

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 22nd Year

MONTREAL, September-October 1945

No. 5

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, Montreal 9.

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)

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

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QUEBEC, 4 Simard St. (Founded in 1919)

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

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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 Deis*, badges for congregations, monograms, different tableaux, cushions, and fancy articles.

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

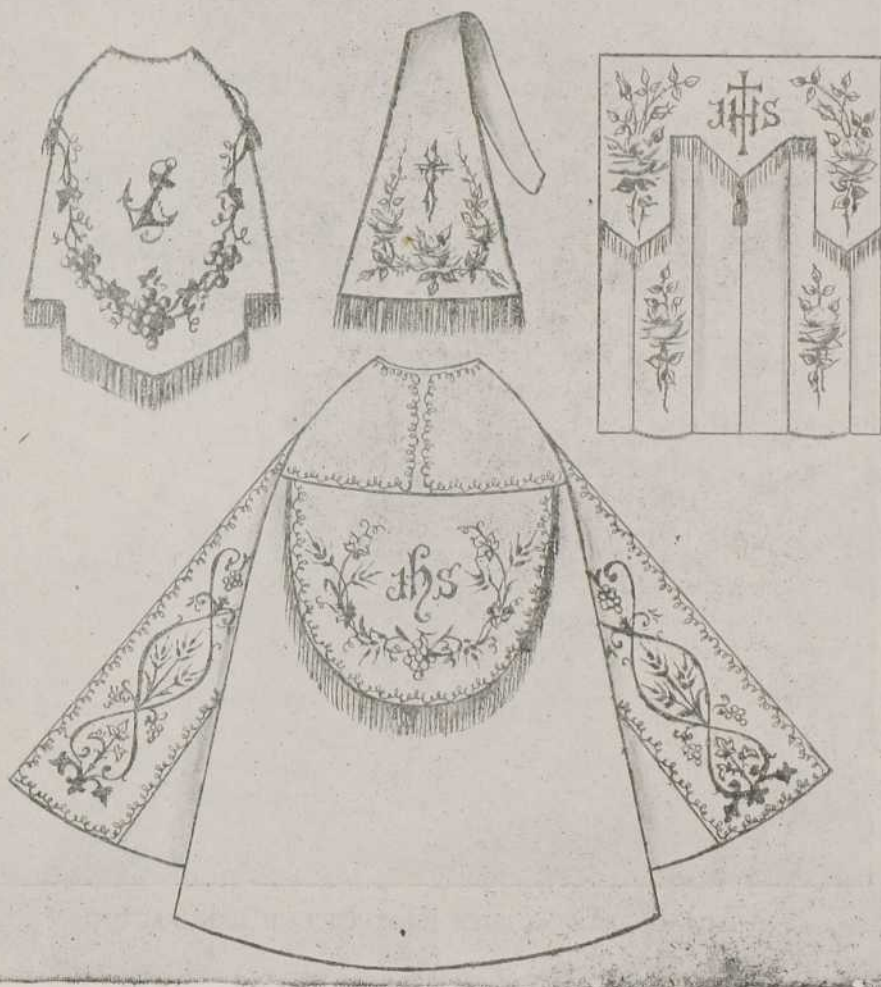
Sales tax and mailing costs not included.

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

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

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

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST





O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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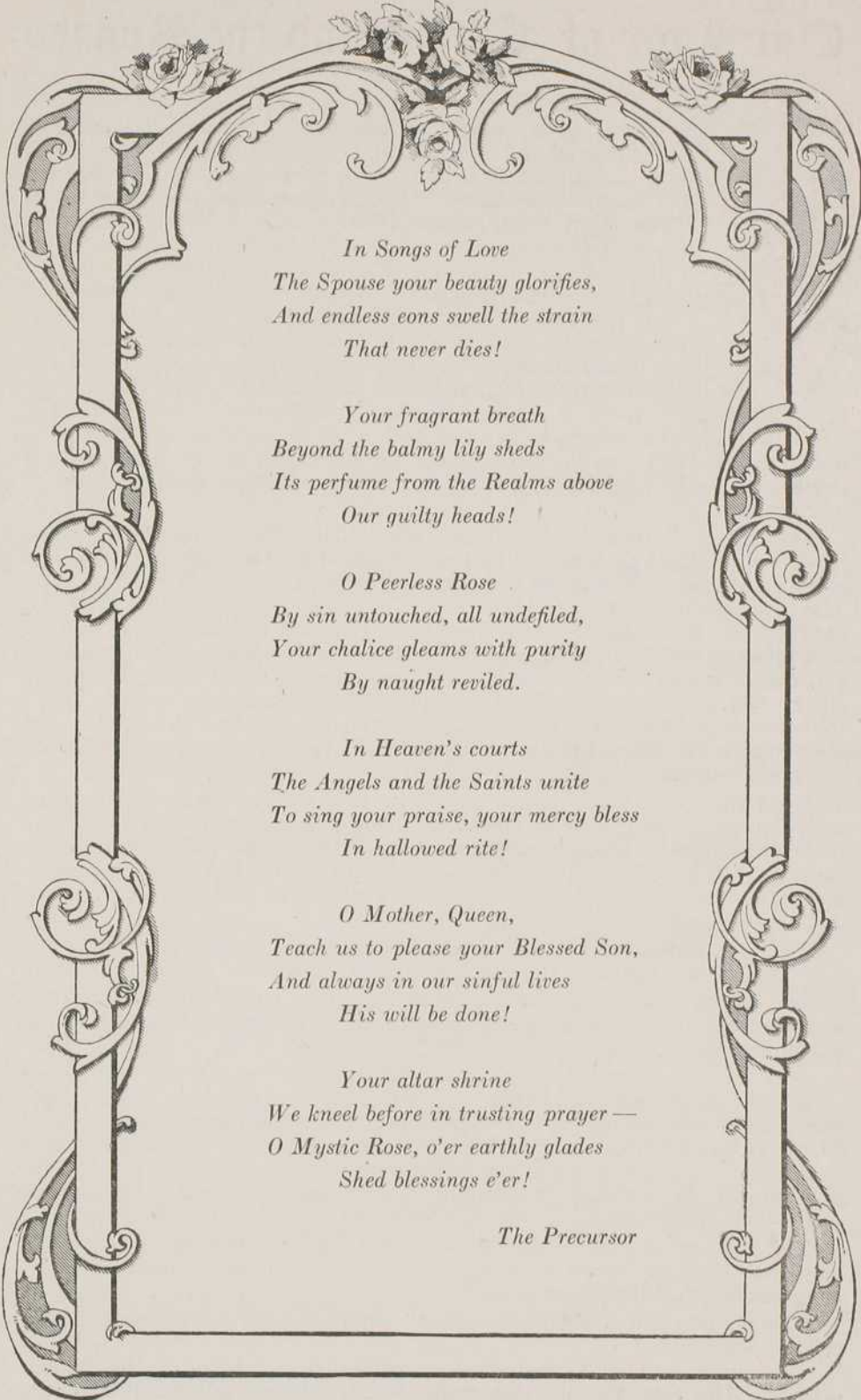
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ROSA MYSTICA

*O Mystic Rose,
In Heaven's bowers blooming fair,
Of Artist Hands the masterpiece
Beyond compare!*



*In Songs of Love
The Spouse your beauty glorifies,
And endless eons swell the strain
That never dies!*

*Your fragrant breath
Beyond the balmy lily sheds
Its perfume from the Realms above
Our guilty heads!*

*O Peerless Rose
By sin untouched, all undefiled,
Your chalice gleams with purity
By naught reviled.*

*In Heaven's courts
The Angels and the Saints unite
To sing your praise, your mercy bless
In hallowed rite!*

*O Mother, Queen,
Teach us to please your Blessed Son,
And always in our sinful lives
His will be done!*

*Your altar shrine
We kneel before in trusting prayer —
O Mystic Rose, o'er earthly glades
Shed blessings e'er!*

The Precursor

Our Lady of Fatima and the Rosary



PERHAPS are you but slightly acquainted with the word Fatima. Just an unhonored and unsung little Portuguese village — or so it was at least until 1917. It also was then suffering from the barbarian horrors of the bloodiest conflict ever recorded in the history of civilization. It also, as all European nations, looked at the dark future with uncertain eyes and well-justified misgivings, for it realized all too truly that the Peace Treaty visioned close by would not respect the inalienable rights of the Prince of Peace.

In May, 1917, things looked dark indeed. Pope Benedict XV, aware that human means were unavailing in this divine chastisement, turned to spiritual ones and ordered the prayer of all to her who is "more terrible than armies in battle array," — the glorious and ever blessed Virgin Mary. Eight brief days had elapsed since the Holy Father had sent out his message to bishops the world over, when the Victress of God's battles and the Mother of Mercy alighted upon our blood-drenched earth. The prayers of the Roman Pontiff had risen to her throne and had moved her motherly heart to compassion.

May 13, 1917, three little shepherds were tending their white flock on the hillside, in the Cova da Iria, near Fatima. There Mary, Our Lady of the Rosary, appeared to them — humble, illiterate, simple peasant children. It was not otherwise at La Salette, Lourdes and Pontmain. The blessed trio had never even learned their letters. Lucia, aged ten, was the eldest. Francisco and Jacinta, her cousins, were nine and seven. Of knowledge gleaned in books they had none, but innocence and candor graced their childish souls. Every morning when they left with the frisking fold, they said an Our Father and a Hail Mary asking their Guardian Angels to protect them. They had taken the pious custom of saying their Rosary and singing hymns to the Blessed Mother, while their charges were peacefully grazing on the grassy hillside.

For a whole year already, since the spring of 1916, the three child shepherds had been prepared to their heavenly mission by frequent visitations from the Guardian Angel of Portugal. On one occasion, the celestial ambassador had given them the Body and Blood of Our Lord in communion. To Lucia he had presented a white host, while the Precious Blood in the chalice had been divided between Francisco and his younger sister.

"Receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, so horribly outraged by ungrateful men," had he told them. "Make reparation for their sins and console your God."

The heavenly visitant had also requested them to make many sacrifices and mortifications for the conversion of sinners and the restoration of peace to the wartorn world.

May 13, 1917 fell on a Sunday. Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco had heard Mass in the morning and had then headed for the Cova da Iria with their sheep. After partaking of their simple homemade meal they knelt down to say their Rosary. That was the usual programme. Then followed games and the building of forts and castles. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning rent the cloudless sky. A storm was coming! They rushed to gather their white woollies, when a second flash rooted them to the spot.

The next moment a great light shone around them and they saw a vision of a most beautiful Lady poised above a green oak tree. A heavenly beautiful Lady, more dazzling than the noonday sun.

"Do not be afraid, I shall not hurt you." Mothers know so well how to banish childish fears!

The miraculous Lady seemed young — eighteen years at most, so the children declared. Her face was of indescribable beauty. Lucia, sole survivor of the

privileged three, has to this day but one word to describe the vision: *Light*. The Virgin was *light*.

As the Lady smiled upon the children, Lucia asked:

"Where do you come from?"

"*I come from Heaven*," was the reply.

"And why have you come down here?"

"*Because I want you children to come here on the thirteenth of each month at the same hour. In the month of October I shall tell you who I am and what I want you to do.*"

"Do you really come from Heaven?" asked Lucia. "Shall I go to Heaven, too?"

"*Yes, you will go there.*"

"And Jacinta?"

"*Jacinta will go to Heaven, too.*"

"And Francisco?"

"*Yes, Francisco too will go to Heaven but he will first have to say many rosaries.*"

The Blessed Mother then told the seers to keep on always saying the Rosary as they had just done.

"*Do you wish to offer yourselves to God in order to accept the sufferings He wishes to send you, in reparation for the sins which so offend Him and in supplication for the conversion of sinners?*"

Upon their generous answer, the Lady continued:

"*Then you will suffer much.*"

Gradually the beautiful Lady moved towards the East and the vision melted into the radiant sunlight.

A thrilling event indeed, still they had better not tell anybody about it. Not one word on the whole affair. But good resolutions, alas, do not all stand the test. That very evening Jacinta told the whole story to her mother. Quite naturally, the prudent parent did not immediately receive the data as Gospel truth. Mary had spoken of suffering. She sent the cross to her young friends. Lucia was ridiculed and rebuked and treated as a liar and a hypocrite by those she loved best.

But one ray of hope pierced through. Mary would come June 13—and she kept her plighted word. In July she promised a wonderful miracle, so that the whole world would believe. She then revealed to the children a great secret consisting of three



Our Lady of Fatima

distinct revelations. Two are now known to us: the vision of Hell and the prediction of World War II. The third remains shrouded in mystery.

After the horrible vision of Hell, where the devils and the damned under human forms were like transparent furnaces carried about by the flames which came from them, the Lady spoke kindly but sorrowfully:

"You have seen Hell where the souls of sinners go. To save these souls, God wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If people do what I have told you many souls will be saved and will find peace. The war is going to end (the war of 1914-18), but if people do not cease to offend God, not much time will elapse and precisely during the next Pontificate, another and more terrible war will commence. When a night illuminated by an unknown light is seen, know that this is the signal which God gives you that the chastisement of the world for its many transgressions is at hand, through war, famine and persecution of the Church and the Holy Father. To avoid this, I ask for the consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart and the Communion in reparation on the first Saturday of each month. If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. Otherwise, great errors will be spread throughout the world, giving rise to wars and persecutions against the Church. The good will suffer martyrdom and the Holy Father will have to suffer much. Different nations will be destroyed but in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me and an era of peace will be granted to humanity."

These prophetic words concerning the war are partly realized. In the night of January 25 to 26, 1938, an extraordinary light appeared in Western Europe, and Lucia, become Sister Mary Lucia, of the Sisters of St. Dorothy, recognized therein the "unknown light" foretold by the apparition of July, 1917, the signal of the chastisement of Divine Justice upon the sins of the world. Then followed the tragic war that rent humanity for almost six years. The Holy Father consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on October 31 and December 8, 1942. For the rest, since we are still ignorant of the third element of the great secret, restrictions are necessarily imposed. But the future will tell. However, the essential object of this secret is certainly not the war, and its chief aim is the salvation of souls. Sin remains always the great evil that draws down conflict and calamity. What Mary desired was this — to incite us to penance to appease the wrath of God, and to have recourse to her victorious Rosary, the weapon that since the thirteenth century has saved the Christian world from defeat and destruction.

The anti-clerical Administrator in control of the Fatima district determined to terminate what he termed a plague of mysticism. He would keep the children imprisoned in his own house so they would be unable to hold their appointed tryst of August 13. But Mary won then as always, and four days later showed herself to the three prisoners of the thirteenth, at Valinhos.

September 13, fifth apparition. Close to thirty thousand people were assembled at Fatima. Finally, the sixth and last apparition and the Great Miracle, October 13. Seventy thousand people were there to witness the fulfilling of Mary's promise. "The rain suddenly stopped and there, before the astonished gaze of that great concourse of people, the sun, like a gigantic magic lantern, began to emit long beams of multi-colored light, green, red, purple, yellow and blue. As they stood, awed by the incredible spectacle that painted earth, cloud and sky with sunshine such as human eye had never beheld before, the sun began to revolve speedily, performing a whirling dance in this maze of multi-colored light. Three times it paused and three times the whirling was resumed. Then, like a gigantic wheel that had been torn loose by its dizzy whirling, the sun suddenly came hurtling towards the earth, closer and closer with every terrifying second. Down, down, towards the crouching and terror-stricken crowd from whom fervent acts of supplication and pleas for mercy were mingled with acts of genuine contrition."

This last manifestation had been preluded, like the others, by the apparition of the Mother of God at her customary place.

"Who are you, Madam," Lucia had asked, "and what do you wish from me?"

"I am Our Lady of the Rosary, and I wish to have a chapel erected here in my honor." And for the sixth time, Mary urged the recitation of the Rosary.

For fully ten minutes the shepherd lad and his two companions were privileged to behold a heavenly tableau of the Holy Family "at the side of the sun." To Lucia alone was granted the vision of Our Lady of Sorrows and Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

After the awe-inspiring happenings, the compact throngs dispersed and spread the astounding news in the whole of Portugal.

The presence of the Queen of Heaven at Fatima re-awakened in the hearts of her Portuguese children their inborn religious instinct, which anti-clericalism had been striving with might and main, since the 18th century, to uproot entirely. The law of Separation between Church and State, voted in 1911, and followed by open and never-ending persecution, had paved the way to the dreadful moral and financial crisis in Portugal. Utter ruin seemed imminent in 1916. One short year after, when Fatima had become Mary's chosen pilgrimage land, the critical situation had already taken a turn for the better. Minds brought back to God and the things of God, hearts mellowed by sentiments of faith and charity, were all disposed to accept the reformations to be proposed a few years later by a Catholic leader for the complete rebuilding of the nation. And that leader's prestige was to come from his Catholic belief, and all the success of his undertaking was owing to the renewal of Christian life in truth and deed demanded and obtained by Mary on her holy mountain.

Of all European states, sheltered little Portugal is about the only one that has not been ravaged by war or persecution these last twenty-five years. While the neighboring countries have been called upon to sacrifice the flower of their manhood in the second World War, Mary's privileged Portugal enjoyed comparative peace and tranquillity. Why this blessed exception? Because Portugal hailed Mary as its Queen of Peace, and accepted her simple Peace Plan: "Pray the Rosary."

May the whole world learn from Portugal! Portugal is an example for all other nations, but they must not forget that it is also a miracle of the grace of God. Countries that would be politically, economically and socially prosperous like Portugal, must imitate that country in its deep religion and devotion to the Queen of Angels and men. "Happy are the people whose Lord is God, whose Queen is the Mother of God!"

"When we take one step towards God, He takes the other ninety-nine," has someone said. So did Mary give special tokens of predilection to the Portuguese people. Souls have corresponded with the proffered graces. Following the example of Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco, they have practised penance asked by the Blessed Mother of God and have turned to the Almighty. Especially have they *prayed the Rosary*. The age-old custom of family recitation of the Marian prayer has been revived. This, Mary's favorite devotion at Fatima as once at Lourdes, has re-established the Christian spirit in Portuguese society, and has obtained the heavenly boon of peace and harmony.

"*Pray the Rosary!*" would we repeat after Mary. Pray the Rosary, you doomed nations oppressed by the yoke of godlessness, and you will recover the splendor in which you gloried in the golden ages of Faith. Pray the Rosary, make reparation for sin, and Mary will turn the tide and prosperous days will dawn.

And in countries like ours, where, God be praised! the divine principles of Christianity have not been altogether banished, and where the horrors and brutalities of war have not yet appeared, the Rosary will prove the ever mighty weapon given by the Blessed Mother of God to vanquish the fiends of Hell and the foes of the Christian name.

The Martyr's Rosary



RIMES — yes, he was guilty of one. He had thought within himself and had proclaimed before others that spiritual dominion belonged by right to the Pope and not to the king. The king at that time was James I.

It was March 10, 1615. The place, Glasgow, in old Scotland. John Ogilvie, a religious of the Jesuit Order, was being led to the scaffold.

A Minister of the Reform thought of a last argument that could be tried. He strode up to Ogilvie. He really felt sympathy for him. It struck him as shameful that a man like him should thus abruptly shatter his career for the sake of an *idea*.

"My dear Ogilvie," he began, "I feel sorry for you and I honestly admit I cannot understand your downright obstination about so slight a matter."

Father Ogilvie seemed to sense beforehand all the horror of his tortures. He feigned anxiety and fear.

"But what can I do? It is too late now. I was pronounced guilty of high treason and sentenced to die. The decree is irrevocable in such a case. As I say, it is too late."

"High treason!" replied the Minister. "No, nothing of the sort. Only swear to renounce Papism and you are pardoned on the hour. More, you will be honored and granted favors."

"You're mocking me."

"No, I am serious. I have been sent to tell you that if you accept my proposition, the Archbishop will offer you his daughter's hand, along with a rich prebend in his church."

Meanwhile they had reached the scaffold. The time had come to insist. The Minister did not fail doing so.

The priest seemed about to surrender and objected only his compromised honor. He declared they had pronounced him guilty of high treason and there should always remain a tarnish on his name in spite of all His Majesty's pardons.

"No, no!" heatedly retorted the Minister. "On the contrary, you will be overwhelmed with honors."

"Well, then," continued the Jesuit, "promise me that before all the throng gathered here. Then I shall give in."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Listen to the proposition they are making to me," cried Father Ogilvie to the onlookers.

And the Minister distinctly pronounced the words:

"In the king's name, I declare Mr. Ogilvie will be spared and will be given the Archbishop's daughter in marriage, together with a rich prebend, if he consents to enter our ranks."

"Will you assure me," asked the Jesuit to the crowd, "that you will all be ready, if need be, to bear witness to the proposition you have just heard?"

"Yes! Yes!" they clamored.

The prisoner's bonds were sundered. He was free. The next moment he advanced as if about to go down the scaffold stairs.

The Catholics present blushed for shame and wept at thought of the irreparable scandal that would follow such an act of apostasy.

But Father Ogilvie climbed up again.

"Now," asked he, "I shall no longer be accused of high treason?"

"No!" replied the crowd.

"My religion was my only crime?"

"Yes, yes, your religion and nothing else!"

The eyes of the Jesuit lit up and a smile played around his lips. One tense moment of silence. Evidently he had surrendered.

"Very well," said he with the same smile and flashing eyes. "Very well! I hadn't been expecting so much. You admit publicly that my religion has been my only crime and the sole cause of my death sentence. Well, now," — and his powerful voice grew vibrant, "hear, every one of you: For my religion I would willingly lay down one hundred lives if I had them. I have only one — you may take it, but you will never take my religion from me!"

The Catholics thrilled for joy and exultation, the Protestants flew into a mad fury. They had been caught unawares in the very trap they had set for the valiant knight of Christ.

At once the executioner was ordered to accomplish his grim task.

Some executioners there are who know how to weep. The story says this one did, and that, moreover, he knelt down to ask forgiveness, which the generous martyr readily granted him in a cordial embrace.

Before letting his hands be fettered once more, Father Ogilvie grasped the rosary that hung from his belt and threw it right into the middle of the throng.

The rosary fell on the breast of a young man, a Calvinist, who was at the time travelling through Scotland. He was Baron John Eckelsdorff, later Governor of Treves and close friend of the Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years went by.

The Governor of Treves, an old man, was one day relating to an intimate gathering the story of the martyrdom:

"When Father Ogilvie's rosary touched my breast and those fervent Christians hurried to take it from me before I had fairly time to pick it up, I certainly never thought I should become a convert to Catholicism. But that had been a heart-thrust. From that very hour I had no more peace of mind, my conscience never left me one minute of respite. Always I kept asking myself the searching question: 'Why did the rosary reach me and not another?' For years and years the same troublesome thought haunted me everywhere, finding me always in my usual agitation and painful uncertainty, and leaving me always in the same frame of mind. I had no rest until at last I became a Catholic. I attribute my conversion to the martyr's blessed rosary. I should be very glad to purchase it today at the cost of all my fortune and, were it in my possession, nothing in the world could induce me to part with it."

(From the French in HISTOIRE D'ANGLETERRE)



In order that confidence be not presumptuous, it is necessary that all, conscious of their own responsibilities, do everything not to lose the singular favor of the Virgin Mother, but rather, like good children, thankful and loving, conciliate this heavenly love all the more. It is necessary, listening to the heavenly advice she gave at the wedding of Cana, for us to do everything which Jesus tells us; and He tells all to do penance, that they alter their ways and avoid sin which is the principal cause of the great punishments which Eternal Justice brings to this world materialized and paganized, in which the flesh has corrupted its ways. Let them be the salt and light which preserves and shines; let them carefully cultivate purity, concentrating in their ways on the holy austerity of the Scriptures, and without fear and at any price, in the same manner as the Catholic Youth at Fatima, live like sincere Catholics with absolute conviction! Further still: that, full of Christ, they propagate around themselves, near and afar the perfume of Christ, and in prayer, especially with the daily saying of the Rosary, and those sacrifices which are inspired by a generous zeal, let sinful souls find the ways of grace and eternal life.

POPE PIUS XII

Confidence Rewarded

Up the steep winding trail, the valiant soul-shepherd patiently plodded in the fast gathering shadows of evening. Dazedly he realized that he had lost his way. After a long, unfruitful search, he at last came upon a thatch-covered house, the abode of a poor family.

The kindly people did not recognize the episcopal rank beneath the flowing garment the bishop had donned. Nor did the latter know his charitable hosts. Were they Catholics? Protestants? No identifying clue was there to lighten up his perplexity.

Still, after a moment of mutual reserve, the bishop felt they must be of his Faith.

Presently he sensed that some great sorrow hovered over the simple country home, much as they tried to conceal the fact from him.

Hesitatingly he spoke:

"You are very kind, but you seem to be very sad."

"Alas, yes," answered the mother, who seemed to await that query to unburden her heart, "yes, we are sad. Our old father is on his deathbed. But the saddest of it all is that he says he will not die, and refuses to make ready for the last journey."

"May I see him?" asked the bishop, visibly moved and surprised.

"Certainly," replied the woman, with confidence characteristic of afflicted souls.

So saying, she accompanied the unknown guest to the invalid's room. Evidently, the old man was at the point of death, and could pass into eternity any moment. Yet he obstinately refused to die.

At the bishop's first allusion to his state, he gathered what remained of strength in his broken body and remonstrated:

"No, I will not die!"

"But, my dear friend, we shall all die sooner or later, and your illness — at your age —"

"I tell you I will not die. It's impossible!"

And to all the reflections that followed, he invariably objected:

"I will not die, not yet!"

"But," inquired the minister of God at last, "would you tell me why you persist in saying you will not die — you who have only a breath of life in your body?"

At the unexpected question, the dying man looked the speaker in the eyes and asked:

"Are you a Catholic, sir?"

"Yes, I am," asserted the visitor.

"In that case, then," continued the invalid, "I shall tell you why I will not die."

And with a superhuman effort he raised himself to a sitting position on his hard cot. In his dying but strangely strong voice, he spoke:

"I am a Catholic also. Ever since my First Communion, I have daily asked Our Blessed Mother grace to see a priest before my death, and you believe my Mother could remain deaf to my prayer? Impossible, I say, impossible! I will not die!"

"My child," exclaimed the bishop, moved to his very soul-depths, "my child, your prayer has been heard. The man speaking to you is more than a priest, he is your bishop. Our Blessed Mother herself led him through the forests to receive your last sigh."

Opening his outer garment, the bishop pointed to his pastoral cross. His heart overflowing with gratitude, the dying man murmured: "O Mary, my good Mother, thank you!" Then, to the bishop: "Hear my confession, please. Now I believe I am going to die."

A few moments later, he died the death of a saint.

ABBE ALLEGRE

The Memorare and the Unbeliever

Daily the two young schoolboys would piously recite the *Memorare* in honor of the Virgin Mother of God.

Several years later, they met again. One was an officer and the other, a student in medicine. Unfortunately for the latter, evil and shameless mates had scoffed him out of all religious practices, and he had become a systematic unbeliever. The officer, whose conduct was nothing angelic, to be sure, had nevertheless kept his Faith and devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin. Especially had he remained faithful to the daily *Memorare* of childhood in honor of Mary, whose intercession no one sought and was left unaided. It so happened that the doctor fell grievously ill, and was soon on the brink of the grave. His friend the officer, trembling for the eternal salvation of this soul, made the most laudable efforts to persuade him to become reconciled with God and confess his sins to a priest. But exhortations were to no avail. To all the pleadings of zeal and friendship, the dying man opposed the terse and sullen response:

"It's no use. I no longer believe in anything."

His courage ebbing low, the officer hied to the church, cast himself on his knees before the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and recited the *Memorare*, his heart speaking more fervently than his lips. He was the first to feel the beneficent effect of his prayer. Conquered by grace, he promised to God and Mary that he would go to confession as soon as possible — which he had not done for a long time. Light-hearted and confident, he returned to his dear patient. What was not his joyous surprise!

"Scarcely an hour ago," exclaimed the onetime unbeliever, "the *Memorare* we so loved to say years ago reverted to my mind, like a heavenly inspiration. I began to recite it and, at the same time, I felt an extraordinary grace flowing in my soul. Bring me a priest!"

The dumbfounded officer told his side of the story, and ran for the priest. Piously the patient received the Last Sacraments. In the same praiseworthy dispositions he remained for the following days, his beloved *Memorare* ever on his lips; then he peacefully died in the Lord.

Rev. Father O. Bischoff, C. SS. R.



Will we devoutly recite each day of October (or better still, each day throughout the year) the rosary, meditating as best we can upon the fifteen mysteries, and asking for the grace to practice the virtues corresponding to each of them? If so we do, then sweet will be the burdens of the Guardian Angels and precious will be the gifts of God, which they bear back to us from the hands of the Queen of Angels and of the Holy Rosary.

Selected

The mercy of Mary is bestowed on all who ask it, though they offer no prayer but a "Hail Mary".

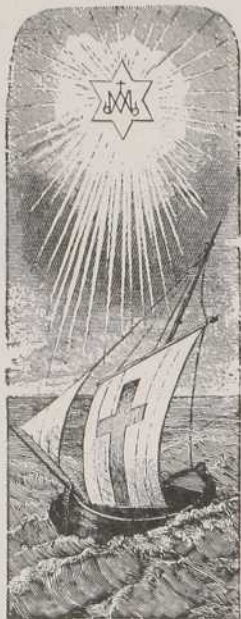
Richard of St. Lawrence

The angels enter and go forth with us — they have their eyes ever fixed upon us and on what we do. They are no less present with the merchant in his counting house, or the mother in the cares of her household, than with the recluse in his desert, or the religious in his cell.

St. Augustine

Mary and the Missionary

"Quia fecisti viriliter . . ."



THRILLING saga — this life story of Christ's apostle, wherein we follow him, guided from the cradle and all along through life by the refulgent rays of the ever-blessed Morning Star. Allow me first to explain my thoughts in a few brief words.

The missionary is not a man like other men. You will admit that his desires, aspirations, life and death single him out from the rest of mankind.

See him there! At the hour when the future smilingly beckons, when the fullness of life throbs in his generous heart, he forsakes parents, home, friends, family, and leaves for alien climes. Whither is he going? To the ends of the earth! In search of what? Souls! What does he take along? His crucifix and rosary.

And so he leaves! He will go, he will suffer, he will preach his God, and souls will be converted. Wherever he will be able to labor, he will labor; wherever he will be able to suffer, he will suffer; wherever he will have to die, he will die; but Christian communities will spring up round his grave. He knows what life will bring him. About death he knows not, but could he choose, he would make it bloody.

Yet we must admit that the human heart, however strong, however unflinching, were it made of steel, yearns for love. Indeed, it has been created to love. A heart? Certainly the apostle has a heart, whatever has been said about it. A noble heart is beating in his breast. And if he consents to be considered ungrateful and to trample underfoot the tenderest and most lawful affections, it is precisely because his heart loves — loves unto folly. He loves his God, that Jesus whose image appeared to him one day and invited him to work for the conversion of souls. He loves Him with all his strength, he loves Him with his whole heart. But how could one love Jesus without loving Mary, who gave Him to us?

Mary! How his heart thrills at her name! Do you wish to know why? Listen.

* * *

There is, dominating our lives, a revered image that caresses and consoles, that pacifies and smiles. Our Heavenly Star, Mary is also our heart's best love. And this love cannot be cold, listless. It will be confident, tender, filial, childlike, candid, ingenuous, or else our heart will be devoid of it. Mary is in our regard not so much the Queen of Heaven and earth, the sublime creature dwelling on the confines of divinity; especially is she a Mother, and — why not say it also with Mr. Olier? — she is Our Lady and Mistress. From her we gather the ideal that fascinates us, the strength that fortifies our souls and gives them valor!

Yes, she is for us an ideal of heroism, and beauty, and tenderness. She draws us to herself and captivates us. We are no longer her servants, but her children, her knights!

In the days of the Crusades, when a hero set out to conquer, he was not ashamed to incline his lance in front of one of the ladies present at the tournament. We, knights of Christ and of Our Lady, are all launching into the great Crusade that will end only with the world. She before whom we all reverently bow is Mary, ethereal vision whose grace and valor have entirely subdued us.

Shall we insist on her role of mother? The love of a child for the mother who gave him life cannot die. It outlives everything. A man cannot do without his mother altogether. The wounded soldier yearningly calls for her the night after the battle, when he sees himself alone, lost, surrounded by the dead.

And we, men and soldiers, we also need a mother! We have one who will never die, one who follows us everywhere, one who, at our slightest sign, bends over us with a smile, alleviates our pain and wipes the tears from our eyes.

Energy in action and delicacy in sentiment, says Father Coube, are virtues which do not exclude but rather complete each other. Lion hearts are the truest father hearts. We often see stalwart men harsh to themselves and to others suddenly grow tender. Their face, sculptured with axe-blows, if we may thus speak, lights up with a joyful smile. Why? Because their little child was held out to them! Those very men we see again kneeling like children near their aged mother and kissing with love and reverence her venerable toil-worn hands. Those very men again, if they are Catholics, you will find kneeling before Mary. They cast loving, childlike glances upon her; they give her tender names; they choose her as their Lady; sometimes, even, at the remembrance of her kindnesses, a burning tear rolls down their drawn cheeks.

Without being essentially lion-hearted men, we are, or at least I think so, men and even soldiers, and that, in the fullest sense of the word. That is why we also like to give Mary that ardent cult, the tender, trusting love of a child for its mother, the virile love of a knight for his queen, of a Christian for Our Lady — Our Lady of Martyrs!

Oh, if you only knew how they love their Heavenly Mother, what beautiful devotion they cultivate in her regard, those hardy soldiers that are apostles! They call her *their dear little Mother in Heaven*. They confess *it is her own fault if they love her so!* *Why is she so sweet and lovely and kind, anyway?*

Others name her *God's spoilt child*, and say *she is so gentle that Jesus can refuse her nothing*.

They have heard her calling *little souls*. "Whosoever is a little one, let him come unto me." And they who, because of their misery (for they are human), feel and make themselves so little before God, make themselves little ones, children with her.

They pen words like these: "My dearest brother, please believe me your very little brother who loves you as much as he can in Jesus' Heart and Mary's arms. Pray for me to Our Immaculate Mother."

Before departing, they gather at the foot of the statue of the Queen of Apostles, and, writing their names on a paper, they place it in a vermillion heart hung by their elders round the neck of the statue. I know one who insisted emphatically on writing his name *in red ink*. He was questioned on the reason for the singular notion. "What of it? She will understand!"

Sometimes when their lonely hearts are aching and the hardships seem too great, they look up to Mary, saying:

"Dear little Mother, put yourself in my place and let me take yours. You believe I'd have the heart to leave you in trouble and difficulty like this?"

Or again:

"Mary, my soul needs you so that if you didn't already exist, I would need to invent you!"

I shall not say more, yet I have not said everything. No, I cannot say everything. But what I have written explains why we missionaries love her whose sweet influence follows us from the cradle through life, to the grave — to Heaven!

(To be continued)

The Holy Father's Feastday Broadcast



AS We very gratefully acknowledge, Venerable Brethren, the good wishes which the Venerable and Beloved Dean of the Sacred College has offered to Us on your behalf, Our thoughts bring Us back to this day six years ago when you offered your congratulations on Our Feastday for the first time after We, though unworthy, had been raised to the See of Peter.

The world was then still at peace: but what a peace and how very precarious!

With a heart full of anguish, perplexed, praying, We bent over that peace like one that assists a dying man and fights obstinately to save him from death even when all hope is gone.

The message which We then addressed to you reflected Our sorrowful apprehension that the conflict which was ever growing more menacing would break out — a conflict whose extent and duration nobody could foresee. The subsequent march of events has not only justified all too clearly Our saddest premonitions but has far surpassed them.

Today, after six years, the fratricidal struggle has ended, at least in one section of this war-torn world. It is a peace — if you can call it such — as yet very fragile which cannot endure or be consolidated except by expending on it the most assiduous care; a peace whose maintenance imposes on the whole Church, both Pastor and faithful, grave and very delicate duties: patient prudence, courageous fidelity, the spirit of sacrifice!

All are called upon to devote themselves to it, each in his own office and at his own place. Nobody can bring to this task too much anxiety or zeal. As to Us and Our Apostolic Ministry, We well know, Venerable Brethren, that We can safely count on your sage collaboration, your unceasing prayers, your steadfast devotion.

CHURCH AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

In Europe the war is over: but what wounds has it not inflicted! Our Divine Master has said: "All those who unjustly take up the sword shall perish by the sword." (Matthew 26, 52).

Now what do you see? You see what is the result of a concept of the State reduced to practice which takes no heed of the most sacred ideals of mankind, which overthrows the inviolable principles of the Christian faith. The whole world today contemplates with stupefaction the ruins that it has left behind it. These ruins We had seen when they were still in the distant future, and few, We believe, have followed with greater anxiety the process leading to the inevitable crash.

FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE

For over 12 years — 12 of the best years of Our mature age — We had lived in the midst of the German people, fulfilling the duties of the office committed to Us. During that time, in the atmosphere of liberty which the political and social conditions of that time allowed, We worked for consolidation of the status of the Catholic Church in Germany. We thus had occasion to learn the great qualities of the people and We were personally in close contact with its most representative men. For that reason We cherish the hope that it can rise to the new dignity and new life when once it has laid the satanic spectre raised by National Socialism and the guilty (as We have already at other times had occasion to expound) have expiated the crimes they have committed.

While there was still some faint glimmer of hope that that movement could take another and less disastrous course, either through the disillusionment of its more moderate members or through effective opposition for that section of the German people which opposed it, the Church did everything possible to set up a formidable barrier to the spread of ideas at once subversive and violent.

ASKED FOR CONCORDAT

In the spring of 1933, the German Government asked the Holy See to conclude a Concordat with the Reich: the proposal had the approval of the Episcopate and of at least the greater number of the German Catholics. In fact, they thought that neither the Concordats up to then negotiated with some individual German States nor the Weimar Constitution gave adequate guarantee or assurance of respect for their convictions, for their faith, rights or liberty of action. In such conditions the guarantees could not be secured except through a settlement having the solemn form of a Concordat with the central government of the Reich. It should be added that, since it was the government that made the proposal, the responsibility for all regrettable consequences would have fallen on the Holy See, if it had refused the proposed Concordat.

NO COMPROMISE

It was not that the Church for her part had any illusions built on excessive optimism, or that, in concluding the Concordat she had the intention of giving any form of approval to the teachings or tendencies of National Socialism; this was expressly declared and explained at the time (cfr. *L'Osservatore Romano*, number 174, July second, 1933). It must, however, be recognized that the Concordat in the years that followed brought some advantages, or at least prevented worse evils.

In fact, in spite of all the violations to which it was subjected, it gave Catholics a juridical basis for their defense, a stronghold behind which to shield themselves in their opposition — as long as this was possible — to the ever growing campaign of religious persecution.

INCREASING OPPRESSION

The struggle against the Church did, in fact, become ever more bitter: there was the dissolution of Catholic organizations; the gradual suppression of the flourishing Catholic schools, both public and private; the enforced weaning of youth from family and Church; the pressure brought to bear on the conscience of citizens and especially of civil servants; the systematic defamation, by means of a clever, closely organized propaganda, of the Church, the clergy, the faithful, the Church's institutions, teaching and history; the closing, dissolution and confiscation of religious houses and other ecclesiastical institutions; the complete suppression of the Catholic Press and publishing houses.

CHURCH STOOD FIRM

To resist such attacks millions of courageous Catholics, men and women, closed their ranks around their Bishops, whose valiant and severe pronouncements never failed to resound even in these last years of war. These Catholics gathered around their priests to help them adapt their ministry to the ever-changing needs and conditions. And right up to the end they set up against the forces of impiety and pride their forces of faith, prayer and openly Catholic behavior and education. In the meantime, the Holy see itself multiplied its representations and protests to governing authorities in Germany, reminding them in clear and energetic language of their duty to respect and fulfil the obligations of the natural law itself that were confirmed by the Concordat.

(To be continued)

CH

The soul of peace worthy of the name, its vivifying spirit can be one only: a justice which, with impartial measure, gives to each what is owing to him and exacts from each what he owes; a justice which does not give all things to all, but to all gives love and does nobody wrong; a justice which is the child of truth and the mother of healthy freedom and sure greatness.

Pope Pius XII



BOOTH OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT THE VANCOUVER MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,
MAY 27 TO JUNE 3, 1945.

Vancouver Missionary Exhibition



ELVED from the treasure trove of Holy Mother Church was the theme of the great Missionary Exhibition held in Vancouver, May 27 to June 3, 1945: "The Blessed Eucharist, the Inspiration of Missionary Vocations."

The great Missionary Exhibition, organized in connection with the archiepiscopal city's Diocesan Eucharistic Congress, was placed under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Most Rev. W. M. Duke, D. D., Archbishop of Vancouver.

The two spacious parish halls of Holy Rosary Cathedral having been placed at the disposal of the organizing committee, dexterous hands transformed them into booths of a uniform outward apostolic design. In order to include the whole world in the general theme, the booths were all surmounted with world maps crowned with the Cross of Christ. On either side, a chalice was united to the Cross by red streamers symbolizing the Blood of the Savior flowing from the Cross, to be dispensed by means of the Blessed Eucharist to the souls of men. The divisions between each booth contained the Cross, on the arms of which had been placed our Canadian emblem, the Maple Leaf, depicting our country's share in spreading the glad tidings of the Gospel.

The stately Douglas fir log, swaying in space beneath the world map, bore the names of all the Communities taking part in the Exhibition:

The interior of the booths presented a miniature reproduction of the principal mission lands. Thus visitors, old or young, could wander afar off in territories not yet conquered to Christ's religion of love. From Jerusalem, in the Holy Land, where the sons of St. Francis have been entrusted with the custody of the sites blessed by Our Lord's earthly presence, mission-minded visitors could pass on to Indo-China with the Redemptorist Fathers, and thence to Lishui, Chekiang, China, with the Reverend Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Manchukuo, Suchow, Tsungming, Canton, Shek Lung, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands and Haiti, where the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have founded missions, were also represented in the Community's booth. The Indian missions of the Reverend Oblate Fathers and the Reverend Sisters of St. Ann in the Pacific Northwest also drew throngs of enthusiastic friends.

The Pontifical Societies of the Propagation of the Faith and St. Peter the Apostle shared a common booth with the Missionary Union of the Clergy, while the Holy Childhood Association had its own special booth.

A great number of additional booths erected in the second hall displayed the varied and interesting exhibits of apostolic works accomplished in the Province of British Columbia.

It being, in the mind of His Excellency Archbishop Duke, the main purpose of the Exhibition to foster missionary vocations, school children and young people were granted every facility of visiting the halls. Throngs

of school pupils, accompanied by Brothers, Sisters or lay teachers were thus enabled to go over the world of Catholic missions and see for themselves what our valiant Canadian missionary army is doing for Christ in foreign lands. A special film was unrolled for the Holy Childhood Associates.

Following the evening conferences, adults could also witness stirring scenes such as the martyrdom of Franciscan priests and Japanese Christians in the sixteenth century, and sketches from the life of Father Damien in the grave-land of Molokai. Representations such as these bore eloquent testimony to the heroic devotedness unto death of the bearers of the Gospel truth.

The splendid missionary demonstration was closed Sunday, June 3, Solemnity of Corpus Christi. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Archbishop W. M. Duke. The impressive ceremony was held in the presence of several thousand Catholics and a good number of non-Catholics as well. His Excellency Most Rev. P. F. Pocock, D. D., Bishop of Saskatoon, delivered a masterly sermon, taking as text these words in St. John: "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." (JOHN, X, 10)

Following High Mass, His Excellency the Archbishop thanked the faithful for their cooperation and, while announcing the Exhibition would be officially closed that evening, approved the idea of leaving the halls open to the public on Monday and Tuesday nights. He expressed the wish that this apostolic manifestation might bear abundant fruit for young and old alike. All will long treasure in their hearts the memorable words of the paternal and vigilant first pastor of Vancouver:

"The need of vocations to the Holy Priesthood and the Religious life is very great today. War has interrupted this divine apostolate, leaving Europe, a source of supply, in ruins, and Asia yet in the iron clasp of war. We in British Columbia visualize the need of missionary vocations more than other people. This Province is situated in the mission area, touching the Pacific Ocean which also waters the shores of the great white fields of Japan, China, India and Oceania.

"Here, also, many vocations are needed for our Junior Seminary and for our religious communities engaged in God's holy work. Boys and girls of all nationalities and languages, including our little Indian children, are urgently needed to save souls and to give honor to God.

"The Blessed Eucharist is the inspiration of missionary vocations because Our Lord, in the souls of His children, gives them the knowledge of their true vocation and imparts to them the courage and virtue to follow it."

The Vancouver Missionary Exhibition was signally honored with the presence of: His Excellency Most Rev. E. Q. Jennings, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Vancouver; His Excellency Most Rev. C. D. White, D. D., Bishop of Spokane, Washington; His Excellency Most Rev. J. Coudert, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Whitehorse, Y. T.; His Excellency Most Rev. Philip F. Pocock, D. D., Bishop of Saskatoon; Rt. Rev. W. C. McGrath, P. A., S.F.M.; Rev. George Daly, C.S.S.R.; Very Rev. J. A. McDonagh, National President

of the Catholic Church Extension Society; Very Rev. Wm. Davis, D. D. National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Vancouver Missionary Exhibition will have been highly successful, according to His Excellency Archbishop Duke, if it succeeds in fostering one single missionary vocation. Let us hope his desire will be amply fulfilled, and that not one but hundreds of young men and women will go forth from his Province to preach the True Faith to benighted heathen nations!

Apostolic Day for Retreatants at Joliette



AST June 17 marked the third annual Apostolic Day for Retreatants at the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Joliette, and the fifth anniversary of the founding of the Retreatants League.

Ideal weather, the God-given reward of admirable faith and confidence, helped in making the great day a glorious success in every way. In the early morning, in spite of overhanging clouds threatening to let down their pent-up tide, the pious retreatants left their homes from the various sections of the diocese. Their trusting plea for fine weather was not unheeded, and God's answer came in the appearance of a radiant sun which lit up the never-to-be-forgotten day.

By nine o'clock, approximately fifteen hundred ladies and girls were gathered around the throne of honor of their Eucharistic Lord erected in the convent entrance. Rev. Father J. A. Cholette, C. S. V., Director of Querbes House, said Holy Mass, the main parts of which were commented by Very Rev. Canon E. Jette, Rector of the Cathedral, who preached on Christ, Head of the Mystical Body of the Church, immolating Himself on the altar to expiate the offences of mankind against the Eternal Father.

The pious congregation, thus invited to join with the Adorable Victim in His self-sacrifice, fervently assisted at the sacred function, and a great number received Our Lord in Holy Communion.

Breakfast over, the retreatants wended their way to the Seminary academic hall, where the remaining items on the programme were presented. Very Rev. Canon W. Caille, Diocesan Chaplain of Catholic Action, introduced the first speaker, Rev. Father J. Laramée, S.J., Rector of Jean de Brebeuf College, Montreal. The eloquent speaker's address on "Temperance, moderator of life," presented to mothers and future wives enlightened counsels on the true education of childhood. Striking examples quoted with opportuneness convinced the enthusiastic listeners of the urgent need of truly Christian and energetic family education, which will form our men and women of tomorrow into a generous and dauntless generation.

The afternoon session was enhanced by the presence of His Excellency Most Rev. J. Papineau, as well as of several members of the clergy.

Mrs. Lucien Dugas, Federal President of the Retreatants League, presented an interesting account of the good done by the league during its first five years: thirty parochial sections organized, the training of leaders by study, retreat and social service action. Parochial sections, praiseworthy mediums of apostolate, greatly help in keeping aglow the flame of zeal lit in closed retreats, in making it radiate by charitable works and in winning over new recruits for the closed retreat movement.

A pleasing and instructive sketch from the pen of Miss Denise Ladouceur then offered a lesson in charity and mutual help, showing what potent influence even a young girl can wield, when once she has made up her mind to awaken latent energies and draw self-centered souls to the conquest of others.

The afternoon speaker, Rt. Rev. E. Leger, P.A., V.G., Rector of Valleyfield Cathedral, developed an impressive tableau of the life of the Church throughout the centuries to our own day, taking as theme: "The Parish and Catholic Action." — "Catholic Action," said the eloquent preacher, "is no new doctrine. It has always existed, although without specialized groups. Our dear old grandmothers were Catholic Action apostles in their homes. The parish was their world, if I may say so, and the pastor was really their leader, representing the supreme Leader, our Holy Father the Pope. All Catholics are called to the ranks of Catholic Action. Catholic Action for mothers of families will consist in bringing their children up as Christ would have them: knowing how to refuse unreasonable whims and fancies, teaching them to pray to God and love Him. Catholic Action is a heaven. Let us



OPEN AIR MASS AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, JOLIETTE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE APOSTOLIC DAY FOR RETREATANTS, JUNE 17, 1945.

apostles be a good leaven and we shall change the mass, we shall lift it towards God. Thus shall we answer the Holy Father's appeal, thus shall we be members of the great parish which is mankind. We shall be branches, but living branches that will, through union and charity, save the world."

As fitting close to the solemn day, His Excellency Bishop Papineau blessed the new Retreatants League banner and gave paternal advice to the audience. May all who had the privilege of being present remain ever faithful to his counsels and refrain from limiting their activities to questions of purely material or family order.

"Through intense parish life," said His Excellency, "the Church will unceasingly come to remind the family of the greatness of the mission it has to fill, and give it enlightenment and the strength of Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. In the parish, then, the family will find the spiritual and supernatural support it needs. Moreover, since each family, alas, prays ordinarily for itself only, it will be necessary — and such is my chief desire on this Apostolic Day — to spare no effort that families may learn to live for one another, to pray together and for one another, that the anxieties, needs, cares and joys of one family may be shared by all the other families in the parish. And on the day when everyone of our parishes, forming one great family community, will thus lead an intense Catholic life, on that day will the ardently desired Christian restoration have been realized."

A blessing from the spiritual head of the Diocese of Joliette then placed a divine seal on the resolutions taken through this day of intense supernatural life, which, somewhat like a beacon light, will shed radiance on the life path of our retreatants.

All then returned to their homes with the ardent desire of modifying or improving their programme of family education, and of living up to their noble title of members of Catholic Action.



Missionary Sisters Leaving for the West Indies

In September next, eight Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will leave for the missions of Haiti, West Indies.

Three of them: Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre (Germaine Lefrancois, Longueuil), Sister St. Alphonse de Liguori (Simone Lebeuf, Fortierville), and Sister St. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philippe de Laprairie), with two companions missioned at Les Coteaux since last year, will open a new post at Roche-a-Bateau, in the Diocese of Les Cayes.

Two are assigned to the Mission of Les Cayes: Sister Marie Rose (Cecile Pilon, Montreal) and Sister Jean Theophane (Berthe Guay, Compton); and three to Les Coteaux: Sister St. Germaine Cousin (Marie Anne Legris, Montreal), Sister St. Jean Bosco (Angela Desilets, Montreal) and Sister St. Sylvere (Clara Leblanc, St. Sylvere, Nicolet Co.).

Prayers are requested for a happy journey and the success of the apostolate of our Missionary Sisters on Haitian soil.

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)

Rev. Father Daignault, hearing that the foundation was about to become a reality, expressed his satisfaction in these words:

What good news at last! God be praised a thousand times! Nothing could afford me greater consolation. The approbation of His Excellency the Archbishop and Rev. Fathers Lecoq and Bourassa is evident proof that you are doing God's own will. Take heart, then, and dismiss every thought of discouragement, false humility and exaggerated fear . . .

By that time the Foundress had had the joy of conquering her first help-mate and companion, Miss Josephine Montmarquet, and delicate relations bound these two choice souls, as may be seen from the following letter.

July 11, 1901

VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Thank you for your prompt answer to my letter and for your encouraging and affectionate words. What deep thoughts your card and letter suggested! Indeed I must undergo a real transformation if I would attain to the ideal you point out. I understand that God alone can operate it in me, and so I must have double confidence and fervor in prayer.

You call me your sister. I gratefully accept the new title, but such is not the one I shall give you. Let me keep on calling you my friend until the moment when I shall change for another name that will not destroy our friendship, but rather turn it for me into filial affection. I am anxiously awaiting the outcome of your second interview with the doctor . . .

J. MONTMARQUET.

These last lines seem to cast a dark shadow over the joyous prospects. Miss Tetreault had been stricken with tuberculosis of the lungs!

Rev. Father Bourassa notified Rev. Father Daignault of the unexpected turn of events. The latter immediately replied:

The news you gave concerning Miss Tetreault's health deeply grieves me. I knew she was very delicate but I was not aware that consumption threatened her.

We can only pray and be resigned to God's holy will.

Then to Miss Tetreault he wrote:

You are ill, I hear, seriously ill. God is sending you the heaviest cross He could possibly choose for you. I am happy to know you accept it with resignation and submission. That is the only thing to be done. God knows better than we what is good for us. Take reasonable care of your health; follow your doctor's prescriptions. But confide entirely in the goodness of Our Lord, not only with regard to your health, but also for the foundation you are planning. If you are needed to bring it about, God will cure you. If your sufferings and sacrifices are more pleasing to Him, then be ready to do His holy will. Whatever happens, never cease offering your prayers and sufferings and sacrifices to Our Lord, that He may purvey to the pressing needs of mission lands.

Moreover, His Excellency is now well informed on the Society you are desirous of establishing, and God will in His own good time overcome all obstacles . . .

In another letter from Rev. Father Bourassa, written at about the same time, we gather further details on this sorrowful phase of the Foundress' life:

I should have liked to inform you myself on the judgment passed by Dr. J. N. Dube on your case, but I hope Sister St. Cunegonde will have transmitted my telephone message to you. He says you can be cured, dear child, on condition that you eat good substantial food, breathe invigorating air, and take complete rest for a year. You have vitality and energy enough, according to him, to regain your health. Evidently it is not a certainty, it is a probability, but he finds prospects excellent.

So be reassured, dear child, and take courage. Dr. Dube has also spoken most favorably about Dr. Aubry. He considers him capable, industrious and loyal, and has entire confidence in his treatment.

Would you please ask Miss Lafricain to give me news about you as soon as possible. Tell her to send me her address, so I may be able to write if I see the need for doing so.

You must begin to talk with her on the Work, so as to give her a certain number of ideas and notions that will prove useful . . .

A few days later he wrote again:

MY DEAR CHILD,

I have just received a line from Miss Lafricain and a letter from Dr. Aubry, telling me you were about to leave for the country.

Tell Miss Lafricain to let me know how you are coming along after your departure. She can write to me at Spencer Wood. As soon as I know your destination, I shall write you and call upon you when possible.

Place yourself unreservedly in the hands of Divine Providence, my dear child. God will take care of you always and everywhere. Add this sacrifice to all those Our Lord is asking from you for your sanctification, as well as for the success of your undertaking.

With my affectionate blessing in Our Lord,

G. B.

The dear patient had from the first been tenderly cared for at Mount St. Mary's by Mother St. Cunegonde, who had appointed herself her devoted nurse. Then the doctor prescribed country air, and Miss Tetreault was sent to Notre Dame de Grace, then a very sparsely populated section. Here Miss Lafricain accompanied her and lavished untiring attentions upon her. Gradually the faithful nurse and companion was drawn into the apostolic nets cast by Miss Tetreault, and became the third foundation stone of the Institute.

As to Dr. Aubry, he gave such intelligent and devoted treatment to his patient, he found her so energetic, as Dr. Dube had said, that in a few months she was on her feet again. He had advised her not to give up her ideas about founding a mission Work, for he felt they would somehow be realized, and judged they were such as would keep her in cheerful spirits.

By October of the same year she was already well on the way to health. More resignedly and disinterestedly than ever she thought of her enterprise, asking only to be a docile instrument of God's holy will. The following lines penned in her own handwriting, November 5, 1901, give sufficient proof of her dispositions. After offering herself wholly to the adorable Trinity, she adds:

BROTHERS AND SISTERS
OF VERY REV. MOTHER
MARIE du SAINT ESPRIT

(Dela Tetreault, Mariesville, P. L.)



Miss Celina
Tetreault



Mr. Joseph
Tetreault



Mr. Alexis
Tetreault



Mr. Benoit
Tetreault



Mrs. R. Courteau
(Victoria Tetreault)



Mr. Pierre Tetreault

O my God, do with me all that You choose; I desire nothing but Your holy will. I want to accept as coming from You, and so with respect and love, all that happens to me. As to the Work I hold dear, if You want it to be, if it will give You glory, I beseech You to establish it in the manner and in the time You have designed, and by whom it shall please You. I request this grace from You by each breath, each step, each thought and deed and little pain of mine. As for me, O good Master, I surrender myself entirely; lead me where You will, make use of me as You see fit, but do not refuse me Your pure love and my Blessed Mother's. To love You both and never to displease You, in all things to do Your holy will — that is all I ask. May I grow indifferent to all earthly things.

God was about to show that He wanted the Work to exist in the Church, and that He had chosen His humble and faithful servant as its Mother and Foundress.

February 24, 1902, the first three members of the Community-to-be — the Misses Tetreault, Montmarquet and Lafricain — rented a modest six-room building at 900 Maplewood Avenue, Cote des Neiges. Previously, the future Foundress and her first companion had been staying at St. Louis de Gonzague Academy, while Miss Lafricain was with her own family.

Rev. Father Dagnault, who had long followed the workings of grace in the soul of the ardent apostle, still keenly observed her from afar. He cherished hopes that her Community would provide well-trained missionaries for his beloved Africa as well as other mission lands.

I received your letter of the 2nd inst., wrote he March 18, 1902, and wish to tell you all the joy it brought me. Yes, it was a joy to hear you are well on the way to health after a prolonged illness. I was happy to hear that His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi has come back to his former sentiments, and that His Excellency Bishop Langevin also approves of the Work Our Lord is calling you to found. *Deo Gratias!* Never cease thanking God.

Do not worry, you will have no difficulty in missioning your new apostles. If it were not too ambitious on my part, I would tell you: We shall take them all for Africa.

Another letter of the same time bears the stirring appeal:

Our poor Africa is reddened with blood. Will it be enough to appease God's wrath and call down His blessings on this forsaken land?

The zealous Foundress had always especially loved the Black Continent. Only a few years previously, thinking God so willed it, she had prepared to leave for far-off Africa with Rev. Father Forbes, of the White Fathers. But she had fallen grievously ill on the very eve of the departure. When, in later years, one of her spiritual daughters was compelled through ill-health to sacrifice her foreign mission assignment, the gentle Mother knew how to console her: "It was pouring on the day I meant to leave for Africa, and I really believe I shed as many tears as the heavens raindrops."

God soon made known to her His greater glory required that she stay at home and prepare valiant bands of missionaries.

To this ardent apostle, as once to the Little Saint of Lisieux, one mission alone would not have sufficed — unbounded pagan lands she fain would win to her Divine Master. Legions of apostles she would train for the various missionary Communities, and she accordingly decided to open an Apostolic School.

Pentecost Sunday of that year (1902) fell on May 18. Before morning Mass in the Good Shepherd chapel, Rev. Father Bourassa asked the pious congregation to request from the Holy Ghost strength and counsel in an undertaking all for the glory of God. After the ceremony he told Miss Tetreault feelingly: "I understood, I felt!" What had happened? What had he understood? Probably his share in the new Work, for, from then on, he no longer hesitated. Instead of restraining the Foundress, as he had so often done, he urged her to go onward and helped her all in his power.

(To be continued)

Meritorious Mission Work



LET all hear our appeal and come to the aid of the missions." Surely the devoted members of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Sewing Circle are among those who have given the most generous response to the appeal of Christ's earthly Representative. As in the past, the willing workers for our foreign mission posts have spared no time or trouble for the welfare of their worthy enterprise. Precious material help has also been cheerfully given for the greater comfort and consolation of our missionary Sisters laboring for souls in distant lands.

Dear missionary collaborators, how priceless are your liberal donations! Letters from the apostles you thus befriend are always overflowing with words of heartfelt thankfulness. Once again we wish to assure you that we depend in great part on your cooperation in order to be able to keep up the works we undertake for the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom.

Your prodigal generosity we shall never be personally able to repay, but rest assured the Giver of all good things will amply reward you, divinely, should we say.

The way to the East is still barred. We must resign ourselves to delay sending help to our Chinese Missions so sorely tried by war. But on every corner of God's earth, in every mission field, there are miseries to console. "The poor we have always with us," Christ once said. Needy, destitute, homeless human brethren daily ask the charity of our missionary Sisters in Haiti. Their indescribable distress cannot but touch a sympathetic cord in the heart wherein reigns love for God and neighbor.

Previous cases sent to our two Haitian missions have allowed the Sisters to equip works that promise well for the future, and this year again they will be privileged to receive assistance from our devoted workers. A third mission post to be opened next October, Roche-a-Bateau, will be provided with church vestments and all liturgical articles, as also with all the primary essentials of a new house.

The exhibition of the work done by the members of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Sewing Circle was held at our Motherhouse June 4, Monday within the octave of Corpus Christi. Truly was the date aptly selected,

for is not the Blessed Eucharist the inspiration of all devotedness, and in a very special way of devotedness to the great cause of missions and souls?

After having rendered homage to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament in the solemn procession held that day at our Motherhouse, friends and benefactors of the Community were free to visit the interesting and useful display, the fruit of admirable love for Christ beneath the Sacramental veils.

To all our zealous helpers of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Sewing Circle, as to all the various Circles of our other convents, we extend our grateful thanks, and pray Our Immaculate Mother to shower upon one and all her choicest maternal blessings.

Weekly reunions, after a temporary lull during summer months, will be taken up once more at our Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal, on the first Thursday of October next. A cordial welcome to former and new members!

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

September 1945 Mission Intention

WORKS OF CHARITY AND SCHOOLS FOR MOHAMMEDANS

It was the great St. Paul who warned us that charity was the most glorious of all gifts surpassing in importance the utter faith that can move mountains. "Charity is patient, is kind," he warned the Corinthians. "Charity feels no envy; charity is never perverse or proud, never insolent; sustains, believes, hopes, endures, to the last."

Actually charity is perhaps the only lever that can lift the weight of prejudice which separates Mohammedanism from Christianity. It was the key which opened for the first time a door in the seemingly impenetrable walls of the Prophet's strongholds for the followers of the gentle Saint of Assisi. Charity was the mantle that cloaked the dauntless Charles Martial, Cardinal Lavigerie, when he opened his heart and the vast resources of his new foundation to the destitute Moslem orphans. Finally, charity was the motivating force which impelled Charles de Foucauld to enter upon his life of prayerful supplication for the conversion of the followers of the Prophet.

Works of charity are then the first requisite for the apostolate among the Moslems. Hospitals must be maintained, orphanages expanded, leper homes increased, and the tangible forms of Christian charity developed in every way possible. In addition, the spiritual side of that charity must be strengthened by daily prayer on the part of missionaries and their friends in America.

EDUCATIONAL WORTH

According to the little catechism the reason for creation was summarized in the simple terms of knowing, loving and serving God in this world and being happy with him forever in heaven. Knowledge, therefore, plays an important role in all mission activity and the maintenance and expansion of Catholic schools for Moslems assumes added importance in this particular section of the mission apostolate.

Perhaps none is better able to appreciate the great role of education than Father Edward F. Madaras, S. J., of Baghdad College in Iran. He has witnessed the transition from hostility and indifference to real interest in this, one of the great strongholds of Mohammedanism in the Near East. "Only five Moslems enrolled in our college when it first opened," he stated recently. "However, within the past five years, the Moslem enrollment has increased fourteen times."

Certainly this is an encouraging sign, but, when one realizes the number of Mohammedans in the world as contrasted with the paucity of conversions, he appreciates the concern of the Holy See in this matter. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, therefore, begs the prayers of the faithful during September that the works of charity and schools for Mohammedans may be increased.

*Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell,
National Director*

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U. S. A.





Fount of Life

— 参 考 诗 —

*Behold the Master, weary, worn
With heat and burden of the day!
He lingers near old Israel's well —
Samaritan, make haste this way!*

*Your caste and creed and carping pride,
Your futile right the Jew to shun —
O woman, fling these once aside,
For Jew and Gentile are as one!*



*Yes, just one rapid, loveless glance,
Your water pitcher hie to fill!
But what? — He breaks the silence — hear!
For God is goodness, mercy still.*

*Your sinful past He dares unfold,
Your secret guilt He knows full well.
But 'tis to pardon, 'tis to heal —
His proffered grace do not repel.*

*Of everlasting springs He speaks,
Of Heaven, price of earthly pain.
Go, tell your kinsmen, townsmen all
That Jesus comes as Lord to reign!*



*The Prophet, He, the seers foretold,
From Him shall rise the Fount of Life,
From Him all blessings forth shall flow —
His Heart and Hands with gifts are rife.*

*Samaritan, He lingers here,
Not by the well, but evermore
Upon our altars, Israel's King,
Anointed Christ you hailed of yore!*

*He gives the boon of endless life,
His Flesh as meat, His Blood as wine,
Intoxicating with His love
E'en sinful selves as yours and mine.*

*O Lord, from whom all bounties come,
All barriers shatter that we may
Bear tidings of that deathless life
Where souls are waiting — lead the way!*

The Precursor



The Three Harvests



APRIL showers make May flowers, we say, and with the return of the sunlit month of Heaven's Lady the sturdy ploughman takes the field trail. See him follow the heavy Clydesdale team. A perfumed freshness floats out from the budding clover patches yonder. Once more generous Mother Earth offers her breast to the piercing ploughshare, and from her suffering will spring up new life for the sons of men.

Then the valiant laborer calls down the blessing of the great Father of all and courageously sets to work. For days upon days, following behind the plough, he bends over the freshly upturned sod and carves narrow furrows wherein to cast the seed.

When he returns home at night weary with the heat and burden of the day, his little ones gather close around the family table and he copiously distributes to all the golden bread of his labors. God's blessing, he knows full well, will rest upon his toil, and autumn harvests will heap up the grain in his granaries.

Over the close gathered furrows the horses draw the harrow. Then the soil is ready and choice seed is cast in its bosom, with a prayer of hope to Him from whom all good things flow.

The ploughman toils and spends himself. From Providence he requests the fecundating rain and life-giving sunlight. Summer brings the two indispensable factors and wheat, barley and other grains spring up beneath his joyful gaze.

September dawns with its display of golden wealth. In far-stretching fields the abundant harvest rocks gently in the caressing breeze. The ears of wheat bend expectantly to receive the fatal sickle blow. Their death spells life for man, king of God's creation.

How light-heartedly the worker binds the radiant sheaves and garners them in! What of his weariness and toilsome days? Here smiles the blessed meed, the heaped and measured hundredfold.

* * *

Let us bring this simple example into the spiritual realm. The ploughman rose before the early springtime sun and did not spare his troubles in preparing the soil for its mission. Thus must we, in order to render our soul a ready receptacle for divine grace, shake off our natural torpor and be generous with Our Lord. He will take it upon Himself to help us, to pull the sharp harrow of crosses and trials on the surface soil of our heart to make it supple and soft and responsive for His divine operations. Harsh toil, we admit, exceedingly painful at times, but let us take heart! That very crucifying agony is the condition of fecundity.

A warning — take heed to the quality and kind of seed you sow. If you cast thistle seed in the furrow, do not expect to harvest wheat. So: if you do not multiply good and virtuous deeds, do not expect to harvest the joyous reward promised to sincere effort. This mystical seeding period is relatively brief — our life's little day. Not one minute may be lost, not one moment, not one precious occasion. Sow, sow abundantly and look up to God who giveth the increase.

When shall ring the hour for the eternal harvest, when our soul slips up to its Maker, how thrilled we shall feel on gathering up the blossoms of our sacrifices and little deeds of love and virtue! Here again we shall see how royally prolific the harvest has been, and how truly God has granted the promised hundredfold.

* * *

But there is another harvest, a third one we must not forget. Our Lord bore it in mind when He told His Apostles: "Lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest." (John, IV, 35) It is the harvest of souls!

Adown the centuries to be, Christ visualized the unnumbered hosts of souls for whom the light of Faith has never risen and who languish in death-darkness, awaiting the life-giving radiance of the Gospel. His all-loving Heart felt crushed and His mind was unceasingly haunted by the torturing sight. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

Ah, could we understand as Jesus does the priceless value of souls! We should be whipped into a veritable frenzy to save them. Christ understood. He weighed them and saved them with His own precious life-blood. Willingly would He have hung on the Cross of Calvary thereby to save one single soul. Can you appreciate the value of a soul?

He who truly loves God his Heavenly Father, cannot think of one billion souls on earth doomed to eternal loss without feeling a burning desire of coming to their aid. And if we do not regard it in this light, we are bastards and not lawful sons.

What can I do about it, you will ask?

Prayer, over and above all, prayer. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers." An easy duty, surely, yet an easily forgotten one. *Sacrifice*: prayer plus sacrifice is all-powerful on the Divine Heart. *Monetary aid* to missions, the upkeep of missionaries, the maintenance of their works. We could readily lengthen the list.

There lie the means. What the reward? Our Lord tells us in St. John: "And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting: that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together. For in this is the saying true: That it is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth." (John, IV, 36, 37)

Prayers, alms, sacrifices Christ expects us to cast in the mission furrow. There will spring up graces of salvation and conversion, and the harvesters of God will reap harvests it hath never entered into the mind of man to conceive. But sowers and harvesters shall share in the same salary, the same divine reward, when earthly life for them lengthens into Life everlasting.



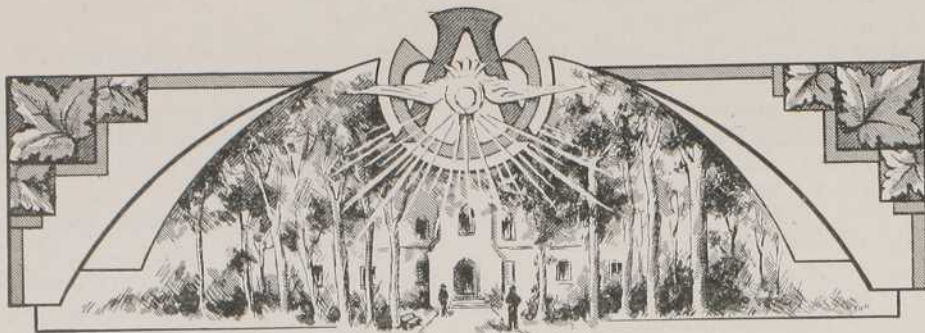
Mission Sunday, October 21st

In order to comply with the wishes of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, we wish to remind our readers that October 21st will be observed throughout the world as Mission Sunday. This day, set aside by the Holy See to focus attention upon the mission apostolate, affords the faithful with an opportunity to take an active part in the magnificent work being done by our missionary bishops, priests, brothers and sisters in winning souls to Christ.

Contributions to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith on Mission Sunday will insure the future of the missionary Church, whether at home or in foreign fields. Regardless of the hardships which they must face, in spite of the devastation which has fallen upon so many of their stations, our missionaries are eager and willing to continue and expand their work, if they have your help. Prove your Catholicity by a generous response to the plea of Christ's Vicar for aid to his own pontifical mission aid organization, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

For further details concerning Mission Sunday observance contact the Director of that Society in your own diocese.

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director, U. S. A.



Between Friends

"Hello, Paul!"

"Hello, Jack! Pleased to meet you. I was just going to call on you."

"Come right in, then, so we can have a chat. Or would you rather take a walk this splendid summer evening?"

"Let's just stroll along. This is a quiet, shady spot, isn't it? It reminds me of the country place where I spent my last vacation."

"How did you like the country?"

"Oh, I really enjoyed it to the full. It was so pleasant and restful out there."

"Well, you certainly deserved a good rest."

"Those country people are to be envied, don't you think? Real kings of the earth they are, on their farmsteads. They simply revel in all the gifts of a bountiful Providence — fresh air and sunshine, wholesome food and perfect tranquillity. The peace of the fragrant meadows and the restful nights are wonderfully soothing on the nerves."

"What about the croaking music of the frogs in the ponds? That's surely enough, to my thinking, to keep one awake part of the night."

"Oh, I don't mind that in the least! It's like a lullaby inducing sleep rather than hindering it."

"Lucky old fellow!"

"Then, in the country, one somehow feels nearer to God, living among the beauties of nature."

"What are you trying to tell me, Jack? Have you made up your mind to move out of the city?"

"Oh, I couldn't very well afford to do that. My profession binds me to the city, but — I'll always be a lifelong admirer of the country and its beauties."

"Well, I'm very fond of the country myself. But you seemed to have something to tell me? Out with it, before I leave."

"Can't you guess?"

"I'm no good at riddles."

"It's like this, Jack. You see, last year after my week's rest in the country, I also took a few precious days off to see after the health of my soul."

"Everyone is free to do as he likes."

"I thought you might also profit by a few days of solitude —"

"What's that? Solitude — I hardly know what you mean, Paul."

"A closed retreat might be called a refreshing soul-solitude. What do you think of it, Jack?"

"Don't be sarcastic, man. You very well know how I feel about such things."

"Feelings might change. You certainly will not have the heart of refusing me to try just for once. Anyway, how can you be sure of your feelings about something of which you've never had any personal experience? Remember our old pal M.? He isn't exactly what you'd call devout. Well, he has decided to see for himself the results of a closed retreat. 'After all,' says he, 'it won't kill me to spend three days at X. and I'll know what it's all about.'"

"Everyone to his own taste. But let me tell you, Paul, you're wasting your time on me. I'm too busy to spend three whole days away from my work."

"Lack of time is quite a lame excuse. Who is the Master of time, old fellow? Who gives it out to us? God, you'll agree. Well, if He gives us a whole year to attend to our worldly affairs, why couldn't we spare a few days at least to think solely of Him and of our immortal souls?"

"I've seldom been found amiss as regards my religious duties and always assist at Sunday Mass."

"Sunday Mass, of course, that's about the least you could do. But what is a brief half hour given to God once a week, for, if I remember well, you told me some time ago that you nearly always go to low Mass. How could you, in such a short time, remember your duties as a Catholic and see to your soul-interests?"

"You don't expect me to spend hours praying, do you? I'm too busy to be able to leave my work for any length of time."

"You've taken a week's vacation, haven't you? And it seems to me that you even took time off last month to attend T.'s funeral."

"A man is supposed to be sociable, isn't he?"

"Of course, that's included in the precept of charity. But don't for a moment forget that charity begins at home. If you neglect your spiritual affairs, who'll see to them? And when your time is up here below, who will make your soul ready to meet the Eternal Judge, if you have never given that awful moment a serious thought?"

"That's a fine speech you've just delivered, Paul, but are people who make retreats any holier than others? I've known quite a few, and they really seemed no better to me."

"You judge only after externals, but if you could do some heart-reading on your own account, you might change your mind about that. Some retreat-going people seem, it's true, to be more or less religious. But what if they didn't make any retreat at all? They might become far worse than they are now. You'll allow that for every one of us there's always room for improvement, since we have as Model the King of Heaven and earth. 'Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' That leaves quite a wide margin. Heaven has gifted you with a good character. You naturally enjoy making others happy. Showing yourself helpful and considerate is not particularly hard on you. You even think it a number-one advertisement in securing customers. Your wife is gentleness personified; your children are too young to cause you any serious worries. You'll have to agree that the practice of virtue is none too strenuous for you. Now, look at Jerry M. A regular spitfire, placed, moreover, in a position requiring an overdose of patience. Well, you should see what strides he has taken along the road of perfection since he's making yearly retreats. I'm not saying that he's faultless, mind you, but I'd be mighty curious to have a look at the record of his spiritual victories. To me, a retreat acts somewhat in the way Holy Communion does. Both these spiritual foods must be partaken of if we want to reach our goal, sanctity. Of course, even one Holy Communion or one retreat could make us saints if we were in the conditions required for perfect assimilation. As it is, we never partake of these spiritual refreshments without profit for our soul: strength and enlightenment are thereby secured. In the calm of the retreat, the Holy Spirit's inspirations are better heard. We understand more clearly the one real goal of our life here below, in an age when it is, alas, all but forgotten. In our age of progress and inventions, people no longer think it imperative to ponder over the answer in our penny catechism: God created me to know and serve Him here below, and to be happy forever with Him in Heaven. If we really let the meaning of these simple words sink deeply into our hearts, the course of our whole lives would be altered. How about it?"

"I'll agree that a life of feverish activity can scarcely be conducive to lengthy meditations and heartfelt prayers."

"Then, you're also ready to agree that three days of retreat devoted to spiritual interests is not as unreasonable a proposition as you first thought?"

"You've all but won me over to your point of view."

"Nowadays, we can't afford to live on loose principles and fallacies. The clash of ideas will follow the war of armaments. On this spiritual battlefield, cowards and quislings will be found among those only who have hitherto neglected to don the invincible armor of faith."

"You're surely a man of convictions and I admire you for it."

"You need but try once, Jack, and you also will be convinced that there's nothing like a good retreat to clear up the soul-atmosphere and make us see things as we should. A good confession sets one's conscience at ease, and prepares the soul for a fruitful reception of the Holy Eucharist. The Sacrament of Love is the true wellspring of strength and courage. It enables one to vanquish the temptations of life, teaches gentleness and patience which help even in the settlement of material affairs, and enhances purity of soul, through which is attained close union with Our Savior. Thereby we are rendered more and more agreeable to God, souls are drawn to the practice of a truly Christian life, and our eternal reward is assured. What more do you want to convince yourself of the great benefits derived from a closed retreat?"

"Well, I guess I'll follow N.'s example and see for myself what it's all about. When does the next retreat begin?"

"October 29th."

"You can count me in, then."

"So long!"



May yours be a pure, generous, firm, ardent heart with which to love Holy Church. Love her *with all your mind*, by lively and universal *faith* in all her teachings — a paramount and sacred obligation. Love her *with all your will*, by perfect *obedience* to all her commandments. (Oh, if all laws were like hers, not yokes but rules; not burdens, but benefits!) Love her *with all your heart*; espouse her causes, share her desires, rejoice in her triumphs, sympathize in her sorrows. Suffer when the Church suffers and from all that makes her suffer. Follow her to the tribunal and even on to Calvary. Remain standing there, mingling your tears and your love with the Divine Sacrifice there being continually offered. Thus will you *help* her, and, hence, begin to fill your supreme God-given duty, which is to love her *with all your strength*. Help the Church you must. Above all, make yourselves holy, that she also may be sanctified. Such is the surest, the most important and imperative cooperation you can give her.

MSGR. GAY



BEAUTIFUL SOULS!

If you are willing to meet them half way, the souls around you will also give the best in themselves. Souls are always beautiful!

Keep your light burning, that souls who had lost courage may not flinch altogether; let your zeal be a glowing fire, that flickering flames may leap up again at its contact. Spend yourself. Devotedness will become an irresistible urge. Spend yourself with a smile: such is the only logical manner. Spend yourself while sacrificing yourself: such is the necessary condition.

Far out in the Hebrides grows the palisander tree, which has been given the sweet name of "hospitable". One has only to make a cut in the bark to find out the color of its wood — a rich red tint. So is it with hearts of apostles — beneath the surface, we find the beautiful red hue of immolation.

REV. FATHER ROGER BARON, C. J. M.

Canonizing Little Things



IKELY enough you are one of the ninety and nine who think of sanctity in terms of fast, discipline, ecstasies and such like. If so, how about pausing for a few moments to consider the life of a humble Carmelite nun who followed the "little way of little things," and became the favorite Saint of millions the world over? Her name is familiar.

We cull it on every lip. St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

There was nothing extraordinary in her life. No. But she did ordinary everyday actions extraordinarily well. Indeed, it is quite possible that, after the Holy Three of Nazareth, no one profited more by the sanctifying secret of little things than the Rose Queen of Carmel.

Every humdrum task and prosaic duty, every hidden act of virtue, every "nothing" as she said, were in her eyes so many devices whereby to reach her God and prove her love for Him.

St. Therese had found the key to her little way in the Gospel. There she had seen Jesus, Mary, Joseph leading very simple, yet very holy lives.

"In place of showing the Blessed Virgin as all but inaccessible, one would show her as possible of imitation, practising the hidden virtues, and living by faith just as we do. And we should give the proofs taken from the Gospel, where we read, *They understood not the things which he said unto them; and again, And his father and mother were in admiration at the things that were spoken concerning him.* That admiration implies a certain astonishment. Do you not find it so?

"And good St. Joseph! How I love him! He could not fast on account of his work... I see him working with the plane; he wipes his forehead from time to time. Oh, how I pity him! How simple their life appears to me!

"The women of the countryside came to speak familiarly with the Blessed Virgin. Sometimes they asked her to let her little Jesus go and play with their children. And the little Jesus watched the Blessed Virgin to see if he ought to go..."

How simply Therese interprets the lives of earth's holiest Three! She had grasped the truth. Throughout thirty years, Jesus did nothing but ordinary actions common to every human being. So was it with His Mother and foster father. And St. Therese, in her turn, never sought showy works. Yet, the first of these four was the infinitely perfect Son of God made Man; and in Jesus' earthly keepers and the young Saint of Lisieux, what wondrous sanctity!

How shall we explain this apparent contradiction — little things, great Saints? Of themselves, our daily deeds have all the same value in God's sight. He looks not so much to what we give as to how we give it and why — for what motive.

Little things, "vulgar" I would be tempted to label them — such as dish-washing, cooking meals, mending the teen-old's ripped coat, waxing the floor or cleaning the window. But let me only do them out of love for God, because He expects me to do them at this moment, and lo! they become great, noble, meritorious — stepping stones to Heaven. Or rather should I have said precious stones, so many jewels I need only stoop to pick up at almost every minute of the day and set in my eternal crown of glory.

Oh! the hundreds of pearls and diamonds we could gather on our daily path, if only we would *stoop*! For it all amounts to that: *stooping* to do a little neighborly turn, to speak a friendly word, to give a sympathetic smile.

Learn from St. Therese. In what did her acts of virtue consist? She folded mantles forgotten by the Sisters, did helpful turns when only God and the Angels could see, and forced herself to smile pleasantly when she would have been tempted to frown. Why couldn't you and I do as much? We cannot object that occasions are lacking. Oh, the world of good we could do to an aching heart through a word of understanding, a gentle smile, a simple look of kindness and affection!

At first glance, we will be inclined to judge all these easy little practices of slight value, if any at all. But try to be faithful to them for a month, no, for a week, and you will come to the conclusion that they call for a big amount of generosity and self-forgetfulness, and that they are means of grace and everlasting merit by the very fact.

Heroic and extraordinary actions are rather few and far between in our lives as planned by God. If we wait for them to make Saints of us, we will very likely wait a whole lifetime, and meanwhile lose whatever chances of sanctity Providence had placed for us in the common rut of life.

Gold diggers balk before no pain or hardship or privation to acquire perishable wealth. We would indeed be fools and clowns did we not stoop to gather all the spiritual gold nuggets that sparkle on our way to God.

Let us take a cue from the gold seekers of earth, and lay up to ourselves immortal treasures we shall eternally enjoy in Heaven's Hall Triumphant!

A Few Roses Scattered

I wish to thank dear St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors she has granted me and request a cure. Mrs. J. T.—Thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. M.—Grateful thanks to St. Therese of Lisieux for a favor received. Mrs. C. de B., Verdun.—Homage of gratitude towards St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. D. L.—I am fulfilling a promise in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, in thanksgiving for her favors. L. B., Montreal.—Grateful thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. J. M. D. C.

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	January-February 1945.....	103.70
July-August.....	70.50	March-April.....	24.00
September-October.....	34.00	May-June.....	32.00
November-December.....	13.52	July-August.....	23.40

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.

Almsgiving is the channel of grace, and the most certain means of salvation.

Cardinal Pie.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



IN that case will you tell them to go? And you will then obtain your pardon.'

" 'Great mandarin! I have no power and no authority in such matters, but if His Majesty sends me I will beg the European warriors to abstain from making war on the Annamites; and if I do not succeed, I will return here to suffer death.'

" 'You do not fear death, then?'

" 'Great mandarin! I do not fear death. I have come here to preach the true religion. I am guilty of no crime which deserves death. But if the Annamites kill me, I shall shed my blood with great joy for them.'

" 'Have you any spite or ill-will against the man who betrayed and took you prisoner?'

" 'None at all. The Christian religion forbids us to entertain anger, and teaches us to love those who hate us.'

" 'Chief of the Christian religion! You must declare the names of all the places and people that have sheltered you up to this hour.'

" 'Great mandarin! They call you the father and mother of this people. If I were to make such a declaration it would involve a large number of persons in untold misery. Judge for yourself whether it would become me to do this or not.'

" 'Trample the Cross under foot, then, and you shall not be put to death.'

" 'How! I have preached the religion of the Cross all my life until this day, and do you expect me to abjure it now? I do not esteem so highly the pleasures of this life as to be willing to buy the preservation of it by apostasy.'

" 'If death has such a charm in your eyes, why did you hide yourself when there was fear of your being taken?'

" 'Great mandarin! Our religion forbids us to presume on our strength, and to deliver ourselves to the persecutors. But Heaven having permitted my arrest, I have confidence in God that He will give me sufficient courage to suffer all torture and be constant unto death.'

" 'This is a summary of the questions asked me, and of my answers. The mandarins then proceeded to question my catechist and inflicted ten strokes of the knout upon him. He bore them without flinching, God giving him strength all the while gloriously to confess the faith.'

" 'Since that day I have been placed in my cage at the door of the prefect's house guarded by a company of Cochinchinese soldiers. A great many persons of rank have come to visit me and converse with me. They will have it that I am a doctor, an astronomer, a diviner, a prophet, from whom nothing is hid. Several visitors have begged me to tell their fortunes. Then

they question me about Europe, about France, in fact, about the whole world. This gives me an opportunity to enlighten them a little on points about which they are supremely ignorant, and on which they have sometimes the most comical ideas. I try above everything to slip in a little serious word now and then so as to teach them the way of salvation. But the Annamites are a frivolous race, and don't like serious subjects; still less will they treat on philosophy or religion. On the other hand, their heart is good, and they do their best to show me both interest and sympathy. My soldier guards have an affection for me, and though they have been blamed two or three times for letting me go out, they still open my cage from time to time, and allow me to take a little walk. . . . Sometimes their conversation is not very proper, but I never let pass words of that sort; and I do not hesitate to speak to them strongly. I tell them that they lower themselves in the eyes of everyone by impure thoughts and libertine discourses; and that if they can talk in that way without blushing, they deserve nothing but pity, not to say contempt. My lessons make an impression. They are far more careful in their language now, and some have gone to the length of begging my pardon for having made use of indelicate expressions. Still I cannot say that everything is sweet and pleasant; although many are kind to me, some insult and mock me, and use rough language to me. May God forgive them!

"I am now only waiting patiently for the day when God will allow me to offer Him the sacrifice of my blood. I do not regret leaving this world; my soul thirsts for the waters of eternal life. My exile is over. I touch the soil of my real country; earth vanishes, Heaven opens, I go to God. Adieu, dearest father, sister, brothers, do not mourn for me, do not weep for me, live the years that are yet left to you on earth in unity and love. Practice your religion; keep pure from all sin. We shall meet again in Heaven, and shall enjoy true happiness in the kingdom of God. Adieu. I should like to write to each one separately but I cannot, and you know my heart. It is three long, weary years since I have heard from you, and I know not who is taken or who is left. Adieu. The prisoner of Jesus Christ salutes you. In a very short time the sacrifice will be consummated. May God have you always in His holy keeping. Amen."

Fr. Vénard's particular friend, Bishop Theurel, took charge of this letter, and added, "The sentence of our dearest Theophane has been pronounced. He is to be beheaded, but the execution will probably be delayed till the middle of February. In the meantime he wants for nothing. And though in chains, he is as gay in his cage as a little bird.

"As I was the nearest missionary to Kêcho, being only one day's march from the capital, I was naturally able to write to him three or four times. Bishop Jeantet and Fr. Saiget wrote likewise; and our dear prisoner was able to answer us pretty regularly. Our medium of communication was a native Christian, the head of the patrol, a man true as steel, named Huong-Moi, whose house had been my refuge for two months and who had mingled with the troop of servants at the prefecture, and obtained his present post out of devotion to our sufferer.

(To be continued)

The Rimouski Apostolic School

Invites Young Students

The Rimouski Apostolic School, conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, will enter its twenty-fourth year in September next.

Ever faithful to the ideal which brought about its foundation in 1921, it continues to foster the religious and missionary life in young girls drawn to an apostolic vocation.

As the spirit of the school is a true family spirit imbued with gratitude towards God for His tender mercies, childlike devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin and ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, the precious seedlings of religious and missionary vocations cannot but be brought to happy fruition. Already, in this sunlit nursery, choice blooms have flowered which Jesus has seen fit to transplant in the gardens of various religious Communities.

The conditions for admission to the Apostolic School are as follows:

- 1° To present a baptism certificate testifying to the legitimacy of one's birth.
- 2° To enjoy good health and sound heredity, both of which must be certified by competent medical authority.
- 3° To possess a certificate of good behavior and solid piety, delivered by one's pastor or by the chaplain of the Institution where studies have been begun.
- 4° To have at least reached one's fourteenth year, or to present a seventh year certificate.

Although the regulations are somewhat similar to those of other boarding schools, several particulars have been adopted, because of the school's apostolic aim. Besides a three-day retreat in September, the boarders, like the Sisters, make a recollection every first Sunday of the month.

Manual labor fills up the Thursdays of every week and the daily recreation periods. While enjoying themselves pleasantly, the pupils, like the valiant woman spoken of in the Scriptures, learn to "handle the distaff", that is, to make use of their ten fingers in behalf of the missions which are calling.

Parlor is allowed on Sundays (except the first of the month) and on Thursdays from 2 to 4 P.M.

The monthly board and tuition fee is ten dollars.

For further specifications, write to

Reverend Sister Superior
Apostolic School
Rimouski, P. Q.



Missionaries are soldiers of Christ engaged in combat, exposed to the blows of the enemy, tossed about on the waters of the deep, thrown into internment camps and in some cases meeting martyr deaths. We cannot forget them in our prayers. Our country is not only a source of material aid; it is a spiritual arsenal as well.

Rev. ALOYSIUS F. COOGAN in the *Oblate World*



LES CAYES, HAITI

Tuesday, January 2, 1945

Everywhere, and therefore in Haiti as well, New Year's Day speaks of joy and festivities. Even where suffering and utter indigency reign supreme, beneath the miserable shelter so aptly termed *Charity, If You Please*, joy has lit up every saddened brow and happiness has given a beautiful glow to drawn cheeks and pain-dimmed eyes.

Supremely happy was our dear Estesia, who ranks among the most piteous cases we are now treating.

"Sister," she told us this morning, "I was very happy yesterday. You know I cry and complain day and night, now that my sufferings are so intense. They all (her companions in misery) came to visit me yesterday, brought me gifts and told me their funniest stories. See, they've brought me tobacco, salt, fish, sweets, *cobs* (Haitian money, one cent value). Why, they even shared their potatoes and bananas with me. And they made it a big share, Sister; I had to give some away. God has been so good. I can't get up at all, and look, I've gotten more than all the others."

What we have related is but one instance out of hundreds, illustrating the wonderful spirit of brotherly love prevailing among our proteges. With every new day, they draw nearer to the realization of St. Paul's injunction to "bear one another's burdens". Once they have come to know Christ's Religion of Love more intimately, our dear folk of *Charity, If You Please* will deservedly be praised for being of one heart and mind, as the first followers of the Christian Faith nineteen centuries ago.

Monday, January 8

Our young pupils have been enjoying a brief, glorious respite from reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic since December 22. Today the stern voice of duty beckoned them back to their books and lessons. We say "stern" — maybe for some "sweet" would be the more appropriate term. Unlike many a spoilt and pampered Canadian boy or girl, a good number of our needy little flock had gone on their holidays with the gloomy perspective of a forced fast. Here at least they had always been sure of their noonday meal, which is often the only one they have to tide them over till the next day. Little wonder, then, if all didn't go to meet vacation with a cheer. Hours of study and poring over books are not too big a price to pay for their substantial daily dinner, so our youthful charges argue.

Saturday, January 13

His Excellency Bishop Collignon said Mass in the open at *Charity*, and distributed Holy Communion to a pious and recollected throng. Among the twenty or so patients who drew near the august Sacrament, two had not received since twenty-five years. What joy and comfort the second or third Communion of their whole life brought into their newly-purified souls!

His Excellency also called down a heavenly blessing upon the school recently erected on the grounds of *Charity*.

Thursday, January 17

Our old ladies and patients began a Guard of Honor to Our Blessed Mother this morning. The more able-bodied wend their way to the grotto to recite the Aves of their Rosary to Mary.

This faithful homage rendered daily to Mary Immaculate will not fail to obtain her maternal protection for her beloved afflicted children. Already we sense an atmosphere of pious recollection pervading the grounds of the grotto. Silently and reverently our poor sufferers gather together to say their beads and sing filial hymns to the Mother of God.

Sunday, January 25

One of our patients, a non-Catholic, has been conquered to the True Faith by the untiring zeal of the Fathers of the Mission and the devoted and gentle care of the nursing Sisters. "You have left your fair country," he told us the other day. "You have bidden farewell to your family, to embrace a life of poverty and take care of the unfortunate. You are not afraid to dress loathsome sores that even our own brothers cannot bear to see. And, above all, you are always gentle and cheerful. I want to believe in a religion which does so much good." Today he asked to go to confession and then to study the catechism, so as to be able to receive Holy Communion shortly.

Wednesday, January 31

Last fall, some of us had gone to Camp Perrin, where His Excellency Bishop Collignon has a rest house. This month again, two other groups were also able to enjoy that pleasant solitude, and profit to the full by the few days of blissful quiet and needed relaxation.

In these tropical climes, the Creator has prepared for His children refreshing oases to make them forget the sweltering heat of the leaden sun. Camp Perrin is not the least pleasant of those enchanting sites.

At this time of the year, the nights are at their longest in Haiti — from six in the evening to six in the morning. Thrillingly beautiful nights they are — myriads of stars twinkle in the blue heavens. Still, we do not choose to spend them in awed contemplation of the wonders of creation, but rather in soothing, restoring sleep to which they are so conducive.

A rather unusual distraction came to interrupt the even tenor of our days in our solitary, secluded retreat. One Sunday morning, a horse ride was

organized with Marcelle chapel, a good distance from Camp Perrin, as destination.

Our three horses were brought and an obliging native told us the way, for we had no guide. However, scores of natives were also leaving for the same place, either on horseback or on foot, to assist at a Baptism and First Communion ceremony. We would follow the others. We felt more than a trifle timid at first on our fiery steeds, but soon our fear wore off and everything went well. Presently, the cavalcade of three became notably increased. A regular race ensued. Did a cavalier get ahead of us, we were expected to hold our own and win back the lead. No smooth pathways here. Not the Canadian Rockies either, but surely a rugged mountain land. Alight, climb in the saddle again, and alight once, twice, three times — thus was our trip punctuated that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning. The ground being rocky, our horses followed a narrow trail winding around the edge of a ditch. Sister Marie Rachel⁽¹⁾, the tallest of the riding Sisters, often had to bend close to her horse's neck, in order to be spared the gruesome fate of Absalom of Biblical fame, so low-hanging were the spreading boughs.

One hour of this, and we had reached our goal. We respectfully greeted the director of the chapel and a few notables of the place. The young fry surrounded us with shouts of joy. Even twelve-year-old "groomsmen" gallantly tied our steeds to trees, while we hurried to the church.

The building, a Sunday makeshift chapel, is on weekdays just another



ON HORSEBACK, CAMP PERRIN, HAITI.

SISTER ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND AURELIA, HER FAITHFUL HELPER.

1. Rachel BLANCHETTE, St. Liboire, P. Q.

little brown schoolhouse, like those at home. Four bare walls and a tin roof — it has the rudimentary essentials of a building, but that is about all. A few unsteady boards serve as altar rail, and the devout adorers kneel on the bare earth or on stones.

It was a red-letter day at Marcelle chapel, for such surely is the wonderful date on which Jesus first takes possession of a baptized soul — and here were thirty waiting to become His real flesh and blood tabernacles. Eight privileged souls were also made children of the Heavenly Father in Holy Baptism. All sang with heart and voice and seemed to enjoy the full measure of happiness. Our own happiness was not less intense. Fervently we prayed Our Lord and Our Lady for these pious Christians.

Came eleven o'clock and we turned homeward. Our little steeds felt the need of a hearty dinner, and did not have to be reminded about making full speed. And so we galloped abreast into the midday. We would rather set the horses at a gallop than at a leisurely trot — thus sparing ourselves no end of wearying jolts.

Our pleasant excursion and lesson in horseback riding were over, but they formed the topic of many an animated conversation in the days that followed.

REPORT OF *Charity, If You Please*

From October 1, 1943 to December 31, 1944 inclusively

Inmates at <i>Charity</i>	105	Deaths.....	99
Patients hospitalized.....	418	Medications.....	22,678
Patients treated at the Dispensary.....	580	Dressings.....	13,685
Patients cured.....	213	Injections.....	1,637

* * *

“GOOD MORNING, GRAN!”

Won't you agree with us that this fragrant autumn morning would be ideal for that long-deferred visit to our Old Ladies Home? The dear silver-haired grannies will be pleased and proud to do the honors. Naturally, if you have no command of the Creole idiom — which we presume you haven't — one of the Sisters will introduce you to persons and things in this asylum of Christian mercy.

No regal palace this, their crudely-constructed shelter midway between Calvary and Our Lady of Lourdes' Grotto. But it is home to them and the best place on God's earth. The cement floor is about two feet above the ground. Whitewashed mortar walls keep rain and wind at bay. While you are still standing hesitantly on the threshold before the sombre green entrance, your guide mentions an amusing particularity about the tin roofing. Then you almost wish that Old Sol would withdraw behind his vapory cloud curtains, and that the heavens would throw open their floodgates, so you could get an inkling of the deafening clatter produced by heavy raindrops hammering on the number-one sound-receptive tin covering.

Let us begin with these ten identically furnished rooms. Each one boasts of twin iron beds, two diminutive tables, two rickety chairs and a dresser — rather a fashionable term for these crude chests. Not much sunlight can

steal in. No windows, only the open door and that free space between walls and roof.

First of all, we must call on Old Lady Sortel — and “Old” here is certainly the adequate expression — for the dear lady has long since overstepped the Scriptural bound assigned to the life of man. She is past ninety-four. Lifting up sightless eyes, she greets us with a top o’ the morning in Haitian style, and points to the dilapidated chair. You will kindly remember to address her “Miss”, else this true daughter of Eve will probably give you a piece of her mind.

“So you were saying your beads when we came in, Sortel?”

“Oh well, you see, that’s my pastime. It’s about all I can do now. Years ago I taught the little ones the Our Father and the Hail Mary and made their First Communion clothes. But now I’m getting old and — well, it’s God’s will, so I must accept. So I pray for the Bishop, the Sisters, and all Christians. I pray for the whole world.”

“So you keep talking to God all the time. Aren’t you anxious to go home to Him in His beautiful Heaven?”

“Oh! But I think He must have forgotten about me. Or perhaps my place isn’t quite ready yet. Anyway, He knows best. I’m ready!”

Another wise virgin awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom! Poor old Sortel, she has always practised the divine precept of charity, and now, as her life’s tide is fastly ebbing away, she is dependent on the charity of those she affectionately calls “dear Sisters”!

“Good morning, Sortel, you will pray for us, won’t you?”

And while you still have that vision of a worn little saint fingering a worn rosary, we introduce you to Clara Sanon. Four score and four years is something to be proud of, she will positively assert. Of course, you will be a bit taken aback by the time-faded black shawl covering her shoulders, and a slip inches longer than her dress. Her brightly-colored handkerchief, the gift of some charitable Santa last Christmas, is neatly tied around her waist, although originally intended to hide her silver locks, while a bath towel replaces it in its forgone function.

In spite of two or three daily visits from the nursing Sisters, who try to keep an eye on cleanliness and order, you will find things in a pretty hurly-burly. By way of explanation and excuse, we may say that our dear inmate has her own pet habits. So, judging it better not to make life any the harder for her, we deem it wise to keep our love of order within bounds and exact only what she can readily give.

“Good morning, Clara, how are you today?”

“Oh, fairly —” and half shyly she points to her empty pipe.

“So you are fond of smoking?”

“Oh, yes, yes! But it’s good!”

“Do you smoke often?”

“Smoke and think, think and smoke, that’s about all I do.”

“And do you think of praying once in a while?”

“Oh, surely! Morning, noon, night.”

“Did you ever go to Communion?”

"Yes, I've been going for years. And I haven't forgotten my catechism, either. How many Gods are there?" And hesitantly she continues: "Four — five — oh, I can't remember! How many Gods, Sister?"

"Only one, dear old Clara."

"Ah, it's true! You see, I had forgotten again. But are you going to give me any tobacco?"

"Just a moment. I'll see whether there are a few leaves left. Now say a little prayer while I'm gone."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" and the happy octogenarian smiles her satisfaction.

The next room is empty; its two occupants are out in the yard. The first, Saintila Jules, but So Sainte to all the inmates, is up at daybreak and gets busy with her handleless palm broom around the oratory and the cross.



ITALIA, LOUISE AND MARGARET, PATIENTS AT *CHARITY*, ARE STILL ABLE TO HELP A LITTLE AT THE REFUGE.

She takes time off for her prayers, though, for she is a Christian now — of one year's standing. She made her First Communion last year. Short and simple and childlike is her prayer; her aged memory is certainly a faculty quite worn-out. Still, she can recall the Hail Mary without too many errors, and likewise the invocation: "St. Vincent, pray for us." But "God is good!" as people are fond of saying here. He doesn't require anything over and above this simple faith, and readily accepts the artless devotion of His poor grown-up children who can only tell Him: "Good morning, God, here I am before You," or, "Good night, Father, thank You. Blessed Mother, love God for me." Her prayers said, So Sainte briskly busies herself with her morning chores in the garden, and picks up the fruits that have fallen overnight. These will put ruddy glow in the drawn cheeks of her little nephews and nieces.

So Sainte also sees to the peas and onions, which are raised to sweeten and season the usual frugal fare given our proteges. The dear lady has but a vague idea of her age. She is certainly in the seventies. Here we see her overturning the earth with a broken knife. It's weeding time.

"Good morning, So Sainte, aren't you tired working out in the hot sun?"

"Oh no, I'm not ill, thank God, and I don't like to sit down and do nothing. So I'm looking after this little garden."

And so she works day in and day out. She would rather be out weeding and hoeing than taking time easier in the house. Work diverts her from all uncharitable conversations which might, as she says, "soil her stomach"—her expression for "conscience".

But along comes her roommate, Aline Clerge by name. Tiny, busy, hale and hearty, silver-haired, with impeccable manners—this is Aline. She is supposedly ninety years of age. We cannot disprove the statement; still, we sometimes anxiously wonder how she can get along, not on one scanty meal, but on six hearty ones a day!

An old tin bucket, three stones and an armful of broken branches all set up in position constitute her primitive fireplace. Squatted on the bare earth, she fans the glowing embers with her broad-brimmed sombrero. Close beside, her "general service" basket is laden with bananas, potatoes, Congo peas and watercress. In practice at least, if not in theory, she knows that silence is golden, and she is quiet as a mouse all day. When it's doctrine time, she stammers out prayers and answers, but never quite succeeds in remembering them for the ensuing lesson. She would like to receive Holy Communion, but we feel she doesn't understand enough about the Sacrament, and only wants to receive the Divine Food like the others. All her skill and science centre around her aboriginal kitchen.

White-haired and be-wrinkled Mrs. Canal is our next hostess. Eighty-five winters have not dimmed the brightness of her eyes, nor have they withered the friendly smile on her lips. Everybody amiably nicknames her "Gran". When only a wisp of a girl, she was the sacristan of a missionary and learned to speak excellent French.

"Morning, Gran, how are you keeping?"

"Oh, not so bad!"

"There's a brave little lady for you! Say, Gran, you believe in going through life with a smile?"

"Of all questions! What's the use in putting on a Lenten long face when things go awry? Oh, it often hurts there," and she lifts a toil-worn hand to her heart, "and I feel like crying, when I think of my grandchildren and nephews who brought me here and visit me so seldom. But, then, I remember that a cheery song is good tonic for loneliness, and Mother Mary's rosary helps a lot, too. I sometimes feel it would hurt God to see me crying."

"No, no, Gran, God would understand. But He is surely pleased with you when you smile so generously. Tell me, Gran, wouldn't you shed a tear or two at my funeral, if I went up to God before you did?"

"Oh, you would let me know as soon as you'd feel ill, wouldn't you?"

A pitying, pathetic shadow steals into her eyes, but the next moment

they are bright and enigmatic again, as she turns to Nausia, several years her junior: "You would bring me half a dozen onions, and that would cheer me up."

Then she stifles a few make-believe sobs and breaks out into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Oh, I'd surely feel sad about it, but I'm asking Our Blessed Mother to keep you in good health for years and years."

"That's very kind of you, Gran. Listen, I hear the noon Angelus bell at Sacred Heart's. Now, if you would give us a heartful of happiness, you would sing the Angelus for us."

"If you care to hear it." Softly, prayerfully, the dim voice sings about the Angel who came down from Heaven to tell the humble Virgin that the Blessed Trinity had chosen her to become the Mother of the Word Incarnate. With the last faint strains, Gran cannot conceal her irrepressible smile. "I'm sorry, I used to sing better than that. God had given me a lark's voice, and now He has taken it away from me; that's quite all right, isn't it?"

Gran is a fervent Christian, as everyone will tell you. She is gifted with remarkable reconciliatory powers, and her common sense remarks often nip a quarrel in the bud. She tells the belligerent parties they are old enough to behave — which cannot but wound their pride and provoke a favorable change of situation. Often enough, Gran begins a hymn to the Blessed Lady, the Holy Eucharist or St. Michael, and the soothing notes beguile the invisible serpent. But the magical thing is that even the victims listen spellbound and almost invariably end by joining in the singing.

But time is getting short, you say. So we shall simply greet the remaining denizens of the Old Ladies Home. The greeting is supremely important.

Now that you are acquainted with our beloved inmates, you will whisper a prayer for them now and then. Prayer can win their hearts, but prayer joined to sacrifice, charity, patience and whole-hearted devotedness. Many of them have been baptized, but their contact with the Catholic Religion goes no further. Yet they all must be brought through Mary Immaculate to her Divine Son.

*
* *

VANCOUVER

Tuesday, November 8



MRS. MCADAMS

Truly touching and admirable is the conversion of Mrs. McAdams, the young colored lady of whom we have spoken several times in our letters. For months, Divine Grace had been secretly at work in her soul, but the Evil One, loath to lose so promising a prey, was raising up every conceivable difficulty to deter her from her good resolve. Now she felt a strong desire to enjoy life and the affection of her beloved ones; then she would be assailed

by temptations to embrace such and such a religious creed that promised wealth and happiness. Still, the true light beamed forth so unmistakably luminous and pure, that one day the patient could resist to it no longer. God conquered, and we know how gloriously, in that soul ready for any and every sacrifice. Then we saw — and our hearts were deeply stirred at the wondrous sight — that young and loving mother, thereto so much attached to life, murmur with a faint smile: "Sister, I am willing to die, if it is God's will. Last night, I was thinking of Mother and the little ones. I felt I loved them with my whole heart. But I understood that I would still be able to love and protect them after my death. So I offered my sacrifice." At these last words, hot tears trickled down her cheeks, letting us sense the extent of the sacrifice so selflessly made. Apparently, God had been awaiting that heroic deed to complete her conversion. Yesterday the priest paid her a visit, assuring her she was ready to be baptized. At once she gave her consent and received, with great fervor and piety, the Sacrament of regeneration. Inexpressible joy then lit up her countenance, joy truly unearthly, that would make the most obstinate unbeliever who could witness the ceremony cry out: "There is a God!" What human explanation could be given of the sudden marvellous transformation thus wrought by the mere fact of pouring water on a dying brow?

The mother of the newly-baptized, a fanatic Protestant, is deeply comforted and rejoiced at the supernatural joy filling her daughter's heart. Long-cherished prejudices broke down in a moment and the elderly lady told us today: "My daughter looks so contented and peaceful! I want to try and understand your religion, too."

To the ineffable joys of Baptism were added this morning for this privileged soul those of First Holy Communion. She humbly made a general confession of all her life, after which the white Host was laid on her tongue. Jesus had found another loving tabernacle in which to dwell. What pen shall ever reveal the infinite touches of grace, the thousand little devices, the divine stratagems resorted to by the King of kings, to achieve the conquest of this soul! They are, and shall forever remain, His secret. Praised be the Almighty Conqueror for His mercy and unbounded love!

Wednesday, November 9

Joseph Wong, a boy patient, learned that his father had died in our hospital eight years ago. At once he asked concernedly: "Sister, you baptized him, didn't you? What name did you give him? Look in your books." Sister answered that all the patients were provided with tickets for Heaven before setting out on the Last Journey. A big sigh of relief escaped Joseph's lips. "So Dad is in Heaven!" It is astonishing that this lad of barely eleven should be so deeply preoccupied about the religious beliefs of his companions. This morning, he noticed new employees and before long had duly inquired about their religion. A short while later, he called Sister St. Marc⁽¹⁾ and told her: "Isn't it sad, Sister, all these newcomers are not Catholics."

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, P. Q.

Sunday, November 12

For several days, there has been unusual activity in the community quarters. A departure is being prepared for the Motherhouse, and dear Sister St. Luc⁽¹⁾ is about to leave us definitively. Sister Marie de l'Épiphanie⁽²⁾ is the happy chosen companion traveller for the long journey. Both left this evening by the eight o'clock train. Our prayerful wishes accompany the two beloved Sisters, who will not fail to transmit our loving greetings to Mother General and all our Mothers and Sisters "over there".

Thursday, November 16

We were at breakfast this morning when news came of the death of Rev. Father L. A. Lamontagne, at St. Paul's Hospital. For close to five years he had been our devoted chaplain.

We shall long keep in pious and grateful remembrance this venerable priest, who has given us most inspiring examples of punctual fidelity, love of the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Mother. Often enough, seeing him exhausted, Sister Superior would tell him not to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, or to omit the Rosary during the Exposition. "No, no, I can do it," would he answer. "It does me good to say the Rosary with the Community." His last priestly act was bearing the monstrance in his hands. He fell where his ardent piety had so often attracted him. Truly remarkable was his filial devotion towards Mary Immaculate. Never would he pass before one of her statues without reverently bowing to her. We have no doubt but that the Mother of Goodness will have opened her arms and her Heaven to this faithful and devoted servant of her Divine Son.

Friday, November 17

Towards ten o'clock last night, someone telephoned to ask whether we could receive a dying patient. Only too happy to be given a fresh opportunity to set another soul on the heavenward path, we immediately replied that the patient could be brought. He was indeed very low. We hastily made him a child of God in Holy Baptism, and, a few brief moments later, he soared up to his all-loving Father.

True, the dead man's relatives are deeply sorry, but they feel at the same time relieved, so much they had feared lest he should die in the house — which would have spelled catastrophe for these incurably superstitious folk. So are we happy to have opened the Pearly Gates to one more imploring soul. We informed the doctor this morning. A pagan notwithstanding, he answered with a kind smile: "I am very glad. You are happy, and so are the relatives and the dead man."

Monday, November 27

Mrs. Rose Ho, one of our patients, is assuredly a privileged soul, whose exquisite purity delights the Angels and all the Heavenly Court. Born in the vicinity of Vancouver, little Rose daily received pernicious examples

1. Marie BOURBEAU, St. Luc, St. Johns, P. Q.

2. May MOQUIN, Eastman, P. Q.

of impure paganism. Still, she felt an instinctive repulsion for evil, and told us: "I never acted against my conscience and I felt sure that by so doing, the Supreme Being would protect me." Not only did the God of Love protect her, but already He cast upon her a look of special predilection.

The child's father, a sinister adept of witchcraft, did not quite like Rose's strange ideas. One day, he threateningly snatched from her little fingers a rosary she had been given at school. He also attempted to arrange her marriage with a wealthy old friend of his. This once again, his determination met unshakable resistance. But the father's death a short while after definitely settled matters. "Father had such a sad death," Mrs. Ho told us. "His red, tumefied face was horrible to see, and he continually threw up foam. One night, when he was all alone, I heard such weird noises in his room that I thought I would die of fright. From then on, my health began to fail."

Freedom hers at last, Rose, then sixteen years of age, married a young Chinese of a genial and mild disposition. Happiness reigned in the humble home, and soon a little daughter, Margaret, was born. Then it was that Mrs. Ho was stricken with tuberculosis. Three or four months ago, she was brought here for medical care. She was barely twenty. From the very first, her kind and gentle ways deeply edified us, as did also the irresistible attraction that drew her towards God. Of her own accord, she set to studying the doctrine with her whole heart, as she said. These last days, fresh complications set in and we felt it our duty to warn her that death would probably not tarry. What was not our joy on hearing her speak of death with sentiments worthy of the most detached souls! "Oh, I should be glad to die. God alone matters, and I shall enjoy Him in Heaven."

This evening, Feast of the Miraculous Medal, Rev. Father McCarthy came to visit her, but he little intended to confer Baptism. For over an hour and a half, he minutely questioned her. He could not conceal his astonishment on finding in the dying woman a beautiful spirit of faith and extensive knowledge of our Holy Religion. "Father," she implored, "if I may not become the child of God tonight, at least bless my beads," and triumphantly she showed Father the rosary she had bought. The priest relented. Truly, this soul deserved to be purified. There and then, he made her the child and heir of the merciful Father in Heaven.

Mr. Ho, who during the examination had quietly withdrawn, was invited for the pious ceremony. In the regenerating Sacrament, the happy convert added Mary Therese to her name. It would be difficult, not to say impossible, to render the expression of joy irradiating the countenance of the newly-baptized; her smile seemed more of Heaven than of earth. She explained in detail to her husband the ceremony of Baptism and gave him a miraculous medal, begging him to be tenderly devoted towards Our Blessed Mother and ever confident in her maternal help.

Tuesday, November 28

God lavishes His graces with divine prodigality. After having purified the soul of His child yesterday in Holy Baptism, He took special possession

of it today in Holy Communion. We share the joy of the happy First Communicant, and our grateful prayers join hers, bearing to the Divine Bestower of all bounties our heartfelt thankfulness. Mr. Ho, sad and concerned, returned again today to his dear wife's bedside. He found her so joyful that he strove to smile. "I prayed to the beautiful Lady," he said, pointing to his medal suspended from a solid gold chain. "She is going to cure you. Then I shall become a Catholic, and so will Margaret. Then we shall all go to church together." He told his wife her relatives had seemed happy on learning of her conversion to the Catholic Faith. "Cousin X.," added he, "said you had done very well, and that the Sisters, being Catholics also, would take better care of you." At these last words, a shadow stole across the expressive features of the patient. Summoning up her very last ounce of energy, she bravely replied: "No, no, I would rather have died unbaptized, than to have received Baptism for any other motive than God. I love you very much, and yet I prefer you should not accept Baptism for a human motive. How good God is!"

What beautiful instances of faith and love of God in this young person! In spite of cruel sufferings she continually endures, a sweet and pleasant smile hovers on her lips, and grateful exclamations invariably greet us: "How good God is! I am so well cared for here. Thank you, thank you!" We hope and pray that through this suffering member of Christ many a grace of conversion and salvation will be showered on the ailing inmates of our hospital.

Saturday, December 16

Our Lady's day brought its own measure of joy. At nine-thirty, Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie⁽¹⁾ arrived from the Motherhouse, bringing a new companion, Sister St. Julie⁽²⁾. Wishing them a most fraternal welcome and inquiring about persons and things back at Cote des Neiges took the major part of the merry holiday. It does us so much good to hear of our beloved religious family, and live over in thought the little everyday schedule at the Motherhouse. Not the least of our joy springs from the fact that we now have two more fellow laborers to share our apostolic burdens and consolations. "Union makes strength," as the proverb has it, "and joy!" may we add.

Saturday, December 23

As earthly monarchs, the King of kings will have subjects for His Heavenly Court. Three of our patients heeded His invitation this morning. A chosen and privileged trio, well worthy of the Heavenly Mansions. First was Mrs. Ho, of whom we have spoken. The end came gently. She assured us nothing worried her, and her peace of mind remained unruffled to the very last. God alone mattered. With her usual simplicity, she had confided to Sister Therese that she kept praying almost uninterruptedly. "When I wake up through the night, I say my beads. I thank God — He

1. May MOQUIN, Eastman, P. Q.

2. Beatrice TESSIER, Woonsocket, R. I.

is so good — so good — and men do not know it!" Gratitude seemed to be the characteristic of this choice soul — gratitude towards God, and towards the neighbor for the slightest good turn done her.

As for the two other patients, they had also been marked with the seal of the elect, and their brief life history sings the incomprehensible goodness of the all-merciful God. Lee Hong Dore had hitherto shown open indifference to all ideas of religion. Every time the Chinese virgin drew near his bedside, he would dismiss her and hide beneath the bedclothes. Then came the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Everyone marvelled at the great joy that beamed on his worn features. We took advantage of the auspicious moment to slip in a few words about God and Heaven. The patient listened attentively. As it became evident death was fast nearing, he was taken to an isolated room. There, all by himself, he tried to size up his pitiable condition. The Chinese virgin chancing by, he murmured: "Am I in danger?" — "Yes, but have no fear. Only accept what I shall tell you, and endless happiness will soon be yours." — "Quick, then, tell me what I must do." And Divine Grace, coming down upon this poor earth-weary soul, lit it with heavenly rays. A few hours later, the priest gave him Holy Baptism, and Lee Hong Dore, joyful and resigned, peacefully awaited the favorable opportunity to hie home to God.

The third was Tong Goon Yow. He was baptized by Sister St. Marc⁽¹⁾ during a very weak spell that put his days in danger. When he had recovered somewhat, he was informed of his serious condition, and learned about the great favor he had been granted. With his last dying breath he feebly murmured: "Oh yes, I believe in God, I shall believe until the end. I am happy."

Monday, December 25

Today is born unto us a Savior and Angels hymn His coming. Joyfully we responded to the celestial call, and sought the newborn Infant King lying on the straw of our humble chapel crib. Hands clasped in a fervent prayer, we asked the Holy Child to make us instrumental in the conquest of unnumbered souls for His Kingdom of Love. The three night Masses were followed by the traditional Christmas repast; then we continued our happily interrupted night rest.

What kind of Christmas did our inmates spend? A fitting festive programme had been marked out for everyone. Yesterday evening at seven o'clock, a number of employees and more active patients formed in a Christmas Eve procession, each modern "Judean shepherd" bearing a glowing lantern or a tall crook in his hand. Two pink and blue-winged angels clad in shimmering white opened the pious defile. The swarthy-hued and black-haired celestial denizen strikingly contrasted with his companion, a rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed spirit, supposedly come down from Heaven for the special occasion. To the strains of popular Christmas carols, the shepherds wended their way to the three grottos erected in the wards. Then the happy angelic bearer of the Christ Child laid his precious Burden on the

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, P. Q.

stable straw, while the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph looked on admiringly. Even the Magi had reached our Bethlehem ahead of time. So had the shepherds and their white woollies, and, it goes without saying, the ox and ass of time-honored celebrity. All knelt with the angelic censer-bearer, bowed low for a few moments, and then the reverent worshippers proceeded in another direction. From their beds, our patients joined the choir of angels and shepherds. One had even strung his guitar for the evening feast. All drifted off smilingly to sleep that night. No doubt many an angel wing or a white lambkin's bleat made gentle music in more than one dreamer's mind.

Came ten o'clock this morning, and Old Santa, pulling a heavy gift-laden sled, appeared on the scene. He went his rounds, clasping every hand in a friendly way, wishing one and all a Very Merry Christmas, and distributing the brightly-colored parcels piled high on his sled. Merry laughter and hearty thank you's sprang up from every side. "Goodbye, till next year!" and the jovial visitor was off. A turkey dinner was served. Nothing was missing for the great day. As usual, God's fatherly Providence had foreseen and prepared everything, and our patients, whose joy is our joy, lived a truly blessed and happy Christmas Day.

Saturday, December 30

For another one of our dear charges, trusting hope has given place to the Beatific Vision of the God of Love. How many times had not Mrs. McAdams asked anxiously: "When am I going to die?" Today came the great summons for that soul of good will. She expressed no sorrow on leaving this life, which for her has been one long nightmare of pain and suffering. We have every reason to believe that God, who has been so lavish in favors and blessings, will have received her in Eternal Glory. There she will fulfill the promise so many times made, to obtain graces for her two little ones, her relatives and all those who have helped her on her way to the True Faith. Mrs. McAdams was the first colored lady patient on our tuberculosis department records.

Report of St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver

For the Year 1944

Adult Baptisms.....	51	Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	481
Child Baptisms.....	1	Pneumothorax.....	378
First Communion.....	3	Laboratory Tests.....	3,230
Holy Communion.....	269	Dressings.....	2,452
Extreme Unctions.....	17	Injections.....	2,127
Confirmations.....	15	Various Treatments.....	10,482
Home Visits.....	49	Medications.....	32,066
Radiographs.....	274	Patients Admitted.....	153

Report of the Chinese Dispensary, Vancouver

Patients.....	648	Physical Examinations.....	74
Various Treatments.....	158	Vaccinations.....	10
Radiographs.....	17	Medications.....	357

MONTREAL

PAGES FROM THE MOTHERHOUSE DIARY

Sunday, July 1, 1945

Yesterday, June 30, marked the elevation to the holy priesthood of a young Japanese member of the Congregation of the Clerics of St. Viator, Rev. Father Alphonse G. Murata, and the conferring of the order of the subdiaconate on another Religious of the same nationality, Rev. Brother Marie Alphonse Masuda, O. P. The impressive ceremony was held at the Montreal Deaf and Mute Institute, and His Excellency Most Rev. J. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, was the officiating minister of the Church.

This particularly beautiful ceremony, a re-enactment of the divine institution in the Cenacle, was continued in our chapel this morning and filled our hearts with holy joy and sweet hope at the thought of the apostolic mission the newly-ordained priest will be called upon to fill in the evangelization of a country to which we, as missionaries, feel particularly drawn.

Rev. Father Murata said his first Mass in our chapel, assisted by his Provincial Superior, Rev. Father L. P. Fafard, and surrounded by several priests and Religious of his Congregation: the Rev. Fathers Lucien Page, Superior of the Deaf and Mute Institute; Anthime Paiement, Herve Gouger, Jean Jacques Raymond; and the Rev. Brothers R. A. Jalbert, N. Plante, de Gaspe, Fernand Emond, Emile Bayard, F. E. Cavanagh, Maurice Tougas, J. Arthur Cote and Gerard Lafontaine.

The following members of the clergy were also present: three Dominican Fathers: Rev. Father Paul Marie Laporte, Chaplain of the Japanese, and the Rev. Brothers Marie Alphonse Masuda and Aimon Marie; three Franciscan Fathers: Rev. Father Gabriel Marie Juchereau-Duchesnay, Military Chaplain, and the Rev. Brothers Juvenal Daoust and Jacques Leclerc, and Rev. Father A. Moreau, Chaplain at the Motherhouse.

In the nave, Dr. G. Hori and several representatives of the Japanese families established in our city took part in the pious and touching ceremony.

In an allocution delivered first in Japanese, then in English and French, Rev. Father Paul Marie Laporte, O. P., recalled how the priest's function is that of victim, and that such will be especially the role of the new minister Christ has commissioned to perpetuate His Sacrifice and spread His doctrine among a people still in great part plunged in the darkness of paganism.

After the example of the immolated Christ, by his prayer and sufferings will this new apostle save souls, souls of his beloved countrymen and kinsmen who are awaiting the word of life and truth. In prayerful union with him, making ours his sacrifice, we shall cooperate in his apostolate, above all among those of his compatriots whom Divine Providence has directed to our city, that, once won over to God, they may be zealous apostles and increase the great family of Holy Mother Church.

After Holy Mass the new priest, accompanied by the members of the clergy present, went to the community room to speak a few words to the



PRIESTS AND RELIGIOUS PRESENT AT THE FIRST MASS OF REV. FATHER A. G. MURATA, C. S. V., IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MOTHERHOUSE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. FRONT ROW: REV. FATHER L. P. FAFARD, SUP. PROV. OF THE CLERICS OF ST. VIATOR; REV. FATHER A. MURATA, C. S. V., NEWLY-ORDAINED PRIEST; VERY REV. MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUP. GEN. OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; REV. BROTHER M. A. MASUDA, O. P. IN THE REAR (CENTRE), REV. FATHER P. M. LAPORTE, O. P., CHAPLAIN OF THE JAPANESE.



REV. FATHER A. G. MURATA, C. S. V., WITH A FEW COMPATRIOTS PRESENT AT HIS FIRST MASS. TO THE LEFT, SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (LUCIENNE RENAUD, MONTREAL); TO THE RIGHT, SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

gathering and give one of his first priestly blessings. Rev. Father Murata pleasantly recalled how he had found his vocation in our little Kagoshima Convent, Japan, where he once served as altar boy. He requested our prayers, "for," said he, "if the priesthood is an honor, it is a burden as well." Fervently we shall implore the Holy Spirit and Our Immaculate Mother to shower graces and blessings on this young laborer in the Lord's harvest, that his ministry may be fertile in abundant fruits of salvation and conversion.

Breakfast over, priests, religious and laymen gathered in the reception hall, where friendly artists executed several piano and singing selections. The programme was very well rendered and enjoyed by all present.

Sincere thanks to all who helped to organize this modest musical entertainment and thus gave encouragement to the Montreal Japanese Work!

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A MISSIONARY BISHOP VISITS US

Friday, July 6

For several days back we had been expecting a visit from His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, O. M. I., Bishop of Les Cayes, Haiti, and we hoped the zealous missionary would entertain us on the religious situation in his diocese, where some of our Sisters have been laboring these last two years.

Our hopes and desires were fully realized today. Bishop Collignon, who honored us by being our guest since yesterday evening, said Mass in our chapel this morning.

Gazing at the white lilies abloom on the altar and lifting their perfumed cups to Heaven while the worthy prelate offered the Holy Sacrifice, we thought of the words of Our Lord: "Consider the lilies . . ." And we reflected: Lilies and missionaries, what a happy similitude! Like the blossom symbolical of purity, the missionary expects everything from Providence, the monetary help that ensures his own upkeep and the maintenance of his works, and the blessed dew of grace that fecundates his apostolate as he seeks, through charity and zeal, to spread the sweet odor of Christ on earth.

Striking coincidence — in his interesting talk to the Community, the distinguished visitor spoke on God's prodigality to those of His missionaries who trustingly rely on His providential care. "We must never be afraid when we are working for God," said he. "God blesses the Mission; we give and we receive." In proof of this statement, he related several touching incidents that have happened in his own diocese. Then he added: "But God, with blessings, sends also trials. Without trials there is no harvest." And here again the relation of several personal experiences corroborated his assertion.

"*Charity, If You Please* is among the most beautiful of works," continued His Excellency, "but it calls for sacrifice and devotedness. Thirteen thousand dressings have been given at the *Charity* Dispensary since your Sisters came

two years ago. To bend over poor lepers and dress their gaping sores in torrid heat, not once, but thirteen thousand times in less than two years, surely calls for a good amount of self-denial and privation!"

Before leaving, the revered pastor spoke lengthily in praise of the good work that has already been and is at present being done for *Charity* so dear to his heart, since it brings comfort and solace to the most miserable and suffering of his fold.

May the paternal blessing then granted by His Excellency draw divine graces upon us and help us in sanctifying our missionary life, for the greater good of the souls to whom it is wholly dedicated!

Mrs. Chu Explains

Mrs. Chu lives on a small farm ten miles from the Maryknoll Fushun mission center in Manchukuo. She is a sturdy, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant smile. All seasons find Mrs. Chu trudging to Sunday Mass.

As soon as she reaches the church, she slips into a place on the women's side of the aisle and opens a book. She cannot read, so the book aroused the pastor's curiosity. One Sunday he asked to see it.

Mrs. Chu handed him a paper cover containing much-thumbed blank sheets — red, white, yellow, purple, green, and blue.

"How do you use this prayer book?" questioned the missionary.

"Well, I will tell the *Shen Fu* about some of the prayers. I look at the red sheet and think of joy. Red is the color of joy in our country. It is also the color of fire. I think of the joy I'd lose if I went to eternal fire.

"White is purity. I must keep my children pure, so they will never lose their baptismal innocence.

"Yellow and purple and green are like the sunset over the hills behind my farm. Sunset is a beautiful gateway at the end of the road. One day I shall pass through the gate.

"Blue is heaven, beyond the gate. When I get to this sheet, I just stop and look at Our Lord in the Tabernacle. He looks back at me. Then, *Shen Fu*, I don't need the prayer book anymore."

MARYKNOLL

THE CAUSE OF FATHER DAMIEN

The cause of beatification of Father Damien, heroic leper priest and apostle of Molokai, is progressing in Rome. The Reverend Procurator General of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart has been charged with the publication of the saintly missionary's writings, which total over one thousand pages.

Father Damien's native Belgian village, Tremoloo, has escaped the ravages of the European conflict. The world-famed apostle's relics, his chalice included, have been preserved intact. It is also stated that his tomb in the Sacred Heart Fathers' Louvain Monastery has not suffered any damages.

May Holy Mother Church place the halo of the Blessed on the brow of her illustrious son, and soon give him rank with the canonized Saints of God!



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Tuesday, May 1

Aptly indeed has the fairest month of all the year been dedicated to the fairest Lady of Heaven and earth, our dear Blessed Mother! What May special are we planning in her honor this year? That remains the personal secret of each one of us, but it goes without saying that we have to give Mary something very special each day of her consecrated thirty-one. The miraculous apparitions of Fatima, about which we are now reading at the refectory, have been, so to say, a fitting prelude to this blessed Mary-month. Our devotion to the Heavenly Queen's Immaculate Heart has found therein food for pious and loving meditations, and the discreet virtues of the three little shepherd-seers have not failed to impart deep impressions and inspirations.

It being Sister Superior's feastday — postponed from Holy Week — we enjoyed a first-class holiday.

Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants joined in a fervent offering of prayers for the intentions dear to Sister Superior. May Our Blessed Lord and Our Immaculate Mother realize our fond wishes for her happiness.

Saturday, May 12

Another joyful date! Dear Mother Superior General and Mother St. Marie Madeleine spent the day at the novitiate. True, important duties requested their attention all day long, but it was enough to know them in our midst. Before leaving this evening, our beloved visitors managed to give us the pleasure of a brief family gathering. Once again the perennially favorite "mission theme" was discussed. As always, their short visit brought joy, and its remembrance will remain to stimulate our zeal and generosity.

Pentecost Sunday, May 20

Three days of silence and retreat were given us, according to the beautiful custom of our Community, to prepare for this great solemnity. We also made the novena exercises with Holy Mother Church, and had very special recourse to Our Lady of the Cenacle, as once the humble fishermen of olden Galilee.

The jovial sun, a retreatant behind thick clouds all these last days, peeped out this morning to join in the universal homage of creation to the Holy Spirit of God. Did it not tell us in its own way that the light, heat and vitality it brought to earth were but symbols of that spiritual transformation the Holy Spirit would fain operate in our souls, if only we opened them to His marvellous influence?

We had the joy of welcoming two missionaries of the Quebec Foreign Mission Society, recently repatriated from the Philippine Islands, which added still more to the apostolic seal of the solemnity. Rev. Father E. Jasmin said the first Mass, and Rev. Father J. Geoffroy sang a second one. In the forenoon, the latter cordially granted us the pleasure of a mission talk. He stressed certain angles of the painful situation prevailing in mission territories as a sad result of several years of warfare. We also learned that our little Community of Manila is valiantly bearing up under the strain. The Sisters have remained at their posts, the better to be able to begin fresh works on the ruins of those already established at the price of untold labor and privation.

Grateful thanks to the veteran apostle, who has promised us another talk on internment life.

A little pilgrimage was organized in the evening to the grave of our venerated Mother Foundress. How joyfully must she not have celebrated in the splendors of Heaven this feast so dear to her apostolic heart!

Thursday, May 24

Pious hymns opened our day, for it brought the Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians. The traditional holiday had to be forgone this once on account of pressing work calling all hands. Willing workers hied to the garden for a good day of raking and hoeing. All in all, where there's a will there's a way of uprooting the most stubborn of unwanted weeds. Rakes and picks and hoes gave original concerts all unaware of their discordant notes, while pious refrains to Our Lady or gentle Aves rose above the din, a little more harmonious, perhaps.

Friday, May 25

Tuesday, May 22, our Community had the sorrow of losing dear Sister St. Mathilde (Honorine Gaudry, Montreal), who was called to God in the nineteenth year of her religious life.

According to her fellow Sisters, perfection in all things seems to have been the characteristic of the regretted deceased, and that, even in the face of death, going to God as she did with childlike confidence and trust worthy of a faithful Bride of Christ.

After Requiem High Mass sung in the Motherhouse chapel this morning, her mortal remains were laid to rest in our secluded cemetery. Dear Mother General, a few Sisters from the Motherhouse and several members of her family accompanied her, as also the personnel of the novitiate.

For the last time we gazed on her calm features; then the priest recited the usual prayers, after which we sang the *Salve Regina*.

Friday, June 1

Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, had the kindness of coming to say Mass in our chapel on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his ordination. To the Holy Sacrifice offered in thanksgiving we added the singing of pious hymns, to thank God with the worthy jubilant for the signal graces bestowed upon him these last twenty-five years. And by virtue of the same divine offering, we implored Our Lord and the Immaculate Queen of Heaven to bless our prayerful wishes for other milestones as favored with heavenly blessings and fruitful in apostolic works.

Following Holy Mass we gathered in the reception hall, where Monsignor came to address us a few words of edification on the exalted dignity of the priesthood. He then granted all his paternal blessing along with a glad holiday.

Sunday, June 3

Solemnity of Corpus Christi. A day of triumph for the Divine King of our altars. Everywhere, corteges of honor accompanied the Good Master who went about among His own, blessing families, homes and harvests. We had the happiness of sharing the pious worship of the parishioners of St. Christophe on this day of faith in and love of the Sacramental Lord of all.

The procession set out towards ten o'clock, passing by Levesque and Taschereau Boulevards and returning by St. Hubert Street. About half way, Jesus took for a

few moments possession of the throne prepared for Him, a beautiful repository altar erected beneath a canopy of verdure where white hangings, flowers and lights blended in sweet harmony.

Flags and banners waved in the light breeze all along the way, while from the several groups arose hymns to the Blessed Eucharist and the Aves of the Rosary to Mary. The impressive ceremony was closed at church by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Love and thanks for this ineffable mystery — a God become our Food, the permanent Guest of our altars and hearts!

Thursday, June 7

Ideal weather permitted a second manifestation in honor of the Sacred Eucharistic Presence. This afternoon was held the customary procession in which took part the personnel of the Foreign Mission Seminary, the Reverend Antonian Sisters and our Community. Singing choice selections or scattering the love-blossoms of our Marian Rosary, we escorted the Divine Master, who went about doing good and shedding blessings on our little earthly domain.

After a short halt at the repository erected in front of our convent, the pious throng returned to the starting point to assist at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Seminary chapel.

Tuesday, June 12

Since June 1 we had been awaiting a favorable day — favorable under every aspect — to take the holiday kindly given us by Msgr. Larochelle on his last visit. However, we really haven't lost anything by waiting. Early this morning, the joyful bell called us to make merry all day long. Our dear Superiors afforded us the pleasure of a much-appreciated outdoor dinner in the thicket. Joy beamed on every face; laughter and pleasant chats seasoned the day's tasks everyone. A holiday always does good!



St. Margaret of Cortona once exclaimed in a transport of love: "Oh, that I had as many hearts and tears as there are stars in the heavens, leaves upon trees, drops of water in the ocean, to love, praise and adore my Creator!" She heard Our Lord answering her: "Rejoice, O My daughter, because through even one Mass heard in a spirit of true devotion, you can render Me all the glory you wish and infinitely more."

Rev. Father Didon, O. P.

* * *

Woe unto us if we be not apostles! We must be saving the souls of others even while we have so much to do for our own. The Gospel is a law of love, and the Christian life is a life of prayer; as the Apostle tells us, we must make intercession for all sorts of men.

Father Faber



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp	\$ 25.00
Vigil Light or candle	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> 10 cents each. 75 cents for a novena. \$ 2.00 for a month. 20.00 for a year. </div> </div>



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

A few days ago I happened to pass by the public park of a large city. I saw a group of boys playing together and suddenly grew interested, so I stopped to look and listen. There were five of them, ranging from seven to thirteen. It wasn't long before I knew the little life story of each and everyone.

Larry, the oldest, slight of build and blond, is the son of a prominent business man. He began his academic course last year, and will leave for the seminary as a boarder in a few days. He doesn't seem to relish the idea one bit. I heard him telling his chums he dislikes having anybody order him about and put the brakes on his wild whims and fancies. He kept pouting over his father's ambition to have him undertake a long course of studies. Larry dreams of a little easy, carefree life without too many hardships and trials, without efforts to be done and fights to put up for the right.

"Dad's got money," he tried to cheer himself up. "He gives me all I want. I'll surely change his way of seeing things. He won't send me to college."

"Won't send you to college!" broke in a comrade whose name was George. "Oh, Larry, that would be a shame!"

"A shame! Why, old man?"

"Because you're very fortunate if you can get a good education."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Studying's no fun."

Dear boys and girls, poor Larry surely deserves to be pitied. The easy, flowered path he wants to follow leads—do you know where? To unhappiness both in this life and in the next. Let's hope and pray he will meet a teacher who can get real friendly with him and win his heart. Then that teacher will be able to help him get his ideas straight, and make him understand that the only true road to happiness is sacrifice, generous fighting against his pet failings and willing obedience to the call of duty in big and little things, every minute of the day.

George is the same age as Larry. But that's about the only thing they have in common. George is dark-haired and his eyes look straight at you, solemn and serious. He belongs to a model family and has several brothers and sisters. Their father was killed in an accident two years ago. The family had never been wealthy and, since his father's sudden passing, the dear lad has found out what it means to be poor. His beloved mother cannot bring herself to take him from school because, although he is very young yet, he has already let her in on a wonderful secret. George wants to be

Jesus' priest when he grows up! The poor widow could not bear to see him turn down the divine call for want of means, so proud and happy is she that one of her little family seems to have been chosen by God. But money is very scarce in their home. She has to cut down on ever so many things so George can keep up at the seminary. The manly boy tries to help his mother along. He becomes an all-round errand boy during vacations and, in between classes and lessons during the school year, he's always ready and willing to be the grocer's helpboy. "Keep smiling just the same!" seems to be his watchword. He's a merry chap and never gets tired trying to make others happy and gay and good, too. I smiled for joy when I noticed



The other three crowded around him and drank in his every word.

how the other three, who were younger than George, crowded around him and drank in his every word. No sissy, that George! He wasn't afraid to tell them it's better to get all the gang laughing at you than to disobey your mother, or do some action you wouldn't like your mother to know about.

Dear little friends, George surely deserves our warm praise, doesn't he! I thought how lovingly God must look down upon him and bless him. George is a regular fellow, which is only right after all, but he helps his chums keep good and even become better. Louis, Paul and Leo, who were sharing Larry's and George's games and fun, certainly did not know what lucky boys they were, having a comrade like George. I, their great friend, thanked God with my whole heart in their place.

Now school is opening again, and there will be small boys and girls who will begin class. May you all, dear children, be in their regard apostles of good and virtue! Some of you think it's terribly hard. No, it's easy, very easy. There's just one thing you must do. Guess!"

"Preach, I suppose?"

"Oh no!"

"Tell your mates all their little and big failings so they'll try to correct them?"

"Wrong again!"

"Well, tell them they did something wrong?"

No, dear boys and girls, nothing of that. It's much easier and less likely to hurt than all the things you have named. You have only to — to give good example. Jimmie can say his prayers with folded hands and kneeling straight. Mary can take out her big textbook with a pleasant smile. Harry

will take in the wood with a smile as broad as the young lady's just mentioned. Thus Jimmie will preach piety, Mary will preach obedience, and Harry will show others how they can be helpful and devoted. Don't you think that's the safest way of preaching for every schoolboy and schoolgirl?

But let's return to George "and company" we left in the park. I'd like to tell you about Louis, Paul and Leo. You know only their names so far. The three belong to well-to-do families and have stately homes near the park. I gathered that they had enjoyed only smiles in their young lives. Their mothers do spoil them, but they never forget to teach them to pray and make sacrifices for the salvation of sinners and poor pagans. Let's steal softly behind the three and listen to their chat with George. Larry has lazily strolled away.

"You know, George," begins chubby Leo, "I make many big sacrifices."

"Yes? Tell us, please."

"Sometimes I don't feel like playing with the baby and I play just the same."

"Come on, you call that a sacrifice, playing with your little sister?" teases George.

"Yes, it's a big one sometimes."

"Why?"

"Because,—well, girls don't like *our* games, do they, boys?"

"Oh, girls have such queer tastes!" breaks in Paul. "Imagine! I've a cousin my age who still sleeps with her doll."

Louis puts in his word:

"I try all kinds of boys' games with Lucy. She doesn't care a pin about them."

George laughed till he had to hold his sides. He knew girls. There were three of them at home. Many a time he had to give up to Miss Joan or Miss Martha or Miss Ella.

"Just the same, girls are not the only ones who have queer ideas. Roy and Ed want their own way too, sometimes, and I have to make big sacrifices to settle matters once more."

"Oh, you, George, you always give in to the others. Lucky brothers and sisters you have!" declares Leo.

"Yes, lucky!" adds Paul.

"Oh, guess I'm lucky, too. It's great to feel the others are happy. But—say, boys, I better be off. Ma said to be back by four o'clock. So long!"

Light-hearted and smiling, the lad scampered off, his three pals following. Soon I had lost sight of them, because of the thick hedges fringing the alleys.

Then I walked off too, thinking of you, dear children. I asked Our Immaculate Mother to help you copy George's pleasant ways and manners, and be like him joy-bringers at home, in school, on the playground, everywhere.

May the best of all mothers bless your new school year and show you how to become apostles of good and of virtue and go about spreading God's beautiful sunshine in souls. Be joyful!

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favors Obtained.

Lively gratitude for a favor obtained. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.**—A thousand thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for the cure of my little son. Mrs. P. P., **Huberdeau.**—Thanks for favors received. A Child of Mary, **St. Agathe.**—I heartily thank Our Lady of the Holy Rosary for the successful outcome of an operation. A subscriber.—I thank Our Blessed Mother for a special favor concerning my son. Mrs. U. V., **Ville Emard.**—Grateful thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for a cure. M. E. L., **Montreal East.**—I wish to thank our dear Heavenly Mother for favors she has granted me in the past and request prayers for success in examinations. A subscriber.—Sincere thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a great favor I have been granted. Mrs. J. A., **Montreal.**—Lively thanks to Our Blessed Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary, for a favor received. A Child of Mary, **St. Alexandre.**—Lively thanks for favor received. Mrs. J. C., **St. Theodore d'Acton.**—Homage of thanksgiving to Mary for favors granted. Mrs. E. St. C., **Montreal.**—Grateful thanks for graces attributed to Our Heavenly Mother. Miss Y. S., **Montreal.**—Thanks for protection granted my daughter-in-law. Mrs. A. S.—Gratitude towards the Immaculate Conception for favors I have been granted. Mrs. M. T. R.—Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. D. N., **Montreal.**—Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. A. L., **Montreal.**—Homage of gratitude for a favor received. F. F. B.—I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection. Mrs. N. P.—My husband has gone back to work; please help me to thank the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. O. P.—Thanks for a favor received. A. H.—Thanks for graces received. Mrs. Z. C.—Thanks for a favor attributed to the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. M. A. P.—Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mrs. B. M.—Lively gratitude for a favor I have been granted. F. C.—I wish to thank our dear Blessed Mother for a favor she has granted me. M.—I am fulfilling a promise in return for a favor received. L. C.—Many thanks for favors I have been granted. Mrs. A. D.—Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mrs. L. B.—Gratitude towards Our Blessed Mother for a cure. Mrs. O. T., **Sorel.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a cure. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.**—Thanks to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament for a cure obtained. A. P., **Westmount.**—Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Anthony for a favor received. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.**—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Rita for favors received. Mr. G. L., **Salem, Mass.**—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for a cure obtained. A subscriber, Mrs. H. D., **Pont Viau.**—Thanks to St. Joseph. Y. B.—Lively gratitude towards Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a grace received through their intercession. Mrs. E. D., **Jonquiere.**—Heartfelt gratitude towards St. Joseph for a favor received. Mrs. A. C.—Thanks to St. Anthony and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Mrs. L. G., **Montreal.**—Sincere thanks to St. Joseph for a cure. I request the protection of this great Saint for my family. Mrs. A. G., **St. Ambroise de Kildare.**



The respect for all women rises and falls with the veneration of the Virgin Mother of God. The extraordinary elevation of Christian mothers and daughters through Mary, is in sharp contrast to the degradation of female dignity as it existed in pagan times, a degradation to which a so-called modern world under the guise of freedom, with false concepts of marriage and motherhood, would once more revert. Although Mary, the fairest of all God's creatures, now reigns gloriously in heaven, the Queen of the Angels and Saints, the memory of her earthly simplicity and charm still lingers on in this vale of tears.

Rev. Father A. E. Tennant, Trans-Canada Catholic Broadcast

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"

Will you kindly make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for improvement in my health, and that I will get the house I want. M. C.— Would you kindly pray for my son that he will get over his crying spells and also that my husband will be successful in his undertakings. Mrs. E. J. C.— Will you please make a novena for my husband and myself who are very nervous because of the war, and for my daughter who has poor eyes and health for my son. Mrs. K., Montreal.— If I obtain a cure from diabetes, I would give my medicine money to the missions. Mrs. C., Montreal.— Please ask Our Immaculate Mother to settle a very important decision for me. B. P., Montreal.— Once again I am coming to you for your help in your pious prayers for a very special intention. Mrs. R. A. S., Montreal.— Will you please make a novena so that my husband and I will get along well together, and for other intentions. Mrs. R., Montreal.— I want you to pray for my daughter who is very nervous. Please pray for another intention of mine. Mrs. J. H., Montreal.— I am praying to Our Blessed Mother for

my health and other intentions. I have such great confidence in her that she will grant me what I ask. Mrs. M., Douglastown, Gaspe.— Please say a prayer that my husband may get relief from asthma and heart condition. Mrs. O'B.— I am asking you to pray to the Blessed Virgin for me that I would have good health. Mrs. J. R., Barry's Bay, Ont.— Will you please say a prayer that my son will come safe from overseas. Mrs. F. B., Cornwall, Ont.— Will you be kind enough to pray with me for a favor. Mrs. M. L., Cornwall, Ont.— Will you kindly say a prayer for a very special intention of mine, and also one for my brother overseas who had previously left the church and as far as I know has not returned to it. Miss P., Alberta.— O Immaculate Virgin Mary, pray for me for a very special intention. Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me.— Please pray for my poor boy and also for several other intentions. Mrs. J. B., Fort Kent, Me.— I wish to have a novena intention placed at Mary's shrine, that God in His mercy may grant that I may be restored to health without an operation, if it be His holy will. Mrs. E. D., Otter River, Mass.— Please help me pray to obtain a great grace. Mrs. G. F., New York 3, N. Y.— May I ask your kind prayers for several favors. Mrs. J. MacD., Union City, New Jersey.— I am requesting my cure. Mrs. A. T., St. Catherine.— Will you please pray that my son will get a better position. Mrs. L., Montreal.— Health for my son. Mrs. C. B., Putnam, Conn.— Special prayers are requested. E. B., Point St. Charles.— Health for my husband. Mrs. U. B., Putnam, Conn.— May Our Immaculate Mother hear my prayers. Mrs. A. P., Villeray.— A novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is requested for the cure of my husband from a heart ailment. Mrs. D.S., Maple Grove.— Special spiritual and temporal graces are requested. A subscriber.— Please help me pray for a spiritual favor I stand in need of. R. B.— Please help me pray that Our Blessed Mother will protect five young girls and that they will have great confidence in her. I also recommend dear relatives to your prayers. Anonymous.— A complete cure. Mrs. M. P.— Please pray that my son will give up drinking. Anonymous.— Will you please offer special prayers for the settlement of an important matter. B. L.— I am requesting a cure from goitre; my only hope lies in prayer. C. D.— Would you kindly pray that I may get a good position with a reasonable salary. M. D. McK.— I need a favor. A subscriber, St. Sebastien.— My mother's cure. Miss M. L.— Please pray for me. Anonymous.— Please pray that I will be cured. Mrs. F. G.— I need your special prayers for a very important intention. M. V. L.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

A favor is requested through the intercession of our kind Heavenly Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Anonymous.— I am asking Our Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph to cure me and give good health to my husband. Mrs. P.— A very special intention for five of my relatives. A subscriber.— Please pray to St. Therese for a person who is ill. An afflicted mother.— A novena is requested in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the return of peace to a family. Anonymous.— Intentions recommended to St. Therese of Lisieux: spiritual graces; a good Christian home for two persons; three conversions; success in an undertaking; the return of a young man from overseas; health for a person and for myself. Anonymous.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 4; vocations, 2; cures, 21; positions, 2; special intentions, 24.



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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.