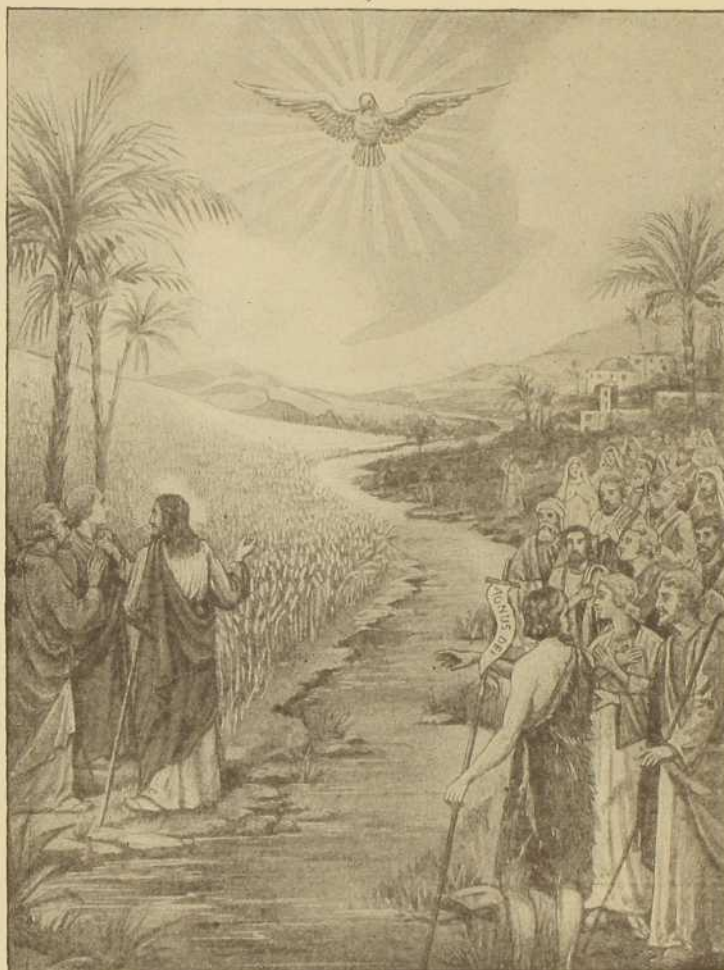


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 23rd Year

MONTREAL, July-August 1945

No. 4

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 Viau (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 Lagauchetiere St. West, Montreal 1.

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918)

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

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 girls. 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 girls. Kindergarten.

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. Sewing circles.

(Continued on page 3 of 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*s, 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, copes, 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

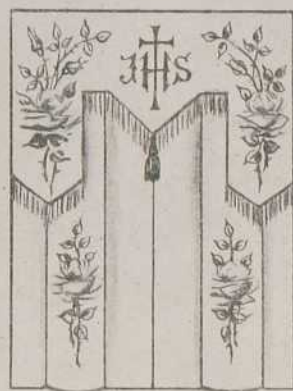
Sales tax and mailing costs not included.

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





○ 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

MONTREAL, July-August 1945

No. 4

CONTENTS

Good Saint Anne.....	<i>The Precursor</i>	195
The Secret of St. Anne's Sanctity.....		196
The Holy Father's Message.....		199
The Cooperation of the Faithful to the Mission Cause. <i>J. Le Cerf, S. M.</i>		200
Baptism Ceremony at the Motherhouse.....		203
The Coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe.....		206
Mary's Protection.....		207
Life Sketch of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	209
In the Steps of Xavier.....	<i>The Precursor</i>	214
Father Tim's Vocation.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	216
Wanted — More Vocations.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	220
Spiritual M. D.....	<i>V. Marmolton, S. J.</i>	223
St. Therese of the Child Jesus.....	<i>Paul Destombes, M. Ap.</i>	228
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Very Rev. James A. Walsh, M. Ap.</i>	229
Echoes From Our Missions.....		232
Novitiate Chronicles.....		249
Children's Page.....		252
Thanksgivings - Petitions - Obituary.....		256

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chinese Children Praying for Our Benefactors.....	194
Good Saint Anne.....	194
Baptism Ceremony at the Motherhouse.....	204
Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa.....	210
A Dying Mother's Farewell.....	218
The Glorious Patroness of the Missions.....	228
Orphans Who Sought Refuge at Shek Lung, China.....	233
Orphans, Tsungming, China.....	235
The Babies Are Being Carried to the Chapel for Baptism.....	236
Little First Communicants, Tsungming, China.....	238
Sister Marie de Sion, of the Miss. Sisters of the Immaculate Conception ..	240
Leaving on a Sick Call, Tsungming, China.....	243
Grandma Sui Jew "Susy", Vancouver.....	246
Group of Old Men, Mt. St. Joseph, Vancouver.....	247
A Pleasant Holiday.....	254



*O Good Saint Anne,
grant us your especial protection,
that we may lead holy lives
and merit the blessings of Jesus and Mary
upon our labors!*



Good Saint Anne

*Mary's Mother, hear us,
Mary's Mother, cheer us,
As we hie to God and thee!
When the path is steepest,
And the dark is deepest,
Mary's Mother, charity!*

*Help we need, oh! reach us,
Gently come to teach us
How to pray to God and thee!
Give us sweet reliance,
Banish all defiance,
Teach us how to trust in thee!*

*Mary's Mother, love us,
From thy throne above us,
Shower blessings on our ways!
Hearts like thine own give us,
When we fail, forgive us,
Thoughts of thee bless all our days!*

*Mary's Mother, shield us,
When thy hand has healed us
From the pain and care of life!
Then to Heaven greet us,
And with Mary meet us,
When we've conquered in the strife!*

The Precursor

The Secret of St. Anne's Sanctity



LIKELY enough you have asked yourself in one of your better moments the question: "Can I be a saint?" And quite probably, too, you had the answer within forty seconds: "No use trying. Too good for me. I wasn't cut out to be a saint."

Not cut out to be a saint? You seem to forget the old truism that "poets are born, but saints are made." Now, if you and I, born poets or not, set down to work earnestly and hold on to our ideal of sanctity, we shall one day be fellow citizens with the saints and saints ourselves.

The saints the Church honors today were not born with halos round their foreheads. Common men of common clay, grace-deprived sons of sinful Adam, they had need of God and His tender mercy even as we. They also had to choose over and over between their conscience and sin. As we mortals, they had to eat and drink and sleep and work; there were social duties they had to perform. All in all, they did pretty much the same things you and I have to do. But — and here is the difference — they did the same things *not the same way*. They took God at His word. They tried to do things perfectly, "even as our Father in Heaven is perfect."

Let us choose one saint today from the vast galaxy of Heaven's canonized denizens. A saint whose life was as humdrum as yours and mine. A saint who did ordinary everyday actions extraordinarily well, loved God and did not put too many obstacles to thwart His designs. St. Anne, the glorious Mother of the Mother of God. Plain and simple as any common mother's was her life. Picture her doing humble household tasks and ask her to make you understand how we are much too sophisticated and ceremonious to be admitted into the company of the Friend of the simple of heart, the Lover of artless children, the "flower of the field," as Scripture says of Him.

How did St. Anne begin her day? As you and I do or should do, by giving her heart to God and calling His blessing upon the new day. "Better a day without bread than a day without prayer." We must *all* pray, we must *always* pray. The injunction is meant for everyone. But may we not say that wives and mothers are expected to fulfill this sacred duty in a very special way? When sorrow raps at the door, is it not the mother's lot to hide her tears and speak cheering words to those she loves? Heart-pangs, misfortunes, trials — these are the mother's crosses, her stepping stones to Heaven and sainthood. Prayer is power, and the source of strength.

Follow St. Anne at her humble, hidden housework. Meals to prepare, floors to sweep, clothes to mend — why, what is this but the life-story of your own mother and mine? Let us concede that she was well-to-do, as we say. But she did not let things of earth obscure the vision of things above.

She knew that "order is Heaven's first law" and everything in her home was tidy and orderly, but there certainly was not much of exterior show and glamor there.

To St. Joachim we could apply the words of Solomon: "Her husband

arose and called her blessed." St. Anne knew that woman is created for man, to be his helpmate on the journey to eternal life. In all things she sought to go ahead of his wishes and preferences, and tried her best to satisfy them and make home a haven of happiness.

Tradition tells us that the Child Mary was presented to the Temple of Jerusalem at the age of three. All too short years, then, were those Mother and Child spent together. But how blissful they were!

It does not take much straining of imagination to picture the fond mother bending over her sleeping angel and gently rousing her from babyhood dreams. And the Child's first good morning prayer to God! When shall we get down to simple terms when we talk to our Father in Heaven?

All the day long, St. Anne listened to childish prattle, laughed at baby pranks, dried big baby tears. There were moments, too, when she took the Child of miracle upon her lap and spoke of Almighty God, of Heaven and what we must all do to get there. Mary listened, drinking in her mother's words, then as later perhaps pondering them in her heart, as a child can do.

"God will send a Redeemer one day. He will come to save Israel from all his sins. O God!" — and the voices of Mother and Daughter mingled — "Send forth the Savior! O ye heavens, rain down the Just One! O Thou, the Desired of Nations, come and save us!" Have we ever prayed half as earnestly? Have the angels of God been thrilled to bear up our prayers to the great white throne? Have we looked beyond "me, myself and I" and prayed for others? Do we say "give me" or "give us", "forgive me" or the broad, generous way, "forgive us"?

God intended St. Anne to be the especial patron of mothers. But her love is not confined to them, nor is her protection. Has not someone said we are "the mothers of our souls"? As a wayward child we must scold and chastise, help and stir up, hearten and encourage, until our soul attains to the fulness of Christ and becomes fit for His companionship in Heavenly Realms. "I am the captain of my soul!" exclaimed the poet. Gentle follower of the gentle Christ, I can say: "I am the mother of my soul!" God make me worthy!

The poor we have always with us, and so was it in St. Anne's day. Widows and orphans, too, had to be consoled and befriended. The holy mother, who had drained the cup of sorrow, knew how to comfort aching hearts and raise up faltering courages. With her own hands she made raiment for those her Grandson was later to proclaim "Blessed" and heirs of the Kingdom.

Meals in the home of the Blessed Virgin's parents were a simple and frugal affair. God's blessing was invoked upon the repast and grateful thanks followed it. So must you and I thank God for all His bounties. In thanking we learn to love, and love is the fulfilling of the Law and the prophets, and God's greatest Commandment.

Evening hours, as those of the morning, were made God's in a fervent prayer. Far into the night the two noble scions of Israel prolonged their devotion. God does not ask the same from all souls. From some He

requests devout prayer, from others, vigil beside a sick child, from still others, calm and undisturbed slumber. Whatever He may ask from us, let us answer right willingly, remembering that He wills our sanctification and that the doing of His will leads us to sanctity.

Here we have the secret of the sanctity of St. Anne, and the secret of the sanctity of all the servants of her Daughter and Grandson. Doing all things out of love for God, courageously, steadfastly, cheerfully, for "God loveth the cheerful giver." Thus shall we find out for ourselves the truth of the saying that saints are the happiest people on earth. And when we close our eyes to things of earth and open them to things of Heaven, the Master of the Kingdom will greet us home with: "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."



Mission Intention for the Month of July, 1945

Freedom to preach the Gospel in the interior of Asia

In this day when the tenets of democracy, with its purported freedom of worship clause, are heralded throughout the world, it may seem strange to read an appeal for prayers for "freedom to preach the Gospel in the interior of Asia." However, a study of the facts and a perusal of the map proves the wisdom of the action of the Holy See.

Just what is meant by the interior of Asia? Perhaps, exercising poetic license, we might say it includes the territory from the vale of Kashmere to Siberia; again it may embrace the land from the Himalayas to the Arctic Circle. Actually the area is huge—in part wild and desolate as are the districts included in it: Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Tibet, Nepal, Bhutan, Turkestan, the Asiatic sections of the U. S. S. R., and outer Mongolia. Even the most desultory study of history marks these as "forbidden" spots in the realms of mission activity. The fanaticism of the Moslems, the mysticism of the Hindus, the warlike attitude of the Sikhs, the ritualistic practices of Lamaism, the professed godlessness of the Communists, would seem to create a barrier more formidable than the towering ridges of the Himalayas.

Yet, just as our boys are now flying daily over the seemingly impassable "hump" bringing aid to China, so our missionaries are ready and eager to undertake work in these closed areas. Twelve years ago Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, called the Abbot of St. Maurice to discuss with him the possibility of sending some of the monks from his renowned abbey, founded in 515 A. D., to found an outpost on the borders of the closed lands of Bhutan and Tibet.

The Abbot journeyed to the area designated by Archbishop de Guebriant and today a Prefecture Apostolic is located in the heart of one of the forbidden areas. "Nepal, Sikkim, Tibet and Bhutan surround us," wrote the Prefect Apostolic recently, "but we know that we shall enter by the Pope's way, that is, breaking down prejudice by charity. We will live our lives according to our vocation as Canons, worthily performing the divine liturgy in this land of monasteries and by training a native clergy. It is only they that can bring Christ to their own people, but it is we that have got to help them do it."

This has been the principle of the Scheut Fathers in their work in Mongolia, a principle which is already bearing fruit. From the quiet halls of the great seminary in Tatungfu, the first Mongolian native priest has emerged, and now that most of the European missionaries in Mongolia are interned, it is from the ranks of the native clergy they trained so long and so well that the torch of faith is being carried into desolate outer Mongolia.

The conquest of Poland by Russia may also prove a boomerang for the Church in the Asiatic sections of the U. S. S. R. The internment of Polish priests and nuns may form the leaven which will restore Christ to His rightful place in the hearts and homes of the Russian people. Prayer and charity are the necessities for the expansion of this apostolate. Through these media we will fulfill the wishes of His Holiness who does not "hesitate to look to the future with a serene eye." Thus "the present century, even though born proud and presumptuous with its accumulated delusions and ruins, will in the field of Catholic missions bear a rich harvest." Let us hope this will be realized particularly in the vast sections of the interior of Asia.

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

The Holy Father Rejoices at the Cessation of Hostilities

Here at last We behold the end of this war which, during almost six years, has held Europe in the grip of the most atrocious suffering and most bitter sorrow.

A cry of humble and ardent gratitude arises from the very depths of our heart to "The Father of Mercies and the God of all Consolation" (2 Cor. 13).

But Our canticle of thanksgiving is accompanied with the suppliant prayer to implore also of Divine Omnipotence and Goodness the termination, in accord with justice, of the sanguinary warfare in the Far East.

On our knees in spirit before the tombs, before the ravines disturbed and reddened by blood, where repose the innumerable corpses of those who have fallen, victims of the fighting or of inhuman massacres, of hunger or of misery, We recommend them all in Our prayers and especially in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, to the merciful love of Jesus Christ, their Saviour and their judge. And it seems to Us that they, the fallen, are giving warning to the survivors of this cruel scourge and are saying to them: let there arise from the earth, wherein we have been placed as grains of wheat, the moulders and builders of a new and better Europe, of a new and better universe, founded on the filial fear of God, on fidelity to His holy commandments, on respect for human dignity, on the sacred principle of equality, on the rights of all peoples and all states, large and small, weak and strong.

The war has created on all sides chaotic ruin, both material and moral, such as mankind has never known in the entire course of human history. The task of this hour is to rebuild the world.

As the first element of this restoration, We long to see, after so long a period of waiting, the prompt and speedy return, insofar as circumstances permit, of the prisoners, of the interned, combatants and civilians, to their homes and to their wives and children.

And to all who labor for peace We say: Let not your energy flag nor your courage fail: dedicate yourselves ardently to the work of reconstruction, sustained by a strong faith in Divine Providence. Apply yourselves to labor, each one at his post, resolute and determined, with a heart animated by a generous, indestructible love of one's fellowman.

It is difficult, certainly, but it is also a holy undertaking that awaits you in repairing the immediate and disastrous consequences of the war. We refer to the decay of public order, misery and hunger, the relaxing and brutalizing of customs and usages, the lack of discipline among the youth. By so doing, little by little you will prepare for your cities and your villages, for your provinces and your fatherlands, a more acceptable lot and renewed vigor to your blood.

With the threat of lurking death driven from the earth, from the sea and from the sky, and assurance provided by the laying down of arms of the safety of men's lives and that which remains to them of their private and common possessions; men can now devote their minds and energies to the building of the peace.

If We limit our considerations to Europe, We find ourselves face to face now with gigantic problems and difficulties, which We must overcome if We wish to plan the way to a true peace, the only one that can be lasting.

Peace, indeed, cannot flower and prosper except in an atmosphere of secure justice and of perfect fidelity, joined with reciprocal trust, mutual understanding and benevolence.

The war has aroused everywhere discord, suspicion and hatred. If, therefore, the world wishes to regain peace, it is necessary that falsehood and rancor should vanish and in their stead that sovereign truth and charity should reign.

Above all, however, in our daily prayers, We should beseech God constantly to fulfil His promise made by the mouth of the prophet Ezechiel: "and I will give them one heart, and will put a new spirit in their bowels and I will take away the

stony heart out of their flesh that they may walk in My commandments, and keep My judgments, and do them: and that they may be My people, and I may be their God."

May the Lord God deign to create this new spirit, His spirit, in peoples, and particularly in the hearts of those to whom He has entrusted the responsibility of establishing the future peace.

Then and only then will the reborn world avoid the return to the tremendous scourge of war and there will reign a true, stable and universal brotherhood, and that peace guaranteed by Christ even on earth to those who are willing to believe and trust in His law of love.

The Cooperation of the Faithful to the Mission Cause



HAT even one single soul may be lost through Our tardiness, through our lack of generosity; that even one single missionary may have to hold back in his work because he does not receive all the assistance that We could make possible for him, is another responsibility to which We perhaps have not given too much thought during the course of Our life." — *Pope Pius XI, Pentecost Message, 1922.*

Let us pause for a moment to ponder seriously on the great duty of every Christian worthy of the name, especially as regards mission apostolate in behalf of the pagan masses.

A Protestant has written a book on the "decisive hour of the missions."

Truly, God's hour has come, and no consistent Catholic has the right to let it pass unheeded. Ours, then, to become better acquainted with the momentous problem and to contribute, according to our means, towards the popularization of the "mission spirit" — to quote Pope Benedict XV.

Just what is implied by the "mission idea" ?

The "mission idea" is the base of God's action among men after sin. Had not sin come into the world, relations between God and men would have been unceasingly amicable; after sin, they could be but a renewal of that friendship.

It follows that the mission of the Church must be understood as being from the part of God not only a call, an invitation, but an appeal for the return of straying sons. The parable of the Prodigal Son gives us an exact synthesis of this idea.

What are the main elements of this mission idea? The following quotation from St. Paul sheds abundant light on the matter:

"I desire first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men: for kings, and for all that are in high stations: that we may lead a quiet and a peaceable life in all piety and chastity. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there

is one God, and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus: Who gave Himself a redemption for all, a testimony in due times, whereunto I am appointed a preacher and an apostle (I say the truth, I lie not), a teacher of the gentiles in faith and truth." (I Tim., II, 1-7)

The essence of the mission idea is found in these lines: the theological element (v. 4, 6), the historical-theological element (v. 6), and the historical element (v. 7).

St. Paul affirms that God wills to save all men, and bases himself therefor on the unity of God and the oneness of the Mediator and Savior. He confesses at the same time that Christ has responded to the desire of His Father, and has fulfilled His work by dying and redeeming all mankind *without any limit of time or place*; finally, the Apostle of the Gentiles shows us in himself a beginning, as it were, and a synopsis of the mission and action of the Church or of the apostles and missionaries who go into the whole world to preach the Gospel to every creature, thus fulfilling the divine mandate of Our Savior Jesus Christ. These three elements are strictly bound by a logical bond that demonstrates the existence of one divine plan perfectly grasped by St. Paul.

Universality of God's will, universality of the Redemption, universality of the apostolate. Such are the three postulates of the salvation of mankind, the three principal elements of the mission idea.

From these principles we must necessarily conclude that the cooperation of man is needed in this holy undertaking. Even Harnack has not failed to note this characteristic of the Christian Religion: "Whoever," said he, "professes it seriously, must seek to propagate it." The entire history of Catholic apostolate attests this active and general cooperation of the faithful, indicated in the Gospel as binding under the form of at least prayer and material aid. That constitutes the moral aspect of the mission problem.

We should not be astonished, then, if the Church unceasingly reminds the preachers of the Gospel that they must recall to the faithful the urgent duty of concerning themselves about this weighty and pressing matter. We need only meditate on the prayer we have learned from the lips of the God-Man, and especially on the second request: "Thy kingdom come!", to understand the necessity of personal cooperation from every member of the Church towards the extension of God's Kingdom upon earth.

We would willingly leave the foreign mission cause to the care of the Church; but what is the Church? The Pope alone, and the bishops? We all know that the Church is *the communion of all the faithful* with the *bishop* and the *Pope*. If, then, we realize our privilege as members of the Church, we cannot neglect doing our share of the great work of the preaching of the Gospel to all mankind. We can all, nay, *we must all be missionaries*. We cannot all dedicate our lives to the spreading of the Gospel, but we are all expected to cooperate in so far as we are able to the realization of the supreme desire of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Another remark based on these words of the Savior: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, that is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister,

and mother." (Matt., XII, 50) What is the principal object of God's will, if not the salvation of all men? When we cooperate with Our Lord in this great mission of converting the pagan world, we contribute to the diffusion of the Gospel, and thus penetrate still further in the intimacy of the Savior.

Granted that the Church possesses even numerical catholicity among the various separated sects, with her 375,000,000 faithful; but her *catholicity by right* requires much more! How many conversions to operate! More than one billion pagans! One thousand million souls and over, to whom the followers of Christ must, by prayer and alms, bear the knowledge of the Divine Savior of mankind!

Well had Pauline Jaricot, the pious daughter of Lyons, grasped this idea when she founded the admirable Society for the Propagation of the Faith! It grows more urgent than ever, and demands the serious attention of all Catholics. Humanly speaking, it is a matter of life or death — of the triumph of Satan or of Christ; of Luther or of the Pope.

That is why His Holiness Pope Pius XI did not hesitate to stretch out his hand to all and to request from all their share of aid, succor and contribution.

The most efficacious of all means of apostolate is prayer. Fervent, persevering, generous prayer — such the missionary begs. Ah! he knows so well that therein lies his most precious treasure, and that he would battle unavailingly if God did not touch hearts and convert them.

Let us therefore devote ourselves to the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood and the recruiting of apostles. May this prayer rise unceasingly from our hearts: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, Thy Kingdom come . . . the harvest indeed is great, O Divine Master; send forth, we pray Thee, valiant bands of laborers!"

J. LE CERF, S. M.

Apostolate of Joy

Joy is a condition of apostolate, as apostolate is a condition of joy. Every apostle must radiate joy and devotedness. Happiness is of a contagious nature. Happiness is in itself an apostolate, and the genuine apostle is always joyful.

A cheerful soul uplifts other souls, making them sharers in her own happiness. Personal sanctity is a more powerful factor of a fruitful apostolate than feverish activity.

Everywhere today there is a dearth of joy. People laugh, it is true, at nothing and at everything, but their laughter often rings hollow, because they are not truly joyful.

God's joy, eternal and immutable, first motive of our joy. Our neighbor's joy, second motive. Our own personal joy, third motive. One means of being happy is to act always as if we were really happy.

Joyful souls cannot but be saintly, apostolic souls. How could men, ardent seekers of happiness, seeing them so radiantly happy, fail to inquire after the secret of their joy?

MAURICE DE BACKER

Baptism Ceremony at the Motherhouse



N the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, April 11, was held a ceremony quite simple in itself, but in reality most sublime, and which must have increased the bliss of the choirs of the Blessed above.

Early in the afternoon, Rev. Father P. M. Laporte, O. P., formerly a missionary to Japan, conferred Solemn Baptism on two Japanese converts, Messrs. Seigo Mizoguchi and Nobuo Nagasaki, both of Montreal.

The ceremony was opened by the public abjuration of Mr. Mizoguchi, who had previously been connected with a Protestant sect. Then followed the ever impressive rites of the first of all Sacraments.

Mr. Mizoguchi took as Christian names Joseph Paul Serge Rene, while Mr. Nagasaki received those of Joseph Jean Pierre. Mr. Paul Lemay, of St. Alexis de Montcalm, and Mrs. Donatien Ducharme, of Montreal, stood as godfather and godmother to the former, while Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brais were godparents to the latter.

After the ceremony, the strains of a pious hymn to Our Lady in their mother tongue greatly rejoiced the happy neophytes. Later in the afternoon, in St. Germain Church, Outremont, the newly-baptized received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. P. Desranleau, Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Friday, April 13, in the chapel of the Motherhouse, Cote des Neiges, Mr. Mizoguchi made his First Holy Communion.

Born in Japan of a non-Christian family, Mr. Mizoguchi came to Canada when he was seventeen. Drawn by the urgings of well-meaning friends, he soon entered a Protestant sect. But with characteristic good will he sought the way of truth, and soon perceived that it was not to be found in the Protestant Religion.

God works wonders for those who seek Him with sincere hearts. About five years ago, Mr. Mizoguchi met and married a Canadian young girl, who led him to the Catholic Church to which she belonged. Thereafter, every Sunday and holyday found him assisting at Holy Mass and at the other church offices with great respect and piety. He had at last found what he had so long been seeking. His fondest ambition was now to be made a child of God through Baptism.

Nevertheless, according to the plans of Divine Providence, which works in a mysterious way, several years were to elapse before Mr. Mizoguchi's pious desires could be realized. Our dear Lord wanted thus to make him appreciate still more the great boon of Baptism and increase his love.

In December, 1943, the eventualities of war brought back to Canada eight Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. They had been forced to give up their two Missions in Japan, Missions which were all the dearer to their apostolic hearts for having cost them countless trials and labors.

With the salvation of souls as only goal, their zeal was not slow in finding



TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE BAPTISM OF MESSRS. SEIGO MIZOGUCHI AND NOBUO NAGASAKI, APRIL 11, 1945.

Front row: SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (LUCIENNE RENAUD, MONTREAL), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MRS. NAGASAKI, MR. NAGASAKI, THE NEWLY-BAPTIZED, REV. FATHER P. M. LAPORTE, O. P., MR. MIZOGUCHI, THE NEWLY-BAPTIZED, MRS. MIZOGUCHI, SISTER ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER (MARIE ANTOINETTE JODOIN, WORCESTER, MASS.), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Back row: MR. EUGENE BRAIS, MRS. EUGENE BRAIS, MR. J. T. LEMAY, MR. J. R. LAURION, MR. PAUL LEMAY, MRS. DONATIEN DUCHARME.

other outlets. Visits to relocate Japanese families in the city of Montreal brought about today's happy event.

In February last, the Sisters, while making their rounds, met Mr. Mizoguchi. Overjoyed at hearing the Sisters address him in his own mother tongue, he asked to be instructed in the truths of Our Holy Religion. His yearnings after the truth were about to be satisfied.

Twice every week, the prospective convert, who had long been a Christian at heart, came to the Motherhouse for lessons in catechism. At the end of two months, he was found sufficiently prepared for the reception of Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Eucharist.

During the Mass of his First Holy Communion, Rev. Father Laporte, O. P., addressed the newly-baptized, recalling the touching episode of the institution of the Sacrament of Love.

At the Offertory, the Sisters sang an appropriate Japanese hymn, while tears of joy fell from the eyes of the happy First Communicant and his wife. Their happiness was really too great not to overflow. Then Jesus descended for the first time in a soul still radiant with the grace of Baptism. How sweet must have been those intimate communings of the Creator with His creature, on this their first earthly meeting!

"I really cannot explain the joy that is filling my heart today," exclaimed Mr. Mizoguchi after his thanksgiving. "I have only one regret: that of not having been baptized earlier in life."

Mr. Nagasaki will presently be admitted to the Divine Banquet.

May these converts become zealous apostles among their own, bringing many within the blessed radiance of the Gospel.



True Wellspring of Courage

March 18, 1870, in the evening, the Chaplain on duty at the ambulance saw stumbling in a sergeant of the 56th, whose arm had been badly shattered by an exploding shell. The wounded man was holding up with his free hand the broken limb, which still hung on pieces of bleeding flesh. The Major ordered him to Chatel with the others.

"Doctor," remarked the Chaplain, "looking closely at this horrible wound, I am wondering how this brave man has ever been able to walk here from the firing line."

The Major reconsidered his decision, and set about to perform an immediate operation. While the Chaplain held the patient, the surgeon sawed away at splintered bones and cut off torn, blackened flesh. The sergeant went through the painful ordeal with unflinching bravery.

At last everything was over and, refusing to ride, the soldier followed the ambulance on foot to the village of X. On the way, the artillery fire was terrific, but the wounded man hardly noticed because of his great sufferings. Suddenly a shell burst quite close to him, and he exclaimed: "What are they aiming at — robbing me of my remaining arm?"

"You are a brave soldier," said the Chaplain, "and your courage is truly wonderful."

The sergeant showed the priest a little book, all stained with the blood of his glorious wounds. "It is this in which I find both strength and courage."

The Chaplain peered at the book in the gathering shadows and read: "Imitation of Jesus Christ."



Christian Enthusiasm

Our love for the Church ought to be tender and strong. Our interest should be one of joy and enthusiasm. We should get 'excited' about her growth and expansion. We grow with the Church, because the whole body grows together. We belong to the Church, and the Church belongs to us. We share her life and her truth. We should share, too, her enthusiasms! One cannot be a complete Catholic who is not deeply interested in Foreign Missions. For the Church must grow; and it is through her members that she grows. She has leavened the mass of diverse peoples, and she is destined to leaven the world. All of her members must be part of that leaven.

EDWARD L. MURPHY, S. J., in *Beachheads Won for Christ*



As catholic Catholics, our interest should be in the extension of Christ's kingdom anywhere and everywhere on the earth.

Bishop James Anthony Walsh

The Coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe



SCARCELY a league north of Mexico City lies the hill of Tepeyac, which might be called the Lourdes of the Americas. There the Queen of Heaven appeared four centuries ago, bringing heavenly blessings to this corner of the New World, as she had oftentimes showered them upon the faithful of the European continent.

December 9, 1531, Mary deigned to appear on the hill of Tepeyac to a poor Indian named Juan Diego of Quauhhtitlan. From the majestic throne on which she was seated, the Lady spoke to Juan in the Indian language: "You know, my beloved son, that I am the ever-virgin Mary, Mother of the true God. It is my wish that a temple be erected to me on this site, where, as your compassionate Mother, I may show the loving kindness and compassion which I feel for the natives and for those who love me and seek me. You must go to the city of Mexico and to the Palace of the Bishop. Tell him that I have sent you and that it is my pleasure that there be erected on this spot a temple to my name."

Juan Diego hastened to fulfill the Blessed Lady's command and took the path leading to the city. The Bishop was surprised at the story, but he was not inclined to believe it, and would not consent to carry out the heavenly request until further light was shed on the matter.

Three days after her first manifestation, the beautiful Lady again showed herself to Juan, and enjoined him to go up to the top of the hill where she had appeared to him and pluck the roses he should find growing there. Although he was certain there were no flowers on that spot in cold December weather, the simple Indian obeyed the vision and found a fragrant rosebush bearing fresh Spanish roses, which he brought back to the Blessed Virgin. She gathered them into a bouquet and placed them once more in Juan's mantle, telling him to take them to the Bishop, Juan de Zumarraga.

The Bishop was notified. Juan entered and repeated his message. Then he unfolded his mantle, and the prelate fell on his knees reverently before the image painted on it. It was a picture of the Immaculate Conception.

The miraculous events had soon attracted the attention of pious persons all over Mexico, and crowds came on pilgrimages to honor the Madonna's image. The beautiful painting had first been placed in the Bishop's private chapel; thence it was carried to the Cathedral while awaiting the erection of the temple Mary had requested.

The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe was built later and soon became a place of pilgrimage, where the Mother of the Savior manifested to all her royal power and maternal love. In 1695, the Archbishop of Mexico laid the cornerstone of a vast church which was later honored with the title of basilica. May 1, 1709, the blessed image of the Mother of God was solemnly borne to her new temple. From then on, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe was observed each year on December 12.

October 12, 1895, the Mexican people manifested their gratitude towards their powerful Queen and Patroness by solemnly crowning her venerated image. A magnificent golden crown was offered Our Lady of Guadalupe in the name of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

October 12, 1945, which will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the unforgettable ceremony, will be fittingly marked by the good people of Mexico. Special exercises in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe have been ordered in the dioceses and parishes in preparation to the great Marian feast. The twelfth of each month is particularly set aside for this pious preparation, so that this jubilee year, which began October 12, 1944, may be a time of spiritual renewal and fervent love and veneration of the holy Mother of God.

Loving and devoted children of the Blessed Mother, let us not fail to observe in our own way the fiftieth anniversary of the coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe. In union with our Mexican brethren and all the members of the Catholic Church in America, let us offer special tokens of filial love and heartsprung thanksgiving for her unnumbered kindnesses and untiring mercy. If at the present hour the countries of the New World are not going through the harsh experiences of actual warfare, can we not say it is owing to Mary that we have been spared the grim fate of so many others? May our fervent prayers, especially on the occasion of the feasts being elaborated at Our Lady of Guadalupe, obtain for the peoples of America the continuation of her touching protection, and, for all mankind, a just and righteous peace based on the principles of the doctrine of Christ.

Mary's Protection



Two young men of eighteen and twenty usually spent their summer vacation with their mother, in a small town of southern France, on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Both were brilliant pupils of the Jesuits, and a real credit to their teachers because of their staunch fidelity to duty and filial devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin.

Ofttimes were they seen kneeling bareheaded, without the least human respect, before the shrine of the Immaculate Virgin, Patroness of this little town by the seashore. Bold and unafraid, they stood up for Christian principles against the small circle of local unbelievers and scoffers at religion and things religious.

One evening, they received an invitation to a ball given to celebrate a fashionable wedding. They refused outright. Questioned as to why they would not accept an invitation to dance, their answer was short and to the point:

"It is in keeping with a promise we made to Our Lady."

That evening, the weather was splendid and the sea in a placid mood reflected the myriad tints of the setting sun. A light breeze was blowing, cooling the sultry atmosphere.

"Joseph, what do you say to a sail this evening?"

"Just the very proposal I was about to make," Joseph replied. Their mother's agreement to the outing secured, the two set out gaily over the dancing waves.

Both were expert oarsmen and good swimmers. Moreover, they were perfectly familiar with the neighborhood.

The light and graceful canoe shot swiftly over the tranquil waters and the brothers enjoyed their evening cruise to the full. Further and further away from shore

they rowed into deeper waters. They were sons and nephews of sailors, and the sea seemed to beckon smilingly, as their sturdy arms manned the flying oars.

All at once, ominous clouds overshadowed the bright summer sky. Lightning and thunder rode the winds as a sudden squall broke in all its fury.

Imprudent boys! Whose hand will steady your frail bark over this seething sea?

Richard and Joseph had noticed the storm coming on, and their first thought had been to call on their Heavenly Mother, whose scapular they wore. They then bent all their energies in keeping their craft afloat. The struggle had lasted only for a few minutes, when the canoe capsized and the raging waters swirled, swallowing the two lads in their depths.

Somebody on shore had also seen the darkening sky — the mother of the unfortunate boys. Grief-torn and distraught, she begged for someone to go to the rescue, offering a generous reward to whoever would brave the storm and bring back her sons. But it meant running ahead to a certain death.

Still, a devoted uncle tried with all his might to launch a lifeboat. All to no avail, however.

A sorrowing group of parents and friends stood there on the seashore, straining their eyes for a sight of the lost canoe. But look as they may, they could glimpse not a single trace of the tragedy.

Apparently, the boat and its occupants had been swallowed up by the angry waves.

At six o'clock, the storm abated and the sea became calm again.

Several lifeboats set out for the open sea, looking for the wreck. For quite a while the search proved fruitless. Then a pilot espied two bodies floating near the shore. They seemed to be upheld by the scapular which was clearly visible, floating above the waters, like some mysterious buoy.

The boat swiftly made for the shore, carrying the two bodies all swollen with sea water and already cold and clammy.

Breathing had ceased and the pulse was at a standstill. Not a quiver, not the least movement. Surely death had claimed its victims many hours since.

But the poor mother's faith was unshaken.

"O dear Blessed Mother," she cried, "you have brought them back to us. They surely cannot be dead. No, no, I will not believe it. They are living, I am sure of it."

Medical aid was summoned, artificial respiration practised and, after a great quantity of water had been disgorged, the seemingly dead bodies slowly revived.

The numerous witnesses of this singular event exclaimed: "Surely the Blessed Virgin has worked a miracle to reward these youths so devout to her Immaculate Conception!"

In a few hours, the drowned boys recovered consciousness and regained their strength, as if in a supernatural manner.

The following morning saw them attending in the parish church a solemn Mass of thanksgiving for their miraculous escape from drowning.

Homage

To His Excellency Most Rev. Henry O'Brien, recently elevated by the Holy See to the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., and to His Excellency Most Rev. Louis Connolly, named Coadjutor with right of succession to His Excellency Most Rev. J. E. Cassidy, Bishop of Fall River, Mass., the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer their respectful homage and best wishes for a long and fruitful episcopal career.

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)

In these years of devotedness to the cause of Christ's suffering and poor, she paid many cheering visits to the Hotel Dieu patients. Everywhere and always, she spared neither time nor trouble to make the Mother of God better known and loved. She gave copies of the handbook "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" to all the Sisters of the establishment, and "chains" to a good number among them. These facts we hold from a member of the Hotel Dieu Community, Sister Therese de St. Augustin. The venerable religious also told how Miss Tetreault's charity, humility, patience, discretion and prudence had more than once been a source of deep edification to her. "Hers was a choice soul," she wrote, "a diamond with many facets," to use the expression of the father of Little Therese when speaking of his daughter. Many a time, seeing her so faithful in everything, I said to myself: 'Miss Tetreault is a saint!' I felt she was destined to great things, although she never took me into her confidence with respect to her projects and plans. She often asked me to have the patients pray for a work that would further God's glory and the salvation of souls.

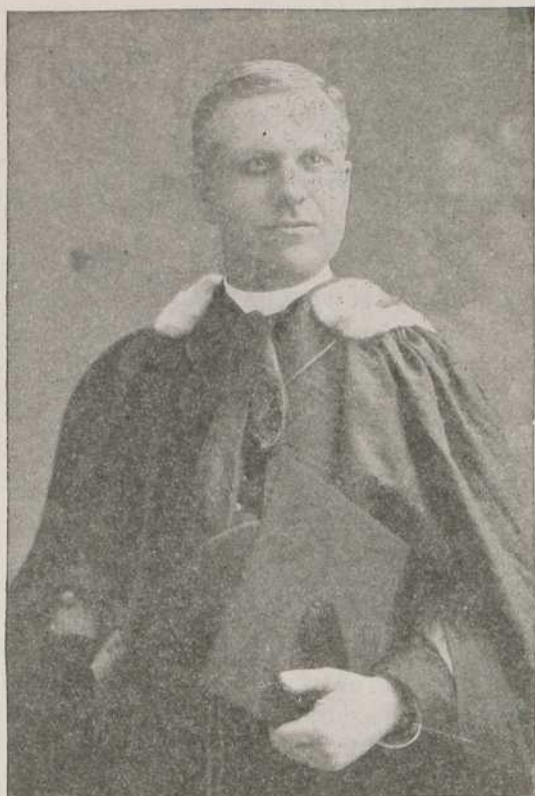
"After the wearying days spent among the poor and suffering, Miss Tetreault came every evening at eight o'clock to make the Way of the Cross in our chapel, there being no Stations at Madame Poitou's.

"Later, as a religious, she was brought to the Hotel Dieu for medical care. Our Sisters admitted they had never met so edifying a person. It was my good fortune to see her then. She has always made a most favorable impression upon me, and I shall ever keep a fond remembrance of Mother Marie du St. Esprit."

A letter from Miss Tetreault dated September 3, 1899, to Miss Josephine Montmarquet, lets us suspect how God fashioned her soul for her future vocation, sending her crosses and trials, depriving her of all human support and compelling her to rely solely on Him and His Divine Providence. These lines are brimful with the hope that her friend will see and feel as she does regarding the proposed foundation. Here follows the letter, which we shall quote almost in its entirety.

"DEAR FRIEND,

You can hardly believe how much good your letter did to me. It bore so many good things, and was so timely! I told you the other day I had spent a month in Marieville, caring for my dear mother. Her sudden illness, congestion of the brain, was not caused by her cancer, which continues its work slowly but surely, but was brought on by the disaster of the Bank of Ville-Marie. My parents have thereby lost most of their savings. Their misfortune means the crumbling down of my fondest hopes. Perhaps did I cherish them too dearly. I am saying this as if God



REV. FATHER GUSTAVE BOURASSA

regards to your sister, and let me embrace you with all the affection of a little sister.

D. TETREAULT."

Did this severe illness lead her beloved mother to the grave? Nothing is definitely known about that; still, it is quite certain that the pious woman died a death precious in the sight of God only a few months later, May 17, 1900. Following his sad bereavement, Mr. Alix, the venerated foster father of Miss Tetreault, had much to suffer from loneliness and want of sympathetic care. What a heart-pang for his loving daughter, seeing him thus in pain and being herself unable to comfort and succor him! But the voice of God, daily becoming more imperious, was calling her to complete detachment even from the most legitimate objects of her affection; was she not destined to give the Church two religious Institutes and people Heaven with unnumbered hosts of souls? With maternal understanding and gentleness born of experience, she could console her spiritual daughters, in after years, when similar trials beset them. On occasions like these, she at times revealed how bitter had been that sacrifice to her sensitive nature. She tearfully related, one day, how her father had been ill-treated by a heartless servant girl, who made him eat a scanty meal in the kitchen, while she served her own family regular banquets in her master's house. Never a word of complaint escaped the virtuous man's lips. No doubt he feared lest any word of his should grieve his daughter. He passed away in the Marieville

had to depend on our meagre means to advance His works. Say *Fiat* and thank you for me. I am worried over my parents' sad situation. You will kindly remember them to Our Lord, will you not?

"Thank you, dear friend, for thinking of me, for loving me and praying for my intentions, and above all, for having made them yours. Did you know, when you wrote that, how happy you would make me? . . . Every cross brings a grace. You say you are of one mind and heart with me — do you really mean that my thoughts and dreams are your own, too? That would be too wonderful, it cannot be possible! We shall talk about it when we meet again, which I hope will be soon . . ."

Here she inquires lengthily about her charges, thanks her for her devotedness, and ends thus:

"I shall be so glad to see you again. You never said a word about your health. Remember that in your next letter.

"Please give my kindest re-

Hospice in August, 1910, at the age of eighty-seven. All his sufferings, privations and trials he had offered for the success of his beloved daughter's undertakings.

He would rise at four o'clock every morning, wend his way to the chapel and hear all the Masses being said, offering them for his daughter's intentions. When she went to encourage him in his last illness and inquired whether he was suffering much, he answered, "For your work!"

Another heavy cross had been laid on her shoulders at the passing of her own father, Mr. Alexis Tetreault, which occurred November 17, 1904. Shortly after his wife's death, he had gone to settle in the United States; consequently, brief and few had been his interviews with his youngest child from that time. But distance and separation cannot stifle natural sentiments in a noble, upright soul, and this other saddening bereavement could not but have penned a sorrowful chapter in the life history of our heroine.

Miss Tetreault's first meeting with Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa dates from the time of her stay at Madame Poitou's. The Reverend Father was then Secretary of the Montreal University and confessor at the Good Shepherd monastery. We learn from laconic notes addressed by the Reverend Mother Foundress to Very Rev. Canon Roch back in 1933, that she manifested her interior dispositions to the prudent director, acquainted him with her desire of establishing a missionary community, and afterwards felt great inward happiness on having confided her cherished secret to another soul.

To another soul, have we said. Yet it would seem that she had already revealed it to Rev. Father A. M. Daignault, S. J., a Canadian missionary to Africa. When the latter returned to Canada in 1893 on temporary leave, he came into relation with the young lady and highly encouraged her plan of founding a mission-aid society. Back in his field of apostolate, the devoted missionary still found time to send her words of encouragement and invaluable counsel. Distance, however, rendered it next to impossible for him to give her the enlightened advice she stood in need of, in order to fulfill God's designs upon her soul and avoid falling a prey to illusion. Rev. Father Daignault saw things in this light, and wrote his impressions in a letter dated December 28, 1899. We excerpt the following lines:

I have taken your vocation, desires and apprehensions into serious consideration. Don't you think it would be preferable to place yourself wholly under the direction of kind Father Bourassa? I am persuaded it would be very difficult for me to give you a sure line of conduct, as I am at such a great distance from you and we can communicate only by correspondence. Besides, I am but slightly informed on the Charity House where you are at present. I believe that the Spirit of God is guiding you, and that your apostolic desires come from Him, even if you should never be able to realize them. But how shall you go about it? What shall you decide upon? That remains impossible for me to determine. I think, therefore, that for your own good and peace of mind, it would be wiser to let yourself be guided in all this by your present confessor. He knows you well, sees you often, and is in a position to judge whether the maturing of your plans is possible or impossible.

I shall not for that cease bearing interest to your spiritual advancement and to everything concerning you. I only desire the greater good of your soul and your own tranquillity and happiness.

Obediently Miss Tetreault submitted to the prudent advice given by

Rev. Father Daignault, and placed herself wholly in the hands of Rev. Father Bourassa. The zealous priest was not long in realizing that his penitent had not become the victim of illusion; he understood how necessary would be the assistance of a priest in her proposed foundation, the while seeking to persuade himself he could not personally cope with the task. He accordingly directed her to a certain parish priest of the city, for the purpose of informing him on her projects, but the pastor seemed to consider them as trivial. One day when the humble penitent, after her confession, implored Rev. Father Bourassa to be himself her collaborator, he recollected himself, gazed long on the tabernacle, and finally answered: "I shall begin to help you, but I shall not see the Work." That was in 1900.

In the same year, he also sent her to His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi. The revered prelate received her very kindly, took notes on her plans and sent them to his own spiritual adviser, Rev. Father Charles Lecoq, of the St. Sulpice Seminary. The latter asked to interview Miss Tetreault. He seemed to favor her intentions and told Rev. Father Bourassa she would securely guide the Community she had conceived in her apostolic heart.

After lengthy hesitations, His Excellency the Archbishop finally gave his approbation. But he expressed at the same time anxiety lest the new Institute should become, from the monetary standpoint, a burden for the diocese. The valiant foundress, relying with the most absolute trust in God's provident care, offered to undertake everything at her own risks. She promised that the future religious family would always provide for itself. Yet the courageous apostle — this declaration we hold from herself — could not alter her mode of life and launch into a career teeming with difficulties without having to overcome natural repugnances and go bravely forward against obstacles that sprang up in her way.

His Excellency the Archbishop and Rev. Father Bourassa then considered the matter of religious training to be given the one whom God had seemingly chosen for His designs. They first thought of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who had recently opened an apostolic school in Armagh, Ireland. Rev. Father Bourassa intended going to Europe that year. He made plans to visit the newly-erected Institution. On board the liner, July 10, he wrote the future Foundress:

I shall remain one in heart and mind with you all through this visit, which will perhaps have a decisive influence on your after-life and on *our* Work, which I am beginning to think of as *mine*.

He reached Armagh twelve days later, and once more penned heartening lines to Miss Tetreault. After quoting various details about the reception given him, he added:

I am sending you the information I have gathered on the Institution. Try to decipher the notes, and then ponder them over. The kind Superior said she was willing to do all she could for you. She seemed much taken up by what I told her about you and your case. She really thinks you are called to something special. She would be unable, however, to admit you without the authorization of the Mother Vicar, Madam Stuart, who is in London at present, and who expressed the wish to see me. Very likely I shall call upon her and we shall discuss her own foundation further. You must know she is the foundress of Armagh School, which

was begun at the instigation of Rev. Father Daignault. Perhaps she will be able to give me precious indications.

Another letter from Very Rev. Mother Digby, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, to Rev. Father Bourassa, dated February 26, 1901, will help us follow the thread of the events that prepared the ways for Miss Tetreault's Work. We here publish the short letter, which gives us to understand how zealously Archbishop Bruchesi and Rev. Father Bourassa, director of the Foundress, upheld her in her endeavors.

REVEREND FATHER,

Rev. Mother Blanc has transmitted me your request. It would be a real pleasure to comply with the wishes of His Excellency the Archbishop in welcoming your protege to the Sault, but in spite of our sincere desire of rendering that service, I have to inform you, Reverend Father, that this Work has been founded in one of our convents only, that of Armagh. There several young ladies are beginning their religious training in view of future assignments to African missions. This foundation must remain the only one of its kind.

However, Reverend Father, if you should like your protege to join them, I would readily receive her at Armagh, being only too happy to help her all in our power.

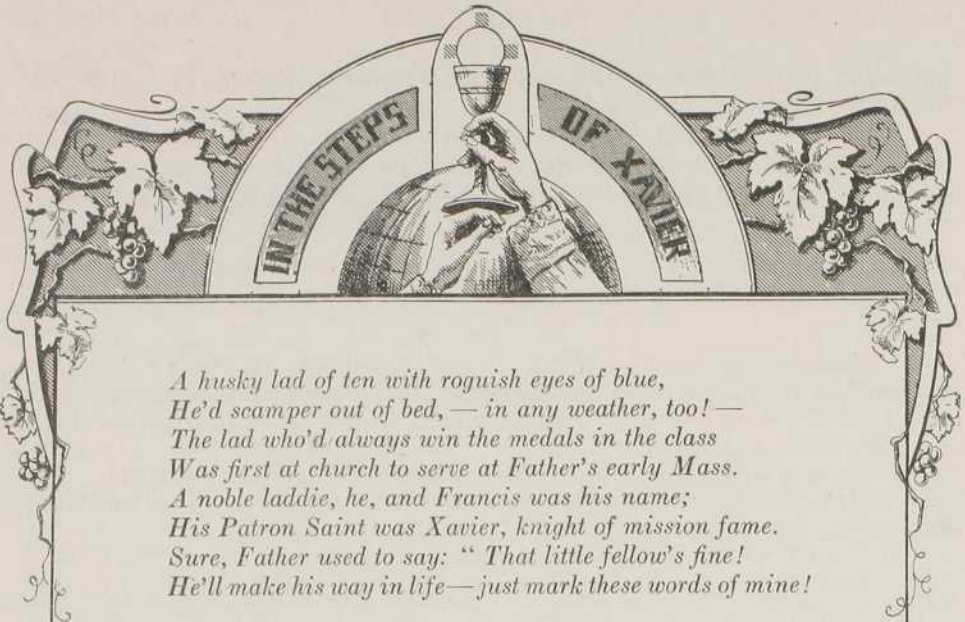
The proposed idea was abandoned and, instead of leaving for Ireland, Miss Tetreault joined the White Sisters of Africa at their Quebec convent, towards the end of February of the same year. Her purpose was to share their community life for a while and to gather, from her contact with those excellent missionaries, all the practical knowledge they graciously agreed to give her.

In April, Archbishop Bruchesi asked her to go to Mount St. Mary's, with the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, to prepare more directly for the religious life. There, as elsewhere, she won the affection, esteem and admiration of all who knew her. Letters of the time give proof of the fact, and the benevolent sympathy the devoted Mothers gave the Foundress as long as she lived and now give her Community are proofs more eloquent still. Forever also, the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will gratefully recall the many maternal kindnesses of the Congregation de Notre Dame. Mother St. Anne Marie especially, then Assistant at Mount St. Mary's, had pledged lifelong attachment to Miss Tetreault. On many a trying occasion she faithfully helped the Foundress, finding in her noble soul words of encouragement to comfort the valiant woman who had to grapple with unbelievable odds inherent to the erection of the first Canadian missionary Community. In July, 1901, she wrote from New York:

Are you still sad at times? Dear friend, all great works are prepared in suffering... You have been consecrated by God's gaze... Rejoice and be happy. You have so many reasons for being so. Tell me, whom did Our Lord love more than you?

As can be gathered from foregoing events, Archbishop Bruchesi attentively followed her who bore the mark of divine predilection. "Keep on seeing Miss Tetreault," he wrote to Rev. Father Bourassa, June 2, 1901. "I believe God wills that you share in the Work to which she longs to dedicate her life."

(To be continued)



*A husky lad of ten with roguish eyes of blue,
He'd scamper out of bed, — in any weather, too! —
The lad who'd always win the medals in the class
Was first at church to serve at Father's early Mass.
A noble laddie, he, and Francis was his name;
His Patron Saint was Xavier, knight of mission fame.
Sure, Father used to say: " That little fellow's fine!
He'll make his way in life — just mark these words of mine!*

*He broke the cruets once, twice dropped the Gospel Book;
He risked a bashful eye, but Sister did not look.
He felt his Altar Friend was smiling at his luck —
If luck it was — and turned to serve with all his pluck.
When Father would have said the " *Ite, missa est,*"
Young Francis stayed behind — he'd stay the very last;
Then all his dreams and hopes he'd tell to Jesus there
Within his loving heart and on the altar fair.*

*" Dear Jesus, thanks to You one million times and more,
For coming to my soul! How many years before
You'll let me touch You, God, in hosts of spoilless snow?
I want to be Your priest — O Jesus, make me so!
My mother says afar in lands where pagans dwell,
Apostles like my Patron Saint have gone to tell
The gladsome tidings of Your love to humankind;
What nobler mission could Your Francis really find?*

*' I'd like to leave right now, but 'tis the gen'ral rule,
You cannot be a priest 'thout many years of school,
And college after that, and seminary days.
While waiting, though, if little Francis prays
And says his Rosary, some priests will surely win
The soul of pagans there from shame and pain and sin.
Just keep me faithful till the day my dream comes true —
When I'll be big I'll set to win the world for You!*

He heard a gentle voice of loving tenderness:

*" You make Me happy, lad, but tell Me, did you guess
That mission life is hard, you have to suffer, too,
There will be days of sorrow, nights of pain for you?
I've called some other lads, they sadly turned away;
They would not lift My Cross, they flinched before the fray;
They dreamt of worldly fame, of earthly victory,
Deserted from My ranks and would not fight for Me."*

*" ' Sufficient is My grace,' the words You spoke to Paul,
I'll make my very own and heed Your mission call.
You'll give my shoulder strength and valor to my heart,
Then what of anguish, sorrow? — they're my better part!
A thousand deaths were gain if souls are given life!
But come within the Host, come every single day!
I want to be a saint, if You will show the way! "*

The laddie knew and felt a hand was raised with love:

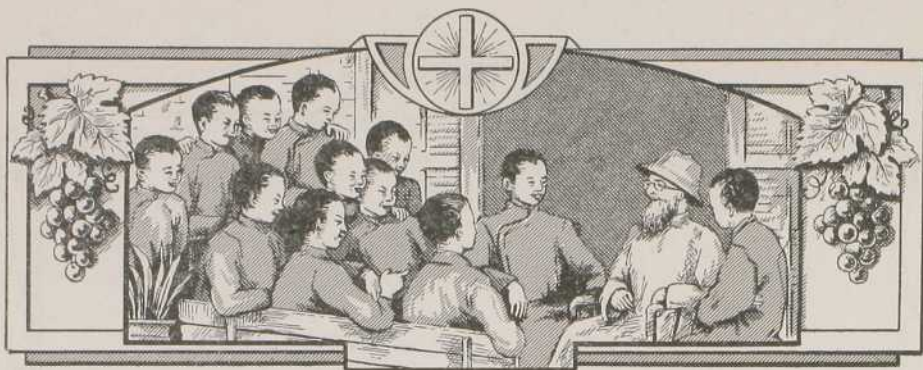
*" Go, little one, and bear the Name of God above,
The Name of Christ His Son to men who sit and wait
For you to point the path to Heaven's hallowed Gate! "*

* * *

*Now fourteen years are gone and student days have sped,
And Francis calls his Lord and God within the altar Bread;
At last his fingers touch (another Christ is he)
The Host of stainless white, the Food of purity.
He lifts with trembling hands the chalice cup of wine,
His own oblation, too; " Lord Jesus, I am Thine!
In boyhood days I dreamt of saving souls to Thee,
The harvest field is ripe, O Master, come for me! "*

*O Master, Thou hast come; he labors in Thy Name,
But all the golden sheaves he cannot bind and claim.
Send forth, we pray, apostles, throng of willing hands,
To save and bind and bless on far-off heathen strands!*

The Precursor



Father Tim's Vocation

(Continued)

"One day, however, I forgot about my resolution not to speak openly of missions and missionaries before my beloved father, thus grieving him needlessly. As we sat round the fireside I read aloud from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith to my sister Mary and little brother John. The tale was a heart-stirring one about a missionary who had been martyred in far-off China by a cruel mandarin. My imagination was fired as we followed in spirit the hero of Christ from his loathsome dungeon to the place of execution. At last the martyr's palm had been won, and I cried out, beside myself with joy at this glorious victory:

"'Lucky missionary to have thus given up his life!'

"'What's that?' exclaimed my father, who had been listening while seemingly absorbed in reading over the news. 'Lucky missionary, you say? You're a heartless lad to speak that way.'

"'Oh, Dad, don't you think it a glorious privilege to suffer and die for Jesus' sake? I want to do the same when I'm grown.'

"'You don't know what you're talking about, young man. From now on you'll do me the favor of reading some other kind of books.'

"What did your mother say?"

"Oh, she always approved of my plans for the future. All that I am today I owe to my saintly, mission-minded mother. She it was who obtained the missionary vocation for me, and all the spiritual graces attached thereto.

"That evening, in order to make Dad forget the displeasure I had caused him, I climbed on his knees and tenderly threw my arms round his neck. Then with Mary and John I organized a family concert. Mother was a good musician and had given the three of us piano lessons. My father was very fond of music and he lovingly encouraged our efforts."

"Mary and John were younger than you, weren't they, Father?"

"They were respectively two and three years younger than I. Mary's tastes and mine were in perfect harmony. My favorite pastime consisted in putting up miniature altars and saying Mass. Mary would always devoutly assist and patiently hear my sermons to the end. Then she would don a nun's habit and teach her dolls all seated in a row. At other times, dressed in white like a nurse, she would enshrine her dolls in the family beds upstairs, and make her rounds with medicine and bandages. While I loved to rehearse priestly functions, she relished playing at being a missionary Sister. John's tastes were just the opposite of ours. He never could remain still for long, but was always planning some roguish prank or other. He was also very fond of outdoor sports."

"But, tell us, Father, didn't you also like to romp and play games as we do?"

"Of course, Peterkins, and I'll wager that even a nimble lad like you wouldn't always have got ahead of me in races and ball games. Yes, I did love laughter and banter and frolic as much as any. And since you are so inquisitive, my aim was true and my comrades rather stood in awe of my sturdy fists."

"Oh, Father, all this will add zest to our games from now on."

"God loves to see His children enjoy life. The real way to be always joyful is to give God the first actions of the day, to begin the day with God by prayer, as the priest begins all his days by Holy Mass. This is an infallible recipe for true happiness which you must not forget."

"We'll remember, Father. But we have not had a sheltered life like yours. You were really a spoilt child of Providence, if we compare your childhood with ours."

"That's quite true, and I hope you will join with me in thanking God for all His graces. I will have to answer for them on the last day, you know. Happy memories of childhood will ever linger in my grateful heart. But all too soon these happy sunlit days were to end, and dismal clouds were already gathering. But how can I go over those sorrowful events and thus sadden this merry holiday? Go on with your games, boys. That will be all for today."

"Oh, Father, please continue. We don't want you to stop just at the most interesting point."

"Well, let's continue, if you are so anxious to hear me tell about it. I was thirteen when my father decided to have me follow higher studies at X. College, one hundred miles from my hometown. Never as yet had I been parted from my beloved family, and here I was leaving home for ten long months. At first I felt so lonely that many a time I was tempted to give up. But Mother wrote faithfully every week, urging me to make the most of the situation. Reading over those dear letters, I would pick up courage once more and try to settle down, but recurring memories of home and loved ones would soon bring back the temptation to run away from college. The thought of the cool reception Dad was likely to give me in case I showed up before vacation time, kept me from playing truant."

"Do you think your father would have sent you back?"

"Of course he would have seen to it that my self-appointed vacation would have been short-lived. Little by little, I got used to my new surroundings, and was soon as gay and contented as the others. When vacation time at length arrived, my father called for me and I joyfully went home with him. The first few days sped by uneventfully. Dad was happy to have me home again, but I noticed at the same time that something seemed amiss. His old gaiety had gone. One day he called me to his office and very gently broke the news."

"'Tim, your mother's health is failing. We'll have to be very careful not to tire her and cause her the least anxiety.'

"I nearly cried out with pain, but Dad added, as if to soothe my heartache:

"'There's no need to worry as yet, but we'll have to pray very hard if we want to save her.'

"Mother's health had never been of the best, and now a dread disease of the lungs was draining her strength. I had scarcely been home a month, when it became evident that mother's days were numbered. One evening she called us all to her bedside. Taking Dad's strong hands within her own wasted ones:

"'Darling,' she said, 'I feel that I am soon going to leave you and the children. I know you will keep them as they are now, good and true.'

"Then she tenderly drew me to her.

"'Tim, never give up your noble ideal of a missionary career. Be faithful to your vocation always.'

"Mary stood near, her dark eyes misted with tears. Mother bade her be brave.

"'My dear little girl, you will have to be an angel of joy and consolation for your father and brothers. Keep the house neat and inviting and pleasant. Ask the Blessed Mother to help you. I myself will not forget you, dear.'

"Tears were coursing down Johnnie's rosy cheeks as Mother caressed him:

"'My baby boy! You will have to be a man now that Mummie must leave you. Always do as you are told and don't forget your mother.'

"The face on the pillow shone as with some ethereal beauty, but the effort had

been too much. To our great surprise Mother suddenly sank back, her eyelids fluttered for a moment or two and, with her hand raised as if in a last farewell, she gently expired. Dad ran out to call the priest but it was too late. Happily Mother had already received the Last Sacraments a few days previously, and Father M. had brought her Holy Communion only that morning. Crushed with sorrow, we gazed at our beloved mother's form stilled forever in death. How could we bear being torn from her bedside! Alas, we had to face the stern realities of life for the first time. We were now orphans. The funeral over, Aunt Vivian, Dad's younger sister, came to live with us. She was very kind and devoted, but is there anyone who can take a mother's place? In the sad days that followed, the three of us would often steal up to dear Mummie's deserted bedroom, there to sob out our young hearts with loneliness.

"Vacation over, Dad decided to send Mary to a boarding school while I went back to college. My little brother remained at home with Auntie.

"Being busy with my studies helped me to overcome the sadness brought on by the great sorrow which had just overshadowed my life. Not that I could ever

forget, but memories of my beloved mother were a powerful incentive to win through and worthily prepare for my missionary vocation.

"Years of serious study went by with pleasant interludes of summer vacations, when the old homestead reechoed with our games and laughter. John had just turned fourteen when Dad sent him to the same college I was attending.

The older I grew,



"Tim, never give up your noble ideal of a missionary career."

the stronger became my father's opposition to my priestly vocation. For years he had made up his mind to have me as junior partner in his firm, although my younger brother showed much more commercial ability than I did. In my seventeenth year, I one day risked asking his consent to my entering the novitiate of the missionary Fathers at N.

"'Firstborn,' Daddy replied, 'I'm really surprised at you! You should be more considerate of your father's wishes. You may take it for granted that never will you gain my consent. Your place is here, beside me, helping me with my work.'

"I felt heart-stricken over this decision which kept me from attaining the long-dreamt-of goal of the missions. Still, I felt that for the time being, there was nothing to do but be resigned to God's holy will. If He really wanted me to work at the harvest of souls, His Wisdom would not be at a loss for ways and means to attain His end. God's hour came for me four years later, but this exalted grace of my priestly vocation I was destined to buy through a bitter and heavy trial.

"Dad's affairs had kept him late at his office one hot vacation day. When he returned home, we noticed how drawn and tired he looked, but we were far from thinking this was our last evening on earth together. Hardly had he crossed the hall to his room, when he suddenly fell with a heavy thud. Hastily, priest and doctor were summoned, but both came too late. The stroke had been fatal. Our

dear father had gone without receiving the Last Sacraments, which greatly added to our grief, for, although he had always lived a good life according to the world, he had not Mother's lively spirit of faith. Still, I am hopeful that God's infinite mercy has been touched by the numberless prayers and good works which were offered for the repose of his soul.

"We were now doubly orphaned and alone in the world. Through my father's will I became heir to his fortune, with the charge of purveying to my sister's and brother's studies and seeing them afterwards suitably settled in life. A heavy burden indeed for my inexperience, and furthermore a serious hindrance to my vocation. I had to exchange college classes for my father's office and pick up transactions where he had left them off.

"Ten months later, after much planning and counting upon the advice of my confessor, I resolved to leave all and heed the Master's *Veni* which daily became more imperious. With my brother's consent and my sister's approval, I transferred my rights of inheritance to my younger brother John, reserving only the money needed for my studies and upkeep. This arrangement suited John whose choice had been made for the world of business. Mary also was overjoyed. Ever since our mother's death she had devoted herself to making our home as pleasant and comfortable as possible. Now at last she felt free to answer the call to the missionary vocation."

"Have her hopes been realized, Father?"

"Yes, for she is now missioned in India.

"As soon as legal formalities had been gone through, I sought admission to my dear novitiate. A few weeks later, I bade farewell to all my loved ones and set out for the blessed haven of peace and solitude, where bliss unalloyed awaited me."

"Father, you told us how Father Robert had promised to call for you after fifteen years. Did he really come for you?"

"Of course he did. I was only twenty-two when Father Robert made his second trip home from the missions. He came to our novitiate and I reminded him of his promise made when I was only seven.

"'I have never forgotten,' replied the old missionary. 'That is why I am here today. I have come to claim you.'

"'But, Father, I am only a novice as yet.'

"'What is there to keep you from making Holy Profession over in China? Come, you will help us while finishing your studies and preparing for the priesthood.'

"And so it came to pass that a month later I was sailing for the land of my expectancy. Mary, Star of the Sea, guided me safely to the shores of this beloved China. I learned your noble language and was initiated to the secrets of a fruitful apostolate. How great the joy which filled my heart when for the first time I baptized a dying man! He was lying on the dirty floor, gasping for breath. Surely his must have been a soul of good will such as are spoken of in the Gospel, for no sooner had I spoken to him of Heaven and eternal life when his face became radiant. He was ready to do whatever the true God expected him to do. This was the first time I had the privilege of ushering an immortal soul into the bliss of Paradise."

"Father, is it true that you have been here in this seminary for over twenty-five years?"

"Exactly twenty-seven years ago good old Father Robert called me here, entrusting me with the care of this beloved portion of his flock, his seminarians, hope of Church and country. Since that day numerous are the youths it has been given me to see flocking in these walls. Many have now become zealous shepherds of souls, holy priests at God's altar, while still others are deserving catechists forming the vanguard of our missionary army. And my fervent prayer is that you may follow in the footsteps of those who have gone on before, and become also our joy and consolation."

"Oh, Father, with God's grace we'll surely be enabled to do as they have done."

"The bell is about to ring for prayers. Don't you dare forget the promise through which you wheedled this story out of me," added Father Tim, as he shook a playful finger at his boys.

"How could we be so forgetful? We surely will recite from our hearts the promised *Pater, Ave* and *Gloria*, thanking God for His favors to you, and also for having sent you to be our spiritual father."

"And, Father," pleaded a lad of serious mien, "you will not forget to pray that we may persevere and be as faithful to our vocation as you have been to yours."

"Please do, Father Tim!" chorused the seminarians, as they rose to answer the summons of the clear-toned bell inviting them to prayer. In their thankful hearts they magnified the Lord for having chosen and elected Father Tim to be their guide and counsellor, until they themselves reached the blessed goal of the priesthood.



Wanted == More Vocations



OURS is a time when serious-minded people everywhere cannot help but feel concerned over the appalling decline of vocations to the priesthood or the religious life.

Dioceses whose numerous clergy in pre-war days permitted lending a helping hand to less favored communities, are now appalled at their own penury of priestly laborers. Ordinations are few and far between. Moreover, because of the dearth of ecclesiastical directors to serve their objectives, certain worthwhile parochial activities have had to be dropped.

There is a crying need of priests in urban districts where the populations are ever on the increase, and also in rural regions, especially in colonization centres, where new parishes are waiting to be erected.

There is a crying need of priests everywhere, and this need will be still more keenly felt after the war. Fresh units of missionary laborers will have to replace the veterans fallen on the Foreign Mission Field, where a stupendous task of reconstruction and reorganization awaits them.

Our religious Communities also see the number of their aspirants growing fewer and fewer. There is a great lack of personnel on teaching boards and hospital nursing staffs. And how can our missionary Congregations be expected to cope with the situation, when the time will have come to recall their apostolic laborers worn out by these last years of untold hardships and privations, and replenish the ranks of their missionary army, if their novitiates remain all but deserted? How will they be enabled to reconstruct devastated mission works?

Such a state of things cannot but provoke serious misgiving re the future. Priests and religious are like beacon lights set in the Church to guide the faithful with greater security on the way to Heaven. If these lights are allowed to diminish, we shall soon find ourselves enshrouded in darkness and doomed to walk in the very shadow of death. In order to ward off this impending danger, let us ponder over the causes which threaten to bring it about, and strive to find an efficacious remedy thereto.

Causes. Are Christ's tender invitations to the youth of our day less pressing than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, when legions of souls followed Him in the paths of virginity and self-surrender? Ah no! Jesus remains today the same Divine Lover of yore, jealous of His creature's individual love. He still whispers as fondly and yearningly: "My child, give, oh give Me thy heart." He allures, He invites, but He respects the liberty of the human soul. He knocks at the door, begging us to open; still, never will He cross the threshold unless freely we bid Him enter.

Has God ceased to sow in the souls of our little ones the fruitful seeds of generosity and self-denial? We may hardly think so, if we recall the magnificent sheaves of sacrifices offered for the salvation of pagan children by our Holy Childhood associates, and the countless acts of virtue credited to our brave young Eucharistic Crusaders. In these youthful hearts burns a hidden fire, which needs but to be fanned to burst forth in a bright flame of love.

Some people there are who would put the blame on the war for the present penury of vocations. Our young people in the Armed Forces soon find smothered within them the call to higher things, and the lofty dreams of youth vanish, alas! in the din of war activities. Is this the real cause, we wonder?

The seed of the religious vocation is hidden within the responsive soil of childish hearts. But, then, like the seed entrusted to the furrow, the divine seed of a priestly or religious vocation requires certain atmospheric conditions to sprout and bring forth flower and fruit. In years gone by, the staunch Catholic atmosphere of our Canadian homes was most conducive to fostering in childhood noble aspirations and lofty ideals. But what of the present laxity in morals and purely materialistic outlook of a great proportion of our people?

Can children reared in such homes be expected to live according to the teachings of Faith, a life of self-denial beneficent to themselves and useful to others?

Even in our supposedly model Christian families, are little ones given practical examples of genuine piety, self-effacing devotedness to the welfare of others, zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls? Do we train our children from their tenderest years in wholesome habits of generosity and self-denial? And if not, how can we hope to see them grow into virtuous men and women?

Alas! we are forced to admit that the precious seeds flung in youthful responding hearts by the hand of the Almighty Creator have been too often deprived of the dew of prayer and the sunshine of Faith, which would have brought them to happy fruition. Whose responsibility is it if the growth of these heavenly seeds has not only been hampered but stifled altogether, by the pernicious weeds of bad examples given in the home?

Remedy. The first and most efficacious remedy to bring about an increase of religious and priestly vocations is prayer. The fervent and humble prayer of parents calling down upon their homes divine blessings, and rendering them worthy to have their members singled out and elected

to become co-workers of the Savior. The trusting prayer of children who have learned at their mother's knee to beg of God light to know their vocation and grace to follow it faithfully. It belongs to God and to Him alone to point out the ways we must tread in life to reach our Heavenly Home beyond. And who better than Our Lady can lead us on that way? Her tender arms will sustain us, her loving hand will guide us, and in her most pure Heart we shall ever find enduring love and motherly understanding.

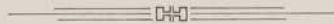
O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In all doubts, I fly to thee for guidance;
Mother, tell me what am I to do.

Second means. Faithfulness in the discharge of our duties according to our state in life, and the steadfast practice of Christian virtues. Let fathers and mothers carefully tend the precious vocation seedlings in the souls of their offspring. And when the Master of the harvest beckons one or other of their little flock, let them willingly give up the child whom God so honors.

Let those whose fortune allows, provide for the schooling of poor seminarians. Thus will young levites in ever increasing numbers surround the altar, and go forth to preach the good tidings to all men.

Thus also will legions of pure young girls hearken to the voice of Jesus, and flock in the novitiates of religious houses and cloisters.

Thus will be wrought the glory of God. An increase of vocations will spell honor for our beloved country, the strengthening of the Faith at home and the spreading of the Faith abroad in far-off mission lands where fields are white unto the harvest.



A Mother's Influence

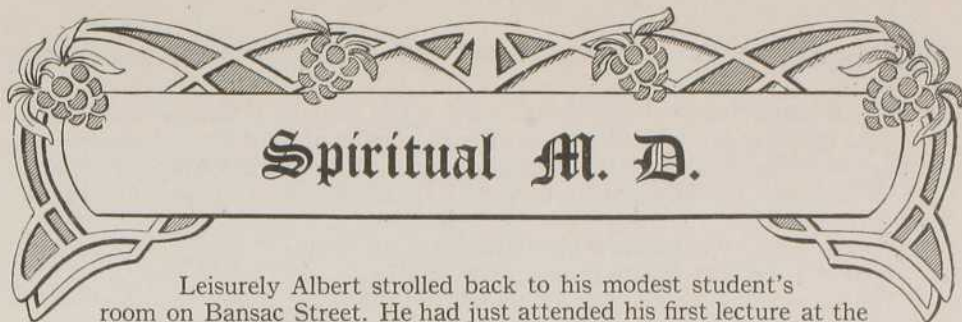
God had gifted Clement Brentano's mother with a noble, sensitive soul. She had, alas, been reared in an atmosphere utterly devoid of religious principles. After her marriage, an old and religious maid-servant, whose teachings she accepted with docility, helped her in the Christian education of her children. Often at night when Mrs. Brentano came home late from some worldly affair, she would softly tiptoe into the big nursery, and lovingly bend over each of her sleeping children, whispering the Hail Mary and a prayer to the Guardian Angel.

Little Clement, who was passionately devoted to his beloved mother, would sometimes remain awake part of the night awaiting his mother's visit.

Mrs. Brentano would press the child to her heart, and often her tears wet the dear head nestling on her breast.

It was the remembrance of his mother's prayers and tears which later in life saved him from the abyss where his passions and religious indifference had well nigh drawn him. It was he who once wrote to a friend: "Science and art and purely human genius become, with the years, miserable and fictitious, for their aim remains narrow and limited. Only religious, saintly souls in the bosom of Holy Mother Church grow with the passing years more perfect and more lovable."

It is a well-known fact that the poet, after his conversion, devoted his time to recording the visions and revelations of Catherine Emmerich as dictated by herself.



Spiritual M. D.

Leisurely Albert strolled back to his modest student's room on Bansac Street. He had just attended his first lecture at the Medical Faculty.

As he passed in front of the janitor's, the latter handed him a letter. Albert opened it nervously and read:

St. Flour, October 5, 19..

Dear Albert,

I am very happy to tell you I am entering the major seminary.

I have just ended a six-day retreat during which my prayerful thoughts were often with you. I donned the cassock this morning. My hand is unsteady as I try to pen you this short message.

I shall write a long letter soon. Yours more than ever,

FRED.

"No! — What in the world! — Am I dreaming? — But that's his handwriting surely. There's no doubt about it. That fellow's crazy, crazy I say!" Albert mumbled as he staggered along.

Visions of cassocks flitted in his mind that night. Early on the morrow he was at St. Flour, and a few moments later, at the major seminary.

The porter led him into a musty parlor. Albert tried to chase off his uneasiness by listlessly tapping the foot-worn carpet with the butt of his cane.

Five minutes — ten —

At last! Someone was coming!

Tall, slender, somewhat awkward in his new cassock, Fred stood there before him.

"Oh, it's you, Albert, old friend! Some surprise!"

And he sprang forward for a friendly handclasp.

"Hold on, please. No demonstrations. It's accounts you must render."

"What do you mean?" the seminarian gasped.

"As I say. Accounts — and what about our friendship, now?"

"Our friendship? It's just as fast as ever, dear old fellow. Just let me throw my arms round your neck."

"With that rig on? Huh! Look at yourself, old man, yes, just look at yourself! Ridiculous enough?"

"So that's what you think. Well, don't expect everybody to dress as elegantly as you do."

"Oh, leave it. And your promise, Fred?"

"My promise?"

"Don't be a simpleton. You know, how we were both looking forward to a medical career. A noble and disinterested profession — and what have you done with our plans?"

"What? Simply this. I'll be a doctor all right, but I'll care for souls rather than for bodies."

"Oh, I know what's coming. Abnegation, devotedness, the salvation of souls. I'm getting used to your litany."

"Listen, friend —"

"No — but, tell me, whatever has turned your head in the space of two months? I wager some church sexton has been indoctrinating you. Or maybe some steeple has fallen on your head? What kind of cyclone has been powerful enough to tear you from your family and friends — and me? Plain, downright egoism!"

Albert had sprung to his feet to give vent to his indignation. The shower over,

he dropped into a chair and sighed with relief. The thought of their broken friendship hurt deeply. He felt emotion getting the better of him. A sob rose to his throat, and he had need of all the strength of his anger to choke it down.

Gently Fred, the same old Fred he had always known, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Albert, would you do me the favor of listening to me?"

"That's it. Try to excuse yourself, now."

"Oh, excuse myself? Rather let me tell you the whole story."

"Go on, then."

"You remember, or do you, that five years ago I spent my holidays with my uncle, a parish priest in Cantal? I was a jolly, carefree lad at the time. It was thrilling to go out on fishing trips, races and mountain excursions with Uncle."

"Next?"

"And I wanted to do as much this year. It's my last."

"All right."

"So I was off. Guess who welcomed me at the station?"

"Of all questions! Your uncle, naturally?"

"He had gone out on a sick call and came back only in the evening."

"His housekeeper?"

"No. Just a week before she had left, saying she could never get used to the Reverend Father's new habits."

"Quite possible. Come on, Fred, out with it."

"You'll see. Well, I was met by a poor lady who's kind enough to do Father's cooking, even though she has plenty of work at home."

"As we were walking to the village, I hadn't yet risked one word when she began:

"Ah, Mr. X., times are changed since you were here last. The pastor of Viers died a year ago; then the parish priest of St. Julien sur Cere, six kilometres away, also answered the last summons. Monsignor hasn't provided anyone to take their places, and your uncle has to answer every call. And those trips through the mountains, well, they quickly lower a man's resistance."

"Uncle came back gayer and merrier than I had ever known him. But during the meal I noticed worry had wrinkled his brow, and his hair had snow white streaks."

"I think he must have guessed I was about to mention that, so he got ahead of me:

"We never find time hanging on our hands here, my boy. Just think — three parishes to visit, daily calls to pay to this village or that, sick calls, sometimes ten kilometres away, like this evening for instance. And my works! my organizations! But let's take heart. It's all for a good purpose, and I thank God for giving me strength to do it."

"Uncle was up at four o'clock the next morning, and all the days that followed."

"What could I do all day in a deserted rectory? I made up my mind to accompany Uncle on his rounds. I did so for two months. Then I, who had always stopped at the surface of things, I understood that the fairest sceneries can conceal untold distress, and that beneath the outer "bark", as I'd say, of our people, souls — yes, Albert, souls — were slowly but surely dying!"

Fred had spoken so enthusiastically that Albert tried to straighten up, but he sank back, and buried his face in his hands. For the first time he felt that he had acted too much on the spur of the moment, and that there might be a big amount of injustice in his bitter remarks of a few minutes since.

Fred went on:

"One day we met a peasant on the road. Uncle greeted him pleasantly. The man hesitated a trifle, then pulled a coal-blackened hand out of his pocket."

"Uncle asked a few questions, but he only answered in monosyllables, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, kept on his way."

"At that moment a siren sounded."

"Below us in the valley I could see a long line of gray roofs, and a tall chimney letting out heavy clouds of smoke."

" 'It's the factory,' said Uncle. 'It engulfs my men. In the good old days, one of them would now and then go off to Paris and finally end by coming back. Today they don't care for the country anymore, even though they stay there. Our aristocratic landowners have abdicated all their traditions of artlessly charming, if somewhat ceremonious, good breeding. Now they are workers like the fellow we have just met. Our men of strong faith and good common sense have become, through jealousy, rebels and unfortunates!'

"I tried to persuade Uncle he was exaggerating, and told him he should try to see, beside those erring souls, the great throng of faithful peasant folk.

" 'Oh, I know, I know,' replied he, 'but they need someone to see after them.'

"At that moment, I halted in front of a spacious house with closed shutters. I tried to make out the title, but a branch of wistaria hid the first word.

" 'Peasants' Home,' offered Uncle. 'When I pass this way now, I turn my head not to see.'

" 'I opened this house scarcely two years ago. I had to close it this spring. How many hopes lie dead and buried behind those shutters! Study groups, syndicates, agricultural insurances, a library, everything had been begun. Oh, we hadn't done very much yet, but all were ready and sympathetic. In God's own good time we would have done things in a big way.'

"Uncle could no longer repress his emotion. He grasped my arm and motioned towards the rectory.

"I laid my hand on his sleeve and looked him straight in the eyes.

" 'Uncle,' said I with a tone of assurance that troubled me, 'Uncle, you must reopen the Peasants' Home — soon!'

"A group of vacationists arrived at the village two days later — sixty urchins to shelter! Thirty were designated for the communal school. I asked Uncle to let me see to the other thirty.

"So we reopened the Peasants' Home. And I, dear old Albert, I had compromised myself.

"I set down to making my boys happy. I organized football games, long hikes in the country, picnics, and so forth. I even asked the curate who had charge of the colony to let me teach catechism. Would you believe it, old fellow? A few days and those boys were conquered everyone. Some even left the curate's group and stole into mine.

"Then I, the city thoroughbred, thought those high-strung lads like me should make first-hand acquaintance with the little country children, and I made plans for a mountain hike. I told my city chaps how poor the young mountaineers were, but I took care to say they had wonderfully fresh air to breathe. To all I preached charity in the love of the same Master. Next morning, country and city lads knelt side by side and the curate gave them Holy Communion.

"When two weeks were over, the vacationists left for their city homes.

"The Peasants' Home had been opened. Were we to close it again so soon?

"And I, who had praised the good country soil before the peasants — could I desert it? I, who had preached charity to them — could I forsake them now? As I said before, Albert, I had compromised myself.

"I began to make plans for a study circle.

"Although it was a busy time of year, I didn't have too much difficulty in rounding up a group of five or six peasant boys.

"I saw they were slightly defiant at first. What could that city gentleman with white hands be wanting from them? I did my best to enter into their lives. I took a long time studying the customs of the land and the methods of agriculture. In a word, I went to a *real* school, spent my days with them, questioned them, accepted their remarks, offered to help them out.

"We used to gather together at the Peasants' Home every Sunday after Vespers. I explained the Gospel to them, and especially those passages where Jesus exalts the humble labors of the earth.

"Presently our relations grew more intimate. I looked beyond those sullen faces and discovered souls burning to give themselves. Beneath their sturdy limbs, inured to hard work, I found sane energies ready for action. Could I let those energies be lost? Had I a right to allow hirelings to prey upon those souls? No, I couldn't do that.

"Then, and then only, I began to understand the sublime mission which is the country parish priest's.

"And now I must tell you about the incident — or should I say the grace? — that brought me to this house where you, good old friend, came to see your Fred.

"Once I thought of speaking to my peasants about the priesthood. Why, you will ask? Probably because the subject had persistently haunted me for a few days back, or more likely, because God was awaiting me there.

"So I attempted to have them picture Our Lord standing near a field of ripened wheat, and sighing at the sight of the immense task: 'How great the harvest, and the laborers how few!' I then spoke about that other great — and how much more precious! — harvest of souls. I told them help was urgently needed, and that many, as in the times of Christ, wanted leave to bury their dead before answering His call. I said that others let their courage flinch in the face of the separations entailed by the missionary vocation, and that generous arms were worn out and exhausted on the field.

"For the very first time I had the feeling that my words were falling on stony ground, and that they were all coming back to stab my heart as so many piercing arrows. I could almost discern irony in their gaze, apparently meant as a home-thrust.

"'Physician, heal thyself!' — If eyes can speak, such surely was their message for me — 'or rather, heal us, for you, at least, can still do something! It has been too long since we chose our life labor, and our eyes are bent on the furrow — how could we ever read in books? But you! — you the privileged, the scholar! Look at the beautiful duty and honor you have proposed. They are not too much for you. Be of good heart! We shall prepare the bread that you will raise on the paten above our tired limbs. Oh, if you love us — love us to the end!'

"And then I, who never went to church except when I *condescended* to accompany my uncle, I ran there and stayed a long time all by myself kneeling in front of the tabernacle. I told Jesus how I felt. I even dared complain about His goading me on that way. Why hadn't He spoken long before? Wasn't it too late? Yet, when I left, hope beat high in my heart — almost against my will.

"It was evening. I returned to the rectory and met Uncle in the garden. I told him all my trouble and how I was expecting some great happiness.

"He just stood there listening, told me to think it over and that he'd say Mass for me the next day. He also added that I should place everything in the hands of Divine Providence.

"Night fell. Right in front of us, tall rosebush stalks were rocking in the still air, the jessamine embalmed the atmosphere, and mellow sweetness floated down from the mountains.

"We stayed there a long while without saying a word. Uncle took my arm and led me to my room. He pressed me to his heart and I detected unshed tears in his faded eyes.

"Now, Albert, will you grudge me for kneeling before the crucifix that stretched out its arms to me, and offering myself to the Master of the harvest?"

And so saying, Fred outstretched his arms in imitation of the loving gesture of the Crucified Savior.

Albert, seeing him drawing near with arms still outstretched, understood that all had been forgiven.

He sprang forward and threw himself in Fred's embrace.

(Translated)

VICTOR MARMOITON, S. J.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus

Proclaimed Secondary Patron of France

On Sunday, March 4 last, St. Therese of Lisieux, whom His Holiness Pope Pius XII in a Brief of May 3, 1944, proclaimed secondary patron of France, was solemnly acclaimed in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris.

Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Most Rev. Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli, Papal Nuncio to France. General de Gaulle attended in his official capacity as representative of the French Government. A numerous clergy and a pious throng were also present at the grand demonstrations in honor of the beloved Saint.

The body of the Little Flower had been brought from Lisieux to Paris one week previously, and was on the way exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the principal churches. More than 4,000 American officers and soldiers, coming from all the camps in the Paris region, assembled with their British, Canadian and Polish comrades in the Church of the Madeleine Friday, March 2, to offer the homage of the Allies to St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

In the afternoon of the 4th, the casket containing the body of the Little Flower was carried outside the Cathedral and among a crowd estimated at fifty thousand persons who sang canticles and recited prayers for several hours.

The relics of St. Therese were returned to Lisieux March 9, and entrusted to the venerable Prioress of Carmel, Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Saint's own sister.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus is a daughter of France. During her short life on earth, her heart beat high with love for her homeland. We have no doubt that now, from her throne of glory in Heaven, she looks down with special affection and concern upon her brethren, especially in this trying hour when hardships and misery beset them. Let us beseech her to restore days of peace and prosperity to the land of our forefathers. May concord, faith, religion flourish again more consolingly than ever on this soil so many times saturated with the blood of martyrs, so admirably consecrated by the virtues of its saints, by the zeal and devotedness of its valiant missionaries!



Sublime Calling

The priest dispenses holiness through the Sacraments. A newborn babe is brought to him, and at the baptismal font this child is made a Christian and an heir to eternal bliss. The wounded in life's grim battle kneel at his feet unfolding their repentant soul, and in the name of the Almighty he pronounces the words of pardon, which shrive and reinstate in grace and divine friendship. The soul-hungry flock to Love's Banquet, and he feeds them with the Living Bread. On the homes of the newlywed he is requested to call down heavenly blessings. And again, when the tide of life is ebbing low, he comes with the soothing words of eternal hope and the powerful help of the Sacraments. Even beyond this earthly life, when others will have forgotten, O father, O mother, your priest at the holy altar will remember you. He is your priest for all eternity. A sublime calling, and how very true it is that the priest is, in all his functions, another Christ!

CANON PARAVY

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus

Patroness of the Missions

(Concluded)



She always believed in love as the surest way of drawing souls to God. "One day, after Holy Communion," she writes in her autobiography, "Our Lord made me understand these words of Solomon: '*Draw me*: we will run after Thee to the odour of Thy ointments.' O my Jesus, there is no need then to say: In drawing me, draw also the souls that I love. The words: '*Draw me*' suffice. When a soul has

been captivated by the odour of Thy perfumes she cannot run alone; as a natural consequence of her attraction towards Thee, all those whom

she loves are drawn in her train."

How enlightening this message to the laborers of the Gospel who would be tempted to yield to human sympathies, thus loitering on the straight path which leads to God, and hindering the progress of souls in their onward march to their Heavenly Home!

"Such is precisely my prayer," continues Therese. "I ask Jesus to draw me into the fire of His Love, and to unite me so closely to Himself that He may live and act in me. I feel that the more the fire of love consumes my heart, the more frequently shall I cry: '*Draw me!*' and the more will those souls who come in contact with mine *run swiftly in the sweet odour of the Beloved.*"

To draw souls to Jesus, such is the duty and the ambition of every priestly heart. Therese here suggests an infallible means. Let Christ Himself be free to live and act through love in their own souls. They will then be in possession of a powerful lever with which to lift the world. "Thus do the Saints who still combat on earth continue to raise it and will continue to raise it till the end of time." Sanctity through love — such is the clarion call of Therese to the missionaries of all times.

These words of Isaias which she pondered over on the evening of July 30, 1896, may be said to apply in their fullest sense to Therese in the glory of Heaven, where she continues her wonderful apostolate: "Lift up thy eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side." — "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me: he hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to the captives, and deliverance to them that are shut up: to comfort all that mourn." — "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth her seed to shoot forth: so shall the Lord God make justice to spring forth, and praise before all the nations."

Rev. PAUL DESTOMBES, M. Ap.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



FROM his cage, Fr. Vénard penned the following letter, which I enclose with this one:

“December 3, 1860.

“MY DEAREST PEOPLE, — God in His mercy has permitted me to fall into the hands of the wicked. On the Feast of St. Andrew I was put in a square cage and carried to the prefecture, whence I trace these few lines for you, with some difficulty, by the aid of a paint-brush. To-morrow, December 4th, I am to appear before the judge. God knows what awaits me, but I do not fear. The grace of the Most High will be with me, and my Mother Mary will protect her poor little servant. I hope I shall be allowed writing materials; but I profit by this occasion, which a good pagan has given me, to send you love from my prison. The people of the household of the sub-prefect are full of kindness and attentions toward me, so I suffer very little. They come and visit me continually and allow me to speak freely. I take advantage of the opportunity to instruct them in the Christian faith. Many have owned to me their entire belief in our Creed, and say that the religion of Jesus Christ is the only one conformable to reason, and that if it were not for fear of the king and his terrible edicts they would gladly become Christians.

“Well, here I am in the arena of the Confessors for the Faith. Certainly God chooses the poor and weak things of this world to confound the mighty! I have confidence that the news of my fight will be equally that of my victory, for I do not lean on my own strength, but on the strength of Him who has overcome the powers of death and hell. I think of you all, my dearest father, my beloved sister, and brothers; and if I obtain the grace of martyrdom, oh, then still more shall I have you in remembrance! Adieu, my best loved ones, till our meeting in Heaven! In a moment I shall be adorned with the confessor's chains. Once more, adieu!”

“The mandarin,” wrote Bishop Theurel at this trying time, “was far from pleased at the arrival of the prisoners. Like Pilate, he protested loudly against taking innocent blood, and declared that the sin and the odium would fall on the heads of the captors, that for himself he kept the prisoners only because he did not dare to let them go. He was most civil to Fr. Vénard, and changed his bamboo cage for a far more comfortable one of wood, higher and wider, so that the prisoner could put himself in any position he pleased. He also had a very light chain made for him, weighing only two pounds and a half; and this valued chain is now in my possession; our dear prisoner wore no other till his death. The prefect carried his condescension to the length of asking the missionary to dine in the audience chamber like a free man. After this a detachment of fifty or a hundred soldiers arrived to escort the prisoners to the capital, and the prefect sent with them a long letter explaining the circumstances of their arrest by the chief Dô, who formed part of the convoy.”

Arrived at the capital, Fr. Vénard found means to write again to his family. We give this letter in full:

“January 2, 1861.

“MY DEAREST FATHER, SISTER, AND BROTHERS, — I write to you at the beginning of this year, which will be my last on earth. I hope you got the little note which I wrote announcing my capture on the Feast of St. Andrew. God permitted me to be betrayed by a traitor, but I owe him no grudge. From that village I sent you a few lines of farewell before I had the criminal's chain fastened on my feet and neck. I have kissed that chain, a true link which binds me to Jesus and Mary, and which I would not exchange for its weight in gold. The mandarin had the kindness to have a light one made for me, and treated me, during my stay in his prefecture, with every possible consideration. His brother came at least ten times and tried to persuade me to trample the Cross under foot. He did not want to see me die so young! When I left the prefecture to go on to the capital, an immense crowd came to witness my departure; in spite of the guards and the mandarins, one man, a young Christian, was not afraid to throw himself on his knees three times before my cage, imploring my blessing, and declaring me to be a messenger sent from Heaven. He was of course made prisoner.

“After a couple of days I arrived at Kêcho, the ancient capital of the kings of Tong-king. Can you fancy me sitting quietly in the centre of my wooden cage, borne by eight soldiers, in the midst of an innumerable crowd of people, who almost barred the passage of the troops. I heard some of them saying, ‘What a pretty boy that European is!’ ‘He is gay and bright, as if he were going to a feast!’ ‘He doesn't look a bit afraid!’ ‘Certainly he can't have done anything wrong!’ ‘He came to our country to do us good and yet they will put him to death!’ etc., etc. We entered the citadel by the eastern gate and I was brought at once before the tribunal of the judge of criminal cases. My catechist Khang, bearing his terrible yoke, walked behind my cage. I prayed God's Holy Spirit to strengthen us both and to speak by our mouths according to our Savior's promise; and I invoked the Queen of Martyrs and begged her to help her faithful child.

“To begin with, the judge gave me a cup of tea, which I drank without ceremony in my cage. Then he commenced the usual interrogatory:

“‘Whence do you come?’ ‘I am from the Great West, from the country of France.’

“‘What have you come to do in Annam?’ ‘I have come to preach the true religion to those who know it not.’

“‘What is your age?’ ‘Thirty-one.’ The judge here said aside, with an accent of pity, ‘Poor fellow! he is still very young!’ Then he continued, ‘Who sent you here?’ ‘Neither the king nor the mandarins of France; but I myself, of my own accord, came to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and my superiors in religion assigned Annam to me as my district.’

“‘Do you know the bishop called, in the Annamite language, *Lieow*?’ (Bishop Retord.) ‘Yes, I know him.’

“‘Why did he give letters of recommendation to the rebel chiefs to enroll the Christians?’

"I ventured to ask the mandarin in reply, 'From what source did you derive that information?'

" 'The prefect of Nâm-Digne wrote us word of it.'

" 'Well, then, I can bear witness that it is not true. The Bishop was too wise to commit so foolish an act, and if letters were produced to prove it, I should know that they were false. I saw the circular which Bishop Lieow addressed to his priests, in which he positively forbade their joining the rebel chiefs and declared that he would a thousand times sooner sacrifice his life than dip his crozier in blood.'

" 'And the warriors of Europe, who took Touranne and Saigon, — who sent them? What was their object in making war on our country?'

" 'Mandarin — I heard the rumors of war; but having no communication with these European troops, I cannot answer your question.'

"At this part of the interrogatory the prefect arrived, and he had hardly taken his seat when he cried out to me, in a loud and angry voice, —

"Ah! you chief of the Christian religion, you have a clever countenance, you know very well that the Annamite laws forbid entrance into the kingdom to Europeans; what was the use, then, of coming here to be killed? It is *you* who have excited the Europeans to make war upon us, is it not? Speak the truth, or I will put you to the torture.'

" 'Great mandarin, you ask me two questions. To the first I reply that I am sent as an ambassador from Heaven to preach the true religion to those who scorn it not, no matter in what kingdom, or in what place. We respect the authority of kings on the earth, but we respect more the authority of the King of Heaven. To your second question I answer that I never in any way invited or excited the Europeans to make war on the Annamite kingdom.'

(To be continued)

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
May-June.....	\$32.00		

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.



THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

(MEMOIRS)

(Continued)

The Chinese are incredibly superstitious. In the face of this threat they relented. 'Well, keep it then if it's that way, but we want your money.' — 'Money? how can you imagine we have any here? So long we have had no relation with the outside world and we have spent every single dollar we had.' — 'Show me that safe.' Sister was compelled to accompany the chief to a small cupboard, where were some four hundred dollars in the island currency. This money serves for the lepers only and has no face value elsewhere. 'This money is of no value,' explained Sister St. Raphael. (1) 'Never mind,' replied the brigand, 'that doesn't matter. I'll throw it away. Is there anything else in this purse?' — 'Yes, two or three dollars from Hong Kong. This is absolutely all we have.' — 'Open and put that money in my hands!'

"What were the chief's comrades doing all this time? Going over the house and serving themselves as they pleased. Then came a second, a third and finally a fourth band. The last broke into the chapel. One of the ruffians knocked down the tabernacle on the floor, smashed it with the barrel of his gun and grabbed the ciborium with which he made free his escape. Fortunately, the four hosts it contained were left on the silk cloth. Eight or ten times again groups of bandits returned. 'Let us kill two of them,' they yelled, enraged to find no more money, 'and the others will tell us where their treasures are.' So saying, they loaded their guns. We tried to escape, but to no avail. All the doors were closely guarded. One of the Sisters threw herself on her knees and implored them to spare the Sisters' lives, as she had done the first night. They pretended to believe her and told her to get up. Powerlessly we looked on at a fresh plunder. Cupboards, valises, boxes, everything was emptied before our eyes. Sewing machine, typewriter, church vestments, the gramophone and radio given by charitable benefactors to provide entertainment for our inmates, every movable article was mercilessly taken. Then our wardrobes and those of our patients and children were looted. Even the little ones' wadded blankets

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

were lifted by the plundering band. What a heart-rending sight! What the bandits deemed useless was cruelly torn in our presence and thrown into the river.

"It was midnight when the devastating troop left the ransacked leprosarium to seek booty elsewhere.

"Imagine in what a pitiable condition we now are! Never before has like distress afflicted our Isle of Suffering!"

Bandits from time to time disturbed the peaceful denizens of the island in later years. If we add to these continual apprehensions a new flood that transformed the houses in twentieth century Noah's Arks — persons and animals having to seek safety in the upper stories — we shall have some idea of the critical situation in the Shek Lung leper colony. World War II has



SISTER MARIE BERNADETTE (ALMA LEGER, GREEN VALLEY, ONT.), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND A FEW ORPHANS, SHEK LUNG, CHINA.

not alleviated it in any way. Still, Red Cross contributions and a slim Government subsidy have helped the lepers live, though so miserably! In February, 1943, each patient had to shift along on a six-ounce rice ration daily and one-seventh of an ounce of salt. On a diet like this, many inmates have undoubtedly since sought a Better Land and gladly left this vale of tears.

Daily confronted as they are with privation and pain, our nursing Sisters bear up courageously, in the conviction that a Provident Father is watching over them. They deeply love the lepers — "our children" as they affectionately call them — and are glad to share their humble way of life out of love for Christ suffering in these members of His Mystical Body.

(The End)

TSUNGMING, CHINA

AI TEH MO MO

(*Sister Charity*)

In loving memory of Sister Marie d'Ephese (Jeannette Luneau, Princeville, P. Q.), of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who died in Tsungming, China, August 7, 1942.

The Divine Master, who had invited her to follow Him in the religious life, realized the fondest hopes of His generous betrothed in choosing her as His bride through Religious Profession, March 12, 1925.

Through the medium of her Superiors, He first confided her the consoling and beautiful task of spreading knowledge and love of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood. The zealous and enthusiastic young missionary deeply appreciated her privilege of speaking to little ones at home about the indescribable misery of the unfortunate pagan children. In their pure and candid souls she cast the seed of ingenuous but sublime desires, which later spring up into admirable apostolic vocations. She thrilled with the joy of a true apostle on seeing groups of children, electrified by a current of generous ardor, multiplying their prayers and sacrifices for the salvation of their little pagan brothers. Holy Obedience called her to China in September, 1930, to help garner souls for the mansions of the Heavenly Father.

The Tsungming Orphanage, in the Vicariate of Haimen, China, a corner of land fertile in apostolic harvests, became the allotted portion of the heritage for which Sister Marie d'Ephese had generously left family, home, Motherhouse, and all near and dear to her. In October of the same year, she set foot on the island. There, through twelve toil-filled years, she devoted herself unreservedly and untiringly to the fifteen thousand little Chinese tots with all the loving gentleness of a mother. The kindness radiating from her countenance and her unfailing smile drew to her the dear tiny victims of superstition or cruelty. Instinctively the poor waifs went to her. Was it not for them that she had come from so far away? Her name, Sister Marie d'Ephese, problematic as any to translate and pronounce in the Chinese monosyllabic tongue, was changed by His Excellency Bishop Tsu of Haimen into *Ai Teh Mo Mo*. (*Ai Teh*, virtue of charity; and *Mo Mo*, term adopted in the country for Mother or Sister when speaking of nuns.)

"Sister Charity" — such was from then on the sweetly symbolical name of Sister Marie d'Ephese to her large family of adopted foundlings.

Charity — how much of it was needed to care for thirty tots from two to six, and almost as many helpless infants picked up in the fields or brought to the foundling home in the most pitiable condition! What resourceful charity must fill the heart of the mother of so many orphans in order to give them their daily fare, when the pinchings of poverty are so keenly felt, when even wholesome drinking water cannot be procured!

Her first care was to give Baptism and a right to Heaven to all the dying babies brought to the orphanage. As to those that seemed likely to live,

they were taken in the evening to the chapel, where a missionary Father came to give them the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation, the latter by a privilege conceded to the missions. When the day had brought numerous gleanings, as many as fifteen young godmothers bore their wee godchildren to the chapel for the great ceremony.

Most of these newborn babies, even those that give signs of fair health, do not long outlive their early and brutal separation from their mothers. In spite of the affectionate care lavished upon them, they soon droop and die and join the angel bands above. Their vigilant guardian would have their tiny bodies borne to the Holy Childhood cemetery, some hundred



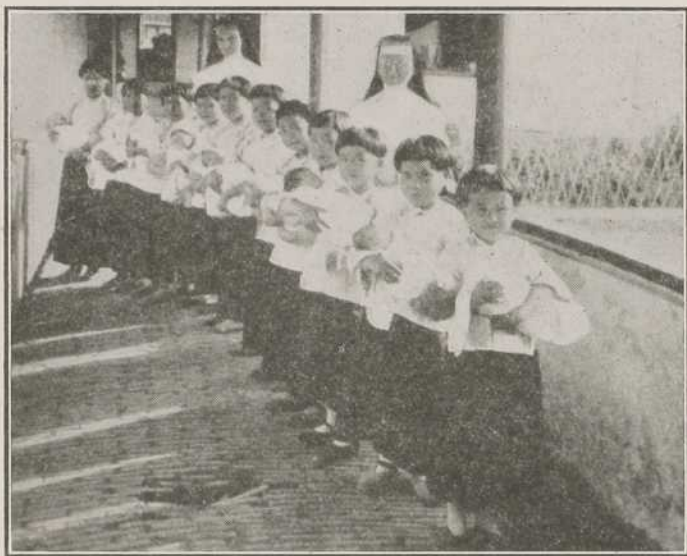
SISTER MARIE D'EPHESE (JEANNETTE LUNEAU, PRINCEVILLE, P. Q.),
AND SISTER ST. GERMAIN (IMELDA LAPERRIERE, PONT ROUGE, P. Q.).
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH THE
LITTLE ORPHANS, TSUNGMING, CHINA.

steps from the orphanage, where they were wrapped in a light straw mat at least, and buried so as to be out of reach of ravening dogs' teeth.

The zealous young missionary Sister had to cope with two great difficulties at her arrival on her Heaven-assigned field of labor — customs and the language. *Ai Teh Mo Mo* courageously strove to master both, and in between manifold occupations, reserved to herself a few moments every day for the study of the Chinese tongue. Kneeling in a circle around her, the tiny lasses would repeat after her in their mother tongue the sweet names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and ask the Child Jesus to bless their adoptive mothers and charitable benefactors. At Sister Marie d'Ephese's knee they learned to say in her own native tongue: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

While yet very young, the orphans go twice each day to the Mission school, where they join the Catholic pupils for the catechism study period, learn all their prayers and get a first initiation in the intricacies of Chinese characters. *Ai Teh Mo Mo* happily supervised her charges and encouraged

them to do their best. It was a great day for her when she learned some among them were admitted to First Communion. She would then search in the precious boxes come all the way from Canada for the white dresses to be worn by the happy little girls for Jesus' first visit. On the evening of the great day, she lay the spotlessly clean dresses on their small beds, while the tots looked on, too thrilled and excited for words. In the morning she would lovingly place on their raven locks the white veil and crown of blossoms, symbols of the simplicity and candor of their innocent hearts. At close of day the pious directress led the First Communicants and their little sisters, even the toddlers, to the humble chapel. There, kneeling at the altar rail after night prayers, they devoutly lisped a special Hail Mary for the intentions named by Sister Marie d'Ephese, who never forgot to mention their kind benefactors.



A DAY'S GLEANING AT THE TSUNGMING FOUNDLING HOME.
THE LITTLE ONES ARE BEING TAKEN TO CHAPEL FOR BAPTISM.

The seven and eight-year-olds are already doing helpful little turns at the orphanage and are learning to keep house. Some of them have wonderful facility with the needle; others cannot suffer a thing out of place, and want everything in meticulous order. *Ai Teh Mo Mo* knew how to develop and utilize each individual talent, and the deftly fingered were confided the mending and sewing of the scanty wardrobes, while the lovers of order were merrily sent off to sweep and dust the dormitory. To an older girl was assigned the pleasant duty of amusing the babies and distributing to all the little hungry mouths their portion of yellow rice and *sia tsai* (a dish accompanying rice). Yellow rice is simply rice prepared in the ordinary manner, to which is added Indian corn flour. This process is used through economy, the price of rice being usually at an exorbitant peak.

A few orphans offer to help their mistress in setting the table and washing

bowls and chopsticks. Very young ladies are often seen accompanying the helpers to the fields and doing their own share of sowing, weeding and so on. *Ai Teh Mo Mo* maternally directed all these juvenile activities.

When the orphans have grown older, they are placed in Christian families whose adopted children they become. Departures as these always deeply grieved Sister Marie d'Ephese. But the vacancy was soon filled by a little newcomer, on whom she lavished the motherly affection granted the former protegee, while following from afar the lambkin gone off to other pastures.

Waking consciences often requested *Mo Mo*'s help in order to solve anxious problems. She would sometimes feel someone pulling at her sleeve or one of the pleats of her apron, and hesitatingly whisper in her ear: "*Mo Mo*, I won't be able to go to Communion tomorrow, I stole a fruit when I went with you for the food." Another time: "*Mo Mo*, I beat a little sister." — "I didn't do a good turn when someone asked me." And so the litany would continue. Then *Mo Mo* would tell the sad-faced culprits how to make up for their naughtiness, so they could draw near Jesus in the Blessed Host the next morning.

In this garden cultivated with such delicate care bloomed flowers that caused the envy and admiration of the Angels. Several times they came down to cull choice blossoms for their heavenly gardens.

One morning, six-year-old Quoe Lang was found unconscious on her pallet. Sister gave her a strengthening beverage, and the child rallied sufficiently to receive Jesus in her heart, then soared up to Heaven to make her thanksgiving.

Von Yin, thirteen, was a great help all around. She was suddenly stricken with an incurable disease and, after a few months of devoted nursing from *Ai Teh Mo Mo*, her lilial soul was transplanted in God's celestial flower plots.

Every three or four years an epidemic of measles breaks out in the region. Tots from one to five are rapidly mown down by the implacable Reaper. With what loving gentleness Sister would prepare the little ones for burial, and try to have a tiny coffin for those that had lived some time at the orphanage! When the season allowed, she would place flowers near the calm faces and piously folded hands.

With the years, the monetary help received from the Central Office of the Holy Childhood, Paris, gradually increased, and the Tsungming Orphanage could widen its walls. *Ai Teh Mo Mo* had long cherished the hope of having apartments so disposed as to be able to keep a watchful eye on her "tiny world" while going about her duties. It was done as she wished — or at least begun — the climate of the section permitting vast constructions with interior yards. Time and again, gifts from Canada likewise rendered improvements possible in the orphanage, or procured more comfort and happiness to Sister Marie d'Ephese's proteges. The children afforded her many a consolation. Each day they tried new ways of showing her their affection and gratefulness. Several of the older ones admired the *Ying Teh Wei Sieu Gnu* (Native Sisters of the Congregation of the Theresians, founded by His Excellency Bishop Tsu in 1932, whose training had been entrusted

to our Community), and would run to meet them on their way and then copy their manners and recollection. Some of the girls had even told their secret to *Ai Teh Mo Mo*: "I shall be a *Sieu Gnu* later on."

It happened that an eight-year-old lad was brought to the orphanage. (These cases are rare, for the Chinese do not easily part with their sons.) Pious and well-behaved, the lad was learning to serve Mass and intended to become a priest later on. *Mo Mo* visioned in the distance the happy day of a priestly ordination or a religious profession.

The arrival of new companion Sisters from Canada bearing messages from the dear ones she had left, brought moments of deep joy to *Ai Teh*



SISTER ST. JEAN DE L'EUCARISTIE (JEANNE MOQUIN, EASTMAN, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE D'EPHESE (JEANNETTE LUNEAU, PRINCEVILLE, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE DE SION (FLORIDA RAVARY, ST. CLET, SOULANGES CO., P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH A FEW FIRST COMMUNICANTS, TSUNGMING ORPHANAGE, CHINA.

Mo Mo. Especially consoling was the visit of our beloved Superior General in 1940. Proudly the veteran missionary showed her the living jewels she had garnered. The counsels and encouragement received on this occasion proved a consolation and a precious stimulant in her task of mothering orphans.

Then the terrible Sino-Japanese and World War broke out. Distress is daily increasing in Tsungming as elsewhere. The people have unbounded confidence in the protection of the Sisters. Little abandoned children, the homeless poor and many others almost driven mad with fear, seek the walled-in quarters of their convent home. Being themselves prisoners, the Sisters have to bear up with many a deprivation. Trips to Shanghai for food are permitted by the Japanese military police, but in limited number and rendered more and more difficult. Communications with the Mother-house are completely interrupted. Anxiety, overwork, privations drained much of our missionaries' physical energy, and *Ai Teh Mo Mo* was the first

to fall at her post. Illness had undoubtedly forewarned her of the Divine Bridegroom's coming at the close of her life's laborious day. As to that, nothing is definitely known. But of this we are sure — she was ready to respond to His invitation, she who once wrote: "Here in my poor corner of our foundling home and orphanage, I haven't time to offend God. When I have made the rounds of my 'cherubs' and office, it is already evening."

I fancy how lovingly and gratefully the fifteen thousand "angels" once of her beloved Tsungming and saved through her zealous apostolate, must have bent towards her from the portals of Paradise, when they saw her coming to join them in the Eternal Kingdom. To their acclaiming chorus mingled the tender voice of the Divine Master: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, . . . for I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; . . . naked, and you covered Me . . . in the persons of these little ones abandoned on earth, who are now singing My praises."

Sister Charity, I feel sure, was escorted by her "heavenly cherubs" to the throne of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, who introduced her in the presence of the King of kings. Surely the Divine Rewarder placed upon her brow the triple crown of virginity, apostleship and martyrdom — martyrdom of charity. With the venerated Mother Foundress of her Institute, who had preceded her on high, with her companions in the religious life and the hosts of the Blessed, Sister Marie d'Ephese has come into possession of infinite and everlasting bliss.

Such were the consoling thoughts that came to my mind when, in June, 1943, a brief Red Cross despatch announced that Sister Marie d'Ephese had passed away August 7, 1942. Then, casting down my eyes, I searched for the little plot of land where Sister sleeps in hopeful expectation of a glad resurrection. I believe it must be a short distance from our Tsungming convent, near the orphanage and the burial-ground of our Holy Childhood waifs, in the shade of the white Mission church where several native Sisters have been laid to rest since 1934. There I see, as is the prevailing custom in the country, the graves on a level with the ground and covered with thick layers of earth.

The grave which I believe must be that of our regretted Sister begins the row destined for the white *Mo Mos*. I draw close and read: "Sister Marie d'Ephese," which is very probably followed by the name she adopted on her arrival in the Mission: "*Ai Teh Mo Mo*: Sister Charity." In death as in life her name speaks eloquently, and it will preach forever the charity which is in Christ Jesus, that charity which urged St. Paul and his imitators in the apostolate.

Dear little Sister, I envy your privilege — after long years of labor it is given you to remain as a vigilant sentinel on that fertile corner of China where you toiled and suffered to bring souls to Christ. Here in your native land your memory will live on forever, and your name written on a tablet leaning on the white cross of our Community cemetery at Pont Viau, near the grave of our venerated Mother Foundress, will lengthen the list of our valiant missionaries who have fallen on the glorious battlefield of foreign apostolate.

From your throne in heavenly joy, dear Sister, keep on your noble mission work, and obtain that your companion laborers, who are at the present hour draining the chalice of sorrow, may see the harvest, fecundated by their tears, spring up richer and more plentiful than ever when peace will have been restored.

ONE OF *Ai Teh Mo Mo's* FIRST COMPANIONS. (1)

* * *

Death Knocks Twice at the Tsungming Mission Gate



SISTER MARIE DE SION (FLORIDA RAVARY,
ST. CLET, SOULANGES CO.), OF THE MISSION-
ARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CON-
CEPTION, WHO DIED IN TSUNGMING, CHINA,
NOVEMBER 24, 1943.

Scarcely sixteen months had elapsed since joyful angelic choirs above greeted dear Sister Marie d'Ephese, when once again their glittering ranks formed to welcome Home still another valiant soldier of Christ fallen on the Tsungming Mission Front.

The final summons sounded on November 24, 1943, for dear Sister Marie de Sion (Florida Ravary, St. Clet, Soulanges Co.), one of the four pioneers of the Mission, beckoning her to her eternal reward.

In the autumn of 1928 she had left, heeding the Divine Master's invitation to go and gather in the whitening harvest in the Chinese mission field. Generously, unhesitatingly, ties of kinship and friendship were severed. This noble, dauntless soul, freed from every

human bond and fired with burning zeal, surrendered itself into the Master's hands to do His Work and help spread His Kingdom. Henceforth, her labors for the salvation of souls were unceasing and oftentimes truly heroic.

Sister's first assignment was the care of the toddlers in the Tsungming Holy Childhood Foundling Home, which, up to the Sisters' arrival, had been entrusted to a native Community of virgin catechists. The children were not slow in overcoming their natural timidity and becoming deeply attached to their new mother, who spent herself day and night for their well-being. Tender care and solicitude she lavished upon every member of her little flock, but her heart went out with special tenderness to the weakest, most

1. Sister MARIE DE L'EPIPHANIE (May Moquin, Eastman, P. Q.).

puny and least favored of nature. In every one of these frail beings, her lively faith beheld the suffering Christ.

"How privileged and happy I feel to have been called to the far-off mission field," wrote Sister shortly after her arrival in China. "I love my work among the children. They are such dear little things! Never do I fail thanking God every day for my vocation. Oh, how I do love the Chinese! They may sometimes have a far from engaging appearance, but their souls are beautiful."

Great poverty reigned at the foundling home, and the babies could not be given the comforts and medicine their pitiful condition required. Still, Sister found in her charity ingenious ways of rescuing them from death and soothing their ills and pains. The following lines penned by Rev. Father E. Cote, S. J., to the honor of the first four missionary Sisters at Tsungming, may in a special manner be applied to Sister Marie de Sion:

"Up with the first faint streaks of dawn, these gleaners of the Lord labor unceasingly until dusk falls over the earth. They seek their night's rest only after having made the rounds of the numerous cradles, to make sure that every yellow mite is comfy and fast asleep. Theirs is the task of the Good Samaritan: they tenderly care for the poor abandoned babes deprived of mother love. Snatching them from a cruel death, they clothe them in rags, but in rags that are patched and clean and made neat by industrious fingers. Best of all, they brighten little souls with heavenly sunshine, making them brothers of the angels."

To pour the heavenly sunshine of grace into unregenerated souls, such was our missionary's greatest ambition. How many pagan tots it was her happiness to transform thus into denizens of the Heavenly Abode! Every day at the foundling home, souls were harvested for the Divine Master, and many a time did Sister outwit the Evil One and snatch his victims just as he seemed chuckling over an easy victory.

A grief-stricken father once brought a dying infant boy to the Home.

"I don't want him to be baptized," he cautioned, "but do administer some medicine." Sister had become expert at giving massages, very popular on the island. She took the dying child from his father's arms, and started gently massaging the wasted body, until she reached the head. Then, casually, as if she were bathing the burning forehead, she poured over it the saving waters of Baptism and lo! another pagan soul had been put in possession of its divine inheritance.

But Sister's zeal did not rest satisfied with caring for the lambs of the flock. The cries of distress from wounded, wayward sheep outside the Fold echoed forever within her compassionate heart. As soon as her cherubs had been properly cared for and each little cot neatly made, leaving the children in charge of trustworthy Christian helpers, she hastened to the dispensary, where the poor and unfortunate thronged, begging for remedies to allay their aches and pains, pangs and discomforts. Smilingly Sister Marie de Sion went about distributing drugs, bandaging gaping sores, soothing every ailment with gentle, kindly words often more efficacious than medicine in encouraging the sick.

Besides these activities, our missionary still found time to teach music and needlework in the mission school, and to supervise the native kitchen.

In 1930, fresh recruits arrived to help the veterans of the Tsungming Mission, and Sister Marie de Sion was relieved of her duties at the orphanage. Henceforward, she became an apostolic "bush rover", seeking to alleviate distress and misery, and lead wandering souls to the Divine Shepherd. Gifted with a daring, intrepid nature, she laughed at dangers and found a way of overcoming obstacles and difficulties which might have seemed insurmountable to others.

She had been summoned one day to the bedside of a dying child. Quickly she set out, but on arriving found that the parents had taken the baby to a pagan ceremony at a temple nearby. Sister lost no time in reaching the pagoda, and there she baptized not one but ten children, who were at the point of death.

Often she went along the highways and byways, with no definite destination in view, like the Good Shepherd in search of straying sheep. Once, after having interviewed over fifty patients at the Paochen Dispensary, she found that she had still two free hours left. Precious time in which to seek out needy souls! The "push-push" men were roused from their dozing in the shade. Wondering at such an early call, they asked:

"But where do you want us to take you now?"

"Let's set out. We'll decide along the way."

The primitive conveyance took to the dusty road, under a scorching sun. Suddenly, the men stumbled upon a parting of the roads.

"Which way do we take? Left? Right?" and they mopped the perspiration from their brow.

"Take to the right." A quarter of a mile hence, they met a peasant woman working in front of her hut. Seeing the "Catholic doctor" go by, the woman decided to have a consultation.

"Doctor, doctor!" she called out, "stop at my house. My boy is very sick. Give him some medicine."

Inside the hut, Sister found a nine-year-old lying under the mosquito net. He was not merely sick but dying. While trying to soothe his aching body, our zealous missionary spoke to him in simple words of his immortal soul, of Jesus, his Savior, of the eternal bliss of Heaven. The boy eagerly drank in her words of consolation, asked for the medicine which would save his soul, and soon afterwards closed his eyes to the dismal ugliness of the grimy hut, to open them wide on the unending beauty of the World above. A little further on, a dying baby was made safe with a Paradise transit. Many other sufferers were cared for before the "push-push" struck the home trail. Inside the Mission compound, childish voices happily greeted her, and all the day's tiredness seemed to drop from Sister's shoulders as she knelt with her companions under the glow of the sanctuary lamp in the mission chapel.

During the community recreation hour, happily she recounted to her co-laborers the consoling events of the day and the number of souls won for the Divine Master. How deeply she enjoyed these family reunions, where

apostolic projects were discussed and consolations shared, may be gathered from the following excerpt from one of her letters to the Motherhouse:

"In mission lands especially, community life is a blessing and a veritable bulwark of strength. The older I grow, the better I understand it."

Daily she found renewed ardor and courage at the foot of the altar, in prayerful union with the members of her Community.

In the morning of every new day, after partaking of the Bread of Life, she bravely set out again, and cheerfully spent herself in the service of the Master.

Even pirates and highwaymen were not debarred from her gentle ministrations. One evening, as she was returning to the Mission, she suddenly found herself surrounded by a band of twenty bandits of sinister mien. With apparent unconcern for her own safety, Sister casually remarked on the wounds of a few members of the grim party. Would they allow her to use her salves and bandages to soothe their ailments? Would they? These gentlemen of the road were so dumbfounded that they could find in their crime-hardened hearts nothing but admiration for the frail little nun already kneeling at their feet and cleaning and binding their sores. They let her go in peace, her heroic task completed, and never molested her again.

An aging bonze to whom she ministered in his last illness owed her the happiness of discarding the sombre robes of his sect for a garment of everlasting light.

Mention must also be made here of one of Sister Marie de Sion's original and very practical means of apostolate among the Chinese. Prior to the Sisters'

arrival in Tsungming, no dentist had ever visited the out-of-the-way island. The poor who could not afford a trip to Shanghai or some other more favored sections, had to bear up with decaying teeth without any means of relief. The Sisters' dispensary had been opened only a few months, when a woman came one day complaining of a violent toothache. She wanted the "Catholic doctor" to pull out the offending molars.

"My poor friend," Sister replied, "I am very sorry, but without any pincers I cannot relieve you."

Nothing daunted, the woman picked up an old pair of pincers used for mounting rosaries, which were lying on the table.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TSUNGMING, CHINA, LEAVING ON A SICK CALL.

"There, what more do you want? Now you can pull out my teeth."

With a fervent prayer to the Blessed Mother, Sister set to work and three big decaying teeth came out. The patient had not even stirred! The "Catholic doctor's" reputation was made in the island, and through the kind generosity of a Canadian friend who had been acquainted with the feat, genuine dentist's forceps were sent to the "Tsongming Dentist". How pleased Sister was with the gift, and to what good use she put it! She rejoiced because by still another means she could draw souls to Christ.

A few years ago, an encroaching disease of the heart compelled our valiant "bush rover" to give up her strenuous activities in favor of the sick.

She was given the lighter duties of supervising a workshop, where some thirty young girls learnt from her the secrets of making altar vestments and beautiful altar laces. Her zeal worked wonders among these young ladies, and a true spirit of Christian charity reigned among them. Once back in their homes, they became real apostles by the force of their good example, and by the Christian principles imbibed at the workroom.

Such has been, in short, the labor-filled life of Sister Marie de Sion. During fifteen fruitful years, she spent herself unreservedly, garnering rich harvests for celestial granaries. Hers is now the reward promised by Jesus to those who leave all for His sake.

Rest in peace, dear departed ones, but from your thrones in glory above do not forget that in the mission field where you labored, you have not been replaced. The harvest is white, but alas, hands are too scarce to gather it in and souls are lost.

Entreat the Lord of the harvest to send apostles fired with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of pagan souls.

* * *

VANCOUVER

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

Tuesday, September 12, 1944

Sister Louise de Marie⁽¹⁾, recently added to our little Community of Vancouver, had the unspeakable joy of pouring the cleansing waters of Baptism on the brow of a last-hour convert from paganism. "Joseph Wilfrid, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." While Sister pronounced the sacred formula of regeneration, no doubt her thoughts wandered from her first conquest for the Divine Redeemer to her beloved relatives, who will soon have, in this newly-purified soul, another powerful intercessor in the Eternal Mansions.

Friday, September 22

A few weeks ago, a young Catholic woman of seventeen was admitted to the hospital. To our great sorrow, we learned she had forsaken all

1. Amanda ROBERGE, Charny, P. Q.

religious practices since her marriage to a Protestant young man. Truly, here was a soul in jeopardy. But God in His infinite mercy visited her with the cross of illness. Through long moments of rest and quiet, she has gently been brought closer to Him and is now rebuilding her lost Catholic Faith. Only these last days, she seemed delighted as a child on being given a rosary. "Oh, I'm so glad, Sister," she beamed. "I used to have one when I was home," and forthwith she began to finger the blessed beads she had so loved once. Now we surprise her daily fervently saying Hail Marys, while her rosary glides along her fingers. She told one of us that her mother had enjoined her to be considerate towards the Sisters. "Mother is happy to have me with the Sisters," she added with a friendly smile.

Mrs. Ho, a tuberculous patient, affords us many a consolation and many a fond hope for the future. Grace has irresistible power over this upright soul, and no sooner has she glimpsed the truth when she adheres to it fully and faithfully. It seems almost needless to add that her ready responsiveness obtains from Divine Mercy an abundance of practical enlightenment and interior consolation. Always her countenance reflects the deep peace and tranquil joy possessing her soul. Wondering how anyone could be so happy in a similar situation, she naively asked the nursing Sister: "Sister, isn't it strange that I should feel so happy, I who have left my husband and baby all alone?"

She unknowingly experiences that the heart of man is made for God, and that, God filling it, nothing can be lacking.

One evening, she happened to read about Limbo in her catechism. Tears springing to her eyes, she at once inquired of Sister: "So I won't go to Heaven, since I haven't been baptized when I was born." Only too delighted to speak on the subject uppermost in her mind, Sister Therese, the Chinese catechist, explained the necessity of Baptism and the difference between a child and an adult who both die unbaptized. Gladly welcomed were further comments made by Sister on the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Next day, one of us came upon her unawares as she was painstakingly stammering the preceding day's lesson.

On another occasion, when the Sister catechist was speaking about one of Our Lady's beautiful feasts, the patient interrupted her with: "Oh, I love Our Blessed Mother. If she hadn't come on earth, no one would have been saved, for it was she who gave us Jesus. We love and honor the Blessed Mother as the Mother of God, but we do not adore her, as many Protestants pretend." — "Where did you learn all that?" questioned Sister Therese. "Oh, in a lovely book Sister St. Delphis⁽¹⁾ kindly lent me."

Sunday, October 1

While we in silence and recollection observed our monthly First Sunday retreat, our dear patients held a gala moon festival — the time-honored Oriental custom marking the eighth full moon of the lunar year. With the conviction that our inmates would be thereby rendered happy beyond words, we served them a Chinese dinner — boiled duck prepared with green vegetables, rice, Worcestershire sauce and the traditional moon cake, a

1. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

sort of rich and rather oily pie stuffed with strongly seasoned mashed beans sometimes mixed with meat, nuts, etc.

Preparations brought many a perplexing problem. Seven plump ducks had to be killed, plucked and dressed for the great banquet, the overbusy dealer having been compelled to sell them alive. Still, we felt amply rewarded for our time and labor, when we witnessed the appreciative smiles lighting up the genial faces of our sons of the Orient.

Wednesday, October 4

Suei Jew "Suzy", our dear old grannie, was baptized this morning after Mass by a Father of the Chinese Mission. Until yesterday, old "Suzy" had been as hale and hearty as her close-to-a-hundred years would reasonably permit. But a bad spell came upon her yesterday, and now appearances are against the coveted century milestone. Only a flimsy thread binds her to our poor vale of tears, of which she must be getting unspeakably weary. Long ago, she had agreed to get baptized, and one needed but to watch her saying her prayers in front of the statue of the Sacred Heart, to get a fair idea of her good dispositions towards the True Faith.

Old "Suzy" is proud, and justly so, to chat with her fellow patients about the time when the Archbishop blessed her and placed his pectoral cross on her white head. That was last spring, during the prelate's Confirmation tour. Was not this benevolent gesture a prelude to the divine blessings that came down today upon the nonagenarian's wrinkled brow? Now old "Suzy" has exchanged her pagan name for the Christian one "Mary Therese Frances", and her soul has been marked with the seal of the elect. It

won't be many moons before this eleventh-hour conquest of Divine Mercy soars up to Heaven, there to intercede for her unenlightened kinsmen.



GRANDMA SUEI JEW "SUZY"

Saturday, October 7

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, Sister St. Marguerite⁽²⁾ and several other Sisters were present today for the blessing of the grounds at Mt. St. Joseph. Kind and ever devoted Father L. Forget, parish priest, called down the Church's blessing upon the premises. The pious ceremony filled us with joy and hope, bringing as it did the assurance that work on our future hospital would soon be begun. Besides, we fondly believe this special benediction granted on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, will obtain from Our Heavenly Mother choice spiritual roses for the Work.

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

2. Marguerite FARRELL, Plantagenet, Ont.

Friday, October 13

Our aged inmates sometimes have difficulty in expressing themselves in English. The following humorous episode will prove our point. Old Mr. Fong was getting ready for his bath one day. The nursing Sister had provided him with soap and towel, gently admonishing him not to stay too long. "I know, I know," beamed the patient, and off he hobbled to the bathroom. A while later, he came out all spick and span, but it was evident from his scared looks that something was amiss. "What's the matter?" asked Sister Marie de Bethanie⁽¹⁾. "It hurts here," and old Fong held his sides. "I fell, Sister."—"Where did you fall?"—"In the dishpan," replied the patient gravely, pointing to the tub. Luckily the "dishpan" proved propitious enough, and the accident had no further complications.



SISTER ST. MARGUERITE (MARGUERITE FARRELL, PLANTAGENET, ONT.), SISTER ST. ISIDORE (JEANNETTE BOUCHARD, ST. HILARION, CHARLEVOIX CO., P. Q.), SISTER ST. IRENEE (MARTHE GIGUERE, ST. MARIE DE BEAUCE, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE DE LA PRESENTATION (BERTHE SURPRENANT, SWANTON, VT.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH A GROUP OF INMATES, MT. ST. JOSEPH, VANCOUVER.

Sunday, October 22

The beautiful Feast of the Propagation of the Faith never slips by unheeded in a missionary Community. How fervently our prayers rose this morning towards the Master of the great harvest, imploring Him to have mercy on the heads of grain that fall and die for want of valiant hands to garner them in the Father's Mansions up above!

After our morning Rosary, we spent very happy moments drawing the name of our Heaven-assigned mission for the coming year. For its spiritual and material welfare we shall daily offer prayers and acts of self-denial. This practice, which has gained the strength of tradition in our Community, whets anew the ardor of our apostolic zeal.

Wednesday, October 25

Yesterday morning, towards ten o'clock, the convent bell convened us to the community room. Instinctively we felt some sad tidings was about

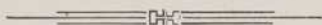
1. Berthe PICHE, Saint Basile, Portneuf Co., P. Q.

to be disclosed. Nor were we mistaken, for Sister Superior immediately came to inform us of the death of dear Sister Agnes of Jesus⁽¹⁾. Although not unexpected, the passing of our beloved Sister grieves us deeply. How could we ever forget the untiring devotedness of the generous missionary who, through more than six years, conducted our little Community of Vancouver? With motherly kindness and affection she shepherded her small fold, giving one and all the example of true religious virtues. Fraternal love and filial gratitude unite to request our pious remembrance as prescribed by the Rule. However, we feel confident that the Divine Rewarder has already ushered this zealous apostle, who laid down her life for Him and souls, in the Eternal Dwellings, where endless happiness and joy will be the meed of a few short years of privation and suffering on earth.

Mass was offered this morning for the repose of the soul of the regretted deceased. The altar had been draped in sombre hues for the occasion. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated by Fathers of the Chinese Mission, who fill the sacred functions in the place of Rev. Father L. A. Lamontagne. During the ceremony, the comforting thought came home to us that the bonds of fraternal and religious affection have not been sundered, and that, from the Abode of the Blessed, our beloved Sister will shower choice blessings and favors upon our Mission. Through her we shall obtain abundant assistance in behalf of the Work for which she has so generously toiled and prayed and spent herself.

Thursday, November 2

A person phoned us yesterday, asking whether we could provide a private room for a dying patient. Much to our sorrow, we had none at the time. However, the various hospitals of the city having likewise replied negatively, the relatives decided to bring the patient here. The old man is past eighty, and is stricken with paralysis. Skilled medical care and pious exhortations were lavished on the newcomer. Today his two sons arrived unannounced, politely informing us they had found a private room in a Protestant hospital, and wanted to take their father there. The two daughters-in-law persistently remained at the old man's bedside, watching our every move. How could we find a means of baptizing him? Fervent invocations soared heavenward, pleading with God for this soul at death's door. At last, the coveted opportunity presented itself. The infirmarian, impatient to dress the sick man, suddenly drew a screen in front of the bed. Her heart overflowing with joy and thankfulness, one of the Sisters stole softly in from behind, and poured the purifying waters of Baptism on the livid forehead. Go in peace, dear old friend, and thank God through days unending for your brief stay at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital.



A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials.

Chinese Proverb

1. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Sunday, March 4, 1945

In obedience to the wishes of Their Excellencies our Bishops, we offered the first Sunday of March for the intentions of our Holy Father Pope Pius XII. Fervently and whole-heartedly we joined our supplications to the prayers recited for His Holiness during Holy Mass. In our loving visits to our Eucharistic Lord exposed on the altar, we also made it a duty of filial affection and gratitude to implore Him for all the needs of Mother Church and of her august Leader, who is so deeply grieved by the worldwide conflict in which so many of his children are engaged.

Wednesday, March 7

March 7 brings back the anniversary of the final approbation of our Constitutions. Choice selections sung during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass bore up to the Divine Bestower of all blessings our grateful appreciation for the precious favor granted our Community on this same day twelve years ago. It goes without saying that the traditional holiday was marked by a special remembrance of our venerated Mother Foundress.

Monday, March 12

Death has claimed another of our valiant missionary Sisters over in Manila. The sad tidings reached us only today, although Sister's passing occurred in June, 1943. Lack of communications with our far-off Manila Mission explains this long delay the message took in reaching the Motherhouse. The regretted deceased, Sister St. Maurice (Juliette Simoneau, Gardner, Mass.), had fallen severely ill even before the opening of hostilities. We can therefrom gather that she did not die as a result of wartime hardships and difficulties. We have no doubt God was already looking down upon her as soon destined to enjoy the bliss of Paradise, and spared her this painful phase through which her fellow Sisters of the Philippines had to pass, as so many others.

From her home in Heaven above, she will surely plead with her Divine Spouse in behalf of her companions and compatriots, that He may protect them and grant them prompt deliverance from the hands of their enemies.

Wednesday, March 14

We would almost half believe ourselves down south in Haiti. All these last days, the snow is quickly vanishing beneath the burning rays of a regular June sun. Even the crows have been deceived, and they have flocked back every one. Spring certainly promises to be early this year.

There are some among us — those who are fondest of spring — who think their favorite season is duly installed, and you see approving smiles on their faces. But we meet doubting Thomases as well. "Wait! Be careful!" they admonish. "This is just a catch." They even dare say winter will show up again before bidding us a definitive farewell.

Patience, Sisters! Father Time will tell whether you were right — or wrong. Meantime, thank God for this sweet March summer time.

Sunday, March 18

Our English-speaking Novices and Postulants marked St. Patrick's Day, which had to be postponed a trifle, by a short but interesting recreational programme.

They believed in having their invitations out early, and by noon today they had pinned a poster on one of the novitiate doors, bearing the sub-title: "You will all understand." Something mysterious there, we sensed, and we couldn't mortify our curiosity enough to turn down the invitation; no, not even those among us who are not yet on speaking terms with the English language.

The enigma was explained in time and place. We were the pleased and happy spectators of a pantomime. This was the main item on the programme, and was introduced between a piano selection and a hymn to the glorious Patron Saint of the Irish. A masterly little poem on Our Immaculate Mother ended the pleasant evening.

Monday, March 19

St. Joseph's Feast occurs in the midst of the Lenten season of penance. And now that Passiontide has come, we wondered whether the statue of our beloved Saint would discard its sombre purple attire prescribed by holy liturgy. The problem was happily solved by placing a supplementary statue of St. Joseph in the sanctuary. Around it a profusion of greenery, flowers and lights rendered honor to the illustrious Saint of the day. Everything bespoke piety and bade us mingle our homage with nature's.

We had High Mass, and from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, we took turns in kneeling before the improvised shrine, there to express our love, confidence and thanks. At the same time, we took advantage of our audiences to request other favors for ourselves and all those we hold dear. So many are the graces we stand in need of!

Holy Thursday, March 29

Without forgetting the sorrowful Passion of the God-Man, we especially honored Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, in remembrance of the institution of this Sacrament of Love on the first Holy Thursday.

One of the side altars has become our humble Cenacle, and Jesus dwells there among the lilies and delicate greenery. As once the Apostles, so now we meditate on the supreme teachings of Our Blessed Redeemer.

Pious adorers succeed one another, and at intervals we all gather together in our Upper Room, to present our homages of reparation, love and thanksgiving to the Divine Victim who has given Himself up for our salvation and for that of all mankind.

The evening brought the Holy Hour usual on such occasions. Then privileged ones, like Peter, James and John on the night of the Agony, keep watch with the Good Master, continuing in turn their adoration through the night hours until morning.

Good Friday, March 30

At six-thirty the bell rang the beginning of the day's office and the Mass of the Presanctified. Then followed a last dismantling of the altars, and our tabernacle no longer houses the Sacred Presence. Over this sadness hovers the great thought of Jesus dying on Calvary for the redemption of mankind.

A crucifix has been placed in front of the altar rail and, each time we go to the chapel, we kneel down in turn and lovingly kiss the wounds of Our Savior.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we made the Stations and venerated the relic of the true Cross. In keeping with a pious custom, the evening drew us to the chapel for a Holy Hour, in union with the Mother of Sorrows looking down with anguish at the lifeless body of her Son in her arms. Then with her, after her return from Calvary, we pondered over the sufferings and humiliations of the Redeemer of men and His burial in the Sepulchre.

Easter Sunday, April 1

All this beautiful day, our *alleluias* of praise and joy mingled with Our Blessed Mother's adorations in honor of the glorious Victor of Easter morn. *Alleluias* of the joyous *Regina Cæli*, which early directed our steps to the chapel; *alleluias* of the Gregorian melodies of High Mass, Vespers and evening hymns; and finally, *alleluias* of the pious refrain of our Rosary fifteen times sung to acclaim the Risen Lord and the Queen of Heaven.

In between spiritual exercises, we put every moment of the holiday to good account. Dear Mother General has sent us a beautiful Easter gift — a hand-painted tabernacle veil bearing the sublime profession of faith: "My Lord and my God!" Once again, we wish to assure our dear Mother of our deep gratitude for her much appreciated gift.

Paschal joys absorbed us so completely, that we all but forgot about April Fool's Day. But that can also be explained by the fact that a very special feast is in the offing, and we are making elaborate preparations — so we had little time to tease unwary Sisters, as we always do on April 1.

Sunday, April 8

Here we are preluding to a long-expected red-letter day, we mean the Feast of St. Mechtilde, patroness of devoted Mother Mistress. A choice occasion, indeed, to express our affection and thanks to her who watches so maternally over our first steps in the religious life, and spends herself so untiringly for our greater spiritual good.

We thought Sunday evening would be the ideal time for the traditional programme, and, consequently, anticipated the feast — or should we say its vigil? — by a good twenty-four hours. First number was a piano and violin selection. Then followed a song and the presentation of our best wishes. A mission play was also executed which made us understand better the priceless value of souls, and the admirable spirit of heroic devotedness spurring on every true apostle of the Lord.

The usual *Magnificat* of thanks and praise placed the final Marian seal on our glad evening.

More than one little Novice, we feel sure, asked her Immaculate Mother grace to exemplify in her daily life the stirring lessons of apostolic selflessness presented throughout the inspiring mission play.

Monday, April 9, Feast of the Annunciation

The Queen of Virgins well knows she can depend on her young missionaries to remember every one of her feasts. This special one is particularly dear to us, and to all souls who follow the golden path of the spiritual life, through Mary to Jesus. Pious was our feast, according to the spirit of the great mystery therein honored.

Sad news reached us at noon. Our Tsungming Mission has lost one of its devoted laborers. Dear Sister Marie de Sion (Florida Ravary, St. Clet, Soulanges Co.) was called to her eternal reward in November, 1943.

Vacancies are being multiplied in the ranks of our missionary Sisters. When the barriers to the Far East are thrown open again, new and fresh recruits will have to cross the ocean and take over the torch of Faith from failing hands. How many of us would be ready to replace our fallen pioneers over there? A thought-provoking question, surely. Desires are not lacking, but are virtues as abundant? We are gladly offering our arms to Jesus, but are our hearts truly, entirely His? May the Good Master, who urges us to pray to His Father for evangelical workers, prepare us Himself for our divinely beautiful mission. Can He not, from the very stones we tread underfoot, raise up children to Abraham?



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

So you are all enjoying yourselves to your heart's content these glad sunny days! After ten drab months of lessons and study, came glorious June and the wonderful holidays you had been expecting for so long. Now you are back at home with Dad, Mummie, brothers and sisters, and filling up every waking moment with fun and frolic — which is only right, after all's said and done. Your great friend knows — for he was once a daily guest at the little schoolhouse — that when the school year is over, boys and girls need good, restful holidays. And this is just the kind I am wishing you one and all. Good and restful holidays and plenty of happy, healthy fun all the while.

This is the kind of holidays I have wished a young friend of mine. And do you know how he began? A picnic right on the very second day! I thought he would be glad if I told you all about it, so this is what I shall write about today. Oh, you've never met my young friend, have you? His name is Phil — at least everybody calls him so. But he writes Philip on his schoolbooks, because that's his baptismal name, while Phil is the playground one.

Phil is twelve and rather big for his age. I've never seen him with rosy cheeks — always his big black eyes looking straight at you. There isn't one lazy cell in his body. All in all, I'd say that boy is going to make his mark in life. He is the eldest of a family of eight, four boys and four girls. Henry comes next. He is fair-haired and blue-eyed and the merriest of the band. Then, let me introduce you to the twins, Martha and Mary. No, this isn't your Bible History lesson, their names are really that. The two little nine-year-olds look so exactly alike that only Mother can tell who's who. Claire had her seventh birthday just a few weeks ago. Six-year-old Peter has already gone to school one whole year, and he is quite proud of his learning. Andrew and Rita, four and two and a half, are the youngest and everybody's favorites.

Dad and Mother, model parents that they are, want the youngsters to grow up to fine men and women, and they are bringing them up in the true Christian manner. They never let disobediences go unpunished, and know how to refuse every unreasonable whim and fancy in childish minds. But I must also tell you that they are always ready and willing to reward the generous efforts of their little ones.

So at last the ten long months of school were over, and Phil and Henry came back from college, proudly wearing pins and medals won by application

to school duties. When all were gathered round the supper table, Dad looked at the eldest two with a kind smile.

"How would you like to start your holidays with a picnic, boys?"

Hearty cheers and mirthful laughter greeted the question. Dad had been expecting that enthusiastic answer to his picnic suggestion.

Mother, hands on her ears to shut off the noise, protested mildly:

"Not so loud, children, we are not deaf!"

"No, Mother, but forgive us, please. We are so very happy!" Mary spoke for the merry eight.

Phil looked at Dad with a grateful smile.

"How are we ever going to thank you —"

"We are already thanked," broke in Mother. "You have worked real hard all the year at college. That's why we don't want to spare anything so you can have the best holidays ever. That's right, Dad?"

"Yes, we are pleased with you, Phil," returned Dad. "The others have done fine work, too. Of course, it could have been a bit better at times, but on the whole we are satisfied. The picnic will be your first reward, the first number on your programme for the holidays."

"Oh, Dad, you're great!" This from Henry, who thrilled at the thought of the pleasant outing.

"Well, my boy?" and Dad's eyes met his.

"You know, Dad, when it's for games and fun —"

"You're always ready? Is that what you were going to say?"

"Yes, Dad," laughed Henry.

"So we won't have to coax any of you. Well, so much the better! By the way, where shall we go for our picnic?"

The two college boys and the twins chorused: "Over to Uncle Art's!" Claire, Peter and Andrew took up the idea: "Yes, Dad, to Uncle Art's!"

Even Baby Rita clapped her tiny dimpled hands. It was her way of joining in with the others.

Dad laughed heartily. "All right, then, it's understood. Everybody get ready for eight o'clock day after tomorrow," and he rose from the table.

"Day after tomorrow" all the picknickers were up bright and early, and everyone was ready by seven-thirty. Silvery voices chatted blithely as the band climbed into the truck that would take them in an hour or so to Uncle Art's country home. A cordial welcome awaited them from Aunt Margaret and their young cousins. What a glorious day that was!

Never had the boys enjoyed football as they did then, and never had they reveled in playing hide-and-seek as on that unforgettable picnic day. It was delightful, too, to romp and run on the green, velvety grass and stroll off with hook and line to the brook flowing softly close by. To top it all, Aunt Margaret had prepared a number-one outdoor dinner. Whetted appetites did honor to the delicious menu.

Hours rolled on while the young students of a week ago enjoyed themselves to the full. Towards the end of the afternoon, Mother noticed, as all mothers are quick to do, that it was time to rest a little. So she took out a magazine she had slipped in her bag before leaving.

"Oh! oh!" Phil guessed aright, "Mummie's going to read us a mission tale! C'mon, everybody!"

And all sat down round the beloved reader.

What was the story about? You will wonder. Just the story of a little Chinese baby, abandoned at birth by her pagan father, picked up on the roadside by a woman gleaner and brought to the Catholic Mission. Here the missionary Sisters at the foundling home took her in and baptized her Mary Teresa. Then the tot went to another home in the orphanage — a very happy home, too! There she first heard God's call to the religious life.



What a glorious day that was!

Mother had finished, but the youthful listeners were eager for more. She thought it

would be a good moment for giving them a bit of advice and counsel.

"Children, you're delighted to have long holidays ahead of you, but you must think of others, too. You must pray and make sacrifices for the poor pagan boys and girls. Are you going to do that, now?"

"Yes, Mummie! We'll remember the pagans!" they promised.

"That will be your best way of thanking God for the great grace He has granted you. I mean, for having given you Catholic parents and a Catholic country for your home."

"And for having given us the best Dad and Mummie in the whole world!" Phil added with a broad grin.

"I didn't make any sacrifices today," said Claire bashfully. "I had so much fun all the time."

"Well, here's a suggestion!" Henry took up in a flash, and without waiting for her to answer, he continued:

"Don't say a single word on the way home tonight. That'll be hard, eh, Sis?"

"Oh, yes, thanks!" exclaimed the wee lass. Thanks, surely — Henry had solved the problem. She didn't really know what sacrifice she could make that day.

"We can make many sacrifices even while playing and having a real good time," gently remarked Mother.

"Yes, that's right!" added Mary.

And Phil, the teaser:

"That's to Mary's taste, as I can see!"

"Kindly hold your tongue!" ordered that young lady.

"But not to Martha's taste, as *I* can see!" joked Henry. "Look, Miss is as serious as —"

At that very moment, Martha, poor offended Martha, bounded to her feet, eyeing her brother's thatch of unruly hair with intentions we can readily guess. But Henry had grown wise after so many previous attempts at hair-pulling. He got to his feet and was off like a spring hare, with Martha fast following.

How did it all end? The guilty and the offended appeared before the judge of the day, Master Philip. Henry was sentenced to pay damages to his sister Martha — five field strawberries. The brotherly judge also added the condition that the culprit would in the future weigh his words to the above-named Martha. The young lady, on her part, agreed to forget the hasty remark.

Henry had to put off till another day the payment of his damages, as preparations for the homeward trip were begun on the spot.

As all beautiful days, the wonderful picnic day had its setting. Or should I say setting? — since it will have such a happy effect on every day of Phil's vacation and of that of his brothers and sisters. They laughed and frolicked all day long, but they also made a firm resolve to mark all their pleasant summer days by many generous sacrifices for the eternal salvation of poor pagan souls.

Try to copy them, dear boys and girls. Don't imagine your holidays will be a whit duller if you write sacrifice on your programme. No, they will turn out one hundred percent happy. While having great and good times, you will be making others happy.

So now, consecrate your holidays to Jesus and Mary, if you haven't already done so. Enjoy yourselves whole-heartedly, of course, but remember you are soul-savers with Jesus. Try "vacationing for souls" this year, and God's best blessings will be yours here below, and you will enjoy Him in Heaven when life's schooling days are over and the hour strikes for your eternal holidays.

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$ 25.00
Vigil Light or candle.....	<div> <div>10 cents each.</div> <div>75 cents for a novena.</div> <div>\$ 2.00 for a month.</div> <div>20.00 for a year.</div> </div>

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favors Obtained.

A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for improvement in my health. May Our Blessed Mother cure me completely. Mrs. L. DeB. — Thanksgiving for favors received from Our Blessed Mother, and will you kindly offer up a novena for my intentions. Mrs. P. N., **Montreal**. — May I ask your Sisters to continue to remember us in your prayers and good works, so that God will see fit to grant us the whole of our request, but for what we have received we are truly grateful. Mrs. M. G., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for my husband's conversion to the True Faith. Mrs. M., **Ville Emard**. — Many thanks for a favor received. A subscriber. — I am enclosing money for a lifetime subscription to THE PRECURSOR for favor obtained and promise to publish it. One who has faith in Mary. — Many thanks for prayers offered for my successful operation. Mrs. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — I thank you for the prayers you have said for me to Our Blessed Mother. I am feeling well now. G. L., **Salem, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favor obtained through wearing the miraculous medal. Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. A. L., **Worcester, Mass.** — Many thanks for prayers you have said for my soldier boy. Mrs. V., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Grateful thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favor obtained after promising to publish. A subscriber, **Contrecoeur**. — Many thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for having protected my son. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — I wish to thank our dear Blessed Lady for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. F. R. — Thanksgiving to our dear Heavenly Mother. Mrs. J. G., **Montreal**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady for improvement in my health. I am asking for my daughter's cure without an operation. A subscriber. — Lively gratitude for the cure of a child. Mrs. D. B., **Rosemont**. — A cure has been obtained. Mrs. R. G., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. B. — Many thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. E., **Vaudreuil**. — Our Blessed Mother has answered my prayers: I heartily thank her and am glad to fulfill my promise. Mrs. F. D., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for the favors I have received through her intercession. May she continue granting me favors. A. M. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. G., **Thetford Mines**. — Grateful thanks to Our Heavenly Mother! A subscriber. — Please join me in prayer of thanksgiving for a great favor received through Mary Immaculate. Anonymous. — Homage of gratitude for protection granted our soldiers. Anonymous. — Many thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. L., **Putnam, Conn.** — I wish to thank the Immaculate Conception for graces received through her intercession. May she continue protecting me. Miss G. L. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favor I have been granted. Miss A. St.M. — Grateful thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. D. C. — Lively thanks for a favor received. J. L. — I wish to publish my gratitude towards our dear Blessed Mother for my husband's prompt recovery from an accident. Mrs. D. L., **Montreal**. — Please publish all my gratitude for a favor I have obtained through the intercession of Our Heavenly Mother. M. H. G., **Norwick, Conn.** — Many thanks for success in medical examinations. Anonymous. — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards Our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. Y. St.L. — Grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate! I am soliciting her maternal protection. Mrs. H. E. — Sincere thanks to our dear Blessed Mother for having granted me a favor through wearing the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. S. D. **Ville St. Laurent**.

Various Thanksgivings

Love and thanksgiving to Mary the Immaculate Conception and Mother of Perpetual Help, and through her to her Divine Son, through Whose loving and merciful Heart we have received so many graces and favors. J. N. B. — I want to thank the Blessed Virgin and St. Therese for all the favors they have granted me. Mrs. C. McK., **Jewett City, Conn.** — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony. Mrs. A. M., **Waterloo**. — Great favors have been obtained through the intercession of our kind Father St. Joseph. Mrs. S. F. — Thanks to St. Anthony for having recovered a lost article. M. T. R. — Thanksgiving to St. Joseph. Mrs. A. C.

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



PETITIONS

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

Please say a prayer that I may be able to walk again if it's God's holy will. Mrs. A. D., **Montreal**. — Please help me pray for our dear mother who is ill with paralysis. Miss I. T., **Montreal**. — I hope you will pray for my mother, who is still sick. Mrs. R. S., **Montreal**. — Will you please offer your prayers for my petition for financial help and courage and strength to face a very difficult task. Mrs. R. P., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for me to Our Blessed Mother for a very special favor to be answered soon. We need your help in prayers. Miss L. M. G., **Montreal**. — Please pray and make a novena of lights for a person who is very ill and has great confidence in your prayers. K., **Montreal**. — Please have a novena said for me. Will you pray that if it is God's will Our Blessed Lady will cure me. Mrs. J. McM., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly make a novena for my intentions, so my brother will pass his course and get a good position. I also want you to pray for the safe return of a soldier from overseas. Please make a novena for me so that I'll get financial aid; also for peace in my

family, health and other intentions. T. T., **Granby, P. Q.** — Please pray for a very special favor I want granted me. Mrs. C. D., **Maniwaki, P. Q.** — I am suffering from rheumatism in my arm and hip and I suffer quite a lot with it. I promise to subscribe for life to THE PRECURSOR if I am cured. J. M., **Maniwaki, P. Q.** — Spiritual and temporal favors are requested. Anonymous. — Will you kindly pray for my young baby that is sick. Also for several favors. Mrs. J. F., **Dundee, P. Q.** — Prayers are kindly requested for the following intentions: stability of memory, which is failing rapidly, making difficult the performance of my spiritual and material duties; a just and lasting universal peace; the spiritual and temporal welfare of those near and dear to me; the protection of your missionary Sisters and the success of your missions; for all the intentions and desires of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. J. N. B., **Ottawa, Ont.** — Will you please pray for a very special favor for one of my sons. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — I am asking you to pray for my mother, as she is ill with a stomach and heart ailment. M. McG., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Will you please have some special prayers said for my brother who is ill. Please pray for the rest of my family also. Miss E. F., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Please pray for my son, that God may grant him the grace to overcome bad habits. Mrs. K., **St. Mary's, Ont.** — I am enclosing list of intentions to be placed on our dear Mother's Shrine. I have great confidence in Our Blessed Lady. F. K., **Delhi, Ont.** — Will you kindly have a novena of vigil lights made for return to health for a husband and wife. X., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Will you please pray for my husband, who has very bad pains in the stomach. Mrs. E. C., **Easthampton, Mass.** — Will you please pray for my intentions and that my health may be restored. Mrs. G. M., **Webster, Mass.** — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for a friend of mine. I also request prayers for other intentions. Mrs. A. L., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray for my boy overseas and for my husband in his new work. Mrs. J. L., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Please pray for my daughter and her husband to find a house or rent at once that will be suitable and not far from their work. Please pray for their health also. Will you also pray for my brother's return to the Faith and reform from drink. Mrs. J., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Please pray for my son, myself and all the other members of our family. Mrs. F. G., **Jewett City, Conn.**

Various Petitions

Will you kindly make a novena for a very special favor to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and Brother Andre. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and Brother Andre, for favors received. A subscriber. — Would you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, for two special favors. Mrs. B., **Granby, P. Q.** — Will you please pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Jude that I may be cured of cancer, and that I won't have to stay in the hospital when I report in June; also for the conversion of my husband and son and better health for my daughter. Please pray for other special intentions. Mrs. H., **Cornwall, Ont.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 2; conversions, 6; positions, 2; cures, 25; special intentions, 40.



OBITUARY

Rev. Father T. J. Barre, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Joseph Bourdeau, **St. Johns**, mother of our Sister St. Luc; Mr. Joseph Ferdinand Houde, **Arthabaskaville**, father of our Sister St. Christophe; Mrs. L. E. Martel, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Monique d'Ostie; Mr. Delphis Bergeron, **Sturgeon Falls, Ont.**, father of our Sister St. Delphis; Mr. Paul Eugene Auger, **Les Ecureuils**, brother of our Sisters St. Pie and St. Gabriel, killed overseas; Mr. Alphonse Lavallée, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Marie Auxiliatrice; Miss Therese De Serres, **Cartierville**, sister of our Sister Dominique du Rosaire; Mrs. Moise Coursol, **Point St. Charles**, grandmother of our Sister Françoise du Carmel; Mrs. A. Durocher, **Montreal North**, mother of our Sister Durocher, Postulant; Mr. Arthur Horney, Mrs. J. P. Burns, Mr. William Wright, Mr. Frank Coyle, Mr. Patrick Coyle, Mr. Frank Mooney, **Montreal**; Mr. John Sproul, **Lachine**; Mr. A. Black, **Sydney, N. S.**; Mrs. Aurore Charron, **Baltic, Conn.**; Mr. Michael Lewerk, **Versailles, Conn.**; Mr. Rocco De Filippo, Mr. James Molinaro, **Grosvenor Dale, Conn.**; Mrs. Arthur Dubuc, **Longueuil**; Mr. J. F. Boulais, **Bordeaux**; Mrs. Arthur Laperle, Mrs. Eugene Simard, Miss J. Dumont, Mr. Jean Pierre Lagadec, Mrs. Leandre Piche, Mr. Henri Sagala, Mr. Wilfrid Noel, Mrs. Lucien Lemaire, Mr. Joseph Guerin, Mrs. Alfred Cyr, Miss Denise St. Pierre, Mrs. A. St. Pierre, Miss F. Gauthier, Mrs. Eugene Poirier, Mr. Edmond Lecours, Mrs. Joseph Roberge, Mrs. Z. Goyer, Miss Maria Dubois, Mrs. Malvina Gauthier, Mr. Richard Conway, Mr. Salvador Lacroix, Mr. Camille Lariviere, Mr. Edouard Dufour, Mr. Honorat Lepage, Mr. Aug. Belair, Mr. Dieudonne Ethier, Mrs. Richard Lambert, Mr. Henri Goulet, Miss Marie Louise Bolduc, Mrs. Eugene Paquin, Mr. Georges Racicot, Mrs. Olivier Longtin, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, Mrs. Ernest Godin, Mrs. M. Campbell, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mrs. Herma Beriault, Sgt. Emile Lalonde, Mr. Maurice Margottin, Mr. and Mrs. Achille Soumis, Mr. Jean Lasante, Mrs. Jos. Belisle, Mrs. J. L. Leblanc, Mr. Raoul Rochon, Mrs. Wallace Armstrong, Mr. Marcel Gaudreau, Mr. Joseph Berlinguette, Mrs. Edmour Courville, Mrs. Joseph Bruneau, Mrs. Joseph Descostes, Mrs. Levis Reid, Mr. Raymond Laporte, Mr. Lucien Laplante, Mrs. H. Hotte, Mr. Gerard Martineau, Mrs. Cedulie Cantin-Martineau, Mr. and Mrs. N. Fortier, Mr. Nap. Dessureault, Mr. Georges Lamoureux, Mr. Emile Bergeron, Mrs. Joseph Belanger, Mr. E. Desautels, Miss Andree Chatelain, Mr. Romuald Bohemier, Mrs. Joseph Beauchamp, Mrs. Edmond Desmarais, Mr. Charles Lamoureux, Mr. Arthur Quesnel, Mr. Vincent Veys, Mr. Oscar Lafond, Mr. Osias Lasalle, Mrs. Paul Roch, Mrs. Jean Louis Leblanc, Mr. Jean Gagnon, Mrs. Frank Legare, Mr. Pierre P. Forcier, Mrs. Georges Landry, Mr. Joseph Bonneau, Mr. Eugene Gagne, Mr. Magloire Depatie, **Montreal**; Mr. Maurice Rocheleau, **Terrasse Vinet**; Mr. Jules Laberge, **Cote des Neiges**; Mr. Josaphat Clement, Mr. Romeo St. Cyr, **Lachine**; Mr. Lucien Charbonneau, Mrs. T. Poirier, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Fabien Boulanger, Mrs. Joseph Spenard, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Alph. Fortin, Mr. Isaie Pilote, Mrs. Anthime Bourgon, **Viauville**; Mr. Alex. Bourgouin, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. Pierre Fafard, Mr. Zotique Ethier, **Guybourg**; Mrs. Art. Charlebois, **Riviere des Prairies**; Mrs. Josaphat Lalonde, **St. Scholastique**; Mr. Romeo Menard, **Lachute Mills**; Mrs. A. Adam, **Notre Dame de Lourdes**; Mrs. Sylvain Roch, **L'Epiphanie**; Miss Helene Sylvestre, **Ile du Pas**; Mrs. P. Charlebois, **St. Dominique des Cedres**; Mrs. Anaclet Gagnier, **Lac des Ecorces**; Miss Gabrielle Seguin; Mr. Hilaire Lamothe, **Acton Vale**; Miss Corinne Pratte, **Nicolet**; Mrs. J. B. Labrecque, **Upton**; Mrs. Joseph Lavoie, **St. Henri de Taillon**; Mrs. Wilfrid Pichette, **St. Ursule**; Mrs. Alfred Bronsard, **St. Flore**; Mrs. David Grenier, **Monument**; Mrs. Georges Lachance, **St. Narcisse, Lotbiniere Co.**; Mr. Elie Sirois, **Lauzon**; Mr. Ovide Dufour, **Ile aux Coudres**; Mrs. Joseph St. Louis, **St. Felicie**; Mrs. Georges Blais, Mrs. Adjutor Villeneuve, Mrs. Alfred Levesque, Mrs. Tho. Louis Tremblay, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Adjutor Houde, Mrs. Arthur Brassard, **Jonquiere**; Mr. Joseph Pelletier, **Gardner, Mass.**; Mrs. Olivier Plasse, **Webster, Mass.**

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

Practical Means

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms for :

The Mother House chapel.....	
The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
Annual supply for the sanctuary lamp in our convents in Canada and in mission lands.....	\$ 25.00
Foundation of a Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister.....	1,000.00
Annual support of a virgin-catechist.....	50.00
Annual support and education of an orphan.....	40.00
Foundation of a crib — in perpetuity.....	200.00
Annual care of a leper.....	60.00
Monthly upkeep of a crib.....	5.00
Ransom of a baby likely to live.....	5.00
Ransom of a dying baby.....	.25
Monthly support of a Missionary Sister.....	10.00
Monthly support of a Novice preparing for the Mis- sions.....	10.00
Annual subscription to THE PRECURSOR.....	1.00

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PRECURSOR

THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month.*

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year,

10 cents per copy;

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year.

Address: 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges,

Montreal 26, Que., Canada.

Life Subscription: \$20.00

★★★

A missionary must not be alone in spending his energies.
All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their
prayers and alms.

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

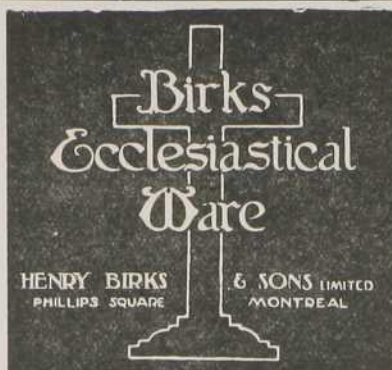
FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish



WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

**Atlas Asbestos Co.
Limited**

MANUFACTURERS
♦ OF ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

110 MCGILL STREET -- MONTREAL

Buttons - Ribbons - Badges

For Parochial Celebrations

Celluloid-covered buttons.
all sizes and colours

Specialty: Buttons with religious photo

Edwin C. Ford Reg'd.

1191 UNION AVE. — MONTREAL
TEL. LANCASTER 0810

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

Buy from D. FURLONG, JR.

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER

5385 CATINEAU

COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry. Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.

TEL. AT 1108

THE JAMES ROBERTSON Co. LIMITED

Montreal — Toronto — Saint John — Quebec City — Ottawa

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

Quality Plumbing and Heating Products since 1857

Phone:
Marquette
1279-1270

F. H. PHELAN

**Coal
Merchant**

Scranton "blue" Coal BEST GRADES OF
BITUMINOUS COAL

Office: 315 Colborne Street

--

Montreal

CHINA

CANTON, Holy Childhood Home, P. O. Box 93. (Founded in 1909)

School for catechists. Catechumenate. School for Christian and pagan pupils. Orphanage. Foundling Home. Workrooms.

TO KOM HANT, Foundling Home "Our Lady of Providence". Orphanage.

SHAMEEN, School.

FONG CHUEN, Insane Asylum.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton. (Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium.

HONG KONG, 24 Austin Road, Kowloon. (Founded in 1927)

Procure and School.

TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission, Paochen, Kiangsu. (Founded in 1928)

Orphanage. Foundling Home. School. Native Novitiate "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus".

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu, Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School;

TAONAN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Native Novitiate "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary". Boarding School.

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi, Fakushima Ken. (Founded in 1930)

Kindergarten.

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi, Hon 3 no cho No 1, Aizu Wakamatsu. (Founded in 1933)

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 287 Tayuman St. (Founded in 1921)

Hostel "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus". School for Chinese.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti. (Founded in 1943)

Dispensary. School. Workroom. Refuge for needy children and the aged.

LES COTEAUX, Haiti. (Founded in 1944)

Dispensary. School.

ITALY

ROME, 26 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario. (Founded in 1925)

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$10,00.00 or more.
 2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above-mentioned donations.
 3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
 4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.
-

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

While commending their Benefactors to God, that He Himself may reward them according to their generosity, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the merits of their apostolic 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.