

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 24th Year MONTREAL, March-April 1946

No. 8

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 Mother house and Novitiate. School for the formation of Chinese catechists. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: THE PRECURSOR. Free Missionary Library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.

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

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

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

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918)

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

NOMININGUE, Que. (Bethany, Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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

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

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

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St. (Founded in 1919)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles.

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

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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

(Continued on page 3 of cover)

Practical Means

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms for :

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PRECURSOR

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Montreal 26, Que., Canada.*

Life Subscription: \$20.00

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

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Foundation. — The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, destined to foreign mission apostolate, was founded by Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit (Delia Tetreault, Marieville, Rouville County), June 3, 1902, at Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal, under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi and the direction of Rev. Father Gustave Bourassa.

May 1, 1903, the nascent Community took up quarters at 27 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

December 7, 1904, His Excellency the Archbishop of Montreal, being then in Rome for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, submitted to His Holiness Pope Pius X the projected missionary Community. "Proceed with the foundation, Your Excellency," answered the august Pontiff, "and all the blessings of Heaven will descend upon the new Institute, to which you will give the name 'Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.'"

August 8, 1905, anniversary of his episcopal consecration, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi received the religious vows of the first two Sisters and gave the Holy Habit to three postulants.

In response to an appeal from His Excellency Bishop Merel, Vicar Apostolic of Kouang-Tong, the Community opened its first mission in Canton, China, in 1909. Four years later, it was entrusted with the management of the Shek Lung Leprosarium. In 1916, the Chinese government gave it the direction of a foundling home in Tong Shan, near Canton.

Aim of the Community. — The aim of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception is the propagation of the Faith among infidel nations, in a spirit of thanksgiving. Consequently, each Sister on taking her vows in the Community, consecrates her whole life to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ and His Immaculate Mother, as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving, in her own name as in that of all mankind.

Spirit of the Community. — The virtues which should characterize the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are: gratitude, humility, obedience, charity, spiritual joy, love of work and of a hidden life, a spirit of faith and prayer, zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Works in infidel countries. — The practice of all spiritual and corporal works of mercy: the education and instruction of native children, catechumens and neophytes; the training of native religious and virgin catechists; assistance to dying pagans and Christians; orphanages, work-rooms, dispensaries, leprosaria, industrial schools, training schools for nurses, etc.

Works in civilized countries. — The diffusion of the Holy Childhood Association and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as well as of publications whose aim is to make the mission cause more widely known.

The erection of apostolic schools and houses for the recruiting of aspirant missionaries.

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

Schools for pagan children residing in this country; the conduct of special courses for pagan adults; the religious instruction of catechumens and assistance to the dying Chinese, Negroes, etc.

Leagues of prayer and sacrifice for the extinction of anti-religious societies.

Closed retreats for women and girls.

Spiritual exercises. — Convinced that charity and zeal spring from a deep spirit of piety, and that without this spirit they will be unable to fulfill their missionary vocation, the Sisters unite to the office of Martha the holy occupations of Mary. Spiritual exercises are as follows:

Holy Mass, morning and afternoon meditations, spiritual readings, recitation of the Rosary in common, Way of the Cross in common, monthly and annual retreats, hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar.

On Sundays and Fridays, as well as on every Feast of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed after Mass until 5 P. M. It is also exposed daily where the Ordinary of the diocese so desires.

Main Feasts. — Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

Conditions of admission to the Novitiate. — First among the qualities required from aspirants to the Novitiate is an ardent desire of devoting themselves to the missions. They should also possess certain natural qualities, such as, sound judgment, straightforwardness, simplicity, generosity and strength of character.

The Community consisting of but one category of members, all must be able to render themselves useful by some special aptitudes. Young persons who have not completed their studies are admitted, provided they possess at least elementary instruction and aptitudes for domestic economy, cooking, sewing, etc., or a knowledge of either music or painting.

Aspirants are also required to present Baptism and Confirmation certificates, recommendations from their Pastor or spiritual adviser, as well as a certificate from the doctor, and the written consent of the parents, if the subject is not of age.

After six months of postulancy, the aspirants pass on to the Novitiate, which lasts for a period of two years.

During their Novitiate, the Novices study the religious life, apply themselves to the practice of virtue, become impregnated with the spirit of the Institute, learn the Rules and customs and prepare for the apostolic life to which they will later be more directly called.

Annual vows are taken for the first three years following first vows.

During annual vows, the newly-professed Sisters prepare in a more direct manner to mission life.

When the three years of annual vows are expired, the Professed Sister consecrates herself irrevocably to God by final vows.



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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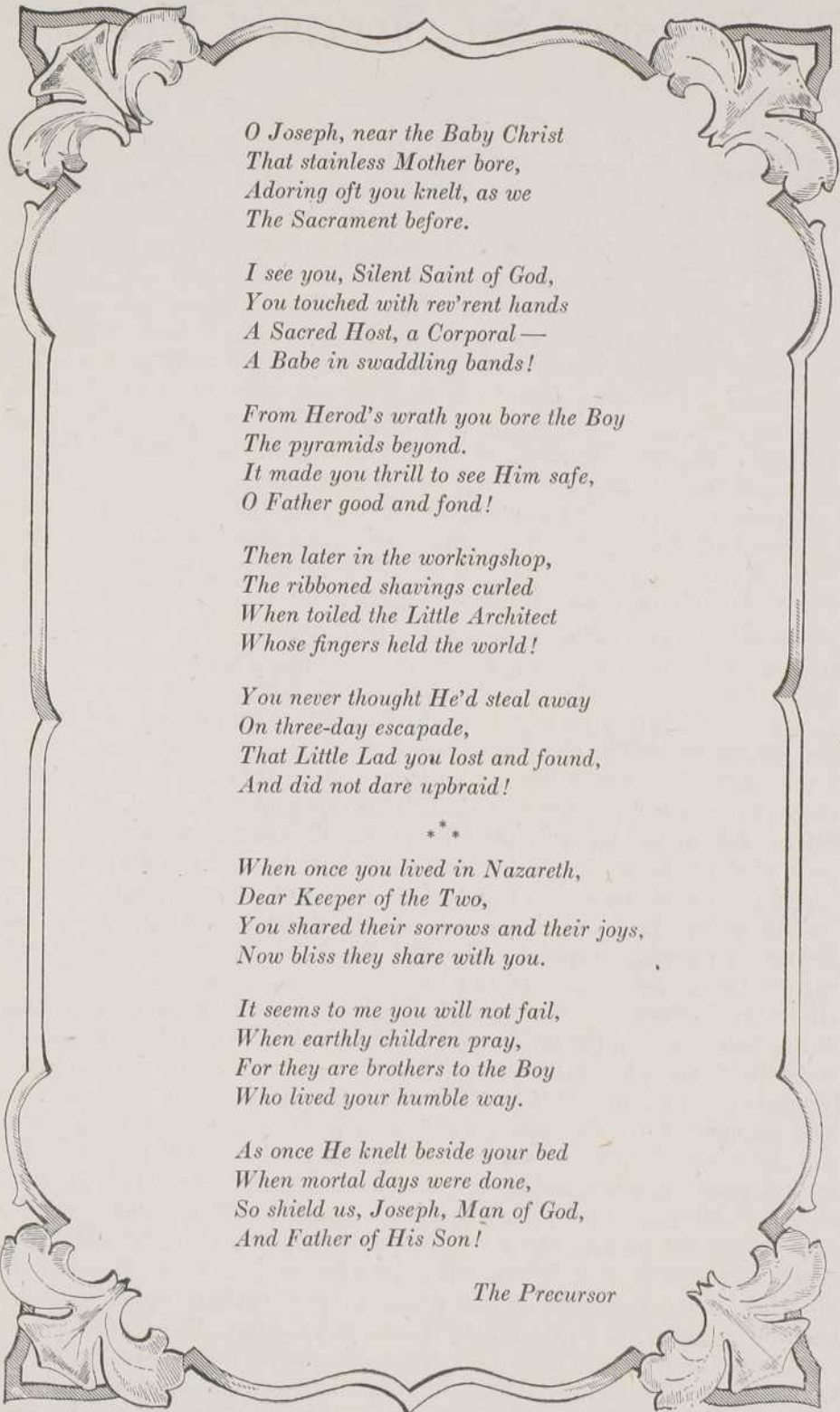
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Spouse of Mary

*The legend says it happened thus:
A lily-blossomed rod
Bespoke the choice by Heaven made,
Dear gentleman of God!*

*A humble Virgin called you Spouse —
'Twas writ in God's decree —
So fitting that your lily-soul
Should veil virginity!*



*O Joseph, near the Baby Christ
That stainless Mother bore,
Adoring oft you knelt, as we
The Sacrament before.*

*I see you, Silent Saint of God,
You touched with rev'rent hands
A Sacred Host, a Corporal —
A Babe in swaddling bands!*

*From Herod's wrath you bore the Boy
The pyramids beyond.
It made you thrill to see Him safe,
O Father good and fond!*

*Then later in the workshop,
The ribboned shavings curled
When toiled the Little Architect
Whose fingers held the world!*

*You never thought He'd steal away
On three-day escapade,
That Little Lad you lost and found,
And did not dare upbraid!*

* * *

*When once you lived in Nazareth,
Dear Keeper of the Two,
You shared their sorrows and their joys,
Now bliss they share with you.*

*It seems to me you will not fail,
When earthly children pray,
For they are brothers to the Boy
Who lived your humble way.*

*As once He knelt beside your bed
When mortal days were done,
So shield us, Joseph, Man of God,
And Father of His Son!*

The Precursor

In Praise of St. Joseph's Purity



ST. JOSEPH, eternally predestined by divine decree to become the spouse of Mary, must necessarily have possessed sanctity in proportion to the sanctity of that Immaculate Virgin. For, if it behooves that both parties put in common an equal quota of earthly goods, who will refuse to believe that Heaven, the author of that union, placed a certain proportion between the merits of Joseph and those of his holy Spouse? St. Joseph is therefore like unto Mary. "I firmly believe," says St. Bernardine of Siena, "that the Holy Ghost, who has willed to create this blessed union between Joseph and Mary, has chosen for the eminent soul of the Blessed Virgin another soul like unto hers. This likeness embraced all the virtues practised by the august Mother of God."

However, in the galaxy of Marian virtues, one outshines all the others and particularly commands our attention and admiring consideration. That virtue is purity. It was, consequently, through his lily whiteness of soul that St. Joseph has been more especially the ectype of his chaste Spouse.

Such was the excellency of Mary's purity that the very Son of God Himself, substantial virginity, has loved her virginal flesh to the extent of taking flesh from it, and deigning to abide therein for the space of nine months and identifying Himself with it. Mary's undefiled purity has wrought in the Virgin Mother perfect integrity of mind and body; from which St. Thomas has deducted that an extraordinary grace has abundantly showered upon her a celestial dew which has not only moderated, as in other Saints, but altogether exempted her from all feelings of concupiscence. Such is Mary, the incomparable Virgin, the Virgin worthy of all praise, the Virgin of virgins, the Queen of virginity, the Most Blessed Virgin.

But if such be Mary, what unparalleled holiness will have to be her divinely-appointed spouse's! Who will this man be, to whom God will entrust the sacred deposit of the virginity of His Daughter, His Spouse, His beloved Mother? Who will this man be, exalted enough to remain, during long years, in the intimacy of so dazzlingly pure a soul, noble enough and delicate enough worthily to watch over so precious a trust, to be elected lily-guardian of a lily-bride? None other than Joseph will be that man. The majority of the doctors of the Church hold that Joseph, as Jeremias and John the Baptist, was sanctified in his mother's womb. From his earliest years, so aver many others, he had consecrated himself to the Most High by the vow of perpetual chastity. In his youth he was a worthy spectacle to the Angels, whom he equalled in purity and fervor. Oh, how chaste and virgin-like in his thoughts and affections, in his looks and in all his senses, must Joseph have been to merit admission into the company of her who surpassed in purity all the Angels and Saints! For close to thirty years his bliss it was to live under the same roof with the holy Mother of God. Try to imagine, if you can, the continual ascent in sanctity which his virginal soul obtained from the presence, the conversations and the prayers

of Heaven's Queen! Clad in fragile human flesh even as we, St. Joseph was singularly privileged in that he never experienced its revolts. He had become, on the contrary, spiritual even in his flesh, through the perfect submission of body to mind. He has in very truth been the most worthy spouse of Mary, as Mary has been the most worthy Mother of God. No doubt, the purity of the holy Two being necessarily in proportion to their dignity, Mary was elevated above Joseph in the measure whereby divine maternity outshines adoptive paternity; and yet, what singular grandeur is St. Joseph's, whose spotlessness has eclipsed that of all other Saints, because to an incomparable degree he has reproduced the immaculateness of the Most Blessed Virgin!

The purity of St. Joseph must have been all the more exquisite, in that he was fore-appointed as spouse of Mary for the sake of the God-Child. Joseph was to touch with human hands and cradle within his loving arms the Word Incarnate. He was to nourish His divine flesh. What purity so sublime a function exacted! Near the fiery bush where the Lord deigned to manifest Himself, a voice commanded Moses to remove his sandals, for the place whereon he stood was sanctified. Is not Nazareth the earthly spot rendered holy by the presence of the Lord? The fullness of Divinity in the Word made Flesh pervaded it with His majesty, and Joseph there exercised the temporal functions of divine paternity. The more his lofty mission elevated him above other men, the more eminent must have been his virtues. The closer he drew to divine purity and sanctity, the more must his purity have resembled the purity of Jesus his Son and Mary his Spouse.

Let us thank God for having bestowed upon sinful mankind those two unspotted souls, Mary and Joseph. No greater gift could He have granted us, after the Gift of His only-begotten Son! "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory!" From the unstained Virgin and the most faithful imitator of her untouched purity, let us ask grace to practise purity according to our state in life. With this most sacred of all virtues our conscience is at peace, our mind is enlightened, serenity beams on our forehead, joy thrills within our soul, death is peaceful and eternity secure.

ABBE CATHALA

Homage

To His Excellency Most Rev. N. A. Labrie, C. J. M., recently appointed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, Titular of the newly-erected Diocese of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to His Excellency Most Rev. A. Leblanc, recently transferred to the See of Gaspe, and to Their Excellencies Bishops M. Roy and G. L. Landry, named Head Pastors of the Dioceses of Three Rivers and Hearst, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception humbly offer their respectful homage and prayerful wishes for a long and fruitful episcopal career.

St. Joseph's Namesake



LEAR and bright was that unforgettable springtime morning. High in the blue heavens the merry sun teasingly chased winds and flimsy clouds of dazzling white, and gently breathed upon the last-hour fidgety sleep of Mother Nature.

Doctor X. was having visitors that particular morning. Five months previously, the Doctor had had to answer a professional call outside of his own hometown. Meanwhile a thrilling hope brightened his days, while it lengthened his hours. His baby son would soon be born, and already he loved him with the great and magnificent affection of a father. In the dainty satin-decked cradle, empty when he had left, the fond father now beheld this little mite of humanity, his son, the desire of his heart and life. Over and over he caressed the smiling baby cherub, and playfully tickled its dainty pink cheek with his soft russet beard. The Doctor's guests proudly shared his own heart-deep happiness. One name was on every lip, identical ambitions surged within every breast. Already they crowned the cradle infant with the halo of worldly prestige and glory. One alone — the baby's mother — differed from their human standards and human views. Ambitions, but loftier and nobler, haunted her pious and loving heart, a mother's heart as God has fashioned it. "St. Joseph," her whispered prayer was lost to all who visioned a brilliant career for her child, "you will bear witness to the vow I made on your feast, when my child was baptized. I promised to do all in my power to dedicate him to the Lord. O you, whose every wish Jesus is pleased to grant, hear the plea of a mother!"

* * *

Twelve years rolled on. Sturdy and tall, the newborn babe of a dozen years ago was now a handsome, promising youth, whose piety ravished his mother, as it undoubtedly made the Angels marvel. His deep blue eyes mirrored the crystal purity of his innocent soul. A First Communion ceremony was about to be held in the parish, and the preparatory retreat exercises were under way. Forty wonder-eyed youngsters listened with the simple belief of unspoilt childhood, as Father broke for them the word of God, and prepared to nourish their hungry souls with the Bread which came down from Heaven for souls destined to go up to Heaven.

Suddenly, an elegantly dressed gentleman, anger swelling the veins in his temples and his forehead ruffled with uncontrollable fury, elbowed his way into the midst of the attentive class. His heavily-lashed eyes coolly flicked a glance over the group. "I want my son!" he broke out passionately. "His mother is still a Catholic, but I'm done with all that and my son is going to follow me!" Then, brutally clutching his terror-stricken Joseph in the front row, he chuckled fiendishly: "Here we break with those Papists! Enough of superstitions, my man!"

The ensuing scene would have melted hearts of adamant. Poor little Joseph, guessing the cruel scheme back in the mind of his father, a systematic free-thinker, dropped on his knees while big, burning tears sparkled in his blue eyes and cascaded down his cheeks. "Father, I'll be obedient and I'll work as hard as ever I can. I'll love you still more, only let me make my First Communion." The furious dictator-father stood immovable as a bulwark, so true is it that the breath of incredulity petrifies — for the term is not too strong — hearts once open to sentiments of fatherly affection and care. Evidently Joseph would be the loser. Pale and quivering, he implored the priest of God to remember him, and tottered along beside his father, now his persecutor.

On the morrow the children gathered again for further retreat exercises. One place remained vacant. Joseph did not return. His father had ruled it so, and the boy had but to bow and submit. With more fervor than ever the prospective First Communicants begged St. Joseph to be a father to this fatherless victim, and make him a sharer in their own happiness. Another morning dawned. It was the

feast of the glorious spouse of Mary, and the date so eagerly longed for by forty candid children's souls. The director passed through the ranks of waiting boys. The smile froze on his lips as he saw the empty place. "Children," his voice was inexpressibly tender, "St. Joseph must bring back our dear little friend!" With folded hands the kneeling thirty-nine recited the *Memorare* to St. Joseph. The *Amen* had hardly died on their lips when a tall boy, clad in handsome new clothes, a lighted taper in his hand and a shimmering satin and gold Communion arm-band on his left arm, merrily stepped



His father had ruled it so . . .

forward. A current of emotion swiftly shot through the ranks. "There he is! There he is!" ran joyful whispers. All could see traces of tears on Joseph's cheeks and pain in his deep, expressive eyes, but those very eyes, how they beamed! Smiling he took his appointed place at the altar rail, and with all the devotion of an angel welcomed his Savior within his breast.

What had turned the tide of parental wrath? From highest Heaven the protector of the Victim of Herod's fury had shielded another innocent soul beneath his lily sceptre. Securely the would-be First Communicant had been sheltered under the mantle that, twenty centuries ago, had protected the Divine Infant from the sword of the murdering Prince. Joseph's father had suddenly been called on professional duty, leaving the boy free to rejoin his companions.

* * *

Fifteen springtimes followed Joseph's first tryst with his Eucharistic Friend. Doctor X., thwarted in his impious efforts to win his family over to his standards of living, had long since crossed the family threshold never to return, and no tidings came from the absent one. Close to his saintly mother and later with masters and fellow students distinguished for their uprightness of life, the boy grew and waxed strong, and the hand of God tenderly lay upon him. Following years of study and brilliant successes, in great part owed to the generosity of his home parish priest, Joseph had been consecrated for the service of the altar two years previously. Joy overflowed from the proud mother's heart as she saw her cherished dream come true. But sorrow soon followed in the wake of bliss, when her only son embraced her for the last time before leaving on his foreign mission assignment. When Father Joseph held his first Host in his hands yet dewy with holy unction, he had pledged his life to the conversion of the pagans, to obtain the return of his erring father. Courageously he had stepped across the gangplank, after granting a farewell blessing to his mother and exhorting her to place her cause in St. Joseph's hands.

I shall now quote Father's account. "I was crossing a desert plain on horseback here in Tongking along with a young soldier, when I chanced to come upon a hut evidently inhabited by someone. As I crossed the doorsill, a husky voice interrupted: 'Who is it? A Papist? Well, that's the very last fellow I want here!' I was allowed in all the same. A graying wretch lay on a pallet, fighting a losing

battle with approaching death. His lips were parched with fever, and he could but with great difficulty mumble a few incoherent words. I asked him whether he was thinking of confession. He shook his head enough as to say no. 'You are all alone and forsaken by everybody,' I tried to make my voice persuasive and gentle; 'but you must have known real happiness at some time or other. Did you ever make your First Communion? Did you ever kneel to pray at your mother's knee? You had a wife, a son, perchance?'

"The words wife, son, had all the effect of an electric shock on the dying fellow. He involuntarily shuddered and a painful sigh escaped from his lips. 'Yes,' he answered in a scarcely audible voice, 'I have a son. What has he become, my dear little Joseph? It's been so many years since I left Normandy!' — 'Normandy? So you are a Norman, then? I am. I was born in Z. My name is Joseph...'

"Still struggling for breath, the unfortunate man tried to raise himself a little. His sunken gaze met the priest's. Searing tears rolled from his haggard eyes. Then, utterly worn-out with emotion, he blurted: 'You are my son! I am your father!'

"Yes, he had found in me a son once tenderly loved, and I had found my father whom I had never ceased cherishing! 'Still another gracious favor from St. Joseph!' I exulted. 'All thanks to the glorious Patriarch!' — 'Quick!' implored the newly-converted Saul, fairly stunned by the providential encounter, 'I feel that I am dying. Hear my confession.'

"I lost no time in rendering that last duty to my father. Then I hurried or rather fled to my little rustic chapel. I returned with a consecrated Host, which I deposited on the tongue of the dear one I had lost and found. He lifted his eyes to Heaven, made a gesture inviting me to draw closer, and tried to press me to his heart. He died murmuring the Name of Jesus and the name of his son."

Thus does the foster father of the Infant Christ answer the confidence we place in him. May this account prompt many souls yet unacquainted with the power and goodness of the great Saint, to have recourse to him in all their trials and tribulations.

From the French in *Petit Messager du Tres-St-Sacrement*

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	July-August.....	\$23.40
January-February 1945.....	103.70	September-October.....	27.00
March-April.....	24.00	November-December.....	13.00
May-June.....	32.00	January-February 1946.....	34.25

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.

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)

God had ordained that His hour would soon strike, but how great a sacrifice He was to demand! He would recall to Himself the very one who, to all human appearances, should have been a pillar of strength to the Community in process of formation. "It happens not infrequently," writes Msgr. Pie, "that the Most High, to prove His sublime independence of creatures, shatters His choicest instruments at the very hour when His cause demands the greatest services from them."

For some months past, Rev. Father Bourassa, the spiritual father of the young Society, had filled the function of parish priest at St. Louis de France. His motive in accepting this assignment had been the possibility he saw of being thereby the better able to help the growing association both spiritually and materially. As he was one day supervising repair work on the organ of his church, he had the misfortune to fall, and died some weeks later, November 20, 1904, from injuries suffered on that sorrowful occasion.

His funeral service was held in St. Louis de France Church on November 25. Msgr. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal and intimate friend of the regretted deceased, spoke eulogistically on the virtues he had practised throughout his life.

In face of this saddening spectacle, I need not, beloved brethren, seek to move your hearts. Beside the tomb of the worthy and venerated priest we mourn today a sorrowful emotion wells up from within our souls. It is not my intention to deliver a funeral oration. I simply wish to tell you that Rev. Father Bourassa, endowed as he was with brilliant gifts, had moreover been favored with a noble heart. In that heart burned the flame of a triple love: love of country, love of religion, and love of souls. I, who have been his confidant and intimate friend, have been in a position to measure the extent of those three sentiments in his generous soul. He loved his country and longed to have it happy and prosperous. Especially did he love Montreal. In the course of a prolonged conversation I had with him on the very day of his death, he told me: "I should like to make of Montreal the most Catholic city of the world." Enthusiasm, you will say. Yes, brethren, enthusiasm — but that of a lofty heart, the enthusiasm of the soldier who yearns to step on the arduous field of battle and win the victor's palm.

He loved his religion. One of his dearest ambitions was to bring closer to the Church souls that have strayed from her because they did not know her for what she is. He fain would have exercised his zeal in behalf of those who have lost, or who have never had the faith.

He loved souls and thirsted after their salvation. To the astonishment of all who knew him, he had become attached to a little Community which is not yet founded. "The persons that compose it," he had once remarked, "have noble ends in view; they want to provide missionaries for pagan countries. Well, I shall be a father to them. My material goods I shall consecrate to their holy undertaking." The office of pastor of St. Louis de France was offered to him. "Better accept," he said to himself, "for I shall thereby be able to further the work of the saintly souls I am now leading in spiritual ways." Enthusiasm, you will repeat; the

enterprise was gigantic. Yes, brethren, but the enthusiasm of a dauntless heart, of one who would hasten to the rescue of the unfortunate pagan throngs.

The clergy of Montreal loses in the person of Rev. Father Bourassa one of its most distinguished members. I was asked to have his remains interred in the family plot at Montebello, but I wanted at any cost to keep in our midst the mortal remains of this revered priest, and my decision has been respected.

In presence of this death we sadly deplore, two duties, dear brethren, are ours to fulfill: we must pray for his soul, and follow the glowing examples he has set us.

In concluding, let me remind you of this truth: in virtue lies happiness for time and eternity. Never forget that they alone are truly happy who are truly saintly.

To Miss Tetreault, who had paid him a visit during his illness, Rev. Father Bourassa had declared: "I offer my life for the Work!" We can well surmise what a bitter trial this sudden passing proved to the Foundress and her spiritual family. What ominous clouds must have darkened their horizon! The Master had taken them at their word. So generously, so whole-heartedly had He been prayed to sever, to uproot...

But from death itself life was to spring forth. His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi was then attending the jubilee feasts of the Immaculate Conception in Rome. There the fatal tidings reached him. The sympathetic Prelate felt moved to compassion for the nascent Society. "Poor children, they no longer have a father!" he reflected. "I shall be their protector." He remembered how Father Bourassa had implored him to speak to the Holy Father about the Work so dear to him. He therefore presented His Holiness Pope Pius X with the documents relative to the new foundation. "Holy Father, the priest who fostered this Work has just died. This project leaves me absolutely indifferent. What you intend to have done for the cause will be for me the manifestation of God's will. If you tell me to dissolve what has already been begun, it shall be done as you decide. If you tell me to continue, I shall do so." — "Proceed with the foundation, Your Excellency," replied the august Pontiff, "and all the blessings of Heaven will descend on this new Institute, to which you will give the name of *Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*."

While these weighty events were happening in the Eternal City, the little Outremont family awaited in recollection and prayer the expression of God's holy will. The pious Directress had begun a fervent novena with her beloved charges. Presently a cablegram brought joyful news from the See of Peter. The message had been addressed from Rome to Msgr. Z. Racicot, V. G., and then transmitted to Rev. Father Foucher, C. S. V., parish priest at Outremont. The latter delivered it to the Apostolic School worded as follows:

The Church, by the voice of the Holy Father, deigns to make of your small association a religious institute devoted to the foreign missions. Archbishop Bruchesi reserves to himself the joy of telling you what name His Holiness Pope Pius X has assigned to the new congregation.

Several years later, a Sister of the Community spoke to the founding Mother on the subject. "Mother, how glad you must have been when you

heard the good news! I imagine you must have been very anxious lest an unfavorable answer be given." — "My daughter," replied the Foundress calmly, "the joyful news was not unexpected. God had granted me so many graces that I did not only hope, I was sure . . ."

The tiny mustard seed had sprouted. From then on it could strike firm roots and spring up beneath the beneficent dew of Heaven and the protection of Holy Mother Church.

Thenceforth, Archbishop Bruchesi unceasingly gave proofs of touching paternal solicitude for all that concerned the pioneering band of Religious. Up to that time, though very kind to them, he made it evident that he did not desire the foundation to be attempted. He himself said so to the Community of the Hotel Dieu Nuns following his return from Rome. We hold this fact from Sister Therese de St. Augustin, the devoted nun already mentioned in this sketch. "I had gone to Rome," declared the Archbishop, "fully resolved not to ask for the approbation. While admiring those pious ladies, I kept telling myself: Some Communities are expelled from their country. Why should we not invite them over and entrust them with our works? Those Sisters are already well trained . . . But before I had time to explain it all to the Holy Father, the answer had already been given: Proceed with the foundation!"

Mother St. Anne Marie, C. N. D., a steadfast friend and helper of Miss Tetreault, undoubtedly knew in what light the Archbishop considered the projected foundation. The following excerpt from a letter she wrote to His Excellency at Rome, soon after the death of Rev. Father Bourassa, lets us suspect that she feared for the life of the fragile stem that had so lately begun to grow. With characteristic tact and delicacy of expression she pleaded the cause of the infant Society:

Poor Father Bourassa did not think, when you left, that he would have passed into eternity by December 8. I cannot express the sorrow of all at the Apostolic School. Do you know that on the eve of his death he even wanted to give me messages for you. He was very tired, and the doctors would not allow Miss Tetreault to come for me. The elder Mr. Bourassa seems to approve his son's undertaking. Miss Tetreault's sole ambition is that God's will may be done. Whether it means life or death for her work, she aims only at Our Lord's greater glory. Hers is a lofty, angelic soul, which you will love all the better as you come to know it more intimately. I must admit, dear Father, that this Apostolic School is very dear to me. I persist in prophesying that it will be one of the most beautiful works of your episcopal career, the one that will give you the greatest consolation at the hour of death. Rev. Father Bourassa offered his life to God so it would live! It shall live, Father, shall it not?

His Excellency's answer filled the saintly nun with joy:

Let the pious Miss Tetreault surrender herself into the hands of Providence and give thanks to God. She will have in Heaven her erstwhile protector, and in the Archbishop of Montreal, here on earth, a father and a devoted friend.

On November 30 last I spoke to the Holy Father about her, her present endeavors and her dreams for the future. That very day I founded, with the approval and blessing of Pius X, the Institute she had conceived in her heart for the foreign missions, and have even received from His Holiness the name this Institute will bear.

The modest foundation had the right to live and expand. It lost no time in seeking to lay solid bases. Archbishop Bruchesi came to know the virtuous Foundress more closely, and his appreciation for her increased. He perceived, as Mother St. Anne Marie had told him, "that hers was a lofty and angelic soul." Later, in the presence of the Hotel Dieu Nuns, he praised her and her companions with the beautiful testimony: "They have the simplicity of angels."

August 8, 1904, brought the anniversary of the Archbishop's episcopal consecration. He observed the memorable occasion by receiving the perpetual vows of Miss Tetreault, who took in religion the name Sister Marie du St. Esprit. Rev. Mother St. Anaclet, Superior General of the Congregation de Notre Dame, served as godmother to the happy elect and placed on her bended head the sacred veil of Professed Sisters. Then with gentle hand she passed around the Foundress' neck the silver cross which had been a gift from the dying Father Bourassa. This cross later became the model of the one worn by all the Professed Sisters of the Community. On that blessed day, Miss Josephine Montmarquet, first companion and helpmate of Miss Tetreault, made temporary vows and was thenceforward called Sister St. Gustave. Three postulants donned the holy habit. Archbishop Bruchesi delivered the following eloquent allocution:

Fear not, little flock, for behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.

These words which Our Lord addressed to His apostles could rightly be applied to you at this moment, dear daughters, the most solemn of your lives. Here in your little chapel will presently be held a ceremony of no small import in the eyes of the Church, nay, in the eyes of God Himself. The congregation assembled may not be numerous, but the angels and saints will bear witness to the act you are about to accomplish. Yes, with pleasure does Heaven look down upon you, for today you are creating a Work that will people it will souls, souls over whose conversion it will rejoice more than over the perseverance of the faithful. You are going to found a new Work, a Work which, though not novel in the Church, is new in our country. You have chosen to consecrate yourselves to God in the religious life, not with a view to caring for our orphans or for the sick in our hospitals, nor for dedicating your lives to the education of our young people. In lands afar you are to exercise your zeal. Souls of men that have never known the true God and whose misfortune surpasses all description, are to be your conquests for Christ. You have heard the divine summons in the depths of your hearts, you have met together and have understood one another. The opening chapter of your history is unknown to us. How did the Master make His initial call? I know not and probably never shall. That remains your secret. Be that as it may, the glory of God and the salvation of souls were from the outset the two principal ends of your vocation. A zealous priest crossed your pathway. He came to you, or perhaps did you seek him out. He understood your desires and felt impressed by them. Prudent pastor of souls that he was, he believed it his duty to consult his Archbishop. The Archbishop listened, reflected, for a bishop may not immediately respond to his desires, but must have prudence preside over his decisions. "Let us allow those dear children to do as they please," I answered. "Let them gather together and begin. Then we shall see what to decide." You then set to work and children came to you. You instructed those children, you spoke of apostolate to them, of foreign missions, of martyrdom perhaps, and thus laid the bases of your Apostolic School. (I do not know whether you then visualized what proportions your Work would assume. I must admit that only gradually did it become clear to me that to the

conduct of apostolic schools you were to add active apostolate in foreign missions.)

The priest who had given you permission to gather together untiringly watched over you and protected his spiritual family. He had purchased for you this dwelling, which is now your beloved haven, and frequently called upon you.

When I left for Rome last November, Rev. Father Bourassa, as you know, had just suffered the unfortunate accident that was to prove fatal. I went to bid him goodbye. He pleaded: "Your Excellency, you will please speak to the Holy Father about our Work?" I promised I would. Death claimed him a few weeks later. The mournful tidings reached me at Naples. What a terrible blow that was! No doubt you dreaded lest it should alter your apostolic plans. But God's designs are not always in harmony with our human forecasts. Through this death you were to find life. Had this priest, your first and foremost supporter, lived, you may rest assured you would probably not be receiving the holy habit or making your religious vows today. His life on earth is ended, but not so his interest in your foundation. He pleaded its cause with the Almighty, and spoke in its behalf words which only saints may speak. What took place between God and His servant? I know not; but I then understood it was my duty to replace the father you had lost.

I can still see in thought the small room where for the first time I spoke to the Holy Father about you. After briefly exposing the main points, I added: "Holy Father, I neither ask nor discuss. Decide and your servant will obey." Kindly, penetratingly, Pope Pius X's gaze rested upon me. "Proceed with the foundation, Your Excellency, and all the blessings of Heaven will descend upon the new Institute." In our second audience of December 7, I inquired: "What name are we to give to the new Congregation?" — "You will call it the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception."

And now the day has come when the injunction of the Head of the Church is to be carried out. Your dream is about to become a glad reality. You, dear child, who have opened the way, and you, Sister, who have followed her and shared her labors from the beginning, will presently bind yourselves through religious vows. Already you were Religious, but the Church had not sanctioned your consecration. A multitude of young ladies, hundreds of Religious will follow in your footsteps and will bear afar the glad tidings of the Gospel.

As I was coming to preside over this ceremony, I pondered what Our Lord would say, should He, and not I, speak to you. He is here very close to us, in the tabernacle. I shall make bold to address Him. I seem to hear him telling you: "You who have left all to follow Me, you shall have sisters, and brothers, and fathers, and mothers, the hundredfold in this world and life everlasting. In exchange for that which you are now sacrificing, you will find a religious family, a family composed of children you will have baptized, instructed and catechized; a family, in fine, formed of members for whom Jesus Christ, Our Head, has outpoured His Precious Blood. The hundredfold will be yours also, that is, peace and joy of soul, and in time to come the glory and happiness of Heaven as the meed of your years of apostolate. Jesus Himself assures you, and His word shall not pass away." What else does He tell you? "If anyone will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." You will suffer, you will meet with trials, but God's grace will sustain you and Our Lord will alleviate the burden of the cross for you.

Have no fear, then. God will be your mainstay. Go forth as angels of light to the souls that are awaiting you. Rejoice, for you have chosen the better part.

And now I bless you, dear children, and call down upon you all the choicest favors and blessings of Heaven. I render thanks to God, who has given me a new family in you. You are truly the fairest feastday bouquet I could wish to offer, on this the anniversary of my episcopal consecration, to the all-merciful God.

Humbly these great things were wrought in the modest chapel of 27 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

(To be continued)

St. Therese of the Child Jesus and the Church



ST. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS SOLICITING LEAVE
TO ENTER CARMEL AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

Unswerving and ardent Christian that he was, Louis Veuillot was once taken to task for his boundless devotion to the Church. He remarked in his original way: "Let's suppose — what is unthinkable — that I had to choose between God and the Church. Without the least hesitation, my choice would be — the Church." As his friends seemed astonished he explained: "Of course, I would choose the Church! Why? Because the Church would straightway bring me back to God, while if I sought God outside of the Church, I would risk getting lost."

In this rather startling assertion of the great Catholic writer is embodied a profound truth and an essential principle. The Church is not for each one of us a merely supernatural society binding us to Jesus Christ; it is a living body which makes us all members of Jesus Christ. Through the Church and through her only, is the true

doctrine, food of the soul, imparted. Through her again we learn the secrets of fruitful prayer, which is as breath to the soul. She distributes to her children the Sacraments, life of the heart or rather life of our whole immortal being. It is the Church also which, through her priesthood, maintains the Eucharist on earth.

In a certain sense, there is no exaggeration in asserting that devotion to the Church is the first of all devotions. It is this selfsame devotion which combines and sustains all others; and without it not a single devotion could subsist.

If we compare, in the light of this evidence, the needs and evils of our own times with the lessons and examples of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, we shall soon be brought to realize that Heaven sent us the Carmelite nun of Lisieux in order to renew within our hearts intelligence and practice of this great devotion. Two factors in our modern world place in jeopardy the cult and notion of the Church — intimate inclinations which tend to draw souls away from her influence, and exterior assaults which threaten her

very institution. A proud and susceptible soul-individualism rebels instinctively against all discipline and authority. In society, the laical heresy aims at total independence and at the supremacy of civil power, thereby robbing the Church of her rights to the spiritual formation of peoples and moral formation of youth.

Thus, the character of the Church is disregarded by the State and her mission hampered. On the other hand, she finds herself but feebly defended against the attempts of Hell by the faithful, in many of whom the sense of their obligations is greatly obliterated, and whose love for that most beneficent of mothers has all but grown cold.

Let us study and contemplate St. Therese of the Child Jesus and hearken to her voice.

By word and example she makes us comprehend what the Church means to us and what we should be to the Church. Her marvellous glorification sets on her teaching the seal of the Church's approbation. Through this appeal confirmed by Heaven itself she draws us after her in the sunlit paths of Holy Mother Church. Let us read and re-read, in the Autobiography, the graceful poems and letters, the *Novissima Verba*, the outpourings of this chosen soul and ardent lover of the Church. At every page, one feels that this cloistered virgin has indeed scaled the heights and measured the breadth of the Church. "I wish to be a true daughter of the Church, and to make prayer for all the intentions of Christ's Vicar the one great aim of my life . . . All my earnings are spent on the ransom of souls . . . My Jesus, I love Thee! I love my Mother the Church . . . I would gladly die on the battlefield in defence of the Church . . . I am the child of Holy Mother Church . . . My own glory will be the reflection of the radiance that streams from the brow of my mother, the Church . . ."

"My heaven is God's mercy to implore
Upon the Church . . . on souls in sin,
Rivers of life, that grace upon them pour,
Springing, O Jesus, from Thy Heart within."

Daughter of the Church, her loving and generous solicitude extends to all the interests of this divine society, to every living member of the Mystical Body. She prays and denies herself for the needs of the Church and of souls. She has heeded this stirring appeal of her great patroness, Teresa of Avila: "O my daughters in Jesus Christ, help me to entreat Our Lord in favor of souls. This is your vocation: these are the affairs you must be solicitous about. This is where should tend all your desires: this should be the object of your tears!"

To this cry pregnant with apostolic ardor, Therese's voice echoes:

"Protect Thy Church, immortal in her sway,
Each hour my prayers ascend to Thee above,
Thy child doth immolate herself each day,
To live by love."

And again: "I wish to labor for the glorification of Holy Mother Church by saving souls on earth and freeing those that suffer in Purgatory." —

"You want to acquire merits, then?" — "Yes, but not for myself — for souls, for all the needs of the Church — in short, to scatter roses on the whole world, upon the just and upon the sinners." — "I bear in mind that 'the least act of pure love is of more value to her than all other works together.'" These words of her Father, St. John of the Cross, filled her with joy.

And in her last days here on earth, when she was lying on a bed of pain, she felt thrilled not so much by the thought of the heavenly glory awaiting her as by the hope of doing good on earth: "I think of all the good that I shall do after my death. To baptize the little children, help the priests, the missionaries, the whole Church."

The whole Church! Yes, for the heart of this humble cloistered nun was as wide as the Church herself. Her love embraced Heaven, earth and Purgatory. We would never weary of listening to her teachings. "But of what avail to Thee are my flowers and my songs, dear Jesus? . . . Of what avail? I know well that this fragrant shower, these petals of little price, these songs of love from a poor little heart like mine, will nevertheless be pleasing to Thee. They are but trifles, it is true, yet Thou wilt smile on them. The Church Triumphant, stooping towards her child, will gather up these scattered rose-leaves, and, placing them in Thy divine hands, that they may acquire an infinite value, will shower them on the Church Suffering to extinguish the flames, and on the Church Militant to make her triumph."

The Church always and everything for the Church! This *everything* was the ardent, perfect and mortified life of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. From her we learn how to love, serve and extol our Holy Mother the Church, how to sacrifice our lives if need be for her ministers, her cause, her children. She does further still than merely teach us — she urges us to imitate her. In her Autobiography she unfolds the secrets of her life of love, the secrets of her *Little Way* wherein should tread all those desirous of serving the interests of the Church in a truly practical and efficacious manner.

This essential page let us quote in its entirety.

"Charity gave me the key to *my vocation*. I understood that since the Church is a body composed of different members, she could not lack the most necessary and most nobly endowed of all the bodily organs. I understood, therefore, that the Church has a *heart* — and a heart on fire with love. I saw, too, that love alone imparts life to all the members, so that should love ever fail, apostles would no longer preach the Gospel and martyrs would refuse to shed their blood. Finally, I realized that love includes every vocation, that love is all things, that love is eternal, reaching down through the ages and stretching to the uttermost limits of earth.

"Beside myself with joy, I cried out: 'O Jesus, my Love, my vocation is found at last — *my vocation is love!*' I have found my place in the bosom of the Church, and this place, O my God, Thou hast Thyself given to me: in the heart of the Church, my Mother, *I will be Love!* . . . Thus shall I be all things and my dream will be fulfilled."

Yes, the dream has been fulfilled. We have the infallible guarantee of that very Church herself to whom this "daughter of the Church" consecrated her life of love and immolation.

Holy Mother Church, the target of so many open hostilities and voluntary misunderstandings, sees in this marvellous blossom of sanctity a timely means of aid granted by Divine Providence. And here I shall but faithfully proclaim the double judgment passed upon the Cause of Therese of the Child Jesus by the first Pope who had to occupy himself with it.

Opportunissimo! declared Pius X, on witnessing the increasing popularity of Little Therese. *Opportunissimo!* fell the same congratulatory word from the Pontiff's lips, on reading a letter addressed by the Saint to an unfortunate victim of scrupulosity, whom she implored not to withdraw from the life-giving Sacraments. Pope Pius X it was, again, who urged the promoters of the young Carmelite's Cause to hasten its preparation. With prophetic insight that anticipated the Congregational decision, he eulogistically referred to Therese of the Child Jesus as "the greatest Saint in modern times."

The Introduction of the Cause, June 9, 1914, was to be the ultimate smile, or almost, of a Pontificate that ended in sorrow and mourning.

Already, when he occupied the archiepiscopal See of Bologna, the distinguished Prelate who was to become the future Benedict XV had rendered homage to the beauty of Therese's *Little Way*. No sooner had he been elected to the See of Peter as Vicar of Christ, that he showed particular predilection for this daughter of the Church. In her favor, he multiplied privileges. Even before her cult had been authentically recognized, he gave permission to strike medals in her honor, thereby to intensify and increase her supernatural action in behalf of the soldiers in the trenches. He moreover dispensed with the minimum fifty years exacted by Canon Law between the death and the glorification of Servants of God, and saw to the prompt examination of the documents shedding light on the matter. To the saintly nun who had practised and exalted devotion to the Church, the Church was, so to speak, impatient to give an official recognition of her own devotion.

On August 14, 1921, less than a quarter of a century following the holy death of the cloistered Sister, Benedict XV had the happiness of promulgating with solemnity the heroic virtues she had practised. Did he foresee that it would not be granted him to raise her to the rank of Blessed in the Church of God? Be that as it may, he extolled the doctrine of *spiritual childhood*, inviting all his sons — the whole of Christendom — to adopt this path as the guide to salvation. Some time later, he exhorted a priestly son of his to invoke St. Therese in a very special manner. "Pray to her," he counselled. "It is her special vocation to teach priests how to love Jesus Christ."

Then changed the Roman scene. Pius XI took command at the helm of the Barque of the Galilean Fisherman. To him, even more than to his predecessors, posterity will assign the glorious title of "Pope of the Little Flower". Through his medium Holy Mother Church confirmed, with incomparable grandeur and magnificence, the sanctity of the privileged daughter of France. The humble and glorious Carmelite was his *first Blessed*. Hardly had she been raised to the honors of the altar in 1923, when he conferred upon her the title of Patroness of Carmelite Missions

and Novitiates of the Order. Two years later — an unprecedented epoch-making fact in the history of canonizations — the first *Beata* of the reign of Pius XI was elevated by him to the lofty pinnacle of glory, a Saint among the Saints of God, his *first Saint*.

The manifestations of joyful jubilation and heartsprung piety that acclaimed the event gave one the feeling that the whole Church, with her Head Pastor, rejoiced over that canonization with exceeding great joy.

Twice Pius XI had glorified Therese. Shall we wonder, then, why he had recourse to her as to the *Star of his Pontificate*, and adopted her as his *second Guardian Angel*? This little Saint he consulted as perpetual adviser in matters of great moment. Constantly her smiling picture remained close to him. How often he cast his weary eyes upon it, and confided his burdensome anxieties to his second protecting Angel! Eminently supernatural, this recourse is in the order of Providence. In olden days, St. Catharine of Siena bore divine injunctions to the Popes of the Eternal City and French Avignon. In more recent years, St. Therese constituted herself the advocate and messenger of the Prime Pastor of the Church, at whose hands she had received the glorious halo of recognized sanctity.

On the morrow of her canonization, when the Holy Year was solemnly terminated, Pius XI declared that he owed it to the Carmelite Saint if he had been able to bear up under the exhausting strain of the prolonged jubilee days.

When Mexico bled under the sword of persecution, Pius XI implored Therese's custody of the heroic country. With the bishops of the martyred Christian community he besought her protection. He moreover sent a few of her relics, trusting they would bring peace on the land reddened with Christian blood. Presently dawned for Mexico the promise of a new and better day.

Not satisfied with practising confident devotion to St. Therese, he urged it upon others in season and out of season. How many souls that looked Romeward for the solution of their perplexities have been counselled to pray to Little Therese! How many missionary bishops, appalled at the scarcity of hands in so gigantic a task as confronted them, have culled on his lips the tender paternal advice: "Confide your Mission to St. Therese of the Child Jesus! She will help you!"

Pius XI did not deem his duty fulfilled once he had extended the cult of his beloved Saint to the Universal Church. Had not her sublime soul of prayer embraced all human souls from the obscurity of her convent cell? Did it not behoove, hence, that she be entrusted with broadening and increasing the domain of Christianity? Such, indeed, was the Pope's viewpoint, when he proclaimed her "the great missionary". He had previously named her Patroness of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the training of native clergy. Then, through a new, a magnificent and profound decision, he appointed her official Patroness, on the same footing with St. Francis Xavier, of all Missionaries and Missions the Catholic world over.

Behold her, loving, obedient, hidden child of Mother Church, authentic-

ally entrusted by the Supreme Head of the Church with the greatest and most precious interests of that same Church!

We who love the dear little Saint of Lisieux, we who confidently solicit her aid in all our difficulties, sorrows and wishes, we who timidly seek to follow her footsteps in the upward path to sanctity, should endeavor to understand that great Saint. With Therese and through her, let us widen our narrow horizons to the infinite global extent of her solicitude. Let us request her aid in trying to drive home the truth that her *Little Way* really opens out on unbounded spaces. With the characteristic condescension and delicacy of merciful kindness, the dear Strewer of Roses readily heeds our prayers in behalf of our loved ones. But it is not her wish that we thus restrain the scope of our prayers to diminutive limits. She will answer our supplications, but only to draw us after her "out to sea" and to loftier heights. If we seek to reproduce Therese in our daily lives, then will our souls be catholic, that is, universal — souls as great as the Church herself.

The spirit of the sanctity of the Carmelite nun — which sanctity has been, so to speak, a divine reaction in the midst of a proud and rebellious world — is childlike, loving surrender to God's holy will, the complete trust of the child that places its hand in its Father's on the journey home to that best of fathers. God has given us this model and teacher of sanctity in order to make us turn from the haughtiness of pride to the nothingness of humility, and from the revolts of independence to the docility of submission.

Take the case of a child who loves his Father, who lets his Father decide everything for him, whose greatest wish is to please that beloved Father, and who sincerely wants to obey his Father. Will that child have another, a more sublime ambition than that of consecrating himself wholeheartedly to his "Father's business"? Thus does Therese, in her eloquent doctrine of *spiritual childhood*, invite us to serve the Heavenly Father and His Church. To Therese is granted the power and miraculous radiation that will enable her to extol her doctrine before all humanity. Why, may I ask, this glorification unequalled in history, in both its rapidity and universal extension? Why has Providence willed that the humble Star of Lisieux scintillating in God's firmament should concentrate on her mild and brilliant glow the looks and the hearts of all classes and peoples, of all characters and races, of all ages and conditions? Why has Providence intended that that humble Star should command the affectionate and secret aspirations of a whole legion of souls, naturally upright, but ignorant of the True Faith? Why, I ask, if not because this very Star was destined by divine decree to become a glorious light in the firmament of the Church, a light that would indicate to questing souls the pathway that leads securely to the Father's Mansions?

Enthusiastically and perseveringly, let us then follow the beaming of that Star. Guided by its limpid and powerful radiance, we shall join St. Therese in the sanctuary eternally designated for the fulfillment of her God-given mission. In the heart of the Church, in that hallowed sanctuary of her choice, we shall meet Therese — Therese, who desired, more, who willed to be Love in the very heart of Holy Church, her mother and ours.

FRANCOIS VEUILLOT



Stay With Us

*The Paschal sun was rising,
It tipped the hills with gold.
The brightest star was paling,
The morning praise was told.
Jerusalem the Holy
Saw pilgrims trudging by;
Their brow was bended sadly,
And sorrow veiled their eye.
They spoke of Jesus' Passion,
The Friday's Cross and shame;
Beneath their breath, compassion
Recalled His holy Name.
Forever gone the transient,
The fleeting dream of trust
That Israel's splendor ancient
Should rally from its dust.
The Friday's sun had faded,
And so their faith had set;
But in the pilgrims jaded
Lived love that conquered death.
While thus the two communing*





Were strolling sadly on,
Another Pilgrim hieing
Soon came the pair upon.
They knew not why, but truly
Their heart felt moved to tell
Its sorry plight full freely.
(The telling would be well!)
The Pilgrim understanding
Then sought their lowered eyes,
Still further light demanding.
Then spoke He in this wise:
"O foolish, slow of heart, you,
Believing not those things
The prophecies foreknew
Of Christ, the King of Kings!"
Then citing words of Moses
He shed the light of God
On all the hidden passages;
(Perchance the Jesse Rod.)
How well the words of vision
Concorded with the life
Of Him whose Crucifixion
With pain their heart made rife!
The shades of eve were falling,
The Pilgrim they retained:
"O stay with us!" So saying,
They gently Him constrained.
"Far spent is now the daylight,
Soon comes the eventide;
Until tomorrow's twilight,
We pray, with us abide!"

As they who mourned His absence,
We should Our Lord constrain:
"Abide with us, Your presence
Will lighten every pain."
"Behold all days abiding
On tabernacle throne,
I gladly would be guiding
Who treads with fear, alone.
I daily give My Body,
As food to fortify
The weary soul; nobody
That eats My Flesh shall die!
No friend will be more faithful
Than Christ, who bled for you
And all of mankind sinful —
Redemption's Work to do!"

The Precursor



On the Way to Emmaus



TOUCHINGLY kind, industriously zealous, beautifully human and understanding — such was Our Risen Lord's conduct with regard to His two disciples. Not satisfied with revealing Himself unto them, He moreover extended that most exquisite of favors through their medium to the eleven gathered together.

Heavy-hearted, the two had left Jerusalem on the very day of Our Savior's Resurrection. The quiet beauty of a pleasant countryside would soothe hearts burdened with sorrow and disenchantment. Imprudent sheep, who thus preferred liberty to security within the fold! Were they not running ahead of peril? Already their faith in the Messiah foretold by the prophets had been shaken. They had refused to believe the holy women's narrative of the empty tomb, and the Apostles' proclamation of the glorious Rising of the Redeemer. Observe that the two pilgrims no longer called Him Savior, but simply prophet: *Qui fuit vir propheta*. Happily, there still burned in their hearts a fitful spark of love for their Master. They were speaking about Him on the way. Oh, how sweet to the soul is converse about God and the things of God! When doubts assail us and sadness of soul preys upon us, we need only make Jesus the theme of our conversation, and forthwith He stands unseen at our side, strengthens our faltering heart and inflames it with His love.

Note with what charitable eagerness and genuine humility Jesus hastened to uplift the two disciples whose hour of trial had found them faint-hearted and unprepared. He could not bear to see them plunged in sorrow, fruit of their own unbelief, when they had every reason to rejoice. These two were not properly apostles, says St. Bonaventure, but simply disciples of lower rank. Yet Jesus drew near Cleophas and his travelling companion, walked their human way and spoke familiarly with them, as if He were one of them. Without, however, neglecting the chosen few, He revealed His mysteries to two followers, as He would have done in the presence of throngs, as once He had done beside Jacob's well, where alone the Samaritan sinner heard His words. Such is one of the outstanding hallmarks of sincere zeal.

Jesus Himself addressed the travellers on the way to Emmaus. How condescendingly He prepared their souls for the great boon He proposed to confer upon them! Gently He inquired: "What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk, and are sad?" Questions fallen from divine lips will never prompt answers unknown beforehand to the Omniscient Heart of God. The topic of their conversation Jesus well knew, as He did the cause of their poignant disappointment. But He wanted to bring them to unburden their heavy hearts and disclose unto Him the scar of their unfaithfulness. They did so; and, moved to His soul-depths at their utter blindness, He immediately began to instruct them. But before shedding divine light on the inspired writings, He called their attention to an admonition already made in the course of His mortal days: "O foolish, and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to

enter in his glory?" Then He expounded the passages that concerned Him in Holy Writ. Clearly they perceived the perfect harmony between the prophecies and the events that had lately happened. While thus He opened their minds to the comprehension of prophetic inspiration, His words inflamed them with celestial fire. Presently they told each other: "Was not our heart burning within us, whilst He spoke in the way, and opened to us the scriptures?"

O disciples, all generations shall bless your names, you who, leaving the city gates behind, elected Jesus and His sufferings as the theme of your thoughts and affections! He whose Holy Name was on your trembling lips rejoined you as you trod onward. He deigned to converse with you and, at the sound of His divine voice, the dark shadows that encompassed your souls shrank into insignificance before blinding light, melancholy gave place to joy, discouragement to trust and love. Do we deserve that the Son of God should thus come and converse with us?

Jesus disappeared after having revealed His identity to the awe-stricken, mystified disciples. "They drew nigh to the town, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go farther." Similarly does God frequently act with regard to souls He loves with a love of predilection. If to all appearances He leaves them alone in the night of trial, if He withdraws His gracious favors, it is but to quicken their desires. Tender Father that He is, He seems to be hiding from the children of His Heart, only to increase their love and shield them from all tepidity in His service. "But they constrained him, saying: Stay with us, because it is towards evening." O blessed importunity of prayer! Irresistible is its power. God is, so to speak, overcome, and compelled to abide with us and grant the object of our supplications. "And he went in with them. And it came to pass, whilst he was at table with them, he took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him." How fraught with ecstatic joy that moment, but how transient as well! "And he vanished out of sight."

It remained for the two witnesses of the Risen Messiah to share their bliss with their colleagues. On the hour they returned to the holy city, where the eleven Apostles were assembled. There they related what had happened, and how they had known Him in the Breaking of Bread.

"They truly know their Lord in the breaking of bread," says Thomas a Kempis, "whose heart burneth so mightily within them, from Jesus walking with them. Such affection and devotion as this, so vehement a love and burning, is often far from me." (Book IV, chapter XIV) Try to discover the cause. Is it not, perhaps, that your faith is too languid, or because frequent distractions not entirely dismissed by your will lead you to disremember things divine? Be occupied with God. Seek Him and Him alone. Kneel at the Communion rail and partake of the living Bread which came down from Heaven. Presently, like Christ's two favorites of Easter evening, you will feel your heart burning within you. No ice can resist the all-consuming rays of that ardent Sun.

Rev. Father Chaignon, S. J.

Let Your Light Shine

Every interiorly beautiful soul, every saintly life radiates, as every flame enlightens and dispenses warmth. From sanctity, were it buried in a prison cell, or in the very centre of the earth, will emanate mysterious radiations whose influences will necessarily benefit humanity.

Rev. Father H. Petillot, O. P.



LIKELY your eyes have alighted on the headline Gospel text a dozen times or more. It reverted to my mind as I was searching a title for this simple little chat on — don't let the term frighten you — yes, on "apostolate". And why not? As you know, apostolate has stepped into the limelight today. We hear the word on every lip, in every Catholic circle and movement. With reason, could I add, for the present hour is fraught with golden opportunity, and this hour will pass all too quickly.

Though the pill may be hard to swallow, we must frankly admit that the master-minds of error and the wily agents of the Prince of Darkness are giving more unswerving attention than we to that question of paramount importance. Their propaganda fanatically swoops down on every agency and potential channel. Why shouldn't we dare at least as much for the triumph of right as they for the glorification of evil?

As you are doubtless aware, we distinguish two kinds of apostolate. The first, mission apostolate in the fullness of the expression, addresses itself to the conversion of the billion pagans still steeped in heathen rites and superstitions. The second apostolate is that referred to by the familiar term "Catholic Action". But mission apostolate and Catholic Action alike have one aim in view: the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

"Of all divine works," says St. Denis the Areopagite, "the most divine is to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls." This is the missionary's glorious role, to labor in partnership with the Divine Laborer, to do his own personal share in the fulfillment of the plan of Redemption. Willingly he surrenders and abandons possessions, family, and country, to sail for the far reaches of the earth, there to raise the light of Christ's Gospel. Hard and harsh and bereft of all natural attractions is his task; but, in the light of things eternal, how infinitely beautiful and sublime! One must have tasted the joys of that holy ministry to appreciate its savor and gauge its value. A missionary Sister who had been compelled to return to her homeland once confided to her fellow Sisters: "You could never imagine what one feels when, after having experienced for twenty years the consolations of active apostolate, one must suddenly suffer their deprivation! It is a sacrifice whose extent is measured by those alone who have to offer it."

We, who have probably never thirsted with that consuming yearning for souls, can we not imagine in some small way the fullness of joy that floods the soul of a baptizer who opens the nurseries of Heaven to thousands of outcast babies? What happiness to pour in souls, theretofore sealed to all hope, the soothing balm of Christ's Faith and Christ's Love! No matter what its cosiness, how restful must his pillow be, who can truly say: "Today, five, ten, fifteen more souls belong to God!"

The shadow of trial has weighed heavily on all missionaries these last

years of warfare. But, thanks to God, the clash of weapons is now silenced, and the hour has dawned for reconstruction. It is time for us to awake from our slumber. Moral agony, hunger, thirst, martyrdom, death — such was the price of the fertile seed cast in the furrow of paganism by the valiant workers for the Gospel. That pregnant seed has sprung up. Harvest time is daily nearing, and the season will call for a record number of hands. So we must think of organizing that daring band and have it ready on the field when tolls the harvest bell. Our band must be there, else the enemies of God will launch theirs and will garner the harvest in granaries not the Father's.

Your objections, now — “I can't give myself personally to that wonderful work.” — “Not all of us can board some air-Empress and capture the pagan No Man's Land for God.” Evidently. But that same God asks you, everyone of you, and His request has the force of a Commandment, His Greatest Commandment, that you help your brothers save their souls.

A Spanish nobleman once inquired of St. Peter of Alcantara: “What will become of the world? Things look very bad indeed.” St. Peter answered: “Well now, I have a plan of my own for reforming the world. I am going to begin to reform myself; and you do the same, and there will be *two* reformed.”

You want to save the world? Be a saint. The formula applies here to Catholic Action and mission apostolate as well.

“The less a monk thinks of converting the world, and the more he thinks of converting himself, the more probable will the conversion of the world be,” says Msgr. Hedley, renowned Benedictine monk. However, the assertion holds good not only for the cloistered elite, but in much the same way for mission-minded laity. Let us aim at sanctity day in and day out, and our good example will prove wonderfully contagious. We shall let our light shine, instead of hiding it under a bushel, and our fellowmen will see their way and thus be spared many a fall. Let us become saints, and we shall obtain from God the spiritual and temporal aid so sorely needed by a world heartsick for the solution of its woes. “If you would find our real apostles,” Father Lakeux once said, “seek them behind convent gratings, or among those unassuming souls we daily live beside, and whom we scarcely notice, so humble are their ways, but who, always kneeling in prayer, burn before God as incense.” Why should we not be among those privileged censers, and exhale the fragrance of fervor, of prayer, of charity?

Every Christian soul fired with genuine ambition to do big things for Christ, every Catholic Action advocate, will succeed if they try to sanctify themselves while seeking to halo the foreheads of their neighbors.

Exterior zeal is undoubtedly needed: up-and-doing souls are obviously wanted if we would stir the slumbering to wakefulness. Leaders are the crying need in this our day to goad the faint-hearted and indolent. Still it remains true that the essential condition of a fruitful apostolate will be today, tomorrow and for all time, the personal sanctity of the apostle. Let our heart be inflamed with love of God and of neighbor. Let us become saints and we shall save the world!

Mary and the Missionary

(Continued)

PART TWO

1.- MATER AMABILIS!



Long last the apostle has reached the *land of his youthful dreams*. Mary he found on Departure Day. To her in a moment of indefinable tenderness he addressed the last definitive farewell. Will he meet her here again?

It is related of Father Forcade that, when he landed in Japan, an officer — undoubtedly led by pious curiosity — wanted to learn what the missionary had carried along with him. In the scant baggage his fingers touched two Grammars, a cross and a picture of the Blessed Mother. His cross and the picture of his Mother! His two weapons, his two sources of strength, his twin loves and consolations!

* * *

Missionary, behold your hovel, your home henceforth! Place Mary's sweet image somewhere where your eyes can alight upon it now and then. That table over there will do. Put the picture upon it so you'll remember to remember Mary.

There he stands, looking at her indescribably maternal features, a heart-sprung smile playing about his lips and a hungry caress athrill upon them. Her blessing he receives kneeling ere he sets out on some foolish foray for forlorn human images of his Master Christ.

But when will puny human words render the ardor of his love, and its unfathomable tenderness? There is nothing in his love that savors of unsavory routine. Never! To his mind Mary is not the gilded patroness sketched on banners, not the unsightly caricature (forgive me for using the expression) that so-called pious pictures spread everywhere. In her he loves the ideal of soul-whiteness, of beauty and fortitude, the Queen at once remote and very close, she whom liturgy exalts in enthusiastic praises and God-inspired epithets. In her he loves his All, his Friend, the Consoler ever at his side.

* * *

The bards and troubadours of yore in words of deathless song extolled the service of the Mother of their God, and I, I also, would sing its grandeur! Untiringly I would repeat that Mary is for us the rainbow that breaks through clouds dark and ominous, the rose of Springtime morns, the starry lily beside a crystal brook, God's own exquisite jewel, the conqueror of hearts, the flower of virginity, our Sister and our Mother, the blossomed rose of Paradise, the gracious beauty of Heaven, our heart's Sunday, God's gentle smile upon His children eating the bread of exile in a vale of tears.

I know ahead that all will not understand my words. Some are pitifully parsimonious in their praise of Mary. They hardly dare use, when speaking of her, terms coined by the cream of Catholic theologians and Saints, lest someone cry scandal. However, human respect and missionaries being happily contradictory to the highest degree, we will let them have their say, and will none the less continue to speak of Mary with heart-surged words, words of truth, honey to our mouth and sanctity to our souls.

Man resembles the vine. He must cling somewhere, to someone. Helpless infant vines transplanted by a Gardener Divine on far-off, inhospitable strands, thousands of miles from the loves we cherished, we feel the pressing need, the haunting urge to cling to something. And, happy mortals we! We have something to cleave to — the heart of a Mother! When upon our lips is born that sweet and lilial and

gracious name of Mary, a shaft of sunlight pierces through to gladden our inmost soul, and with joy overflowing our heart we say the sublime prayer of a saintly client of hers: "O Rose of my heart, be a Mother to me!..."

Could we only penetrate to the inner chambers of a missionary heart, what revelations would come to light!

Allow me to quote these touching words from Father Mace, who laid down his life for Christ in Cochin-China:

"O Mary, where would I be now, had you not come into my life? I meet you at every step, O Friend, Mother, Guardian Angel of my soul! Gently your hand guides me onward to a merciful goal. When I stumble, you uphold me; when I fall, you help me rise again; when I go astray, you lead my wandering feet once more in the pathway of truth and right. Good you are to everyone, that I know, but to me you are the very personification of motherly tenderness."

Hearts that love hold no other language.

* * *

What do dauntless hearts, hearts that are rocks of courage, say to Mary?

The same missionary, when he first set foot on the sod that was to be crimsoned with his lifeblood, exclaimed in a transport of holy joy:

"Today, on this land where I shall spend myself unto my dying day, I offer myself to Thee, O my God, through the spotless hands of Mary Immaculate, as Thy victim. O Mary, act with me as a mother with her child, but also as a queen with her soldier!"

Here may be seen, sketched from real life, the ardent heart of the apostle of Christ. What this hero framed in human words all apostles feel intimately and, unconscious to all, whisper to their own soul.

St. Ignatius, bidding farewell to earthly glory and glamor, suspended his sword near Mary's altar and elected her as his Lady and Queen. So now every missionary, soldier by nature and calling, surrenders, I shall not say his sword, for none has he, but his heart to Mary. With love stronger than death itself he will battle and give his all with a smile on his lips.

II. — CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE!

"With a smile on his lips," have I said. By the way, has it ever struck you that in practically every case the missionary is a joy-bringer, and that melancholy and he are irreconcilable enemies?

A writer recently said in praise of one of our eminent missionary bishops:

"He is typical of apostles goaded on by heroic and all-consuming zeal, a zeal which can nevertheless be smiling and cheerful. Missionaries have the serene, valiant and joyous demeanor of men for whom devotedness and courage have become a second nature."

And, honestly, why should we go through life with a gloomy face? God loves hearts that give with a smile. Now, have we not given, have we not sacrificed everything to the last jot and tittle? Are we not seeking, in spite of the old Adam within us who refuses to die, to surrender ourselves to the very last limit? Why, then, should we court melancholy in the service of so mighty a King and so benign a Queen?

Someone, writing on joy, has said that *it is the atmosphere of heroic souls*. I really am at a loss to ascertain just how much of the hero there is in us. But joy, we have provisions of it, always, everywhere, and no matter what happens or may happen!

Let the country of our adoption be wild and untamed, let hardships abound as they will, let thorns beset our pathway and prick our feet as we stagger onward seeking priceless souls, we all bear our own radiant sun within our heart, and that sun knows no eclipse and no setting. Does suffering come, we welcome it with cheerful mien, and pleasantly call it *God's Messenger*, I had almost said, His Sister!

Often enough we wend our way chanting to the echoes our *Ibant gaudentes*, for occasions of bearing reproach for the Name of Jesus are not few and far between and the opportunity of a lifetime. By dint of daily rehearsing the same old refrain: "Why art thou sad, O my soul?" that soul of ours at long last is converted and elects to dwell in the very midst of joy. There it remains, not unlike those mountains whose heights are bathed in light serene, even while tempests rage at their base.

* * *

Doubtless this joy is conditioned by natural or acquired qualities. Be that as it may, it forever remains true that Mary is for every follower of her Divine Son a *Cause of Joy*, and how much more so for us missionaries!

Our heart nestling close to hers expands and feels the urge to spend itself to its dying beat. We know she is the vision beautiful, the spoilt child of the Heavenly Father. He accedes to her every request, and we benefit by the favors countless as the grains of sand her prayer implores for us in our helpless poverty. Have we not experienced long ago that, however great and stately she may be, she spurns not to bend over us, in the guise of an elder sister? Mercifully she looks down upon her poor little brothers exiled in this valley of tears and sorrow. Again, we positively believe that our love for her will never be in vain, and that her love for us vastly outdistances our own.

Experience shows her unceasingly watchful and motherly beside her children. So good, so wonderfully good, so tender is she, that at the mere remembrance of her kindnesses our heart melts in our breast. When pure, ardent love for her fills our heart, we feel as it were a subtle perfume penetrating our life, and a *Cause of Joy* bringing a smile on our lips even when our eyes would weep. A glance at her image is sufficient to alleviate the bitterest pang of pain. High in our heaven that rainbow always sheds its radiance, in spite of the blast and tempest. The very thought of it is sunlight to our heart!

* * *

It goes without saying that one must not rest complacently satisfied with an ordinary devotion to Mary. No, that would scarcely be sufficient. But when one has understood Mary, at least inasmuch as human nature is capable of so doing, one's soul is impregnated with the sweet devotion, and thoughts instinctively revert to her. You have probably read about Ven. Father Cornay, who had been commanded to sing in the presence of his judges in order to obtain a few grains of rice. What do you suppose he sang? Old, familiar, heart-stirring hymns to Mary he had learnt in bygone seminary days!

Thanks be to God and His sweet Mother, we live and we die with a smile on our lips, and the joy of which that smile is the infallible criterion comes down from Heaven itself and passes by the hands of her to whom we pray:

"Be the cause of our joy, O Queen, O Lady, O Mother!"

Whence springs that joy for us apostles? In that unstained, mysterious vision of Mary, brilliant with love and unblemished. Poised between earth to which it grants its blessing, and Heaven which it throws open, that glorious vision showers upon us the rays of its beneficent kindness. In this very kindness lies the motive of our hope, the life of our love and the cause of our joy.

(To be continued)

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Just as in art it is impossible to have a picture with no shadows, so it is impossible to contemplate the brightness of the Resurrection without including in our picture the shadows of Calvary.

Mother Janet Stuart

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

"J. M. J.

"FROM MY CAGE, IN TONG-KING,
January 20, 1861.

"MY DEAREST SISTER, — I wrote, some days ago, a general letter to the family, which I hope has reached you, and in which I gave all the details of my capture and interrogatory. Now, as my last hour is approaching, I want to send you, my darling sister and friend, a special word of love and farewell. For our hearts have been one from our childhood. You have never had a secret from me, nor I from you. When, as a school-boy, I used to leave home for college, it was my little Mélanie who prepared my box, and softened with her tender words the pain of parting. It was you who shared in the sorrows and joys of my college life; it was you who strengthened my vocation for the foreign missions. It was with you, dearest Mélanie, that I passed that solemn night of the 26th of February, 1851, which was our last meeting upon earth, and which we spent in a conversation so full of intimate thoughts and feelings of sympathy and holy hope, that it reminded me of the farewell of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

"And when I crossed the seas, and came to water with sweat and blood this Annamite country, your letters were my strength, my joy, and my consolation. It is then only fair that, in this last hour, your brother should think of you, and send to you a few final words of love and never-dying remembrance. . . . It is midnight. Around my wooden cage I see nothing but banners and long sabres. In one corner of the hall, where my cage is placed, a group of soldiers are playing at cards; another group at 'draughts'. From time to time the sentries strike the hours of night on their drums or 'tom-toms.' About two feet from my cage, a feeble oil-lamp throws a vacillating light on this sheet of Chinese paper and enables me to trace these few lines.

"From day to day I expect my sentence. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be led to execution. Happy death, which conducts me to the portals of eternal life! According to all human probability, I shall be beheaded, — a glorious shame, of which Heaven will be the price! At this news, darling sister, you will shed tears, — but they should be of joy! Think of your brother, bearing in his hand the palm of victory! Only a few short hours, and my soul will quit this earth, will finish her exile, will have done with the fight. I shall mount upwards and reach our own true home. There, in that abode of God's elect, I shall see what the eyes of man cannot imagine; hear harmonies which his ear cannot dream of now; enjoy a happiness which it has never entered into his heart even to conceive!

"But before arriving at all this, the grain of wheat must be ground, — the bunch of grapes must be trodden in the wine-press. May I become only

pure bread and wine, fit for the Master's use! I hope for this, through the mercies of my Saviour and Redeemer, through the protection of His Immaculate Mother. So I venture, while still in the arena and in the midst of the fight, to intone the hymn of triumph, as if I were sure of victory. And you, my dearest sister, I leave you in the field of virtues and good works. Reap a great harvest of these for the eternal life which awaits us both. Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, sweetness, perseverance, and a holy death; and we shall be together, now and forevermore. Good-bye, my Mélanie! Good-bye, my loved sister! Adieu! Your devoted brother,

J. T. Vénard, Missionary Apostolic."

"J. M. J.

"January 20, 1861.

"MY DEAREST HENRY, — I must send you also a few lines of brotherly love and farewell. You were very young when we parted, and a stranger to the world and its pleasures. Ah! the heart of man is too large to be satisfied with the deceptive and passing joys here below, and I know you will not seek happiness where it is not to be found. My dearest Henry, you are now twenty-nine, the age of manhood. Be, then, a man. Do not waste your life in the frivolities of the world. To resist one's evil inclinations, to watch against the snare of the Evil One, and to practise one's religion — is to be really a man; not to do so, is to be less than a man. I write these words to you at a solemn moment. In a few hours — at most, in a few days — I shall be put to death for the faith in Christ Jesus. Yes, my own dear brother, I die with the conviction that you will always love God, as you have loved Him in your childhood. He is the God of your fathers, the God of those who have given you life, the God of your brothers and sister. He is the God whom the greatest intellects humanity has ever known have served, worshipped and adored. He is the great and merciful God, the God who helps us to do right, and keeps us from evil — the God who alone will reward or punish us eternally.

"Read these words often; it is your best friend, your poor brother Theophane, who has written them. I leave to you the care of our dear father and sister. Be a good son and a good brother; a good Christian, in life and in death! Good-bye, dearest brother. Come and meet me in Heaven.

"One who loves you,

"Theophane Vénard, Missionary Apostolic."

(To be continued)



It is Christ the apostle must radiate, not himself; and he will succeed in radiating Christ precisely in so far as he is striving with all the intensity of his being to live the life of Christ, to attain the outlook of Christ, to acquire the spirit of Christ.

Rev. Francis J. Ripley



Letter Excerpts From Our Canton Missionaries

Canton, November 2, 1945

How swiftly time has flown since Peace was proclaimed! After four long and dreary years of anxiety and isolation, life seems awakened anew.

No sooner had we learned, on August 15, that war was over, when we straightway began to lay out wonderful missionary plans for the future. We may now expect new Sisters from Canada, and we dare even hope our dear Reverend Mother will not be long in flying over to us. Airplanes have borne so much mourning on silver wings these past years, that it would only be fit that now those same wings should bring joy and consolation.

Still, things move very slowly, and patience must remain on the daily necessity item list. But our first duty is to thank God that we came through these battle-scarred years unscathed, and that we did not suffer more than we did. We were able all along to live our religious life unhampered and enjoy daily Mass and Holy Communion. Even if a *Magnificat* stressed every line of this letter, we could not yet worthily thank Our Immaculate Mother for her maternal protection when the world seemed crumbling around us. Surely our beloved Sisters prayed for us, and from Heavenly Bliss above our revered Mother Foundress watched over every one of her missionary daughters.

Not all of us, however, lived through these warring years. Our dear Sister St. Stanislas de Kostka ⁽¹⁾ passed away on September 3, a victim of T. B. She died peacefully, like a child falling asleep in its mother's arms. During her illness and in her death she greatly edified us, and we cannot help but envy her happy lot. In July, 1944, Sister Agnes of Jesus ⁽²⁾ also left us for the Homeland eternal. We all missed her more than we can say. The poor lepers and their nursing Sisters especially mourned, as she was Superior at the Shek Lung Leprosarium.

You are doubtless at a loss to know how we managed to feed our large family of 220 orphans plus 20 Sisters during four years of war. Divine Providence wrought in our behalf what we are fond of calling "our little miracles". Alone of all foreigners, we were allowed to carry on our works, just as in time of peace. Protestant missionaries have all been interned or

1. Germaine Gonthier, Montreal.

2. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.



SISTER ST. STANISLAS DE KOSTKA (GERMAINE GONTHIER, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WHO DIED IN CANTON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1945.

repatriated. We like to believe in the very special protection of the thousands of little Holy Childhood angels. Our orphans' prayers also have proved powerful on the Heart of the Heavenly Father, their sole Protector, whose tenderness provides for them always.

Time and again, Japanese officers visited our premises, and our hearts would grow cold with fear and anxiety. To the very end, however, we enjoyed the favor of both Chinese and Japanese authorities.

Every conceivable means was put to account in order to ensure our daily rice. Holy Ghost School closed its doors only on holidays. Classes were crowded and well paid. Our orphans were wonderful of courage and resignation, although obliged to subsist on a scant ten-ounce ration a day. They sewed and knitted for the outside, and even the littlest tots helped. Still, it would have been impossible to make both ends meet without the sympathy of kind-hearted benefactors and continual begging on the part of the Sisters. The orphanage enjoyed a

good reputation, and people showed themselves most generous.

Things were at their worst at the fall of Hong Kong. Thousands upon thousands died on the streets, in the great Fong Pin Hospital and in Government refuges. Our Sisters walked highways and byways, sought out nooks and crannies under bridges and in the ruins of the big Canton fire, where the poor sought refuge to die. Sister St. Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ on her way to and from Shameen School every day, was privileged to regenerate a good number of dying adults and children. Moreover, one of our Chinese virgins gained daily entrance to the Government-held foundling homes, and sealed hundreds of baby brows with the seal which gains admittance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the closing days of April, some Sisters were on their way back from Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home when they saw from a distance a veritable hail of bombs falling upon the city suburbs. It was an awful sight and one which they can scarcely forget. In Fung Tsun garden many pieces of shrapnel and six-inch cartridges were found.

The most stirring event of the whole war was the Japanese invasion of Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home, December 8, 1941. The Sisters were as yet completely ignorant of the opening of war. Sister St. Viateur⁽²⁾ and Sister St. Jean du Calvaire⁽³⁾ were alone on duty in the babies' quarters, when Japanese soldiers strode in ordering them to leave

1. Irene PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

2. Aurore LAPOINTE, Montreal.

3. Doris HAGUE, Montreal.

at once for Shameen. It was 6 A. M., and the others were making their meditation in the chapel. The Pastor, Father Lao, then entered and deemed it safer for the Sisters to do as they were told and leave their convent. He immediately proceeded to take away the ciborium and pyx from the tabernacle. Being unable to consume the great number of remaining Hosts, he asked the Sisters to share a duty which, in less saddening circumstances, would have been very sweet. As Sister St. Jean du Calvaire⁽¹⁾ had her mantle on and held her travelling bag in her hands, Father Lao slipped the empty ciborium in its depths, together with the chalice and pyx, whence he forgot to withdraw the Sacred Host. Praying the God she bore to render her invisible to the enemy, Sister passed by the soldiers, who did not seem to notice, for they let her go on without even questioning her as to her destination. Thus she hied on the Canton road. Meanwhile, other soldiers called at the convent and found out one of the Sisters had gone. "Where is the other Sister?" they queried. "She is gone," answered Sister St. Viateur⁽²⁾. While some went off in pursuit of the fugitive, others tried to coax the Sisters to leave the house in their hands. "I cannot go and leave the children all alone," objected Sister. Those poor little ones! They cried and shrieked and gathered close to their adoptive mother. The officers suddenly grew somewhat more tolerant at the sight of so much distress, and permitted us to remain with our youngsters.

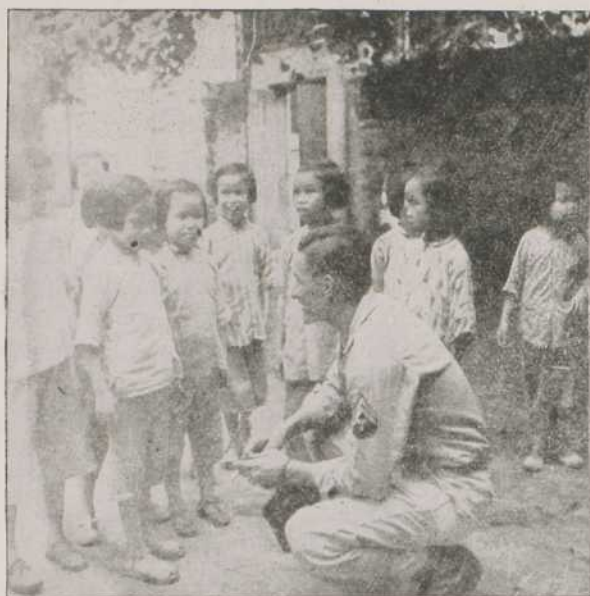
Towards noon, we of Canton also received a visit from the Japanese. Only one request did we make: "Do not tear us away from our children!" They promised and kept their plighted word. They admired our works of mercy and in many a way helped us in the great food problem, that always proved our foremost worry. However, on March 12, 1945, they asked for Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home a second time. Judging



CANTONESE ORPHANS PRAYING TO ST. JOSEPH

1. Doris HAGUE, Montreal.

2. Aurore LAPOINTE, Montreal.



THIS AMERICAN SOLDIER IS READY TO PROTECT
THE CANTONESE ORPHANS

God so willed it, Sister Assistant ⁽¹⁾ surrendered the building, and the orphan children and babies were taken to Canton. The soldiers helped us and the cession was made in the best of terms. After the declaration of peace, on September 14, our guests left us in possession of our convent again. They had set up electrical connections and had added to the furnishings. They kindly agreed to help us move a second time, but their period of liberty having expired, they were unable to help us install everything completely. Catholic American soldiers then came

to our rescue. A good fifteen of them, with laudable Christian kindness, put their trucks at our disposal and personally came to help us settle again. Those fine fighting men have helped us in ways we shall not soon forget. When they left, they kindly gave us the rest of their food supplies. You may be sure we appreciated that charitable gift.

Our Lady of Consolation, Fung Tsun, is always under the conduct of Sister Marie Celina ⁽²⁾. Life has been hard there as well. For a long time the inmates had nothing beyond a six-ounce rice ration a day. Our dear Sisters have taken in the Little Sisters of the Poor and their aged charges, who had been compelled to cede their establishment to Japanese authorities.

* * *

Although it seemed altogether impossible, our Sister have kept the leprosarium at Shek Lung. The poor lepers were reduced to a four-ounce rice ration a day for several months. In January last, Sister St. Raphael ⁽³⁾, who had attempted a trip in the interests of the leper colony, had a narrow escape from a very gruesome death.

It was January 15. Along with Moui Kwai, Chinese lady of Shek Lung, Sister had boarded one of the several junks making the trip to Canton. The small squadron had crossed Shek Lung River and was all but ready to enter the sea, when the crew of a gunboat that happened to be among the junks noticed a few planes going by and began firing in their direction. Imagine the death-dealing missiles that rained down upon the junks! A

1. Sister MARIE IMMACULEE (Alice Vanchestein, St. Michel de Napierville).

2. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, P. Q.

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

great number of passengers perished and several were wounded. Sister St. Raphael and her companion were the last to leave their junk. But someone yelled: "Fire! Fire!" and both thought it better to try swimming ashore to safety. Claspings each other's hand, they executed movements similar to the evolutions of regular swimmers, and thus reached the shore without further mishap. They were congratulating themselves on being securely out of danger, when the poor Sister felt herself caught in the treacherous clay. Frantic efforts on the part of Moui Kwai proved unavailing. Then they began to cry in distress and thus attracted the attention of a pirate band, that had seized the bombed junks after the planes had been lost to sight. The pirate leader came and took Sister's cloak and glasses, then went his way unconcernedly. Another boat drew close to the two victims. Moui Kwai implored the owners to save the *Cou neung* of the lepers. "Is she a Christian?" someone asked. "Yes, she is!" faltered the devoted Chinese woman. "Then we shall do our best to save her." They set about to rescuing her from her sorry plight, but were just as unsuccessful as Moui Kwai had been. More than one of the pirate band was already thinking of giving up the struggle, when a certain fellow, who had not said a word, came forward and protested. "No, she's a *cow yow* (Catholic). We must save her!" Desperately Sister clung to one of the boats. She suggested that they try pulling her by the feet. They did so, with success this time, and let her fall in the boat in the midst of a cargo of geese and pigs. Quite naturally, the three interminable hours of suspense and agony in the clay had lowered Sister's resistance, and she found the journey of an hour and a half back to safety most distressing. It was very windy and cold, a regular winter day such as Canton knows, and she shivered in her clammy garments. When they reached the shore, she was unable to walk. The gentlemen of the highway then placed her on a thick plank and carried her to their village. There the inevitable happened: they divided their plunder of the day among themselves. Several pieces of Sister's clothing thus became the property of the acknowledged bandit regiment. Being now without her cloak and short mantle, she was able, rather uncertainly as may be supposed, to trudge along with two elderly women acting as her charitable Samaritans. They led her to her rescuer's house and took care of her. Two long days she passed in this robber's den, beneath the roof of this twentieth-century Dismas, whose family numbered all of twenty persons.

But thoughts of her beloved lepers waiting and longing for her kept reverting to Sister's anxious mind. She too longed and yearned to be with them. Finally, on the morning of the 18th, her rescuer hired a light boat for the crossing back to Shek Lung. Mr. Ny, who had saved her, with one of his wives and another person appointed by the pirates most probably to ascertain whether husband and wife would get a handsome reward, accompanied Sister St. Raphael and her companion. It was almost five o'clock when they reached the leprosarium. Ever since tidings had trickled through of the accident, the lepers had been expecting the return of the junks. It was an indescribably happy moment when their devoted hospi-

taller rejoined them. A Lurn, their leader, assembled all his crowd together to thank the pirates for having saved their adoptive mother. He fell on his knees before them and in the name of his fellows expressed his deep gratitude in return for their kind deed.

It was probably Mrs. Ny's first visit to the grave land of Shek Lung, as someone has described our leper asylum. At sight of the broken leper bodies, whose condition challenges all description, her compassionate heart melted. She asked to withdraw into the parlor, and there let her tears flow freely. Being then acquainted with the utter indigency reigning in this abode of misery and death, she immediately set to seeking out addresses of persons who could help tide the leper personnel over the trying period they were experiencing. Our charges wrote a letter of thanks to the pirates and offered Mr. and Mrs. Ny a modest sum obtained through unaccountable economy on their own part. The couple generously refused to accept the fruit of such superhuman sacrifices. Before leaving the leprosarium, they invited Sister St. Raphael to pay them a visit on their island of Ma Tchung. Who knows whether this act of charity will not win for these disciples of the wayward Dismas the unpriced boon of eternal salvation!

* * *

TSUNGMING AND SUCHOW

A touching permission of Divine Providence has enabled our beloved Sisters missioned in Tsungming to remain on their island home all through the last trying years of war. While bombing raids were bringing death and desolation in so many other sections, in Tsungming our missionaries were allowed to pursue their works of mercy and that, in comparative peacetime tranquillity and quiet. They have even been able to expand their scope of action, and have opened a new dispensary at Keao Tsa Tcha. Patients were never a lacking element, and the Sisters filled in every minute from early dawn till late into the evening.

The last years have been saddened by two sorrowful passings: that of Sister Marie d'Ephese⁽¹⁾ and that of Sister Marie de Sion⁽²⁾. The former was called to God almost unforwarned on August 7, 1942; while the latter passed peacefully away on November 24, 1943, following several months of unrelenting illness.

The glorious but strenuous task of ministering to sick bodies and consoling burdened souls thus fell more heavily on the remaining band of six carrying on in the Tsungming mission field. As may be expected, healths are not what they should be. We hope God will soon provide us with means of going to the rescue of our Missionary Sisters there.

Our Suchow missionaries were interned on November 15, 1943, at Zi-Ka-Wei, Shanghai, in the convent of the Reverend Sisters Helpers of Holy Souls. Until that date, they had in no way been molested and even enjoyed the favor of the Japanese authorities.

1. Jeannette LUNEAU, Princeville, P. Q.

2. Florida RAVARY, St. Clet, Soulanges Co., P. Q.

Internment days with their unending litany of anxieties and hardships were brightened in no small way for our Sisters by the kindness and delicate attentions lavished upon them by their devoted religious hostesses. There they remained until August, 1945. The fraternal charity that united the members of the six different Congregations centred at Zi-Ka-Wei also contributed in taking the bitterness out of the trials of internment days and months.

Soon after peace was signed, our Sisters of Suchow returned to their Mission, where they are continuing their apostolic works. The treatment of patients at the dispensary keeps them active from morning till night.

* * *

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

War Events on the Manila Mission Front

DECLARATION OF HOSTILITIES

Early dawn of December 8, 1941 found us kneeling in our little convent chapel joyfully renewing our blessed vows. But the day begun so peacefully was fated to end in fearful anxiety. The storm clouds of war, which had been gathering for months, had burst at last in all their pent-up fury. The San Francisco radio broadcasted to the world the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and the panic-stricken population of Manila prepared to evacuate the city.

Noon brought President Quezon's order to have all schools closed, and urging the people to leave Manila and seek safety in country places far removed from the Capital.

In the harbor, the American liner *President Grant* lay at anchor since December 4. Towards 5 P. M. on December 8, the passengers, among whom numbered seventeen Canadian missionaries en route for India, were ordered ashore, there to try and secure lodgings for the duration. As Canadians, we were very happy to offer the hospitality of our humble convent home to four Holy Cross Sisters, fully resolved as we were to do our utmost to alleviate their sad plight by the cordiality of our reception. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and another Sister set out to bring to the Immaculate Conception Academy these four stranded missionaries, who were to share our life all through the war.

Around 2.30 A. M. on the same night, the piercing wail of the siren sent us, in complete obscurity, groping down the stairs to the chapel. Kneeling before the altar, we started weaving 'round endangered lives the powerful links of the Rosary. It was nearly 4 A.M. when the all-clear signal sounded.

During the two weeks which followed, enemy bombers were frequent visitors, coming mostly always at noontime, although they sometimes called at night. As soon as the siren gave warning, the two Communities would gather on the ground floor, pleading with Mary Immaculate for aid and

1. Sister ST. PIERRE CLAVER (Adee Hebert, St. Cyprien de Napierville).

protection. A guard of honor was organized, and from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. two Sisters took turns reciting the Rosary.

The Holy Cross Sisters soon got used to their new life, and formed but one heart and soul with the daughters of Heaven's Immaculate Queen.

On December 23, upon request of an American Colonel in charge of the hospital organization in Manila, Sisters Marie Angelina⁽¹⁾, St. Joseph de Bethleem⁽²⁾, St. Gabriel⁽³⁾ and St. Christophe⁽⁴⁾ left for New Manila, in the northern part of the city, to help in the setting up of a new military hospital on the premises of the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres.

Christmas Eve came, and it proved impossible to have Midnight Mass. However, the Sisters who had been awakened by the siren's mournful cry mingled their Aves with the melody of old-time Christmas carols. On Christmas Day, the attacks were so repeated and furious, and our losses so great, that Manila was declared an open city. On the same night, our four companions who had been assigned to the military hospital returned to our convent. For the first time, we began to have an inkling that events might not be favorable to us, and that the fighting might be prolonged. Some time later, it was announced that the Japanese Army would occupy Manila in the first days of January. At this unwelcome news, women and young girls, terror-stricken, began to seek refuge in places they thought most secure. Ten Chinese ladies begged us to allow them to stay in our convent. The Red Cross also requested that we take in some children and a few women whose American husbands were on the crew of submarines.

At 2 P. M. on December 27, enemy bombers rained destruction on that part of *Intramuros* (walled city) which stood directly opposite our convent. Hearts rent with sorrow, we stood, helpless spectators, as fire destroyed the ancient and magnificent Santo Domingo Church dear to the Filipinos. Erected by Spaniards towards the middle of the sixteenth century, this church contained treasures of great value, statues and vestments extraordinarily rich and beautiful, brought here in remote times. The most venerable of its treasures was the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Rosary, adorned with rare jewels worth millions of pesos and clad in rich robes of gold and silver cloth, silk and velvet. (Statues in the Philippines are dressed according to different liturgical feasts.) Inspired doubtless by the Madonna herself, the Prior of the Dominicans who were in charge of the noble pile had but lately placed the statue in a more accessible part of the church, whence it could easily be removed in case of danger. While the fire was raging, one of the Fathers succeeded in rescuing the beloved statue. It now occupies a splendid niche above the main altar of the church in Santo Tomas Seminary. Three convents of Spanish nuns were also burned to the ground that day and the following.

The last days of December, 1941 were dark and mournful ones indeed. In the south-western part of the city, thick columns of black smoke rose to considerable heights, where fires had been set to destroy all that might be

1. Marie Anne DONOVAN, Glen Roy, Ont.

2. Yvonne ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton.

3. Brigitte AUGER, Les Ecureuils, P. Q.

4. Marie Alice HOUE, Arthabaskaville, P. Q.

of use to the invaders. Unfortunately, gasoline reserves spread all over the Pasig River, which cuts the city in two. A lighted match carelessly tossed over its surface caused still another terrible fire. It was nothing short of terrifying to see the sheets of multicolored flames rising in the darkness of the night.

THE JAPANESE ENTER MANILA

Our holy hour of New Year's, 1942 was made more fervently than ever. We deeply felt the need of thanking God for His numberless graces, and of seeking from Him aid and protection for the darksome future looming ahead. As the Japanese in ever increasing numbers were marching into Manila, we were notified in the forenoon to leave our convent and accept the proffered hospitality of the Holy Ghost Sisters, of German nationality. We hurriedly packed and left, but had no sooner reached destination when a phone call told us to go back to our own convent, as Rev. Father Hurley, S. J., Sup., had obtained that a German Father be stationed with us for our protection. Our departure had been a heart-rending sacrifice, and it was joyfully that we set out for home. How gratefully we thanked God and the good Jesuit Fathers, whose solicitude for our welfare has been most touching!



MANILA CATHEDRAL AFTER BOMBING RAIDS

January 2 saw the invaders taking possession of Manila without much ado. Police officers had been disarmed, and their only remaining weapon being a wooden stick, looters took advantage and many a fortune changed masters that fateful night.

The next day, Japanese officers and soldiers came to look over our property. They took down our names and placed conspicuous seals bearing these words on the inside and outside walls: "Order of the Imperial Japanese Army. These premises have been seized as being hostile or supposedly hostile properties. Whoever shall trespass will be severely punished according to military law. The Supreme Commander of the Japanese Army."

Sadly we closed to its 500 Chinese pupils the doors of our Academy, which had cost us long and strenuous labors. We were allowed to go out for urgent visits only: to church, to the doctor's, or the city market. We were privileged in having Mass in our own chapel every morning. Later on we were forced to wear a red arm-band proclaiming our nationality whenever we went outside.

Easter, 1942 was saddened by the news of the fall of Bataan.

WORKS OF APOSTOLATE

With the close of April, out-of-door Catechism classes for the poor children of the vicinity were discreetly launched. More than once our attention had already been drawn to the ragged children who clambered over the ruins of our walls to romp and play on our spacious grounds. Surely their souls must be as unkempt as their bodies, thought we. How could they, living in doubtful surroundings, learn of what is noble and beautiful? Since the beginning of the war had brought about the closing of all schools, the children ran wild all over the city. Nothing daunted by repeated warnings not to come near our house, they continued to scale our walls. One evening, one of the Sisters decided to join in the fun. She was deep in conversation with four tousled-headed urchins, when turning round she found herself surrounded by a whole crowd of bright-eyed youngsters, girls and boys with scanty clothes and grimy faces, calling her *Madre*. (Spanish name meaning mother, by which Sisters here are generally addressed.) They were all of school age, and could speak English a little. When they heard Sister addressing them in their own *Tagalog* dialect, the last remnants of shyness soon wore off and friendships were sealed. Permission secured, it was decided to hold our Catechism classes after supper on the convent grounds. Large flat stones served as seats. The welcome news was soon circulated, and the pupils became so numerous that two more teachers were assigned. The Holy Cross Sisters also took part in this apostolic venture, which had happy results, for grown-ups also joined the group. We counted as many as fifty to sixty persons, ranging from five to



SISTER ST. JOSEPH DE BETHLEEM (YVONNE ROU-
THIER, ST. PIERRE DE BROUGHTON), MISSIONARY
SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA
AND SISTER ST. MARIE DE ST. ANNE CELINE, C.
S.C., DURING CATECHISM COURSES IN THE OPEN.

twenty years. Fathers and mothers also came with babes in arms. All wanted to make the most of this opportunity and get instructed in the Faith. Many were thus prepared for Baptism, Confession, First Communion and Confirmation. It was not all easy work, but with God's help and Our Lady's blessing the results were quite consoling. Rev. Father Mathias, S. V. D., who held final exams, was both surprised and happy. There were several ceremonies of Baptism, Communion and Confessions of children and even adults. Among the latter, many had their marriage regularized. Many of our older pupils became apostles in turn and taught Catechism to the little tots.

To this work of spiritual mercy we were soon able to add another and a not less necessary one, that of a Catholic dispensary. Physical misery reigned as supremely as did moral distress. The

Holy Cross Fathers and Sisters generously gave us free access to their precious cases of medical supplies. Added to our own scant provision, these enabled our nursing Sisters to treat all and sundry ailments, from a slight cut on the finger to the most horrible of all contagious running sores. We were helped in many ways by Dr. Tee Han Kee, who was to be later assassinated in June, 1943. Treatments numbered 200 and sometimes much over that daily. The needy sick streamed in from everywhere. Always they proved most grateful for anything that was done for them, which at times was sorrowfully too little. Thus did weeks and months roll on, rather rapidly too, for no one found time to relax. Some of the Sisters were entrusted with the children confided to our care by the Red Cross. All were the offspring of soldiers or marines married to Chinese women.

Courses in English, music and drawing were given, along with lessons in Christian Doctrine. Naturally, the latter held first place in the miscellany of subjects taught.

Nothing out of the common marked the last months of 1942. All the following year, 1943, we anxiously longed for liberation by the Americans. Meanwhile, the victorious army had set up quarters in almost all the city establishments: colleges, universities, hospitals, club houses, theatres, etc. Now and then the leaders came to inspect our building with the purpose of billeting their soldiers.

But Our Blessed Mother and our protector St. Joseph closely sentinelled our premises as well. It happened one day that a few senior officers put up an appearance while we were at chapel for spiritual exercises. "We are going to occupy the right wing of your house and want to inspect it," explained one. It so happened, too, that at that very moment, as Providence would have it, we were singing a hymn in praise of St. Joseph. That best of fathers did not fail to heed our supplication. While the self-invited visitors were peeping into every nook of the building, two robust rodents suddenly popped up from the rice provision room, leaped ahead of the "noble company" and fled as fast as their legs would bear them, to seek security in the garden. "This won't do!" clamored the Japanese gentlemen. (The Japanese dread rats, as being bearers of microbes.) Thus were we spared for the time being.

Not a day passed without bringing us additional worries as to food. Prices were gradually rising skyhigh. The Sisters cleared up the convent grounds as best they could, and at great pains were able to cultivate a sparse quantity of vegetables for the table.

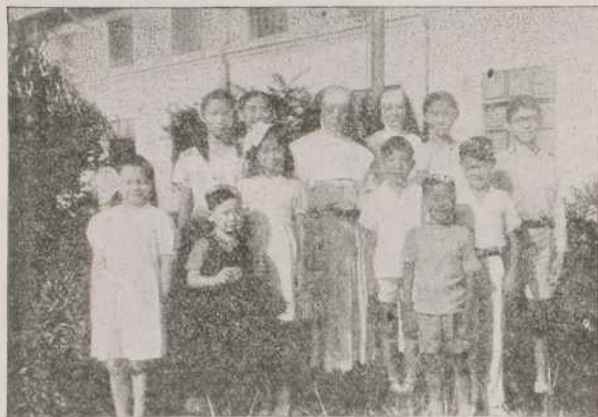


TAKING HIS LITTLE SISTER
TO THE DISPENSARY

OUR COMMUNITY IN MOURNING

For dear Sister St. Maurice⁽¹⁾, life's little day came to its close gently at seven o'clock on the evening of June 17, 1943. Hers had been a long and painful illness, but she was able to rise until the last day that was to usher her into bliss eternal.

Sister had been missioned to Manila back in the summer of 1936, and set foot on her promised land on October 12 of that year. As she spoke



SISTER ST. PIERRE CLAVER (ADEE HEBERT, ST. CYPRIEN DE NAPIERVILLE), SISTER ANNE MARIE (ANNE MARIE TESSIER, OTTAWA), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA, WITH A FEW SINO-AMERICAN CHILDREN SHELTERED IN THEIR CONVENT.

English fluently, she took up further studies at St. Scholastica's College, and later capably conducted our Immaculate Conception Academy. Her winning ways endeared her to teachers and pupils alike. The last two years her health had been gradually failing. She experienced the terrific bombing attacks of 1941, and apparently bore under the strain satisfactorily for one in her condition. When came the retreat exercises in 1942

she wanted to follow them with the others. She would come down unaided and lie on a couch outside the chapel. Exercises over, the nursing Sisters would help her to her room again. She had planned on a similar procedure for the following year, but God deemed her desires sufficient. Always she had seemed afraid to step into the great unknown beyond this life, and we anxiously pondered on how best to make her sense the coming of the Divine Bridegroom, that could not long be delayed. Rev. Father Murphy, C. S. C., was our retreat master that year. Sister Superior invited him to call on our little Sister and break the news of the approaching Homeward summons. Kind Father Murphy, whose calmness and gentleness we well knew, was aptly qualified for a timid nature like our beloved companion's. Joyfully she consented to receiving the Sacrament of the dying. "I'm so glad to die now," she murmured with a faint smile. "I feel so pure." But she had not yet reached the last station of her Sorrowful Way. Unforgiving T.B. became generalized and she suffered in every limb. Always she remained as we had known her, gentle, patient, resigned and fervent. Obediently she accepted medicine or food to keep as much vitality as possible. On the very evening of her death she took a light supper at about six o'clock. Suddenly she felt an acute pain in the stomach. Calling Sister Superior⁽²⁾: "I think I am going to die," she faltered. "Is it not so?" — "Yes,"

1. Juliette SIMONEAU, Gardner, Mass.

2. Sister ST. PIERRE CLAVER (Adee Hebert, St. Cyprien de Napierville).

answered Sister Superior. "Would you like it if we said the *Magnificat* together to thank God for all the graces He has granted you, especially the grace of your missionary vocation?" — "Yes," answered the dying Sister. With her Heavenly Mother's exultant hymn of gratitude on her lips, the tried and true missionary passed on to the Master for whom she had left all things. She died as she had lived, unnoticed, a burden to none. Her loving Spouse had wished to spare her the anxieties and sufferings of internment months, which would have been too much for her frail constitution, though not for her ardent and generous nature.

JAPANESE REPRISALS

Since the opening of the occupation regime, the Japanese had showed exceptional severity. Military law, a new experience for everybody, revealed blood-curdling sidelines. Frequent arrests made everyone fear for his own safety, and the recital of unprintable tortures inflicted in the all-too-famous Fort Santiago counselled scrupulous circumspection.

Some time in April, 1943, Mrs. Jurika, a distinguished and influential lady of American descent, inquired whether we would accept her as a boarder. Sister Superior considered the matter and politely refused to harbor the visitor, fearing that serious complications might ensue. She alleged our poverty and stated how our particular religious rules forbade us to receive boarders in our convents. Mrs. Jurika returned to the charge the same evening. She had gone to plead her cause at the Archbishop's Residence, and the outcome of it was that the Archbishop had asked us to acquiesce in the request, saying the lady was ill and would be grateful for anything we could do for her. Despite forebodings none too rosy, we granted the favor besought.

Days wore off and our boarder lived peacefully and so did we. She had been with us about two months when she decided to go to the hospital for a second cancer operation. There she met an American nurse who was actively working for the guerilleros (non-mobilized Filipino soldiers). The two friends goaded each other on to still more intense activity, and finally agreed to launch a propaganda paper for the benefit of the association. Mrs. Jurika, a professional writer, took over the management of the new venture. Her hospital days did her a good amount of good. She came back to us even more zealous for the cause of the soldiers hiding in the mountains. All her friends became interested in the affair, and considerable sums of money were raised in ways we know not for the support of the Filipino soldiers.

Then things began to happen. Number three of the famous publication was still in the press room when the tide turned. In the dead of night military police agents called on Mrs. Stag, the wife of a Protestant clergyman. Following the customary questionnaire, they brought to light the list of contributions towards the welfare of the guerilleros. A boon discovery that was! Without further ado the all-too-charitable lady and her seventeen-year-old son were locked in Fort Santiago. (A jail dating from the Spanish occupation, with dungeons and underground traps through which bodies

can be secretly cast into the river.) There all imaginable and unimaginable tortures were resorted to, so the enemy could discover and do away with potential spies or secret propagandists.

While all was wrapped in silence and sleep, at two in the morning of February 1, sudden sinister commotion brought us back to wakefulness. The dogs fairly barked their head off, men yelled, doors yielded to pressure, and in less time than needed to describe the event, Japanese soldiers, bayonets in hands and meaning business, were scattered all over the building, crying out: "Jurika! Jurika!" They wanted our boarder! What a terrible awakening! The poor lady prepared to follow the agents, who meanwhile plundered all they chanced to see.

Two days passed. At about the same hour in the night, a second edition of the previous arrest was made. This time they wanted dear Sister St. Louis de Gonzague⁽¹⁾. Sister Superior objected to her being arrested, assuring she had had no hand in the whole affair. "We shall see about that," replied the soldiers. "If she tells the truth, we shall bring her back right away." Sister Superior then frantically offered to accompany the would-be prisoner, or have someone do so in her place. "No use," retorted they. "She will be left alone in a cell, and what would we do with the other? They won't be able to stay together."

So we had to be resigned to the inevitable. Our beloved Sister had to go, trusting to God and Our Mother in Heaven. Thirteen long months fraught with anxiety were to elapse before her happy return in our midst, after the arrival of the American Armies in the city. When Sister climbed into the military truck, she found there the Archbishop's Secretary. A similar tragic scene had been enacted at the Archbishop's Residence.

No words of ours could adequately convey the heart-rending anxiety, the sorrow and suffering of those interminable months. Hourly, by day and night, fervent prayers sought to alleviate the lot of the lonely prisoner.

Towards the middle of the following month we had another visit from the Nipponese. This time they intended to question Sister Marie des Lis⁽²⁾ concerning papers that belonged to Mrs. Jurika. Wishing to make sure of the sincerity of her answers, they advised Sister to go to chapel and ask her God to inspire her. A good counsel both for Sister and the soldiers, surely, for while she prayed they decided to go off, and the grateful little Sister stayed with us. A few days later, February 26, a military automobile stopped in front of the Academy and asked for Sister Superior and Sister Marie des Lis. This was the bitterest pang of all, the trial of trials, but all we could do was to bow and submit. After a short and sad farewell our dear Sisters left, casting a loving and confident glance towards the Eucharistic Prisoner. Fifteen minutes later, they were at Fort Santiago.

They were firstly led in front of a window, the panes of which were all covered over with paper, excepting two awkward holes to permit one of our neighbors who had recently been arrested, a young man of the name of

1. Anna GIRARD, Claremont, N. H.

2. Irene PINSONNEAULT, St. Michel de Napierville, P. Q.

Talusig, to identify them. Judge of their surprise when in a window near by they saw Sister St. Louis de Gonzague and Mrs. Jurika! Not a word could be exchanged, however, and prudence deemed it advisable not to give any exterior mark of recognition. The two new prisoners were then escorted to the head office and bidden to be seated, the one on a chair in a corner of the room, and her companion in the very opposite corner, on a bench so placed as would not allow them to exchange a word nor even a sign. A short time later, one of the employes came and crouched down in front of the chair, then another. The latter had made his First Communion only that morning. Following exhausting interrogations and ill-treatment inflicted throughout three months, the poor young man ended his days in Muntinglupa, a victim of hunger and dysentery. The former was released three weeks after his arrest. Young Talusig and a brother of his were condemned to thirty years in jail. Both died, as did the majority of prisoners, from hunger and dysentery.

Two hours after the arrival of our Sisters in the prison, they were called to register their names and addresses. Their pockets were relieved of their contents, with the exception of the only towel they had been allowed to take along. Then our two prisoners were politely bidden to their seats again, there to remain until 9.30 P. M. Two young men then came and took them to their respective investigators. That was the last time they were together during their stay at the Fort. Each one, alone with her interpreter, crossed the Fort, then stumbled up a long flight of stairs wrapped in midnight darkness. These stairs opened out on a room whose only furniture consisted of a table, a bench, and an armchair with a cushion. The supposedly guilty Sister was ordered to sit on the bench, while the investigator comfortably ensconced himself in the armchair and the interpreter sat close by. Here the truth, all the truth, had to be spoken. "If you do so," promised the Japanese gentlemen, "you will soon be back home." Thus began the long and tedious questionnaire. They wanted to bring Sister Superior to admit she was the friend of our young neighbor who had been arrested. She vigorously denied the accusation. Next the conversation turned to Mrs. Jurika's famed publication. The prisoner had refused to read copies the writer had offered her. How, then, could she report on the contents? One thing only she knew. The paper had stated that the Japanese stole rice from the Filipinos, and used it at table or even fed their horses on it. The inquisitors seemed satisfied with her answer, and asked her opinion on the article in question. "I thought it wasn't prudent to write such things," she told them. "It could only cause trouble." When Sister Superior admitted she had destroyed the publication, so nobody would come upon it, they beamed satisfaction a second time and did not molest her further. Once they tried to test her feelings with regard to the Japanese. "Since I must tell the truth," she answered, "I will frankly admit that I loved you much more before my incarceration. Until then I felt at ease to deal with you, but now I am afraid." There was a tinge of sympathy in their voices as they rejoined: "We know you are not guilty, but we have arrested you to obtain information." The two prisoners were then led to their cells.

Forced fasting, mortification under all its forms, anxiety, ignorance of what the future would bring, tortures and inhuman treatments in many cases — such was the daily bread of the unfortunates-to-be-pitied who crossed the threshold of Fort Santiago.

Two hundred persons had been arrested in February. Fifteen of these, considered guiltier than the others, were transferred to Bilibid local jail. Two days later, a good hundred others followed them there. They were led in the presence of the judges and some were sentenced to thirty years of hard labor. (These prisoners disappeared at the approach of the American Army.) Others were condemned to fifteen, twelve, ten, or two years. Those about to be liberated were allowed to spend a few hours in the garden every day in order to recoup a few ounces of energy. It so happened for Sister Superior, who, following a last series of questions, was freed on May 25. As we had had no news of her homecoming, she had to leave alone and on foot. You can readily imagine what an experience that was, considering her great weakness from lack of food and proper living conditions. Seventy minutes of weary trudging, and she arrived at the convent door. Words would fail us if we endeavored to describe our joy; but it was not altogether complete, for two of the religious family were still missing.

A phone call came from the military police department, Bilibid, two days after Sister Superior's arrival. We were asked to send some *Calcium* and tonics to Sister St. Louis de Gonzague. The medicine was immediately forwarded, along with a box for each of the two prisoners. The food sent was faithfully given to the Sisters, but they had to dispose of it speedily.

INTERMENT

It was July 7, 1944. Ten well-armed soldiers rapped at our convent door, asking to see the Community in the parlor. There the head officer solemnly read the Imperial rescript ordering military authorities to intern all missionaries of the enemy nations, and that as early as the morrow, July 8.

Sister Superior inquired whether a delay could be granted, as we had important matters to settle. But the interpreter answered negatively. We were expected to be ready the next morning by 9 A. M. Permission was given to take along our complete bedding, our clothes, a few books and remedies, provided those sundry items could be contained in the two hand valises each one would be allowed to carry. As we did not have enough valises at hand and lacked time to get additional ones, we thought of using our mattress covers, sheets and cell-curtains as wrappers. The curtains especially proved a fortune later, sheltering us as they did from all indiscreet eyes. Dear Sister St. Mathieu⁽¹⁾ felt providentially inspired to take two hammers, some nails and pincers, which filled many functions in the Camp and were appreciated by Sisters and Fathers alike. Mutual exchanges of hammers and nails for thread and needles brought by the priests helped out of many difficulties and minor catastrophes.

1. Agnes GUENETTE, St. Anne des Plaines.

Already at sunrise we were busy with our preparations for the exodus. As usual, a Benedictine Father said Mass in our chapel. Never shall we forget that last Sacrificial Offering! There we knelt at the communion rail for the last time, and looked on while the little golden door was closed on an empty tabernacle. We were going, and so was our beloved Lord and Master! He willed this cruel departure for reasons of His own, and we blessed His all-loving designs.

Towards 8.30, a group of soldiers came to inspect our convent, marked the items they intended to make theirs, and announced they would set up quarters when we would have gone. Meanwhile, the S. V. D. Fathers, who had to cede their Christ the King Novitiate, obtained, after interminable parleys with the Japanese leaders, to take over our building. The news restored our spirits somewhat.

All were ready by 9 o'clock, but the trucks had not come. Around 11.15 one arrived, soon followed by another, for the valises and parcels. The third drove in at noon for the Sisters. Thick hangings hid us from the public eye. Sad at heart, in dread as to our future fate, we intoned in a low voice a hymn to Our Blessed Mother, followed by the sweet strains of the *Salve Regina*. Surely the best of mothers would not fail her confident children in their hour of trial!

So we rode on to Santo Tomas, onetime flourishing university, but for the last three years internment quarters for over 8,000 internees. The latest comers of July 8 numbered almost 500. All were missionaries, priests, Brothers, or Sisters. Baggage inspections over, we were told to take a plate, cup and spoon and wait our turn for dinner. We took our royal meal — a portion of rice and a banana — sitting on a mat laid out on the floor of a gymnasium balcony. That meal will forever rank among our choice remembrances! While Protestant clergymen and their families occupied the nave, to the right were venerable Jesuit, Dominican, Redemptorist Fathers, and still others, all veterans in the Missionary Army of Christ. A little farther, Sisters of all the Missionary Communities established in Manila were gathered.

Thus began Camp life for us. What sufferings it had in store! Our masters had their worries as well, and not the least was the roll-call. Try to make up the list and count all the new captures of the day to the very last! An American offered to replace the crestfallen officers, and so we were allowed to go off and try to sleep on our floor mats, without any pillows and mosquito nets. It was ten o'clock. Four hours later rang the rising call. We breakfasted on a slice of corn bread and an egg. The Santo Tomas internees had sacrificed their egg ration for their companions in misery. Complicated as the evening's had been was the morning roll-call. Then in pitch darkness and drizzling rain we climbed into military trucks destined for Tutuban Station, where we boarded the train.

We easily guessed our destination — Los Banos, thirty-six miles south of Manila. There at the station we were counted once, counted twice, then back to trucks for the last "home stretch". Twenty minutes later we had reached the Camp established by our "noble masters" on the grounds of

the Agricultural College. The place was surrounded by tall mountains, on the heights of which stood pleasant bungalows owned by the professors.

Luggage having been cast all together in a field, it was not easy to find out which was which, and take the whole to the barracks constructed for the internees. No tables nor benches were there. So the next best—we took our dinner three hours late on the bare floor.

CAMP LIFE

Early the next day a Central Committee was organized to administer the affairs of the Camp. Doctor Tuck, Director of the Protestant Seminary of Manila, was appointed President. Assistants were: the Rev. Fathers Burns, S. J., Taylor, C. SS. R., and Caine, O. P. Sister Redempta, of the Maryknoll Sisters, was chosen as representative of the religious Congregations of women. Moreover, each barrack had its own monitor to represent its members in the drawing up of the laws required for the proper management of the Camp. However, every decision had to obtain the Nipponese stamp of approval. All matters were exposed by the Central Committee. The latter, either by itself or its monitors, transmitted the Japanese orders. Permission was conceded to alter one of the barracks into a temporary chapel. One half served as central chapel, and the other was reserved for side altars, at which from 130 to 140 Masses were said every morning. As early as July 16, we were able to keep the Blessed Sacrament day and night. Rev. Father Reight, S. J., parish priest of Dansalan, Mindanao, filled the function of sexton. Poverty like Bethlehem's reigned in the Divine King's abode. The only tabernacle we could offer consisted of an empty suitcase covered with cotton. The tabernacle veil had been cut out of another piece of cotton, and one of the Sisters had painted a cluster of flowers on it. A crucifix was placed against a sheet fixed to the back of the altar, while a blanket served as canopy. Even Hosts and Mass wine had to be rationed. For a certain time the latter was measured with a dropper: fifteen drops for each Mass.

Some time after our arrival at the Camp, His Excellency Msgr. Piani, Apostolic Delegate, named His Excellency Bishop Jurgens, of Tuguegarao, Titular Bishop of Los Banos. On July 19, His Excellency erected the Stations of the Cross in the chapel. These were simply bamboo crosses at first, but holy pictures were added later, representing the various phases of the Passion.

Close to the poor altar of Los Banos sprang up an intense spiritual life that spread peace, goodwill and charity among the internees. All were expected to work at least two hours daily for the common good. Several Sisters saw to the preparation of vegetables; others did general cleaning work, and still others sewed and mended. A sewing circle was organized from the outset, so clothes could live to a ripe old age. When stockings and socks threatened to fall apart, some decided to wear no more, and the remnants were unraveled to serve as thread. Shoemakers soon developed remarkable talents. Presently, shoes of every shade and form graced the "Camp avenues". The favorite was the *bakya*, a sort of sandal made

from a board of planed wood, rounded a little in front and strapped to the foot. Dexterous feet only are safely shod in those. Besides, the wearer must not be a speed fiend, else he had much better get off and move on foot.

Some of our nursing Sisters had been assigned to four hours of duty each day at the Hospital. Their patients were crowded in the Students' Infirmary of the Agricultural College. However, the medical staff, under the efficient control of capable physicians selected among the interneers, was excellent in every way. With a minimum of medicine and surgical instruments, very serious cases were operated on with the maximum of success.

News spread one morning that the denizens of "Vatican City" (name given to the group of Los Banos interneers composed mainly of religious) had leave to go on an excursion for the purpose of gathering wood in the vicinity of the barracks in the lower sections of the Camp. Constructions had been begun and then abandoned, and so our guards consented to our picking up unwanted pieces of wood that could be deftly turned into tables, chairs, etc., — a lacking element in our camp-home. Towards 9 A. M. the following morning, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, men, women and tots, many of them clad in picturesque garments and equipped with the most ridiculous instruments, set out on foot, four in a row, according to Japanese fancy. That morning again we were counted once, counted twice, then escorted as faithfully as any royal excursionist. "You will have three quarters of an hour to take all you like," our guards announced, and warned: "but don't go here — nor there!" All hands toiled with a will. Heavy boards would be a boon for the amateur carpenters, but alas! many hands cannot always make light work, when boards and planks are simply too heavy for backs and arms. Wisdom inspired some Sisters to choose pieces well furnished with nails. When orders came to take to the home trail, everyone was loaded and regretfully had to leave a portion beside the ditch. The kind Fathers and Brothers helped us to dispose our burdens in such a way as would render their transportation easier. The Jesuit scholastics, generous as always, hurried to lay down their loads at the Camp entrance, and hastened back to help some Sisters whose courage had exceeded their strength — Sisters who had brought the heaviest pieces of timber! Protestant bystanders marvelled: "Oh! the brave women!"

That was a grand excursion. The interneers of the lower Camp were astonished beyond words. Had we only had kodaks to register that unforgettable morning outing!

All the following days the deafening bang of hammers rang in the air. Oh, the popularity of our twin hammers during those boom days of carpentry! So popular were they that we had to make appointments: lend them now to one, then to another, then a third, a fourth, and so on. The proprietors did not monopolize them, you may be sure! So one day a table stood on all fours, next day a chair, etc. One of the Sisters who vied with the men in sawing and hammering came to be known as "Sister Carpenter".

We had no bowls nor dishes for cooking meals, except a tin box the Holy Cross Sisters had brought along. It became the general service cauldron wherein sauce and tea and all things good were concocted.

We suffered mainly from lack of food. During the first weeks we had three scanty meals a day, but in October the number was reduced to two. With November began a rigorous fast. Soon 90% of the internees had contracted beriberi. On December 11, while everybody was on the verge of starvation, providential help suddenly arrived. Towards evening, a truck loaded with parcels rode in sight. The news spread like wildfire. Immediately, representatives of all the religious Communities flocked to meet Miss Lulu Reyes, a Catholic young lady well known in Manila. She had obtained permission from the Japanese authorities to bring to the internees the provisions sent for them to the offices of the Chaplains' Aid Association. Miss Reyes was accompanied by her mother and a friend, as also by two Jesuit scholastics and a Dominican Father, the last three being Filipinos. With copious complimentary greetings and gifts to the Commander of our Camp, barriers were brought down and each Community received its allotted share. What a fortune at that critical moment! Among the supplies sent by our charitable friends was a heavy bag of salt — the item completely disappeared from our ration, and yet so necessary for keeping up vital energy. We shared it with the Holy Cross Fathers and Brothers, Rev. Father Geoffroy, M. E., and the Jesuit Fathers always so kind to us.

Christmas came. Bethlehem destitution again, but no clouds of sadness. A Sabbatarian clergyman had lent a pink woollen sheet which served as background for the Crib. Rev. Father Nivard, C. S. C., then added skyblue cotton strips, white sheets and lastly the personages made from clay. Father received no end of compliments upon his fine work.

We were allowed to have Midnight Mass, provided no outsiders caught any lights in our windows. Hymns having not been forbidden, they were sung with heart and voice and soul-deep rejoicing. A good number of Protestants were present and seemed touched at the grand yet simple ceremonies.

Then back to our barracks. But the Holy Cross Sisters had played Santa's part. Neat little gifts, holy pictures, wooden sandals, etc., gaily graced the branches laid on two tables. Not more was needed to awaken appreciative thanks. Our own dear Sister St. Gabriel⁽¹⁾ had prepared dainty steam-cooked cakes — thanks to a scant reserve of flour received on December 11 — along with a light white sauce decorated with grated coconut. Blackout prevailing, we contemplated the dainties by moonlight, and everything was eaten to the last tiny crumb.

AWAITING LIBERATION

Hopes rose high when 1945 stepped into the world. On January 6, in the small hours of the night, rang out a cry of joy: "We are free! They are gone!" — "Gone? Who?" — "Our guards!" — "Why?" Indescribable turmoil followed the startling news. We were told that the Japanese had called the members of the Central Committee, and had given them the keys to the food supply, saying they had orders to join their army and were leaving us free. A liberty programme was immediately drawn up. Hardly

1. Brigitte AUGER, Les Ecureuils, P. Q.

had the sun stirred, when all were invited to hoist up American and British flags to the strains of the national anthems. Then food arrived as by magic. The fairy wand of liberty must have made supplies spring up from nowhere! The truth was that the enemy barracks were being looted. A radio was discovered in one. Thus we learned from San Francisco that our troops had landed in Luzon. Then came the guerilleros to the Camp limits, bringing more news.

Human, fleeting, transient joys! One week later back came the Nipponese Commander with his men at 4 A. M. Those gentlemen were furious over their plundered barracks, and especially over the stolen radio. Fearing deplorable consequences, the Central Committee implored the pillagers to restore their find. However, we kept the rice, and luckily, for the ration of the next weeks bespoke anything but good humor from the part of our guards one and all.

In the last days of January, American planes passed time and again, always making in the same direction. This led us to conclude and hope that our prospective rescuers had landed close by. Japanese nervousness reached its highest pitch. Since the assassination of one of our guards, the body guard had been tripled at the main barriers.

His Excellency Bishop Jurgens, seeing the situation was tense as a wound-up spring, asked a public novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, following the daily Rosary. The spirit indeed was willing and hopeful, but the flesh was weak, healths were in a pitiable condition, and people literally died from hunger.

During the week of February 11, we could see flames reddening the skies in the direction of Manila. We presumed the city had become one mass of fire. In the darkness of the night the scene struck terror in all hearts. Explosions hurled jets of black smoke to considerable heights, while the horizon line lay enveloped in a sea of fire.

Early on the 16th, planes dived and looped between the barracks. They flew so low that the aviators could be distinctly seen. Optimists detected in the five circles they made the promise of liberation in as many days. But three, four, five days passed, and no liberators! We prayed and suffered and hoped on. Meanwhile, it had entered into the minds of the Japanese not to give us any more food. On the 20th they gave us some unshelled rice, the kind that is usually the share of animals, and in a quantity sufficient for two days at most. They said something important would happen after that, and we would no longer need anything. Ardent prayers rose heavenward, and the Aves of the Rosary were continually recited.

As to the Japanese, they set fire to their barracks, supposed to contain a good supply of food.

In the afternoon of February 22, American planes hovered over our Camp and bombed a Japanese garrison to the north-east. We had previously witnessed similar bombings, but they had not lasted long. This raid lasted over an hour, and destroyed cannons, planes and other war engines.

The usual roll-call was not held that evening. The next morning at 7 A. M. we were getting ready for Mass, when suddenly the gong called us

in front of the barracks. All were about to obey the signal, when as suddenly nine planes flew down over the Camp and formed into a V. Then they rose a little towards the east, and tiny black specks could be seen drifting off from them. Our liberators at long last! American parachutists, a good 150 of them, were dropping down from the blue sky in the rising sun! "Americans! Americans!" rang the unanimous joyful exclamation. "Come in! Come in!" rang other cries as vigorous from the neighboring barrack of the Jesuit Fathers. That punctuated the delirious joy and reminded us that the Nipponese might seek to revenge themselves upon us for so importunate a visit. So we stole inside our shelters. In a moment we could hear bullets screaming through the air around our straw walls. Hurriedly we crawled under our beds and began to say the Rosary. The Filipino guerilleros opened the firing as they came down from their mountain hideout, while the Americans landed some 300 feet to the south of the Camp. The Japanese were surprised at their *radio taiso* (gymnastic exercise) and hastily hemmed in. A few attempted to steal away in among the internees, but ran as quickly to rally at the centre of the Camp. There they fell under the bullets of our rescuers.

We were finishing the fifteenth decade of the Rosary, when guerilleros entered our barrack in search of Japanese soldiers. We came out from our shelter and stood face to face with an American aviator, gun in hand, steel helmet on the back of the head. "Are there any more Japs here?" he inquired. We answered no. He then ordered us to pick up a few personal belongings and pack up hastily. "Amphibian tanks will be here in ten minutes to take you to the American Camp," he told us. Meantime, planes continued to circle above the Camp and, as soon as the evacuation signal of a barrack was given, a plane cast an incendiary torch upon the shelter, which was in a few moments reduced to cinders. The first who could leave climbed into the vehicles, and the others walked the three miles that separated them from Cabuyao, Laguna. From there, tanks and trucks led us to Muntinglupa. At 3 P. M. the 2,500 Los Banos internees had reached the American Camp, thanking Our Lord and Our Blessed Lady for having so visibly protected them.

Competent authorities informed us later that documents found in the office of Japanese officials revealed how orders had come from Tokyo to shoot all the internees that very morning at the seven o'clock signal. So we were all going to our deaths when the saving parachutists began to come earthward!

What thanks we owe, under God, to the devoted aviators who saved our lives at the peril of their own! No words can describe the noble, generous and magnanimous character of our liberators, as well as their excessive kindness, calm charity and solicitude for every one of us! Never shall we forget all they have done!

Reaching Muntinglupa, we heard the happy news that our dear Sisters St. Louis de Gonzague ⁽¹⁾ and Marie des Lis ⁽²⁾, incarcerated in the women's jail at Mandaluyong, Rizal, had also been, so to speak, miraculously freed

1. Anna GIRARD, Claremont, N. H.

2. Irene PINSONNEAULT, St. Michel de Napierville, P. Q.



RUINS OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES CHURCH, MANILA

and brought to Santo Tomas Camp by the Americans, who had taken the Camp on February 4.

General MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, on learning of the execution sentence passed on the internees of Santo Tomas, had given orders that the Japanese lines be broken through on a distance of over one hundred miles outside of Manila, to arrive at 11 P. M.

and liberate the internees. Through extraordinary courage and daring, a scant regiment of 800 men occupied the place, after having freed it from its numerous guards, in spite of the 50,000 Nipponese soldiers stationed in Manila. From then on the latter began to beat a retreat, and sought refuge especially in the south of the city.

As we were ending the Novena of Grace, St. Francis Xavier brought back our two beloved prisoners. How joyful the return after long months of anxiety! Our thanks rose towards Heaven and Our Father there, whose paternal concern shielded them through their terrible ordeal.

On April 9, an initial group of repatriates left for the homeland. Among these were the Holy Cross Sisters who had shared our life since December, 1941. Painful was the separation after those years of fraternal intimacy, but our dear travellers left us bearing our most affectionate messages for our beloved families.

On April 19, we left Muntinglupa for Santo Tomas, while waiting for a lodging. The Bishop's Residence and appurtenances having been destroyed, His Excellency had been compelled to occupy the house he had lent us, and in which we had lived since 1939. After fervent prayers, we finally found a temporary home in St. Rita's Hall, vast property belonging to the Knights of Columbus and considerably damaged by bombing attacks.

If suffering was largely meted out to us during those months of internment, it is, however, a cry of gratitude that springs up from the depths of our hearts. For the ever attentive Providence of Our Heavenly Father has always kept faithful vigil. Thanks to God's paternal love, now that the struggle is over, we are all together again, ready to toil beneath the banner of Our Immaculate Mother in the glorious task of the salvation of souls.

*The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Manila*

Let us have in mind, in our prayers and acts of expiation, not only our eternal salvation, but also that of all mankind. — *Pope Pius XI*

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

A BEAUTIFUL SOUL

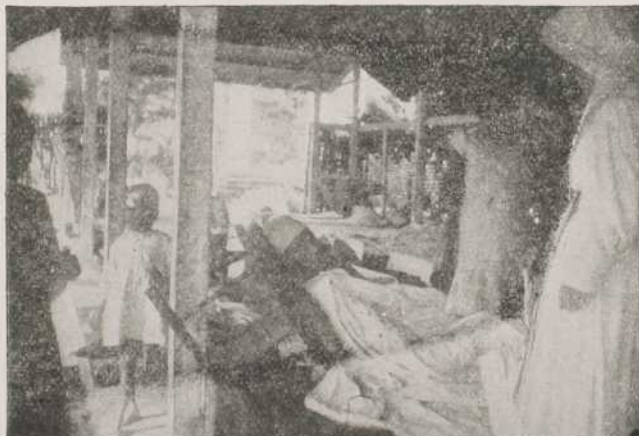
On the eve of Ascension Thursday, May 9, 1945, the Divine Gardener visited the St. Vincent de Paul Refuge, at *Charity, If You Please*, and gently culled a choice blossom whose delicate petals had all but lately unfolded to the radiant sun of divine grace.

For two long years our dear Flavia had been tried and purified in the crucible of suffering. She was fondly called "good Flavia" and all revered her, not surely on account of her advanced years, for she could not be much above forty, but by reason of her unfailing kindness, deeply supernatural spirit and heroic resignation in suffering. All through her painful illness, she unceasingly proved an object of edification for those whose good fortune it was to call upon her. Her miserable body, covered as it was with sores, spread an infectious odor, but from her pure soul rose towards Heaven the fragrance of the most exquisite Christian virtues.

Her limbs, affected one after the other, refused her every service. "God has nailed me to the cross," she would resignedly say. "His will is best; His will is always good for us!" For months upon months, her acute sufferings kept her awake all night. She then spent the interminable hours between sunset and sunrise pressing the tiny cross of her rosary, thus showing her Mother in Heaven how she longed to unite her will with God's, and how deep was her trust in that best of Fathers. "God must help me — I can't do anything myself!" she often murmured. Never did a word of complaint pass her lips. Her drawn features lit up with a benevolent smile whenever anyone drew near.

A young lad had offered to be her nurse. Did it sometimes happen that he would act or speak snappily, she would immediately find an excuse for him. "You go and rest, Andrew. You are very tired, now, and it is all my fault. I have made you lose your sleep. Be off, now, and if I need anything, I'll call the neighbor." Poor Andrew, in face of so much gentleness, suddenly grew calm as a lamb and continued his task with fresh courage.

Our first thought, on reaching *Charity* in the morning, was to call on Flavia and find out whether she was still alive and if her martyrdom would last another day. There we would find the dear victim on the altar of her sacrifice; her body



OUR DEAR FLAVIA AWAITS GOD'S CALL

was so emaciated that one could have counted her bones. Always we were deeply touched on seeing nine or ten patients surrounding their crippled companion, ready to do anything that could help her. Men, women and children, all desired to do their share. Luke, a young urchin, had gladly sacrificed the chair he had been given, so the dear lady could lean on it, and thus find it easier to breathe. From time to time he would bring her some hot tea he had prepared himself at great pains. Another patient had lent her the only pillow she had. How gratefully poor Flavia thanked the generous donor! There was Louise, too, who had kindly sacrificed her prettiest *mango*; and Mary Therese, a five-springtime lass, always stood ready and waiting with a calabash filled with water, lest the poor sufferer should get thirsty. Margaret was there, too, with her tiny bottle of alcohol. Time and again she would hold it close to Flavia to restore her spirits.

Flavia needed everybody, and everybody served her with pleasure. Goodness naturally attracts hearts. Her bed was, so to speak, a pulpit from which she preached all the Christian virtues to her companions. If one happened to speak a few uncharitable words in her presence or did some reprehensible action, the culprit would forthwith be reminded of his duty. "Brother, sister, don't do that! Don't say that! God will not be pleased with you—and He is so good!" Wise counsels such as those were ordinarily heeded.

Holy Communion proved a great comfort. Once in possession of her Sacred Host, she would remain absorbed in profound recollection. What ineffable consolations must have been lavished upon her by the Divine Crucified! She would then tell us she was glad to suffer, thereby to be more like unto her Savior.

When she heard of Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ illness, her heartfelt gratitude prompted her to offer herself to God in return for her kind Mother's cure. From that moment her sufferings daily increased. "My God, I don't want to complain," we heard her say through sobs. "Thank You! I am very glad. I offer all to You in return for all You have done for me on the Cross. Then, too, I think of Mother Superior."

His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon, our kind Bishop, often came to visit poor Flavia in order to bless and encourage her. Once he slipped some money in the withered hands. "Thank you! Oh, how good you are to me!" No sooner had His Excellency left the ward that Flavia gave the offering to her fellow patients, saying: "Here, my dear friends, this is for you. The good God has given me this means of rejoicing you."

About three weeks prior to her death, the sick woman suffered terrible pain in her left leg. "Someone is sawing away my leg, Sister. It's almost cut in two. Oh, how it hurts!" However, to all outward appearances, nothing particular seemed amiss in the aching limb. But one morning some time later, the nursing Sister found, oh horror! that the leg had indeed been almost severed. During the night the gruesome operation had been performed by a big worm sawing its way through bone and muscle and skin.

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

We then decided to have the patient transferred to the hospital, with the hope that a complete amputation would for a few days at least soothe her terrible sufferings. As we spoke to Flavia about this, she explained: "Sister, I feel on the very brink of the grave. Oh, if I could only throw myself in it! My God, help Your poor child! Give me courage and strength. I can't bear any more." Then, after a short pause, she added: "O Jesus, I told You not to spare me. All is nearly over for my body, which is falling to pieces, and now Your hand has reached unto my heart. How can I



PATIENTS AT CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE
PREPARING COTTON FOR DRESSINGS.

leave my kind Mothers, my brothers and sisters, the sick and poor? Surely my heart will break. O Jesus, Jesus, take everything, then, and thank You, thank You!"

Tears were coursing down the drawn face, and our hearts were torn with pity and sorrow at having to part from her. So often we had knelt beside her cot, heedless of the well-nigh unbearable stench issuing from those gaping sores, so filled with admiration were we at the truly heroic patience of this beloved child of God in the crucible of pain. Her strength she found in the Adorable Heart of Jesus, and truly might she have made hers the Apostle's words: "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me."

Transferred to the hospital, Flavia lingered on in the throes of agonizing pain for two more weeks. Finally, on the eve of His Ascension, Jesus beckoned His beloved Home.

Death levels everything. Kneeling on this freshly-mounded grave, we wonder whether the name of the dear departed will not be glorious some future day. Or maybe it will only lengthen the list of non-canonized saints awaiting the supreme manifestations of the Last Judgment. God only knows the secret of this mystery. Be that as it may, we fondly hope dear Flavia, from heavenly bliss, will watch over us and the poor denizens of St.

Vincent de Paul shelter. Dear friend, now with Christ, whom you loved so sincerely on earth, implore Him to shower graces of resignation, abandonment and charity in this abode of misery, that many souls may follow your glowing examples and share your unending joy in Heaven's Hall Triumphant!

* * *

EDOUANE DESIR

A Youth's Love for Jesus in the Sacred Host

Poor little martyr of unrelenting disease! We neither knew his birth-place nor the name of his father or mother. He was sixteen or maybe seventeen when he entered our dispensary on February 23, 1944. The lad rode a mule and so did his father. Stark misery was written on the latter's lined features and tattered remnants of a onetime poor suit of clothes. As to the young lad, literally reduced to skin and bones and covered all over with running sores, he presented an aspect that would have melted a heart of stone. As best he could he clung to his small steed, his stiffened legs not permitting him to ride astride in the horseman fashion.

In a brutal gesture the father placed the boy at the foot of a tree and gave him some chipped calabashes, ragged clothing, a piece of cassava and a pipe. All the treasured hoard of the unhappy newcomer! Hot tears welled up in Edouane's expressive eyes. Yet not a word that savored of complaint escaped his lips. Suffering and he had been companions from the cradle, that is, if he had been lucky enough to have a cradle.

One mouth less to feed and no more hours of wearisome watching and waiting upon! Swiftly Edouane's father leapt astride his mule. He turned his head towards the boy behind him, saying by way of goodbye: "I'm going!" The poor disowned youth tried to raise himself up a little. All the pride of seventeen summers flashed in his burning eyes. "Father," his voice was calm and steady, "now that I've left Mother, I must be a man. I'll shift along for myself. Thank you!" We must add, by way of explanation, that Edouane had had time to cast a look at the sympathetic faces of the nursing Sisters. No doubt it helped to chase off all apprehensions regarding what the morrow would bring.

Ever since he had been unable to do his share of gardening and thus eke out a miserable living, Edouane had often had to fast for hours on end. Suffering, lack of care and particularly want of sympathy, had embittered his character. Christian resignation was a term unheard of in his case, and how could it be otherwise, when one reflects that this son of Haiti had never heard God's Holy Name and the story of His wondrous love for outcasts of humanity even as he.

But more things are wrought by grace than the world dreams of. Let us now see how this wondrous gift of God transformed a sullen, caustic nature in this abode of charity. A friction bath revived him somewhat. Then the nursing Sister covered his sores with pomade and white bandages. Eleven dressings seemed as so many snowy patches clearly etched against the ebony black of his skin!

He was now one of our large family of suffering members. His companions had already picked out an appropriate nickname for him: *Ti a le*, or "the little one who crawls on the floor." With the same old mechanic gesture that had rapidly grown into a habit, Edouane threw back over his shoulder the dirty rag on which he had been sitting. Then, his hands opened flat on the ground, he lifted his helpless body with whatever ebbing strength he had in his arms. For a fraction of a minute he let the weight of his body fall on his feet, while his hands took another stride forward, and so on for five or six times at most. But exhaustion then hampered further efforts. The poor lad wistfully looked at the distance remaining to be covered. *Charity, If You Please* is still waiting for the much-coveted



A CORNER OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL'S.
CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE, LES CAYES, HAITI.

boon of a noiseless wheel chair, that would prove so much of a godsend for cases like Edouane's. By dint of dogged, persevering effort, the youth finally reached the ward, where he found a wooden bed, a straw mat, a *coui* (in Creole parlance a utensil made of a split calabash) filled with appetizing eatables. No spoons nor forks—but that was just a lilliputian worry, if worry it was at all. Fingers would be superlatively convenient substitutes any time.

That was a heavenly day for Edouane. Everything seemed so wonderfully beautiful. From his vantage point in bed he dreamily stared on, his knees on a level with his head, his lank arms clasped in a circle, while he leisurely and blissfully smoked for all his worth. "His business is good!" joked his companions in misery. In his new environment, the young patient quickly changed for the better, morally at least. Gentle, charitable, kind, he was hardly recognizable. Our Blessed Lord and His holy Mother came into his life, and he gave them his heart and soul. Eagerly he listened to doctrine lessons given daily by one of the Sisters.

Rev. Father Rouillard, a veteran missionary to Haiti, decided to have Edouane and his Heavenly Friend meet in Holy Communion. "This little martyr has never committed a sin," he said. "I am going to give him Communion. He needs God so sorely. The Holy Eucharist will be his strength." (Kind Father Rouillard has spent over forty years on the missions. The poorest are his favorites. In spite of his age and failing energy, he still manages to pay an almost daily call at the Refuge, anoints the dying and sings the *Libera*. He finds in his paternal heart indescribable tender-

nesses for the unfortunate, and many a time he cheers and encourages them. His purse is always open to give material help, as his heart is perennially ready to give consolation to all in distress.) It would be difficult, not to say impossible, to describe Edouane's overwhelming happiness. At last the great day dawned, November 11, 1944. Heavenly joy overflowed from his heart and transfigured his features as, for the first time in his suffering-fraught existence, the God who is charity came to him in sweet Communion. Hands piously folded on his breast, eyes reverently shut to all outside distractions, he thus remained, so long that his neighbors wondered what it could mean, for the majority of them had not yet "tasted and seen that the Lord is sweet." God takes delight in stooping down to very nothingness and revealing Himself to the poor, the humble, the lowly. See this child, only yesterday ignorant of the things above, today rich with the riches of divinity! The Heart of Jesus has lavished graces upon him without



SOLEMN CLOSING OF THE EUCHARISTIC CRUSADE CONGRESS,
LES CAYES, HAITI, MAY 1, 1945.

number, weight or measure. This lad, too, could with reason sing his exultant *Magnificat*, for the Almighty and All-good God had done great things in his behalf. Edouane had words of heartfelt gratitude on his lips. "How good God is! He forgot His greatness and deigned stoop and pick me up in His arms, me, poor little unfortunate, to caress me! I asked Him to bless His Excellency, the dear Sisters, and all the sick." Several times that happy day we came upon him unawares, his two hands clasped round the branches of a tree, trying to stretch his stiffened legs that always remained shrivelled up. Disappointed but not disheartened, he said to friends who went to his rescue: "Thank you, brothers. God prefers me as I am now, *Ti a te*. He knows what is best for me, so let's not think of it any more."

It was always a great day for Edouane when it was given him to receive his Lord and God. He found the month that elapsed from one Communion

to another long beyond telling. "This is a feastday," would he say at times. "My Big Brother Jesus is coming in my *caye*," which here means "my heart."

His dressings were particularly painful. Yet he no longer complained. In his gentle, melancholy voice he would invariably sing, when the dressing agony was over, the sweetest hymn he knew in honor of his Mother in Heaven.

How he loved to invoke his beloved Mother! How maternally, too, that best of all Mothers watched over this poor son of hers, giving him strength to endure his terrible ordeal with the same unfailing smile ever on his wasted lips! But already the divinely-appointed hour was drawing nigh, when his celestial Mother would come down and gather him for her courts beyond the blue. Daily Edouane grew weaker. He could no longer take any food whatever, and his skeleton body was so thin and emaciated that one could have counted his very bones. He found the time exceedingly long. "I think God has forgotten all about me. I've been asking Him these last two weeks to come for me. I find the time so long!"

At last, strong with the divine strength of the Last Sacraments, he left us on his homeward journey to God and Mary, June 10, 1945. Jesus, whom he so loved to receive in the Blessed Host, must certainly have welcomed him royally, and introduced him with pride to our dear Heavenly Mother, whose praises *Ti a te of Charity, If You Please* had so loved to sing in his brief years of exile on earth.

MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL — REPORT FOR 1945

Baptisms.....	27	Dressings.....	1,373
First Communions.....	2	Electrical Treatments.....	525
Extreme Unctions.....	2	X-Ray Examinations.....	19
Patients admitted.....	77	Injections.....	2,380
Patients treated at Dispensary.....	2,937	Operations.....	22
Hospital Days.....	2,828	Deaths.....	16
Prescriptions filled.....	2,423	Home or Hospital Visits.....	448

Mission Intention for the Month of March, 1946

The missions which have suffered most from the war

Since the evaluation of suffering is so often relative it is difficult to indicate any particular group of missions which have been the greatest sufferers from the war. Certainly large areas in China, having endured eight years of unrelenting conflict, may be considered one of the major casualties, especially since the communistic menace threatens to retard still further any rehabilitation program now contemplated by the Church. Under date of October 30th last word was received at the office of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith that all the big mission centers in Mongolia are being used as barracks for the soldiers, while the Chinese priests staffing the stations have been ordered to return to civilian life within six months.

Indo China, Burma and Java we know also were ravaged by the war while from the Military Ordinate in New York City comes the following report received from the Rev. Edward E. Harrington, now in Tokyo, who comments on the condition of the missionaries in Japan. "We have discovered that there are fifteen communities of religious women and in these convents there are 311 non-Japanese sisters," he writes. "There are six congregations of religious men and among them there are 72 non-Japanese priests. Each one of these religious is in want."

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



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Here's the blustering month of March again! You know, or do you, that I've been impatiently looking forward to the happy day when I would tell you more about — do you remember? One, two, three guesses! Oh, yes, Mary Anna, of course, and the three little rascals she calls her brothers. So let's keep on with

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

Mary Anna had a birthday not so very long ago. Five candles on the big frosted cake! The tot hasn't started school yet, because her mummie wants to teach her the first notions of reading, writing and catechism, and I think that's a fine idea. Don't we know that mummies are the most wonderful of all teachers that ever were and that ever will be?

You should see how solemnly the five-springtime lass listens to the story — the true story, of course — of the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. She just loves it when her mummie gets to the part about the promised Redeemer, the very Son of Almighty God, who was ready and willing to make things right again and do penance for man's sin. But the chapter that holds her spellbound more than all others is that of the Annunciation. That long word comes from "announce". You know, how the Archangel came and announced to Mary that God had chosen her to become His Mother. Mummie could tell it ten times and Mary Anna would still be ready to ask: "Just once more, please!"

"Mummie," asked the lass one day, "is the Blessed Mother as beautiful as you?"

"Oh, darling — much more beautiful! What silly questions! There has never been and you may be sure there never, never will be anybody as beautiful as Jesus' own dear Mother."

"Mummie, the Angels don't have to pass through doors when they go in a room, do they, Mummie?"

"No, dearie, Angels are spirits. Walls never stand in their way."

"Oh, how pleasant it must be, then, to be an Angel! Wouldn't it be fun if I could pass through walls!" And Mary Anna clapped her hands in delight.

"You can do so, Mary Anna, with Jesus' help."

"Really, Mummie? How?" The child's voice grew still more eager.

"Well, dear, suppose you suddenly want to pay a tiny visit to Jesus on the altar at church. Nothing can stop you from going there in thought.

Your mind can cross any and every wall. It carries you on its bright wings right close to the Divine Master who loves you so much. He greets you like a loving Father. You tell Him all your plans and dreams — how you want to save many souls for Him, and how you long for the great day when He will be your Guest and will nestle in your pure little heart. Now I'm sure you have ever so many other big secrets for Him. That's what we call a spiritual visit. Not so hard as you thought, is it, my angel? Jesus is delighted with every spiritual visit you make, and He will surely reward you for being so neighborly."

"Guess I could go to Heaven that way too, Mummie?"

"Surely, darling. God and Mother Mary and all the Angels and Saints will always greet their little visitor with a kind and loving smile."

"Oh, Mummie, I'd love to see my Guardian Angel!"

"You'll see him up in Heaven some day. Meanwhile, thank God for having sent an Angel to take good care of you. Don't forget that when you are obedient, kind and well-behaved, your Angel feels very, very happy."

"Well-behaved? That's a big word, Mummie! Does it mean not to romp and play and laugh?"

"Not at all, dearie! Well-behaved means — means — to play and jump and run when it's time to do so; it means pray and sleep and listen and keep quiet when Jesus expects you to do so. When you listen to what Mummie tells you during catechism lesson and stop playing with your doll, you are what big people call a well-behaved little girl. Do you understand, now?"

"Yes, Mummie!"

"But when the lesson's over, you can play with Susie, blow your toy horn or tease kitty, and you'll still be a good girl."

"Oh, Mummie!"

"I think a little girl who would never play nor run nor laugh wouldn't be a well-behaved child. Jesus did all those things when He grew in wisdom and in grace close to Mother Mary and dear St. Joseph.

* * *

St. Joseph? One of your best friends, dear boys and girls. Now I'm wondering — does he hold a big place in your hearts? When you find it, oh! so very hard to overcome some fault, or when success doesn't come even after you've done your best, do you ever ask Jesus' foster father to do something about it and get you out of the difficulty?

Now, if you want to copy Jesus, learn to love the guardian of your Divine Model. Tell him all about your studies, your hopes for the days ahead and little difficulties, for you have some. We all have, isn't it true? You know Jesus never said no when St. Joseph asked Him something on earth. Do you suppose He could say no now, when that great Saint asks some special grace for Jim or John or Mary, or whatever your name may be? There's one thing you must never forget to talk over with St. Joseph, and that is, how best to prepare your heart so your Sacramental Friend will be happy and cosy there. Then Jesus will find it pleasant in your tiny Nazareth

— your heart — just as He was happy when as a Boy He lived and laughed and loved in St. Joseph's home.

First Communion Day will soon be here for many little friends of mine. So I thought they would all relish a First Communion story.

BLESSED IMELDA,
PATRONESS OF FIRST
COMMUNICANTS.

It's a wonderful story. Just listen, dears.

Little Imelda was born in Bologna, in the year 1322. She was the daughter of Count Egano Lambertini, general captain of the city, and of Countess Castora Galluzzi.

Imelda was only six years old, and already she longed to become a hermit. Luckily for her she did not have far to go in search of her desert. She found it in the farthest corner of the large park on her father's estate. There she often stayed all by herself, singing with the birds the glories of Jesus.

At the age of nine, she wanted to be God's more wholly, and obtained permission from her father and mother to live in the Dominican convent of St. Mary Magdalen of Val-di-Pietra, in Bologna. That was in 1331.

An only daughter, beautiful as an angel and as sweet, she gladly gave up a great fortune, enough to enable her to live like a queen in her father's home.

The little white-garbed nun became more pious day by day. But one great sorrow kept tugging at her heartstrings. She wasn't allowed to receive Jesus in Holy Communion, for the bishop had ruled that children shouldn't receive before their fourteenth birthday. Just think of it! Earnestly she implored her beloved Jesus to come.

Do you know how He came? I shall tell you. On the vigil of Ascension, May 12, 1333, she was praying more fervently than ever in the chapel, when suddenly a Host slowly came down from Heaven, and stopped in space a little above her bended head.

Hungrily the child lifted her eyes to look at It, her heart athrill with joy and yearning. Then a priest came. He understood what Jesus wanted. So he took the Host between his fingers and gave It to the tiny nun.



BLESSED IMELDA, YOUR PATRONESS

Imelda closed her tear-filled eyes, folded her hands and remained absorbed in prayer and adoration. The other nuns made their thanksgiving, too, and once in a while they must have stolen a look at the beautiful cherub lost in God. For a long time they waited, before deciding to break her ecstasy. Imelda knelt very still and her face was as white as her veil. At last her Sisters called her, saying it was time to be going. Imelda did not answer. They gently touched her, but she did not move. The eleven-year-old child had died — died of love for Jesus in the Sacred Host.

* * *

St. Imelda is the gracious patroness of First Communicants, and of all loving little friends of Our Savior. Like the blessed girl-saint, they all must burn with love for the great God hidden for love of us in the Host of spotless white.

Goodbye for this time, dear boys and girls! How would you like a fragrant spiritual posy? Here's one that naturally came to me after I had written about good St. Joseph and the little Saint who loved Jesus so much. "Love Jesus in the Blessed Host and — count on good St. Joseph!"

Your great friend,

THE PRECURSOR

I THIRST!

It is appalling to see the terrible energy which the enemies of Christ employ to ruin their own souls and other souls. They work by day and by night, make sacrifices, accept and overcome difficulties, to spread false and injurious teachings and to oppose the truth. What urges them on? What is the motive of so much toil and pain?

On the other hand, so many who know the truth are apathetic and careless about following it themselves, and handing it on to others. They know, but they will not do. They see, but will not follow.

We hear, echoing down the ages, the words of Christ, from the Cross, "I thirst!" His lips were parched and dry, because His Sacred Heart was being drained of Blood by His love for us. But, worse and more urgent than this physical thirst was the thirst of His Heart for souls. The billions for whom He was dying were, many of them, never to hear of His love or His redemption. The apathy of the good was to keep the good news of His teaching from billions of hearts and souls forever.

If you doubt that this is true, consider that it is nearly two thousand years since Christ was born and died for our salvation. During that time, how many Catholics have been actively engaged in spreading the gospel, in really working for missions, in helping to spread the Good News (for that is what "Gospel" means,) of Christ, to the corners of the earth. He has left it to us, His followers, to teach and persuade others of the truth of His teaching. He has commanded us to do so, saying: "Going teach all nations!" Faith comes by hearing, as St. Paul says, and we must speak out, to those outside the Church, in order that they may know and believe Christ's teachings. How many Catholics, during their whole lives, ever make a single convert, ever even make any efforts worthy of the name to help anyone to be converted?

Medical Mission News

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Please publish my thanksgiving for a favor received a few weeks ago. Please pray for several intentions of mine. Mrs. G. V., **Montreal**. — Please accept enclosed offering in thanksgiving for favors obtained. M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Enclosed you will find a small offering to Mary in thanksgiving for the many favors she has granted us, and also to thank the Immaculate Conception for the favor of being able to go back to work. Mrs. E. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Enclosed you will find a money order for the support of little Chinese children. This offering is a promise I made to the Blessed Virgin Mary if two favors were granted. A. G., **Cranston, R. I.** — Many thanks to our dear Blessed Mother for her special protection. M. P. R., **Matte**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for having protected my son in the war. Mrs. J. D., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mr. O. R., **Trois Pistoles**. — Please publish my thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. L. D., **Lachute**. — I have obtained a cure. Mrs. T. R., **Lachute Mills**. — Many thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for special protection granted my aviator brother. Mrs. C., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for restoring my husband's health. Mrs. C., **Montreal**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for a cure. Miss G. B., **Labelle**. — I should like you to publish my thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for having brought back my daughter to the Faith, and for having granted us protection in a serious accident. Mrs. P. D., **Windsor**. — I have obtained a favor. Mrs. P. R., **St. Nazaire d'Acton**. — A favor has been received. Mrs. P. T., **Rapide de l'Orignal**. — Sincere gratitude towards Our Blessed Lady for a great favor she has granted me. J. T., **Val Ombreuse**. — I wish to thank Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a cure obtained after promising to publish in THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. T. L., **Notre Dame de Stanbridge**. — Please publish my thanksgiving for a cure from rheumatism. Mrs. C. B. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. A. P., **Lac des Aigles**. — Many thanks to our kind Heavenly Mother for success in an operation, after promising to publish in THE PRECURSOR. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. M. V., **Causapscal**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my son. Mrs. E. P., **Val Morin**. — I have received a favor. P. G., **Viauville**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained. R. B. A. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for all the favors she has granted me until now. Mrs. T. B., **St. Hippolyte**. — A favor has been received. Mrs. A. L. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor obtained. Mrs. R. C., **Montreal**. — Homage of thanksgiving to Mary for another favor I have been granted. Mrs. H. B., **Willimansett, Mass.** — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. W. M., **Montreal**.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Good St. Anne for helping me through a serious operation. Mrs. D. M., a subscriber. — I am sending an offering for the St. Joseph Burse for a favor I have received. Mrs. F. S., **Somersville, Conn.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for a successful operation. Mrs. T. B., **St. Hippolyte**. — I heartily thank good St. Joseph and Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a personal favor. A subscriber, **Montreal**.



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.

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



PETITIONS

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

Please pray for a very special intention. Mrs. T. T., **Montreal**. — Please pray for the cure of my daughter Bernadette. Mrs. W. W., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly help me pray for my husband, that his leg will soon be all right, and that he will soon find a rent near his work and will have a steady job. Mrs. T. McG., **St. Malachy, Dorchester Co.** — Please pray for my son, that he will return to his religion and stop drinking, also get work and make a home for his family. Mrs. P. F., **St. Chrysostome, P. Q.** — Would you please join with me in a novena to Our Blessed Mother for a special favor I am recommending to your prayers. Mrs. M. McG., **Chute Rouge, P. Q.** — Will you please make a novena for me. Anonymous. — I am asking you to make a novena for my son that he will quit drinking and I know with your prayers I will be granted that favor. Please pray for my other intentions. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Will you kindly make a novena for my aunt who has a severe pain in the chest. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Kindly have a novena said for my aged mother who is bedridden. Mrs. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — I am asking a cure through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary and other intentions for those dear to me and for peace among nations and victory over sin. M. E., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Will you kindly pray to Our Blessed Mother that my son will give up drinking, also for his conversion. Mrs. P., **Ont.** — Please remember my daughter in your good prayers. Mrs. V. St. M., **St. Eugene, Ont.** — Please remember my petitions in a novena to Our Blessed Mother in honor of her Immaculate Conception, that I may be restored to health without an operation, that my baby's asthma will be better, and that my boy, who is in the maritime service, will have a safe trip. Mrs. E. D., **Otter River, Mass.** — Please pray that my son will find work, and also for my daughter. Mrs. J. McD., **Union City, N. J.** — Please help me pray for a very special intention for my son. Mrs. F. Q., **Fort Covington, N. Y.** — Will you please pray for me and make a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help so I will be cured. A subscriber. — Would you make a very special novena for me and my husband. Mrs. R. T., **Taftville, Conn.** — Will you kindly have a novena made to Our Blessed Mother for my husband for the success of an operation. Mrs. J. B., **Danielson, Conn.** — Please pray that my eyesight may be restored. A subscriber, **St. Agathe des Monts.** — I am asking a special favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. C. G., **La Conception.** — Will you please help me pray for the settling of an important matter. Mrs. A. H., **L'Ange Gardien.** — I am earnestly requesting health for my young daughter-in-law. Mrs. E. P., **St. Cesaire.** — Please pray for my cure from a nervous breakdown; also for improvement in the conduct of a father addicted to drinking. Mrs. A. T. B.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Will you kindly have a novena made to Our Blessed Mother for a very special intention, and several other favors. Please pray to St. Jude, St. Anne, and Our Mother of Perpetual Help. A subscriber. — Please say a Hail Mary to Our Heavenly Mother for my cure. A novena is now being offered up at St. Joseph's Shrine for me. Mrs. T. N., **Montreal.** — Would you please make a special novena for my son, that he may be cured. Also a novena for my daughter, that her hopes may be realized. Make this novena to St. Joseph. Mrs. M. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my intentions and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and St. Anne. Mr. H. M., **Montreal.** — Will you please help me pray to the Blessed Mother, Jesus, and St. Joseph, for a few favors. Mrs. J. B., **Jewett City, Conn.** — Will you kindly make a novena in honor of St. Anthony for my health. Mrs. M. L., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Please begin a novena as soon as possible for a threefold intention. Ask the Little Flower, the Holy Virgin Mother and her Little Infant Son, that my brother may return to God, that our whole family may be united together, and that I may be cured of a painful disease. Mrs. X. — I am asking several favors through the intercession of St. Anthony, St. Jude, St. Anne and Our Blessed Mother. May Our Dear Lord soon hear our prayers. Mrs. P.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 17; vocations, 4; cures, 34; positions, 2; special intentions, 103.



OBITUARY

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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.
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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.