

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 24th Year MONTREAL, July-August 1946

No. 10

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, Que.

(Founded in 1902)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Procure for the Missions. Workroom for making Church Vestments, embroidery, lace and painting for the support of the Motherhouse and Novitiate. School for the formation of Chinese catechists. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: THE PRECURSOR. Free Missionary Library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.

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

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

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

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918)

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

NOMININGUE, Que. (Bethany, Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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 :

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The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PRECURSOR

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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.



AT THE END OF A HARVEST DAY...

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XV, 24th Year

MONTREAL, July-August 1946

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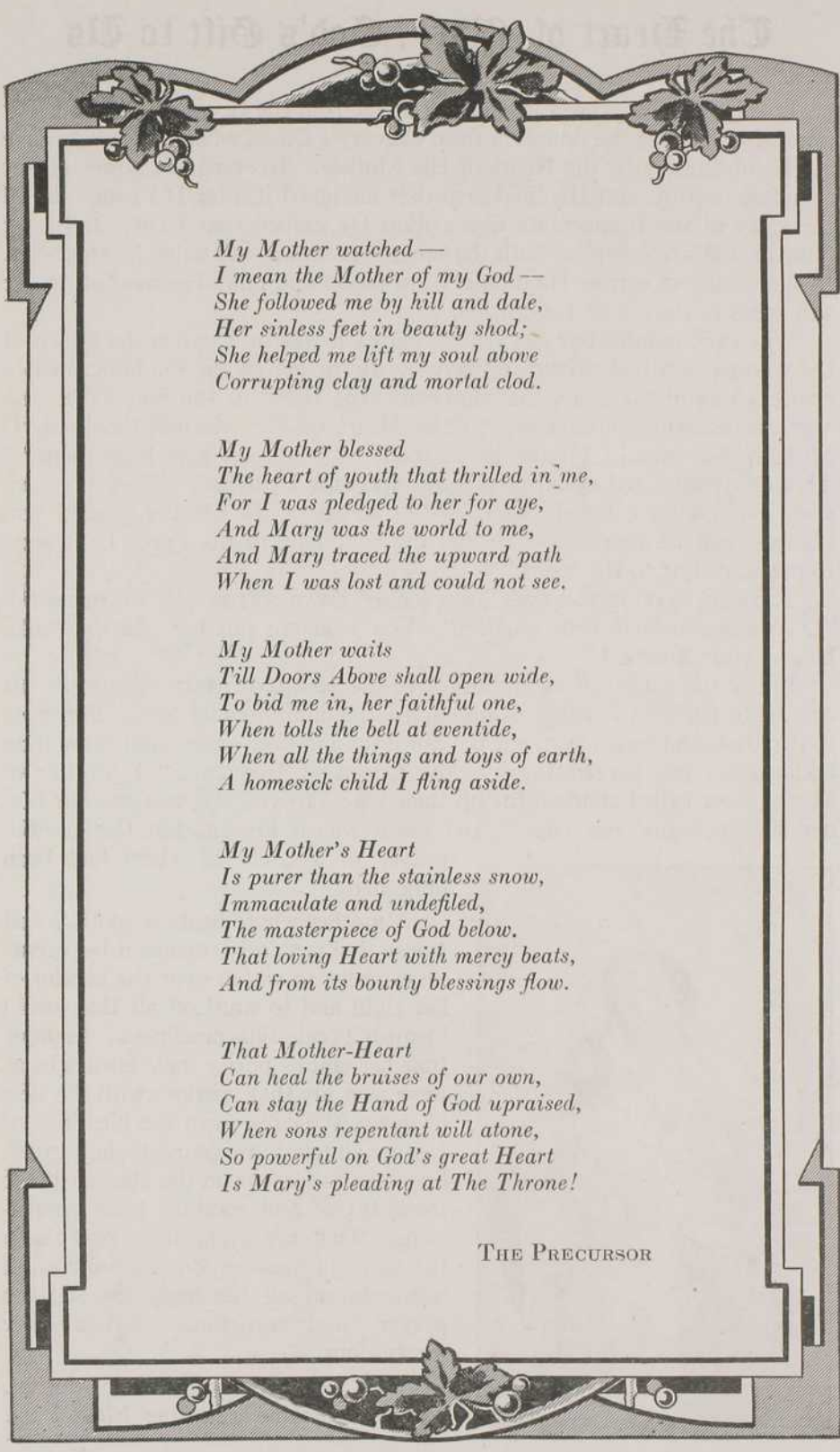


The Immaculate Heart of Mary

(Feast on August 22)

*My mother left
The ways of earth to walk with God;
She speaks with Angels, sings with Saints
Who toiled where once my mother trod,
And in a little churchyard plot
I kneel beside a heaped-up sod.*

*My mother said
That high in Heaven — blissful hope! —
Another Mother-Heart would care,
Another tender Heart would ope
In sympathy, when sorrow came
With which my frailty could not cope.*



*My Mother watched —
I mean the Mother of my God —
She followed me by hill and dale,
Her sinless feet in beauty shod;
She helped me lift my soul above
Corrupting clay and mortal clod.*

*My Mother blessed
The heart of youth that thrilled in me,
For I was pledged to her for aye,
And Mary was the world to me,
And Mary traced the upward path
When I was lost and could not see.*

*My Mother waits
Till Doors Above shall open wide,
To bid me in, her faithful one,
When tolls the bell at eventide,
When all the things and toys of earth,
A homesick child I fling aside.*

*My Mother's Heart
Is purer than the stainless snow,
Immaculate and undefiled,
The masterpiece of God below.
That loving Heart with mercy beats,
And from its bounty blessings flow.*

*That Mother-Heart
Can heal the bruises of our own,
Can stay the Hand of God upraised,
When sons repentant will atone,
So powerful on God's great Heart
Is Mary's pleading at The Throne!*

THE PRECURSOR

The Heart of Mary, God's Gift to Us

Lovely gifts have been lavished upon us from the Giver who is God, but fairer than all was the donation from Calvary's Cross, when the Savior gave us His ultimate gift, the Heart of His Mother. His creative power it was that fashioned it, and His filial love that modelled it after His own. In all the glory of the Immaculate Conception He garbed that Heart, and later retouched His masterpiece with the sublime greatness of Divine Motherhood. In the chalice of sorrow He dipped it, in blood and tears He laved it, in the winepress of the Cross He crushed it.

When the painful but glorious preparation was over, when the crown of the Compassion had driven its piercing thorns across the double crown of spotless Virginity and Divine Maternity, the Heart of the Son spoke in a supreme colloquy of mystery to the Heart of the Mother: "Behold, O Mother, how dearly I have loved men! Would you also love them?" Through tear-misted eyes Mary gazed upon the Crucified. "Yes, my Son, even as You have loved them."—"O Mother, My Mother, would you become their Mother?"—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

Through blood-filmed eyes Jesus looked down sorrowfully on mankind. "O Woman, behold your children! You who are putting Me to death, behold your Mother!"

Under the action of agony and love the Heart of Mary expanded. It opened to harbor the whole of humanity, her innumerable sons. For close to two thousand years, from out the centuries and from every land, a swelling acclamation has surged towards the Queen of Heaven. "O Mother of Mercy, your exiled children lift up their voices to you, for you are our life, our sweetness and our hope. And never was it known that the humble prayer of a Child of Mary had been unheeded."



A mother whose heart is spotless and whose soul is saintly, makes it her greatest concern to watch over the candor of her child and to ward off all that could blemish its celestial comeliness. In order that her child's purity may always be as fresh as a lily that sparkles with the dew of dawn, she calls down the blessings of Heaven upon him, counsels him in all his ways, is forever on the alert to direct towards God and good his least impressions. That her child may ever keep the glow of Heaven on his brow is all her ambition, all her happiness, all her prayer, and sometimes also all her martyrdom.

The Queen of Angels is our Mother, Mother Unstained, Mother Most Pure.

Mother of Divine Grace, she seeks above all among her children those whose uprightness and innocence are like that reflected on the face of Jesus, her firstborn. They are the most beloved of her family, the privileged of her love.

With what gladness and exquisite care she bends from the portals of Heaven upon the cradles of the tiny angels of earth! How her eyes beam when, a few years later, the child on whose brow glistens purity as rain-tears on a chalice lily, kneels for the first time at a Table where the Angels of God are not worthy to prostrate themselves! Joy overflows her heart as on the evening of that blessed day she receives his promises and prayers. Never shall we consign to the grave of forgetfulness the thought of the heavenly bliss that flooded our soul when, our lips yet embalmed with our first Eucharistic embrace, we thus spoke to Mary: "Now you are and will always be my Mother!" What delight we found in being pledged to Mary for ever and ever! Again and again we repeated to ourselves: "I am Mary's Child!" and each time our heart felt overwhelmed with ineffable satisfaction.

Then we launched out on our journey through life. In serenity or sadness, in weal or woe, we dedicated ourselves to the career that opened out for us. But whatever the way we have chosen, everywhere Mary has followed us.

Mary it is who gently speaks to the heart of the young maiden, bidding her avoid even the shadow of evil. And the young girl throws herself in that Mother's arms with a plea: "O Mary, keep me pure! You are the guardian of my heart!"

Mary it is who stills the swelling surge of passions in the heart of the youth, and preserves him from perils in which his inexperience and frailty had all but plunged him.

Mary it is who takes the hand of the Christian virgin and leads her apart in cloistered solitude, to consecrate her Bride of Christ and Mother of the motherless. And the little nun embraces the Cross of Christ, outpours her prayers for souls and the prodigies of her charity on those that mourn, while Mary looks on approvingly.

Mary it is who instils and upholds the priestly vocation. When a word from her Heart falls on the heart of the priest, he who was simply human becomes in a sense divine, by the flourishing of his virtues and the fecundity of his apostolate.

Never was it known that a soul of goodwill had placed overweening trust in Mary. In face of the eloquent proofs of special affection granted by Mary to souls of lilial purity, even our sin-scarred world must proclaim with the Prince of Darkness that the Heart of Mary is, after the Heart of her Son, the most secure haven and the firmest safeguard of unsullied innocence.

ABBE WEBER



A Christian heart should never separate Jesus from Mary.

Bishop Hedley

La Salette — A Glorious Century



Catholics the world over will observe this coming September an event of paramount importance in the annals of Marian Apparitions — the descent of the Lovely Lady of Heaven on the glorious Mountain of La Salette.

One hundred years have drifted off into the bosom of eternity since the hallowed day when the Blessed Mother came down from her throne of splendor at the right hand of her Son, to give solemn warning to a world that had turned its back on God and His Christ.

Let us roll back the years to that eventful September day, in the year of grace 1846. Two peasant shepherd children, Maximin Giraud and Melanie Mathieu, had led their cattle to pasture on the steep slopes of

Mount Planeau.

Shepherd boy and shepherd girl were both from the town of Corps, and from the same district. However, previous to the Apparition of the Vision Beautiful, they had remained complete strangers to each other. This can be explained by the fact that the boy was only eleven, while the girl had almost reached her fifteenth birthday. Moreover, the latter's family lived at the opposite end of the boy's hometown. Misery and poverty had been Melanie's cradle companions, and for the last four and a half years she had had to shift along for herself as hired shepherdess. Six months back she had begun to work for the widow Pra, taking her cattle out to pasture in the hamlet of Ablandens.

Maximin had been more fortunate in that he had never left the parental roof for any notable period of time. One Sunday, however, a neighbor of Baptiste Pra's, Peter Selme by name, asked Mr. Giraud, the town's wheelwright, for the loan of his little boy to replace his cowherd who was ill. Mr. Giraud refused at first, alleging that his child was too young. Yet he finally ceded to Selme's entreaties, and Maximin with his mongrel Loulou and his pet goat headed for Ablandens. Four days later, Maximin first met Melanie on the slopes of Mount Planeau. On the morrow the two made each other's acquaintance and diverted themselves cutting squares of green grass. They parted with: "Tomorrow we'll go back to the mountain; we'll see who'll be the first one up."

Never in the least did they suspect the tremendous happening that the momentous morrow would bring to them, unlettered, untutored scions of Alpine mountain folk. In fact, the boy Maximin, at eleven, could sum up all his intellectual knowledge in the "Our Father and the 'Hail Mary'". Even that elementary lesson had required three or four years of plodding patience from the part of his father. Not that the boy was hopelessly slow

at learning, but the inborn light-headedness of the restless and flighty lad made all efforts at instruction an epic of perseverance. Poor Melanie, from both intellectual and religious viewpoint, was still less favored. Her appearance at class and at church was phenomenally rare. Worth noting is the extreme diversity of their characters. Melanie craved for solitude and seclusion. Maximin was vivacious and active as a mountain goat. Someone had even nicknamed him "Perpetual Motion". They shared in common, however, a good amount of giddiness, and a precious quality, purity of heart.

And there we have the solution to the query: "How did they catch the fancy of Mary?" Do we still remember the Beatitude of Purity: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." No, the shepherd children did not see God face to face, but the Woman whose purity drew down that very God on our sinful earth.

Faithful to the rendezvous, Maximin and Melanie met very early that bright Saturday morning. Their frugal noon-hour meal of bread and dry cheese over, they felt overcome by weariness and lay down to sleep. After a good length of time, Melanie awoke from her nap. Where were the cows? The frightened lass stirred the boy sleeper to wakefulness. "Come, quick, we must go and look for our cows." After spying their cattle quietly grazing on the opposite slope of the knoll, they felt more at ease. So they came down the hillock to get their provision kits. Suddenly Melanie halted in her tracks. A globe of light surpassing in splendor the noonday sun shone over the stone bench. "Maximin," she cried, "come and see a bright light!" The wide-eyed cowherd rushed to her side to view the luminous ball. Both rubbed their eyes to make sure they were not dreaming. Suddenly the light parted, and they perceived, vaguely at first, the features of a Beautiful Lady who was seated on the bench they had made with stones. "Her elbows were resting on her knees. Her face was hidden in her hands," declared Maximin later. She was weeping. So awed were the two seers that they did not even think of flight. Melanie, fearful and timid, dropped her shepherd stick. "Oh, my God! What's that?" she cried. A little braver, the boy spoke out: "Keep your stick! I'll keep mine and I shall give it a good whack if it does us anything." And the child brandished his stick threateningly. While thus they stood as if rooted to the spot, their eyes riveted on the strange personage, the Lady arose and came toward them, the while saying in a sweetly musical voice: "Come near, my children, do not be afraid, I am here to tell you great news."

From the side of the knoll on which they were standing amazed, the shepherds of the Alps gladly ran down to meet the Lady. Drinking in her words they stood before her, the boy to her left and Melanie to her right, in fact so near that a person could not have passed between them. Once near her, Melanie noticed that the Beautiful Lady was weeping. The tears that streamed from her eyes did not fall to the ground. When they reached her knees they became sparks of fire and were absorbed in the celestial radiance. Her face was so resplendent that Maximin, try as he might, could not gaze intently at the features between the lips and brow. Melanie alone could distinctly see the luminous person. Her headdress was white,

and above it glittered a royal diadem, a masterpiece of divine artistry, wreathed with roses of many hues. On her bosom rested a golden crucifix, with the pincers and hammer of the Passion.

In a voice far sweeter than the sweetest of melodies she addressed the little witnesses: "If my people will not submit, I shall be forced to let go the hand of my Son. It is so strong, so heavy, that I can no longer withhold it."

"Whom did you think the Lady might be?" someone asked Maximin after. He answered: "I thought that it was some woman who had been beaten by her son and had fled into the mountain." The kind-hearted lad thought of telling the weeping mother to dry her tears, and that he would defend her. Then the Lady continued: "How long a time do I suffer for you! If I would not have my Son abandon you, I am compelled to pray to Him without ceasing. And as to you, you take no heed of it. However much you pray, however much you do, you will never recompense the pains I have taken for you."

"Six days have I given you to labor, the seventh I have kept for myself, and they will not give it to me. It is this which makes the hand of my Son so heavy. Those who drive the carts cannot swear without introducing the name of my Son."

"These are the two things which make the hand of my Son so heavy. If the harvest is spoilt, it is all on your account. I gave you warning last year in the potatoes, but you did not heed it. On the contrary, when you found the potatoes spoilt, you swore, you took the name of my Son in vain. They will continue to decay, so that by Christmas there will be none left."

As Melanie did not understand French very well, the Lady continued: "Ah! you do not understand French, my children; well! wait, I will say it in a different way." Then speaking Patois (the local dialect of Corps), she went on: "If you have wheat, it is not good to sow it; all that you sow the insects will eat. What comes will fall into dust when you thrash it. There will come a great famine. Before the famine comes, the children under seven years of age will be seized with trembling and will die in the hands of those who hold them; and others will do penance by the famine. The walnuts will become worm-eaten, the grapes will rot."

The Celestial Vision then confided a secret to Maximin and another to Melanie, neither of the children knowing what had been said to the other. Having given her secrets, she went on: "If they are converted, the stones and the rocks will be changed into heaps of wheat, and the potatoes will be self-sown." Thus did she promise great prosperity if men turned to the God whom they had offended.

"Do you say your prayers well, my children?" she asked the shepherds two.

"Oh! no, Madame, not very well," they answered frankly.

"Ah! my children, you must be sure to say them well, morning and evening; when you cannot do better, say at least an Our Father and a Hail Mary. But when you have time, say more."

After this admonition to prayer, the Heavenly Visitor questioned

Maximin on spoilt wheat he had seen in a field near Coin. Speaking French once again she said: "Well, my children, you will make this known to all my people."

Having said this she turned, crossed the rivulet Sezia, repeating as she went: "Well, my children, you will make this known to all my people."

In silent thrill and awe the children gazed at her. Then she climbed nearly to the top of the ravine, walking on the tips of the blades of grass. Once there she stopped for a moment, rose four or five feet from the ground, and remained in that position for an instant, lifting her gaze toward Heaven and then lowering it to the earth in the direction of Rome. Melanie saw she was no longer weeping, but wistful sadness was depicted in her features. Then the head began to disappear, then the arms, then the feet. When only her feet could be seen, Maximin tried to snatch the fading rose on them. But alas! all had disappeared in the next brief moment!

The Apparition had lasted a good half-hour. When all was over, the children sought out their cattle and began to exchange their impressions. Maximin was glowing. "Oh, how beautiful she was!" But the next moment, with the mischievous giddiness of childhood, they were ready for their shepherds' games again, as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

In the evening the boy led his cows back to Ablandens, and told his master about the wonderful event. After a little coaxing, the shepherdess Melanie related her account of the Apparition, and soon the news spread like wildfire.

The identity of the Vision had not been revealed. But the hearers of the recital readily surmised she must be the Mother of God. "She is the only one in Heaven whose Son is ruler," declared the venerable old Madame Pra, citing the words: "If my people will not submit, I shall be forced to let go the hand of my Son. It is so strong, so heavy, that I can no longer withhold it."

Soon the mysterious adventure came to the ears of sceptical people and scoffers, as it did of simple peasant folk. The children were accused of making up the whole fantastic story. Both had to undergo a veritable persecution. Ridicule, rebuke, rebuff, nothing was spared them. As always, great privileges are bought with sufferings and crosses. But with heroic fidelity they continued to make known the tearful message of penance and did not retract one iota of it. Through long and meticulous inquiries, threats, promises, they kept the secret inviolate.

It pleased the Queen of Heaven to give the humble witnesses of La Salette a pledge of the authenticity of her merciful mission on the Mount. On the very next day the dried-up spring on which her feet had stood began to flow abundantly and its waters wrought miraculous cures.

The effects of the wonderful occurrence, the tender and tragically sad appeal of Mary, did not delay. Hardly one month later, the Cure of the privileged spot of Mary's Coming informed his bishop that something prodigious had come over his flock. Men in greater numbers assisted at church functions and kept Sunday as the Lord's Day. From far and near devout pilgrims hied to pray on the "Sinai of Mary". Only a few months

later, the entire population of the town had returned to its religious practices. Manifestations of penance and processions in reparation were organized. The Mother of Love was touched, and her Immaculate Heart multiplied powerful and lovingly compelling graces in behalf of her repentant sons — a fountain of grace was opened at La Salette.

One hundred years have rolled by since Mary came to that oasis of faith and piety. Alas! poor guilty sons of Adam, several times have we, through that intervening century, forced her to descend again to deplore our sins and bring us to a sense of our duties. Scarcely twenty-nine years ago, she came to Fatima to show herself a Mother once more. Shall we compel her to set her pure sandalled feet on our sin-polluted world again? The multitude and enormity of disorders and sins that are unceasingly heaped up have certainly made heavy the hand of the Savior Jesus. During these last years Mary has been forced to let go the hand of her Son, and a titanic disaster has engulfed humanity in a welter of agony. Some souls have followed the beckoning light, have looked Godward, and God's just anger was appeased. Yet, is perfect peace and harmony reigning? Oh, even at this eleventh hour, let us heed our Mother's plea, let us lead lives worthy of her tears, let us console her afflicted heart by our sincere repentance and conversion. Surely this will be the best manner of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of her Coming on the Holy Hill of La Salette!

THE REDACTION



We, like Mary, shall give Jesus in the measure in which we ourselves possess Him and He, in His turn, will be the more ours in proportion as we give Him to others in an ardent and supernatural apostolate.

Rev. Fr. Mateo Crawley-Bævey, SS. CC.



It is a magnificent thing to stand on the rock of Peter, to be so secure and safe, to have the very truth of God, to look with wide open, calm, untroubled eyes through time and eternity into the face of God our Father. But while you are secure, are others to perish? While you are in the light, are others to grope in darkness? As long as there is a soul to save, can you sit down comfortably in the ship of Peter and just let yourself be ferried across to Heaven, letting others take care of themselves?

C. Plater, S. J.



Instead of standing up and looking down like fatalists waiting for things to happen, let's kneel down and look up — look up with Christian and filial confidence to an all-merciful Father who resides in Heaven.

W. McGinnis, C. S. C.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

(Delia Tetreault, Marievalle, P. Q.)

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR GENERAL
OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
(Continued)

Other documents we shall publish below shed further light on the role played by Mother Marie du St. Esprit in the establishment of a Mission Seminary for the training of Canada's apostolic generations.

For two years, the Reverend Mother confided to her first Assistant in 1914, and especially during the last few months, this idea of the founding of a Foreign Mission Society has been haunting me. It is accompanied by a sentiment of peace, and leads me to make sacrifices. To work with all my might towards the founding of this Seminary would seem to me as being the complement of my vocation. I should be afraid to die before seeing the movement launched.

The founders should seemingly centre all their attention at first on the reorganization of the Societies of the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. They would visit parishes, collecting alms, making vocation contacts, etc. These Propagation of the Faith funds could at the outset be applied to defraying the cost of living expenses in the new foundation, unless some religious Congregation of men could be given direct charge of the establishment.

She then reveals another interesting detail:

In the year that I began to think of a missionary Community for women and a Foreign Mission Seminary, or maybe the following, I spent some time at my uncle's in the country. While picking raspberries with my cousins one day, I saw in mind a large house that looked like a monastery, peopled with priests, and another one with Sisters...

The religious companion who consigned these notes to paper, Rev. Mother St. Gustave, was called to God early in 1917. Four years were yet to elapse before the erection of the Foreign Mission Seminary.

Dated from this time we also find prayers addressed by the Reverend Mother to Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother, which prayers are indicative of the concerns uppermost in her mind. A few passages are reproduced herewith:

I am coming to ask You, through the fervent prayers of my children, to manifest Your will with regard to the *Work that preoccupies me*. For this Work as well as for any other, I am ready...

Elsewhere (August 5, 1912) we read:

O my Immaculate Mother, I beseech you to obtain for me from your Divine Son twenty-five more years of life to do penance for my sins, to work as much as I can in the development of our little Society, and to help all in my power in the creation of the other Work you know of... Grant, O Mother, that I may not let myself be affected by things of earth, but that I may think and live solely for the sacred interests of your dear Jesus.

Another jotting (February 22, 1913) is worded as follows:

I feel urged on to work much and long in the formation of our little Congregation and in the establishment of *the other* . . .

With this double end in view, I ask of you, O my dear Mother, good health that will allow me to follow community life as regards rising, bedtime, and food; *that I may be able to travel*; in short, that I may be able to do much for the Work . . . Granted, however, that all this be in conformity with God's holy will, for I want above all to be the slave of that holy will. In return I agree to spend the rest of my life in humiliations, rebuffs, contradictions, provided all this will not hinder the development of the Congregation and sunder the bonds of charity.

Particularly do we emphasize the words *that I may be able to travel*. In order to accomplish her God-inspired share in laying down the bases of the Community of men, it was necessary for the generous Mother to take upon herself a heavy burden. Harassing journeyings she would have to undertake to expose her reasons and plans to the Bishops of the various dioceses of the Province. She harbored no illusion that her plea would elicit a whole-hearted response from the first. And that very reticence, she felt, would be wisdom and prudence.

Another declaration penned under her own dictation sheds additional light on the views of the servant of God:

On Passion Sunday (1913), as I was preparing to meditate in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed in our chapel, I felt inclined to choose as subject, "Trust in Divine Providence," instead of meditating on the sufferings of Our Lord according to the spirit of the liturgy. To this end, I opened Father de Caussade's work and tried to fix my mind on the words I had before my eyes, but I could not, feeling myself completely absorbed by the thought that has been haunting me for long, the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary. Its organization shone with astonishing simplicity, so much so that I have already conceived the plan. I saw with keen spiritual insight how it should be managed . . . With the authorization of His Excellency the Archbishop, a priest would visit parishes, colleges, and boarding schools for girls in the diocese of Montreal and other dioceses, speaking of foreign mission apostolate and striving to reorganize the Society of the Propagation of the Faith; — that with the purpose of making our little Society known, of procuring financial aid for it and recruiting vocations. Thus would pastors, families, and youth of both sexes grow mission-conscious, which happy quality is so regretfully lacking at present in Canada. The priest would thus be preparing the way unawares, for such seem to me the means Our Lord wishes to appoint in choosing apostles and in gathering, through Propagation of the Faith returns, resources for the projected Community. Things standing thus, Our Lord would surely permit some event that would give the final impetus to the founding of the purported Seminary. What zealous priest will God choose for this mission? I have no idea at all. But I can assure that no interested view, no desire of forwarding our Institute came to my mind when that mode of propagation appeared to me that which Our Lord wanted us to adopt, and which He would certainly bless with success. I see today that it could in fact have given us a few subjects and monetary aid, but that thought did not come to me then . . .

A few days later, a priest belonging to one of the largest parishes of the city of Montreal, a friend of ours, came to bring me a book recently published to be added to our collection.

The Presbyterians, he told us, assembled in a council lately. They admitted that the \$15,000.00 subscribed by them in 1911 to the Propagation of the Faith has made their congregation no poorer. Rather, local works are increasingly prosperous. So has it been, they averred, each time they made sacrifices for the mission cause. Now it has been decided that each family of the sect will in the

future pay an annual tax to the Work of the Foreign Missions. And what are we doing? What insignificant reports are those of the Propagation of the Faith! A prominent college has given \$2.00. Another outstanding institution is credited with \$5.00. A modest collection has come from a certain parish. That Work, they seem to say, must figure on our report; let us give it a few cents . . . While we are thus hesitating and through excess of prudence dare not act, the Protestants are up and doing, taking up collections in factories, opening subscription drives, and in a thousand ways reaching their aims and impeding our own missionary effort. Yet spreading the Faith abroad in pagan lands is the surest way of preserving it intact in our own country. One day, commenting in an instruction the request of the *Pater*, "Thy Kingdom Come," I spoke of the Propagation of the Faith. After the sermon, a parishioner came to thank me for mentioning that Work, beautiful among all others, of which people no longer hear.

Realizing how in Canada the spark of mission interest had yet to be fanned to a burning flame, it would seem that the Reverend Mother wavered for a time before resolving to attempt her project, which appeared hazardous indeed. But we can see as well that the suggestion of the Enemy of souls was soon repelled. With renewed ardor the valiant woman launched out into the deep.

After that conversation, she continues, it occurred to me that it might very well be an illusion for me to think of founding. But I told myself that entertaining doubts would simply be losing time, that souls must be saved and that they are lost through our hesitations . . . But, I asked myself, must I take a hand in that when I have so much to do? I then pondered on what I would do if I were about to die, and I felt that, at the point of death, rather than think of myself I would see to that Work and urge His Excellency to promote it. I feel compelled to action . . .

We had a visit from Bishop Charlebois about ten days ago. He stressed an idea which struck me deeply: "We do not speak enough of the missionary vocation in our colleges. In France and Belgium, where I lately spent a few months, I spoke on the subject in twenty-six educational houses. We need someone to do so here in Canada." Those two conversations left me with the impression that the hour might be at hand for the opening of a Foreign Mission Seminary, and that the means I have just mentioned are very likely those chosen by God. I notice that on days when those thoughts come to me, some passages from a meditation or reading always seem to confirm my own reflections.

But the priest through whose zealous endeavors convents and parishes should learn to look beyond home horizons was not immediately found. However, the ardent apostle resorted to other channels of action. In 1916, with the authorization of His Excellency the Archbishop of Montreal, and later with that of the Bishops of several other dioceses, she undertook to promote with her spiritual daughters the beneficent Association of the Holy Childhood. One year later she focused special attention on that of the Propagation of the Faith. Several Bishops entrusted her Institute with that apostolate in their respective dioceses. In another three years she obtained permission to introduce a missionary publication, *The Precursor*, that could carry its apostolic message into the quiet of the home circle. Through this triple mode of action she sought to give the missions their rightful place in educational houses and homes. The lofty end in view was being steadily pursued.

As to her viewpoint on the proposed foundation, let us cite the following:

It also seemed to me before God, that the characteristic spirit of the new Society should include: solitude, poverty and simplicity, and an extraordinary devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. It seems to me that my duty is to further the cause.

The only point that still remains obscure is this: to whom should this Work be confided? To a religious Order or to the Foreign Missions of Paris? Should these new missionaries be religious or form an Institute similar to the Foreign Mission Society of Paris or to the Sulpician Society as to its constitution?

In the same conversation about the Seminary-to-be, she added:

This would be a means of fostering not only missionary vocations, but priestly vocations as well for our country.

Light was soon to be made in her soul. One day she jotted down the following lines on a scrap of paper:

It seemed to me, during Holy Mass, that God did not want this new Canadian organization to be grafted on an old tree, and that He desired all should be new. When St. Francis Xavier left for India, he had no personal experience, nor was he acquainted with the methods of his predecessors; he wanted only to make God known and to save souls, without admixture of interest, free from all human consideration, nationality, corporation, and even personal interest. Let us find young men burning with zeal, and we shall have splendid missionaries, we shall have saints.

How should the new venture be organized? . . . God will provide us with means in His own good time; the spirit proper of the Institute will gradually take definite form.

Elsewhere she continues:

If we could find men of God, men dead to the spirit of the world and seeking only the interests of God, that would be enough. All the rest would be added unto us.

"All the rest," it might be noted in passing, has always been, in all her undertakings, the least of her concerns. Her great heart had learned how to surrender itself to divine goodness that always sets the means beside the end. How truly typical of that complete trust in God are her feelings (February 14, 1914)!

These last days I have been haunted with the thought that Providence is always ready to furnish us with the required means in order to achieve the works that are to be done. It all seemed so clear to me that I could at that moment have undertaken the building of a cathedral. We are not giving Providence any chances.

Gradually she sees matters in clearer light. With a steady hand she writes:

On January 2, in the evening (the year is not mentioned), while I was reciting my beads, without any thought having provoked it, the idea of the establishment of a Society of priests for the Foreign Missions, or rather, the plan of this organization, presented itself to my mind in a clear and precise manner.

This Society would be national.

With the authorization or at least the permission of His Excellency the Archbishop, the plan of the Work would be exposed to the Bishops of the Province. They would be requested to sacrifice one priest of their diocese to form the nucleus of the Association.

The religious of that Society would be charged with taking up collections for the benefit of the Propagation of the Faith, which collections could serve partly to

finance the growing organization. These donations should also be spent in the upkeep of an apostolic school for boys, which would be a house for the recruiting of missionaries not only for the Foreign Mission Seminary, but for other religious Congregations as well.

To the Fathers of the Society of Jesus would rightly belong, as I see it, the direction of that Work, which will not fail to succeed if at the beginning we have men entirely dead to the spirit of the world and wholly dedicated to the action of God. But the difficulties of the undertaking appall and hinder.

Still, the woman apostle, strong with the courage of God and the faith of Christ, did not let herself be dispirited. With the permission of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi, she undertook the arduous task of going in person to present to the principal Bishops of the Province the plan of action as God had shown it to her. We find in her papers a summary outline of that plan. Therein she firstly demonstrates the timeliness for founding such a Society in Canada; secondly, how to go about erecting it; and, thirdly, how to purvey to its maintenance. But we are led to believe that many an obstacle surged in her way when she visited the worthy prelates. Nothing daunted, she prayed, sacrificed herself, and had her spiritual children offer fervent prayers, especially so her Novices.

One of the Sisters of the Community relates how, in a serious illness that seemed to forewarn death within a short delay, she was entrusted with various messages for Heaven. The Reverend Mother recommended her intentions, among others the implanting of a Foreign Mission Seminary on Canadian soil.

(To be continued)

Errata: Two errors have found their way in the last issue (May-June):

Page 527, second line of last paragraph, read 1889 instead of 1887.

Same page, fourth line of last paragraph, read 1899 instead of 1889.

New Missions in the Philippines

Two new fields of labor on the soil of the Philippines are now open to the apostolic endeavors of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The first, Santa Cruz Mission, in the Province of Davao, has for several years already been the object of the devoted zeal of the Reverend Fathers of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society. The second post is Las Pinas, in the Province of Rizal.

Four of our Sisters formerly stationed in Manila are already occupying the last-named Mission. Six other Missionary Sisters will leave their Motherhouse on the next liner bound for Manila. Four will proceed to the Santa Cruz Mission, where the following works will provide channels for their apostolic devotedness: Kindergarten schools; the teaching of Catechism and lessons in music and art; a dispensary for the poor and visits to the sick; the formation of catechists.



Christ Stills the Tempest

*With fury dashed the foaming tide,
The raging billows tossed,
And timid hearts grew faint and grieved —
They thought all hope was lost.*

*The fragile bark now rose, now fell,
At haughty waters' will,
And waves came surging, awesome, dark,
That baffled all their skill.*

*A flash of lightning rent the sky,
The sailors quailed with fear,
So frail the skiff that bore them on, —
A wat'ry grave was near.*

*For they were men and could not tame
The fury of the deep.
'Tis true they had their Lord on board,
But Jesus was asleep.*

*The tempest's mood with passion rose,
And hearts despondent cried:
"O Master, save us, save, we pray,
We perish in the tide!"*



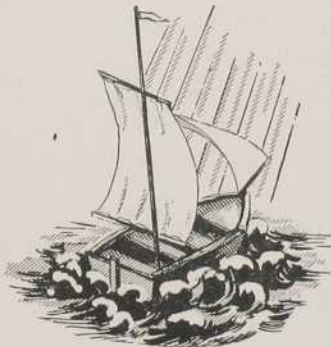
" O ye of little faith, why fear? "
So spoke the gentle Lord,
For they had dread lest sleeping, He
Should fail to speak the word.

The surging sea in silence sank
And shrank beneath the will
Of Him whose potency enchains
All earthly force: " Be still! "

And slumber settled on the waves,
The wailing wind was hushed
By Him at whose command the tide
Of Cana's water blushed.

* * *

We Christian souls in Peter's Bark
Are sailing o'er the main.
One Beacon glows — the Church of Christ —
Eternal Port we gain.
But they, the great unnumbered host,
The heathen lost in night,
By every wind of doctrine tossed,
Shall they be led aright? "



Christ stills the tempest e'en today;
Unshackled is His might.
Oh, let us pray that He will raise
His voice to plead the plight
Of all those souls that know Him not,
Or knowing, turn aside,
And make them children of His Church —
Our Beacon and His Bride!

THE PRECURSOR

Helen Hears the Call

"Only God can make a tree." Like a song sung in harmony, Kilmer's poem of praise hummed through her mind as she drank in the beauty of the midsummer evening. Tall leafy sentinels stood around the Bentley home with the rock inflexibility of soldiers at attention. A flock of feathered choristers went sailing through the sky like miniature airplanes in formation. Only two lingered behind, perched on the topmost bough of a fidgety poplar, serenading the blushing rose queens of the garden plot Helen loved to tend.

"Gran," the seventeen-summer voice betrayed a happy mood, "isn't this world too beautiful for words! Just look at the bright zinnias and marigolds in Mother's garden. You can almost hear their golden hearts throbbing for sheer gladness. There is a song of mirth in the spring as on it flows to meet the river—" and Helen let her thoughts loose to graze at will in the meadows of sweet content.

Grannie did not answer. Like an old nun absorbed in her evening colloquy before the God who gave joy to her youth, she remained groping with thoughts of another evening, the eventide that would soon bring her life's little day to its close. Hadn't she already overstepped the scriptural four-score limit of human years? And that nostalgic gleam in her faded eyes when Helen spoke of Heaven and of what interludes they would wedge in between grand symphonies presided over by the First Lady of the Land!

The girl's merry mood suddenly dissolved like raindrops in a hot wind. "Gran, what is life?" she raised searching eyes.

Grannie felt hemmed in unawares. She hadn't expected a like query from the carefree, exuberant lass of seventeen who gaily swung in the July sunshine and outdid the most jovial of the warbling chorus in glee.

Helen pressed her point.

"Life, dear, but—" Helen noticed how the glowing sunset delicately tinted the silvery locks, "some poets liken it to a rose path with a pricking thorn here and there. Others compare it to a battlefield. I rather fancy that last comparison. We are all soldiers on life's broad field of battle, and if we are too coward to pull the trigger of undaunted effort on the onslaughts of the world, the flesh and the devil, we are doomed to the defeat that spells disaster eternal."

"I read a poem last week that told of life being much like a little bird that cleaves the air leaving no telltale mark of its flight," commented Helen, as she thoughtfully severed two flaming petals from a bloodred rose.

"Everyone of those comparisons is exact, dear. Life is little more than an overnight stay in this Valley of Tears. My own eighty winters seem like a fleeting dream to me. True life begins when the dream is shattered and we cross the eternal threshold."

"What does life hold in store for me?" asked Helen, her sparkling blue eyes like sapphires.

"For you, honey? Do you hear the soft flowing spring at a stone's throw from here?"

"Yes, Gran. I like its bubbling song."

"Well, it's a pretty fair picture of your young life, Helen. I saw both of you being born. One lovely May morning as I was gaily romping in the thicket seeking fresh blossoms for my Marian altar, I suddenly became aware that a tiny rivulet was springing up between two boulders. It wasn't any bigger than a straw. Next day it had grown bigger and stronger, and bravely elbowed its way among tall reeds. Daily I observed how the spring I had discovered took on more and more importance. Then came the hot summer months when the floodgates of heaven remained bolted fast and a blazing sun parched meadows and gardens. The brave little spring would gladly have slaked their thirst, but its will was far in advance of its means, and by September it looked like a dull, winding bit of faded ribbon."

"Oh, Gran dear," there was girlish eagerness in Helen's voice, "how did it ever get big and strong, anyway?"

"When springtime returned with its spirit of rebirth, the tiny spring held up its head again and merrily bubbled out of bed. All the birds and insects that fluttered around the first spring God created in the Garden of Eden came to mirror their graceful bodies in its crystal tide, and every dainty petal bent like a happy princess to admire its feastday finery reflected in the sparkling waters."

"But so far," objected Helen, "I don't quite realize the connection. Where is the likeness?"

"So, dear little one, when you came as a gift from God, you were so frail and sickly that we feared the cobweb thread of your young life would soon be shattered. But soon you changed your baby mind and decided to become



a sturdy, mischievous youngster. Your health is a precious heaven-sent boon, don't forget."

"Now," reflected the blue-eyed granddaughter, "I see the likeness. So the spring should be my model."

"Yes," answered Grandmother with wisdom born of years, "keep your soul as pure as the crystal spring. You know one can always see through the depths of its pebbly bed."

"Now, Gran, don't you think the spring's purpose on earth is above all to refresh God's living creatures, birds, insects, flowers?"

"Certainly," and Gran's lips curved in a smile.

"Oh, thank you, thank you! Now I see more clearly than ever what I should do with my budding life. I must allay the thirst of souls, as the spring quenches that of bodies. Like blossoms imploring a drop of water for their parched calyx, souls, thousands of souls, pant after the wellsprings of divine grace. Poor souls thirsting after truth, with no one to hold the cup to their lips! They languish and die for want of the refreshing draughts of the fountain of life everlasting. And I, poor little spring surging under God's creative finger, shall bear the waters of salvation to the countless heathen throngs. Gran, what do you say to my becoming a Missionary Sister?"

THE REDACTION

—◆◆◆—

A stimulating and also a consoling thought this, — that of perceiving in the needy, and particularly in heathen souls, the very figure of Christ Himself, who has wished to offer to the non-Christian world as well as to ourselves the incomparable grace of salvation.

Most Rev. Celso Costantini

* * *

Society will return to the arms of Christ, will return to the law of Christian charity, when each one of us, in his own way and according to the light that has been given him, strives to do his best for God, for himself, for his neighbor and keeps alive in his heart a burning hope for a Christian world.

W. McGinnis, C. S. C.

* * *

MAY THESE WORDS COME TRUE TODAY

I have ever anticipated a great battle between good and evil, and have ever been led to think the duty of the champions of truth, when the conflict came, was anticipated for them in the words of Moses, "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the *magnalia Dei* (the wonderful things of God). He shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

Cardinal Newman, from a letter of 1873



*Example Speaks
Louder Than Words*

Delightful springtime had come to Elmsville. Every tree was a poem of green foliage. Spreading chestnuts, murmuring pines and hemlocks, rows upon rows of sturdy old maples. In the branches everywhere, practically-bent sparrows and swallows were busily discussing household problems in a series of gay chirpings, while their more romantically-inclined mates poured forth in liquid notes a melodious serenade in praise of their Creator.

It was the end of a perfect day, a Sunday evening so mild and balmy with the scent of blossoms, that everybody in town seemed out enjoying the beauty of it all.

Doris and Evelyn strolled leisurely along the shaded avenue which led to Sacred Heart Church. Doris, the vivacious brunette, was doing almost all the talking, as usual, while her sister Evelyn, of the pensive pansy eyes and golden hair, seemed content just to enjoy all her sister said.

Nobody would ever dream of calling these two goody-goodies. They are modern, up-to-date girls in the right sense of the word, which does not in the least interfere with their being fervent Catholics, living up to their religious faith. A watchful mother has sown deep in their hearts, from early childhood, a rightful appreciation of all the treasures Holy Mother Church places at the disposal of her faithful children. In the O'Neil household, Sunday is always kept as it should be kept: attendance at Mass in the early part of the day, and at Vespers when evening shadows meet the waning daylight.

"Hello, Doris!" Harriet, a former school chum, called out from the home balcony. "Come on in and have a game of pingpong."

"Thanks. The pleasure will have to keep, Harriet. We'll be late for Vespers if we tarry too long."

"Don't tell me you two are going to Vespers? My dear, nobody in our modern world should think of asking young people to sit still for a whole hour on a hardwood bench, listening to mediaeval music. Thanks for me. I would just about give up the ghost if I went."

"Never fear, Harriet. Neither of us will pass out at Vespers. I really thought you knew your religion better than to talk that way, though."

Evelyn and I never have time to be bored. We love those beautiful melodies which came down to us from geniuses and Saints, let me remind you. Thirty to forty minutes in all — Vespers are over and so is Benediction. We come out spiritually refreshed and ready to enjoy a merry evening at home or with friends. So long, Harriet, the Vesper bell is ringing. We must be off. 'Bye.'

Another week fled along on fleet wings, and once again Evelyn and Doris were on their way to Vespers. Friends and neighbors called out a cheery greeting as the winsome pair passed by.

"Mother," Gladys just out of boarding school pleaded, "Mother, why don't we join those two and go to Vespers for a change?"

"You're not serious, dearest? What would people say? We would surely be given out as bigots or church barnacles."

"What of it, Mother? This is a free country, isn't it? Why shouldn't we do as we please and let people's tongues wag as they will? A walk will do us good, anyway. Come on, Mother, let's go."

"Well, my dear, if you insist, we will go. You young folks nowadays just lead us poor elders about as you see fit. Now, in my young time —"

"Mother, please let 'young time' memories wait. Vesper bell is ringing and we don't want to be late, do we?"

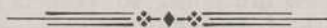
A few minutes later, Mrs. X. linked her arm in her daughter's and joined the young Vesper-goers.

The experience was so enjoyable that missals were bought, so as to secure a more thorough understanding of the impressive liturgical prayers, and Mrs. X. no longer worried over the "what will people say."

Little by little, the procession of Vesper-goers grew. Summer was nearly over, and hardly a pew in the parish church was left empty when rang the bell summoning the faithful to Evensong. Gray-haired, gentle Father O'Keefe's heart sang a hymn of joy and thanksgiving at this re-awakened interest of his parishioners in one of the most beautiful offices of the Church. Souls would greatly benefit.

After Benediction, all would go their way happy and contented, and the evening would be all the more pleasant for having been begun at Jesus' feet. How could sinful amusements be indulged in following this contact with the Holy of Holies? How could uncharitable conversations be held after the blessing of the God of Love?

Example speaks louder than words. Let us bravely do our duty and live up to our religion. Others, seeing our faithfulness, will be helped along the rugged paths of duty. The weak and timid will be made strong if we have the courage to be what all Catholics should be — apostles.



Never in the history of our country has the need of a fervent and universal worship of God been so great as now.

Rev. J. Q. Killen

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

"In the meantime, the mandarin had summoned the missionary to hear his sentence and to be sent to execution. Fr. Vénard had prepared for himself a special dress for this day of his nuptials, a garment of white cotton covered with a long robe of black silk. Having put it on, he calmly appeared before the mandarins, and when the sentence of his death had been pronounced, he took up his parable, and made a little speech. This was a formal declaration that he had come to Tong-king only to teach the true religion, and that he was going to die for the same cause. He ended by saying to the judges, '*One day we shall meet each other again, at the tribunal of God.*' The mandarin of justice rose hastily and exclaimed, 'I will have no insolence!' The convoy was ordered to start at once. It was composed of two elephants and two hundred soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant colonel. Fr. Vénard began to sing Latin psalms and hymns as the procession passed through the town. The place of execution was about half an hour from the mandarin's house, and when they had arrived, the soldiers formed a great circle to keep back the crowd, which was enormous; but the courageous widow Nghiên broke through the ranks and at last obtained permission to remain with the missionary to the end.

"Fr. Vénard, with a calm and even joyous countenance, looked all over the crowd, hoping to see Father Tinh, and to receive a last absolution. But this poor priest, not knowing that the order for execution had been given, could not arrive in time. Your brother, having given his sandals to the faithful widow, sat quietly on his mat. The soldiers took off his chain, and with a hammer loosened the nails which fastened the ring about his neck and ankles. Then they pushed all, even the poor widow, outside the circle.

"The executioner was a hideous hunchback, called Tûe, once a soldier, now a buffoon. He had already decapitated four of our priests on the 25th of March, 1860, and had begged to be allowed to perform this horrible office that he might have the martyr's clothes. He began by asking of Fr. Vénard, as of an ordinary criminal, what he would give him to be executed promptly and well. The answer he received was, '*The longer it lasts the better it will be!*' Seeing that the missionary's clothes were new and clean, his whole anxiety was to get them without any stains of blood. He therefore begged his victim to strip; and, as this first invitation remained unheeded, he added, with barbarous ingenuity, 'You are to be *lang-tri*,' that is, to have all the members cut off at the joints and the trunk sawn into four parts. Our dear missionary, either because he believed the lie, or because he wished to experience more fully the humiliation of our Saviour, who before His crucifixion bore similar treatment, perhaps also because he was anxious to get rid of the importunities of this vile hunchback, took off all

his clothes except his trousers. His elbows were then tightly tied behind his back, forcing him to hold up his head for the fatal stroke, and he was fastened to a stake badly fixed in the ground. In this position, at a given signal, Fr. Vénard received the first stroke — but it was simply a trial blow on the part of the merciless executioner and did not enter the flesh deeply. The next stroke, more vigorously applied, cut the head nearly off, the stake and the victim falling together. Then the executioner, finding his sword blunt, took another, and hacked at the neck, while indignant murmurs rose from the crowd.

“Finally, seizing the fallen head by the ear, he held it up to the lieutenant colonel who presided at the torture. This officer, having desired the municipal authorities to keep watch for three days, during which time the head was to be exposed, instantly sounded the retreat and marched his troops back to their quarters. All this time the poor widow Nghiêu and many other women were bewailing as if at the death of their first-born. No sooner had the troops left the ground than these women and a crowd of sympathizers precipitated themselves on the spot to soak their handkerchiefs and papers in the martyr’s blood; and they showed such ardor that not a blade of grass was left in the place. The execution had not occurred in the usual spot. The great mandarin desired to have the missionary decapitated on the edge of the river, so that the head might be thrown into it with greater ease after the exposition. For this reason many of the curious, and likewise of the faithful, had taken the wrong road, among the rest a good pagan who had arranged for the burial of the body; hence, although the execution was at eight in the morning, at midday the body still remained extended on the sand, covered with a mat. Then, a bier having been brought down the stream, everything was prepared for the interment. Besides the family of this faithful pagan, named Huông-Da, the widow Nghiêu, who had not left the remains for an instant, was present.

(To be continued)



At the present hour no one has a right to take refuge in mediocrity, and I am certain that this formidable upheaval will see the Church emerging more resplendent and better adapted to modern needs.

Pope Pius XI

* * *

Time is gold, sages say. Time is Heaven, says the Missionary. It is his happiness to spend it all in the service of his Master, without rest, without respite. And when the natural weariness seems to say “enough”, then a look up to Heaven or a minute before the Tabernacle, and he feels at once encouraged to start again and double and redouble his work . . . time or no time.

Annals of Propagation of the Faith



SZEPINGKAI

Convent and Internment Life in Retrospect

(Continued)

Saturday, January 3, 1942

Smiles beamed on every face today when news came that our neighboring mission stations would no longer be "No Priest's Lands". His Excellency Msgr. Gaspais, Apostolic Delegate, has appointed a Chinese priest for Szepingkai. Confreres of the Reverend Father will also keep the Fires of Faith burning in Taonan, Paitchengtze, Kountchouling, Tungleao, Leoyuansien and a few other posts. Church doors are opened wide in priestless Kountchouling, and willing hands have set to repair the ugly scars of evacuation rush.

Wednesday, January 7

Four missionaries sorely in need of medical care were welcomed here today. Two are Belgians, the Rev. Fathers Seione and Dupont; Rev. Father Ulling is Dutch, and Rev. Brother Bourgault, C. S. V., is Canadian-born. All four are neither gloomy nor dejected over their ill luck. Formalities complied with, police officers put in an appearance at the dispensary entrance and gave orders to the M. D.'s to keep them informed on the condition of the newcomers.

Friday, January 9

His Excellency Msgr. Gaspais, Apostolic Delegate, offered the Holy Sacrifice in our chapel this morning. Pious choral selections and harmony from the organ added their note of gayety to the occasion.

Breakfast was hardly over when police visitors sought out the revered Prelate. So had they done yesterday. His Excellency went with Rev. Father Joly, French diplomatic minister, to settle a miscellany of matters at the Police Office. Intrepidly he spoke to the Japanese, exposing the situation as it stood, and requesting that justice and liberty — liberty above all — be granted the Church and the Christians. The President of the Provincial Office promised he would attend to the affair, and personally accompanied His Excellency to the Seminary, where he was awaited for dinner.

Supper was taken in the small emergency hospital where were gathered the four sick missionaries, Rev. Father Li, Chinese Pastor of Szepingkai, and Rev. Brother Paquette, C. S. V. While the meal was in progress, His Excellency amiably turned to the Sisters who were waiting on the table. "So you have prepared a regular banquet in honor of the sick. It was very kind of you. Do it again, Sisters." His Excellency then related humorous sidelights of the concentration in Sinkiang and elsewhere. It seems that the Mother Superior of a certain Harbin Convent received permission — we doubt whether Rome would set the stamp of approval on this one — to function as priest to the priestless. "As for you," declared the Japanese gendarmes emphatically, "you have our permission to say Mass. You may also hear women in confession, but not men by any means!" Benevolent permit surely, but one that clearly proves how the Catholic Religion "is all Greek" to those pagans. However, ignorant as they are in the rudiments of Catholicism, they are really sympathetic to those of the household of the Faith. Military authorities have even acknowledged to the Apostolic Delegate that "more than ever, during these times of warfare, they intended to keep on favorable terms with Catholics. Missionaries are interned, true, but their internment is not a question of religion." Again these last days a radio broadcast emphasized the spirit of charity and brotherhood which marked Catholics from among their fellowmen. "The followers of that religion uphold and help one another." A recent regulation has it that all citizens of the country shall step across their temple threshold once a month and pray to their passing gods. "But this law doesn't bind you," said its makers to Catholics and Protestants. And the reason is this: "They are church people and they pray every day." This brutal world-enveloping crisis, bringing as it does missionaries in the spotlight, and battering down the wall of age-old prejudice that stood against them, will very likely do a world of good in souls, and enable Christ's Ambassadors to kindle the fires of divine love in the bushes of heathen wildernesses.

Saturday, January 10

Rev. Father Ulling, a patient at our makeshift hospital, was already very ill when he arrived here after several days of heroic endurance in a dungeon. One of the priests deemed it prudent to anoint him today.

Monday, January 12

Rev. Father Ulling is growing weaker. Seminary confreres of his were informed and obtained permission and privilege to call upon him. They came, thirty-one of them, with their spiritual head, His Excellency Bishop Jenessens, who arrived yesterday with Rev. Father Provincial. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre accompanied them, and — inevitably — a few police guards. The poor patient expressed his joy on seeing his brother-missionaries again. When the Japanese head officer offered his sympathy and regret, the Reverend Father had Sister Superior tell him that he didn't hold any grudges against him and willingly forgave all. "I am glad to be here and grateful for all that is done for me," he added.

Tuesday, January 13

Night hours were restful for our patient. With every hour his physical energies are slowly restored, and he now seems out of danger.

Wednesday, January 14

We hardly dared believe our eyes when we tore open a letter from our dear Sisters in Leaoyuansien, and found they had written in French. They told how the Police Office had allowed them to use the mother tongue for letters that would stay within country bounds. As hopeful as the fields in May is the tidings, for we shall now be able to keep on writing terms with our companions at their various missions. Paitchengtze Dispensary is open, and the Chinese priest can freely call at the Mission. Another thorn in our rosebush, however — Tungleao Dispensary is "under the interdict." Military "powers that be" would have it so.

Sunday, January 18

We were asked yesterday to have more beds ready for still other patients. Several would be in need of special medical attention, but our crowded quarters protest to their being brought here. Rev. Father L. Beaulieu, P. M. E., considerably weakened by dysentery, arrived at our hospital today. Others are scheduled to reach here tomorrow.

In spite of all trials and privations, joy seems to be the dominant note in the grand internment symphony. Camp diet lacks more items than it does include, and to say that healths are a bit broken down would be putting it mildly.

Like a radiant shaft of sunlight through clouds of cheerless grey, came the initial vow day of two native Novices and the Clothing of a Postulant this afternoon. Rev. Father Li received their consecration in the name and place of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. The Professed Sisters made their re-dedication during morning Mass. Pious and touching was the simple function, one that will remain vivid in the hearts of the happy Spouses of Christ when planes have ceased to belch their bombs over a war-wrecked world.

Monday, January 19

Hospital cases in our convent now add up to twelve. New arrivals today are: the Rev. Fathers E. Wauters, F. Vervloessem, A. Seys, L. Heynes, Belgian priests; A. Morin, C. S. V., and Rev. Brother Bartholemi, of the Christian Brothers. Rev. Father Henri de Hondt, Belgian doctor who came on the 10th to assist his confrere who was ill, has returned to the Seminary.

Thursday, February 5

A laconic telegram notified us of the death of His Excellency Msgr. Abels, Vicar Apostolic of Jehol. Of Dutch nationality, the Prelate had

passed the four score bound of years. Seeing he was ailing when internment orders were proclaimed, civil authorities agreed to leave a companion priest with him. The forced departure of the other Fathers and his consequent isolation must certainly have hastened his end. No doubt the Divine Master longed to reward with the promised hundredfold the indomitable laborer whose long day of toil in the pagan harvest had stretched through sixty glorious years. His Excellency had been forty years a member of the episcopacy.

Thursday, February 19

A picture of Our Blessed Mother in the reverent hands of an internment camp chief of police! Believe it or not, but we can vouch for the astounding fact. It so happened that the officer took a fancy to the picture that hung



SISTER BLANDINE DE JESUS (BLANDINE SIMARD, ROBERVAL), SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG), SISTER H'AN MARTHA, NATIVE SISTER, SISTER MARIE DE L'ASSOMPTION (ALICE LAROCHE, SWEETSBURG), AND YOUNG GIRLS AT THE WORKROOM.

on the wall of our procure. Sister Superior said yes almost before he asked to have it. He took his treasure home and set it in the place of honor. Next day Sister Superior received a thank you letter and a tasty package of sweets. We are thrilled over the prospect. Doesn't Mary always lead souls of good will to her Divine Son?

Sunday, February 22

Only two priestly visitations has our Fakou Community had since the doors were closed on freedom. You can imagine how eager the Sisters

are to be of our family here. Our Tungleao Sisters were altogether deprived of all spiritual ministrations from mid-December until January 23. Then a Chinese priest appeared on the scene. All the ugly tokens of enemy doings caught his eye. Both church and dispensary were forbiddingly closed. The Sisters were as forbiddingly confined within their convent walls, and lacked things that would have added up to a long and sorry list. After the usual quota of formalities, the priest obtained leave to open church and dispensary, gather the scattered sheep into the Fold again and remain as their shepherd.

Tuesday, April 14

Like John the Baptist in prison, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre continues to preach the charity of Christ and to prepare the way of the Lord. Unable as he is for the moment to launch out into the deep, he casts the net of Faith for souls that come his way. Today's capture was one that the fishermen of Galilee would have envied. The son of the internment camp chief of police was made a child of Heaven. Hearing the good news, we reflected that miracles would happen, for Mary's picture graced the wall at home. Could her Divine Son's long delay? The officer, whose consideration for His Excellency is common knowledge to all, readily agreed to have his son provided with a right to happiness "beyond the bourne". Sister Superior was asked to give Baptism to the boy. We hope God's hour is not far off for the head of the family, who daily prays to her through whom all blessings come.

Saturday, April 18

Orders said to be coming from the Sinking Government office have enjoined all recuperating missionaries to return to internment confines. Our humble hospital will put down its shutters for a time. Brief but beneficent has been its period of operation. How willingly we sought to alleviate the sufferings of the heroic Gospel-bearers of the Missionary Christ!

Saturday, May 9

Rev. Brother Paquette, C. S. V., handed us a telegram from Taonan, bringing news of Sister St. Denis' ⁽¹⁾ serious illness and asking that a priest be sent immediately. Unfortunately, Rev. Father Li had just left for Sinking. Sister Superior lost no time in informing His Excellency Msgr. Gaspais, who will delegate a priest to assist our beloved Sister.

Wednesday, May 13

Sister St. Anne ⁽²⁾ has obtained permission to hasten to the bedside of our dear companion. She left this morning with Tchang Therese, a native Sister.

1. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis de Kamouraska.

2. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie, Megantic.

Thursday, May 14

Sad news, viewed from this side of eternity, was brought by a messenger from Taonan. Sister St. Denis has winged her way to the merciful arms of God. Brief her years have been on the mission field, but she enters the Pearly Gates with the glory that springs from generous, selfless and abiding devotion.

Much as we would have desired, Sister Superior was not granted leave to visit our Taonan Sisters and console them in their sad bereavement. May Our Immaculate Mother see to that herself in the matchless motherly way that is hers!

Wednesday, July 1

Seven months of promise budded into sweet reality today. Our companions from Fakou are our guests. Luckily they were able to bring along a good amount of luggage. The Mission remains in the hands of a native Sister and a trusty old Chinese keeper whose fidelity and devotedness do not date from yesterday.

Friday, July 10

Military chiefs have now requisitioned the Seminary to harbor their fighting men. Canadian missionaries are supposed to return to the Bishop's Residence tomorrow. As for the Belgian priests, those under forty-nine will be sent to Moukden. The others will seek their Jehol Mission with His Excellency Bishop Jenessens.

We were very happy to learn that His Excellency Bishop Lapierre is free. Rev. Father Boule, American subject, is to leave for Foushun Camp.

These forced assignments necessarily involve ours. The exodus with our convent in view cannot be long postponed.

Sunday, July 12

Another busy day of moving. The Bishop's Residence looks more like a railway station than an episcopal palace. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre was compelled to grant us dispensation from God's Day of rest, as formal orders from officials demanded a speedy departure. The twenty-one of us had supper at home this evening, and, be it ever so humble, there's no place like it!

Wednesday, July 22

After seven and a half months of confinement in Moukden jail, the Rev. Fathers Guilbault and Houde came back to the Bishop's Residence today. But for their companion in captivity, Rev. Father A. Asselin, the gates to freedom did not swing open. The three priests have lived through dark hours lit by no ray of hope. A damp and narrow cell measuring 5½ by 9½ feet was their living quarters during those long months of wearisome seclusion. For the first forty-two days of their incarceration, the prisoners had much

to suffer from hunger and cold. Then they were allowed a change of clothing, and the Mission was able to send them foodstuffs twice a week. On March 4, Rev. Father Cambon took Holy Communion to them. Their Eucharistic fast had lasted a good hundred days. It was taken up again until May 23. After that date they received regularly every two weeks.

Tuesday, August 11

Our beloved Sisters from Koungtchouling gladly returned to their Mission today. They have warrant from the police to relieve all the ills awaiting their ministering hands.

Wednesday, August 26

Government leaders have made arrangements for the repatriation of a number of missionaries. Two of our Sisters have been singled out, Sister St. Jeanne de Chantal⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Alice⁽²⁾, both of whom are in failing health. The decision fell like a thunderclap on the two, who dreamed of nothing better than life and death in a mission land, but after the clash



NATIVE PROFESSED SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

Front Row: SISTER JULIENNE DU ST. SACREMENT (BEATRICE LAREAU, CHAMBLY), ON THE OCCASION OF HER TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION, AND SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SZEPIINGKAI.

Back Row: SISTER MARIE ESTHER (ALICE BUTEAU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE, BEAUCE CO.).

1. Jeanne CARON, Montreal.

2. Marie Alice LADOUCEUR, St. Genevieve de Jacques Cartier.

followed joyful submission to God's will which is always best. The native Sisters who had been the object of Sister St. Jeanne's devotedness for a good decade, are deeply grieved at the assignment back to Canada.

Friday, August 28

Courageous to the end, our two departants left us this afternoon. The head official of the camp will accompany the leaving band to Japan. There a Red Cross mercy-ship will take them on board with Canada as journey's end. Our fervent pleadings with Mary are their protecting escort.

Tuesday, September 1

The young religious Society of Our Lady of the Rosary has just penned a history-making page in its annals. Until now our Community had charge of its management, but at present its founder, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, deems the time come to lay administrative powers into its own hands. A Superior General and her council, elected from among the members, will from now on guide the Institute, still in its promising infancy, to progress and fruitfulness in the bosom of Mother Church. The epochal act was accomplished this afternoon in presence of the entire Community.

Tuesday, September 29

God moves in a mysterious way, that we know, and today Rev. Father A. Asselin, a captive for Him, was liberated from his Moukden prison cell. The supposedly guilty priest had still four months to serve, but in honor of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of Manchukuo — a gala event in the capital — he was granted his release.

Thursday, November 5

A very concise note from our two Canada-bound travellers lets us suspect that they are not in Yokohama with the Fathers of the Pont Vieu Foreign Missions, but rather in Tokyo. May Our Heavenly Mother keep them under the folds of her protecting mantle!

Monday, January 18, 1943

Retreat exercises for the native Sisters were closed this forenoon by the religious profession of three Novices and the investiture of a Postulant. In the afternoon, a Manchu Novice made her vows in the Congregation of the Rev. Antonian Sisters of Mary.

Saturday, April 17

Beheadings in our garden! But we must explain right away. Our ornamental trees and shrubs well knew they had to respect the paramount rights of vegetables, and so consented to being beheaded. Today our eyes can see only leafless boughs and bare trunks. But there is always balm in

Gilead, and our compensation will be the erection of a Lourdes grotto on our grounds, with Mary there to smile as once to the shepherd girl of the Pyrenees. The statue formerly occupied the Seminary grounds, and was brought by the priests to the Bishop's Residence.

Saturday, April 24

Paschal joys of tomorrow had their opening prelude today. Twenty-two wandering lambs were securely hemmed within the Pale of Holy Church. Among the neophytes were twelve students of the Clerics of St. Viator High School. One of the group had already adopted Protestant beliefs a few years ago. Since then, however, divine grace and enlightenment persuaded him that he had taken a bypath that would never open out on unquestionable truth. Kneeling before the altar, he renounced his former creed and made a public profession of his Catholic Faith. May these newly-purified Christian foreheads be held high and proud in the defense of God's rights and causes!

Sunday, April 25

Yesterday's neophytes partook for the first time of the Living Bread which came down from Heaven to nourish souls unto Life Everlasting. The church was crowded to capacity for High Mass. A sizable number of the faithful arrived from outlying villages two or three days ago to make their Easter duties.

Friday, May 21

Famine threatens and beggars are legion. In Koan Li, Southern China, hundreds of persons daily starve to death. Here we have only half of the usual sorghum ration. These last days, while calling on the sick, we came face to face with misery that spells agony. One ailing little mother carried an infant in her arms, and two sickly-looking urchins of three and five held on to their father's hands. Thus they had been walking since morning, stretching out a pleading hand for sympathy, and receiving everywhere the cold blow of rebuff. At last they came upon a small portion of boiled sorghum. The head of the family had his wife and toddlers sit on the roadside, and poured into their extended hands the unsavory food they forthwith engulfed in starved stomachs.

Only a few hours ago, we discovered a wan little lass of ten dejectedly sitting on the dispensary doorstep. In her protecting arms whined a three-month-old baby brother, and close to his big sister crouched a frail young man of five. The little spokeswoman said they had no father. As to their mother, she had been sick at home for the last few days, without anybody to care and anything to eat. A meagre fare would be so welcome, but even that is denied. We christened the baby, wishing it Godspeed to God's arms, filled empty bowls for the tiny dears, and prepared a box of eatables for their mother. Then we sent them off with a "See you tomorrow."



SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERIEN, ST. LEONARD D'ACTON), SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG), SISTER MARIE DE L'ASSOMPTION (ALICE LAROUCHE, SWEETSBURG), SISTER ST. VINCENT DE PAUL (EVA DUMAIS, ST. JOSEPH DE LEPAGE), SISTER MARTHE DE JESUS (ANTOINETTE DESJARDINS, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SZEPINGKAI, AND YOUNG GIRLS OF THE MISSION GATHERED AT THE CONVENT.

Sunday, June 13

Pentecostal joys are shrouded in mourning at the native novitiate. Sister Barbara, Professed Religious, departed from this life in the forenoon. Fallen a victim to tuberculosis, she bore up under the sufferings of her lengthy illness with edifying patience. The funeral service will be held Tuesday.

Thursday, July 15

While thousands are buckling on their armor and marching off to answer the call to arms, we in our own restrained and restricted position would fain respond to that other call to teach and baptize. But the Divine Master rests satisfied with our good will for the moment. Today, however, we saved two souls for Him — one at the eventide and the other at the dawning of life. The former belonged to a group of beggars who frequently visit at the dispensary for a little respite from the taunting sneers they meet with everywhere.

Thursday, July 29

Death is death, but beautiful when the life before it has been lived for God and souls. Missionary internees, especially those from the Lintung Prefecture, were deeply grieved to learn of the passing of His Excellency Most Rev. E. Masse, Prefect Apostolic of Lintung, during the night hours.

Only a few days ago, the Prefect was an internee with the internees, when he had to stay in bed for an apparently slight ailment. Complications set in yesterday, and those who waited on the patient grew anxious. All possible means were employed to ward off a fatal issue, but the hour for eternal furlough was about to strike. At 1.30 A. M. the valiant Prefect Apostolic laid down his life for the cause of Christ and His Missions, while his sorrowing confreres surrounded his bedside. Calm and confident he remained in death as he had been in life, and answered the call to lay down his weapons and enter the land where the War for Souls need no longer be waged. Short years were his on the missions, but each had well-filled days to its account. His earthly career, ended in obscure internment, will lengthen out in an eternal one of glory and ineffable beatitude.

Our humble Community, in so many ways indebted to the deceased missionary, will remember him in prayerful supplications and gratefully recall his unnumbered kindnesses.

Saturday, July 31

Permission obtained from provincial authorities, we assisted at the solemn funeral service sung in the Cathedral for the deceased Prefect Apostolic. Following the Holy Sacrifice, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, in a stirring panegyric, stressed the exemplary obedience, the spirit of sacrifice and the untiring activity of the heroic laborer so early called from his toil. His Excellency Most Rev. E. Masse was forty-two. His body was laid to rest in the Cathedral crypt.

Sunday, August 15

The Sisters of the Assumption, who were grouped by His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, and helped him when he first set foot in Manchuria, ended their annual retreat today. Each year they flock from their various missions for their retreat and renewal of vows. The ceremony was held before High Mass. Two Novices bound themselves through vows in the hands of His Excellency. These Sisters have a religious rule in keeping with their dealings with the pagans. They have rendered invaluable services to the missions, especially in zones where the Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary have not yet been able to settle.

Friday, September 24

Driven from their Mission yesterday by twenty or so Japanese policemen after two hours' notification, and reaching Szepingkai in time to kneel with us at the Eucharistic Banquet — such is the saga beneath which our Sisters from Taonan could sign their names. Our beloved companions were unable to call at the dispensary or have any relations with the Christians before their forced leave-taking.

Another splinter from the cross: our own dispensary was notified to give up its functions this afternoon. The trial will prove especially harsh for our needy sick. Naturally, home visits are tabooed indefinitely.

Thursday, September 30

Now we have to pay tribute to illness. Four of our Sisters are down with a violent fever that causes us well-grounded fears. Their temperature varies from 103° to 104°, and their general condition is considerably affected.

Friday, October 1

Night hours have been far from propitious to our sick. Two others have fallen a prey to the malignant disease.

Saturday, October 2

A Christian Japanese doctor, replacing Doctor Wang who died September 30 last, came to visit our six patients. He diagnosed Manchurian fevers, an illness which is new to the country, and the cause and cure of which have not yet been determined.

Thursday, October 7

Our infirmary denizens have taken a turn for the better. The joyful Feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary was therefore offered in glad thanksgiving.

Saturday, October 23

Manchurian fevers are also rampant in the concentration camp. Rev. Brother Liguori, Superior of the Christian Brothers, who mastered a first



SISTER MARTHE DE JESUS (ANTOINETTE DESJARDINS, MONTREAL), SISTER LI ROSA, SUPERIOR OF THE NATIVE SISTERS, SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG), HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP LAPIERRE, REV. FATHER LI, SISTER MARIE DE L'ASSOMPTION (ALICE LAROCHE, SWEETSBURG), SISTER TCHOU MARIA AND A GROUP OF RETREATANTS, SZEPIINGKAI.

attack two weeks ago, was struck down again today, and the doctor says he is in danger. The Fathers pleaded with the police to have our nursing Sisters sent to the sufferer. Sister St. Anne⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Charles de Milan⁽²⁾ were permitted to spend the night at his bedside.

Thursday, October 28

Rev. Brother Liguori's condition had notably improved yesterday, but the night has been most distressing. The doctor seems embarrassed and hesitant. Our Sisters have lost all human hope. His Excellency Msgr. Gaspais arrived this morning to encourage the distinguished Religious.

Friday, October 29

Rev. Brother Liguori (Leon Trepanier, Quebec) was called to God at 9.00 last night. The revered deceased is deeply mourned, not only by his brothers in the missions, but by all the interneers, who had only words of regard and appreciation for him. When classes in foreign languages were opened in the camp, the Reverend Brother was named Japanese teacher. He was proficient as well in English and Chinese. As the zealous missionary was only forty-four, one would have visioned many more years of devotion to souls for him, but the ways of God are unpredictable, and the yearning wish of the Lord to glorify His servant must have been too overwhelming to be any longer deferred.

Saturday, October 30

Word has been received that the Paitchengtze Dispensary is closed. Of the ten dispensaries established in the Vicariate, only three are operating at the moment, and that of Koungtchouling may be forbidden to carry on its work. Our Tungleao Sisters have been without a priest for over three months; hence, no Mass, no Confession, no Communion.

Friday, December 3

Twenty-five souls of good will have been led from out the heathen billion to the glorious ranks that acknowledge Christ as their God. This morning they knelt for the first time at the Banquet of Love. Missionaries may be interned, but the Word of God is never shackled, and the stalwart apostles who have given their hearts to the needy pagan multitudes, are ready to add their sufferings and their lives if need be, in union with the Victim whose self-sacrifice gives value to our human offerings.

Wednesday, February 23, 1944

Without a right for five long months to serve as channel for the relief of ailing bodies, the dispensary opened its doors today for the betterment of souls. In a makeshift conference hall Rev. Father Li will preach retreat exercises to twenty-three retreatants.

1. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie, Megantic.

2. Jeanne BOUCHARD, St. Eloi, Temiscouata.

Sunday, March 12

From Tungleao came the sad tidings of Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ illness. Certain symptoms seem to forebode typhus. May our dear Heavenly Mother avert all danger!

Saturday, March 18

A telegram informed us that dear Sister St. Mathias is very low. The Japanese doctor has diagnosed typhus of the worst type. He says the case is rendered more serious by the fact that Sister Superior already suffered from heart disease.

Thursday, March 23

No reports coming from Tungleao, we had begun to entertain hopes, but they were shattered today when a brief message came, announcing dear Sister Superior's departure for the land beyond the grave. Could we only have helped her through the last painful hours! Still, we know God was there, and He will not have left His faithful servant unaided.

Monday, March 27

A solemn service² for the repose of the soul of Sister St. Mathias was sung in the Cathedral. Rev. Father Li officiated, and His Excellency Bishop Lapierre gave a last absolution. A second service by Rev. Father Fortin, former Rector of Tungleao, was held in the Bishop's Residence chapel. Several Masses were offered as well by other priests. The remains of the dear departed were laid to rest close to the modest convent home where for over eight years she had given herself so selflessly and perseveringly.

Friday, June 30

Five seminarians received minor orders at the Cathedral. Despite the obstacles abounding in its path to progress, the pressing work of the native clergy makes consoling forward strides. God be praised!

Tuesday, July 18

"Daily line-ups for medicine and treatment are consistently increasing." Such is the gist of a report from our Leaoyuansien Sisters. As many as two hundred come within one day. In mission lands charity is the mother of invention, and the nursing Sisters find time to treat all ills — but how they do find it is their own mystery, not God's. Work is just as plentiful at Koungtchouling for Sister St. Alexandre⁽²⁾ and Sister Catherine d'Alexandrie⁽³⁾.

1. Sister ST. MATHIAS (Ida Vincent, Gananoque, Ont.).

2. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Alexandre d'Iberville.

3. Catherine LEBEL, St. Epiphane, Rimouski Co.

Sunday, August 6

Miss P'i, a young pagan lady long friendly with the Mission, firstly employed as language professor and later as assistant nurse at the dispensary, has lately asked to be baptized. Grace won over her doubts and hesitations, and today, after early Mass, she was incorporated by Baptism in the Mystical Body of Christ. At High Mass she was given the Bread of Angels. May the great Mother of God grant the grace of perseverance to her newly-adopted child!

Tuesday, August 15

Joyful jubilee bells pealed out for dear Sister Julianne du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾, pioneer and first Superior of our Szepingkai Mission, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her religious profession. After the simple and pious ceremony in our home chapel followed High Mass in the Cathedral. Family rejoicings were then opened in the community room. A pleasant programme was executed in honor of the beloved silver jubilarian, during which episodes of her religious and missionary life were re-enacted "in lighter vein".

As all beautiful days of earth, this one had its setting. Beneath the gentle smile of our spotless Mother we lived its last hours, and then consigned it to the hands of God.

Sunday, August 27

With police escorts arrived our dear Sisters from Tungleao yesterday evening. In keeping with the desire of the officials, they will set up quarters in the dispensary, space lacking here. Two native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will have the custody of their convent during their absence.

Tuesday, August 29

Church bells are silenced until victory chimes will peal. Christians are told to go to church at the usual hours for religious functions.

Saturday, September 30

Our cherished little Sister St. Jeanne de Valois⁽²⁾ cannot have many more days to live. Sister Superior considered it prudent to have her anointed, seeing she asked herself for the Sacrament of the dying. All the Sisters surrounded her bedside and she could follow the prayers. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre also granted the indulgence *in articulo mortis*, and left her happy and consoled.

Thursday, October 5

Sister St. Jeanne de Valois has been unconscious since yesterday. The doctor leaves us no hope of cure from tubercular meningitis. She was able, however, to receive Holy Communion. Her lips, used to the recitation

1. Beatrice LARREAU, Chambly.

2. Agathe DION, Three Rivers.

of pious aspirations, still form acts of love for Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. The dear little Sister seems to have had a presentiment of her approaching summons to follow the Bridegroom, for she had lately applied herself to accepting God's holy will more resignedly than ever.

Friday, October 6

In the early dawn the pure soul of our dear companion winged its way to the Mansions of eternal light. A little after midnight, all the Sisters encircled her bed to give prayerful help in the last struggle. The prayers for the dying were followed by the Rosary, to which she seemed to be uniting. Sister Superior had her renew her vows. After the recitation of the *Salve*



CONCENTRATION DAYS IN SZEPINGKAI.
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND ANTONIAN
SISTERS OF MARY.

Regina a second Rosary was begun, and to the gentle murmur of Aves another white-liveried child of Mary Immaculate was seen safely home by that best of mothers. It was 3.50. Seven years to the day intervened between Sister's arrival in Szepingkai to labor for Christ, and her leaving for her last heavenly assignment to be crowned by Him. As her whole life was spent for souls, so, we feel assured, was her supreme sacrifice offered for their salvation.

Monday, October 9

The mortal remains of our regretted Sister being still untouched by the ravages of death, we had the consolation of her presence in our midst until

this morning. The funeral service was held at 9.30 in the Cathedral. Missionary internees being free to assist, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre celebrated a solemn service, during which the Reverend Fathers assumed charge of the singing. The solemnity was most impressive. How vividly it contrasted with the simple tenor of Sister's days on earth! Perhaps did God wish thereby to reveal the greatness of hidden life and unhallowed devotedness. Our little Sister just gone to Him had always preached the eloquent sermon of good example in what pertained to abnegation and self-effacement. Very close to our convent she was laid to await in peace the glorious dawning of the Resurrection.

Thursday, May 24, 1945

A Professed Sister of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Han Elizabeth by name, quietly breathed her last at 4.00 this morning, after over one year of illness.

Friday, May 25

Our Sisters from Leaoyuansien arrived today. The Chinese priest, equally expelled from the Mission, had to seek refuge with Christians.

Saturday, June 9

Military authorities have laid hands on Leaoyuansien's beautiful little church, according to a report that has come in, and soldiers are occupying the building. O my God, we hoped Your House would be respected, but You want to be despoiled of everything, even as Your missionaries!

Wednesday, June 20

Sister Superior went to the station to meet our Pamientcheng Community, likewise banished. The orphans they took care of have been removed five li away in a house belonging to the Catholic Mission. Tchang Agnes, a native virgin, will be its custodian. She will also have to supervise the refuge for old people, which will continue to function.

Saturday, June 30

In face of the future dark with apprehension, and fearing the disastrous consequences that would ensue from the hasty exit of foreign missionaries, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre has decided to ensure the security of the native Sisters while it is yet time to do so. A number of them will be scattered here and there, especially in their own home villages, where they will stay for the time being at the Catholic Mission of the place. Should further troubles arise, they will then be able to be harbored in their respective families while waiting for the storm to clear up. Two Professed Sisters will leave tomorrow, and the others in a few days.

Friday, August 10

News came through yesterday that the Russian Army had bombed Sinking, the capital, and Kountgchouling, where the aviation field is situated.

Strident siren whistles kept us on the alert until 1.30 this morning. No sooner had the little bell rung bedtime last night than the siren abruptly trisected the stillness of the night, sending young and old to seek underground shelters. With the Fathers and the Antonian Sisters we crowded inside the cellars of the Bishop's Residence. No great damages resulted.

Tuesday, August 14

Easy as 1-2-3 is the invasion of Manchuria by the Russian Army. The Japanese, whose defeat cannot be long averted, offer no great resistance. Our city will probably be attacked in two or three days.

Wednesday, August 15

Brightly shone the sun on this morning of Mary's August Feast. While we meditated on Our Mother's Assumption, poor exiled children of that Mother, we anxiously wondered how much of warfare we would have to live through before Heavenly Portals should open for us.

No High Mass was sung in the Cathedral, and the Mission gates were prudently closed. The very last Japanese on guard at the Bishop's Residence made a hasty exit in the small hours, without broadcasting the reason for his departure. In this he was but doing as the head officer had done a few days ago. The only man at the camp is a Chinese interpreter. Blissful conclusion: the missionaries are free!

With mingled joy and anxiety we awaited events. At dinnertime a current of joy thrilled us through and through. Peace! Peace! With lightning swiftness the glad exclamation spread, lighting all brows with rays of expectation and happiness. Grateful, heart-deep thanks to the Queen of Heaven, who stilled the surging billows of the sea of tragedy that had all but engulfed this section of her Son's earth!

Sunday, August 19

After four years of turmoil and separation, missionaries and Christians were reunited today for Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral. When all met together after the Holy Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, joy lit up every face—joy all the more heartfelt seeing how long and painful the trial had been. And now we are facing the bright tomorrow of the missions! May the seed of sacrifice and sorrow cast these last years in the mission furrow spring up and yield fruit a thousandfold, to the greater glory of the Savior of souls!

Szeping kai Dispensary Report

From September 1941 to September 1945 Inclusively:

Child Baptisms.....	188	Adult Baptisms.....	54
Patients.....	34,507	Injections.....	6,891
Home Visits.....	1,095		

Sister du St. Cœur de Marie ⁽¹⁾, *Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Szeping kai, Writes to Her Superior General.*

Szeping kai, February 4, 1946

BELOVED MOTHER,

This is surely a stroke of good fortune for me — being able to drop you a few lines. You may well believe my privilege is to be envied, and so it is in fact.

I often wonder whether mother-hearts and sister-hearts at Cote des Neiges are sad at the thought of our mishaps. But then I feel sure your great trust in Divine Providence never wavers. As for us, we must be fair to that Providence of God, and acknowledge the never-failing help and strength that have come from on high.

I wrote several letters since August 15, but probably only those entrusted to the repatriated Canadian Fathers have reached you. So I would have pages and pages to pen. Yet the envelope must not be over-thick. A few details will have to do for this time.

Things have greatly changed since the war ended — but not entirely for the better. Our world seems out of gear altogether, and we wonder when normalcy will take the lead.

Our Sisters from Pamientcheng and Leaoyuansien are back at their posts, but it was no easy matter to begin over in Taonan and Fakou. Some of our Fakou Sisters stay in Pamientcheng, and others from Taonan are stationed in Leaoyuansien and elsewhere.

Postal service and regular north-bound trains no longer operating, we seldom hear from our Sisters. Four Canadian priests were able to reach Paitchengtze and Taonan by way of Sinking. Their journey was not so difficult as had been feared. Our Sisters are well. No news has come since then from Paitchengtze, but we have reason to hope all is quiet there. Our Sisters "had gone through it" before August 15.

Koungtchouling is the post we can most easily attain, and we have sent four new companions to Sister St. Alexandre ⁽²⁾.

Our Sisters in Tungleao had gone to Leaoyuansien with the intention of remaining there some time, but a providential occasion turned up two days later, and they went to their own mission. Chinese Communists have set up quarters in the Catholic Mission Compound, Leaoyuansien. Naturally, our Sisters had no way out but to give up their home and seek a lodging on the second floor of the priests' house. Their dispensary keeps them busy, and that's a comfort.

Now about Pamientcheng. The Rector had to leave house, church, dispensary, orphanage, etc. Our Sisters' house is now serving as parish

1. Agnes LAVALLEE, Winnipeg.

2. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Alexandre d'Iberville.

church, dispensary, orphanage, etc. Our companions have reserved one room only for themselves and the kitchen.

Here in Szeping kai, besides private English courses, we have several music pupils who manage to take up a good part of Sister Joseph Arthur's⁽¹⁾ time. Will we keep this up? The future will tell, when schools will have been reorganized.

Dispensary work is plentiful. Sister Marie Celine⁽²⁾, Sister St. Edmond⁽³⁾, and Sister St. Charles de Milan⁽⁴⁾ have not many spare moments.

As I write, the Mission is setting up a welfare work for Japanese refugees in Szeping kai. The building was chosen in the Nipponese quarter, and repair work is well under way. At the end of the week thirty Japanese widows, some ill, others destitute, will be transferred there with their little ones. They are now at the town refuge. His Excellency has asked that some Sisters go and live in the dwelling, *Mercy House*, as it is termed, to supervise and conduct. Two Fathers have been staying there since the first Friday of February. They say Mass in the small improvised chapel.

Szeping kai stores have many empty counters as yet. Articles are sold at skyrocketing prices and have little or no value. The cost of living is as lofty.

Dear Mother, there would be many other things to say, but I'd be sorry to miss the mail. Rest assured of my filial love, as of that of my dear fellow Sisters. When are we going to hear from you? Things must have changed greatly since 1941. Loved ones of ours have probably passed on to a better life. We are anxious to hear from Canada.

I remain, beloved Mother, your humble and loving child in Mary Immaculate,

SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE, M. I. C.

* * *

VANCOUVER

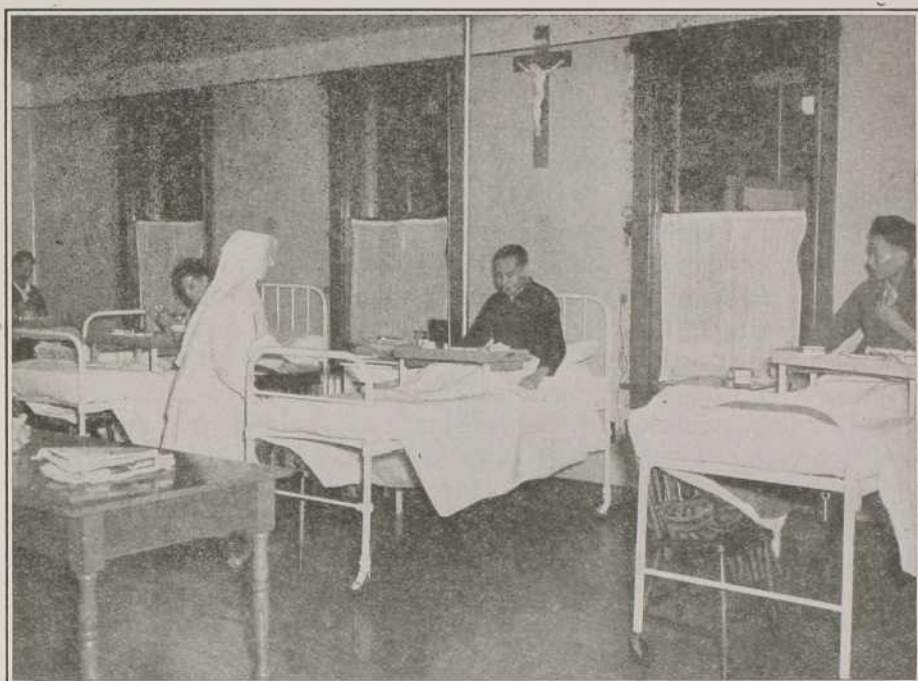
ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL

"More things are wrought by grace . . ."

On November 28, Mr. Hamakawa, a tubercular patient who had been with us for ten years, found at last the haven of Everlasting Joy and the bliss of the life beyond.

Divine Providence had decreed that this soul should be led to eternal salvation through the thorn-beset pathways of physical pain and moral suffering.

1. Laura THERIEN, St. Leonard d'Acton, P. Q.
2. Regina BELIVEAU, St. Paul de Chester, P. Q.
3. Irma DE LADURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace, P. Q.
4. Jeanne BOUCHARD, St. Eloi, Temiscouata Co., P. Q.



IN THIS WARD OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL MR. HAMAKAWA PASSED LONG MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT.

The fourteen-year-old boy came to us ten years ago as a fervent Buddhist, and a fervent Buddhist he vowed to remain, faithful to the religion of his fathers. It was impossible not to admire and love this plucky and truly courageous lad lying on his back without a single complaint for ten tedious years.

Holy Writ tells us that God, as a tender Father, stands near unto those who suffer. The first victory of grace over this soul was achieved when the storm-clouds of war darkened our horizon. May 29, 1942, saw us standing sadly but helplessly by, while our Japanese patients were temporarily removed to Stanley Park Camp. Poor Hamakawa grew moody and despondent. As a fatal consequence his physical strength was greatly impaired. Every time the Sisters were allowed to visit the Camp, Hamakawa would beg:

"Sister, please take me back to St. Joseph's."

Imagine his unbounded joy when, after ten months of absence, he was finally allowed to re-enter our wards, with a few of his more seriously-ill companions who could not be immediately transferred, on account of the bad weather, to New Denver San, a few hundred miles from Vancouver.

From this time onward, our young patient was transformed. He continually strove to curb his naturally haughty and imperious nature, with the result that he soon became very gentle and considerate towards his nurses and the patients of his ward, Indians, Hindus or Chinese. He endeared himself to his fellow patients by his willingness in cheering them

up when they felt depressed, and by his delicate attentions and good turns. His conversations with the nursing Sisters and his diary both give proof that he felt himself drawn to the true God, and recognized in daily events the adorable will of his Maker. Grace was winning one victory after another, and ardent were our prayers that soon this soul might surrender to its loving and merciful sway.

Gifted with a very active nature, Mr. Hamakawa spent his forced leisure in studying, reading and the learning of several handicrafts. It was mere child's play for him to make a crochet or a needle do his bidding, and, especially during the last eight months of his life, he did a surprising amount of work in spite of continual pain from several ugly abscesses on the spine, which kept him practically motionless. Delicate and intricate bits of lace and other dainty knickknacks he had made he would gladly offer to those who took care of him. Almost to his dying day he thus kept busy, ever boosting up his morale and that of others, never quite despairing of a cure.

On November 7, however, an unexpected blow fell. The doctor told Hamakawa he would soon be transferred to New Denver San. The sick boy was simply broken-hearted. He tried to have the decision reversed through influential friends. Meanwhile, he ceased to work and seemed to have lost all zest and interest in life. His meals were left untouched and he spent sleepless, restless nights. The disease soon attacked the brain, and then in a few hours all was over.

In the early dawn of November 28, he suddenly slipped into unconsciousness. Rev. Father McCarthy, who had had friendly chats with him a few days previously, was immediately called. As the patient had been in excellent dispositions, everything was made ready for his baptism.

"Hamakawa San, if you desire Holy Baptism, open your eyes."

The already dimmed eyes of the patient opened wide several times. The blessed waters then flowed upon his brow, bringing him strength and solace in the last struggle. After an agony of two hours, this regenerated soul winged its way heavenward.

As soon as death had touched his wasted frame, a look of unutterable peace settled over his features. He seemed like a victor serenely reposing after a hard-won battle. In death he looked the expression one so often hears — "At Rest."

The funeral service was held in our chapel, and the remains were then taken by train to New Denver, according to Mrs. Hamakawa's express wish. Young Hamakawa was his mother's last remaining child.

Our readers will doubtless read with interest these few excerpts from his diary, which show how trials led him to the foot of that hill the upward part of which leads Godward.

March 3, 1945

Many times today I read and re-read several passages from the Gospel. The printing is so fine that my head ached, but it was worth while, for among and above all other books, this one is the truest, the most inspiring and consoling.

June 20

What sad news reached me today! My sister Rose passed away on June 9 and was buried on June 11. I can hardly believe this harsh reality. It still seems like a dream. But I must be brave about it. I can only hope and pray that Mother will not be too down-hearted at this terrible trial. May she bear up under it as she did on the occasion of Father's death. O my God, give her strength and courage.

July 6

I understand more and more clearly the moral obligation under which I am to give good example. After the lights had been put out last night, I heard Ed and Joe talking about what I had said and done during the day. Better try, with the grace of God, to act in such a way as to lead them along the straight path of duty.

July 17

Mr. Ching Tong gave me a haircut today. I was wondering how to thank him, when I remembered about some veal cutlets of which he is fond. Surely God watches over me in a most wonderful way. Everything comes out just as I wish. I hope to be able always to do my duty day by day in order to please Him in all things.

August 15

A kind old lady brought us candies and apples as a thank-offering to God, so she said, for the complete cure of her daughter ill with T. B. and helpless like me for years.

I do hope that I also shall get better some day. But God knows what is best for me. Meanwhile, patience, hope and trust in Jesus!

August 24

Had a letter from George today. Poor fellow, he has no patience and is always worrying about something or other. I do hope and pray he will learn about religion in the near future. That is just what he needs.

September 9

Mrs. Robertson (nurse on night duty) offered to pay some doilies I had crocheted for her. I refused outright, because I don't want to work for money, but simply out of gratitude to people who are so kind to me.

September 12

I had a very pleasant time today. Mother came to see me. She was supposed to come earlier, but she postponed her visit because someone was sick in the laundry where she works, and she felt obliged to stay. I told her how proud I felt of having a mother like her, faithful to duty even at the cost of painful sacrifices. She has been allowed to remain in Vancouver for the rest of the month. Thank You, O Heavenly Father, for this wonderful favor granted me!

September 16

Mother called again today. She chatted about her laundry work in New Denver. What a wonderful mother I have, unafraid of difficulties, always brave to do and help others!

October 2

One more day before Mother leaves for New Denver. God willing, I hope to see her soon again.

October 11

I had a letter from Mother this morning, saying she had a pleasant trip back to New Denver. Nisei went with her the whole way, so she had no trouble at all. Thanks be to God for His loving protection. He has heard my prayers and accompanied her Himself in my place.

November 7

The most unexpected thing happened today. Doctor Sylling told me I would soon be transferred to New Denver San. I had Mr. Samers called to discuss the matter over with him. He said he would contact the B. C. Security.

November 24

I feel so tired now that I no longer work or pray. Father McIntosh called today with a young Chinese friend. We had a good talk.

His diary ends here. Life was ebbing fast away, and Hamakawa's pen dropped from his numbed fingers.

A few days later, a happy, peaceful death set his soul free, and put him in possession of the reward won by years of patient and uncomplaining suffering.

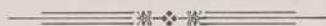
And now in Heavenly Courts above he doubtless pens in gleaming characters the bliss untold which shall be his through years unending.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER*Report for the Year 1945*

Child Baptisms.....	1	Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	471
Adult Baptisms.....	48	Pneumothorax.....	357
Holy Communion.....	493	Laboratory Tests.....	3,081
Extreme Unctions.....	12	Dressings.....	724
Home Visits.....	168	Injections.....	2,117
Radiographs.....	233	Various Treatments.....	3,624
Medications.....			36,433

Report of the Chinese Dispensary, Vancouver

Patients.....	456	Physical Examinations.....	61
Various Treatments.....	156	Medications.....	359



With the War happily over, but with many Mission Churches destroyed or damaged, we must look to the future with the fullest confidence that any material damage to Church property can and will be repaired in due time. The loss of life among missionary personnel is indeed irreparable, but God will undoubtedly raise up other brave men and women who in turn will take up the challenge of the mission cause for which they died, and carry on the good fight for the Church to the end. Such sacrifices merely heighten zeal in new missionaries, and zeal will bear them on to new successes.

Very Rev. W. T. Davis, D. D.,
Propagation of the Faith Director, Toronto

Missioned to Vancouver

On the feast of Mary's Blessed Guardian, March 19, three Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left their Motherhouse for the Mission of Vancouver, B. C., where the harvest is plentiful, but where a dearth of laborers is felt.

The newly-appointed missionaries are: Sister St. Pierre Claver (Adee Hebert, St. Cyprien de Napierville), Sister Anne de Jesus (Diane Barrette, Fall River, Mass.), and Sister Clotilde de France (Cecile Gosselin, Quebec).

The first Sister mentioned, a missionary of long standing, was repatriated from the Philippines in October last. Ex-Superior of the Manila Chinese General Hospital, then later of the Manila Immaculate Conception Academy, she lived through the terrible years of the occupation, being interned with the other missionaries. She moreover suffered a three-month imprisonment in Fort Santiago. While recuperating after all the painful privations endured, she will continue her apostolic endeavors in behalf of the sick Chinese, Japanese and Indians of Vancouver.

Souls are the world's most precious possession, and a missionary's sole ambition is to win them all to the last to the Savior of mankind.

* * *

MONTREAL

CHINESE HOSPITAL

TWO SONS OF CHINA ARE MADE SOLDIERS OF CHRIST

In the chapel of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, on March 8 last, four patients, among whom two sons of the Orient, Messrs. Lee Pin and Cheung Sao, joined the ranks of the full-fledged soldiers of Christ.

Following Pontifical High Mass, His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau



MR. KOUAN, SISTER ST. GEORGES, MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MISS MAISIE WONG, MR. JOHN LEE, SISTER ST. YVES, MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUPERIOR OF THE CHINESE HOSPITAL, MISS LUCILLE WONG, REV. FATHER J. M. POITEVIN, M. E., PASTOR OF THE CHINESE MISSION OF MONTREAL.

briefly addressed the congregation, after which he proceeded to the sacristy entrance, where the candidates had been wheeled.

After the ceremony, His Excellency asked our Sisters present to instruct further the two Chinese Christians in their mother tongue. Joy and gladness pervaded the very atmosphere, and the quiet smiles illumining the countenance of the privileged pair bespoke a happy heart and contented disposition. Piously they recited the *Ave Maria* in their native singsong dialect.

Mr. Lee Pin is sixty-two. He was firstly admitted to the Montreal General Hospital, where he showed it evident that a pagan he had been



Back Row: MR. CHAN KOUNG PO, REV. FATHER J. M. POITEVIN, M.E., MR. RAYMOND WONG, MR. WONG HAM, NEWLY BAPTIZED, MRS. WONG HAM, MR. RICHARD WONG, SISTER MARIE LUCIA AND SISTER ST. GEORGES, MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Front Row: LUCY, PAULINE, BERNARD AND LEA WONG.

born and a pagan he would die. But it was evident, too, that soon the realms beyond the tomb would open for him. Then it was that the compassionate Mother of God intervened. The patient was transferred to the hospital dedicated to her under the title of Our Lady of Mercy. Paralysis had laid him low and he could no longer speak. Our Sisters ventured to his bedside and the welcome they were given heartened them for further attempts. Mr. Lee faithfully listened to their doctrinal lessons. On October 30, Rev. Father D. Charbonneau, Chaplain at the Hospital, made him a child of God in Holy Baptism. Mr. Lee's happiness was too overwhelming not to find expression in tears of gratitude. Shortly after, the God of his Baptism became one with him in Holy Communion.

Mr. Cheung Sao, likewise a Chinese, has been blind for over four years. After several sojourns in various hospitals, he finally found his way to the Montreal Chinese Hospital. In healing the ills of his body, the nursing Sisters aimed firstly at his soul, and taught him the main truths of Our Holy Faith. When his illness was declared incurable, his relations had him removed to Our Lady of Mercy Hospital. There Mr. Cheung Sao was baptized John Peter, and made his First Communion.

BAPTISMS IN OUR CHAPEL

Another soul is now lightened by the hope of an eternal *Alleluia*. On Easter Sunday, April 21, Miss Maisie Wong, a young Chinese lady of Montreal, was led to the baptismal font in our little chapel.

The ceremony was held before High Mass, during which Miss Wong knelt for the first coming of the Eucharistic God. Mr. Francisco Kouan, master of the Chinese Boy Scout Division, acted as godfather, while Miss Lucille Wong, to whom the new convert owes much of her present happiness, served as godmother.

April 28 marked the introduction to the Catholic Faith of another son of the Celestial Kingdom, Mr. Wong Ham. The newly-baptized resides in Montreal. His family is Catholic, and it is now his joy to be of one faith with his dear ones. On the same blessed day, Mr. Wong Ham first partook of the Sacred Banquet in which Christ is received.

* * *

Quebec Chinese Mission Jottings

Our Sisters privileged to help Rev. Father A. Caron in his apostolate in behalf of the Chinese living in Quebec and vicinity have most consoling reports to impart.

Recorded here are the spiritual conquests achieved for Christ the King during the year 1945.

March 7 saw the Baptism of Mr. Wong Sing, a patient in Levis Hotel Dieu. On March 11, Messrs. Seto Leen and Koung Moun, both baptized in December, 1944, and also Mr. Yee Lai Yip, made a child of God in 1943, received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. J. O. Plante, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec.

In our modest convent chapel, on Holy Saturday, March 31, Rev. Father A. Caron conferred Baptism on Mr. Goon Yuen. On Easter morning, the happy neophyte knelt at the altar and received his God in a fervent first Communion. April 12 saw him dubbed a knight of Christ through Confirmation.

April 11 was the never-to-be-forgotten date for Miss Raymonde Seto, who had made her first Communion on the previous morning. His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, through the Sacrament of Confirmation, brought down upon her the graces that go to make a perfect Christian unafraid of the battles of life.

The same day, in Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier Church, Miss Simone Chan was also armed with the weapons of salvation at the hands of His Excellency Auxiliary Bishop Pelletier, who also confirmed on April 14 Mr. Lom Tcheung in Beauport Parish.



Seated: MR. LEUNG TSIN, BAPTIZED ON JANUARY 6, 1946, WITH HIS GODPARENTS, MR. AND MRS. G. GREGOIRE.

Standing: MR. CHAUMET, MR. BLAIS, SISTER ST. ETIENNE AND SISTER MARIE DE LA MISERICORDE, MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MR. LOM, REV. FATHER A. CARON, MR. GARNEAU, THE REV. MOTHERS ST. LANDRY, ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE AND ST. LOUIS DE BLOIS, SISTERS OF CHARITY OF QUEBEC.

In the chapel of St. Anne's Hospital, on July 16, Mr. Wong Sam Wah received in his heart for the first time Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. This newly-made child of God was confirmed on October 11.

Our two Sisters in charge of this consoling apostolate in behalf of the Chinese blazed a trail in Chicoutimi Diocese, where they were called in July, 1945. In St. Joseph's Clinic, Jonquiere, a son of the Flowery Kingdom lay at death's door. He was already won to our holy Faith, but lacked someone to instruct him in his mother tongue. Our two missionaries gladly set to work and, on July 25, Rev. Father A. Bergeron, curate, tasted the joy of regenerating a pagan adult for the first time in the saving waters of Baptism. Mr. Yao Seui then made his first Holy Communion on July 26. The same day saw him made a perfect Christian through the Sacrament of Confirmation, administered by His Excellency Most Rev. G. Melancon, Bishop of Chicoutimi.

The opening of the present year witnessed a solemn baptism ceremony in the chapel of St. Sauveur Orphanage, Quebec. All the personnel, the aged and the children particularly enjoyed this day to the full. On the Feast of Epiphany, Rev. Father Caron poured the sacred waters of Baptism on the brow of a new heir to the Celestial Kingdom, Mr. Leung Tsin, who took as Christian name that of his godfather, Doctor George Gregoire. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the pious ceremony to a close.

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of July, 1946

An End to Christian Disunity as a Scandal to Unbelievers

In a recent article the following words, explaining the difficulties of mission work in Japan, might be said to describe the woeful results of Christian disunity in every section of the mission field. "The worst enemy to the spread of the faith has been western unbelief. In 1938 missionaries in Japan declared that the old paganism hindered their work far less than the Christian nations that had betrayed their trust. 'Japan turns to them and to what they teach,' they said, 'and conflicting theories rend and tear Japan as they do Europe and America. The culture of the West has been brought to these people torn from the Christianity which gave it birth and which alone makes it truly intelligible.'"

Now that so-called peace has been restored to the world we find that the various denominations are stepping up their mission work in all parts of the globe. Only recently a report in The New York Times announced that thirteen denominational mission boards planned to pool their resources to re-establish contacts in Japan. "The subcommittee, in response to desires of its thirty-eight constituent mission boards and societies, paved the way for them all to participate in forthcoming deliberations on what is to be undertaken in foreign missions in Japan," the article stated.

Along the same line is the report of Rev. D. Slattery, S. M. A., editor of The Nigerian Catholic Herald, who assures us that "the great tragedy of this present century is the variety of forms that Christianity has taken, one vieing with the other while the poor innocent African stands bewildered by the diversity of 'truth' which is being presented to him. If you pass through the streets of the capital city of Nigeria every hundred yards you go there is to be found a church — at least Christian in name — and of course claiming to be the true one, and as usually all united only in one belief — that the Catholic Church is wrong."

Babel-Like Confusion

There can be little wonder, therefore, that Shintoists, Buddhists, Taoists, Hindus or pariahs, not to mention the uninquiring Moslems and the primitive peoples of Oceania and Africa find that the divergence of precepts taught by these various missionaries, all priding themselves upon their Christianity, create confusion and give rise to scandal. How is the faith-seeking Chinese, Indian, Japanese, African or Polynesian to know that, while the Anglican minister may call himself a Catholic, in principle he refuses acknowledgment of the supremacy of Christ's Vicar on earth, thus disuniting himself with the one, holy, Catholic, apostolic Church founded by Jesus Christ? How can the Hottentots and the Zulus understand the antagonism shown toward Roman Catholic missionaries by the Boer Calvinists of South Africa, who pride themselves upon their Christianity?

The present may well constitute the opening of a new era in the mission apostolate; at the same time the winning of the world to the knowledge and love of Christ may be greatly retarded by Christian disunity. Prayer during the month of July may be the one and only answer to this serious problem facing the Church today.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director

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



Consider the excellency of the grace God granted you in making you children of the Church; therein the Saints never ceased glorying. "I am proud of one thing only," said St. Catharine, "and that, of being a Christian." Another martyr sang in the throes of death: "I am the son of a mother, Holy Church, whose children never die." St. Teresa unceasingly thanked God that she was a daughter of His Church. In short, all the Saints had no other happiness and their lives were as holocausts of thanksgiving for so eminent a favor. Have you ever thought of rendering thanks to God for so great a benefit?

O Holy Church of my Divine Spouse, I wish to embrace all thy maxims, honor all thy sacred ceremonies and drink thy doctrine as a drink unto salvation!

ST. JANE OF CHANTAL

Korea and Christianity

Few countries are so little known to us as Korea. Even now, with the remote islands of the Pacific in the headlines, and the ever-increasing popularity of maps and atlases, this peninsula "bridge between China and Japan" is still disregarded. Catholics should know something of the centuries-old struggle to win Korea for Christ. The Korean chapter of this struggle is among the most soul-stirring in the annals of Christianity.

The Korean peninsula divides the Yellow Sea from the Sea of Japan. It has a long and treacherous coastline. For about 500 miles, southern Manchuria touches its northwest frontier and for a few miles it touches Siberia. It has an area of about 85,200 square miles and its people number about 23,000,000.

The Koreans are descendants of Mongol tribes who invaded Korea from the north. Previous to the Christian era the political history of Korea is wrapped in darkness. However, it can be said that Korea has never known perfect freedom or independence. Devastated internally by civil wars and feuds, externally she was ever pressed, on the one side by China, and on her coasts by the seafaring Japanese.

As early as the third century A. D., Japan invaded the southern kingdom of Korea and exacted annual tribute. Later, Korea came under the "protection" of Manchu China, and by 1460 the southern kingdom no longer paid tribute to Japan. The latter, however, did not give up, and Korea was forced at different periods to wage war against her. In 1592, Japanese war lords overran and desolated the peninsula from end to end. Japanese domination then lasted until 1597, when the Koreans, aided by the Chinese, defeated the Japanese. It is a strange fact that despite this defeat, the Japanese were able to impose on their conquerors one of the most barbarous tributes of history — an annual tax of thirty human skins, later changed to one of money, rice, cloth and medicine.

Another invasion in 1636 by the Chinese forced the Koreans to submit to law dictated to them from their own capital of Seoul, and to acknowledge their homeland as a tributary state dependent on China. For more than two hundred years from this period, Korea enjoyed an uneasy time of peace. From this time, too, dated the policy of isolation and seclusion against all foreigners which earned for her the name of "Hermit Kingdom." This lasted until 1876, barely seventy years ago, when Japan, by diplomacy and trade supremacy, succeeded in breaking down this isolation to make a commercial treaty with Korea. Other countries did likewise.

Korea was fought over twice more in succeeding years. It was for control of Korea that the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-5 was fought. She was also the cause of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5. In August, 1910, Japan annexed Korea outright.

Christianity first set foot on Korean soil in the person of a missionary, Gregorio de Cespedez, of the Society of Jesus, who accompanied an invasion

army sent by Japan under the leadership of the Shogun Taikosama, in 1592. In the Shogun's army were a great many Christians; the military chaplain was permitted to minister to their spiritual needs. The Christians were so numerous because the Shogun hoped to rid Japan of as many male Christians as possible. The military chaplain was able to devote some of his time to the Koreans, whom he instructed. It is certain that he baptized some 300 Korean prisoners of war, since in a subsequent persecution many suffered martyrdom, of whom six were beatified by Pope Pius IX. They are the Korean protomartyrs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before Korea again learned of Christianity. Two young men, who had both acquired a reputation for wisdom, steeped themselves in the writings of philosophers and in the lore of Buddhism, Confucianism and Shamanism. About this time some who had accompanied the annual deputation sent from Seoul to Peking to pay the tribute demanded by China, brought back with them an assortment of philosophical and religious books. These books were studied by the young men, Pyek-I and Seng-hung-I. The former, especially, abandoned his previous religious observances and adored the Creator of the world. The seventh day of the week he observed as a religious day.

Six years passed, when in 1783, Pyek-I heard that his friend was to be one of the annual delegates to go to Peking. He besought him to seek out the priests of the temple of the "Master of Heaven" and to bring back with him all necessary books for further studies. The bishop in Peking at that time was a Franciscan missionary, Monsignor de Govea. He received Seng-hung-I with joy and gave him instruction in Christian doctrines. Before his return to Korea, the Bishop baptized him and presented him with Catholic books, crucifixes and rosaries.

On his return to Korea, Seng-hung-I instructed Pyek-I and baptized him. The two then began to gather together their friends for instruction, and soon they had the nucleus of a Christian community. For a few years they carried on their apostolic work with a zeal and enthusiasm that is without parallel in the history of the Church.

But the new Christians had their enemies in high circles. Arrests were made, and punishments meted out. A minor official, Thomas Pemou, was cruelly beaten and died in exile from the blows he had received. Many defections took place; among them, strangely enough, were Pyek-I and Seng-hung-I.

Leadership of the Christians then fell on the shoulders of Francis Xavier Kouen, who, in good faith, and knowing little or nothing about the priesthood and hierarchy of the church, began to ordain to the priesthood. Kouen was then named bishop over the whole flock. They baptized, confessed and confirmed. Meanwhile, Kouen began to doubt the validity of his title and functions. He wrote to the Bishop of Peking, informing him of all that had been done, and asked for instructions.

Bishop de Govea answered the questions in detail. He explained the nature and origin of the priesthood, and promised to send them a priest.

The orders of the Bishop were received with humility, and the Korean "national clergy", if such they could be called, disappeared. But it was impossible for the Bishop to send the Korean Christians a priest until 1794. Meanwhile, two more martyrdoms had taken place.

The Bishop of Peking sent the Koreans a young Chinese priest, Father James Tsiou. It took him a year to reach the capital of Korea, Seoul. There, on Easter Sunday, 1795, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All the Christians in the capital received Holy Communion for the first time from the hands of the first priest of God they had ever seen. The year 1945 marked the 150th anniversary of that historic day.

Persecutions followed, and Father Tsiou had to flee. He was beheaded six years later, but in the meantime he had increased the number of Christians from the 4,000 he had found on arrival to upwards of 8,000. But now they were as sheep without a shepherd, and the persecutions increased in violence.

Again and again in the years that followed the Christians sent appeals to the Bishop of Peking and to the Holy Father himself for priests to be sent to them. But the Bishop of Peking was dead, and Pope Pius VII a prisoner at Fontainebleau. Meanwhile, the ranks of the Korean Christians had thinned from persecutions, natural causes, and apostasy.

It was not until 1831 that missionaries of the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris were able to enter Korea, backed by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Again the Christian flock increased in number. But new fires of persecution were raging. Bishop Imbert was seized and imprisoned. Convinced that the persecutors would be content with the deaths of the foreigners, he invited his two priests to give themselves up. The two priests immediately joined their Bishop in prison. After prolonged torture all three were beheaded.

Once again the Korean flock were without shepherds. A few years later, on October 12, 1845, Bishop Ferreol, with a Korean priest, Andrew Kim, whom he had ordained in Shanghai, entered Korea. They found the Church in a sad condition. After a few months Father Kim was tracked down, imprisoned, and finally beheaded for consorting with foreigners. But his loss was soon replaced by others, and a period of tranquillity ensued.

Came the year 1866, and a new persecution broke out. In a single month two bishops and seven priests suffered martyrdom, and by the end of the year, Korea was again a priestless land. Over 10,000 Christians were put to death.

With the breaking down of the barriers that so long made Korea the "Hermit Kingdom", in 1873, a change for the better came about. The gates were open, and missionaries might enter.

Maryknoll went to Korea in 1923, and was given jurisdiction over the large Vicariate of Heijo, a territory nearly four times the State of Maryland. The Maryknoll Vicariate is now in charge of Korean priests.

St. Columban Foreign Mission Society was entrusted with the Prefecture of Kwoshu in 1935. Later, another Korean territory, the Prefecture of Shunsen, was given to the priests of St. Columban's. These missionaries

minister to nearly one-fifth of Korea's population. The missions are still staffed by 25 Irish priests of the Society with their eight fellow Korean priests.

Most of Korea's first Christians were martyrs. Martyrs also were her first missionary, her first native priest, and her first three European bishops, her first European priests. Her martyrs beatified by Pope Pius XI (1925) number seventy-nine. Tyrants pass, for they are mortal. But the Church of Christ, imperishable, goes on, for hers is an eternal stability divinely founded, upon the Rock of Peter.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

After Two Thousand Years

After years of trial, suffering and even violent persecution, the Church emerged into the light of day and men were free again to adore God as their consciences dictated. So even now, when the present storms will have passed, the Church will emerge from the shadows and will bring God to men and men to God.

The Church has passed through almost two thousand years of life. In that span of life persecutors have come and gone; new nations have arisen and passed out of being; new civilizations have been born, gradually come to the zenith of their glory and have then faded into oblivion. Through them all the Church of Christ still carries on, the same as she was on the day that the Apostles left the Pentecostal chambers. A second spring is at hand on the missions and its coming cannot long be delayed. We can help it, hasten its coming, and render it more glorious by our labors for the cause of Christ.

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR

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	January-February 1946.....	\$34.25
Year 1945.....	223.10	March-April.....	31.50
May-June.....			\$28.00

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

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



Sunday, March 10, 1946

Evening hours fled by on proverbial wings while our eyes momentarily shifted from Canadian to Manchurian landscapes.

The fascinating film, *At the Crossroads*, was kindly presented by the Rev. Fathers J. M. Poitevin, L. Pageau and R. Hetu, of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary. Mission sights and scenes of far-off Manchuria were aptly fitted in among the principal pictures, that illustrated the workings of grace in a soul from the early dawn of the missionary vocation to its full radiance. "It was about the same with me," some Novices reflected un-awares when what happened on the screen strikingly recalled what had happened to them in real life. "I want it to be the same with me," we culled as spiritual posy from the inspiring vocation film.

Grateful thanks to the sponsors of our pleasant evening programme.

Sunday, March 17

Sackcloth and ashes excluded, we are trying to add a little extra self-denial now that Lent is here. Maybe that explains God's kindnesses of today.

This afternoon we listened to actual war relations from a Suchow repatriate, Rev. Father Hausser, S. J. The colorful and picturesque way of telling which is the Reverend Father's made us re-live with him the dark and dreary hours when war threw life out of joint on God's good earth.

How brief, how brief! Have any practical conclusions sprung up? This one surely: Strong, valiant, prudent souls are missionary "musts" if the apostles of Christ are to attack and overcome the dangers and difficulties that lie in ambush at every turn of the road.

Our kind visitor then established a parallel between what took place on the battlefield, and what the Blessed Virgin had predicted in the little Cova da Iria. "If we but heed the voice from Fatima to the end," he declared, "we shall learn that our troubled age will be climaxed by the triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the whole world." May those words come true and realize the globe-minded motto of our Community: *May the Immaculate Virgin be known from pole to pole.*

The evening mission programme was provided in captivating lantern slides graciously presented by a missionary repatriated from Japan, Rev. Father J. Trudel, Sulpician.

So we left Suchow scenery and reached the country of Nippon. There were magical natural beauties aplenty to be admired on every side, oriental

do's and don'ts to become acquainted with, but the heart of a missionary looks first to the soul, and here we saw superstitious practices and beliefs ingrained in souls whose despairing cry cannot leave us indifferent: "Come over and save us!"

The Reverend Father briefly spoke of internment times, and told us the pictures had been taken before the war, which has left incalculable misery and distress in its wake.

Tuesday, April 9

There's nothing new under the sun, says the wisest of men, and no enigma without its solution, we add as postscript. So it happened that the smiling interrogative and exclamatory points depicted in many merry faces these last few days were explained to the full, and jovially so, this very evening.

Of course we understand how improper it would be for Novices to let the patronal feast of their beloved Mother Mistress go unhonored and unsung to join all the days laid to rest in the grave of time now past.

An ephemeral orchestra directress did a masterly job of leading the symphony. Then followed an aptly selected play designed to fire us with zeal for the conversion of stray souls.

Our closing *Magnificat*, a heart-sprung harmony, we sang standing before a tableau of our Most Pure Mother.

Joy, love, thanks — such was the gift we wished to offer to the devoted guide of our budding religious life. But the joy of a mother finds its well-spring in the joy of her children, so we have experienced in yester-years not yet very distant. May, then, this maternal heart through whose help we are daily brought nearer to our sublime ideal, be filled to overflowing with joy, a reflection of that which wreathes in smiles the faces of the Novices everyone.



SPECIAL SOLDIER'S EDITION OF "MY DAILY PRAYER" (1)

I believe in one God. I believe that God rewards the good, and punishes the wicked.

I believe that in God there are three Divine Persons — God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I believe that God the Son became Man, without ceasing to be God. I believe that He is my Lord and my Saviour, the Redeemer of the human race, that He died on the Cross for the salvation of all men, that He died also for me.

I believe, on God's authority, everything that He has taught and revealed.

O my God, give me strong faith. *O my God*, help me to believe with lively faith.

O my God, Who art all-good and all-merciful, I sincerely hope to be saved. Help me to do all that is necessary for my salvation.

I have committed many sins in my life, but now I turn away from them, and hate them. I am sorry, truly sorry for all of them, because I have offended Thee, my God, Who art all-good, all-perfect, all-holy, all-merciful and kind, and Who died on the Cross for me.

I love Thee, O my God, with all my heart. Please forgive me for having offended Thee.

I promise, O God, that with Thy help I will never offend Thee again.

My God, have mercy on me.

1. Explanatory literature in English, German, or French, and a few sample prayer cards are sent free of charge. Write to:

RT. REV. R. J. MARKHAM, S. T. D.,

Compton Road, Hartwell, Cincinnati 15, Ohio.



CALLING ALL BOYS AND GIRLS!

Remember those sweltering June days that crawled along at turtle's pace? You thought the holidays would never, never come! And here they are swiftly speeding away with seven-league boots. History and grammar and geography books are stacked away in blissful quiet, and somehow you aren't in a big hurry to get back on daily friendly terms with them.

The little Nazareth Schoolboy enjoyed His holidays too, when He was a teen-ager like you, and I'm sure He went in for a lot of playing and hiking. So you just try to model your holidays on His. I guess St. Augustine was quite right when he said: "Love and do what you will." Take it from me, that's an extra-good vacation programme. Why not build your day's fun around it? Quiz Raymond on that. Who? Oh, you've never met him, have you? Well, here's for a warm handshake and a grin in how-do-you-do style.

CAPTAIN WHIRLWIND

Now, don't go and imagine Father Mooney dubbed that name on him in early babyhood days. Here are the facts as they happened: Raymond B. came to be nicknamed Captain Whirlwind because: (1) he sweeps in like a gust of wind; (2) sweeps out like a gale; and (3) his passing leaves behind all the effects of a cyclone. Three weighty reasons for the windy title.

Captain Whirlwind does have light breezy moments now and then. When the clock hand points to prayer time, Whirlwind sends Rex skidding off to some dark corner so he can kneel down and talk over the events of the day with his Divine Friend and ask the Blessed Mother to fix things right again.

But outside of prayer minutes and sleep hours, Ray and Rex are friends as fast as you and your shadow. When Ray opens his eyes at morn Rex opens his mouth — and can he ever bark! Then, until the Sandman pulls down Ray's tired eyelids and drops a good handful of sleep dust in Rex's soot-black eyes, Laddie and Doggie are bosom friends and show it too.

All in all, Rex can be excused for his strong liking. Ray is a gentleman of eight years you can't even begin to dislike. Champion pine climber, number-one expert in the "ole swimmin' hole", ace hiker, matchless raspberry picker — these are just a few of his many good points. And about that raspberry affair! Well, you see, it takes a real flesh-and-blood hero to face old mooing Bessie in her almost chronic quarrelsome mood.

Captain Whirlwind, as I am told, has a missionary uncle out with the wild natives of some New Guinea outpost. "Captain Soul-Saver" I suppose he calls him. One rainy day when he had finished reading his Timeless Topix for the third time, he fished out his Christmas stationery and:

Dear Uncle:

Having the time of my life with the gang and Rex. The lake water is quite warm and I take a dip every day. I'm champion swimmer when Jimmie's got to stay home and mind his baby brother. Poor Lady Jimmie!



Mummie says I'm eight inches taller than when you left. When I'll be a husky six-footer like Dad, Rex and I will sail for New Guinea to help you hunt souls. Meanwhile I keep "prayer-trooping" down your way and denying my sweet tooth for the pagan youngsters. So long, Uncle.

I love you with my whole heart,

Captain Whirlwind.

Now look what have I gone and done! Captain Whirlwind and Rex made me forget all about Mary Anna, and it's *her* story I had started to tell. So, Miss Mary Anna, you'll forgive me, won't you, and give me a bright million-dollar smile so I'll feel all right again? 'Cause I do feel sorry not a little about having forgotten or almost, to keep on with

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL

Mary Anna and the boys think vacation time the very best thing next to Heaven, when Dad can close his big office books, smooth his worry-wrinkled forehead, forget his pin-and-needle cares and be a boy again. What fun on the lake then! Pleasant hikes and pleasanter bathing, and, pleasantest of all, hook-and-line fishing. Dad is a star angler and thinks there's not a grander sport under the sun. When they're in a quiet mood, the boys go fishing too, but those moods are seldom the order of the day. The three live-wires can't remain still long, even if an eye-opening catch be the reward. But Mary Anna, bless her heart, in between romping and jumping spells, likes to chum with Dad on fishing trips. Luncheon, hooks, lines, wriggling bait — she gets everything ready. Luncheon, of course, in case the fish bite too much and you can't decide to come home to eat Mummie's dinner.

One sunny July afternoon Dad and Daughter left on another fishing excursion. Dad skillfully manned the oars and soon the brave little skiff was sailing for all its worth. Dad dropped anchor where the giant water-lilies grew, some twenty feet from the shore. The fish should bite here.

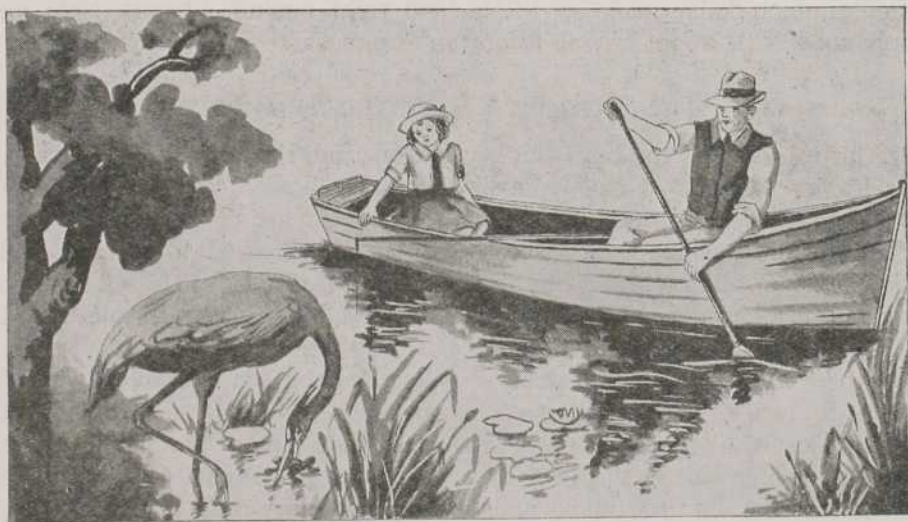
And bite they did. Big grey clouds peeked over the treetops, and that spelled luck for the anglers. Then towards four o'clock the refreshing breeze died down. The fish weren't so plentiful now, but fun was, if we are to believe Mary Anna.

She laughingly watched two dainty winged missies dancing in the air. One was dressed in light green and her mate in skyblue. The tot figured the tall reeds beside the river must be their home. Time and again they plied on silver wings as far as the sailboat, and shyly perched on Dad's or Daughter's fishline. Suddenly, without blowing any warning horn, a giant gnat swooped down from nowhere on the dancing party, and the girl imagined she could see murder flashing in his eyes.

One little missie flew out of reach, but alas, her friend was not so lucky! Mary Anna felt sorry for the little dead insect. She didn't know those killings were common daily happenings in the world of tiny beasts.

Then a mammoth heron darted down from the blue sky and headed for the gold-button waterlilies. His long legs black as midnight dipped in the water and his broad wings folded, he began fishing. Mary Anna looked him over from top to toe. Grey-blue and long-legged he was, with a pointed yellow bill hinged on to the end of a regular giraffe neck. Dad said he was a clever fisher and hunter into the bargain.

Suddenly the very long neck turned a trifle, and the yellow-as-dandelion beak gulped a black and green spotted butterfly that had just squatted down on a waterlily. A choice mouthful that was! Three minutes crawled by. Mr. Heron glimpsed a frog and felt so hungry that he couldn't deny



Mary Anna Knows How to Catch Fish

his stomach. Wonder-eyed, the tot looked on while the bird king's beak plunged in the water and pulled out a tiny speckled trout, that was soon engulfed in the famished stomach as the butterfly had been.

Then without a moment's notice the heron got homesick and spread his wings for the homeward flight.

"So he's going back to his nest," observed Dad. "Let's do so too."

"As you like, Dad." Mary Anna didn't mind going, now that the fish were too lazy and drowsy to bite.

The happy homecoming turned out to be a regular festival. The afternoon's catch was examined and the catchers warmly congratulated. It was great to have the grandest dad in the world!

* * *

Now I wonder. Did you ever take time off to think your little life will have its evening, that when the sun sinks in the golden west and the fishing for souls is done, God will open the portals of His home wide and welcome you with all your brothers who will have gone on before? You want them to have warm congratulations on their lips, don't you? Fishing for souls is really a glorious calling, a sport if you like, and God wants us all to cast our lines from Peter's Bark, the Church.

Let's all be merry and hardy anglers on the world's blue lake, just like Mary Anna that July afternoon, and thus we can face good old St. Peter with smiling lips and hope to hear his welcome: "Step right in. But I guess you won't need that hook and line. The fishing's done."

Yours for a good catch,

THE PRECURSOR



We must not be scandalized in the realization that after twenty centuries of preaching and teaching countless thousands are still without the Faith of Salvation. Even Christ Himself found it most difficult in His own day to attract erring men to the acceptance of Himself as their Redeemer, and to embrace His teachings. Far from being discouraged we must simply double our efforts and intensify our devotions that the minds and hearts of men may yield to the light of Heaven and the grace of God's Love.



The lesson was on the Communion of Saints. It seemed a difficult one to explain to the little deaf children. In very simple language, I tried to illustrate on the blackboard the three parts: The Church Triumphant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Militant. Rene's eyes were bright and full of understanding.

"Oh, I know Sister. The ones in Heaven got A and the ones in Purgatory got B." The whole class seemed to understand this child's version, so I capitalized on the "report card" idea, and said: "Perhaps some of them got C and D." Rene once more volunteered: "Yes, and some got F; they failed, and went to hell." I knew then and there today's lesson was a complete success — thanks to Rene.

A teacher quoted in *Mission Time for Teachers*

A True Mission Story

Robert and Charles are two little boys who live in Honolulu. Robert is in the second grade at school, and Charles is in the third.

One morning on the way to school, Charles said to Robert, "I like this Catholic school very much, and I like the religion that the Sister teaches. Let's ask Sister if we can be Catholics."

The little boys raced the rest of the way to school, and Robert got to Sister first.

"Sister, may Charles and I learn all about God, like the other boys?" he asked.

Sister answered the two eager youngsters: "We should be very happy to have you both study the catechism," she said, "but because you are just little boys, you will have to ask your mother and father."

After school, Robert and Charles ran home as fast as they could, without even stopping to play. "Mother," they cried, "may we be baptized and learn all about God?"

"Why, children, your father and I are not Catholics! Why should you want to be?"

"Oh, Mother," they answered, "because Sister teaches such lovely things about God."

The mother slowly shook her head. "No, children, your father and I are not Catholics, and you may not be baptized. Do not ask me again until you are grown up."

The next morning, when the two boys went to school, they did not skip along happily as usual.

When Sister saw them coming, she smiled and said, "Good morning!"

They didn't smile back, but said: "Oh, Sister, we can't even ask any more to be baptized. Not until we are grown up. What shall we do?"

"Pray very hard and try to be very good boys," Sister told them. "God will take good care of you. Leave it all in His hands. Today, Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the church altar. Go in and see Him sometime during the day, and ask Him for what you need."

Robert prayed very hard during his visit to Our Lord. He stayed in church for a long, long time before he decided to go home.

He skipped along the dry roads and through the fields. He whistled and sang happily all the way home. As soon as he was in the house, his mother called him and said, "Robert, your father and I have decided to let you and Charles be baptized."

"Why, Mommy, that's just what I asked Jesus for in church this afternoon," cried little Robert joyfully. "How quickly God answered my prayer!"

Robert and Charles were then two very happy little boys. They were allowed to join the catechism class, and they studied very hard.

At last the great day came, and the boys were made children of God and heirs of heaven. Their father went to church with them, for he wanted to see what it was that made his sons so good and so happy. He wondered why the priest poured water on their heads, and later he asked the priest for books explaining the Catholic Faith.

He said, "A father should know what his sons believe, and what their duties are." Their mother said she thought so too.

I think Charles and Robert will pray very hard, and someday their prayers will show their mother and father the way to God.

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favors Obtained.

Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a cure. Mrs. J. A. P., **Montreal**. — A thousand thanks to our dear Heavenly Mother for a favor received. Mrs. D. L., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. J. B. L., **Verdun**. — Please join with me in thanking Mary Immaculate for favors granted through her intercession. Mrs. J. N., **Verdun**. — A cure has been obtained. Miss A. G. — I wish to express my gratitude for great favors that have been granted me. Mrs. E. M., **Montreal**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for the recovery of a lost sum of money. Mrs. J. G., **Montreal**. — Many thanks to our dear Blessed Mother for the cure of my little daughter. Mrs. C. L., **Rosemont**. — Lively gratitude towards the Immaculate Virgin for favors received. Mrs. U. B., **Bordeaux**. — Many thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. Mrs. T. B., **Verdun**. — I wish to publish my gratitude for protection granted my soldier son, who came back to us safe and sound. Mrs. A. M., **Waterloo**. — Grateful thanks for favors obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. R., **Bristol, Conn.** — Lively thanksgiving for a position obtained in a truly providential way. M. P., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for favors received. Mrs. P. M. — Sincere thanks for favors received. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate for a signal favor obtained through her intercession. Anonymous. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a cure. Mrs. J. L. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. F. C. — Gratitude for a successful operation. Mrs. E. B. — Homage of gratitude for favors received. Mrs. A. P. — I am glad to express my thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. E. G. — My prayers have been heard. Grateful thanks to Mary! Mrs. R. G. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal**.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanks to God for the safe deliverance of our brother from the war. Mrs. G., **Jewett City, Conn.** — This offering is a promise I made to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and St. Anne for a favor I have received. Mrs. D. R. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for the happy return of my aviator son. S. F. — Thanks to St. Anthony for a favor received. Anonymous. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the cure of a serious illness. O. A. L. — Exemption from an operation obtained through the intermediary of Ven. de Lamennais; several other favors have been received through the intercession of St. Gerard. Mrs. A. B.

A Few Roses Scattered

Grateful thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Miss Therese G., **St. Ulric**. — Thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of the little "Flower of Carmel". A subscriber, **St. Thomas de Joliette**. — Heartfelt thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. H. L. — I am happy to fulfill a promise in honor of St. Therese of Lisieux, in homage of gratitude for a favor received. A subscriber, **St. Joachim de la Plaine**.

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PETITIONS

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

Would you please make a novena for me. I have to move and can't find any place. Mrs. McG. — Please offer a few prayers for my late mother. T. B., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me that God will give me courage to mend my ways. A Reader of **THE PRECURSOR**. — Will you please pray for my dear brother who is very ill from cancer. Should my favors be granted, I promise to ransom a pagan baby likely to live in thanksgiving. I. A., **Westmount**. — Please pray for the health of my husband, and so he can keep up his steady work, as he has heart trouble and is not strong. Mrs. F., **Sherbrooke**. — Would you kindly help me to pray for several important intentions. Mrs. J. F., **Dundee, P. Q.** — My husband is suffering with an arm injury. Please join me in my prayers that it will soon be healed. Mrs. L. D., **Amherstburg, Ont.** — Please think of my daughter in your prayers. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray for our special intention. Mrs. N. LaF., **Springfield, Mass.** — Would you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God asking

her to grant me a favor. Several other intentions are also recommended. Mrs. A. L., **Worcester, Mass.** — Kindly pray for my health and other intentions of mine. Miss R. F., **Putnam, Conn.** — Will you kindly pray for my children so Our Blessed Mother will keep them good all their life. Mrs. G. F., **Warren, R. I.** — Would you please burn two vigil lights for nine days for an important intention regarding my son. Mrs. D. P., **Gilman, Vt.** — I am recommending the following intentions to your prayers: my children's vocations; their salvation; health for my wife and myself. S. F. — A conversion is requested. Mrs. P. M., **Rosemont**. — I would like you to pray for a special favor. Mrs. H. D., **Verdun**. — Please join with me in prayer that I may hear from my son. Mrs. C. M., **Montreal**. — A conversion is requested; a position for my brother and health for his wife; the cure of the father of a family suffering with cancer; another sick person. Anonymous. — May Our Blessed Mother grant me grace to lead a new and happy life. I am asking your prayers for my unfortunate husband. Anonymous. — Please pray for the cure of my husband and a change in his conduct. Anonymous. — I am very ill. Please pray for my cure. Mrs. A. S., **St. Adelme**. — Please pray that I may recover without an operation, that my little son may be cured, and that we may be successful in our undertakings. Mrs. A. D., **St. Armand**.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Please pray for a cure through the intercession of St. Jude. A subscriber, **Verdun**. — Please pray for my intentions and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and St. Anne. Mrs. D. R., **No. Grosvenordale, Conn.** — Please help me pray to Our Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne for my cure. Mrs. E. D., **Willimantic, Conn.**

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of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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



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of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1000.00 or more.

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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