

THE PRECURSOR



XV, 24th Year MONTREAL, September-October 1946

No. 11

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 (near Montreal), Laval Co.

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 misses. Kindergarten.

STE. 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

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The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
Annual supply for the sanctuary lamp in our convents in Canada and in mission lands.....	\$ 25.00
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THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month.*

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year,

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year,

10 cents per copy.

*Address: 2900 St. Catherine Road, Côte des Neiges,
Montreal 26, Que., Canada.*

Life Subscription: \$20.00

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

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Works in infidel countries. — The practice of all spiritual and corporal works of mercy: the education and instruction of native children, catechumens and neophytes; the training of native religious and virgin catechists; assistance to dying pagans and Christians; orphanages, workrooms, 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 it 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 for 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, September-October 1946

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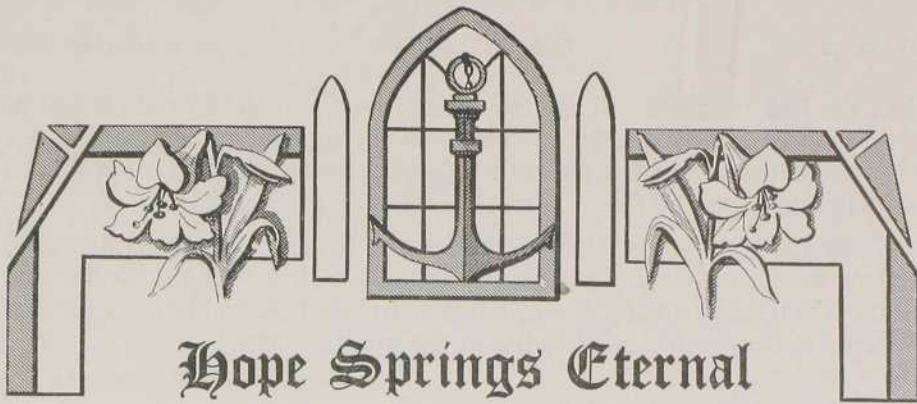
On Mary's Nativity

*September smiles and thrills with ecstasy,
Exceeding glad is Adam's sinful race;
A morn has dawned of joyous jubilee —
The natal day of Mary, full of grace.*

*From courts celestial soar the Cherubim,
Around a sinless Infant Angels play;
Soon shall the Sun illumine a world made dim
By night of sin — this Dawn precedes the Day!*

*Rejoice, my soul, and jubilant acclaim
The Queen who breaks your bondage, sets you free!
She cometh now! Extol Her Holy Name
Through whom in torrent flows God's clemency!
Rejoice, my soul, redeemed from endless loss,
Soon shall she stand beneath a Saving Cross!*

THE PRECURSOR



Hope Springs Eternal

Of all the hours that go to make our day, the most agreeable is beyond doubt the first. In the morning prime, more than at any other time of the day, we feel courageous and content. A new day looms before us, and we are planning to accomplish mountains of good deeds before the sun sets in the flaming west. We dwell on all the happiness, all the strokes of good fortune it likely bears in store. The charm of the morning lies in its hopefulness, the hopefulness of a wonderful day. For much the same reasons we greet with joy the beginning of a new life.

When a child is born, relatives and friends gather around his crib. He cannot as yet see or hear or recognize them, but they look on him and love him and already fondly sketch his future. That child will grow. He will become noble, virtuous, honorable, the joy of his parents, the glory of his family. There he lies in his crib, the personification of hope, beautiful as hope is beautiful.

Children of God and of His Church, we shall kneel around a beloved cradle, from September 8 to 15, the hallowed octave of the Nativity of the Most Blessed Virgin.

Ah, if hope springs afresh before every new cradle, what shall we say of the Child Mary's? A child is the hope of his family, but this holy, cherished Daughter is the hope of the world. What needs the world? A Savior. Behold, the Mother of that Savior is born! A few more years, and the Savior Himself will be born on our earth and He will dwell among us.

There are clocks, I hear, that strike once ahead of time to announce that the hour is about to ring and that we are to be attentive. Mary's birth may be likened to that first ringing chime. Be ready, behold the Savior cometh!

What hopes centred around Mary's cradle! None of those hopes has been unfulfilled. When we roll back the years to our birth, when we observe our natal day, and cast a retrospective glance on our life, those days we have lived, those sins we have committed, affliction were more meet than rejoicing — we have caused so many hopes to crumble. When we saw the light of day, the Angels and Saints blessed God, saying: "Another Christian for Heaven!" Ah, Christian friends, are we ripe for Heaven, are we ready to cross the threshold of Paradise? But Mary! How well she kept

what she had promised! That little Child has become the consolation of earth and the joy of Heaven. Today your eyes alight on a cradle; a few years hence they will be lifted to a throne, a throne in Heaven, on which shall sit the Queen of the Universe!

Truly the Nativity of Mary is the feast of hope. And what are you to implore from so loving a Mother? Seek, seek all across the world, and tell me if you find a greater good than this: to love God and hope in Heaven — virtue in this world and Paradise in the world to come!

MSGR. ISOARD

The Name of Mary

Look at the star, invoke Mary.

Oh man, whoever thou art, thou knowest that in this miserable life thou art rather tossing on the tempestuous waves, among dangers and tempests, than walking upon the earth; if thou wouldst not sink, keep thy eye fixed on this star, namely, Mary.

When in danger of sinning, when tormented by temptations, when doubts disturb thee, remember that Mary can aid thee, and instantly call upon her. May her powerful name never depart from the confidence of thy heart, nor from the invocation of thy lips.

If thou wilt follow Mary, thou shalt never wander from the path of safety. Commend thyself always to her, and thou shalt not despair.

If she upholds thee, thou shalt not fall. If she protects thee, thou need not fear ruin. If she guides thee, thou shalt be saved without difficulty. In a word, if Mary undertakes to defend thee, thou shalt certainly arrive at the kingdom of the blessed. Thus do, and thou shalt live.

Saint BERNARD

* * *

Our life has its many Annunciations of inspiration; Visitations of opportunity; our days are filled with other potential Incarnations through the occasions of bringing the deepening influence of Christ to a more fruitful reality within us. Then there are the swords fashioned by sorrow which seem so sharp and large to hearts so small in comparison to Mary's. But life if truly Christlike will have its daily Ascension, its Holy Ghost, its spiritual Assumption. And best of all! such a life, modelled after hers, fulfilling the unbroken meaning of the Rosary, translating its truths into momentary living — such a life will one day glory in a heavenly Coronation.

AUGUSTINE BENNETT

Mission Assignments



Twenty-four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have recently been assigned to various posts in the foreign mission fields entrusted to our Community. The apostolic band is scheduled to leave as soon as transportation facilities are obtainable.

The valiant apostles, some of whom will return to their labors disrupted by war, others to open a new Mission, or reenforce ranks depleted by deaths and privations, are:

To Canton, China: Sister Agathe de Jesus (Gabrielle Morisset, Quebec), Sister Philomene de Jesus (Azella Paris, Fortierville) and Sister Marie Lucia (Lucia Ho, Canton, China).

To Hong Kong, China: Sister Eugenie de Jesus (Irene Blais, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co.), Sister St. Etienne (Aurore Plouffe, Montreal) and Sister St. Philippe (Annette Beaudoin, Champlain).

To Tsungming, China: Sister Marie du Temple (Blandine Roy, St. Gervais, Bellechasse Co.), Sister St. Elzear (Cecile Martel, Joliette) and Sister Jeanne Marie (Jeanne Brassard, Montreal).

To Manila, Philippine Islands : Sister Madeleine du Sacre Coeur (Madeleine Payette, Montreal) and Sister St. Louis (Fleur Ange Pelletier, St. Francois Xavier de Madawaska, N. B.).

To Mati, Philippine Islands : Sister Bernadette de Lourdes (Rachel De Mars, Newport, Vt.), Sister Marie de Liesse (Georgine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ont.), Sister St. Leon (Irene Nadeau, Bedford) and Sister Bernadette Soubirous (Jeanne Thiboutot, Notre Dame du Portage).

To Koriyama, Japan : Sister St. Angele de Merici (Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville), Sister Agnes d'Assise (Lucienne Renaud, Montreal), Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze (Rita Martel, Vankleek Hill, Ont.) and Sister Marie Alida (Rose Aimee Demers, Quebec).

To Wakamatsu, Japan : Sister Marie Leonise (Rachel Gerin, Coaticook), Sister St. Come (Therese Laliberte, Lotbiniere), Sister de l'Enfant Jesus (Florentine Dansereau, Vercheres), Sister du St. Nom de Marie (Rita Blais, Thetford Mines) and Sister St. Hedwige (Blanche Ross, Fall River, Mass.).

Fervent prayers are requested for a safe journey. May the powerful Queen of Heaven, Star of the Sea, guide our Missionary Sisters securely into port. Hands are lacking over there on the heathen fields, and souls are clamoring for compassion and the knowledge and love of God. May our spiritual assistance speed the zealous departants to the land of their dreams and sustain them in their works of apostolate.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

(*Delia Tetreault, Marieville, P. Q.*)

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR GENERAL
OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

(Continued)

The present narration centres around the year 1919.* The pioneer missionary Community, as yet not two decades old, had its novitiate in Nomingue. Often, but all too seldom for her maternal solicitude, the beloved Mother visited her missionaries-in-the-making. One day when His Excellency Bishop F. X. Brunet, of Mont Laurier, called at the novitiate, the Foundress and the Novice Mistress presided at his morning meal.

With characteristic tact the founding Mother broached the theme of her apostolic aspirations. As already stated, she had previously interviewed several Bishops on the matter, but not yet the kindly spiritual head of Mont Laurier. To him she now made known her deep-set conviction that French Canada should at last take its rank and role as a nation in bearing the Light of the Gospel to the heathen millions. She mentioned the fact that our country had in time past sacrificed promising youth and considerable sums of money for lands yet unconquered to the Savior of mankind, but had not for all that been credited with doing its share in the preaching of the truth, since all its contributions simply went to lengthen the records of alien associations. Our country, she remarked, was now rich in religious Institutions; should it not give grateful return to the Church for the benefit of unerring Faith received through the unflagging zeal of missionary hearts of yore? Had not the hour struck to establish a Canadian Society of missionary priests? Goodly numbers of young Canadians, she felt, visioned the mission career as their life's calling, but dared not keep counsel about it with any but their Lord, seeing as they did no way of carving for themselves a path to pagan strongholds. The Reverend Mother added that all prospective missionaries would be unable to train in some novitiate of France or Africa, and that many would be more or less inclined to enter a Society of foreign nationality, where living conditions are in ways so strange and varied different from ours, and where a Canadian would feel sadly out of place. She then dwelt on means of inaugurating the Society and purveying to its maintenance. Her thought and project were exposed with such clarity and precision, such conviction and enthusiasm, that the sympathetic Bishop could not conceal his admiration. The Reverend Mother having momentarily been called from the room, he thus expressed his astonishment to the Novice Mistress: "What a mission-minded woman! What a plan and what clearness of vision! This project must succeed!" Before leaving, he promised to seek as far as in him lay the interests of the Society-to-be in his dealings with the other Bishops.

"I remember," relates the witness of that morning interview, "the joy our Mother Foundress felt when she saw Bishop Brunet sharing her convictions and promising to intervene; for if I remember well, she had mentioned the names of the Bishops she had visited for her purpose, and I gathered that the majority did not see things as she did, because of the difficulties that seemed to hamper the success of a like undertaking."

In letters dated from those years we find certain meaningful excerpts that reveal with what zeal she strove to prevail on the ecclesiastical authorities of the Province to create a Foreign Mission Seminary.

Regarding your suggestion, wrote His Excellency Most Rev. F. X. Ross⁴ then Capitular Vicar of Rimouski, in June, 1919, I must tell you in all sincerity that I foresee no reason for going to Quebec shortly. I fear, my Reverend Mother, that you are harboring illusions as to my means of action. I have already told you of my precarious and almost uninfluential position. I can approve generous ideas, well and good; but to try to make them a reality, when they have the scope of yours, is beyond my power of action. If your desire of meeting me in Quebec is motivated by the projects you have exposed to me, please take into account these remarks intended to spare you further disappointment.

Another fragment of correspondence, dated one month later, reads:

"I understand all your anguish, Reverend Mother, and am grieved at being unable to alleviate it. The measures you have taken in Quebec will probably prove the first step in the sure path to a practical solution of your anxieties and to our gaining a solid footing in mission lands. . . . I am anxious to hear about your reception in Quebec.

Courageously, undauntedly, the clear-sighted Foundress pressed her point, especially so before His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi. For several years already, the saintly Father Lecoq, Sulpician, had been giving untinted counsel and influence towards the realization of the Work so dear to his heart. Several times previously, His Excellency had personally or through Father Lecoq communicated with the Paris Seminary. His intention, however, was not to found a French branch in Canada, but to obtain from the Paris training house of missionaries two of its priests, experienced Seminary leaders and, better still, experienced mission veterans. These two would begin the Work, give it form and a characteristic spirit, conceive and bring it to life on the time-honored prototype of "128 Rue du Bac, Paris." In this sense did Father Lecoq write to the Superior in Paris, on the request of Archbishop Bruchesi, in 1913. However, light seemed to be coming from on high to Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit, and she was convinced that "God did not want this new Canadian organization to be grafted on an old tree, and that He desired all should be new." One day when she was upholding her views in presence of Archbishop Bruchesi, he answered with finality: "If you want a Canadian Seminary, find me priests." Strong with this authorization and her admirable spirit of faith, the courageous Mother returned home exultant, and in prayer awaited the first anointed of the Lord that Providence would send. Shortly after, in 1920, an ecclesiastic was returning one day from a funeral in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The noon hour was drawing near and as he was still fasting, he felt overcome by weariness. When he passed



HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP J. L. A. LAPIERRE

in front of the Mother house of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Outremont, his eyes alighted on the statue of the Blessed Mother. He gathered it must be a convent, and the idea came to him that he might well stop and ask for a cup of coffee. This genuine simplicity charmed the Reverend Mother, and she came down to welcome him and have the Sisters wait on him. During the conversation the missions came in for discussion. The priest admitted how he had desired to consecrate himself to that apostolate from his elevation to the priesthood, etc., etc. With her exquisite tact and usual readiness to second the action of Providence, the discerning Mother perceived her opportunity. The Lord had sent

His anointed in the person of Rev. Father Adelmar Lapierre, today Vicar Apostolic of Szepingkai, Manchuria. She thereupon suggested that he offer himself to Archbishop Bruchesi for the proposed establishment, which suggestion he was only too happy to act upon. The saintly Archbishop saw that the finger of God was there.

In his farewell visit to the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception before his departure for the foreign missions, Rev. Father Lapierre good-naturedly related to the assembled Community the incident that had determined his apostolic vocation. The unassuming Mother, doubtless loath that he should divulge more than she wished to be known, hastily tried to divert him from the theme. "All that," she interjected, "thanks to a cup of coffee!" — "Yes, yes," rejoined the Reverend Father, "thanks to a cup of coffee!" and his index finger designated the one through whom had come the realization of his missionary ambitions.

November, 1938 found Bishop Lapierre sailing again westward to his Far Eastern frontier after a voyage to Canada. On board the Pacific liner he thus ended a letter of New Year greetings to Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit:

"I am requesting your kind prayers. *In a way it's your fault if I am on the*

missions. Ask the Blessed Virgin to succor me and help me in all things and everywhere."

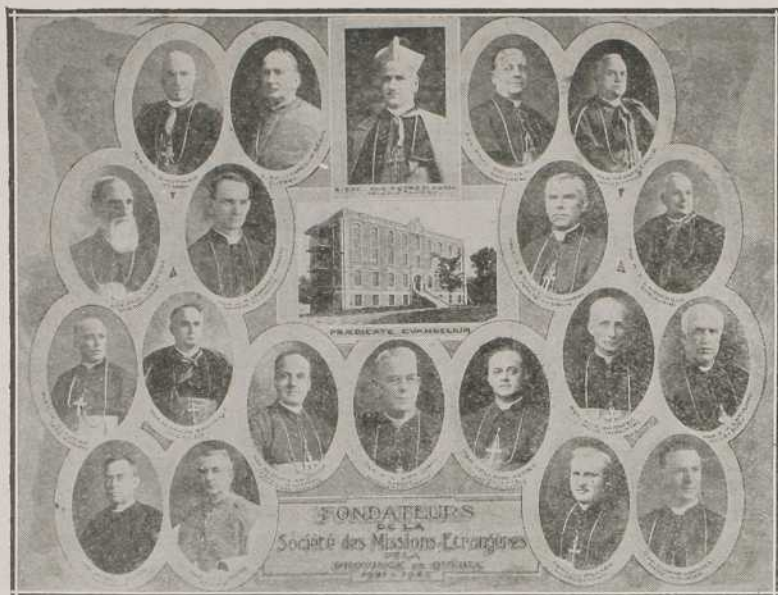
For close to twenty years the great-hearted apostle had marshalled all potential means towards the founding of the Seminary. But God, whose ways are unfathomable, had not yet granted the abundance of His benedictions. To prayer and action, she into the fibre of whose soul was woven staunch tenacity of purpose resolved to add a heroic offering, that of paying in advance the heavy price of souls and spending her remaining days in nameless humiliations. Presently all the seeds of suffering sprouted and the garden of foreign missions began to blossom. Providence intervened. On October 2, 1920, Montreal welcomed Bishop de Guebriant, a member of the Paris Foreign Missions and Vicar Apostolic of Canton. The twofold purpose of his journey to Canada was: firstly, to confer with the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception on the works of their Community in his Vicariate; and secondly, to make arrangements with the Bishops of the Province of Quebec for the establishment of a branch of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. A few months previously, while in Rome, he had obtained the precious permission from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in the name of his Society.

The French Prelate, after paying a visit to Archbishop Bruchesi, proceeded to the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, where he took up his residence. On the same day Archbishop Bruchesi summoned to Montreal Bishops Larocque, Brunault and Forbes. The interview was held at the Motherhouse, and Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit took part in the deliberations.

Two or three Sisters of the Community, who were at the



HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP DE GUEBRIANT



FOUNDERS OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

time acquainted with the apostolic plan, recall how their Mother Foundress then lived through days of anxiety. Discussions, as they remember, had been very much animated, and although unable to cite any precise word, they remained under the impression that Bishop de Guebriant was more or less satisfied with the result of his endeavors. It was his wish that the Reverend Mother should insist on the erection of a Canadian offshoot of the Paris foundation, but such she did not believe to be the holy will of God. Moreover, words addressed by the Vicar Apostolic to the little Canadian Community of Canton after his return from Canada, seem to confirm that opinion.

Two days after the meeting in Outremont, Bishop de Guebriant called on His Eminence Cardinal L. N. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec. The outcome of the interview has not been disclosed. Did the Vicar Apostolic of Canton leave Canada with hopes of founding a branch of the Paris Seminary in our country? . . . We are led to believe so, from this excerpt from a letter he addressed to Archbishop Bruchesi on November 2 of the same year:

My impression since then, and, I may add, my joy and preoccupation, have been that the hour has struck for that admirable Canada to reenforce God's Army on the Foreign Mission Front. Accordingly, I have prepared a document which I intend to present to the general assembly of my Society in Hong Kong in three or four months. I am asking that three or four carefully-selected missionaries be sent to Canada to establish a branch of the Society of the Rue du Bac. . . .

Archbishop Bruchesi had meanwhile charged Rev. Father Henri Jeanotte, P. S. S., with ascertaining through Msgr. Ercole and Propaganda, the extent of the authorization granted to Bishop de Guebriant and the possibilities of a Canadian foundation.

His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum answered Msgr. Ercole that the Congregation had in fact approved the Paris Foreign Missions' and Bishop de Guebriant's proposal to found a Canadian training house for missionary priests. The Cardinal added, however, that he was ready to encourage the efforts of the Bishops concerned in the question, should they deem that a Canadian Seminary would have more chances of success. In this last case, Bishop de Guebriant would be requested to abandon his design.

When the news reached Canada, His Eminence Cardinal Begin and Archbishop Bruchesi in turn wrote to Bishop de Guebriant, stating that the Episcopacy of the Province of Quebec had resolved to found a Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary.

For some time past, wrote His Eminence on December 21, 1920, French Canada has been supplying personnel and monetary aid to mission works. But it has never been credited with these contributions, from the fact that they were always immersed in foreign corporations. It is for that reason, doubtless, that in Rome and elsewhere we are reputed *operarii otiosi*, living outside the great current of evangelization wherein all the others have entered. It would be just indeed to be more solicitous about our reputation, and to launch out in works of our own. We believe that the Province of Quebec is in a position to respond directly and in its own name, to the pressing appeal of Pope Benedict XV, to assume its rank and trace out its domain in the far-stretching apostolic field to which the Father of the family is inviting us.

Kind Father Lecoq was still unaware of the decision arrived at by the Canadian Episcopacy. On January 11, 1921, he wrote to Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit:

Oh ! could I only see, before my death, a germ of the Foreign Mission Seminary in Montreal!

On the 30th of the same month, he penned these distressed lines in which all his hopes, centred around the intervention of the Paris Seminary, are seemingly crushed:

VENERATED MOTHER,

Father Superior (Labelle) told me last night that Bishop de Guebriant had asked permission from the Canadian Episcopacy to found a branch of the Foreign Mission Seminary in Canada. He added that the Episcopacy and His Eminence as well are little disposed to second the project, seeing the dearth of parish priests and the great number of vocations for religious Communities. The Archbishop of Montreal, whom you, kind Mother, had rendered favorable to this Work, is now ill. Almost inevitably, then, Bishop de Guebriant will meet with a refusal, unless you, Reverend Mother, can find a way to ward off the misfortune. I am writing on the matter to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate.

Please pray for me, venerated Mother.

Charles LECOQ, P. S. S.

As has already been seen, the project of the Work was sanctioned in principle. It remained to be promptly made a reality. On February 2, 1921, the Archbishops and Bishops of the civil Province of Quebec convened at the Cardinal's Palace and unanimously decreed the founding of a

Canadian Seminary for the foreign missions. A committee of four members was forthwith appointed and charged with seeing to the organization. The members of the said committee were: Their Excellencies Paul Bruchesi, Paul Eugene Roy, Guillaume Forbes and François Xavier Brunet.

Spacious grounds were then purchased in Pont Viau for the erection of the Seminary, and the Bishops gratuitously conceded a notable part of this land to the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the erection of its novitiate.

The noble movement in which Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit had so efficaciously collaborated was now achieved and apparently possessed all the elements of vitality. But something more could be done for its material development. The sagacious Mother thought of introducing a Women's Union to be placed under the patronage of the Holy Women, purveyors of the primitive Apostolic College. Here follows a sketch of the plan of the new association, as drawn up by the Reverend Mother and approved by His Excellency G. Gauthier, then Administrator of the Diocese of Montreal:

Aim: Purvey to the needs of our Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary and further in every way the erection and maintenance of Vicariates of that Seminary in mission lands.

Spirit of the Association: The spirit of the purveyors of our missionaries should be ardent and indefatigable zeal that will not be chilled and will be evidenced in every possible manner. Called by their vocation to be the auxiliaries of the missionaries, they will practise economy inasmuch as their position allows, in order to give the example of sacrifice and draw other souls to follow them in the path of apostolic devotedness. He who would share in the merits of the apostle, must share in his privations.

Various means of action at the disposal of the auxiliaries of our Canadian Seminary:

- 1° — The publication of bulletins on the various missions of the Seminary;
- 2° — Workrooms for the making of vestments for the churches and chapels of our missionaries;
- 3° — The making of clothing for their wardrobes, etc.;
- 4° — A printing office for the publication of leaflets, magazines, correspondence, circular letters, etc.;
- 5° — The printing of classics and other books destined to our missions.

This Association is under the dependency of Their Excellencies our Bishops, and under the management of a priest chosen by the Ordinary of the diocese.

Seen and approved

† GEORGES, Arch. of Taronna
Ad. Apostolic

(50 days' indulgence at each meeting.)

The first purveyors held their meetings at the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Additional circles were later formed in various centres of the city, where a goodly number of women

and young ladies are continuing with zeal worthy of so lofty a cause to befriend the needy missions of the apostles of our Canadian Seminary.

"To work with all my might towards the founding of this Seminary would seem to me as being the complement of my vocation. . ." Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit had said in 1914. The dream was now a blissful reality. For the unpretentious woman-apostle it but remained to withdraw into the background and "see the great works of God." She formally enjoined her spiritual daughters to reveal nothing of her share in the foundation, and those among them who had come to the knowledge of the facts were ordered to keep strict silence on the subject. How often she gently admonished her beloved Sisters: "My poor children, be discreet, I beseech you! You do not know all the hardships and difficulties you could occasion me! . ." Truly, none could have reproached her with not keeping the secret of the King! . . .

(To be continued)

In Grateful Appreciation



JUNE, the month of roses, the thirty-day feast of the Sacred Heart, brings to a close another year of devoted labor from the part of the Sewing Circle members of our Motherhouse and several other convents in the Province.

Once again, the display of the many and varied articles produced since last October gives unmistakable proof that the kind purveyors of our apostles for Christ are truly urged on by the charity of Christ. The many vestments, altar linens, as well as the miscellaneous items come from the deft fingers of our diligent workers, represent acts of self-denial and generosity that only Heaven knows.

God speed the day when the barriers to the Orient will be thrown down, that the bounties of Canadian Christian charity and zeal may be dispatched to the confines of the earth! In the name of our Missionaries, as in that of their needy orphans, sick, lepers, etc., we gratefully thank all the ladies and girls of our Motherhouse and other Sewing Circles.

May the spotless Mother of God bless them with every happiness, and spread her protecting mantle over them, until the Divine Retributor shall reward them a thousandfold.

We fondly hope our active workers will courageously ply their needle again, after the summer vacation period, in the service of the missions and souls! All, veterans and newcomers, are cordially invited.

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Charity or love is the keyword of the Christian Dispensation. This is the new commandment inculcated by Jesus Christ — that we love one another as He has loved us.

Fra Francisco

A Cloistered Missionary == St. Therese

A MISSIONARY YET UNBORN



Almighty God, who loves His elect with an everlasting love, is pleased at times, as we learn from certain centuries-old legends woven about some Saint or other, to reveal their particular calling in life even before they have seen the light of day. Of St. Therese it can be said that her missionary vocation preceded her birth.

The Martin household, already blessed with four daughters, eagerly coveted a son who should be a priest and a missionary of the Lord. In time two little Josephs were born

and with them hope waxed strong; but soon they soared up to the beckoning nurseries of Heaven. Truly, *the thoughts of the Lord are not our thoughts, nor are His ways ours*. Often He leads us on labyrinthian pathways we fear will bear us far from our goal. On January 2, 1873, the rosebush bloomed anew for the ninth time. There was a slight disappointment that the future missionary priest was still denied, but it quickly passed and the newborn child was received as a gift from God. Would there have been a semblance of thwarted hope, even, had God faintly lifted the veil of the future beneath which lay concealed the glorious destiny of the daughter vouchsafed the staunch Christian parents?

A MISSIONARY VOCATION DAWNS

Therese, as once Jesus, her God and her All, grew in wisdom and age. She who, from the tender age of three, never refused anything to God and a hundred times a day pulled a sacrifice bead in her pocket, was early consumed with a compelling thirst for souls. Let us reread the genesis of her apostolic calling: "One Sunday, on closing my book at the end of Mass, a picture of the crucifixion slipped partly out, showing one of the Divine Hands, pierced and bleeding. An indescribable thrill, such as I had never before experienced, passed through me; my heart was torn with grief at the sight of the Precious Blood falling to the ground, with no one caring to treasure it as it fell. At once I resolved to remain continuously in spirit at the foot of the Cross, that I might receive the divine dew of salvation and pour it forth upon souls. From that day, the cry of my dying Saviour: "*I thirst!*" resounded incessantly in my heart, kindling within it new fires of zeal. To give my Beloved to drink was my constant desire; I was consumed with an insatiable thirst for souls."

That unquenchable thirst, not slaked but immeasurably increased by the conversion of the vicious criminal Pranzini under the knife of the guillotine, she sought to allay by prayer and self-immolation for sinners and heathens, for priests and missionaries. The light was unmistakably clear — Therese had found her way. She would be an apostle, a missionary. But what would be the nature of her apostolate?

IN MISSION FIELDS

A soul less versed in the ways of God would have forthwith sought admission in a missionary Congregation. Did Therese think of so doing? Let us rather advance that she apprehended the very idea. During her pilgrimage to the Eternal City, when already the persuasive call of Carmel had elicited her consent, someone presented her with Annals of a certain missionary Institute. The future Carmelite, aware that her generous heart was already conquered to the mission cause, denied herself the perusal of the magazines, lest her vocation to cloistered apostolate should lose its attraction.

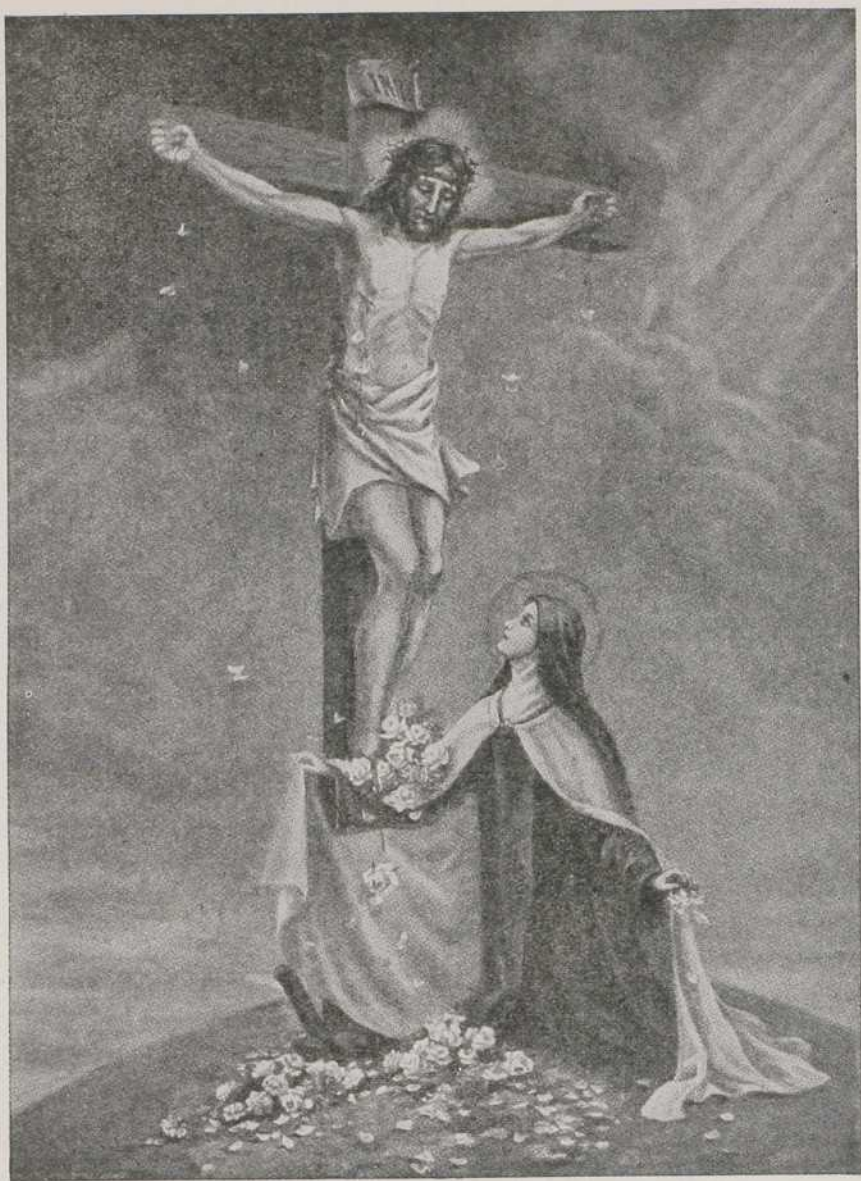
While entering the blessed haven of Carmel, she in no way intended to forego forever her missionary aspirations. The consolations of exterior activity would be denied her, but her aspirations she would be allowed to realize in the obscurity of her convent cell. With St. John of the Cross she was convinced that "the least act of pure love is of more value to the Church than all other works together."

Already she had in her innermost soul the unconscious intuition that God, in refusing to allot her a necessarily limited and particular mission, would give her to the entire world of missions. Already she experienced the first sweet urgings of what she will later call, in a page of exquisite beauty, her "impossible folly."

"To be Thy spouse, O my Jesus, to be a daughter of Carmel, and by my union with Thee to be the mother of souls, should not all this content me? Yet other vocations make themselves felt, and I would wield the sword, I would be a Priest, an Apostle, a Martyr, a Doctor of the Church, I would fain accomplish the most heroic deeds — the spirit of the Crusader burns within me, and I would gladly die on the battlefield in defence of the Church. Like the prophets and doctors, I would be a light unto souls. I would travel the world over to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and raise on heathen soil the glorious standard of the Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would spread the Gospel in all parts of the earth, even to the farthest isles. I would be a missionary, but not for a few years only. Were it possible, I should wish to have been one from the world's creation and to remain one till the end of time."

If God gives to sincere desire the merit of action, one would be led to think, on meditating these lines worthy of the great St. Paul, that Therese was an incomparable missionary. In love she found a means for the fulfillment of her dream:

"These aspirations becoming a real martyrdom, I one day sought relief in the Epistles of St. Paul. . . . As I meditated on the mystical Body of Holy Church, I could not recognize myself among any of its members



St. Therese of the Child Jesus

Gathering the "Divine Dew of Salvation"

She Will Shed Upon Souls

described by St. Paul, or was it not rather that I wished to recognize myself in all? Charity gave me the key to my vocation. I understood that since the Church is a body composed of different members, she could not lack the most necessary and most nobly endowed of all the bodily organs. I understood, therefore, that the Church has a heart. . . that love alone imparts life to all the members, so that should love ever fail, apostles would no longer preach the Gospel . . . that love includes every vocation, that love is all things, that love is eternal, reaching down through the ages and stretching to the uttermost limits of earth. Beside myself with joy, I cried out: 'O Jesus, my Love, my vocation is found at last — *my vocation is love!*' In the heart of the Church, my Mother, *I will be Love!* Thus shall I be all things and my dream will be fulfilled."

Therein we find the simple explanation of the prodigious love which has won for her own the encomiums lavished on the heart of the Apostle of Nations: "The heart of Paul was the Heart of Christ," or better still, that love was his name as it is God's. Intimately convinced of her vocation to love God in the name of missionaries of all times, and of her duty to pray, like another Moses on the mountain, while her brothers battled for souls in the valley, she early consummated her existence in love. Thence her act of oblation to God's Merciful Love on June 9, 1895, and the subsequent searching martyrdom of heart of the little victim.

Still, the chalice of sorrow presented by Hands Divine did not suffice to slake her apostolic thirst. With eager resourcefulness she gladly grasped every proffered occasion. Let us quote the following instance: "The infirmarian had advised her to take a little walk in the garden for a quarter of an hour each day, and this recommendation was for her a command. Noticing one afternoon how much the effort cost the invalid, a Sister said to her: 'Soeur Therese, you would do much better to take a rest; walking can do you no good when you are suffering so much, you are only tiring yourself.' — 'That is true,' she replied, 'but do you know what gives me strength? I offer each step for some missionary, thinking that somewhere far away, one of them is worn out by his apostolic labours, and to lessen his fatigue I offer mine to God.'"

What beauty of soul! As delicious are her letters to her two brother missionaries, as charming her fraternal devotion to the angelical Theophane Venard.

POST-MORTEM ROSES

"To love, to be loved, and to return to earth to win love for our Love! . . . I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth." Such had been the yearnings of Therese's heart. We know how God heeded her wishes.

True, all sections of the earth are embalmed by the shower of roses unceasingly pouring down from Therese's hand in Heaven. Still, we believe that missionaries and their scattered flocks are even today her favorites, the heirs of her tenderness for Blessed Theophane Venard. In proof one could quote from the ample volumes of "The Shower of Roses" and let missionary hearts speak. How many a time the writer of these

lines has heard his brothers and sisters of the Oriental Mission singing their gratitude towards their celestial benefactress! But are they not also the privileged of Therese, our dear benefactors, who, after her glowing example, give themselves unstintedly through prayer, sacrifice and alms for those who realize, through these means, their lofty apostolic ambitions?

M. TH. DISDIER,

Augustine Miss. of the Assumption

Youth Dreams of the Future

She was just an ordinary girl, judged by the yardstick of worldly appreciation; but God found her good enough for His Work — bringing the treasures of His Redemption to pagan pauperism. This is the story of her vocation — “how it happened.”

One day — blessings on it! — Lucy was leisurely strolling in the golden sunlight. All around her the choristers of the forest cathedrals were reverently chanting the praises of the Holy of Holies. On every side fragrant blossoms opened their hearts, and their perfume rose in the presence of the Creator like clouds of incense at the Offertory.

Hark! Was that a baby's wail? What could it be? The girl questioningly searched the surroundings. “I'm hungry! I'm hungry!” Again that plaintive cry of human agony.

A third time the pathetic accents reached her ears — and her heart.

Lucy could bear no more. It was next to impossible for the pampered daughter of a wealthy magnate to imagine human beings who did not have three square meals a day. What did she know about hunger, and sorrow, and pain?

She blinked back hot tears as she drew nearer to the verdant shrubs whence the anguished call had come.

What a sorrowful sight! Dejectedly on the damp carpet of grass sat a lad of five or six, holding in his lap a frail little mite of humanity — his baby brother, no doubt, mused Lucy. Little Peter, for such was the infant's name, had but a fitful spark of life remaining in his pain-racked



Like some beneficent fairy ...

body, and burning teardrops silently coursed down his waxen cheeks.

"Don't you cry, Peter!" consoled Big Brother. "If you'll stay here all by yourself and be a good boy, I'll run over to that big house over there and tell the folks that you're sick. They'll surely give me a bottle of milk for you."

Lucy felt tears welling up again in her eyes. A knife-like sorrow stabbed her heart. Briskly she shook the foliage to announce her presence. Then, delicately parting the branches like some beneficent fairy, she smiled at the astonished two.

From here you can easily add in the last paragraphs to the story. Lucy led the orphans to her own home and treated them royally. Were they not the suffering children of the Great King?

But God, whose ways are forever unsearchable, had won another laborer for His Vineyard. From that day on, Lucy never quite succeeded in silencing that soul-stirring appeal. Everywhere it echoed like the still small voice of conscience: "I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" And Lucy crossed the threshold of her palatial home, tramped across country and hamlet and city and world, seeking miseries to mitigate, sufferings to sweeten, and cares to console with the consolations of the God who is Charity. Like the Good Shepherd she fondled the stray lambs returning to the fold, but like Him also she stumbled after them on brier-strewn byways.

*
* *

Boys and girls, you are rich with the incomparable treasure of generous youth; you are millionaires in the graces and blessings of God and His True Church. Tell me, what more could God and His Church have done for you? Have you ever been told—or have you ever tried to forget—that in lands less favored with divine liberalities, brothers of yours are dying from hunger, both bodily and spiritual, in the blackness of paganism?

Tell me, do you ever hear the distressed lament of the homeless, motherless infant thrown out to hungry dogs? Yet, that infant has as much right as you to pillow his weary head on the Heart of God.

Do you involuntarily shiver when you hear, lonesome as the call of a curlew soaring through the midnight darkness, the clamor of human beings begotten in sin who fain would, like other Simeons, clasp the Light of the Gentiles to their breast before chanting their *Nunc Dimittis*?

Young girls, young men, graduates of the year, how would you like to go out and make this world a better one in which to live—not a famished world, but a world clasping God to its breast, a world nourished with the Bread of Life, the Food of Truth? God never intended that you should lock up those talents and treasures of generosity and zeal in the inmost recesses of your soul. Christ gave out orders: "Go!" Go to the pagans! Don't wait for them to come to you! Going therefore teach ye all nations! Give the best you have, yourself, body and soul and life, to save the lives, both temporal and eternal, of the countless millions who do not know Christ!

The Hymn of the Harvester

Under your gaze they stretch in never-ending space, ripened fields of golden wheat awaiting the severing blow of the sickle. Tell me, has ever a fairer sight gladdened that throbbing heart of yours, in which the voice of nature strikes a responsive chord? Open your eyes and behold this expanse of beauty

Inflexible as swords, thronged like soldiers when comes review day, millions of ears of wheat are hymning with expectation the joys of Eucharistic morrows. Palette and pen have depicted their charm, but always their most exquisite paintings and sweetest canticles have remained sorely inadequate.

Our Divine Savior, who was to raise wheat to Sacramental dignity, felt as we do that indefinable attraction. The Gospel of Love could not leave the fact under the burying hand of forgetfulness. While once the God-Man who walked the earth was journeying across Galilee, He stopped entranced in face of a vast-spreading field of grain. The hues of spring green were all but merged into tints of royal gold, tints fair and chaste awaiting the sun's gilding caress. Harvest time was not far distant. The Savior reminded His disciples of the fact. *Jam albescit messis.*

But the God who saw through human eyes detected realities divine in earthly things. Those ears of grain

were to Him those unnumbered millions of souls He had come to redeem with His Blood and garner in the granaries of the Father of the great human family. That harvest covered the face of the earth. Christ felt appalled at the magnitude of the task and His Heart implored co-laborers. "The harvest indeed is great," He expanded His arms in a world-embracing gesture, "but how few are the laborers to garner it!"

* * *

Like a clarion call rings Christ's message of distress down the centuries. Today, yesterday, always, Christ's missionary bishops take it up. And taking it up, they beseech their priests to do double duty since hands are so regretfully lacking.

Strenuous, more, almost disheartening looms the work, and, humanly



speaking, pagans have reason to whisper among themselves: "They are attempting the impossible!" But the priestly Other Christ is not alone. His priesthood is an extension of the sacerdotal life of the Eternal Priest. With the priest Christ acts, prays, hopes. And so, fearless and confident, he bravely assails the superhuman labor of the pagan garnering. Unable as he is to mow with a scythe, he will stoop and glean like the hero he is.

Crushing, crucifying is apostolate on pagan sod. Let us for the moment overlook material sacrifices. Thorns and boulders on the pathway may bruise your bleeding feet, but they do not pierce the soul. And in the broad fields of paganism it is the soul especially that experiences the throes of agony.

Oppositions, hard-headedness, susceptibilities, deceptions, desertions, ingratitude — when that sextet is driven into your soul like a cyclone, every living fibre is crushed and well could you sweat blood. How divinely precious are souls, and those gathered ears of grain, how beyond all price! Should we complain? But that would hardly be excusable, when the Master toils and pains with us His partners. And then, also, this suffering is fecund and salutary. This suffering is, so to speak, the ploughing and seeding of the field; but it is more — it is the growth of the grain and the ripening and mellowing of the harvest. Therefrom we comprehend the Christian philosopher who said: "If you desire to have life spring up around you, suffer and die as much as you can."

* * *

Lift up your eyes and see. In the sun-drenched leas, like a harmony sublime, the sickles sing their lay. One by one the tall stalks lie down to die in their golden garb of beauty. Lower and lower stoop the harvesters to gather the fruit of their labors. How sings their heart with exultation, how throbs their soul with the pleasure that follows pain!

In the field to him assigned, the missionary sings his joy to the humble sheaf, but the verses of his hymn are strangely dissimilar. Some are wet with tears. But when the year is over, the missionary's song is soft and gentle like an angel's breath, and its keynote is one of gratefulness. Eyes turned upward to meet his Master's, he renders thanks for the graces that have blessed and sustained him. Christ the Pioneer remained until the last hour. With Him, through Him, the apostle has struggled on. With the means at hand, the human savior of human souls has upturned the furrow and chiselled out a diminutive section off the huge block of paganism. The light he lifted up with effort and sacrifice has shed no effulgent rays over the horizon. Like a drop of blood it hangs aloft in the black of heathen night. On every pathway he has spread, like a touch of the divine, the Holy Name of Jesus. To the fearful and tearful he has opened the door to the kindest heart on earth, the Heart of Jesus. Men have raised bewildered eyes to him, then turned their steps away from the divine haven of peace and love, to the lichen-covered pagoda where are enthroned the gods that human hands have fashioned. On this sin-polluted earth Christ is Christ the Exile and the Crucified. But Christ is the Living God. A

day shall come when, under the spreading banyan trees, voices will sing: *Christus vincit! Christus regnat! Christus imperat!* Long live Christ the King!

The missionary sings his thankfulness to God, but also to his collaborators, the friends of his apostolate, the confidants of his concerns, all his benefactors whatever their name. His song of thanks is for them a melody athrill with blessings. Such a duty we shall never shirk. With our gratitude mingles our prayer for their own prayers and sympathy. There is a destiny that makes us brothers, and the measure of our courage is, so to say, the measure of their love. Our war cry persists: *Oportet illum regnare!* Jesus must reign! To advance the hour of the coming of His Kingdom, we consent to every sacrifice. With dauntless energy we shall grasp the sickle, and there where the harvest gleams golden ripe, we shall garner souls and throw to the echoes the music of our harvest song.

HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP ROSSILLON

Mission Sunday

October 20, 1946

The recent tests in the Pacific have verified conclusively the terrific power of atomic energy in wholesale demolition of land as well as sea installations. So far its usefulness in peacetime pursuits remains to be developed. However, Catholics might do well to remember that they have far greater potentialities for construction than the harnessed energy of the atom. By their prayers and alms they can help rebuild the world — the world where love, not hate, will be the master.

The missions of the Church have suffered untold damage during the years of warfare, while the work of generations of tireless bishops, priests, brothers and sisters has been destroyed. To America alone these gallant souls, as well as Christ's own Vicar, must turn to provide the spiritual and financial aid needed to begin and complete this herculean task.

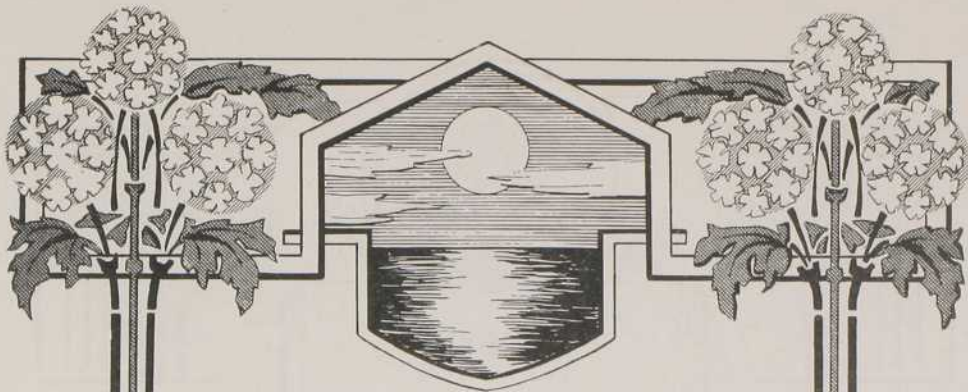
In the name of the great Missioner, Jesus Christ Himself, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges the readers of "THE PRECURSOR" to make October 20th the greatest Mission Sunday the Church has ever known. Your Diocesan Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith will be pleased to know of your interest.

RT. REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director

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

The Rosary as it should be to the Catholic soul is a sweet memory left by Christ's Immaculate Mother, a bouquet of heaven-grown flowers bound together by a living faith. It is always valuable, it is always treasured, whether costly or poor, whether blessed by a humble priest or Christ's own Vicar.

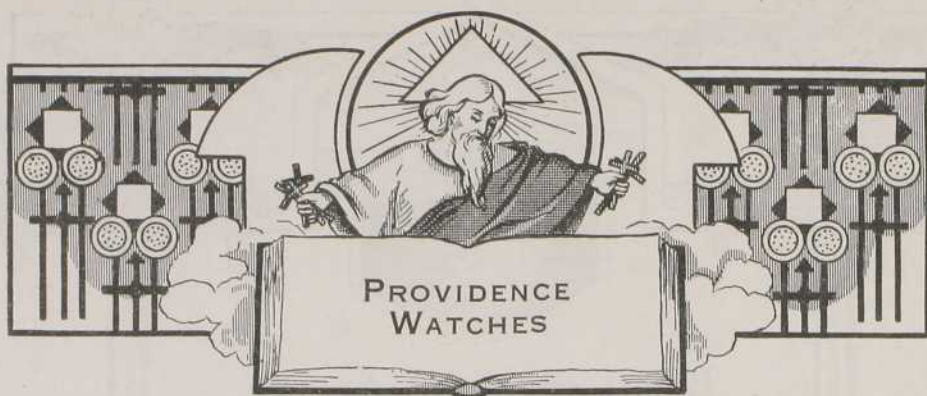
Dolores, C. I. M.



Whom My Heart Seeketh

*I took a day to search for God
And found Him everywhere.
Then chided I my timid soul:
"Why art thou sad? Why care?"
I found that Nature was a shrine,
A monstrance of my God;
And reverent I followed where
The Lord of Glory trod.
I saw His splendor in the sun,
His greatness in the sky;
I glimpsed the garment that He wears,
As lilies blossomed nigh.
I read His love on every rose,
His Blood was gleaming so!
And lately had His passage brushed
The blades of grass below.
I took a day to search for God
And knelt in awe to pray;
I felt His Presence very close
And held His Hand that day.
I searched for God outside, afar,
Beneath the azure dome;
I searched for God inside, anear,
My heart — how poor His Home!*

*At every turning of the road
I meet Him face to face.
I cannot shake the consciousness
Of endless fond embrace.
I knelt that night with folded hands,
And prayed to God inside,
While thanks alone my heart outpoured:
His graces are a tide!
I took a day to search for God
And found Him whom I sought.
I'll gladly give a lifetime now —
Since heathens know Him not —
To guide their groping, blinded selves
Upon the Godward way,
Remembering His bounties blest:
I searched my God one day!*



"Hello, Josie. Why the mournful looks? My gracious, you look as if you had lost your last friend. What's the trouble now?"

"Trouble enough, if you ask me. Hubby out of work; four sick children, one of them in the hospital; no money to pay the rent, and ever so many other worries I don't want to burden you with."

"You poor dear, I didn't know you were in such a bad fix. I'll pray for you with all my heart. There is always God's Providence to rely upon, you know. If even a sparrow doesn't fall to the ground without His permission, how much more must He be willing to provide for His children."

"Oh, don't talk to me about God's Providence, Alma. I simply can't believe in such things anymore. If God really cared, do you think the world would be what it is?"

"You poor dear, your sorrows are blinding you to everything else. You would find much consolation in the truth I have just spoken about."

"I'm asking you again: If God cared, would He let us suffer the way we do?"

"Josie, how can you talk so, you who have been brought up in a truly Christian home? I'm sorry to hear you talk the way you do. Surely the trouble you're in excuses you somewhat."

"Listen to me, Alma. I'm asking you for the third time: If God cared, if there were a Providence, as you pretend, why our topsy-turvy world?"

"My dear, must I remind you that God is our Father, and that a father always acts in the way he thinks best for his little ones, even when they don't understand, and whimper and fret. Now, if God Himself has so fashioned the hearts of fathers here on earth, why do Him the injury to think He doesn't care whether we suffer or not? What He wants us to do is to beg of Him the graces we need. Has He not Himself assured that we had only to ask to receive?"

"Really, I'm so discouraged that I can't even seem to understand anything. But I won't have you think we have not been praying. We've just about worn out our knees making novenas and hearing Masses asking for God's help. But does God listen to us, as you say? Look at the fix we're all in. No, God doesn't seem at all concerned about the Gardiner household. So that's that."

"You seem to have forgotten just one thing, namely, that God hears our prayers *in the way He sees fit* and in His own good time. So why al

the worry? You want your husband to find work and to find it right away? But God may have decided all along to keep that super-permanent position you dare not even dream of in store for him. You want your children husky and happy, instead of fretful and puny? That, too, will come true by and by. Meanwhile, God wants you to grow rich in a spiritual way by bearing up bravely under all the trials He sends you. Why should you rebel and shrink and think yourself unhappy? If your Alan or Betty or those darling twins of yours pouted and stamped their feet every time you see fit to correct their budding bad habits, what would you think of their love for you? You would think, and rightly so, how unreasonable they are not to see that all you do, you do it out of love for them."

"One thing that's beyond me is to see our godless neighbors enjoying life to the full, with every worldly advantage one could wish for, and seemingly not a worry in this wide world."

"Don't be too sure that they haven't a worry, as you say. They may be happy in a material way, but what about peace of soul, that peace of which St. Paul said that it was beyond understanding? Anyway, you may find further proof of God's Providence even in this very happiness of the wicked, for God gives to every man according to his works. If there were nothing to be expected beyond the grave, we might complain that we are treated worse than those who think nothing of offending their Creator. But as the wicked will have to suffer during all eternity for their misdeeds, God, who is just and merciful, rewards them during this life for the good that they may have done; while for the just, who sometimes offend Him through human frailty, God punishes them here below to render them more worthy of Heaven's reward exceeding great. That is why we often hear that God chastises those He loves."

"Honest, I'd rather God would not love me so much, then. I haven't even time to breathe between my trials."

"That goes to show that we haven't yet scaled the heights of holiness. The saints never considered afflictions as trials. They were happy when God gave them the occasion to prove that they really loved Him, 'at the sweat of their brow,' as one of them said. If we only used our common sense, we would more easily be resigned to God's holy will, because, after all, it's not so much trouble itself that troubles us, as the way we take it. As long as we have peace in our hearts, we feel happy even in the midst of suffering. You won't think me too much of a bore, will you, if I illustrate what I have just said by a striking example which came to my notice some time ago?"

"Go ahead, I might as well listen."

"Four of five years ago, our pastor, Father Meek, asked me to visit a number of families in our parish in order to solicit their charity in behalf of a commendable cause. I knocked at a neat little cottage one Friday afternoon and found a young wife in tears, sitting beside the cradle of her firstborn. 'My husband is out of work, and there's only one dollar left in the whole house to buy food for the rest of the week. Whatever are we going to do?' I did my best to boost up her morale, promising myself to

keep mum on the object of my visit to her home. But she suddenly and resolutely dried her tears and said: 'My dear, you came to solicit help for some charitable work. Here, take my last remaining dollar.' I tried to refuse, but she wouldn't hear of it. 'I've always had a great devotion to Our Lady. Please accept the money in her honor. I feel sure she will help me out,' and she thrust the crumpled bill into my hands while wishing me good luck.

"The next day, a Saturday, I passed in front of the cottage. Mrs. X. called me and tears of joy filled her eyes this time.

" 'The Blessed Mother has helped us as I asked her to. Yesterday, my husband secured a better position than he has had in years.'

"Last month, I called again at the neat little home of this client of Mary. Not a single day's work has her husband missed in all these four years. Her only child has been miraculously cured by the Blessed Virgin during a dangerous illness, and she now wears the Marian colors of a child consecrated to Heaven's Queen. This family, of course, has its share of trials, but Providence always comes to the rescue."

"Well, well, you've almost made me hopeful again. Help me pray, and then I won't be so down-hearted."

"Sure thing. Count me in whenever you're in trouble, dear. But it's quite late. Jean and Meg must be back from school and famished. I'll have to dash home before they ransack the icebox. 'Bye, Josie, and good luck to you."

A Mother's Lesson

A little tot was one day telling his ailing mother: "Mother, you said that God always hears us. I asked Him to cure you, and you are still suffering. God didn't hear me, did He?" The mother took the two little hands within her own, smilingly kissed the upturned brow and answered: "Your prayer was not useless, my child. If it didn't heal my body, it gladdened my soul, and God loves you much more than He did before you prayed for me. . . . You know, my boy, how I should like to give you all you ask, and yet I often have to answer your fondest desires with a refusal. You are too small to understand what would be helpful and what would be harmful to you. Well, now, your intelligence is much nearer to mine than mine is to God's. We know so little about what is best for us, that when we pray to our Father in Heaven we must in advance accept His will with submission and confidence. I have already told you, my little friend, life is a journey, at times an arduous one, too. Sometimes we sail into port all broken up, all bruised in body; but when our soul has grown more beautiful, when we have loved and served God and been kind to men, what are our trials beside the happiness awaiting us? So let us pray always, pray with joy and trust. We are sure to be answered when we ask God to help us be better. If He does not free us from the sorrows of life, it is because those passing sorrows will lead us to eternal happiness."

* * *

O Providence of God, some there are, poor, miserable, who do not believe in Thee! As if God were unable to do all He wished, even against the will of men. Gentle and kindly, maternal and understanding, Thou ever leadest by the hand all whose happiness it is to place their trust in Thee! . . .

REV. FATHER BAETEMAN, C. M.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

"The body was also guarded by a former Christian mayor, named Ly-Vûng, and a devout Catholic boatman from the southern district of Tong-king. The latter had the delicacy to wrap the martyr's body in his own coat, which he took off for that purpose. The whole was afterwards enclosed in a cotton sheet, tightly bound with three linen bands, and, placed in a coffin, was buried only a foot deep so as to be the more readily disinterred. The head had been put in a little wooden box at the top of a pole. The mayor Ly-Vûng had a box made exactly similar, hoping to substitute it for the other, and thus to get possession of the precious relics. But it was found impossible to cheat the vigilance of the guards. We had then to resort to another expedient. The gaoler, charged with the care of the head, was promised a silver bar if he would let us throw the head into the river in our own way. This man, nothing loth, came at night on the fourth day, to facilitate the matter. But God permitted our plans to be upset by a little mandarin of Balliage, a young wolf of twenty-three, whose only idea of government was to devour his people, — his royal blood enabling him to do this with impunity. This man sent one of his household to superintend the projection of the head into the water. Our old friend, Huong-Moï, had fastened a fish-hook in the ear, with two hundred yards of line and a floater, and persuaded the mayor to throw all together into the river, thinking that the float would enable us to discover it easily on the morrow. But the frightened mayor threw the head in without detaching the line from the boat, and after pulling a few strokes, the head naturally following, at the alarm that the mandarin was coming he shook the line violently, the hook got loose, and the head sank to the bottom of the stream. All our endeavors to recover it the next day were in vain. But God managed it for us in another way. On the 15th of February some pagan friends of Ly-Vûng, rowing down the stream, perceived something floating on the water about four leagues from the place of execution. They took it up and found it to be our dear martyr's head. The good mayor, Ly-Vûng, hastened to take it to his house, and sent for Father Tinh, who instantly recognized it. They wrapped it carefully in a white silk bag and placed it in a vase which they sealed with tar. When the good priest sent me word of what had occurred, I desired him to bring the head to me, and the precious relic arrived on the 24th of February. I opened the vase in the presence of five witnesses: the head was incorrupt. I took the little white bag in which Ly-Vûng had enveloped it, and in which it had been for nine days; from the right ear I took out the fish-hook which Huong-Moï had fastened in it and which had remained with about an inch of the line. It had made a wide opening in the ear as by a violent wrench. The condition of the flesh around the ear showed how it had been hacked by the inhuman executioner. I cut off some of the hair with my scissors, keeping five or six

locks for his family. I tearfully turned this much-loved head in my hands, and finally replaced it in its urn, and deposited it in a neighboring house at the earnest entreaty of the inhabitants, finding it impossible at present to do with safety what I had wished, namely, to reunite the head to the other members. For this we must wait for a time of peace."

Bishop Jeantet, under the impression that the martyr's father was still alive, wrote to comfort him, declaring that Theophane, by his great merits, had well deserved the martyr's palm and adding that the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had ever been so tenderly devoted, had thus glorified him in the eyes of the whole world.

Bishop Theurel added in conclusion:

"My dear friends, shall I say that we are rejoiced or afflicted at your dear brother's glorious end? In one sense we all rejoice at his triumph, blessing and praising God for His choice; but for my own part, I cannot help feeling deeply the separation which has taken place. I am still quite young, being of the same age as our dear Theophane; our warm friendship and entire conformity of views on all points, made him a powerful auxiliary in all my labors, and a sharer in all the cares and anxieties of the future. Your brother was at least one-half of my strength and of my courage. He had the greatest prudence and wisdom, united with a burning love and zeal. It seemed as if he and I together could do great things in this Tong-king vineyard; but alone, how shall I get on? His departure has cast me down terribly and has upset all my hopes and plans. I have cried for him bitterly, and shall cry still more, whatever people may say! I have said that he had an immense zeal for souls; also, though his health was more delicate than that of any other missionary in the diocese, he did more work than anybody else, passing half the night, and sometimes the whole day besides, in the confessional. His confidence in God was boundless and made him bold almost to a fault in his undertakings. While he was working so admirably at Kê-Bêo in June, I wrote him that he must take greater precautions, for the heavens were big with clouds. He answered me with that holy boldness which was one of his characteristics, that not a hair of his head would fall unless by the will of God. In truth, our Lord had determined the hour of his martyrdom, and his happy fate was foretold him in 1851.

"He was a wonderful linguist and had completely mastered the difficult Annamite dialect. He translated the '*Concordantia Evangelica*' of M. Migne into good Annamite, as well as the Acts of the Apostles. He had just completed the translation of the Epistles and of the Apocalypse; and was in the midst of an abridged Commentary from that of Picquigny, when he was arrested. These two last translations, of which no one had a copy, have, to my great despair, been burned, not by the chief who took him prisoner, but by the Christians of Kê-Bêo, whose fears had really troubled their reason. Another of our Christian missions has been more faithful to the memory of our dear brother. I mean that of Bût-Dông, where he lived for eighteen months with Fr. Saiget. This whole parish has been for more than a year in open war with the mandarin, Nam-Xang, whom

your brother reproached so vehemently from his cage. This functionary came himself to Bât-Dông to force the people to trample the Cross under foot; but the whole population having unanimously refused to apostatize, he was forced to yield to the resistance of eighteen hundred men; and although since then he has issued edict after edict, he has done nothing but lose both his time and his trouble.

... Bishop Jeantet had expressed the wish that when the time came for the re-establishment of the seminary, Theophane would become Professor of Theology. 'I hoped so much,' writes His Grace, 'from his wonderful piety, zeal, and science. But the Sovereign Arbiter of all things has decided otherwise — "*Fiat voluntas tua.*"' The faithful widow Nghiênn," continues Bishop Theurel, "brought back the clothes and chain of our dear brother and handed everything over to us. A little later we hope to send to Paris the chain, the little bag, and the fishhook of which I have spoken, together with the hair, one or two autograph letters of the martyr, and the linen soaked with his blood.

"The ring which went about the neck is wanting to the chain, having been appropriated by the brother of the mandarin, as was also one of the foot rings. I will forward to you, my dear Eusebius, as well as to M. Henry and Mdlle. Mélanie, your portion of his hair, and of the linen soaked with his blood. I do not send these things to-day, as my parcel is already too heavy; I must wait for the next time. A little later I hope also to send you each some little remembrance chosen from among his effects. Bishop Jeantet and I — and I doubt not all our brethren — will consent that his precious martyr's chalice shall pass into your hands.

(To be continued)

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

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

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

Year 1944.....	\$293.79	March-April.....	31.50
Year 1945.....	223.10	May-June.....	28.00
January-February 1946.....	34.25	July-August.....	17.90

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.

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of September, 1946

"An Increase of Love for the Missions through Teaching, Writing and Preaching"

The September mission intention recommended by the Holy See to the prayerful interest of the people of America is of particular merit since it holds a direct appeal to the hierarchy and clergy of the country as well as to those who mould public opinion by preaching, teaching and writing. It is also of a peculiar timeliness since the ending of World War II, so much of which was fought in mission territories, has caused a certain letdown in mission interest, and that at a time when that interest is most necessary.

The Church in America enjoys an admirable prestige well warranted by her achievements which helped expand and develop this great nation of ours, in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Her bishops, priests, brothers and sisters were always in the vanguard of the explorer, the pioneer and the colonizer. They helped to dig the roads, to build the churches and the schools, they staffed the hospitals and orphanages, which served the hardy settlers who pushed across this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

This glorious history of the Church here, and its proud heritage of service, were made possible, not only by the zeal of the missionaries, but by the charity of the clergy and laity of Europe who supported their efforts by their prayers and alms. They felt honored in making sacrifices for the expansion of Catholicity.

An Honor Shared

Now that same honor may be shared by the people of America, who, under the leadership of the bishops and clergy, the teachers and the writers, are brought to an increased love for the missions. There can be no doubt that the response on the part of our people will be overwhelming. Recent scientific developments, as well as the wholehearted cooperation with the war effort, are but two significant proofs of how eagerly Americans welcome the opportunity to become trail blazers in every path of endeavor.

For our educators and writers there is the assurance that there is no more fascinating lecture and source material than mission history, whether past or present. The whole panorama of Church development from the time of Christ is unfolded before our eyes. While we glory in the heroism of the early martyrs we find a twentieth century sequel in events of our own time. Only recently four Chinese priests called at the National Office of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, en route from Rome to their homeland. Discussing the future of the Church in the Orient they acknowledged that there were many difficulties, but that they were eager to begin their apostolate. "It may be necessary to shed our blood for the faith, but we welcome that eventuality, knowing that the Holy Ghost will always sustain us and that if we go, others will take our places."

To know the missions is to increase one's love of God and of his fellowman a hundredfold! To work, to pray and to arouse interest in them is to insure the restoration of the reign of Christ and His charity throughout the world!

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

THE VOICE FROM ROME

The Church the Bride of Christ is one; and yet so vast is the love of the divine Spouse that it embraces in His Bride the whole human race without exception. Our Saviour shed His Blood precisely in order that He might reconcile men to God through the Cross, and might constrain them to unite in one Body, however widely they may differ in nationality and race. True love of the Church, therefore, requires not only that we should be mutually solicitous one for another as members of the same Body, rejoicing in the glory of the other members and sharing in their suffering, but likewise that we should recognize in other men, although they are not yet joined to us in the Body of the Church, our brothers in Christ according to the flesh, called, together with us, to the same eternal salvation.

Pope Pius XII



ECHOES

FROM OUR MISSIONS

CHINA

CANTON

Canton Chaos to Celestial Courts

Death-dealing bombs of World War II have wrecked enormous areas of the earth's surface, and reduced hordes of people to misery, desolation and despair. For years to come the theatres of that inhuman carnage will remain tragic objects of sadness and horror.

But there will be one exception to the general rule — one blessed exception! For there exists in God's world — still beautiful because fashioned by Eternal Beauty — a spot where tumbled-down houses and shattered walls have made golden headlines in Heaven. I fancy they read something like this: "Blessed Ruins! Antechambers to Paradise!" It was on Mary's Assumption Feast, in the year of grace 1942, that one of our Sisters chanced upon this "open sesame" to Eternal Joy. Through three blissful years she gathered souls beneath that wreckage and made them fit for the avenues of a Better Land.

For several months previous to that Assumption morning, Sister had cast her net wherever and whenever opportunity beckoned on her way to Shameen School. Near tall buildings, along deserted streets, at cross-roads, blinded souls were waiting, like Bartimeus, for a human angel of mercy to light their staggering steps to the Lord of Heaven. In the month of the Sacred Heart, that year of 1942, 299 Baptisms were given, 26 of which to adults. The 299th was a wee bundle of humanity strapped to its mother's back. When Sister came upon mother and child, the destitute parent was painstakingly preparing a last meal for her dying babe. And that meal was to consist of a rat stolen from famished dogs! Fortunately for the infant that its fluttering eyelids closed to the nauseating foodstuffs, and opened on the splendors of the Father's Mansions above.

By August the beggars had become a motley crowd. Military authorities



A MISSIONARY COMES UPON A BLIND CHILD
A FEW STEPS FROM THE CONVENT, CANTON, CHINA



POOR LITTLE WAIF!

therefore decided to open soup canteens for the helpless lot. One of these canteens Sister discovered on the 15th. Any sharp-eyed fisher of souls could see that the opportunity was one in a thousand. Crouched near heaps of ruined brickwork she found those human likenesses of God, men, women and children, especially children, awaiting the few mouthfuls of soup that would momentarily stem the pangs of hunger. Basins, bowls, tin cans, dustpans, bits of broken pottery, whatever they could lay hands upon served the soup-plate purpose.

When the corporal work of mercy was ended, Sister drew closer to the derelicts, passed in and among their ranks, casting in broken hearts healing words of consolation. To those whose eyes would open shortly to things of eternity she offered the torch of the great truths of Faith, and provided souls of good will with their right of entry in the Celestial Courts.

A few steps away a man lay exhausted in the dust, his face smeared with blood. Like his fellow sufferers, he had been given his meagre meal — or rather semblance of one — but the soup had been spilled as he attempted to raise it to his parched lips. And he was now trying to pick the dozen grains of rice scattered on the pavement! An unutterably sad sight it was! Soon, however, that soul would sunder its mortal bonds, and so the cleansing stream of Baptism should not be denied. In a few hours or even less, the tattered mendicant of that Canton street might be taking his place at the Banquet of the Blessed.

And souls, still more souls, were led to the Savior of them all. Every morning when the sun rose over Canton, the brave adventurer for Christ and a native companion left afoot on their errand of love, making the disowned of earth rich with the riches of divinity. Hundreds of penniless, the majority of them walking skeletons, sought those crumbled ruins in the hope that the promised bowl of soup would ward off for a few hours more the cold hand of death. In spite of the unnamable agony and misery there rife, the vast masses of rubble brightened in the morning light, and there flitted a song around the dilapidated walls-that-were. In pain-racked bodies that would soon go down unwept to lowly graves, immortal souls were learning that God is Love. To each the humble dispenser of God's bounties allotted his share — words of comfort and hope to those whose Sorrowful Way might still lengthen indefinitely, and the supreme boon of Baptism to those about to reach the last station of their lives of

wretchedness. By November 11, after six months of campaigning for the Master Missionary, Sister had rescued a thousand souls for Him. One thousand souls made children of Him whose mercies they will sing forever and ever!

One easily forgets aching limbs and muddy roads and drenching rains, at the remembrance of that thousand led Godward! With reverence akin to awe the unwearied Bride of Christ stepped across the threshold of that "cathedral of ruins", whose only dome was the azure vault, and at whose august baptismal font souls, a multitude of them, were freed from the



A FEW ACRES AWAY FROM OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE FOUNDLING HOME, CANTON

bondage of sin and marked with the seal of salvation. From May 25, 1942 to May 25, 1943, a host of two thousand souls forsook Canton chaos for Celestial Courts.

From then on, the ranks of the mendicants dwindled. Ten on an average died every twenty-four hours. Those poor refugees were deserving of all sympathy, and their pitiable condition could have left no Christian heart unmoved.

On Pentecost Sunday, June 13, 1943, the Spirit of Love turned the steps of the tireless seeker of souls towards another soup distribution station. Oh, that Pentecostal draught! Seventy-three sons of China made brothers of Christ and joint-heirs with Him! It happened in front of a so-called Welfare House. Swarms of maimed and sick and dying occupied every inch of space. They were a thousand, probably more. The 26 adults and 47 tots baptized heightened the day's record to 103 souls. And a busy day that was! Tears of gratefulness and joy sprang in the ardent soul-saver's eyes that evening of evenings, as she presented her offering of the day to the Divine Comforter. What gladness must have filled the heart

of her Mother Foundress, at the sight of so many little Mary Delias offered as a feastday bouquet on her Pentecost patronal day!

Not so much was called for to fire the missionary with renewed zeal. Her heart exulting, she took to the road with the next sun-up. Canton was a distressed city indeed, and although deaths daily soared above the hundred-mark, the flowing tide of street wanderers in no way decreased. Six little children were baptized that day. In the Blessed Ruins the ranks of the needy were slowly getting thinner. A woman at the entrance was given the Gift of God. A few steps away a young man, deaf and dumb, blood spurting from his mouth, pleaded for some Good Samaritan to heal him body and soul. Farther on, Sister saw a poor matron holding a plate filled with garbage can contents she had retrieved and was about to eat. Another one, a skin-and-bone specimen of personified poverty, painfully dragged herself along. A child and a grown-up were christened. Then the messenger of heavenly happiness turned in the direction of another welfare post whose address someone had given her. There she came upon seven or eight hundred lifelong strangers to the fleshpots of Egypt, huddled in a large hall under police supervision. When the hall was taxed to capacity, the doors were barred and the outsiders consequently had to go on enduring the pangs of hunger. Cold print cannot convey the feelings one experiences when attempting to dwell on hardships of that sort. Stark agony could be read on every countenance. There were no shaded alleys there, as at the "cathedral of ruins", to protect from the scorching sun. Beneath the burning shafts of the orb of fire, the heroic soul-lover bent over each broken body to lessen pain, and each burdened soul to dispense the charity of Christ and faith in Him. The dying were many, and with gladness they accepted the saving waters, preludes to the torrents of eternal beatitude. Fifty-three Baptisms were given — fifteen adults and thirty-eight children — enough to make one think lightly of the weariness and devotedness entailed.

Sister's soul knew happiness in the fullness of the word that evening,



WARTIME SNAPSHOT. WALKING SKELETON,
CANTON, CHINA.

as her heart knew sorrow while she pondered on the fact that millions were yet plunged in the midnight blackness of a life in which the Savior had no part. Hundreds around her were still adoring their make-believe gods, and in countless other posts the self-same divinities were exacting adoration.

The next day soup was distributed at Yat Tak Lo Welfare. The compact mass defied all calculation. Crowded inside cramped quarters, the

poor patiently cried and sighed after the slim ration that would restore an ounce of vitality and ward off the shadow of absolute starvation an hour or two. Over at the Blessed Ruins the garnering had been an easy matter, far from indiscreet eyes, with only God and His Angels looking down approvingly; but here prudence and discretion had to precede zeal and follow it, for the attention of the police had better not be drawn. When the famished stumbled out with their food, the fishing for souls began. Those paupers of the

streets have studied in a harsh school, and their frigid relations with the only gods they know have not satisfied their truth-starved heart. From pagoda to Paradise is a long way, but our God is good, and to souls of good will "a light is risen up in darkness."



A CORNER OF THE CANTON RUINS

Beneath the flaming sun the courageous apostle set out a few days later. Another trysting place had come to her knowledge, and she longed to lead her Master's Blessed Feet there. Leaving Canton's streets behind, she penetrated into the Sap Pat Po, not very far from Shameen. A crowd of destitute obstructed the way along the market fronts. They were two, or perhaps three thousand in all. The employees charged with dealing out the soup confined these mendicants in an enclosure labelled, ironically, temple or holy house, and the heavy iron doors were closed. Leaning against the prison bars, the poor victims, half-smothered, craved for their meagre meal. Three hours passed while the rolling wave of mendicity staggered on, ignorant of its poignant eloquence. Four adults and thirteen children were made members of the Mystical Christ. Seventeen out of two thousand — what are so few among so many! But was not the Redeemer willing to ascend the heights of Calvary again for the last and least of those seventeen? Later at the Blessed Ruins two other souls were given the hope of resurrection with Our Risen Lord. Goaded on by her zeal, Sister remained on the alert to detect every favorable issue. In the early dawn her eye scrutinized all the dismal nooks where potential friends of her God might be hiding. She found them almost everywhere. Here, a whimpering, half-naked baby abandoned on the roadside; there, a young couple crying for sheer hunger; near the cathedral, eyes turned Godward, a young man dying. At Yat Tak Po, Sister met a former professor from Hong Kong, speaking excellent French, reduced to stark penury. A mass of rubble was his squalid home, and not a morsel of food had touched his lips for days. After trying her best to bring a ray of consolation into his soul, the missionary had the priest hear his confession and prepare him for

the Homeward-bound journey. He died on September 5, 1943, penniless but wealthy in the possession of eternal joy.

Records for 1943 bear the consoling total of 3,168 baptisms.

When 1944 peeped over the stormy horizon, the Blessed Ruins were deserted, and so were the other meeting places. Not that the poor were diminishing, but they were being removed outside the city limits to die. However, 1944 had the glad record of 461 roadside christenings, two remarkable conversions and several returns to God. Let us cite for instance the case of a young lady of German birth who had forsaken her religious duties for three years.

From January to August, 1945, the baptismal register chronicled 297 additional names.

Hallowed Canton Ruins, bless ye the Lord! And you, O citizens of Celestial Courts, erstwhile mendicants in Canton chaos, bless ye the God of Love! And you, O seeker after priceless souls, bless the Lord who hath done great things with feeble instruments!

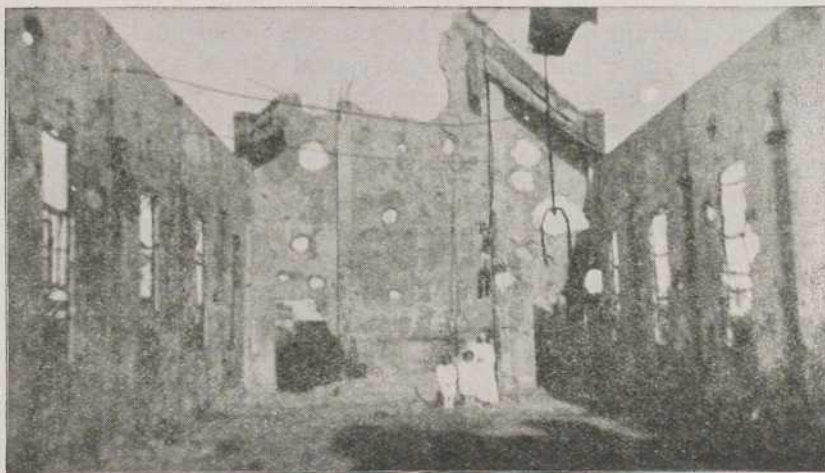
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PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Mission News Flashes From Manila

January 1, 1946 penned the closing paragraphs to a yearbook of disaster, desolation and death for Filipino missions. But how resplendent gleam the golden pages of hope and happiness!

On January 27, at 8.15 A. M., ten priests of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society, a noble unit of daring, joyous bearers of Joyous Tidings, set foot in the Philippines to begin their grand apostolic purpose. For the last five years especially, the Powers of Darkness have prevailed in many a section of our islands, and all the more so in places now priestless,



RUINS OF THE CHAPEL NEAR ST. RITA'S HALL, MANILA.

where anointed ministers of the Lord have been ruthlessly slaughtered by enemy hordes.

It would seem superfluous to carry our joys of the happy day to the printed page. Canada, our home sweet home, certainly came in for a good share of the conversation. Rev. Father Geoffroy had good news from our beloved Mother and dear Sisters from the Motherhouse, and so had all the other Fathers particular messages to deliver.

Eleven times was the Divine Victim raised aloft on the altar the following morning. As missionary hearts pray, so we prayed that the Lord of the harvest might send workers—a goodly band of priests and nuns—to gather in the overripe wheat. Souls are waiting and yearning, and they are lost because there is none to satisfy that waiting and yearning with the Gift of God.

On the 29th, the Reverend Fathers took a plane to Davao, except Rev. Father L. Labelle, who left by boat with the luggage on February 1.

The Philippine Islands are slowly recuperating from the fatal disasters of the terrible war. Whole provinces are reduced to shambles. Others are still plunged in mourning. Let us mention for instance the village of Tagig, in Rizal, where not one father nor one son above twelve years of age escaped the bayonet of the foe. Over 275 families are left without men to do the heavy work. Mothers and daughters whose health and strength permit arise at 4 A. M. and go fishing in order to eke out a meagre living. When the fish stop biting and the sun climbs in the sky, they return home to tend their fields and gardens, then seek buyers for the fruits of their labors.

Last January, three of our Sisters went to the aid of those unfortunates. Our travellers made a forty-five minute journey by truck and forty minutes by canoe to reach the place. With the blissful merriment of childhood, the same here as the world over, wide-eyed youngsters crowded around the three missionaries. Mothers in mourning cast envious glances at the pretty dresses, trousers and sweaters brought for their best beloved. The contents of the heavy parcel were outpoured on a table and the distribution began. That scene of hustle and bustle was above all else a real study in smiles, smiles of mothers, smiles of children, smiles of Sisters delighted to play Providence to needy human brethren. Only half the con-



SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N. H.) AND SISTER MARIE ANGELINA (MARIE ANNE DONOVAN, GLEN ROY, ONT.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA.



SISTER ANNE MARIE (ANNE MARIE TESSIER, OTTAWA, ONT.) AND SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONGAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N. H.), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA, WITH THREE PROTEGES OF THE MISSION.

tents had been dealt out and already proud urchins and prim little misses dressed in their new togs gladly and gratefully paraded before their benefactresses. Weary limbs did not get much attention that evening, for the Sisters knew it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive, and they placed the good of their wards above their personal fatigue and inconvenience.

On March 24, we welcomed under our roof Rev. Father Jean de Geuser, a French Jesuit, chaplain of the French Marine. Our distinguished visitor told us that a brother of his, also a Jesuit, had died on the battlefield after a bullet had severed both his legs. Another member of the de Geuser family, a secular priest, also lost his legs, but lived to see better days. Rev. Father Jean de Geuser himself lost a leg in the war. The kind religious warmly spoke on the great devotion of Breton peasantry to the Rosary. "Not one Breton soldier or sailor," said he, "fails to say his beads each day, and recite morning and evening prayers, even if he has not been to Mass for long." They may wander astray, but they never forget their Mother.

Easter Monday had joys in store: we learned of the opening of a new Mission in Las Pinas, half an hour's distance from Manila. News such as this strikes a note of jubilation in missionary hearts, for our prayers are at last answered in part, and our works will soon be operating after five years of disruption. Four Sisters will leave about May 15 for the new post, which has already been christened "St. Joseph's Convent". The happy pioneers will be: Sister St. Joseph de Bethlehem (1), Sister St. Gabriel (2), Sister Marie du Precieux Sang (3) and Sister Gabriel de l'Annonciation (4). A whole regiment of young students deprived of Catholic schools and consequently receiving instruction in public institutions, are eagerly waiting for the Sisters. May our kind Father St. Joseph bless our new venture in Las Pinas, and shower choice graces on the flower of Filipino manhood and womanhood, so sorely neglected during the global conflict.

1. YVONNE ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton, P. Q.
3. AURORE RACETTE, Limoges, Ont.

2. BRIGITTE AUGER, Les Ecureuils, P. Q.
4. IDA CARRIERE, Hammond, Ont.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA

Grandma Watanabe Makes a Headline

Honorable Grandmother, Grandma Watanabe, Baba Chan — these are the titles three to which the silver-haired old lady affectionately responds. Christians and pagans alike think the world of her, and maybe there is nothing hyperbolic about the figure of speech here used. Sixty-odd years ago, her father was a pioneer settler in Koriyama. The village was still in the formation process with its one hundred hearths, but its position on the railway line that linked the new capital of Yedo to the northern provinces promised prosperous days ahead. Koriyama had no resident missionary priest when Mr. Watanabe and family moved to the village. Fervent Christian that he was, the dignified Nipponese presided each evening with patriarchal reverence at prayers to the Great Lord of Heaven. Then in a book yellowed with age and thumbing he would read aloud a few quotations from the Life of the Master.

Christmas and Easter were solemn occasions in the Watanabe household. Wondering pagan acquaintances would come *o asobi ni* (to have a noble good time). The old gentleman of God, like another Paul of the Gentiles, would thus be granted opportunities to preach the Savior he loved.

Towards 1895, Bishop Berlioz, of Hakodate, visited the several Christian homes of Koriyama and vicinity. The charitable pastor, who has left behind the reputation of a saint, deeply impressed those of his fold who had already been baptized in the Faith. Half a hundred years later, Baba Chan of the silver locks still remembered the touching admonitions fallen from the lips of the Christlike shepherd of souls.

A few years marched on. The region obtained the privilege of a permanent missionary in the person of Rev. Father Marion, of the Paris Foreign Missions. Baba Chan was in her early teens at the time, but had so far been unable to receive Baptism on account of there being no abiding missionary near. From sunrise till sundown she cheerfully toiled in the rice fields or mulberry plantations, or cooked rice dishes for her dear ones. Then with "God's benediction from the flaming Monstrance in the West", she plodded on to the Mission to study the rudiments of the Faith and learn of the soul-compelling tenderness of the Savior of men. One obstacle, and that insurmountable, stood in the way: the girl could not read. In days of the ancient Nipponese regime, girls, peasant girls especially, were barely allowed a peep in at the open door of knowledge. "It was not worth while." But Father Marion wanted his Christians to be well grounded in their beliefs and able to answer for them. Time and trouble were negligible factors for him, as long as the doctrine of his Master was exposed in the clear, simple and practical manner that is perennially the best.

"Father Marion," Grandma pleasantly related one day, "was a man of method. We did find him rather *kibishii* (severe), but we knew it was for

our greater good. You had to know prayers and catechism on your fingertips before obtaining his 'you may be baptized.' I was thirteen when I first broached the subject of Baptism.

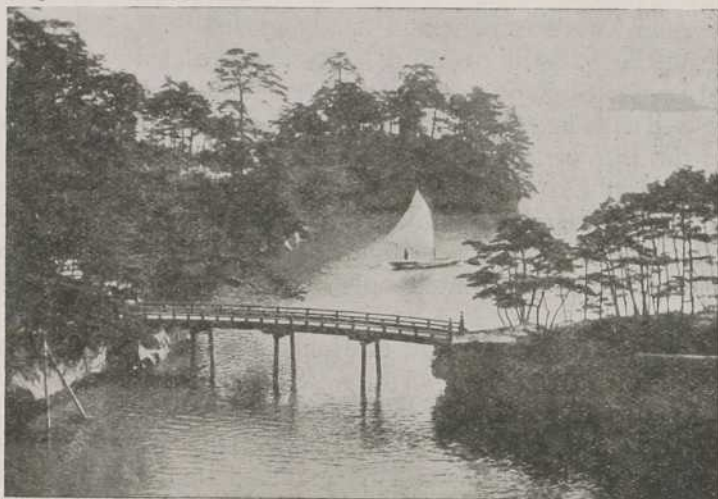
" 'Are you able to read, at least?' he queried.

" 'I am only a poor girl and have never learned the characters,' I answered.

" 'Well, go home and learn them. Then you'll come back.'

" 'But, *Shimpu Sama* (honorable Spiritual Father),' I protested, 'I can't learn at all. Besides, who would bother to teach me?'

" 'What do I hear? A Japanese saying something is impossible? You *are* going to learn, and I'll show you myself the easiest characters.'



WHEN NATURE SMILES IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

" I wanted at any cost to be baptized. So I simply had to launch into that intricate character study. Every evening after a hard day's work, I would trudge several miles off to the Mission. Father Marion was a *sensei* (teacher) to be revered and feared. I couldn't understand the distorted figures and remembered them still less. A spade was more at home in my hands than a *fude* (writing brush). At last Father had to admit I was a problem. He was losing valuable minutes and hours vainly trying to teach me the most elementary characters. I couldn't be baptized, he said, unless I learned prayers and catechism off by heart. Half-despondently I sobbed out my distress and ignorance. Father relented and, kindly: 'It's true you are hard-headed and can't learn anything; but don't forget that God is always ready to give a helping hand when we humbly ask Him. Go home now, and see what sacrifice you could offer to God in return for the grace you desire.'

"Like a soothing balm fell those words on my aching heart. I thought and thought. The next morning I went to confide my resolution to the *Shimpu Sama*.

" ' Father, I have resolved to take no breakfast for a year in order to obtain the grace to learn catechism and prayers.'

" ' I see you are a child of good will,' he answered. ' Know that God is never outdone in generosity. He will certainly grant your grace.' "

With fidelity that bordered on heroism the young girl kept her vow. For one whole year she touched no food before midday.

"How many times I cried" she told us. " I who was up at four in the morning and worked hard in the rice fields could have dispatched several bowls of rice. But, however dearly priced the grace of Baptism, I had resolved to obtain it."

The year was not yet over and the courageous daughter of Nippon could recite catechism and prayers like a class-leader. Following a severe test, Father agreed to her being baptized. All her life long, she kept a clear and practical knowledge of the main tenets of Our Holy Faith, and the prayers learned at so dear a price were never forgotten.

When about eighteen, she was married to an upright Christian youth, and reared her large family in the love of God and Mother Mary. Her eldest son, a model of piety, was always at the beck and call of the missionary Father. He later married a Buddhist girl who had recently been instructed and baptized. A happy augury for a staunch Catholic family, thought everyone, and Grandma Watanabe rejoiced. Soon, however, it became evident that Buddhistic leanings were not all dead and buried. Little by little, the young wife diminished the prestige of authority that was the old Christian couple's. Sunday Mass was missed under slight pretexts; religious instruction of the offspring was neglected; young Mr. Watanabe failed to take the upper hand and gradually forgot the path to church. Even Easter duties were overlooked. As he was the eldest, his example proved disastrous. His brothers and sisters married in pagan families, and little children were no longer carried to the baptismal font. Grandmother cried and grieved, remonstrated and admonished, but all to no avail.

Early in 1939, it was decided that we would make rounds in the country district to instruct children who lived too far to come to the Mission regularly. The Watanabes were among the first to receive our visit. Grandmother welcomed us with open-armed cordiality, "like angels sent from Heaven," so she said, "to save the family from utter ruin from the Christian point of view."

Of the seven daughters of Mr. Watanabe, Jr., none had made their First Communion. The youngest, two years old, had not even been baptized. The eldest had been married outside the Church to a pagan, and her Christian instruction was almost nil. Her two little ones were pagans like their father. Mrs. Watanabe, Jr., didn't care much for a visit from the Catholic Sisters. "We have to see to the animals and fields," she objected. "We have no time to recite prayers and study the catechism. That would be good for people with wealth and leisure. But we are poor and have to work." So saying, she assiduously dealt out chores, so her daughters, the eldest at least, would be absent from the doctrine lesson.

Baba Chan then welcomed us to her own home. Every Saturday afternoon her grandchildren came to learn prayers, doctrine and hymns. A few weeks passed, and one day the eldest granddaughters accompanied the youngsters. Mother Watanabe softened. Smoking her long, slender pipe, she listened to catechism and Sacred History explanations, the while fitting in her own reflections. Grace worked wonders, and on Christmas Day Mr. Watanabe settled his long-standing accounts with God and returned to his religious practices. Teru Ko (child of light), his youngest, was baptized along with his grandson, before Midnight Mass. The lass was named Anne and the boy, Joseph. In the same memorable night, Joseph's mother received the Sacraments of Penance, Matrimony and the



PAGAN TEMPLE IN JAPAN

Blessed Eucharist. The Watanabes were supremely happy on that unforgettable date.

However, the Enemy of all good was reluctant to admit himself vanquished as yet. Obstacles surged in the way of conversion. Mother Watanabe was far too busy to drop in at church. But she certainly knew the way to the temples of her passing gods. At last, Grandma's prayers won the battle. Mother received Communion on Easter Sunday, for the first time in years. Baba Chan, with no more worries on that matter, left for the capital in November, 1941. Two daughters of hers had married pagans there and their children, unbaptized, were growing up in complete ignorance of our saving truths. That was why Grandma wanted to leave her quiet village and go and live in the bustle of a large city.

She asked our prayers on her farewell visit to the convent. "I must bring my children and grandchildren back to God before dying. I am counting on your good prayers." And so she left, equipped with her spiritual bait: rosaries, medals, catechisms and prayerbooks.

Then war broke out on December 8, 1941, and we were declared prisoners in our own convent. Police officers remained on guard by night and

by day, and we were forbidden all outside relations. However, two young ladies, former teachers in our school, were allowed from time to time to bring us scant rations of rice and vegetables — always under police vigilance. Several months of complete sequestration thus crawled on. We were hard at study one afternoon when the sound of a voice at the entrance suddenly disturbed the quiet atmosphere. "Indeed I will go in. You are not going to stop me. What are you doing here anyway — men in a Sisters' convent!"

We hurried to the door. It was our good old faithful Baba Chan. She hadn't heard about our internment regime and was paying us a friendly call. When she saw us she forgot for the moment the human barrier in the way, and politely bowed and curtsied again and again. Then, oblivious of the wrathful looks of the officer, she entered and asked to see all the Sisters. The nonplussed officer, who was really an honest fellow at heart, declared he would be present at the interview and jot down the proceedings.

"Certainly," conceded Grandmother, who had just sized up the situation. "We have no secrets. These persons are altogether honest. I have known them for years and have come to think of them as daughters of mine. See, I've brought them some millet cakes and fruits."

And slowly she untied the navy blue *furoshiki* (square cloth) she carried on her back and gave each of us a fruit and a cookie. Then she plunged into a prolix relation of the many events and daily occurrences since we had last met. She told us how many eggs her hens had laid, how much silk she had gotten from her silkworm business, and so on. The Nipponese guard yawned and in no way thought it a breach of orders not to register a like conversation, that did not come within a thousand miles of being prejudicial to the security of the Empire. Presently he withdrew. That was the providential escape. Then Grandma was effusive in her sympathetic concern for us. She had not learned of our situation. She promised to be faithful to the missionaries. God had blessed her apostolate among her loved ones. Her two pagan sons-in-law had consented to having their marriage regularized. Her daughters had gone to confession and Holy Communion. Baptism had made her grandchildren brothers of the Christ Child. Was it not proper that she come and thank God with us for His choice graces, and share with friends her consolation and her joy? When she was about to leave, the guard in a hard, metallic voice asked her name and address.

"My name is Watanabe, and I live in the eastern village. But you do seem to be an honest fellow. Do come over to our place someday. I'll have some tea and millet cookies to offer you."

There was too much face involved in the situation. The officer bowed rather stiffly and let her go unmolested, even after she had jested: "I'll be back soon."

She did come back soon, our dear old trusty friend. The guards were frequently interchanged, but not one succeeded in daunting her. "I'm

not doing any harm," she would protest. "Believe me, these persons are good, they are in no way dangerous. We Christians are all members of the same family. We all love one another."

One day she came with a gift — four rabbits. "This will put life in your lonely yard," she explained. She brought vegetables also, and food-stuffs for the bunnies. After that she gave us two hens and a bag of grain to keep them alive. Gifts like those were worth their weight in gold in those days when the wolf was at the door.

What was not her sorrow when she heard we were obliged to leave Koriyama and join our Sisters in Wakamatsu! That was in early May, 1943, three months previous to our definitive leave-taking from Japan.

Her son helped us pack our things. Her daughter-in-law, at one time so coolly distant, took over kitchen duty on the last day. The poor people, usually so apprehensive of the police, seemed unaware of the officers who sentinelled the place.

On the eve of our departure, May 11, Mrs. Watanabe prepared a banquet of white rice for us. We hadn't tasted anything in that line for two years.

On Departure Day, May 12, Rev. Father Kainuma said Mass in our chapel. A few Christians had obtained permission from the police to attend, and thus give a last token of their gratitude.

Grandma was there also, in her feastday finery: a grey silk dress she had industriously woven herself, an apron in the same shade, white leggings and new wooden sandals.

Police officers arrived at 7.00 A. M. to see and behold. By 10.00 we hadn't yet taken our breakfast. Suddenly Grandma appeared on the scene with a tray and the inevitable teapot and cups. "Gentlemen," she addressed the men, "won't you have some hot tea. You must be tired.



JAPANESE PEASANT HOME

I'll entertain you while the Sisters pack up." The officers could not but chuckle over the dexterous manoeuvre.

When it was time to be off, Baba Chan wanted to carry a few of our parcels and would not be refused. "You know," she said, "I want to follow you to Wakamatsu."

"Poor Grandma, we are grateful for all your kindnesses, but we wouldn't want you to take any more risks. The police agents could be uncivil to you, and we would be so sorry."

"They will have a care for my white hairs," she answered. "I want to go and protect you. Do you think I could let you go alone with those men?"

Our good old friend kept her word. Unruffled by the squally breeze of temper from the guards, she helped us with our belongings and sat down near us. No one protested. Motherly as always, she had prepared rice balls with a salted prune in the centre. Thus she accompanied us to our Sisters' convent in Wakamatsu, and left only after she had helped us settle there. A loyal and devoted friend she remained to the end. God bless her!

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
REPATRIATED FROM KORIYAMA

Catholic Schools in Japan

In the ruins of the Shirayuri (White Lily) School, 500 girls sat in class all day in outdoor garb. While the bitter air of the Tokyo winter blew freely through gaping, glassless windows, pupils and teachers endured the cold for the sake of education under Catholic auspices — now more valued than ever before because freedom to teach religion prevails.

Without heat, in some places, crowded into inadequate temporary quarters, in others actually exposed to the elements, Catholic schools in Japan last winter had an advantage far outweighing the real physical hardships as, for the first time in 46 years, they were permitted to give religious instruction within the regular curriculum.

The majority of pupils in Catholic schools in Japan are non-Christian, and they represent some of the country's leading families — facts which indicate the high esteem people hold for education in a religious atmosphere. One sign reflecting changed conditions is the frequent granting of parental permission, hitherto withheld, for children to be baptized.

REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR,
St. Columban's

Intelligence, will power, and morality are very closely related. But moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation, the whole social structure crumbles. Moral beauty is the basis of civilization.

Dr. Alexis Carrel

WEST INDIES

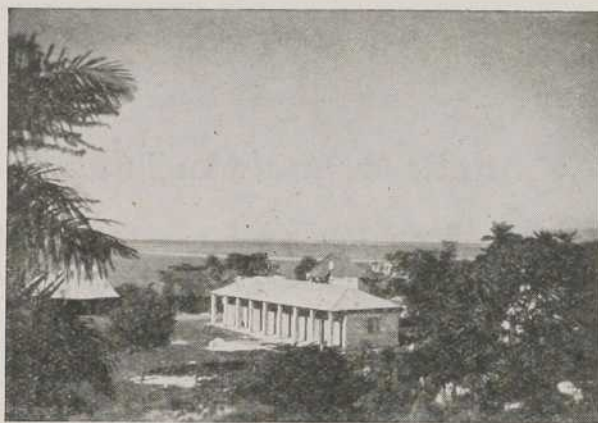
ROCHE A BATEAU

BLESSINGS ON OUR SCHOOL

Sunday, March 24, 1946

The vigil of the Annunciation marked an event of primary importance in the year-old history of our young Community in Roche-a-Bateau, the blessing of the parish school entrusted to our care.

At eleven o'clock yesterday morning, His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon arrived at the Mission. An enthusiastic population acclaimed the revered and beloved Pastor. Our 248 youngsters did not let anyone outdo them in welcoming bows and smiles. The school had proudly donned its feastday best. Haiti's national flag was floating with pride in its folds atop the mast, while each post of the gallery bore a shield with a national and two papal flags attached. Through the wide-opened doors one could



NEW SCHOOL, ROCHE-A-BATEAU, HAITI

catch glimpses of classroom decorations and well-done productions of budding Raphaels chalked on the blackboard.

Grouped all together on the school grounds, patriotically holding their country's standard aloft, our pupils stood eagerly awaiting the beloved Father who would call the blessings of the Father in Heaven on the poor building where they are learning the human and divine ABC's. After a brief visit to the Tabernacle Dweller, His Excellency left the church by the side door, and pleasantly let the little ones kiss his episcopal ring. In a matter of seconds, very young and very old had crowded around to stand within the radius of the never-failing, paternal smile.

Yesterday evening, we had the signal honor of welcoming His Excellency for supper in our convent. Accompanying him were the Rev. Fathers G. Le Houillier, Superior of the Oblates in Haiti, A. Bedard, E. Beaudoin,



CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
ROCHE-A-BATEAU, HAITI.

Superior of Camp Perrin Minor Seminary, U. Turcotte, parish priest of Port-a-Piment, A. Ouellet, parish priest of Roche-a-Bateau, and F. Mitchell, curate.

Church bells pealed out this morning at eight o'clock, calling the faithful to Holy Mass. His Excellency was the celebrant, and the children devoutly sang pious selections. At ten o'clock was held the processional entry in the church. Our kind Bishop spoke to the gathering, then proceeded to the school, on which he was about to call down the blessings of Heaven. Several priests were present at the ceremony, as also three Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, from Port-a-Piment, and our dear Sisters from Les Coteaux.

The religious function over, the children, who had found it hard to keep sufficiently serious miens meanwhile, lustily expressed their joy and thanks in a hearty song and meaningful address in His Excellency's honor.

The civil official in the name of his fellow citizens briefly synopsisized the history of the parish, and set forth the many benefactions it will eternally owe to the kindly Shepherd of the Diocese of Les Cayes.

Pledges of fealty to the flag and the singing of the national anthem rounded up the celebration. That happy day, after the naive expression of more than one visitor from outlying parishes, "will remain at the very top of those you can't forget."

To the Divine Master that evening we told in prayer our overflowing gratitude and hope. The work to be done is immense, opportunities golden, and prospects deserving of the very best we have to give. May some silver-winged airbird bring us a helpmate before too long, so we can increase our efforts towards the lofty goal we bear in mind: making of Young Haiti

a bulwark of the Faith, well-versed in the Religion of Christ and able to stand up for it!

“ THERE SHALL BE JOY IN HEAVEN!”

Sunday, April 7

Natha is a young lady of twenty-two to whom God in His goodness has sent the cross of suffering, that it might lead her back to Him.

In June of last year, on the morrow of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she fell ill. A hacking cough slowly impaired her bodily energies, and for the last seven months she has spent hour upon hour and day upon day helpless on her back.

Natha's father and brothers, Protestants all of them, seized upon her state of physical prostration to lure her to their sect. That was the hour of the Prince of Darkness. The fervent Christian mother was not there to shield her wavering child. But from the portals of Heaven, she still looked down; she had not ceased to care. She knew the hour of the God of Mercy would not delay.

We first heard about the poor child a few days ago, through the parish priest, who was about to leave for the United States. He spoke about Natha, adding he would be glad if our nursing Sister could call on her. So the next day Sister St. Alphonse de Liguori⁽¹⁾ and Sister St. Rita⁽²⁾ set out with Natha's bedside as destination. They found the girl in an out-of-the-way *caye*. A sister of hers, a staunch Catholic, we are happy to say, was waiting upon her with all the tenderness of a mother.

The nursing Sister gently remarked that God seemed to be thinking of

Simone Leboeuf, Fortierville, P. Q.

Rita Legrand, Saint Philippe de Laprairie, P. Q.



ROCHE-A-BATEAU CHURCH

calling her to Him, that her illness might have a fatal issue, and that it would be prudent to ask God's priest to anoint her for the long journey. Natha unconcernedly shook her head and drawled: "I'm a Protestant." Sister explained how that adhesion to the non-Catholic Faith was not wholly willed, seeing her state of physical exhaustion. Then two medals, one of the Sacred Heart and the other of the Blessed Virgin, exchanged hands. Perchance in the Realms above did a Heavenly Mother and an earthly one exchange consoled glances too. The Enemy of Souls had played his last trump card, and from now on he would be a loser. "I have her beads at home," whispered Natha's delighted sister. "I'll just run along and get them if you don't mind!"

Yesterday afternoon, Sister St. Alphonsse de Liguori returned to Natha's bedside with a companion. The young lady looked calm and at rest. She thanked the Sisters for bothering about her. Presently the great problem was assailed. "I'll go to confession," conceded the patient, with the disheartening finale: "but later." The nursing Sister then deftly struck a tender responsive chord. "Your beloved mother must be longing for you up in Heaven. Her happiness can be yours yet." Can the remembrance of our best friend, the one in a million and above millions, leave us indifferent? Natha didn't seem to think so, anyway. Thoughts of her mother wholly disarmed her. She asked for the priest, and half an hour later there was joy in Heaven upon one stray lamb that had been mercifully hemmed within the enclosure of God's forgiving Heart.

Today marked the complete settling of accounts, the perfect reconciliation, the most intimate union that can be achieved in time—a spotless Host in priestly fingers made Jesus and Natha one. The little bedroom looked like a miniature sanctuary, and roses shed reverent incense around. The young people of the choir had gathered before the *caye*, and with kneeling elders and friends awaited His Divine Majesty's coming. When Father entered bearing the Blessed Sacrament, the choir intoned a touching hymn to the God of peace and love. With all the rapt fervor of a First Communicant, Natha received her Heavenly Visitant. Peace and happiness shone on her radiant face. The Sacrament of the dying was then administered, while the pious throng devoutly said the beads outside. Then another hymn was sung, followed by the *Magnificat* of thanks to Him whose mercy is from generation unto generation.



EVA, HAITIAN HELPER,
ROCHE-A-BATEAU MISSION, HAITI.

Happy feastday wishes reached the privileged girl's ears from every side. "Oh! it's a great feast, surely! God has come down to me!" Tears moistened many eyelashes at the sight of the happy little object of God's infinitely patient love.

From now on Holy Communion will be hers twice a week. The Bread of Life will nourish her soul for the dark days ahead and beautify her eternal crown of glory. May Our Immaculate Mother hold her hand till Everlasting Shores are reached!

A second conquest of grace rejoiced our missionary hearts today. A lady of sixty-odd years asked to follow doctrinal lessons at our dispensary, in order to make her First Communion. She tried a certain Protestant creed, but after seven years of that decided to turn her eyes Romeward. "All's well that ends well," and if only she gives the afternoon and evening of her life to God, He surely will not begrudge her the rest of the day.

"There shall be joy in Heaven," said the divine forecast. But who shall tell with finite human words the joy that fills the heart of an apostle, each time a hundredth wandering lamb finds Protecting Arms again! How we wish our dear Sisters and all those who spend themselves in humble humdrum tasks could appreciate, as we do here, the worth of their lives when offered for the eternal lives of immortal souls!



ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

League of Prayers and Sacrifices

**For the extinction
of anti-religious societies**

The Associates should, each day, recite one Hail Mary.

Three times the invocation: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

The prayer of His Holiness Leo XIII, in honor of Saint Michael the Archangel.

Impose upon themselves a daily sacrifice.

The Associates should also wear the Miraculous Medal.

PRAYER TO SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle; be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil. Rebuke him, O God, we humbly pray; and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power, thrust into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

Seen and approved March 12, 1924. (100 days Ind.)

† L. N. Card. BEGIN, Archbp. of Quebec.

OUTREMONT

In Praise of the First Lady of Heaven

Sunday, May 26, 1946

When comes the glad springtime of rebirth, and nature is again extravagant in its display of beauty, souls would fain follow the strain and be extravagant in their praise of the Queen of Eternal May.

It was therefore meet and just that this fourth Sunday of Mary's Month be wholly dedicated to gathering for that dearest of mothers the blossoms of love and devotion and thankfulness.

The Marian Mayday was opened at 9.00 by the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, at which a good hundred women and girls were present.

Mary's Immaculate Conception, her Divine Maternity and her spiritual mothering of sons of men were treated with masterly skill by Rev. Father Gerard Hebert, S. J. All-too-short moments were those when it was given us to listen to the stirring panegyric of the blue-mantled Mother of God and men. And while the sublime mysteries were unfolded before our admiring gaze, practical applications fell from the reverend speaker's lips, with secrets for making our lives Mary-like and obtaining from Christ that sweet and gracious Mary-likeness for our souls.

To the soft murmur of Aves, Religious and retreatants wended their way to the garden grotto, where an altar had been set for the Blessing of Mary's Son from the Monstrance. Sun-drenched nature was profuse in its wealth of beauty. Fruit trees were flaked with white petals gently rocked by the light breeze. The crystal spring had rehearsed new symphonies for the solemn festival, and all along the lanes dainty blossoms smiled up into the sunlight. In our souls the Divine Friend had seemingly infused fresh devotion towards His Mother. Before leaving her shrine of prayer, we sang our admiration in a soul-sprung melody. In words of song we extolled the beauty of Mary, more brilliant than the starry vault overhead, more fragrant than the loveliest garden, purer than the flawless dawn, the lily Mother of the God of all purity.

This pious manifestation fittingly closed for the year the monthly reunions of former retreatants, to which women and girls are especially invited, in order to renew the inner person and spend a few moments of quietude and rest with the "unhurried Christ" of their three-day rendezvous.

IN PRAISE OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Sunday, June 2

Two hundred earnest members of the J. I. C. (Catholic Independent Youth) fraternally invaded our convent today. Catholic Action heroines all, they gathered to furbish their spiritual weapons for the fray, and pool their individual moral resources in the grand project recently introduced — the campaign against indecent modes and manners of life.

Rev. Father R. Marien, Chaplain of the J. I. C., offered Holy Mass at 8.30, in the presence of the adoring Angels and those energetic young ladies who dare to be different and bring something more angelic into their own and everybody else's lives. Through the Cross was mankind redeemed, and through the Cross it will be led to the God who died upon it. It is therefore in the Mass that the principles of unconquerable faith are drawn that will renew the face of the earth.

Following a frugal breakfast, the young ladies assisted at a first study session in the conference hall. Stirring points were those to be developed and studied: Am I bound to do my share in the campaign organized by the Bishops of our Province? How can a member of the J. I. C. uplift the moral status of her circle? What means would prove favorable during the summer? How can I escape the dangers preying around on every side? How can I make my office atmosphere more serious, saner? How can I contact a young girl who could probably be saved from a delicate situation by a sincere friendship? How can I help another to struggle against the tide? How can I broach the style problem and propose such and such more decent beach costume or bathing suit? What books could win adepts for the good cause?

Presided over and encouraged by Msgr. A. Valois, Rev. Father Corbeil, C. S. C., and Rev. Father A. Leonard, the various discussions were enthusiastically conducted and hours, to use the trite adage, fled on wings.

At 5.00 all knelt for Benediction from the Eucharistic Lord and Master of their noble apostolate. In face of their task, now better understood, all feel urged on by zeal. With courage and cheerfulness — the combination wellnigh invincible — they will give the best they have to its accomplishment.

Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House hopes that units of Catholic Action workers will, after the summer lull, gather within its walls to strengthen their devotedness and increase their love for so exalted a cause.

On the third Sunday of the present month, the Girl Guides will assemble to close at Mary's feet a year of precious activity in the service of the Catholic Faith.



Apart from its incalculable efficacy as a prayer, the social and moral value of the family Rosary is tremendous. It is the daily symbol of the family's unity and unswerving devotion to the Faith. The daily corporate prayer will create a new loyalty to the home and remove the growing danger that the home may be regarded simply as a superior boarding house.

Advocate — Melbourne, Australia

* * *

If I am a devoted servant of Mary, I am sure of reaching Paradise.

St. Liguori



SOWERS OF TRUTH

What could be pleasanter than a summer Sunday evening at the Immaculate Conception Novitiate? A soft blue haze lingers over the peaceful landscape sifting the last rays of the setting sun. Under the spreading trees, among the flower beds and buzzing insect life, white-veiled figures come and go, commenting on that most favorite of all themes in a missionary novitiate, the Field Afar.

Approvingly the old maples nod at the mission-minded youth, while the feathered carolers in the leafy branches above warble in their own bird-way the *Adveniat Regnum*. Then the grave, mellow tones of the convent bell beckon the novices all to the foot of the altar for evening devotions. An impressive silence follows, silence conducive to pious meditation and far-reaching thoughts.

Someone, during recreation this evening, told a simple mission tale, a tale that fanned in our hearts the flame of apostolic aspirations. Was it a saint who once remarked that the nostalgia of things eternal was the only one worthy of a Christian? Might we not be allowed to add: "And for a novice of the Immaculate Conception, the nostalgia of foreign missions?"

I feel sure you would all enjoy hearing this mission tale retold, which stirred such deep emotions in our hearts.

A young Kabyl lad had early been instructed in the principal truths of our Holy Religion by a missionary Sister. Thanks to the zeal of his teacher, he was baptized a few years later. In the native seminary he soon became proficient in Latin and Greek and other studies. His father, elated at his son's success, offered him as a reward a trip to Europe. The boy set out on his journey overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a country of which he had so often heard. In France he landed and at once he inquired after the city where he knew that his former teacher, the missionary nun, now repatriated, had her convent home. His fondest wish was to meet her once again to tell her how grateful he felt for what she had done for him, and to confide the secret of his noble aspirations for the future. He reached the convent, rang the bell and asked for his benefactress. Alas, on the very eve of that day she had been buried in the convent lot. Having gained entrance to the cemetery, he knelt on the missionary's freshly mounded grave before the modest white cross, and thus outpoured his heart:

"If I am a Catholic today, enjoying all the advantages of an education worthy of the most privileged; if it has been given me to understand the marvellous doctrine of the Gospel, devoted missionary, it is all thanks to

your zeal. God bless you, kind missionary Sister. Today as I stand on the threshold of a sublime calling, to you again I come, entreating you to pray for me that I may not be too unworthy of Our Lord's choice of me as His priest, His *alter ego*, bearer of the glad tidings to my compatriots who are still sitting in the shadow of death."

Sower of truth, this humble missionary nun planted deep its first seeds in the soul of this Kabyl child. The beneficent rays of divine grace made them sprout and fructify, and now, this boy grown to manhood in his turn would also become a sower of truth.

Oh, touching mystery of divine grace, which enabled this humble laborer of the Lord to perform such a sublime task; for the salvation of even one human soul is worth more than the foundation of an empire.



RECREATION BESIDE THE RIVIERE DES PRAIRIES

And we also, novices all, called to a missionary apostolate, how wonderful is our holy vocation! We also are sowers of truth in the making, and if we are faithful in letting the Divine Spirit mould our lives in a pattern of practical piety, sturdy self-abnegation and burning zeal, wonders will be wrought in souls confided to our care, wonders such as we heard recounted tonight. The Harvester Divine with wistful yearning visualizes the world-harvest of souls and prays His Father to send laborers — laborers who will gladly surrender themselves for the greatest of all works.

O Jesus, within my heart daily grows the burning desire to become a docile instrument for the saving of souls. Through Mary Immaculate I offer Thee this desire, and beg Thee to grant me ever-increasing faithfulness in little things and unbounded devotedness in the promotion of Thy interests upon earth.

A NOVICE

True zeal springs from one source only — the sincere effort to sanctify ourselves. — *Rev. Francis J. Ripley*

Modern Xavier

With feet bare and bleeding, his tattered cassock stained with mud, the priest walked miles through the Indian jungle to visit the scattered villages. The people were always near starvation. The landlords took advantage of the lean peasants' ignorance and helplessness to wring from them the last ounce of grain in payment of rent. Moneylenders battered upon their miseries and necessities, charging them 150% interest on sums borrowed to pay for wedding, funeral, medicine, or seed grain in time of famine. Often the illiterate farmer would be induced to sign a paper which gave the lender a right to his land. All-pervading paganism lay like a suffocating cloud over the land.

Patiently, kindly, with infinite charity, the priest heard all their troubles. Giving no thought to rest or food for himself, he forgot to change his rain-soaked cassock, forgot everything but the needs of those who crowded the little hut. At daybreak he said Mass, examined catechumens, baptized until his arm grew weary. Once he narrowly escaped being eaten by a tiger. On another occasion, having been caught at nightfall in the jungle, he lay down to sleep on the ground and wakened just in time to kill a huge cobra, coiled ready to strike.

Always he was studying, becoming more and more expert in the languages of the tribes. Patiently he applied his keen mind to the study of the intricate Indian land laws until he became a foremost authority. And periodically he went with his Christian farmers to court and pleaded their cases, usually winning them back their land or their rights.

Towns and villages flocked into the Church, so that during three weeks he baptized over 13,000 men, women, and children. His mission became so large he bought a horse to travel more swiftly along the muddy jungle roads. Within five years he baptized 80,000 Christians, in a territory where the faith had been entirely unknown.

St. Francis Xavier? No. This was a young Belgian priest, Father Constant Lievens, of the Society of Jesus, who died, worn out with his labors, at the age of 38, on Nov. 7, 1895. The place he evangelized was Chota-Nagpur, a district 300 miles west of Calcutta.

"Will his work last?" asked some. "After all," said they, "all those people did not come into the Church for purely spiritual reasons. There was the enticement of temporal advantage, too. Father Lievens helped them with their law cases. Are such Christians sincere?"

The answer is to be found in Chota-Nagpur today, 50 years after the death of Father Lievens. A large, thriving, Catholic peasantry inhabits the hills and wooded valleys. A Bishop, with 65 Belgian Jesuits and 29 native priests, rules the district, now a diocese of some 300,000 native Christians. There are more than 18,000 children in 725 Catholic schools. There are native priests and Sisters, seminaries and convents. The district, more prosperous now, has credit unions and cooperative societies. The missionaries have learned that it does little good to preach the Gospel

to starving persons: that the needs of the body have to be considered along with the needs of the soul.

The days of mass conversions are not past. All we need is a saint, now and then. Perhaps they are in our classrooms today.

HONOLULU CATHOLIC HERALD

The Prince of Wales

The young Prince of Wales was standing at the window of his chamber in Windsor Castle. His textbook held no particular appeal. Instead, he was listlessly drumming on the pane with his fingers. His governess, Miss Hillyard, admonished the youthful son of royalty to study his lessons.

"I don't want to study!" the boy flashed.

"In that case," replied Miss Hillyard, "you'll have to stand in that corner."

"I don't want to study!" came the defiant rejoinder, "and I mustn't be told to stand in the corner. I'm the Prince of Wales."

And so saying, he shattered a pane in a thousand bits with his foot. Miss Hillyard rose.

"You must learn your lesson," she continued calmly, "else I shall be compelled to have you stand in the corner."

"I don't want to!" and a second windowpane crashed.

The governess rang a bell. A footman entered. She bade him tell the father of the young Prince that she wanted to speak to him about his son.

When Prince Albert learned of his boy's conduct, he turned to the future sovereign and motioned him to a small footstool.

"Sit there and stay there until I come back!" he ordered with finality.

He walked out and soon returned with a Holy Bible.

"Listen," said he to the boy prince, "to what the great Apostle St. Paul says to you and children of your stamp." Then he opened the Book at the Epistle to the Galatians (IV, 1 and 2):

"Now I say, as long as the heir is a child, he differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed by his father."

"I know," continued Prince Albert, "that you are Prince of Wales. You may become a great man. Someday, after the death of your mother — God keep her! — you may be King of England. But now you are only a boy who must obey his masters and tutors. Listen to this maxim of Solomon (Prov., XIII, 24): 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes.'"

Then the father took a strap and gave the royal heir a firm correction.

"Now you go and learn your lesson in that corner," he further chastised the royal rebel, "and stay there until Miss Hillyard chooses to call you. Never forget that at this moment you are under tutors and governors, as later in life you will be under a law given by God Himself."



HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS!

Holidays are over, says sedate September, and some woebegone boys and girls I know are once more "creeping unwillingly to school." It's rather hard, isn't it, after those days of merrymaking you enjoyed? But days and months and years, too, are fleet winged. Soon holidays eternal will begin, and no stern September will ever bid you back to study and seat work.

Are you planning ahead for those eternal holidays? It all depends on you! They'll be just as glad and merry as you decide to make them. Just be faithful to the little duty every precious minute brings along, and you'll know the real meaning of happiness here on earth and later on when you bid "Good morning" to the Saints in Heaven.

I have three winsome little friends to introduce to you today. They're budding kindergarteners, and mighty proud of it.

MEET THE TRIO!

Albert and his cousins Joan and Lucy have spent jolly holidays. They live in the Eastern Townships.

Rain or shine, early or late, you could see them romping, playing, enjoying life. Maybe that explains the boys' whim of calling them "the inseparables". When June sunshine caused strawberries to blush red, the three were there to relish them. Then, when July was almost over, and nature tinted the stalks of wheat a rich golden hue, the trio looked on in glad wonder. Cherries, raspberries, gooseberries and blueberries in turn left telltale color marks on three rosy tongues. Three chubby pairs of hands pulled out the daisies' frilly petals one by one.

But now they're grown-up persons! Every morning they go to kindergarten. Teacher says she has no pupils as obedient and attentive as "the inseparables". Joan will tell you it simply must be that way, because she wants to "thank God for being so kind and loving." Her mother — bless her heart! — often tells her little daughter all about castaway babies who have no fond parents to cherish them. Mother adds, too, that tiny girls like Joan can play mother to those babes by making sacrifices and saving pennies to ransom them. So when Teacher spoke about the Holy Childhood, the trio gladly gave their names. Believe me, they're fast friends of the disowned pagan babies.

Now, boys and girls, and you three, Albert, Joan and Lucy, let's call on our dear friend Mary Anna.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL

September came along and Mary Anna bravely left for Boarding School. She liked convent life as a real nun in habit and veil would. Mother Xavier was charged with supervising the pupils' study hour. Mary Anna loved that nun, "kind and gentle and firm all in one," as someone put it.

Once, when thirty-nine young heads were bent over books, a fortieth one looked up mischievously and two lips smiled roguishly. One glance of reproof from Mother, and Miss Mischief sought safety between the protecting covers of her big geography. When Mary Anna (baptismal name of Miss Mischief) risked an eye out again, her laughing spell was over, and more eagerly than ever she set to studying the dry paragraph she hadn't been brave enough to tackle until then.

Every evening the silvery notes of the bell called beginners and older pupils to the chapel for night prayers. Mary Anna, lost among the student body, gladly sought her Eucharistic Friend. She grew up since we last saw her; at least her long blue uniform would have made you think so. Her blond hair no longer floated on her shoulders; it was imprisoned in two long tresses, except, of course, for the gay curls that always crept out of the matted hair. But the child's eyes were as candid and bright as ever, and her pink mouth made to smile was almost always curved for that purpose. Sad to say, that very smile sometimes got her into trouble. There are serious hours and minutes and seconds in the life of a boarding school pupil, yes there are, and one can't keep smiling about everything and at everything. This Mary Anna sometimes forgot. So she wanted to "get converted." It wouldn't be so very hard if she tried her best, and her mind was made up.

However, there was another grey cloud to overcast Mary Anna's happiness. You seem eager to know. Well, I'll tell you. Our little friend, like many a boy and girl of her age, was overfond of talking. That was all well and good during recreation time. But when the bell said it was time to keep silence, the owner had a hard time to make that busy tongue



THREE LITTLE FRIENDS

listen to reason. Another thing Mary Anna wanted to conquer was that hard-working tongue of hers.

One day she accosted Mother Frances and asked if a conversion could be possible.

"Certainly, Mary Anna," beamed Mother, "with generous efforts and prayers to Our Blessed Mother. She will help you keep your tongue safely imprisoned."

So Mary Anna picked up her courage and asked the Blessed Mother to do her part. Every evening before drifting off to sleep, she talked over the little hardships of the day with her beloved Heavenly Mother. Mum-mie had taught her that practice long before First Communion, and the tot had never let fun or weariness make her forget it. And she had found out for herself how helpful and sweet it was.

That particular evening she had lengths to tell. The day hadn't been tops. During English class in the morning she had played ticktacktoe with Agnes D. She had pouted at dinner. And this evening during study... The list was long and sorry, Mary Anna reflected. What would Mother in Heaven say? Gently, sweetly, she whispered: "*You must make up tomorrow.*" Before closing her weary eyelids, the child framed her firm resolve in words: "Now, it's understood. Tomorrow's a day of reparation."

Fervent indeed was that morrow's Communion. Besides, Mary Anna remembered how Uncle Peter had told her that that very day, September 29, would be a blessed anniversary for him.

"Mary Anna," had he told his young niece, "it will be the golden jubilee of my First Communion. You must thank God with me for all His Eucharistic comings all through those fifty years."

Mary Anna had promised.

"God came almost every morning since," the good priest continued. "As a tiny lad and later a seminarian, I used to be an altar boy. Since I became a priest I missed only one Communion, and that on account of illness. So you can imagine I owe a big debt of thanks to Jesus."

Before leaving, Uncle Peter had added:

"Now, my dear little girl, be sure to prepare your soul for Jesus' every coming. Don't ever miss a single Communion through your fault. The Blessed Eucharist is food for our soul. If our soul is starved, it cannot keep in good health."

How often Uncle's words came to her mind! Someday she, too, would have a Communion Golden Jubilee, and so she decided it would be better to start right away, for Uncle Peter had warned: "Fifty years don't seem so very long!"

Now, let us return to our story. You remember Mary Anna had resolved on a Reparation Day? It began with Holy Mass and Communion in the most fervent way. All in all, it proved a great success. The lass felt so happy in the evening that she whispered another resolution within Mother Mary's hearing:

"Dear Mother, I'll try to make up each time I've been naughty."

Now, dear boys and girls, what do you think of that resolution? None of you have begun to grow halos or sprout angel wings—which means that you like to have your way sometimes, that you play an ugly trick now and then, etc. Saints are made, you know, not “just born like that,” and it takes a long time and plenty of good will. But surely you can organize your own little Reparation Day or Reparation Hour. Plan it out with Jesus and Mary. Just try this secret, and you’ll see that it’s a real recipe for true happiness twenty-four hours a day.

Don’t forget, though, that Mother in Heaven must never be left out, if you want to win the battle. Now that her Rosary Month is just around the corner, be sure to have fragrant blossoms, your Hail Marys everyone, to lay at her feet every evening of the blessed thirty-one. Make the Hail Mary your favorite prayer to the best of Mothers. Just a suggestion: Count your Hail Marys, and don’t stop till you become Hail Mary multi-millionaires. Thus you’ll easily pay your way past St. Peter when you knock at Heaven’s door.



Yours in Mother Mary

THE PRECURSOR



I promise to help at the hour of death with the graces needed for salvation whosoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive months shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me.

OUR LADY TO LUCIA, THE SEER OF FATIMA

* * *

GOOD EXAMPLE

Good example is somewhat similar to that magnetic force whose laws are recognized by physics, in the realms of nature, in that it operates without letting us foresee and combine its operations. This is the mightiest of all levers in breaking down resistance to good. Blessed are they who are dynamos of good example! Every good example may prove an effulgent ray that will reveal to some soul the pure light of truth and virtue, and will incite that soul to seek it in its fullness. God instills in the heart that turns to Him some indefinable power that even the guiltiest cannot altogether escape. Virtue sheds all around a discreet fragrance, and bestows on the soul that possesses it an impression of firmness and mildness capable of influence beyond our ken. We must not wait for unforeseen occasions. Daily routine duties are sufficient, for virtue is of every moment and takes on an infinite variety of aspects.

AMELIE DE VITROLES

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favors Obtained.

A favor has been obtained. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving to Our Lady for favors received. I ask Our Heavenly Mother to protect us. C. R., **Hemmingford, P. Q.** — I am fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Inclosed is an offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for the safe return of my boy. May I ask again for a little prayer that Our Blessed Mother protect him and make him a good boy always. Mrs. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a conversion obtained. Mrs. H. H., **Hochelaga.** — Lively gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor obtained. Mrs. O. D., **Montreal.** — I wish to publish my gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. A. P., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. D. B., **Montreal.** — Homage of gratitude for a cure obtained. J. S. — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained. Mrs. M. C., **Montreal.** — Thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. T., **Sorel.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. A. L., **Lac des Ecorces.** — Grateful thanks for the cure of my little girls. Mrs. L. G., **Casselman, Ont.** — Thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. A. B., **Montreal.** — Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favor received. Mrs. M. A. C. — I wish to express my thankfulness for special protection. Mrs. J. B., **Val Paradis.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received. I am asking prayers for the conversion of a soul. Anonymous. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. L. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — Our Heavenly Mother has visibly assisted me. Please help me thank her and ask that I may obtain a permanent position. Anonymous. — Thanks to Our Mother in Heaven for a favor obtained through her intercession. A subscriber. — Lively gratitude to Our Lord and His Holy Mother for protection granted our soldier son. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. — Thanks for a favor received. A. P. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received after promising to publish. Miss G. L., **St. Marie Salome.** — Please publish my gratitude towards the Most Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. P. G., **Montreal.** — A thousand thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart! Mrs. L. F., **Laval.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. E. L., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude towards Our Blessed Mother for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. G., **Thetford Mines.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for a favor obtained. Mrs. M. S., **Montreal.** — I am coming to thank the Holy Mother of God and St. Joseph for two favors received. Mrs. F. L. — Grateful thanks to St. Joseph and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received through their intercession. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anne and St. Therese for favors received. Mrs. E. G., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks to St. Jude for a favor received. Mrs. A. B., **Longue Pointe.** — Please publish my thanks to the Canadian Martyrs for a great favor attributed to their intercession. Mrs. L. L., **Viauville.** — All my thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a special favor. A. Q., **Montreal.** — Please help me thank St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received; I am asking a cure. Mrs. C. H. — Sincere thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Mrs. N. and Mrs. A., **Montreal.**



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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



PETITIONS

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

Will you please pray Our Blessed Mother, that she will bless, guide and protect my girl. Mrs. J. M. — A mother wants prayers to the Blessed Virgin for her son who is sick and discouraged, hoping that he will not lose his faith and abandon the Catholic religion. — I am asking your prayers for my daughter-in-law who is very sick. Also that she may return to the Catholic faith again. A subscriber. — A young lady asks prayers to the Blessed Virgin to convert her unfaithful husband. — Please make a novena and have lights burn for the quick cash sale of a property. A subscriber. — Will you please pray for my husband, that he will stop drinking, as he is not very well. Mrs. W. T., **Montreal**. — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mother for a very special intention. I wish to become a better man, and also to be helped out of the present trouble if it be God's will. A subscriber. — Please pray that I may be able to find work. A subscriber, **New Britain, Conn.** — Will you kindly place my petition at the feet of Our Blessed Mother and pray

for my health, for I am not able to work because of nervousness. Mrs. L. F., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Will you please say a prayer for my mother who is losing her eyesight and my brother who is suffering from rheumatism. Mrs. O. C., **West Hartford, Conn.** — Please pray for a cure. W. B. — Would you kindly remember my relative in your prayers. He is suffering from heart trouble. E. W., **Norwich, Conn.** — A special favor is requested from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. E. B. — A young man ill with tuberculosis for eight years is asking his cure. Mrs. H. H., **Hochelaga**. — I am soliciting the powerful help of Our Heavenly Mother; I have known nothing but sorrow all through life and seem to have lost all hope. May Our Heavenly Mother have pity on me! A subscriber. — I am confidently requesting my cure. M. B., **Quebec**. — Please pray for the conversion of persons dear to me and for the cure of two relatives. Mrs. J. L. — Please pray for the success of an examination, the conversion of a young lady and peace in a family. A subscriber, **St. Damase**. — A person who has been living in the state of mortal sin for over thirty years is recommended to your prayers. Anonymous. — Please pray that I may find a lost object. A subscriber. — Prayers are requested for the complete cure of a returned soldier. Mrs. A. B., **Montreal**. — I am imploring the protection of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, upon our home. Mrs. P. D. — Please pray for health for my son and protection for his family and mine. Mrs. O. L., **Haverhill, Mass.** — A conversion is solicited through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin. Anonymous. — A favor is requested. Messrs. B. and F. T., **Sorel**. — Please pray that my son may obtain a good position; also for my husband's health and mine. Anonymous. — Please pray for success in my studies and for my health. Anonymous. — Prayers are humbly requested for two patients, and for success in my son's examinations. Mrs. B. L., **Montreal**. — I have several special intentions to recommend. A. R., **Montreal**. — Only the Blessed Virgin can relieve us in our present sad distress; may she have pity on us! Two unfortunate sisters. — A special favor is desired. A. B., **Montreal**. — A special intention is recommended. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — I am soliciting a novena for the settling of an important matter and another intention. Anonymous. — Please pray for my little son who has a serious headache. Mrs. A. R., **St. Michel**.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and St. Anne, so my son will find work and save his money. Mrs. R. R., **No. Grosvenordale, Conn.** — A subscriber is soliciting his cure through the intercession of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and St. Anthony. — I am asking my cure through the intercession of Our Heavenly Mother and St. Joseph. Mrs. A. C. — Please pray for my complete cure through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. A friend of St. Therese. — I am coming to ask a novena in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and St. Anne for the sale of a property. A subscriber. — May Our Lady and St. Joseph obtain a change in my husband's conduct. A subscriber. — A special intention is recommended to St. Anne. Mrs. D. R.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 3; vocations, 4; cures, 25; positions, 4; special intentions, 60.



OBITUARY

Rev. Father C. H. Paquette, **Putnam, Conn.**; Rev. Father Leopold Fortin, C. S. R., **Indo China**; Rev. Father Felix Dugal, **St. Basile, N. B.**; Mrs. J. A. Morin, **Mont Laurier**, mother of our Sister Joseph Calasanz; Mrs. Eugene Brault, **Morinville, Alberta**, mother of our Sister Angele du Sacre Coeur; Miss Marcelle Saucier, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister St. Alberte, novice; Mrs. Joel Garipey, **Amos**, grandmother of our Sister Joseph de l'Enfant Jesus, novice; Mrs. W. Desaulniers, **Shawinigan**; M. Raymond Fauteux, Mrs. Thomas O'Canaghan, Mr. William Daniels, Mrs. Irene De Francis, Mr. James Biggs, Miss Julia Lennon, Mrs. Michael Lennon, Mrs. T. Fiocco, Mrs. E. Klemm, **Montreal**; Mrs. Philip Meehan, **Westmount**; Mr. J. Timon, **Pt. St. Charles**; Mr. Jos. Hart, **Toronto**; Mrs. Mary Leonard, **Windsor, Ont.**; Mr. James Thomas Leonard, **Windsor, Ont.**, killed in Holland; Mr. Camille Gauvin, Mrs. E. Coulombe, Mr. Elie Bouchard, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. B. Maher, Mr. J. Maher, **New York**; Mrs. Michael Looby, **Norwich, Conn.**; Mrs. Augusta Butler, **Trenton, N. J.**; Mrs. Alice Deeves, **England**; Mr. Cleophas Kirouac, Mrs. Omer Duquette, Mr. Aime Comeau, Mrs. Armand Charland, Mrs. Omer Cote, Mr. Rene Carbonneau, Mrs. Wilfrid Lefebvre, Mrs. Venant Gaudet, Mr. Marcel Belisle, Mr. Arthur Noel, Mrs. Etienne Racicot, Mr. Samuel Thibault, Mrs. Thomas Robertson, Mr. Armenius Legault, Mr. F. Cassidy, Mr. Gerard Rioux, Mr. Fernand Pesant, Mr. Adolphe Arcand, Mr. Ernest Thouin, Mr. Omer Dupont, Mrs. Auguste Riopelle, Mrs. Gerard Jackson, Mr. Eugene Marchant, Mr. J. B. Albert, Mr. Georges Guibault, Mrs. Paul Robitaille, Mrs. L. Gravel, Mr. Jacob Croteau, Mrs. Real Mailloux, Mr. Joseph Forget, Mrs. Angelina Laurin, Mrs. A. Taillefer, Mr. Emile Lanthier, Mr. Joseph St-Onge, Mrs. Joseph Brisebois, Mrs. Arthur Rousseau, Mrs. Zotique Gagne, Mr. H. Duceppe, Mr. Albert Bernier, Mrs. J. Philippe Paquette, Mrs. Arthur Paquette, Mr. Bruno Matte, Mrs. Joseph Lamontagne, Mrs. Armand Darche, Mrs. Victor Levesque, Mr. W. Lachapelle, Mr. L. A. Caron, Mr. Aime Demers, Mr. I. Rivest, Mr. Antonio Alari, Mr. Louis Millette, Mr. Arthur Dagenais, Mr. Arthur Tanguay, Mr. and Mrs. Etienne Morel, Mrs. A. Lefavre, Mr. Josaphat Leboeuf, Mr. J. J. Bowen, **Montreal**; Mr. Armand Demers, Mr. Louis Letourneau, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Thomas Duval, Mrs. Georgianne Larose, **Longue Pointe**; Mrs. Joseph Godin, **Lachine**; Mr. Antoine Colletterie, Mr. Adeodat Theoret, **Montreal North**; Mr. Alexandre Tremblay, **Montreal East**; Mr. Alfred Dorais, Mr. Henri Charade, **Pt. St. Charles**; Mrs. Thomas Jamieson, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mrs. S. Lefebvre, **Ville Lasalle**; Mr. Albert Picard, Mr. Isidore Paquin, **Cote St. Paul**; Mr. Adelard St. Aubin, **St. Laurent**; Mr. Rosario Thiffault, **Viauville**; Mrs. E. A. Lauze, **Longueuil**; Mr. Emile Ladouceur, **St. Benoit, Deux Montagnes Co.**; Mr. Alfred Ville-neuve, **St. Eustache Frieniere**; Mrs. Laetitia Guerin, **St. Catherine d'Alexandrie, Laprairie Co.**; Mrs. Leon Dion, **St. Therese de Blainville**; Mr. Henri Laplante, Mr. Wilfrid Gagnon, Mr. Emile Hebert, **Granby**; Mrs. Mederic Mailhot, **Brownsburg**; Mrs. Georges Dupuis, **Asbestos**; Mrs. Henri Daudelin, **Frelighsburg**; Mr. Georges Emile Guilbert, **Acton Vale**; Mr. Louis Pednault, **St. Bernard sur Mer**; Mr. Jos. Gagnon, **Lanoraie**; Mrs. Jos. Rousseau, Mr. C. Charbonneau, Mr. A. Massicotte, **Joliette**; Mrs. Osmond Paquin, **St. Barthelemy**; Mr. Florian St. Yves, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mrs. C. W. Rocheleau, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Jean Neault, **St. Pierre les Becquets**; Mrs. Alfred Benoit, **St. Barnabe South**; Mrs. Joseph Gingras, **St. Marc des Carrieres**; Mrs. Armand Couture, **St. Augustin**; Mr. Oscar Naud, **Deschambault**; Mr. Josaphat Savard, **St. Alban**; Mrs. Philippe Laneville, **Shawinigan**; Mr. Ephrem Villemure, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mrs. Fortunat Giroux, Mr. Adalbert Racine, **Quebec**; Mr. Alexandre Julien, **L'Ancienne Lorette**; Mrs. Wilbrod Delisle, **St. Ubald**; Mr. Pierre Gaudreau, **St. Patrice de Beauvillage**; Mr. and Mrs. Josaphat Leclerc, **Lotbiniere**; Mr. J. Baptiste Andre, **St. Polycarpe**; Mr. Joseph Poitras, **L'Islet Station**; Mr. Ludger Raymond, **Riviere du Loup Station**; Mr. Jean Baptiste Desgagne, **Isle aux Coudres**; Mrs. Donat Demers, **St. Donat de Rimouski**; Mrs. Francois Gauthier, **Baie St. Paul**; Mr. Ubaldo Savard, Mr. Philibert Vaillancourt, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Achille Mailloux, **Pointe aux Bouleaux**; Mr. Philippe Fortin, **St. Philippe de Clermont**; Mrs. Alphonse Dion, **Honfleur**; Mr. Joseph Lig. Bergeron, **St. Felicien**; Mrs. Leonidas Gosselin, **St. Joseph d'Alma**.

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 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.

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

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.
2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.
3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer for their Benefactors' intentions their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Motherhouse. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition.)
4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make every day the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honor is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, 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.