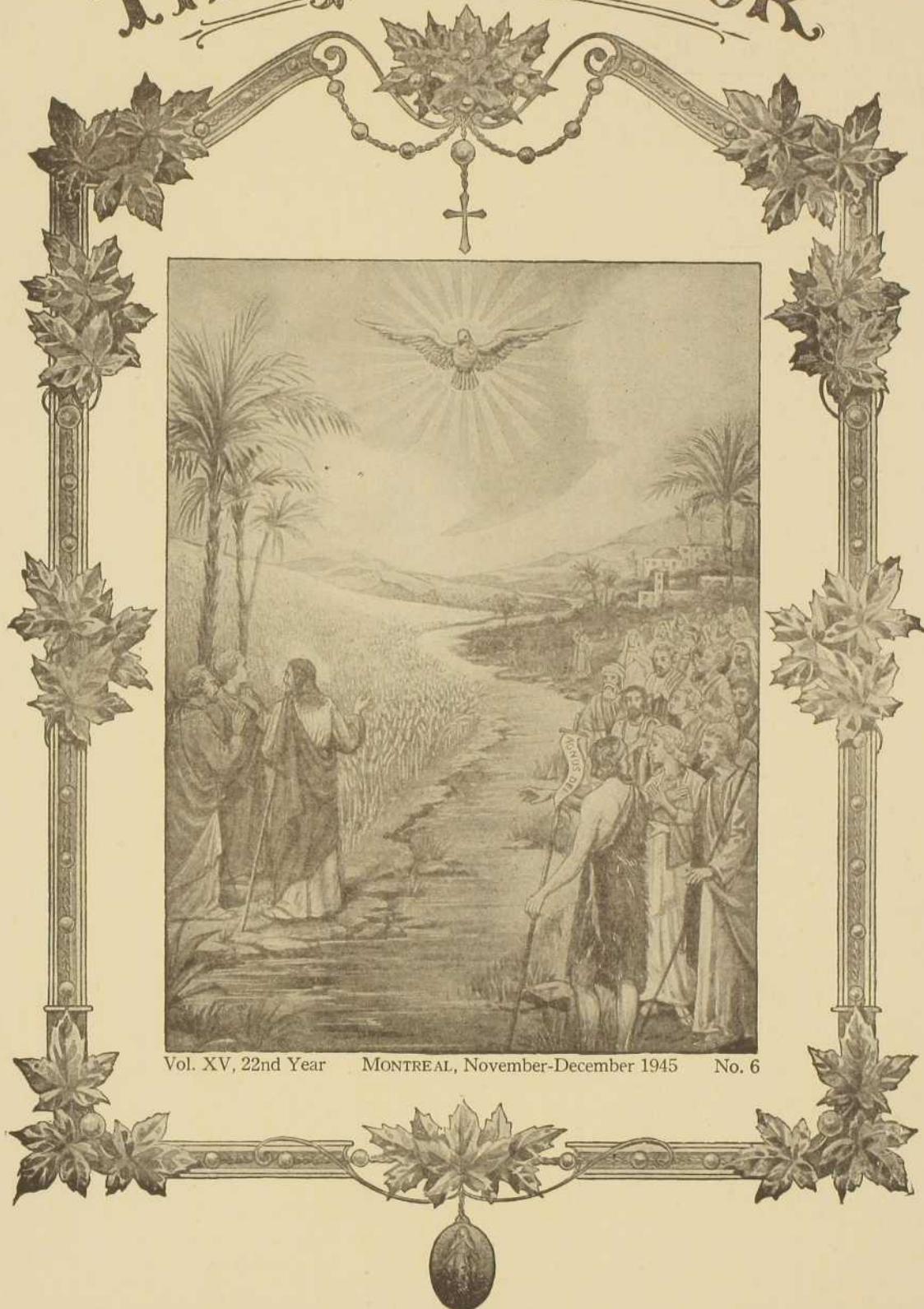


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 22nd Year

MONTRÉAL, November-December 1945

No. 6

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 Lagachetiere St. West, Montreal 1.

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918)

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

NOMININGUE, Que. (Bethany, Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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

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

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

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St. (Founded in 1919)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles.

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

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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

(Continued on page 3 of cover)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A large variety of banners and canopies are made in our workroom.
Description and prices given on request.

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

WAX INFANTS

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

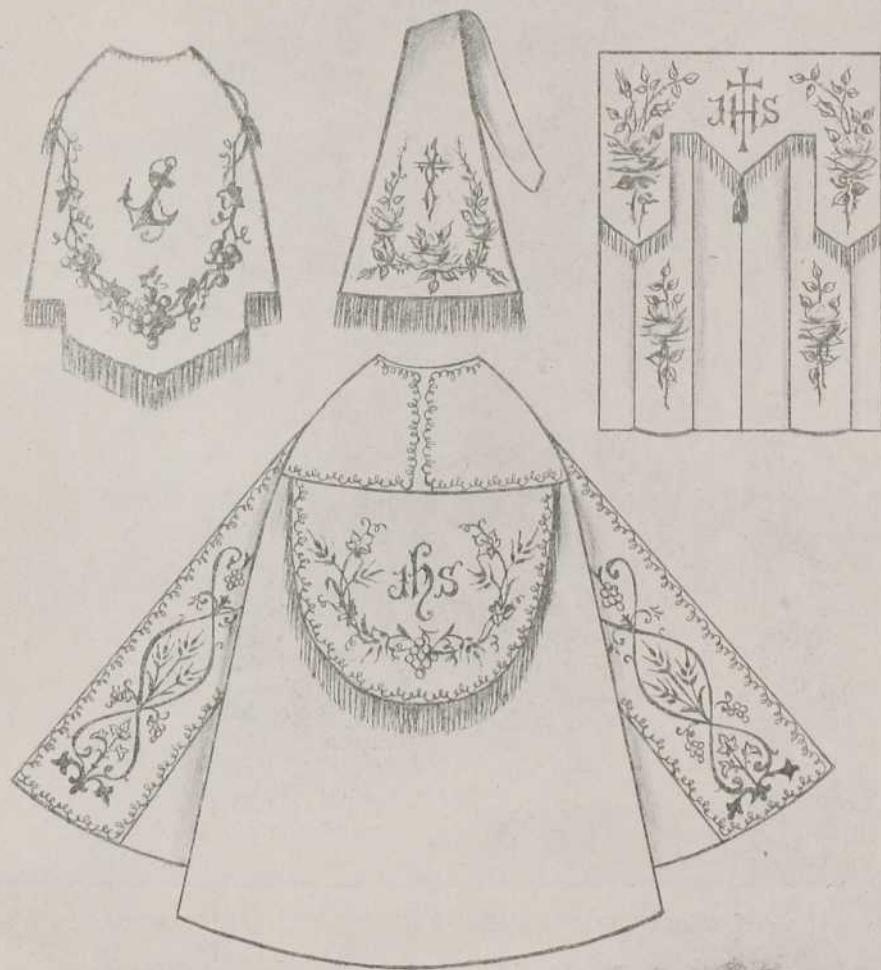
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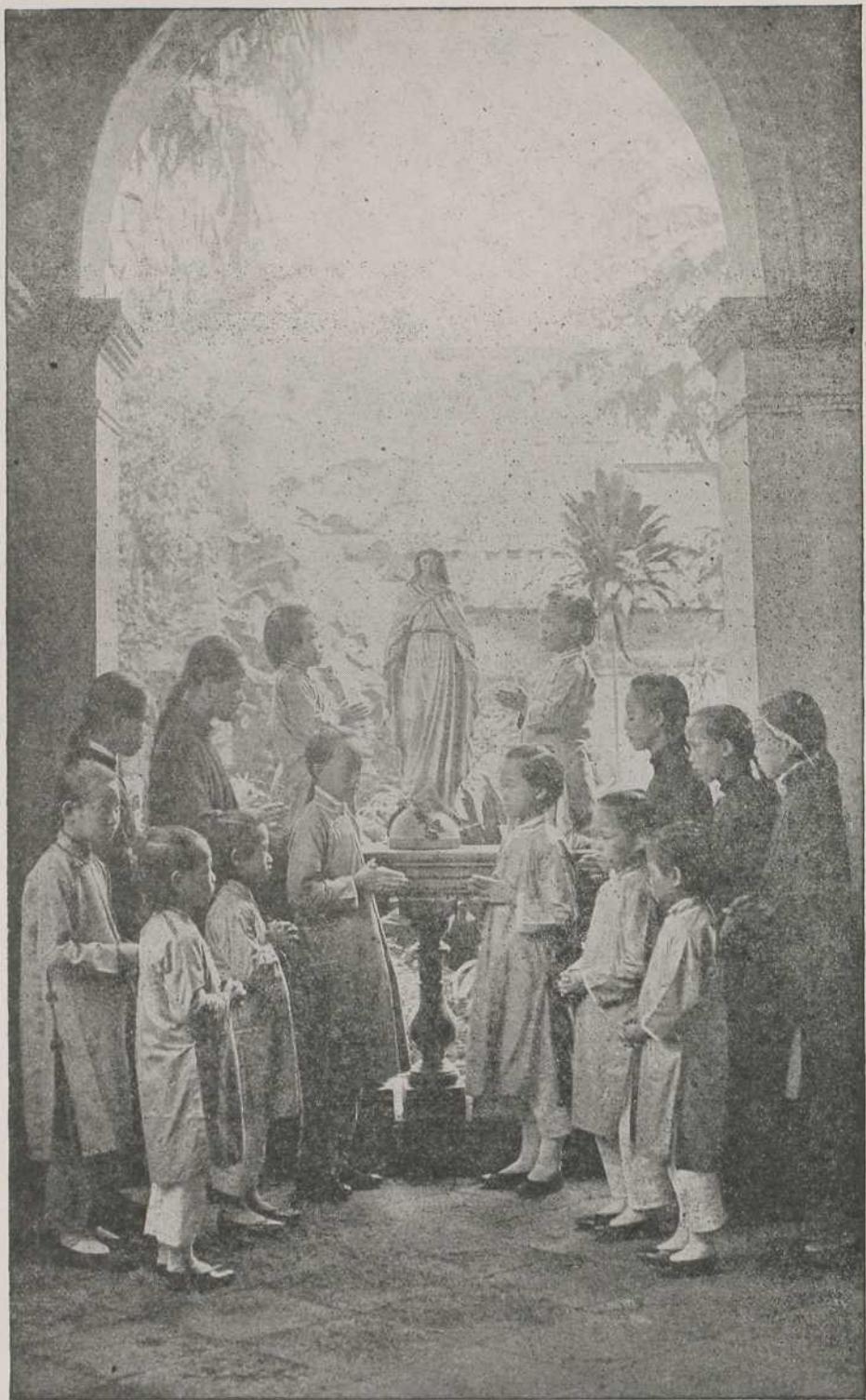
Sales tax is 2% in the Province of Quebec and 4% in the City of Montreal. Sales to churches excepted.

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

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

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST





O IMMACULATE MOTHER PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XV, 23rd Year

MONTRAL, November-December 1945

No. 6

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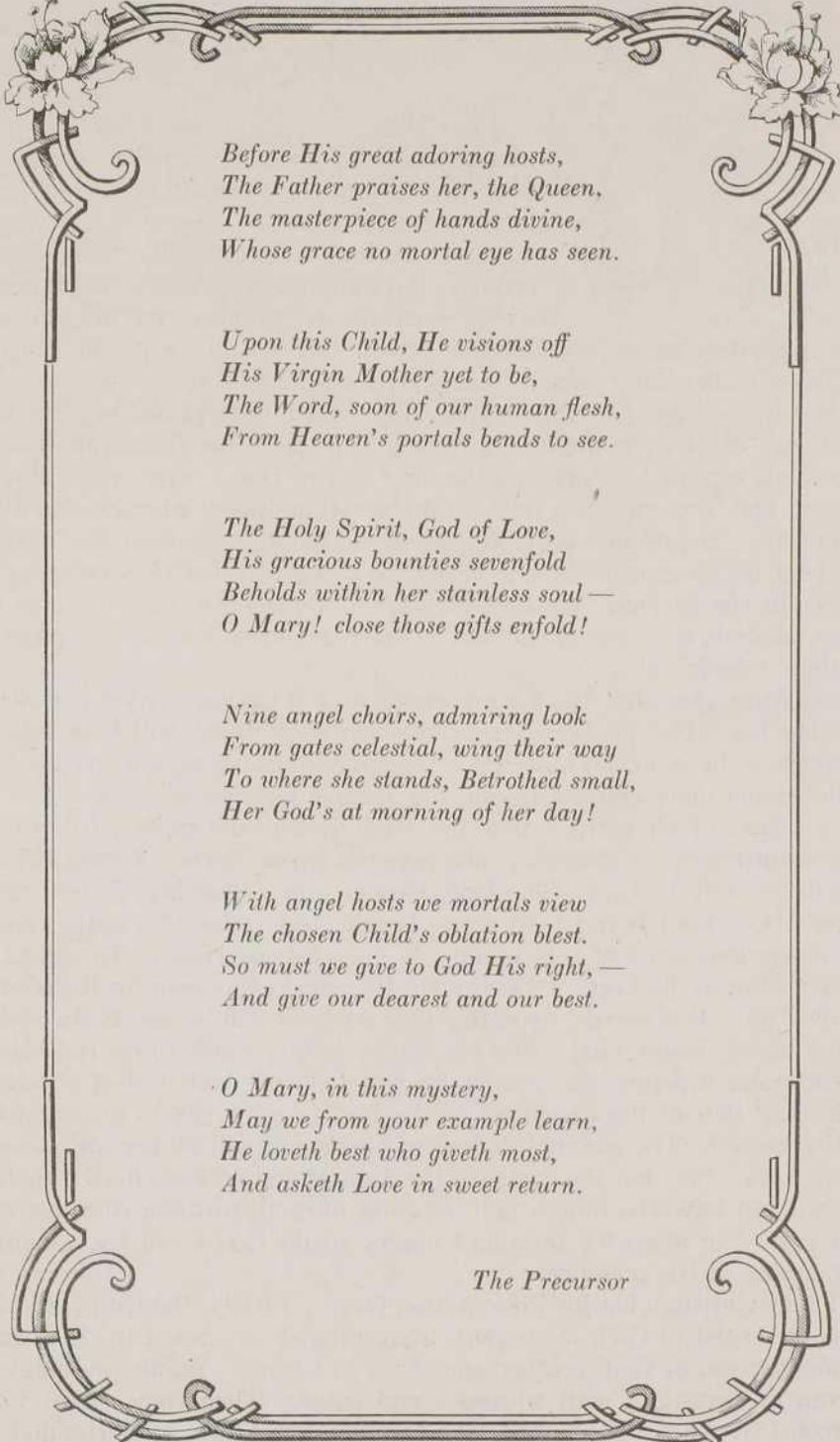
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Presentation of Mary

*'Tis come, the Consecration Day
For which the Child-Betrothed sighed!
Ascends she now the Temple stairs,
Of God the fair elected Bride!*

*Meseems from Heaven's courts of bliss
The Angels and the Trinity
Gaze down with love ineffable
Upon this gem of purity.*



*Before His great adoring hosts,
The Father praises her, the Queen,
The masterpiece of hands divine,
Whose grace no mortal eye has seen.*

*Upon this Child, He visions off
His Virgin Mother yet to be,
The Word, soon of our human flesh,
From Heaven's portals bents to see.*

*The Holy Spirit, God of Love,
His gracious bounties sevenfold
Beholds within her stainless soul —
O Mary! close those gifts enfold!*

*Nine angel choirs, admiring look
From gates celestial, wing their way
To where she stands, Betrothed small,
Her God's at morning of her day!*

*With angel hosts we mortals view
The chosen Child's oblation blest.
So must we give to God His right, —
And give our dearest and our best.*

*O Mary, in this mystery,
May we from your example learn,
He loveth best who giveth most,
And asketh Love in sweet return.*

The Precursor



Presentation of Mary

ORD, I am Thine!" As so many others down the centuries, Mary vowed her spotless self to the Spouse of Virgins on the day of her Presentation in His Temple.

To every soul there come, by divine decree, ordinary days and great occasions of solemnity.

We offer ourselves to God every morning to serve Him as He deserves to be served that present day. God accepts our oblation and gives us our daily bread — our daily measure of grace.

But special days dawn when grace flows down unrestrainedly. The very floodgates of Heaven are thrown open. Grace rushes downward like an impetuous torrent that delights the holy city of God. The soul is thrilled through and through. She feels within herself undreamt-of ardor, fortitude, generosity. She would be God's as never before; she feels the urge to proclaim her longing wish; she yearns to consecrate herself wholly to the service of the Master. Our consecration, our pledge to God on days like those, extends over our entire life. God remembers forever our promises on those solemn days.

See Mary ascending the Temple stairs, love of God gently yet irresistibly drawing her. She gives herself whole-heartedly. God will have integral offerings. She brings to that action the strength of her reason and the light of her immaculate grace. Taking the Temple as witness — for a Jew the most sacred of all oaths — and the High Priest, the most authoritative representative of the Almighty, she presents, gives, devotes herself entirely and irrevocably to God. The Holy Gospel, when speaking of the Presentation of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Temple, has a word that aptly signifies the mysterious sense of this action. "They carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord." Such is the liturgical expression for the offering of a victim. It is carried upon the altar where it will be sacrificed. Mary places herself before God. She remains standing, ready to do His behest. Already she whispers the words she will tell the Archangel-Ambassador Gabriel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." The accomplishment of God's will will be her life, her sole occupation. For that she comes to the Temple and encloses herself therein. She will not have the tumult and the cares of earth turn her from her only function. She longs for time and liberty to do God's will by remaining perpetually in His presence.

Every Christian has his Presentation Days. Firstly, Baptism Day when he is presented to God, made pure from original sin, raised to the dignity of adopted son of God, brother and sister to Christ — public presentation, solemn presentation, with witnesses and oaths. Then comes First Communion Day when, for the first love embrace, the hearts of Christ and the Christian meet at the altar rail. O adorable meeting, exquisite union!

How beautiful, on this day of days, the conversation of the Christian with his God! What he promises in that august moment is of incalculable import. The direction of his whole life, the graces he will be granted until death, often depend on the protestations of love and devotedness he then addresses his Savior. Sometimes only twenty and forty years later will he learn how well Jesus listens and how faithful He is.

Outside of these two solemn occasions, the soul has her great days of grace. God chooses them for us, and He suddenly takes possession of our soul; His very presence is a feast. One word from Him and we are beside ourselves with joy, and that word remains as a beacon to light our way to Him. Oh, how humble we must be then, how attentive and faithful! How generously we must have learned to say the Blessed Virgin's *Ecce ancilla Domini!* Then it is especially that we must be filled with her sentiments of mind and heart, as she presented her pure little self to the God of Love in the Temple of Jerusalem.

REV. FATHER PERDRAU

Brought to God Through the Miraculous Medal

About a year ago, in a parish of the city of Montreal, a lady said to be Protestant lay dying. Once a Catholic, she had given up the practice of her religion and obstinately refused to be reconciled with God.

A priest had attempted all that his zeal could suggest, but to no avail. Seeing her about to appear before God in this state, he recommended her to the charity of the Directress of one of the parish schools, and asked that the children offer fervent prayers for her soul.

Earnest supplications were immediately wafted heavenward to obtain the grace desired from the dear Mediatrix of All Graces.

That very evening, the Directress felt urged to do yet more for the all-but-lost soul. She called on a friend and invited her to visit the dying woman, which she intended doing herself. The proposition was accepted, and the two apostles, breathing a fervent prayer, directed their steps towards the indicated house. Nervously they rang the doorbell. English-speaking ladies answered their call. While one of the visitors chatted with the latter, the other managed to draw near the dying lady. Carefully she slipped the Miraculous Medal she had brought under the pillow; then she spoke about God, about His love and tender mercy. Oh joy! the poor patient offered no resistance.

A nurse and a dependable person were then asked for the night vigil. Three Protestants withdrew and four Catholics replaced them. Mary was working her miracle. The priest was called for and reconciled the dear soul with her God, after which he gave her Extreme Unction, applied the indulgences of a happy death and exhorted her to confidence. Then the prayers for the agonizing were begun. "Depart, O Christian soul . . ." At these words, the newly-converted soul peacefully soared to God, while the dying lips were pressed to the crucifix.

It was a few minutes past midnight. The Blessed Virgin, who had wrought the conversion of this soul, had come for her during the beautiful Rosary month, to place her, we fondly hope, among the Blessed of Heaven.

God be praised and Mary exalted for this exquisite favor! And may the unworthy instruments that have served in this happy transformation be fortified in their faith, in their love for and confidence in the Queen of Heaven!

F. D. and M. A. R.

The Holy Father's Feastday Broadcast

(Continued)

PIUS XI THE LEADER

N those critical years, joining the alert vigilance of a pastor to the long suffering patience of a father, Our Great Predecessor, Pius XI, fulfilled his mission as Supreme Pontiff with intrepid courage. But when, after he had tried all means of persuasion in vain, he saw himself clearly faced with deliberate violations of a solemn pact, with a religious persecution masked or open, but always rigorously organized, he proclaimed to the world on Passion Sunday, 1937, in his Encyclical "Mit Brennender Sorge," what National Socialism really was: the arrogant apostasy from Jesus Christ, the denial of His doctrine and of His work of redemption, the cult of violence, the idolatry of race and blood, the overthrow of human liberty and dignity.

VIGOROUS WORDS

Like a clarion call that sounds the alarm, the Papal document with its vigorous terms — too vigorous, thought more than one at the time — startled the minds and hearts of men. Many — even beyond the frontiers of Germany — who up to then had closed their eyes to the incompatibility of the National Socialist viewpoint with the teachings of Christ, had to recognize and confess their mistake. Many — but not all! some even among the faithful themselves, were too blinded by their prejudices or allured by political advantage. The evidence of the facts brought forward by Our Predecessor did not convince them, much less induce them to change their ways. Is it mere chance that some regions, which later suffered more from the National Socialist system, were precisely those where the encyclical "Mit Brennender Sorge" was less, or not at all, heeded? Would it then have been possible, by opportune and timely political action, to block once and for all the outbreak of brutal violence and to put the German people in the position to shake off the tentacles that were strangling it? Would it have been possible thus to have saved Europe and the world from this immense inundation of blood? Nobody would dare to give an unqualified judgment.

POSITION CLEAR

But in any case, nobody could accuse the Church of not having denounced and exposed in time the true nature of the National Socialist movement and the danger to which it exposed Christian civilization. "Whoever sets up race, or the people, or the State, or a particular form of State, or the depositaries of power, or any other fundamental value of the human community to be the supreme norm of all, even of religious values, and divinizes them to an idolatrous level, distorts and perverts an order of the world planned and created by God." (cfr. *Acta Apostolica Sedis, Volume XXIX, 1937, pages 149 and 171.*)

The radical opposition of the National Socialist State to the Catholic Church is summed up in this declaration of the Encyclical. When things had reached this point, the Church could not, without foregoing her mission, any longer refuse to take her stand before the whole world.

But by doing so, she became once again "a sign which shall be contradicted," (*Luke 2, 34*) in the presence of which contrasting opinions divided off into two opposed camps.

OPPOSITION GREW

German Catholics were, one may say, as one in recognizing that the Encyclical "Mit Brennender Sorge" had brought light, direction, consolation and comfort to all those who seriously meditated and conscientiously practised the religion of Christ. But the reaction of those who had been inculpated was inevitable, and in fact that

very year, 1937, was for the Catholic Church in Germany a year of indescribable bitterness and terrible outbreaks. The important political events which marked the two following years, and then the war, did not bring any attenuation in the hostility of National Socialism towards the Church, a hostility which was manifest up to these last months when National Socialists still flattered themselves with the idea that, once they had secured victory in arms, they could do away with the Church forever.

CONTINUED THE FIGHT

Authoritative and absolutely trustworthy witnesses kept Us informed of these plans. They unfolded themselves, actually in the reiterated and ever more intense activity against the Church in Austria, Alsace-Lorraine, and above all in those parts of Poland which had already been incorporated in the old Reich during the war: there everything was attacked and destroyed — that is, everything that could be reached by external violence.

Continuing the work of Our Predecessor, We Ourselves have during the war, and especially in Our radio messages, constantly set forth the demands and perennial laws of humanity and of the Christian Faith, in contrast with the ruinous and inexorable applications of National Socialist teachings which even went so far as to use the most exquisite scientific methods to torture or eliminate people who were often innocent.

KEPT HIGHER IDEALS

This was for Us the most opportune — and We might even say the only — efficacious way of proclaiming before the world the immutable principles of the moral law and of confirming, in the midst of so much error and violence, in the minds and hearts of German Catholics the higher ideals of truth and justice. And Our solicitude was not without its effect. Indeed We know that Our messages, and especially that of Christmas, 1942, despite every prohibition and obstacle, were studied in the diocesan clergy conferences in Germany and then expounded and explained to the Catholic population.

PROVIDENCE INTERVENED

If the rulers of Germany had decided to destroy the Catholic Church even in the old Reich, Providence had decided otherwise. The tribulations inflicted on the Church by National Socialism have been brought to an end through the sudden and tragic end of the persecution! From the prisons, concentration camps, and fortresses are now pouring out, together with the political prisoners, also the crowds of those, whether clergy or laymen, whose only crime was their fidelity to Christ and the faith of their fathers or the dauntless fulfilment of their duties as priests.

For them, We have prayed and have seized every opportunity, whenever the occasion offered, to send them a word of comfort and blessing from Our paternal heart. Indeed, the more the veils are drawn which up to now hid the sorrowful passion of the Church under the National Socialist regime, the more apparent becomes the strength, often steadfast unto death, of numberless Catholics, and the glorious share in that noble contest which belonged to the clergy.

STATISTICS INCOMPLETE

Although as yet not in possession of the complete statistics, We cannot refrain from recalling here, by way of example, some details from the abundant accounts which have reached Us from priests and laymen who were interned in the concentration camp of Dachau and were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus (*Acts five, 41*).

In the forefront, for the number and harshness of the treatment meted out to them, are the Polish priests. From 1940 to 1945, 2,800 Polish ecclesiastics and religious were imprisoned in that camp; among them was a Polish Auxiliary Bishop,

who died there of typhus. In April last, there were left only 816, all the others being dead, except for two or three transferred to another camp.

In the summer of 1942, 480 German-speaking ministers of religion were known to be gathered there; of these, 45 were Protestants, all the others Catholic priests. In spite of the continuous inflow of new internees, especially from some dioceses of Bavaria, the Rhineland and Westphalia, their number, as a result of the high rate of mortality, at the beginning of this year, did not surpass 350. Nor should We pass over in silence those belonging to occupied territories, Holland, Belgium, France (among whom the Bishop of Clermont), Luxembourg, Slovenia, Italy. Many of those priests and laymen endured indescribable sufferings for their faith and for their vocation.

In one case the hatred of the impious against Christ reached the point of parodying, on the person of an interned priest, with barbed wire, the scourging and the crowning with thorns of Our Redeemer.

IN REPARATION

The generous victims who during the 12 years since 1933 have in Germany sacrificed for Christ and His Church their possessions, their freedom, their lives, are raising their hands to God in expiatory sacrifice. May the Just Judge accept it in reparation for the many crimes against mankind, no less than against the present and future generation and especially against the unfortunate youth of Germany, and may He at last stay the arm of the exterminating angel.

With ever-increasing persistence National Socialism strove to denounce the Church as the enemy of the German people. The manifest injustice of the accusation would have deeply offended the sentiment of German Catholics and Our own, if it had come from other lips. But on the lips of such accusers, so far from being a grievance, the accusation is the clearest and most honorable testimony to the strong, incessant opposition maintained by the Church to such disastrous doctrines and methods, in the interest of true civilization and of the German people. To that people We offer the wish that, freed now from the error which plunged it into chaos, it may find again its own salvation at the pure fountains of true peace and true happiness, at the fountains of truth, humility and charity flowing with the Church from the Heart of Christ.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

A hard-learned lesson surely, that of these past years! God grant at least that it may have been understood, and be profitable to other nations.

"Receive instruction, you that judge the earth!" (*Psalm 11, 10*).

That is the most ardent wish of all who sincerely love mankind. For mankind, now the victim of an impious process of exhaustion, of cynical disregard for the life and rights of men, has but one aspiration: to lead a tranquil and pacific life in dignity and honest toil. And to this purpose it hopes that an end will be put to that insolence with which the family and the domestic hearth have been abused and profaned during the war years.

GRAVE PERIL

For that insolence cries to Heaven and has evolved into one of the gravest perils not only for religion and morality, but also for harmonious relations between men. It has, above all, created those mobs of dispossessed, disillusioned, disappointed and hopeless men who are going to swell the ranks of revolution and disorder, in the pay of tyranny no less despotic than those for whose overthrow men planned.

The nations, and notably the medium and small nations, claim the right to take their destinies into their own hands. They can be led to assume, with their full and willing consent, in the interest of common progress, obligations which will modify their sovereign rights.

ASSERT THEIR RIGHTS

But after having sustained their share — their large share — of suffering in order to overthrow a system of brutal violence, they are entitled to refuse to accept a new political or cultural system which is decisively rejected by the great majority of their people. They maintain, and with reason, that the primary task of the peace-framers is to put an end to the criminal war game and to safeguard vital rights and mutual obligations as between the great and small, powerful and weak.

Deep in their hearts the peoples feel that their rule would be discredited if they did not succeed in supplanting the mad folly of the rule of violence by the victory of the right.

BASIC GOOD WILL

The thought of a new peace organization is inspired — nobody could doubt it — by the most sincere and loyal goodwill. The whole of mankind follows the progress of this noble enterprise with anxious interest. What a bitter disillusionment it would be if it were to fail, if so many years of suffering and self sacrifice were to be made vain, by permitting again to prevail that spirit of oppression from which the world hoped to see itself at last freed once and for all!

Poor world, to which then might be applied the words of Christ: "Its new state is become worse than that from which it has with such labor extricated itself." (*Luke 11, 24-26.*)

The present political and social situation suggests these words of warning to us. We have had, alas, to deplore in more than one region the murder of priests, deportations of civilians, the killing of citizens without trial or in personal vendeta. No less sad is the news that has reached us from Slovenia and Croatia.

STILL HAS CONFIDENCE

But we will not lose heart. The speeches made by competent and responsible men in the course of the last few weeks make it clear that they are aiming at the triumph of right, not merely as a political goal but even more as a moral duty.

Accordingly We confidently issue an ardent appeal for prayer to our sons and daughters of the whole world. May it reach all those who recognize in God the Beloved Father of all men created to His image and likeness, to all who know that in the breast of Christ there beats a Divine Heart rich in mercy, deep and inexhaustible fountain of all good and all love, of all peace and all reconciliation.

LONG ROAD TO PEACE

From the cessation of hostilities to true and genuine peace, as We warned not long ago, the road will be long and arduous, too long for the pent-up aspiration of mankind starving for order and calm. But it is inevitable that it should be so. It is even perhaps better thus. It is essential that the tempest of over-excited passions be first let subside: "*Motos præstat componere fluctus*" (*Virgil, Aeneid 1, 135.*)

It is essential that the hate, the diffidence, the stimuli of an extreme nationalism should give way to the growth of wise counsels, the flowering of peaceful designs, to serenity in the interchange of views and to mutual brotherly comprehension.

CALL ON HOLY SPIRIT

May the Holy Spirit, Light of Intellects, Gentle Ruler of Hearts, deign to hear the prayers of His Church and guide in their arduous work those who in accordance with their mandate are striving sincerely despite obstacles and contradictions to reach the goal so universally, so ardently desired: peace, a peace worthy of the name; a peace built and consolidated in sincerity and loyalty, in justice and reality; a peace of loyal and resolute force to overcome or preclude those economic and social conditions which might, as they did in the past, easily lead to new conflicts; a peace that can be approved by all right-minded men of every people and every

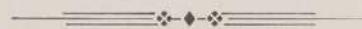
nation; a peace which future generations may regard gratefully as the happy outcome of a sad period; a peace that may stand out in the centuries as a resolute advance in the affirmation of human dignity and of ordered liberty; a peace that may be like the Magna Charta which closed the dark age of violence; a peace that under the merciful guidance of God may let us so pass through temporal prosperity that we may not lose eternal happiness (*cfr. Collect Third Sunday after Pentecost.*)

PLEA FOR VICTIMS

But before reaching this peace it still remains true that millions of men at their own fireside or in battle, in prison or in exile must still drink their bitter chalice. How We long to see the end of their sufferings and anguish, the realization of their hopes! For them, too, and for all mankind that suffers with them and in them may Our humble and ardent prayer ascend to Almighty God.

Meanwhile, Venerable Brethren, We are immensely comforted by the thought that you share Our anxieties, Our prayers, Our hopes; and that throughout the world Bishops, priests, and faithful are joining their supplications to Ours in the great chorus of the Universal Church.

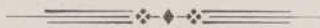
In testimony of Our deep gratitude and as a pledge of infinite mercies and divine favors, with sincere affection We impart to you, to them, to all who join Us in desiring and working for peace, Our Apostolic Benediction.



Peace!

Blessed be God! The roar of cannons has been stilled from East to West, and the Allied Nations have won the long-coveted victory.

Yes, let us render thanks to the Lord God, for this peace so dearly purchased! To our thanksgiving let us add fraternal prayers for so many dear ones who have lost their lives on the field of battle, for so many human beings, victims of treacherous bombing raids, and prematurely launched into their eternity. May our pious supplications obtain, moreover, that, in accordance with the wish of our Holy Father the Pope, nations will assure solid and durable bases to this peace, by repressing their evil inclinations and conforming their conduct to the divine principles of faith, charity and justice taught by Christianity.

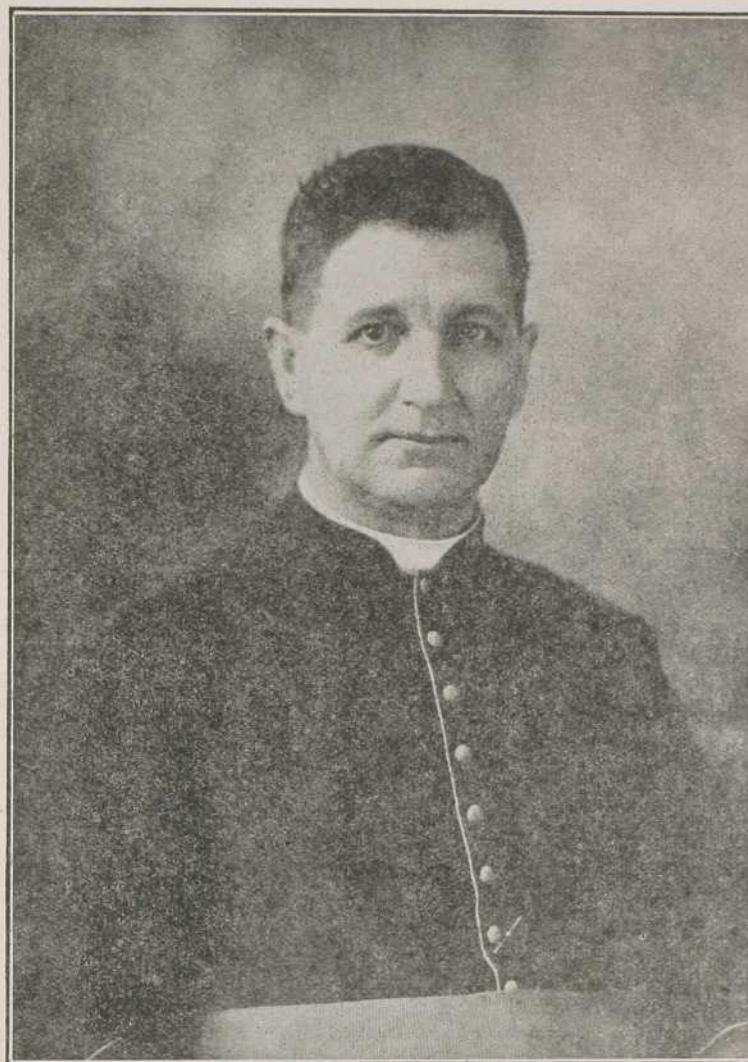


Peril of Communism

We warn once more against materialistic and atheistic Communism, which now personifies in the world all the unleashed forces against the Church and against the moral values of which she has the care, namely: human dignity and christian liberty.

Governments and simple citizens alike have the very grave obligation of checking amongst us communistic infiltrations under whatever external appearance they present themselves. Otherwise they are preparing for our dear country, for which so many of our sons offer each day their life and their future, the worst disorders and calamities. It seems to us at least comforting that even outside the Catholic circles a part of public opinion is on guard against this kind of danger of international dictatorship of which our country, moreover, is not alone in being subject to the hidden attacks.

Extract from STATEMENT BY CANADIAN HIERARCHY, 1945



His Excellency Most Rev. A. O. Comtois

*4th Bishop of the Diocese of Three Rivers,
who passed away suddenly on August 26.*

On the grave of the regretted Pastor who has just been called to God, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception wish to lay the humble tribute of their deep gratitude, and of their filial and fervent prayers.

The revered Prelate always showed paternal interest to their Community, and was particularly lavish in delicate attentions towards their Sisters of Three Rivers. The remembrance of his kindnesses will be faithfully kept in their Institute.

Our Missionaries Leave for Haiti and Vancouver



AST September 9, eight of our missionary Sisters left for their field of apostolate in the Carribbeans. Assigned to the mission of Les Cayes, Haiti, were Sister Marie Rose (Cecile Pilon, Montreal), Sister Jean Theophane (Berthe Guay, Compton), and Sister St. Jean Bosco (Angela Desilets, Montreal); to the mission of Les Coteaux: Sister St. Germaine Cousin (Marie Anne Legris, Montreal) and Sister St. Sylvère (Clara Leblanc, St. Sylvère, Nicolet Co.); Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre (Germaine Lefrancois, Longueuil), Sister St. Alphonse de Ligouri (Simonne Leboeuf, Fortierville), and Sister St. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philippe, Laprairie Co.), together with two Sisters already in Haiti, will open a new mission at Roche-a-Bateau, in the same diocese of Les Cayes.

The usual departure ceremony took place in the chapel of the Motherhouse on the same day. Rev. Father G. Guay, Pastor of Bury, P. Q., and brother to one of our departing Sisters, gave an appropriate sermon, taking as text the words of Genesis: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall shew thee."

These words of God to Abraham have been spoken ages ago, but the Almighty has repeated them in the course of time to countless of His creatures. Today's ceremony may be taken as a proof to point. You also, dear Sisters, have heard the same gentle, mysterious voice whispering to your hearts: "Leave thy family, thy father, thy mother, thy brothers and sisters, and go into the land which I shall show thee." Jesus it was who thus addressed you, the same Divine Master who declares in the Gospel that whoever prefers unto Him father, mother, brothers and sisters, is not worthy of Him. This land where Jesus beckoned you to follow Him was firstly the cradle of your religious life, the blessed abode where you received your religious training. You have been privileged to be led in the ways of holiness by your revered Foundress herself, the regretted Mother Marie du St. Esprit. Although materially absent, she lives on among you in the spirit of her who has succeeded to her charge. During five, fifteen, perhaps twenty years, you have lived, prayed and labored in this blessed solitude, whence you are going forth today as ardent apostolic workers. Then came the day when the voice of God, heard through your Superiors, called you to go and spend yourselves on far-off mission fields, and in the spirit of Our Lady you have answered: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

I need not, dear Sisters, extol before you the missionary ideal. You have been pursuing it all during your religious life. Allow me to congratulate you, and to remind the faithful present at this ceremony that you are missionaries *for the whole world*. Father Charles de Foucauld delighted to add to his signature these words: *Priest for the whole world*. You also are missionaries for the whole world. Your charity flows from the Divine Heart of Jesus and reaches out to souls everywhere. Your missionary horizon is not limited to such and such a country. Your apostolate knows no bounds, and, if need be, you will go even to the ends of the earth. How precious to the Lord is your generous sacrifice, consoling Him as it does for the thoughtlessness of those whom the Gospel calls foolish virgins. You, dear Sisters, are wise virgins, whose lamp is kept trimmed for the arrival of the Bridegroom.

Dear parents, I understand that today's parting is no ordinary parting, but I would not have you consider it as a break with your dear ones. To console you in your sadness, think of the heroic Machabees' mother, spoken of in Holy Writ. The tyrant thought to daunt her courage by having her last-born brought, bleeding and torn, in her sight. But the courageous woman, drawing near her martyred son, exclaimed: "I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth and all that is in them; and consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also: So thou shalt not fear this tormentor, but being made a worthy partner with thy brethren, receive death, that in that mercy I may receive thee again with thy breth-



MISSIONARIES WHO DEPARTED FOR HAITI, SEPTEMBER 9, 1945

Front Row: SISTER ST. GERMAINE COUSIN (MARIE ANNE LEGRIS, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE ROSE (CECILE PILON, MONTREAL), SISTER ST. GERMAIN D'AUXERRE (GERMAINE LEFRANCOIS, LONGUEUIL).
Back Row: SISTER ST. RITA (RITA LEGRAND, ST. PHILIPPE, LAPRAIRIE CO.), SISTER ST. SYLVERE (CLARA LEBLANC, ST. SYLVERE, NICOLET CO.), SISTER ST. ALPHONSE DE LIGUORI (SIMONE LEBOEUF, FORTIERVILLE), SISTER JEAN THEOPHANE (BERTHE GUAY, COMPTON, P. Q.), AND SISTER ST. JEAN BOSCO (ANGELA DESILETS, MONTREAL).

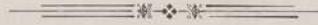
ren." You are fervent Christians, mothers who are here present, and if you share in your children's holocaust, you will also share in their reward.

May Mary Immaculate be your shield of protection, dear missionary Sisters. May St. Therese of the Child Jesus guide you, and may you be helped in your apostolic labors by Blessed Martin de Porres, one of Haiti's heavenly protectors. Follow the Divine Master of the harvest. He will assist you, and when your arms will be laden with sheaves too heavy for your weakness to bear, He Himself will welcome you into mansions eternal.

At 9.50 P. M., our dear travellers left Montreal on the Washington-Miami-bound train. From Miami, they will fly to Haiti in two groups, September 13 and 14.

* * *

On August 21, Sister St. Remi (Josephine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ont.) and Sister Marie de Lourdes (Irene Champagne, Montreal) left for St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver, where our missionary Sisters are calling for more helpers in their consoling apostolate.



Every soul is purchased by the Blood of Jesus Christ and the purchase price fixes its worth.

Cardinal Manning

Missionary Exhibition at St. Boniface, Manitoba



QUESTIONABLY one of the grandest apostolic manifestations ever held in Canada was the Missionary Exhibition of St. Boniface, Manitoba, from June 24 to July 1, organized to commemorate the centenary of the arrival of the Oblate Fathers in the Canadian West.

It was indeed a favorable occasion to extol the worth of the heroic pioneers of the Gospel in the Western provinces, the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, for not only

had numerous ecclesiastical dignitaries, archbishops and bishops assembled from all parts of Canada, but a sympathetic and enthusiastic throng of the faithful had gathered as well, to hear the impressive recital of their valorous deeds and exploits.

The grand commemorative and apostolic manifestation was opened by Pontifical High Mass, of which His Excellency Most Rev. O. Julien, W. F., Vicar Apostolic of Nyassa, was the celebrant. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, His Excellency Most Rev. G. Cabana, Coadjutor Archbishop of St. Boniface, blessed the thirty booths erected in the College halls.

In the course of the evening, the Reverend Jesuit Fathers inaugurated the series of conferences and missionary representations that were given every evening of the week.

The following day was especially dedicated to the priests of the Foreign Missions. His Excellency Most Rev. A. Turquetil, O. M. I., Titular Bishop of Ptolemais, celebrated Holy Mass.

June 30 was the children's day, and the evening session was presided over by His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, O. M. I., Archbishop of Quebec, who enhanced by his presence the never-to-be-forgotten feasts of the Centenary.

His Eminence pontificated on the morrow, July 1, at the closing Mass said in the open. His Excellency Most Rev. A. Comtois delivered an appropriate sermon in French, and His Excellency Most Rev. W. M. Duke, Archbishop of Vancouver, spoke in English.

In the afternoon, His Eminence presided at the ceremony of the unveiling of a monument to the Most Rev. A. Tache, O. M. I., second Archbishop of St. Boniface.

While recalling the remembrance, the virtues and the sufferings of the first apostles of the Canadian West, the Missionary Exhibition of St. Boniface will certainly have contributed to the extension of the Kingdom of God, by making more widely known the needs of mission lands, and the moral distress which is to this day the lot of so many of earth's millions. It has also stressed pagan customs and manners, and exhibited artistic works done in mission lands. Information has been given by the various religious Communities regarding their accomplishments for the spreading of the

Gospel, thus revealing the untiring zeal and intrepid devotedness of so many of our compatriots for the salvation of pagan souls.

May this apostolic week be, according to the desire of the venerated Coadjutor Archbishop of St. Boniface, the starting point of numerous missionary, priestly and religious vocations! May all learn from it the obligation incumbent upon every baptized Christian to labor, in his social position and in accordance with his means, at the evangelization of the countries white unto the harvest!



Study Sessions at Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, Granby

WARDS of 125 propagators of the closed retreat movement were present at study sessions held June 17 last, at Mary Mediatrix House, Granby, operated by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The organization, due to the apostolic initiative of Rev. Father L. P. Breton, director of the Work, proved a success in every way.

His Excellency Most Rev. A. Douville, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, who had graciously accepted to preside over the sessions of the day, having been unable to do so, had appointed Rev. Father L. Fortin, Rector of the Cathedral, to replace him.

As early as half-past nine, in spite of overhanging and threatening clouds, propagators of closed retreats arrived from even the remotest parishes. The little convent chapel, beautifully decked with springtime blossoms, was soon filled to capacity with ladies and misses. How happy they felt on living over in the dwelling of the Immaculate the sweet intimacies of their closed retreat!

Ten o'clock Mass was followed by a fraternal reunion. It was pleasant indeed to find oneself again in that warm atmosphere of cordiality that augured so well for the subsequent study sessions!

At eleven o'clock, the propagators formed committees in order to discuss the proposed theme: *The Closed Retreat and the Christian Life*. Under the presidency of Miss Benoite Bonin, St. Hyacinthe, the various opinions on the questions suggested were discussed.

All the persons present were then invited to partake of the luncheon graciously offered by their devoted hostesses, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. This proved the longed-for occasion to renew friendships and acquaintances already made in previous retreats. The happiness of those blessed days was recalled with enthusiasm, and all determined to return again to follow the holy exercises and to do recruiting work among friends and fellow parishioners.

The hour of merry chatting was followed by the visit of the house, where each one had the pleasure of seeing once again the cosy little white bedroom, where noble aspirations had arisen to the Author of all good. The crucifix



ON THE OCCASION OF THE STUDY SESSIONS FOR THE GRANBY RETREATANTS.
JUNE 17, 1945.

of the conference hall was then piously visited by the former retreatants. Had not that crucified Jesus seen them at His feet, sorrowful and resolved to serve Him with their whole heart in the future?

The Organization of the Closed Retreat in the Parish was the theme of the afternoon session. Rev. Father L. Fortin offset the vast amount of good which closed retreats do for well-disposed souls. The Reverend Pastors and Curates present likewise gave their advice in the matter, and the general opinion was to the effect that all ladies and girls should follow the exercises of a closed retreat at their earliest convenience.

The all-too-short hours were closed in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. And when every brow bent beneath the blessing of the Sacramental Lord, grateful thanks for the graces obtained were lovingly wafted heavenward.

May the pious wishes expressed in the sessions be fully realized: that the closed retreat movement be given ever greater publicity; that souls find therein peace, happiness, and the fortitude they need to be winners in the battle of life!

May we, humble retreatants, be allowed to address to Rev. Father L. P. Breton, organizer of the study sessions, the expression of our gratitude for the joy he granted us in giving us the occasion to meet beneath the blessed roof of Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, and for the good we have derived from the counsels and suggestions given during the reunions.

To the Reverend Pastors and Curates who, by their presence, have encouraged our works, we also offer our sincere thanks.

To the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, in return for their cordial hospitality, we wish an ever increasing number of retreatants. In their attractive convent they will be able to relish the sweetness of recollection, and experience the goodness of God for all who trust in His mercy.

A FORMER RETREATANT

Catholic Action Theoretical and Practical

The priest is the official minister of the Church. His duty it is, and his privilege, to defend and propagate the revealed truth. But the Christian enters through Baptism in God's royal family which is the Church. It consistently follows that Holy Mother Church's interests must become his, that he must help her triumph over her enemies, that he must seek to extend her kingdom of truth and charity to the furthest confines of the globe. Do you know of any human society that would keep within its bounds members who refused to do anything for the attaining of its proposed aim, and, moreover, seized upon every available means to hinder its progressive march? Such societies simply do not exist. And if such members were found, the administration office would not be long in expelling them or asking them to withdraw.

Yet the Church is a religious and divine society, at the same time visible and human. She is a perfect society. A hierarchy and members compose her body. Since she is spiritual and labors solely for the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ in all souls, she does not own as belonging to her those who refuse their tribute of submission and break with her by schism or heresy. She acknowledges as hers, however, many who spread the contagion of bad example and scandal on every side. She drags them somewhat as a rower who would tie a withered bough behind his boat. Lifeless wood that weighs heavily on the Church, but which she hopes will be vivified and restored to life by God's merciful grace.

Has she not the right to depend on the other faithful to help her reach her end — to sanctify all men and aid them to live as true sons of the Father in Heaven? The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, her Head. "But a body calls also for a multiplicity of members, which are linked together in such a way as to help one another. And as in our mortal composite being when one member suffers, all other members share its pain and the healthy members come to the assistance of those ailing: so in the Church the individual members do not live for themselves alone, but also help their fellows, and all work in mutual collaboration for their common comfort and for the more perfect building up of the whole body." (Pope Pius XII, *Mystici Corporis*)

That help requested by the Holy Father is also demanded by Christ from the members of His Mystical Body for the consummation of the work of the Redemption. Let us hear Pope Pius XII's demonstration of the fact in the same Encyclical Letter: "Dying on the cross, He left to His Church the immense treasury of the Redemption; towards this, she contributed nothing. But, when those graces come to be distributed, not only does He share this task of sanctification with His Church, but He wants it in a way to be due to her action. Deep mystery this, subject of inexhaustible meditation: That the salvation of many depends on the prayers and voluntary penances which the members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ offer for this intention and on the assistance of pastors of souls and of the faithful, especially of fathers and mothers of families, which they must offer to Our Divine Savior as if they were His associates."

From this doctrine of the Mystical Body to which belongs every member of the Church, is deduced for the faithful the obligation of doing their share in the triumph of the Church. "Her redemptive mission, in its manifold aspects, must be accomplished in partnership, and the responsibility of souls belongs to the hierarchy and the faithful alike. All must be concerned, and defections, whether from prominent or hidden members, have their weighty repercussion on the common enterprise. It is on the intelligent and disciplined devotedness of all that depends the furthering of the Kingdom of God — all Christians united to their leaders are its propagators. Everywhere the faithful must be a Christian, that is to say, a witness and an apostle of Christ. And this duty is a strict consequence of his Baptism and Confirmation." How many of our Catholics have lost sight of these truths and have by the very fact grown entirely indifferent to their role in the Church! They say they love God, yet

they will not so much as give a serious thought to the expansion of His reign. They pretend to love their neighbor, because they have compassion on his sorrow and distress, because they give alms to the poor who ask from them, but they remain blind to the needs of the soul, that must be helped on its way to Heaven. And yet, did not Pope Pius XI write to the episcopacy of Argentina: "Whoever really loves his neighbor cannot do less than desire his eternal salvation and strive to ensure it for him. Therein lies the foundation of all apostolate."

It behooves, therefore, that the faithful understand their obligations as members of Christ's Body, and assume their part in the achievement of the Redemption. Pope Pius XI urges them with deep solicitude: "It is absolutely necessary that in our day everyone be an apostle; it is absolutely necessary that the members of the laity remain no longer indolent, but that, in cooperation with the ecclesiastical hierarchy and docile to its orders, they take part in the sacred conflict, offering their prayers, sacrifices and active collaboration as powerful contributions towards the strengthening of the Faith in souls and the Christian amendment of morals." (*Letter to Cardinal Segura, November 6, 1929.*)

"Every Catholic ought to feel the need and the obligation of consecrating himself or at least of contributing to this labor of apostolate." (*Pope Pius XI to the President of the Central Committee of Catholic Action, Italy.*)

"Today all are in duty bound to bring their share of cooperation to the work of the hierarchy." (*Pope Pius XI to Catholic newspapermen of Italy.*)

"Whatever their age and social position, all the faithful are called to collaborate. Catholic Action must draw within its ranks and organize for the greater good of all, youth and adults of both sexes." (*Pope Pius XI*)

"At the present hour, Catholic Action is almost as indispensable as the priestly ministry. All must give it at least a minimum of contribution." (*Pope Pius XI*)

"Catholic Action is not only lawful and necessary; it is irreplaceable. (*Pope Pius XI*)

These texts — and we could cite tens of others — clearly express the Pope's mind. A Catholic worthy of his exalted name must not remain indifferent to the fate of the Church. Together with his religious heads, he is responsible for the reign of the True God.

"The task of conquest, which must seek through highways and deserts all the lost and straying sheep, is for all — not solely for the clergy and foreign mission volunteers. The work will progress inasmuch as each one will do his share in his own sphere, in his own immediate social circle he alone can reach. On the other hand, inasmuch as Christians remain self-centred and overlook this concern for their brothers' welfare, inasmuch will God's Kingdom abide fettered, not to say retrograde. There are apostasies and de-Christianizations for which the Church — we mean the faithful complacently enjoying their spiritual well-being and indifferent to the distress around them — will be held answerable; for Faith can flicker out in whole sections of the baptized world." (*Canon Glorieux*)

In concluding, we should like to make ours the wish expressed by Msgr. Landrieux in his article on the parish: "Let all those baptized Catholics, faint-hearted, hesitating, undecided, who make themselves little in order to pass unnoticed, who remain centred in self without concern for the affairs of the Church, agree to step out of the shade, and decide to show themselves for what they are, downright, sincere Catholics, in the broad daylight." Yes! and then will Mother Church be enabled to fulfill her mission in behalf of souls. Through Catholic Action will be wrought this miracle.

MSGR. ALBERT VALOIS,
Dir. Gen. of Catholic Action in the Archdiocese of Montreal.

Translated from *Semaine Religieuse de Montreal*.

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)

A few weeks prior to the opening of the house, Miss Montmarquet invited Miss May Johnson, who was then staying at St. Louis de Gonzague Academy, to follow her in her new home, without stating, however, the reason for this measure. The young lady finally accepted the proposition. On Tuesday, June 3, she accompanied Miss Lafircain to the modest dwelling at Cote des Neiges, where both began the initial works of installation. Miss Tetreault joined them there on the 4th, and Miss Montmarquet the following day.

On the 6th, which marked the Feast of the Sacred Heart that year, the blessing of Holy Mother Church was called upon the cradle of the first Canadian Missionary Community. Two humble shrines were set up in the afternoon in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Mother. Before these Miss Tetreault knelt with her companions in the evening to recite an act of consecration.

The following Sunday, the pious Directress wrote to His Excellency a brief account of their First Friday.

Your Excellency,

For a few days already, my companions and I have been staying at Notre Dame des Neiges. Rev. Father Bourassa said Mass for us Friday in the parish church. Later in the morning, our little house was blessed by the Pastor, Rev. Father L. Perreault.

As Your Excellency had expressed the intention of acquainting the worthy priest with our projects, Rev. Father Bourassa did not hesitate in confiding them, asking him, however, to keep them a secret.

It was on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, therefore, that the Work we are undertaking under the direction of Your Excellency was begun.

Will Your Excellency kindly grant a new blessing to the Work and to all who wish to dedicate themselves thereto.

The benevolent Archbishop's reply reached her a few days later:



CRADLE OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, COTE DES NEIGES

*Lachute, June 16, 1902,
On pastoral visitations.*

My dear child,

I received your letter just as I was about to leave for my pastoral visitations.

I feel happy over the good news you sent. You are now settled with your companions in a house that has been blessed to begin the Work that has been your lifelong dream. *Pax huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea.* I place you all under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. My wish is that everything be done by Him, and that you be His very docile instruments to achieve His glory and save souls.

All my moments will be taken up from now till my departure for Europe, but I hope to be able to see you at your house before leaving.

Today I bless you with all my heart.

† *Paul, Archbp. of Montreal.*

Shortly after, on June 26, the pioneer band had the joy of welcoming Miss Celina Montmarquet, sister to Miss Josephine Montmarquet, as a boarder in the new abode. The pious lady thereby wished to be the better able to help the infant Community monetarily, and give her personal services as singing and music teacher.

From random notes penned during the first months we learn that the nascent Institute was honored, on June 28, with the visit of its paternal Archbishop, His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, who showed much sympathy and solicitude. Two weeks later, on July 15, Rev. Father F. H. Lavallee also called upon the young Community. A devoted servant of Our Blessed Mother, this priest had already had relations with the Misses Tetreault and Montmarquet. He had not yet been acquainted, however, with their apostolic projects. Expressing his satisfaction, he foretold that the new foundation would be a success. The daily recitation of the Rosary as prescribed by the regulations of the Association would ensure, he asserted, its progress and development. It was then decided to add a Hail Mary to Grace after meals and to make a daily five-minute reading on the Blessed Virgin.

The apostolic nursery had the joy of welcoming Rev. Father Forbes, of the White Fathers, on July 19. He was at that time at the White Fathers' probation house in Quebec. He promised to encourage the Work in every way and to help in making it known in boarding schools for girls where he often went to give conferences.

A very encouraging letter came from Rev. Father A. M. Daignault, S. J., in mid-August. After several years spent in the African missions, the zealous apostle was then in England. It seems very probable that the sections where he labored for souls in Africa were the future "promised land" towards which the Foundress had intended to sail some time previously with Rev. Father Forbes.

Rev. Father Daignault stated in his letter how pleased he had been on learning she had begun the Work so dear to him. After several precious counsels, he ended thus: "Let me know about everything you do and about the trials God may send you. You know what interest I bear your soul and your Work."

To his New Year greetings a few months later, the devoted Father added:

I sincerely thank you for your kind letters and the annals I have just received. Needless to say, I have read them with the greatest interest. Now that the mustard seed has been cast in the ground, God will make it sprout and grow and yield fruits of salvation.

You must feel very happy about His Excellency's approbation of your humble foundation. Thank Our Lord with your whole heart.

I was very glad to learn that everything begins humbly and simply. Be ready to bear contradictions, difficulties, disappointments, and the cross under its various forms. But let all these be so many motives for ever increasing confidence in God. You and your companions must never entertain thoughts of discouragement or fear. Be united among yourselves by patient and active charity. Be strongly united with Our Lord and go forward, trusting in Divine Providence.

My dear child, you were asking for advice. I believe it would be better to consult your directors. They are near you and can speak with fuller knowledge of matters and with greater authority. I pray for you and your companions and for the success of the undertaking God has confided you. Such is my role. I never forget you in Holy Mass."

From the chronicler of the beginnings we also learn about the daily schedule observed in the young Community. For a few minor exceptions, it is in every way identical to that followed to this day in the Institute. The daily recitation of the fifteen decades of the Rosary, followed by the *Magnificat*, the Way of the Cross, the *Salve Regina*, all the spiritual exercises and other regulations are mostly observed even now at the same hours as in the beginning. We can see therefrom that the dear Mother had been granted the necessary initial enlightenment to found her Institute on bases that would foster its growth and development.

Mention is also made of the gratitude the Society must bear its benefactors, most devoted among whom was Rev. Father Bourassa.

Rev. Father Director, we read, is not only a spiritual, but a temporal benefactor as well of our little Society. Besides the spiritual assistance he gives it, he has already made several material donations which prove very practical and useful in the present conditions. He has a right, therefore, to the prayers addressed to God in a spirit of gratitude as long as our house shall subsist.

Doctor A. D. Aubry, who gratuitously offers his professional services to our sick, must also rank among our first benefactors.

Already could be perceived the extraordinary spirit of gratitude that would be one of the distinguishing characteristics of the future religious family.

In September of the same year, two Religious who had charge of colored children in South Carolina came to Canada with the hope of recruiting volunteers for their Community. Would they not find well-trained subjects at the little Cote des Neiges establishment? Such indeed was their expectation, and they earnestly requested that novices be prepared for their colored missions, to which the Directresses of the Work readily agreed. "The passage of these missionaries," quote the annals, "filled us with joy. They are the first to ask our services in behalf of the souls with which they are entrusted."

But if novices were to be furnished to the various missionary Communities, it behooved that pupils attend the apostolic school. Fervently they were implored from Heaven. On the first day of her own dedicated month, Our Lady of the Rosary led a first recruit to the blessed haven. The Holy Angels followed the example set by their Queen and directed a second member towards Mount Royal. Little by little, new aspirants sought the school for missionary training, and it was presently necessary to look for another lodging to house the growing colony.

It was at about the same time that Archbishop A. Langevin, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, came to the little apostolic home seeking aid for his missions of the Canadian West. Miss Tetreault had informed him of the proposed foundation a month previous to its erection, and the mission-minded Archbishop had answered in the following terms:

My dear Miss Tetreault,

Your letter of May 5 moved me deeply. I can see that our Canadian soil is always fertile in devotedness, and I have the consolation of receiving from you an offer that will prove most advantageous for a number of young people of this province.

The same spirit of God which directed the elite of Catholic France towards New France in the 17th and 18th centuries leads a few privileged souls to cast a look of compassion towards our new regions, where the education of youth is now of the greatest importance. You could never believe how encouraging is that thought, and what increasing faith it gives me in the future!

I shall see whether it is possible to find young girls with the conditions indicated, who are willing to go to Montreal.

We shall have to begin a Work here as well. But the idea of helping to found an apostolic nursery on the soil of Ville Marie pleases me more than I can tell. What would be the Church in the Northwest without Montreal?

Oh, let us pray that a divine virtue may issue forth from the adorable Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and be spread upon us at the request and merciful intercession of our Immaculate Mother, the Most Blessed Virgin.

I heartily bless you and your companions, and ask the charity of your prayers.

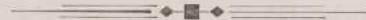
† Adelard, O. M. I.
Archbp. of St. Boniface.

Future services was all that the Directresses of the School could offer His Excellency Archbishop Langevin on his visit to Cote des Neiges in 1902. The subjects required for the foundation he bore in mind were still regretfully lacking.

Then came Christmas and New Year's, and the benevolent Archbishop wrote to present his seasonal greetings and wishes to Miss Tetreault.

The Archbishop of St. Boniface, he wrote, sends a choice blessing to Miss Tetreault and her companions, that the star of divine grace may lead them where the Good Master wishes, and that they be overwhelmed with graces of enlightenment and joy throughout 1903 and all their life. God grant that the star may tarry above my poor chapel-home of St. Boniface!

(To be continued)



The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

The Field at Home

Victor Immortal

"Peter, come join us and seek safety in flight," pleaded the Christians of Tchou-kia-sié-ou, about to leave for a safer refuge in T'ang-k'iou.

Peter shook his head. "No, my good friends, I will not flee with you, but will remain here. If the crown of martyrdom awaits me, then all the better."

One among the elders pressed him further.

"If the Boxers lay hands on you, it will not be half so bad, as they will cut down your head at a single stroke. But think it over, Peter; if you should fall in the wily mandarin's clutches, it will mean nothing less than torture, cruel and prolonged."

"That is what I have been dreaming of always." And so Peter had to be left behind when the refugees set out for T'ang-k'iou. The village was almost deserted. Empty houses everywhere and, sadder still, an empty church with Peter as sole guardian. The following day, pagan friends gathered about the brave Christian, determined to wean him from the religion which threatened to cost him his life. But Peter was adamant. Sadly his friends left him and reluctantly they went to report to the pagan Mayor of the place their unsuccessful attempts.

"Nothing surprising about that," grunted the official. "These Christians are hopelessly obstinate. They have drunk the poisonous drug of folly. We must not delay in handing this man to the mandarin, else our village will be under suspicion."

Liou-Lao-Kong, the Mayor, was the sworn enemy of the Christians. Only a few days since, he had boasted in the public house: "Either the Catholic Religion will be wiped out of my territory, or I will be wiped out from the face of the earth."

Little did he think then that Divine Providence would take him at his word.

The mandarin arrived the next day and summoned all heads of families to assemble on the premises of the pagan school. There declaration was made that Christianity was henceforth banned from the region, and that anyone knowing of Christians was bound to betray them into the hands of the mandarin.

"There are no Christians left in our village," ventured a brave pagan.

But here the Mayor intervened: "Noble mandarin, there is still one Christian in my village. His name is Liou-Tzeu-U."

"Fetch him at once to my tribunal," ordered the mandarin.

But Peter was nowhere to be found. The Mayor became furious. He threatened Peter's pagan nephew with prison and worse, if he did not at once betray his uncle's hiding place. The poor boy, frightened out of his senses, ran at once to where his uncle lay concealed and told him of the Mayor's threat.

"You need not be frightened, my boy. I will immediately give myself up to the mandarin." And he stepped out of the dark hole where he had been hiding.

The mandarin was just then coming down the street with Mankong, bonze of Chenn-tcheou.

"Are you a Christian?" cried the bonze.

"I am."

"Apostatize at once!"

"Never!"

The mandarin charged Mankong to see to the execution of this rebellious subject.

Peter saw that his last hour had come, the blessed hour of martyrdom after which he had sighed for so long. Smilingly he knelt and bared his neck to the executioner's sword. One swift stroke and his soul took flight to Heaven. Mankong had Peter's heart cut out and shown to the Mayor and the pagan throng.

"The Christian Religion has been wiped out from my village!" There was a note of triumph in the Mayor's voice.

A few days later, convinced of theft, the Mayor met with a disgraceful death.

Divine irony of Providence, just as the Liou family carried the remains of the Mayor from the village, a triumphal procession of Christians from T'ang-k'iou wended its way through the other gate. The Boxers were beaten and peace reigned once more. The Catholic Religion was resuming its onward march.

Victor immortal, Christ again had conquered and His enemies lay vanquished.

Rev. Father P. X. Mertens, S. J.

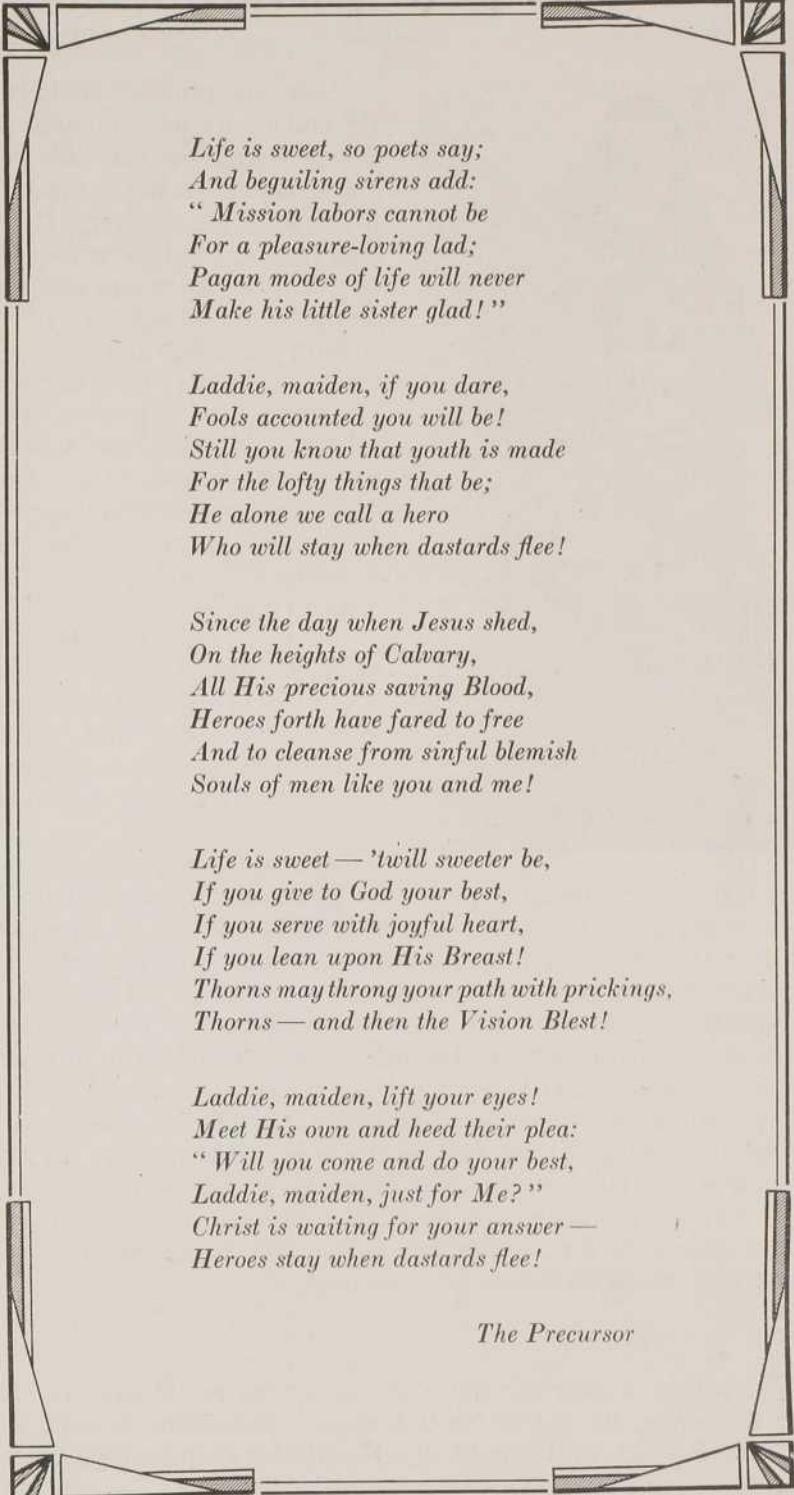


Calling Youth

*Laddie, maiden, do you hear?
Christ is calling you today!
See, upon the darkened hills
Of the heathen "far away"
Souls are longing, yearning, dying,
In the blinded pagan way!*

*Laddie, maiden, souls of steel
Ages since have brought to you,
From a land of ardent faith,
Faith in One alone and true.
Are you ready for the venture?
Tell us, may we count on you?*

*Life is sweet when morning dawns;
Youth is love, and strength, and hope;
And a thousand thrilling dreams
Come within its wond'ring scope,
And a thousand gallanî visions
On its gaze with promise ope!*



*Life is sweet, so poets say;
And beguiling sirens add:
"Mission labors cannot be
For a pleasure-loving lad;
Pagan modes of life will never
Make his little sister glad!"*

*Laddie, maiden, if you dare,
Fools accounted you will be!
Still you know that youth is made
For the lofty things that be;
He alone we call a hero
Who will stay when dastards flee!*

*Since the day when Jesus shed,
On the heights of Calvary,
All His precious saving Blood,
Heroes forth have fared to free
And to cleanse from sinful blemish
Souls of men like you and me!*

*Life is sweet — 'twill sweeter be,
If you give to God your best,
If you serve with joyful heart,
If you lean upon His Breast!
Thorns may throng your path with prickings,
Thorns — and then the Vision Blest!*

*Laddie, maiden, lift your eyes!
Meet His own and heed their plea:
"Will you come and do your best,
Laddie, maiden, just for Me?"
Christ is waiting for your answer —
Heroes stay when dastards flee!*

The Precursor

A Pen Picture



Seers and prophets could clear up the enigma for us, no doubt; but as things stand, we can only wonder and ponder, when we think of the future awaiting our young ladies and girls here in the Province of Quebec as well as in the rest of Canada, and down to the south in our sister-country. Smiling and carefree, they dream of the days of promise ahead. For some, for hundreds we may safely assert, God has marked out the broad highway of adventure — mission adventure with the spreading of His Holy Name to the last lone frontiers of the world as ultimate and glorious aim.

To these privileged and beloved of the Master Missionary, who have heard within their ardent hearts the indefinitely sweet and persuasive mission call, and who will presently cross the threshold of their novitiate school of perfection, we wish to present this pen picture of the

average Missionary Postulant of the Immaculate Conception. Their younger sisters, missionaries of the day after tomorrow, will surely appreciate it as well as their elders, and to them also it is confidently offered.

However, full permission is granted every noble-hearted girl and every serious-minded young lady who does not consider lightly the matter of vocation, to accept this portrait if so she chooses, to study it in its finer lines or simply to take a good look at it. A good look, have we said. Yes, fairly and without any ungrounded prejudice, for this is a question of total and absolute liberty. Christ said to the rich young man of the Gospel: "If thou wilt . . ." He does not speak otherwise in our twentieth century.

So here is the pen picture you have been promised. Two different poses have been taken: the first, at the very outset, and the second, at the termination of her time of probation as a postulant.

* * *

First picture. A very natural likeness, as you would expect. This is her fourth day at the attractive "dovecot" pleasantly situated on the River of the Prairies, in the midst of a beautiful and enchanting landscape.

Postulants may leave the world outside, which they actually do, but they bring their own self inside. Family education, school instruction,

environment conditions and qualities — all these have gone to mould them, and such as the young girl is in the world, such she shows herself in the opening months of her religious life.

Generously, in the fresh morning of her smiling young life, the prospective missionary Sister had spoken her *Fiat* to God. She had not acted blindly. She knew what God would ask in order to realize her loving expression of submission to His thrice-holy will. She would have to tear herself from her mother's embrace. A new life would be hers, one replete with sacrifice, loneliness, suffering, to which would be added, on mission departure day, the final holocaust where everything is given up for God.

But God was calling her to share in His work of Redemption. That generous *Fiat* could never be taken back, she felt. Privation, martyrdom — all would be welcome, all would be cheerfully borne out of love for the Divine Lover.

Love of God and generosity, such are, then, the first distinguishing traits of our young aspirant.

However, had you chanced to meet her in a corridor the day before yesterday, you would have noticed that her steps were heavy and that her perennially happy smile had sought other climes. You would have wondered what burden weighed down upon her shoulders until yesterday so sturdy and valiant. What could have happened? She couldn't see things straight at the moment. The future seemed dreary and uninviting. "Guess I've taken a wrong step," she murmured sorrowfully. "I'm not made for a life of this sort, not I." The devil of loneliness was trying his wiles on the unwary little Sister. Would she throw up her arms in despair at the very first temptation? No, she would buckle right in with a will, and see for herself what life is like in the convent. "Let's wait a few days, anyway!" she punctuated the cunning attempt of the arch-enemy of souls. And courageously she passed her hand over her forehead as it to chase away all those dull thoughts, and hurried off to take recreation with her fellow Sisters. Brave little postulant, yours the victory!

Energy: second trait of her character. This precious quality with its twin sister, generosity, will ensure her perseverance in her sublime calling, her progress in the path of perfection, and the success of her future apostolate — success according to the viewpoint of God and things eternal.

From the very first days, the postulant learns the outstanding items on the daily schedule: time for spiritual exercises, meals, silence, recreation and so on. As days wear on, she will get first-hand information on her duties. But for the moment she has enough to remember.

It is evening again. To the young beginner in the religious career, the day has passed as on leaden wings. With the afternoon hours, sad and dreary thoughts have again sought to down her courage. Now her cosy little cell is inviting her to lay down her burden awhile and seek the sweet oblivion of sleep. But not sleep she longs for so much as for a place where no one will see her, and where she will be able to confide her burning tears to a sympathetic pillow. After the inevitable shower follows calm, restoring

sleep in the land of dreams. Like many a postulant, she too lives over again all the happy hours passed in her family circle, close to her beloved mother, her dear father, her brothers and sisters — what heavenly sweet hours those!

Hark! a silvery-toned bell breaks the stillness of the dormitory. "Where am I, anyway?" mumbles the newcomer, trying to struggle back to wakefulness. "Oh, yes, I'm at the convent. All for You, Jesus! Let's hurry or we'll be late!"

During the first weeks, the newcomers at the novitiate are allowed to sleep in half an hour later than the Community. They rise only for Mass, while Professed Sisters and Novices make half an hour of meditation before the Holy Sacrifice.

How pious, that morning Mass in God's own dwelling! The silent white chapel favors recollection and fervor. Above the main altar, Our Lady of Missions smiles down upon her children, and urges them to walk as valiant apostles beneath her spotless banner. When her Sacramental Friend comes within the expectant heart of the missionary Sister in the making, He brings solace and consolation. Once more she is joyfully ready to toil till her life's sun sets in the service of so kind and generous a Master. Yesterday's overhanging clouds of grey have been wholly absorbed by the radiant sun of the Eucharist.

In so far as possible, the postulants don their own particular habit from the first days — black dress, black veil and sky-blue girdle.

The long and ample skirt proves more than a trifle embarrassing at the outset. But with it comes the thrill and exultation of feeling "in the religious family," and the little Sister has soon caught on from her elders how to hold the cumbersome habit to avoid mishaps going up or down stairs.

Supplementary moments of recreation are allowed the religious debutantes, during which they get a first initiation in various minor offices and duties. Minutes being more fully taken up, thoughts revert more seldom to home and things of home. It is part of a missionary's training, this detachment from father, mother, brothers and sisters. Not that she may forget them, by no means, and she never will; nor will she cease loving them with her whole grateful heart. But her love she will prove by fervent prayers to God that He keep them as His very own. Her first and foremost preoccupation will be her personal sanctification, and her generous striving to fill her soul with Jesus, in order to be the better able to give Him to waiting souls.

Fervently she heeds every recommendation and teaching of her Mistress in the path of perfection. When she doesn't quite understand some advice that has been given, with childlike simplicity — crystalline candor, someone has called it — she goes to ask fuller information and clearer explanations. All the necessary precisions are kindly given, and the happy prospective bride of Christ promises to abide by the prudent counsels.

Obedience and simplicity, other traits of the spiritual physiognomy of the missionary-to-be.

(To be continued)

Mary and the Missionary

(Continued)

II

VOCATION DAWNINGS



ESUS as a child, so I read in an old legend, would search up fine boards in St. Joseph's workshop and nail them in the form of a cross; then, smiling at His sorrowing Mother, He lay down upon it and extended His little arms, preluding to Calvary's immolation.

It is a fact that a child often lets us suspect what his future will be and that God, who has special designs upon him, grants him preventive graces, adorns his soul, and casts therein the seeds of virtues which will blossom forth one day and yield abundant fruit. The happy mother smiles down at her treasure; she rocks him upon her knee, gazes long upon him, folds him to her breast

as if she foresaw that one day — But no, departure day is still afar off, poor mother, do not weep yet!

As soon as he begins to awaken to intelligence, his mother whispers the Virgin Mary's sweet name in his ear.

Before he drifts off to slumber and when he opens his eyes in the morning, she shows her little angel the picture of Mary holding her Child in her arms and says: "Look, Little Jesus is your Brother. His Mother is your Mother in Heaven!"

He may find it odd that this other Mother doesn't fondle him as the one who bends over his cradle. Yet, notwithstanding the unconscious egoism of childhood, which seems to love only inasmuch as is given to it, he naturally accepts the idea that he has a second Mother in Heaven who loves and blesses him. He smiles at her, and sometimes stretches out his baby hands as if to ask her to carry him, too, in her arms.

But the child grows, his intelligence opens daily more and more to truth, as his soul to grace and his heart to love. Then at times his innocent lips speak strange words that make a mother's heart quiver.

"Mother, Little Jesus came to save the whole world, didn't He?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does everybody know about Him?"

"No, my child."

"Then we must tell them all about Him and teach them to love Him, Mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Now, Mother, when I grow up I'll go to the ends of the earth to tell men about Jesus!"

!!!

"Say yes, Mother!"

Some answer with a tender kiss, enough as if to say: "Yes, my child." Others, less staunchly Christian, jealously press against their heart the beloved whom God already demands, and tell him the duty is for others and not for him.

* * *

But the idea has entered the child's heart; it will never die. On the evening of his First Communion in the village church, he will kneel down with little comrades at Mary's feet and promise to be faithful. He will consecrate himself forever to Mary, and that loving Mother will surely know him from among all the children praying there at her shrine. On that day a special maternal blessing and choice graces will be granted him. Oh, how much he will need those graces and that divine strength dispensed through Mary! For the child will enter his youth, and presently will come the hour to take a supreme resolution that will direct his future.

III THE STRUGGLE

Youth is the most beautiful period of life. The heart loves early and is early loved. It does not give itself yet; it offers itself, so to say. Before the eyes of youth flash, as in a dream, an uninterrupted succession of sweet and tranquil joys that smilingly beckon, and to which it instinctively stretches out its arms. The will is prompt and generous, the imagination spreads its wings, and the heart — heart of gold — is so great that it overflows.

The future apostle is no exception to this general rule. He also feels youth and life tingling in his veins; but if one chose to scrutinize him more attentively, one would find that, beneath this outer bark, beneath this apparent levity, lies a noble secret. When his companions are enjoying themselves on pleasant outings, why does his thoughtful and earnest gaze scan far-off horizons whither his dreams seem to bear him? During long evenings at college or at the seminary, why does he hurry with his tasks and then avidly peruse recitals of missionary voyages, and abruptly close the enchanting book to think long, long thoughts? Why waxes he so enthusiastic when he meets a returned missionary coming to breathe his own native air for a last time, before departing for his post "over there" to die? Why is he more pious than the others? Why do you see him so often hurrying off by himself to the chapel, where, on his knees at Mary's altar, he is soon absorbed in recollection and prayer? Yes, let me reveal it to you, this young man cherishes a secret; an idea haunts him and follows him everywhere. And that "idea", that secret, who shall be told about it? His confessor, no doubt, but his Heavenly Mother as well. Gradually, he has felt that filial love taking roots within him; his heart was fascinated, and, drawn yet more and more irresistibly, surrendered to the captivating attraction. At last he cried out: "O Mother, here is my whole heart. Take it — it is yours for ever!"

Be that as it may, there comes a day when his secret suffocates him, so to say; when his "idea" rumbles as a peal of thunder within his heart. The voice of God, gentle and persuasive at first, has become powerful, dominating; it has grown imperious, irresistible; it clamors within him: "Come, leave all and follow Me!"

Wishing to have it over with, the young man "enters his own soul," for the hour is momentous, and once again casts himself down at the feet of his Mother. There will be enacted the drama — for drama it is — that will give the orientation to his whole life.

* * *

And here he is! A lad of eighteen, dreams of youth thrilling in his heart. Sincere he is, and frank and candid. Alone in a deserted chapel, in front of a statue, his head buried in his hands, he prays — and thinks!

One particular attraction burns in his soul. He thirsts for love, for happiness, joy, liberty. He loves his parents unto folly, his mother . . . He knows friendly hearts on which he would fain lean to cross the valley of life. He loves his country, his hometown. From these he will have to part forever.

But that is not all! After having given all he has, what will he find in return? What will this mission career to which he aspires have in store for him? Exile — voluntary exile, true, but exile none the less. And with that exile, weariness, crushing labor, deceptions, suffering, hunger, thirst, illness, fever that slowly drains the last remnant of strength, a hidden death in some squalid hovel or some lost corner of the jungle — who knows, perhaps the bloody death of the witnesses of Christ? Such are the things he forsakes, and such those awaiting him.

Tell me, is not one allowed, in the face of a similar alternative, to remain cold at heart, to feel that very heart quake and to hear it murmur and cry out as if to refuse to surrender itself to the immolation?

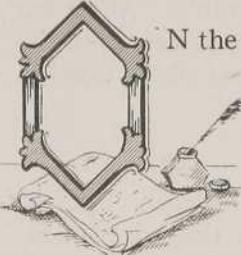
(To be continued)

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



N the 28th of December, Theophane wrote, —

“ ‘The Mandarins wrote four days ago to announce my capture to the king, but no answer has yet been received. They made me sign a written declaration of the circumstances of my arrest, countersigned by my catechist Khang. I have taken care that it shall compromise no one. I am pretty well treated, and some of the Cochin-Chinese soldiers are noble fellows. But as I am at the door of the prefecture, I write with difficulty. The great mandarin allows threepence a day for my food and I am in fairly good health. My heart is as tranquil as a lake which reflects the blue sky and I have no fear. The mandarin of Nam-Xang, who spends his life tormenting the Christians, came to see me the other day, and I told him that “Jesus was stronger than he; that it was in vain he struggled with our Lord, and that he would have to yield to His power in the end.” The gaoler Tu, who seized four priests in 1859, asked after you. I told him publicly that “his was a vile trade; and that his diploma as mandarin of the ninth class, the price of treachery and blood, would fade as a wildflower in the Spring.” At this the mandarin, judge, and all the guards laughed and applauded. I think they like and respect me, and the great mandarin has twice invited me to dinner.’

On the 3rd of January he wrote again: ‘I have received your loving letter. A thousand thanks! I profit by the absence of the great mandarin to answer. He used to allow threepence for my food, but now he has stopped it. So I should have gone supperless to bed to-day if the chief Mai, who is also in prison, had not sent me a bowl of rice. The new mandarin of justice came to see me yesterday and put me through a fresh interrogation. When he said that the happiness of the next world was doubtful, while the joys of the present were certain and positive, I replied, ‘As for me, great mandarin, I find nothing on earth which gives real happiness; riches create envy and bring cares; sensual pleasures engender endless maladies. My heart is too large, and nothing which you call happiness in this world satisfies it.’ On the whole, he was not uncivil. As he said that he had given orders to have me well treated, I replied that I had nothing to eat. He pretended not to understand me. So to-morrow the captain of the guard says that he will go and renew the demand. In spite of his fine speeches, this mandarin has doubled my guard, and sends some one constantly to see if my cage is closed. Among the gaolers is an excellent fellow named Tièn, who shows me the most affectionate respect. He alone, with one of the captains, is not afraid, in addressing me, to make use of the expression “*Bam lay*” — a term of reverence used only to address mandarins or persons of high position. On New Year’s Day the captain of the guard brought me a cup of first-class tea, and as the gaoler Tièn was passing at the time, I invited him to share it with me, which he did with a delicacy and a simplicity which

only the heart could teach, and which hypocrisy could not counterfeit. But my letter runs on without a word as to my feelings. I wrote a long letter to my family on very bad paper, which I hope you received and will kindly forward to them, filling up the details which may be wanting. Ah! I am now come to the hour so much desired by us all. It is no longer, as in the "Hymn of Departure," "Perhaps some day," but "Very soon all the blood in my veins

Will be shed for Thee. My feet — oh, what joy! —
Are now loaded with chains."

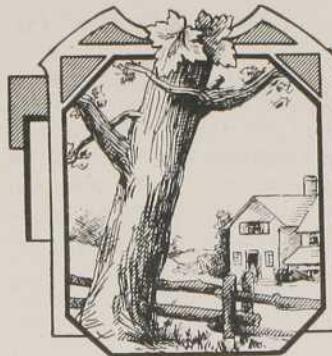
"In the long, weary hours in my cage I think of eternity. Time is, after all, so short when thus measured. You will repeat the words of St. Martin, "*Domine, si adhuc populo tuo sum necessarius, non recuso laborem;*" (O Lord, if I am still needful to Thy people, I will not refuse to labor.) while I can exclaim with St. Paul, "*Jam delibor; et tempus resolutionis meæ instat; (tibi) vivere Christus est, mihi mori lucrum. O! quam gloriosum est regnum in quo cum Christo gaudent omnes sancti. . . . Audivi vocem . . . Beati mortui . . .*" (I go now; the time of my dissolution is at hand. (For you) to live is Christ; for me to die is gain. O, how glorious is the kingdom in which all the saints rejoice with Christ . . . I heard a voice . . . Blessed are the dead . . .) These are words which, in spite of the persecution, we never failed to sing on All Saints' and All Souls' Day, and which always touched us to tears. I do not know if I shall ever be allowed to write to you again. Good-bye! I should have been very happy to have gone on working with you. I do so love this Tong-king mission! But now, in place of the sweat of my brow, I give it my blood. The sword hangs over my head but I have no fears. Our good God has taken pity on my weakness and filled me with Himself so that I am happy, and even joyous. From time to time I astonish the mandarin's household by singing, —

"O beloved Mother,
Place me
Soon in our true home
Near Thee!
Noble Tong-king! land blessed by God!
Thou glorious country of the heroes of faith!
I came to serve thee. I gladly die for thee.
So be it, O Lord. Amen."

"When my head falls under the axe of the executioner, receive it, O loving Jesus! O Immaculate Mother! as the bunch of ripe grapes which falls under the scissors, as the full-blown rose which has been gathered in your honor. *Ave Maria!* I will say this also from you. *Ave Maria!* (I had begged him with earnestness to salute Mary for me on his arrival in Paradise.)

"I should be very grateful if you could manage to send some remembrance of me to my family. My chalice was a family parting souvenir; if my brother Eusebius could have it, he would be in the seventh heaven of delight . . . Oh, how glorious must be the kingdom in which the Saints rejoice with Jesus Christ our Lord! I heard a voice from Heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

(To be continued)



Autumn Decline

When I am dying, how glad I shall be,
That the lamp of my life was burnt out for Thee!
My cherished Rabboni, how glad I shall be,
To die with the hope of a welcome from Thee!

Nature had all but discarded her raiment of russet and gold. Feathered songsters had winged their way to sunnier climes. In the denuded treetops, the wind was moaning dismally.

Reclining on her invalid's couch, at the window of her room, Ella gazed disconsolately at the drab landscape. It seemed so like an image of her own life, blighted in its youthful bloom by a relentless disease of the lungs.

At first she had not minded so much being left apart from the activity of a busy life. That was in the early summer months, when she could still watch the children at play in the nearby meadow, and the good people hurrying to and fro at work in the fields and gardens. The air was laden with the fragrance of flowers and of fresh-mown hay. But summer had slowly faded into autumn, and the days had grown gray and monotonous, with dribbling rain and blustering winds. All the joy and interest of life seemed to have vanished with the sunshine and flowers.

Not very many weeks ago, Ella had asked the old family doctor to tell her the truth about her illness, and he had gravely shaken his head as he replied: "You can hardly last beyond the autumn months, my dear."

And now autumn was almost over, and Ella was thinking over the doctor's verdict. She felt that he was right, for her strength was fastly ebbing away and her breath came in short, painful gasps. How many more days still remained before she would set out for the Great Unknown? The poor invalid shivered involuntarily. It is so hard to give up life when one is scarcely twenty, and roseate hopes beckon!

Absorbed by gloomy forebodings, Ella started as a gentle rap sounded at her door. Teresa, her faithful maid, no doubt wanted to freshen up her pillows, she reflected as she answered: "Come in."

But to her delighted surprise, a dear, familiar figure stood framed in the doorway.

"How are you, Ella? I've been gone a long time."

"Oh, Lilian, how good of you to call on me!"

"I would have come sooner, only that I had to spend some time in Quebec, caring for one of my aunts, who was bedridden and alone. Thanks be to God, she is feeling better now, so I hurried back to see you."

"You're the best friend I have, Lilian. Ever since I've been too weak to organize parties and games, my pals of former happy days have all gone away. Nobody even comes near me. You're the only one who cares for a poor sick girl. I can't help feeling how mean and ungrateful people can be."

"Dearest, you must not let yourself feel bad over the fickleness of those who called themselves your friends while you were strong and happy, and who left you alone when you could no longer share their games. Tell me, who did more for His friends than Our Lord, when He lived on earth? And who was treated with greater ingratitude? What was He given in return for His numberless kindnesses? Those He loved with an everlasting love nailed Him to the Cross and scorned His agony. But remember that Jesus forgave those who treated Him so cruelly. From Him, then, we also must learn to forgive and forget. If we come to think of it, are we not also most ungrateful to God for His daily graces? Do we even think of thanking Him as we should?"

"You're right, Lilian. I never thought of that. Really, for my part, I must admit that I've lived like a thoughtless and ungrateful child. Here I am enjoying all the comforts of life, while so many poor people are all but dying of hunger and cold. I lost my beloved mother at an early age, true, but you know what a wonderful Dad I have, and how he is all devoted to me. Then, there is Teresa, good old Teresa, who has spoiled and pampered me since I was a tiny girl. Really, I lack of nothing, and what have I done to thank God? I've led the most selfish life one could imagine."

"Don't be too hard on yourself, Ella. Surely you loved God. You spent some time praying, didn't you? Our Heavenly Father doesn't expect great deeds from His earthly children. All He asks is their love."

"You're asking me if I prayed? Of course, I was always faithful to morning and night prayers, but out of habit more than out of love. I heard Mass on Sunday and received Holy Communion once in a while, and that's about all. Oh, I feel now how little I've done for God! He had every right to expect more from me, and I can't help feeling frightened at the thought of going soon to meet my Judge. What will I answer when He asks me what I've done with my life?"

"Your sorrow is already something that consoles Jesus and makes up for wasted time. The number of years spent in the service of God is of less importance than the degree of our love for Him. Even if you've only a few weeks more to live, you can make up for your whole life if you spend them well."

"That's very encouraging. But tell me how I can do it, Lilian dear."

"Well, the most important thing of all is to abandon your own will to the Will of God, and cheerfully accept all that He sends. Stop worrying over the time of your death; whether it will be peaceful or painful; let Our Lord see to that and think only of willing all that He wills. This act of joyful submission is really an act of perfect love, which has the power of doing away with all your sins and their punishment, and to open wide for you the gates of Heaven."

"Do you really mean it, Lilian? It sounds almost too good to be true."

"Here's another means of securing treasures that will last throughout eternity. Don't let slip one single occasion of doing little acts of virtue: being patient when you feel all on edge; smiling cheerfully when you'd feel like frowning at everybody and everything; giving up a whim or fancy, etc. Then, try to think often of your Divine Friend and make numerous acts of love, of thankfulness, of sorrow for your sins. Above all, show yourself a devoted child of Mary, and you need have no fear of dying."

"Oh, how glad I am that you called! You've changed the whole outlook of life and death for me. I'll try to spend usefully my few remaining days. It surely does me good to think that, by willingly accepting the trials of life, I prepare for myself eternal treasures of joy Above. Thanks for telling me about it."

"I'd like to share with you still another way of increasing your merits, and at the same time of furthering God's glory and the salvation of souls."

"Please do tell me about it."

"Offer all your sufferings, your loneliness, your prayers, as so many acts of love for the salvation of pagan souls. There are still one billion souls on earth who know nothing about God, their Creator and Father. The missionaries spend their life among them to bring about their conversion. Their work, however, would remain fruitless without divine grace, which can be won only through prayer and sacrifice. Even while lying helpless on your bed, you can be a missionary just as much as St. Therese of the Child Jesus, whom Pius XI proclaimed Patroness of Missions, and who never left her cloister."

"Yours is a wonderful plan, Lilian. When I was quite young, I had dreamt of becoming a missionary. The thought that thousands of poor children die deprived of the garment of baptismal innocence haunted me everywhere. But, alas, I was

too much pampered and happy in a worldly way, so I finally forgot about the misfortunes of others. Oh, if my sufferings could only atone for years of selfishness!"

"They will, if you only offer them to Jesus in union with His own. A few more days darkened with pain, and you will enjoy eternal light, and the souls you will have saved will greet you at Heaven's gate."

"You'll help me with your prayers, won't you, and you'll come to see me from time to time? After all, death is a terrible thing. At night when I hear the wind moaning in the pines outside of my window, I can't help shuddering. It seems like the call of death to me."

"Come, dear Ella, you must not let yourself be depressed by such sombre thoughts. Think of your Guardian Angel, who watches through the night at your bedside. Talk to him as you would to a dear friend."

"I'll try and do as you say, but please don't forget me in your kind prayers."

"How could I forget you, dearest? I must leave now, for I have other sick friends to visit. Goodbye, Ella, I'll come back soon."

* * *

November is nearing its close, and Ella is growing weaker and weaker. The Angel of Death is hovering near the spotless bed where she lies, peaceful and smiling in spite of her sufferings. Around her are kneeling her beloved father, Teresa her faithful maid, and Lilian, the friend of her girlhood. They are entreating the Blessed Mother to succor her child in the difficult passage from time to eternity. All is peace and joy in this chamber of death, for Ella has learnt to make use of her few remaining days to atone for giddy years of thoughtlessness. She has learnt that death for the fervent soul means falling asleep in a tender Father's embrace.

Lilian's charitable words have borne fruit, and, from the day of her visit, her friend's life has been totally changed. She no longer chafes at being left alone or forgotten by the friends of happier days. In the pleasant solitude of her room she has learnt to live the deep, interior life of the soul. That closed garden of the Beloved she has decked with the fair, fragrant flowers of virtues. Crimson roses of love and sacrifice, purity's lilies of dazzling whiteness, sweet-smelling violets of gentle modesty and humility.

The Pastor of the village has come, bringing with him in the golden pyx the Bread which guards the soul unto life everlasting. Now Ella is ready to die, for Jesus, who has come within her heart, will help her cross safely the terrible gateway of death. One more longing glance at her dear ones kneeling around her bed; her father holds for the last time the crucifix to his daughter's lips and gently, without agony, Ella's soul slips over the borderland into eternity.

How wonderful is the mercy of God, who has drawn this soul from a frivolous life, and in a few short weeks has transformed her into a seraph of love!

Oh, how she must now exult over the untold bliss which is hers forever, and how thankful she must feel, after God, to the friend whose zealous charity has shared with her the secrets of a truly Christian life, and has helped her die a holy and peaceful death! Happy are those who die pillow'd on the Sacred Heart of the Savior!



The evil which today torments society can be conquered only by a worldwide holy crusade of prayer and penance. Implore the powerful intercession of the Immaculate Virgin who, having crushed the head of the serpent of old, remains the sure protectress and invincible "Help of Christians".

Pope Pius XI

Mission Intention for the Month of November, 1945

MISSIONARY WORKS AMONG EDUCATED MOHAMMEDANS

Many writers have stated that Mohammedanism is a religion of stagnation — that progressiveness in art, culture, literature and the like was frustrated, if not completely stopped by the advance of Moslemism. Definitely there are substantiated facts to prove such statements, particularly when one views the poverty and squalor of the migratory followers of the prophet who settled in the vast wastes of the Sahara. On the other hand, there have been well-trained artisans, who, borrowing from ancient cultures, have developed and evolved beautiful architecture, weaving, and hand-wrought perfection.

Things have changed greatly in the Moslem world during the last quarter of a century. The sleeping giant of Islam has been aroused from his lethargy of centuries. The spirit of self-determination and particularly self-expression has come to the fore. Contact with western civilization as a result of World War I has been increased one hundred percent since that time. No longer is the Moslem father satisfied that his son be taught the truths of the Koran by the simple teachers in the mosques. Higher education, particularly since Turkey's emancipation, beckons as the beacon to light the way to the achievement of a desired place in world affairs.

It is because the Holy See is so deeply cognizant of this trend of events that she has recommended to the prayers of the faithful during the month of November the missionary works of the Church among educated Mohammedans. She realizes that the continuation and expansion of such works will need the prayerful support of our Catholic people, as well as their material aid.

It must be remembered that Russia is viewing with renewed interest the reawakening of Moslem interest in world affairs. This will mean that Communistic tendencies will undoubtedly find a way into all educational programs in which there is a linking of interest between Russia and Islam. British interests are also concerned with the future of the followers of the Prophet. She has wide interests in the Near East, in northern Africa and, while the Catholic elements in England are among the most loyal in the world, the recent elections have proved that there is a definite trend to the left in addition to the strong Protestant missionary activity from that country.

When one considers these facts, it is not surprising that the fostering of missionary works among the educated Mohammedans is of vital importance in the mission program of the Church. We must be prepared to offer the type of educational program which will complete the rounding out of the character of the Islamic peoples — develop charity and clear thinking in world affairs rather than introduce perverted ideas. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, therefore, recommends this intention particularly to Catholics, at the same time assuring them that such prayerful intervention will undoubtedly prove of world-wide interest.

*Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U. S. A.



A saintly priest who had had the sorrow of losing a beloved friend, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at once in honor of the Blessed Virgin for the repose of his soul. At the *Memento for the Dead*, he recollected himself deeply, and, gazing at the Blessed Host, inwardly prayed: "O my God, here is the soul of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, that soul so pure, so perfect, that Thou hast so loved; I offer it to Thee for the relief and deliverance of my friend's soul. I beg of Thee, Lord, soul for soul. Oh! in consideration of Thine immolated Son, and of Mary, associated to His sacrifice, save, O Lord God, and deliver the one I tenderly loved and for whom I shall never cease imploring Thy mercy!" His prayer was heard. After the Holy Sacrifice, God granted that the deceased appear to thank him and assure him that the Mass he had just said for his benefit in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin had delivered him from the prison of Purgatory. "After the Consecration," he continued, "the Mother of God came down to me; she broke my chains and opened the door of Heaven to me. To you my gratitude, and to Mary all my love through endless eternities!"

Oh, how many departed friends, how many brothers whose sufferings we could alleviate, if we often heard Holy Mass, if we often received Holy Communion for them! O clement Virgin, teach us to help the holy souls in Purgatory.

ABBE BERLIOUX



ECHOES FROM OUR MISSIONS

CHINA

CANTON AND SHEK LUNG

Now that peace has been proclaimed in the Far East, the postal service, interrupted for three long years with China, is once more coming into its own. Letters dated a year back have just reached us. From them we learn about the situation of our missionaries in that period of trial and hardship.

Providence, as always, has visibly and touchingly protected our Sisters of Canton. In spite of the unending list of privations occasioned by the sorry state of things, our dear companions kept in good health and actively continued their works.

Holy Ghost School had at the time over six hundred pupils distributed in ten classes. Sympathetic and devoted professors taught the different sciences, while four Sisters took up their whole time from sunup till sundown with private lessons in English, French and piano. According to parents and pupils alike, the school regulations were perfect, and so the course of studies. Three graduates from the English course have been received into the Catholic Church.

The cost of living is unbelievably high in Canton. Towards the end of the school year, the music students organized a programme for the benefit of the orphanage, where 250 little mouths have to be fed.

By far the hardest of all privations for our missionaries has been the lack of communication with their homeland. Here is what Sister Marie Celina⁽¹⁾ wrote on September 30, 1944:

BELOVED MOTHER,

This is my fourth letter to you this year. I wrote on March 1, June 6 and September 20. But I wonder — have my letters reached you? Did you answer me? Through three long years we have received only three messages from the Motherhouse. The first reached Canton through the Red Cross. The second was written to Sister Agnes of Jesus⁽²⁾ at the leprosarium last year. Then came the telegram assigning me to Shek Lung, on January 27 last. This privation is one of the bitterest we have to bear up under during the war. So useful, not to say so necessary, would have been your motherly counsels at the time when extraordinary happenings

1. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, P. Q.

2. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

had become almost ordinary events with us! And even now, as I write, I do not know whether you will ever read these lines. God wishes us to offer Him the sacrifice of the very legitimate and very sweet consolation that would be ours could we only tell our hopes, our anxieties, our joys to a beloved Mother. But our Good Master has until now protected us so extraordinarily, so miraculously, I could say, that He deserves in every way our best gratitude in all its forms, even that of sacrifice.

Dearest Mother, you saw Shek Lung in December, 1940. Could you come back again after five years, what a change you would find! Dear Sister Agnes of Jesus has left a void that time will never fill. As you know, she passed away July 11, at 1.45 in the morning.

All the other changes have resulted from the present tense situation, which has lowered our means to a sorry minimum. Our patients, who once numbered over 700, have come down to 275, and this reduced sick personnel is still too much for our slim budget. The most we can give them is far from enough. These last two years we have been giving them a third of the usual ration; and the year before they had to manage on a half-ration. I have already told you that we allot them daily six ounces of dried rice and a pound of straw to get it cooked. No vegetables, not a drop of oil, and never any meat, fish or eggs figure on the scanty menu.

No money for food means none for the famous chaulmoogra oil, the priceless boon for the unfortunate leper sufferers. So the stabs of hunger are not their only agony; there are also the tortures brought on by the growth of the germs of the dread disease. We have had to stop giving the twice-weekly injections. Now the swellings appear again, unbearable itches are felt once more, purulent matter flows freely and hideous sores re-open. Long days of suffering and interminable nights of sleeplessness become the lot of our dear charges. Such a terrible physical ordeal, one that could drain the endurance of the most virile soul, does not seem enough to satisfy divine exigencies from our lepers of Shek Lung. Their eyes forever open on other sufferings sometimes still greater. And their thought naturally goes to the immediate authors of like indescribable miseries.

Some of the Sisters spend most of their waking hours dressing sores. The others see to the upkeep of the houses. But I must say that a great part of our time goes to heartening up those that are not yet strong in their faith. No, the devil and his cortège of temptations do not forget Shek Lung. After all, it would seem quite natural to steal a fruit, a vegetable, even a chicken, when one is starving! Wouldn't it be fair to escape custody and sell one's dress or blanket, in order to buy a few grains of rice — even if a second dress won't be forthcoming? It is so easy to believe that morning and evening prayers, and Sunday Mass as well, are not binding, when a half-starved fellow could do a little work and get a few pennies! Some dare still further. Why not open game houses, opium businesses, etc.? Thanks be to God, the laws of the Church, the regulations of the leprosarium, and above all the vigilant eye of the supervising Sisters are there to control matters. Happily, though, the spirit of doubt and discouragement has seldom any chances with those poor sufferers, who, humanly speaking,

cherish no hopes for this present life. If this sort of temptation surges up, it is quickly repelled. "The good God and St. Joseph always hear our prayers," said one of our poor leprous women. "If we haven't anything to eat, it's because evil persons and circumstances won't allow our rice to come through."

We have attempted the impossible to lessen so much distress. It was a real S. O. S. that we sent to the Government. All we received was an increase of ten thousand dollars (Chinese currency) a month. This means the price of a scanty day of subsistence. We made subscription leaflets, without any success, however. Some pagans even answered our requests with: "Why should we help the lepers, when so many healthy people, so many children can hardly be decently provided for?" Explanatory answers can edify, perhaps, but they are not eloquent enough to undo purse strings. An appeal has been launched to generous benefactors of more prosperous days. Two or three months will have to elapse, however, before their donations reach us, if they ever do. We sold sundry household items — but how many articles must be sold, especially when they are of slight value — to make up the amount required to feed so many mouths! Our second rice crop promises well, but it will not be ready before November or December. We even borrowed money, hoping to return every penny as soon as things mended somewhat. What we need now is to keep up for a month or two; but with what shall we keep up?

The Government of Yng-Kun District loaned us a piece of land near Bocca Tigris last year. We spent a good sum to have the territory cleared up. A part of it is now rented, but the profit remains slim. The soil is not very productive, and only part of it can be cultivated. I went there towards the end of last September to get the rent pay. These trips cost dearly and take a whole day. But what interesting journeys for a missionary!

What we call a boat is really a vessel twenty feet wide and sixty or seventy feet long, and comprising one only room. There is, therefore, no class distinction. First come, first served, as regards places. A few chairs are at the disposal of the passengers, but they cost a little fortune. How could we ever think of allowing ourselves that comfort, when our poor patients haven't enough rice for a good meal? So we find a pillar or a corner to lean against, unless we chance to have a valise or a box that can serve as chair.

The boat begins by skirting Canton for almost one hour. The twin arrows of the cathedral rise above the city, recalling to Christian hearts the remembrance of the God of the Tabernacles. With the White Cloud Mountain, majestically towering in the north-east, this spectacle is the only one on which we can tranquilly rest our gaze, the other sections offering as they do only ruins and debris. The great and just God severely chastises His children, only to forgive and save them.

The little abode at the Catholic Mission of Bocca Tigris is deserted. The native priest who ministered there had to leave for Canton, close to a year ago, on account of old age and ill health. So had the virgin catechist to depart three months back, also because of ill health. An old gentleman who was sitting at the door of a neighboring dwelling came to greet us, and we

set up our quarters for the night in that abandoned lodging. The next day, Sunday notwithstanding, there was no Mass for us. Would that I had been a priest to call Jesus down in that forlorn corner of earth!

By seven o'clock we were on our way to the land in question. We were following a winding path in the rice fields between Tai Ping and Lo Kong Tsun. Sister and I had reached the top of a slight elevation, when there at our feet sparkled a gem — the precious pearl we had come thousands of miles to find — a soul! A poor little whimpering babe had been forsaken on the roadside — or was it the Angels who had dropped this unpriced jewel where we were sure to see it? What a lovely gift to Mary on the feast of that Mother Most Merciful! Through my unworthy hand, the hundred-times-blessed waters of the humble rice section of Tai Ping made of this *Pearl of the Orient* another angel, who will eternally sing the hymn of love and thanksgiving near the throne of the Almighty King.

Our hearts torn with anguish, we had to leave the frail little baby there. We knew it couldn't be for long. Another child whose father and mother had abandoned him, and whom the God of all tenderness would soon gather to Himself!

Once our destination reached, we visited the two pieces of land to see the occupants, and then returned to Bocca Tigris at three in the afternoon. The sight of the unforgettable hill crossed in the morning renewed our joy, and our sorrow as well, for our *precious pearl* still lay exposed to the burning sun. Nothing further could be done and we had to continue on our way.

We got home on the 26th, in a diluvian rain. On occasions like this, one feels truly a missionary. Dear Mother, I cannot tell you all the joy that is mine in thus laboring for our dear works, for our poor lepers, since God has willed me to dedicate a part of my life in the service of these outcasts of humanity, so dear to the heart of our venerated Mother Foundress and our Holy Father the Pope. Gladly will I spend myself for them and give to the last ounce of my strength for their welfare.

YOUR HUMBLE DAUGHTER,

SISTER MARIE CELINA M. I. C.⁽¹⁾

Report for the years 1943-1944 at the Shek Lung Leprosarium:

Patients admitted.....	6	Baptisms in articulo mortis.....	48	Communions.....	9,090
Confessions.....	2,160	Extreme Unctions.....	61	Dressings.....	5,033
Confirmations.....	5	Deaths.....	61	Injections.....	15,106

===== * * *

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning — aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart — will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different; will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for any one's sake.

The Perfected Life

1. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, P. Q.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Sister St. Pierre Claver, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Manila, Writes to her Superior General.

Manila, June 27, 1945

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER

Since the 5th of the month we have been staying at St. Rita's Hall, a building situated in the rear of the Church of the Miraculous Medal.

The Army was to take the Camp elsewhere, and we were compelled to leave. Several persons, priests and military leaders, had for some time been helping us in our search for a lodging, but always their efforts had proved vain. One day, however, the Knights of Columbus asked a friend of ours to move in the house we are at present occupying, in order to keep it safe from pillagers. "I'm afraid to live all by myself in that large building," she confessed, adding: "The Sisters are looking for a house. Why not send them there?"

The grand Knight readily agreed, and so did His Excellency the Archbishop. They promised to leave guardians, and everything turned out well.

We receive Communion every morning at the hands of an Army Chaplain. Besides, we have the Blessed Sacrament in our house. Every evening we hear Mass with the soldiers across the street. Everybody is very kind and obliging. So long as things keep up this way, we shall not suffer.

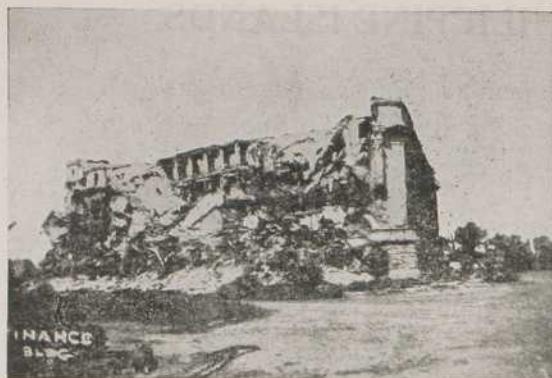
We have no rent bills to pay, but we shall have to help the Chaplain for his canteen. Our role is first and foremost to see that everything remains tidy and nothing gets lost. I should prefer a hospital or a classroom, but this seems to be God's will for the moment. We can only pray and wait.

These last weeks we have been trying to recover our little possessions, which is certainly not a slight task. It would be hard to imagine what Manila means with no tramways, no carriages, no electricity and no telephones. The army trucks are about the only ones that travel now. The officers readily lent them to us several times. When we have to do errands, the soldiers cordially offer us a ride in their vehicles, and sometimes go out of their way so we can carry out all our commissions.

Food is still very dear, because of transportation difficulties. In order to be able to help us, the Consulates obtain from the Army, or so I believe, flour, sugar, butter, beans, salt, pepper,



ST. JOHN OF LATERAN COLLEGE, MANILA,
AFTER THE BOMBING RAIDS



RUINS OF THE FINANCE BUILDING, MANILA

times about us to Rev. Father Willman, S. J., who has the charge of our house, as also to the Army leaders, requesting that we be not compelled to leave the place.

Measures are being taken as I write to repair our roof, which lets in the wind and rain in a number of places. We are not the only ones who have to bear up under those inconveniences, and how many have been more sorely tried! The Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres have lost their college and orphanage, and the Belgian Sisters have not been spared like sacrifices. The Manila College has been destroyed. The personnel of the Lasalle Brothers' College has been put to death and their building considerably damaged. Only three or four Brothers, interned with us, have escaped death. There now remain no more churches in *Intra-muros*, and most of the priests have been killed. The Holy Ghost Sisters have lost twenty-one members of their Community. The beautiful Church of the Miraculous Medal is in a truly deplorable state. The Pastor and four priests, along with an altar boy, were found not far from their homes fifteen days after the arrival of the army of liberators.

So much suffering as willed by God will certainly not remain unproductive. It is a costly seed cast in the soil of Manila; but some day, please God, it will spring up in plentiful mission harvests.

I must leave you, dear Mother; it is almost six o'clock and Mass will soon begin across the street. Our brave soldiers are valiant men of prayer and piety. Many go to Holy Communion every day.

Please remember me in your fervent prayers. I shall write soon again.

YOUR LOVING DAUGHTER,

SISTER ST. PIERRE CLAVER, M. I. C. (1)

Mary is the heavenly ladder by which the great King descends in humility, and man, who lay prostrate, ascends in sublimity.

St. Peter Damian

1. Adee HEBERT, St. Cyprien de Napierville, P. Q.

JAPAN

WAKAMATSU

An Old Japanese Couple

They are an old couple now. The husband was over seventy as we bade them farewell back in 1943, when came the order for repatriation. They were both converts from paganism, millionaires in their newly-found priceless Faith, and millionaires as well in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Through charity for their neighbor — God's greatest Commandment — they merited to be made disciples of the Truth and heirs to Heaven.

When we left Japan two years ago last September, Mr. Mori was still hale and hearty, at least enough to walk the forty minutes' distance from his home to the Mission church. His wife, ten years his junior, would always accompany him — or rather should I say she would always precede or follow him. Yes, the expressions are right. True to custom, the Japanese husband and wife rarely walk side by side, and still more rarely exchange a bit of conversation on the way.

It was touching to see our dear old friends bow to the Divine Guest of our tabernacle, as they passed in front of the convent. So many years they had lived without knowing and loving Him! But to them, too, could be rightly applied the truism that fervor makes up for years. Faithful followers of Christ they are now, and when life's journey is over, celestial portals will open to bid them in.

Upright, honest, untouched by the pleasures and distractions of the world, such is Mr. Mori. Nevertheless, the tribulations and sorrows of life have not left him unscathed, for the present Mrs. Mori is his third wife. Of his first two wives we know very little. Years back, he was one of the heads of a bank which he represented even as far as Manchukuo. The efficient banker quickly climbed the ladder of success and became a wealthy business man.

A widower again for the second time, he got acquainted with Miss Nagao, a noble and distinguished young lady, whose family, at one time rich and prominent, had been reduced to poverty by untoward circumstances. It was therefore through her innate filial respect and love that Miss Nagao accepted the wealthy widower's hand, hoping thereby to save the situation. She did save the situation — the only one that matters in time and eternity. She entered the True Church and her dear ones shared the same happiness. As a child, Miss Nagao had never left the family domain, where she had everything one could wish for. Professors of renown came to give her lessons. The seigniorial domain was surrounded by fourteen buildings containing provisions and reserves of every imaginable sort.

We were indeed surprised to hear Mrs. Mori telling us one day that her family crest was composed of three very distinct crosses. The adorable symbol, inexplicable in the case of this pagan family, could also be seen on the front of a weather-beaten construction at the entrance to the Nagao property, now that of the Mori. Could Miss Nagao's forefathers have been

Catholics, martyrs perchance? Many Christians were burnt alive for the Faith in Wakamatsu. People still point to the little "Bridge of Tears".

Mrs. Mori was also fond of recalling olden memories when she had come to church with a Christian aunt of hers, and had thought the Stations of the Cross so interesting. That was her sole remembrance of the Christian Religion. We inquired about this particular aunt of hers. She answered that the family had disowned her because she remained strong in her faith. She had sought a haven in the vicinity of the capital, where she had later died — died for her faith, could we add, and for the salvation of her household. In the very house whence she was compelled to flee, faith has found a glorious rebirth, a faith that has often commanded our admiring edification.

Mrs. Mori, devoted wife that she was, strained every ounce of good will to satisfy the members of her new home. Delicate indeed was her position, and she had need of all the virtue and tact we know her to maintain a relative peace in the family. She submitted to all the exigencies of a husband who

wanted perfection everywhere, but perfection according to his own ideas and tastes, which the others could not always readily guess.

The children knew she was the latest arrival in the house, and tried to drive home the point. They even went so far as to compel her to learn the *koto*, a stranded instrument to which her fingers no longer supple ill adapted themselves, telling her she was not worthy to stay in



HIS EXCELLENCY MSGR. MARELLA, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO JAPAN,
ON A VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. MORI'S.

the family if she could not submit to this study. Heroically she bore all. In the evening she would gather her servants together, and call their attention on certain little details to be attended to on the morrow for the satisfaction of all. And then, while each one sought her bed and a restoring sleep, what do you suppose this noble-hearted pagan woman would do? Perhaps you will say she picked up her favorite novel and sought in its fictitious chapters a momentary respite from the harsh realities of life? Maybe she wandered back in thought to her former noble rank or indulged in the comforts and vanities her present fortune could procure for her? No. She had learned to look beyond the paltry joys of earth for strength and motives to accomplish her duty. In thought we see her now, taking from a drawer two plain little books, her treasure and her strength; two little books, the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Life of St. Therese of the Child Jesus*, translated in her native tongue.

Hearing the simple, intimate declaration, we did not think of asking how long she had had those books and how they had come into her possession.

But we thought of something else. Like a flash, our mind crossed to our own Catholic homeland, and we asked ourselves: "How many of our Catholics seek in those books a remedy in their sufferings, enlightenment and consolation in their trials? And here, a pagan woman draws from this source of faith the manna of strength and courage!"

A soul naturally so virtuous deserved to receive the inestimable gift of faith. God was preparing her for it.

Four little ones, two boys and two girls, brought sunshine to the home. *Kimi ko*, the second child, always had a chosen place in her mother's heart. Mrs. Mori never tires of asserting she owes her conversion to the tiny privileged tot. While yet a very little girl, *Kimi ko* didn't miss any of the Anglican clergymen's Sunday School lessons. She did so well that she obtained permission to become a follower of their creed, and had soon won her mother over. The father, more strongly wedded to his pagan tenets, held out for a long time, but he gave in at last, and the Protestant Faith counted one more adept.

At about the same time, Mr. Mori decided to make a voyage to Europe. His wife would have preferred to stay at home with her beloved children, but he wouldn't hear anything about it, so the family left on the long journey. Many historical sites and cities of Europe were visited, but more than all others, Rome especially impressed the travellers. Mrs. Mori told us later: "If I had been a Catholic then, I should have derived great profit from my visit to the Eternal City. As it was, many things remained mysteries to me." The Protestant Religion she professed at that time did not give her the integral truth, as she had more than once intimately experienced. On entering the catacombs, she felt moved to her very soul-depths and there, before the tombs of the martyrs of Christ, she prayed for faith like unto theirs. "O my God, if I am in the way of the half-truth, grant that I may find it in its fullness one day." Then it was that she first conceived the desire of belonging to the Catholic Religion, whose beautiful monuments attracted her eye in Rome.

Returning home, they went by way of Shanghai, China, where a heavy trial awaited them. Little *Kimi ko*, whose beauty and angelical looks endeared her to everyone, fell severely ill with fever and died after a few days of suffering, saying she was going to see her little Jesus she loved so much. With the loss of the beloved child the enchanting spell was broken, and sad and sorrowful the family returned home.

Mrs. Mori had requested a great grace in Rome. She was to obtain it—but after seventeen years of patient waiting, of desires and good works. Back in Wakamatsu, she took up the old everyday schedule, devoting herself without counting the cost in behalf of the poor and the propagation of the Religion of Christ. A spacious house was erected close to their home, so the children of the vicinity could come to Sunday School. A Protestant clergyman took up his quarters there, the better to be able to fill his functions.

On the 20th of each month, the day before the anniversary date of little *Kimi ko*'s death, Mrs. Mori would go around the section, in any kind of weather, to remind the people of the meeting on the morrow. On the

21st, the house was filled to capacity with adepts of all conditions, who, following a study in religion, took a luncheon charitably prepared by their hostess. Mr. Mori did admit such zeal somewhat extravagant. Especially did he chafe over the pitiable condition in which like reunions left his sumptuous residence. But his wife, whom the remembrance of her dear little lost one never left, found consolation and satisfaction in this monthly token of maternal remembrance.

Years came and went. One day Mr. Mori decided to retire and take things easier for his remaining days. Mrs. Mori as well modified her way of life, but in an opposite sense. Not one moment of liberty was to be hers; on the other hand, she had to answer every demand, guess wishes and satisfy them, and that without one word of approbation to cheer her along. But to raise up her courage she possessed her own strong faith. Lessons of fortitude and unfaltering patience she gathered daily in her prized spiritual books. All her anguish and sufferings were offered to obtain enlightenment in her doubts, which always persisted.

At long last came the hour chosen by the Sovereign Lord from all eternity, and everything was accomplished according to His providential designs and unfathomable ways.

The eldest of the family, then a young man, happened to make the acquaintance of a Catholic missionary, Rev. Father Larose, O. P., whose untiring zeal was always in quest of souls to be converted to the True Faith, and straying sheep to be led back safely into the Catholic Fold. Here was the Heaven-appointed apostle to enlighten these souls of sincere good will, and gently lead them to the King of Love.

Young Mr. Mori related the day's happenings to his mother, and his good fortune to have met a Catholic priest. Mrs. Mori thrilled with joy; she felt that her life would take on a new meaning, and that her truth-starved soul would at last be satisfied. The Reverend Father gladly accepted an invitation to call on the family. The conversation soon turned to religious matters, and Mrs. Mori's seeming objections quickly vanished before the persuasive explanations of the missionary. From the very first, the Reverend Father had understood that Providence had opened a promising field of apostolate to him. Catechism lessons followed regularly, and Mrs. Mori was soon ready for baptism. The unforgettable 21st of the month was chosen. And so on August 21, 1935, Mrs. Mori became a child of God. She chose Therese as her baptismal name. Aptly was the little Carmelite Saint selected to watch and ward the upright soul that had gathered, from the reading of her life of sacrifice and love, strength and resignation in her own heavy trials.

The great day was royally observed. The Christians of the Mission and a good number of Protestant and pagan relatives were present at the ceremony, which was preceded by Mrs. Mori's abjuration of her Protestant creed. Immediately after, followed High Mass, when the new child of the Heavenly Father made her First Holy Communion. In her national costume and costly white veil, the neophyte appeared in all her natural dignity, and an indefinable expression of happiness lit up her features.

What graces did she especially request from God in those blessed moments? Discretion forbade her telling, but later events let us rightly conjecture. Her heart was too noble to enjoy divine graces in an egoistical manner.

The modest feastday breakfast served in our convent was but a prelude to the gala banquet held in the afternoon at the Mori home. A regular Japanese affair this, where complicated etiquette could not but bring us moments of perplexity and embarrassment. However, Mr. Mori had the kindness of initiating us, and so we were buoyed up for the best or the worst. The guests were greatly amused seeing us dip, with chopsticks we could but awkwardly manage, from one tiny dish to another. Since etiquette would have it, we sat down on cushions in front of diminutive individual tables six inches in height. As might be expected, our "noble heels" lived through an eternity of minutes. But it all passed, and we were none the worse for our experience.

(To be continued)

* * *

WEST INDIES

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

Friday, March 2, 1945

Have we ever introduced Elizabeth to you? If not, we shall tell you how she spent the happiest day of her life — today. Something very special happened today. She became Jesus' loving tabernacle for the very first time in her nine years.

Elizabeth is our little helper. Her father gave her to the Sisters. I must say in passing that he is the captain of a boat that often makes the trip to Les Coteaux and takes provisions to our dear Sisters there. The child has had an elementary schooling, but not much religious training. Now she finds our Holy Religion simply wonderful. You couldn't embarrass her with any catechism questions. The French answers are all explained in Creole. Maybe you would enjoy being present at a study period? It is four o'clock. The sun is not so flaming hot as a while ago. Teacher and pupil sit down in the yard in front of the kitchen, whence issues the perfume of roasted coffee. A poetic setting, what! Elizabeth's deep black eyes are riveted on her teacher, so she won't lose anything of the precious counsels. Thoughtful, sober, slow to speak, she always has the exact answer. When the half-hour is over and so the lesson, she merrily sweeps the yard. Then she fetches the water kettles to please her Little Brother Jesus, and make her soul beautiful and ready for His coming. Her soul! Yes, she has a soul — so has she learned since her arrival — a soul which is the breath of God, a soul which can be defiled by sin, a soul which will live through all eternity. It was all of a revelation. "Yes, I have a soul, too," says the tiny black lass to herself, "and my soul is white like that of little Canadian girls! I shall go to Heaven if I die with a beautiful soul, with no sins."

Little white-garbed angel, Elizabeth knelt for her Heavenly Friend's first embrace on the monthly feast of the Sacred Heart. Piously she heard Holy Mass, her whole mind centred on the great step she was about to take. Special First Communion hymns were sung in her honor. Today being the anniversary of the election of Pope Pius XII, she said she had prayed for him, as well as for all the kind Mothers over in Canada.

The end of the afternoon brought a pleasant surprise — Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Elizabeth was present, and with her grateful heart thanked her Heavenly Guest for all the graces and joys of the day she will never forget.

Thursday, March 8

One of our dear old ladies, Clara Sanon by name, had long been asking the Sisters for a dress, hers being in a truly pitiable state. Our old friend of eighty-odd years is now the proud possessor of a green crepe dress with colored flowers — more than she had even dared expect. So grateful is she that she cannot contain her satisfaction. "Oh, thank you, dear Sisters! My legs can't bear me — I must sit down — Oh, thank you, thank you!"

If only the charitable benefactress who kindly sent the coveted garment could see for herself all the happiness her good deed brought to one of earth's disinherited millions!

Thursday, March 15

How good God is! Last Monday, two cases reached us from the part of Mr. and Mrs. Blanchet, charitable benefactors of our young Mission. Other generous friends from the U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Ennis, have not been less liberal. Today we received their helpful shipment of clothing, medicine, etc. We are at a loss for words to express our thankfulness. What happiness we shall now be able to spread around us! May our Father in Heaven, to whom are addressed our first grateful thanks, amply reward the instruments of His ever-provident care!

Thursday, March 22

At eight o'clock this morning, you could have seen a dozen patients, all of them visibly moved, reciting their beads at *Charity*. No, not all of them were praying. Some, whose memory is not as quick as years ago, were painstakingly repeating over and over, for the twentieth time perhaps, certain explanations of the catechism. All this because the preparatory examination for Confirmation and First Communion was to take place today.

Father was indulgent for these grown-up children, the eldest of whom has reached seventy. All will be admitted to the Banquet of the Angels and to membership in the vast army of soldiers of Christ.

When came the time for confession, the penitents knelt before the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes to receive forgiveness from the minister of the Church. All withdrew with tears streaming from their eyes. It was touching to see those poor infirm remain kneeling on the gravel reciting the

beads. Many eyes seemed changed into founts of tears — tears of sorrow and love.

Dear souls! They have been so deeply touched by the infinite mercy of God! One of the patients voiced the feeling of all: "As it is, we all belong to God now. He picked us up like this —" and the two arms of the patient opened wide, as if to signify his desire of gathering all his companions and pressing them to his heart. "Now we must serve God with our whole heart until death," he added. "Yes, yes, thank You, O my God!"

Friday, March 23

At last the great day has dawned! Our happy folk of yesterday did not sleep much, so eager were they for the coming of their Divine Guest. Six



ANNA, EVA AND RACHEL, THREE PROTEGES OF CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE.
EVA, THE ELDEST, AFTER HAVING RENDERED INVALUABLE SERVICES AT "CHARITY", IS NOW A
DEVOTED HELPER AT THE MISSION OF LES COTEAUX.

adults of the Refuge and thirty-one pupils of *Charity* School were to receive for the first time in their lives the loving God of the Eucharist; while eleven patients and forty-seven young lads, as well as some forty parishioners from the Cathedral, were to be made soldiers of Christ in the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Gathered near the Oratory, young and old prepared their hearts in recollection and prayer. Thanks to the treasures it was our pleased surprise to discover in the precious cases sent by kind benefactors, the dear privileged of God's love were garbed in white, touchingly symbolical of the untouched purity enhancing their souls at the sublime moment of their union with the thrice-holy God.

His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon celebrated Holy Mass and presided over the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Fathers le Net, Postec and Bedard, O. M. I.

All our dear ailing charges were visibly touched. "Oh, Sister, I want to go to Communion, too!" they would tell us confidentially. "You must teach me my prayers and everything I ought to know. You see, I've made up my mind now. I must save my soul! I thought about all that during Mass."

The ceremony over, our worthy bishop was about to leave *Charity*, when we invited him to preside over the feastday breakfast that had been prepared for the children at school. We added the infallible argument that his consent would greatly please us and the pupils as well. His Excellency graciously agreed and, escorted by the juvenile troop, set out for the school. Banners in Marian, papal and national colors were waving in the light breeze. Occasion tables covered with white sheets had been laden with — oh! — bowls of cocoa filled to the brim, bread and sweets. Enough to make them forget this once that they nearly always have to do without any breakfast.

With the paternal condescension and simplicity we know him, His Excellency spoke with the happy lads and gave each one a holy picture in remembrance of the great day. Our dear youngsters did not know how to express their joy and happiness.

Escorted a second time by the youthful band, who formed a merry cortege to his carriage, His Excellency left among acclamations and expressions of grateful thanks.

Saturday, March 31

Dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ paid a visit to *Charity* and called on dear old Flavia, whose lamp of life is slowly burning out. These last eight days have been inexpressibly painful. How she can keep on living in such excruciating torments is a miracle. And still she lives on and manages to keep in good cheer. All who see her cannot but leave deeply edified. Every time we give her medical care or speak a few words of consolation, we remain surprised and moved by her unfailing patience, her sweet resignation, her tranquil joy in the midst of her agonizing pain. Short visits are ours surely, for our ministrations are required by others, but they are worth salutary meditations. "Oh, how I suffer!" she sometimes gasps. "But I am happy!" Now and then, one of the Sisters asks her: "But, Flavia, when are you leaving for Heaven?" The answer doesn't vary: "I don't know, I can only be resigned and await God's hour."

Truly is suffering rightly accepted a regular school of sanctity. Poor, unlettered Flavia has learned that all-important science. In her predestined soul daily bloom spiritual blossoms of exquisite beauty — joy, generosity, gratitude, and confident abandonment to God's holy will.

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

His Excellency Bishop Collignon also paid a visit to his beloved old child and granted her an encouraging blessing.

Saturday, April 14

Sister Rain, which had been falling uninterruptedly all last week, has at last stopped and a jovial sun peeps through the gray clouds. It was not yet five o'clock according to our timepiece, and already we had answered our good morning *Deo Gratias*. The early rising is explained by the fact that monthly Mass was to be said at *Charity, If You Please*. What joys and graces became the share of our well-loved proteges! Over seventy Holy Communions were distributed.



SISTER ST. JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS) AND SISTER MARIE RACHEL (RACHEL BLANCHETTE, ST. LIBOIRE, BAGOT CO.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, TREATING THE SICK AT "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE," HAITI.

Dear old Flavia, still fighting a losing battle with death, heard Mass from her bed of suffering. She keeps imploring the good God, "Papa" she calls Him, to come for her, as she is getting weary of earth and longs for the eternal repose of Heaven.

Monday, April 16

Here in Haiti, teachers learn not only by special supplementary studies, but also by simply teaching the ABC and the first elements to their pupils. Sister St. Jean de Brebeuf⁽¹⁾ has had some experience in the matter. "When I say *Dieu est bon* (God is good)," she asked a bright tot one day, "do you know what I mean?" — "Yes, Sister, God is good — it means that He loves us and gives us everything we need." — "Good!" continued Teacher. "Those three words make a complete thought. But suppose I just say the words *banc, chaise* (bench, chair), would I have a complete sentence?"

1. Alice MAGNAN, Quebec.

One moment the lass thought things over in her fresh young mind. Then, triumphantly: "Yes, Sister, that's a whole sentence. You want a chair, and you say: *Ba-m'cheze* (Give me a chair)." With the French sounds *banc, chaise*, the pupil formed a Creole sentence.

And this is our great handicap in teaching French. Our boys and girls interpret the sense of the words in their native idiom. Thus, our French word *limer*, meaning "to file", will be used by a Haitian lad with its meaning altered to "light".

But there is one word the same in every language and understood by men of every shade of color, and that is the charity which the missionaries of Christ are endeavoring to pour into the hearts of their adopted peoples. Your kind prayers will help us bring Christ's Name and Christ's charity to these poor hapless brethren of yours and ours in the sunlit land of Haiti.

* * *

LES COTEAUX

Excerpts From Letters From Sister Marie Cecile, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, to her Superior General.

Les Coteaux, June 3, 1945

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

The regular rainy season — or should I say the flood period? — is with us again. I had never thought heaven's floodgates could hold such a heavy tide. Yet we are told August will give us a far better inkling of the rain period in Haiti!

You can readily imagine the state of the roads. We have been minus communications and mail for two long weeks. Even the tiny brook at a stone's throw from the house has taken on the proportions of a mighty rolling river. It is very attractive to look at thus transformed. While I gaze at it, I think of the mighty rolling tide of men around us with passions as turbulent, and with moral miseries that form a never-ending current.

May 26 brought the joys of First Communion to thirty-seven of our little girls, nineteen young lads, one man and four women. Our pupils sang beautifully for the occasion, and the ceremony did not lack solemnity and touching simplicity.

I had been able to buy material for white veils at Les Cayes. Most of the boys were also in white, as well as the adults. Several had been dressed by the Reverend Pastor and ourselves.

They all came back to the convent after Mass, and I gave each one a little loaf of bread. How glad and grateful they were! May Jesus be the permanent Guest of their hearts!

His Excellency Bishop Collignon intended to come for the function, but had to stay at Port Salut on account of the rain.



MARY ROSE AND CARMINA, TWO HELPERS
AT THE MISSION OF LES COTEAUX.
WITH THEIR GODSONS.

selves felt touched and proud on seeing their filial collective homage to Mary on the last day of her dedicated thirty-one.

When all had presented their crowns, one of the older pupils placed a pretty garland of roses on the head of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Then the ceremony was ended by a picus hymn. After the pupils had left the sanctuary, several persons went to kneel in front of the statue to implore Mary's maternal intercession.

Now we are going to prepare the laddies for the Feast of the Sacred Heart. There will be a procession with hymns and prayers. Our young people are fond of exterior ceremonies such as these. We shall take advantage of their fondness to draw them in large numbers to the good God, who certainly has special designs upon the sympathetic population.

Just a word on our dispensary, always overflowing with patients. Sister Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾ takes her task to heart and does all that can possibly be done for these suffering members of Christ. I usually accompany her with Mary Rose.

I cannot take my mind off the last case we treated. The victim was a two-year-old baby boy afflicted with syphilis. One Thursday morning the patients were passing each in his turn, when I suddenly heard cries of pain from the waiting room. Opening the door, I saw a child in his mother's lap. His right eye was out of its orbit and in the most pitiful state of

Corpus Christi was likewise fittingly observed. We tried to have our chapel look its prettiest. We had also erected a repository altar — nothing costly, of course, only palm boughs, streamers, flowers and crepe paper banners in yellow and white. The good folk of Haiti seemed delighted and we received no end of compliments. How amply repaid we should feel, if the loving visit of Our Eucharistic God had strengthened the faith in the souls of our adopted countrymen!

The last day of the blessed month of Mary was marked by a demonstration in honor of the Queen of Heaven. Our pupils had each twined a wreath of natural blossoms either pink or white. In the evening they offered it to the Queen of May, while their young voices sang an appropriate selection in her praise. Several witnesses of the pious little ceremony did not conceal their emotion. We ourselves

1. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

decomposition. In moments of acute pain he cried his little heart out and twined his arms round his mother's neck, tearing her dress or scratching her with his fingers. We attempted to bandage the injured member, but the best we could do was pitifully little. Sister Marie Berthe gave him medicine to lessen the pain and persuaded the mother to have the child's eye removed at Les Cayes. The poor mother had covered four hours of riding distance. She had to send someone to her *caye* for a horse before undertaking the tiresome journey, and, as it was during the rainy season and because no one is in a great hurry in Haiti, it took quite a length of time. Through four long days we bandaged the baby's sores, which somewhat relieved the suffering. I gave him a little bread, and when it didn't hurt too much he would say: "What have I got in my eye, Mummie?"

No news coming from the messenger despatched to her home, the poor mother left on foot with a little girl for Les Cayes. In the evening of the second day, she came back exhausted, her feet wet with mud, and sadly told us the doctors, lacking a suitable installation for an operation of that kind, had said she had better return home and keep on seeing the *White Mothers*, as their medicine was good.

You can well imagine how sorrowfully we watched mother and child leaving for their distant *caye*. The little sufferer's other eye was also touched by the dread disease. We gave medicine to the unfortunate mother, asking Our Blessed Lady to call the tiny "angel" home soon.



SISTER MARIE THEODORE (LUCIENNE GADOURY, ST. ELISABETH, JOLIETTE CO.), OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES COTEAUX, RETURNING ON HORSEBACK FROM DAMASIN, HAITI.

When I came back to the convent for dinner that day, my appetite was very slim. I couldn't blot out the vision of that wasted baby clinging to his mother and wringing his pain-racked body in despair.

Several of our patients suffer from horrible sores. Some have lost their fingers, and others their toes. Pian and syphilis take a great toll of victims. We endeavor to persuade the poor patients to bear their sufferings out of love for God, but the great majority have never even learned to make the Sign of the Cross.

Classes will close in July. All in all, the pupils have done satisfactory work, and I hope they will take away within their hearts greater love for God and Our Blessed Mother. The natives come in throngs to Mass, and the number of Communions increases a little, but the practice of daily Communion is difficult to introduce.

June 17, 1945

The heat increases with every new day. Still, we do not suffer much from it, on account of the light breeze that always brings refreshment.

You are wondering, dear Mother, whether our coast is similar to that from Port-au-Prince to Les Cayes. It is somewhat different, to my thinking, because it is wilder. In the background we see the beautiful mountains, then the Caribbean Sea as far as the eye can reach.

Our convent is situated in the open country. We avidly breathe in the pure fresh air. When the dogs have not planned too noisy concerts and the sea is not too rough, the nights are calm and restful.

His Excellency the President has ordered that classes during June should open at 7.30 in the morning and be closed at noon, so as to avoid the burning afternoon sun. We try our best to leave the dispensary at noon, but we simply have to close our eyes while turning the key in the lock, for many patients are still awaiting their turn when it is time to be off. Some come from great distances for medical attention. Our dear future missionaries at Roche-a-Bateau will be able to help us much when they arrive, which we confidently hope will be soon.

Our procession on the Feast of the Sacred Heart was a great success. I had told the young people who spend their days sitting in the shade to do their share for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We lent them streamers and banners and they tried their native wits with that. The repository altar was a pretty sight with the statue of the Sacred Heart dominating the whole. How lovingly the Good Master must have shed blessings as He wended His way in the streets of Les Coteaux!

At the present time, several husbands and wives are trying to have their marriages revalidated. So we have to provide clothing for a good number of couples, they being too poor to do anything. That is the usual reason they present when asked why they did not have their union blessed by the Church. I bought white cotton and had dresses cut out and sewed by a good Christian mother who comes to Mass daily and deserves help in bringing up her family. The Reverend Father sees to the married couples. We also had white dresses for the little First Communicants. The mission charity of our benefactors has enabled those Christians in misery to profit by the grace of the Sacraments.

Another First Communion ceremony, for adults this time, is planned for the end of July. A number of our dispensary patients will rank among the privileged of the day. The Reverend Father will give them the necessary instructions, and we shall also teach them their catechism and prayers.

John Francis was baptized yesterday. The nine-month-old baby was brought to us by his poor mother. After searching a while, we found a tiny dress to cover his frail limbs for the sublime ceremony of Baptism. The sexton readily consented to stand as godfather, and the lady who does the ironing here stood as godmother. As to the godson, he is much too ill for us to entertain any hopes, save that of soon bidding him godspeed on his way to Heaven.

I shall now end my letter, dear Mother, and promise to write soon again, for it is always a real pleasure for me to keep you informed on our doings down here. We are all well and very happy, and send you our best love.

Your Loving and Respectful Child,

SISTER MARIE CECILE, M. I. C. (1)

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

They Also

Salvation, which the Church alone can give, is not only for the chosen few, not only for those who live in regions where the Church is already flourishing. No, salvation is for all men, without distinction of race or color, for those in the farthest corners of the earth, for those whose ears have never heard the sweet doctrines of the Gospel, for those whose eyes never saw the Christian light to pierce the pagan darkness. The Church is for them also. They also need the comforts of her guiding hand, the protection of her infallible judgments. They also can claim the indispensable aid of her sacraments, which are the canals of Divine Grace and the sanctifiers of our souls. Precious Blood was shed for these souls also, and why should they be lost? Why should one single soul be lost? Condemned to Hell for all eternity! God forbid that even one should be so unfortunate! They also must be brought to the foot of the Cross. They also must be washed in the Blood of the Lamb of God.

EDWARD McCARTHY, C. S. C.

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

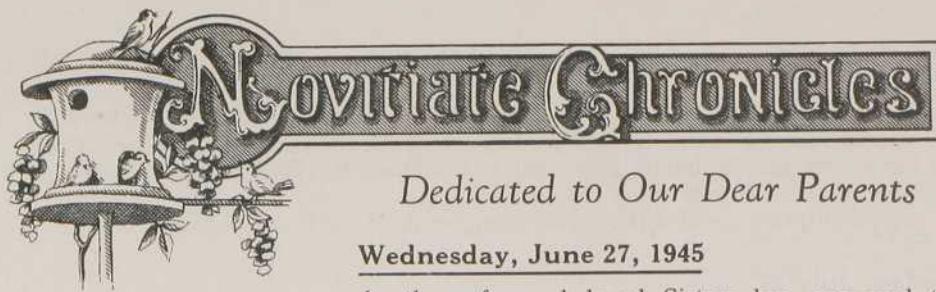
A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all 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
September-October 1945			\$27.00

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

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



Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to Our Dear Parents

Wednesday, June 27, 1945

Another of our beloved Sisters has answered the supreme call of the Heavenly Bridegroom. After fourteen fervent years spent in His service, dear Sister Julienne de Falconieri (Julienne Beauchemin, Montreal) has gone to receive the treasure promised by Christ to those who leave all and follow Him.

Through several long years of suffering cheerfully borne out of love for God and souls, the dear departed had the opportunity of enhancing the crown that will eternally deck her brow. With calm serenity, more, with joy and longing, she thought of the great day when death would put an end to her life of faith and grant her the Beatific Vision of Glory.

Thursday, June 28

The mortal remains of our regretted Sister Julienne de Falconieri arrived from Nominingué early this afternoon. Dear Mother General and a few Sisters from the Motherhouse and Nominingué accompanied the funeral cortège.

On our first prayerful visit, we saw how illness and suffering had altered the features of the regretted deceased. For several among us, the pallor of death was but a word, but today we stood face to face with the stark reality, and salutary thoughts on the destinies of human nature thronged in our minds. And yet, never perhaps did death appear sweeter, more consoling! Laid out in front of a statue of Our Blessed Mother, our little Sister seemed as if offering to her Heavenly Mother the precious pledge of her virginal purity, while in a gracious gesture the Spotless Mother held out to her faithful child a crown of white lilies, the symbol of the glorious trophy of the spouses of Christ.

Sisters who knew her or assisted her in her long illness have nothing but words of praise and admiration for one who has left such glowing examples of self-effacement, religious abnegation and simple submission to obedience. Those among our elders who knew her love for work and her generous readiness to give and spend herself, will be the better able to measure the extent of the sacrifice she had to offer on the altar of God's blessed will, through months and months of helpless inactivity.

May the happy newcomer in Heaven remember us and console her beloved sister — a Professed Sister at the novitiate — and all the other members of her family. Beside her remains we shall recite the Rosary night and day.

Saturday, June 30

A newly-consecrated minister of the altar, Rev. Father J. P. Rondeau, brother to a Professed Sister, said Mass in our chapel this morning. With heart and voice we expressed our joy and the happy levite's in pious hymns sung during the Holy Sacrifice.

The funeral service of Sister Julienne de Falconieri was held at 8.30, and was sung by Rev. Father N. Turcotte, P. M. E., chaplain at the novitiate. Rev. Father Rondeau, our community Mass celebrant that morning, was present, as also the Rev. Antonian Sisters and several relatives of the beloved deceased. After the pious liturgical office, we accompanied the body to the cemetery, where the *Salve Regina* called Mary's maternal intercession in behalf of her devoted servant. Often shall we return to our "enclosed garden" to pray for all those among our Sisters there sleeping until the resurrection morn, beneath the tender gaze of the Crucified Christ and close to the precious remains of our venerated Mother Foundress.

The funeral over, we gathered in the parlor, where Rev. Father Rondeau kindly

spoke a few words of edification. He exhorted us especially to devotion towards the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother, stressing the point that in the former we honor Our Lord's infinite love, and in the latter we serve our own interests, Mary being the treasurer of her Divine Son.

A cordial blessing sealed the encouraging words of the newly-ordained priest.

Friday, July 27

Fraternal greetings made merry music all day long within our walls. But with the late afternoon hours, silence invaded the pious dwelling where over two hundred of our Sisters are to follow the annual retreat exercises. Rev. Father V. Benoit, O. M. I., will be their guide in the paths of spiritual perfection through this blessed retreat-time.

Sunday, August 5

The all-white feast of Our Lady of the Snow shed heavenly joy in many souls. To some, the elder Novices, it brought the yearned-for Vow Day marking their consecration to God. Msgr. Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, presided over this morning oblation.

The worthy prelate then blessed the privileged new brides of Christ and the departants for our missions of Vancouver and Haiti. The kind counsels given them form a fragrant spiritual bouquet, by which, sister-like, they wish us to profit.

"If a Sister would be happy in the missions, she must first of all die to self. You have left your parents; you will now have to bid farewell to your religious family. Naturally, your heart will keep on loving your Sisters at the Motherhouse; but you will not have the happiness of living there. And once in the missions, how many other separations!

"One must not go to the missions with the hope and dream of adventure, but for God, for the Church, for souls. Our Lord singularly honors you in choosing you, for all those who have entered here came to devote themselves to the missions. You must never give God and your Reverend Mother reason to mourn over their choice.

"A missionary must not seek self in anything, else she will unfailingly be disappointed, not only in the charges she will not be given, but down to the least details.

"If she would conquer souls, she needs must make herself all things to all men, be infinitely patient with the poor pagans, act constantly in a truly maternal way, never forgetting that she represents the Church among them."

In the afternoon, our little Postulant Sisters had the joy of donning their own holy habit, after having expressed to Our Divine Lord their intention of being faithful. They were then given new names:

Miss Edith East, Quebec (Sister Marie Edith); Miss Aline Quirion, Sherbrooke (Sister St. Anne d'Auray); Miss Gemma de Grandpre, St. Simon de Bagot (Sister Gemma du Sauveur); Miss Simonne Tardif, St. Ferdinand d'Halifax (Sister St. Victorin); Miss Marie Paule Durocher, Montreal North (Sister St. Vital).

Eleven Professed Sisters bound themselves forever to Jesus. With what happiness they received their blessed ring, the symbol of fidelity, the pledge of their eternal union! They were:

Sister Marie Raymond (Therese Langevin, Louiseville); Sister St. Priscille (Irene Cornellier, Collinsville, Mass.); Sister St. Celine (Rachel Bouchard, Quebec); Sister Jeanne Marie (Jeanne Brassard, Montreal); Sister Therese Marguerite (Therese Gouin, Montreal); Sister St. Wilfrid (Simone Lafontaine, Beloeil Station); Sister Marie Aline (Anne Marie Larocque, Rawdon); Sister St. Maxime (Jeanne Pelletier, St. Cyrille de l'Islet); Sister Anne des Anges (Mariette Toupin, Montreal); Sister Paul de Damas (Paule Charpentier, Drummondville); Sister St. Elodie (Simone Saint-Amant, St. Aime de Richelieu).

Both ceremonies were held under the presidency of Rev. Father Alberic de

Grandpre, Pike River, uncle to one of the happy privileged Sisters. He took as text for his allocution this verse of the *Magnificat*: *He that is mighty hath done great things to me*, the substantial development of which showed us how justly the religious soul may apply to herself the grateful praise first culled on Mary's lips.

The following members of the clergy were present: the Reverend Fathers Maurice de Grandpre, Robert Saint-Amant, Raymond Langevin, Pierre Gouin, S. J., Jean Luc Manny, O. M. I., Leon Lacroix, P. M. E.; and the Reverend Brothers Rodolphe and Leon Ovila, Marists.

Wednesday, August 8

Always filially celebrated, the anniversary of the religious profession of our venerated Mother Foundress brings us the additional joy of welcoming a fresh band of aspirant missionaries. Sisterly greetings and promises to pray are theirs the very first day. May they never have any visits from the undesirable and boresome caller of the first days, scientifically classified "Nostalgia"! May Our Immaculate Mother proportion graces of valor to their sacrifices, and show them how infinitely superior to the costs it entails is their sublime vocation to the mission apostolate!

Best wishes for perseverance to our dear little Sisters!

Saturday, August 18

Beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten minutes were those we lived this morning *sub umbra Petri*, if we may speak so, borrowing the text of the interesting literary work we are now reading at the refectory, whose every enlightening page increases our love for Holy Mother Church and her august Head. We had the honor of greeting within our novitiate His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, whose precious counsels and encouragements will forever remain engraved in our hearts.

Our illustrious visitor, who was accompanied by Msgr. E. Larochelle, P. A., P. M. E., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, first expressed the pleasure he felt on being in our midst, then paternally inquired about our far-off missions. Upon our answer regarding our Sisters in the Philippines, His Excellency added in about the following terms: "Yes, I have learned with joy about the decision of your missionary Sisters, who, although free to return to Canada, preferred to stay at their post, in spite of hardships and privations of every sort. They have given proof of a truly apostolic spirit and of great zeal for the salvation of souls. There are certain cases where the missionaries have to return to their country, either to make the situation better known, or to recover lost physical strength, so as to be able to labor longer in their apostolic field; but when it is possible, their duty is to remain at their post, especially when their proteges have still greater need of them. Their presence is then a comfort and an assurance for them, as well as a source of edification."

Designating the Novices and the Postulants, His Excellency then continued: "You are the garden of the Community: you must cultivate and carefully prepare your soul, in order to become good Religious, fervent, zealous and generous, for such are the indispensable qualities of a missionary. At first, it may seem relatively easy, youthful enthusiasm firing one on; but be assured that throughout your religious life you will meet with small and sometimes also great difficulties, and you will have to exercise much vigilance in order to remain generous. You wish to be missionaries — then be good ones. If you are not able to adapt yourselves to this life of sacrifice, it would be better for you to remain in the world. You will be happy in the Community and in the missions according to the measure of your generosity and attachment to your Rules and Constitutions. Another element of happiness in the religious life is humility, which is the foundation on which all perfection must be edified. The humbler you are, the more pleasing will you be to God. In proof of this truth we have the words of St. Bernard: 'It was by her virginal purity that the Blessed Virgin was found worthy and acceptable before the Most Holy Trinity,

but it was because of her humility that God chose her to be the Mother of the Savior.'"

His Excellency then related a brief incident regarding St. Anthony of Padua. The great Saint having been named Protector of Portugal, the Government had been asked to recognize him officially, to which the latter had acceded by proclaiming St. Anthony: *Captain Anthony, of Lisbon*, and allotting him a captain's salary, which was distributed each month among the poor of the section. It happened that on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the death of the great Saint, the priest filling the function of guardian had the idea of asking a promotion for the Protector of the armies. To his thinking the captain who, through six centuries, had given such distinguished service to his country, certainly deserved the rank of major or colonel. The salary, naturally, should have accompanied the promotion, for the benefit of the poor to whom it would be given. But the Government answered: "St. Anthony is too humble to accept promotions. He shall remain a captain." To which His Excellency added: "You also, dear Sisters, be humble, very humble, doing as best you can your humble task of every day, never desiring charges or promotions, accepting them if obedience so disposes, but bearing always in mind that they are a responsibility more than anything else. The humbler you will be, the more beautiful, the greater will your Community be, and the wider will be its influence in the mission work of the Church, at home and in distant countries."

We knelt to receive the apostolic benediction, and gratefully acquiesced to the proposition of a gay holiday in honor of the Holy Father, according to the expression of his worthy representative among us.

Dread Uncertainty

Our dear departed we can always find in God. What a joy to reflect that they see face to face the thrice-holy God we adore through the veil of mysteries unfathomable; that those we have loved, now love God unreservedly; that there will be for them no more enigmas, no uncertainties, no temptations, no sufferings; that in the face to face of vision and the heart of love, they enjoy perfect happiness.

Yet in our heart a certain sense of uncertainty remains. Was the soul of that friend pure enough to be admitted to fellow citizenship with the Saints? Could we only know for certain that our dear dead are in Heaven! Alas! we do not know, and therefore must we, through prayers and sacrifices, do violence unto the heart of God, that He may have mercy on those we love. Faithfully and until our dying breath let us remember them.

■ What is more beautiful than fidelity beyond the grave, what more worthy of a noble heart? How sweetly consoling it would be to have a right to tell oneself: Because of my poor little prayers, this friend suffers less; because of my sacrifices, the hour of his blessed deliverance will be hastened! And what must be the joy of the one who has left us, to know that he is not blotted from our memory!

Rev. Father Vuillermet, O. P.

SPIRITUAL CHILDHOOD AND MARY

Unless we become as little children, we are assured that we shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Unless we have learned to visualize Our Lady as the tender, loving Mother of us individually, one to whom we can and do appeal with the simplest and most childlike confidence in her power and will effectively to aid us, we fail in our duty to the Mother whom Jesus gave us.

Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C.



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

No, my dear young friends, this isn't just a make-believe story. It really, truly happened, and I'm sure it will do you good to read it, so that's why I coaxed the Editor to publish it in this issue.

Once upon a time — a few years ago, I mean — a cold November wind was blowing. November is always cold and dreary, isn't it? Everything looked sad that morning. Nature was shivering in the blast, and the last dry leaves were dancing about before lying down to rest beneath the white mantle of snow that would soon be spread over everything. Ella, the little heroine of our story, was a gay picture with her pleasant smile, golden curls and skyblue beret.

Pleasant smiles and pleasant thoughts! "I know my lessons by heart and I've written my homework carefully," she told herself. "Guess I should have pretty good marks. My, I wish I could get ahead of Mildred this month! She never gives first place to anybody."

And so saying, Ella merrily walked among the dead leaves. Gurgles of delight rose in her childish throat as she watched them being caught up by the wind and whirling in the air. It all made such a queer noise — made you think of someone wrinkling up paper, or something else, perhaps?

It was so much fun to frolic among the brown leaves, that Ella didn't notice her bosom friend Frances coming towards her.

"Dreaming again!" thought Frances, and cupping her hands, she shouted at the top of her voice, "'Morning, Ella!'" The dreamer in the leaves bounded and turned round to explore. Oh, it was Frances! Both laughed till the tears ran down their apple-blossom rosy cheeks.

"Didn't I scare you that time!" and the newcomer clapped her hands in glee.

"Guess you did! I didn't know you were coming."

"Never heard me running?"

"I was busy — that's why I didn't hear you, Frances."

"Busy — dancing in the leaves! The idea! Takes Ella to see things that way!"

"I'm afraid we're going to be late, Frances."

"Let's run, then!"

"Who'll get to the crossing first?"

"All right, a race."

"One — two — THREE!"

Ella was just a tiny slip of a girl and her fleet little feet barely touched

the earth. Soon Frances lost ground and she still had three-fourths of the way to go, when Ella the winner greeted her from the goal.

"You win!" admitted Frances, all out of breath. "Wait for me now and let's just walk — I'm so tired — and you?"

"Ch, I never get tired!"

"Never!"

"Never, only when — when I have to keep still. Play and romp and jump — only makes me feel better, I guess."

Poor Ella! She didn't know God would ask a big sacrifice from her that very evening. For days and weeks and months there wouldn't be any jumping and romping — only that dreadful chair and a little broken and twisted foot! At five o'clock that afternoon, the dear child was hit by a

heavy truck just a few steps from her daddy's home. She was picked up unconscious. Thank God! The blow might have caused death on the instant! The doctor was sent for at once. There was no danger, he said, but the poor frail body had been painfully bruised and her little foot — oh, her foot, how it hurt! Two days after, they brought her back from the hospital. Two long months ahead with her foot in a plaster cast! No more romping and running, no more walking even, for more than sixty



She turned round to explore.

days! The whole family was upset at the sorrowful prospect. Bernie, Ella's big brother, framed the general feeling in something like:

"Oh, a plaster cast! The poor little cricket! Whatever will she do through two long months?"

Whatever did she do? Oh, just what God wanted her to!

It was terrible at first. Neither Mummie's sweet and untiring care, nor her brothers' and sisters' gentle and loving caresses, could make Ella forget her sad lot and bring back the ghost of her onetime all-day smile. Ella was like a little bird in its cage.

One long week crawled by. Then something great happened. Father Henry paid a kind, cheering visit, and somehow things didn't seem so dreary after that. He knew just what to say. All her sufferings and sacrifices and sorrows — she shouldn't let them slip through her fingers — they were so, so precious! — now, suppose she bore it all with a smile — for souls!

Another day passed. Mummie was sitting beside the small shut-in, mending Baby's ripped overall.

"Mummie, I'm so, so happy!" began Ella.

"Happy? Really, my angel?"

"Oh, yes, Mummie, 'cause Father Henry said Jesus chose me out of millions to help Him save souls! He knows I love Him and He counts on me. That's why I got hit by the truck!"

"Poor child!" murmured Mummie.

"So you understand, Mummie, I don't want to disappoint Jesus. I don't want Him to think I'm sorry He chose me. So I'll try to keep bright and gay all the time, even if it's a big sacrifice now and then. It's hard to feel *tied up* like this!"

"I'm very glad to hear you say that," answered Mummie. "I'm sure Jesus must be very happy, too."

"Suppose Father Henry hadn't come, what would have happened?" asked Ella.

"Jesus knew the first days would be very hard, and that's why He told Father to call upon you at the right time. Let's thank Jesus for being so very thoughtful and kind."

"Oh, Mummie, I want to thank Him over and over!" And several times Mother and Daughter breathed a fervent "Thank You" to God.

Christmas came and still Ella remained tied up, as she said. But no one could tie up her bright and sunny smile.

Time and again she'd tell her mother:

"Oh, I'm so very happy!"

And Mummie would answer:

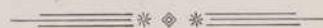
"I'm happy, too, and not a bit surprised. Jesus always returns in happiness what we give Him in generosity."

Dear boys and girls, Christmas is coming. Do you want it to be a really merry and joyful day? I'm sure you all do. Then prepare for it by being cheerfully faithful in giving Jesus all the tiny and big sacrifices that happen along your way. When you feel it's really too difficult and would be tempted to draw back, think that Jesus has chosen you out of millions, just as He chose Ella, to help Him save souls. Like that brave lass, say a fervent "Thank You" to God for being especially good to you, and then — no matter how hard, keep brave and smiling. Jesus will do the rest, and you'll see how well He can do things.

Dear boys and girls, remember those two words — brave and smiling. Remember, too, that Jesus always gives back in happiness what we give Him in generosity!

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR



If I love Mary, I am sure of perseverance, and I shall obtain from God whatsoever I wish.

St. John Berchmans



THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Thanksgiving to our dear Lady in Heaven for helping my little son get well again. May our dear Lady watch over my husband Mrs. R. L., **Rosemount**.—Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favors received Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, Richmond Co., N. S.**—I wish to ransom a pagan baby likely to live in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. A. D., **Haverhill, Mass.**—Thanks for a favor received Miss A. G., **Cranston, R. I.**—Many thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. O. R., **Montreal**.—Thanks for a favor received Mrs. H. G.—Lively gratitude for a position obtained. Mrs. B. T., **Cap de la Madeleine**.—A favor has been obtained. Anonymous.—I am coming to fulfill a promise in gratitude for a favor received from Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber.—Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. E.—I wish to thank Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for having helped me find objects that had been mislaid. Miss J. G., **Sherrington**.—A special favor is solicited through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. N.—Grateful thanks for special favors. Chas. B.—Thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. H. L.—Thanks for protection granted my soldier son. Mrs. J. A. D.—I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for a favor received and ask her to protect my little family. Mrs. H. M.—I am coming to fulfill a promise in gratitude for improvement in my health. I hope I shall soon be completely cured. M. P. L.—Thanks for several favors received. I am asking our dear Blessed Mother to protect my soldier boy. Mrs. M. J. D.—Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. E. R.—I wish to thank our Mother in Heaven for favors she has granted us. M. R. B.—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for her protection. I should like to find another position. A. M.—Homage of gratitude for favors attributed to Our Blessed Lady. Will you kindly make a novena for my intention. Mrs. D. N.—Please help me thank Our Heavenly Mother and continue praying her for my intentions. Mrs. R. S.—Thanks for a special favor. Mrs. R. H.—I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for success in my exams. I am asking grace to know my vocation. L. B.—I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. S.—Lively gratitude towards Mary for a favor received after promising to publish. Mrs. E. C.—Grateful thanks for a favor. Mrs. Y. C.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanks to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother for favors received. Mrs. G. C., **St. Hyacinthe**.—Thanks for favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph. M. B., **Shawinigan Falls**.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the sale of a house. Miss F. L., **Windsor**.—Sincerest thanks to Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph and Good St. Anne for a favor received. Mrs. L. P.—Thanks to St. Joseph for a favor attributed to his intercession. Miss M. A. C.—Lively gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of Our Heavenly Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Anonymous.—Thanks to Good St. Anne. A subscriber.—Homage of thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. J. M. G., **Longueuil**.—I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese for a favor obtained. A subscriber.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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PETITIONS

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

Will you kindly have a novena made to Our Blessed Mother to thank her for many favors granted, and to ask her as a Legionary of Mary to intercede for me, that I may not lose my position. G. E. B., **Montreal**.

— Will you please help me to make a good novena to our dear Blessed Mother, that she will grant me a favor. Mrs. K. G., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for a very special intention, and also make a novena for another important intention. Mrs. S., **Verdun**. — Please pray that I will obtain a very special favor. A subscriber, **Dalhousie Sta., P. Q.** — Will you kindly make a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the cure of a disease, and also to protect my baby and husband from any harm. Mrs. P. J., **Longueuil, P. Q.** — Please say special prayers for the persons whose names I am enclosing in this letter. Mrs. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Will you please say some special prayers that if it be God's holy will I may be relieved of a tubercular gland. Also pray that my lungs may be cured. M. M., **Cornwall, Ont.** — I wish to have a novena intention placed at Our Immaculate Mother's

shrine that I may be restored to health. I also recommend several other intentions to your kind prayers. Mr. M. E., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please have a light burn before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and make a novena for my brother. Miss M. W., **Biddeford, Me.** — I wish you to remember my son and daughter in your prayers. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — Will you kindly pray for the good health of my daughter. Mrs. O. D., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for a very special intention of mine. M. L., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please pray for the success of my husband at his work; that he will discontinue drinking; Our Lady's protection on my baby, and a happy peaceful home. Mrs. H., **Schenectady, N. Y.** — Please pray for us. Mrs. E. F., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Will you please pray and make a novena to Our Blessed Mother, asking her to guard my two sons from getting the dread infantile paralysis which is beginning to sweep our community again. I also recommend other intentions. Mrs. E. V. Z., **Jewett City, Conn.** — Will you please burn vigil lights and have special prayers said by the Sisters for a very important intention. Mrs. M. D., **Killingly, Conn.** — Please pray for the cure of my daughter. A subscriber. — Will you kindly pray to Our Blessed Mother, that my husband will give up drinking. Anonymous. — I am asking our dear Blessed Mother to obtain the conversion of my brother. Mrs. A. P. — I am recommending three special intentions to your prayers. Anonymous. — O Mary, Queen of All Hearts, please cure my dear father and myself. Miss Y. L., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my son, who has forsaken his religious duties and has gone away from home. A disconsolate mother. — Will you kindly pray for peace in our family. A subscriber. — I am asking a cure from rheumatism. Mrs. J. B. G. — A favor is requested through the intercession of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. I. L. — Please pray for an increase of priestly vocations. Anonymous. — A favor is ardently desired. An afflicted soul. — I solicit prayers for a special intention. A subscriber, **St. Sebastien**. — Please pray for my children and their vocation. Mrs. P. L., **St. Jerome**. — The success of an undertaking. M. L. A. — The cure of a foot; four conversions; preservation from a danger we fear. M. H. G. — Please pray to our dear Blessed Mother for the conversion of my husband, who abandoned the faith twenty-two years ago. Anonymous, **Montreal**.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Please pray to St. Jude, St. Ann, St. Dominic, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, Mary, Help of Christians and Our Lady of the Snow for very special intentions. A. C., **Montreal**. — Will you please have Masses said for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory, that they will pray for my son. Be so kind as to remember him in your prayers. R. H., **Verdun, P. Q.** — Prayers are requested to Our Blessed Mother, St. Jude Thaddeus and the Sacred Heart. Mrs. J. P., **St. Leon de Chicoutimi, P. Q.** — Please pray for my intention to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. Mrs. A. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — I recommend myself to Holy Mary and St. Joseph. Mr. G. L., **Salem, Mass.** — A special favor is requested through the intercession of the Immaculate Conception and St. Joseph. A subscriber. — A favor is requested from Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony. Mrs. A. L., **Mascouche**.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 8; vocations, 5; cures, 35; positions, 2; special intentions, 86.



OBITUARY

Mr. Victor Legault, **Ahuntsic**, father of our Sister Marie Cecilia; Hon. J. A. Prevost, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Alfred Marie; Mr. Irene Brochu, **St. Benoit Labre**, brother of our Sister St. Solange; Mr. Theo. Levesque, **Westmount**, brother of our Sister Marie de Massabielle; Mr. Jos. Mathieu, **Toronto**; Mrs. Mary Ann McDonald, **Glen Robertson, Ont.**; Mrs. F. J. Look, **Tecumseh, Ont.**; Mrs. John Beckett, **Belle River, Ont.**; Messrs. Benedict-Guy, Emmett, Even Milner, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**, killed in action overseas; Mr. Fred Bondy, Mr. George Bondy, Lieutenant Hayward Jones, **Amherstburg, Ont.**; Mrs. Emma Soulières, **River Canard, Ont.**; Mrs. Julia Labadie, Mrs. Valerie Giroux, Mrs. Joseph Toulouse, Mr. D. J. McDonald, Mrs. Mary Giroux, **Chatham, Ont.**; Mr. Gaston Papillon, Mrs. Paul Emile Lefebvre, Mrs. C. Deloca, Mr. Paul Gravel, Mr. Maurice Theoret, Mrs. Joseph Rocheleau, Mrs. P. Rivard, **Montreal**; Mrs. Noë Belisle, **Longue Pointe**; Mr. Albert Trudeau, **Villeray**; Mrs. Donat Gadbois, Mrs. Hector Rivard, Mrs. Charles St-Onge, Mr. Eugene Lemoine, Dr. Ernest Birtz, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Leo Gauthier, Mr. Normand Phaneuf, Mr. Arthur Harbour, **Granby**; Mr. Isaie Laroche, **Roxton Falls**; Mrs. Jean Baptiste Desrosiers, **St. Aime de Richelieu**; Mr. Arthur Comire, **Sorel**; Mrs. D. Coupal, **Cowansville**; Mrs. Paul St-Aubin, **Henryville**; Mr. Isaie Despaties, **St. Alexandre**; Mr. Eugene Tellier, **St. Elisabeth**; Mrs. Nazaire Lebel, Mrs. Joseph Marchand, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Pierre Goulet, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Noel Trudel, **St. Severin de Proulxville**; Mrs. Osias Ricard, **Yamachiche**; Mrs. Clovis Tremblay, **Chateau Richer**; Mr. Philias Fiset, **St. Francois de Montmagny**; Mrs. Cleophas Pare, **Causapscal**; Mr. Osias Bouchard, **Valin**; Miss Etienne Boucher, **St. Anne de Chicoutimi**; Mr. Napoleon Leclerc, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Roch Lindsay, **Dolbeau**; Mrs. Marcel Gauthier, **St. Honore de Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Elisabeth Langlois, **River Canard, Ont.**; Mrs. Joseph Chevrier, Mr. Oscar LeBlanc, Mr. Richard Belanger, Mr. Albini Theoret, Mr. Hercule Bazinet, Mrs. Phydime Bazinet, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Mr. Moise Hebert, **Tecumseh, Ont.**; Mrs. Wellie Girard, **South Woodslee, Ont.**; Mrs. L. F. Dore, **Windsor, Ont.**; Miss Hermina Labossiere, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mrs. Marie L. Dupre, Mrs. Theodore Duhamel, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Alphonse Plamondon, **Fitchburg, Mass.**; Mrs. Virginie Simard, **Bristol, Conn.**; Mr. David Lussier, **Taftville, Conn.**; Mrs. Zenaide Bernard, **Newport, Vt.**; Mr. Antoine Demers, **Woonsocket, R. I.**; Mr. Edward Thomas Ferguson, **Thompsonville, Conn.**

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

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$10,00.00 or more.

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Motherhouse. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition.)

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honor is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.

6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.

7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.