuaded that You know best and that You will raise up other sterling laborers to garner in the grain white unto harvesting.

Thursday, November 23

Charity was signally honored today in welcoming His Excellency Bishop Collignon and Msgr. Bertoli, Charge d'Affaires of the Holy See in Haiti. Our dear patients and pupils greeted the distinguished visitors, an appropriate hymn expressing their loyalty and submission to our Holy Father the Pope.

Visibly moved at the sight of the dire destitution and suffering on every side, Msgr. Bertoli inquired how long we had been at the Mission, and whether we were happy in thus spending ourselves for these unfortunate people. We answered that for over a year now we had been gladly at work. The worthy prelate then asked whether His Excellency had given us beforehand an exact idea of what our situation would be here, when he invited us to come. "Surely, Monsignor," replied we, "and the work attracted us only the more." Msgr. Bertoli was pleased to learn that our Reverend Mother General had accompanied us to Haiti, and had thus been able to obtain first-hand information on our ways and works in the Mission.

Msgr. Ferrofino, Secretary of the Apostolic Nunciature, likewise visited *Charity* and our humble convent through the day, and offered to come and say Mass tomorrow.

Saturday, November 25

Msgr. Bertoli said Mass in the open at St. Vincent's Oratory this morning. A pious and recollected throng was present, as well as the pupils of the



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. L. COLLIGNON, BISHOP OF LES CAYES, HAITI, AND MSGR. BERTOLI, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES OF THE HOLY SEE, VISITING "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE," WHERE THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ARE LABORING.

various schools. The young seamstresses of Our Lady of the Assumption Workroom sang choice hymns during the sacred liturgy. Deeply moved, Monsignor distributed the Bread of Life to our poor sufferers, veritable pariahs of humanity. He also took Holy Communion to those who could not leave their miserable pallet.

A glad holiday was granted by our visitor. Thanks to our kind bishop, we were able to spend it at Perrin Camp, where a comfortable dwelling has been put at our very own disposal. The weather is all we could desire it there and the light breeze, considerably more fresh than at Les Cayes, proved truly restoring. At Perrin Camp, we tasted sweet solitude and quiet in striking contrast with the never-ending noise of metallic barrels being rolled on the street, or of the unloading of supplies at the warehouses near the convent. It never entered our mind to complain about these daily annoyances, but all the same we really appreciated the beneficent calm and perfect stillness that was ours today, and for which we render thanks to Almighty God.

Delightful minutes were spent picking goyaves, fruits about the size of plums, almost identical in taste to strawberries and raspberries. Equally pleasant moments were those when we took riding lessons. The braver were not afraid to set the horse at full speed. Thus, while enjoying ourselves to the full, we are taking practical lessons that will certainly serve us in good stead, when we shall be called on some urgent sick duty in the rainy season.

* * *

MONTREAL

A Missionary Bishop at the Motherhouse

Sunday, January 14, 1945

His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Robert, Bishop of Les Gonaives, Haiti, at present in Canada recuperating after strenuous years of mission labor, signally honored our Community by celebrating Mass in the Motherhouse chapel this morning.

A returned apostle's visit in a religious institute essentially dedicated to mission apostolate cannot but fan to a glowing heat the flame of zeal, and heighten in each heart the desire of bearing the blessings of Faith to the peoples still sitting in the darkness of error. And when that visiting missionary, faithful shepherd of souls, has been spending himself body and soul for their welfare, both temporal and eternal, what enthusiasm and generous ardor do not his apostolic words stir up in responsive hearts!

Deep sadness welled up in the zealous missionary's soul as he spoke to us of the multitudes of poor Blacks athirst of truth and left in utter spiritual indigency. How we long to hasten to that forsaken corner of God's earth to lavish His consolations on those distressed peoples!

Haiti is already dear to us, since we recently had the happiness of founding two Missions within its bounds, and are looking forward to the fall months

when a third will be opened. This morning's talk could not but increase our affection and sympathy for that field white unto harvest awaiting willing hands and generous hearts.

"Haiti is a superb country with enchanting vistas," said His Excellency Bishop Robert. "But there is something else more attractive. We do not go to the West Indies merely to admire landscapes, but above all to save immortal souls — and that is the most interesting part of it all! And here, we witness a truly marvelous phenomenon. Your Sisters will never entirely understand what was Haiti's former religious status, since it was a short while prior to their arrival that a sudden transformation took place in the country, through a truly extraordinary miracle marking on the part of God especial solicitude for the Haitian nation. Its very birth supposes a particular attention of Divine Providence. We know that the Haitian Republic has been constituted by the uprising of black slaves. How could the latter have succeeded in forming a distinct nation, had not Heaven intervened? God willed them to become the first free nation of the black race.

"Pope Pius XI considered it a privilege to have lived in so agitated an age as that of his pontificate. 'If Europe fails to her destiny of giving God to the world,' would he say, 'I shall turn towards the Black Continent.' Here the Haitian nation intervened. In the course of centuries God shaped it slowly, arduously, miserably I could almost add. Then began the attempt to introduce Christianity. The Pope was first to recognize the Haitians as a nation, and signed a Concordat with the Government of Haiti, granting permission to organize the Catholic Church in the country.

"These last eighty years, missionaries in great number have spent and sacrificed themselves saving this people and bringing it the Light of Faith. Numberless victims fell beneath the burden of exhaustion and tropical heat. Back in 1910 a bishop stated that the average mission career of priests in Haiti was four years. At the present time it is much longer. When one enters a church in any parish and kneels in front of the tabernacle to pray to Our Lord, one is deeply moved on seeing the choir paved with the funeral slabs of priests fallen on the battlefield of souls. All these sacrifices have rendered the soil of Haiti fertile. The nation grew almost overnight. Only two or three years ago a prodigious transformation took place, but victory is not yet assured. I have seen crowds accompanying me with hymns and prayers; I have seen throngs beseeching me to deliver them from superstition and swearing never to be unfaithful to their baptismal pledges. I have seen them running across forests to join me, so athirst were they of the word of God. Previous to this change, all the efforts of valiant missionaries had met with stubborn resistance. The Blacks seemed to give in, but their compliance was false; they said yes, accepted all the conditions proposed, but their heart was not yet changed. Today, everyone welcomes truth sincerely. The change is as surprising as would be the Protestantization of the entire Catholic population of the Province of Quebec in the course of two or three years. Souls implore God. One day I was returning from a visit to a chapel and halted beside a considerable group of persons to speak a few kind words. While all were getting ready for the short talk, I asked for a drink. A woman invited me to her house. 'Monsignor,' she said, 'you have destroyed our superstitions, you told us we had to finish off with the devil. Now you must give us God.' Heartspringing words were these, and that artless woman was unknowingly voicing the general disposition of soul over there.

"Allow me to relate another incident. In March last, I was in a certain parish. The pastor introduced me to an honest-looking fellow who had come with friends, saying: 'Monsignor, here's the guilty one!' And he told the man's story. A few months previously, he had come with companions to the Father's dwelling. 'We live very far away; no priest has ever come to our place. Of course, the more hardy have gone to see the missionary, but the greater number have never done so. We are coming to ask you to build us a chapel, so that we may profit by the Christian

Religion. If you do not come, the Protestants will.' Let me mention that the man was as yet unbaptized. Father answered that it was impossible, overburdened as he already was with work. Then the leader and his group turned homeward crestfallen and gloomy. The missionary heard no more about them for some time and continued his laborious tasks. A few months later, the man returned beaming. Before he had time to rehearse his pleadings, Father told him again how impossible it was to have a chapel erected. 'But, Father,' protested the visitor mildly, 'we are not coming to ask you to build us a chapel, but only to come and bless the one we have constructed.' Many facts as typical of their good will could be related.

"We see the great need of souls and the problem confronting the Catholic Religion. In a diocese of 500,000 souls only fourteen priests are laboring in conditions defying description. At the head of a centre numbering 30,000 souls is an aged, worn-out priest who can barely say Mass; helping him is a young native son of Haiti. Some chapels are at eight hours' riding distance from the centre. In the Episcopal City reside a Bishop, a Vicar General, a Secretary, a Rector, a first and a second Curate; but listen to this: the Vicar General is Rector of the Cathedral, the Secretary is first Curate, and the second Curate—myself. The amount of work is preposterous; everyone is worn-out, harassed, exhausted. On the occasion of our anti-superstition campaign, we furnished extraordinary physical effort. The people were so happy that we could not do otherwise.

"I hope to find help in Canada. If in this country people are found who do not practise their religion, it is not for want of means, but because they are indifferent and unfaithful to grace. Back in Haiti, there is no one to give God to souls.

"What God requires firstly to operate the salvation of these populations are lives given, lives surrendered. Everyone cannot come to Haiti, but everyone can and must work for the Kingdom of God. But, then, it is not necessary to sail off to China or Japan, or to go and die of marsh-fever in Haiti, or to pine away beneath the glaring rays of the tropical sun, giving our very lives drop by drop. The one essential thing is to give our heart to God; it is to realize fully what He asks from us, wherever we may be, whatever we may be doing. For the measure of the good we shall do will be the exact measure of the love of God we bear in our heart; and that love of God consists in always doing our best in giving Him what He asks from us. We must, in fine, lead a deeply interior life, in order to be able to free our soul and our nature from what hinders love of God and answer His appeal more generously. If you do so, you will be helping the missionaries over in Haiti, without it being necessary to have a special intention in your prayers, for God knows full well where to shower His graces. All the same, as we are not forbidden to express our desires, I ask a special remembrance for Les Gonaïves and for myself."

We shall not fail to bear this special intention in mind, that God may prosper the Diocese of Les Gonaïves and its devoted shepherd. And while waiting the Master's call to spend ourselves directly for souls, we shall strive to fulfill worthily our role of missionaries, by following the precious and timely advice culled in this brief missionary visit.



REPORT OF THE MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL FOR THE YEAR 1944

Baptisms.....	19	Dressings.....	4,102
Extreme Unctions.....	1	Treatments.....	476
Patients Registered.....	109	X Rays.....	3
Patients at the Dispensary.....	3,197	Injections.....	3,558
Hospital Days.....	2,425	Operations.....	5
Prescriptions Filled.....	2,868	Deaths.....	15
Home and Hospital Visits.....	90		



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Sunday, November 5

The first snowfall of the season. Though the white flakelets melt almost as soon as they alight on the bare ground, they bring a message of "winter coming", and we know preparations must be made for the long white months ahead. In the evening, we wended our way to the wayside shrines erected on the novitiate grounds and thence to the community cemetery, where loved Sisters have been laid to rest until the glorious springtime of resurrection. Prayers and hymns arose in praise of Our Blessed Lady and dear St. Joseph. Beside the grave of our venerated Mother Foundress, we requested her maternal help in striving to realize our missionary dreams of tomorrow. Beloved Mother, look down from Heaven upon the youngest members of your cherished religious family, and make of each one of us a missionary after the heart of Our Savior and His holy Mother!

Thursday, November 9

Towards eleven-thirty this morning, a merry pealing of the bell announced the arrival of thrice-welcome visitors — our dear Mother General and two of our Mother Councillors.

Following a brief visit to the Tabernacle Guest and filial greetings, we sang our happiness in a grateful *Magnificat*. Our Mother then gave leave to continue the thanksgiving hymn in a glad holiday, which we did obediently and merrily. The news that our beloved visitor will spend several days with us heightened our joy.

Sunday, November 12

Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants joined in a pleasant recreative programme in honor of our Reverend Mother, with the hope of diverting her thereby from the many cares and difficulties that cannot but be the lot of the Mother of a religious family. We felt our purpose had been reached, so heartily did our dear visitor enjoy every item on our programme. Already we considered ourselves amply rewarded for what little amount of trouble and time we had spent on rehearsals. Making our Mothers happy comes very near, or so we think, to making our dear Lord Himself happy.

Monday, November 20

November, much as we associate it with all things sad and gloomy, is not without its own beautiful religious feasts. After the glorious solemnity of All Saints, we look forward to the Feast of the Presentation of Mary, the special feast of Mary Immaculate's apprentice missionaries. How lovingly we have tried to prepare for this day! The Child Mary, mounting the Temple steps to offer her budding life to God, is the most perfect exemplar

of all young souls preparing to consecrate themselves entirely to God through the three sacred pledges of the religious life.

For several days past, mystery has been hovering over the novitiate. Postulants and first-year Novices try to bridle their curiosity. They were not of the family last November, and so have never lived the twenty-first with us. Consequently, happy surprises are in store for them. This evening gave them an inkling of what tomorrow will be like. Preluding to the feast was a pleasant and pious programme executed by our Postulant Sisters and thoroughly enjoyed by us, their elders. Piano selections and hymns to Our Blessed Mother alternated with the several acts of a choice religious play, which set in broad light Our Immaculate Mother's maternal kindness towards those who pray to her with simple, faithful trust.

Tuesday, November 21, Feast of the Presentation of Mary

Spotless lilies on the altar and virgin snow mantling the ground provided an ideal setting for the Heavenly Queen's childhood feast celebrated today. Hymns in her praise rose from our loving hearts to our lips, especially so during Holy Mass.

Naturally, there was a bit more bustling than on ordinary days. Faces wreathed in smiles bespoke joyful hearts. Then the bell pealed out its merry holiday call at nine o'clock. The doors of the novitiate hall opened wide to welcome the white-garbed Novices to the strains of a pious hymn to the Child Mary. Quite naturally and instinctively, our eyes wandered ahead to the statue of our gracious Patroness, who had donned our white habit and blue sash for the occasion. In another corner of the hall, we were overjoyed to see a statue of the Guardian Angel we rightly surmised as our beloved Mother's feastday gift to her Novices. A merry holiday was then proclaimed, permitting everyone to release the pent-up feelings in her soul. How we long to thank our kind Mother for her "Angel gift" to her dear children of the novitiate! Devoted Mother Mistress served, for the moment, as our intermediary and the interpreter of our grateful thanks.

The Heavenly Guardian's eloquent attitude, his finger raised heavenward, will recall to us God's holy presence and the sole aim of our daily deeds, namely, Heaven and eternity. And we like to think in many a Novice's heart sprang up the firm resolve to live more faithfully beneath his watchful care and keeping.

Next on the programme figured the distribution of tiny blue messages wafted down from highest Heaven, and bearing Our Immaculate Mother's signature. Each short love message extolled one of Mary's favorite virtues, while each and everyone as well seemed so well adapted to the receiver's personal needs, that we would have believed all of them made to order, or to measure, perhaps.

Followed the traditional "Perfection" card game, presided over by pleasant cheer and unprecedented enthusiasm. However, in this "Perfection" card game, just as in that other more serious striving for spiritual perfection, we remain Novices, and victories are not recorded without alternate defeats; but these, we reflect, must serve as stepping stones to

greater progress and better results in the next encounter. Is it not so in the realm of real virtues? Is it not by dint of attempts, failures, and endless beginnings that we finally acquire them?

This being our patronal day, we were reserved the pious and appreciated office of adoring angels before Our Lord exposed in the Blessed Sacrament. Besides this special, we were given a spiritual conference by our devoted chaplain and had the joy of singing Our Blessed Mother's praise in appropriate Rosary hymns. All in all, the day's spiritual menu had been amply provided for.

Musical selections set their own harmonious seal upon the day's rejoicing. With grateful thanks overflowing our hearts, we commended our beautiful day into the hands of our God and Maker.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, December 5, 6, 7

Our regular three-day preparation for Our Immaculate Mother's great white feast brings back the sweet interior joy of prayerful silence and more intimate communing with our Heavenly Patroness. Meditations and spiritual readings in keeping with the occasion attuned our souls to the spirit of Holy Church, that bids us rejoice because Mary alone of the children of Adam has been born all-fair and unsullied.

It is our privilege to hear inspiring instructions given, the first by our chaplain, and the other two by Rev. Father L. Pageau, P. M. E.

Friday, December 8

All praise to Mary in her Immaculate Conception! How lovingly we sang her best loved privilege today! What thanks welled up from our souls as we reflected under what a beautiful title our dear religious Community is dedicated forever to Mary conceived without sin! And how fervently our voices took up Mother Church's triumphant: "Thou art all fair, O Mary, and there is in thee no stain of original sin."

Choice selections befitting the day were sung during Low Mass in honor of Our Immaculate Mother. Then at the Communion, the Professed Sisters renewed their sacred vows, while we, who envied their happiness, prayed Mary Most Pure to present us anew to our Divine Betrothed, and to prepare the souls of her loving children for the coveted mystical marriage-feast.

Saturday, December 9

Returned missionary Sisters are always welcome visitors at the novitiate. Today we had the joy and satisfaction of greeting two of our Sisters, Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Luc⁽²⁾, recently returned from Vancouver and former missionaries to China. A few Sisters from the Motherhouse accompanied them, among whom our dear Sister St. Julie⁽³⁾, for whom this was a farewell visit, since she will leave shortly for Vancouver with Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie.

1. May MOQUIN, Eastman, P. Q.

2. Marie BOURDEAU, St. Luc, St. Johns, P. Q.

3. Beatrice TESSIER, Woonsocket, R. I.

So once more we had the pleasure of hearing about mission life and the far-flung apostolic fields entrusted to our Community. Dear Mother Mary, hasten our blessed vow-day and mission assignment!

As all beautiful days, this one sped away and we had to bid farewell to our dear guests. God speed you, happy missionary Sisters, and shower His abundant blessings on your noble work for souls!

Sunday, December 17

Our pleasant and instructive evening has served to recall to our minds the world of good, both spiritual and material, being operated by the praiseworthy Holy Childhood Association. A mission film unrolled scenes of activity and apostolate over in pagan lands where Sisters of our Community are striving to win children's souls for the Christ Child in foundling homes, schools, orphanages, etc. Mission entertainments such as these prompt many a fervent resolution in the soul of a prospective missionary, not the least being to pray and deny oneself, that more and more pagan youngsters may be brought to the Friend and Lover of childhood.

Monday, December 25

Christmas Days of yester-years when we were very young brought their own train of pure bliss and pleasant enjoyment. But what shall we say of the deep abiding happiness filling the souls of missionary Novices, whose ideal for the future centres around the Glad Tidings of Great Joy to be told wherever there is a human soul in God's world! "What is Christmas without children?" we say. And beside the Child's crib we reflect that "unless we become as little children", we shall never understand the meaning and grasp the spirit of Christmas.

Around eleven-thirty, there was the awakening. No, it was not a dream. In the hush of the silent night there drifted out to our dormitories the age-old sweetness of Christmas carols. It was the call to the chapel Bethlehem.

After staying abed one heavenly moment listening to the carolers' refrains, we hurried down to the chapel and were soon kneeling before the little Son of God made Man and become our Brother on the first Holy Night two thousand years ago.

Midnight Mass followed, and the Christmas Guest came down with love untold into the lowly Bethlehem of our hearts. We like to think Our Immaculate Mother, invoked so often throughout Advent, had prepared a most fitting reception for the Babe of Heaven. And while He lay in the poor cradle which was our best to offer, we prayed, adored and thanked Him for all mankind, that His hallowed birth might bring peace to men of good will.

More pious hymns were chanted at the Low Masses that followed the Midnight Sacrifice, bearing up our love, praise and thankfulness to the Word become Flesh for love of us.

The solemn liturgy over, we partook of our traditional Christmas repast, then happily went to our beds with the prospect of making up for "lost

time" in the morning. Cheery carols again awakened us from our late slumbers on the great morn.

Joyous as any was our Nativity Feast, taken up with calls on the sweet Infant, pleasant chats and reading through a blizzard of Christmas greetings and letters from our beloved ones at home.

Tuesday, December 26

High Mass at eight-thirty this morning opened the Forty Hours Devotion in our chapel. Through two blessed days and nights, we shall take turns keeping vigil before our Sacramental Friend, adoring, thanking, loving, beseeching Him in our name and in the name of all men. Those assigned for night hours consider themselves especially fortunate, for it is so sweetly consoling to spend the watches of the night close to Jesus.

The faithful convent bell gladly calls us to our various spiritual exercises, Vespers, holy hour, Rosary, etc., before the monstrance. In these days when so many turn from Our Savior, we strive to atone by our fervent adoration, and when so many curse Him we return Him heartfelt thanks for all His benefits and generous mercies. Especially do we pray for Holy Mother Church, for Christ's earthly Representative and our beloved Community with its manifold works.

Thursday, December 28

The Forty Hours Devotion and our consequently longer spiritual exercises having hindered our celebrating the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, our own special feast, we made up for the delay today. First-year Novices and Postulants will surely forgive us for thus asking certain rights on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, their models for the day.

After High Mass and the closing of the Forty Hours, we presented the customary recreational programme, preluding to the merry holiday we all enjoyed to the limit.

Even the evening had its own special surprise, for it brought us the pleasure of a lantern slide entertainment graciously given by a relative of one of our Sisters, to whom we renew our sincere thanks.



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp\$ 25.00

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



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Here I am back from a holiday trip, and you may be sure I would have ever so many things to write about today in this chat. But that would mean pages and pages, and I mustn't take up too much room. So, just let me introduce you to Dorothy, a dear little lass I had the good fortune to meet a few days ago.

Dorothy is very young, just turned six. She hasn't made her First Communion yet, but soon the wonderful day will come. Her laughing eyes are so blue that you would really wonder whether they were not some stray cornflowers from summer gardens.

"Has she any brothers and sisters?" you will ask. Yes, Fred and Johnny, the boys, five and "half past three". Then, there's Baby Sister, too, who hasn't cut her first tooth yet. Of course, she is everybody's favorite in that dear home, sweet home.

As I was telling you, Dorothy will soon meet Jesus in the white host for the very first time. Perhaps it will be round Easter. Dorothy's mother is helping her wee angel get ready for the great event. Now, don't believe for a minute that Dorothy says long, long prayers or tries to get along on an empty stomach. She does nothing of the kind, I can tell you. So often her mother tells her: "Jesus doesn't expect big, hard things from little children. He doesn't ask you to stay on your knees for hours, or to get yourself sick by fasting or doing hard penances. No, Jesus expects only one thing. He wants you to love Him. Little children don't find it hard to love dear Jesus."

One day, a question popped up from the six-year-old heart.

"Mummie, will Jesus find out I really do love Him heaps and try to make Him happy?"

A sunny smile lit up Mummie's eyes.

"Do you love Mummie, Dorothy?"

Dorothy's peal of laughter rang out like the chime of silver bells. "Oh, Mummie, I love you more than the whole world!"

"That much, darling?"

"Oh, guess I can't begin to tell you just how much I do love my precious Mummie."

"Now, what could you do to show you love me?"

"Oh, Mummie, that's easy. I know you're happy when I play nicely with Fred and Johnny and don't spoil their fun. And you're glad, too, when I mind Baby and play with her. You smile at table when I behave like a lady and wait for my turn without telling Fred to hurry. It makes you

happy, too, to see your little girl slip into bed right early, after having kissed you goodnight and asked Jesus' blessing. Oh, Mummie, it's so easy to make you happy!"

"Now, Dorothy, it's the very same with Jesus. He loves you ever so much more than I do. When you do all your little duties as best you can and offer them to Him, He is happier than even your darling Mummie. I'm sure He calls His bright Angels above and tells them: 'Just see how that little girl loves Me! Oh, how I long to rest within her heart!'"

Dorothy clasped her tiny hands. "Oh, Mummie, I long to have Him there, too!"

"Tell Him so, dear. He'll feel so happy."

And thus, while Mummie and Daughter were thinking of First Com-



"Oh, Mummie, I long to have Him there, too!"

munion and preparing for Jesus' first coming, two tiny lads, not so fortunate as their big sister, were busy with their wooden blocks in the corner of the room. It was fun to build tall castles, houses, forts, and even whole vil-

lages, with bright blocks and then touch the buildings with your finger and send them rolling on the floor.

Baby looked on, her big blue eyes open wide, enjoying herself as much as the mischievous two. But Baby wasn't such a very important person — couldn't speak and tell the boys what wonderful builders they were! They wanted Mummie to see and approve.

"Mummie, look at my castle. Isn't it grand?"

"I'm at the last story, Mummie. My house's going to look pretty."

"Quick, Mummie, my castle's falling . . . there!"

"I made a big jail, Mummie. See the bars up there. There goes my jail!" and the wooden blocks fell with a thud on the floor.

Mother looked at the builders, a happy smile playing about her lips. How she loved them! And how they loved their own Mummie! It was so much more interesting to have her joining in their merry games! Mother thought it would be a good moment to tell her big girl about another Mother, who cared for Jesus once and became everybody's Mother when her dying Son gave her to us.

"Fred and Johnny are telling me all about their block buildings. They always ask me whether I find their houses pretty. Did you notice just how delighted they are when I smile at them? And do you know why it's that way, Dorothy? Just because I'm their own beloved mother."

"Oh, they're always like that, Mummie!"

"And that's how you must always act with Our Blessed Mother in Heaven. You must tell her everything, all your thoughts, your actions, your wishes. Tell her all about your work, your games and ask her to help you always be a good girl. And now that you're getting ready to welcome Jesus in your heart, you should often tell Mother Mary: 'O Mother, I'm waiting for Jesus. Make me ready for my First Communion. I can't do it all alone;' or, 'Dear Blessed Mother, see, I've been a naughty girl again. I wouldn't listen to Mummie. I'm sorry and promise to do better next time.' Here's another little prayer, too: 'Dear Mother Mary, come and love your Jesus in me and through me.' Now, if you do this, you may be sure Our Blessed Mother, the very best of all mothers, will send you choice gifts from Heaven. She is never tired of smiling, cheering and helping when we love her with our whole heart."

Dorothy had been listening very attentively to her mother's words. Deep in her heart she told herself she would do as Mummie had told her. Surely Mummie knew what was best. And Dorothy wasn't a child to listen more or less to what her Mother said and then forget all about it. A few days later, as the wee lass was playing with a little friend, someone heard her say: "Let's play nicely 'cause I asked Our Blessed Mother to look down at us." Wasn't that lovely?

My dear boys and girls, First Communion Day will soon be here for some of you. One blithe morning in April or sunny May, Jesus will come down at last into your loving heart. I wonder who is longing more for the great day, Jesus or you? Just like the Dorothy of my true story, you are looking forward eagerly to the wonderful day of days. How lovingly you should prepare for that first meeting with your Divine Friend! As you see by this story, it isn't hard to please Jesus. Just do all your actions, even the tiniest, as well as you can, and if you sometimes forget to give Jesus your best, tell Him you're sorry and try to do better. Now you see it's all very easy, even for six and eight-year-olds. You will try, won't you, my dear young friends?

Of course, I don't mean only my wee friends who will soon make their First Communion. I am speaking to all of you, boys and girls. Surely you must prepare as lovingly and piously as you can for Jesus' first coming. But you must never forget that Jesus' second, tenth, hundredth coming are to be prepared for still more lovingly. With every new Communion, every fresh visit from Our Savior, your welcome must become more fervent, more generous, more loving. That can be done easily with Mother Mary's help. So never forget, either, to pray to her. Like Dorothy, ask our dear Blessed Mother to look down upon you. Then it will be easier to remain always good. Just try and see for yourselves.

As you know, March is St. Joseph's own special month. So you must whisper a prayer every day to the great Saint who cared for the Child Jesus, and learned from Him to love boys and girls like you.

Goodbye, dear young friends, until Mother Mary's month of May.

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Many thanks for your prayers. I have obtained a great favor. Again I ask your prayers for a special and much needed favor. Mrs. R. A. S., **Montreal**. — It is from a heart bursting with love for Mary my Mother that I send thanksgivings to the Queen of Heaven for the great favors she has granted me. Please continue to pray for my son, a young man in the Canadian Army in Holland. I know Mary will spread her heavenly protection over him. Please use the money enclosed to help the missionaries bring souls to Mary. Mrs. M. O., **Montreal**. — Many, many thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors received. I am very grateful to her. I want you to remember us always in your prayers. M. N., **N. D. C.** — Many thanks for your prayers. Please have a High Mass said in thanksgiving. Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady for my son's decision and letter which was written on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. E. W. — Please have a Mass said in thanksgiving to the Blessed Mother for two favors received. Mrs. R. G., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Many thanks for your prayers. Everything turned out as I had wished it. Please continue praying for my intentions. Mrs. F. Q., **Fort Covington, N. Y.** — Many thanks for a favor received. Miss M. de S., **Montreal**. — I have received a favor after promising to publish. Mrs. A. P. P. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for favors received. Miss C. B. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for a successful operation and a cure. Mrs. H. D., **Village Richelieu**. — A thousand thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. P. — Lively thanks for a cure obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes. A subscriber, **Outremont**. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary Immaculate for favors received. L. L., **Ville St. Laurent**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor granted me. Mrs. O. B., **Montreal**. — I have been granted a great favor. Mrs. J. O., **Mackayville**. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. G. M. — All my thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a special grace granted a friend at the hour of death. Mrs. R. B., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for having granted a grace to my son. Mrs. F. — Please publish my thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — I have obtained a cure through the miraculous medal and holy water of Lourdes. J. S. L., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Mary, our Mother. M. A. B. — Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. H. L. — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards Our Blessed Lady, who has granted me the favor I was requesting. Anonymous. — Gratitude for a favor obtained. Mrs. G. G., **St. Cyprien**. — Grateful thanks for a successful operation. Mrs. A. C., **Montpelier, Vt.** — Homage of gratitude towards Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. P. T., **Montreal**. — Hearty thanks for a grace granted me. Mrs. J. D. — Please help me to thank Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received. Miss B. — I wish to express my gratitude towards our dear Heavenly Mother for a favor received. A subscriber. — Thanks for special protection. Mrs. L. F. — Mary, Queen of All Hearts, has heard my plea. A thousand thanks! Mrs. M. B. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. H. D. — Thanksgiving for a favor obtained. Mrs. A. H. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady who has answered my prayer. Mrs. A. B. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. S. S. — Lively thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for my cure. M. E. L., **Valleyfield**. — Grateful thanks to Mary for my boys' cure. Mrs. E. P., **Val Morin**. — Many thanks for a favor received. Y. C.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

I am enclosing an offering for the Little Infant Jesus of Prague Burse, in thanksgiving for the safe return of my husband. Mrs. R. B., **Halifax, N. S.** — Grateful thanks to St. Joseph for a favor received. E. B., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony for a favor received through their intercession. Mrs. N. B. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph and Brother Andre for a position. A. C. — Gratitude towards Our Blessed Mother and Msgr. de Laval for a favor received. Mrs. M. G. — Thanks to St. Joseph and St. Jude for favors received. Mrs. C. S., **Salem, Mass.** — I am coming to thank St. Joseph for the grace he has granted me and request his protection. Mrs. A. P., **Montreal**.

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



PETITIONS

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

Please pray for all my intentions spiritual and temporal and for all my dead. Mrs. H. M., **Montreal**. — Please say a prayer for my son fighting at the front. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for my sister-in-law and her husband, and have a Holy Mass offered up for the speedy recovery of a dear friend of mine. Miss B. P., **Montreal**. — I humbly ask you again to make a novena for my son's speedy return to God, also for my health and blessings on our home. Mrs. C., N. D. G. — Would you please make a novena for me to Our Blessed Mother that we will find a suitable place to live. Mrs. A. E. E., N. D. G. — Will you kindly pray for me, as I am in great trouble and need your prayers. Mrs. G., **Verdun**. — Please make a novena for my husband that he may get better. Mrs. W. M., **Verdun**. — Please pray that God may protect my son in battle, also that I may have better health. Kindly remember all my other intentions in your prayers. A subscriber, Mrs. M. C., **Verdun**. — Will you please make a novena for me and the family. Mrs. A. D., **Choisy, P. Q.** —

Please say a special prayer for me. I am suffering with arthritis in my right arm and hand. Please remember my other intentions in your prayers. Mrs. E. B., **Maniwaki, P. Q.** — Will you please pray for me to Our Blessed Mother. I have to go to the hospital for an operation and need your help in prayers. Mrs. H. H., **St. Anne de Bellevue**. — I am asking you to make a novena for my husband, that he will go to church and quit his drinking. Mrs. M., **Cornwall, Ont.** — I have a son in the Canadian Army. Please pray for him. Mrs. O. S., **Toronto, Ont.** — Would you please kindly make a novena to the Immaculate Conception for a special favor. Mrs. M. C., **Round Lake Centre, Ont.** — May the Blessed Virgin guard my sailor son and protect his ship from all harm, that he may soon return to me safe. Mrs. R., **Timmins, Ont.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Lady for me. Mrs. T. J., **St. Johns, Newfoundland**. — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — May Mary Immaculate help my family, keep them from harm and peril and in good health. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Will you please pray for me that I could have a home for myself and my husband and a boy. Mrs. V. B., **Caribou, Me.** — Please pray and ask the Blessed Virgin Mary to grant my mother and myself better health. Mrs. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — May Our Blessed Mother protect my soldier boy now overseas. Mrs. L. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Will you kindly have a special novena made to Our Blessed Lady so that I may recover my health. I shall have my thanksgiving published in THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. P. S., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Will you please pray for my soldier brother over in France from whom we have not heard for two months. Mrs. J. G., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — I am sending an offering for a novena of lights to the Blessed Virgin Mary for special intentions for me and my mother and all the family. I have great faith in the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mrs. C. K., **Anthony, R. I.** — Will you kindly make a novena immediately for a very special favor. Miss D. J., **Hartford, Conn.** — Will you please pray for a conversion and other favors. Mrs. J., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Please pray for two soldiers missing in action. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Please remember me in your prayers. A friend, **Montreal**. — Please pray for my sister-in-law who has been ill for several months. Mrs. M. R., **Outremont**. — I request the cure of my young daughter. Mrs. J. E. C., **Montreal**. — Please pray for three young men. Anonymous. — I am a widow and the mother of eight children. May God grant me good health and all the graces I need to bring up my family. Anonymous. — Please pray for the cure of a sick person, also for a position and another very important favor. M. E. C., **Montreal**. — Please pray for three favors I urgently need. Mrs. J. L., **Dorion**. — Will you please pray for my husband's cure and for a position. Mrs. G. L., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a special favor. A subscriber. — May Our Blessed Mother protect my sons in military service. Mrs. G. C., **Matane**. — Please pray that my health may be restored. Mrs. E. S., **Matane**. — Will you kindly pray for a cure. Miss L. G. — Will you please pray for a special grace for my son. E. J.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 15; vocations, 5; cures, 45; positions, 6; special intentions, 62.



OBITUARY

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

3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Motherhouse. (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 Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honor is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, 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.