

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 24th Year MONTREAL, January-February 1946

No. 7

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.

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

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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.

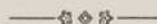
The articles mentioned on the page entitled "By Encouraging our Workroom", may be procured, on reasonable terms, at the workroom of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Montreal, Que.

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		Corporals.....	10.00	" "
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Length		Length	
5 inches.....	\$ 3.00	14 inches.....	\$16.00
7 ".....	5.00	16 ".....	20.00
9 ".....	8.00	18 ".....	25.00
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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, 24th Year

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J.M.



Would you offer anything to Jesus,
then offer it through Mary.

Blessed Grignon de Montfort



*O Father in Heaven,
another year has dawned.*

*Grant, in Your goodness,
that it may be fruitful for eternity.*

*Father, bless us and shower Your grace within our souls,
that the opening year may be
what we resolve to make it today!*

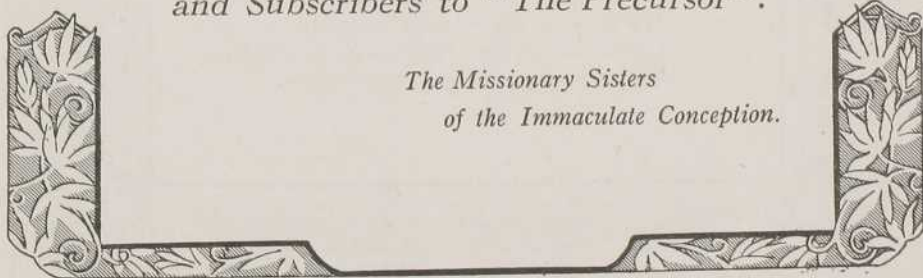
*Thanks to You, Father,
the Star of Peace illumines our New Year.
May that Light long shed its rays
upon this world of ours!*

*May Your Kingdom of Justice and Love, O Lord,
extend from pole to pole,
and hallowed be Your Holy Name by all, every where!*

*O Father Almighty,
bless and protect our Holy Father the Pope,
and all the Shepherds of Your Holy Church.*

*Lavish heavenly gifts and ineffable graces
on our Parents, Benefactors,
and Subscribers to "The Precursor".*

*The Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception.*



VENITE



ADOREMUS

The Christ Child's Smile

To Mary...

*A lovely vision I have seen!
'Twas Holy Night in stable stall;
A mother nestled in her arms
A helpless Infant, frail and small.
So near her heart's maternal beat
She fondled Him and sweetly sang
The sweetest mother lullaby
That near a cradle ever rang.*

*The drowsy baby eyelids oped,
And infant fingers clasped her own.
(O Mary, consecrated then
To touch the Sacrament — alone!)
The Mount, the Cross, one Friday's sword,
The future, fade — for One today
Takes human lips, through human eyes
His smile beguiles your woes away.*

To Joseph...

*There stood a humble carpenter,
No tools, no hammer in his hands.
Enough for him this ecstasy:
Divinity in swaddling bands!
The Virgin's Keeper keeps her Son.
(O Joseph, this is Paradise!)
The Babe whose coming Angels hymned,
That Babe is smiling in your eyes!*

To the Angels...

*"While Angels hymned His coming." So
We poets sing of birthnight bliss,
And like to think, their hymning o'er,
They won His smile, and felt His kiss.
Fair Angels, spread your golden wings,
And soar again to Home above,
For all is well with sinful earth,
Now God's with us, and God is Love!*

To the Shepherds...

*Judean Shepherds, leave your lambs;
The Lamb of God is fairer far.
Oh, gladdest tidings ever told!
O Shepherds, fortunate you are!
His herald Angels in the sky
Have chanted Peace to right good will,
And Glory to the Lord on high,
And Joy to Shepherds — Shepherds, thrill!*

To the Magi...

*The Royal Three from Orient
Have come with gold and frankincense,
And myrrh unpriced to give to Him —
The Gift of God — with reverence.
They fall beside the sleeping Babe,
Who plays with cherubs in His dream.
"The Kings are come!" a whisper runs,
And Jesus smiles, as cherubs beam!*

* * *

*With simple souls and royalty,
May sons of men, this Christmastide,
On bended knees this Child adore —
His stable door is open wide!*

THE PRECURSOR

Mary at the Crib



JESUS is born in Bethlehem in a lowly cattle shelter. In a despised hovel Angels and men pay Him homage. Angels, a joyful throng of them, praise the Lord God and swell the jubilant airs with their sublime canticle: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." Men of every rank and condition fall adoring beside the crib, marvelling at the mysteries of annihilation, poverty and suffering beneath which the majesty of the Word of God conceals itself for love of them.

The simple and single-hearted Judean shepherds; the Magi, kings of science and exalted potentates, who have come from unnumbered leagues because they had faith in a star; humble Saint Joseph, the unspectacular admirer of the perfections of the newborn Child whose reputed Father he is, all they kneel in ecstasy, adoring their God and communicating to one another their enraptured impressions. Bethlehem is Heaven on earth for them!

Sublime adorations those, of angelic spirits and intelligent human beings! But how much more fervent, how unspeakably more perfect, the homage of the adoring Mother close to the Christ Child's cradle! Moments, nay, hours swiftly speed onward as she beholds and loves the beloved fruit of her chaste womb. With recollected love, more, with compassionate, attentive, self-effacing love she fondles her Child.

With recollected love, have we said. The entire world is non-existent for her. Jesus is her life and her all. Her heart passes wholly within His own. Henceforth she will love creatures only in the Heart and through the Heart of her Adorable Son and Savior.

Compassionate is her love. The first sufferings of the God-Man sorrowfully reverberate in her motherly heart, more sensitive and affectionate than any other mother's, for hers is an unspotted virgin's heart. What pangs stab that heart as she can only offer poor swaddling clothes, as she tenderly wipes tears from His infant eyes and presents herself to suffer in His place.

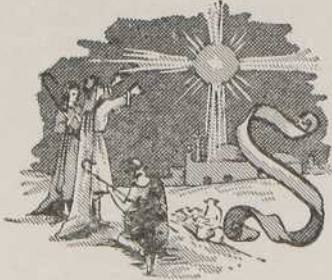
Attentive love is Mary's. Her gaze seeks His, and in His smile, His wailings, the movement of His baby lips, she fain would detect the expression of His all-holy will. Still more attentively she observes within her soul the mysterious workings of grace, and inclines her whole self to readiness in responding to every impulsion of divine love.

Mary's love is self-effacing. Integrally she offers herself. Her mind, her heart, her body, her very life are hers no longer. As her Beloved is entirely hers, so is she totally her Beloved's!

O admirable Virgin and Mother! How lukewarm and languishing seems our love when we try to measure it on yours! And yet I would love Jesus — I would so love Him! Take my heart, O beloved Mother, and render it like to yours, so lovable and so loving!

Rev. Father Monsabre, O. P.

First Bearers of the Glad Tidings



SILENT Night! Holy Night! Like a tabernacle lamp in God's great firmament, the Star of Juda flashed forth upon a weary world, whose expectancy dated from four thousand years in the dim and distant past. Bethlehem the humble and hidden beheld the glory of the Desired of Nations, the Leader of Israel, the Prince of Peace. Angelic choirs hymned His silent, unheralded coming in carols of celestial melody. They who shielded their flocks from the angry wolf in the dead of night heeded the Angels' behest, and hied with gladness of heart to lay the homage of their adoring souls at the stable crib of the newborn Savior of mankind. Simple-minded men of guileless ways, they readily gave credence to the admonition fallen from angel lips: "Fear ye not." Their simplicity mastered the enigmatic situation. Beneath the outer symbols of poverty and helplessness, they fell in adoration before their Lord and God.

Thrice-blessed keepers of the white folds! First of all mortals they were privileged to kneel in the little rock-hewn cave where the Infant Lord, the Master of Heaven and earth, smiled up from a hard bed of straw. First again of all mortals, the humble shepherds, as we may piously suppose, pressed their lips hungrily on His frail hands, hands that would open for piercing nails thirty-three years hence, on the day when God and man would be reconciled.

But would it be fair to assume that the God-fearing sheep guardians kept their wonderful discovery all to themselves? Hardly! And even if the Gospel does not vouch for the fact, we are naturally inclined to believe that the simple Judean shepherds, their audience with the Divine Child over, made haste to their homes, bearing to their wives and little ones the most blessed tidings ever whispered on the face of our sinful earth. These in turn informed their neighbors, and thus the news was spread till all had come to know of the miraculous event. Drawn by pardonable curiosity, then overpowered by the infinite charms of the God-Child, all thronged to His stable throne in adoring prayer, and offered their simple, unadorned gifts to Him, the greatest Gift that ever came earthward. What human pen could portray the ocean of joy that flooded their hearts beside the homemade crib, close to Mary, the Child's Mother, and good St. Joseph!

First witnesses of the God-Man on earth, the birthnight guests of Jesus were also His pioneer apostles. In their plain, untutored way they proclaimed the joyful tidings of His coming. But He who came for us and for all men willed to raise up missionaries who would publish His midnight advent beyond the hillsides of happy Bethlehem, and unto the furthest confines of the then known world. As Balaam had prophesied, a Star of wondrous lustre appeared in the Eastern sky, and men knew that the time appointed for the birth of the Savior of Israel in bonds was at hand. Three illustrious intellectuals of Persia, Magi who yearned with deep faith and unbounded hope for the promised Messia'h, saw in the extraordinary meteor the Star that the Soothsayer of Mesopotamia had foretold. Not through human telescopes, but through the telescope of divine inspiration, they detected in the unwonted light the sign of the great King. Goaded on by irresistible grace, they determined to seek Him and pay Him the homage of their reverent hearts.

Have you ever stopped to admire the generosity and ready obedience of the royal worshippers in responding to the bidding of the Star? Judea, the birthplace of the Redeemer, as the prophets had it, was five hundred leagues away. That vast distance they had to cover on camel's back. Tradition tells us they were kings, and kings hold in their hands the destiny of nations and are overburdened with weighty problems and grave matters. Bethlehem was to them the great unknown. Were they not a prey to illusion? Would they ever find Him whom they sought? Would they keep their rendezvous with the Infant Christ at the end of the weary

trail? Undaunted by these vain pretexts and all others that surged up, the Magi organized their caravans and set out from their three kingdoms with all their retinues.

Eyes fixed on the Star, Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar courageously advanced. What though the way was long and the journey tedious! The hope of soon contemplating their Savior gave wings to their souls and renewed their energy. But alas! their journey was all but ended, when suddenly the light of the guiding Star was quenched. One moment they remained perplexed, discountenanced. A painful trial indeed, yet their ardent faith and love came out victorious. They reached the country of the Hebrews, and obtained more precise information on the birthplace of the ruler of Israel. Forth again fared the Three Pilgrims, hope lit anew within their hearts. And lo! the Star, their Star, beamed once more and led them on to Bethlehem, where it centred all its splendor over the caverned abode chosen by the Lord of the Universe.

In this instance especially the faith of the three representatives of the Gentile world stirs our admiration. A King supreme they had crossed deserts to find, and this at the end of the way — a fragile child wrapped in swaddling clothes, a mother like yours and mine watching over Him, a common workman looking on, shepherds hieing from the mountainside nearby! Beside the crib where their fond conceptions had amassed the riches of earth and the insignia of those that rule upon earth, they came face to face with reality. Utter indigency, privations the least of their subjects did not know, glamorless simplicity. And yet — O prodigy of the grace of God! — the Kings from out the East acknowledged in the frail Babe a Lord whose power outdistanced theirs, a Sovereign who, from the hour of His birth, could command with authority in the Realms Above and on earth below. Kneeling in the dust, they adored in Him the majesty of the Godhead, and presented the princely gifts they had brought from afar.

What treasures of grace the Word of God poured in return within their generous hearts! Light and consolation flooded and transformed them in a moment. From His crib they arose, newly-dubbed apostle-knights, their hearts aflame with charity and quickened with faith sublime. — Thenceforth one sole ambition whipped them into maddened frenzy: through the highways and byways of the storied Orient they proclaimed the coming of the Son of God. To this sacred mission they consecrated every hour of their lives, every coin of their hoarded gold, every ounce of energy thrilling within their veins. And when the tiny Babe of the stable had risen glorious from the sepulchre of death, and His Apostles had staked their tents out on the farthest frontiers there to spread His teachings and Gospel, St. Thomas providentially met the Three Wise Men. In Christ's faith he strengthened them and in Christ's Baptism he enrolled them, and appointed them shepherds of the primitive Church. Unto their dying day the tireless troubadours of Christ the King sang His mercies, and bore His Light where the Powers of Darkness prevailed. Death found them ready, His Torch held aloft in their hands, true to God and true to their vocation of Missionaries of the Glad Tidings.

Fidelity to our Star — to all the inspirations of grace — such should be our resolution after having perused the epic of the Magi. Fidelity above all to the Star of our vocation. On our heeding the beckoning of that Star depends in great measure our happiness in time and eternity. If the Star should lead us close to Jesus, as it did in the case of the Oriental potentates, let us heed its sweet invitation. As priests, nuns, missionaries, let us come forward and prepare for Christ a perfect people. What terrible responsibility would we shoulder if we turned our eyes aside not to see the Star, if we refused to tread in the narrow pathway of perfection and trace anew the blood-scarred footprints of the Man of Calvary, who went to death that we, and millions more, might have life and have it abundantly!



Faith and works are like the light and heat of a candle; they cannot be separated.

The Field at Home

War Christmas



LIGHTED windows in every home. Myriads of stars studding the flawless blue overhead. Spangled draperies decking out the countryside in spotless white. Bluish smoke arising from every chimney top, telling of housewives busy with the last-hour preparations of the feastday fare. It was Christmas Eve.

Already, on the smooth highway, sleds with merry jingling bells were speeding along to the little church upon the hill. Whoever thought of hearing Midnight Mass without first having had one's soul shriven at the sacred Tribunal?

After hitching the gray mare to the old-fashioned sled, Joseph Donovan called out to his wife Evelyn that everything was ready. The key grated in the lock and soon husband and wife were on their way.

Christmas Eve notwithstanding, their hearts were heavy with fear and anxiety. Remembrances of happy days gone by flitted in their memories. Donald, their only son, a strapping lad of twenty-five, was now fighting for the sacred cause of liberty on the blood-drenched battlefields of the Orient. Where was he tonight? Instead of Christmas carols and the soothing melodies of sacred music, he no doubt heard the noise of machine guns chattering all about him, dealing out destruction and death. He might at this very hour be helping to forge a spearhead on some wild enemy-held island, cold and lonely, hungry and war-weary. Worse still, he might be "missing in action" or else lying helpless and dying in some foul prison camp. Their Donald, their pride and joy! The three months since they had last heard from him had seemed ages to their loving hearts.

Joseph Donovan was the first to break the silence.

"Evelyn, something tells me that we will soon hear from Don."

"God grant that we may! Three months is surely a long time to be without news of any sort. The Holy Child will doubtless hear our prayers on this His Birthday."



CHRISTMAS NIGHT

As the two reached the church, Christmas chimes rang out merrily inviting all good Christians to come and adore the newborn King of Bethlehem.

Both had for some time been absorbed in their prayers, when motherly Mrs. Donovan espied a seven-year-old laddie kneeling in the shadow of a pillar. He was shivering in threadbare clothes, and his little face looked pinched and drawn under a riot of curly raven hair. With folded hands and eyes fixed on the crib, the child was oblivious to the people around him. At Communion time, as he returned from the altar rail, his face seemed that of an angel.

Poor Mrs. Donovan struggled in vain with distractions during the rest of the Mass. Eyes and thoughts kept wandering to the pale-faced boy in front of her. She had almost forgotten about Don. Mass was over, but still she seemed in no hurry to leave.

"Let's stay a while longer, Joe. I've lots of prayers to say yet."

"Lots of prayers to say!" She should have changed her expression to:

"I want to see that boy saying his."

A few minutes later the child rose and tiptoed over to the crib. Thinking himself alone in the church, he started to chat familiarly with the Babe on the straw. Evelyn nudged her husband.

"Do you see that boy over there by the crib?"

"Huh, for one of his age I must say he doesn't seem in any hurry to find out what the Divine Child has put in his stocking."

"Who knows? Perhaps he hasn't any stocking to hang at all."

"He doesn't mark as a rich man's son, judging by his clothes."

"Let's wait and inquire of him when he comes out."

"Why not go and invite him to come home with us? I'm just about famished."

No sooner said than done. Softly Mrs. Donovan drew near the child still absorbed in his prayers.

"Haven't you prayed long enough, Sonny? Don't you think Mummie must be anxious to see you back home? It's quite late, you know."

Misty black eyes were lifted to her face.

"I've no Mummie to care."

"You poor lamb! So the Angels have taken your mother home to Heaven? Come on home with me, then, laddie, and tell me all about yourself."

No coaxing was needed, and the child trustingly followed his new-found friend to the church entrance, where Mr. Donovan was vigorously stamping his feet in an effort to keep warm while waiting for his wife.

"Hello, Sonny! What's your name, anyway?"

"Danny O'Brien."

"Just imagine, Joe, the boy has no mother, as it's easy enough to see by his clothes."

"So you've no mother, Danny? Where do you live, then?"

Danny's eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered as he answered:

"Since Mummie died last winter, I stay with the next-door lady."

Bursting into tears, he threw himself in kind Mrs. Donovan's arms.

"Oh, please, I don't want to go back ever. The lady is wicked, so wicked she won't even give me anything to eat, and she beats me black and blue. Whenever I want to say the prayers Mummie taught me, she whips me real hard. Tonight I knew it was Christmas Eve and that Little Jesus would be born in the crib. I stayed awake and as soon as the wicked lady was asleep, I slipped out and ran all the way here. Please, kind lady, don't let me go back. I can't! I can't!"

"There, there, Danny boy," soothed Joseph, as he put a strong, protecting arm around the sobbing child. "You needn't be afraid. You'll never go back if you

don't want to. Donald, our own boy, has gone to serve his country as a brave soldier. Who knows if he'll ever come back? We'll take you home with us and you'll be our own little boy. Eh, Evelyn?"

Something queer in Evelyn's throat kept her from answering, but she took Danny to her heart in a motherly embrace.

"Oh, thank you, thank you heaps and heaps, dear little Jesus. I knew You would hear my prayer."

And Danny, with sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks, jumped up and down excitedly.

Old Bess flicked her ears and swished her tail as if in approbation, as the happy trio set out on the home trail.

* * *

Soon a cheerful fire set the kitchen stove aglow. Tying a snow-white apron about her waist, Mother Donovan set another cover on the table already laden with mince-pie and plum-pudding, jellies and frosted cakes.

A stamping of heavy boots at the door, and the man of the house entered.

"Come along, Danny, this is Christmas, you know! Sit down right here and pull out your plum from this fat juicy pie."

Danny did not have to be told twice. Ever since Mummie had followed the Angels, never a day had passed but her boy had felt the pangs of hunger.

In no time the delicious contents of his flowered plate had vanished, and his kind friends kept piling it up.

Then the dark head began to nod and Dad and Mom Donovan, leaving Danny to warm himself thoroughly at the fireplace, set out to prepare a cosy, comfy cot for their drowsy guest.

After they had seen Danny fast asleep and drawn up the coverlet about the thin shoulders, both retired to their own room for the night's rest. How light-hearted they felt compared to when they left for Midnight Mass! Jesus had met them on the way, in the person of a homeless waif, and their hearts were now thrilled and comforted by the power of His love.

* * *

January 25 had come and gone. Danny had shared their home now for a whole happy month — Danny, the priceless gift the Divine Child had sent them on Christmas Night! How dear to their hearts he had become! From early morn till late

at night, the little live-wire romped and laughed and played, filling all the big farmhouse as if with merry sunshine. Whatever would these two lonely hearts have done without this Heaven-sent little bundle of joy? No letter had yet come from the brave soldier son overseas. Still Mother and Dad hoped on, feeling secretly assured that before the Holy Child left His crib, He would send them news of Donald.



HE HAD ASKED THE CHILD JESUS TO SEND THEM
ONE OF HIS ANGELS...

They had not hoped in vain, for that very afternoon, as Danny opened the door to the mail man, he shouted excitedly:

"Mummie, a blue letter, a blue letter! You said Don's letters were always blue. Quick, Mummie, open it!"

But Mother Donovan with tear-dimmed eyes could only turn about in trembling hands the letter with the Army seal on it.

"Quick, Danny, call Dad like a good boy."

In a trice, Father and Son were back in the kitchen, where Mrs. Donovan sat still staring at the blue envelope.

With quivering fingers she tore the letter open and read:

DEAR DAD AND MOM,

Today is Christmas and for the second time your Don is absent from the dear old homestead. But you need never doubt it, my heart remains with you always.

Christmas for me this year is quite different from that which you will enjoy at home. I'm lying here on a makeshift cot, somewhere behind the firing lines. My wound is mortal, the pain very great. I've done my duty, dear folks at home, and I've fought bravely with the boys of my unit. It's not hard to die, when you're at peace with your God and have given up your life that others might live and be free.

A few moments since, the Chaplain came to see me. He heard my confession and gave me Holy Communion. Now I'm ready to go. Father X. will see that this letter reaches you. Please, dear ones, do not grieve over my death. I feel like a child going home to his Heavenly Father. Last night, I asked the Divine Child to send you one of His Angels to take my place.

Dear Dad and Mom, I hold you both in a tender embrace. Goodbye till we meet in the Land where partings are no more.

Your loving

DON.

At the bottom of the page the devoted Chaplain had added:

In the joy of Christmastide your beloved son left tonight for his heavenly assignment. He died the death of a saint, murmuring to the last the blessed names of Jesus and Mary. In spite of his terrible sufferings he seemed to be having a foretaste of the joys above.

I promised him to write and console you in this sad bereavement. Providence has given me the unexpected means of doing so.

May your grief be lightened by the thought of your son's eternal happiness. Allow me to bless you with the hand that has traced the sacred sign on the brow of your dying son.

M. L., *Chaplain.*

Tears coursing down their faces, Father and Mother knelt before the crucifix to adore God's will in the loss of their only child.

Danny, grown strangely silent, looked from one to the other of the kneeling figures. Then, his little arms round their necks, he exclaimed:

"Daddy! Mummie! Please don't cry anymore. I'll be your boy now that Donald has gone home to God."

Smiling through their tears, Mr. and Mrs. Donovan pressed him to their hearts.

"Dear little one, God indeed has sent you to us in Donald's place. Why should we cry? Don is happy forever, and Danny here is such a fine lad. Sure, he'll be our comfort in our declining years. Eh, Danny?"

"Indeed I will. Just wait and see me grow tall and strong. I'll work for you and make you happy."

"That's the boy, Danny! Now, come and have supper. You'll have to eat lots if you want to grow into a big strapping man."

Soon now, the sweet Babe of Bethlehem will leave His bed of straw in the old parish church, to the deep regret of old and young. But the countless blessings His little hands have scattered will remain. They will linger over the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan. For their prayer, that of their soldier son, and that of the poor abandoned waif have all been answered by the Child Divine. He has given a son to those who had lost their only child, a home to a lonely orphan boy, and Heaven itself to the warrior bold who bravely battled for God and country.

By a Roadside



ISHMAEL was an old man and a cripple. He was old in years, old in experience, old in the prayer for his country's restoration and salvation.

For many years he had watched — seated near his home, by the roadside, where the crooked path which was known as a road, wound up and over the hill. And still he waited.

Strange sights he had seen and sad ones too. The old and young, the well-to-do and lowly, men and women of every age and description of life had passed up and over the hill and out into the beyond.

And from long watching and the experience which comes only with years he had come to be able to plumb the secrets of hearts — the hopes, the longings, the disappointments and grim bitterness of that ordeal he also was dragging out as his life. But somehow, today it was different: for never had he felt as he felt just now.

Certainly, however, it was nothing in the age or general appearance of that couple which had caused his emotion. The man was in middle life; she scarcely more than a maiden. Again, nothing about them there was that in any way was spectacular or out of the ordinary. Evidently they were poor and accustomed to the grind of poverty; yet they must have been honest too and at the same time thrifty: at least so their appearance proclaimed.

Nor was it anything they had said; for they had spoken absolutely nothing at all. A mere nod, a glance of the eye and perhaps the least twinkle of a smile at the corners of their mouths — and then they were gone.

Yet somehow as the afternoon sun had caught them, as its long fingers of gold had reached out and played about their features and glorified their figures, it had seemed in his heart of hearts — nor could he explain or give reason at all — that sin and its darksome evils were ebbing to a close and that the world — the old world in which he lived — had suddenly and miraculously become a beautiful and a holy and a lovely place in which to live.

Up over the hill where David in former years had given battle to the hosts of Saul and Judas Macchabeus latterly had unfurled the challenge to the invader they had advanced slowly — the man in front leading the beast with its precious burden enthroned as it were in a holy and rapturous benediction.

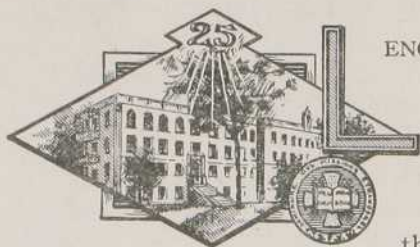
And then they had reached the summit of the slope and looked down and out, far out, to where the dull, thatched roofs and glistening walls and irregular groups of squatty little buildings had told them that here was the City of David, here the House of Bread where would be cradled the King of Kings and the Long-Expected of the Nations.

Old Ishmael rubbed his eyes and blinked. — Was it to be, could it be true that at long last God was about to visit His people and that the morrow would behold the glory of the Lord.

Joseph O'Donnell

The Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society

Notes Its Silver Jubilee



LENGTH of days and prosperity — such is our prayerful wish to the Quebec Foreign Mission Society, that will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding on Mary's Purification Feast, this coming February 2.

A joyful prelude to the solemn occasion was the silver jubilee of priestly ordination observed by the venerated Superior of the Seminary, Msgr. E. Larochelle, on May 29 last. In the very year when the infant Society appeared in the Mission Church, God was already preparing for it the Father who, as successor to its first Superior General, Very Rev. Canon Roch, was to guide and guard it in later years.

The double anniversary which provokes jubilation within the Pont Viau Seminary walls, stirs up joy and thanksgiving in the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception as well. Both the outcome of an identical divine inspiration, both laboring for the same end — God's glory and the salvation of souls — how could the two Communities fail to share joys and sorrows in common?

To Msgr. E. Larochelle we accordingly renew the expression of our congratulations on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood. With him we render thanks for the abundant fruits produced in souls to the greater glory of God, through the quarter of a century of his priestly and apostolic ministry. May the worthy Pastor live to see the Silver Links of his Sacerdotal Years set with Gold and Diamonds, and may Heaven bless with every happiness the kindly Shepherd of the Foreign Mission Society!

To the Mission Society our sincere congratulations for the rapid extension that has marked its first twenty-five years. Its zealous priests are at present scattered in four mission territories, there spreading the good odor of Christ and the blessings of His Religion of Love. Their foreign fields of apostolate are known to our readers: Szeping kai and Lintong, in Manchuria; Davao, in the Philippines, and Cuba, in the West Indies.

May Heaven's choicest favors be showered on our Canadian Mission Society! In this jubilee year let us pray for an increase of vocations, and ask from God a fruitful future for these apostles of His Divine Son!

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

The missionary is a soldier who fights in the trenches, not in the name of a country, but in the name of all humanity; not from motives of human interest, but for a divine ideal; not under the flag of a political power, but under the standard of God.

Archbishop Salotti

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)

The worthy Archbishop of St. Boniface, who was then contemplating the formation of a religious Community, obtained permission from His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi and Miss Tetreault to place at the base of his foundation Miss Ida Lafricain, one of the members of the Cote des Neiges establishment. Hearts bled at the painful separation, and many a time after that unforgettable month of March, 1904, the lone exile felt tempted to return to her humble haven on the mountain. Thanks to God and likely also to the apostolic encouragement of Miss Tetreault as evidenced by letters of the time, she persevered in her sacrifice. God had chosen her to become the cornerstone of the new foundation — the Oblate Sisters of the Sacred Heart and of Mary Immaculate — which is today so potential a factor for good in many regions of Manitoba and procures untold glory to God.

But let us take up again the chronological thread of events. Shortly after His Excellency Archbishop Langevin's visit to the humble Bethlehem of Mount Royal, the chronicler records that two Sisters of the Presentation were also happily welcomed to the little dwelling. One of these, Sister St. Alphonse, had formerly been Miss Tetreault's teacher. Both Religious cordially offered to help in every possible way the missionary Community to be.

Sacred pledgings in many religious Communities and among priests are often renewed on the Feast of the Presentation of Mary. On that blessed day, Rev. Father Director (Rev. Father Bourassa was called thus at that time) made with the small family he led in the spiritual ways a consecration to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. But the pious Directress did not consider this enough. She who had been given so much wished to surrender more. A brief note in her own handwriting, likely slipped beneath Mary's statue, as so many others in later years, reveals the extent of her donation and her ardent soul of prayer. It is dated November 21, 1904, and reads:

O Eucharistic Jesus, on this beautiful day of the Presentation of my Heavenly Mother in the Temple, I come to renew my vow of perpetual chastity; my vow never to offend You deliberately, under pain of venial sin; and the promise I have already made to labor solely for the furthering of Your glory and for souls. O sweet Savior, draw me at last from myself, and from all things... May Your will and Your interests be from this moment my food and my life. If the Work I am undertaking is Yours and destined to glorify You and save souls, I wish to spend myself body and soul for it at the cost of any sacrifice. At times I feel urged to ask You, O my adorable Master, to deprive me of all consolation of heart and mind all my life long, in order to obtain the development of the Work; that it may be based on deep humility, on boundless charity and zeal, and that You will deign send to it members filled with courage and generosity.

But You know, O Lord, better than I how much I can bear, and if You will to send me suffering, give me at the same time strength to endure with the most loving resignation.

I recommend to You the needs of all those I love, and ask for myself deep humility, mildness, charity, zeal and the spirit of prayer.

Lines such as the foregoing need no comment. They speak, and eloquently so, on the magnanimity of soul, the zeal and selflessness of the virile apostle. Nothing surprising, then, if St. Francis Xavier, the giant of the missions, was selected as patron of the newly-founded Society on December 3 of that year. Under his protection were placed the labors and conquests of the years ahead. This first-hour homage from the infant Community the glorious apostle richly requited soon after, by bequeathing to its apostolic endeavors the sod of old China, in sight of which he had laid down his weapons and died.

A triduum of prayers preceded the all-white Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Then came Christmas, and eager children flocked to see, after their naive childish expression, "the crib put up by the young ladies", there to pray and sing hymns to the Christ Child.

March 19 brought the Feast of St. Joseph. One of the tiny rooms of the pious abode was decorated in honor of the foster father of Jesus, who became from that day the acknowledged purveyor of the Society.

All during these preparatory months dedicated still more to contemplation than to action, the ardent-souled Foundress scanned the future and laid her plans. These she confided from time to time to Rev. Father Daignault.

I find your exposition of matters very clear, he wrote in 1903. Nothing remains to be added. I believe for the moment you should concentrate all efforts on your first foundation. God will enlighten you later if something can be done elsewhere.

Regarding your relations with His Excellency, be patient and obedient. Cherish no desire of pressing matters. Believe that crosses will not be spared you. They are the hallmark of divine things. Have confidence, and, while always ready to listen to what you are told, do not lose sight of the aim of the Work God is inspiring you to found.

As His Excellency leaves you at liberty to labor with persons sharing your views, I believe it would be no imperfection for you to begin very quietly and humbly, leaving to God the blessing and the successful outcome of your efforts, if He deign accept your services. But I think, if you can easily do so, it would be advisable firstly to see His Excellency and consult Father Bourassa. I must tell you as well that your state of health will necessarily influence your action, as it undoubtedly determines His Excellency's views and your Director's. However, what I write is but my personal opinion. I am persuaded you must follow your Director's advice, seeing that His Excellency leaves you full liberty of action.

The time had come, or so it seemed, for action. To the obscure beginnings of Bethlehem would succeed the growing years of Nazareth. The expansion of the pious Association required more space and a more accessible locality. The eight members of the little family went to dwell in a modest house, 27 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, on May 3, 1903. There on January 11, 1904, Miss Tetreault had the joy of raising to the God of Love the first altar of her Institute. We can easily surmise, from later similar instances, with what reverent care she prepared a reception for the King

of kings. With her characteristic delicacy of soul she wished that a greeting in her own particular handwriting should welcome the Beloved on His first coming. Four more months were to elapse, however, before the Eucharistic God should reside beneath their roof as permanent Guest.

O Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist, we read, I, Your unworthy slave, have the signal honor of receiving You in my house. Thank You, O my Lord and God! Yes, come, come with Your love. Take our hearts into Your possession; grant that we may be apostles living for You alone. Dear adorable Master, I renew the donation of my whole being to You. Here I am! I implore You to detach me from all created things. May I at last love You alone. I renew the promises I have already made . . . It matters not what may become of me, provided You are known and loved! May I no longer act, but may You and my august Mother do everything in me.

YOUR UNWORTHY SLAVE.

Although pressed and solicited by manifold occupations, the pious Directress found means to reserve to herself moments of solitude and recollection. We still have a letter written by her from Mt. St. Mary's to her dear family of fourteen, then settled in Outremont. The reader recalls how Mt. St. Mary's had formerly welcomed her when she had sought there vitality to proceed to the foundation. The letter, dated July 19, 1904, carries an affectionate word to everyone and conclusively proves the deep concern of her maternal heart.

MY DEAR SISTERS AND GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN,

This complete solitude I am at present enjoying would be delicious to me, did I not possess in the most beautiful corner of earth a family I could never do without . . . It seems to me as if I were very far away and had left that family long, long ago. See how poorly the heart computes time and distances! (Here she asks about everyone's health, about the various household duties, and then continues.) I hope this finds you all joyful and glad. Better than ever I have experienced, during these days of retreat, the virtue of spiritual joy, which makes one run, more, fly as with wings in the service of God. This holy joy — our homage to Divine Goodness — seems a needed characteristic of our small house, which will become great if each one of us contributes her share of charity, humility, obedience, simplicity, zeal, gratitude and devotedness. If we only knew how indispensable are all those virtues for us! I do not say that we are obliged to possess them all at this moment in a high degree; I say that we must perceive our need of them, and earnestly set to work to acquire them all in as great a measure as possible. We must admit, however, that in this difficult task, God's help will never fail. If anything be wanting, it will be our own perseverance and generosity.

So, let us help one another by ardent prayers. Let us never forget that persevering, trusting prayer always ends by winning everything. Some of you will probably think: Miss Tetreault is on a retreat, and in a moment of enthusiasm, etc. Not at all, dear friends. I am very calm, even more so than usually, for these last days I feel neither tired nor ill. Once again, let me tell you that our own individual virtues, our humility, our charity, our perfect obedience, our spirit of silence and prayer will build our house as nothing else will. The practice of those virtues is then for our house a question of life or death. You well know it — God does not proceed after the manner of men; He builds on nothingness. If then we dream of establishing the Work of God, we must let ourselves be buried in its base, forget ourselves and disappear completely in the eyes of all; then God will make use of us for His designs, and the future of our house will be made secure. Did I know that charity and true humility would fail to be the bases of the Apostolic School, you

would never see me there again. For it would not then be the Work God inspired me to found. Being humble, we shall necessarily be charitable, and how much we need of divine charity if we would be apostles! An apostle's heart must be consumed with love for God and charity for the neighbor, which charity is the complement of divine love. Here I feel the urge to ask you, dear Sisters, to forgive me my want of respect, sweetness of disposition and kind attentions in your regard. On those occasions I have deeply grieved the heart of our sweet Savior, who measures our love for Him by the love we bear our brethren. Forgive me, and let us ask for one another true family spirit, which considers the interests and welfare of all before personal interests.

If we would reach those results, which will make of our house a little earthly Heaven, let us have recourse to all the means in our power. One of these would be to cultivate more than ever devotion to St. John, the Beloved Apostle. We should take the habit as well frequently to invoke Our Blessed Lady under the title *Mother Most Amiable*. Amiability is the bloom, the most delicious fruit of charity.

Another virtue we must ask without wearying is zeal. Zeal — how much of it is needed by the apostle who has no longer any aim on earth save the furthering of the interests of God and souls!

And, lastly, let us request the spirit of thanksgiving. To labor for the sacred interests of God by all the means at our command, and unendingly to thank Him for ourselves and for all men — such is, in short, the definite end of our Society. To me this end is very clear and easily grasped. Whether we teach, are employed in the kitchen or do household tasks, whatever else we do, our primary intention must be to extend, by that prayer or sacrifice or work, the reign of Our Lord Jesus Christ on earth, and render Him thanks for His never-ceasing benefits. This noble aim is my vocation — I cannot doubt it — and yours all, I hope. It is a sublime vocation. Let us thank God with our whole heart and ask Him to make us less and less unworthy. Many years before our Work was begun, I cherished the hope that all in our future dwelling would sing the greatness, goodness and mercy of God, and would be as a provocation to follow Him in the ways of love and confidence. Why have I not spoken to you of the mildness of heart of our good Master! Let us sever with earthly preoccupations, free ourselves from all natural affections; then, untrammelled, let us soar towards higher regions. There shall we understand by experience the words of Our Lord: *My yoke is sweet and My burden light*. Oh, my dear little children, how I should want to help you sanctify yourselves, and how I should wish to help you all lead happy lives! Very often — I take the advantage of doing so while I have leisure — I bear you all in front of the Tabernacle with all your sorrows and anxieties, and implore Our Lord to help you carry your crosses; but I dare not pray Him to deliver you from them, for some inner voice tells me they are a happy omen.

It is edifying to see the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame in the chapel and the fervor with which they pray. One gathers that they are penetrated with the presence of God. Their great love for Our Blessed Mother delights me and makes me almost jealous. Will she be less served, less loved at the Apostolic School than at the Congregation? I would not have it so. How great must be her place in our house! The Blessed Eucharist and Our Lady — such should be our two treasured devotions.

It is time to leave you, my naughty little girls, whom I do love very much just the same.

D. TETREAULT

In personal jottings of the time we read:

My God! What is Your will concerning our house, concerning us? O Divine Master, what is the exact end You desire us to pursue? Do You want nothing more than this school, or do You want a regular religious Community? Make

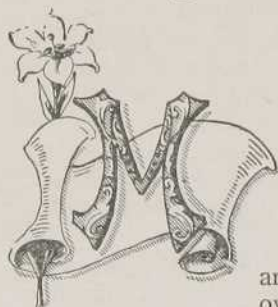
known Your holy will. I wish to accomplish it or die . . . If we can be of any help to the Church and to souls, grant that our Archbishop may be favorably disposed, and that he may seek to obtain for us the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. O my God, make of our house a true nursery of apostles afire with zeal for Your glory and the salvation of souls. Make use of us. We are most unworthy . . . Uproot, sever, crush all that would be an obstacle to Your designs upon us. Here we are, O adored Master! Do with us as You please. I thank You already for what You will do, for all that You do is well.

(To be continued)

— * * * —

Mary and the Missionary

(Continued)



MEANWHILE, the young man weighed all the pros and cons. He suffers, more, he experiences the pangs of utter agony. But see him there, straightening his shoulders, riveting his tear-dimmed eyes on Mary, as if in expectation of the answer that will seal his fate.

One moment after he smiles, wipes away his burning tears, and serenity returns on his agitated features. The storm is over, the radiant sun sparkles on the ruins; but from the very midst of those ruins accumulated in his heart by a will of steel, springs up, graceful and proud, the beautiful lily of his vocation. What has happened?

The young man, encouraged by his Heavenly Mother's gaze, has grasped with both hands his heart about to cower and draw back; he has forced it to yield to his victorious will, he crushes and immolates it, and offers it once more to Mary, bleeding, quivering, but vanquished.

As birds sing after the storm, so he also would lift his voice in a hymn of praise, and in words of song give his heart to his Queen and Mother and consecrate all his sorrows and joys to her.

Poor child, well may you confide your heart to your Mother! She alone will know how to guard and console it when sadness comes. Your sorrows? Yes, you will have some! You see them today only through your enthusiastic ardor; but a day shall come when they will weigh heavily upon you, when you will see them surging upon you with the tumult of raging waters! But no! do not think of it yet! Only by degrees does God reveal to us how much we shall have to suffer for His Name. Besides, if you knew everything beforehand, perhaps would you grow faint-hearted and draw back.

Do not dwell too much on the future. God will provide, and the infinitely gentle and caressing hand that upholds you today, you will find it everywhere on your way; child, think of your Mother in Heaven. She will be your Mother "over there" when you will have parted from the mother who gave you life.

A last prayer to Mary, and the young man leaves the chapel and goes to rejoin his mates, who do not even guess that he has wept at his Mother's altar.

IV

THE DEPARTURE

I shall not follow the future missionary in the peaceful abode where he will complete his studies and prepare his apostolate in silence and retreat. He is a priest now, that is, a savior, a victim, Mary's privileged and well-loved child, Jesus'

intimate friend. His countenance lights up when those two names are framed upon his lips. One perceives that his mind is filled with those two loves, and that his heart overflows with them!

But after the sweet and indescribable emotions of his first Mass, after those thrilling moments when, like St. John, he pillowed his head on the breast of his Divine Friend, he hears the Master's voice: "*Surgite, eamus!* Arise, My child, ascend your Calvary, you also, go to meet death!..." Truly, the way opening before him is the way of sorrows.

I shall only stress two sacrifices among those he will have to offer: that of his family and that of his country.

Yes, the sorrowful hour has come when he, the devoted, beloved and loving child, will cause his father and mother to weep and will open in their eyes a fount of tears that will never be dried. Oh, if it be hard to impose that sacrifice upon oneself, a thousand times harder it is to exact it from those one loves most! Yet, it must be done! O my God, how ardently must he love you, who will thus sunder the most delicate fibres of his heart and accept so cruel a separation!

"Worldlings sometimes hold," says Father Pottier, "that love of family has died in a consecrated heart. Ah, they do not suspect the agony of those pre-departure days, they who throw that insult at us! They do not understand what melancholy wells up within our soul at the thought that we shall never return!"

Years hence, in his distant exile, the remembrance and the image of those beloved absent, his aged father, his gentle mother, his brothers and sisters, the little grandchildren who have come into the family since he left, will hover before his tender gaze, and oftentimes a sob will rise in his throat.

Yet he will not falter; and, if tears spring up to his eyes, there will stand close beside him a Consoling Mother, whose exquisite countenance remains indelibly engraved in his mind. Yes, wherever sorrow reigns there we meet Mary; as once she consoled her Son on the steep ascent of Calvary, where He was to give Himself up as our victim, so today and every day, in hours of inexpressible agony, the apostle knows and feels and sees her at his side.

It is related of Blessed Father Borie, martyred in Cochinchina, that he had to bear up with great opposition before leaving his family. Desperately he entered a church one evening and spent the whole night in prayer before the image of the Mother of God. The tender Mother put resignation in the heart of his parents, and, in the son's, fortitude that would have balked before nothing, for he had been granted invincible strength in that lone vigil at the feet of his loving Queen. Remember Father Damien, who went to kneel with his mother before the altar of Our Lady of Montaigne on the eve of his departure. When they had mingled their tears and prayers, the future apostle of the lepers was the first to arise; with his hand he motioned to her who on Calvary sacrificed her Jesus for us. Then, silently he embraced his weeping mother and departed.

The sacrifice of one's family calls for the sacrifice of one's country.

Someone has said that the thought of one's country is alluring, beautiful as glory, gentle as a mother's caress, strengthening and a generator of energy. How very true! But it is especially when we are on the point of bidding it farewell that the homeland seems dearest and fairest. The most idealistic sun will never be like the one that smiled upon our childhood days; we leave our roots in the soil where we were born!

All is over! And now at home two beloved beings weep, for there is a vacant chair at their table.

Departure Day has dawned. The apostle, stalwart and straight on deck, lets his gaze encompass for the last long time the land of his love, before uttering his ultimate farewell. See him over there, absorbed in his reverie, oblivious to all the hustle and bustle around. Suddenly the siren screams through the air. Three heart-shattering calls like cries of superhuman anguish rend the evening stillness. The gigantic mistress of the sea shudders, and while clouds of dense black smoke

leap from the engines and white handkerchiefs mutely gesture goodbye, it slowly, almost regretfully, leaves the home port. In that very port you see them tarrying — fathers, mothers, friends. They lift their wistful eyes, and tears gather in them, as if a grave had opened under their feet.

Christ's Missionary looks out from his vantage point. The beloved land where first he saw the light of day grows smaller and smaller, infinitesimal in his yearning eyes. And still he contemplates it, as if longing to engrave a cherished impression in his memory forever.

But hark! The man with the soul of a hero feels a thrill run over his heart. He tears himself from his sadness and melancholy. With eagle penetration his eye fixes a point, a single point, that beams brilliant over there... What is it? Who, perhaps? His Mother. Yes, Mary, Star and Empress of the Blue, stands there! She who raised a motherly blessing hand when the first Twelve fared forth to win the world, purposely remains close by today, to bless this poor son of hers who is going away...

And Mary is the last sweet vision. All land has disappeared from view, but yet a point, the very last, quivers out afar, gilded by the royal rays of the dying sun. That point on the homeland that unites Heaven and earth, he knows well — his head tells his heart — that it is none but you, O Mary, Mother, Virgin, Queen! And your gallant, generous knight feels a rebirth of joy, a strengthening of hope surge up within him.

* * *

Night has fallen. Like a black death-shroud it mantles the vast expanse of sea. All is still on the sailing vessel.

Alone a man sits beside the stern, fingering his rosary. He ponders and prays, while his eyes often turn heavenwards where splendor shines from unnumbered stars of gold by angel hands alit.

Rev. Father J. Baeteman, Lazarist Missionary
(To be continued)

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all the spiritual advantages of the Community. The sum of \$1,000.00 given in one or several payments by one or several persons, forms a complete burse.

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

Year 1944.....	\$294.06	May-June.....	32.00
January-February 1945.....	103.70	July-August.....	23.40
March-April.....	24.00	September-October.....	27.00
November-December.....	\$13.00		

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

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

A Pen Picture

(Continued)



POSTULANT MISSIONARY SISTER OF
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ON
HER CLOTHING DAY

Second Picture: The first picture you have just considered at leisure. Turn a leaf now, and here smiles the second one we had promised. The six probation months are over — or almost. One more week and the black-garbed Postulant will be a full-fledged Novice Sister, a betrothed of the King of kings.

"But," you will likely object, "I don't see any apparent difference between this photo and that of six months back! True, your heroine looks more serious and demure, but I figure that's just a question of getting into habits, isn't it? And it's the easiest thing in the world to pick up habits!"

Granted! Outwardly, our candidate for the religious career hasn't changed. Always the same bright and gay features, the same radiant smile. Nor have the carefree airs of exuberant youth been absorbed by more sedate monastic habits. But you are interested above all in her moral physiognomy. Now, you cannot fairly expect that half a dozen brief months will have made a canonized or canonizable saint of our blithe little

Sister. That would be requiring the intervention of exceptional, out-of-the-common graces from the part of God. 'Tis ordinarily step by step that we get to the end of the trail, and rung by rung that we ascend the steep stair of perfection. Nor must we be shocked into amazed horror if, even in a soul that prepares to help other souls onward and upward, we come face to face with sorry deficiencies and as regrettable defects. All the same, the moral traits of our "seeker of souls" have already been altered for the better.

Daily contact with the Blessed Eucharist, the Sacrament of Love, daily participation in the sublime Sacrifice of the Altar, frequent prayers and devotional exercises have considerably increased her treasury of sanctifying grace. The little hidden virtues and charity, the queen of them all, have taken firm root within her willing heart. Family life is the blessed rule during the postulancy, and hence also the practice of fraternal charity, the spirit of bearing one another's burdens. Postulants are expected to seize every opportunity to do good turns and lavish kind attentions upon one another. They have experienced as well that cheerful deeds of self-effacement make for a pleasant community life, by clearing away the flimsy clouds that inevitably gather from diversity of characters and divergences of opinions.

They understand that no one, and much less a religious, is allowed to sink undisturbed into the easy chair of selfishness.

In the fulfilling of the various duties assigned to her, she has already strengthened habits of order, economy, self-forgetfulness and abnegation. These she will never cease developing as months roll by at the novitiate. They will contribute in making of her a faithful modern replica of the valiant woman of Scriptural renown.

Failings and failures have all of them been turned to good account. Yes, there is a good and heartening side to them! Even an apprentice in the realm of spiritual things knows that they can be used as stepping stones to a higher perfection, by affording her occasions of making acts of humility, which is the solid foundation on which true sanctity must be based.

The perfidious angel of darkness, who appreciates at full face value the loss of a single vocation and of countless souls that chosen apostle would have "slain for the Lord", has played all his cards in attempting to make her dreams of the religious life come to naught. Family joys, worldly pleasures and glamor, everything has been resorted to. But they are well guarded whom Mary guards! Her motherly arms have been a secure haven in every hour of trial and temptation. Mary has consoled, heartened and led as by the hand, the child who looked up and prayed to her. Beloved Superiors, in whom she confides for everything, have enlightened the little Sister on her vocation, and preserved her from the misfortune of turning down the divine invitation to higher things.

In catechism periods and spiritual conferences as well as in individual counsels, given her during her postulancy, she has learnt the obligations and the sublimity of the life of constant striving after perfection. She has measured the excellency and merit of the way of the Evangelical Counsels. How lofty, how divine, appears in that light the career of the woman apostle, who, like Christ her exemplar, gives herself unreservedly and unstintedly for the salvation of unpriced souls!

How could she take a backward step, when the Master's call hauntingly echoes in her ear: "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." Had she not two, but a thousand arms, how wholeheartedly she would give them, that the overripe sheaves ready for Paradise might not perish on the field! She has only two, and generously she offers them.

Now, while waiting for the day when her missionary ideal will become a glorious reality, our happy prospective apostle fervently prepares her mystical betrothal with the Spouse of virgin souls. In a few more days, on the Feast of Mary's Smile to Bernadette of Lourdes, her desire will be fulfilled. She will at last don the livery of her Immaculate Mother — white habit with skyblue girdle and white veil. Her garb, sweetly symbolical of untouched purity, will constantly remind her with what zeal she is to aim at purity and beauty of soul, in order to please her Divine Betrothed and merit the praise of Scripture for unspotted souls:

"O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory: for the memory thereof is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men."
(Wisdom, Ch. IV, v. 1)

(The End)

To Fight Through Faith

*When days are done and dawns The Day,
I shall be there!
When Hands that formed this house of clay
The veil shall tear;
Forevermore the priceless grace
My gift shall be,
To see His Beauty face to face,
Eternally.*

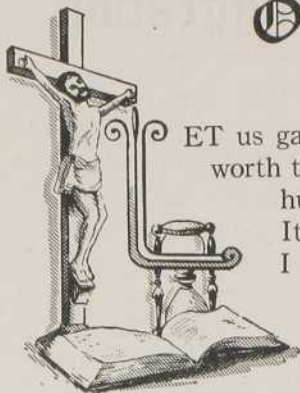
*But they — the great unnumbered throng,
All human souls
He made to chant the Sacred Song
On deathless scrolls —
Shall they behold the Vision Blest,
Be blind no more?
And pillowed on their Father's Breast,
With love adore?*

*Shall they? — O God, You gave to me
Your Light, Your Hope,
You touched these eyes and made them see,
While pagans grope!
The boons You gave I shall not hoard.
They freely came;
As freely, grant that I, dear Lord,
Give souls the same!*

*Just let me spend my little day
So selflessly,
That through Your child, the others, "they"
Your children be!
O Mary, Mother, not just mine,
But theirs to be!
O grant we see His Face Divine
Eternally!*

THE PRECURSOR

Our Unpriced Minutes



LET us gaze on Calvary, and ask ourselves just how much are worth those days and hours the loss of which leaves so many human beings indifferent. Time is the first of all graces. It is, so to say, the basis of them all. While time is mine, I have the grace of prayer, and with this last grace a means to all other graces. When time is mine no more, then is grace mine no longer. If, therefore, I receive no grace that does not represent to me an opprobrium, a drop of the Precious Blood of Christ, what value must I set on time, the indispensable condition of all graces! Truly, O my God, the grace attached to this moment You deign to grant me is the price of Your Blood: *Pretium sanguinis est*. Were it only the price of Your tears, are then the tears of a God of middling worth? David refused to slake his thirst with the water his faithful officers had fetched at peril to their lives. That water had assumed in his sight the value of their lifeblood. He poured it to the greater glory of the Lord God. And I — I should mobilize for the service of my self-love and sensuality those moments of mercy, the fruit of the tortures and death of Christ! I shall put them to better account. I shall give and consecrate every one of them to the glory of my adorable Master.

Glory for God and salvation for man — such are the two inestimable products of well-ordered time. The glory we give to God in time, is, in a certain sense, more acceptable to Him than that He receives from the Blessed in eternity. That very homage I offer Him during this present life I have the power to refuse. I cleave to Him in spite of a thousand temptations that would tear me away from Him. The liberty I exercise, the choice I make in electing Him as the God of my heart — these give to my sacrifices a savor, a fragrance that singularly enhances their value in His sight.

Considered from the point of view of salvation, time is a currency whose value is rightly gauged only in Heaven and Hell. The damned pays off his debts in the place of torments. Never will he liquidate them, not even throughout an eternity of agony. A similar enormous debt weighs on me if I am at this hour in the enmity of my God. Happily for me, I am able while I have time no matter how brief, to pay it off. Should time be mine no more, I remain insolvent and, as such, shall be cast into the fiery prison whence none shall ever escape. Make me understand, O my God, that eternal unhappiness is eternal despondency engendered by eternal sorrow over time frittered away and not profitably invested. If, on the other hand, I arise in spirit to Heaven and inquire of the Elect there the cost of their crown, — “Time,” will they answer, “a little time discreetly used.” For this reason St. Bernardine says that time is worth what God is worth, since we exchange our time, by the prudent use we make of it, for the eternal possession of God.

Rev. Father Chaignon, S. J.



Just a Suggestion

Likely you're of the same mind as I about finding our Canadian winter evenings l-o-n-g. Then, how about listening to this project of a downright good neighbor of mine, Peter Dawson by name? He knows how to fill up his hours, if a fellow ever did!

I paid him a surprise visit only the other evening. My folks had all gone off to some meeting or other I didn't care much about.

As I said, I called on Peter. Curiosity led me, if you want to know. How in the world did my pal spend his evenings, I wondered and wanted to find out. I figured his notions and suggestions might help me along. This much I knew: my friend, who, by the way, lives all by himself like a Crusoe, steals into his den early in the evening and retires unbelievably late. Now I've the clue to the whole affair.

I rang the doorbell. Peter, comfortably ensconced in his favorite arm-chair, was wholly absorbed in a rather modest-looking book. My sudden apparition surprised him not a trifle, but he hailed me with the perennial broad smile I know him and pointed to a chair.

We casually remarked on the weather and things as trite and commonplace. Then I boldly launched into the enigmatic subject.

"Say, Peter, how do you ever manage to spend your interminably long evenings alone? I'd never try it, old boy. It would kill me!"

"Oh — oh —" Peter answered without a flurry, "I don't stay here like a snail. I travel —"

"Travel?" I interjected. "Come on, don't be silly. I see your desk lamp burning at unearthly hours."

"Well, did I say anything about going off somewhere? I just mentioned that I travelled."

"Explain, old boy. I can't make head or tail of it."

"O. K. You know millionaires, or at least millionaires to be, who can't stand a biting north wind, and cruise down to Florida or some other enchanting Utopia 'when the frost is on the pumpkin?'"

"Can't say I don't know any."

"Well, it's this. The millionaire who's talking to you doesn't spend a penny, and yet he makes the grandest tours and excursions you could ever wish to make yourself."

"What's back of all that, Peter?"

"I'm coming to it. Millionaires can satisfy their every whim and craving, you'll concede. They travel by plane, car or train, according to their present fancy. I've got those three means of travel, honest I have, and I do make the most wonderful trips, believe me! You're tickled to get the riddle cleared up. All right, I'll get down to understandable terms. My plane's my spiritual reading book."

"Oh, I see!" I ejaculated.

"I take care to select the best mark they have, as I don't particularly like to drop down from cloud to clay or yawning chasm. So there I get installed as suits me best, and glance out to take a bird's-eye view of the scenery I'm flying over. Seeing this isn't warfare and a patriotic question of tracking down enemy zeros, I coax Mr. Pilot to slow down a bit, or rather quite a little. Seeing, besides, that I'm myself the Pilot, I make it a duty to read very slowly and not haphazardly, so this brain of mine can register everything and my inward eye can photograph all those thrilling supernatural beauties strewn along the path of religious truths or the sublime virtues of the Christian life. Now, since the human soul, yours and mine, feels naturally attracted to the heights, it happens that while I gradually rise in the spiritual atmosphere, I fly beyond the clouds of dullish grey and forget things below me. Then I feel so thrillingly close to Heaven that I just can't help thinking of what's on the other side. I fancy God, my Father, is awaiting my coming with Mary, the best of mothers, with my dear little wife I lost so early, and all my beloved ones gone to God. But that brown clock ruthlessly shatters my reveries. Time to think of landing again. I've been scouring the air for hours. So I aim earthward and downward and step out of my plane and think over in my mind about those gorgeous panoramas I've seen up close to the Creator. I mean that I take time to reflect when I've closed the book."

"Well, did you ever — !" I threw in dazedly. "All the same, I bet it's rather fascinating?"

"Heaps! And if you care to know, I've a mission plane as well. It's the mission magazine, if you want me to use ordinary expressions. Once I've got the ocean behind me, I land on some forlorn corner of God's fair earth, where minor divinities are trying to hold their own. I meet men like myself, men of my nation, who willingly eat the hard bread of exile and have only privations, sufferings and — who knows? — martyrdom perchance, to look forward to! I see those daring apostles crossing interminable steppes, or beneath a flaming sun shooting through some African jungle where they leave footprints tinged with blood. Again I steal along behind them over hills and valleys always on the same unending quest of souls. I figure out, from seeing what those heroes of Christ gladly put up with, that souls are worth millions and millions more. Then the searching enquiry: 'What have I done so far to help the divine work of the missions? What am I going to do from now on?'"

"I get it. What about the car, now?"

"Oh, that! Well, car or train, according to whim or season, means books on various topics. I've shelves and shelves of them. All first-class ones, too. Some people there are who pretend a fellow can keep straight when his set isn't anything decent; they'll tell you reading doesn't make or mar a man. But I've my own opinion about that. When you drink in good and evil day in and day out, you finally get blind to the difference between the two.

"As for these trips, I follow the same system. I avoid high speed, in

fact, any speed at all. A fellow can't possibly consider God's wonderful creation when he just whizzes by like the wind. When some spot or other is particularly attractive, I just put on the brakes and call a halt. I laugh as I cull delicious fruits from overhanging boughs. I try my husky voice with the birds. All in all, I feed my mind and heart with the ideas and sentiments I gather from my readings.

"While I was a poor man before my excursion, I get home wealthy in pious, buoying thoughts, thoughts that straighten up my ideal and make me a better Catholic. New horizons have unfolded to my sight. I have sensed the real meaning, the sole end of life here below. I understand how I'm just a small boy trudging home to his Father's after years of wandering on the rough and thorny pathways of the world. So you've got the whole secret, man. That's how winter evenings are incredibly short for me. Don't figure I'm a lonesome chap, here in my den."

"My hat's off to you, Peter. Want a fellow traveller, mayhap?"

"Oh, as you choose. I'd be delighted."

And so saying, my friend showed me around his spacious library. What a splendid collection of books! There I glimpsed the names of authors of renown and scholars with a worldwide reputation. My friend's very discriminating about books, as I can see. Then I took my hat and cane and rushed home. It was high time to be in bed for any honest fellow.

I profusely thanked Peter for his marvellous recipe. Now I intend speaking to my set about it. Guess they'll all be the better for it. Anyway, I'm won over!



MISSION INTENTION FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1946

PEACE IN THE ORIENT

As the New Year dawns, a call goes forth from Christ's Vicar for renewed interest in "peace in the Orient." The most casual perusal of today's headlines gives ample proof that this is a most timely subject for prayerful intercession, for actually the signing of the peace treaty seems to have unlocked a new Pandora's box of unrest, intrigue and upheaval in the Far East. As one student of Oriental affairs stated recently: "By signing the treaty Japan insured the continuation of her policies because she was certain that the seed planted by her 'Asia for Asiatics' program would eventually bear abundant fruit."

THE UNKNOWN FACTOR

Undoubtedly Russia occupied little or no place in Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," but subsequent events proved that the enigmatic Kremlin was poised and ready to use that plan as a springboard for enlarged activity. For more than three years after our entry into the Pacific War Russia maintained strict neutrality in regard to Japan. However she had not been idle in the interim. Her strongholds in Mongolia were enlarged, and, when the tide of battle turned, her troops were tramping across Manchukuo and racing down the Korean peninsula, to which she had long cast envious eyes for ports other than ice-locked Vladivostok.

In southeastern Asia, including Indo-China, Burma, India, Malaya, the seeds of the "Asia for Asiatics" are developing into veritable grapes of wrath, which threaten to have serious results upon post-war mission work. Unrest, uprising and bloodshed mark the dawn of peace in these densely populated countries. In addition, the call for a "holy war" is once more echoing through the Moslem ranks with the same clarity it sounded thirteen centuries ago.

Perhaps in the ways of Divine Providence these events will eventually prove boomerangs, reacting in a totally different manner from which they were intended. Perhaps, also, they may presage a new era in Church history, which, opening in turmoil, may close in tranquility and order. However, to insure this latter result The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges the faithful to unite with the Holy See in praying for "peace in the Orient."

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

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)



Y this letter, written by your brother on the 3rd of January," continues Bishop Theurel, "you see that the mandarins had ceased to feed the prisoner of Jesus Christ. This was what we expected; so we directly employed a Christian widow, named Nghiën, who happened to be a sister of the great mandarin's cook, to provide all that was necessary for him; and in that way we could have more frequent communications. On the 6th of January he wrote again:—

"I have just received your good wishes for the new year. Thanks! Yes; for once I have indeed a lucky chance. I ought to have sent you my affectionate wishes sooner but you will forgive the delay. A happy new year to my dear, reverend Bishop! Peace and labor, and then an eternal repose in the bosom of the Saviour! . . . During the absence of the mandarin prefect, his wife, a young girl from Kêcho, recently married, came to pay me a visit; but when she saw me come out of my cage, she ran away like a child! I sent for her, and called her back as gently as I could; but when she did return she was so frightened that she could not open her mouth. Monseigneur, you must work at this — at the education of woman, to raise her from her present servile position, to establish schools for young girls, to teach them the beauty and grandeur of Christian womanhood . . . Let us say together once more, "*Tuus totus ego sum, et omnia mea tua sunt.*"' (I am all Thine, and all that belongs to me is Thine.)

"Just at this time, in the prison of Kêcho, was an Annamite priest, named Khoân, who is there still. I was hoping that Theophane might be allowed to see him; but as their meeting seemed impossible, I sent the good Father Tinh, vicar of the parish of Kêcho, to comfort our dear prisoner. Huong Moï, that faithful head of the patrol whom I have before mentioned, undertook to introduce him into the mandarin's palace, and even to the cage of Fr. Vénard. The meeting took place on the 15th of January, in presence of the guards and of a whole crowd of people, the suite of the mandarins, who filled the hall. Your brother, pretending not to recognize Father Tinh, asked the chief of the patrol, 'Who is the gentleman that came in with you just now?' 'It is the *thay-ca*,' replied Huong Moï. (This expression signifies either a priest or the head of a family.) Poor Father Tinh felt his heart sink into his shoes at this word. But Huong Moï, who laughed at danger, made jokes with the people around, so as to hide the confusion of the priest and divert the people's attention. Fr. Vénard, being formally introduced as to a stranger, was let out of his cage, and allowed to walk in the garden, where he instantly made his confession, none of the guards having followed him. When Fr. Vénard came back to his cage, Huong Moï made a fresh and a successful effort to amuse the assistants,

during which time Father Tinh approached the cage, as if for the purpose of examining it, and said a few words in a low voice to Fr. Vénard, giving him absolution. Then he walked quietly away. Your poor brother gave them all some tea afterwards, and took leave of Father Tinh. The latter had brought the Blessed Sacrament, and left It with the devout widow of whom I have spoken. She carried It to Fr. Vénard in the evening, concealed in some bread. He therefore could enjoy the presence of our dear Lord till midnight, after which he communicated. In a letter to Bishop Jeantet, written on the 20th of January, Theophane says with emotion, —

“‘Father Tinh will tell you of his visit, when I gave him some tea in the midst of all the crowd. He brought me, on the other hand, the Bread of the traveller, — “*Mi Jesus, Deus meus*,” (My Jesus, my God) in my cage! Think of that!’ Then he goes on to say, ‘I have not received a single stroke of the knout. I have had very little insult, and much sympathy; no one here wishes me to die. The people of the household of the great mandarin are kindness itself to me. I have suffered nothing in comparison with my brethren. I have only to lay my head quietly on the block, under the axe of the executioner, and at once I shall find myself in the presence of Our Lord, saying, “Here am I, O Lord! Thy little martyr!” I shall present my palm to Our Lady, and say, “Hail, Mary! my Mother and my Mistress, all hail!” And I shall take my place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the holy name of Jesus; and I shall intone the eternal Hosanna! Amen.’

“I enclose the last letters, written to you all, which are of the same date as mine. It is impossible, I think, for any one to read them unmoved.”

“J. M. J.

“FROM MY CAGE, KECHO,

“January 20, 1861.

“MY DEAREST, MUCH HONORED, AND MUCH LOVED FATHER, —As my sentence is still delayed, I will send you one more word of farewell, which will probably be the last. These last days in my prison pass quietly; all who surround me are civil and respectful and a good many love me. From the great mandarin down to the humblest private soldier, every one regrets that the laws of the country condemn me to death. I have not been put to the torture like my brethren. A slight sabre-cut will separate my head from my body, like the spring flower which the Master of the Garden gathers for His pleasure. We are all flowers planted on this earth, which God plucks in His own good time, some a little sooner, some a little later. One is as the blushing rose, another the virginal lily, a third the humble violet. Let us each strive to please Our Sovereign Lord and Master according to the gift and the sweetness which He has bestowed upon us. I wish you, my dearest father, a long, happy, and peaceful old age, and that you may bear the cross of life with Jesus unto the Calvary of a happy death. Father and son, may we meet in paradise. I, poor little moth, go first. Adieu!

“Your devoted and dutiful son,

“Theophane Vénard, Missionary Apostolic.”

(To be continued)



When Bullets Hissed on the Mission Front

"How did our children fare all through those days and years of stress and strain?"

This is surely the question uppermost in the minds and hearts of the fathers and mothers whose beloved ones have enlisted in the service of the Missionary Christ. Here we shall briefly sketch the highlights of wartime existence in far-off Manchuria. More ample details will follow in the next issues.

Let us go back to December, 1941. In the solitude of retreat the Master spoke to His chosen ones of Szepingkai. The preacher, His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. A. Lapierre, had invited his spiritual charges to avail of all the graces offered, and open their souls to the divine influence of confidence in Him who watches over the sparrow's fall.

Lilies on the altar. *Tota pulchra es, Maria!* Mary's snow-white solemnity dawned. Joy reigned and hearts were gay — until — before the sun set — WAR!

Two days crawled by, days like eternity. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, the enemy's first prized capture, was marched off to the Palace of Justice with Rev. Father Baron, also a captive for Christ. All was sorrow at the Catholic Mission, as news trickled through that the Bishop suffered from a heart attack, the result of the anxieties and hardships meted out to him. Fervent prayers stormed Heaven, and the Divine Physician healed His valiant apostle for further combats.

Internment Day, December 13. With the exception of Rev. Brother A. Paquette, C. S. V., supposedly beyond three score years, all the Canadian priests and Brothers were herded together in the Szepingkai Seminary. The worthy-Bishop pleaded to join the others there. He won, but with limitations: he had to remain in his own room and have no communications whatever with his priests. The interdiction kept in force until December 24 of that year.

Permission from the Japanese officers secured, all our Sisters moved to the Bishop's Residence five days before Christmas, while their home passed into the hands of the Reverend Antonian Sisters of Mary. Our Sisters possessed fairly good kitchen equipment, and were glad to have fellow Missionary Sisters, the appointed bakers for the time being, use their installation to provide food for the internees. Things went on very well for a few days. On December 29 thirty Belgian missionaries, a goodly number of them in feeble health and grey with years, arrived at the Intern-



MISSIONARIES INTERNED AT SZEPINGKAI, MANCHURIA

ment Camp. So the authorities decided to alter the convent into a makeshift hospital. Another leaf was torn off the calendar and another year ushered forth into a war-weary world. On the morrow of Epiphany, the valiant crusaders of the Great King, many of them not on their initial prison term, were installed in our erstwhile convent, now a hospital. Interned priests requiring medical care were admitted until April 18, 1942. Then came orders from the Sinking Government Office. 'All recuperating missionaries come to Szepingkai!'

March, 1942 was almost over. The native priests obtained permission to take up where the foreign ambassadors of Christ had regretfully left off. Joy thrilled within the hearts of those foreigners. Their Christians would have someone to break the Bread of Life and give it to their starving souls. To quote only one instance of Communion rationings, our Sisters of Tungleao lived through a month and over without their Eucharistic morning banquet.

On May 14, 1942, the Angel of Death called one of our generous missionaries, Sister St. Denis⁽¹⁾. For several years she had been ministering to the sick and maimed at Taonan. All the measures taken to have help and consolations reach the beloved Sister remained fruitless. But the Divine Bridegroom stood waiting and smiling on the threshold of Heaven, and He who is Himself our reward exceeding great must have amply repaid the dear little Sister for all she had lacked on earth.

Orders to evacuate the Seminary were given on July 10. The Canadian missionaries took up their quarters at the Bishop's Residence, while the Belgian missionaries under forty-nine years were led off to Mukden Camp. The oldest were soon freed and hastened back to their Jehol Mission, with their Bishop, Msgr. Jenssens. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre was also

1. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis, Kamouraska, P. Q.

a free man from that time. Our Sisters of Szepingkai left the Bishop's house and sought their convent home again, and Providence kept them there for the duration. They filled up their hours sewing, mending and laundering for the interned missionaries. The nursing Sisters took up home visits once more, and treated patients at the dispensary until September 24, 1943, when the latter was closed.

Boarding School possibilities nil for the moment, the Sisters recruited a small group of young girls, mostly all Christians. These could be strengthened in their faith and a helping hand would bring them nearer to God.

The cross of illness shadowed 1943 for the Szepingkai missionaries. In the month of the Sacred Heart, a native Sister of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Sister Barbara by name, died of unforgiving T. B. The final summons came the following month for the Prefect Apostolic of Lintong, His Excellency Most Rev. E. Masse, P. M. E. Death overtook him in full activity, and the missionary Church loses in him a dynamo of tireless zeal. Our dear Sisters of Szepingkai, who had so often benefited by his devotedness and Christlike charity, mourned him as a God-given friend is mourned.

Illness knocked at the Sisters' home as well. Manchurian fever sapped the vigor of several. Rev. Brother Liguori, Superior of the Christian Brothers, contracted the disease, which led him to the grave in the last days of October, 1943. The distinguished Religious' passing was deeply regretted by all his fellow internees. God reward him through days unending!

Dark items those on 1943's account. Viewed in the light of faith, however, there were compensations and consolations now and then. Twenty-two pagans were received into the True Fold on Holy Saturday. Twenty-five more were led to Baptism on December 2. On the morrow, as Xavier the Man of Missions was universally acclaimed, the neophytes, former pupils of the Clerics of St. Viator High School, kept their first tryst with the God of the Eucharist at the Communion rail. Even in internments, the Church is a marching Church. Our Sisters, in home visits and dispensary sessions, had the joy of helping thirty-five adults on to the one True God. Eighty-nine tots were also purified in Holy Baptism through their devoted zeal.

Two painful trials marked 1944 for our dear Sisters: the passing of Sister St. Mathias⁽¹⁾, Superior of our Tungleao Mission, on March 23; and of Sister Jeanne de Valois⁽²⁾ on October 6. Typhus carried off the former. It was a bitter heart-pang for our Sisters to be unable to attend her in her last earthly moments. They tried to compensate by doubling up on fervent prayers for her soul. Sister Superior's funeral was held on the 27th at the Catholic Mission of Tungleao. Her mortal remains were confided to the grave near the humble convent where she had spent eight years of tireless, loving self-dedication to the salvation of precious souls. Solemn funeral services were also held for her on the same date at the Cathedral and the Bishop's Residence.

Sister Jeanne de Valois fell a victim to meningitis. The beloved Sister had the privilege of being anointed, while yet fully conscious, by His Excel-

1. Ida VINCENT, Gananoque, Ont.

2. Agathe DION, Three Rivers.

lency Bishop Lapierre. She passed peacefully into the hands of her Maker with the first faint glimmers of dawn on October 6. Her religious companions were at her bedside. Three hours during, they prayed the Rosary and implored Mary for her child at death's door. To the gentle murmur of Aves, Sister winged her flight to Jesus and His holy Mother. A benevolent permission from police guards allowed the interneers to assist at the funeral. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre offered up the Holy Sacrifice. The majesty of the liturgical ceremonies deeply impressed us. How vividly this solemnity contrasted with the simple, hidden career of the little nun gone to her God!

On August 29 of that year, all ringing of the Cathedral bells had been prohibited. Evidently the situation was not all rosy. Still, the venerated Pastor of Szeping kai spoke to his spiritual daughters of confidence and complete self-surrender into the hands of Divine Goodness. "It is one and the same thing," he would tell them, "to serve God in zealous exterior activity or in patience and resignation under trial. Let us be ready to accomplish His holy will, whether He beckons us back again soon to our task of spreading His Gospel, or whether He selects us as victims for the rebuilding of a better world and the salvation of souls. Should the latter be our God-given privilege, let us try to drive home this point: that we could never serve more gloriously the sacred interests of the Church and souls."

New Year's Day, 1945, found our missionaries in these dispositions of perfect submission to whatever God would ordain. Providence shielded



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION INTERNED AT SZEPINGKAI. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF SISTER JULIENNE DU ST. SACREMENT (BEATRICE LAREAU, CHAMBLY).j

them with a mother's care. War entails every imaginable hardship, true; still, our Sisters did not lack the necessities of life. There were trials and tribulations, as we might expect, but they remained in their convent, which happy fact meant so much to them.

Our Sisters of Fakou left their mission and came to join their companions in Szepingkai on July 1, 1942; our Taonan Sisters arrived on September 24, 1943; our Tungleao Missionaries, on August 27, 1944; those from Leoyuan-sien, on May 25, 1945; and those from Pamientcheng, on June 20, 1945. In the early internment days, our Sisters were compelled to leave their convent in Koungtchouling, but after six months in Szepingkai they were able to return to their post. There and at Paitchengtze our Sisters treated patients at the dispensary almost until the end of hostilities.

"The Passiontide of the Missions will be followed by the joys of the Eastertide." So wrote a Passionist Missionary to China. That Eastertide Morn dawned on Mary's Assumption Feast, August 15, 1945. In the forenoon hours, news spread like wildfire that the Japanese guards had taken to their heels. How explain their sudden exodus? At the noon Angelus hour, a cry of joy ran like an electric current: "Peace! Peace!" O Mary, what a wondrous feastday love-gift from your royal courts above! Joy and hope smoothed anew every wrinkled brow, and every lip broke into a grateful smile.

On Sunday, the 19th, missionaries and Christians — reunited after four interminable years of separation and brutal warfare — met within the Cathedral precincts to offer to God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Truly this was a Resurrection Morn, the effulgent dawning of a happier, better world. War was over and machine guns were hushed, Victory was Christ's, and the Missions shared in the glory of the Eastertide Conqueror.

And now we face a new day which will see, please God, the air lanes traversed by Wings of Mercy, Wings of Victory for Christ, Wings of Peace for His Missions and Missionaries.

Our religious family has suffered a great loss in the death of Sister St. Stanislas de Kostka (Germaine Gonthier, Montreal), a seasoned missionary and a tried and true friend of Christ's suffering brethren in Chinese territory.

Missioned to Hong Kong, China, back in September, 1933, Sister St. Stanislas toiled with unflinching courage through eight years, and shared the hardships and troubles that followed the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong. With her fellow Sisters she experienced the sorrows and joys of internment life from January 20 to December 17, 1942. There in Stanley Camp she gladly spent herself body and soul for the Catholic Action organized by the missionaries. Freed again on December 17, 1942, Sister went to our Canton convent. There the God of Love called for His faithful servant. In Sister's passing our Community mourns the loss of a saintly religious and an indefatigable laborer in the Lord's Vineyard afar.

JAPAN

WAKAMATSU

An Old Japanese Couple (Continued)

We had cast a last admiring look at the miniature landscape garden of their villa and were about to leave, when Mrs. Mori, glancing at her daughter-in-law, told us with a smile that she hoped to make a like feast in honor of Mr. Mori. "In honor of Father!" returned the young pagan lady. "All the water of all the seas and rivers will have dried up before Father gets converted." Mrs. Mori's gaze fell, but deep in her heart she did not only hope, she was almost certain. She knew dark days of suffering would be meted out to her again as in the past. But she knew, also, that her weekly Sunday Communion would make her strong and faithful. Some of her family derided her for keeping up her pious practices and advising them to adopt the same. However, she succeeded once in having a miraculous medal accepted by her young son, who was on the point of undertaking a journey. She hung the precious little metal image round his neck, asking him to promise never to part with it. The Blessed Mother immediately rewarded this act of confidence by inspiring the traveller to ask a crucifix of his own accord. He had hardly reached the sea when the ship was wrecked, and it took any amount of time and effort to rescue only a few passengers. Young Mr. Mori came out safely and readily admitted to his parents that he attributed his salvation from a watery grave to the protection of the two precious objects his pious mother had given him before leaving.

No doubt the event greatly helped to accredit the Catholic Faith in the family, for, scarcely one year later, Mr. Mori himself asked to learn more about it. December 21, 1936, one year and four months after Mrs. Mori's baptism, he became a fervent follower of Christ and added Benedict to his name. What happiness was his, and what joy the Catholic missionaries'! In like blissful hours, years of waiting and study and sacrifice are forgotten. One thinks only of enjoying to the full this ray of Heaven's joy. One prays, thanks, weeps oftentimes, for sheer happiness. The human soul cannot bear so much felicity.

Mrs. Mori could not contain her joy. At last she saw with her own eyes what faith had made her hope for so long. As to Mr. Mori, he was at a loss to explain how he could have been caught in the nets of grace. Yes, truly is this conversion a mystery of divine mercy, but so is it a heavenly favor obtained through the Christian blood of his ancestors, through innumerable works of charity from the part of the husband, and heroic acts of patient devotedness from the part of the virtuous wife and valiant woman.

Mr. Mori marked his entry in the Catholic Fold by an intimate celebration. Among the guests were two Brothers of the Christian Schools, who had purposely come from Sendai to conduct the choir singing during Holy Mass. It was nothing short of a revelation for these new Christians to meet religious teachers. They concluded that Canadian boys were privileged indeed, studying as they did under such good masters.

Mrs. Mori had given a costly harmonium to Wakamatsu Mission Church

as a baptismal remembrance. On the occasion of her husband's conversion to the Faith, a sanctuary carpet enhanced the simple beauty of the little Mission church.

These neophytes were eleventh-hour laborers, but how edifyingly they began their belated work, how whole-heartedly they toiled in the service of the Good Master, who had chosen them out of millions as deserving, to be brought to His knowledge and love!

Mrs. Mori told us confidentially how much she had apprehended the matter of confession with respect to her husband. Great was her joy when she heard him declare one day: "What a wonderful religion! And what a boon confession is! If we have the misfortune of forgetting our duty and falling, we have a remedy, we can atone, we can obtain forgiveness, become pure again!" How many times have we not admired the faith of this venerable old man, as he drew near the confession box a few minutes before Mass, while the congregation had almost all arrived, to ask absolution from a young Japanese priest whose grandfather he might have been! What miracles will not faith operate in a docile heart! What prodigies will not the Divine Artist work in a soul that gives Him liberty to act as He pleases! With angelic piety Mr. Mori would hear Mass. As is the custom in the country, as soon as the catechist began the preparatory prayers, the devout Christian put away his beads, which he always recited gazing intently at Our Blessed Lady's statue, took his prayer book and with a slight rocking of head and shoulders that seemed to keep rhythm with his words, recited with the others the prayers corresponding to the different parts of the Mass. At the solemn moment of the Elevation, he prostrated himself to the floor at the first sound of the bell. Then at the second sound, he would rise from his reverent position, raise his joined hands to the height of his brow and prostrate himself a second time. He was always one of the first to come forward for Holy Communion, and he took great care not to touch the books of devotion lying on the mat while making his way to the altar rail. After Mass, the congregation recited a chapter from the catechism. Mr. and Mrs. Mori took their little book, like the last and least of the children, and answered all the questions. Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which everyone returned home. Our old friends would stop a few minutes at our convent, and Mrs. Mori's last farewell would invariably be: "Pray for those who are not Catholics. Pray hard, Sisters. I cannot die before my children are baptized!" She was suffering from heart disease, and feared to die suddenly. Our prayers arose with hers and were answered. In August, 1938, young Mr. Mori, his wife and children became members of the great Christian family. The old father and mother assisted at the ceremony, their faces radiating joy and happiness. To the touching religious feast succeeded an elaborate Japanese banquet. Rev. Father Sawade, pastor of the Mission, and Rev. Father Kainuma, curate, were guests of honor on the occasion.

In remembrance of the great day, Mr. Mori, Jr., had an ornamental fence erected in front of the church and rectory, and paid for an almost complete renovation of the hall serving for the Christians.

The yearly return of baptism anniversaries in the Mori household was marked by a High Mass offered in thanksgiving. Beautiful and touching were these tokens of gratitude towards God for the great gift of the Faith. How many Catholics, gratified from birth with the inestimable privilege of regeneration, never even think of saying a heartspringing "Thank You" to their Heavenly Benefactor!

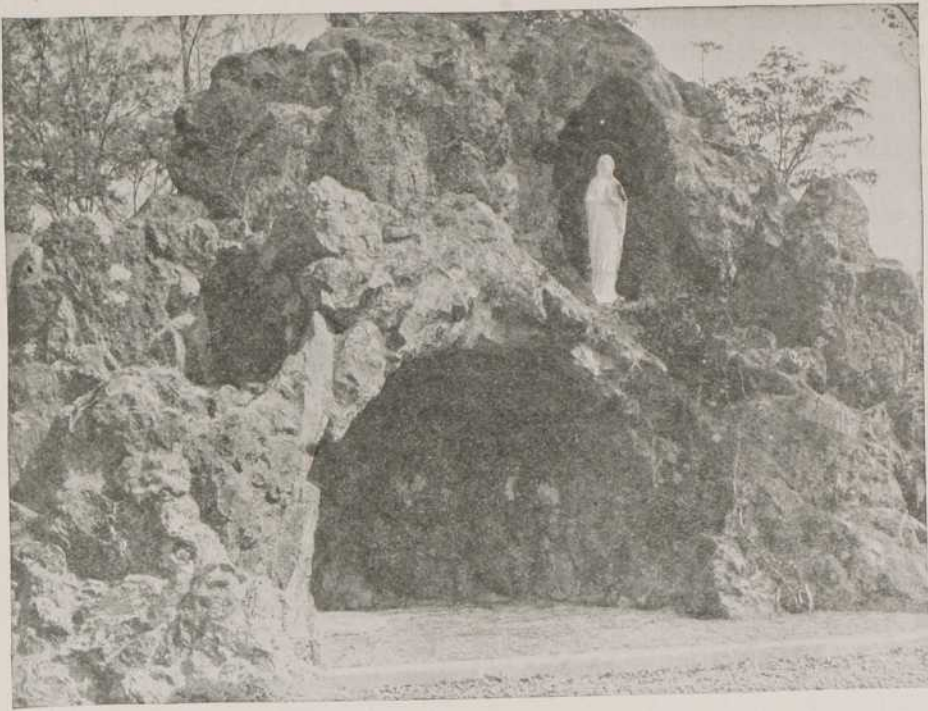
Twice Mr. and Mrs. Mori had the honor and the happiness of welcoming into their home Their Excellencies the Apostolic Delegate and Archbishop Doi of Tokyo, who took a few days of rest at their country home. The small room which served as oratory for the celebration of Holy Mass on the occasion of the illustrious visitors' passage has remained as if consecrated in the eyes of the staunch Christian couple. It serves to no profane purpose.

Mrs. Mori having once through some distraction or other broken her morning fast for Holy Communion, and thus inadvertently deprived herself of the heavenly Food, she promised to atone for what she called her neglect by making a novena of Communions at church, which promise she faithfully kept, in spite of her weak legs which sometimes made it very difficult for her to walk any distance.

Several times had our two fervent Christians undertaken to make the nine First Fridays of the month. But always they had been compelled to interrupt their devout practice; once, however, they succeeded, at least until the ninth First Friday, when the Reverend Pastor was obliged to answer another call. What was to be done? Would they have to begin all over again? The two friends of the Sacred Heart found a solution to the perplexing difficulty. The church nearest to Wakamatsu is that of Koriyama, at two hours' railroad distance. They decided to board the train for Koriyama. They spent the night in the best hotel of the city, a short distance from our Sisters' convent, where Mass was to be said. Judge of the Sisters' surprise on seeing people from Wakamatsu at such an early hour! They greeted the visitors kindly and after Mass offered them a light breakfast—"exquisite", according to the old couple's appreciation—seasoned as it was with cordial charity.

One day, Mrs. Mori asked us for a vigil light to give her husband, knowing he would be pleased to keep one burning before the statue of the Sacred Heart in his home. "He is altogether a changed man since he became a Catholic," she told us. "Don't be surprised at that," we answered. "A man who prays, who goes often to Communion, who makes an hour of meditation every morning, must necessarily feel the effects of divine grace; he cannot but become changed."—"Yes," and her voice grew unsteady, "my old man often cries for joy. He says his heart is too full." Blessed tears, springing from the contact of the Heart of Jesus with his own! How paltry must have seemed to his soul flooded with heavenly consolation the sacrifices consented to abandon pagan temples with their false gods he had honored fifty long years!

In the summer of 1939, Mr. Mori paid for the erection of a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes close to the church. The contractor, a pagan notwithstanding, spared no time or trouble to turn out a masterpiece. The beautiful



GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, WAKAMATSU MISSION, JAPAN

rocks laden with moss and climbing rose bushes, the varied shrubs and a clear blue spring gave one the illusion of standing before the grotto of the French Pyrenees. The marble statue, sculptured by an artist in the Capital, was carried by seven men from there to Wakamatsu, at seven hours' railroad distance, as any other method of transportation did not offer sufficient guarantee. The grotto was blessed in May, 1940, by His Excellency M. J. Lemieux, O. P., Bishop of Sendai.

Many devout worshippers thereafter knelt before Mary Immaculate, happy to render honor to their Mother in Heaven. As may be imagined, Mr. and Mrs. Mori were regular callers on the Madonna. So was devoted Father Kainuma, whom we often saw kneeling in front of the white Virgin saying his beads. What secrets, what prayers have we not ourselves laid at her feet! How many earnest looks have we not cast upon her, as we asked her to obtain the conversion of a multitude of souls, who, on that very Japanese soil, live in total ignorance of the One True God!

A heavy trial was reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Mori some time later. Their two sons residing in Tokyo had a stately house. While both were absent one day, the elder on his holidays and the younger on a visit to his sick mother-in-law's, the house took fire and burned down to cinders. "It's a hard blow," Mrs. Mori told us, "but no doubt it was necessary for us. I am sure God will make up to us by spiritual favors. But human nature cannot but be grieved. Pray for us."

The trial had its day and was soon followed by its fruit. Mrs. Mori

visited the sick woman and spoke so persuasively on God and Heaven that the lady, a writer of note in all Japan, asked for Baptism and passed peacefully away a few days later. The happy apostle then sensed the value of crosses valiantly accepted, and understood still better the futility of earthly goods when compared with those of eternity.

One day, feigning to forget all that the Mission owed to Mrs. Mori and her family since their conversion, we pleasantly remarked: "You have done so much for the Protestant Faith, won't you do something now for the Catholic Church?" — "Oh, Sister!" she answered, "I have grown old, very old. We have money but cannot think how we could help any Catholic movements." — "There we have it! With us, it is exactly the other way. We have plenty of ideas, but our means are very slim. Why shouldn't we put what we have in common for the glory of God and the welfare of souls?" — "We could ask for nothing better," answered Mrs. Mori. "Our sons don't care to stay here anymore. Tokyo holds greater attractions for them." — "Then, Mrs. Mori, we'll see that nothing be lost." Soon afterwards, a provisional day nursery was opened during the rice transplanting season, thanks to financial help tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Mori. Then war was declared and we were interned, forbidden any outside relations.

For a few weeks more we were able to follow Church functions. Then orders came to break up all relations with the Pastor and the Christians. Confidently we turned to Our Immaculate Mother. The Feast of Our Lady's smile to Bernadette was drawing near. Fervent supplications were wafted heavenward requesting a visible pledge of her maternal protection. February 10, we were about to begin decorating the altar for the morrow's feast, when a flower seller knocked at our door and laid a heavy basket on the ice, saying with a smile: "You know Mrs. Mori. She asked me to bring you these flowers." Our Blessed Mother's tender response! Here she had sent us carnations, sweetpeas and greenery to give a feastday touch to her sanctuary, and above all to afford us a tangible proof of her abiding assistance and comforting care of her missionary daughters. Mary had chosen, as intermediaries of her consoling bounties, our good old friends who had remained faithful to us.

At about the same date, the following year, we learned that a relative of Mrs. Mori's had fallen dangerously ill. At once we confided him to Our Blessed Mother and, having obtained permission to go out, we set forth for the dying man's abode. A kind Christian lady led us to Mr. Nagao's home. For one terrible moment, hell seemed to exact its prey and undreamt-of obstacles surged up. But our confident prayer won the day, and we found a soul that seemed to await but the purification of Holy Baptism in order to soar to Heaven. Mr. Nagao was baptized at two in the afternoon. At ten that night he departed for the Land of the Blessed. What a choice heavenly boon! We — foreigners, internees, — had been humble instruments in a well-known city alderman's conversion! It was almost unbelievable. When we told Mrs. Mori, she could only exclaim over and over: "Marvellous! miraculous!" That was the last, but certainly not the least, of our missionary joys over in the Far East.

The matter of exchange ships that were to repatriate us was daily growing more serious. Our eyes fixed on the Morning Star and our wills abandoned to God's ever blessed designs, we awaited further happenings. Mrs. Mori would often ask us with deep concern: "Will there be any ship? Even if you were merely to stay within your convent, it would be a great comfort to us. I wouldn't want you to leave before seeing my daughter once more." One evening, she came to the convent with Miss *Aiko*. True to Japanese form, they brought gifts for each and everyone of us. They left asking us to remember them in our prayers. That was their farewell visit. Two weeks later, we were notified to make preparations for the long sea-voyage to Canada. No one was allowed to bid us goodbye.

Painful was our sacrifice, but fond remembrances and confident hopes cheered us onward. Remembrances of signal benefactors, sympathetic friends, model Christians. Hopes of meeting again, if not here below, at least in God's Kingdom, where, if I may adapt St. Paul, there shall be no distinction of race or nationality, but where many shall come from the East and from the West and shall behold the countenance of their God and Savior through days unending.

*A Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception
Repatriated From Wakamatsu*

* * *

WEST INDIES

Our September Mission Band — Beginnings in Haiti

Miami, September 12, 1945

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

Twenty-six hours on the train, and then Miami! We came in at 9.30 last night. You may be sure it felt good to get on solid ground once more, even if the journey had been a really enjoyable one in every way. None of us was called upon to pay tribute to sickness on the way from Washington to Miami.

The Reverend Sisters of the Assumption were awaiting us, and how kind and fraternal was their welcome! Their convent is ideally located. Enchanting is the only word that can render our impression of their garden, a thing of beauty with its graceful palm and cocoanut trees and rosebushes, not to mention sundry other varieties of trees and shrubbery. At first glance, one would wonder whether it is not some untouched nook of the Garden of Eden. The Sisters have also enthroned Mary in a pious, attractive grotto, before which it is a delight to whisper messages to Heaven. At a stone's throw from the convent sparkle the waters of Biscayne Bay, beneath the full glare of the noonday sun. Almighty Creative Hands have everywhere fashioned landscapes that command our heart-deep admiration and the reverent praise of our lips.

Four of us intend to board the plane tomorrow morning. The others will take their flight on the 14th. May our Mothers in Heaven and the protecting Angels ever at our side man our airship and safely lead us into port!

Les Cayes, September 18, 1945

As you see by the dateline, we have reached our dear Mission of Les Cayes. All of us are in cheerful spirits and in the best of health.

Rev. Father Ouellette, parish priest of Roche-a-Bateau, was at the Port-au-Prince Airport to greet us home. He organized the trip to Les Cayes. It is only half an hour by air.

Needless to say what a joyful welcome we were given by our beloved Sisters. It was a day like Heaven for them to have visitors from the Mother-house, and to hear the fair quota of news we had brought along. Sunday afternoon we went to ask a fatherly blessing from His Excellency. As always, the kind Pastor showed all our Sisters how deeply solicitous he is for their well-being in his diocese.

Then Monday dawned and we explored every nook and cranny of our



OUR HAITIAN MISSIONARIES ON ACUL RIVER, EN ROUTE FOR CHANTAL

new convent. We also paid a visit to *Charity, If You Please*. We stared aghast at the poignant scene unfolded before our eyes, and a surge of sorrow waved up through our hearts. What misery!

The construction is still under way. However, we optimists hope it can be blessed around December 8. Here our tiny but orderly *caye* avidly breathes in a refreshing air current, so the heat doesn't prove so suffocating as in Miami, contrary to our expectations.

Our Sisters of Les Coteaux bade us farewell Tuesday afternoon. They made the trip by truck, which is a common means of transportation for missionaries down here.

Our hearts say it, beloved Mother, when we speak a grateful thank you for having missioned us to Haiti. Please God, we shall labor all our life's day and do some little amount of good. Once again, we request your maternal prayers and are glad to remain, as always,

Your loving children,

THE LAST ARRIVALS IN HAITI

ROCHE-A-BATEAU

Sister St. Olive, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Roche-a-Bateau, Writes to Her Superior General.

Roche-a-Bateau, September 25, 1945

REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

Mission chronicles open with September 10, 1945, for our new post in Haiti. While our dear Sisters were leaving the Motherhouse, happily bound for their southward land of hopes, Sister Marie Theodore⁽¹⁾ and I said a warm farewell to Les Coteaux, where we had tasted the sweet joys of home for a whole year. Picture us on our plodding way to Roche-a-Bateau, merrily riding the gentle steeds that Rev. Father Ouellette, O. M. I., had sent along for the journey.

We halted in front of the rectory at 10.30 or so. Father being absent, kind Mrs. Octa, his reliable housekeeper, did the honors and accompanied us to our future dwelling.

When every nook of our home-to-be had commanded our praising exclamations, we hurried to the church to greet the Heavenly Dweller there, and to ask from Him the graces we shall need to labor untiringly in this corner of His Vineyard. Joyfully we set what order we could to the furnishings and medley of items heaped up in one of the rooms.

We returned to Les Coteaux for Sunday, and experienced once more the sweetness there is for Sisters to live together in unity, as we had so agreeably done for close to a year. "Back to horsebacks" on Monday with the first streaks of day. The purple of separation, if missionaries are allowed to use the expression, was somewhat tempered by the roseate dream of reunions soon to be.

Unusual boisterous cheering called our attention Tuesday afternoon. We saw an enthusiastic throng making for the church. Albert brought us the clue to the mystery. "Father Ouellette is coming with the Mothers!" By the way, Albert is Father's trusted houseboy. The droning hum of a motor bespoke the coming of the long-expected passengers. The church bells pealed out lustily, and greetings loud and jovial, as spring from affectionate hearts, hailed their arrival. As for us, their companions, veterans of one whole year, we opened our doors and hearts wide as the sisterly affection we bear them. It was thrilling to see again those dear Sisters, who are coming here to toil with their two willing hands and their broad, generous hearts for God and His human image and likeness.

Presently our three Sisters bound for Les Coteaux took to the trail. We fancy how cordial was their welcome there! Here, joy lights up every forehead. Beloved Mother, your daughters are as happy as happy can be this side of eternity. It is so consoling to feel closely bound together by the sweet ties of sisterly love, and forming but one heart and one mind!

The morrow marked the first anniversary of our debut in Les Cayes. The holiday fled on wings, while we chatted about Cote des Neiges, and Canada, the best place on earth.

1. Lucienne GADOURY, St. Elisabeth, Joliette.



SISTER ST. ADELARD (CECILE FRAPPIER, SOREL) AND SISTER MAURICE DE THEBES (YVONNE CLOUATRE, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, RETURNING FROM A JOURNEY TO LES COTEAUX, HAITI.

Divine Providence wedges in a pleasant surprise now and then. On Friday, the 21st, came our Sisters of Les Coteaux on their noble equestrian bearers. What a wonderful day! We sat eleven round the dinner table!

Another smile from Heaven on the 24th: His Excellency paid us an unexpected visit. Four of our Sisters had gratefully accepted his kind invitation to accompany him. The happy foursome, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, Sister Jean Theophane⁽²⁾, Sister Marie Rachel⁽³⁾ and Sister St. Jean Bosco⁽⁴⁾, left for Les Coteaux in the afternoon. They were back here the following Wednesday, and started homeward Thursday.

Our convent life programme is now organized, and it's hard to believe we haven't been here months instead of just days. Spiritual exercises are held, as far as possible, at the same hours as at the Motherhouse. The school isn't quite finished yet, but we shall enrol the pupils just the same.

From the spiritual point of view, I have found happiness and joy, and still more happiness and more joy. May Mary Immaculate, appointed Superior of the Roche-a-Bateau Community, keep the register of fervor high, and help us in reproducing the virtues of her Divine Son!

My companions join with me, beloved Mother, in sending you a grateful thank you and their best filial love.

Your loving and respectful child,

SISTER ST. OLIVE, M. I. C.⁽⁵⁾

1. Sister MARIE ROSE (Cecile Pilon, Montreal).

2. Berthe GUAY, Compton, P. Q.

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

4. Angela DESILETS, Montreal.

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

VANCOUVER

Campaigning for Christ at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital

Consoling frequent conquests to the True Faith are being chronicled at St. Joseph's. The first month of 1945 brought us the joy of offering five newly-purified souls to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem and His spotless Mother.

After holding out for a long time, an elderly Hindu at last agreed to be made a child of the loving God in early February. His conversion we gratefully attribute, under God, to the efficacy of the miraculous medal.

It so happened that Sister Marguerite de Jesus⁽¹⁾ inquired whether he would care to have a medal to wear round his neck. Like a flash he retorted: "No, the Blessed Virgin's picture is there on the wall. That's enough!" — "Yes, but suppose you wore this one on you, I think she would take very special care of you." Without further ado he reached for the medal and slipped it in his pocket. It wasn't many days before he had grown to love his tiny treasure so much as to refuse to part with it.

You can imagine his dismay when he found out he had mislaid it. What of it! The miracle had been wrought! Seeing him very low, the nursing Sister offered him the great gift of Faith through Baptism. "Yes, I want to be made a child of God," he nodded assent. "But will God let me in Heaven? I have been so bad all along." — "Yes, God will bid you in, if you feel sorry for your sins and promise to love Him from now on." — "Oh, I'll do that. Now, you make me a child of God." He was christened Joseph Omer. There is only one cloud to obscure his bliss now. He finds that his Father in Heaven takes a long time in coming for him.

Then there was Mah Poy. We knew he was fated for the cemetery before many days, and had allotted him a private room. Sister Therese, the Chinese catechist, had in her daily visits taught him short aspirations and had succeeded in having him accept a miraculous medal. Once she tried to test his disposition regarding Baptism. "Oh! that? Never!" came the surly reply. "They said in the ward that a person who gets baptized must drink poisoned water and — die! I do love God very much, I believe in Him, I pray to Him, but I don't want to be baptized!"

Sister Therese did not insist. Only she prayerfully confided her stubborn patient to Our Lady of Lourdes, whose feast the morrow would bring. She returned after supper and gently broached the question of paramount import, making it clear to him that he was at death's door. He opened wondering eyes and answered simply: "Yes, I want to be baptized!" Someone rushed to call Rev. Father McCarthy, and through his priestly ministry Mah Poy became Joseph John, and was given all that the True Church had to give him.

The eleventh-hour convert then grasped the priest's proffered hand, murmuring: "Thank you, Father! You've brought me so much happiness this evening. I feel very happy, just as if I had cleaned up everything within me. Thank you, Father!" Then to Sister St. Marc⁽²⁾, his devoted

1. Emilia MARTIN, St. François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co.

2. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, P. Q.

nurse: "Sister, Sister, come here! I want to tell you how happy I am. Today's the most beautiful day of all my life. I can't tell you how glad I feel. And I am so contented inside! I love Jesus," he continued, pointing to Sister's crucifix. "But give me mine, please. I love it more than yours." Sister handed him his crucifix lying on the table. He pressed it to his lips. "Now I'm not afraid of dying. I am so happy!" And he left us for the home where happiness will never end.

For Lee Son, a tuberculosis victim from whom a lengthy illness had drained the last ounce of mildness and patience, all religious themes were taboo. As he was rapidly failing, Sister Marie Gabriel⁽¹⁾ determined to have him accept a miraculous medal. To the best of all mothers she entrusted this headstrong invalid, knowing well that Mary would win where she and her fellow Sisters had regretfully lost.

Once when Sister had hurried to his bedside in answer to his call, he whispered with a grateful smile: "You are very good." — "If I'm a good Sister," she gladly seized the opportunity that offered, "why shouldn't you be a good patient, too, and accept what I'm going to give you?" So saying, she showed the medal hanging from a cord. The deathly pale



A FEASTDAY AT THE HOSPITAL

SISTER MARIE DE BETHANIE (BERTHE PICHE, QUEBEC), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SISTER THERESE, CHINESE VIRGIN CATECHIST, AND PATIENTS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER.

1. Evangeline GIGUERE, Quebec.

features contracted and he caustically replied: "No, no, I don't want your medal, nor your religion! The Chinese Sister told me about that, and I don't want to see her again! I don't want to die! I don't want to be baptized!" Still the confident nursing Sister slipped the medal unawares beneath the unresponsive patient's pillow, asking Our Blessed Mother to save this soul in the jaws of eternal death.

Sister Marguerite de Jesus⁽¹⁾ attempted to touch the religious topic the next morning. Jeers and insults were the only reply. She let Lee Son have his say, and then spoke seriously on the very grave matter.

Left to his own reflections, Lee Son surely did reflect, so much so that half an hour later, he didn't mind letting visitors see the miraculous medal round his neck.

A merchant vessel that makes the crossing between India and Canada brought us not so very long ago a Hindu sailor severely ill with tuberculosis. "I'm a Catholic," he told us as he gave his name. And he showed us, pinned to his passport, a picture of St. Francis Xavier's grave at Goa. We did what we could to alleviate his bodily sufferings, and hastened to offer him the consolations of our Holy Faith, which he gratefully received.

The other Hindus in the ward were very much astonished on seeing a fellow countryman of theirs so eager to accept the comforts of the Catholic Religion, they who always positively declared: "There are no Catholic Hindus!"

The Hindus are a people difficult to convert; while the Chinese in general readily consent with childlike simplicity to what our Faith has to offer them for time and eternity.

In spite of the care and untiring attentions lavished on our sailor from Goa, he still longed with what eagerness was left in his racked body and tortured mind, to return to his country with his wife and little ones. The required permit was finally obtained from the authorities. Considering the critical state of his health, the priest anointed him before he left on his homeward voyage. The young man's brown face shone with supernatural joy. "That's good for my soul and . . . perhaps for my body, too," said he with a deep spirit of faith and trust. He left us, hope thrilling within his soul. Surely he would reach his destination! May Mother Mary help him on to his heavenly destination as well!

Rathan, a Mohammedan Hindu, has at last become the possessor of a miraculous medal. Now that his cause lies in such good hands, its success is unfailingly ensured.

Easter Sunday marked the baptism date of two of our dear patients. The first, Low Gong, had been taking catechism lessons for a while from the Chinese catechist. In one of those doctrine periods he made the startling statement: "We pagans go to pray to our gods to obtain favors or for fear they will revenge themselves upon us, but once the offering or the prayer is finished, everything is over. We go off and forget. Buddha is miles away from our heart. You Catholics, you don't feel that way. You love your God, He is in your heart and you often pray to Him, not to say always."

1. Emilia MARTIN, Saint François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co., P. Q.

To this pagan had been revealed the mystery of the divine indwelling in the soul of the just.

Our second Easter spiritual lily was a genial old patient who had spent only a few days at the hospital. When he was first brought to us it seemed impossible to admit him, for we had no vacant beds. But Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ could not bring herself to dismiss him, and had a supplementary bed prepared. Docile as a child and as trusting, the dear granddad was delighted to hear about God and endless happiness. An indescribable smile lit up his livid features as the cleansing waters flowed upon his aged brow, but he did not think God would so soon beckon him to the Land of everlasting bliss. He died on the 17th, after having been to the last a subject of great edification for his fellow sufferers and everyone. How touchingly beautiful it was to see this pagan of yesterday holding his crucifix within his failing hands and lovingly pressing it to his wasted lips! One night as Sister St. Julie⁽²⁾ was saying her beads to Mary while keeping lone vigil beside her patient, he suddenly looked at her, recollected himself, and by the movement of his lips made the surprised and much impressed Sister understand that he was joining in her prayers. How could God refuse to open wide His arms and His Heart to this grown-up child, who, for having known Him sorrowfully late, has loved Him all the more?

At the beginning of May, Cilford Cum Yow Won, a young man of twenty-eight who had arrived at the hospital a few days previously, was dying of tuberculosis. Everybody knew about the serious turn of his disease; that is, everybody excepting him. He didn't know much about God, nothing in fact beyond the natural law written in his upright heart. The virgin catechist's narrative of the creation of man, the fall in the Garden of Eden and the saving Redemption thrilled him to the highest pitch. "Beautiful things those you say!" he marvelled. "I'd never heard about them before!"

Baptism was spoken of on the next visit. "I'll have to think it over," his answer was to the point. Sister Therese gently returned to the charge. "You want to become God's child when it will be time, don't you?" — "Oh, surely!" and hands fervently clasped, he repeated acts of sorrow, faith, hope and love. God, whose mercy is above all His works, did not ask more from this last-hour conquest. Only minutes later he fell unconscious. The nurse baptized him conditionally, feeling assured that the Queen of May stood waiting at Heaven's golden door to bid this belated wayfarer in.

On the 16th of Mary's month news came that old Francis, a former inmate of the Refuge, was desperately ill at the General Hospital as the result of a serious accident. Everyone here remembered the ever busy and fidgety old fellow. God had been very good to Francis. Baptism, Communion on Sundays, feastdays and First Fridays — all these had come to him from boundless divine liberality. He was a fervent devotee of Mary, that everyone knew. But only she could tell how many and how fervent

1. Sister Ste. Marguerite (Marguerite FARRELL, Plantagenet, Ont.).

2. Beatrice TESSIER, Woonsocket, R. I.



SISTER ST. JULIE (BEATRICE TESSIER, WOONSOCKET, R. I.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER; MR. FOON SIEM, SECRETARY OF THE CHINESE WELFARE ASSOCIATION, AND JOS. WONG, A PATIENT.

were the prayers he addressed to her. One day, we say it to our sorrow, Francis changed his mind and his heart also. Back with pagan neighbors and in a pagan environment, he forgot, or at least pretended to forget, his faith and his God. Our apprehensions for his soul were consequently well-founded. We sought him out at the General Hospital and tried to refresh his mind re things religious. "All's well that ends well," as the saying goes. Francis bent a listening ear and joined his hands for prayer. Bonds of friendship with his Maker were renewed through priestly powers, and the sacred oils fortified him for the last long homeward stretch. Angels must have clustered round this prodigal son and rejoiced over his return to the haven of Everlasting Arms.

Hamawaka is a Japanese youth of twenty-two. Life for him has been a long nightmare of suffering. For nine years now he has lain on a bed of pain. He is the only Japanese subject at present in our hospital, all his compatriots having left for concentration camps at the very outbreak of hostilities. God's mysterious, merciful designs have no doubt singled him out, for Hamawaka, fervent and fanatical Buddhist that he was, had nothing but disdain and a scornful smile for all that concerned the Catholic Religion.

"I feel so sorry when I see you suffering so long and without any merit," the nursing Sister told him once. "Now, if you only became God's own

child in Baptism, you would be able to lay up treasures of graces for Heaven!" Strange to say and stranger still to witness, the young man did not counter. His deep black eyes grew pensive. That very afternoon, he asked for a medal. Sister pretended she had not quite understood. "Yes, I want a medal," he insisted. "I lost the one you had pinned on my dressing. I'd like to have one to wear round my neck." May Mary Immaculate continue her work of conversion to its thrice-happy end!

Divine Mercy follows certain chosen souls until at last it triumphantly overtakes them and brings them, as if against their will, on the true path to Heaven. Such was the case with Mrs. Low, a former patient of ours, who was baptized these last days at St. Paul's Hospital.

Once when she suddenly felt worse — she was home at the time — her thoughts turned nervously to death, to Heaven and hell she had summarily heard about. Anxiously she asked for a Protestant clergyman. Her relatives, pagans all, held a consultation, and the outcome was this: they went for the priest of the Catholic Chinese Mission instead.

Rev. Father McCarthy hurried to the patient's bedside. A disappointed and crestfallen Mrs. Low closed the door upon him. Not disheartened in the slightest, the man of God calmly sat down and declared he would wait. The people of the household, in order to save their face no doubt, talked things over with Mrs. Low. They coaxed her into good humor again and Father was allowed in. The interview was a success, and so were the second and third.

She was removed to the hospital some time later to be operated on. She herself asked to be baptized. Her face was beaming. "I feel very happy," she confidentially told us. "I am at peace," and, pointing to her crucifix and beads, she continued; "I offer all my sufferings to the good God!"

Nancy McDonald, a six-year-old Hindu tot, was baptized, and solemnly so, on July 8. Another child of God was Patrick, erstwhile pagan Young Chow. He too was baptized on July 8. Just a few days later his shriven soul soared up to his Father above. Little Nancy, after a week of agony and suffering, joined the glorious cortege of the Holy Innocents in the nurseries of Heaven.

During the week following Mary's beautiful Assumption Feast, two other patients happily crossed the threshold of the Everlasting Kingdom, their souls freshly purified in the saving stream of Baptism.

On September 1st, Rev. Father Roberts, S. F. M., gave the purifying Sacrament to Mr. Lee Wing, who counts all of seventy-five years. On the 6th, our latest arrival, Sister St. Remi⁽¹⁾, whose days in Vancouver then numbered twelve, had the great missionary joy of christening Joseph Raymond as he was about to close his weary eyes to things of earth. Two weeks after, her happy companion, Sister Marie de Lourdes⁽²⁾, served as human instrument in the regeneration of Joseph Alpheus, who soon quietly slipped home to God.

1. Josephine BENETEAU, Amherstburg, Ont.

2. Irene CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

MONTREAL

Pages From the Motherhouse Diary

ORIENTAL MORNING GLORY

Friday, September 21, 1945

Early yesterday morning, Angel hands gently culled for heavenly gardens above a fragrant flower which had but lately blossomed in the sunlit nurseries of Holy Mother Church. The Divine Gardener Himself had nurtured it with tenderest care, and how wonderful the transformation wrought by grace in this soul of good will!

Within a few short months, Teruko San, a young Japanese girl of twenty-six, forsook the tenets of Buddhism to embrace the practice of an intensively Christian life.

Born in Vancouver of non-Christian parents, the little girl learned to honor Buddha according to the strong traditions of her family. When about six or seven, she was sent to Japan, there to attend primary school and learn her mother tongue, while intensifying her faith in the teachings of Buddhism.

Back in her Canadian home, Teruko was given the advantage of five more years of higher studies. This instruction, coupled with an upbringing which was both firm and wise, contributed in making of Teruko a perfect young lady, pleasant, refined, and devoted heart and soul to her beloved family, for whom she was an accomplished model of the much-prized filial piety.

Teruko she had been called, which means *child of light* in the Japanese language. The name suited her admirably, for her dark eyes seemed always aglow with some inner, mysterious light. Upon her naturalization as a Canadian subject, she was given another name, evocative of light, "Gloria". Under this name she was to be known and loved for the remaining years of her short life. Our Sisters repatriated from Japan met her last February, while making their apostolic rounds of the Montreal Japanese colony.

To a happy, carefree life, rich in roseate hopes for the future, was to succeed for Gloria, as for so many others, the unpleasantness and uncertainty of a concentration camp in British Columbia. Painful and forced separations from the other members of her family followed.

Then the first symptoms of a relentless disease appeared and the young girl, after undergoing two serious operations, was admitted to the Montreal Convalescent Hospital. There she had been for several months, when our Sisters visited her for the first time. She greeted them in a polite but rather reserved manner, telling them nevertheless of her great loneliness, far from all her dear ones.

The Sisters assured her that they would come as often as possible to see her in place of the absent ones. She burst into tears and a whispered *dozo* (please) was her only reply, but one could not but feel the heart-breaking supplication implied. The Sisters called again and again, bringing her books and magazines likely to do her good.

One day she remarked: "It's so strange, Sister. I never had accepted to read anything which might disturb my belief in the Buddhist religion.

But since you brought me this little book I read it over and over, and I'm surprised to find myself saying to your God, whom I do not even know: 'My God, I love You with my whole heart and soul, and with all my strength!' "

The miraculous medal offered was gratefully accepted, together with a small crucifix and a rosary sent by our Reverend Mother General. These objects became her dearest treasures and a source of great consolation. Ever afterwards, when speaking of God and Our Lady, she would say with childlike love and trust: "My Heavenly Father and Mother."

She eagerly looked forward to our visits, counting the days and hours, and greeting the Sisters with unbounded joy and gratitude. Little by little she learned about the True God, and her mind was enlightened on things of the Faith.

Thenceforth she called on Our Savior and Our Blessed Mother with utmost trust and confidence, begging for aid in all her necessities and comfort in her hours of trial. Experience taught her the power of prayer on the Heart of the Almighty.

"What would I have ever done," she exclaimed one day, "if the Blessed Virgin had not come to my aid! She alone could console me, and with what motherly kindness she has helped me out."

Our Blessed Mother was to extend her protection still further, for, on May 21, after a short visit at our Motherhouse, Gloria was admitted to the Sacred Heart Hospital, Cartierville, where the devoted Sisters of Providence surrounded her with every care. The new patient did not know the French language, but as she remarked: "When hearts are united, there are no misunderstandings."

The hope of being cured eventually never left her. This made it difficult to speak to her of heavenly joys. To enjoy them one must pass through the portals of death, and she did not want to die as yet, at least not before she had looked once again on the dear, familiar faces of her father and mother. God in His wisdom had decreed that this privileged child of His should soon be called to her Father's Home above.

But Gloria was not yet baptized, and the Sisters did all in their power to make her desire this greatest of all graces. On August 11, we had a phone call from the Sacred Heart Hospital. The patient had suddenly taken a turn for the worse and her life was in danger. Swiftly we set out, entreating Our Blessed Mother to prepare the way for her Divine Son.

No sooner had we reached the bedside when she exclaimed: "Sister, I'm not baptized, I cannot die that way!" However, in these all-important moments, the Enemy of souls was to wage a furious, but, thanks to Our Lady, a losing battle in his attempt to rob this soul of its rightful inheritance. Towards 3.00 p. m. the struggle was over, and the little hospital room became a sanctuary.

Rev. Sister Superior and her Assistant, the nursing Sisters in charge of the department, the godfather and godmother and our two Sisters knelt around Gloria's bed, as Rev. M. Beauchamp, O. M. I., proceeded to administer Solemn Baptism.

"I would like to be fully conscious when baptized," the patient had once said. Her wish was granted, as she was able to follow the whole ceremony and answer herself.

The beautiful names of Mary Delia Lucy (this last may be taken as an apt translation of Teruko) were given her in Baptism. As for the name she had borne while yet a pagan, Gloria, she still retained it to the glory of God, when confirmed at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. A. Leblanc, Bishop of Hearst, Ontario.

To the stormy hours of the earlier part of the day succeeded peace and joy unalloyed.

"I had never dreamt of such happiness, here below!" she murmured. "How can I ever thank God enough!"

Then, after thanking Rev. Father Beauchamp, she graciously stretched out both her hands to her godfather and godmother, Doctor St. Pierre and



GLORIA ON HER BAPTISM DAY

TO HER RIGHT: SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE, MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; TO HER LEFT: REV. SISTER MARIE REINE, OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE; NURSE BEAUDET.

Nurse Beaudet, as she said in a voice trembling with emotion: "Father, Mother, thanks from my heart!"

When everybody had left and our two Sisters only remained in her room, she addressed them in her own firm, peculiar way:

"Today Buddhism has been vanquished!"

"You are really a spoilt child of Providence. Have you ever stopped to think how good God has been to you?"

"Oh, I know I've been greatly privileged, and perhaps the greatest of all God's gifts to me has been my illness. It is the means He has used to draw me to Himself. I might never have known Him otherwise. To prove Him how deeply grateful I am, I've promised to win Him other souls among my own people. I also owe so much to your Reverend Mother General, to all your Mothers and Sisters who have been so good to me. But there's

nothing I can offer them in return . . ." After a few moments she added: "Bring them the joys of my Baptism!"

Her innate sense of delicacy made her deeply grateful towards her devoted nurses, whom she loved and admired. In them she had seen mirrored kindness and devotedness such as she had never before witnessed.

"Catholicism is a religion of love," someone had once remarked in her presence.

"I've learnt the truth of that saying upon meeting the Catholic Sisters," she was quick to reply.

After the deeply-felt joys of Baptism, the delights of First Communion. With what recollection and piety she prepared for this first meeting with her Eucharistic Lord! On the morning of August 15, her bed was drawn by her devoted nurses into the chapel quite near the sanctuary. Her face was radiant beneath the spotless white veil, and in her hands she clasped her beloved rosary.

Speaking of these blessed moments when Jesus was her Guest Divine, she afterwards said:

"I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks, but dared not unclasp my hands for fear of losing the presence of God."

Daily Mass and Communion were to be thenceforth the joy and sunshine of her life. She also loved to recite the Rosary. "I like to say the fifteen decades every day, but when I feel worse, I say only ten. I feel sure the Blessed Mother understands."

The least sign of recuperation in her health awoke in her the ardent desire of being cured.

"God can cure me if He wants to. Oh, how gladly I would spend my life in His service!" Soon, however, it became evident that her days were numbered, and God's grace turned those eager desires to come back to health into a strong yearning after heavenly bliss. She longed for death as she had until now wished to live.

Once, as the nursing Sister gave her an injection, she remarked:

"This will strengthen my heart, but will also delay my departure for my celestial Home."

Before the end, she asked for her brothers, and those who had taken the place of her parents, to bid them farewell. Ever attentive to the needs of others, she dreaded giving her nurses too much trouble. With tears in her eyes she begged our Sisters thank in her name those who had been so kind to her, and ask their forgiveness for any pain she might unintentionally have caused.

"Dear Sisters," she added on the eve of her death, "you have led me to God. Please do not leave me until I cross the threshold of Heaven."

This wish was to be at least partially realized. She died surrounded by the Sisters, Nurses of the Sacred Heart Hospital, and as her casket was borne away, this morning, after the funeral Mass offered by Rev. Father R. Lariviere, chaplain at St. Agathe des Monts San., our two Sisters led the mourning. Thus they offered to God in the calm sleep of death their beloved Gloria, whom they had presented to Him scarcely forty days since in her baptismal purity.

From Heavenly Bliss above, dear Gloria, do not forget your dear ones. Remember those to whom you owe your eternal happiness. Remember your promise. From Heavenly Portals we fancy you bend down to look upon this vale of tears, and whisper lovingly to our Sisters, as you did in the last hours they spent with you: "How could I ever forget!"

* * *

TWO LITTLE JAPANESE MAIDENS ARE BAPTIZED

Sunday, September 23

Within the humble walls of our chapel this afternoon took place a most touching ceremony.

Rev. Father A. Moreau, chaplain at our Motherhouse, administered the Sacrament of Holy Baptism to two little Japanese girls of nine and eleven, Yashiko and Takako Matsubara.

After the prayers of the ritual and the exorcisms, the two catechumens clad in spotless white were ushered into the chapel proper, accompanied by their godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hikotaro Dominic Shiomi and Mr. and Mrs. Rene Mizoguchi. Were also present the Rev. Fathers Philippe Morin and Jacques Laramee, curates at the Cathedral.

Three Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame from Ignace Bourget



FRONT ROW: MR. G. MATSUBARA AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, MARIE THERESE AND ELIZABETH; SECOND ROW: MR. MATSUBARA, JR., MRS. R. MIZOGUCHI, MRS. D. SHIOMI, MR. D. SHIOMI, SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (LUCIENNE RENAUD, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; THIRD ROW: MR. R. MIZOGUCHI, SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, REV. MOTHER ST. MARIE DE L'EUCARISTIE, C. N. D., SUPERIOR OF IGNACE BOURGET ACADEMY, REV. MOTHER ST. MARIE OSMOND AND REV. MOTHER ST. MARIE ADDOLORATA, C. N. D., SISTER ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER (MARIE ANTOINETTE JODOIN, WORCESTER, MASS.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; FOURTH ROW: MRS. CHARBONNEAU, THE REV. FATHERS J. LARAMEE, A. MOREAU AND P. MORIN.

Academy, where the two children are at present attending school, witnessed the pious ceremony together with quite a number of friends.

In the front pew knelt Mr. Giichi Matsubara, who, although a non-Christian as yet, gladly gave his assent to the baptism of his daughters. His only son, baptized three years ago, knelt beside him.

The ceremonies of Baptism, always so solemn and so full of meaning even in the case of tiny infants, seem still more so when the creatures thus privileged have the use of their reason, and have long been deprived of the priceless benefits of the first of all Sacraments.

Our hearts were brimful with emotion and thankfulness as the blessed waters flowed on the brow of these dear little ones, marking them with the sacred and indelible sign of children of God.

Yashiko was given the names Mary Margaret Elizabeth, while Takako was called Mary Therese Renee.

After the ceremony of Baptism, Rev. Father Moreau gave the two happy children a fatherly instruction, in which he explained the sense of the sacred rites. Then he invited all those present to give thanks to Almighty God for the favors granted them in their own initiation to the life of grace.

"We willingly recall the anniversary of our birth," he remarked, "but we scarcely remember that of our Baptism. Let us try and do better from now on, pondering over this great boon which has been granted us, while one billion pagans remain deprived of it."

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given, followed by a pious hymn in the Japanese language.

While everybody was leaving the chapel, Rev. Father Morin led the two children in the sanctuary and right near the altar. Lifting the tabernacle veil, he showed them the golden door of the Prison of Love, urging both to make fervent acts of faith, hope and charity.

How wonderful and mysterious are the ways of Providence! Through the misfortunes of war, these children were taken from their homes and led first to a concentration camp, then to our city. These were the means God's wisdom had ordained to put this family on the path which leads to the Catholic Church.

Dutiful and loving children of God may they ever be, striving to make Him known and loved by many of their compatriots in the Land of the Rising Sun.

* * *

GRANBY

Where Mary Is Queen — Mary Mediatrix Retreat House

Rosary Sunday, October 7, 1945

Heaven's First Lady always obtains the maximum of filial love and praise on her own dedicated Rosary Sunday, but we feel sure that affectionate maximum was outdone this year at Mary Mediatrix Retreat House. The reason? Mary Mediatrix Retreat House is marking the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation, and so nineteen forty-five is a jubilee year for the pious dwelling.

God had arranged for the weather, and although it wasn't exactly in harmony with our desires, a throng of former retreatants from Granby and surroundings flocked early to our humble chapel Calvary, for the reenactment of the Holy Sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise. Rev. Father Leo Laroche, Promoter of Closed Retreats in St. Hyacinthe, officiated at the altar.

A simple, friendly breakfast followed Mass. Then tongues were unloosed to release the pent-up tide of pleasant remembrances of long-to-be-cherished days. And, as was indeed meet and just, Mary Immaculate, from her altar of greenery and lilies in the reception hall, presided over the merry chatting. Rev. Father Ls. P. Breton, Promoter of Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, then addressed a word of welcome to all and introduced Rev. Father J. M. Begin, C. SS. R., Sherbrooke, who was to speak on practical devotion to Mary — for this day was exclusively that of God's Mother and ours.

The eloquent preacher stressed the recitation of the Rosary with comments on the mysteries. He also pointed out the importance of spiritual conferences in making souls "Mary-conscious", and in leading them to select her as exemplar and guide in their own individual lives as well as in their works of apostolate. Thirdly, the Redemptorist Father suggested pious and solemn demonstrations of love for and confidence in our Mother who is in Heaven.

Hours fled as if winged, but their fruit will remain. There would have been something akin to sadness in all hearts when the happy day drew to a close, had not more touching ceremonies marked the last hours of the date of grace.

The last conference over, fifteen convent pupils garbed in the colors of Mary's choice gathered in front of the Queen of Heaven's statue to form an M. Their juvenile voices and joined hands raised towards the blue called down divine blessings on the praying throng. All fervently united in a consecration to Mary Mediatrix, and chorused in words of melody their hope to meet her in the Mansions above.

A torchlight procession, in which close to 800 ladies and girls took part, was held at 7.30. The long ribbon of light stretched from the white statue of the Virgin up to Holy Family Church, which had donned its feastday apparel. Within the holy temple of God-with-us a vibrant *Magnificat* was intoned, followed by invocations brimming with faith and trust. Msgr. Victor Quintal, V. G., then addressed the fervent congregation, in the name of His Excellency Bishop Douville, on Mary's assistance in the successful carrying out of the apostolic programme every Christian woman is expected to make hers.

After Solemn Benediction from Mary's Son and a goodnight hymn to her who is our most loving Mother, all wended their homeward way, taking along with them happy thoughts and inspiring lessons. Resolutions, too, may we add, and pen, as spiritual posy, these fragrant three: 1. I resolve to ask from Jesus ardent and ever increasing love for Our Blessed Mother. 2. I resolve to dedicate myself to Catholic apostolate. 3. I resolve to pray, and especially to suffer, for those to whom I would do good.



Wednesday, August 29, 1945

God has been very good to us — in fact He always is — but especially so these last days. Not so very long ago we chronicled a red-letter headline in our day by day book, and with reason. Ours had been the joy of welcoming a Head Pastor of Holy Mother Church, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. This morning a fresh page recorded a happy visit from His Excellency Most Rev. N. A. Labrie, C. J. M., Vicar Apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Following a brief but benevolent appreciation of the good work done by our Community, the worthy guest asked our fervent prayers for his diocese, and above all for the intention so dear to apostolic hearts — that priestly and religious vocations may flourish, and give glory to Him whose Name and love we long to spread to the farthest corners of our human sphere. Richly repaid will these our humble prayers be, for their meed will be a daily memento at God's Holy Altar, according to the precious assurance given by our distinguished visitor.

Thursday, September 6

Autumn days are drab and dull, as Nature will have them. But once in a while, a beam of radiant sunshine breaks through. So it happened today, which God granted us the joy of spending close to our beloved Mother General and — this wasn't designed to cool down our mission enthusiasm — our future departants for sunny Haiti.

As prelude we presented a mission play yesterday evening. Our indulgent audience warmly commented on its timeliness and extra good rendition. Today's rejoicings were, so to say, a second edition of yesterday's. And we make bold to assert, although in this we openly contradict Thomas a Kempis in his *Imitation*, that "a merry evening *did not* make a sad morning." During Mass we sang the praises of Divine Providence. The morning religious programme over, we chatted gaily all day long, taking time off, however, to listen to accounts of mission life and mission doings in Haiti. We are told that toil and hardships will be inseparable companions of our dear prospective apostles. To which our Mother added: "It will be your turn some day." Resignedly and hopefully we await that promised mission assignment, all the more thrilling because we know ahead there will be plenty of work, and too much of it at times to leave us perplexed as to how to fill up our spare moments.

Ours has never been the power of Joshua of Scriptural fame, and we regretfully let the golden sun sink down in the crimson west. Then we bade farewell to our beloved visitors, with special thanks to our kind Mother for all the happiness she had brought to her novices, and best wishes to our much envied departants. God-speed and a plentiful harvest of souls at your journey's end!

Saturday, October 27

Rev. Father Yvon Guerin, P. M. E., recently repatriated from the Philippine Islands, graciously accepted to entertain us this afternoon on the harrowing experiences he and his fellow missionaries have gone through these last sad years of war. Prayers and self-denials will be more numerous from now on, and we will put greater

fervor in them, as we offer them to the Master Missionary for the many millions still awaiting in those remote sections of His Kingdom for the full Gospel radiance to banish their pagan darkness. Grateful thanks to our ardent raconteur of the mission life!

Sunday, October 28

Aren't we lucky! Minus the dread of bombing raids, whizzing bullets and machine guns, we continued our journey across the Philippines. Today, however, our guide was not a missionary Father, but rather we had two missionary Sisters to lead us through the highways and byways; we mean our two Sisters who came back from Manila in early October. Missionaries are in for adventures, as we gather from yesterday's talk and today's as well — adventures with tragedy and anguish in them. But one great consolation breaks through the dark cloud of their sorrow, when they reflect and feel that the glorious Queen of the Missions blesses their adventuring for the King, and is herself more powerful than whole regiments in battle array.

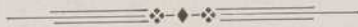
Tuesday, October 30

Morning Mass was said by Rev. Father Gaston Pageau, P. M. E., who is scheduled to leave today for the missions of Cuba. While the happy missionary priest officiated at the main altar, assisted by his brother, a deacon of the Ottawa Diocese, another brother, Rev. Father Louis Pageau, P. M. E., offered the Divine Victim at a side altar. It was a beautiful day for the privileged family, one of whose members is treading with us the opening paths of the religious life. Choice selections bearing our prayerful wishes were sung during the sacred functions. Then the zealous apostle addressed us a few words of edification, and in a generous blessing called down the graces of the Master upon the future laborers in His distant Vineyard.



Why does the world reject the religious life? Why does it even hate that sublime career? The only correct answer is this: The world loves pleasure and shuns the Cross of Christ; the world indulges in sin and scoffs at penance; put briefly, the religious life is in the eyes of the world what gnawing remorse is to its conscience: a mirror faithfully reflecting its vices, an obstacle thwarting its amusements, an austere censor flinging bitterness in the very midst of its joys and lusts, and it will have nothing to do with it. But you — yes, you, father, mother, friend, what causes your sharpest pang when your thoughts revert to the ardent young novice who has just left you? Hand upon your heart, frankly admit whether it is not the sum of joys and satisfactions he could have afforded you had he remained in the world. So then you are not grieving over his own happiness, but rather are you grieving over your own.

Msgr. Luquet on Vocations



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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



DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Here I'm starting off with a big secret. I want to tell you about my New Year resolution. You're wondering what my resolution has to do with you, I suppose. Well, hold on a minute and I'll explain. This is it: I'm going to do good to my young pals, and I'm going to give them a big amount of pleasant fun, too! How, you wonder? By stepping into the role of storyteller. But — here's a warning! Maybe I won't get to the last word of the last paragraph every single time. That'll give you a chance to bridle up your impatience and wait a bit. You know there's something exciting and thrilling just in waiting. But let's begin. All listening with your two ears, are you?

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL (By J. M. A., Missionary Apostolic.)

Once upon a time, or to be more exact, one morning in mid-January, three little lads, Alphonsus, Francis and Michael by name, were gaily frolicking to their heart's content in their playroom. It had been so from the moment the three had hastily swallowed the last mouthful at breakfast table.

All at once the heavy oaken door leading to their dad's office opened. A tall man with dark hair, kindness painted all over his face, stood framed in the doorway.

"Say, boys," he began, "how would you like to see your little baby sister being baptized this afternoon?"

"We'd love it, Dad," cheered Alf.

"Do take us along with you, Dad!" chimed in Mike.

"All right then, it's understood. You'll come, the three of you. Uncle Peter will baptize our little Mary Anna."

"You're going to call her Mary Anna, are you?" Francis questioned in round-eyed surprise.

"Just like Mummie!" and Alf clapped his chubby hands in delight.

"Yes, just like Mummie. Uncle Fred will be godfather and Aunt Cecilia, godmother. You'll behave nicely, boys, won't you?" and Dad searched their roguish eyes.

"Oh, yes!"

"You mean it?"

"Course we do!"

And Dad closed the heavy oaken door, his face beaming. At last a dear

little angel girl baby was his to love and treasure! Mummie was overjoyed too, and the boys were over-enthusiastic in their excitement. Don't you think Mary Anna was a very lucky girl to get so joyous and hearty a welcome?

Baptism was over. The church bells pealed out all the joy of their metal hearts in honor of the newly-made Christian soul. Back at home, three eager youngsters told their mother all about the ceremony of their baby sister's Baptism.

Dad had already explained several things in the afternoon, and now Mummie's patient answers cleared up their remaining questions and doubts. By evening they knew chapters on the wonderful effects of the first of all Sacraments. Alf certainly did, for the way he spoke to a chum about it told much.

"We have a new little sister," was his cheery greeting to that young man. "She was baptized today. Now her soul's white as snow and she'd go straight to Heaven if she died."

"Were you there when the priest baptized her, Alf?" queried the boy, who was getting interested.

"Were we! And was it ever beautiful!" Alf fairly burst with pride. "Dad explained everything Uncle did."



BAPTISM OF ST. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS

"Oh, I know! He poured water on the baby's head and said: 'I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'"

"You bet he did. But before that he questioned Uncle Fred the godfather. Then he breathed three times in the form of a cross on my baby sister. He put his hand over her head. After that he placed a tiny pinch of blessed salt on her tongue. Then he exorcised her —"

"Exor — what?"

"Exorcised. Dad says it means to chase the devil away. Then the priest put his hand over her head again, placed his stole on her, and we entered the church while he and the godfather said the *Credo* in Latin. Uncle exorcised her a second time and made small Signs of the Cross on her with holy oil. Then he questioned

Uncle Fred again. When he had finished, he poured water on Mary Anna's brow and said: 'Mary Anna, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' "

"Was everything over then?"

"Not yet, old fellow. The priest put some Holy Chrism on Mary Anna's brow. Then he placed a little white bonnet on her head to show that her soul had become all pure. He gave Uncle Fred a lighted candle. His last words were: 'Mary Anna, go in peace and the Lord be with thee.' Dad, Uncle and Auntie answered together: 'Amen.' All was over. When we got home, Mummie kissed Mary Anna. 'Dear Blessed Mother,' she prayed, 'I give you my little girl. Keep her always pure.' "

"How about sharing the explanations your Dad gave you about the ceremony? I'd like to know all about Baptism. Righto?"

"Sure. But let's go in. It's freezing cold outside!"

* * *

That's how life began for Mary Anna, and for all of you, dear boys and girls. Your parents greeted you like a gift from God. Do you ever think of thanking Him with your whole grateful heart for having given you good Catholic parents? Do you sometimes say "Thank You" to God, who made you His beloved child when you were born, and made Heaven your home-to-be?

Do you often stop to think that away off in pagan countries, some tiny babes are hated and ill-treated from the day of their birth by the very ones who should love them more than the whole wide world? The cleansing stream of Baptism never flows upon their brows, and they grow up in misery you could never believe or imagine. Of course, I want to add right off that they grow up that way, only when other more favored boys and girls — when you, young lad and gentle miss who are now reading this — don't do your very best to befriend them and rescue their wee lives from so sad a fate.

Now you want to thank Jesus, don't you, for all He has given you and keeps adding on daily? Here's the very best "thank you prayer": "Dear Jesus, I want to pray a lot and make ever so many sacrifices, so the poor pagan children will be given the grace of Holy Baptism."

Generous hearts are never short of ways and means when they wish to devote and sacrifice themselves. Just read the sketch below, and see whether what I just said is not true.

THE CHILD JESUS AND WILLIAM RUFFIN (By J. M. A., Missionary Apostolic.)

Charity seemed to have been born with little William Ruffin and to be growing and waxing strong with him.

Faith made him see Jesus Christ so clearly in the person of the poor, that he was in the habit of serving them head uncovered, and sometimes even on his knees.

Once he picked up a forsaken, scantily clad child. To him this stray waif was the Child Jesus. So he rendered him a thousand little services, with the same reverent love he would have borne his Lord.

For months upon months, he succored a poor patient just outside the city, who suffered from a cancer of the tongue. He usually went all by himself and would sometimes delay two hours in a nearby chapel, waiting till all had gone and none would witness his deed of charity.

God granted that the poor fellow, before losing the use of his tongue, declared there was a little saint in La Fleche who served him in all his needs, consoled him in his sorrow, embraced and caressed him in spite of all the natural horror his disease should have caused.

Just glance at the clock, will you! My, how time flies! I really must bid you goodbye for this once. Cheerio, boys and girls! I'll be back before long, and we'll keep on the *Story of a happy little girl* where we had to call a stop today.

Dear me! I almost forgot to wish you a Happy New Year! Better late than never, says the Wise Man. So here's hoping 1946 will be an ultra-generous year, and then I needn't worry — it will be an ultra-happy year, too!

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR

As His Fathers Had Done

The Boxers of Kitchou had arrested a child with his father and grandfather. They were led to the pagoda to renounce their Faith. While the little child was left to himself, the father and the grandfather were stripped and bound to a pillar. For one moment the son seemed about to falter under the inhuman tortures. But his father tried to raise up his sinking courage.

"My son, fear lest you lose not only your body, but your immortal soul as well!"

But the Boxers grew still more cruel. Leaving the old man for a moment, they turned to his son and burned his face, neck, arms and eyes. Overcome by the pain, the unfortunate sufferer pronounced the fatal word: *Pei Kioa!* "I deny my Faith!"

Then the executioners turned to the lad. "And you?" they asked.

"I — like Grandfather!"

Grandfather and Grandson were beheaded. Certainly it could be said of the little child-martyr that he left the way of his father to enter that of his fathers!

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

* * *

Where the Flowers of the Sanctuary Bloom

The first and most natural place where the flowers of the sanctuary should almost spontaneously grow and bloom, remains always the truly and deeply Christian home. Most of the saintly bishops and priests "whose praise the Church declares" owe the beginning of their vocation and their holiness to the teaching and example of a father, strong in faith and manly virtues, of a pure and devoted mother, and of a family in which the love of God and of neighbor, joined with simplicity of life, reigned supreme.

POPE PIUS XI

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Enclosed you will find twenty-five cents for the ransom of a dying baby in thanksgiving for a great favor received. Mrs. J. M. M., **Montreal**. — Many thanks for your prayers to Our Blessed Mother for our well-being. May she and her Divine Son protect our family forever. Mrs. O. P., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Many thanks for a grace received. Mrs. F., **New York City, N. Y.** — Would you kindly publish my thanksgiving to Our Lady in THE PRECURSOR. I have received a great favor. M. H., **Johnstone, Scotland**. — Thanks from my heart to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. L. B., **Lesage**. — A favor has been obtained. Mrs. J. D., **Notre Dame du Nord**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received after promising to publish. Mrs. G. R. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. J. B., **Bridgeport, Conn.** — Please help me thank Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts. Mrs. A. S., **St. Martin**. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. B., **Yamachiche**. — A cure has been obtained. Mrs. X. P., **Salem, Mass.** — I wish to publish all my gratitude to our dear Blessed Lady for a favor she has granted me. Mrs. N. D., **St. Sebastien**. — Lively gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. R. B., **Ferme Neuve**. — Thanks for a grace. A subscriber, **Sully**. — Thanks for a favor received. A subscriber, **Les Etroits**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. E. M. G., **Claremont, N. H.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor I have received from her. I am asking her protection for my young daughters and an increase in devotion towards her. Mrs. G. L., **Rosemont**. — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. R. C. — Please join with me in grateful prayer to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. H. F., **Terrebonne**. — Homage of gratitude for a special favor. A subscriber, **Mont Laurier**. — Our dear Blessed Mother has been very good to me. A thousand thanks! Mrs. A. R., **St. Marc**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. L. T., **St. Melanie**. — Thanks to Our Lady of the Rosary. A subscriber. — All my thanks for a benefit received. A subscriber. — Thanks for a favor received. I am asking the conversion of a person. Anonymous. — Many thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. Mrs. L. P. — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favor attributed to her intercession. Mrs. J. A. L. — Lively thanks for a favor. Mrs. D. N. — Homage of thanksgiving for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. R. R. — I have received a very special favor; my best thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Miss D. N. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for favors she has granted me. May she keep on protecting me. Miss G. L. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received. Mrs. E. O. — I have been granted several graces and request still others. Miss C. B. — Grateful thanks to Our Mother in Heaven for her protection. Mrs. A. S. — Lively thanks to Mary Immaculate for benefits she has obtained for me. A. D. — Would you please burn vigil lights in honor of Our Blessed Mother for a favor I have received through her intercession. Mrs. B. M. — Please help me in thanking Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. B.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

I am enclosing an offering for your Little Infant Jesus Burse in honor of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory, for favors received from the Infant Jesus through their intercession. M. C., **Halifax, N. S.** — Thanksgiving to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for relief from pain; to the Little Jesus of Prague for monetary help; and to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for their intercession on my behalf. M. I. F. — I am sending an offering for a novena of lights in thanks to our dear Mother and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for finding us a job once again. Mrs. S., **Montreal**. — Enclosed is an offering for the St. Joseph Burse in honor of the Infant Jesus of Prague and Our Lady of Victory in thanksgiving for many favors received in the past. Mrs. M. H., **Schenectady, N. Y.** — Thanks to St. Joseph and St. Anthony for a favor granted. Mrs. I. L., **St. Philippi, Laprairie Co.** — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for improvement in my son's health. Mrs. A. G. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese. Mrs. J. A. S. — Will you help me thank St. Joseph for a favor granted. Mrs. E. P. — Many thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for my husband's safe return. Mrs. P. E. G. — Thanksgiving to St. Anthony and St. Philomena for favors I have received from them. Mrs. L. G.

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



PETITIONS

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

Would you please make a very special novena for one of my sons who is going around with not very good company. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**. — Will you please remember in your prayers my daughter who is a Little Sister of the Poor, and who is soon to take her Final Vows. Mrs. J. M. M., **Montreal**. — Would you please pray for a very special intention. R. J. D. — Would you please make a novena for me that my son may be restored to health; also that my health may improve. Mrs. A., **Montreal**. — I would like you to pray for my home. M. D., **Montreal**. — I wish you would offer prayers for a little boy of ten who is way behind in school and will soon develop an inferior complex. — Will you please pray that my daughter Jean will be cured. Mrs. M., **Westmount**. — I want to ask your prayers for my son, that he may not be spending all his money. Mrs. J. D., **Montreal**. — Will you be kind enough to pray for my son-in-law who is doing very dangerous work. Please pray for his health and conversion. Mrs. L. McD., **Rosemont**. — Will you please burn some candles for my

special intentions, and say a little prayer for me. Mrs. H. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — Would you please make a novena or remember me in the Rosary for a very special favor which I hope to obtain. W. H., **Greenfield, Ont.** — Please remember me in your prayers. My health has been very poor for the last two months. Mrs. M. A. H., **Springfield, Mass.** — I am enclosing an offering for a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my health. Mrs. H. B. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — Will you please pray for my brother-in-law so that he may improve in health. Mrs. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you please make a novena for me to Our Blessed Mother, that I may be cured of a heart ailment, and also that my son may be cured of drinking. Mrs. McK., **Barre, Vermont**. — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for a very special intention for my two sons. Mrs. M. M., **Taftville, Conn.** — Will you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my intentions. Mrs. R., **Baltic, Conn.** — I earnestly recommend a special intention to your prayers. Mrs. P. P., **St. Simon de Bagot**. — Please help me pray for improvement in my health. Mrs. J. D., **St. Philippe, Laprairie Co.** — I am asking my cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. Miss E. S., **Repentigny**. — An important favor is requested. Mrs. N. C., **Bouchette**. — I am requesting a cure. Mrs. H. G., **St. Famille d'Aumont**. — A cure is requested. Mrs. A. M., **Gracefield**. — A mother suffering from asthma requests her cure through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary. A subscriber, **Frampton**. — I have been ill for over a year. I am asking my cure through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary. A subscriber, **Norwick, Conn.** — May Our Immaculate Mother restore health to two members of our family. Mrs. D. C., **St. Nicholas**. — Fervent prayers are asked for the cure of a young girl, through the intercession of our kind Heavenly Mother. A mother, **St. Lambert, Levis Co.** — I ask your prayers for a very special favor. A subscriber, **St. Rose**. — Health for my daughter, and success in an undertaking. Mrs. R. B., **Ferme Neuve**. — Will you please pray for me to Our Blessed Lady, that I may obtain a favor I greatly desire. A subscriber. — A young man would like to find a suitable position. Miss D., **Montreal**.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

I am sending an offering for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, to please help me in my enterprise. I am also asking prayers for other intentions. Mrs. B., **River Canard, Ont.** — Will you make a special novena to St. Anne for me, that I may return to work soon. Miss R. F., **Putnam, Conn.** — Will you kindly make a novena in honor of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus that I may be cured. Mrs. D. D., **St. Paulin**. — Please pray to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for the cure of a heart and stomach ailment. W. C. — I am asking our dear Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne to obtain the conversion of my husband, who has not made his Easter duty and is addicted to drinking; I am also requesting the conversion of a neighbor, and health for myself. A subscriber. — I hope St. Anthony will help me in an undertaking. A subscriber. — Please offer up a novena to St. Jude for my son's cure. Mrs. A. L., **Valleyfield**.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 3; conversions, 2; cures, 12; positions, 3; special intentions, 26.



Msgr. C. Gagnon, V. G., **Quebec**; Rev. Father Almanzor Forget, **Montreal**; Sister St. Stanislas de Kostka, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, **Canton, China**; Mr. Denis Lamarche, **L'Epiphanie**, father of our Sister Bernadette de Nevers; Mr. Ernest Nadeau, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Marie Ernest; Miss Clementine Clement, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister St. Paul; Miss Evangeline Blondin, **Longueuil**, sister of our Sister Marie Albertine; Mr. Aime Desjardins, **Montreal**, father of our Sister St. Florence, novice; Mr. J. M. Waugh, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. P. Hawthorne, Miss M. Finley, **Montreal**; Pilot Officer Herbert Brennan, Mr. Hugh Kelly, **Framp-ton**; Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, **Carillon, Argenteuil Co.**; Mr. John McGee, **Mont-cerf**; Mrs. Charles Dougherty, **Maniwaki**; Mrs. Marie Whyte, **Toronto**; Mrs. Catherine Grisler, **Cleveland, Ohio**; Mr. Joseph Mainville, **Taftville, Conn.**; Mrs. Armand Labine, Miss Antoinette Gerin-Lajoie, Mrs. Henri Gerin-Lajoie, Mrs. Alphonse Tessier, Mrs. Fernando Prince, Mr. Arthur Jodoin, L. L. L., Mrs. Delphis Tessier, Mrs. Jean Baptiste Latour, Mr. Georges Emile Latour, Mr. Albert Latreille, Mrs. Alphonse Boileau, Mrs. Ferdinand Leroux, Mrs. Gustave Beaudoin, Mr. Albert Dupuis, Miss Rosita Deom, Mrs. P. Millaire, **Montreal**; Mr. Edmond De Broux, Mrs. Paul Roch, Mrs. Louis Lavoie, **Cote des Neiges**; Mr. Paul Denis, M. D., **Rosemont**; Mrs. Napoleon Gauthier, **St. Vincent de Paul**; Mrs. Adelard Gravel, **Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur, Laprairie Co.**; Mrs. Louis Malo, **St. Philippe**; Mrs. Aime Faille, **L'Acadie**; Mrs. Albert Pauze, **New Glasgow**; Mrs. Lucien Alarie, Mr. Napoleon Briere, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Georgelus Charbonneau, **St. Rose**; Mrs. J. Bte. Lacroix, **Contrecoeur**; Mrs. Hector Dubois, **Boucherville**; Mr. Stanislas Mantha, **St. Adele en Bas**; Mrs. Donat Charron, **St. Therese de Blainville**; Mr. Jos. Pierre Fortier, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Adelard Boileau, **St. Benoit**; Mr. Joseph Berthelet, **St. Eustache**; Mrs. Henri Vincent, **Vaughan**; Mr. Victor Rolland, **St. Anne de Belle-vue**; Mrs. Arthur Bisailon, **St. Paul Ile aux Noix**; Mr. Louis Jos. Picard, **St. Theo-dore**; Mrs. Horace Valcourt, **St. Simon**; Mrs. Theodore Letendre, Mr. Joseph Lalancette, **St. Aime**; Miss Rosanna Plante, Mr. Louis Lamothe, **St. Victoire**; Mr. J. A. Richard, Mr. Wildor Desrosiers, **St. Denis sur Richelieu**; Mr. Stanislas Gendron, Mrs. Hormidas Deslauriers, **St. Antoine sur Richelieu**; Mr. Leonidas Chicoine, Mrs. Ovila Lusignan, **St. Charles sur Richelieu**; Mr. Cleophas Lemieux, **St. Philippe de Neri**; Mr. Maxime Marcotte, **Sherbrooke**; Mrs. Adrien Desy, Mrs. Joseph H. Laforest, **Berthierville**; Mr. Horace Champagne, **St. Norbert**; Mrs. Oliva Arbour, **St. Alphonse Rodriguez**; Mr. Bruno Thibodeau, **Crabtree Mills**; Mrs. Japhet Perreault, Mr. Josaphat Alarie, **St. Melanie**; Mr. Gaspard Landry, **St. Ambroise**; Mr. Gerard Turenne, **St. Damien**; Mr. Raoul Desrosiers, Mrs. Felix Ducharme, **St. Felix de Valois**; Mrs. Gedeon Galarneau, **St. Theodore de Chertsey**; Mrs. Gerard Guertin, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Mrs. Louis Morand, **St. Barthelemy**; Mr. Adrien Huneau, Mrs. Egide Aumont, **St. Lin**; Mr. Tancrede Villeneuve, Mrs. Charle-magne Villeneuve, **La Plaine**; Mrs. Agnes Bellerose-Bazinet, **St. Emelie de l'Energie**; Mrs. Henri Magnan, Mrs. Armand Gagnon, **St. Roch de l'Achigan**; Mr. Louis Lortie, **Mascouche**; Mrs. Henri Lord, Mrs. A. Tourangeau, **Rawdon**; Mrs. Emery Gaudet, **St. Liguori**; Mr. Azarie Martineau, **St. Thomas**; Mr. Auguste Lafreniere, **Messines**; Mrs. Hormidas Beaubien, **Lac des Seize Iles**; Mrs. Oper Piche, **St. Anne du Lac**; Mrs. G. Poudrier, **Ferme Neuve**; Mrs. Lucien Alarie, **St. Antoine des Laurentides**; Mrs. Armand Massey, **Val Barrette**; Mr. Leonard Binette, **Notre Dame du Laus**; Mr. Jules Lauzon, Mrs. Zotique Gagne, Mr. William Peaulieu, Mr. Wellie Laroche, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Marcel Legault, **Parent**; Mr. Arthur Pelletier, Mr. Romuald Mercier, **Maniwaki**; Mrs. Adelard Gauthier, **Montcerf**; Mr. Wilfrid Cere, Mr. Jean Bte. Villeneuve, Mrs. Leandre Brosseau, **Bois Franc**; Mrs. Xavier Girard, Mrs. Aldege Dumoulin, **St. Joseph du Lac**; Mrs. Oscar Lafrance, **Oka**; Miss Irene Levesque, Mrs. Dosithe Lyrette, **St. Famille d'Aumont**; Mr. Joseph Augustin Turcotte, **St. Gerard**; Mrs. T. Z. Lamy, **La Banlieue, Three Rivers**; Mrs. Alphonse Chartier, **Champlain**; Mrs. Donat Leduc, Mrs. Philippe Massicotte, **St. Prosper**; Mr. Louis De Langis, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Dionis Bourassa, **St. Severin de Proulxville**; Mrs. Arthur Goyette, **St. Luc de Vincennes**.

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Procure and School.

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

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

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu, Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 287 Tayuman St. (Founded in 1921)

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

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti. (Founded in 1943)

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

LES COTEAUX, Haiti. (Founded in 1944)

Dispensary. School.

ITALY

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

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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