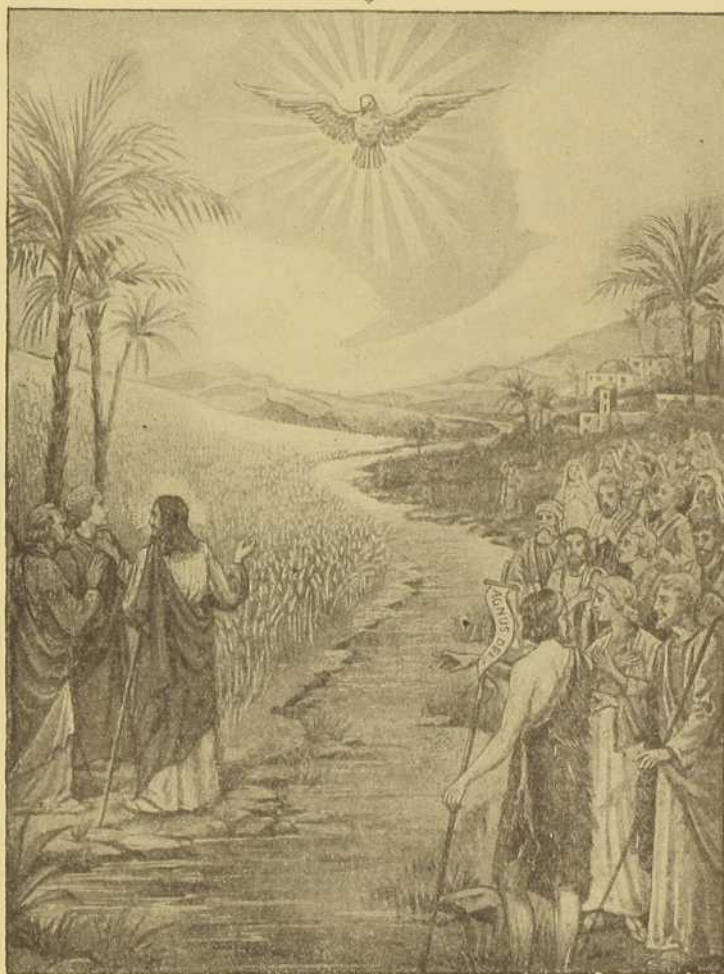


THE PRECURSOR



XV, 24th Year

MONTREAL, November-December 1946

No. 12

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.)

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THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month.*

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year,

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*Address: 2900 St. Catherine Road, Côte des Neiges,
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A missionary must not be alone in spending his energies.
All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their
prayers and alms.



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, November-December 1946

No. 12

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Queen of the Saints

*"Regina Cæli!" chants the Church of Christ!
"Regina, salve!" Angel voices blend!
The Mother of the King with regal grace
Exultant reigns — her Kingdom knows not end!*

*No shadow steals to hide her spotless self
From patriarchal gaze, prophetic ken.
Behold she stands in splendor full revealed,
The "Virgin to conceive" a God for men!*

*In glory garbed are conquerors of palms,
The martyr-witnesses of Christ their God.
And in the vanguard smiles the Sorrowful,
Who met her Son as on to death He trod.*

*The chosen Twelve, the Writers of the Book,
The bearers of the Message of His Love,
Who tabernacled Him in human souls,
Are Mary's courtiers in the realms above.*

*The Brides of Christ, unsullied virgin souls,
Where Mary leads the way with honor tread ;
Wherever goeth Christ, the spotless Lamb,
They follow Him with Mary at their head!*

*Confessors kneel, her biddings to be told,
Who dauntless stood in face of foeman's sword,
Defenders of the Mother and her Son.
In bliss they sing their Lady and their Lord.*

*The Saints Unknown in Heaven we shall meet,
Who lived and loved in earthly vales below,
And faithful served their Liege and Sovereign.
All these when Heaven opens we shall know!*

*When Golden Gates are closed upon a child,
A virgin youth, or one in manhood pride,
A hoary-headed sire, as many souls
Of melodies divine increase the tide.*

*O Mary, Queen, our sweetness and our hope!
To thee we cry, poor banished sons of pain.
Oh, grant that we from pole to pole may spread
Thy Name so fair, the glory of thy reign!*

M. S. I. C.

Fellow Citizens With the Saints



November, drab and dull and mournful, opens with two beautiful and imposing solemnities. The Church of earth rejoices with the Church of Heaven. The Church Militant piously intercedes for the Church in bonds and purifying flames.

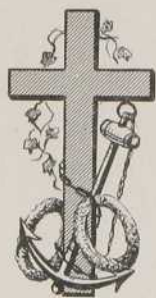
There is joy in Heaven and joy on earth. In the first November dawning all speaks of love, of rest, of light, of happiness. All smiles here below, as all exults in Paradise above. More than on any other feastday, mortal man, who so often stoops to the decaying clod, raises his radiant brow towards Heaven and feels thrilling within his soul unbounded hope. Today is the general feast in all the worlds! All Saints' Day!

How beautiful, how beyond all computation, the society of the elect, the friends of God! "Of the tribe of Juda, were twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Ruben, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Aser, twelve thousand signed, etc. . . . After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues."

There play the infants who barely smiled to the day, and who winged their way above garbed in baptismal innocence. Mother hearts are bleeding still on earth, but they, on the bosom of God, drink of love at its fount and pray for their weeping mothers. There radiate chaste souls, undefiled by ways of earth. Whithersoever He goeth they follow the Lamb, chanting the divine canticle they alone are privileged to sing. There rejoice the valiant men, the hardy warriors who overcame the world and fulfilled the austere duties of the Christian life. There triumph the martyrs, those heroic athletes who jested at the flashing of the death knife and defied the tigers of the arenas. There — but why try to number the innumerable? Saints of youth, of maturity and old age; saints of the world; saints of the cloister; saints of the family; saints of all conditions. From all corners of the globe, from the barren plains and white-hot deserts of Africa, from the isles of the Ocean, from the great and populous cities of Europe, they have assembled in the centre of all things; and there, "standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb . . . they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God . . . Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honour, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever."

To this pageant Mother Church is convoking us. She would have us render thanks to God, so magnificent in His retributions, for the good He has showered on His elect, and swell the eternal jubilee of the Saints in Heaven. She would exhort us to invoke the help of the Blessed and their common intercession. But especially does she aim at quickening our hope and sustaining our courage at the sight of the bliss that is theirs for all eternity.

For this reason she today sets the Heavenly Gates ajar and, pointing to our forbears in the Faith, urges us on: "Follow in their steps, courageously, confidently, eyes centred on their shining examples."



But daylight wanes. The glorious paean of beatific praise is hushed. Another solemnity is ushered in, grave and mysterious — the solemnity of the Dear Departed. With touching, all-embracing love Mother Church hears not alone the hymns of triumph and the acclamations of victory, but the supplications of sorrow as well and the heaving sighs of hope.

In this awesome moment, members of a family sadly consider the vacant places . . . beloved ones are absent, sleeping beneath the turf.

In this awesome moment, they who would tread the primrose path of pleasure are overthrown like Saul with thoughts grave and Christian. In the silence of their soul, chilling as the November air, questions are asked — questions seldom broached: "Where are those we loved and who have gone from us? Whither are we going? What comes after death?"

In this awesome moment, they who had long since forgotten to bow their haughty foreheads before the Majesty of God are often astonished on feeling a tear welling in their eyes, Christian remembrances in their heart.

It is All Souls' Day, the Day of the Dear Departed. It is a day of prayerful pleadings and memories; a day of thoughts serious as death is serious. In instituting the Commemoration of the Faithful Departed, the Church had a twofold aim in mind: to recall the memory of those to whom human affections attached us in this life, and to make us mindful that no man knows when his death knell will ring.

In the maelstrom of worldly cares and business and pleasure, we quickly dismiss the thought of those who have gone on. If we except a few disconsolate mothers, other Rachels, who will not be comforted because their treasures are no more, how soon the thought of friends and relatives is lost! How quickly flicker away the embers of our love! We dwell where they dwelt; we sit where they sat; we bear their name; beside their funeral couch we promised, tearfully promised, to remember and to bestow our prayers to prove our undying love. Oh, forgetfulness! Happily the Church does not forget. She is a mother. Today she implores her children on earth to remember those who have crossed the awful threshold. She evokes, so to say, the departed from the grave and the dust, and places on their lips the pathetic entreaty: "Have pity on me, at least you my friends!"

Mother Church sets in broad light another great truth: the fickleness of man's days upon earth. She bids us kneel beside a grave and fix our eyes on four little words: *Hodie mihi; cras tibi*. "My turn today; yours tomorrow."

So speak the dead. Tomorrow we die. Footprints on the sands of time we shall scarcely leave behind us, as we grope our blinded way to the land of forgetfulness: *in terra oblivionis*. For life is a traitor and escapes when we rely on it the most. And when it goes to tryst with death, it sweeps away all that on earth is termed glory, honor, distinction, wealth. It leaves man alone — face to face with God, hugging his paltry works.

Let us remember that our bond of brotherhood is not severed by death! In exercising charity towards the dear deceased, let us endeavor to merit for ourselves the grace of a happy and holy death!



Our Dear Departed

With the slow, faltering steps of age, Grandad made his way down the shaded avenue leading to the cemetery of St. Timothy's. Broodingly, solemnly, the swaying pines chanted their mournful dirge over the graves of those beloved ones who had gone on before to their

eternal dwelling place. How peaceful and restful, this city of the dead, thought Grandad, as painfully he walked from one grave to another. Autumn had draped the mounds in flaming colors of life, but all too soon, alas, winter's colorless shroud would swathe this sacred resting place.

His beloved dead, how he cherished them still with all the throbbing tenderness of his brave old heart! Every morning, rain or shine, he went to old St. Timothy's on the corner, and heard Holy Mass with this special intention always, that eternal light and rest be granted to those who had gone out of the human reach of his love.

With the autumn wind playing frolic in his silver locks, Grandad stood reminiscing, his two hands leaning heavily on his cane in front of the headstone sacred to "Margaret". What a wonderful wife she had been to him all those twenty blissful years! How like a full-blown rose her fresh young beauty, when he had brought her as a bride to Riverport! Twelve sturdy children she had mothered in that whitewashed cottage on Pine Street. Happiness had beamed at every window and romped over the floors with the patter of little feet. Then one drab December day the tired little mother had closed her eyes on things of earth and had calmly answered the heavenly homeward call. Grandad brushed away the tears that kept cascading down the furrows of his cheeks at thought of her, his Margaret, his sweetheart who had been laid beneath the cold December snows. But not the best and most beautiful of her lay there — her soul was free from care and happy forever in the Father's Mansions above.

During the years that had followed, four times the loving mother, looking down from heavenly portals, had beckoned one or other of her children home. Terence, the laughter-loving, had been called away suddenly in all the pride of his sturdy manhood. He had gone out early one summer morning with Paul his eldest and little Terry skipping merrily at his side. At the gate Maisie had bid him a gay farewell. Strangers had brought him home that night, his head all swathed in blood-sodden bandages, the pallor of death upon his handsome features. Lying close beside him, his

two little sons quiet and still with the stillness that knows no awakening. An accident had ushered them into the Great Beyond. What a heart-break that had been for Maisie and him. Frances, gentle, soft-voiced, had been the next to hear Mother's summons. For ten long months a cancer had tortured her, but how patient she had been to the end! Eighteen-year-old Noreen had drooped and faded away like a frail lily upon its stem.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord!" murmured Grandad, as his tear-filled eyes wandered from one dear grave to the other. Slowly he made his way to the centre group, where Mary the Mother Sorrowful stood beside the Cross of her only Son.

"May he rest in peace..." and Grandad's memory travelled to that lonely spot in the African wilds, where lay the best-loved of his little brood, his missionary son Freddie. He had died on the trail as he sought out the lost sheep for his Lord and Shepherd. What was it that the cable had said?... "Father Hogan succumbed to jungle fever; deeply regretted..." A letter had come later from Freddie's Superior telling of his zeal for souls, of his courage undaunted in the hardships of the missionary life. Freddie had been his mother's son every inch, strong and gentle as she had been, brave and enduring always. His mother's smile had been like a beacon light beckoning his boat to the eternal shores.

With the dear dead living again in his heart and memory, Grandad slowly retraced his steps homeward. Oh, the going would not be hard for him, he reflected. So many of his own would be watching and waiting for him at the Beautiful Gate!

* * *

During this month of November dedicated to the Suffering Church, let us think often of those that are departed. We alone can help them in their sorrowful plight, and night and day we should hear their piteous plaint: "Oh, you at least my friends, have pity on me!" Let us hear Holy Mass to their intentions, and offer prayers and sacrifices that eternal rest may be granted them. As they have gone, so also shall we, and perhaps are we nearer journey's end than we dare think. Our Lord has warned us that He will come like a thief in the night. But to those that are ready, death holds no terror. For a Christian heart, death is the welcome door which opens onto the Heavenly Mansions where Jesus has promised to prepare us a place. Death is the dark passage; Heaven the trysting place beautiful, where dear ones will be reunited nevermore to know parting.



Though a mother loves all her children, her most devoted affection and tenderest love is lavished upon the child who labours under some affliction. True Mother of the Holy Souls, Our Blessed Lady is most tenderly attached to these suffering members of her great family and whatever we do in prayer and in sacrifice to speed the day of their entrance into the blissful calm of Heaven, is accepted as done to and for herself.

Andrew McCusker, O. M. I.



OUR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES

FRONT ROW: SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), SISTER DU ST. NOM DE MARIE (RITA BLAIS, THETFORD MINES), SISTER ST. COME (THERESE LALIBERTE, LOTBINIERE), SISTER MARIE LEONISE (RACHEL GERIN, COATICOOK), SISTER ST. HEDWIGE (BLANCHE ROSS, FALL RIVER, MASS.), FOR WAKAMATSU, JAPAN.

SECOND ROW: SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (LUCIENNE RENAUD, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE ALIDA (ROSE AIMEE DEMERS, QUEBEC), SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE), SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE (RITA MARTEL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.), FOR KORIYAMA, JAPAN. SISTER ST. LOUIS FLEUR ANGE PELLETIER, ST. FRANCOIS DE MADAWASKA, N. B.), SISTER MADELEINE DU SACRE COEUR (MADELEINE PAYETTE, MONTREAL), FOR MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THIRD ROW: SISTER BERNADETTE DE LOURDES (RACHEL DE MARS, NEWPORT, VT.), SISTER MARIE DE LIESSE (GEORGINE BENETEAU, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.), SISTER BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS (JEANNE THIBOUTOT, NOTRE DAME DU PORTAGE), SISTER ST. LEON (IRENE NADEAU, BEDFORD), FOR MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. SISTER MARIE LUCILLE (LEA L'ECUYER, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE LAURA (EVA MARIER, QUEBEC), SISTER MARIE ALINE (ANNE MARIE LAROCQUE, RAWDON), FOR HAITI, WEST INDIES.

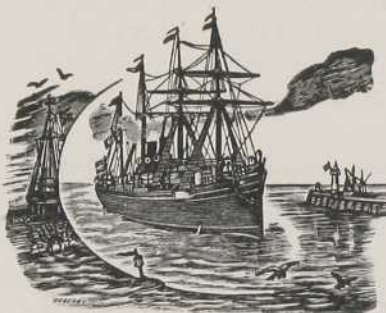
FOURTH ROW: SISTER MARIE LUCIA (LUCIA HO, CANTON, CHINA), SISTER PHILOMENE DE JESUS (AZELLA PARIS, FORTIERVILLE), SISTER AGATHE DE JESUS (GABRIELLE MORISSET, QUEBEC), FOR CANTON, CHINA. SISTER JEANNE MARIE (JEANNE BRASSARD, MONTREAL), SISTER ST. ELZEAR (CECILE MARTEL, JOLIETTE), SISTER MARIE DU TEMPLE (BLANDINE ROY, ST. GERVAIS, BELLECHASSE CO.), FOR TSUNGMING, CHINA.

FIFTH ROW: SISTER ST. ETIENNE (AURORE PLOUFFE, MONTREAL), SISTER ST. CHRISTOPHE (MARIE ALICE HOUE, ARTHABASKAVILLE), SISTER ST. PHILIPPE (ANNETTE BEAUDOIN, CHAMPLAIN), FOR HONG KONG, CHINA.



Going Forth to Teach All Nations

SEPTEMBER 15, 1946



With the rumbling of cannon hushed and quiet restored on the War-Mission Front, the heralds of the God of Peace are once more hopefully planning to make the Far East His own chosen inheritance.

On Sunday, September 15, in the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, heavenly blessings were invoked by Mother Church on twenty-seven Sisters of the Community who will shortly cross seas and oceans to carry the Gospel Message to under-privileged pagan souls. Several among the twenty-seven, who were repatriated during World War II, are about to see their fondest dream materialize — to return to their posts in the vanguard and continue their effort to make Christ's Cross illumine a world horizon.

Very Rev. Canon J. de Martigny, from the Archbishop's Palace, Montreal, who presided over the ceremony, delivered a stirring allocution in which he established a parallel between Our Savior's choice of the Twelve to found His Church, and the apostolic vocation of our missionaries of today who will bear aloft the beacon of Faith in heathen fastnesses. "We are present at a feast of love and gratitude," said the reverend speaker. "Gratitude of these Sisters towards Our Lord who is inviting them to share in His redemptive work; gratitude of all of us, parents and friends, for the little Sisters are not the sole beneficiaries of the graces they have received. Those graces will also extend to their relatives and friends. Let us join them in thanking God, and offer our share of sacrifices, that their apostolate may be fruitful."

At 8.00 P. M., after final farewells to their cherished religious family, the nine Japan-bound missionaries left for Vancouver. They are booked to sail from Seattle, U. S. A. The little band of nine is departing for a country where the economical situation is such as could give reason for grave concern. But is not this Providence Sunday, date of their leave-taking, a happy omen, a pledge that the God of Love who provides for the birds of the air will be infinitely more paternal for those "of much more value than they", as He Himself tells us? "Be not solicitous therefore, saying, What shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Joyous and confident, our Sisters bid Canada farewell, to carry to infidel nations the blessings of faith in so good a God and Father.

On the 17th, three other Sisters will leave Cote des Neiges bound for Miami, Florida, whence a plane will bear them to their field of apostolic labor, Les Cayes, Haiti.

On the 23rd, the two Sisters missioned to Manila, Philippine Islands, will entrain for San Francisco, whence they expect to sail with the Philippines as journey's end.

The departure date of the Sisters assigned to China and Mati, our new Mission among the Filipinos, has not yet been fixed, but they will probably cross the gangplank in October. May Mary, the glorious Star of the Sea, guide them safely on to the frontiers they will make hers and her Son's!



The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Mourning

Wednesday, August 28, at the age of fifty-six and in the thirty-fourth year of her religious life, passed away peacefully at the Motherhouse Infirmary, our Assistant General, Rev. Mother Marie Joseph du Sacre Cœur (Laurence Provost, Montreal).

The regretted Mother devoted every moment of her fruitful religious career to the welfare of our Institute, which she served during many years in the important charges of Mother Councillor and then of Assistant General. She remained to the end a shining example of filial attachment to her Community and of unshaken constancy in the practice of religious virtues.

Our hearts, while grieving over her passing, will ever keep her in loving and grateful remembrance.

The funeral was held at the Motherhouse, Saturday, August 31. Rev. Father A. Moreau, chaplain, celebrated the Requiem Mass. Present in the sanctuary were Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Pont Viau; the Rev. Fathers I. D'Orsonnens, S. J., Vice Provincial; Ph. Boulay, C. S. C., Provincial of the Holy Cross Fathers' Missions; J. Laramee, Rector of St. Jean de Brebeuf College; L. Lantaigne, S. J., Procurator; L. Gelinat and F. Roy, S. J.; L. Provost, O. F. M.; A. Duplessis, C. Lussier, B. Barrette and L. P. Breton.

Also attended the services members of the departed Mother's family, delegations from several religious Communities and many friends.

The mortal remains were afterwards conveyed to the Community cemetery at our Pont Viau Novitiate, where a second *Libera* was chanted.

To all who have sympathized with them in their sad bereavement the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer the expression of their sincere gratitude.

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)

It still remained for her to present to the Lord the soul-searing oblation she had so generously promised, and which He had even at that time begun to exact.

Already a tempest had arisen in opposition to the Founding Mother and her daughters in Christ. Their frail skiff was completely and, so it seemed, irretrievably at the mercy — or should we not say the fury? — of the raging billows. Those of her daughters who were her helpmates at the helm in those days when the gates of Hell seemed loose, were scanning the future with anguish in their gaze. But she who guided the destinies of the little Community could not bear to leave her daughters a prey to torturing anxiety.

My dear daughters, she declared to them on January 15, 1922, I am telling you this so you will not be *scandalized* if so many trials of all sorts are pressing down on our little Society. Two years ago I felt urged, so to say, to ask God with all the energy of my soul to be beset until death with trials, sorrows, oppositions and humiliations, provided, however, that these should not hinder the onward progress of the Institute. I wished to obtain in return that we might all be saintly nuns, true apostles, and that we might possess in full measure the spirit of our holy vocation, which spirit is one of humility, obedience, silence, charity and complete self-surrender to Our Blessed Mother. It was also my desire thereby to obtain the establishment of a Foreign Mission Seminary. After I had thus prayed to God, Archbishop Bruchesi, who was then so ill that he could scarcely sign his name, wrote to Coadjutor Bishop P. E. Roy, of Quebec, asking him to cooperate in the founding of the Foreign Mission Seminary. That proved to be the last administrative act of Archbishop Bruchesi, who told me later how surprised he had been on finding himself strong enough to write so lengthily.

It was about at that time that the most painful trials weighed down upon me more numerous than ever. But our Institute steadily expanded and our works prospered. So I feel confident that God has heard all my prayer.

How courageously the "victim" presented her shoulders to the crosses that rained upon her from everywhere! With what eagerness she pressed to her lips the bitter cup of humiliations! "Sisters!" she implored on one occasion with indefinable accents, "let us offer all to God. Let us not lose this opportunity of proving Him our love. Tell me, if we had been close to Our Lord in the Garden of Olives, would we not have seized His chalice with willing heart and drained it to the last drop, to spare Him its bitterness? . . . Now He is asking us to accept our small share of that chalice . . . Let us grasp it with love and drink it to the dregs. . . ."

The hardships the young Institute had to weather during those difficult years may not yet be disclosed in detail. Still her trust was never found wanting. In suppliant prayer she raised her heart to Heaven, to the Queen of the Rosary. Unceasingly the protecting Aves were recited and, hoping against hope, she loved and toiled on.

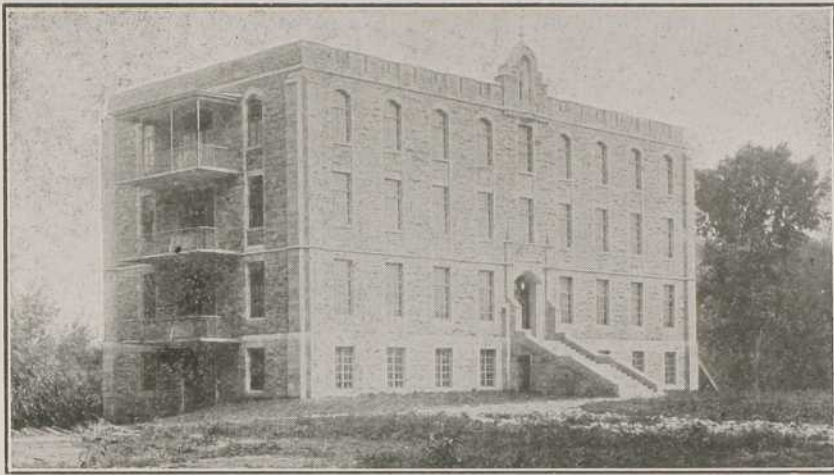
"I feel," she would say, "that the Blessed Virgin is preparing to grant us great graces. Dark days are now upon us, but why not put the trial and humiliation to the best advantage by seeking to advance in virtue? When a tiny sapling is planted, it is allowed to strike roots before being shaken, but as it takes firm hold within the soil and springs up to life, its roots are nourished with fertilizer, it is trampled all around and watered more plentifully, then shaken to make sure that it is solidly rooted. So is it with Institutes. In the early beginnings God treats them rather mildly, but when they have reached a fair state of growth He shakes them with the blast of tribulations, He feeds them on humiliations, then at last showers His graces upon them and makes them yield precious fruits."

To the Virgin more powerful than armies in battle array the prudent Mother had entrusted the infant sapling, that it might bear with fortitude the pruning of the Divine Husbandman. But not in the present alone did she live. Her vigilant care was laying plans for the days to be.

How I should like to make you understand the need of a solid formation for the Novices, she once told the Novice Mistress. The Novice is in the religious house what the child is in the family. I should be tempted to repeat the words of old Simeon to Our Blessed Lady: "*This child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection . . .*" O my daughter, remember that the hope of the Institute rests within your hands. What responsibilities are yours, but, at the same time, how beautiful a crown awaits you above, if you do your duty faithfully! If you would reach that end, confide everything to Our Immaculate Mother. She alone will save us in the present storm. Foster true devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. If possible, do not let one Sister leave the Novitiate after Profession without having dedicated herself to Mary as her loving slave. The devil has no chances with souls that are the property of that Holy Mother. It is worthy of note that no true clients of Mary have strayed from the path of right; while many others, whose piety seemed most solid, have become wrecks. A slave of love under Mary's guidance advances in humility and submission, and to the humble God gives His grace.

In her plea for sorrows and humiliations, the servant of her Lord had stipulated one condition: namely, that the progress of the Institute might not be impaired thereby. God respected the conditional clause. Convents were founded and works set up at record-breaking pace both on Canadian and foreign soil. Everyone marvelled at the success, and Archbishop Bruchesi himself wrote in October, 1938: "Your Institute has in a few years prospered and expanded more than any other Community." Meanwhile, the rapid growth of the Foreign Mission Seminary in which she had been actively concerned made her exult with joy. "The Seminary had been erected in 1923, and sterling young men were streaming in from the four corners of the Province, preparing the day when they would shatter dead idols of stone and erect living tabernacles for the Living God.

It so happened one day that the Mother Foundress and one of her religious daughters were leisurely walking along the narrow lane to the rear of the Pont Viau Seminary. Suddenly the strong, manly voices of the missionaries in training reached her ears. She stopped abruptly and with emotion painted on her features listened to their solemn chant. Then, coming out of her pious reverie, "Those poor children!" she murmured.



THE PONT VIAU FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY

She was too much impressed to continue, but, after a few moments: "It is so touching to think that all those young men are getting ready to go to the ends of the earth to make God known and to save pagan peoples!" A few seconds more she remained as if rooted to the spot; then, visibly moved to her soul-depths, she resumed her walk.

But while yet the storm had not been quelled and the blast was being keenly felt, there rained heavenly blessings on the tempest-tossed skiff. Through the organ of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, the Church discerned a Laudatory Brief to the Community on March 1, 1925, and solemnly approved the capable management of the energetic Foundress in naming her life Superior of the religious family. The two priceless favors, blessed harbingers of peace, were received with boundless gratitude by the daughters of the Immaculate One, and strengthened hearts torn with emotions of hope and fear, but always one in union as in charity. For the consolation of the generous young women who shall tomorrow take our places and carry on our apostolate, we shall say, and rightly so, that the prophetic words: "Thy daughters shall rise at thy side," had their full realization for the Community during those days of infernal disturbances. Never did her children gather closer to their much-tried Mother, never was their love stronger, their reverence deeper! Satanic fury was aiming at the head, but all the members were up in arms against its onslaughts, and while hearts ached, spirits were unbowed and souls remained kindred in charity. But one sentiment was locked up in the hearts of all — fear that the admirable Mother, the luminous beacon of all her children, should be taken from them when they most needed her. Who shall ever say, then, with what joyful jubilee the voice from Rome was heard, stilling the billows and bidding the heroic captain stay at the helm all her life long! Who shall say in what triumphant tones the Community intoned the *Magnificat* of thanks to the Most High, and the canticle of gratitude to Mary, whose help had been entreated and whose love had wrought great things!

Still, that very triumph had seemingly reawakened the fury of the hordes of Hell. Was not the valiant Mother, under the banner of the Spotless Lady of Heaven, opening on land and sea pathways whereon none as yet had marched in the service of the Master Missionary? Was it not thanks to her enterprising zeal that "lonely laughing legions" were arising from the rank and file to bear the Christian name to the furthest confines of the earth? Well did the Enemy of all good sense forthcoming defeats while the strong and able hand firmly manned the skiff, and he was consequently scheming revenge.

Beneath the apparently quiet waves there still lurked a treacherous reef, but the keen-eyed pilot was not long in sighting it. While in Quebec for St. Joseph's Feast in 1928, she made a pilgrimage to St. Joseph's Oratory, and there she felt her confident and fervent prayer would be heeded. In this hour, as always, she generously offered to pay the tribute. Coming out of the Oratory with her companion, she missed her footing in some unaccountable way. One would have said that some vengeful hand was crushing its victim. A grievous fracture of the left shoulder rendered necessary a very serious and painful operation which lasted two hours. The shoulder bone was sawed, filed, and introduced within a cavity that had been practised to facilitate movements of the arm. The admirable sufferer was then placed in a plaster cast which pressed upon her body from neck to waist, and for thirty days her arm remained at a right angle. What she suffered on that occasion no words can tell, as no words can tell how joyful, how edifying she always showed herself throughout that period of suffering. Shortly after, Heaven granted the grace so eagerly coveted.

Never after did the fractured limb recover its full vitality. With pain untold as the price, it could render nothing but imperfect services. That same arm had been broken back in 1902, on the day she had gone to rent the first little dwelling at Cote des Neiges for the inauguration of the new venture. These facts speak for themselves, and how eloquently!

On March 7, 1933, eight years after the award of the



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI

Laudatory Brief, Rome heaped and pressed the measure of benediction by placing the stamp of final approbation of the Constitutions of the thirty-year-old Community. In the grateful soul of the revered Mother the measure of happiness was also heaped and pressed. She intoned so vibrant a *Magnificat* that it echoed in the soul of her cherished daughters like a *Nunc Dimittis*—or had we not better say, a *Quid Retribuam*? And the chalice of wine and gall—love and suffering—was presented anew to her thirsting lips.

On September 28 of that year she was suddenly taken ill. An acute cerebral congestion led her in a few days to the brink of the grave. Wires immediately conveyed the distressing news to all the Immaculate Conception convents. A few days later, when medical skill had had its favorable say, Sister Assistant General addressed to the various establishments of the Community the heartening circular letter quoted below, which relates events as they happened on that anxious occasion.

Motherhouse, Outremont, October 9, 1933

Dear Sisters,

You cannot but be very anxious for news from our beloved Mother, and it grieved me not to be able to write earlier. We must render grateful thanks to God and Our Immaculate Mother for having preserved her to our love, when, humanly speaking, there was no hope.

Our dear Mother had long seemed about exhausted. Only her great desire of giving the example of unceasing work and unfailing regularity kept her on her feet, and that in spite of our filial protestations that she should take some rest, for it was only too evident that she could not carry on like that very much longer. The doctor whom we had persuaded her to see after her last trip to Quebec, had also given us warning.

Last Thursday, the 28th, she was too sick to come down for Mass. But when the bell rang dinner time, our dear Mother tried to go to the refectory. I stopped her on the way, telling her she was not strong enough to go down, and led her back to her room. Our poor Mother was very pale and later we had to help her out of bed. Saturday evening the doctor told us that the cerebral congestion was dangerous and that we had better call a priest. You can imagine what a night we lived through! Sunday, we had to fulfill the painful duty of telling our beloved Mother, and that without causing too much emotion. I tried to do so as gently as possible. At one o'clock in the afternoon Very Rev. Canon Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, brought her Holy Viaticum and gave her the Sacrament of the dying, which she received with her deep spirit of faith and usual submission to God's holy will. I told her to ask her cure, but she answered: "Oh, no, God's holy will! His holy will! If He chooses to take me (slightly holding out her hands), let Him come, I am ready!"—"Mother, He wishes to cure you."—"If He wishes to cure me, I shall be glad too, and shall work more for Him." Then lovingly kissing the cross of her vow day, our dear Mother added: "As lovingly as I can, I renew my vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and promise to be faithful to them until the end, until the end..."

That evening, the doctor said there was a change for the better, and so we addressed you a more reassuring letter on Monday morning; but that evening he doubted whether she would live through the night, and admitted he could see no human way of saving her. Still our confidence in Our Immaculate Mother remained unbounded and our supplications to St. Therese of the Child Jesus, whose feast the morrow would bring, steadily rose towards Heaven. We telephoned our

Most Rev. Archbishop, and early Tuesday morning notified all our Missions. We also requested prayers from all the religious Communities of Montreal, and through our Sisters in Rome a blessing from our Holy Father the Pope and our Cardinal Protector.

The doctor came in the forenoon giving no hope. However, we could detect a slight improvement and our confidence did not falter. We still needed our beloved Mother so much that we felt assured God could not take her away now. Nor were we deceived in our hope. She was much better on Wednesday morning, and on Thursday the doctor declared her out of danger. Those eight days of battling with death were anguishing, and greatly so, but we felt the protection of all Heaven hovering above our dwelling.

Our beloved Mother is very weak and the doctor forbids all visits, even from the Sisters. So we must pray very hard in order to obtain her complete recovery. All the Sisters will please try to be very faithful to their duty, and generously make the little sacrifices God may ask from them, and pray without ceasing.

You will be glad to read the text of the cablegrams received from our Holy Father the Pope and our Cardinal Protector in the forenoon of the 4th:

*His Holiness paternally blesses Superior General imploring divine consolations.
Cardinal Pacelli.*

Praying for Foundress, sending blessing.

Cardinal Protector.

Many touching details we would still have to write, but we shall postpone them, so this letter may reach you without any delay.

Union of prayer and affection.

Your Sisters of the Motherhouse,

by Sister Marie de la Providence, Assistant General.

(To be continued)



We need sanctification more than organization. We need saints in every walk of life, not only among the clergy and religious communities, but also among the laity — among husbands and wives, in the world of industry, in labor unions, in politics, in newspaper offices. A widening of Catholic vision and a deepening of the supernatural life are called for to enable the Church to meet the challenge of the post-war world.

Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto

* * *

On the throne of His majesty and greatness, God commands our fear and our homage; but in His littleness, especially our love. Hear, ye heavens, and lend your ears, O earth! Stand in raptures of astonishment and praise, O you whole creation, but you chiefly, O man! The Son of the living God was born in Bethlehem of Juda. O short word of the Eternal Word abridged for us, but filled with heavenly sweetness!

St. Bernard

Into the Fold

Our Blessed Mother's Nativity Feast, September 8, brought about an event over which Holy Church greatly rejoiced. On that hallowed day two more souls redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of Our Savior entered the One True Fold.

The touching ceremony of Baptism took place in the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, thronged with friends of the missions and members of the Japanese colony.

Rev. Father A. G. Murata, C. S. V., ordained last year, conferred the Sacrament of regeneration on Mrs. George Tanaka, who took as Christian names Marie Anna Delia.

In simple, appropriate terms, Rev. Father Murata spoke in Japanese to the happy neophyte and her friends of the great and priceless favor granted her and her tiny son. How heartfelt a joy, he added, for him to be allowed to offer this bouquet to Our Lady on the Feast of her Nativity! He then exhorted the young mother to bring up her child as Our Blessed Mother had brought up her little Jesus in the holy home of Nazareth.

Rev. Father A. Moreau, chaplain at the Motherhouse, then proceeded with the baptism of Mrs. Tanaka's one-month-old son, who was called Joseph John Albert. A short sermon followed, wherein the Rev. Father recalled to all Catholics present the gratitude they owe to God for having been born in a Christian country of Catholic parents. We take too much for granted this wonderful boon of Baptism denied to so many who have never as yet heard the glad tidings of the Gospel. Our prayers for those



FRONT ROW: MR. AND MRS. L. BOUCHARD, GODPARENTS OF THE NEWLY-BAPTIZED BABY; MRS. D. SHIOMI; MR. G. TANAKA; MRS. G. TANAKA, NEWLY - BAPTIZED; MR. AND MRS. H. GRATTON, HER GODPARENTS; REV. FATHER A. G. MURATA, C. S. V.

still outside the Fold should be more fervent, and we should be ready to make sacrifices in order to bring them also to Our Savior's feet.

Godparents to Mrs. George Tanaka were Mr. and Mrs. Henri Gratton, while Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Bouchard were Joseph John Albert's sponsors.

The heavenly promise of peace to souls of good will has once again been verified in Mrs. Tanaka. Born of non-Christian parents, she had while yet a schoolgirl followed her playmates who were Christian into a Catholic church. She could not explain why, but felt drawn to the unknown God who dwelt in this temple. When she was twelve, a book on the life of Trappist nuns fell into her hands. Eagerly she read it from cover to cover, feeling full of admiration for such saintly lives and desirous of sharing their religion.

Two years ago, the hazards of war brought Mrs. Tanaka to Montreal with her husband and six children. Soon after her arrival, two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception called on their apostolic rounds of the Montreal Japanese colony. As Mrs. Tanaka spoke neither French nor English, she was overjoyed to hear the Sisters addressing her in her mother tongue. At this first meeting she requested the Sisters for books on the Catholic Religion and asked to be instructed. Every spare moment she gave to what had become for her the most fascinating of studies. In September, 1945, one of her friends, Teru Ko, peacefully breathed her last at Sacred Heart Hospital, Cartierville. Mrs. Tanaka had often visited her and was deeply touched by the all-embracing charity of the nursing Sisters. Her desire of becoming a Catholic was greatly intensified and she firmly resolved to overcome all obstacles which still stood in the way. With childlike trust she entreated the Blessed Mother to take her cause in hand, and finally won her husband's consent to her own and her infant son's baptism.

May the Divine Shepherd draw all men to His Fold according to His promise, and grant to all the knowledge of His law of love and mercy!

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
September-October	\$91.50		

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.



Not All

Missionary Sisters Wear Habits

The Redmonds — Dad, Mother and their brood of eight — lived in a gay little village on the banks of the lordly St. Lawrence. They lived and laughed and loved, for happiness had entered into their home with an I-am-going-to-stay smile on its radiant brow.

Mother Redmond, simple as a dove but prudent as the scriptural serpent, knew that dimes and quarters must be shifted from hand to hand and looked at on both sides before being squandered, and what she knew in theory she reduced admirably well to practice. In that model household the Fatherhood of God superseded paternal supremacy, and children were taught that the Father in Heaven comes before any beloved daddy on earth.

The eight treasures confided to the parents by Hands Divine were all their joy and consolation. Nothing was too good for them. Often when evening waned and the littlest one had been securely tucked in to follow the angels in dream nooks, the fond parents dwelt on the future of their cherished eight. Already Mother had told the Master to choose, from among her little cherubs, priests for His altars and brides for His convent enclosed gardens. In the dim distance of time unborn she visioned her Gerald, hands yet perfumed with the sacred unction, depositing the Living Bread upon her tongue. There was Margaret, too. "Her soul is pure as a lily," the fond mother told her husband one evening. "In her deep brown eyes I

can read all the beauty of her soul." Another evening she added: "Will Margaret be the first blossom that the Divine Gardener will cull for His pleasure? Or maybe He will leave her with the family to lead a humble, hidden life for others."

In that deeply Christian family Christ had His place — the deserved first — and the principles which go to make the righteous soul were solidly ingrained in each of the budding minds and innocent hearts. Family prayer was a daily and nightly must, and in the school of example the young Redmonds learned that there was One above to whom belonged by right all honor and glory. But it is the boast of childhood that it is the same the world over, and the Redmonds, coming in direct line from the ancient Adam of creation's morning, had their lapses and failings and pet whims. Some pruning had to be done, and Mother Redmond, bless her heart, believed with Solomon that he who spares the rod spoils the child. From belief to action was not a thousand-mile distance either. Still, for all their boisterousness, the eight could sit still as angels in a picture book when Mother would gently say: "Come, dears, we are going to speak about Jesus." The starlit midnight birth, the boyhood days in Nazareth, the excursions with Peter, James and John and the others, Calvary, the Cross, Mary's sorrows — Mother knew endless chapters on all that. The Gospel parables were as familiar as the stories in their readers and a thousand times more relished, because, — well, they were Jesus' own stories, not Mr. So and So's, for instance. But always the talk would end with a mission tale. One with thrill and adventure and love-for-Jesus in it, that made those youngsters itch to board the first airship or seaship sailing Westward Ho for the pagan Far East.

Once when the captivating conference was over and the toddlers had returned

to their blocks and marbles, Margaret softly tiptoed over to her mother. Taking the dear, worn hands within her own dainty ones, she stammered: "Mother, I — I —" With a smile that mothers learn from the Mother of God, Mother Redmond looked down into the open book of her eldest's eyes. "What is it, darling? Don't you feel well?" — "Oh! it's not that, Mummie," and Margaret pressed down her eyelids to hold back the tears, "it's — it's a secret."

"One that Mother doesn't know?" probed the one among millions.

"Mother, your stories have set me thinking. Don't you think I — I mean God —"

"So you want to be a missionary Sister?"

Mothers always understand, Margaret felt. Her brown eyes, soft as a fawn's, sparkling as diamonds, glowed with unusual enthusiasm as they met her mother's.

"You have it, Mummie. I want to be God's helper. Do you think I could help any?"

Mother had been expecting the confidential outburst. But there was a hurt in her breast as she gravely answered: "That was God's voice you heard in your heart, my angel. You are only twelve, but Jesus at your age was already about His Father's business, wasn't He? For weeks and months I've been waiting for that little revelation. If Jesus really wants you to go and save souls, I'll never tell you to stay and let the others do it. But did you think —"

"That I would have to part from you all?" prompted Margaret. "That will be the best part of my sacrifice, I mean the hardest," and the lass gulped a big sob that played seesaw in her throat.

"It'll be hard for Mother, too, but God never puts a burden too heavy on shoulders too slim. But I didn't mean that."

"What then, Mummie?"

"You'll have to fight your little passions and hold back angry feelings. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and Our Heavenly Mother will always be ready to help you in the battle. Of course, I won't always be there to pick you up when you fall, but Mary's arms and Mary's heart will forever be open to welcome you. Then, if Jesus really wants you to become His bride and win souls for Him, He will take you by the hand."

"Thanks, Mumsie, thanks a million!" and the wistful eyes were blissful now.

With a fond embrace confidences were punctuated, and Margaret lightly skipped off to help Baby bear the disappointment of a toppled world of blocks. Through tear-veiled eyes Mother Redmond gazed upon her crucifix. Christ had sacrificed Himself. Could she refuse to sacrifice her own flesh and blood? "O my God," she prayed, "if You really want my daughter in Your service, take her, or rather take back the trust You have made mine. She is Yours, not mine — only lent to me. Is my mind wandering? But it seems to me that the sands of life are about run for her mother. Will my death shatter my daughter's dreams? A white-habited nun or just a gentle, loving elder sister taking Mother's place and loving in Mother's way? O Father in Heaven, You will provide as always!" And on her lips was framed the prayer which is the last word of resignation: "O my God, Your holy will be done!"

A few weeks later the angel mother of the Redmond household lay on a bed of suffering. The distraught father called the best physician he knew. But the verdict fell like a bolt from the blue — another flower-strewn grave in the rustic churchyard plot before the autumn days of drabness! Mr. Redmond ceased hoping, as if shears had clipped the hope within him. "Save her!" he cried frantically as his features twitched. "You must save her!" — "Science is baffled, my dear Mr. Redmond," answered the man of wide medical experience. "You must appeal to divine skill. Ask Our Lady. She is all-powerful on the Heart of her Son. God's will is what we must win in the long run."

Margaret, with courage grown strong at the sight of her father's despair, tried to comfort and console. Every day she had the little ones kneel and pray that "dear Jesus would make Mummie well again."

In the face of death Mrs. Redmond remained as she had been in the face of life — true. A true Christian, a true wife, a true mother. One afternoon she beckoned Margaret to her bedside.

"No, not the others. Only you, Margaret. I want to speak to you while I'm still strong enough. My days are numbered. Someone will have to take my place in the family. The children need another mother. Would you, Margaret?"

"Oh, Mother, I'm only twelve!"

"You are very young, I know, but I'm sure you are serious enough to manage the household with Dad. I am relying on you to brace him up when I'll be gone. Love him with your heart's best love and show it, too. Promise me, darling, that you'll always stay at your post, that you'll never abandon your brothers and sisters. I'll be watching over you from Heaven."

All the color drained from her face, the poor child could only stammer: "No, no, it can't — can't be!"

Her look was one that hurt. What had Mother said about the heavy burden for the slim shoulders? This was it! Gently the broken-hearted mother tried to encourage her daughter. God's will seemed hard, too hard almost, but God's help would never fail, and there would be a rich reward in Heaven. "God is not a tyrant, dearest. He is our Father, He will



"No, no, it can't — can't be!"

never leave you all by yourself. I had built golden dreams about seeing a boy of mine in priestly vestments at the altar, or a daughter garbed in the livery of the brides of Christ. Now I shall never see my dreams a reality. And yet, your missionary ideal was so beautiful, so beautiful!"

The twelve-year-old child raised startled eyes. Oh, she hadn't thought it meant the hopeless shattering of her highest ambition! Passionately she cried out: "Mother, Mother, could God ask a like sacrifice? I can't, Mother! Why, just to think I shall one day consecrate myself to God — that is life for me!"

For a few moments Mrs. Redmond let anguished nature have its say. Then, fumbling for her crucifix, she continued in a persuasive voice: "God is asking that sacrifice from you. He will grant you strength to accomplish it. Your thirst for zeal and sacrifice will only be increased. Keep your blessed ideal. Who knows whether God will not select two or even three missionaries in our family, all because of your generous deed? Yourself, dear child, you will be a missionary, not by leaving Dad and home and country, but by helping others to preach Christ in pagan wildernesses. Tell me, Margaret, could there be a nobler vocation than to educate little children, guide them in the path of truth and virtue, and later on in that of their life calling? And that, while offering in oblation to God one's personal attractions, tastes, will and heart?"

Bitter tears rivuleted down Margaret's cheeks. How hard it was to murmur that little but momentous word: *Fiat!* Mother sighed and went on: "I shall die in peace, if I can see you willing to embrace your cross and go the whole way with a smile."

To delay with God now would be almost to refuse, Margaret sensed. Courageously she answered: "Yes, Mother, I promise. I'll do my best to be worthy of

your trust in me. You will help me from Heaven, won't you? I feel so weak and small — I'm afraid of the future!"

"Jesus in the Holy Eucharist will be your strength and courage, my little one. May the Sacred Host truly be your daily bread. Never forget that the Blessed Virgin is of all mothers the most tender. When you have trials, lay your head on her breast and there you will learn to suffer and to suffer cheerfully. Remember that the role of a mother consists in kindness, indulgence and forgiveness."

* * *

With frightful rapidity for father and family the days rushed on. At last one arose that was to usher another mother's soul into eternity. Confidently Mrs. Redmond went out into the great unknown, her hand clasped within the hand of God. The bereaved father had never known his eldest daughter could so far forget her own sorrow as to render it almost casual. Judging her too young and inexperienced to play mother as yet, he agreed to Grandma's coming to share their homelife until Margaret, her studies over, could assume the direction herself. But the ways of the Lord are not our ways, and two years later the silver-haired old Grandma heeded the supreme summons.

Seeing his cherished children orphans a second time, the bewildered Mr. Redmond did not know where to turn. He finally decided to hire a servant girl, while keeping an eye himself on the family's education. But lines of sorrow and worry etched his face, and there was nothing more than a faint flicker of a smile across his lips when Peter, his baby boy, would playfully try to smooth his anxiety-wrinkled forehead. Poor little Peter, eyes sparkling with big, briny tears, threw himself into Margaret's arms one evening, sobbing: "Dad isn't like a Dad anymore!" It was his childish way of expressing the over-heaped measure of sorrow that hurt his wee heart.

After his wife's death, Mr. Redmond, who had never been very competent in business matters, seemed to have lost whatever ability he had. At home the hired girl didn't care how far a dollar went. When Dad was at his office, she treated the orphans in ways not altogether maternal. Margaret especially had become the target of her impatient flurries. So cleverly was the comedy played, so nicely were the youngsters treated beneath the parental eye, that Mr. Redmond believed them in good hands. Jim and Andrew soon grew disgusted with the way of things. Margaret had forbidden them to breathe a word of complaint within their father's hearing. One day they made up their minds to pack up and leave. Marjorie was the first allowed to pry into their secret. She resolved to follow the two deserters. "Let's get to work and then when we're rich we'll chase old Peggy off and live happily ever after." But they had forgotten something — or better, someone. Margaret — what would she say? Her eyes spoke for her lips. At last she found her voice. "Whatever have I done to make you want to leave me all alone with the little ones? So you want to be off? Don't you remember Mother entrusted you to me before she died? What do you suppose she would say now?"

"Gosh, sis," blurted Jim pleadingly, "you didn't quite understand our idea, I'm afraid."

"Of course you wanted to help Dad," Margaret tried to give her voice an off-hand tone of relief, "but I've another idea. You know I'll be sixteen next week. I'll ask Dad as a birthday gift to let me close my school books and be the lady of the house."

"You call that a birthday gift?" Jim smiled wanly. "A birthday sacrifice would be nearer the truth, if you ask me."

"Sure, Jimmie, it would be great to keep at my books, but I can't forget my word to Mother. No hired girl to pay will mean a few dollars more each week for the family budget, and before many months I'm sure we'll be able to clear up all debts. When each one of us does his or her share, home won't be so dismal and

Daddy will smile and laugh again. Now the Easter holidays are over and you are going back to school tomorrow, resolved to do your level best till June. During the summer holidays I'll ask Mr. Benson to find some work for you. Maybe then we'll be able to have Gerald attend the seminary."

"Listen, Margaret," protested Jim manfully, "I'm ready to roll up my sleeves and pitch in right now. I'm almost fifteen."

"Not yet, young man," answered Margaret with grown-up finality. "Wait till the holidays. What do you think of my plan?"

"Tops!" This from Marjorie, while a little rebellious thought pushed itself to the very forefront of her mind. "But you have the hard share and we the easy one."

"No, no," comforted Margaret. "Simply by being dutiful and obedient you can help me ever so much. Oh! I'm so happy just to think I'll soon be playing Little Mother's role."

In the evening Margaret dexterously arranged things so as to remain alone with her father. "Father," her voice held a great and magnificent affection, "you look as if the weight of the world were crushing you down. You've had a hard day?"

"Oh, it's not so much work as — as —"

"I know, Dad, that since Mother died —"

"All my plans have toppled. But that isn't it —"

"Can't you tell your Margaret?"

"Well, it's really time you should know. You can't have many more square meals, Margaret. I'm a ruined man." There was a stinging mist behind Dad's eyelids.

"I knew it," came the reply, stark in its simplicity.

"What?" Mr. Redmond gasped amazedly. "Who said so?"

"Oh, never mind. But things can be mended yet."

"Too late, Margaret, too late!"

"Dad, do you forget that Mother left my brothers and sisters in my care? I'll be sixteen next week. Won't you let me take Mother's place? You won't have to pay the hired girl anymore, and that'll help us with the problem of dollars. The older ones say they'll do their share too. Besides, much as I dislike telling you, I must say we are not so happy as you think, when you're gone. I wouldn't mind if it were just for me, but it breaks my heart to see my brothers and sisters ill-treated."

"What?" Mr. Redmond asked incredulously. "Is it Miss Peggy?"

"She's all very nice when you're here —" Margaret's voice died in her throat.

"Then she shall leave not later than today," came the energetic sentence.

"May I tell her, Dad? Jim and Andrew will work during the holidays. Mrs. Benson promised to show me how to sew. I'll save money from that point."

"And you think that'll get me on good terms with my creditors? I can see you haven't the faintest idea —"

"I spoke to Mr. Benson about it."

"You did?" The thought made Dad's temples throb and his heart hammer.

"I thought it best, Dad. He sincerely wants to be of help, but he figured you might resent his intruding."

For a moment Mr. Redmond groped through his thoughts. Should he refuse? Should he accept? Finally he decided upon the latter course. Margaret, whispering words of prayer to the Consoler of the Afflicted, promised to contact Mr. Benson as soon as possible. Not many hours later, the overbearing maid was politely informed of the new decision. A shower of protests did not bring Margaret's determination down a jot, and when Dad turned in his home lane that evening he saw happiness had preceded him in its old haunt of bygone days.

(To be continued)



Wellspring of Happiness

"Oh, Janet, I'm so glad to have met you. I just simply have to tell someone about how happy I feel inside."

"H-m-m-m, you're a lucky one to feel happy inside. I can't say I'm in a blissful mood myself. Things just seem to be going against the grain somehow. So enjoy your happiness and hold on to it while you have it."

"Listen, Janet, this isn't a surface sort of happiness which one might feel while enjoying oneself in a worldly way. It's a heartfelt joy and peace such as I have never tasted before."

"Why don't you talk plain English? I'm not overfond of people who speak in parables. Or are you just taunting me with your new-found bliss?"

"How can you say such a thing, Janet Elliott, when there's nothing I would like better than to have you share in my good luck?"

"Well, young lady, no more beating about the bush and keeping me in suspense. Let's hear all about it."

"It all began at that closed retreat I attended —"

"What? Don't tell me you went to a closed retreat?"

"I surely did, although I'm still wondering how I ever decided to do so. You know how I simply hated what I used to call pious stuff. It was Inez who won me over. That curly-headed scamp is irresistible. But oh, am I glad now that I listened to her!"

"As far as I can see, you have let yourself be thoroughly sissified."

"Come now, Janet, don't judge the case before you have heard what the witness has to say. When Inez called for me on the appointed date, I rebelled at the thought of cooping myself up in a convent for three whole days. Under her gentle, engaging ways, Inez hides a will of iron. While I was giving her my advanced ideas about nuns and convents, she quietly went about packing my trunk, and before I knew what was happening the little mouse had whisked me off to the convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. A nun with the kindest face I ever saw greeted us smilingly, and after a short visit to the chapel showed us to our respective rooms, bidding us feel perfectly at home for the time of the retreat. Shall I tell you what I felt like doing once I was alone?"

"Might as well. Something original, if I know you."

"I felt like bolting through the window. I seemed to be suffocating between those convent walls. But, then, it would hardly have been fair to Inez, who had always been such a good friend to me. Three days won't kill you, old girl, I said to myself, and made up my mind to stay. The bell rang for the first sermon. My chair seemed cushioned with pins and

needles. All that the Reverend Father said about the necessity of making a good retreat went in one ear and right out of the other. Inez might have brought me here in spite of myself; but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of gloating over my conversion, I resolved. That evening the sermon was on death. I left the chapel quite upset, but far from being converted. All night long, spectres haunted my dreams and fitfully I tossed upon my little white bed.

"Then confessions came and I saw each of my companions leave the confessional with a peaceful look upon her face. Restless and almost wild with remorse and shame I left the chapel and went back to my room, where I threw myself down on my bed, sobbing as if my heart would break. Had the Sister in charge noticed my anxious face and restless ways? Anyway, she now softly knocked at my door and gently inquired whether I was ill and whether she could do anything for me. Her sympathy unhitched the floodgates of my tears, and when at last I looked up I saw tears glistening in Sister's eyes, and foolish obstination vanished in a moment. My new-found friend encouraged me to go to confession with a trusting heart, as the priest in the holy tribunal holds God's place. 'Come,' she added, 'let's go and say a prayer for help at Our Lady's shrine.' As we came out of the chapel, we passed in front of the parlor where the Father who preaches retreats usually receives the retreatants who wish to ask his advice on things of the soul. 'Wouldn't you like to consult Father?' Sister queried as we passed. Before I quite knew what had happened, I knelt before the priest to ask for his blessing. Some time later I went to confession and unloaded my soul of its weight of sin and sorrow. The rest of the retreat went by as if by magic. As I knelt at the communion rail, I felt as happy and lighthearted as a child receiving its God for the first time. It had been years since I had been on intimate terms with our dear Lord."

"I'm wondering how long you'll be keeping up this humbug. None of your resolutions were ever known to be long-lived."

"This time, dear, it's going to be different. With God's grace I hope to keep along the straight path from which I had wandered, and such is my trust in your friendship that I am relying on you to keep my feet from straying. Why don't you try making a closed retreat yourself, Janet? If you only knew what blessings and graces await you in those sanctuaries of peace and prayer! One simply has to live up to Christian ideals when once convinced of the shortness of this earthly life and of the tremendous realities of the next. We'll know only in Heaven all the wonderful things wrought in the world of souls by closed retreats. I hope and pray you will soon enjoy the happiness which is now mine. When are you leaving for a closed retreat centre, Janet dear? Shall I send in your name for next week?"

* * *

We must be spiritual flame-throwers; we must be able to kindle fires wherever we go. We must prove that the Catholic Church is the true Church of God.

Most Rev. John C. Cody, D. D., London, Ont.

Tidings From Fatima

Under the title *Marie Parle au Monde* (Mary Speaks to the World), Rev. Father Desmulliers, a spiritual son of the recently-canonized de Montfort, has lately published in France a commentary on the Message of Our Lady of Fatima. On page 71 he quotes an excerpt from a letter addressed to the Bishop of Leiria by the eldest of the three privileged seers of the glorious Lady of Heaven at Fatima. The writer, Lucy, is now a member of the Institute of St. Dorothy in Spain. Lucy writes as follows:

"God had already showed His satisfaction at the action (although as yet incomplete) of the Holy Father and certain bishops, regarding His desire of seeing the people consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In return, He promises that war will soon end."

We all know how the conflict was terminated, on May 13, 1945, the anniversary of Mary's first descent on the soil of Fatima. Lucy continues:

"God greatly desires the restoration of peace; but it grieves Him to see so small a number of souls in the state of grace and disposed to all He may ask from them to remain faithful to His law. And this is precisely the penance which God now requires, this is the sacrifice each one must impose upon himself thereby to lead a just life in conformity with His law."

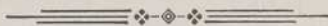
"God requests of mortifications but the simple and honest accomplishment of daily duties and the acceptance of sorrows and trials. He wishes that this path be clearly pointed out to souls; for many imagine that penance means 'great austerities', and, lacking the strength and magnanimity to undertake these, they become discouraged and surrender to a life of indifference and sin."

"Our Lord say: 'The sacrifice of each one is the accomplishment of his own duty and the observation of My law; there is the penance I now require.'"

These communications from the Fatima witness maintain the character of private revelations. They are a confirmation and explanation of the Message delivered by Mary in 1917. As regards mortifications, it seems as if Our Lord willed to stress the traditional teaching: that the first and most important mortifications we are to practise, are those inherent to our duties of state or designed by providential happenings. It is meritorious to add now and then a few supplementary mortifications, but these must always be guided by prudence, under the control of obedience to one's spiritual adviser, superiors or parents.

G. P., priest

(*Semaine Religieuse de Quebec*)



The purity of the lily slowly appears, the purity of the snow and the stars suddenly goes — but the purity of Mary is a lasting privilege. If God so clothe the lily, if God so forge the snowflake, if God so light the stars, how much more glorious the Lady of the lilies, the Queen of the snows, the Morning Star?

J. G. Redmond

* * *

There will be no peace without the spirit of Christ. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of love. How are the peoples of the world to know and appreciate the spirit of Christ unless it is taught to them in living example? That is the work of the foreign missionary.

Archbishop Cushing, Boston

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

"The catechist, Khang, who was seized with your brother, was exiled into the province of Hông-Hôa, which belongs to the Western Vicariate. But before starting, he was allowed to go and venerate the head of his spiritual father, which was still exposed. This was on the 4th of February. The chief of the canton, Dô, in addition to the recompense of thirty bars given by the king, received four bars from the mandarin prefect, and has been created a mandarin of the ninth class.

"After the martyrdom of your dear brother, I learned the news of your father's death. So I do not address this letter to him, but to you all. *Beati qui lavant stolas suas in sanguine Agni!*" (Blessed are they who wash their stoles in the blood of the Lamb.)

(*Note of the Family.* — On the 25th of March, 1865, Bishop Theurel wrote as follows on the subject of the relics, to M. l'Abbe Eusebius Venard, curate of the Cathedral at Poitiers: — The whole of your dear brother's body, except the head, arrived at Hong-Kong on the 1st of March, and started for France by the ship 'St. Vincent de Paul.' It will arrive at the end of August or in the beginning of September, by Nantes. With the body I have sent the chalice and other precious remembrances."

"Under the same cover, Bishop Theurel, foreseeing our impatience, sent us each a portion of the relics, contained in three little packets, sealed with the episcopal seal, and marked with the following inscriptions, written in the Bishop's own hand: — *Hair of M. T. Venard. Linen imbued with his blood. Small bones, cartilages, nails, etc.*")*

*The head of Theophane Venard is in Tong-king, an object of ardent devotion to the native Christians. It was exposed for veneration while the Beatification was taking place at Rome in 1909. Through the great kindness of a bishop in Tong-king, a portion of the neck-bone is today treasured in the American Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, New York.

The hair and linen referred to in the "note of the family" were at Assai until the death of Fr. Eusebius in 1913. Little by little, however, he had disposed of a great part of these relics to clients of the martyr, among others to the "Little Flower of Jesus," the young Carmelite of Lisieux whose devotion to Blessed Theophane was one of her dying consolations.

To satisfy his "importunate friend from America, whose letters were like telegraphic dispatches," the good old priest was twice prevailed upon to part with some small portion of these precious treasures, although it must be confessed he did so grudgingly enough.

The chain worn during the martyr's captivity is in a cabinet devoted to Theophane Venard in the Hall of Martyrs, at the Missions Etrangères, Paris. The body reposes in a crypt under the Seminary Chapel, and is indicated by a tablet placed at the left side near the entrance.

The Mission House, known in Paris as the Missions Etrangères, is reached from the Rue du Bac, No. 128. The arched doorway, which, it may be well to remember, faces the Bon Marche (a well-known department store), is quite inconspicuous since it is crowded between commercial establishments, the Seminary itself, as well as the chapel, being located away from the busy thoroughfare and behind these buildings.

The Hall of Martyrs is not always open, and there is no inclination on the part of the Seminary Directors to encourage the merely curious visitor. To those who are interested in the mission cause, however, and who, as such, would probably appreciate the priceless souvenirs of modern martyrs, a welcome is always given, and every possible courtesy extended, especially if they are strangers from afar.

CHAPTER XV

FIRST ANNIVERSARY AND RETROSPECT

The official news of Theophane Vénard's martyrdom did not arrive in France till the end of December, 1861, nearly eleven months after the event. The Bishop of Poitiers at once resolved to hold a feast in honor of one whom his hand had led into the sanctuary, and who had become the glory of his diocese by the heroic confession of faith and the shedding of blood for Jesus Christ.

The feast was fixed for Sunday, the 2nd of February, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and the anniversary of the martyrdom. The bishop came to preside at the ceremony in the church of St. Loup, the native parish of our hero. He was accompanied not only by the members of his own chapter, but by about a hundred priests, friends or companions of Theophane, including the Abbe Dallet — who had been compelled from bad health to return to France for a few months — and the superior of the Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris.

After the Mass, the bishop preached with such fervor and emotion that the whole audience was in tears. Yet there was nothing sad about the festival. As a priest who was present said, "In each martyr, grace assumes a different character. In Theophane it was an indomitable serenity, a joyous calm which nothing could disturb. One may say of him as the English do of one of their poets, 'He was born with a rose-bud on his lips and a bird to sing in his ear;' so graceful was his imagery, so melodious his words. His natural sweetness spread a charm over everything and every one with whom he came in contact. Even at the last moment of his life he poured it out on those who pressed around his cage, on the instrument of his torture, on the very earth which was to drink his blood. We feel as if the fatal blow which severed that dear and venerated head were only as the pressure which separates from its stalk the fair flower that is to adorn the altar." This joyous calm in the martyr's character, so well known to his parents and townspeople, had colored the festival held in his honor. Nothing spoke of death; but everything breathed hope and life.

His father's house was decked with flowers that day as for a marriage feast; and at the breakfast given by his brothers, the room was hung with festoons and garlands, the martyr's monogram being twined with palm branches and crowns.

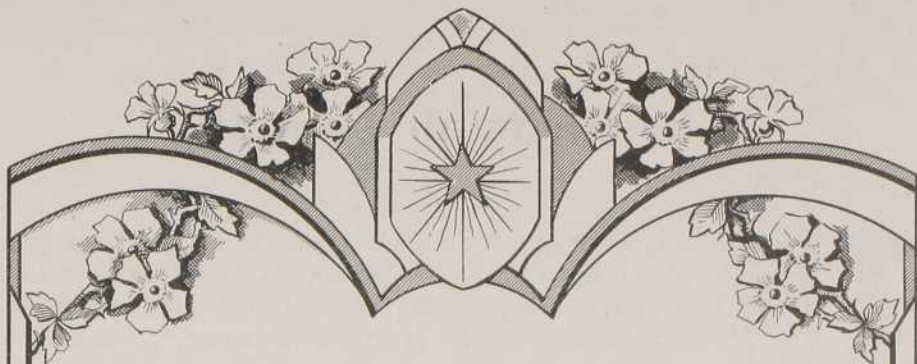
Mdlle. Mélanie Vénard assisted at the feast. She had now followed her heart's desire, so often talked over with her martyred brother, and had taken the veil in the Convent of the Holy Family, under the name of "Sister Theophane."

(To be continued)



It is a great thing to realize that in order to be saints, we have only to be what God made us to be, and to do what God made us to do.

Archbishop Goodier



On His Birthday

*The morning of the world is marred,
The sin of Adam brands his brow
And stains his race — but, blissful grace! —
There cometh our Redeemer now!*

*All nations in expectant thrill
Are hastening the sacred day
With prayer and sign and burning cry,
For Christ to walk our earthly way.*

*The Prophet and the Patriarch
With words sublime His Coming tell.
“Ye heavens, ope, and give us hope
That God will come on earth to dwell!*

*“Expected of the Nations, hear!
The jaws of death are open wide!
We stagger on without the Dawn
To light our night and safely guide!”*

*Isaias and the Baptist John
Have prophesied His Advent soon;
And still the earth entreats His Birth,
Awaits from God His Blessed Boon!*

*But hark! a virgin voice ascends —
At last the distance dim is rent;
And prophecy of Christ to be
Is merged in sweet accomplishment.*

*The voice of One Immaculate
Allures a God from bliss on high!
Her “Veni” calls and Heaven’s Halls
Are triumphant! — Salvation’s nigh!*

*Now all is well with Adam’s earth,
All pure is laved the sinful scar.
A God is pressed on mother-breast —
O’er Bethlehem there beams His Star!*

M. S. I. C.

The Messiah Cometh!



VENI, DOMINE! In a few weeks the cycle of holy liturgy will bring the blessed season of Advent, the four-week commemoration of the four-thousand-year long sighing and yearning for the promised Redeemer, the Desired of the Everlasting Hills, the Great Expected of Nations.

Let us enter into the spirit of Holy Mother Church and lift our voices and souls in a fervent, burning plea, a *Veni* that will rend the heavens. We need Christ today as never before!

Two thousand years ago, the Messiah was made Flesh and dwelt among men. Yet, after twenty centuries of Christianity, the tremendous event has been kept a dead letter for *one billion human beings!* Christ died for them, as He died for you and me. *One billion souls!* A compact throng, an immense multitude, yet shackled by the Prince of Hell, two thousand years after the Prince of Heaven nailed to the Cross set them free!

Privileged children of God, living not with the dim, distant hope of a Liberator, but with the consoling reality of His Coming; following the luminous beacons that His Birth and incomparable life have projected on the face of the earth, ours the duty of advancing, by prayer and sigh, the Kingdom of Christ the King from Northern Pole to Southern!

O ye heavens, must we plead, rain down the Just One on our miserable valley of tears, of treason and sin! May He, by His law of love and mercy, reign over our hearts, our poor lukewarm, languishing hearts, citadels of all vices!

O Orient! splendor of eternal light, and Sun of Justice! come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

Come, Lord God, come! Behold there are even today one billion souls vegetating in the night of paganism and error, longing for some Unknown God — longing for Thee! O King of Nations, come and save mankind whom Thou hast formed from the clay, and who has never known the beauty and sweetness of Thy Holy Name!



THE CHRISTMAS NOVENA

To all the faithful who make a public novena in honor of the Holy Child in preparation for Christmas, the following indulgences are conceded: An indulgence of ten years for each day of the novena; a plenary indulgence to those who have assisted at least five times at the public novena exercises. Conditions: Communion and prayers offered for the intentions of the Holy Father. Those who make this novena privately may gain the following indulgences: a daily indulgence of seven years and a plenary indulgence at the closing of the novena, under ordinary conditions. In places where the public novena exercises are held in preparation for Christmas, this last plenary indulgence may be gained only by persons who have been legitimately kept from assisting at the public exercises.

S. P. A., February 21, 1933

(Semaine Religieuse de Montreal)

Catholicism in Postwar Japan

The atomic bomb which wrought such ruin and havoc in Nagasaki killed one-tenth of Japan's Catholic population. Nevertheless, Catholics are more numerous there in 1946 than they were in 1940.

War may have hampered vocations to the priesthood, but not to the sisterhood of the divers religious Communities in Japan. In 1939, Sisters numbered about 770. Today their pacific army has reached the 1000 mark.

In an audience granted to Archbishop Marella, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, His Majesty Emperor Hirohito expressed his profound gratitude towards His Holiness Pope Pius XII for the fatherly interest shown the Japanese people.

Dr. Kotaro Tanaka, highest Catholic personality in Japan, delivered a discourse of one hour and a half on the Catholic Religion in presence of the Emperor and Empress. Dr. Tanaka has just been appointed to the Ministry as Minister of Public Instruction. He is the first Catholic ever to hold that office.

A recent message from the Scheut Fathers reads as follows: "Whenever we go out along the ruined streets of bombed cities, people no sooner notice our roman collars when they come forward to greet us courteously and inquire where they may repair to become instructed in Catholic doctrine. Thousands wish to become Christians. Missionaries are in great demand in schools and everywhere. St. Francis Xavier seems once more to be walking the Land of the Rising Sun."

THE TCHAD

Coadjutors of the Missionary Christ

With the coming of Christ upon earth, truth and mercy have flourished, giving forth both warmth and light to those who sat in the shadow of death. Christ has come into the world to cast within hearts the fire of His love. Divine Traveller, He is ever walking our human ways through the mission of His Church. Truly, the Good Samaritan is still found today on all the highways and byways of Catholic Missions. The missionary who bears aloft the Cross of Christ and with it truth and divine grace, offers to all through the selfsame Cross, the love beyond understanding which soothes and comforts all human ills. In the far-flung mission field, an angel of mercy, the missionary Sister, works for the relief of suffering humanity. Each Mission station becomes, so to say, the trysting place of all who suffer and are burdened, for the hands of missionaries are not only hands that bless, but also hands that relieve and succor.

REV. FATHER ROBERT STREIT, O. M. I.

BE JOYFUL!

Doubtless, children must be made familiar with the thought of God, of death, of the Great Beyond. But it is important — and it is just — that this thought be one of joyful expectation rather than fearful apprehension. Joy is more often mentioned in the few pages of the Epistles and Gospel than in any profane literature. Did not St. Paul, yes, the austere and severe St. Paul, always dwell on the joy theme? "Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!" In one of his delicious letters to the young marquis, his nephew, grievously wounded in the siege of Landrecies and condemned to limp along all his life, Fenelon once wrote: "Sing, enjoy yourself, ask others to help you have a good time, *love God — and gaily!*" St. Francis of Sales, the amiable and gracious, used to say: "A sad saint is a sorry saint."

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of November, 1946

More Numerous Mission Vocations

Fifteen months ago the supposedly epoch making peace documents, which terminated the war in the Far East, were signed on the U. S. S. Missouri in the quiet of Tokyo Bay. However, the longed-for peace, so ardently desired by millions of combatants and civilians alike, seems as remote today as on the fateful December 8th, 1941. While this state of affairs is discouraging the present situation is not without its compensations.

Perhaps unknowingly but none the less actually there has been an almost complete transformation in the ideas and ideals by which Americans evaluate the worthwhile things of life. Among older people — those who watched not one but two generations train, suffer and die in dual conflicts of worldwide proportions, a new feeling has come into being and continues to grow. If the sacrifice of our youth is required to make this a better world in which to live, why not consider the possibility of offering that youth, or at least an appreciable portion of it, for the greatest cause in existence — the salvation of immortal souls?

On the other hand, the men and women who have viewed first hand the horrors of actual warfare, those who recognize the instability of the present man-controlled deliberations to formulate plans for a lasting peace, the present has become the time for some personal stock-taking. Many of them, but lately returned from the battlefields where death was their daily companion, have experienced personally the truth of the query "what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul."

A Timely Subject

In the world of 1947 A. D. the barrier of distance no longer exists; in America we realize with ever increasing consciousness that the world is on our doorstep. What occurs in remote areas of the U. S. A., in Central and South America, as well as in China, Japan, India, the Near East, Africa and the islands of the Pacific, will affect the trend of events in this entire nation and in our individual lives. It is from understanding of these facts that the Holy See urges prayerful consideration of the November mission intention, "more numerous mission vocations," and addresses a special plea to the parents and youth of America.

For the first time in our nation's history we have witnessed the world vision of Catholicity. With their own eyes the men and women of America have seen the church in action, not only within grandeur of St. Peter's, the cathedrals of Europe, but in distant outposts in the atolls of the Pacific, in Africa, in China, in India, in Japan. They realize that this church in action was possible because men and women, dedicated to peace, lighted the fire of faith in strange and distant lands. They accomplished what no force of arms could ever inspire — love of God and of His creatures.

If we are sincere in our wish to help rebuild this wartorn world upon the lasting cornerstone of peace, let us give consideration to this November mission intention. Pray that the Lord of the Harvest may send more workers and give serious consideration to the fact that the call "Come follow Me," does not have a personal significance.

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



As this issue goes to press, the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception is a second time plunged in sorrow by the unexpected passing of its Mother Bursar, Rev. Mother Marie du Bon Conseil (Marie Cloutier, Champlain). The regretted deceased was called to God at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal on October 10. Thirty-one of her forty-eight years had been spent wholly for Our Divine Lord in the religious vocation.

Our beloved Mother, who had for many years filled the function of Bursar in the Community, was also charged for over twenty years with the destinies of *The Precursor*, which she successfully guided from its infant days to its present progressive state.

Readers and Subscribers are humbly requested to offer fervent prayers that God may reward with the hundredfold promised to apostles and consecrated souls the zealous Mother who so selflessly spent herself in His and Our Blessed Mother's service and in the salvation of the pagan millions of earth.



Heaven Lies About These in Their Infancy . . .

While the God of armies looked down upon battlefields with carnage strewn, the God made a child for the love of the children of men took more than mother's care of our Tsungming orphan world. While missionaries everywhere were confined in dreary internment camps, these fortunate tots did not have any tearful "Goodbye, Sister" to bid, for their foster mothers remained protectingly close.

Years dark and dismal were those when misery lorded it all over China. But even in those trying periods, although privations were part of the daily routine for Sisters and orphans alike, none were deprived of the necessities that go to make life livable. Half of the orphanage grounds were painstakingly hoed and made fit for gardening purposes, and every available nook the same. Thus we harvested beans, peas, *taros* (vegetables closely related to potatoes and all-time favorites with the Chinese), wheat, barley, rye and corn. Two goats we had were good milkers, and our hens did their laying duty most praiseworthily. Pigs were also fattened, and that helped to stave off famine. Two Angora rabbits arrived from somewhere in the guise of a gift, and the fluffy wool readily found usage. And you may well imagine what a boon our cotton-growing business proved at a time when the price of even the most ordinary material had soared beyond all reasonable bounds. In this last industry the orphans helped with zeal and zest, and their every unoccupied moment was invested. Here in Tsungming, women have a fancy for spinning as perhaps in no other section of the world where spinners be.

Little failings and an occasional more important lapse do steal in sometimes, but all things considered, hearts of gold are a high percentage, way beyond the 90% mark! For the sake of illustration let us cite the following: A visitor called one day with the intention of adopting a girl. His questioning eyes wandered from youngster to youngster, and finally he decided upon a winsome wee lassie. Thereupon the big girls ran off like the wind with tiny ones in arms. Suppose that gentleman should change his mind and choose to adopt two instead of one! Sister Superior caught the idea, and — well, missionary nuns cannot but smile when they see with their own eyes the prim little daughters of China versed beyond telling in the lesson of charity.



THEY SPIN IN CHINA

Fifi, thirteen years old, went to see Father in the oratory one morning. Clutched to her breast gasped a dying infant. "Quick, Father, he's dying!" she interrupted the baptism ceremony then in the process. An older and supposedly wiser miss told her to postpone the dying baby affair. "But I tell you he's dying — and Limbo" — "Well done, Fifi," warmed Father, deferring baptismal functions, "come, you are doing very well. Now, when you find dying babies like this little one, don't ever forget to bring them along." Happiness glowed on Fifi's in-

telligent young face as she carried her precious burden to the Foundling Home, whispering low to the future companion of the Angels: "You may die now, if you like. You're safe for Heaven!"

Three days of rain, one sunny day, and a Noah's flood again. "It's raining," whimpered Sieu Faong, just turned three. "We'll have to play indoors again!" — "You mustn't be cross about it," corrected Sister, who chanced to be lending a listening ear. "God wants it that way." From correction to contrition the gap was quickly bridged. A repentant *non-conformist* to God's will about rain and all the rest fell on her knees. "Forgive me, dear God, I shouldn't have said that. I won't say it again."

The Sister charged with surveying the general keep-tidy-effort was once hailed by a child with the customary "Come and see, *Momo!*" Sister and child "went to see" fifteen babies baptized the previous evening and gone up to God in the small hours. "Why do you take so much trouble for children that die so soon? But," on second and kinder thought, "it's ungrateful of me to be talking that way. If you hadn't taken care of me when I was small and so unfortunate, I would be their sister in misery. Life is a great gift, as you often tell us, life is everything, since it gives us the chance to gain Heaven."

Bibi, twenty-eight months young and the youngest of the orphan crowd, beheld — "saw" would be too ordinary in Bibi's case — beheld a big fat potato on the infirmary table. Marshalling every ounce of strength, the twenty-eight-month-old dragged a bench alongside the table and by dint of perseverance succeeded in reaching the appetizing item. With deft dimpled fingers she turned it on every side, exploring every mountain and every hollow on its surface, and then laid it back in its place. In the corridor she met one of the Sisters. Five dimpled fingers firmly

tugged at Sister's apron, while two little rosy lips framed the words: *Nina! Nina!* (Chinese name for the sweet potato). One older orphan who had witnessed the outpouring of fondness told Sister about Bibi's big temptation, and the outcome was that the severely tempted toddler was given permission to carry off the price of her victory.

Paochen Dispensary, or more precisely Sister Marie de Jesus⁽¹⁾, who treats sundry ailments there, had a very welcome if very unexpected caller one morning. In walked a little miss of nine, and this the plea of her wee heart: "Won't you take me to the orphanage?" Sister tried to obtain further details, in which she was successful, and the bargain was happily concluded. Bei Lin, the newcomer, had no father. Her mother, a woman of suspicious ways of life and an inveterate opium addict, had abandoned her a few days previously. News somehow reached the tiny derelict of nine that children as unhappy as she were mothered at the Catholic Mission. So she came to plead her cause at the dispensary. Seeing no Sister around, she asked the keeper to take her in. Bei Lin's bright countenance, clever repartees and the can-I-do-anything-for-you smile on her lips made her a favorite with the kind old lady, who readily granted her wish. At the orphanage, too, the child was gladly welcomed. One more soul had been wrenched from the wiles of the devil!

Some time later, a dear baby of ten months arrived on the orphanage scene. His dying mother could no longer take care of him, and besides, chances for adoption were very slim indeed and chances for sympathy as few, for the baby had but one eye. Sister Superior had him adopted for the time being by a neighboring family, and he will later have the privilege of a Christian education.

Some time in 1942, a girl of thirteen arrived at the Mission. The unfortunate pagan lass had been thrown out by her future mother-in-law. In the general hubbub that attended the invasion of the Japanese in the days when war was yet at a beginning, she had lost her parents who, like everybody else,



SISTER MARIE DE JESUS (ELMINA MELANSON, ROGERSVILLE, N. B.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TSUNGMING, LEAVING ON A VISIT TO THE SICK WITH THE GUARDIAN OF THE PAOCHEN DISPENSARY

1. ELMINA MELANSON, Rogersville, N. B.

were fleeing before the enemy hordes. Strangers then took charge of her and by these she was soon sold to a family in Tsungming, the buyer cherishing the intention of marrying her to one of his sons. True to time-honored tradition, she went to live with her prospective in-laws. There all sorts of ill-treatments were dealt to the poor girl, and she was finally forbidden to cross the family threshold. The dejected wanderer heard of the Catholic Mission and decided to try her chances. At about the same time a wealthy Christian from Posso declared his intention of adopting an orphan, and the lot—or more exactly the finger of God—pointed to the young pagan girl. She left on January 3, 1943, delighted at the thought of finding a real home again.

Another destitute of the same age, supposedly insane and inhumanly treated by her adoptive parents, was directed to our home a few months



SISTER ST. GERMAIN (IMELDA LAPERRIERE, PONT ROUGE) AND A FEW PROTEGES OF THE TSUNGMING ORPHANAGE, CHINA

later. Fatherless and motherless, the littly lady said she couldn't do any but field work. But not to the field did she immediately go. As she was covered with sores, she was firstly allowed a good bath and then given an isolated room. Our slightest moves were apprehensively observed. Evidently the poor stray lamb had been a lifelong stranger to the kind ministrations of charity. Her bruised body still bore the telltale marks of the inhuman beatings she had had to undergo.

One February morning an elderly gentleman brought us a trio of babies he had found near his hut. The three little half-frozen bodies were shortly consigned to the grave, but the three little souls were lovingly laid to rest in the protecting arms of the Heavenly Father.

Our dear charges greatly missed Sister Marie d'Ephese⁽¹⁾, who went to her eternal reward on August 7, 1942. The youngest often asked where

1. JEANNETTE LUNEAU, Princeville, P.Q.

she could be and would organize searching parties all over the house. When we tried to make them understand she was in Heaven, they seemed only half-satisfied. Of their own accord they would often pay prayerful visits to her resting place. Could their pure voices, springing from souls purer still, have failed to conquer the Heart of Jesus and obtain mercy, if such were needed, for the beloved Sister over whose death we are still grieving?

Tching Lan, an inmate of ten years' standing, died in our orphanage on January 6, 1943. The poor hunchback, whose mental faculties were all but hopelessly deranged, had learnt in the harsh school of ill-treatment and the worst quality of unkindness. Betrothed in early childhood and joined in wedlock to a man she had never seen before, she did not succeed in winning his good graces. Never did he deign consider her as his life companion. One day he brutally expelled her, and she was therefrom compelled to beg for her very existence. While she was thus in the grip of misery, one of our Sisters happened to meet her, and both directed their steps towards the orphanage. In spite of her none too bright intellectual faculties, she was able to master the rudimentary sum of knowledge required of neophytes, and made her First Communion. She kept herself busy preparing thread for the making of the orphans' shoes. On special days she was a good all-round help. But for three months a severe stomach ache caused her pain by night and day. She knew death could not tarry. "I believe I shall soon be with *Ai Teh Mo Mo*" (Sister Marie d'Ephese). Fully conscious, she was anointed on the morning of the last great day. To the gentle strain of the prayers for those in their last agony her beautiful soul winged its way where death shall be no more, nor sorrow.

Our proteges follow the yearly retreat exercises with the pupils of the school. In perfect order and eyes cast down they walk to church five or six times a day. It cheers one to see the youthful procession. Peace and silence such as St. Benedict would have envied for his monks pervade the atmosphere. Between their exercises many leisurely stroll in the garden lanes. Bright brows are wrinkled in deep thought, probably as to how to attack that terrible failing Sister has pointed out. Paper and pencil are pensively fingered until the great big resolution takes definite shape and can be written down for future reference. The resemblance is so striking that we almost greet them with the first syllable of "Sister"!

Poor little ones! When we think of what their title of foundlings reserves for them in the days to come, we cannot but feel overwhelmed with sorrow. And yet, their lot is not altogether hopeless! They know God and love Him, while that knowledge and that love have never been granted to thousands of babies disowned by their parents, and as yet not befriended by the Holy Childhood Association.

Report of the Tsungming Dispensaries for the years 1941 to 1944 inclusively:

Tsungming Dispensary:			
Child Baptisms.....	2,274	Adult Baptisms.....	12
Patients.....	10,704	Treatments.....	31,661
Teeth Extracted.....	294	Home Visits.....	1,328
Injections.....	2,210	Children Received.....	2,839

Paochen Dispensary:			
Child Baptisms.....	1,715	Adult Baptisms.....	8
Patients.....	4,174	Treatments.....	15,217
Teeth Extracted.....	62	Home Visits.....	656
Injections.....	779	Children Received.....	1,594
Orphanage Dispensary:			
Patients.....	7,397	Treatments.....	11,099
Teeth Extracted.....	21	Injections.....	338

* * *

SZEPINGKAI, MANCHURIA

THE CHARGE OF THE COMMUNIST BRIGADE

AUGUST 15, 1945 — MAY 19, 1946

"God hath shewed might in His arm." These words from the classic of gratitude, Our Blessed Mother's *Magnificat*, naturally spring to our lips as we try to capture behind pencil bars the series of events that recently unfolded on the war theatre of Szepingkai. Through the might of God's arm the impact of the Communist mailed fist has been reduced to naught. Truly they that hope in the Lord need never fear the worst, for they are always sure of the best, His best! Newspapers having a hundred and one times headlined the cause of the troubles unleashed since August 15, we shall leave them a closed chapter, and write the chapter in which we had our part to play.

After the downfall of Japan, Manchuria lived through days of wholesale carnage. The instinct to loot, strong with our adopted countrymen, had been but lamely bridled by the Japanese and now reigned supremely. Looting and merciless plunder had soon rendered all situations critical and the food situation an inch from desperate.

Communism, already spread like cockle all over the country, increased almost overnight. The Russians had both eyes open on Manchuria as their Land of Promise. To make matters worse, all the rebels who shake their heads at China's current government system and gloat over some modern Utopian new order (Communism, for instance, they will say), passed over to the Communist ranks. Came the occasion and they arose to conquer or die. Their march was one of triumph, for the battle-harried people had had no time to struggle to their feet again. The war had paralyzed them.

Unarmed and undefended Szepingkai was hemmed in by the rebel hordes in the night of March 16. A sparse handful of regulars made a sham resistance. The siege began a few minutes before midnight with the uproar of cannon shells. By 2.00 A. M. the air was vibrant with the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire. We forsook our pillows—sleep had forsaken us, and would come some other time when we wouldn't have to duck from bullets whizzing above our heads. Someone phoned from the Bishop's Residence, telling us to be ready lest flight should become necessary. Even by that time any and all escapades spelled a tryst with

death or danger at its highest. The criss-cross fire of bullets blazed across the sky, while the screeching swish of the artillery and the maddened burst of cannon fire painted a moving picture of changing scenes, all of them tragic. We did not know as yet whom our enemies might be. Suspicions were targeted at the Communists, but bandits were as liable to deal staggering blows. Meanwhile, seconds and minutes crawled on at turtle pace, each one loaded with fear. We barricaded the windows with mattresses and tried to gather together our scanty belongings. Now and then we risked a peek outside. Dawn was breaking. It was not yet 4.00 A.M. In the semi-darkness we could make out walking silhouettes scuttling along our garden walls. Others were scaling ladders to get over. The truth was, our yard had been invaded! Suddenly the main door in the wall crashed open — better say, crashed to splinters! A second later the garden swarmed with soldiers. There was no hope for rescue. The Bishop's Residence seemed miles away. But not so God and Mother Mary, and we hoped on.

Then came the inevitable. Blows on our main convent door, blood-curdling yells and deafening clamors. The men were trying to break in by the side entrance. Huddled together in Sister Superior's room, we lived through minutes of anguish — or was it centuries? Before long the doors ceded beneath the iron hand, and the fighting men, well-armed and meaning business, poured in. Guessing some fugitive might be lurking in some nook or other, they aimed their rifles point-blank at us while giving orders that we turn on the light. We did. For full sixty seconds Communists and Community stood intently gazing at one another — Communists puzzled as to what should be their next move, and Community wondering what the following minute would bring; Communists, armed to the teeth and eyes flashing murder, and Community, humanly powerless but divinely powerful. Then the unexpected happened. The Communists lowered their weapons and their voices. "Don't be afraid. You belong to the Catholic Mission, so you're of our family. Be at peace, we are not looking for you." We must explain that the Communists here proudly say the missionaries are of their kind, since they also maintain charitable works, etc. They thus consider us as friends, which title is nothing for us to boast of in ordinary times, but which came in very handy on this extraordinary night and proved our salvation.

The soldiers proceeded to X-ray every corner of the house, taking care that we step in front of them, lest some undesirable presence be somewhere concealed. Towards 4.30 all was over. They had left the convent. Shortly after, we learned how they had invaded the Bishop's Residence. They threw hand grenades through the windows, shattering panes to bits and tearing holes in the floor. The missionaries opened the doors, and after having made sure no regular or nationalist soldiers were hiding inside, the assailants withdrew. They followed a similar programme for all the houses on the grounds. The hand grenades did not cause any great damage and the Mission personnel escaped unscathed. Evident proof that Providence provides. A fervent *Magnificat* was chanted at the 6.30 Mass.

COMMUNISTS WARLORDS IN THE CITY

Meanwhile, the struggle continued — every horror included — in the other parts of the city. Communist might suffered no opposition and barred doors were crashed by the blasting blow of cannon. Very early in the morning the wounded were removed. Brigade chiefs asked for our medicine, our help and our care. Things cooled down towards the end of the afternoon. The Communists were lords of the city!

They knew they had no time to lose. Straightway they began to set up means of defence everywhere. All public buildings were fortified and prepared for what might follow.

In the meantime, the national army was heading for Manchuria, with the avowed intent of warding off the enemy. Slowly but victoriously it advanced, wrenching one by one from the rebels their too-easy conquests.

On March 28, Bishop Lapierre deemed it prudent to have the Mission personnel gather at the Bishop's Residence at least for the night. So Canadians and Chinese priests, seminarians, Canadian and native Sisters, employees, etc., hied thither each time darkness fell from the wings of night. A section on the second floor was given over to the Sisters. Thus in case of danger the cellars would be of easier access and protection against ordinary shelling. Still, sky-dropped bombs could mean destruction and death, but Heaven-come aid would surely accompany the slaughtering agents.

From March 28 to April 18, date of the opening of the Szepingkai siege, the convent was our daytime home and the Bishop's Residence our night-time mansion. A period of quiet ensued. The Communists, as may well be believed, outdid themselves in activities. Time and again they made every attempt to settle down at the Mission, but Providence was on the lookout and somehow the missionaries succeeded in turning their minds off the plan. However, they shattered walls and made holes where holes could be made. They even barricaded one of the bastions of our wall, which will certainly not cause bombing planes to look askance at us.

SO THE SIEGE OPENED

Days and months wore on. Came Holy Week and some Sisters laughingly said: "Perhaps we'll celebrate Easter in some little damp cellar!" Sometimes you feel it in your bones that something amiss is going to happen. By Holy Wednesday the nationalist army was very near and had already registered emboldening successes.

Seeing the tense situation, Bishop Lapierre and his missionaries thought it preferable to abstain from Solemn High Mass on Holy Thursday. Low Mass, followed by the liturgical ceremonies of the day, was held in the cathedral. As the altars were being dismantled after the sacred functions, a deafening cannon shot rang upon the city. The siege was open.

Breakfast was a matter of very few minutes that morning. Immediately after we packed — in other words, gathered together a few indispensable articles and — to the Bishop's Residence! There all was ready for our installation. The subterranean windows had been shut off with

heavy stones and bags of earth. Inside, a stove and a Chinese cooking pot were waiting to function should the refugees have to stay longer than they cared.

Here follow a few random jottings of those dull and dark days, not, however, altogether bereft of consolation. Does not the Father of Mercies console us in the days of tribulation?

Holy Thursday, April 18, 1946

Nine A. M. With one last regretful look at our dear convent rooms, we left carrying our tiny treasured belongings under our arms. In the dim distance the cannon rumbled and roared. At the Bishop's Residence we were sent to take up living quarters in the library. Cramped quarters, to say the least, but, in case of necessity, very fortunate quarters. The repository altar had been set up in the cellar. No, Bethlehem was not so utterly destitute! On a rough wooden shelf in a safe nook, with paper and a white curtain for tabernacle veil, had been deposited the blessed ciborium. On a block of wood on the ground, a solitary candle burned out in silent adoration. Close beside, some pious hand had placed a fresh-blown rose, the first of the season. In the underground Holy of Holies the flower of a day would live and die, but in death as in life it would thrill at its blissful destiny — to immolate its grace and fragrance in honor of the Creator and Maker of all, now made a tiny Host smaller than all. In turns we reverently sentinelled the Heaven-below-earth and knelt to adore the boundless love of our God.

The aerodrome burst in flames during the forenoon. At noon we took a picnic sort of dinner: standing Hebrew-like we relished, for want of a paschal lamb, the sandwiches brought that morning. All the afternoon the cannon hummed its monotonous dirge in the far away. At 4.00 P. M. all assembled in the cellar-chapel for an adoration hour. Supper was something like a second edition of dinner. By night all was hushed, so we sought our "beds" on the second floor and simply lay down in our day clothes. "Beds" is purposely between quotes, because — well, of beds there were none! Cramped quarters, we repeat! No room for beds.

Good Friday, April 19

Last night we registered our first war emotions on memory, if not on paper. While in the stilly night sweet slumber's chain had many a dreamer bound, the cannon's grim music burst forth once again. Closer and closer it drifted until the alarm was sent out: "All to the cellars — and make it quick!" Two minutes was enough. Hardly had the rooms been evacuated when a terrific blow shook the house to its very foundations and sent the window panes crashing to a thousand bits. The formidable thunder died seconds later in the distance. Terrified and speechless, all of us retreated into the protection of the corridor leading to the shelter. Little by little we recovered our senses and spirits. For want of chairs we sat on blocks of wood, boards, or anything we could find. Our beloved Bishop began the recitation of the beads. Canadian and Chinese prayed as never before. At 2.00 A. M. the cannon held its peace. Some sought the second



SZEPINGKAI SEMINARY. DAMAGES CAUSED BY AN INCENDIARY BOMB

floor to take up sleep where it had left them, while others stayed up to see night shadows absorbed by daylight. No Holy Friday liturgy was held and the Bishop marked off the fasting clause, considering the night we had experienced.

Things still tranquil with the rising dawn, we hurried off to the convent to get food for the day. We had barely set foot within when another bombing spell sent us in haste whence we had so hopefully withdrawn. Suddenly a shell burst almost too close to us, discharging a cloud of dense black smoke. No second invitation was needed. To the cellar Sisters and breakfast scurried. There we deposited the last-mentioned and squatted down Eskimo-like. In that ten by twelve by six palace we were fourteen, all uncomfortably so. A combination refectory plus community room plus bedroom it was, plus sorghum storage room. The ground was so damp that it had been necessary to lay a good flooring of sorghum stalks.

The day passed on leaden wings, prospects sad, but hearts at peace. On this blessed anniversary of some far-off First Good Friday we felt nearer to the suffering Christ, readier to follow the Master who had died for us. In the afternoon the Bishop made a solemn Way of the Cross in the Residence chapel. In the evening, as the bombers seemed busy in some other direction and the refugees had no special fancy for sleep in the cellar, several lay down on the refectory floor. But as early as 9.00 P. M. the cannon stirred and presently rained down iron and fire on Szepingkai. Meanwhile, machine-guns drew nearer, scraping everything in their way. The heavens were zigzagged with flame and sinister lights. This was war. By 10.00 P. M. the bravest had had enough on the first floor and were glad to seek the underground. There at least the bombing wasn't so nerve-racking.

Holy Saturday, April 20

Too early for the followers of Morpheus burst the first strain of the cannon's grim song. Swiftly the battle increased. The field of combat couldn't be far off. At 4.30 a heavy calibre shell crashed on the front of the Bishop's Residence. That was a terrible blow. We shivered deep down in our shelters. Then another shell exploded on the Mission, then silence. The priests thought it imprudent to say Mass.

In the entire Christian world, souls were chanting the glorious victory of Easter in stirring *Alleluias*. In our underground refuge cannon shot alone resounded, but with heart and soul we joined Mother Church in jubilation, praying that the Prince of Peace might give peace.

In the early forenoon the firing subsided and a few priests set out on an inspection foray. The shell had penetrated into His Excellency's apartments, causing considerable damage. The Apostolic School was gratified with two bullets. Doors and windows in our own convent had been torn from their places and the walls badly mangled. Not one window survived intact at the cathedral.

Easter Sunday, April 21

The monotonous rumble of cannon replaced, as far as we were concerned, the joyful melody of paschal bells. Again this morning the Mission suffered a terrific assault. Our sector is more exposed than any other, and hence is the scene of more embittered struggles. A veritable hail of shot poured down. In our shelters we felt not a trifle uneasy. Still Providence was on the alert. A deadly combat was being waged very near, and Communist soldiers by the hundreds were crossing our yard. The morning hours were terror-laden. No one had touched breakfast, hoping a brief respite would allow time for Mass. Trusting in Providence, Bishop Lapierre vested and began to celebrate the sacred mysteries, a rough board of wood his only altar. Solemnly the appeasing prayers descended on the field littered with carnage. One single candle risked its trembling glow in the darkness. No flowers, no festive decorations on the bare stone walls, no singing, no harmony. Alone the words of liturgy gladdened souls, pouring in them the heaped and pressed measure of comfort and peace. How sublime at this moment appeared the grandeur of the Divine Sacrifice! Jesus was there with us, repeating His luminous, eternal words: "Come to Me, for if men are torn by hatred, I bless and forgive . . . I am the Resurrection and the Life!" Priests then bore the holy ciborium to all the labyrinths of our dismal prisons, to give to the famished the Living Bread which came down from Heaven. Souls thrilled with joy, even though the odds were against such gladness, and beyond the restraining walls our hearts soared high in the light to mingle their hymns with the triumphal canticle of the day which the Lord had made.

Friday, April 26

A plane of the regular army zoomed over the city today, dropping circulars earthward. The people were apprised of the fact that evacuation

could not be safely deferred, since bombings promised to be worse. However, the day proved calm. Unconcerned about the strifes among human beings, clusters of birds were joyfully fluting their full-throated song of welcome to nature reborn, the while picnicking in the shell holes that starred our yard. Never had nature seemed more entrancing! Still, to the cellar we must go! Not very poetic was the hour, rather a very prosaic one. The sad days that are upon us, tragic and terrible to the highest pitch, will in later years be looked on as the greatest in our lives, those of the courageous effort that will have paved the way for triumph.

Wednesday, May 1

Explosives dealt destruction all the forenoon. This kind of projectile is as dangerous as any known. In the afternoon we set out for our convent to secure some of our possessions. Home is in a pitiable state. *Palou* (Communist soldiers) and townsfolk have taken up quarters inside after tearing away the frame of the door. Rev. Father Procurator succeeded in beguiling them away, but all is topsy-turvy. The window panes are just a pile of tiny glass diamonds and the plaster is broken in many places.

Friday, May 3

Night hours were dreadful. Squads of regulars have advanced into the



DAMAGES CAUSED BY A BULLET ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE FORMER APOSTOLIC SCHOOL OF SZEPINGKAI

city, protected by the cannon firing; but they blew up one barricade only to fall upon another a few steps farther on. The Communists are keeping up with rank fury.

It being First Friday, the Captive Christ was lovingly sentinelled in His cellar Temple. In turn adoring sentries knelt before the Divine Prisoner, imploring liberty for Him and all the sharers of His captivity.

Monday, May 6

The Seminary, at ten minutes' distance and occupied since the early beginning of the disturbances, now knows for itself what bombs can do and destroy. The roof is just a mass of gaping holes. This morning a bullet

whistled through the recreation hall of the Bishop's Residence. As God would have it, the occupants had just left the room. *Deo Gratias!*

Thursday, May 16

Nothing very amusing has happened these last days. A tremendous explosion dazed us at noontime. One hour later, planes were whizzing across the sky, furiously machine-gunning the Communist-held entrenchments in the vicinity of the Mission.

News flashes from the henhouse: Following two undesirable visitations, number one a shell burst, and number two a bandit looting, our poor hens are decimated, to say the least. The lucky if very much depressed survivors have, to their dismay, been removed to the cathedral crypt. Not knowing what kind of countenance to put on, the woe-begone fowl sadly peep at the outside world from behind their iron-barred window. What strange creatures these mortals be, they reflect between cackles, to imprison us when so brightly shines the sun!

Sunday, May 19

Hours of agony and moral torture were those we lived yesterday, when the Communist soldiers wanted at any cost to retreat to the Mission. Their defeat as sure as sunrise tomorrow, it is easy to understand what a situation we would have been in had the nationalists been compelled to follow them to our retrenchments. But man's extremity is God's opportunity, when divine kindness and might and mercy blend and turn the tide. The cruel anguish that smothered all hearts yesterday evening ceded the place this morning to soul-deep gladness, with the outward sensible sign commonly called "the smile". With the dawn a magic word went the rounds: Peace! Peace! While all was wrapped in the stillness of night, the Communists who were in the city made a hasty exit and the national army marched in triumphantly. Machine-gunning on its way, it crossed all the streets and was soon at the Mission. One minute more and the lily-white standard floated above the cathedral, close comrade to the papal flag — religion and peace were beloved sisters!

Sunday Mass was offered in thanksgiving. So magnificent is the victory and the happy issue of the long strife that all hearts are lost in admiration and praise God without ceasing. The General of the nationalist armies with several officers paid a visit to the Bishop's Residence, promising peace and protection. They were very cordial about everything.

His Excellency's first honor and duty this morning was to swing the cellar door open, declare the Sacramental God free and bear the Sacred Host up to the chapel. Then Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph were reinstated on their pedestals. Both were smiling at our joy. Statues do smile sometimes!

Monday, May 20

Back we went to our convent home. Our Divine Guest's apartments have not remained intact; two shells have left their telltale scars. There

isn't a single window pane left to tell the tale. Luckily they aren't absolutely necessary in Maytime. Battle is the word stamped everywhere: on the dilapidated walls, the furrowed ground, the mutilated trees, etc.

The Seminary will need considerable repairs. Building and yard alike present a sorry scene. One hundred and forty-six projectiles have left marks of their passing there. At the Mission we received about forty-five similar visitations. Along the walls can be seen the redoubts dug by the Communists. Here and there lie blood-spattered stretchers left by the soldiers.

Reconstruction work looms up huge, but enthusiasm is even greater, so it seems, than the task to be done. All eyes are hopefully centred on the bright future. May God grant Peace to the East, for such is surely needed for the development of missionary works.

* * *

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

Here we are installed in our second sweet home, and very happy as always. God, who provides the trusting sparrow with its daily fare, had no doubt long been preparing our new habitat. Now we have moved in, like it to the full, and magnify the Lord with the gentle Lady of the first Nazareth Convent.

On January 17 we left the very poor but very much loved dwelling we had occupied since our arrival in the best corner of God's good earth, back in 1943. Our more able-bodied worked like Trojans on those busy moving days.

Then God arranged for a holiday, and our bright pupils closed their books without a whimper and invaded the grounds to rout the enemy — thousands of stones that would have to seek lodging elsewhere. It was a regular sport, and the inventive genius of youngsters to hurry and clear the place was something to admire and chuckle over. Well might the juvenile army be proud of its feats on that day!

On February 10 came the Lord of Heaven to take possession of His earthly tabernacle. The feast was intimate, like the evenings in Bethany. Only a few friends were present. Words of ours would remain pitifully inadequate if we tried to reproduce on paper the joy and thankfulness that overwhelmed us in those moments like Heaven. God was dwelling among us! From His golden throne (the gift of a generous benefactor who chooses to maintain a humble incognito) He smiled upon His humble servants and accepted their loving praise. Every morning now, or almost, the unblemished Sacrifice is offered in our sanctuary, and the Lord in the radiant monstenance gives us a special blessing on His Day.

Charity, If You Please is as close to our hearts as ever. The patients are delighted to have us so near them every hour of the day. God has been spoiling them, spiritually speaking, since our coming. Rev. Father Bedard, chaplain at *Charity*, says Mass for them once a week. During

Mary's month they had special daily devotions at the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

One of Bishop Collignon's choicest wishes was realized on February 9, when twelve of our pupils were enlisted in the Eucharistic Crusade. On May 18, fourteen staunch soldiers of the Eucharist joined the February dozen. The eager apostles are charged with making first place for Jesus their King in their own immediate circle. A mustard seed, we must say, but beneath the life-giving rays of the Sun of the Eucharist and the beneficent dew of prayer and sacrifice, the tiny seed will become a spreading tree under whose shade shall rank the children of *Charity's* tomorrows.



ROUTING THE STONE ENEMY, LES CAYES, HAITI

February 9 was also red-lettered on account of it being First Communion Day for the adults. For our dear Lucy, three years an inmate at *Charity*, rang at last the hour of mercies. With joy lighting up her face she made the decisive step and knelt for the first coming of her Savior in His Sacrament of Love. There was a mist in her expressive eyes when she told us after her thanksgiving: "Now, I'm really and truly a child of God." How bitter must have been her resistance to the blessed persecutions of grace! The joy of the old gentleman returning to the God of his youth after thirty years of wandering, was also something to touch even the coldest heart.

The Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, patron of the Work, is always celebrated with first-class honor and devotion by our proteges. Our Lady of Sorrows — how strikingly appropriate is the term! Where could one find greater sorrows — moral and physical — than at the rendezvous of derelicts known to all as *Charity*? And yet, here are no stoical sufferers — only Christlike victims, happy to fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ; only children of the Sorrowful Mother, rejoicing to partake of the chalice of affliction she quaffed to the dregs.

Patients and pupils alike had prepared for the day by a fervent confession, first of all confessions for a number of them, and first in many years for others.

Bishop Collignon said Mass at 6.00, assisted by the Rev. Fathers G. LeHouillier and A. Bedard, O. M. I. At the Communion — oh prodigy of love! — Jesus would not let His creatures stumble along to the altar rail. Did not their title of sufferers and crippled give them the right to call Him to their bedside? Or so Jesus' great Heart of Love thought! Through the ministering hand of His Excellency the Sacred Host left the lifeless ciborium of gold and took possession of the living flesh-and-blood tabernacles yearning for His advent. Pious hymns in keeping with the spirit of the day rose towards Heaven in a sweet melody.

After Holy Mass, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to thirty-seven patients and twenty-one pupils. This time again, His Excellency went to each one, to dub him a knight of Christ. A poor patient nailed to a bed of pain received in particular this signal favor. She had been anointed the previous day, and this tide of divine favors left her in inexpressible peace and confidence.

A gala breakfast was served at the school. We had set tables for the special meal. To our kind Bishop who blessed the feast our ninety youngsters told their joy and thanks in a well-worded song and a French address. These were followed by notes from the orchestra and the lusty singing of the National Anthem.

Our dear Melina, confirmed on April 12, and Joseph "Gift of God" to whom the last anointing had restored vigor and vitality, both made their First Communion on Easter Sunday. Outside visitors had flocked to hear a sermon in their own dialect.

On Low Sunday Sister Superior afforded us picnicking pleasures. We



HOME FROM A VISIT TO "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE."
ALL HAITIAN CAYES ARE SIMILAR TO THIS.

rode on horseback to the seaside. A few schooners were gracefully rocking on the green-blue-yellow surface of the Caribbean. Wading birds of a specie special to Haiti were sailing the main and fishing for some where-withal to satisfy their empty gullets. Meditation is easy and spontaneous when we are confronted with the wonders of the Lord on the deep. Some Sisters who profess a special liking for correspondence wrote letters to the dear ones on the old homestead, while the others just chatted and enjoyed themselves. Presently the calm waters stirred, heavy clouds jostled one another for supremacy in the heavens, and rain began to beat down in torrents. Our umbrellas dastardly gave up all attempt at protection. When it rains in Haiti, it pours! We scam-

bled for shelter under the spreading, low-set almond trees and with more sincerity than ever prayed our Aves. God was overcome that once again and let the Angels bar the floodgates that some truant had unclosed. Every now and then some of our good folk would suggest that we get moving. "It's going to rain so hard!" they would prophesy. Anyhow, we came back in the afternoon, tired, suntanned, glad and grateful. Thanks be to God, to Mother Mary and Sister Superior!

" 'Tis the month of Our Mother, The blest and beautiful days," we were wont to sing in childhood. "The blest diluvian days," were more in keeping with the truth now. Rain, rain, rain, so much so that the nursing Sister must ride on horse—rather, mule-back to the dispensary. The surroundings of the school put one in mind of Lake Ontario.



SISTER ST. JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS), NURSING SISTER AT CHARITY, HAS TO RIDE ON MULE-BACK TO THE DISPENSARY

Not very long ago our Heavenly Mother beckoned one of her children to Heaven. "Savior" was his name. Several weeks previously he had been anointed, as he seemed fated for burial. "Do you want to pray with me?" the nursing Sister once asked. "You will soon be going with God."—"Yes, Sister, I'd like to pray. That will be good for my soul, but I won't die yet—not yet."—"So you don't want to die?"—"No, no, not until God says: 'It's all over.'" The days that followed found "Savior" in the same dispositions. But one morning he was seen anxiously waiting for the nursing Sister and raising his arms to call her attention. Death was written on his features, his face was livid and his eyes sunken. "Sister," he pleaded, "please have me removed to the bedroom, I'm dying and it's too noisy here; I can't think of anything and—and—I can't complain." Out of charity for his neighbors he made it a point never to give outward expression to his sufferings. "Hurry, Sister," he entreated, "please, I feel I shall die when you leave me." Once laid on the stretcher that has served as deathbed to so many sufferers of his kind, he peacefully folded his hands and awaited the coming of the Merciful Thief. Word for

word he said the prayers for those in their agony. But during the litany he suddenly lost speech. After having kissed his crucifix lovingly and long, he summoned all his failing energies and said in a strong voice: "My Jesus, mercy! Have mercy on me, Jesus!" Those were his last words.

Like most of his fellow sufferers, "Savior" saw no near and dear relatives kneeling around his deathbed. But there was no sorrow in his eyes, for Jesus and Mary were coming to take him Home.

Divine Providence never leaves the mission band of Les Cayes perplexed as to how to make ends meet. Our kind benefactors, through whom so many blessings come, also deserve our best thanks. Our dear Sisters of the Motherhouse, our beloved parents, devoted friends and well-wishers also have a large share in our grateful prayers. May the Almighty and all-loving God bless them with every blessing!

* * *

MONTREAL

Excerpts From the Motherhouse Diary

Monday, August 5, 1946

Montreal Japanese relocees rejoice over the honor conferred on one of their compatriots, Rev. Father M. Masuda, O. P., who, on the feast of the holy Founder of his Order, was made another Christ by the sacerdotal unction. The ever impressive ceremony was held in the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Congregation de Notre Dame. His Excellency Most Rev. M. J. Lemieux, O. P., Bishop of Gravelbourg, formerly Bishop of Sendai, Japan, officiated. Were present in the sanctuary fifteen priests and religious, nearly all missionaries; several missionary Sisters, repatriates from Far Eastern missions, and a few members of the Montreal Japanese colony also attended.

Ours was the joy this morning to greet the newly-ordained priest, who offered his First Mass in our Motherhouse chapel for the intentions of our Community. Honored us with their presence: Their Excellencies Bishops Lemieux, O. P., and L. Collignon, O. M. I., Bishop of Les Cayes, Haiti, visiting at the Motherhouse.

Were present in the sanctuary: the Rev. Fathers L. M. Lebel, O. P., Provincial Vicar of the Japanese Mission, Paul Audet, M. R. Lussier, M. Cote, A. Loiselle, O. P., G. Reed, O. P., A. G. Murata, C. S. V., Rev. Brother Marie Marcel, B. C. S., of the Japanese Mission.

Shared also in our happiness: the Rev. Mothers Marie de l'Eucharistie, Superior, and St. Raphaide, C. N. D., from Ignace Bourget Academy, St. Louis du Sacre Coeur, St. Marie Damase and St. Alphonse de Valence, C. N. D., of the Japanese Mission. Several members of the Japanese colony were also present.

After the Solemn High Mass, His Excellency Bishop Lemieux accompanied by Rev. Father M. Masuda and other members of the clergy deigned to address the Community. His Excellency, who spent ten years in Japan, is



AFTER THE FIRST MASS OF REV. FATHER MASUDA, O.P., IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MOTHERHOUSE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

filled with zeal for the conversion of its people to the true Faith. "Protestant ministers by the hundreds are rushing to Japan and other missions lands, taking with them abundant provisions and large sums of money. We Catholic missionaries cannot bring millions to our beloved Christians, but we can give them our hearts and spend our lives at their service. This complete and loving self-surrender has borne fruits in the Land of the Rising Sun."

What a consolation for missionary hearts to admire in Rev. Father Masuda a conquest of divine grace! It is not ours to know by what mysterious and irresistible charms Our Savior drew unto Himself this soul of good will. Still, the Rev. Father himself once disclosed in a few guarded words the secret of his vocation. Baptized at twenty-four and confirmed one year later, he then felt for the first time a powerful attraction to the religious life. Obstacles were numerous in the way of his attaining the blessed goal, and they were, humanly speaking, well-nigh insurmountable. His family was non-Christian and could hardly be expected to show him any sympathy in this newborn ideal of his. Still, after a few years of patient waiting, difficulties were finally smoothed out and he found himself in the Tokyo Major Seminary, the only one in all Japan. But the young man felt he was only half-way on the goal of his life. Providence sent the Seminary a learned and saintly Dominican as professor. Masuda was overjoyed at meeting a religious and being able to inquire after the religious life. Three more years elapsed and the Order of St. Dominic welcomed this son of Japan to its Sendai Monastery. Six months later the postulant reached the St. Hya-

in the Dominican Novitiate. His studies were further pursued at Ottawa. For five years Rev. Father Masuda has been without news of his dear ones in wartorn Japan. This painful sacrifice will no doubt win precious heavenly graces for the conversion of the Japanese. It pleased God, ten years ago, to look down with mercy upon the non-Christian mother of Father Masuda. A catechist, hearing of her critical condition after a serious illness, hastened to her bedside. He had the consolation of preparing her to enjoy the beatific vision by pouring upon her aged brow the purifying waters of Baptism. She had been briefly instructed in the principal truths of Our Holy Religion and her husband had given his assent to her being baptized. "My mother is a Christian in Heaven — my father will become a Christian on earth!" Father Masuda is often heard to say.

A photo was taken before dispersal as a souvenir of a very happy day which found reunited many repatriated missionaries from Japan now preparing to return to their beloved missions.

Tuesday, August 6

His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon favored us with a very interesting account of missionary doings in his distant and picturesque diocese of Les Cayes, Haiti. The kindly Bishop's enthusiastic words rendered more lively still in our hearts feelings of joy and gratitude for our wonderful vocation. How meet that Our Lady's thanksgiving hymn, the *Magnificat*, should daily be chanted by her missionary daughters! Whether on the mission field or on the home front, we are, one and all, fighting the battles of the Lord against the eternal Enemy of souls. Why should we not rejoice to have been chosen as instruments in the most divine of all works? Who would blame us if we admit feeling a sisterly pride while His Excellency recounted the apostolic labors and trials of our Sisters missioned in Haiti? How we long to be among the chosen who will be called upon to help them!

As a fragrant spiritual posy we treasure the missionary Bishop's parting words: "Remain always what your venerated Foundress desired you to be. Whether you are missioned to China, Japan, or the Philippines, work at the harvest of souls with the joy and courage undaunted manifested by your missionary Sisters who have blazed the trail to the mission field afar. This is what your Sisters in the diocese of Les Cayes are doing and what I wish you to do everywhere. It is the most beautiful homage I can render them."



The only reason for the Church's existence is to save souls. But in very truth we are the Church, since together we form the Mystical Body of Christ, and as such must we exercise our apostolate of conversion, whether directly by the holy ministry of the Priesthood, Sisterhood or Brotherhood, or indirectly through supplying the spiritual weapon of prayer, and the necessary ammunition of alms.

Very Rev. William T. Davis, D. D.



Monday, August 5, Our Lady of the Snow

With Mary Immaculate's summer feast ended the sweet solitude of our eight-day retreat. To many of our happy companion Sisters could have been applied today the words of prophetic inspiration: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him."

In the forenoon our elder Novice Sisters, their period of noviceship duly accomplished, consecrated themselves to God by temporary vows. Rev. Father O. Valois, director of the *Action Populaire*, Joliette, and uncle of one of the newly-professed, received their sacred engagements in the name of Holy Mother Church. After the ceremony, which unfolded according to custom, the Reverend Father kindly consented to speak a few inspiring words to the new brides of Christ. "Be saintly nuns, and in order to be such, make obedience the rule of your life." Reverting to the Gospel narrative of the marriage feast of Cana, "This is the one and only time," he commented, "that the evangelists quote a rule of conduct fallen from Mary's lips. 'Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye,' she enjoined to the waiters. Let me end with those selfsame words: 'Whatsoever she shall say to you, do ye.' Whatsoever your Superior shall say to you, should be your first and foremost duty, the true pathway to perfection."

The afternoon also brought its graces and joys and privileges. His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon, O. M. I., Les Cayes, Haiti, signally honored us in presiding over the Clothing and Final Profession ceremonies.

Applying to the privileged Sisters therein honored the words of the Royal Prophet, the worthy visitor spoke to them in the following terms:

"In the simplicity of my heart, I have joyfully offered all these things. O God of Israel, keep this will."

As missionary Bishop in Haiti and having in that chosen land your valiant missionaries, it is naturally with joy that I see your Congregation taking more extension and that I wish to preside at a ceremony of Clothing and Profession.

To begin with, a little word to the aspirant Novices. You are now entering upon your religious life. This first or canonical year you are to put to the greatest advantage by training yourselves in the practice of the vows you will later take and all the virtues that go to make a perfect religious. I hope your novitiate will be a fervent one, an intense preparation to your forthcoming Profession.

And with you, dear Sisters who will in a few minutes give yourselves irrevocably to God, I shall now meditate upon the dedication attributed to David, which I cited at the beginning. The holy king, having appealed to his people for the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, spontaneously exclaimed at sight of the generous response of his subjects: "O Lord God, in the simplicity of my heart, I have joyfully offered all these things. O God of Israel, keep this will." All during the past week of preparatory retreat, you have reflected on God's love and fathomed with the preacher the depths of the spirit of faith. This afternoon, joyfully, in all the simplicity of your heart, you are coming to offer all that is yours to the Lord. With holy David you are imploring Him to keep your will. Truly, joy is the predominating note today. Through no imposition, no influence whatever, but with joyful heart, you are ready to surrender yourselves to the Master. During annual vows you were schooled in

the three vows of obedience, chastity and poverty. You immolated self-will to the exigencies of your holy Rules, and you experienced joy in their practice. Now that you are about to take the final step, I am not too forward in telling your beloved parents, who will shortly witness your perpetual donation, that with joyful heart you will offer all you have to the Lord. Final Profession marks and important onward step in the love of God. The vows you will make in a few moments will sever you from all earthly attachments. Poverty will be your sole fortune. You are following the Master who had not whereon to lay His head. Legitimate family joys will not be yours. But are you not missionaries? Is it not your desire to be assigned to the foreign missions? Not a crown of fifteen children, but hundreds, are reserved by God for you. If Jesus has promised the hundredfold to His spouses, He will give them a countless number of spiritual children. In mission lands children, as you well know, will flock to you by thousands. To each you will show yourselves true mothers.

Your vow of obedience will rob you of your self-will. If David could not contain his joy at sight of the alms offered by his people for a temple built with cold, lifeless stones, how much greater must be the joy of the Bridegroom Jesus when you are going to offer Him a holy temple, a generous and fervent soul, a heart aflame with love, a heart cherishing one sole desire: that of immolating itself for the glory of God!

You are going to offer everything and receive everything in return, for your only ambition will be henceforward to please your Divine Spouse and consecrate all the moments of your life to extending His Kingdom on the face of the earth.

And I would not forget that you do not belong to an ordinary Congregation, but to a missionary Institute. All religious Communities, as all baptized souls, are members of Christ's Mystical Body; but, just as the members of that Body do not all have the same attributions, so in religious Communities we find a variety of functions, and beautiful among all others in the eyes of Christ and His Church looms the missionary vocation. When one sees the immense multitudes yet steeped in pagan darkness, or, in Haiti for instance, thousands of baptized Catholics deprived of the consoling Sacraments, and clamoring for fathers, mothers, Sisters to teach the doctrine of truth, one beholds in its sublime and enviable grandeur the real apostolic vocation. As I see it, a missionary Congregation is a Community at the vanguard, like that of your sons, who, during the last great war, crossed the seas to defend their country and preserve its democracy.

Dear Sisters, when holy obedience assigns you to distant countries, you will not hie thither for reasons of patriotic virtue, but of pure love for your Spouse, of pure love for your neighbor, ready to pour out your very lifeblood for the Catholic Faith.

"In the simplicity of my heart, I have joyfully offered all these things." With the Royal Bard repeat this canticle of the Dedication Mass Offertory, and do not fail to place yourselves beneath the banner of the Immaculate Conception, your Patroness and mine. Together — if you come to Haiti — we shall labor for the greater glory of God and win souls for Him. And with the protection of Mary Immaculate, beneath the direction of your holy Rules, with obedience to your vows, I can promise you joy on earth, while waiting for the day when God shall crown your everlasting joy in Heaven.

Our new Novice Sisters are: Miss Marie Therese Pelletier, Pointe St. Anne des Monts (Sister St. Denis); Miss Paquerette Gauthier, La Tuque (Sister St. Lydie); Miss Leonida Fillion, Drummondville (Sister St. Anastasie); Miss Rollande Rivest, Joliette (Sister Marie de la Garde); Miss Therese Baudet, St. Jean Deschailons (Sister Blanche de Castille); Miss Yvette Hervieux, Lanoraie (Sister Joseph de l'Esperance); Miss Antoinette Jean, Rimouski (Sister Marie Jacinthe); Miss Pauline Noel, Quebec (Sister St. Guy); Miss Helene Brochu, Levis (Sister St. Adele); Miss Dolores Perreault, St. Esprit (Sister Marie Pia); Miss Lucille Richer, Mont Laurier (Sister Marie Claudia); Miss Lucille Adam, Auburn, Maine (Sister St. Octavie); Miss Mariette Villeneuve, Montreal (Sister St. Donat); Miss Edith Cote, Lennoxville (Sister St. Leopold).

Seven Sisters of annual vows received the blessed ring of fidelity to their Spouse for ever: Sister Angele du Sacre Coeur (Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta); Sister Marie Annette (Rosette Labrosse, Montreal); Sister St. Justinien (Paule Ida Coulombe, Quebec); Sister Marie Anna (Adeline Medzwicki, Montreal); Sister Joseph Arsene (Jeanne Berger, St. Arsene); Sister Yvonne de Jesus (Pauline Mailloux, St. Angele de Monnoir); Sister Marie Ange (Marie Jeanne Alix, Ange Gardien).

The following members of the clergy were present in the sanctuary: Msgr. E. Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; the Rev. Fathers Marie Eugene Labrosse and J. Onil Lesieur, P. S. S.; the Rev. Fathers J. G. Pineault, C. S. V., and Y. Moranville, C. S. Sp.; Very Rev. Canon N. Delorme, Superior of the Grand Seminary, St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Father J. S. Barrette, former pastor of St. Esprit, Montcalm Co.; Rev. Father L. Carrier, C. S. V., curate, Christ Roi, Joliette; the Rev. Brothers C. LeBon, r. s. g., dir. of the E. C. C.; Bernard Arthur, of the Brothers of Christian Instruction.

Following a love-filled blessing from our tabernacled God, the Sisters proceeded to the conference hall to hear the worthy Pastor of Les Cayes on his apostolic doings. Thus was one more beautiful day added in our annals to the long cortege of its predecessors, a day of earth minted in Heaven, a day our thankful souls shall never bury in the Limbo of things forgotten.

Saturday, August 31

Two weeks ago we grieved to hear that the health of dear Mother Assistant General gave reason for serious apprehension. Ardently rose our prayers towards Heaven, pleading with God for the cure of the beloved patient. But the Master did not heed our supplications as we would have wished.

Last Wednesday, the 28th, at seven o'clock in the evening, the soul of our dear Mother Marie Joseph du Sacre Coeur soared to the bosom of the Savior under the auspices of her holy Patron, our kind Father St. Joseph.

Not to the pen of a humble Novice belongs the duty of sketching the virtues of the one we mourn. That filial obligation rightfully rests upon the Motherhouse, where the days of her life were spent one by one in God's loving service. We shall but say that in some small way we sense the extent of the loss inflicted by her passing away from our little Community on earth.

Following the funeral service held this morning at the Motherhouse, the mournful cortege came to the Novitiate for burial in our secluded cemetery. Beneath the merciful gaze of the great white Christus, close beside our venerated Mother Foundress and our Sisters there sleeping until the glorious Resurrection dawning, the remains of the regretted deceased were lovingly consigned to the grave. With our Mothers and Sisters of our Community-in-Heaven she now sings the glories of the Crucified Spouse she served so faithfully during her earthly days.

On the freshly-upturned sod that conceals the one we loved, we lay with remembering hearts the filial tribute of our religious supplications.

Sunday, September 1

Radiant and gay smiled the first September morning, harbinger of a joyful day. And with reason! Our kind Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, while at the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary, honored us in coming to say Mass in our chapel.

Blooms of the season decked the altar, joining us in praise to Christ and His worthy Representative. Pious selections were sung while the Divine Office was held in an atmosphere of increased fervor.

Our Eucharistic Lord came to us from the hands of the Representative of the Holy Father.

Towards eight o'clock the Community gathered in the reception hall, where our eminent guest spoke for a few precious minutes. Here follows the substance of his inspiring words:

I am very happy to be with you today. I have learned about the great sorrow which is yours upon the death of your Assistant General. It is a heavy loss for you, but Divine Providence will repay your sacrifice. God is the Giver of life and He it is who determines for everyone the number of his days, and then recalls him for eternity, whenever He chooses. God does not send only consolations; He sends sorrows as well, and now and then puts Communities to the test. We must on those occasions seek comfort in the thought that whatever happens, happens for the greater good of souls. In Holy Mass and my Communion I remembered your dear Mother, and in the *Memento of the Living* I had a thought for you also. For the living we do not request rest, as we do for the dead, but energy, courage in the face of duty, and, for you, the grace of a fervent preparation for life on the missions. Generous souls are our great need in mission apostolate. Pagans and unlettered poor do not always understand the grandeur and beauty of the Catholic Religion. Philosophical or theological theses, which they cannot fathom, do not touch them. What conquers them is the devotedness of foreigners who leave behind their all, their family and homeland, to lessen their physical and moral miseries. Even the heathen notice how in our religion as in no other a secret impulse leads one to spend himself in the service of the neighbor. Works of charity in orphanages, nurseries, leprosaria, hospitals, wield a beneficent influence. They unseal the eyes of the pagans and straighten the way for conversions. Such will be your future apostolate.

All together we form the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. As all the united branches of a tree prompt its growth, in the same way, while devoting yourselves to mission works, you will do your share in the development and flourishing of that Mystical Body.

His Excellency continued with a brief sketch of the life of the new American Saint, Mother Cabrini, whose burning zeal called this "too small a world" for her apostolic ambitions, and whose submission to the Roman Pontiff and trust in Providence have helped in the creation and expansion of wonderful works for God.

In his closing words the distinguished visitor encouraged us to prize highly the probation and formation time of our noviceship, in order to become generous and zealous missionaries, after the example of our valiant pioneers who have done praiseworthy work in the Orient. Then with paternal kindness the Representative of the Father of Christendom distributed little holy card tokens of his visit, which he sealed with his precious blessing and a joyful papal holiday.

ADVENTURE IN ADAPTABILITY

The student for missionary life submits his will in advance to the Divine Will, accepting what has been ordained. He tries to identify himself with the Savior's mentality and looks upon time and the things of time in their true proportion — in their relation to eternity as means rather than end. He looks upon a human soul as a pearl of great price because he knows it is an image of the Divine. That faint sparkle discovered to his intuition by a ray of grace is enough to make him sacrifice home, friends, country to cross land and sea, to go to the ends of the earth if need be, to bring that soul to the warmth and light of its Father's Home.

REV. FRANCIS L. GLOVER, W. F.,
in *White Fathers Missions*



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

It seems early, doesn't it, to be talking and planning Christmas? Just take a good look at the calendar and maybe you'll change your mind about that hundred-mile distance to December 25! Fact is, you had better set about making Baby Jesus' comfy layette right away. Ways and means leave you perplexed, eh? Well, here's ten-year-old Leo's method — a topnotch one, if I may venture my opinion.

HEART OF GOLD

"Gee whittakers! Already six o'clock!" A sleepy Leo kicked his covers to the foot of the bed and ruefully eyed the terrible alarm never a fraction of a second late.

"In the name of the Father..." The boy piously made the saving Sign. Then goodbye to the cosy nest, and in a short prayer Leo gave his heart to God. "Better be quiet so I won't wake Bobby up while brushing my teeth," the lad told himself. "Boy, they've got to be sparkling pearls too! I'm going to be Father Duggan's altar boy, and — Jesus is coming!"

Leo was an altar boy, yes, and a model one. Naturally that meant a long string of sacrifices. There was number one: leave the pillow early. A pricking self-denial, what! Then number two: stumble along hours before sunup. In summer it wasn't too bad. But in winter, with the snow piled ten feet high and drifting right into your red face, that was tough! The particular morning I am writing about was just one of those stormy occasions. But our young friend was a Commando in the line of sacrifice. So when self-denials beset his path he smiled and "pocketed" them for the soul-saving business. Why, he had even tried a race in zeal with Maurice, that other staunch Eucharistic Crusader! God had blessed both the boys, for their school marks were such as always made their chums scratch their head and whine: "Gosh! No use trying!" When Leo wasn't leader, Maurice was, and when Maurice wasn't, Leo was. So that was that!

That morning was a way-below-zero one. Leo, shivering in his heavy coat, stopped at Old Carl's on his way back from Mass. Many a time he had done little odd jobs for the grey-haired, bedridden old fellow. He found Carl down with a bad attack of rheumatism.

"Jimminy, but it's as cold as at the North Pole!" laughed Leo. "Don't stir from there until I have a good fire crackling. There are only embers left."

"Thank you, Leo. It's so very kind of you."

"Tonight I'll bring you some wood in my toboggan. Daddy doesn't mind. What do you say?"

"I say that you're the wonderfulest friend a guy could wish for. Guess I couldn't live without you."

"Just you pray for me. That's reward enough."

"Easy way to pay off my debts, then. Sure I'll pray for you and lots too," promised Old Carl, painfully trying to rise.

"Hold on, there!" coaxed Leo. "Not just yet. Wait till the room is warm. Look, here goes another stick of wood," — pulling down his cap — "and here I go! So long, Old Carl, I'll stop at dinner time."

"Goodbye, Leo. Don't forget to come back."

A few minutes later, "Heart of Gold" sat down to breakfast with brothers and sisters. The appetizing meal over, he politely refused the juicy fruit his mother offered him. "For pagan souls, a good half-dozen of them!" he chuckled under his breath.

"No appetite, my boy?" Mother's voice grew uneasy. "Slip this apple into your school bag. You'll be as hungry as a wolf when lunch time comes."

Leo obeyed.

"Old Carl will get it at noon," he chuckled again. "He has nobody to spoil him."

There were arithmetic tests that forenoon, and Leo had to keep hard at his sums till recess. The bell found him with dull spirits and not caring much for even his favorite games.

"Leo, come on and play with us!" begged a chum.

"Don't feel like it!" The answer stuck in Leo's throat and just stayed stuck. Then came a second thought: "Suppose I should deny myself?"

"O.K., I'm coming!" Leo swallowed hard and the "don't feel like it" sank right down into his shoes and breathed its last in their depths, while the ten-year-old hero played with more zest than ever.

So there's Leo for you. Church, home, street, play, rest, work, meals, all brought their own special occasions. Leo found plenty of chances to spend himself for souls.

Naturally, there was Someone who looked down with special love on the



"Jimminy, but it's as cold as at the North Pole!"



GLEANNING LITTLE MITES OF HUMANITY
IN OLD CATHAY

dear young lad. That Someone — the capital S speaks out the secret — was his Friend Jesus. That Someone even whispered a sweet little something to Leo's heart. You see, Leo began by giving tiny things to Jesus, and later on Jesus expected big things. I feel sure Leo will smile and answer: "All right. Here I am!" when the time comes. Meanwhile he keeps being kind and charitable towards his dear ones, so God will help him when it's time to say "All right!"

* * *

In much the same way as Leo you boys and girls could set about making things ready for Jesus' midnight birth. Don't let one single occasion slip by without "slipping" it in your sacrifice treasury.

Now for the last chapter of

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL

Christmas holidays will soon bring Mary Anna and her brothers home — to the best place on earth. Won't it be delightful to be close again to Dad and Mother after long months of separation! When the boys will be playing outside the little lady will be all alone with Mother. Oh, those happy hours made for two! Naturally loving and open-hearted, Mary Anna likes nothing better than to nestle close to Mother and outpour her young and affectionate heart into the maternal, understanding one. Mother gladly grasps every opportunity to instil solid principles of faith and charity.

Vacations promise to be simply wonderful — just as the word says, full of wonders. Alf and Company (or maybe more exactly, Alf and Brothers) are now important young Scotts and Shakespeares. But they stoop down a peg or so to amuse the young boarder between boarding spells. Last Christmas holidays they organized a rollicking good sliding party with the band of cousins, a delicious luncheon being the chief attraction. Another time they all headed for the skating rink. Still another time they buckled on their skis and had a merry time of it.

Evenings at home are especially interesting in winter, so Mary Anna asserts. Dad usually plays cards or billiards with the eldest, while Mother is — well, just what you would expect — always at the mercy of the little ones and ready to join in their fun. Hours are never lazy-winged. They speed away like lightning and all too early bedtime comes galloping along.

Thinking of all those jolly things and already enjoying her future happiness, Mary Anna often whispers to her dear Heavenly Mother before

drifting off to sleep: "Dear Blessed Mother, thank Jesus in my place for having given me my happy, happy home. Please be good to all the poor pagan children and see that the missionaries baptize them all, so they can get to Heaven someday."

* * *

Dear boys and girls, don't you ever forget your own special thank you in your night prayers! Thank the Christ Child, through His beloved Mother, for having given you a Christian country and a good Catholic home. But your thank you must be more than a lip-prayer. It must take the form of little sacrifices for the salvation of the dear pagan boys and girls. Ask Jesus to grant the great grace of Baptism to them and their Mothers and Dads, until their whole country becomes Christian and every single home of those onetime pagan lands becomes a little earthly heaven of happiness like yours.

Wishing you the Christmas Babe's sweetest blessings, I remain,

More lovingly than ever,

THE PRECURSOR



Everyone who is baptized, if he understands the part he has to play, is a missionary. He may not be called upon to go to the heathens of Africa or Asia; his apostolate may be destined only to affect his near neighbors. But he must understand that wherever he may happen to be, there he has a function to perform; he has not only to save himself, but he has also to sanctify and save his brethren. And for that he needs example, certainly, like his Master; he needs words, too; and certainly prayer. But above all, he needs the cross, sacrifice.

REV. FATHER PLUS in *Radiating Christ*



Votive Lights in Honor of the Blessed Virgin

*In the chapel of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception*

To comply with the desire of several pious persons devoted to the Blessed Virgin, we are pleased to quote the prices of lamps and candles that may be burned at Mary's shrine in our modest chapel, in thanksgiving or to obtain some favor from this tender Mother.

Float or candle	{	10 cents each
		75 cents for a novena
		\$20.00 for one year

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favors Obtained.

Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. S. S., **Lachine**. — Grateful thanks to our dear Immaculate Virgin Mary for many favors received. May our dear Mother pray for us all and for you Sisters. Mrs. R. L., **Rosemount**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for improvement in my father's and mother's condition. Please pray for me. Mrs. W. B., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for favors received. Please pray for us. E. C., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Thanks to Our Lady of Fatima for favors received. A subscriber. — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a permanent position that has been obtained. Mr. A. G., **St. Agathe des Monts**. — Thanks for favors obtained. Mrs. I. P., **Montreal**. — All my thanks for a favor received. Mrs. S. G., **Ormstown**. — Thanks to our dear Blessed Mother. I am asking Our Immaculate Mother to cure me and protect my family. Mrs. G. L., **Rosemount**. — Thanks for a favor received. A subscriber to **The Precursor**. — Grateful thanks for favors granted. Mrs. C. A. — I wish to thank Our Heavenly Mother for favors received through her intercession. T. H., **Quebec**. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a successful operation. Please help me pray for my complete recovery, strength and courage to bring up my children in a truly Christian way. Mrs. G. R. — Sincere thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. D., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. O. D. — All my gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for a favor that has been granted me. M. E. G. — Thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for hearing my prayers. I am asking an important temporal intention. Miss A. L. — Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — Please help me thank Our Immaculate Mother for my daughter's success with her exams. Mrs. O. L. H. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a temporal favor received. G. L. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. I. P. — We wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for her protection and solicit her constant help. Mrs. A. S. — I wish to thank God and the Blessed Virgin for special favors. A. F., **Ville Emard**. — Lively gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. J. D. — Grateful acknowledgement of several favors. Mrs. and Miss P. — I am fulfilling a promise made for the success of an important matter. J. N. R., **Everett, Mass.** — I have been granted a favor. Mrs. H. D. — I wish to express my lively thanks to our dear Blessed Mother for a favor obtained. D. L., **Newton Falls, N. Y.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. — Grateful thanks to Our Lady of the Missions. Mrs. I. D. — Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. A. G. — I have obtained another position, thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts. A. M. — Many thanks for favors obtained. R. R. — Sincere gratitude to Mary for favors granted. We hope she will continue protecting our home. Mr. and Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving to St. Jude and St. Expedit for favors received. M. A., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for a favor received. L. L. — A special favor has been obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. E. M. — Thanks to Good St. Anne! D. L. — Grateful thanks to St. Joseph for a favor granted. Miss A. L., **Salem, Mass.** — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors obtained. Mrs. J. A. S. — Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor. A subscriber, **St. Joachim de la Plaine**. — I wish to thank St. Therese of Lisieux for her protection. Mrs. A. M. — All my thanks to the loving Patroness of Missionaries. I hope she will help me in a desperate case. Mrs. L. M. — I am fulfilling a promise in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. A subscriber. — Heartfelt gratitude towards St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors obtained through her intercession. Mrs. H. T., **Montreal**.

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



PETITIONS

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

Please pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my daughter and granddaughter. Mrs. T. S., **Montreal**. — I am very anxious for you to make a special novena for my intentions spiritual and temporal. H. McD. — Would you please make a novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for me, as I am sick with rheumatism and nervousness. A subscriber. — Will you please help me in prayer and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for the recovery of my health. E. J., **Chatham, Ont.** — Please pray for us, and especially for our son recently discharged from the Navy. Mrs. P., **Holyoke, Mass.** Will the good Sisters be so kind as to say a little prayer so my husband's health will improve. Mrs. F. M., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Will you kindly pray for my daughter who is ill. Mrs. B., **Leominster, Mass.** — Please make a novena with me at your convenience in honor of Our Blessed Mother in her Immaculate Conception to obtain from her the grace for my three daughters to make a pure Catholic marriage, if it be the will of God. Mrs. S., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Will you kindly have prayers offered for a very special favor for which I have been praying a long time. I. M., **Hartford, Conn.** — With all my heart I am asking the Blessed Virgin Mary to cure a dear person if it be God's will. Mrs. L. D., **Milwaukee, Wis.** — Please pray for the conversion and cure of a person. Mrs. M. McD., **New Jersey**. — A mother is requesting her daughter's cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. P., **Salem, Mass.** — Please pray for two special favors. — Please pray that I will be cured of eczema. A subscriber. — Will you kindly pray that my daughter who has been ill ten years may improve. Mrs. T. M., **Montreal**. — Please help me ask my cure through Our Lady of the Rosary. Please offer prayers for the protection of my family of thirteen children. H. L. — Would you kindly pray for a girl who has been ill for years and ask good health for myself and the conversion of my husband. Anonymous. — The conversion of my son; a permanent position for my daughter; the cure of all my ills. A subscriber to **The Precursor**. — Will you please pray for my husband addicted to drinking and forgetful of his religious duties. A subscriber. — I trust the Blessed Virgin will grant me the following favors: better positions for my sons who are about to marry; a conversion and an increase of faith for persons dear to me; another personal favor. A subscriber. — I am almost blind and afflicted with a disease that seems to baffle medical skill. Please ask Our Blessed Mother to give me courage to bear up with resignation. Anonymous. — Please pray for one of my daughters who has sore legs, and for another who must undergo an operation. Mrs. L. G. — I would be very grateful if you would offer prayers for my father, so he will find some work. Mrs. J. L. L. — A special favor is requested. Mrs. M. B. N., **St. Hyacinthe**. — I am asking my cure. Mrs. A. D., **St. Remi**. — Peace in our families and special favors. Anonymous. — May Our Blessed Mother help us settle important matters. Mrs. E. O. R. — A special intention is recommended. An afflicted mother. — May Our Lady of the Sacred Heart watch over me and obtain my cure if it be God's holy will. Mrs. A. B.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 12; cures, 30; position, 1; special intentions, 50. — Would you please make a novena for me to St. Anthony that I may walk again and that my hearing may be improved. A reader of **The Precursor**.

The monk, Humbert of Burgundy, who, under Leo IX, was elevated to the rank of Cardinal Bishop of Silva-Candida, was walking in the garden of his residence with a princely guest. The latter asked: "Why does such great pain hold sway over mankind?" The Cardinal, pointing to a group of fine fruit trees, said:

"These trees were once young and weak. In order to strengthen them they were tied to a stake, so that it was difficult for them to move. Branches were cut away and new ones planted; that, too, was hard on the nature of a tree. But now they are strong and productive fruit trees! When the Heavenly Master wants to cultivate fine fruit in men, He does the same: He strengthens them through suffering as a test."

The Canadian Register



(From Notifications Received Previous to September 15)

His Excellency Most Rev. J. M. Leventoux, C. J. M., **Chicoutimi**, former Vicar Apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; Very Rev. M. E. Prevost, **France**, Founder of the Sacerdotal Fraternity; Very Rev. Canon U. Forget, **Embrun, Ont.**; Rev. Father H. Julien, **St. Etienne de Beauharnois**; Rev. Father P. H. Grenier, **Three Rivers**, former pastor of St. Joseph de Salem, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Tessier, **Ottawa**, father of our Sister Anne Marie; Mr. J. B. Laforest, **St. Arsene, Riviere du Loup County**, father of our Sister Madeleine de Jesus; Mr. Wilfrid Roberge, **Charny**, father of our Sister Louise de Marie; Mr. Adrien Rouleau, **Coteau Landing**, father of our Sister St. Adrien; Miss Mary Gallagher, Mrs. William Potts, Miss Lillian Maud Girard, Mrs. Ann Morley, Mr. Roderick Hudson, **Montreal**; Mrs. Charlotte La Billois, **Westmount**; Mrs. N. Schratz, **N. D. G.**; Mr. J. W. McGee, **Henryville**; Mr. Henry Crevier, **Longueuil**; Mrs. Small, **St. Agathe, Lotbiniere Co.**; Miss Margaret Brown, **Amherstburg, Ont.**; Mr. Louis Degan, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Mrs. Joseph A. Dalphond, Mr. Joseph F. Judge, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Charles J. O'Neil, **Dracut, Mass.**; Mr. D. G. Gill, **Collinsville, Mass.**; Mr. and Mrs. John Crandall, **Milford, Mass.**; Mr. Thomas Michaud, **Peabody, Mass.**; Mrs. John O'Connell, Mrs. Julie Gagnon, Mrs. Catherine Doyle, Mr. Gedeon Poirier, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Cedulie Laferriere, **South Bellingham, Mass.**; Mr. Eldege Coutu, **Woonsocket, R. I.**; Mrs. Clara Leger, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mrs. B. McCormack, **San Antonio, Texas**; Henrietta Rachel Barron, **Montreal**; Mrs. J. Leveille, **St. Anne des Plaines**; Mrs. Elias Tremblay, **St. Cyprien, Riviere du Loup County**; Mrs. Joseph Vaillancourt, **Quebec**; Mr. Louis Bolduc, **Vancouver**; Mrs. Joseph Chevretils, Mrs. Emile L. Bernier, Mr. Anthime Lamothe, Mr. R. Bastien, Mrs. J. A. Dion, Mrs. Ephrem Houle, Mr. Delphis Sabourin, Mr. Louis Lavoie, Mr. Adjutor Laganier, Mrs. Roland Tourangeau, Mr. Henri Desjardins, Mrs. Romeo Morissette, Mr. A. Martin, Mr. F. X. Milot, **Montreal**; Mrs. W. Ladouceur, Miss Lucille Benoit, Mrs. Dosilva Vincent, **Longueuil**; Mr. Guy Richard, **Westmount**; Mr. Joseph Dupuis, **Laprairie**; Mrs. J. M. Hebert, **St. Valentin**; Mrs. Narcisse Lebeau, **Repentigny**; Mr. Raoul Renaud, Mr. F. X. Latour, **New Glasgow**; Mr. James Alliot, Mr. John Flood, Mr. Romeo Bourdon, **Mackayville**; Mrs. Jos. Perras, **St. Isidore de Laprairie**; Mr. Israel Cardinal, **Pointe Claire**; Mr. Raoul Angrignon, **St. Benoit**; Mrs. Alphonse Guertin, **St. Madeleine de St. Hyacinthe**; Miss M. L. Benoit, Mrs. Nap. Michon, Mrs. Antoine Gagnon, Mrs. Jean Marie Chicoine, Mr. W. Morin, M. D., Mr. Jos. St. Germain, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Nap. Robert, Mr. Ernest Leduc, Miss Fernande Premont, Mr. Albini Dube, Miss Elisa Desrochers, Mr. Emile Hebert, Mrs. Gedeon Pomerleau, **Granby**; Mrs. Origene St. Jean, **St. Jean Baptiste de Rouville**; Mrs. Jos. Lacombe, **Sherbrooke**; Miss Ludovica Leduc, **Valleyfield**; Mrs. Adrien Rochon, **Gracefield**; Mrs. Rose D. Ladouceur, **Notre Dame du Bon Conseil**; Mr. H. Boisvert, **St. Zephirin d'Yamaska**; Mrs. Blanche Belanger, **Pointe Fortune**; Mr. Guy Tetreault, **St. Johns**; Mr. Cuthbert Gregoire, **St. Cuthbert**; Mrs. Ovila Lenoix, **St. Liguori**; Mrs. Irene Henault, **St. Barthelemy**; Mrs. Arthur Bourassa, **Grand'Mere**; Mr. Joseph Caron, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Elisee Masse, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mrs. Louis Joseph Grenier, Mr. Paul Ouellet, **Beauport**; Mr. Arthur Galarneau, **St. Gervais**; Mrs. Joseph Marquis, **Ile Verte**; Mr. Louis Belanger, **Montmagny**; Mr. Arsene Julien, **Portneuf Station**; Mrs. Vital Giguere, **St. Odilon**; Mr. Donat Simoneau, **Maple Grove**; Mr. J. F. Hudon, **L'Islet**; Mr. Joseph Lafreniere, **Amos**; Mrs. Amable St. Laurent, **Rimouski**; Mrs. Albert Levesque, **St. Odile**; Mr. E. Malenfant, **Trois Pistoles**; Mr. Charles Roussel, **St. Jean de Dieu**; Mrs. Lambert Theriault, **Notre Dame du Lac**; Mrs. J. A. P. Caron, **St. Romuald**; Mr. Leonce Gauthier, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. H. Leclerc, **Arvida**; Mrs. Belonie Perron, **Canton Begin**; Mrs. Armand Fradette, Mrs. Laurent Coulombe, **St. Prime**; Mrs. Napoleon Potvin, **St. Joseph d'Alma**; Mr. Louis Dogan, Miss Jeannette Struthers, Mr. Albert Mercier, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Mr. Olivier Lajoie, **Timmins, Ont.**; Mrs. Joseph Lemieux, Mr. Aza Blanchard, Mr. Delphis Patenaude, Mr. Antoine Primeau, Mr. Josaphat Bourdeau, **Embrun, Ont.**

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for deceased subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased benefactors.

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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.

CHINA

CANTON, Holy Childhood Home, P. O. Box 93. (Founded in 1909)

School for catechists. Catechumenate. School for Christian and pagan pupils
Orphanage. Foundling Home. Workrooms.

TO KOM HANT, Foundling Home "Our Lady of Providence". Orphanage.

SHAMEEN, School.

FONG CHUEN, Insane Asylum.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton. (Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium

HONG KONG, 24 Austin Road, Kowloon. (Founded in 1927)

Procure and School

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

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

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu. Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA, VIA JAPAN

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1927)

Dispensary

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School

TAONAN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary

JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 2250 Juan Luna. (Founded in 1921)

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

LAS PINAS, Rizal. (Founded in 1946)

School

MATI, Davao. (Founded in 1946)

School. Dispensary

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti. (Founded in 1943)

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

LES COTEAUX, Haiti. (Founded in 1944)

School. Dispensary

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti. (Founded in 1945)

School. Dispensary

ITALY

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

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make every day the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honor is also made in China, at the Shek Lung 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.