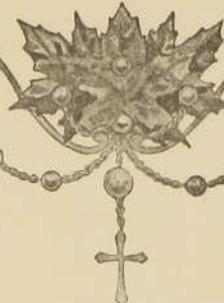


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 23rd Year

MONTRÉAL, May-June 1945

No. 3

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

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

(Founded in 1902)

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles. Kindergarten.

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

(Founded in 1918)

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

NOMININGUE, Que. (Bethany) (Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

Apostolic School for Aspirants to the Missions. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, Music and Painting.

JOLIETTE, Que., 750 St. Louis St. (Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing circles.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St. (Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollections for misses. Sewing circles. Private lessons in Painting.

VANCOUVER, B. C., 236 Campbell St. (Founded in 1921)

Oriental Hospital. Home and Dispensary for the Chinese. Private lessons in Language and Catechism for Chinese children and adults. Visits to Chinese families.

THREE RIVERS, Que., 466 Bonaventure St. (Founded in 1926)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Kindergarten.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles.

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

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

CHICOUTIMI, Que., 61 Jacques Cartier St. (Founded in 1930)

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

GRANBY, Que., 279 Main St. (Founded in 1931)

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for misses.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

ST. JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain St. (Founded in 1935)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

(Continued on page 3 of the cover)

Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception *By procuring work for them.*

THE Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have a workroom in which are made church vestments and altar linens; the profit is destined to support their Mother House and Novitiate.

Missionaries must train several years before undertaking apostolic work in foreign fields.

The articles mentioned on the page entitled "By Encouraging our Workroom", may be procured, on reasonable terms, at the workroom of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Montreal, Que.

We paint to order, spiritual bouquets, calendars with pictures of Our Lady, the Holy Family, the Little Flower, St. Bernadette Soubirous, and mission scenes, First Communion and Confirmation souvenirs, armlets, scapulars, *Agnus Dei*, badges for congregations, monograms, different tableaux, cushions, and fancy articles.

We also make wax infants of all sizes for Christmas Cribs.

Chinese embroidery and lace are on sale. The work is done by our Chinese orphans. By encouraging us, you co-operate in the salvation of many young pagan girls who, while earning their living in Catholic workshops, receive at the same time the light of Faith.

By Encouraging Our Workroom You Help Our Missions



We make church vestments: chasubles, dalmatics, ~~coopes~~, humeral veils, Roman, French and Gothic Benediction stoles and burses.

Rochets, albs and surplices in fine linen with guipure or handmade lace.

Felt Altar Covers, green or red.

Tabernacle Veils.

Ciborium Covers.

Breviary and Missal Marks.

Spiritual Bouquets for feasts and for the dead.

Cassocks for altar-boys.

Birettas and clerical vests.

Collars and bands in red velvet for "Sacred Heart League".

Silk flags, hand-painted and hand-embroidered. Oak staffs. Detachable holder and lance of gold-enamelled brass.

A large variety of banners and canopies are made in our workroom.

Description and prices given on request.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------------------|---------|----------|
| Altar Linens | Amices | \$18.00 | per doz. |
| | Corporals | 10.00 | " " |
| | Purificators | 7.00 | " " |
| | Finger-Towels | 6.00 | " " |
| | Palls | 5.50 | " " |

WAX INFANTS

| Length | | Length | |
|--------------------|---------|---------------------|---------|
| 5 inches | \$ 3.00 | 14 inches | \$16.00 |
| 7 " | 5.00 | 16 " | 20.00 |
| 9 " | 8.00 | 18 " | 25.00 |
| 12 " | 14.00 | 20 " | 30.00 |
| | | 22 inches | 35.00 |

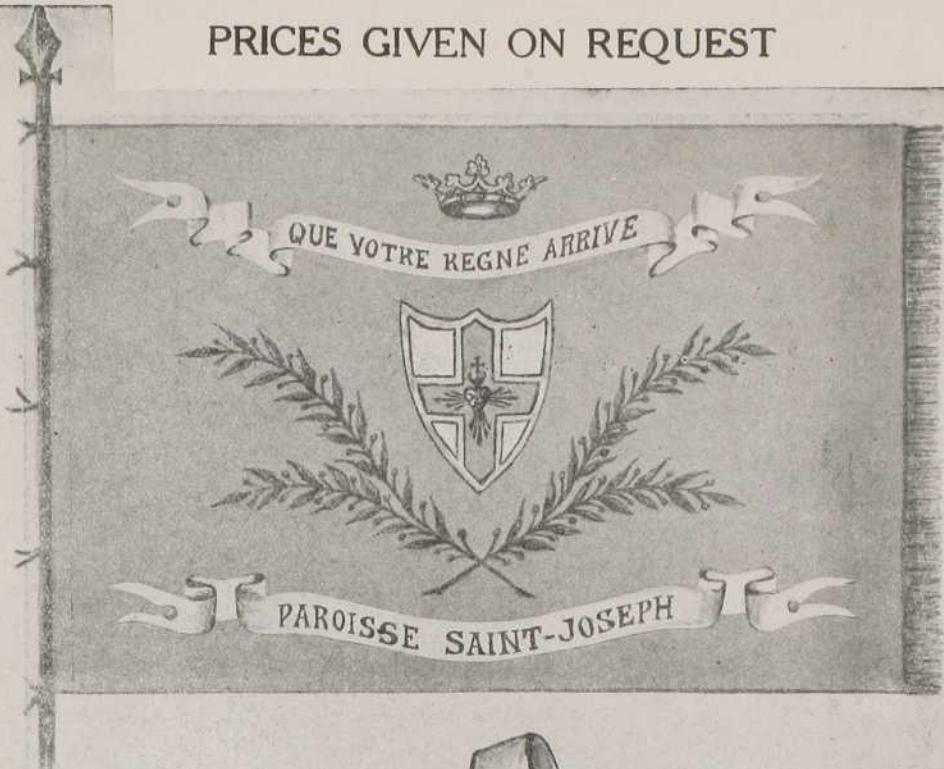
Sales tax and mailing costs not included.

Sales tax is 2% in the Province of Quebec and 4% in the City of Montreal. Sales to churches excepted.

We supply *altar-breads* at the following prices:

| | | |
|-----------------|--------|----------|
| Small | \$1.20 | per 1000 |
| Large | .40 | " 100 |

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST





O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the

Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XV, 23rd Year

MONTRÉAL, May-June 1945

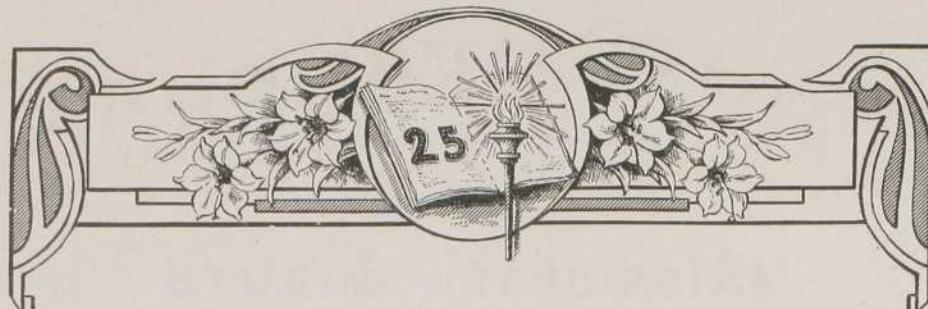
No. 3

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Twenty-Five Years

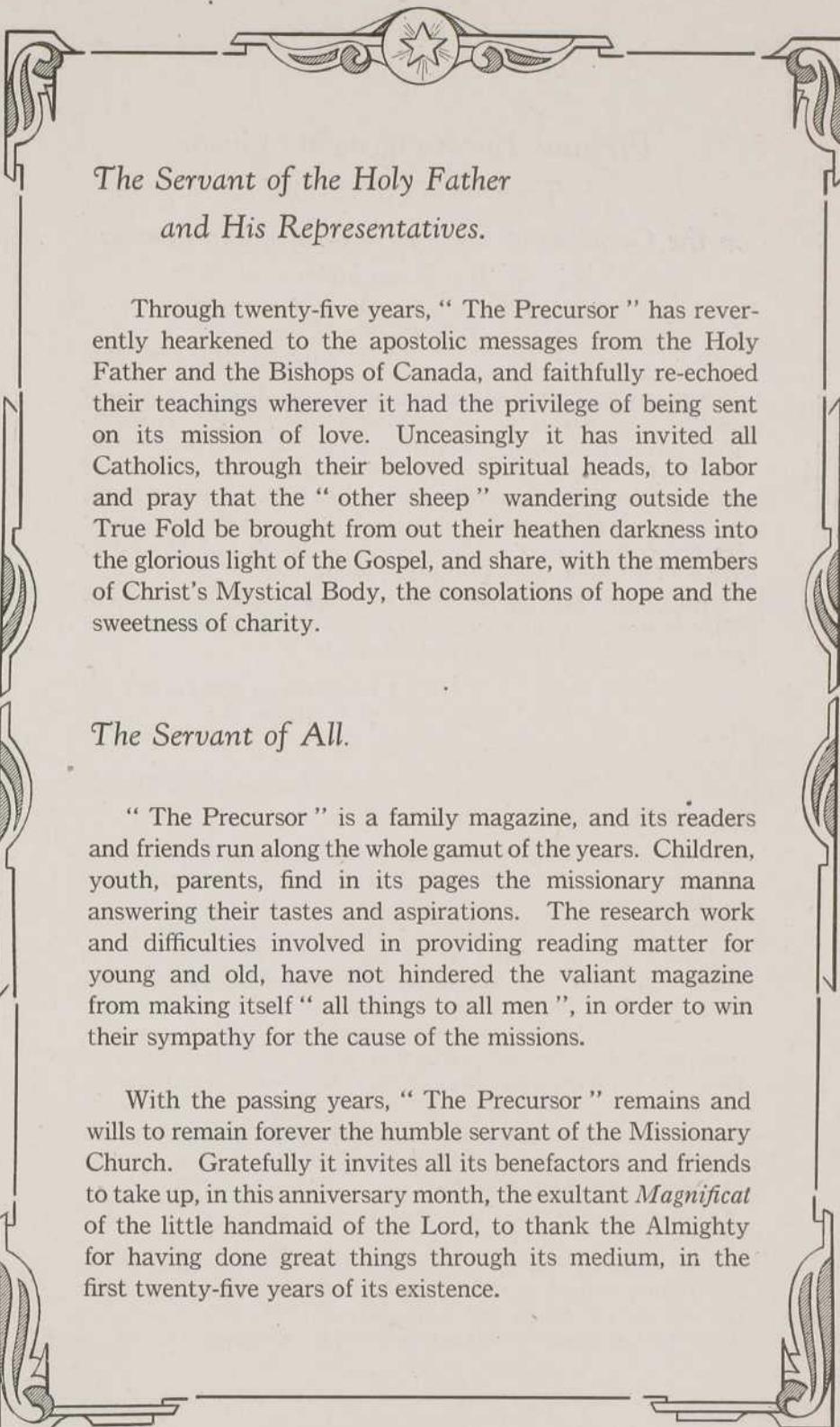
May 1945 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of "The Precursor", bi-monthly publication of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Humbly, but courageously, it began its apostolic career in the month of Mary, a quarter of a century ago, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mother of God and the patronage of the fearless Palestinian herald of Christ.

On the service of the Missionary Church — such was the initial programme of "The Precursor." Through twenty-five years, by all the means at its command, it has endeavored to spread knowledge and love of the far-flung mission territories yet to be conquered to the True Faith. And through the same period of time, in order to serve the Missionary Church more efficaciously, it has proclaimed itself:

The Servant of Mary Immaculate.

From the very outset, "The Precursor" regarded Our Blessed Lady as the Queen of its apostolate. With filial confidence, it awaited from her the inspiration and development it needed to fill its role in the missionary drama of the Church. Gratefully, proudly, lovingly, it welcomed every opportunity to sing her praises, extol her holy name and spread devotion to her. Winning hearts to the Queen of the Missions has ever been its chosen method for serving Missions and Missionaries.



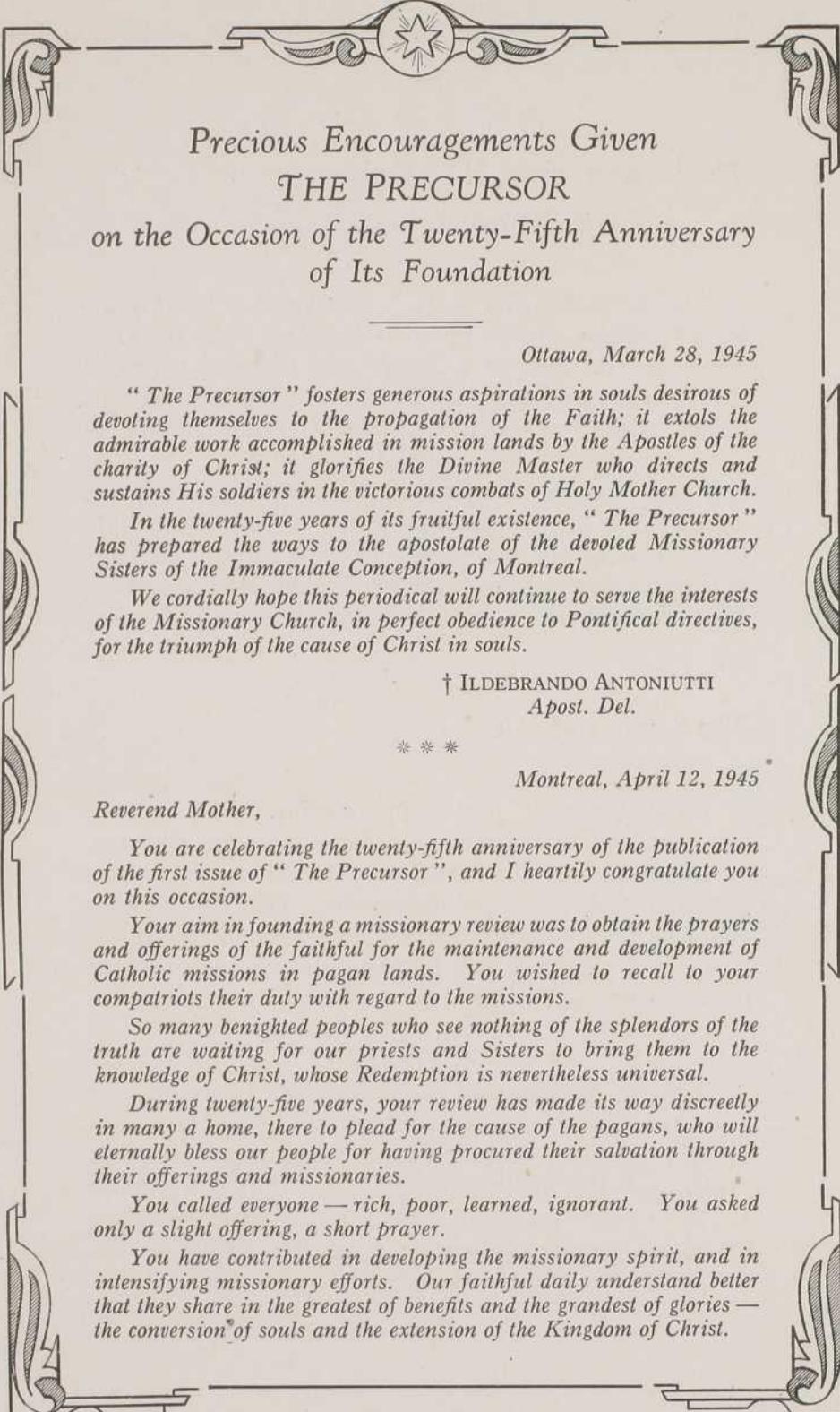
The Servant of the Holy Father and His Representatives.

Through twenty-five years, "The Precursor" has reverently hearkened to the apostolic messages from the Holy Father and the Bishops of Canada, and faithfully re-echoed their teachings wherever it had the privilege of being sent on its mission of love. Unceasingly it has invited all Catholics, through their beloved spiritual heads, to labor and pray that the "other sheep" wandering outside the True Fold be brought from out their heathen darkness into the glorious light of the Gospel, and share, with the members of Christ's Mystical Body, the consolations of hope and the sweetness of charity.

The Servant of All.

"The Precursor" is a family magazine, and its readers and friends run along the whole gamut of the years. Children, youth, parents, find in its pages the missionary manna answering their tastes and aspirations. The research work and difficulties involved in providing reading matter for young and old, have not hindered the valiant magazine from making itself "all things to all men", in order to win their sympathy for the cause of the missions.

With the passing years, "The Precursor" remains and wills to remain forever the humble servant of the Missionary Church. Gratefully it invites all its benefactors and friends to take up, in this anniversary month, the exultant *Magnificat* of the little handmaid of the Lord, to thank the Almighty for having done great things through its medium, in the first twenty-five years of its existence.



Precious Encouragements Given

THE PRECURSOR

on the Occasion of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
of Its Foundation

Ottawa, March 28, 1945

"The Precursor" fosters generous aspirations in souls desirous of devoting themselves to the propagation of the Faith; it extols the admirable work accomplished in mission lands by the Apostles of the charity of Christ; it glorifies the Divine Master who directs and sustains His soldiers in the victorious combats of Holy Mother Church.

In the twenty-five years of its fruitful existence, "The Precursor" has prepared the ways to the apostolate of the devoted Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of Montreal.

We cordially hope this periodical will continue to serve the interests of the Missionary Church, in perfect obedience to Pontifical directives, for the triumph of the cause of Christ in souls.

† ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI
Apost. Del.

* * *

Montreal, April 12, 1945

Reverend Mother,

You are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of the first issue of "The Precursor", and I heartily congratulate you on this occasion.

Your aim in founding a missionary review was to obtain the prayers and offerings of the faithful for the maintenance and development of Catholic missions in pagan lands. You wished to recall to your compatriots their duty with regard to the missions.

So many benighted peoples who see nothing of the splendors of the truth are waiting for our priests and Sisters to bring them to the knowledge of Christ, whose Redemption is nevertheless universal.

During twenty-five years, your review has made its way discreetly in many a home, there to plead for the cause of the pagans, who will eternally bless our people for having procured their salvation through their offerings and missionaries.

You called everyone — rich, poor, learned, ignorant. You asked only a slight offering, a short prayer.

You have contributed in developing the missionary spirit, and in intensifying missionary efforts. Our faithful daily understand better that they share in the greatest of benefits and the grandest of glories — the conversion of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.



Dear Reverend Mother, I hope you will continue showing the marching Church in your "Precursor"; make of it the necessary work of the Christian Faith. I cordially encourage all those who have zeal for the house of God to subscribe to your magazine. They will be doing an act of charity, since they will be helping in bringing eternal salvation to their brethren and alleviating untold misery.

Please accept, Reverend Mother, the expression of my religious devotedness.

† JOSEPH CHARBONNEAU,
Archbishop of Montreal

* * *

St. Johns, March 15, 1945

Very Reverend Mother Superior,

Your admirable magazine, "The Precursor", will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding in May next.

For a quarter of a century, the thought of the missions has been spread and exalted in our homes by the frequent visit of your periodical. It has served to diffuse knowledge of the missions and keener appreciation of apostolic works. Reading about the heroic devotedness of your Sisters in pagan lands, many young girls have felt the interior call of the Holy Ghost to the mission apostolate. If the propagation of the Faith has many a generous apostle in our country, may we not say that it is in good part due to the mission information gleaned from "The Precursor"?

I am happy to pay tribute to your magazine on the occasion of its silver jubilee, and offer you my pious wishes for its constant development.

† ANASTASE FORGET,
Bishop of St. Johns

* * *

St. Hyacinthe, March 16, 1945

Very Reverend Mother,

"The Precursor" will enter on its twenty-fifth year in May next.

I hope your missionary review will continue to realize the apostolic aim it has borne in mind through a quarter of a century; to this end, may it cultivate the missionary spirit more and more — the missionary spirit based on the love of Christ and expressed by the ardent desire of the "Adveniat Regnum Tuum."

To the love of the Redeemer, you join tender devotion toward the Immaculate Virgin and unwavering submission to the Church of Rome; three elements which will not fail to ensure the success of the missionary work you have in mind.

I am happy to bless your magazine in this jubilee year, and I hope it will live forever to spread the missionary spirit among our population — a spirit of faith and generosity.



Please accept, with my wishes, this humble cheque which will tell you, in its way, the interest I bear to your Community and its works.

I am,

Very devotedly yours in Jesus and Mary,

† ARTHUR DOUVILLE,
Bishop of St. Hyacinthe

* * *

Bishop's Residence, Chicoutimi
March 23, 1945

Very Reverend Mother,

I am happy, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your magazine, to offer you my sincerest congratulations for the magnificent work accomplished so far.

Your "Precursor" helps to develop the missionary spirit among our people and spreads love of the Kingdom of God, the dominant theme of the teachings of Christ. It fosters the apostolic spirit and collaborates to the salvation of the heathen throngs.

Faithful to its name, "The Precursor" prepares the Missionary, for during the last twenty-five years, it has spread the missionary idea in our Canadian Catholic homes, disposing hearts to greater sympathy for the cause of the missions and planting the seed of a missionary vocation in many a young soul.

In its twenty-fifth year, let me express the hope that "The Precursor" may live on forever. If we are to have the poor always with us (and who are poorer than those who have never known Christ?), it behooves that your publication remind us of the fact in the efficacious way it has done through the last quarter of a century.

Please accept, Reverend Mother, with my respectful homage, the expression of my religious devotedness in Our Lord.

† GEORGES MELANÇON,
Bishop of Chicoutimi

* * *

Pont Viau, March 23, 1945

Very Reverend Mother Superior General,

I deeply appreciate the homage of the last volume of your missionary periodical, "The Precursor", which I have just received. It was your wish thus to be true to tradition and acknowledge the veneration and devotedness of your Institute towards the Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society of the Province of Quebec.

It was also a source of great pleasure for me to hear that, with the coming month of May, your review will have reached its twenty-fifth milestone.



This jubilee certainly deserves not to go by unnoticed, recalling as it does twenty-five years of devotedness to missionary endeavor, and to the development of the wonderful Work of the Propagation of the Faith.

Written with great care and in good taste, filled with abundant and magnificent illustrations, it supplies its readers with sundry accounts of your missionary Sisters' life of sacrifice and self-denial in the far-off mission field, describing alien lands and the ways and customs thereof. Moreover, the numerous and consoling instances of the conversion of souls have greatly contributed in making better known to our Canadian population the admirable work being done by their compatriots in mission territories, urging that prayers be offered and Christian aid be rendered them in their needs. It has undoubtedly been the medium of many a vocation to labor in the far-flung field of apostolate of the Heavenly Father.

Every two months since May 1, 1920, your publication has faithfully followed the programme it had drawn up at the outset; it has been published uninterruptedly, and today forms a precious collection of missionary data in the history of your Community as well as in the apostolic life of French Canada.

Your Institute and ours have always been closely linked together. Long prior to the foundation of our Seminary, February 2, 1921, by Their Excellencies the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Quebec, your Very Reverend Mother Foundress was praying and spending herself to obtain its realization; she sought to interest the religious authorities in her project, particularly His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal. Since the day of our foundation, it may be said, the priests of our Society have given religious and missionary training to your aspirants and, in the majority of our Missions, your Sisters are helping our missionaries in their apostolate. How could we fail to join you in fervent thanksgiving on this twenty-fifth anniversary of your missionary magazine?

In the name of all the priests of the Foreign Mission Society and in my own, I wish to offer your Community hearty congratulations on this twenty-fifth anniversary of your interesting missionary review, and express the hope that the coming quarter of a century will mark a brilliant career for "The Precursor".

As a pledge of these sentiments, dear Reverend Mother General, we beseech God, through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, to shed the light of His Wisdom and Grace in the hearts of your Daughters. May Providence ever guide their steps in the paths of virtue, and make them instrumental in many conversions over in pagan countries! May that same Divine Providence shield those of your Daughters who are laboring overseas in this sad era of warfare!

With my congratulations and best personal wishes, please accept, dear Reverend Mother General, the expression of my veneration and devotedness in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

EDGAR LAROCHELLE, P. A., P. M. E.
Superior General

AD



*Hail, Queen of the May,
Virgin Mother Most Pure!*

Queen of May

*O Mother, 'tis your lovely May,
The fairest month of all the year!
Now Nature dons her garments gay,
The morning dew gleams crystal clear,
And eager children romp and play,
And fill the air with shouts of cheer.*

*O Mother, in the meadows bright
The buttercups and daisies smile;
The rose has opened in the night,
It blushes in the blossomed aisle;
And every flower-heart is blithe,
And honey-cups the bees beguile.*

*O Mother, now 'tis sunny May,
And balmy breezes softly blow;
Yon babbling brooklets purl away;
The parent birds are crooning low
To fluffy nestlings through the day —
All Nature's jubilant, I know!*

*O Mother, when 'tis May-month sweet,
The carefree feathered choristers
Forget the wintry wind and sleet,
And, pious little worshippers,
To sing their antiphons they meet
Before the crimson sun bestirs.*

*O Mother, when 'tis lovely May,
And Nature wakes to life again,
So beautifully glad and gay,
We mortals join the swelling strain;
Our heart-songs rise, their praise to pay
To Mary, Queen of God's domain.*

*When comes the matchless month of May
The masterpiece of all the year,
Sad sorrow steals in souls that pray —
O Queen and Virgin, Mother, hear!
So many millions never say:
"I love you, Mary, Mother dear!"*

*O Mother Mary, intercede,
That all the wayward, sinful, cold,
Forever, from their bondage freed,
The Savior's countenance behold!
When Heaven's May-month comes, we plead,
Us sinners to your heart enfold!*

THE PRECURSOR



The Month of Mary

MEAVES, all green and tender, are gently unfolding. Warm, fragrant breezes are blowing, melting away the last remnants of snow and ice in woodland and glade. Mother Nature, casting aside her faded wintry mantle of grey, is donning her gayest springtime raiment. Feathering their nests in the treetops, little birds are carolling in ecstasies of joy. Rippling brooks are also singing, as merrily they scamper down the hillsides. All nature is chanting the praises of its peerless May Queen, Mary, Immaculate Mother of the Spotless Lamb of God.

With the Beloved in the Canticle of Canticles, Holy Mother Church addresses thus Our Lady of the May: "The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come!" And she invites her children, Christians of all climes, to join with her in offering Mary the tenderest of homages and invoking her with renewed fervor.

For the Mother of God is also our own dear Mother, and her heart loves us with a love we can scarcely fathom. A love all tender and merciful and generous. That Mother of mothers has been created for our sakes; she is, so to say, indebted to us, for, if God chose her amongst all others as Mother of His Son, it was because of us poor sinners and for our salvation.

Mother of Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer, she is Mother of His Mystical Body which is the Church and, consequently, our Mother in the supernatural order of things. Through her has been wrought the salvation of mankind, because she is Co-Redemptrix with Jesus, and her mercy will endure while endless ages roll. Through her, then, each and everyone of us will be saved. Through her, because of her prerogative of universal Mediatrix between God and man, flow all divine gifts and graces, and her power of intercession before the Most Blessed Trinity is boundless and irresistible. We have every reason, therefore, to cherish her with strong, enduring love, to honor her and fondly to trust in her.

Especially during this blessed month, let us strive to heighten our affection for Our Lady. What joy to sing her praises, to deck her altars and her shrines with the fairest of earth's blossoms! How happy we should all be to gather at her feet and sing her praises with the Angel choirs above! How grateful we should feel for Mary, the most exquisite gift of God's eternal love for His poor, wayward children! The surest way to prove our gratefulness and to win the Blessed Mother's favors, lies in the practice of those virtues dearest to her heart, virtues of which she has given

us such shining examples during her life here below. And let us not forget our less fortunate brothers, the sinners and the poor pagans, who know naught of that tender Mother's powerful love for them.

Bring flowers of the rarest, bring flowers of the fairest,
From garden and woodland, and hillside and vale;
Our full hearts are swelling, our glad voices telling
The praise of the loveliest rose of the dale.
O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.

THE REDACTION

————— * * * —————

Rays From Mary's Hands

The Queen of Light



MOUTHOSWAMY was an honest fellow, forest warden at Coimbatore. Universally esteemed, he was moreover of a deeply religious nature, feared the gods and honored them in his own untutored way, so much so that with the years he grew tall and strong — which constitutes in Hindu mentality a sure-as-fate pledge of the favor of myriad deities.

For some reason or other, an engineer presented him one day with — of all gifts! — a dozen European eggs. Finding a hen was a comparatively easy matter, and so was that of setting her on the batch. Luck smiled, and one happy morning twelve downy chicks stepped out into the world. Mouthouswamy was overjoyed. Feathered folk had always been bosom favorites of his. Thanks to the number-one diet he had figured out for them, the tiny chickens were soon sturdy on their yellow legs, and chirped for all their worth from morn till evening.

Alas, so soon sorrow blights unclouded bliss! Mouthouswamy was not the only proud admirer of the fluffy twelve. The prandou (a small rapacious eagle which the Hindus adore as a god) was covertly observing his best chance and, one ill-fated day, he swooped down on the defenceless bevy. In spite of Mother Hen's brave, bold struggle against the bandit and even Mouthouswamy's vigilant supervision, eleven little ones had soon been slaughtered by the bloodthirsty prandou. There remained only the twelfth and last, and goodness knows how paternally the forest warden watched over it — and how maternally, the poor bereaved parent hen! But once when forest warden, hen and chick were leisurely strolling together in the forest, a shrill cry rent the air. The murderous prandou, clutching the last remaining survivor, was swiftly winging its way to safety.

This was too much! Mouthouswamy saw red, snatched his gun, pulled the trigger and the avenging lead riddled the bold sniper.

Mouthouswamy, what have you done? You have killed the prandou, the sacred bird! You have slain your god, O unfortunate Mouthouswamy! The dead prandou was already torturing his mind, and searching his brain with its beak and talons. Sleep, appetite, and above all peace of soul, had once for all fled from the culprit. The gods had cursed him. Nothing could atone for his crime. The poor fellow soon got ill from anxiety, left Coimbatore and came to Trichinopoly to seek medical care. Gnawing remorse swiftly hurried on his heels. The offended deities were exacting just retribution!

Before the end of the third day, while Mouthouswamy lay stretched full length

on his straw mat, fighting a losing battle with despair, the door was flung wide open, and a trio of police officers rushed in, bound the sick man and dragged him to the district jail. Terrible vengeance of the gods!

Presently, Mouthouswamy was brought before the judge, charged with having murdered a native in Trichinopoly. Proving his innocence by stating that he was still at Coimbatore on the date of the murder would have been the easiest thing in the world. But Mouthouswamy chose to continue his expiation and appease the angry gods, so they would give him peace of mind again, without which life proved a nightmare. Not a word did he speak in self-defence, and uncomplainingly he accepted his sentence of twenty years of hard labor. Then began a new life for him at the central jail.

There I met him one day. The Catholic prisoners were the allotted portion of my heritage, and I made my rounds regularly with a native, Thome, who was my catechist. The ultrasevere rules forbade any condemned man to change religion, and that under pain of the most merciless sanctions.

Judge of my surprise one Sunday, on meeting at my chapel door Mouthouswamy, the trident stamped on the forehead designating him as an adorer of Krishna! He made a respectful bow, then stood gazing intently and silently at me. Not knowing what to make of it, I told Thome to interview the man.

"Father, he wants you to give him the water to wash his soul."

"But you know I can't possibly. Prison regulations stand in the way, and he'd be cruelly punished."

I feared lest some self-interested motive might prompt his request. Still, as he persevered in his resolve, I decided upon confiding his instruction to the catechist.

A mystified Thome approached me after the opening lesson.

"Father, there is something very unusual and very holy in that fellow. He knows all his prayers and the essentials of our Faith. He wants to be a Christian and nothing else."

"Yes, but what about the regulations?"

Cautiously I broached the subject to the superintendent. Learning that a pagan prisoner had dared follow our church functions, he flew into a fury. He yelled, stamped his feet and determined to punish the guilty one without delay.

Finally, after much persuasion, I succeeded in obtaining his grace — on condition that we should break up all relations, in compliance with I don't remember which article of the aforesaid regulations.

The wisest course at present was submission. So I gave in. Weeks crawled along. Mouthouswamy no longer came to catechism lessons, but his Catholic mates obligingly repeated the questions and answers to him. Unshakable still was that indomitable will to be given the water to wash his soul. I suggested that he ask a friend to baptize him, but he openly refused. Baptism he wanted from the Swami's hand, or no Baptism at all. Meanwhile, his strength was fast waning away. The poor man's pleadings increased with his weakness.

I went back to the superintendent, fully determined to gain my point at any cost. I expounded my litany of arguments, and so eloquently, that the officer, who had listened from beginning to end without objecting a single word, told me simply: "Would you put down all those reasons you have just given me in writing?"

That very day he had the paper in hand. On the evening of the morrow, a telegram from Madras brought me the governor's answer. "At the request of the Roman Catholic chaplain at Trichinopoly, concerning an exception to the prisoners' regulations, let every permission be given Mouthouswamy." A note from the superintendent informed me the prisoner was very low.

At daybreak the next morning I was at his side. Poor Mouthouswamy! Thin, exhausted, struggling for breath, he lay in a corner of the long ward stretched on a filthy mat. When he saw me, a ray of joy beamed in his eyes.

"Ah, here you are at last!" he murmured faintly. "God be praised and blessed for ever! The Heavenly Mother has not failed me. Now I can die happy."

Forthwith I began to question him. His answers, his own queries confirmed my persuasion that something supernatural had happened — a manifest intervention of grace was evident in his soul. My presence in the ward had stirred curiosity in many a heart, and presently the convicts had formed in a circle around me. I felt God's hour might well have struck for these guilty souls, and prayed Mouthouswamy to tell us how he had come to know of the Christian Religion. With characteristic simplicity, he related his story, from the incident of the eggs to the killing of the prandou, and then to his imprisonment. At first, his had been a terrible ordeal. Peace had fled from his conscience. He wished he would die.

"One night when my mates were asleep, I suddenly saw on the wall in front of me a beautiful light, different from that of the sun, the moon, or any earthly radiance. Never had I seen anything like it; yet it did not hurt my eyes in the least.

"That light filled my soul with undreamt-of happiness. I staggered to my feet and tried to touch it, but my hand met nothing but the bare wall, and I returned to my pallet. The light had become oval in shape. Oh, how happy I felt! The beauty of that light fascinated me beyond words. Of a sudden, the vision grew much more brilliant; I could make out a human form. Then I saw it was that of a queen. The splendid glow was but a cloud, compared to the beautiful Lady."

"How did you know she was a queen?" I asked.

"I saw and felt it. Yes, she was a queen!"

"You say she was beautiful — was she brown like the Hindus or white like the Europeans?"

"Father, she was neither white nor brown. I can only say she was *light*, a thousand times more radiant than her luminous garb, and yet I could gaze at her fixedly. She was smiling at me. And my eyes and heart were completely captivated by her unspeakable charms. I recall everything so clearly."

Poor Mouthouswamy's eyes were strangely brilliant, and his features shone with an expression of unearthly joy.

"At last," continued he, "she spoke to me, a pagan outcast who did not know her as you Christians do. 'Mouthouswamy,' she whispered, 'forget your sufferings. The prandou you shot was not a god, but a simple creature of my Son, the Maker of all things. He is the only True God, all-beautiful, all-merciful, almighty and all-loving. From Him I have received all my happiness and splendor and glory. You have followed the dictates of your conscience; you have remained faithful in the day of trial. That is why I have come to strengthen you and bid you receive the water that purifies the soul, at the hands of the Catholic missionary you often see walking by himself on the tower. Then will you truly be God's child and mine, and soon you will come into the Kingdom of my Son, where with me you will behold His glory and enjoy His Presence forever and ever.'

"Then she smiled once more and let me gaze on her again."

I asked him in what tongue the queen had spoken.

"She spoke none, Father, but it was all clearer than words. Then she gradually faded away. When all was over, I ran to the wall, hoping she would return, but she had really gone, and I shall see her again only in Heaven. I didn't feel sorry over my long hours of insomnia, for here I had been given something better than sleep. My heart was lightened of its unbearable weight. That vision has remained in my mind. My only sorrow was that I could not receive the purifying water. The queen had told me to ask for it, and I felt sure I would not die before having received it. Father, give me that water, I want to go and 'drink' God and His happiness."

There and then, I baptized him Maria Aroulanandam, in honor of Mary, his Heavenly Mother, and John, which means "full of graces".

Three days later Maria Aroulanandam left us for Heaven.

"*La Deva Mada* told me what I must do, and I obeyed her," had he declared to those who stood around him. "Now I am following her into the Kingdom of her Son and my God!"

REV. FATHER DUPUY, S. J.

All Graces Come Through Mary



HERE once lived in Carmel a saintly servant of God and Mary by the name of Hermann. In penance and suffering — for though penance has its sweetness, it has its trials as well — he spent his days in loving service to his Lord and the Queen of Angels. Ofttimes he would thus pray to Mary:

“O Immaculate Mother, give me my mother's soul in eternity. She it was who gave me life. In the name of your Divine Son, you will not refuse me that favor. She is still living in the errors of her forebears. Enlighten her soul and save her.”

For years and years the good Father had been praying in that wise, when sorrowful tidings were brought to him one day. His mother was dead — she had passed away without giving any outward sign of conversion or repentance; she had died in her Jewish creed.

“O my God! O Most Blessed Virgin Mary! I have prayed so much and made so many sacrifices to obtain my mother's salvation, and you have remained deaf to my pleadings!”

Ah, Christian soul, you do not understand the infinitely loving heart of your God! Else you would not speak so thoughtlessly.

Hermann was inconsolable. He resolved to seek the holy Cure of Ars, and disclose to him the deep sorrow and mortal anxiety filling his heart.

“Do not be so hasty in accusing Divine Providence,” replied the sympathetic pastor. “A few years hence, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, you shall receive news of your mother.”

Six long years passed, and when came the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father Hermann had long since forgotten the words of the Cure of Ars. A person knocked at the monastery door asking for Father Hermann. She was immediately introduced to him.

“Father,” she began, “I have a very important message for you. On a given day, you shall receive a letter you have been awaiting for years. It will clear up your doubts and anxieties concerning the death of your mother.”

On the very day mentioned by the visitor, Father Hermann received a letter from a person who chose to remain anonymous. It ran something like the following:

“Father, we must never entertain doubts with regard to Divine Mercy. Know that the prayers you have offered for the conversion of your mother have not been lost. I know full well that, to all human appearances, she passed away in the errors of her Jewish religion. But when she lay on her deathbed, about to breathe forth her soul, in that supreme moment when her eternity was to be decided, in that imperceptible instant when every movement of the pendulum might have closed time and opened eternity, the Most Blessed Virgin implored her Divine Son, saying:

“‘My Son, the soul I ask from Thee is the soul of the mother of my servant Hermann. For years he has been praying and weeping and practising so many penances. A thousand times he has consecrated that soul to me in his prayers. In this last moment, I ask Thee to save that soul. Thou canst not refuse to hear my prayer. I ask Thee that soul in the name of the agony I suffered beneath Thy Cross as Thy Co-Redemptrix. Give me that soul. Do at this hour what Thou shouldst wish another should do for the soul of Thine own mother.’

“And Jesus, who, from His throne of glory, is still concerned with our human ways and governs them all, granted to His holy Mother the favor she requested. A ray of divine grace flashed in your mother's soul. She was granted a glimpse of the truth, she believed and, dying in that very moment, she was eternally saved.”

'Twas Mother's Day in Nazareth

(Dedicated to All Mothers)



OME, Little Boy, and play with us!" a bevy of birds were gaily twittering in the tallest treetop, as the four-year-old Lad awoke from His long night's sleep and angel dreams. Little Boy peeped over His small blue bed. Mother's eyes were still closed in sleep. Mother must be tired, thought He. She had toiled hard yesterday. All day long, the busy whir of her spinning wheel had made music with His foster father's plane and hammer and saw.

Very quietly, so He would not disturb the beloved sleeper, Little Boy climbed over the blue bed, held on tightly to the bedpost till His sturdy baby feet rested safely on the floor, and scampered out in the scented morning air. It was one of God's most beautiful mornings, the Boy felt, and His heart beat as happily as that of the carefree warblers shyly perching on His shoulders. One brave little brown fellow alighted on His hand. There was no reason for being afraid, the birdie reflected deep down in his bird-heart. So often that gentle hand had been raised in loving blessing upon him and his crooning mates.

Hush! Little Boy was placing a dainty finger on His sweet red lips. The bird-host folded their wings, bent listening heads and, flapping their wings again, were off on their way as the jovial sun peered from behind the radiant skyline.

Lilies, roses, tulips, carnations and even the shy, frilly daisy, each bearing a starry dewdrop in its bosom, looked up expectantly. The happiest moment of their short flower-life was nearing. Pure, childish hands were about to pluck them and clasp them with the rapt joy only a child can know, close, thrillingly close to a loving Boyish heart!

The May morning was incomparably delightful. One moment the Lad, pressing His bouquet to His heart, gazed wonder-eyed at such entralling beauty. Once more, He saw that "all was good". Joining His hands in a gesture of thanksgiving and raising His brown head heavenward, He murmured for the thousandth time perhaps in His short life: "Father, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." At the last filial homage of submission, a snowy dove cleaved the azure skies and fluttered around the Little King of Heaven and earth. Caressingly, His ever blessing hand fondled the pure-winged messenger of the Father's love.

But the Child's early hour escapade had not remained entirely unnoticed. A fond, adoring foster father had witnessed all Nature's joy and the touching incident of the flowers and the dove. He had seen his adopted Son, the Son of the Most High, clasp His hands in a gesture of prayer. And the lowly Carpenter, who let Him do little helpful turns in the workshop, who ^{hi} selle^{hi} and carved wee wooden playthings to please His childish heart, felt Heaven very close and the Blessed Trinity contemplating the adorable scene of that May morning in obscure Nazareth.

Still, Joseph was the tiny deserter's Guardian, so he sensed it his duty to inquire on the early outing.



A White Dove Fluttered Close to Him

"Jesus, why did You get up so early this morning? What are You going to decorate with all those flowers, anyway?"

Jesus' tender, trusting eyes met His fatherly Guardian's.

"But isn't it Mother's Day?" Jesus simply asked.

"Oh, I see, now! Those flowers are for Your Mother. You want to make a bouquet, is that it?"

"Yes, Father, a bouquet."

"Come with me, Jesus."

And Jesus followed His foster father into the cottage. With infinite precautions Joseph brought out the lovely urn the Child's grandmother had inherited from her great-grandparents, and placed it in Jesus' hands. Never had Joseph beheld so exquisite a bouquet as that which the Child's artist fingers arranged in the treasured vase.

Still, Jesus did not seem perfectly satisfied. "What can be wanting, anyway?" wondered Joseph, and he turned questioning eyes towards the Little Son of God and of Mary.

"What is it, Son? What have we forgotten?"

"Father, I'd like to add My feast day wishes. Maybe you'd have a leftover board in the shop."

"Why, surely, my Boy, come with me and we'll find something for Your purpose."

Close beside the toolchest, the Carpenter found three or four finely-planed light boards.

"Here, my Boy, choose!" Jesus picked out the nicest and daintiest of them all and lightly wrote with His finger on its smooth surface; but — oh marvel! — every letter formed by the Heavenly Artist turned to radiant gold! Then the same divine touch gilded the four edges of the board, a few artistic touches here and there lit it up in celestial hues, and a playful kiss in the upper corner blossomed out into a brightly twinkling star.

Bewildered and unspeakably happy, Joseph looked on breathlessly at the golden inscription. "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women." The Omniscient Infant had traced the selfsame Heaven-come message delivered by the Archangel-Ambassador Gabriel.

"This is wonderful, Jesus. Mother will be delighted!"

Jesus tiptoed over to the fragrant bouquet with His feastday wishes. At that very moment, He heard a muffled footstep and, turning round, saw His own dear Mother, arms outstretched for His usual good-morning embrace.

"Happy feastday, Mother!" He chimed, placing a tender kiss on her fair brow and twining His childish arms round her neck.

"Oh, what a lovely gift!" And while Mary ecstatically contemplated the fragrant flowers and the golden wish card, Jesus ran over to the open window and made a mysterious sign with His upraised hand. In a few seconds, all the bird-world of Nazareth had gathered beneath the window of the tiny cottage, and from a thousand happy bird-breasts rose one grand, melodious concert in honor of Mary, the loving Queen of May.



In the Carpenter Shop

Cosily ensconced in dear motherly arms, Little Jesus listened to the winged singers He Himself had gifted with surpassing sweet voices. Then, with a parting blessing, He dismissed the merry band, bidding them rehearse a still more thrilling evening serenade to grace the last hours of this unforgettable Mother's Day.

VIOLET

At the moment of her birth the Church manifested her international mission. Her first public act was to speak to the nations, as represented by the polyglot multitude that had assembled at Jerusalem for the festival: men from the Middle East and North Africa and Italy. It was a kind of international broadcast that anticipated and typified the worldwide work of preaching and missionary action which even today, after nearly two thousand years, is still only in its first stages. Nevertheless wherever the Church exists there is a seed of unity and promise of peace to the nations.

Christopher Dawson

Mission Intention for the Month of May, 1945

"THE EDIFICATION OF PROGRESSIVE EASTERN NATIONS BY EUROPEAN CHRISTIANS"

It was with almost prophetic vision that the Holy See assigned the above intention to the prayerful attention of the faithful during this month of May in the year 1945, for it would seem that, with the restoration of peace in the not too distant future, the role of European Christians must necessarily become an important one. Certainly, after the long and bitter years of warfare, the Catholics of Europe will need to be sustained by our prayers. Otherwise they will find themselves dominated completely by the sleeping giants of the East who have been awakened from their isolation and are now ready to assume almost unbelievable importance in world affairs.

A mere glance at the listing of the countries that constitute the "eastern nations" will give an understanding of the concern of the Holy See in their regard. Greece, Albania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Roumania, the Ukraine, Russia, Turkey, Armenia, Syria, the Holy Land, Mesopotamia, Arabia and Persia stand today upon the threshold of a new era. Actually they may be said to have reached the crossroads where the entire course of their future history will be changed for good or evil. Islam beckons to countless millions of them, many of whom are already sympathetically inclined toward the Prophet's easy code of morals. Communism, under whatever guise it may be presented, has already enmeshed many more millions, and now stands poised upon the crest of floodtide breakers, ready to pour its torrents upon the eastern nations and all of Europe as well.

In view of the history of the past seven years continental Europe may seem a poor breakwater to stem the advance of these currents. Yet, with the wisdom of centuries, Holy Mother Church places her trust in the behavior of European Christians to furnish the edification which will lead the progressive eastern nations back along the path to God and true justice.

We have already seen that many of these progressive eastern nations have been blinded by the desire to emulate the European countries in their materialistic and atheistic aims. Perhaps, in the designs of an omnipotent Providence, it was necessary to permit the present cataclysmic conflict, to reawaken the East to a truer sense of values. Europe, which had become her mentor and guide, has now little left to offer her unless it is the fruits of Christianity which actually constitute the only real measuring rod of progress.

Upon Portugal's stony soil Mary, the Seat of all Wisdom, prophesied that a repentant world would be restored to her Son's favor, and that dedication to her, under the title of Our Lady of Fatima, would eventually restore Russia to her rightful place in the family of the Church. The hour of grace may be nearer than we know — the hour when the truly devoted Catholics of Europe, the loyal Jocists, will help in a truly herculean task. As National Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith I ask that your prayers support our European Catholics during this month dedicated to Mary's honor.

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U. S. A.

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)

At the age of eighteen, she made her humble request for admission into the Carmelite Order, but her petition was rejected. This avowal the Mother Foundress made to Very Rev. Canon Roch in 1933. It is to be presumed that her delicate health motivated the refusal of the daughters of St. Teresa. She then knocked at the convent of the Grey Nuns of St. Hyacinthe, and the doors of the blessed haven opened to bid her into the Lord's own Dwelling.

"One evening as I was with a number of Postulants," the revered Foundress related to Rev. Mother Marie de St. Gustave in the first days of her Community, "I felt impressed with the inward conviction that Our Lord was telling me how I should later found a missionary Community for women and cooperate in the foundation of a similar Society for men, a Foreign Mission Seminary like that of Paris. The incident soon vanished from my memory. It came back to me when our convent was opened, but I did not think of telling anyone about it." In almost identical terms, the humble Foundress disclosed the same incident to Very Rev. Canon Roch some twenty years later.

The young Postulant's happiness with the Grey Nuns was soon to be tragically shattered and her hopes blighted. A fever epidemic broke out in the convent, and her parents requested her to return home. Thus, after two brief months of religious life, we find her again with her beloved foster parents, with whom she remained seven or eight years. All through that time, she felt continually haunted by the thought of mission apostolate and urged to found a Community of missionary Sisters. But, believing herself unequal to the sublime vocation of Foundress, she strove to repel the inspiration as if it were a suggestion of the Evil One. Seated one day in the garden of her foster parents' home, she felt — as she confided to Very Rev. Canon Roch in 1933 — the Holy Ghost taking complete possession of her soul, and giving her a pledge of His abiding assistance. But at the time, it did not enter her mind to speak to anyone about the heavenly favor that had been granted her.

Miss Tetreault was about twenty-four years of age, when she met Rev. Father Pichon, onetime spiritual adviser of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, a Jesuit priest who had founded a Charity House of good works called Bethany, the charge of which he had entrusted to a compatriot of his, Madame Poitou, who had crossed over from France for that sole purpose. The Reverend Father spoke to Miss Tetreault on the religious vocation, acquainted her with his project of founding a Community and asked her cooperation. Fervently she responded to the appeal. Was not this,

perhaps, the Congregation God had inspired her to erect for His glory? Seeking only to discover the designs of Providence and heed the beckonings of grace, Miss Tetreault left her adopted family and embraced her new calling. Deeply her sensitive and loving nature suffered from the pain of that parting, as may be gathered from a subsequent confidence made to one of her spiritual daughters several years after. "Once when I was sad and disheartened, Mother came to see me at Madame Poitou's. 'Delia,' she spoke firmly yet gently, 'now that you have left me and asked of me such a great sacrifice, you must keep on bravely. Make your sacrifice cheerfully, or come back to us if you find it too heavy.' This energetic admonition raised my faltering courage, and once for all I mastered my loneliness and hesitations."

The grateful remembrance of the divine protection and assistance granted her at this time, buoyed up her confidence when trials later beset her young Community. Returning from a retreat in February, 1916, the revered Foundress thus reassured her companion of the first days, Rev. Mother Marie de St. Gustave: "I understood better than ever before in my retreat that prayer is our only hope. But with prayer we have everything, we can do everything. Human means were very slender when we founded our Community. All has come from above. God drew me from my country home to make me the instrument of His designs. Father Pichon opened his house and sent for me, expressing his wish that I should keep the project a secret from everyone. I had to leave my mother, who was then seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. My poor father, who could not understand how I had the courage to part from him in so trying a moment, bade me farewell with: 'Since you want to leave us, never come back.' (These painful words, uttered in a moment of deep emotion, had no further effect. Mr. Alix was always happy to welcome his daughter home in after years. In his last illness, and again a few minutes before dying, he expressed the longing to have her at his bedside.) Our Charity House," continued the Reverend Mother, "was located in a poor section on St. Philip Street, whose reputation was more or less unsavory. Handsome carriages often



REV. FATHER ALMYRE PICHON, S. J.

courage, and once for all I mastered my



MISS JOSEPHINE MONTMARQUET,
at the Age of Twenty.

young people in their twenties, who had never drawn near Jesus in the Eucharist. Lovingly, carefully, she prepared them for their First Communion. Once when she was instructing these belated pupils in their religious duties, a middle-aged man who stood shyly in the background, and who knew nothing at all about God, was so deeply impressed by her words that he broke into tears. The lesson over, he sought the ardent teacher and told her how sorry he felt at being unable to share the young people's happiness. At his age, he objected, studying catechism was out of the question. Tenderly Miss Tetreault comforted and encouraged him. But she did more. He and the other members of his family must be led to the Divine Master. After several instructions, they were sufficiently prepared for Baptism and the other Sacraments, which they received with edifying fervor. The courageous charity worker also paid heartening calls on the needy poor, distributed food to them, and sought to relieve their every want and anxiety. In these families she recruited pupils for her catechism classes.

But her praiseworthy zeal knew no bounds. She obtained the favor of caring for an old invalid, the mother of one of Father Pichon's co-laborers at Bethany. With what gentleness she ministered to the ailing patient! Night after night, with the same strong will and the same brave, loving heart, she kept faithful vigil at the bedside. Through tender care and unfaltering patience, she gradually won the affection of her elderly charge.

stopped in front of the attractive if modest building. People must have gossiped much about what seemed to be a meeting place, and wondered what it could be. Father Pichon was truly a man of God, a prominent figure in the Jesuit Order. He had only one ambition — to do good — and did not let public opinion stand in his way and hamper his work. People undoubtedly asked themselves why I stayed there."

"Why I stayed there." — Through ten labor-filled years she devoted herself to the manifold works of spiritual and corporal mercy being accomplished at the Charity House. The simple and unlettered found in her an untiring and zealous educator. From her, little newsboys learned their Our Father and Hail Mary — and not newsboys alone, but

Miss Tetreault also filled the function of sacristan, which function served to develop her exquisite taste in altar decoration. Greatest of all joys was that of being the handmaid of the Tabernacle King. How fondly, too, she adorned the statues of her Heavenly Mother, to whom she had vowed especial devotion! In the heart of the best of Mothers, she cast all her worries and difficulties. Many years after, she will affectionately render her homage in these words: "Our Blessed Mother has been our first Foundress. She it was who came to my assistance when I could not see my way and dreaded illusion. I had consecrated myself to her before the statue of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, and that Most Merciful Mother has never failed me."

She who so loved Mary longed to make others love her. It was while spreading this devotion that she became acquainted with Miss Josephine Montmarquet, her future first companion in the religious life, and also an ardent devotee of Our Lady. (*To be continued*)

Why Go Abroad?

Why go to the foreign missions and support them? Is there not enough to do at home?

Yes, there is plenty to do at home. Our own people, our colored people, and our people of many nationalities and circumstances, all call for our attention and effort. Our home work must not be neglected. Christ Himself declared that He was sent "but to the house of Israel."

Yet Christ also commissioned His Apostles to "teach all nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature." So it is by divine commission that every Catholic is bound to do his part in carrying out the command of spreading the Gospel wherever it may be received, to whoever seems most ready to receive it.

Since we are part of the human race, we cannot isolate ourselves from the rest of the human race.

Spiritually, we cannot be isolationists. We all belong to the Mystical Body of Christ. It must be our effort to absorb those who do not belong to that Body. Christ wants the whole human race to be His one Mystical Body.

So, whether for home or foreign missions, for white or for colored, for Christian, Jew or pagan, let us back the attack on the gates of Hell, and then they will not prevail.

Rev. Fabian Merz, O. F. M.

Mother and Vocation

A mother can exercise a happy influence in the orientation of the life of her children, especially in the dawn and development of a vocation. If vocations are rare today, it is not the fault of the Divine Call, but the fault lies in the fact that the soil is not made ready. This soil is evidently the family. Many families today have not the spirit of faith sufficiently developed to desire this honor; without positively putting a barrier in the way, many families do not foster vocations. A priest in a family is a great grace, a reward for generous accomplishment of sacred duties.

To make a saint two things are necessary: the grace of God and man's good will.

A mother may ask God that her child be given a vocation: she can cultivate this vocation. She must protect it.

One day, they asked Napoleon at what time should a child begin its education. "Twenty years before its birth," he replied, "by educating the mother."

A mother educates her child when she inspires it with a dread of sin, a love for God, and brings it up in the practice of piety and self-denial.

Quebec Chinese Mission



FTER fourteen years of interruption, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception took up again, in the summer of 1943, their apostolate in behalf of the sons of old China settled in the capital city of French Canada.

Only too happy to have the Sisters continue a work of charity begun by their Mother Foundress back in 1919, Rev. Father A. Caron, Chaplain and Director of the Quebec Chinese Mission, invited them in July, 1943, with the authorization of His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, to visit the Chinese who were ill in hospitals and in their homes, and to teach Christian doctrine to children and adults.

Two Sisters who have spent long years in China and speak Chinese fluently, are giving themselves whole-heartedly to this apostolic work, which is already yielding the most consoling results.

September 16, 1943, the Sisters paid a first visit to a Protestant hospital where several Chinese patients were receiving medical care. One of them, Mr. Yee Lai Yip, ill with paralysis, joyfully welcomed their explanations on the great truths of our Holy Faith. He asked for Baptism and was christened by the chaplain who was called to his bedside.

A fellow sufferer, Mr. Wong Koun, had been deeply impressed by Mr. Yip's conversion to the True Religion. Not many days after, he also asked to be made a child of God. As his condition was far from improving, he was immediately given the holy waters of the regenerating Sacrament, that his soul might appear before God in all the beauty of its baptismal innocence.

Baptism was also administered to Mr. Tson Hop, at the Hotel Dieu of Quebec, December 15.

In early March of the following year, two other dying Chinese, instructed in the main beliefs of our Religion, were likewise prepared for their meeting with their Heavenly Father.

Mr. Sito Bill was solemnly baptized in the chapel of the Chinese Mission, June 4. On the following day, the happy neophyte made his First Communion. On the 6th, he was made a soldier of Christ through the Sacrament of Confirmation, at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. J. O. Plante, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec. It is to the beneficent influence of a model Catholic family where he was a boarder, that the upright and genial Chinese owes the blessings of the Faith he now enjoys. The sterling examples there set before his eyes have heightened his appreciation of the Catholic Religion, and incited him to embrace it.

The same day, June 6, the Sacrament of Baptism was administered to Mr. Leung Sing, a patient in Bellevue Hospital.

The military hospital of the city was the theatre of another baptism, that of Mr. See Hi Hing, December 16. The young man received the Sacrament with edifying fervor. Christmas Midnight Mass was the occasion of Jesus' first Eucharistic visit to this freshly-purified soul. Mr. Hing had a burning desire to share his recently-found Faith with his less



BAPTISM CEREMONY OF MESSRS. SITO LIN AND KOUNG MOUN,
IN THE CHAPEL OF THE QUEBEC CHINESE MISSION, DECEMBER 24, 1944.

fortunate kinsmen, but God seemed satisfied with his good will; one week later, the new Christian came into his inheritance as a child of the Father in Heaven.

Christmas also brought the joy of First Communion to two other Chinese, Messrs. Sito Lin and Koun Moun, who had been baptized the previous day in the Mission chapel.

The two neophytes, along with Mr. Yee Lai Yip, who had been solemnly baptized February 16, 1945, were confirmed March 11 last in the chapel of the Archbishop's Palace, by His Excellency Most Rev. J. O. Plante.

Baptism was also administered to Mr. Wong Sing, Hotel Dieu of Levis, March 7, 1945.

May Our Blessed Lord shower His graces upon these new Christians, that their exemplary conduct be an eloquent testimony in favor of the holiness of the Faith to which they have been so mercifully called.

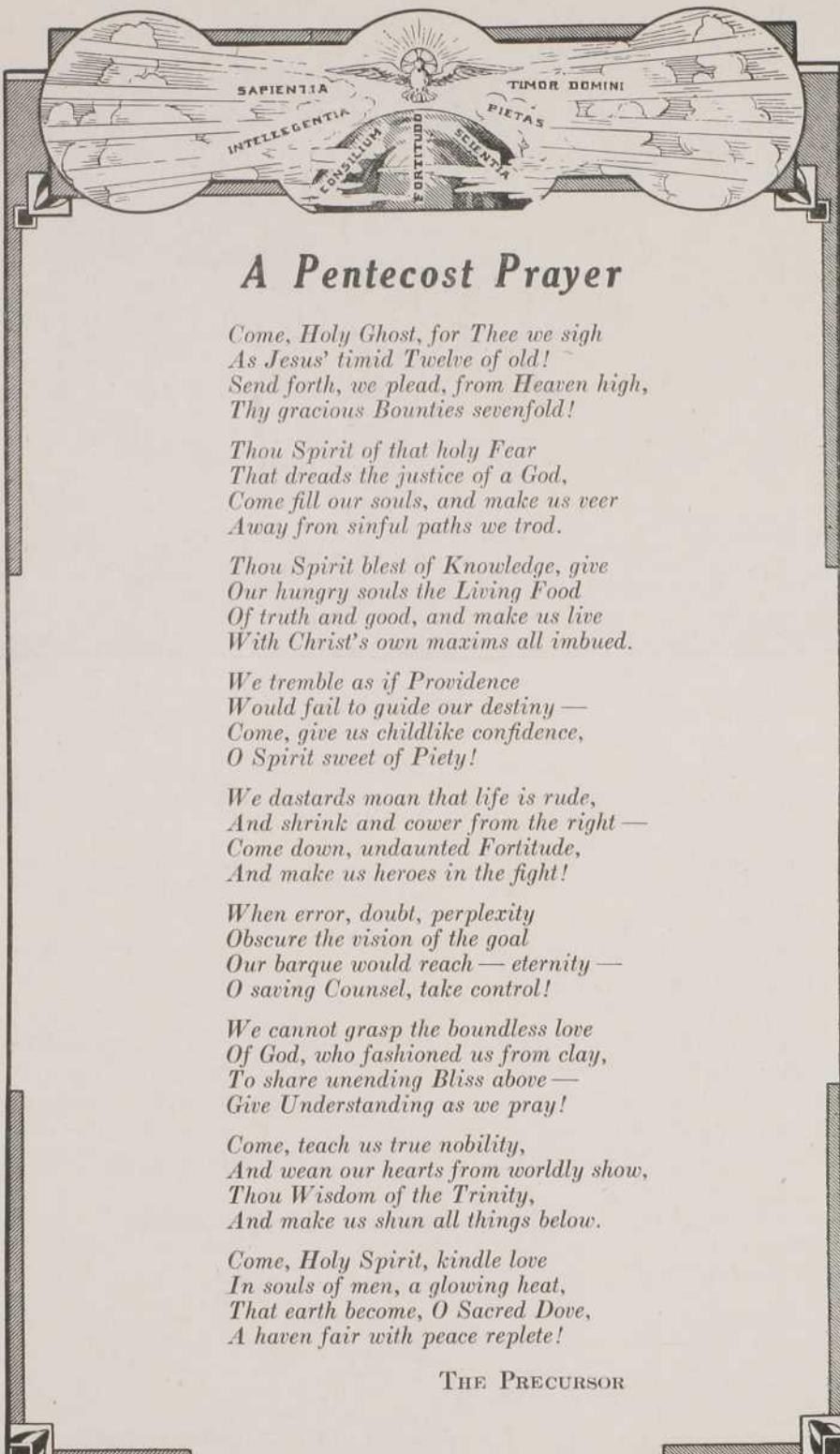
Report of the Quebec Chinese Mission for the Year 1944

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|------------------------|-----|-----------------------|-----|
| Baptisms..... | 10 | First Communions..... | 6 |
| Confirmations..... | 2 | Extreme Unctions..... | 1 |
| Marriages..... | 1 | Deaths..... | 4 |
| Catechism Lessons..... | 247 | Home Visits..... | 900 |



In very truth, no sacrifice is so pleasing to God as zeal for souls.

St. Gregory



Two Compact Throngs



"How many souls for whom the Blood of Redemption has remained unavailing! There are vast masses of peoples, as vast as the Dark Continent, as vast as the immense regions of India and of China, who still await the word of salvation." (Pius XI)

OMPELLING as a clarion call, but plaintive as a cry of mourning, has drifted out to us and to all the Christian world, the 1922 Pentecostal message of the Pope of the Missions.

Well do we know those "vast masses", we who live in their very midst, we who have for years been spending ourselves body and soul to diminish their appalling number, we who are often so pitifully handicapped in our plans and efforts! Fain would our feeble voice, faint and far-off echo of the Roman Pontiff's, span the mighty oceans and tell our brethren that those "masses" are just as "vast" today as ever before, and that life's little day will come to its close for all of us before we shall have succeeded in raising in pagan fastnesses the Standard of the Cross.

True, God moves in a measured way, and some there are who will brand us extravagant zealots for grieving and mourning at the sight of one billion souls ignorant of the True God. But we missionaries are persuaded that if the Light of the Gospel takes so much time in illumining pagan darkness, the only plausible reason is, that Christians of the home front are uninterested in the fate of the heathen throngs. Perhaps have we our own peculiar mentality — but we cannot look on and see those souls languish and die. Jesus' *Sitio* of Calvary unceasingly goads us onward. The appeal of those suffering souls is a heart-stab to us; the plea of those benighted heathens, a plea mighty as the swelling ocean waves, continual as the melancholy murmur of the sea, forever dies at our feet, repeating ever and anon the desperate cry ringing in the ears of St. Paul: "Come over and save us!"

Here in this frontier which I am holding for Christ, but which is still forbiddingly closed to Him, I sometimes climb a lonely peak at nightfall for a few moments of relaxation and prayer. From that height I gaze down upon boundless spaces, broad, limitless horizons. To the north stretches a vast country, almost equal to France in area, with only one priest! Then I wend my homeward way, my heart torn with pity, as I visualize my utter helplessness in face of the gigantic task remaining to be done, and hear, as a deafening peal of thunder, the heart-rending *Veni* of teeming millions.

If we wished, like Gratry, to keep always in front of us a map of the world, we could indicate by black dots (symbols of sorrow and sad images of midnight darkness) those regions where Christ's Blessed Name has never been cussed on indigenous lips — an astounding, nay, a terrifying number! Recent statistics reveal that pagans and Mohammedans exceed the billion mark — a crushing, an oppressive total! It has been estimated that this pagan world, marching before us in groups of four, would take six and a half years to pass by. And in that mournful procession, eighty thousand are daily victims of death, tragic or natural. Are we concerned about what follows for them?

Christ died to save all men. Yet, nearly two thousand years after the bloody scene enacted on Golgotha, two-thirds of humanity have not seen His Light, have not even been taught to lift up their eyes and seek it. Still Christ's arms remain outstretched, His head droops forward, His Heart is cleft now as then; again He pleads with us: "*Sitio!*" and today, as on the gory gibbet, His redeeming Blood freely flows. But His plea and His redemption cannot reach those groping souls for whom He has bled and died. Today, as two thousand years ago, they are begotten in sin and vegetate and die in their sordid tenets — they for whom God came down from Heaven and who are still ignorant of it!

In one of his letters to Europe, St. Francis Xavier wrote as follows: "I have often thought to run over all the universities of Europe, principally that of Paris,

and to cry aloud to those who abound more in learning than in charity: ' Ah! how many souls are lost to Heaven through your neglect! ' " Always and everywhere, we take up the passionate cry of the untiring knight of Christ, while an indifferent world accounts us fools and stops its ears to shut out the importunate clamor!

We do not remain blind to the fact that twenty million souls have been won for God throughout the last century. But billions have died unconquered for Him! We missionaries are a goodly legion — over fifteen thousand scattered in every corner of the globe. But what are our fifteen thousand for one billion? What can we do? How can we ever reach those truth-starved multitudes and rouse them from their age-old apathy and inertia?

Has our zeal cooled down, perchance? No; but we are woefully few; we have not won our way into pagan hearts; we receive no support from the homeland. Human effort, however potent and generous, is necessarily limited. One man can never suffice where a whole army were needed, and our poor struggling attempts to improve the temporal and eternal status of those " vast masses " are doomed to failure.

What with our labor and suffering and tears and blood, still those " masses ", immovable as rocks, abide in their antiquated heathen creeds, and the " red " we may shed cannot wash away the " black " continually spreading its death pall upon the map of the world.

How can a Christian who understands the Cross, who understands all the priceless value of souls, remain indifferent and listless when, kneeling in front of the crucifix, he thinks of those vast human hosts living and dying far from their Crucified Savior! And yet! . . .

Catholic countries are beginning to realize their responsibility in this respect, and, thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the Vicars of Christ, people are coming to understand how un-Christianlike would be their unconcern in regard to Christ's lonely frontiersmen out on the heathen front. At long last, men have realized that the vanguard needs and deserves the cooperation and encouragement of the rear-guard, and the knowledge of moral and spiritual distress in mission lands has struck a sympathetic chord in many hearts. But that is not enough! Rather is it a tiny drop of water in an uncharted sea.

Comforted and buoyed up once more, the unsung hero of Christ goes back to his Father's business. Confidently, not questioning whether assistance from his Catholic brethren will long be forthcoming, he goes to the attack, runs, climbs, stumbles, rises again, leaps forward, and raises his crude cross over the world. And he will die (I speak about our own generation) without having detected in the distance more than a suggestion of victory.

Christian friends, the soul-searing drama unfolded before our eyes; the little we accomplish compared with our unbounded ambitions; the anguishing sight of millions dying as we are forced to look helplessly on; the unavailing sacrificial Offering for multitudes who will never come within the shadow of the Cross of Calvary — all this, Christian friends, overwhelms us with pain and grief and sorrow. Then we find ourselves wishing we had a thousand lives to sacrifice in the fray; wishing, also, to die a thousand times daily, that more souls may be saved and that " God's Kingdom may come " upon these weary, disconsolate regions. And you, Christian friends?

Will the last and least of Christ's apostles be allowed to publish loud and free what his brethren think within themselves? Forgive me for being so brutally frank — but our greatest heartbreak is this: beside the " vast masses " of pagans our zeal cannot convert, there are also the " vast masses " of Christians completely, totally uninterested in the propagation of the True Faith to the furthest confines of God's earth.

We are sadly compelled to admit that faith, in too many souls, has left the ego in the forefront — how, then, can that faith yield good fruits? Complacent pos-

sessors of a much abridged code of morals and rudimentary beliefs they have no desire to extend or intensify, quietly seated before their own home hearth, they seek to purchase Heaven at bargain price, entirely unconscious of infinite throngs of immortal souls who die without having known God.

To those lukewarm and half-baked Catholics, we should like to address words like the following:

"I have never been able to persuade myself that one can be saved who has done nothing for the salvation of his brethren." (St. Chrysostom)

"The soul that is not zealous is one that is not loving." (St. Augustine)

"If you have helped to make God's Adorable Name known a little and loved much, you have done the greatest of all works on earth; the remainder is nothing." (De Sonis)

A Saint does not hesitate to declare: "One is the murderer of those souls he sees perishing and does not endeavor to save."

How can those Christians daily dare to pray: "Father, Thy Kingdom come," — they who will not give so much as a thought to the part they should play in its coming?

How can they not stand in dread lest on the day of justice, the equitable Retributor ask them: "Cain, what hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the earth"? Charlemagne exclaimed in his day: "I am weary of seeing my best provinces at the hands of heretics!" Ah, Christian brethren, would to God you should get weary of seeing souls made to the divine likeness at the hands of God's immortal Enemy!

Well has Rene Bazin said: "We do not stand in want of heroes, but our heroes stand in want of knowledge of the cause calling for their assistance."

REV. FATHER J. BAETEMAN,
Lazarist Missionary in Abyssinia

Prayer and the Missions

The work of the missions is one that the Church and her members are in conscience bound to help and sustain. In his masterly Encyclical Letter, *Rerum Ecclesiæ*, His Holiness Pope Pius XI does not hesitate to declare that the duty of bearing the Faith to those who do not possess it, the populous pagan nations, is for him a more pressing and important obligation than that of preserving it to peoples already in possession of the riches of divine truth. Here are his apostolic words: "Whoever be the man established by divine election Vicar of Christ, he may in no wise be satisfied with protecting and keeping the Fold of the Lord committed to his care; he would be neglecting his principal duty did he not make every effort to win to Christ and adjoin to His Body, souls that have never known Him, or that have strayed away from Him."

This work — the conversion of the heathen world — is nevertheless a huge undertaking, beyond the power of man to realize, for it is a supernatural enterprise. It needs, over and above human means, the help of grace, else all the efforts of missionaries shall be of no avail and shall come to naught.

All the chosen souls that have borne special affection to the missions have understood the necessity and the wonderful power of prayer for the conversion of the heathens. Pauline Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, while giving material aid to the laborers of the Gospel, attached great importance to the offering of spiritual succor — prayers for the salvation of the infidels. St. Therese of the Child Jesus, from her cloister of Carmel, prayed and suffered for the conversion and salvation of the pagans to such an extent that Rome has proclaimed her "Patroness of the Missions" on the same footing with St. Francis Xavier. To one of her sisters she wrote these words brimful of apostolic zeal: "Our vocation is not to go and reap in the Father's fields; our vocation is prayer. The Creator of the universe awaits the prayer of one poor little soul to save a multitude of others, redeemed like her at the price of His Blood."

Msgr. Edgar Laroche, P. A.

Happiness in Eight Points



EVERY person on this earth yearns after the most coveted of all boons — happiness. Man thirsts after happiness as the hart pants after the refreshing spring, and the weary bird after a cooling draught of water.

The human soul, the Creator's most exquisite masterpiece, is destined by its Maker to everlasting happiness, after the shadow of this world and its trials and tribulations shall have passed away.

Yet with all these trials and tribulations, Our Father's earth is full of beauty. The blushing rose, the twittering songster, the rippling brook, each mirrors God's own infinite Beauty. In childhood's innocent prattle, in youth's noble daring, in manhood's undampened enthusiasm, we catch glimpses — transient, but true nevertheless — of Uncreated Beauty and Happiness. Still, all these earthly beauties are but means to a higher end, stepping stones to reach the Supreme Maker of all beautiful things.

Christ, who was so understandingly human, selected "Happiness" as the theme of His first, His most eloquent and inspiring sermon. Solemn, impressive, wondrous words these, falling from His sacred lips. Blessed! Blessed! Blessed! A galaxy of blessings upon the straying, sorrowful sons of sinful Adam.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

In these eight Beatitudes, Christ expounds His *Magna Charta* of earthly and eternal happiness, since life is but the vestibule wherein we rehearse for immortality.

A cunning and deceitful world proclaims dollars, dignities, dictatorships, desecrations of soul-temples wherein the All-Holy fed among the lilies, as open sesames to happiness. But the standards of the world are not those of Christ, nor are its theories His.

The worldling who gloats over paltry gold and jewels; the tyrant who would have his fellow beings cower beneath the iron rod of his domination, and who does not govern in the spirit of meekness and mildness canonized on the Mount; the defiled soul-garden wherein Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, could not tread without soiling her sandal — have they found happiness? If they still have so much as one ounce of sincerity, they will be compelled to admit that their life is unspeakably sad and sorry and disenchanted.

But the truly poor in spirit, whose heart is not enslaved by the good things of earth; the pure of heart, the meek, the peacemakers, the victims

of persecution for God and His Justice; they that mourn, but raise their eyes beyond the blue and say: "Your will is best, Father!"; they that repay injustices with Christlike forgiveness — all these are the *Beati*, today as twenty centuries ago.

With reason could St. Paul aver: "I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulation!" And St. Teresa of Avila: "To suffer or die!"

Christ's eight pointers on happiness should not remain a dead letter for us. Happiness is not a thing accounted for in banknotes and estates and pleasures. Happiness springs from its inexhaustible fountain, God Himself, who pours it drop by drop into the souls of His faithful servants, while waiting to release the floodgates of His Heavenly Happiness to inundate our souls throughout days eternal.

Earth's happiest mortals are they that seek happiness in Christ's Octave on the Mount. May we seek our soul-satisfaction in those eight maxims, and life, notwithstanding its sadder notes, will be one grand, sweet song, and eternity, one glorious, unending symphony in the Beatific Vision of the God of Joy and Happiness.

Happiness

God causes the flowers of joy to blossom round our feet under the disguise of every little duty accomplished. Happiness is not far distant. It blooms at the very spot where we are at present, because that spot has been chosen by God Himself, and it is the only suitable one for us right now. Every one of our duties holds happiness in store for us, as every rosebud unfolding a hallowed fragrance breathes around.

Every single moment of our lives brings us joy or sorrow. Every one is like a golden coin dropped from heavenly treasury, and which we can lay to interest by putting it, through our good intention, in the bosom of God.

Oh, let us not seek happiness far and wide: we have but to bend and pick it up! How? By being patient with ourselves and kind to others.

MSGR. SYLVAIN

It Is Absolutely Necessary

On the one hand, we have to admit that human society has only too entirely abandoned the Christian spirit to adopt purely pagan concepts; that in a great number of souls the light of the Catholic Faith is but a fitful spark; that, consequently, religious sentiment is all but extinguished, and that purity of morals and integrity of life are daily losing their innate prestige. On the other hand, we are deeply grieved on having to admit that in many sections the clergy cannot suffice to contemporaneous needs, whether on account of its extremely restricted number, or of its being forbidden to approach certain classes of society that thus remain ignorant of the counsels and precepts of the Gospel. For these reasons *it is absolutely necessary* that in our day everyone be an apostle; *it is absolutely necessary* that the members of the laity remain no longer indolent, but that, in cooperation with the ecclesiastical hierarchy and docile to its orders, they take part in the sacred conflict, offering their prayers, sacrifices and active collaboration as powerful contributions towards the strengthening of the Faith in souls and the Christian amendment of morals.

Pope PIUS XI

Shepherd Divine

*A common maid of common earth,
A carpenter of Galilee,
He chose — a stable for His birth,
Beatifying poverty!*

*He did not spurn the fallen soul,
By Pharisee accursed, abhorred;
The scarlet sin He blanched to snow,
And spoke the sacred, saving word.*

*Yet more — upon the cross of shame,
A thief and sinner humbly prayed;
The Savior promised Paradise,
And canonizing words He said.*

*The poor, the sinner, these He loved,
And climbed the heights of Calvary —
To pay for them the meed unpriced —
In endless bliss His Face to see!*

*But not alone for these He bled —
The “other sheep” outside the Fold,
Those countless millions wandering —
Shall they His countenance behold?*

*“Them also must I bring,” said He,
“One Fold, one Shepherd — I, their God!”
And forth He sent the chosen Twelve,
The highways, byways, glad they trod.*

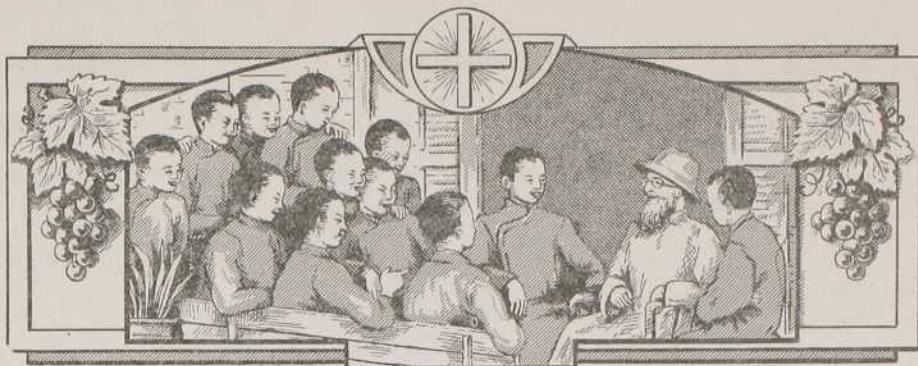
*They brought to Christ the straying lamb;
The bleeding sheep they laid within
The hallowed haven of His arms —
He did not shun the stain of sin.*

*Adown the many centuries,
Forth fared apostles, dauntless, strong,
To take from failing hands the Torch
Of Truth to blinded pagan throng.*

*Two thousand years have come and gone,
Lord Jesus, and the “other sheep”
Are teeming on the heathen strand,
While shepherd-souls in sorrow weep!*

*Thou Friend of sinner, pagan, poor,
In hearts unfeeling light the flame,
Of brother love, that we may bear
To ends of earth Thy Holy Name!*

M. S. I. C.



Father Tim's Vocation

"Hey, boys, there comes Father Tim. Let's get around him so he'll tell us the story of his vocation."

"Righto! Come on, boys. Let's go and meet him."

And the merry group of seminarians, dusky faces wreathed in smiles and roguish eyes alight, scampered off to surround their beloved old missionary Father.

Father Tim old? Well, you'd hardly know, were it not for the silver in his hair and the furrows on his brow. The passing years have dealt gently and respectfully with this valiant knight of Christ. His step is light and his gaze steady and far-seeing still, and the interior joy of his soul shines forth upon his countenance, touching it as with a golden halo. Ever the first in the early dawn to seek his Eucharistic Lord, ever faithful to every rule of religious life, ever ready for strenuous labors. Still, everyone at the seminary knows that Father Tim is really old, so old that soon the bells of his golden jubilee will peal forth, joyfully recalling the day, fifty years since, when as a young missionary he arrived in this mysterious Flowery Kingdom.

"Good morning, Father Tim."

"Same to you, boys."

"Coming to spend the holiday with us, Father?"

"If you have no objection — thought I'd share today's fun with you."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Come, Father, let's go and sit down over there, in the shade of the old camphor trees."

"Why not go on with the ball game? It seemed to be right hot until a few minutes ago. Who were the winners, anyway?"

"A fig for the winners or the losers. We don't want to play any more, do we, boys? We'd just love it, Father, if you told us stories about your dear homeland, about the time when — when you were a wee boy. Father, do tell us all about the story of your vocation."

"Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

"Oh, Father, not this kind of curiosity."

"You promised to tell us, Father. Please, please!"

"You young scamps! You just wheedled that promise out of me."

"Anyway, what's been promised is promised. You never go back on your word, Father."

"Boys, Father Tim is going to tell us the story of his vocation. Sh-sh, everybody. Let's sit still and listen."

"Mischievous rascals that you are! I see that you're getting the better of me."

"Of course, Father. We won't let you go until you've told us what we want to hear."

"Well, I never — ! The 'sassiness' of you! I'm astounded. Now, in my time, we young people never dreamt of ordering our elders around."

"Oh, Father Tim! We're not ordering you around. We're just coaxing you. We've got the right, haven't we, boys, to hear about Father's vocation?"

"Bet we have! We're Father Tim's children, after all."

"So, you've got the right, have you? Well, I'd better give in or you'll plague me to death. But there'll be one condition."

"All right, Father. We're ready for any conditions you ask."

"Well, let each one of you say one Our Father and one Hail Mary to thank the Blessed Trinity and our dear Lady for all the graces they have showered upon me, particularly during my childhood days."

"Agreed. And now we're all attention, Father."

Father Tim's gaze rested lovingly upon this choice portion of his flock, and he began.

"The story of my vocation goes right back to the day when, as a seven-year-old, I met for the very first time a missionary Father back from China. It was on a Pentecost Sunday that this valiant apostle preached a soul-stirring sermon in our little parish church. He had come to his own beloved France, he said, to beg for his poor missions. Brave soldiers of Christ it was his aim to enlist, to aid in the vanquishing of Satan's armies over in heathendom. He spoke so feelingly about the needs of the flock entrusted to his care, that all those who heard him once were filled with compassion and fired with the wish of doing their share in his apostolic ventures. Sitting very still quite near the pulpit with the altar boys, I could not take my eyes off the missionary Father's face. Being such a little chap, I could hardly understand all the beautiful things he said. But of this much I was sure: This missionary had left his native land, his home town and family to go to strange, foreign lands afar and make the good God known to the pagans. This filled

my little heart with admiration, and it was then I heard a gentle interior voice inviting me: 'Won't you also be my missionary when you are grown?' These were the first whisperings of Jesus to my soul, calling me to the missionary vocation. Oh, how good God has been to me! Never shall I be able to thank Him as I should!

"After Mass, Father spoke a few kindly words to the altar boys, who eagerly flocked around him. He noticed me among the others, as I was such a little lad, and he called me to come nearer. After having inquired of my name and age, he laid his hand upon my head and said: 'Little one, hurry and get strong and tall, because later on I want you to come and help me. Be a good boy, love God with your whole heart and always do what you are told.' My heart beat very fast as I answered shyly: 'Oh, Father, please take me with you right away.'

"The other altar boys thought this very funny, and they laughed and laughed, which made me very uncomfortable. Father X., however, smiled at me and said: 'Not now, my boy. You must have time to grow up into a strong man before that. In fifteen years' time I'll be back for you.'"



"Who was that missionary Father?"

"Good and saintly Father Robert, veteran missionary of these parts, who won so many souls for the Divine Master. He it was who founded this mission, which he rendered so prosperous, and also built this seminary, wisely governing it for twelve fruitful years, before going to his eternal reward twenty-five years ago."

"Father, did he keep his word to call for you after fifteen years?"

"Come, we must not run ahead of time. The rest of my story will tell. From then onward, whenever I was asked what I would do when I was grown up, I would always answer: 'I'm going to be a missionary.' As I was soon to find out, this answer wasn't exactly made to please my dear daddy. He would frown darkly and his mouth would set in stern lines. You see, I was his eldest son and he loved me with a fierce, passionate love that would not look beyond the paltry joys of the world."

"And what about your mother?"

"Oh, with my mother it was quite the other way. She secretly rejoiced over my religious leanings. Always she had longed and prayed for the happiness of seeing one of her sons made a priest of God. Alas! she was not to be granted that consolation on earth. I shall never forget how, one evening, some time before my First Holy Communion, she tenderly drew me to her and among other things she said: 'My dear little boy, Jesus is about to come for the first time into your heart. You must try and prepare as best as you can. Ask the Blessed Virgin to teach you how to set about it, and make you ready herself for her Divine Son's coming. Mother also will pray for you and ask that you may always feel a deep horror of sin. Dear child, you know how much I love you. Still, I would rather see you drop dead at my feet than know you guilty of a single mortal sin. If you are always careful to avoid even the slightest venial sin, God will cherish you with a special love and will grant you particular graces. Who knows but that He may even choose you to be a priest — a missionary! Oh, how happy I should feel if such should be the case! On the day of your First Holy Communion, offer yourself to Jesus, that He may teach you how to accomplish His holy will, and ask Him the grace to remain faithful to Him always.'

"These tender words of my saintly mother have burned themselves into my memory, and they have brought me strength and comfort my whole life through."

"Father, how old were you when you made your First Communion?"

"I was ten when I received Our Blessed Lord for the first time. It was years before Pius X published the decree which called even little children to partake of the Bread of Angels. Oh, how grateful we should be for the free and easy access to the Fountain of all sweetness which we now enjoy! Even if many worldlings neglect to receive Jesus, countless pious souls daily throng round the Eucharistic Table, and legions of little children, hearts pure as altar lights, delight in receiving the spotless Host which keeps souls unto life everlasting. Dear seminarians, if you wish to wax strong in the practice of virtue and to lead lives unsullied and apostolic, frequently receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Make yourselves apostles of the Eucharist. Remember that the souls you win to God will be made strong in the Faith only inasmuch as you inspire them with a practical devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and to fervent and frequent Communion."

"From that period also dates my special devotion to the Blessed Mother. I then took the resolution to recite morning and night three Aves, with the short invocation: 'O Mary, my tender Mother, keep me free from sin during this day (or night), grant me grace to know my vocation and to be faithful to it always.' I've kept up this practice all along the years, changing only the final words of the invocation, once I was sure of my vocation —"

"What did you say instead?"

"Watch over my vocation and grant me grace to be faithful until death."

"Oh, Father, we also want to take up the same practice."

"Our dear Lady would surely approve. I can't begin to recount all the graces this practice has obtained for me. All through life, I have felt the special protection of Mary guarding me in all my ways, keeping me from danger and helping me in the practice of virtue. Even if I can't fittingly publish her bounties here below as I should like to, I'll make up for it in Heaven."

"Then you're sure of your Heaven, Father?"

"My trust is all in Our Blessed Mother's tender mercies. Many Doctors of the Church, and among them St. Anselm, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, St. Alphonsus, declare that the true child of Mary can never perish.

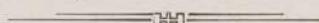
"I've always loved Mary as a son cherishes his mother. I've done all in my power to make her known and loved. I've the right, then, to hope everything from her motherly love."

"Gee, Father, you're lucky!"

"Why shouldn't you be as lucky as I am? You have only to love Mary as I do."

"When I was ten or eleven, I began to read eagerly books and magazines which told of the missions. I dreamt dreams of missionary jaunts in strange countries, of nights spent out in the open with tree branches as bed and a stone as pillow, of churches to be built, of souls to be saved, of martyrdom to be endured. But I dared not speak of such things at home for fear of displeasing my father, who thought only of means by which he could make his business projects brighter, and who looked forward to the day when I would be his associate."

(To be continued)



Eloquent Statistics

"I will allure her, and will lead her into the wilderness: and I will speak to her heart." (Osee, II, 14) The Divine Master's call to moments of closer union with Him echoes in many a pious soul living in the midst of the distractions and temptations of the world. How spontaneous and fervent is the response may be gathered from the following figures, which show the number of ladies and misses who followed the exercises of a retreat or a recollection in the various Closed Retreat Houses of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception throughout 1944.

| | Convents | Retreats | Retreatants | Recol- lections | Recol- lectionists |
|----------------------|--|-----------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Montreal | Our Lady of the Holy Ghost 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont..... | 107 | 2,960 | 36 | 2,782 |
| Quebec | Our Lady of the Cenacle 651 St. Cyrille Street..... | 92 | 3,012 | 15 | 317 |
| Quebec | Child Jesus Retreat House 4 Simard Street..... | | | 13 | 392 |
| Chicoutimi | Our Lady of the Missions 61 Jacques Cartier Street..... | 50 | 1,424 | 10 | 200 |
| Joliette | Immaculate Conception 750 St. Louis Street..... | 82 | 2,061 | 9 | 337 |
| Granby | Mary Mediatrix 35 Dufferin Street..... | 40 | 878 | 9 | 743 |
| St. Johns, Quebec | St. Bernadette 430 Champlain Street..... | 47 | 1,200 | 1 | 34 |
| Nominingue | Bethany..... | 13 | 214 | | |
| St. Marie | Our Lady of the Rosary (since March 1)..... | 49 480 | 1,173 12,922 | 93 | 4,805 |

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Continued)

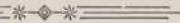


in his work for souls unless he is held in high esteem. "If I were looked upon by my Sisters as a useless member of the community, incapable and wanting in judgment, you could not employ me to help you."

Invested with due authority, the apostle will go forward fearlessly. No complaint will ever escape his lips. Always he will be ready to lay down his life, unafraid of conflict. "I must do my duty whatever the cost." And again, "We should wield the sword of the Spirit, and so correct a soul of her faults. Things should never be passed over for the sake of our own ease. We must carry on the war even when there is no hope of victory. Success matters nothing, and we must fight on, without ever saying: 'I shall gain nothing from that soul, she does not understand, there is nothing for it but to abandon her.' That would be acting like a coward. We must do our duty to the very end."

Can there be anything more painful in the apostolic career than to do one's duty whatever the cost, notwithstanding failure and humiliation? Stalwart strength is needed, that strength which is born of an intense love, for love must after all be the very life of a missionary vocation. "My vocation is love," exclaimed Therese, and she would fain cull these selfsame words on priestly lips the world over. Has not His Holiness Pope Benedict XV himself declared on the day of her beatification: "She has been commissioned to teach priests how to love Jesus Christ"? Therese unceasingly reminds souls that their duty is to love.

"There is but one thing to be done here below: to love Jesus, and to save souls for Him that He may be more loved." — "Without love, even the greatest works are as nothing." *(To be continued)*

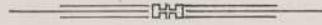


The true measure of loving God is to love Him without measure.

St. Bernard

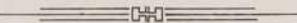
A Few Roses Scattered

Enclosed is an offering for the St. Therese of the Child Jesus Burse, for favor received. Anonymous. — Please have a low mass said in honor of St. Therese for favors received. Mrs. D. D., **Norwich, Conn.** — I wish to publish my gratitude to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a very special favor she has granted me. Mrs. E. P., **Shawinigan Falls.** — Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of Lisieux for the protection she has granted me through the year. Mrs. H. R. M. — I wish to thank the gracious Patroness of Missionaries for a favor received. Mrs. G. B. — Please help me thank the dear "Flower of Carmel" for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. J. P. D. — Many thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received through her intercession. A subscriber, **St. Sulpice.** — Gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favor attributed to her intercession. I request her protection for my son in Belgium. Mrs. P. C., **Cyrville.** — Grateful thanks to St. Therese for her protection. Friends of St. Therese. — I have obtained a favor through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries. I heartily thank her and request her constant protection. Mrs. R. F. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the favor she has granted me. I request another favor. Mrs. O. St. J. — Gratitude towards the little "Flower of Carmel" for several graces obtained through her intercession. T. D., **Macamic.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of St. Therese of Lisieux, in thanksgiving for a salary raise. S. B. — Please thank St. Therese with me for a favor I have received. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving to St. Therese for a favor received. Mrs. B. D., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude towards St. Therese for the protection she has granted my son. Mrs. A. L. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a special favor. Mrs. A. L., **St. Ferdinand.**



If you want to keep your faith, give it away. If you want to increase your faith, share it with others. If you want to deepen and enrich your faith, scatter its perfumes around and about you, for it grows and waxes by diffusing itself, and you cannot have very much of it unless you want to spread it. Freely you have received, freely give — and in your giving you will receive the more. A recipe for a strong and ardent faith: the mission cause that makes you play a part in the program of carrying that faith to the ends of the earth. Try it.

Maryknoll Editorial



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 | November-December..... | 13.52 |
| July-August..... | 70.50 | January-February 1945..... | 103.70 |
| September-October..... | 34.00 | March-April..... | 24.00 |

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

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

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



HE contents of this letter, and especially its conclusion, point to the sad but glorious end which was at hand. The missionaries, hunted like wild beasts, could no longer find a place of shelter; it is inconceivable how they could have endured their trials and misfortunes so long. In the meantime, Fr. Titaud, exhausted by the underground life which he had been compelled to lead for two years, expired on the 29th of January, 1860. Fr. Néron, betrayed into the hands of the enemy, underwent the torture of the knout, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for three months, of which twenty-one days were spent without any other nourishment than a few drops of water in the morning. At last he was beheaded, and thus fulfilled a curious prophecy which had been made concerning him at Paris in 1848.

"Fr. Néron has left us," writes Bishop Theurel, "and has passed from the battle-field to the rank of martyr; Fr. Vénard is taking the same road and will soon be with him in Heaven." The heroic close of this young apostle's life must form the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARREST AND MARTYRDOM.

The letter contained in the preceding chapter was written in May, 1860. Of the events that followed, Bishop Theurel says, —

"Fr. Vénard was living in a pagan village, preaching and teaching with great success, although the people said that, to declare themselves Christians, they must wait till the persecution had ceased a little. But when the chief of the province intimated that he considered him as his prisoner, Fr. Vénard went on to the Christian village of Kê-Bêo. He found superstitions of all kinds rampant in this place, and remained, desiring, as he said, 'a hand-to-hand fight with the devil.' God crowned his labors with wonderful success; after a few months the whole character of the place was changed, and a fervent Christian population replaced the timid, superstitious flock which he had found on his arrival. After this, he spent twenty days in the village of Kêm-Bâng, strengthening and consoling the terrified Christians, and incessantly teaching and administering the Sacraments. He went on then to Bût-Sôn, one of our noted missions in this terrible thirty years' persecution. In this village he found a devout native priest, and with him worked wonders among the people. Bishop Jeantet joined him here; and a few days after, Fr. Vénard, leaving the venerable bishop in safety in this almost impregnable fortress, went back to Kê-Bêo. The good effects of his previous visit were still apparent, and Fr. Vénard thought that he might remain in peace, to complete the good work. But he promised his catechist, Luông, that he would return very shortly to the safer refuge of Bût-Dông, as

everyone was extremely anxious about his safety. These were indeed critical days.

"On the 30th of November, about nine o'clock in the morning, five or six junks, carrying about twenty men, appeared a few yards from the missioner's house. As it was an isolated building, and the floods covered the whole country, these junks were able to guard every avenue. They were led by an old chief of a neighboring hamlet, named Cai-Dô, the same who in 1854 had contrived the escape of Fr. Néron from the custom-house, but who now came on a totally different errand. Leaving his junks, he marched with five or six of his men to the mission house. Fr. Vénard, instantly realizing the whole plot, had retired between the usual double walls. The chief, arriving at the house, cried out, 'Let the European priest come forth.' At these words, the catechist, Khang, who was busy hiding Fr. Vénard's property, came forward boldly, and said, 'It is I who inhabit this house, although I have only lately arrived. If you will leave me in peace I shall be thankful; but if not, I shall be resigned.' The chief, making a signal to his men to garotte the catechist, marched straight into the house, and giving a great kick to the thin double partition which concealed the missioner, seized Fr. Vénard, and dragged him brutally to the junks, with his servant. It was a very fine capture accomplished with no risk whatever. By the time the faithful villagers of Kê-Bêo heard a rumor of the event, the junks were well out of sight with their prey, and rescue was impossible. You may wish to know, dear Eusebius, who was the Judas that betrayed our dearest brother and Christ's chosen minister. There are different reports, but the most probable is that which fixes the treachery on Sû-Dôi, a pagan, related to the widow with whom the missioner lodged.

"The chief, having carried off the prisoners safely to his own home, made a great feast of rejoicing, after which he drove our dear missioner into a cage of bamboo, and put a 'cangue' on the neck of the catechist. Thus he took them to the prefecture. He stated that, when patrolling with his junks, he had come on these two men *outside* the jurisdiction of Kê-Bêo, and had hastened to bring them before the mandarin. He said this because he looked for a large reward, and also because the chief of Kê-Bêo was his own son-in-law, who would either share the booty or lose his place. But his *ruse* did not answer, for every one knew that the missioner was seized at Kê-Bêo; and as a consequence that village was heavily fined and had to pay more than eight hundred bars of silver, of which our poor community bore half.

(To be continued)



Can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or a more signal charity than that of having them withdrawn from the darkness of superstition and instructed in the true Faith of Christ?

Pope Pius XI

An Open Letter

*Les Cayes, Haiti,
West Indies, January 25, 1945.*

*To the devoted Benefactresses of our Workrooms,
Montreal.*

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE MISSIONS,

Forgive our tardiness in coming to express our heartfelt thanks for your many kindnesses towards our Mission. Already your liberal contributions, your fervent prayers and unstinted sacrifices have helped us work wonders among our needy and suffering charges.

Our dear Mothers and Sisters whom you meet at every weekly reunion, have undoubtedly told you what happiness attended the arrival of the precious, helpful cases of clothing you have so charitably and carefully prepared for our young and old inmates and our beloved sick. Could you only look on while the gifts are being handed out to bright-eyed youngsters and grateful elders, surely you would think nothing of the many sacrifices you have so heartily made to assist at the weekly meetings. Surely you would not mind about the many household duties you had to postpone, and the moments of deep reckoning when you figured out your time budget to see whether that extra afternoon could be managed.

Our own happiness springs from that which we give to others. And it is about this "happiness to others" that we should like to speak here.

Our protégés, who are also yours, drag themselves as best as they can to *Charity*. Often enough, a small orange has been their only meagre fare on the weary way — when they have had anything at all! Beneath the dingy, tattered rags, the poor body is often a regular walking skeleton. Our nursing Sisters need all the charity of the Divine Physician who had compassion on the destitute, the lame, the leprous, to dress and bind up the gaping sores many a time infected with loathsome worms. With their last remnant of physical energy, they have hobbled along to *Charity*, where the homeless and penniless are being cared for and harbored.

As a rule, they are soon back to normal again, but they remain at *Charity* for a while to have their sores attended to. This is our opportunity for teaching them the Catholic doctrine. Already a good number of adults have made their First Communion and settled long-standing accounts with God.

All are deeply grateful for the kind assistance you so willingly grant them. Many a time we hear exclamations like these: "Thank You, my God! Thank you, Blessed Mother, thank you very much!" or: "What a lovely gift! I shall pray with my whole heart for my benefactress!"

We have not spoken about our dear old women and our pupils. Their needs are not less pressing, nor is their thankfulness less expressive.

As to the humble seamstresses of our Workroom, who wish to repeat their sincere and deep gratefulness, they confidently ask you to keep on giving happiness to others at *Charity, If You Please*, and trust you will answer their expectant prayer.

May Mary Immaculate, Patroness of our land, bless your sacrifices, and may she in return guard you and your dear ones, and lavish upon you all her choicest graces.

Gratefully yours,

*The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Charity, If You Please, Les Cayes,
by Sister Eugenie de Jesus, Sup.(1)*



ECHOES FROM OUR MISSIONS.

CHINA

THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

(Continued)

Previous to 1936, the Chinese Government did not fulfill the agreements made with the leprosarium. As a sad result, the missionaries could but with great difficulty provide for their six hundred patients, and were regrettably compelled to refuse many others pleading for a haven. When the existing authorities ceded to the leadership of Chiang Kai-Shek in 1936, the Generalissimo commenced his administration by a most humanitarian act, in giving a goodly sum of the arrears owed the leprosarium.

In the morning of August 7, 1936, thirty men and twenty women lepers had the happiness of exchanging their life of utter misery and unspeakable suffering for the poor but hospitable leprosarium of Shek Lung. So long these victims had never had a hearty meal, that the generous rice bowls served to them seemed to fall into empty stomachs.

With the ensuing October, twenty-two other lepers arrived from Hong Kong, while on the 13th a group of fifty-one came from Canton. Before many weeks had elapsed, the leper personnel had leaped to over 800. Then sorrow spread its pall on the family of sufferers.

THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR — FLOOD AND PLUNDER

The Leperarium Today

The Shek Lung Leperarium keenly felt the disastrous consequences of the Sino-Japanese War that broke out in 1937. Lack of communication with Hong Kong and Canton, with the consequent difficulty of obtaining food, and the monetary crisis had soon reduced the inmates to a condition challenging description. In the wake of these hardships came bombing attacks. Thousands of refugees, fleeing bomb-dropping zeros, had staked quarters close to the pavilions. The enemy surmised that snipers were to be posted there and opened a merciless fire. It was November 21, 1938. Casualties reached an appalling total.

Yet this was but the beginning of ill-fortune. In the night of December 9 the same year, a band of five hundred bandits attacked the island and plundered everything. Let us quote here the Sisters' account of the horrible disaster:

"What a terrible night! Yesterday evening at 5.30 we were at our spiritual exercises, when an unusual rumbling disturbed us. Sister St. Raphael⁽¹⁾ went on the verandah to explore. The leper guardians yelled in dismay: 'Sister, five hundred bandits at least are landing on the island from all sides.'

"Before we could fairly recover our senses and decide on a course to adopt, the terrific gunnery had begun and fifteen Chinese bandits were at



LEPERS, SHEK LUNG, CHINA

our door. As we did not make haste to open, they broke in with blood-curdling shouts. The chief strode forward. 'We are bandits and we are well-organized,' he said. 'Give me your money and your gold.' Had we any gold? Yes, our cherished Profession rings, the symbol of our divine Espousals. These the bandits grasped from our fingers. 'We want the golden mass you use in your ceremonies!' they added. So they wanted our monstrance! One of the plunderers roughly tugged at the locked cupboard door where the monstrance was kept. 'More gently,' cautioned Sister, 'you'll break the statue on top.' She reached for the monstrance and showed it to the bandits. 'See,' she said as they examined it, 'it isn't gold, only gilded brass. And besides, taking these objects that serve for our religion will bring you ill-luck all your life long.'

(To be continued)

1. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing.

MISSIONARY
SISTERS OF THE
IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION

FALLEN
IN FAR-OFF
MISSION
TERRITORIES

DURING THE WAR



S. MARIE de LOYOLA, sup.
HONG KONG
CHINA
(Ephise Bouray
Coalcock, P.L.)
died June 12, 1941



S. de la NATIVITÉ de JÉSUS, sup.
CANTON
CHINA
(Cecile Paquette
de L'Espresso, P.L.)
died August 5, 1941



S. ST. MATHIAS, sup.
TUNG LEAO
MANCHUKUO
(See Vincent
Banerjee, Ont.)
died: date unknown



S. AGNES de JÉSUS, sup.
SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM
CHINA
(Margaret Sherrill
Montreal)
died July, 1944



S. MARIE d'ÉPHÈSE
TSUNG MING
CHINA
(Jeanette Lincou
Princetown, P.L.)
died August 7, 1942



S. ST. DENIS
TADNAN
MANCHUKUO
(Anne Marie Dubé
de Denis de Kamouraska, P.L.)
died May 13, 1942



S. ST. MAURICE
MANILA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
(Juliette Bénevere
Gardner, Mass.)
died June 13, 1943



S. JEANNE de VALOIS
SPEPING KAI
MANCHUKUO
(Agathe Lise
Streeter Rivers, P.L.)
died: date unknown

R. I. P.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

After three long years of anxious waiting, we have at last been informed on the fate of our beloved missionary Sisters out in the Philippine Islands.

The members of our little Community remained in their convent at Manila until July 7, 1944, when they were interned in Los Banos Camp thirty miles from the city. A motley throng of fellow internees, over two thousand in all, Americans, Canadians, Australians, Dutch, as well as persons of other nationalities, shared their internment sorrows and hardships. Two of our Sisters, Sister St. Louis de Gonzague (Anna Girard, Claremont, N. H.) and Sister Marie des Lis (Irene Pinsonneault, St. Michel de Napierville), had already been confined for several months in the military jail in Manila.

It goes without saying that our missionaries have been sorely tried both in the camp and in the jail, where famine prevailed through the last months, but Divine Providence kept fatherly vigil then as always, and they have been visibly protected and sheltered.

In a truly miraculous manner, American aviators reached the camp in February last, and delivered the ill-fated prisoners from the hands of their enemies.

Our missionaries have been sent to protection camps, where the Americans, their heroic rescuers, and the Red Cross provide them with substantial food, that they may recoup their lost strength while awaiting a new destination.

The letters from our dear Sisters brought the sad tidings of the death of Sister St. Maurice (Juliette Simoneau, Gardner, Mass.), which occurred June 17, 1943. May the beloved deceased, who has been spared the anxieties of internment, protect her companions and plead with Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother that they may be shielded from further danger and harm.

* * *

SUCHOW AND TSUNGMING

A letter dated November 1, 1944, from Zi-Ka-Wei Internment Camp, China, gives us the following details concerning our Sisters of Suchow and Tsungming.

Our Sisters of Suchow, who are interned in Zi-Ka-Wei Camp, are all well. They are studying sciences and arts that will later prove useful in their apostolate.

Our Sisters of Tsungming are still on their island, but seem to be sorely hampered in their missionary works.

As this issue goes to press, sad tidings reaches us from Tsungming, China, informing us of the passing of our dear Sister Marie de Sion (Florida Ravary, St. Clet, Soulange County), November 24, 1943.

Sister is the second member of our little Community of Tsungming to be called to her reward since the opening of the war. Our Mission loses in her a valiant missionary, who has generously spent herself among the suffering and needy through fifteen well-filled years of apostolate.

JAPAN

Our Lady's Wistaria Blossom

Early spring in the Land of the Rising Sun. Over shady woodland paths, dainty clusters of wild wistaria, peeping from among tree branches or clinging to the tangled underbrush, shed all around a subtle, delicate fragrance. Thus bloomed on the thorny hedges of heathenism Chiyo Ko, Our Lady's Wistaria Blossom.

It was in 1940. Tomi Ko, one of our pupils who was a catechumen, inquired one day after her French lesson:

“Sister, are you afraid of tuberculosis?”

“Not at all. But why do you ask?”

“Well, you see, Sister, it's like this. For some time, I've been visiting a young girl who is dying with the disease. My parents being in great dread lest my health should suffer, have forbidden me to call on her any more. This afternoon, I intend paying her a farewell visit, but I really haven't the heart to leave her alone in her dark, pagan despair. I thought perhaps — Would Sister Superior allow the Sisters to go and see her?”

“Surely. I'll tell her about it.”

“Oh, then I need not worry any more about the fate of that soul which I so much wanted to win to our dear Lady's love! I'll tell Chiyo Ko that she will have visitors soon. How happy that will make her! The first time I went to see her, she said: 'It's very kind of you to visit me. When I was strong and well, I had lots of friends, but now that I am ill, none of them ever call on me. They're all afraid of me.' And hot tears coursed down her pallid cheeks.”

The following day, Sister Superior herself went with another Sister to visit the sick girl. In a tiny three-room cottage romped and played a family of eight children. Chiyo Ko, who was the eldest, was lying wan and still on her wadded blanket in a small, dark room. Her little brothers and sisters, who all seemed sturdy children, shouted and played games right beside her bed, with the unconscious selfishness of childhood. The mother, a tall, thin woman, with a patient, tired face, came forward to greet us.

“Your heart must be very noble and good since you take the trouble to visit this poor ailing child unknown to you. Come in and, if you are not afraid of the contagion, kindly speak a few words of consolation to my daughter.”

She led us to the bedside and, tenderly soothing Chiyo Ko's burning forehead, she whispered: “Chiyo Ko, the ladies from the Catholic Mission have called to see you. Try to open your eyes to at least smile at them.”

Obediently the sick girl opened great dark eyes bright with fever, and looked inquiringly from her mother to the Sisters.

“We have come,” said Sister Superior, “to visit you as *neesan* (big sisters) who would call on their little sister.”

A beautiful smile flitted over the pale features and, with characteristic Japanese politeness, Chiyo Ko tried to raise her head in a graceful gesture



IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

hung near her bed. Once we brought her a rosary with grains of delicate azure blue. She seemed overjoyed. Respectfully she lifted it to her forehead in token of veneration, then she wound it round her arm. As she was too weak to learn even the Hail Mary, Sister Superior had taught her to say, "Dear Blessed Mother, help your child," every time her sufferings seemed too hard to bear. Her mother, although a pagan, soon learned to say this short and simple prayer. She told us one day: "When Chiyo Ko has her bad choking spells, which is oftener and oftener of late, she clasps her rosary and tries to murmur the prayer you've taught her. Then I repeat it over and over for her, and she always finds relief and finally falls off to sleep still holding her rosary."

On Ascension Day, we called at Chiyo Ko's home on our way back from Mass, bringing her a bouquet of spring flowers. She had spent a very bad night; still she had the courage to greet us with a smile. Her face and limbs were bathed in a cold sweat, and her breath came in little gasps. Evidently the end was near.

"Chiyo Ko, do you still wish to receive the water we told you about? That blessed water which washes the soul and makes one a child of God? If you are willing to be baptized, open your eyes in token of assent." The dark eyes immediately opened wide. Mother and Grandmother, who sat beside her, were weeping softly, and, bending over her, they said as by way of endearment: "Chiyo Ko, we gladly give you to the Catholic Church and to the Blessed Mother Mary. You may do what the Sisters tell you. They want only your greater happiness."

A few more words of encouragement, and the saving waters had rendered another human soul pleasing in the eyes of its Creator. Chiyo Ko, now Mary Aline, gave us both a look of unspeakable gratitude. Her wan features shone with a mysterious, ethereal beauty. Mother and Grandmother were weeping for joy at their beloved child's happiness.

The following day, we again called, but, as we came through the tiny garden, we saw hanging at the door the traditional straw blind with the

of salutation. Her mother then told us that since a few days the patient had grown so weak that she could no longer speak.

From that day on, we became frequent callers at the little cottage. Chiyo Ko wonderingly learned of things she had never known. How she had a Father in Heaven who was waiting to welcome her home. But the most wonderful thing for her was to hear about her Heavenly Mother. She never tired while we told her of Mary's merciful love and of her great desire to soothe all sufferers. Her gaze rested lovingly and trustfully upon the picture of Our Lady which we had

words *On Chu* (noble mourning). So Mary Aline had been taken up to Heaven to form part of Our Blessed Savior's cortege in His glorious Ascension! Her mother told us how, the previous afternoon around three o'clock, Chiyo Ko had called her. She who had been too weak to speak for many weeks, had said: "Mother, I'm going to Heaven. Don't cry — I'm so happy now that I know the Blessed Mother Mary. Help me — I feel like getting up and walking a little." Thinking it only a whim, her mother gently lifted her head a little, but she insisted on getting up from her bed and walking around her room. Then she suddenly said, "Mother, I'm tired." Her mother led her back to her bed and made her lie down. For a few moments she seemed restless, as if looking for something — her beloved rosary.

After her mother had helped her to wind it round her hands, she folded them on her breast. A look of wondering joy spread over her face, and she remained for a few moments as if in familiar converse with an invisible being. Then she turned to her mother:

"Mother, thank you for having taken such devoted care of me for so long. Here, take this my most precious belonging," and she unwound the rosary and gave it to her mother. Then, as a tired, sleepy child, she added:

"I'm going to rest awhile now." She turned on her side so as to look at Our Lady's picture. A faint sigh and she fell back lifeless. And the bereaved mother added:

"Even though my heart is broken over the loss of my firstborn, I feel happy in a way I cannot understand or define. I feel that Chiyo Ko's sufferings are over, but that she is living still, and loving us with a greater love than before."

And this is how Our Heavenly Mother sometimes gives her missionaries the ineffable joy of culling, on the thorny hedges of heathenism, immortal blossoms which go to deck her throne in highest Heaven.

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

* * *

WEST INDIES

*Gleanings From the Diary of Our Missionary Sisters
in Les Cayes*

Monday, November 27

Our Immaculate Mother's Feast of the Miraculous Medal was marked by special heavenly boons. Work was begun this morning on our future building. Workmen, pick and shovel in hand, dug the foundations and, much to our pleased surprise, found the ground was dry and suitable for building purposes; everyone had hereto considered it marsh land.

All this last month, those of our patients who were able to do so, gladly toiled away clearing the premises, uprooting stubborn banana roots, palm

and cocoanut trees. Now we hope and trust our loving Father St. Joseph will provide us with means to continue and finish the proposed work.

From Port Salut early this afternoon came a truck loaded with the precious boxes sent by our dear Sisters of the Motherhouse. Tomorrow morning, Captain Paul will see that the boxes intended for the Mission of Les Coteaux be sent to our Sisters there.

How proud and happy we always are to unpack these boxes worth their weight in gold, and what thanks spring up in our hearts to our dear religious family, beloved relatives and devoted benefactors! "Thank You, O my God!" we say over and over. "Your suffering children entrusted to our care are so grateful for Your gracious bounties dispensed through human agencies."

Thursday, November 30

Thanksgiving Day special to our Community marks the opening of the novena for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Our beloved ill and lame who are daily instructed in Christian doctrine, strive to follow the kind counsels given them. Throughout the novena, they are preparing a spiritual bouquet to be offered to the Blessed Mother for the intentions of His Excellency Bishop Collignon, their father and protector. Their first morning greeting to the Sisters is something like: "Sister, ten; Sister, seven, etc." — the number of sacrifices made since the previous day. One said his beads standing. Two others picked up a dead companion and gently laid him in his coffin. The very fact of touching a corpse represents here a truly heroic act of virtue. Should a poor patient need something, ten are there at his beck and call. Those that suffer most endure without complaining. Many other instances could figure on our already edifying list. All give unmistakable proof that a good number among our charges, only recently taught the duties of the Catholic Faith, have understood the tremendous value of sacrifice.

Friday, December 8

After Pontifical High Mass this morning was held the solemn investiture of Rev. Father Lhermitte, O. M. I., Vicar General, as Domestic Prelate to His Holiness.

All our free moments were given to decorating the exterior of



THIS CRUDELY CONSTRUCTED SHELTER CONSISTING OF COCOANUT TREE MEMBRANES IS THE ONLY DWELLING OF AN OLD HAITIAN WOMAN, LES CAYES, HAITI.

our convent for the great manifestation scheduled for this evening in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Patroness of Haiti.

On this religious and national feastday, the entire city took part in the impressive torchlight procession. The Military Guard band accompanied the pious heart-springing hymns sung by the devout worshippers in praise of the Immaculate Mother of God.

How our hearts thrilled at the thought of so many loving tributes paid Our Heavenly Queen! And how gratefully we thanked her for all her bounteous blessings since our arrival in our beloved mission territory!



SISTER ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC) AND A GROUP OF PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE", PROUDLY WEARING THE CLOTHING COME FROM THEIR CANADIAN BENEFACTORS.

Mass. A good number of them had dragged themselves out in the open so as to expose their shivering bodies to the warm rays of the sun. Our hearts were wrung with compassion as we saw them crouching or lying down near decorative bushes, in a pitiful attempt to shelter themselves from the biting north wind, which chills them and has already caused several cases of fever. But the cold December wind has not chilled their warm, friendly hearts, and they pleasantly greeted us with a "Good morning, dear Sister!" which conveyed all their affection and gratefulness.

Although we have already been acquainted with zero weather and crisp, freezing mornings back in Canada, and have consequently found the tropical heat quite an ordeal in the beginning, still we find our Haitian winter nights cool and even cold. Those of us who had too much of a simple cotton sheet at this time last year, willingly accept a blanket, and a woollen one at that.

Sunday, December 24

Towards ten o'clock this morning, His Excellency Bishop Collignon and his Secretary arrived at *Charity*, to bless the dear inmates and bring them Christmas cheer.

Hearty exclamations of welcome greeted the distinguished and beloved visitor, whom the simple folk of Haiti affectionately call "Papa". Our kind bishop personally handed each the gifts sent by charitable purveyors in the Christ Child's name and piled beneath the gay tinselled Tree. To the sweets, fruits and tobacco, he added a heartening word and a cheering smile.

In our little chapel, the red hangings of ordinary days had given place to pale blue ones, and the natural rose bouquets seemed even more fresh, when etched against the delicate blue, that speaks so well of the "Lady in blue" whose shrine is at journey's end.

Sunday, December 17

We paid our dear protégés a visit after High

Charity was a happy corner of God's earth that day before Christmas, as His Excellency deigned to visit those who were too ill to assist at the public distribution, giving them their own share of the Christmas joy, and calling upon them the first blessings of the Almighty Little Child made man for their own sakes. Tears of happiness welled up in many sorrow-dimmed eyes. "Will we be any happier in Heaven?" they asked wonderingly.

Monday, December 25

It took faith today to believe in Christmas while eyeing the thermometer. A burning sun weighed down upon heads. Quite naturally, not a tiny snowflake fluttered in the air to give a Canadian setting. We heard Pontifical High Mass at midnight in the cathedral. Then it was our privilege to assist at three other Masses in our chapel Bethlehem.

Our thrice-happy folk of yesterday welcomed us more affectionately than ever when we reached *Charity*. They were profuse in thanks — and "confused", as they said; — they were too happy yesterday to give expression to their unbounded gratitude. Today every pent-up feeling was released. "Oh, it was beautiful!" — "Do you have feasts like that in your country?" — "Mother asked me: 'Are you glad? Have a good time and enjoy yourself. But don't forget to thank the Child Jesus for everything.' "

Dear benefactors, could you only witness like heart-stirring scenes, you would understand our own happiness on being able, through your charitable assistance, to make earth a little more like Heaven for these poor, and in many cases destitute, outcasts of humanity.



TWO HAITIAN HELPERS, AURELIA AND IVA, POUNDING COFFEE AS IS THE CUSTOM IN THE COUNTRY.

THE RECIPIENT FOR THE GROUND COFFEE IS MADE OUT OF A TREE TRUNK.

Sister Marie Cecile⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, Writes to Her Superior General

Les Coteaux, December 25, 1944

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

No starry snowflakes yet, and here we are celebrating the beautiful Nativity Feast of Our Divine Lord. I say "yet", as if we lived in hopes of a snowfall in our tropical mission home! No dull December sun have we, but a hot July one burning in a cloudless sky. Could you only have been with us last night to glimpse our little corner of earthly Paradise! High in the clear heavens, the full round moon was shedding its mellow radiance, while the tall spreading palm trees stood sentinel, their graceful silhouettes etched against the flawless blue. And how beautifully the majestic sea gleamed in the still night!

Midnight Mass in the church was solemn, impressive, and pious. The schoolgirls sang both the Common and the Proper of the Office. Their voices rose up again in praise to the Divine Babe at the Daybreak Mass. The lasses love singing and are gifted with marvellous memories. Minus books and copies, they learned everything within ten days. Surely the Holy Child smiled at their simple, candid hymns. The third Mass was said in our chapel.

Dear Mother, forgive me for not having offered you, at the very outset, all the loving filial New Year greetings your daughters of Les Coteaux

have confided to the dear Child of Bethlehem. Our Divine Little King is almighty here in Haiti as there in Canada, and, thinking of the great distance separating us from our dear Sisters of the Motherhouse, we feel that we have special rights to His sweet bounties in this blessed season.

Our classes opened December 4. One hundred and eight children have been enrolled. We count on having one hundred and thirty by the end of January. Sister St. Olive⁽²⁾ teaches the littlest ones — thirty wee bright-eyed girlies. One of the hardest tasks proved writing and pronouncing the first letter of the alphabet. How often a silvery voice drifted out to us: "Can't make the letter A!"

It was a happy moment for me when I first heard their trusting, "My



A MOTHER BRINGING HER LITTLE DAUGHTER
TO THE DISPENSARY, LES COTEAOUX, HAITI

1. Cecile BREULT, Val Racine, P. Q.

2. Jeannette DUFRESNE, Val David, P. Q.

God, I give You my heart!" Certainly our dear Lord's heart was touched on hearing this, their very first prayer to Him. Sister St. Lucille⁽¹⁾ teaches the second year pupils, and Sister Marie Theodore⁽²⁾, the older ones.

Pious and beautiful was our first Immaculate Conception Feast on Haitian soil. Your kind, timely letter made us feel closer to our Cote des Neiges home. Oh, letters from the Motherhouse are doubly appreciated, when one is hundreds of miles away!

Our chapel was solemnly blessed December 15. Were present at the ceremony: the Rev. Fathers Le Houillier, Vicar Provincial; B. Letarte, Les Chardonneres; Roger; Ouellet, Roche a Bateau; R. Moreau, Port Salut; O. Duplessis, Les Coteaux. Rev. Father Bertrand, pastor of Les Coteaux, officiated at the blessing. With the kind permission of our revered bishop, His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, our humble chapel was placed under the protection of Our Lady of Lourdes.

An appreciated Canadian dinner was served to all, following the ceremony.

With Jesus as our permanent Guest, it seems to us we have nothing more to desire. From my bed at night I can see the sanctuary lamp keeping faithful vigil before the tabernacle. Our small dormitory is next to the chapel. Mass is often said in our convent, and our Reverend Pastor hopes the privilege will soon become a daily one for us.

The scenery viewed from the last story of the convent is enthrallingly beautiful. Tall mountains frequently capped with white clouds stand in praise to their Maker. Sometimes, at dusk, a flickering lamp light can be glimpsed from a tiny mountain cottage window. Then I wander back in thought to my dear old grandfather's ghost stories, in which there would always figure a faint red light from a giant mountain peak. The monotonous murmur of the waves makes soft music in our ears when we lie down to sleep. The open sea stretches right in front of our house. "All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord!" Before such convincing proofs of His



YOLANDE, OUR LITTLE HELPER, BRINGING WATER FROM THE SPRING, LES COTEAUX, HAITI. THE TALL BANANA TREE BENEATH WHICH SHE STANDS BEARS A HEAVY HARVEST OF GREEN FRUITS.

1. Adrienne DE GRANPRE, Pawtucket, R. I.

2. Lucienne GADOURY, St. Elisabeth, Joliette Co., P. Q.

grandeur and might, how could men, His creatures, refrain from kneeling down in adoring awe and crying out with the Prophet King: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and all they that dwell therein."

The dispensary stands in front of the convent. It is a tidy and attractive little building, still waiting for its doors to open. Yet we already treat a number of patients, and to all appearances our slender supply of medicine will soon be exhausted.

Saturday is our weekly market day here in Les Coteaux, and we are able to renew our supplies for the week. Whenever the pastor's houseboy goes to market at Roche a Bateau, he brings provisions for the rectory and the convent. Sometimes Carmina, our helper, goes to market in his place, and she also brings the weekly supplies for both houses.

The bulky boxes recently come from Canada gave me the pleasure of holding a real "Clothing Day" for some needy lads. With their best thanks, they bowed and declaimed their glorious names. By the way, a tiny miss named *Deus meus* is learning to read and write in Sister St. Lucille's class.

January 1, 1945

Only three of us to celebrate our first New Year's Day in Haiti! Sister Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Lucille are at Les Cayes since December 26. The latter having taken malaria, His Excellency advised us to send her to our Sisters there, since we did not have here the proper remedies. Sister is coming along satisfactorily, and we hope she will soon be of the family of Les Coteaux again.

Our Reverend Pastor had the kindness of coming to say Mass for us. In the early forenoon, the Rev. Fathers Le Houillier, Bertrand and Duplessis came to give us their New Year blessing and best wishes for the opening milestone. Last week, the Oblate Fathers held their retreat. Seven Masses were offered each morning. So many spotless Hosts raised heavenward will surely bring down God's choicest blessings upon our southern mission post.

January 1 is not a holyday of obligation in our adopted land. Greetings were cordially exchanged, however, and the good people of Les Coteaux brought us several appreciated and worthwhile gifts, consisting chiefly of eggs and yams.

A solemn *Te Deum* was sung at the church at eight o'clock. The civil authorities, a few parishioners and ourselves were present. Fervently and gratefully we thanked the Giver of all gifts, in our name and in that of our adopted countrymen.

February 12, 1945

Dear Mother, I cannot tell you how much I love Les Coteaux. There is work for a whole army of missionaries. Never had I seen poverty and destitution even remotely comparable with what I see here. And how many whose physical sufferings defy description! Only last week I saw a poor woman

1. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

with a red, tumefied face. I believe she must have been afflicted with leprosy. She made a piteous effort to hide her face with a filthy rag. How sorry I felt for the dear sufferer! I gently whispered a word about Our Blessed Mother and the unfortunate woman tried to smile her thanks. With what maternal compassion must not the Mother of all mothers best bend over her suffering children!

A ten-year-old boy timidly knocked at our door a few days ago. His father, a Protestant clergyman, has abandoned him. The poor little boy is a regular skeleton. He reminds me of pictures of negroes afflicted with



A SMALL BODY OF WATER FLOWING INTO THE SEA IN THE BACKGROUND.
AN IDEAL SPOT FOR BATHING AND WASHING CLOTHES.

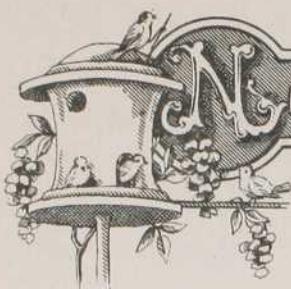
sleeping sickness. The starved child gulped down the hearty meal we gave him. Then I picked out the neatest clothes I could find in our precious, slim stock, and told him they would be his very own. He stared at me wonderingly, not knowing whether he should laugh or cry over so much happiness as had entered his sorrowful heart. Now he is a daily caller "at the Sisters". We give him a substantial meal, and tell him to say a Hail Mary in thanks to his dear Heavenly Mother. God's blessing upon the poor young lad alone in the wide world!

I went to Roche a Bateau some time ago. It is half an hour's distance from Les Coteaux. Rev. Father Ouellet, administrator of the section, had recently asked that we go and see the house destined for the Sisters of our next mission band. May Our Blessed Mother hasten the happy day when we shall have companion Sisters nearer to us! Les Cayes is a long way off, when the roads are next to impassable. We are all praying fervently for the success of our mission-to-be.

Please accept, beloved Mother, the filial and grateful affection of your daughters of Les Coteaux.

Lovingly and respectfully,

SISTER MARIE CECILE, M. I. C.



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Monday, January 1, 1945

Solemnly the twelve strokes of December's last midnight bore up to its Author the dying year, and ushered in the untouched new milestone of our life's journey.

A good half-hour since, we had gathered before our Eucharistic Friend, in a same spontaneous gesture of reparation, gratitude and love. Then, when the New Year had been born in the silent night, we offered our filial wishes to our Father in Heaven — wishes suggested by our dear Lord Himself in His sublime prayer of the *Pater*, which we paraphrased in its most apostolic sense: "Hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Continuing the divine supplication, every word of which was first culled on the God-Man's lips, we humbly but confidently requested our New Year gifts. Our daily bread — the graces we stand in need of to perfect our sanctification and accomplish God's designs upon all of us. Then we besought choice blessings for Holy Mother Church, for Christ's Vicar on earth and all our spiritual heads, for our Superiors, beloved parents, and missionary Sisters in foreign lands. In this opening hour, spent in the intimacy of the King of kings, we felt the need to speak to Him about all those who are dear to us, that He may shower His bounties upon them.

What holds in store the budding year for us and those we love? Days of sorrow? Days of joy? We little know. Yet of this much we are sure: our sorrows and joys alike will be meted out to us by an all-merciful and all-loving Father, for our greater good. *Magnificat* and *Fiat* should be the theme of every New Year hymn springing from the heart of a child who knows his Father in Heaven will provide.

Our humble greetings and wishes then rose to the celestial throne of Our Immaculate Mother. And already the first sweet hour had drifted into eternity! But the pleasantest of surprises was yet to come. While we were grieving over having to leave the chapel so soon, the Sister Sacristan entered the sanctuary and lit the candles for Mass and Communion, just as on our beautiful Christmas midnight a week ago. The great boon had been held a close secret by our good Mothers, and thus was our joy perfect on that night of nights. What grateful thanks to God welled up in our hearts! If such be the beginning, what a happy and fruitful year will not ours be from the viewpoint of eternity!

Another surprise, all the more enjoyable for having been altogether unexpected, was the light repast in the wee sma' hours of the night; after which we again sought our pillows and continued our happily interrupted rest.

A second Mass was said in our chapel this morning. We offered it to God in grateful thanks for our midnight joys.

Next item on the programme was the opening of a merry holiday and our fraternal exchange of greetings. But we must add that before the "fraternal exchange", we received dear Mother General's wishes, as also those of Mother Mistress and Sister Superior, which greatly heightened our jubilation.

In the forenoon, Monsignor Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, had the paternal kindness of coming to give us precious counsels on how to make the year a truly blessed one. Among other points he especially stressed perfect fidelity to our Rules, even in their least details. "Reflect for a moment," said he, "on the holy life of your venerated Mother Foundress, who penned them; think that they are, so to speak, an abridgment of the Gospel, God's voice guiding you to Him and telling you how He wishes you to labor in His interests. Reflect, also, that Holy Mother Church herself has set the seal of approval upon them after long and deliberate examination." And while Monsignor's hand was raised in blessing upon us, we prayed Our Divine Lord to imbue us with these deep convictions, and grant us grace to manifest our theories by seriously endeavoring to exemplify them in our daily life.

All the day we spent in a real festive and homey atmosphere. Dear Mother General had had the kind thoughtfulness of planning a family reunion at the novitiate for the Professed Sisters from the Motherhouse who have little sisters of their own treading the opening pathways of the religious life. Pleasant moments were thus spent by the privileged twosomes, whose happiness we shared in a sense, and which in another sense we really envied.

Tuesday, January 2

"Time flies," as the old adage has it, and the trite saying is never more true than on New Year's Day. This to explain why we continued our rejoicings today from where we had to leave off yesterday. Pious and appropriate selections were sung at Holy Mass. The sacred liturgy over, we gathered in the parlor, where our chaplain, Rev. Father N. Turcotte, P. M. E., came to give us his blessing and wishes for nineteen forty-five. The rest of the day was in keeping with the spirit of joy prescribed by Holy Mother Church.

Saturday, January 6, Feast of the Epiphany

True to tradition, the Three Kings had reached our Bethlehem in time for the morning spiritual exercises. True to another time-honored tradition, we were given the joy of greeting dear Mother General, who came to spend the royal day with us. She was accompanied by Mother Marie du Bon Conseil, aunt of one of our Sister Postulants.

Our beloved guests were announced a brief five minutes before night prayers yesterday evening. Greetings had to be postponed till the morning, for even their visit did not alter the law of the great silence by the slightest

jot or tittle. All the same, there was a suggestion of comfort in the thought that we could join our sacrifice to the gold, frankincense and myrrh of Their Royal Highnesses Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar.

High Mass was sung by Rev. Father A. Ferland, O. M. I., brother of a Novice Sister. Then we received the blessing of one more priestly hand. Rev. Father Ferland will leave shortly for the missions of Haiti. He requested our prayers that he may garner a plentiful soul-harvest in the whitened field awaiting him to the south. May Mary Immaculate's blessing and protection accompany the young apostle in his missionary journeys over there, and fecundate his zealous endeavors!

Towards ten o'clock, we gathered in the intimacy of our religious family to enjoy our all-too-short holiday, and the presence of our well-loved visitors. Once again, our Reverend Mother expressed her wishes for the New Year, and gave each one a truly heart-warming and maternal accolade. Epiphany Day is New Year's for the Novices, according to the custom. Pleasantly we chatted until eleven o'clock, when we took time off to recite the Joyful Mysteries of our Rosary. Every spare moment throughout the afternoon was also faithfully put to good account, as is done on every holiday.

The evening brought its own appreciated numbers. A recreative programme was presented in honor of our beloved Mothers. Once again, we felt the truth of the assertion that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we were happy with the thought that our apprentice efforts had rejoiced our Mothers.

An episode from the life of the Assisian woer of Lady Poverty was not without its sweet and simple charm. From the humble Troubadour of God we learned to praise the Creator of all beautiful things for His exquisite workmanship, as we see it around us.

Thanks were expressed both in French and in English. An acrostic, "Thank You", was presented by the elder Novices in the name of all. Our pleasant evening was closed by the *Magnificat*, the Marian seal placed on the programme of all our feasts. The last lingering notes were still floating in the air, when rang the call for night prayers before the tabernacle.

Sunday, January 28

Farewell Day will soon be here for our dear elder Novice Sisters who are about to take first vcs. Consequently, they profited by the last free Sunday before Profession to convey their grateful thanks to Mother Mistress, in a short entertainment presented this evening.

Thursday, February 1

We gladly welcomed a group of aspirant missionaries who are entering on their religious career, and who will take with us the highways and byways in the steps of the Master. How we wish they were more numerous! Today, as in the times of Our Savior, "the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." May Our Immaculate Mother keep forever our dear little Sisters

beneath her white banner, and make of each one a fervent lover of pagan souls!

Friday, February 9

The retreat begun on the Feast of the Purification is fast drawing to a close. For over a week, we have sensed the sweetness of converse with God in the atmosphere of silence, piety and prayer hovering over our Cenacle. And what shall we say of the enlightening and practical instructions imparted by our retreat master, Rev. Father H. Cousineau, C. SS. R., if not that Our Blessed Lord has been lavish of His graces during these days of closer union with Him? It now remains for us to regulate our future spiritual life in harmony with our resolutions. To this end, we briefly jot down our more notable gleanings of the retreat, that they may serve us in good stead for frequent renewals of fervor, convinced as we are that "the soul that is daily renewed will ever keep the glowing lustre of God's love." Thus our discreet little notebooks will serve as faithful and patient reminders of our retreat pledges.

Sunday, February 11

Sweetly smiled the Virgin on the lowly shepherdess of the Pyrenees four score years ago, and sweetly smiled she today upon her Divine Son's consecrated brides, who chose Him as the portion of their heritage by first, temporary, or final vows.

The first ceremony was held privately, as is the custom, in the early forenoon, and was presided over by Rev. Father A. Desgagne, uncle of one of the privileged newly-professed Sisters. The ceremonies of Clothing and Final Vows, to which relatives and friends were cordially admitted, were held in the afternoon, under the presidency of Rev. Father A. Desnoyers, O. M. I., the revered uncle of two fellow Novices.

Our new Novice Sisters are: Miss Reina Barriere, Mont St. Gregoire, Iberville (Sister St. Gregoire); Miss Laurette Beauchage, St. Cuthbert, Berthier Co. (Sister St. Marcelle); Miss Monique Cloutier, Ottawa (Sister Monique du St. Sacrement); Miss Pauline Roy, St. Odilon de Dorchester (Sister St. Simon); Miss Celine Trudeau, Delson Village (Sister Celine de Jesus); Miss Jeannette Caron, St. Jean de la Lande, Beauchamp Co. (Sister St. Brigitte); Miss Florence Desjardins, Ville Emard, Montreal (Sister St. Florence); Miss Fernande Larose, Repentigny (Sister St. Hubert); Miss Juliette Desnoyers, St. Henri de Mascouche (Sister Bernard Marie); Miss Helene Hetu, Montreal (Sister Helene du Sacre Coeur); Miss Marie Poirier, St. Aime (Sister Marie Elise); Miss Rita Pageau, Montreal (Sister Jean Louis).

Nine Professed Sisters bound themselves irrevocably by final vows: Sister St. Augustin (Maria Perron, Lac aux Sables); Sister St. Remi de France (Rose Blanche Noel, Lauzon); Sister Rachel Marie (Ruth Begin, St. Louis de Pintendre); Sister Helene de Jesus (Helene Ledoux, Spencer, Mass.); Sister Marthe du Redempteur (Marthe Laurin, Beauharnois);

Sister Marie Delia (Marie Marthe Terrien, Ottawa); Sister Cecile de Milan (Cecile Demers, Mont Laurier); Sister Marie Corinne (Rollande Langevin, Quebec); Sister Marie Laura (Eva Marier, Quebec).

Were present: the Rev. Fathers A. Desnoyers, O. M. I., Assistant General; Cyrille, O. F. M. Cap.; Jacques Crepeau, O. M. I.; F. Poirier, S. C.; Louis Pageau and Jean Thomas Langlois, P. M. E.; Julien Perrin, S. S. S.; Robert St. Amand; Laurent Noel; Moise R. Ledoux; Rev. F. Laurin, seminarian; Louis Terrien, N. O. M. I.

Rev. Father Desnoyers, who officiated at the ceremony, addressed a touching allocution to all present. Taking as his text: "There came to him a woman having an alabaster box of precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he was at table," he compared the impressive Gospel scene to the generous sacrifice of the heroines of the day. These young ladies are, like Mary Magdalen, offering to Jesus their most precious possessions — their heart and will and liberty. Willingly renouncing the lawful joys of family life, freed from all worldly goods and from their self-will, they can cast themselves in the arms of their Heavenly Spouse. Their whole life will be one long act of love.

"Judas condemned Mary Magdalen's loving deed. 'To what purpose,' asked he, 'is this waste?' But Jesus arose to defend His generous servant. Thus do worldlings oftentimes protest, when they see promising young persons seeking the obscurity of the cloister. They do not understand the divine exactions and the rights of Jesus' love, nor its tenderness. As to those who give themselves to the Spouse of souls, they are bidden to rejoice at their Savior's approbation. He proclaims that they have 'wrought a good work.'"

The eloquent preacher then reminded the parents that it was they who had prepared their children to pour the alabaster box of their life for the greater glory of God, by giving them a truly Christian training and the potent stimulant of good example and whole-hearted submission to the divine will. They also have "wrought a good work," and their reward shall be exceedingly great. They also shall have a share in the hundredfold promised by our dear Lord Himself.

Then followed the usual liturgy of the religious consecrations, which ended with the singing of the *Te Deum* and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Saturday, February 17

Already our newly-professed Sisters are leaving the cradle of their religious life. All are firstly missioned to the Motherhouse, but only temporarily, for all cherish the hope of a forthcoming assignment to far-off missions in alien climes. Just as we felt the separation at home when a dear elder sister left us, so did we today experience, at the hour of parting, how sincere and fraternal were the ties that bound us together in unity. But we managed a cheerful goodbye, which is just another expression for "God be with you," till we meet again.

The Apostolate of Prayer

If you are powerless to act, pray! The unselfish prayer of zeal is powerful before God.

How many think of praying only in terms of me and mine. They never seem to see beyond their own personal needs. The great work of the Propagation of the Faith, the triumph of Holy Mother Church, the protection of Catholic missions, the furthering of priestly and religious vocations — all these leave them cold and unconcerned. Lucky investments or profitable sales are much more important in their eyes.

For shame! Let us widen the scope of our horizon. Let us cultivate a truly catholic spirit!

God also has interests to be promoted. Have you ever noticed the order of petitions in the Our Father? God's needs come first: that His Name be hallowed, His Kingdom come, His will be done. Then our needs: our daily bread, the forgiveness of sins, strength in temptation.

Do you feel drawn to be an apostle? Then, pray to God for God! Enlist in the great army of praying soldiers! The Apostolate of Prayer is open to all.

Rev. Father Amedee, C. P.

Rabbi Zolli Enters Church

Professor Israele Zolli, former Head Rabbi of the Israelite community in Rome, who has been received into the Catholic Church, took the names Pius Eugene in Baptism in homage to the Holy Father.

Professor Zolli and his wife were baptized February 15 by Archbishop Luigi Traglia, Vicegerent for Rome.

On the occasion of the liberation of Rome, Professor Zolli expressed the thankfulness of the Jewish community for the assistance and shelter given the persecuted Jews by the Catholic people. He noted that local priests, including some high prelates, were active in sheltering and aiding the Jews.

The Professor's wife took the names Emma Maria.

Professor Zolli had resigned as Head Rabbi of Rome and Italy some weeks ago, and had declined the residency of the Rabbinical College.

THE CANADIAN REGISTER

My Heart Is Big Enough, Because . . .



MARY, a little Indian, six years old, was most anxious to receive her First Communion.

She was told that she was too small.

But that did not prevent Mary from trying. Wanting to receive Jesus into her heart, she never missed a Catechism lesson. She was most attentive during class time and she could be heard reciting and repeating the questions and answers aloud when the others were being examined.

Her perseverance was rewarded, for she passed such a splendid examination that Father Director gave her the permission she had so eagerly desired, to make her First Communion.

The blessed day arrived. Mary, all beaming, was as happy as an Angel.

After the Communion Feast was over, one of the Sisters said to her: "Mary, where is your good Jesus now?" And Mary with a ravishing smile and clasping her two hands to her heart, replied: "He is in my heart, which is big enough, because Jesus has made Himself so small."

Told by *Missionary Catechists of Mary Immaculate, India*



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Have you noticed how busy Mother Nature is, these bright spring days? Hills and meadows are discarding their faded winter dress and putting on pretty green and flowery garments. The branches of big trees are gay with swelling buds, which will soon joyfully break forth into leaves and blossoms. Little birds flit here, there and everywhere, busily building their nests and chirping merrily all the while. Rippling brooks skip down the hills, singing as they flow to meet the river. Honey bees are already at work over fragrant clover fields. Listen well, children dear, and you will hear the wonderful hymn that all nature is singing to Mary, Queen of Angels, Queen of May.

Two years ago, Mr. N., as staunch a Catholic as he is a prominent business man, was taking a walk with his son aged ten, somewhere near a neat little village of the Eastern Townships. Feeling the overflow of joy in all nature, he remarked to his son:

“ Michael, there’s a festival in the air.”

“ A festival, Dad? Where? ”

“ Everywhere. Can’t you hear all things singing around us? Every blade of grass, which has been renewed; every leaf in the big trees all fresh and green; the sunbeams playfully dancing in and out of the branches; the birdies rehearsing spring ditties; the tiny insects chirping in the green grass? Can’t you hear them all acclaiming Our Lady? Surely there is a festival afoot, and we should also take part in it, since it is in honor of our dear Blessed Mother. What do you say, my boy? ”

“ Of course, Dad, I think we should do our share, but I don’t really know what we could do.”

“ Well, we can copy on nature, can’t we? ”

“ Copy on nature? I don’t quite understand what you mean, Dad.”

“ I figure it’s like this. Our souls are gardens, and God’s grace is the sunshine which must warm them and brighten them, and make the flowers of virtue bloom. We have two means at our disposal to bring the sunshine of grace within our soul-gardens — prayer and the Sacraments.”

“ Oh, Dad, I learned about Sacraments yesterday during catechism at school.”

“ And I’ll warrant you can’t even tell your old dad the answer. What is a Sacrament, Mike? ”

" I know the answer fine. A Sacrament is a visible, that is, an outward sign or action, instituted by Christ, to give grace."

" See, that's exactly what I've been telling you."

" But, Dad, I understand it a whole lot better now, the way you've explained it. I didn't know that grace was like sunshine to our souls."

" Well, now that you do know, let's be practical and take good resolutions. For instance, because I want my soul to be flooded with the sunshine of God's grace, I take right now the resolution to say my morning and night prayers better, with greater attention, to go to confession tomorrow morning, and to receive Holy Communion at least twice a week. How do you like that, Mike, for a resolution ? "

" Fine, Dad! I'm thinking of doing the same, too."

" But we must also sing our joy, just like nature does in this, the most beautiful of all months."

" I can't sing, Dad. I've got no voice at all."

" I don't mean that kind of singing, Mike. There's a song of the heart which pleases God with its simple melody, more than the sublime music of masterly artists. I mean the song of thankfulness—being grateful to God for His unending love and bountiful gifts. Don't you think this would be the easiest resolution to keep? So, let's repeat as often as possible during this month: ' Thanks, dear God, thanks for all Your gifts! ' "

Just then, Father and Son came into the village. Mr. N., consulting his watch, exclaimed:

" I didn't think it was so late. It's nearly half-past five. Let's hurry home."

" Already half-past five! Oh, Dad, it seems to me we just started out for our walk. Doesn't time fly! "

" Indeed it does, my boy."



Father and Son

Twenty minutes later, Mr. N. and Michael had reached the pretty, comfortable house they called home.

As soon as they entered the garden, Mike called out:

“Mother, we’re not late for supper, are we?”

“No, dear, you’re just in the nick of time. The table is all laid out.”

After Grace had been said and everybody seated, Mother inquired after the afternoon walk in the country.

“And how did you enjoy your holiday, Michael? Had a pleasant afternoon with Dad?”

“You bet I had!”

And Dad was quick to add:

“You know, Margaret, we didn’t lose our time.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, we made plans for the month of May.”

“What kind of plans?”

“Michael, you tell Mother all about it and see what she thinks of it.”

And so Michael explained while Mother listened, secretly proud of husband and child.

When Michael had finished, she gently said:

“You can count me in. Yours is a grand idea to join with nature in praising the Queen of May.”

Michael felt so happy that he cried out:

“Oh, you’re the best Dad and Mom in the world!”

* * *

Dear boys and girls, how would you like to follow Michael’s May programme? How pleased our dear Lady will be if, when looking down from her throne of glory, she sees you with folded hands and downcast eyes piously saying morning and night prayers, coming often and lovingly to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to be fed with the Bread of Life eternal!

Thus you will draw the sunshine of grace within your soul-garden, and beautiful flowers of purity, obedience, charity will bloom therein.

You wouldn’t want your soul to remain in the dark and grow only ugly weeds, would you? This is just what would happen if you did not ask and deserve God’s grace, the sunshine of the soul.

Then, let the song of thankfulness be ever springing from your heart to your lips.

Nothing is more pleasing to Our Heavenly Father than to hear grateful children tell, at every token of His love:

“Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!”

The more you will thus thank Him, the more will He favor you with graces of all kinds.

Your great friend,

Poor Mother, Happy Mother!

Catholic mother, if your son is white-souled and religious, gentle and modest, he may have in him the makings of a priest. But if he is high-spirited and noble and daring, if his eyes flash upon reading of Xavier's conquests, if they are dimmed with tears when reading of a martyr's victory, then, poor mother, or rather happy mother, press him to your heart, enjoy him while you may. You will soon be called upon to give him up to God. The very qualities which have so endeared him to you have caused the Angels of heathen nations to single him out. He will be your own for a short time only, whom heavenly hosts already acclaim as a missionary or a martyr of Christ.

REV. FATHER COUBE

"I Have Something to Tell Jesus"

St. Magdalen of Pazzi, while yet a small child, used to say that *she hungered after God*, and she pleaded to be allowed to receive Holy Communion. But she was told that she would have to wait, because she was too young.

There was nothing to do but to await with sighs and tears the coming of the happy day. Her mother often received Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and Magdalen used then to press close to her and, hiding herself in the folds of her garments, she would argue: "Mother is about to receive Our Blessed Lord; she will be all filled with His goodness and grace. This grace will overflow from her soul to her body, thence to her garments and to little me." When her mother returned to the house, Magdalen would keep close beside her and follow her everywhere. One day she said: "Mother, take me on your lap and let me press my head to your heart. I have something to tell Jesus!"

To answer to the spiritual needs of the world's 350,000,000 Catholics, there are 321,000 priests — one priest for 1,100 souls.

From *Christian Family and Our Missions*

Mary, Queen of Heaven, still lives on earth as Queen of the Missions. It is her spirit that animates the working Church to labor, sacrifice, suffering for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

Rev. Father George J. Hurley



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. |

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Kindly have a low mass said for me in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Our Lady of Victory for a favor received. Mrs. J. L. F., **Montreal**. — I have received many favors from Our Heavenly Mother through your kind prayers. Mrs. M. O., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. L. McC., **Montreal**. — Please join with me in a novena and have vigil lights burn in thanksgiving for a favor received lately. Mrs. F. D., **Caughnawaga**. — Enclosed you will find an offering for your missionary works in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favor obtained. Mrs. E. St. A., **St. Vincent de Paul**. — Enclosed find five dollars for the ransom of a pagan child as a gift of thanksgiving for favors received from the Blessed Mother. Miss L. R., **Northwood, Ont.** — Please have a mass said or offer prayers for my intentions. I have been helped a lot by your prayers. Mrs. L. B., **Three Rivers, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favor granted me. Mrs. J. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — I have received a great favor from the Blessed Virgin Mary. Miss A. G., **Cranston, R. I.** — I am sending an offering for your Missions, for favors obtained through wearing the Miraculous Medal. Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. V. G., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Grateful thanks for a conversion. Mrs. J., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. I. B. — I wish to thank Mary Immaculate for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. J. B. L., **Verdun**. — Heartfelt thanks for a cure obtained after promising to publish in **THE PRECURSOR**. Mrs. H. S., **St. Jean de Dieu**. — Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. A. H. — O Mary, Queen of All Hearts, a thousand thanks for having granted me the favor I requested. A young girl. — Many thanks to our dear Heavenly Mother for a favor received. A subscriber. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a cure obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. P. R., **St. Cecile de Milton**. — Thank you, dear Blessed Mother, for having answered me. I want to tell everyone that you leave no prayer unheard. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for a cure. Anonymous. — Our Blessed Mother has obtained my complete cure from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A thousand thanks! Miss J. L., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude for a favor obtained. A subscriber, **St. Felicien**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. A subscriber, **St. Scholastique**. — Our Blessed Lady has cured me. A Child of Mary. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a cure without an operation. Mrs. E. F., **Lac St. Paul**. — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favor received through her intercession. Anonymous. — I heartily thank our dear Blessed Lady for favors she has granted me, and advise all who stand in need of favors to pray to her with unbounded confidence. A subscriber. — Many thanks to our dear Blessed Mother for a favor received through the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. V. G. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. R. J., **Quebec**. — Thanks for a cure attributed to Mary. A subscriber, **Beaupre**. — Sincere thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. J. B., **St. Elisabeth**. — A thousand thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for improvement in my health. May our dear Heavenly Mother cure me completely. Mrs. P., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude towards Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. May she continue protecting me. A subscriber, **St. Francois de Sales**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. B. L., **Verdun**.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Lively gratitude towards Our Lady of Victory and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors received through their intercession. Miss G. L., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors received. Mrs. A. L., **Central Falls, R. I.** — Grateful thanks to St. Jude for employment. Mrs. P., **Longue Pointe**. — I am fulfilling a promise in honor of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Anonymous. — Lively gratitude to St. Joseph for a favor he has granted me. L. D. — Please publish in **THE PRECURSOR** that I have received favors from Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Rita. C. McD., **Toronto, Ont.** — I am enclosing an offering for Saint Joseph's Burse in thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory. M. C., **Halifax, N. S.** — I am sending an offering in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for bringing my nephew safely through his flights. A. P., **Westmount**.

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.



RETEITIONS

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

Will you please plead with our dear Mother for me for several intentions. M. H. — May I ask a few prayers to Our Blessed Mother, that my daughter who had a nervous breakdown may return to health and be able to continue her work. Mrs. J. M. — Please pray to our dear Immaculate Mother for my poor son's conversion. He is far from God and doesn't believe in Him. Mrs. K. — Please pray for me, that I may make a good confession and Communion. Miss K. — I enclose an offering for a novena for my mother who is very ill. Please pray for her recovery. M. H., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a special intention for me. Mrs. R. A. S., **Montreal**. — I beg you to ask all the Sisters to pray hard for me to obtain a good room in a respectable house. B. P., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for restoration to health of my daughter. Many thanks in advance. Will you also have an intention for my three sons in the service, two of them in great danger. Mrs. M. B., **Montreal**. — As a special favor I would ask you to make a novena in the

intentions of my two brothers who are overseas. We have placed them both under the protection of Our Blessed Lady and hope she will protect them. M. LeB., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me. Mrs. M. D., **Montreal**. — Please burn vigil lights for a novena for the recovery of my husband who is very ill from an infected jaw. Mrs. M. B., **Cowansville, P. Q.** — Please start a novena for me if possible. I am sick and do not want to go to the hospital. I am wearing the miraculous medal and have also been enrolled in the Central Association. Mrs. J. McM., **Montreal**. — Would you please burn two vigil lights for nine days for the safe return of my brother, and one for myself for a better position. A Child of Mary, D. S., **Verdun**. — Will you please make a novena with me for a special intention. Mrs. W. R., **Lachine, P. Q.** — I am asking prayers for an improvement in my health and also for several favors. Mrs. W. B., **Thetford Mines**. — Please have two masses said for special intentions. Mrs. St. J., **Ottawa**. — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please have a mass said that my husband's health will improve. Mrs. J. D., **Tecumseh, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my family's health and mine. Will you also pray for my intentions. Miss E. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Please pray for a special intention. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Please pray for my sister and her husband. Mrs. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray for the protection of my boy who is in the theatre of war. A mother. — Please pray for the conversion of my boy. Mrs. J., **Lowell, Mass.** — Please pray for my health. G. L., **Salem, Mass.** — Will you please pray to Our Blessed Mother for a very special intention of mine. Mrs. V. B., **Woonsocket, R. I.**

VARIOUS PETITIONS

May I ask your urgent prayers to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Jude for the solution of a very difficult problem. A Child of Mary, M. O'R., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Trinity, Our Immaculate Mother Mary and the Sacred and loving Heart of Jesus for the conversion of my husband, health for myself, and several other intentions. Mrs. E. N., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for my cure through the intercession of our kind Heavenly Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. E. C. D. — A conversion is requested through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. Another special intention is also recommended. A subscriber. — Please make a novena to St. Jude for my husband's cure. Mrs. B. — Please join me in prayer to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus that my boy may be pious and obedient. Anonymous. — Please pray with me to the Holy Family for my husband's cure and for a position. A subscriber. — Will you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony for the cure of my son, the father of a family, who has been ill with rheumatism for a month. Please pray for my own cure also. An afflicted mother. — I am requesting several spiritual and temporal favors through Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. Anonymous. — A young mother is asking St. Therese to watch over her baby. Mrs. Y. C. — Please pray for my vocation. Anonymous, **Lauzon**. — Protection for my two sons; their vocation. Mrs. M.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 4; conversions, 19; cures, 62; positions, 4; special intentions, 115.



OBITUARY

Rev. Father J. M. Laperle, **St. Emile de Suffolk**; Mr. Joseph Pepin, **Victoriaville**, father of our Sister Marie des Anges; Mrs. A. Methot, **St. Antoine de Tilly**, and Mrs. J. H. Desrochers, **Montreal**, sisters of our Sister Marie de la Visitation; Mr. Domina Laplante, **St. Chrysostom**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Blanche; Mrs. James Bathurst, Anna O'Farrell, Mrs. Thomas Gaul, **Montreal**; Mrs. Honore Myles, Mr. R. Mallett, Mr. Thomas Browne, Mr. Joseph Browne, **Verdun**; Pte. John Breslin, **Pt. St. Charles**; Mr. J. Giroux, **St. Henri**; Mrs. Mathias Tellier, **Joliette**; Mrs. Marie Bertrand, **Biddeford, Me.**; Mr. Horace Gendron, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Hon. Jules Allard, Dr. Alexandre St. Pierre, Mr. and Mrs. A. Blouin, Mrs. A. Fortier, Mrs. Charles Lanthier, Mrs. J. L. Spenard, Mr. J. N. Charbonneau, Mr. Armand Busseau, Mrs. M. A. Longtin, Mr. Albert Dore, Mr. Gabriel Carpentier, Mrs. Caroline Nassa, Mr. Denis Fecteau, Mrs. Charles Ed. Leblanc, Mr. Wilfrid Gascon, Mrs. Jos. Robillard, Mr. Armand Garand, Mrs. D. Perreault, Mr. Raoul Lalonde, Mrs. J. B. Renaud, Mrs. Joseph Paquette, Mrs. J. V. Mathieu, Mr. Frank Courtemanche, Sr., Mrs. A. Aumais, Mr. J. Nareau, Mr. Arthur Laroche, Mr. Georges Rattelade, Mr. Leopold Sutto, Mrs. Emile Daoust, Mrs. M. A. Quenneville, Mrs. Alfred Quenneville, Mr. Napoleon Lafourture, Mrs. Oscar Leroux, Mrs. J. H. Paradis, Mr. Jos. Guerin, Mr. Heleodore Leclerc, Miss Louise Cousineau, Mrs. A. R. Ranger, Mrs. Adelard Beauparlant, Mr. Adrien Dubois, Mrs. M. Jeanne Cherrier, Mrs. Arthur Charette, Mr. William Maher, **Montreal**; Mr. Romeo Gelinas, Mrs. F. X. Demers, Mrs. Nap. Valade, Mrs. Joseph Boyer, Mrs. Wilfrid Pinsonnault, Mr. Paul Lalonde, Mrs. Georges Beaulieu, Mrs. Rolland Dupuis, Mr. Joseph Labelle, **Verdun**; Mr. I. McCann, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Jean Noel Charbonneau, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. O. Laframboise, **Ville St. Pierre**; Mrs. J. Longpre, **Rosemont**; Mrs. J. A. Dufresne, **Cartierville**; Mrs. Guillaume Larose, **St. Janvier**; Mrs. Adelard Gravel, **Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur, Laprairie Co.**; Mrs. Isidore Voghel, Sr., **St. Marc sur Richelieu**; Mr. Fortunat Aubry, **Dorval**; Mrs. Hormisdas Longtin, **St. Mathieu, Laprairie Co.**; Mrs. Joseph Couture, **Windsor Mills**; Mrs. A. Monty, **Roxton Pond**; Miss Gabrielle Seguin, **Richelieu**; Mrs. Bruneau Fontaine, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Wilfrid Bernier, **St. Cecile de Milton**; Mrs. J. Bte. Desilets, **Drummondville**; Mrs. Edmond Poirier, **Valleyfield**; Mrs. Josaphat Leduc, Mrs. Noe Daoust, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs. Joseph Jacques, **Joliette**; Mrs. Joseph Dufresne, **Rawdon**; Mrs. Egide Aumont, **St. Lin**; Mr. H. Heneault, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Jacques Gagnon, Mr. Rosario Godin, **Grand'Mere**; Mrs. William Trepanier, **Herouxville**; Mrs. Henri Fafard, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mrs. Onesime Auger, Mr. Georges Bernier, Miss Lucienne Caron, **Quebec**; Miss Leona Chaput, **St. Pie de Bagot**; Mrs. Francis Ouellet, **St. Andre de Kamouraska**; Mrs. Alphonse Boucher, **Black Lake**; Mrs. Francois Cloutier, **St. Ferdinand, Megantic Co.**; Mrs. J. Bte. D'Anjou, **St. Luce**; Mrs. Johnny Ouellet, **Notre Dame du Lac**; Mr. Charles A. Gilbert, **Baie St. Paul**; Mr. Martial Rousseau, **Baie Comeau**; Mr. Paul Emile Gagnon, **Roberval**; Mr. Jos. Simard, **Chicoutimi West**; Mr. F. X. Couturier, Mrs. Georges Boudreault, Mr. Joseph Bouchard, **Kenogami**; Mrs. Ludovic Tanguay, **St. Prime**; Mr. Bruno Cossette, **St. Felicien**; Mr. Charles De Mars, **Devil's Lake, N. Dak.**; Mr. Rene Larose, **Holyoke, Mass.**; Mr. Roland Lippe, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. N. Auray, **Waterbury, Conn.**; Mr. Emile Rouzes, **France**.

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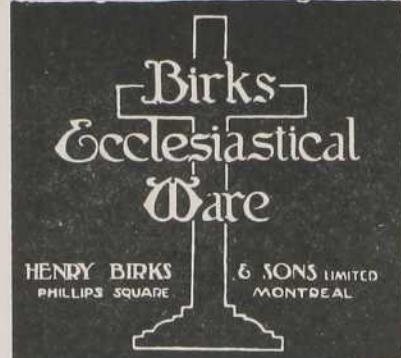
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| <u>TO KOM HANT</u> , Foundling Home "Our Lady of Providence". Orphanage. | |
| <u>SHAMEEN</u> , School. | |
| <u>FONG CHUEN</u> , Insane Asylum. | |
| <u>SHEK LUNG</u> , near Canton. (Founded in 1913) | Leprosarium. |
| <u>HONG KONG</u> , 24 Austin Road, Kowloon. (Founded in 1927) | Procure and School. |
| <u>TSUNGMING</u> , Catholic Mission, Paochen, Kiangsu. (Founded in 1928) | |
| Orphanage. Foundling Home. School. Native Novitiate "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus". | |
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| <u>SUCHOW</u> , Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1934) | |
| Training of native virgins. Dispensary. | |

MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

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| <u>TCHENGKIATOEN</u> , Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1927) | Dispensary. |
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| <u>PAITCHENGTE</u> , Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933) | Dispensary. |
| <u>KOUNGTCHOULING</u> , Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933) | Dispensary. |

JAPAN

| | |
|--|--|
| <u>KORIYAMA</u> , 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi, Fukushima Ken. (Founded in 1930) | |
| Kindergarten. | |
| <u>WAKAMATSU</u> , 480 sakae machi, Hon 3 no cho No 1, Aizu Wakamatsu. (Founded in 1933) | |
| Kindergarten. | |

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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| <u>MANILA</u> , 287 Tayuman St. (Founded in 1921) | |
| Hostel "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus". School for Chinese. | |

WEST INDIES

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| <u>ROME</u> , 26 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario. (Founded in 1925) | |
| Procure for the Missions. | |

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of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the 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.