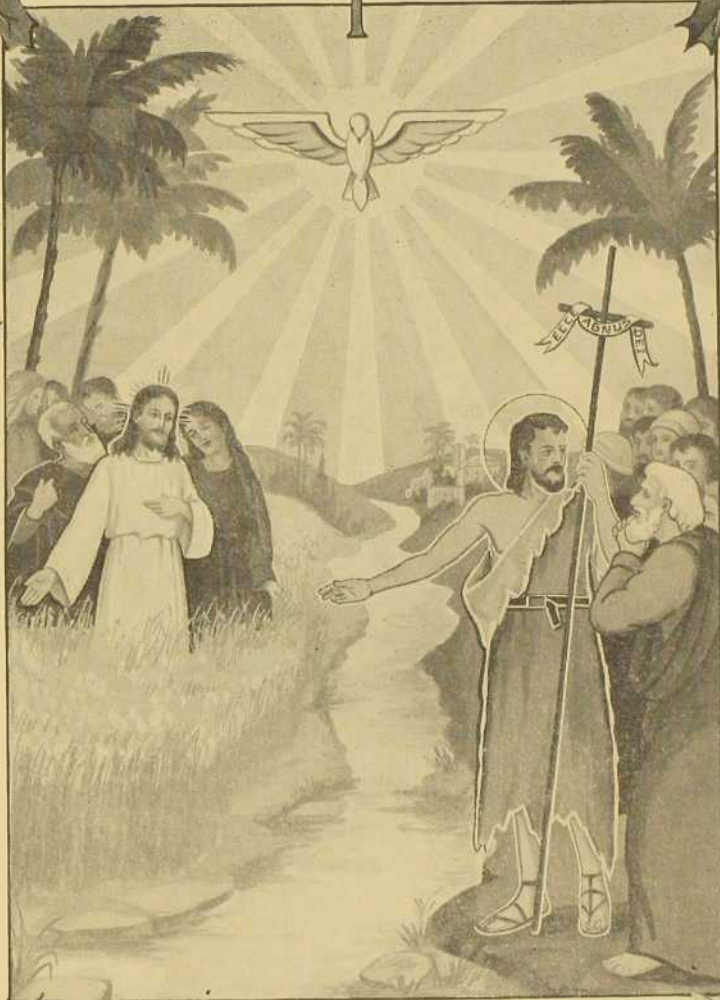


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR Montreal, January-February 1947 No. 1



The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,
2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P.Q.
(Founded in 1902)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission procure. Workroom for making church vestments, embroidery, lace and painting for the support of the Motherhouse and Novitiate. Chinese catechist training school. Sewing circles. Publication of a mission magazine, *The Precursor*. Free missionary library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

OUTREMONT, Montreal 8, P.Q.,
314 St. Catherine Road

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

**CHINESE HOSPITAL
and DISPENSARY,**
112 Lagachetiere West, Montreal 1
(Founded in 1918)

Religious instruction for Chinese.

The Sisters also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when requested to do so.

NOMININGUE, P.Q. (Bethany)
(Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Promotion of the Holy Childhood Work.

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

Apostolic School for prospective missionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making church vestments. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, music and painting.

JOLIETTE, 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. Mission workroom.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St.
(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollection Days for girls. Mission

workroom. Private lessons in painting. The Sisters also visit Chinese patients in hospitals and in their homes. Religious instruction for Chinese children and adults.

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.
(Founded in 1921)

Oriental hospital. Chinese refuge and dispensary. Private lessons in languages and catechism for Chinese children and adults. Home visits to Chinese.

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

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Mission workroom.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.
(Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Hostel for girls. Mission workroom. School. Kindergarten.

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

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Mission workroom. Hostel for girls.

GRANBY, 279 Main St.
(Founded in 1931)

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

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

**VANCOUVER, Mt. St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward St.**
(Founded in 1946)

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER)

Practical Suggestions

to those who would like to help us in our
missionary undertakings

Every Mite is Mighty!

Upkeep of the Motherhouse chapel	
Erecting chapels in mission lands	
Keeping the sanctuary lamp burning in our Canadian or foreign convents for one year.....	\$ 25.00
Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister.....	1,000.00
Annual support of a maiden catechist leading her kinsmen to Christ.....	50.00
Annual support and education of a little orphan....	40.00
Baby Crib Perpetual Burse.....	200.00
Annual care of a poor leper.....	60.00
Keeping a crib baby contented for one month.....	5.00
Ransoming a healthy baby.....	5.00
Ransoming a baby lonesome for Heaven.....	.25
Monthly support of a Missionary Sister.....	10.00
Monthly support of a Novice preparing for mission adventuring.....	10.00
<i>The Precursor</i> for a year.....	1.00



IS YOUR NAME ON THE "PRECURSOR" LIST ?

THE PRECURSOR *is published every two months.*

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year

Single copies: 10 cents

Address: 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges
Montreal 26, P.Q., Canada

Life Subscription: \$20.00

* * *

Don't leave Christ's missionaries alone on their spiritual
battlefields. They need your help! What are you going to
do for them — today?



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, January-February 1947

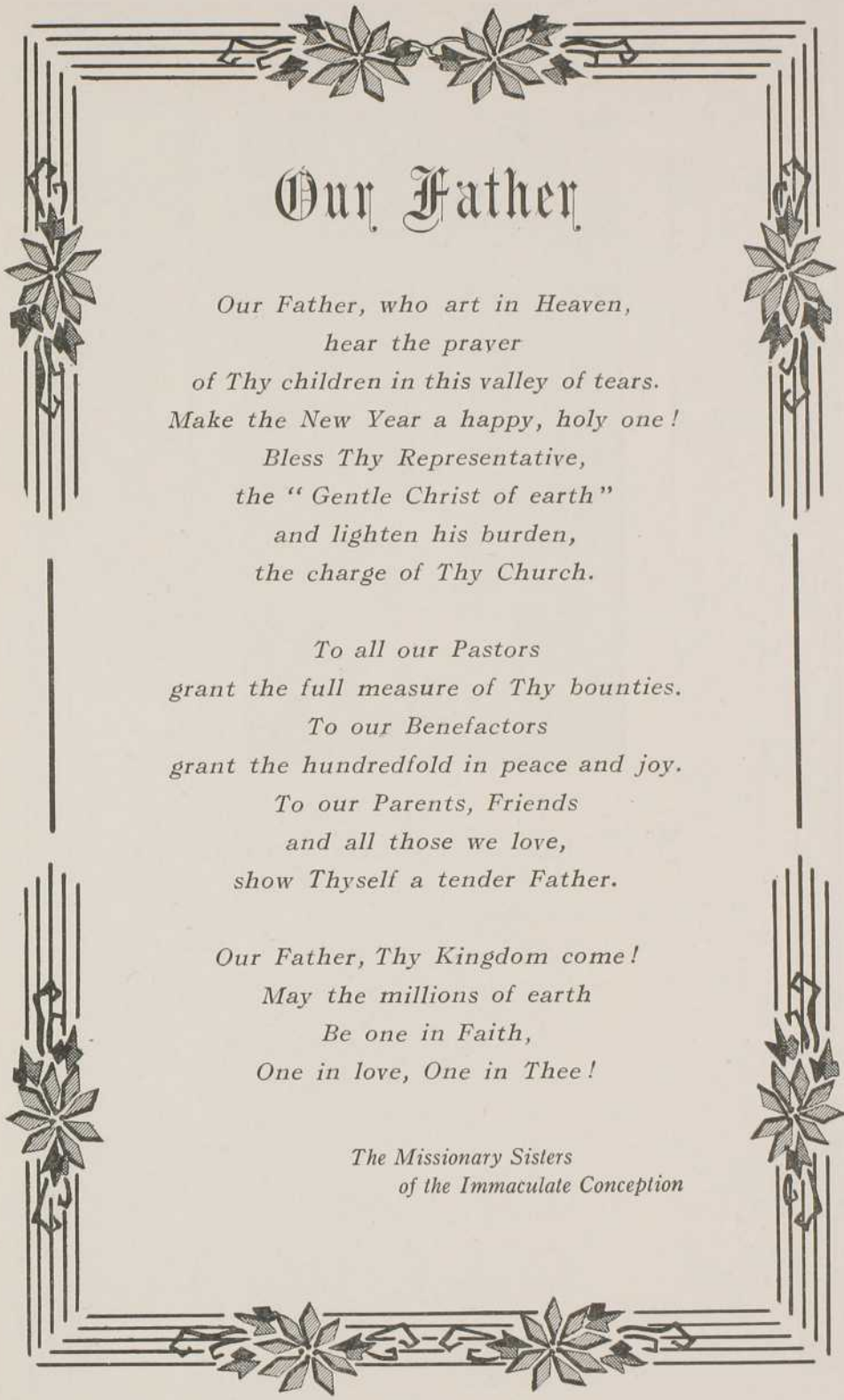
No. 1

CONTENTS

Our Father.....	3
I Sing a Sacred Theme.....	<i>The Precursor</i> 4
A Christmas Reverie.....	6
Mission Departure Ceremony.....	7
New Year Stampede.....	<i>A. Besson</i> 8
Thank You !.....	<i>Catholic Missions, Holland</i> 10
In Loving Memory of Rev. Mother Marie du Bon Conseil	12
Life Sketch of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit....	14
A Son of China Is Made a Child of God Through Baptism	18
Not All Missionary Sisters Wear Habits.....	19
Divine Neutrality.....	<i>Douglas Newton</i> 22
Song of Bernadette.....	<i>The Precursor</i> 26
No Greater Love.....	<i>Gabrielle de Sable</i> 27
The Splendor of Her Smile.....	<i>J. B. Vuillemin</i> 29
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.</i> 31
Along the Mission Newsfront.....	34
With Our Novices.....	52
Children's Section.....	54
Rays From Mary's Hands.....	59
Remember, O Mary.....	60
Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord!	



*O Holy Family of Nazareth,
bless our Christian homes and grant that all
may reproduce the perfect examples of your life
of prayer, work and sacrifice!*



Our Father

*Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hear the prayer
of Thy children in this valley of tears.
Make the New Year a happy, holy one!
Bless Thy Representative,
the "Gentle Christ of earth"
and lighten his burden,
the charge of Thy Church.*

*To all our Pastors
grant the full measure of Thy bounties.
To our Benefactors
grant the hundredfold in peace and joy.
To our Parents, Friends
and all those we love,
show Thyself a tender Father.*

*Our Father, Thy Kingdom come!
May the millions of earth
Be one in Faith,
One in love, One in Thee!*

*The Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception*



I Sing a Sacred Theme

I sing a sacred theme, a mystery of joy:

*"Et Homo factus est" — a little Infant Boy,
A spotless Host has left the tabernacled breast,
And priestly Mother hands in manger let It rest.
The Holy One who holds the earth with fingers three
Is wrapped in swaddling bands, for love of you and me!
The God who comes to light the ardent flame of love
Has need of breath of kine, and cavern warmth above!*

I sing a sacred theme, a mystery of faith:

*"Et Verbum caro factum est," the Church in wonder saith.
This Child is God and Man, this Babe is King and Lord —
A manger is the throne of God's Incarnate Word!*

*The Lamb is on the altar, priestly Mother bends
And full acceptable the Gift to God ascends!
Divinity in swaddling bands—how strange His ways!
Divinity a Child, the Ancient God of Days!*

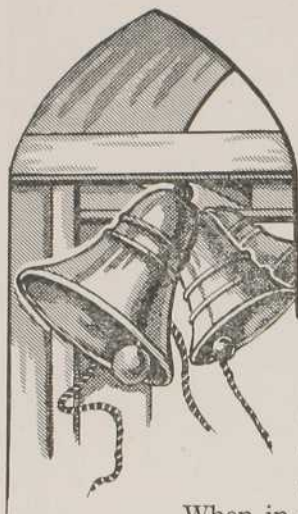
*I sing a sacred theme, a mystery of hope:
The Babe in Mary's arms, whose feeble fingers grope
To cuddle in her own, to hold her veil of snow,
Is Eucharist-to-be; her hands have monstrance glow!
He did not come as King with pomp and majesty—
He came in humble guise, in night's obscurity.
He laid aside His might lest mortals be afraid;
He looked up at the stars His Hands with ease had made.*

*I sing a sacred theme, a mystery of peace:
The Angels in the skies their caroling release.
From hills of Juda hie the keepers of the fold,
The Ancient Beauty Ever New their eyes behold!
Now Glory be to God and peace to men on earth,
For reconciled are God and men in Jesus' Birth!
And Tidings swelling with the joy of Heaven's Grace
Are sounded out to every clan and creed and race!*

*O sacred Christmas theme, O mystery of love!
In Christ's Nativity our spirits lift above
The human clod, for we are brothers of the Child
Who comes this night for us, from chalice undefiled!
O mystery of love! As Mother Mary we
Ciboriums of Christ, if so we wish, may be!
Custodian of shrines where rests the Holy One,
O Mary, come and guard in human hearts your Son!*

THE PRECURSOR

A Christmas Reverie



Dear Mother of God, you are very much in my thoughts tonight. Christmas is coming, you know, and that means Bethlehem, a little rock-hewn cavern, a Babe in swaddling bands—and you!

Maybe it's the joy of your exultant *Magnificat* that comes ringing down the ages, or maybe it's the joy of tiny love-filled eyes that meet your own, but your Child's Birthday is for me the best beloved day of all the year. Cold the cave may be and wind-blown, but, Little Mother, no Cross looms up, no seven stabs pierce you through and through. You are just happy, blissfully happy, divinely happy, with the riches of divinity nestling against your breast.

When in the holy night the stars light their candles from the taper of the evening star and the silvery bells peal out their notes of gladness, we your children and brothers of your Son rejoice with exceeding great joy and join the Angels in their triumphant caroling.

Our homes, Mother of God, are gay with wreaths and warm color. A log crackles in the fireplace. Cold and clear the cathedral bells call us to Midnight Mass, to adore in priestly hands the Living Bread whose first ciborium you were. Blithe youth and venerable old age reverently kneel beside the crib, as once you near your Child. Sweet, solemn-faced tots, three or four years escaped from the nurseries of Heaven and never retraced, go into ecstasies of delight over that Darling of yours, so like Baby Brother at home.

Some joys fade with the sunset and some joys die with the light, but the bliss of seeing Light upheld in your arms and the bliss of His coming whom sons of men desired will longer last, will throb in every *Gloria* until you place that Light of the Gentiles in Simeon's outstretched arms.

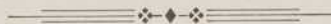
Mother, isn't the spirit of Christmas wonderful? I mean that sweet spirit of brotherliness and good will sung by the celestial choirs on the night of love. The poor we have always with us, the under-privileged, the lonely, and when we remember the stark poverty and bleakness of Bethlehem, we cannot remain cold and indifferent with regard to the suffering members of your Son. When we call upon them we leave behind a bit of His loving Heart—soothing and relief and help.

When Christmas comes I almost succeed in losing sight of "myself", because your Boy came not for "me" only, but for "us", for "our" salvation. You, Little Mother, are "our" Mother, and the Babe in manger laid is Brother to everyone of us. Maybe if my human brethren and I knelt oftener beside the Bethlehem of the altar to adore your Child in the Host, this world of His would be mended and its wounds would be healed.

In Bethlehem of Juda rich and poor, great and lowly, Magi and shepherds met and adored the Word made Flesh, your flesh! The shepherds did not resent the intrusion, but made way for the royal adorers. The Magi did not crush the sheep tenders. They knelt in the dust, because on the cold straw lay a King mightier and nobler than they.

Oh, Mother, if only we, twenty centuries after the Eve of *Anno Domini*, were more eager to learn those lessons of humility, of mutual reverence, of brotherly love! Wouldn't this earth be a bit like Heaven, and wouldn't harmony, happiness and joy fill all hearts?

So, Mother of God and Mother of ours, this will be my prayer tonight: Make "me" mindful of others! Make "us" find unity and concord in the simple language of love taught by Him who is "born unto us a Savior, Christ the Lord."



Mission Departure Ceremony

On November 26 last, three Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left their Motherhouse for their new assignment to the Community's Mission in Vancouver, B. C. They were: Sister St. Jean du Redempteur (Marcelle St. Arnaud, Ahuntsic), newly-appointed Superior of the Prince Edward Street Oriental Hospital; Sister Mechtilde du Sacre Cœur (Jeannette Papillon, Quebec) and Sister Marie Edouard (Colombe Gagnon, St. Roch de l'Achigan), who will help their Sisters already spending themselves in the service of the sick and needy.

Three other Sisters have also been missioned to the Far East: Sister Marie du Cenacle (Marie Gerin, Coaticook), Superior of the Shek Lung Leprosarium, China; Sister Marie Lucie (Marguerite Gagnon, Quebec), Superior of our Tsungming Convent, China; and Sister Marie Philippe (Juliette Chouinard, Montreal), Superior of our Kowloon Mission, Hong Kong, China. The departure ceremony of the six missionary Sisters was held in the afternoon of the 26th, and was presided over by Rev. Father J. St. Arnaud, S. J., brother of one of the departing missionaries.

This separation, said the preacher in a substantial allocution, is only an apparent one. For we shall remain as one, not only in thought but in truth, as members of Christ's Mystical Body. We shall remain as one, because you have need of us and we on our part have need of you. The responsibility of pagan countries rests upon us as it does upon you. You are going to accomplish a task it might have been our duty to do. You are going to carry Christ to pagan nations, you are going to rout Satan who will be compelled to flee from souls that will be converted thanks to your labor and efforts. What a noble mission is yours! We have need of you, but you in the same way have need of us. Our Lord warned His apostles that without Him they could do nothing. If you are not united to God you will do nothing. We must help one another by our prayers and sacrifices. It is an imperious duty for us to become mission-minded, since no one will labor for causes unknown to him. We must become mission-conscious, for the missions are the life of the Church. When our souls are missionary souls, then shall we give prayer and sacrifice for pagan souls. Nothing else matters in the salvation of souls. If only we remembered to offer our every action to God for your apostolate, what beautiful lives would be ours! To prayer we shall add sacrifice every time we think of you, every time we feel lonesome because of you, remembering how you are wrestling with the devil over in mission lands. Thus we shall be missionaries in truth and in deed even as the departants. Over there you will sow and here we shall merit for you the heavenly assistance you will need. Then on the last great day we shall all meet in God's Home, and God will consider us as His missionaries, for we shall all have lived the same missionary life here below in Christ Jesus.

New Year Stampede



Eight hours had been notched off the New Year. Grandma Hogan and the boisterous band of young rascals had just come in from Father Moore's Mass. No sir, it wasn't like the Hogans — God love them! — to ignore the Giver and the Gift, not on New Year's, of all days! Don't go on inferring that they left Him in the shade in other months and on other days. Why, hadn't Grandma hung a little searching motto "Be God-minded" on her home wall, and hadn't she, through wondrous stratagems of which only mother hearts possess the patent, gradually fired children and grandchildren with her own deep God-consciousness!

Golden memories, misty echoes from the faded yesteryears rushed to Grandma's happy, weary mind. As she slowly trudged up the stairs, gripping the rail at every step, the husky voice of her Dennis quickened her heart-throbs.

"Mom, how about letting these young rowdies stampede up to your room in ten minutes?"

How about it! Two sparkling eyes brimmed over with unconcealed contentment. Grannie couldn't for the life of her fancy a dear old silver-haired mother alone on the greatest morning of the year, without tinkling specimens of toyland, pyramids of gaily-tinselled parcels, and a good half-dozen little unspoiled editions of the human race to go into rhapsodies over the whole. Grandmas, you know, are thoroughly happy on the first of January only, only, only if their cheeks are red from kissing and their old ears buzzing like cathedral bells from wild whoops of childish mirth.

How about it! Surely, Dennis. And Grandma came and went, blithe, busy, breathless, overturning drawers, untying packages of sweets, running scissors across parcel strings, filling armchairs with grinning Punches, military drums, tin soldiers, trumpets, helmets and commando outfits. Burnt almonds and candied chestnuts were fished out of their hiding place for the growing boy and girl, sealed surprise envelopes for Dad and Mom and sweetmeats for the hired help.

Grandma's eyes suddenly filled. Unshed tears hung trembling on the long eyelashes. A mist gathered on her glasses and she could hardly make out the hands of the clock hurrying to form a right angle that would spell stampede time for Dennis' laughter-loving six. Those twin hands, she mused, steadying a plush teddy on its seat, had marked for her hours of pure joy and hours of exquisite pain — the woof and warp of every life. Unceasingly the twin hands had recorded time as on they hastened, drawing her magnet-like towards God and eternity.

The old silver clock! What food for deep thought it has to give! What lessons we could learn from that mysterious witness of all we do and say! But we refuse, like sulking scholars, to learn from so experienced a teacher. Its ticking we answer with a sullen "Hold your peace, old preacher!" One minute, two minutes, half an hour catapulted into eternity! "Hold your peace, old preacher!" One hour, two hours *lost*, you poor dumbbell, you fool! One day sped like the swift arrow, and for which God will look you in the eyes for an explanation, in the soul for an expiation. "Hold your peace, you everlasting arguer!" And years speed away like the wind, life is flunked and death stealthily creeps behind calculating its luck.

For Grandma life has been, poetically, one grand, sweet song. Oh, some stanzas have been wet with briny tears, some have cried out her sorrow. Farewells have

pressed and crushed the sensitive fibres of her heart, family troubles have cut knife-like into her dearest affections. But in silent adoration, trustingly, she would kiss the Hand that tempered the wound with a caress. And peace came into her heart, like sunshine after the storm, pervaded her whole self and stole in where pain had believed itself undisputed sovereign. With peace came charity, God's Greatest Commandment and His Greatest Gift. Then joy flowed in, joy, the twin sister of peace, the radiation of peace. And the evening of her life is truly a dawning. She has never had anything to do with sadness of soul. Even she will pleasantly tell you she is on the sunny side of seventy — not the shady!

* * *

Ohhhh! What's that, an earthquake? No, it's the — the stampede! The stairs trembled beneath the shoes of six sturdy pairs of young feet and a manly, majestic one.

Dimpled fingers went drumming against the door. "Here we are, Grandma!" said little spokesman Jimmie with much sweetness in his boyish voice.

The door swung open. Grandma smiled. Everybody smiled. Rosebud cheeks and serious faces glowed with the best quality of happiness. "Tidings of great joy" had spread joy everywhere like a touch of the divine.

"Happy New Year, Grandma!"

Grandma sat in her armchair. In a tone as solemn as an orator's Jimmie lisped his piece. Don got caught three times in his. He skipped three lines, made *food* rhyme with *mad* and suffered a memory blackout! The grown-ups chuckled and Don's cheeks grew all shades from pink to crimson. Tears gathered in his blue eyes and Grandma had to console with a cookie.

"What does Baby say?" asked Grandma tenderly.

Already Baby had climbed her knees, and lifting himself straight and proud as a gallant knight of old, trumpeted as loud and as well as he could: "'appy New Year, Gramma, and 'eaven —"

What would have followed if Grandma had not half-smothered her baby hero with kisses we won't try to guess.

The baby of the family was growing God-minded. Had he intended to make an everlasting rendezvous with Grandma?

A. BESSON

BOXER VICTIMS BEATIFIED

On November 24 last, His Holiness Pope Pius XII beatified the twenty-nine martyrs of the Chinese Boxer Rebellion massacred on July 9, 1900.

Among the new Blessed are three Bishops, five Franciscan monks, seven Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, eleven seminarians and a few Chinese Christians.

In our striving for New Year reality — the stripping from our life of empty sham, and the daily acquiring of the spiritual merit that alone matters, we have the safest means in the actual establishment of Mary as the First Lady of our Heart.

Augustine J. Bennett

Thank You!

Thank you! Two brief monosyllables it takes only a second to utter, two little words that abide in the heart of the hearer for years!

A "thank you" can lighten the burden borne in a brother's place. A "thank you" lights a flame of joy in the heart of him who gives it and him who receives.

Thankfulness is the most natural and the most human of the whole gamut of virtues. It pleases everybody and everybody loves it.

Let us cite for the sake of illustration the case of a happy young father turning in at his home gate after a few days of absence. See his rapturous little ones jumping, laughing, bubbling over with mirth, rolling off endless questions and gazing with the wonder of innocent childhood at the black case "Dad brought." After five or six century-long minutes two strong hands open the treasure, and out pops a miniature toyland. Pudgy fingers and bright round eyes render words unnecessary. See Dad teasingly holding back the playthings, his eyes the while speaking for his lips: "What do you say, darling?" — "Thank you, Dad!"

Reader, my friend, I trust this homely scene doesn't strike you as misplaced. But if so it does, let me warn you that what follows will have all the effect of a cold shower-bath on you. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Have we ever been struck by this startling truth: We live on gifts, we are laden with good things, and somehow we always forget to remember just a whispered word of thanks! Magnificent benefactions are showered down upon us, we move about in them as a fish in the water, a bird in the air, and the Heart of the Benefactor we forget while His boundless bounties we enjoy.

Show me your right hand. Neither dainty nor elegant, you laughingly say. So much the better if it be gnarled and toil-worn! No hand I set above the calloused hand of the honest workman. Rather would I feel it hardened by hard labor than see it adorned with jewels. But, I beg your pardon, dear friend, at what price would you let me cut it off? How quickly you draw it back! I could keep on thus and promise thousands more for your eyes. Millions are mighty, but they fall short of sufficient to purchase one single seeing eye! Think of your feet, your ears, your tongue, your lungs, your heart, your head. No human invention will ever attain to within a thousand miles of perfections like those. Mortal hands like yours and mine can fashion dead machines, but the human body created by Hands Divine surpasses, and infinitely so, the sum of all the marvels wrought by man. You will agree with me that all those wonders are not the greatest in our mortal being? For what is the body but the fragile house of clay daily nearing the dust, daily crumbling to ruins? The house exists solely for the indweller, and is not your soul the indweller of your body, needing that body as an abode and only as an abode? This wonder of wonders, your body, cannot bear comparison to the beauties and grandeur of the mind therein dwelling and therein continually active. So despicable is a body as compared to a soul, that human hands carefully and swiftly conceal the mortal frame whence the soul and life have departed. It would be foolish of me, therefore, to ask how many millions you would take in exchange for your soul, your life, your mind. Here comes a proof to point: When you have to let go either your wallet or your life, you toss away your wealth to save your life.

Do not think the list of God-given bounties exhausted once body and soul have been mentioned. The paramount grace is lacking: inner beauty that renders the soul worthy of eternal bliss and immortal riches man has never suspected. Undreamt-of surprises daily confront us, but our blinded eyes remain heedless of them all. They are dead letters for us — but what matters it? When all is said and done, we cannot imagine Our Lord as a juggler who would day in and day out perform prodigies to delight his children. He is the Father who operates in silence, who sees all things and attends to all. From Him come air and light. Beneficent rain and life-giving heat proceed from His Hands. Days and nights by Him are

minted, and hours and minutes acknowledge Him as their Maker. He is the tender Father who gives life, and what thousands of human hands are powerless to produce, a well-matured fruit, a golden head of wheat, He makes it sprout and stir, burst in bloom and ripen, all over the earth and not only once but a million times.

And now, allow me to return to my opening monosyllables: Thank you. Together let us often call God "Our Father", the while trying to drive home this grandest of truths, namely, that we are the children of a God. Once this truth is firmly anchored in our soul, an everlasting "Thank You!" will soar up to that best of Fathers, who daily overwhelms us with the gifts of His goodness. Can Our Father be pleased with us when we daily hold out our hands like spoilt children to receive the most exquisite gifts as if they were our due? And even if we sometimes do remember to render thanks, is not our "Thank You!" oftener than not a formula of etiquette, a lip-prayer in which love and the heart have no say?

Lift up your eyes! Above that spacious blue dome the infinitely loving gaze of your Father sees all things. Your Father looks down upon you, awaiting the grateful monosyllables that should be stamped on every heart: "Thank You!" When St. Elizabeth was exiled with her beloved little family and compelled to beg a meagre fare in the bleakness of night, what did she do? She crossed the threshold of a monastery that had often received her unstinted liberality, and requested that a *Te Deum* be chanted. Truly her "Thank You!" was that of a royal child, the "Thank You!" of a heroine.

Did you ever hear about Brother Andrew striking his head against an iron rod and gently countering with a hearty "*Deo Gratias!*" Even today he still goes into raptures about the event.

I believe it was St. Augustine who declared that the simple words "Thank You!" contain all perfection and all saintliness. They are an expression of filial love addressed to Our Father, and in that all perfection lies! What need have we, then, to thumb over bulky volumes and torture our brains with sublime meditations, when sanctity is not a head matter but a heart matter!

Thankfulness is love in words, a love to which God cannot remain indifferent. And let us never forget that this very delicacy of sentiment will become for us the wellspring of all joy and happiness here and hereafter.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS, UDEN, HOLLAND

PLEASE NOTE

All subscriptions to *The Precursor* will in the future begin with the January-February issue.

Persons who subscribe during the year and wish to receive the issues before the following January will kindly add to the price of the ordinary subscription (60 cents a year) an additional 10 cents for each issue.

For instance, a person subscribes in August, 1947. If he or she wishes to receive the September-October and November-December issues of that year, he or she will have to remit 80 cents, that is, 20 cents over and above the ordinary annual subscription price. In this case the magazine would be paid for until January 1949 exclusively.

Rev. Mother Marie du Bon Conseil Twenty Years Editor of "The Precursor"

"She has passed on to God, her Father, her Inspiration, her Life and her Joy." Thus might be aptly prefaced a brief pen-sketch of a generous lover of Christ and souls, Rev. Mother Marie du Bon Conseil, for whom the quiet night and perfect end came on the tenth of Rosary Month

As reverence and love prompt us, we shall here recall the remembrance of the ardent-souled religious whose presence in our Community was ever an incentive to the practice of Christlike virtues, and under whose capable and enlightened guidance *The Precursor* slowly but surely progressed during the last two decades.

The sixth of a family of nine, Rev. Mother was born in Champlain, Three Rivers Diocese. God early showed her that sanctity is perfected on Calvary. A child of seven, she was already deprived of parental love and care. The happy home was broken up and little orphan Marie was adopted by an aunt.

Matured so soon in the school of adversity, Marie turned her heart wholly to the Divine Spouse of souls. On August 15, 1916 she entered the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Two years later she pledged herself to God through the sacred promises of religious life, under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Genuinely virtuous, tirelessly energetic, richly endowed, the young Sister was thereupon ready to serve her Institute in its effort to extend the Kingdom of Christ. Her life, forty-seven years brief, was an exceptionally busy and fruitful one.

When in 1920 Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit, Founding Mother, launched the publication of the Community's mission magazine, the regretted deceased became one of its most active and resourceful promoters. Five years later the editorial charge became hers. Tireless in zeal, prudent in effort, strong with the thought that God would do His part, she made it her great concern

to advance by the apostleship of the pen the cause of the Church and Missions. From 1925 to 1945 her clever, pious and always beautifully simple writings sang the praises of her Lord and her Spotless Mother, and stirred souls to love for mankind beyond home horizons. Quietly, methodically she gave herself to her work, ever mindful of God's presence, ever trusting in God's assistance.

Shortly before the end came, Rev. Mother had penned the opening lines of an inspiring poem on Divine Love, most likely intended for publication in *The Precursor*. Prosaically, it could be worded thus:

" You may fail in everything, but if love fills your heart you can do all things. With Jesus as helpmate you can save the world, you can lead sinners and pagans to the Heart of God."

" If love fills your heart . . ." Well might she have said it of herself, to explain the fecundity of her earthly career and the beauty of her saintly life.

With the praise of admiration we lay our grateful and fervent prayers on her grave.

May the Angel of Death have anointed her eyes for the vision of Eternal Life! May her beautiful, noble, apostolic soul rest in peace!

The funeral service of the regretted deceased was held on Monday, October 14, in the Motherhouse chapel. Rev. Father A. Moreau, chaplain of the Motherhouse, sang the Requiem High Mass.

Were present in the sanctuary: Msgr. E. Larochelle, P.A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; the Rev. Fathers L. Pellegrino, J. Laramée, L. Lanteigne, L. Arcand, F. Roy, S. J. ; C. Barrette, L. P. Breton and V. Savaria.

The mortal remains of the beloved deceased were then conveyed to Pont Viau, where a second *Libera* was chanted in the Novitiate chapel. In the secluded Community cemetery our beloved Mother now awaits the glorious dawn of the Resurrection.

R. I. P.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

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

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

The venerated Foundress had toiled joyously through a laborious day. Her work was done. The Lord of Omnipotence would now give her an opportunity to prepare her soul for the eternal vision of Christ for whom she so longed.

Sickness, the Imitation tells us, does not change a man, but proves what he is. It did not change the Reverend Mother, but revealed in their mature perfection her lifelong characteristics, her noble spirit and beautiful soul. She who longed "to be dissolved and to be with Christ," she who would trustingly enter the valley of death, now unconsciously bared the beauty of her soul, the depth of the richness of her heart. We know how she would recoil from words of praise; still, we cannot refrain from testifying to her lofty and inspiring virtues, even if the limitations of a pen sketch compel us to be brief.

Genuine humility, in which there was no display of self but only regard for others; genuine humility, which led her to ask counsel and appreciate being showed her human foibles and failings, formed the base of the spiritual edifice of her great soul. Time and again she would humbly ask her daughters in Christ to point out what lapses of hers might prove trying on the patience of the Sisters. On one occasion the filial answer was: "Mother, I've noticed one little thing." — "What is it, my daughter?" — "When we recite prayers in common you often finish after the others." — "Thank you, my dear daughter," came the grateful reply. "Mother Assistant had already called my attention to that point, and you see I haven't yet corrected that failing! But I shall be more careful . . . Is there anything else? You must tell me if there is. I hope you love me enough to do so." — "It's absolutely all, Mother."

Obediently she thereafter endeavored to quicken her pace and follow the general rhythm. But she never could sound the note of final victory. God-centred, God-absorbed, she never succeeded in following the younger Sisters who sometimes rushed a little irreverently to the last *Amen*. But hers was the success of failure, for God could not but smile and bless and be patient until the end!

Nobly humble, she distrusted self and took it as a matter of course that God would not fail her. To one of her daughters who shrank before a new assignment she gave these enlightening guide lines: "You must not let yourself be mastered by temptation. You dare not set at such and such a work lest you should not do it well enough. Remember that the saying, 'Let well enough alone,' may be aptly quoted in this sense. If we cannot do anything by ourselves, still we must not forget that God wants us to do

our share, and we must work as if everything depended on us." Then, noticing a little picture within reach of her hand: "I like this picture of a little child in a boat with a venerable old man. The boy grasps the oar and is most proud of his success, but the old sailor lovingly looks on and unknown to the child guides every single stroke with his powerful arm. So is it with us. While we strain every nerve as if we were alone to push our boat onward, Our Heavenly Father directs our way and takes our efforts into account. Even if we never succeeded in moving the frail skiff, if we can tell our Judge on the last day: 'My God, I have spent myself, I have exhausted myself, I have not refused any undertaking for You, but I have failed in everything, I have met only failure, all my efforts have amounted to nothing,' do you believe that Our Lord . . ." Sobs choked the poor Mother and the sentence was left unfinished.

"I have spent myself, I have exhausted myself, I have not refused any undertaking for You!" How eloquent are those words, void of self-praise, on the Founding Mother's lips! How simply they explain those other words she would have her daughters merit as tombstone inscription. Had she not once said: "I wish that the following might be written on the grave of every Sister at her death: 'Here rests one who never took any rest on earth.'" We know how she had pledged herself by vow never to lose her time.

Humble she was and, hence, obedient. One might be tempted to think a Foundress can follow her will oftener than a simple, untitled Sister. God ordains it otherwise, contrariwise, we might add, since Superiors according to the spirit of Him who came to minister may more frequently than their charges be called upon to abdicate their self-will. In works such as those she elaborated, how frequent, how meritorious must have been her submission to the viewpoint of others! The last eight years of her life especially convinced us of the firmness of her virtue of obedience. One does not become obedient overnight, as one does not become a saint in a matter of minutes. With readiness that drew tears from the eyes of her cherished daughters she accepted the decisions of her Assistant, as those of the doctor and the nursing Sisters. In their wishes she adored the holy will of her God. The will of God! That was the great central pivot of her life, her obsession in work, in success, in failure, in suffering, in view of death, everywhere! Enough instances have been brought to light in proof. Let us add one more: While at the Pont Viau Novitiate in May, 1929, she was suddenly taken ill during the night, so ill that her daughters feared for her life. She suffered exquisite pain; still she repeatedly murmured: "O my God, Thy holy will be done! My God, Thy holy will! Thy holy will!" Unceasingly the plea would come from lips that could hardly utter a syllable.

What need have we to stress the spirit of gratitude which led her to introduce in the Church a new religious family each member of which is in duty bound to dedicate herself wholly to extending the Kingdom of Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother "as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving in her own name as in that of all men?"

Perpetual thanksgiving, again, was her aim when she requested the



VERY REV. MOTHER MARIE DU ST. ESPRIT
TOWARDS THE END OF HER LIFE.

almost continual recitation or singing of the *Magnificat*, the *Te Deum* and the *Benedicite* by the Immaculate Conception household.

Delicately she remembered benefactors spiritual and temporal. With beauty of sentiment she thanked those who stood by in her labors, her sufferings, her physical and moral trials. Her gratitude found expression in many a gentle and encouraging way. "Oh, how very kind you are, my poor children!" she would often say. "I wonder whether you will be as kind and devoted to the poor Chinese!" — "We will surely love them," a Sister answered one day, "but we must admit that we love our Mother *a little more!*" — "I am not speaking of natural love," she immediately rejoined, "but of a love of charity."

Again she would break out in words of

gratitude: "If only all children were like you! What will God do to repay you for being so good to me?"

Standing as we do in view of the gigantic welfare organizations sponsored by the untiring woman apostle, we would only belittle the splendor of her charity and zeal if we recalled secondary instances wherein those twin virtues shone in her with the greatest lustre. Let us briefly state in what spirit she exercised both. "Let us cultivate the habit of seeing things broadly, from every angle," she would counsel. "Our zeal ought to be universal. One of our favorite maxims should be: 'Provided that good be done, let it be by whom it may.'" Or again: "To seek Jesus and having found Him reveal Him to others — to what better purpose could I consecrate my life?"

A model of every virtue she has always appeared to all who knew her. The worthy historian will be found, we trust, to show how she followed and overtook the Divine Exemplar. Still, we would be loath to finish this chapter without according special praise to the lily purity of her who mothered generations of virgins for the Immaculate. One sensed her instinctive horror of the slightest tainted breath that could have tarnished her pure soul. With what motherly care she sought to keep unspotted the spiritual lilies of her God's enclosed garden! Did one of her daughters stand exposed to contagion by reason of her charge or function, she would show the greatest anxiety and try to guard her against every danger. The Spotless Mother and the pure heavenly spirits she would continually beseech for help and protection. Speaking of a Sister who could run risks because of her office, she once exclaimed: "How I fear for her lily!" On another occasion, foreseeing all the dangers awaiting her beloved daughters in their

apostolate, she sadly sighed: "The poor children! If I only could I would set them all in treetops, right near Heaven, so nobody would touch them!" With what maternal understanding she heartened those beset by temptation! Well could she do so, for her heart was singularly endowed with the two qualities of a compassionate soul — love and purity.

Accordingly, in 1933, the evening of silent contemplation had fallen upon her long day of active apostolate. Like Mary on Mount Sion she pondered in her solitude on the infinite goodness of her God. Devotion to the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost, the Child Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Holy Angels became more than ever the essence of her spiritual life. Her worn rosary glided along her worn fingers — her daughters busily engaged on the field of missions had need of her pleadings with Mary. She who had so often reminded them that "the measure of our detachment from creatures is the measure of our attachment to God," now seemed to be experiencing the depth of the truth contained in those words. All who entered the room of the venerated patient had the impression that they were entering a sanctuary.

Eight anxious years were those for the Community. Medical science acknowledged its powerlessness to cope with the malady. Meanwhile, the new Motherhouse was planned, built and made ready to welcome its religious dwellers. There came a day when the beloved old Outremont home had to be left. What a heart-stab for the poor Mother! "I am afraid to go to the new house," she would sorrowfully murmur. "I shall die there." But her Assistant delicately lightened the blow. The Sisters left in small groups, until there remained only a few with the Mother Foundress and her Assistant. The time had come for the latter to broach the painful subject. "Mother," she tenderly suggested, "this sacrifice would be a lovely gift to offer for St. Joseph's Feast." The *fiat*, full-hearted if low-voiced, did not delay. "So we shall be at Cote des Neiges for the 19th?" asked Sister Assistant. — "No, right away!" How integrally the servant of God made her oblations! Preparations were hurried with and on the morrow, with the close of St. Francis Xavier's novena, the departure was effected. Generous through and through, the beloved Mother did not even turn her head to cast a farewell glance at the religious home she well knew she nevermore would see.

There were compensations in the new Motherhouse. Her room was on the chapel floor, and that meant frequent visits to her Eucharistic Lord. She was also able, little by little, to explore all the nooks of the convent her dear spiritual children would thereafter call home.

But the evening of her life was far spent and all who saw her marvelled that her frail constitution should have so long resisted. How tenderly her daughters cherished their Mother who would soon go out of the human grasp of their affection! Gladly would they have pressed still closer to shield her from the severing blow of death they knew could not tarry.

The year 1939 brought joy with the home-coming of several Sisters stationed since a number of years in far-off mission outposts. On this occasion of the General Chapter of the Institute, the eldest of the family

rejoiced with filial feeling at the thought of seeing their Founding Mother again. But alas, paralysis had become exacting, and there was only silence where they had expected maternal counsels, and where they would have wished to cull on her lips the plea of old: "My dear daughters, be fervent, be exemplary! All the first Sisters of a Community should be canonizable saints!"

The Sacred Congregation of Religious, judging that the Foundress would thenceforth be unable to direct the Institute, had informed the members of the General Chapter that they should appoint another Superior General in her place. When the humble Mother learned after the election that the heavy burden rested no more upon her, she showed her joy in four little words she could pronounce distinctly: "I am very glad."

The condition of the edifying patient in the beginning of 1940 was far from hopeful, and yet the new Superior General felt it was a duty for her to make the official visitation of the foreign daughter-houses of the Community, which meant an absence of one year.

The Mother Foundress being extremely weak at the time of the departure, she could hardly be expected, according to medical science, to see the dear traveller again. But God kept her, and when the year was over the two Mothers were reunited. Since a long time already the poor patient was utterly speechless; still she showed her happiness and her maternal concern for her dear missionaries laboring on foreign soil.

(To be continued)



A Son of China Made a Child of God Through Baptism

On October 13, anniversary of the last apparition of Our Lady of the Rosary at Fatima, Mr. Sito Ken, of the Quebec Chinese Mission, entered the Fold of the Divine Shepherd. The newly-baptized was born in the vicinity of Canton, China, fifty-eight years ago.

Twice in past years he had been a patient at Laval Hospital, Quebec. About one year ago he was once again admitted to the Hospital. Thanks to the apostolic charity of another patient who shared his room, Mr. Sito Ken first heard of the Catholic Church. His newly-found friend, Mr. Antonio Dufour, instructed him in the principal truths of Our Holy Religion. Mr. Ken then requested the priceless favor of being made a child of God through Baptism, and Rev. Father A. Caron baptized him at the Hospital. Were present the Rev. Father Chaplain of the establishment, a number of nursing Sisters and two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who had often visited him in his illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Dufour acted as sponsors to the happy neophyte.

Thanks be to God who in His merciful Providence has made still another son of China His adopted child with Heaven as inheritance!



Not All Missionary Sisters Wear Habits

(Continued)

With Mr. Benson's clear-headed advice and Little Mother's efficiency, the tide in the affairs of the man who was a failure turned. Came another September and Gerald entered the seminary. Margaret believed God placed great hopes in him. Nor did she spare helpful hints and talks on the priesthood—a boy's highest ideal. Jim and Andrew bore their share of their father's load. So it happened that the Redmond family weathered the blast and days of sunshine dawned.

In the crucible of sorrow the soul of our heroine had been refined. A lofty vocation was to be hers in life, and grace was working its accustomed marvels. Through example, kindness and mildness, rather than through authority, she had become queen of hearth and home. The children obeyed, but they also loved—especially loved. From morning till night they listened to the mute, yet how eloquent sermon of devotedness and self-effacement. Faithful to her plighted word, she cultivated their young souls like so many flowers that should later unfold under the dews of grace. Never did her work lose its glowing appeal. More than ever she was fulfilling her missionary dream, inciting her brothers and sisters to refuse nothing to God, that the pagan world might be shown the way to Him. So convincingly did she speak that one day Peter popped out: "Are you thinking of becoming a missionary too? I guess you'd like to go right away." A searing glance of reproach from Marjorie froze him into silence. "You bad boy, you want her to go!" Glimpsing tears in Peter's eyes, Margaret, who had so well assimilated the Beatitude of mildness, turned to Marjorie: "Don't hurt him, dear. I understand..." She stopped abruptly.

Often enough Margaret and a young brother or sister could be seen calling on needy poor. She thereby wanted to make them appreciate their own good fortune and have compassion on the distress of the pagan multitudes. Always ready to answer any and every divine desire, her noble heart could never rest satisfied with thoughts for self alone. Truly impressive was her confidence in Our Blessed Mother. All day long she offered her labors to that dearest of mothers, spoke to her of her little family and implored heavenly blessings for each member of the home circle. In thought she followed her beloved Gerald and fingered her blessed beads, that, should God really call him, he too might have the courage to go the whole way.

She knew her mother expected her to remain faithful to her trust. But could not that trust, she at times reflected, be passed on to Marjorie? Her heart beat with joy at the thought that she might one day, perhaps very soon, hie to the mission land of her dreams. Then one evening the castle of cards crumbled. Marjorie asked leave to join the Sisters of Charity to carry the message of Christ to the Canadian North. Would Margaret consult Dad about it? The eldest Redmond girl had not been expecting a like revelation. She groped for words, but her lips remained speechless. A coldness gripped Marjorie's heart. Did Margaret judge her unprepared for that vocation of complete self-surrender? Humbly she continued: "Oh, I know, my hasty temper gives you good reason to fear I'll be unable to bear community life. But I do believe God accepts the unworthy, when one is

willing to reform and give oneself wholly to Him." — "So you would be leaving?" Margaret drew a long sigh of sorrow. — "In a way it's your own fault, Margaret. Ever since I was small, you've been talking about pagans and missions and telling us that missionaries are all too few. I thought you had me in mind then, and finally, on my confessor's advice, I decided to tell you about my great ambition, feeling sure you would approve."

Wise beyond words in the charity of the God of Love and generous through and through, Margaret embraced her young sister. "Dear Marjorie, I'm so happy over your choice! Mother must be so glad now that two of her children are thinking of becoming missionaries. You may be sure I do approve and will help you with my most fervent prayers. Mission life is for girls like you. Now, don't misunderstand my silence. I was so very much taken by surprise. But know that your vocation is paid with a heavy sacrifice. Go, little sister, and save the hapless Eskimos. While you will be battling for souls up there, I shall be a stay-at-home missionary, silent and unknown."

Before seeking their pillows that night, both sang to the Giver of all bounties a hymn of joy and thanks. The Master, who looks first and foremost to the heart, accepted the offering of liberty and life in the one case, and that of a bleeding, but entirely submissive heart in the other.

* * *

Swiftly the years slipped into eternity. One by one the nestlings left home to answer the Savior's call or follow their destiny. Jim, Andrew and Mary have homes of their own, and are trying to model them on the lofty prototype set by their mother and Margaret.

Mr. Redmond has passed through the portals of death. Gently he breathed his last, blessing the consoling angel at his side, Margaret, who had cheered him through days and months of affliction and torture. He left with the consolation of seeing each one of his family settled in life according to God's plan.

Not long after, there arose a day of joy and jubilation. The village church had taken on a festive air. A newly-ordained priest was about to pronounce his first *Introibo*. How his eyes beamed with celestial bliss as he went up to the altar of God! Father Gerald Redmond he was, garbed in the immaculate alb and cloth-of-gold chasuble lovingly fashioned by Margaret. Every stitch carried its own portion of her sisterly heart. Blinding tears, Margaret could have confessed, had many a time trickled over the labor of love. Beneath the flimsy lacework she fancied she could catch glimpses of India — the India that would presently claim her Gerald. Then the scene would change. Basking in the rays of future happiness she would vision his ordination day, his priestly hands blessing her and giving her the consecrated Host. Then her sorrow seemed lighter. At last had dawned the long-desired day for which all sighed. In the front pew knelt Margaret, wondering how Heaven could come so close to earth. Could only her beloved parents have assisted at the conferring of the sacred rights! Still, she felt intimately that the gates of Paradise had been swung open to let them see the joy in the little village church.

With unsteady hand the new priest deposited the Living God on the lips of his sister. Tears sprang to his eyes and from his heart there ascended a prayer for her through whom had come to him the inexpressible privilege of the sacerdotal unction.

Margaret was reaping in joy what she had sown in tears. Her mother's prediction was becoming true. Father Gerald was the third fruit of Margaret's immolation, since Marjorie, the little Sister of Charity, was already bringing the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles of the North, and Teresa, a teaching Sister, was training youth in all that goes to make strong-souled Catholics. Even young Peter had benefited by the example of his elders. Dark Africa would in a few short years claim his Christlike ministry. Thus, from that marvellous seed had sprouted four vocations, three of them extending far beyond home horizons.

One day, several years later, came a heart-rending appeal from Father Peter of the Blacks. A native seminarian was about to give up his studies for the priesthood on account of poverty. In Margaret's soul, open to every tale of trouble, the distressed cry found an echo. "I shall adopt him. He will be my third priest." And by dint of economy, rather, by dint of sacrifice, she helped the needy minister of the Sacerdotal Christ realize the noble aim that had given joy to his youth. She had fully grasped the tremendous full face value of "just another priest". One Mass more each day would be offered. The merits of Our Savior would be applied to a world of souls that would otherwise be deprived of the grace of salvation.

A few more years left their mark on the scrolls of time. One happy morning came a letter from the newly-consecrated native priest, brimful with gratitude and asking prayers that the blessing of the Almighty might rest upon his apostolic career. To Mary, Queen of the Clergy, she confided her priestly adopted son. Was not Mary the Mother of the Eternal High Priest, Christ her Son?

* * *

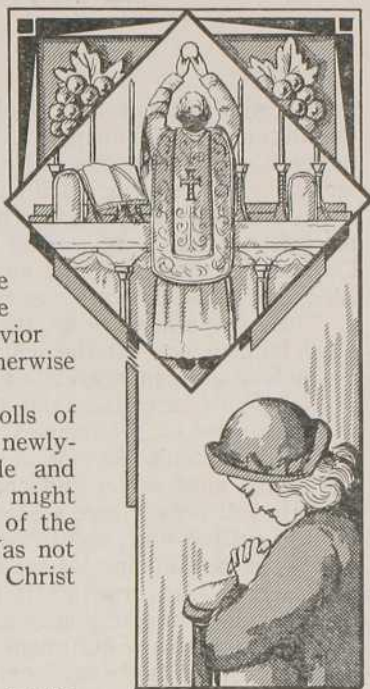
The years have snowed on Margaret's brow. In the village she is affectionately called Grannie by everyone. Not one family can claim to have been overlooked or slighted by the charitable Miss Redmond. Always she has proven herself a friend in need and in deed, going about doing good, healing sorrow, soothing pain, helping the helpless and consoling the afflicted.

Could not the staunch little mother rest on her laurels now? No, too great is her soul, too small the world for her sublime aspirations. Her vocation is found — for years she has been fulfilling it. Until night shadows fall and she slips quietly home to her Maker, she will spend herself for her Christ-bearers.

Even today she never misses a Mass. When someone objects to her trudging off to church so early in the morning, she only smiles and answers: "Oh, don't worry about me. I must go to Communion. The Host is my daily bread. It helped me live well, and It will help me die well. Besides, I must be walking for my missionaries." Hour after hour, she murmurs her Hail Marys to the Queen of Heaven. In the fading twilight of life she calmly looks in the face of death, not alone calmly but joyously, for it has been her joy to contribute to the redemptive work of the Savior.

When shall toll for her the passing bell, no doubt a brilliant cortege will welcome her home. What will not be her astonishment and rapture as she greets the souls she will have made her God's! Hidden and lowly on earth, she will be exalted in the Realms on high. Will she not rank with the hosts of apostles, she whose great heart beat with love and sympathy for the poor heathens?

May hundreds and hundreds of our young people grasp the tremendous value of a life wholly dedicated to accomplishing God's holy will, whatever the cost, whatever the extent! The religious vocation is a gift from the Master, who giveth to whom He will. But all can be apostles of Margaret's type. The apostolate of sacrifice and devotedness, when God wills it, is most efficacious. Alas! how many youthful Johns and Marys and Henrys squander their God-given lives and stand ashamed and empty-handed before the judgment seat of Him for whom they could have led meritorious and fruitful careers, of Him to whom they could have guided thousands of truth-starved souls!



Divine Neutrality

ALL ARE GOD'S CHILDREN

The wind had quenched the lamp over the door, while flurries of snow added to the blackness of the night; still blind from the light inside, Repton felt movement rather than saw anything. He called the traditional greeting to those who had knocked, and switched on his flashlight.

As the beam shone out, a rifle barrel, made more wicked by a bayonet, rose through it. The point pushed horribly against his chest, and a voice snarled in Chinese that there must be no light. Though he hastened to obey, Repton had time to see that the yard was full of armed men.

There was a quick order, the pressure of the bayonet relaxed, and he made out a tall, bulky figure. In the light, Repton saw he was a tall, powerful young Chinese, probably of the mandarin class, alert and intelligent. He was vast with the paddings of Chinese winter clothes, and a heavy pistol hung in the holster of his belt. The way he turned on a cringing Chinese two of his men had dragged into the light increased Repton's fear, for the man was no other than the mission's No. 3 Boy, Chee-sung, altar server and church cleaner.

"He still swears there is a priest here," the big man snapped at Repton after a word with Chee-sung; and Repton, prepared to temporize, heard Father Palombo's quiet voice behind him: "I am a priest. What can I do for you?"

The big leader turned to the priest with a look of pleasure that, as so often with Chinese, made him singularly attractive.

"Most humble protestations and salutations, Reverend Father," he said. "My despicable name is Hwang-feng. I am a Catholic, as were my honorable fathers, God rest their souls. I have here five, six good Catholics also. We come to you, please, for confession and Holy Communion, and yes, please, Mass too."

"I have only your word that you are Catholics," the priest began.

"Sure thing," beamed Hwang-feng, and at once began the *Credo* in good Church Latin. Three of the men behind him joined in, and the others plainly understood, for they took off their hats. Repton had never before realized quite so startlingly the value of a universal ritual language.

"Come in, all of you," the priest said, and led them into the big living room. But the brighter light revealed Hwang-feng and his men as such desperate-looking, heavily armed ruffians that the priest's face clouded.

"You haven't the look of penitents," he said, with that even courage in the face of threat that Repton always found so surprising in one so retiring.

"We are soldiers," Hwang-feng said simply, and he named one of several local war lords as his commander. "That is why we come, Father. Two, three days from now we fight the Japanese, who are marching on to this district, and since in fighting, men die, we should like to face that prepared."

"But is your fighting just?" the priest asked with his gentle sternness. "Some call it brigandage."

"That is the Japanese word. But we only defend our country that they try to steal bit by bit. Defending one's own land is just, Father."

"But no war has been declared," the priest insisted.

"Yet the Japanese advance every day farther into our land and what they take they keep. And if we say No! or try to keep them back, they shoot us. All we do is try to keep the thieves away. Father, there is no sin in that."

"Guerrilla warfare is lawful," Repton put in.

"Yes, if you are in good faith," the priest agreed. "But so many of your bands are merely brigands."

"It may be true, but not of us," Hwang-feng said, not without dignity. "Where there is war, bad as well as good men fight. But we try our little bit to be good. And, see, haven't we come to make our confession in the goodness of our Faith? Can you refuse us, Father, who in a few days may be dead?"

"No, I will do as you ask," the priest said quietly. "But if the Japanese are so near, will it be safe to wait for Communion during Mass tomorrow?"

"It will be O.K., Father," beamed Hwang-feng. "We know all about them. Their Army is four days' march away."

The priest held up his hand.

"I do not wish to know," he said quietly. "In this house we are not concerned with war. Whatever your just anger against your enemies, you approach God here only as penitent men. You may stay in the mission tonight; and I will say early Mass for you. Then you must leave at once, for we cannot favor either side. Even while you are here you must put away your weapons; no armed man may enter the house of God."

It was the strangest business. Repton showed them into the deserted school-house, where they readily shed their arms before going to the tiny chapel. Cut-throats though they looked, he was struck by their reverence as, one by one, they went to the little box where Father Palombo sat, and came back, shriven and at peace with their Maker, to kneel beneath the dim red light of the tabernacle, to say their penances and to open their souls to Him who saw no difference in any man who came to Him pure of heart.

More than 200 miles of wild territory cut them off from the nearest outpost of European civilization, while the bleakness of the December night, the snow, and the knowledge that the whole district had been deserted by its inhabitants, added a touch of dread to their utter isolation.

There they were, two white men, the priest and his lay helper, alone in that strange, enigmatic, dangerous land, at the mercy of seven Orientals who might be bandits, pretending to be good Catholics.

Yet there was no doubting their good faith. Repton, who hovered at the back ready to fly to the priest's aid if necessary, found himself edified by the naturalness and simplicity of their devotion. They prepared for confession; they prayed after it with a quiet genuineness that awed him.

Hwang-feng even smiled a little at his wonder when they left. He and his family, he explained, had been Catholics since 1601, when the Ming emperor, Wan-li, had summoned the great Li-mateu (Chinese for Father Ricco Matteo, S.J.) to Peking. It was a little startling as well as disconcerting to Repton, whose father had been the first convert in his family.

* * *

But Hwang-feng for once had overlooked the alertness and swiftness of the enemy. It was the Japanese who brought off the surprise, next morning.

Mass was set for a very early hour, so that they could get away with less chance of discovery. It was still dark in the chapel, and the snow that had settled during the night helped the Japanese to approach undetected. Father Palombo, with Chee-sung serving, had just reached the "*Dignum et justum est*" when Repton,



at the rear of the chapel, heard a sound that made his heart go cold. It was the clink of spurs on the tiled floor in the hall.

He saw a Japanese officer, pistol in hand, at the door of the chapel, and behind him two troopers with guns at ready. He knew at once that a scouting patrol ahead of the advancing Japanese Army had caught Hwang-feng and his men at a helpless moment. No doubt of that, they were weaponless, yet one glance at the military belting about them told the Japanese officer what they were. Even as Father Palombo's voice spoke "*...per quem majestatem tuam*" the officer went swiftly up the aisle, his pistol covering Hwang-feng and his men.

Hwang-feng saw him. For a long moment the eyes of the two men held, the kneeling Chinese regarding his enemy with the strange, stoic calm of his race. It even seemed as though the look baffled the officer. He hesitated, and as he did, the soft, triumphant "*Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*" burst through the chapel.

The abrupt surprise of the words, the vigor with which Chee-sung rang his bell, made the Japanese start around towards the altar, and fear leaped in Repton's heart. Would the man be suspicious? Would he think the ringing of the bell a trick, a signal of alarm? A soldier in his position and ignorant of the Mass might easily do so. Yet worse followed.

Chee-sung, hearing the quick movement, turned at the altar step. He saw the Japanese facing him, pistol in hand, and his spirit cracked in panic. He uttered a strangled cry, dropped the bell with a clash that frightened him even more and fled out of the sanctuary, through the sacristy and away.

Repton was sure that this was the end, that the officer would shoot Chee-sung as he ran, and that massacre must follow. It was a moment of dreadful tension in which the quietude of the chapel seemed to take on a more unearthly stillness.

But even as Repton's hands gripped the chair-back before him, the priest's voice came again, calm, unflurried, supernally grave: "*Hanc igitur oblationem,*" it began, and the priestly hands went out, spreading over the chalice.

The Catholic in Hwang-feng responded to that instinctively; he half rose, cried in Chinese, "The bell."

Then the strangest of all things happened. The Japanese officer stiffened, but not to shoot. He said quickly and firmly in Chinese: "Keep on your knees." And then, with swift gestures, he put his pistol into his holster, whipped off his steel helmet and stepped into the sanctuary.

A moment later the bell rang out.

It rang with the note of a practiced server, and Repton heard and stared astounded.

The Japanese was serving as though he had done it all his life. It seemed incredible, and yet why should it be? It was more than likely he had served all his life; there were many good Catholics among the Japanese, too.

"... *et ne nos inducas in tentationem,*" said the celebrant.

"*Sed libera nos a malo,*" answered clearly the voice of a man to whom the Mass had both eternal significance and sublime familiarity.

The Japanese officer was as devout as his Chinese enemies who had risked their lives to hear this Mass. Even one of his troopers was a Catholic, for though one man stood alert with his gun at the ready, the other with his helmet off and gun set aside knelt praying in the doorway. The enemies had come together only to find a truce in the Mass.

And the Mass went on, common to all. All there, Chinese, Japanese, white men, knelt quiet, unmoving, absorbed. They were enemies ready to kill each other in the world outside, but here, in the world of the Mass, they were one. One in understanding, worship and peace.

The bell rang at the "*Domine, non sum dignus,*" and after the due, grave moment the Japanese officer looked round, as a world-wide legion of altar servers have

at that august moment. Repton felt his breath catch—how commonplace the thing was. What a lifetime of servers he had watched glancing to see if there were communicants. And the Japanese officer was saying the *Confiteor*.

Their enemy was praying for them as the Chinese moved quietly to the altar rail; and for his own, too, for with a subdued clatter of body harness, the Japanese trooper kneeling at the door went with them.

Chinese and Japanese at the rail, enemies with their hates set aside, kneeling, one in God, receiving Him in one spirit and one devotion; that was the most startling thing of all.

Enemies, who only an hour earlier or later, had only to see each other to shoot and kill had, for this brief space, entered a no man's land of faith where there was no shooting nor killing; no hate, no difference of race nor interests. In the Mass there are no nationalities: at the Communion rail there are no antagonisms of blood nor country nor class, only men worshipping their God, only a divine neutrality.

Hwang-feng and his men returned from the rail. The Japanese trooper clattered back to his place at the door. In deep and reverent stillness Mass went on.

War was outside: destruction and evil, the pitiful evil of men made blind by their just rights, the world's just rights. But the Mass went on untouched by war, unconcerned with the world and its rights. The Mass went on, as it went on at 10,000 altars throughout the world, where, as here, men shed self and selfishness and became just men, one in worship, service, and fellowship; men cut off and safe from the world for a moment, in the vast and lovely charity of God.

"*Ite missa est*," came the voice of Father Palombo from the altar.

"*Deo Gratias*," the Japanese seemed to sigh.

Well, thanks be to God, indeed, for that amazing moment, for that revelation, thought Repton. If only that moment, that supreme neutrality of the Mass, could go on forever.

DOUGLAS NEWTON
in the *Melbourne Advocate*

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	May-June.....	\$28.00
Year 1945.....	223.10	July-August.....	17.90
January-February 1946.....	34.25	September-October.....	91.50
March-April.....	31.50	November-December.....	72.00

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

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



Song of Bernadette

*Songs that tell of Mary's beauty
Have been chanted through the years;
Of her kindness, of her mildness
For her sons in vale of tears.
But a special sweetness lingers
In the Song of Bernadette,
For she sings of joyous gladness,
Of a smile she can't forget.*

*Lourdes is Heaven, sings the Peasant
Bernadette emparadised;
And another smile from Mary
Dearer far than life were prized!
Lourdes is Mary, glowing Vision
Canopied by skies of gray.
Winter lies upon the streamlet,
But the smile is sweet as May!*

* * *

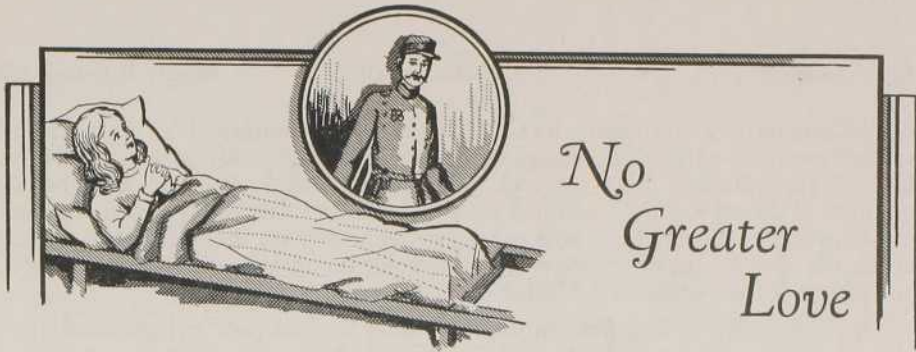
*Lovely Lady, stainless, sinless,
Earth is sad, with sin defiled;
Bleak the day and clouded, shadowed;
Winds of sorrow whistle wild.
Look on us from Heaven's Portals,
Cheer our earthly "little while";
Help us raise our hearts to Heaven,
Give us, please, another smile!*

*When the path is steep and rugged
And we stumble as we trudge,
Cheer us, Mary, gird us, Mary,
Make us love our God and Judge!
Look on, Mary, when He tries us
And our hearts are sore oppressed;
There is mercy, there is kindness
In your sweet, unsullied breast!*

*Let your eyes like starlight glisten
When the dusk of life is nigh
And we weary, lonely children
For a mother's heart-clasp sigh!
Gladly bear we passing sorrows,
Life is just a "little while",
And we hold the precious promise
Of your fond eternal smile!*

THE PRECURSOR





"Mother, when are we going to Lourdes? Our Blessed Lady still cares and her arm is not shortened."

Sue's pain-filled eyes, once twin pools of girlish laughter, opened in an anguished plea that stabbed the maternal heart keeping love's lone vigil.

Poor little Sue! Aglow with eagerness and energy, ready for the grand adventure called life, her smiling young face uplifted to catch beauty in its every form — and now lying helpless on her couch, the whole lovely pattern of her life suddenly fallen apart!

Two century-long years had dragged on since the terrible accident. Her delicate body had never recovered from the all but fatal blow. Life was slowly, painfully ebbing out of the mortal frame.

Mrs. N. looked on heart-brokenly, too hurt to speak. Sue was her only daughter. What joy had attended her birth after the happy coming of a boyish trio! She loved Sue, the light-hearted, mischievous girl whose brown eyes, wide-open windows of a soul closely matching Mary's, were always glowing with irrepressible cheerfulness. She loved Sue's soul, maternally tender, manfully strong, chivalrously valiant and dauntless. That soul held purity and virility — the purity and resistance of a diamond.

Poor little Sue! She wanted so much to live, she wanted so much to give! For life, she had understood, was a giving to God and His human likenesses. Her noble soul thrilled and throbbed at the golden prospect. Her father, half in compliment, half in jest, would forever keep stamping her "a lily grafted on an oak."

The torch of hope had toppled over and was smouldering in her heart, but she was of the mettle of which heroines are made. Strong and unbowed her spirits remained, and firm as steel her peerless character, her trust in the Immaculate One. But was not this the agony? Poor Sue felt mortally exhausted. Pain etched every feature of her face, and death had all but marked her for its own. And Sue was thinking of a pilgrimage to Lourdes! Her mother had always replied with a terse "No!" To let her go to Lourdes meant to let her go to her death! Besides, had not the doctor echoed the motherly negation ten times more emphatically? But that persistent plea, those remains of tears around the brown eyes — how eloquently they implored! Could Mother add another "No" to the previous ones?

For the twentieth time the voice that had become a faltering whisper rehearsed its prayer: "Darling Mother mine, please take me to Lourdes, so the Blessed Mother will cure me! I'm sure she will!" With a shudder the upset mother lifted tear-wet eyes to the statue of another Mother, whose assistance had never been asked in vain.

"Be it so, little one. We shall go to Lourdes. Tomorrow." Ecstatic joy lit up the fair face and Sue smiled her thanks.

Lourdes at last. Sue lay near the hallowed grotto, eyes raised heavenwards. Her father, mother and stretcher-bearer brothers stood lovingly and protectingly near. That the girl still had a spark of life remaining was miracle enough. Confi-

dently, prayerfully the family awaited for Mary to complete her work. In the sombre grotto lit only by the unsteady flicker of candles the lily-white statue of the Lily Virgin beamed. What blissful quiet, what peace! Nothing but the soft murmur of the crystal tide, subdued trills of warblers in the ivy vines, a few beats of bird wings in the air; from time to time a sigh, a prayer, the overflow of a heavy heart; the silent chant of the towering mountains, immutable witnesses of the glory and mercy of the Immaculate Mother of God.

Pilgrims passed to and fro, sympathetically eyeing the poor girl shadowed, so it seemed, with the solemnity of death. Suddenly, Sue was distracted from her loving communings by the unexpected appearance of a young hussar who haughtily strode forward, his head covered and a mocking sneer on his lips. Sue felt as if sword-stabbed. In the ironical and contemptuous countenance she glimpsed the unhappiness of a soul drifted away from its Maker, dead to the life of grace, a soul whose next minute might mark the beginning of an eternity of despair. That soul, at what price had Jesus ransomed it? Had it not cost Him His Precious Blood to the last crimson drop? Unto death He had loved it, unto the death of the Cross. Had Jesus squandered His Blood? Had Jesus failed?

As the thought shot across her mind, Sue sensed something of the unutterable anguish that wrung the Heart of the Savior in Gethsemane, as He visioned thousands for whom His death would never purchase life eternal! Oh, this soul must be saved! Sue lifted her eyes towards the Madonna and her soul, the soul of a passionate lover of souls, gazed through her misty eyes. In that tremendous moment she heard a mysterious whisper beckoning her to ascend the hill of heroic self-sacrifice. A violent struggle ensued between the generous soul yearning for the oblation and shrinking nature uttering its loud protests. Never had life been so lovable and so appealing! Never had Sue longed with greater longing to feel life pulsating in her veins, glowing on her cheeks! She *knew* Mary would speak the healing word!

But in the seconds that followed a miracle was wrought. Jesus opened before her soul-gaze infinite vistas and unbounded horizons. Oh, she thought she had always appreciated a soul at full face value! How paltry had been her estimation she now guessed. She could no longer hesitate. "O Mary Immaculate, work the miracle for him! My little flickering life for his eternal life!"

Celestial peace and joy suffused the face of the little victim God had taken at her word. The officer, silent and serious, twisted his military cap in his hands and pensively withdrew.

"Sis, it's time for the procession!" one of the brothers hopefully said. "We are going to carry you in front of the Rosary Church, so Jesus in the Host will give you His best blessing."

With infinite precautions the sturdy young men lifted the couch, while Sue cast a last farewell glance to the Immaculate, whose lips seemed parted in a thankful smile.

Among His suffering brethren Jesus passed, as erstwhile when He walked our human valleys. The venerable old priest's voice arose in supplication: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean! . . . Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick! . . . Jesus, O Jesus! Only say the word, and I shall be healed! . . . Thou art the resurrection and the life! . . ."

The Savior Jesus stood there, thrillingly close, so close that she could almost feel the divine breath caressing her brow. Lovingly and long she fixed her eyes upon the Sacred Host. Before It she renewed her oblation: "Jesus, life for life!"

A stifled sob at her side startled her. Painfully she turned her head. Were her eyes deceiving her? The haughty officer, kneeling in the dust, was weeping uncontrollably. Burning tears were cascading down his skyblue jacket. Sue heard his contrite prayer: "O my God, forgive me!"

The sacrifice had been accepted. Mary had agreed to the heroic exchange. On the morrow the hussar, absolved and happy, received his God. Almost at the same hour the dear girl who had so selflessly given up her life for his eternal welfare peacefully went to Him who died that we might live. Smilingly she joined the Angels, among whom there was ineffable joy for a sinner who had lost and found his Redeemer.

GABRIELLE DE SABLE

The Splendor of Her Smile

Bernadette whom Mary loved learned to smile in Mary's school. Eighteen times, a witness tells us, the shepherd seer smiled on March 14. When asked the cause of her joy she simply answered: "I smiled because the Lady smiled."

Is not this frequent smile of Mary the smile of thrilling hope?

"I am taking the liberty," wrote Mr. Dupont of Tours to the Bishop of Tarbes, "of placing under your eyes several reflections that came to me and that greatly comforted my aching soul."

"Mary wept at La Salette; she smiled at Lourdes. At La Salette she bore on her garments the insignia of the Passion. But was not the white robe she wore at Lourdes a vestment of joy? To the shepherd children of La Salette she made known calamities and scourges, as Pope Pius IX has read in their secret. To the shepherd girl of the Pyrenees she asked that prayers be said for sinners. Does not this invitation to prayer connote God's readiness to forgive, just as the interdiction to pray would suggest God's unwillingness to absolve?"

"On the Holy Mount of La Salette Mary's hands were concealed (So Melanie affirmed time and again in 1847). At Lourdes they were visible to the eye, now lifted, now clasped on the Vision's breast, now extended towards her earthly clients. Hands, we all agree, denote liberality: *Aperis tu manum tuam*; and Our Lady of Lourdes today wishes to give and give, and her heavenly wealth is beyond exhaustion.

"Today she asks for the erection of a sanctuary in remembrance of her merciful visitation. This last fact ought to inspire us with great confidence, since we cannot think of rebuilding if these are times of destruction. The truth is, the time has come to reconstruct.

"The order of the two apparitions is to be noted: threats at the outset, consolation and hope at the end. Reverse this order and you have reason to tremble with dread. Mary's Immaculate Conception was proclaimed a dogma of faith between the two dates.

"Blessed be Mary, who has apparently obtained through her maternal admonitions the conversion of enough sinners and the supplications of enough just souls to appease the wrath of the Lord God!"

Blessed rock, sacred hill, Horeb of France and her Mount of Beatitudes, "I firmly believe that Mary did not come down towards you as a messenger

of heavenly vengeance, but as a sign of redemption. No! No! The star you saw rising in a cloud of gold above the graceful clump of a field rosebush is not a star announcing a storm, it is a star harbinger of peace. Oh, may it come soon, that holy, sweet, blessed peace of Mary!" (Msgr. Touchet)

Mary also teaches us resignation and indifference in all the events of life. "Many prophecies are brought to me," said Pope Pius IX, the Vatican captive. "I know not in what measure they are true, but there is one I should like to see realized. It is this: Jesus is said to have appeared to a pious girl, holding in His hands a little child by the name of Mastai (family name of Pope Pius IX). He carried the child to the right amid joys and triumphs, and the child smiled. He carried it to the left where insults and assaults awaited it, and the child smiled. He lowered it towards a raging sea with surging billows, and still the little one smiled. At last He raised it aloft in the light and the child's smile beamed all the more radiant. Such is my sole ambition: to be a little child in Jesus' Hands." This is what we should become under Mary's protection: a child smiling through joys, smiling through sorrows, smiling through threats, smiling up at Heaven.

Mary's smile once for all condemns the taunting smile of people who would be reputed highly intelligent; that mocking smile which shrivels up all enthusiasm, and which, in the words of a writer, has slain more souls than cannon ever slaughtered men. Let us brave it valiantly and laugh at the jeers of others.

Mary's smile teaches us to be generous and to accustom our lips to the smile of charity. Far from us those airs bereft of everything angelic and heavenly, airs of murmur, discontent and fretfulness, that contain, forebode and all too often unleash tempest.

Let us chase away the clouds no matter whence they come, and wear serenity on our brows and benevolence on our features; let kindness and mildness season our words and patience our proceedings; let goodness accompany our deeds, prudence our admonitions, tact our witticisms and amenity our refusals. Let us be of good cheer no matter how often we stumble, provided that we take hold of our good resolves again.

Mary points out to us an academy where all those things are taught, or rather, to which all her glory and pleasure it is to lead us. It is the academy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There we hear the precept: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." There a watchword is made ours: *Cor unum et anima una*. One heart, one soul. With Mary as our gentle and inspiring guide let us enroll in that blessed academy, and let us strive to learn from the meek and humble Master the lesson of mildness, mildness like to Christ's, mildness like to Mary's!

J.B. VUILLEMIN



It was a good answer which a poor woman gave to the question, "What is Faith?" — "I cannot answer well," she replied. "I am ignorant, but I think Faith is taking God at His word."

The Ave Maria

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

Towards the end of dinner, the Abbe Chauvin, curate of St. Jacques de Châtellerault, read a hymn in honor of the martyr, the graceful and tender poetry of which provoked murmurs of approbation from the bishop and all the assembled company. Between the services, a large number of Theophane's old friends made a pilgrimage to the grassy hillsides of Bel-Air, where the first inspiration for the foreign missions had come into his childish heart.

The wax taper carried by the bishop on that occasion was left, at his request, as a memorial in the parish church, and by its side hangs in a square frame an autograph letter of the martyr, written with a paint brush in his cage.

* * *

And now that we have followed Theophane Venard from his birth to his death, is our interest in him entirely at an end? If our minds have been for a short time turned from frivolous thoughts to the contemplation of a life so pure, so holy, so single-minded in the dedication of all its gifts and powers to God, will it not have some influence, some effect on our future conduct?

We feel confident that our Lord will not allow so eminent an example to pass unheeded, and that already this martyr's words have kindled in other souls a like burning love and zeal for the conversion of the heathen. Scarcely had Theophane Venard reached Tong-king when his letters began to fire the ambition of friends and companions, determining them to share in his apostolic labors for the foreign missions. We trust that on those who read this little book a like impression may be made; that if all cannot actually take part in the missionary's life, they may at least help others to do so by propagating the works of the foreign missions to the utmost of their power in the circle of their own homes.

At the Congress of Malines a noted Catholic orator, M. Augustin Cochin, after having pronounced an eloquent discourse on the progress of science and arts from the religious point of view, quoted a letter of Theophane Venard to enforce his arguments, and to induce the eminent men who listened to him to join in a series of resolutions, of which the first was, "To labor incessantly for the *propagation of the faith among the heathen.*" He went on to say, "I cannot understand that any true Catholic should refuse to work energetically for the maintenance of those model men amongst us who go forth to regions where the Gospel is unknown and seal the truth with their blood. Their words breathe a faith and an ardent charity of which their lives and their deaths are the proof. . . ."

"I was struck the other day by an unexpected coincidence between the letters of two men to their sisters, both delicate and sincere, both written

in presence of the tomb, one by a brother to his sister who is dead, the other to his sister by a brother about to die. The former was from a man but too well known, who, searching in his heart for what was purest and best, could speak only of 'refined doubts,' 'delicate questions,' 'tears mingled by the women of old with the waves of Biblos,' 'the mysteries of Adonis,' . . . and thus he writes to her whom he calls his 'good genius!' The other was written at midnight by a prisoner from his cage on the eve of martyrdom, on the 20th of January, only two years ago, at the very moment, gentlemen, when some of us were probably at a ball." . . . He then read aloud the letter to Melanie, and added, "Gentlemen, between these two letters of Renan and Theophane Venard, between the two doctrines which they inspire, between the two states of mind which they reveal, my choice is made; gentlemen, I earnestly recommend to you the work of the propagation of the faith!"

The whole Congress was moved by these eloquent words; and the letter, which M. Cochin termed "One of the most beautiful pages in the History of the Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century," produced in the hearts of his three thousand auditors an emotion which bore immediate fruit, for the next day the orator received, among other offerings, without any signature or sign of the donor, a bank note of one thousand francs for the Foreign Mission Seminary.

Let us hope that this generous heart may find its imitators; and that this humble biography, however feebly executed, may move other Christian souls to come forward and help in the great work.

RETROSPECT

When the storm of persecution which marked the death of Theophane Venard had spent itself, it was found that, between the years 1857-1862, in the various parts of Tong-king and Cochin-China, 117 foreign priests were martyred. In addition to these, 115 Annamite priests — one third of the native clergy of Annam — poured out their blood for Jesus Christ. Eighty convents were destroyed and 2,000 Annamite nuns dispersed, 100 of whom gave up their lives for the faith. All of the colleges were closed and most of the catechists and pupils arrested. The more prominent among the native Christians, to the number of about 10,000 were also put in prison. Of these, more than 5,000 died for the faith, — some being decapitated after regular trial; others burned in groups, buried alive or drowned. In Tong-king, the mandarins, foreseeing that liberty would soon be proclaimed, cut off completely the supply of food and caused many to die of starvation.

A period of peace followed in Tong-king, with occasional threatenings, until 1882, when Father Bechel was beheaded with his catechists and his flock. The royal council then considered a general massacre of all Catholic priests and people. The king, Tu Duc, the same under whom Theophane Venard was sentenced, opposed the movement. Shortly afterwards he died, after a reign of thirty-five years, — a reign that had been often criminal and always unhappy.

Another frightful massacre took place in 1885, covering the whole region of Indo-China. In the mission of Tong-king 163 churches were burned, 4,799 Catholics were killed, and 1,181 died of hunger and misery.

Today France is in peaceful possession of Tong-king and the great persecutions have ceased. The following statistics, supplied from the latest report of the Paris Seminary will be of interest to the reader, who cannot fail to see here again exemplified the well-known axiom of Tertullian, "Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum" — "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

(To be continued)

When peace eventually returns to this war weary world there will be no lack of plans for perpetuating its blessing. But if there is any truth in the old adage that history repeats itself, then let us be on our guard lest there be carried into the present one great defeat of the past which has caused many of history's saddest events, the exclusion of God from the programme for permanent peace.

Most Rev. R. J. Cushing

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of January, 1947

"Unity of East and West Through Christian Principles"

World War II unwittingly fused the strongest link in the chain of unity binding east and west together although the bickerings of U.N. meetings now threaten to sever it completely. The men in our armed forces discovered that Christianity was not the prerogative of the white men alone; it was a treasure held in high esteem by the natives of Africa, Oceania, Japan and China. With that knowledge came a greater respect, a wider understanding of the peoples of all races, united through the bond of belief in Christianity.

However, unless Christianity has a foothold in the nations of the East as well as those in the West the basis of unity does not exist. It is for this reason that the Holy See views with alarm the communistic encroachment in China, Korea, Yugoslavia and the once staunch Catholic nations of Europe. The disciples of Marxist principles have no space in their programs for indoctrination of beliefs taught by Jesus Christ. His name is anathema to them and His followers are their greatest stumbling blocks to progress.

With almost prophetic vision His Holiness opens the New Year, the turning point in world history, with a plea for "unity of east and west through Christian principles." He knows with almost supernatural clarity without Christian principles there can be no lasting peace. As he stated in his broadcast to America on October 26th last, "Men gather to enact laws of people, or with the praiseworthy purpose of lifting their fellowmen out of the morass of misery and despair seeded by injustice while they deliberately exclude recognition of the supreme law-giver and universal sovereign, yet the only True God is no less real for all that. And if He has given to His creature, man, spiritual capacity to deliberate and wilfully to act, He will most certainly demand of him a strict accounting of his thoughts and conduct."

To insure the longed-for unity it might be well to consider at this time the promises made by Our Lady during her miraculous appearances at Fatima. She requested that the world repent of its sins, recite the Rosary daily, receive Holy Communion on the first Saturday of five consecutive months. These might constitute the basis for worthwhile New Year resolutions which, through united effort, might restore Christ to the world in 1947.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director

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



Along the Mission Newsfront

MANCHURIA

SZEPINGKAI RESURGENT

ANNOUNCING HAPPIER TOMORROWS

June with its ruby red roses for the Sacred Heart opened with glowing prospects and fair suggestions of the silver lining of war clouds. Peace regained means joy and hope regained, with dread and anxiety elbowed aside. May the Most Sacred Heart of the Prince of Peace grant solid, steady and sound tranquillity to Manchuria, that her missionaries foreign and native may be able again to wage the battle for souls, the battle that will know no armistice until the last lone human likeness of God is securely made His for all eternity!

China is stirring again, at least in nationalist-held localities. There being no law to protest against the sale of sundry and divers products, the good folks are simple delighted over the new state of things. Streets are thronged until one wonders whether all of China's millions are out. Every day since the withdrawal of the Japanese has witnessed the hasty propping up of counters and more counters. There are things one has to behold to believe. For instance, a dealer in umbrellas and fans stands next neighbor to a buyer of bottles and old corks, and both get along famously; a silk merchant does good business with a pastry cook at close range. The latter, standing in his grimy apron behind a cauldron of boiling fat, fries to order all those delicious eatables ever desired by the palate of man or devised by his inventive ability. High above the din, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, one hears traffickers in hot contest with bargainners. This is China reborn, the China of yore stepping into the picture again. How strange a land this old Cathay, replete with potential thrills we have not yet exhausted after years and years of discoveries as daily features!

Little souls, "tiny gems of purest ray serene," are daily being brought to the Mission to be carved to grace eternity. Our only prayer is that those dear cherubs, pattering up the stairs to Heaven, will send us thousands of wee whimpering brothers of theirs it will be our privilege to help along to the Divine Brother of them all.

The catechumenate is also operating for children who want a good grounding in the Faith and heathens who stand at the crossroads and ask: "What is truth?" Several names are already inscribed. This was our second step — the reinstallation of the dispensary being the first — in the restoring of Christian works of apostolate among the pagans. Private courses are once more figuring on the programme at our convent. English will now be taught in the municipal schools.

Our little chapel looks like new again — a nook of Heaven on earth. Bishop Lapierre reconsecrated the dwelling of the Lord by offering Holy Mass at its altar on June 19. That very day marked the patronal feast of Sister Julienne du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾, devoted directress of the native sisterhood. It was heart-warming to meet all together close to the beloved tabernacle which the Divine Captive had had to desert a few weeks previously. Anxiously we had departed from the hallowed place, wondering whether we would ever return. And now God in His goodness was repaying a hundredfold what we had suffered for love of Him. How infinitely tender, how truly passing mother's abides His love!

The other buildings in the Mission compound, a good number of them sorry-looking sights, have been given the most urgently needed repairs.

The priests have obtained from civil powers full permission to unlock their school doors and hire the teachers they choose. Naturally the choice fell on Catholic professors. While it is true that religion is not included in the official study curriculum, it is equally beyond doubt that a Catholic teacher does not fail to wield a beneficent influence on his pagan charges.

MERCY HOUSE FOR THE JAPANESE

Mercy House has closed up its shutters. Our readers recall how it had been opened after the war to come to the rescue of the Japanese, especially so mothers and their destitute, defenceless offspring. All Nipponese people were recalled to Japan on July 1.

Mercy House, truly an abode of mercy, has been instrumental in great

1. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly, P. Q.



CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SZEPINGKAI, AFTER THE BOMBING RAIDS OF MAY, 1946.

works for the Master of Missions. Twenty-five baptisms were registered there, fifteen of which were administered to dying babies. A grown-up person also left for a Better Land with the right to mingle in the angelic choirs.

Among noteworthy conversions we shall cite that of Mr. Nakamura, who was baptized on June 30 by Rev. Father Beaulieu, P.M.E. Leader of the refugee unit at Mercy House, this distinguished Japanese gentleman, gifted with precious moral qualities, is never found wanting in devotedness and charity for his compatriots and all who have relations with him. We trust he will prove a generous and loyal Catholic, a preacher in example of the doctrine of Love consigned in the Gospel.

Mr. Nakamura made his First Communion on July 1. The departure having been arranged for five o'clock, by two-thirty everybody was stirring and half an hour later the chapel was packed. During their stay at Mercy House all the inmates had been given at least rudimentary instruction in Our Holy Faith.

The fervent Japanese convert affirmed that his fairest dream had materialized: he was a member of the Catholic Church! Leader he was at the refugee quarters and leader again for the outgoing folk there sheltered, charged with instructing and christening those who might drop on the way. When Bishop Lapierre expressed sorrow on seeing Mr. Nakamura's destitution, the happy neophyte nobly answered: "Your Excellency, I have more than wealth, I bear away with me the treasure of Faith!"

Among the refugees, a young lady of twenty-three, Mrs. Horiushi, and an elderly Japanese, Mrs. Nishida, were declared too ill to undertake the long trip. Bishop Lapierre kindly agreed to harbor both at the Mission. Mrs. Horiushi having suddenly taken a turn for the worse, she was baptized upon her request by Rev. Father Beaulieu. Two weeks later she was anointed, and peacefully breathed her last on July 27, filled with touching sentiments of resignation to the divine will.

Another conquest was that of a young girl whose first initiation in Christian lore dated from the opening of the Japanese Mission. The dear child had straightway grasped the beauty and grandeur of the Catholic Religion. Even with an almost open refusal from the missionary Fathers to baptize her, she still knelt for daily Mass and recitation of prayers in common. At last her pleadings won the day. The priests consented to lower the bars and admit her to baptism, contrary to their habit of leaving daughters of pagan families to profess the beliefs of their people, lest they being baptized be wedded by their parents to heathen husbands. In our pious chapel, on July 5, the dear girl exchanged her pagan name for the Christian ones Marie Therese. Already the Lover of souls seems to have singled her out for His bride. May she keep faith with Him who wishes to espouse her!

Before leaving, the refugees expressed their thanks to the Catholic Mission in a festival for the missionaries. Solemn Mass with the singing of pious selections headed the programme. A banquet was served at noon, followed by a pleasant entertainment and an outdoor luncheon in the small



GROUP OF JAPANESE REFUGEES AT MERCY HOUSE

hours of the afternoon. The grateful actors had prepared a play, cantata, other songs, Japanese dances executed by the children, and last but not least an appropriate address. The principal play, from the gifted pen of a recent convert, sketched with truthfulness and grace the beauties and benefits of faith in the True God. The talks that followed stressed the deep gratitude of all the refugees and the remembrance they will keep of the Christlike charity found at Mercy House. Especially soul-stirring was the beautiful hymn sung by the little lassies. Doubtless the echo of those pure, innocent voices touched to the quick the Heart of God, that God they sing without knowing Him, and will win divine mercy for the proud nation of Nippon now trysting with sorrow.

The evacuation of the Japanese here ended in mid-July. A contingent of 2,500 persons left daily during ten consecutive days.

WHAT GOES ON ELSEWHERE

Rev. Father Gauvin, rector of the Fakou Mission, was able at last to reach Szepingkai. He arrived in the last days of July with two native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, on duty in Fakou.

Our Sisters from the other posts cannot easily write, so we are without news from them. Several places, Tungleao among their number, are still at the hands of revolutionaries. Other localities have been seized by the nationalists, then recovered by the rebels, so that in certain provinces the governing powers often change hands. The missionaries enjoy liberty — illusory liberty. Even if their every ounce of ardor and energy and sinew

is marshalled towards the rebuilding of their missions, their best-laid plans fail oftener than they succeed, by reason of the general hurly-burly everywhere. In most of the posts there are no trains as yet, no telephone, no postal service, no genuine security. Even chariots that have outlived the plunder raids and rustic carts by asses drawn are very difficult to find and still more so to let. When conditions such as these prevail, the apostle must like Job be patient and like Abraham go on hoping against hope. However, Providence will have the last word and will set our little world in order again, with more ease than a child his toppled wooden blocks. Our Heavenly Father is undoubtedly awaiting the return of His wayward family to justice and charity before granting a lasting peace.

“ COME, SPOUSE OF CHRIST! ”

The Feast of St. Aloysius brought grief to the Community of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in the death of one of its first three Sisters, Tchang Louosa, who had taken her last vows less than a year previously.

Ever a model of religious fervor, the lamented deceased bore the cross of her tedious illness with patient and cheerful resignation. We were able to admire her exquisite virtues during the month she spent with us in the cellars of the Bishop's Residence, when bombing raids were casual affairs. A pain-filled month it was for her, and a merit-laden one as well, for she never lost her smile and never forgot to be gentle and considerate. She was conscious till past midnight and prayed with the priest and Sisters present. Towards three o'clock her pure soul soared up to the arms of God in the Land where sorrow is no more, where enigmas have their solution, and goods it hath never entered the mind of man to conceive are our eternal meed.

The funeral service was sung at the cathedral by our revered Bishop, with Rev. Father Baron assisting. The mortal remains of the dear deceased were temporarily laid to rest in the garden of the native Sisters, till they may be definitively confided to the grave in the Catholic cemetery. May her beautiful soul rest in the peace of Christ!

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

The Catholic Press might in a real sense be called a “ missionary ” in its work of bringing to Catholic homes the teachings of the Church. It provides a postschool course in religion and morality, sociology and apologetics. It helps to build up moral character, which, on the other hand, bad books and magazines are ever tending to tear down. It nourishes Catholic life. The Catholic Press helps to make of the family devoted, intelligent and loyal Catholics, who need no reminder either of their duties to God or to the Church which represents Him on earth, or to their neighbor. Finally, the Catholic Press often leads to conversions of negligent Catholics and also of non-Catholics.

Tabernacle and Purgatory

JAPAN

*Letter From the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
Who Departed for Japan in September, 1946*

Japan, October 20, 1946

Very Rev. Mother Marie de la Providence, Sup. Gen.,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal.

Reverend and dear Mother,

At long last we have reached the shores of Japan and we can hardly make our pen do our bidding for sheer joy and emotion. Yes, dear Mother, we are once more in our beloved adopted country, and need we add how happy we all are!

The lilting notes of the band welcomed our ship as it docked in Yokohama. Many missionaries, priests and Sisters, were waiting to greet the returning apostolic band, among whom we mention : Msgr. A. Leblanc and Rev. Father Berchmans, O.F.M.; Rev. Fathers Drouin, Trahan and Dionne, O.P. The last mentioned will board the first home-returning vessel. Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, of the Assumption, of Christ the King and Franciscan Missionaries of Mary had also come to meet their missionaries returning to Japan. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary kindly took us in for the night at their Yokohama Hospital.

October 16 saw us setting out on the home trek except Sister de l'Enfant Jesus⁽¹⁾ and Sister du St. Nom de Marie⁽²⁾, who remained behind to see to

1. Florentine DANSEREAU, Vercheres.

2. Rita BLAIS, Thetford Mines.



PLAYTIME AT THE WAKAMATSU KINDERGARTEN, JAPAN.

our luggage. At the Koriyama Station Rev. Father Koyama and a group of Christians awaited to give a hearty welcome to the Sisters. The American soldiers obligingly put a jeep at our disposal, and after a ten-minute drive we reached our beloved convent home. Needless to say that the walls and roof are now innocent of paint. One hundred and fifty-one window panes are missing and the sewer pipes are all out of order. Lots of room left for improvements of all kinds! The kindergarten was closed only during the six months that the military police occupied the premises. About seventy-five children follow regular classes under the expert supervision of three qualified teachers.

We, the Wakamatsu-bound Sisters, were up good and early on October 17 and entrained for our mission at 5 A.M.

Upon arrival we set down our grips at the convent entrance and hied over to the Mission compound, where we had the joy of hearing an outdoor Mass at Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto, a small pilgrimage from Koriyama



SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WHO SAILED BACK TO
JAPAN IN SEPTEMBER, 1946.

having been organized. Our Lady seemed to smile at her returning children, telling them how fondly she had watched over their dwelling.

We expected to find a much dilapidated house, but things are far better than we had dared to hope. A matter of sixty window panes missing, radiators out of order, walls and floors in need of attention. Brooms and dusters have seen the end of their long holiday. We are trying to make the house look respectable before the arrival of our two Sisters whom we left in Yokohama, and who are supposed to arrive soon with our luggage. We are looking forward to seeing them again just as if we had been parted for weeks and weeks. We began with the cleaning of the chapel, and since the 19th, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is once again our Guest Divine.

The doorbell is ringing, dear Mother, as we write. A messenger boy says that our Sisters have arrived with all our cases and are awaiting us at the station.

Wakamatsu, October 21

Our Sisters are home with us at last, and all our luggage has been safely carried to our house. What a relief! We have asked for a Mass of thanksgiving to be said, and our whole day will be offered in gratitude to Our Lady for her wonderful protection.

It is a good thing that we brought food and warm clothing along, for we certainly would have had to suffer. Prices here are skyhigh; thirty yen for three carrots! At present the yen is worth fifteen to a dollar. The rate of exchange will remain unsteady for a while, so we have been advised to wait for some time before exchanging our Canadian money. The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have kindly offered to lend us some Japanese currency while waiting.

The Reverend Pastor of Wakamatsu has already requested the help of one of our Sisters, as he cannot cope with all the demands for catechism lessons. Today a bonze called at our convent with his daughter who wishes to learn English.

"I want you to teach my child the way of truth," he said by way of introduction.

The harvest is ready to be garnered, dear Mother, and Japan is hardly recognizable. What a pity that many other Sisters cannot be sent here! Soon, I fear, we shall be all too few.

Many young ladies have already asked for lessons in music, French, English and typewriting. It seems that we shall also easily be allowed to visit the sick and dying in hospitals and public institutions. This will prove a very fruitful field of apostolate.

Fifty tots are already following our kindergarten classes, with two qualified teachers to look after them. One of the teachers boards here with her old and infirm mother who goes out very little and is a faithful guardian while we are about.

October 24

The Superiors of our two Missions, Sister St. Angele de Merici⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Leonise⁽²⁾, are leaving today for Fukushima, where necessary arrangements are to be made with American officials for repairs on our houses. They will afterwards go to Sendai.

Goodbye, dear Mother, and rest assured that we are all enthusiastic over the good to be done in our respective Missions.

Thanking you most gratefully for your motherly solicitude, we remain,

YOUR LOVING CHILDREN FROM JAPAN

1. Marie Jeanne L'HEUREUX, Loretteville, P.Q.

2. Rachel GERIN, Coaticook, P.Q.

KORIYAMA'S GARDEN BLOOMS

All the roads of Japan from north to south were thronged with thousands of children merrily chatting as they headed for their respective schools, where the formal New Year ceremony was to be held. Groups of High School girls from all parts of Koriyama and vicinity nudged one another as they passed in front of the newly-erected convent with its red-tiled roof and gilded cross. Various comments on the foreign Sisters who were soon to inhabit the place flew from lip to lip.

"Look, Nobu Ko," called out mischievous, bright-eyed Kimie. "There's the prettiest little red light shining in one of the second floor windows. The foreign Sisters must have moved in already."

Nobu Ko glanced up to where her friend had pointed and felt a strange new thrill. Jesus, from the modest tabernacle afforded Him by His missionaries, had secretly and mysteriously drawn to Himself this soul of good will who would later be instrumental in winning Him many adorers.

A few months later, Nobu Ko timidly rang the convent doorbell. She had begged her father, a fanatic where Buddhism was concerned, to let her take private English lessons with the Sisters, and had won his consent after a hard-fought wordy battle. Mr. Watanabe was far from pleased at the prospect of his eldest taking contact with that Christian Religion, which he had in his youth nearly always heard referred to as *jakyō* (perverse religion). But why should he entertain such foolish fears, he reflected. Nobu Ko, his pride and joy, had been early trained in the best and strongest Buddhistic traditions and steeped in all its sacred lore. Never would she so far forget herself as to forsake its tenets for a foreign creed. Had not the neighbors always held up Nobu Ko to their own children as a model of filial piety? Up with the dawn in all seasons, she repaired to the common well to do the family washing and help the numerous little sisters and brothers with their morning toilet. Expert little housewife, she then washed and cooked the rice and saw to the packing of school lunchboxes. Never did she think of sitting down to her own breakfast before respectfully making the rice offerings to the ancestral manes.

Mr. Watanabe, who took a deep interest in the studies of all his children and especially in Nobu Ko's, decided some months later to call on the foreign Sisters who were teaching his daughter. He exhibited a fatherly pride in all her little successes and could not help admitting that she had gained instead of lost upon contact with the Christian Religion. The young girl secretly admired the missionaries and their life of prayer and self-denial. Whatever could be the motive which prompted them to leave their own beautiful country to come and live in the midst of a people hostile to their teachings and looking askance at their mode of life, she wondered. Never before had she thus felt the vagueness of Buddhistic ideals on the momentous question of life and its wherefore.

Once when there was a school party at City High, she ventured to question her professors as to the reason of our having been created. One gentleman answered that Nirvana (Buddhistic rest) was the sublime goal one must always have in view: to lounge eternally on a lotus flower and

think about nothing. Another said that according to him the ideal of life was to act so while living on earth, that after one's demise people might worship one as a god or goddess. Still another argued that to him life was worth while living only if one could don fair raiment and partake of delicious fare. There was nothing to be expected beyond the grave, he added.

Nobu Ko was so utterly disgusted with these answers that from that day she began a course of instruction in the Christian Religion. But was she ever to unlatch the fast-closed gate of her father's prejudices? She resolved for the time being to keep her studies secret and to wait until opportunity offered to ask her father's consent.

Meantime she was graduated from High School with great success, ranking ninth in a class of several hundred pupils. Mr. Watanabe was quite elated at her success. Nobu Ko thanked God with all her heart and begged for celestial guidance in the furthering of her pious projects. How was she to continue her study of the Catholic Religion without awaking suspicions? How would she manage to hear Sunday Mass? She entreated the Sisters to take her in as a helper at their kindergarten. Mrs. Watanabe was at first rather disappointed not to keep her eldest at home to help. Work was plentiful in the three-room cottage and money too scarce to hire outside help. Nobu Ko consoled her mother, promising to put in a double amount of work before starting for the convent in the morning and when she returned early in the evening. She at length won her point and, thanks to her robust health and undaunted courage, succeeded in having her mother perfectly pleased at the way she lightened her own labors.

At the kindergarten she observed and studied, deciding to obtain her certificate as teacher. Of a cheerful disposition and even temper, she was loved and admired by everybody. Although she led a very busy life, she always found time to study her catechism and pray in the little convent chapel. How ardently she desired to be baptized, and yet long years she was to wait for that greatest of all gifts.

During the holidays of that summer of 1933, Nobu Ko came up to the convent one day with a look of great happiness on her face.



NIRVANA PAGAN DEITY

"Sister," she cried as soon as she saw one of the Sisters, "I've just had the privilege of opening Heaven's doors to a little child." Tears, blissful ones, ran down her cheeks as she recounted how it had all happened. We praised with her the unfathomable mercy of God, who had guided the steps of this fervent catechumen to a place we missionaries would have been unable to attain.

With the years Mr. Watanabe seemed to look with more favor on the Catholic Religion and its missionaries. At every national festival he sent us through his daughter some gift or other, flowers from his tiny garden, rice cakes or dried persimmon. Nobu Ko thought the time had come to let her father know of her leanings and wishes. Consequently, she requested the pastor of the Mission, Rev. Father H. Reid, O.P., to interview him and tactfully broach the dreaded subject. Mr. Watanabe greeted the missionary in a courteous manner, but his cordiality dropped as soon as the request was presented. He refused outright and roundly rebuked the priest for coming to Japan with the avowed intention of drawing faithful Japanese from Emperor worship and ancestral traditions, to teach them instead a foreign religion for which their country had no use.

Poor Nobu Ko was crushed by this stern refusal, but nothing could make her waver from her resolution. Baptized she would be, and with her father's consent at that, when God pleased to grant her His grace. Meanwhile, she endeavored to become, if possible, even more dutiful at home, more respectful towards her parents and affectionate towards her little brothers and sisters. God's consolations were not wanting in this her hour of trial and darkness. One hot summer day, her baby sister Emi Ko was taken suddenly ill. She tossed and moaned as she lay beneath the mosquito net. Her little face was flushed with fever and her pulse ran a losing race with death. When evening shadows began to fall, it became evident that one more little waif from this vale of tears would enter the Valley of the Shadow. Her father had been summoned by wire, but would he arrive in time?

"Nobu Ko, see, her feet are already growing cold," remarked the poor mother as she chafed the small limbs.

"Mother," Nobu Ko's voice trembled with emotion, "we should do all in our power for Emi Ko. But it seems as if earthly remedies could afford her no more relief. I know of a spiritual remedy which would ensure her eternal happiness. Will you allow me to administer it to her?"

"Do as you wish, dear," the mother wearily answered as she laid the dying child on the straw matting. With unsteady hand Nobu Ko let the blessed waters run over that pain-puckered brow. The almond eyes opened wide as if in joyful surprise, the chubby hands beat the air for a moment, then the little form was still, while the purified soul glistening with baptismal dew winged its way to heavenly nurseries, there to plead Big Sister's cause.

Several years went by, during which Nobu Ko became learned in sciences human and divine. She taught in schools operated by missionary Sisters, much to the annoyance of her family, who had now resolved to marry her to a non-christian.



FRONT ROW: SISTER ST. MARC (ALIDA TALBOT, CACOUNA), SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), SISTER JOSEPH DE LA STE. FAMILLE (JEANNETTE DELISLE, WORCESTER, MASS.).

BACK ROW: NOBU KO SAN, SISTER ST. HEDWIDGE (BLANCHE ROSS, FALL RIVER, MASS.), SISTER MARIE DE FOURVIERES (LUCIE PARADIS, TINGWICK) AND SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (LUCIENNE RENAUD, MONTREAL).

But God had decreed that her time of waiting had been long and tedious enough. She wrote to her father one day begging him to give his consent to her being baptized. The letter had been posted, as had so many others, without much hope. This time, however, the answer came within a few days — a laconic but affirmative one. Since Nobu Ko obstinately persisted in forsaking ancestral traditions, very well, she might do as she liked and become a Christian. There was but one condition: that she would never strive to use her influence over any member of the family. "At least, allow us to honor in peace ancestral manes," he added as postscript.

At long last she had won her father's consent. Overjoyed at her good fortune, she ran to the Catholic Mission, showed her father's letter and made arrangements for being baptized at the earliest possible date, before Mr. Watanabe had time to relent. A few days later she attained the goal of her desires by becoming a child of God through Baptism, being now called Monica.

As her family still insisted on marrying her to a non-christian, Monica decided that she would be safer at a distance from home. She therefore responded to the invitation of Franciscan Missionaries in Korea to take charge of the Mission Kindergarten.

In 1939 she came on a flying visit to Koriyama. She called at our convent and her first words were: "Thank God with me, I'm going to be a religious!"

Poor Mr. Watanabe was a broken man. All his golden dreams for the future of his beloved daughter were shattered. He could not understand what he called the folly of it all. How could his darling pretend to be happy in the choice of a state of life which to him was against nature? He tried by every means to have her change her mind. But he well knew that Nobu Ko, once she had made up her mind to do what she thought was right, would never give up. He secretly admired her for it — was she not a chip off the old block? Her unyielding spirit she had inherited from a whole line of ancestors who had not known what it meant to flinch before any obstacle.

Patiently Nobu Ko bided her time. A religious she would be, offering her ardent young life for the conversion of her beloved father. But she would win his consent as she had won it for her Baptism. As Mr. Watanabe sincerely desired her happiness, he finally and reluctantly gave in, bidding her do all the good she could to the poor and suffering, since such was her chosen vocation.

December 8, 1941, as the storm clouds of war in the Pacific were bursting asunder, Nobu Ko, now a professed Sister, came to pay us a visit. Her Superiors had allowed her to spend a few days in her family, as her father was dangerously ill. She told us of her life among the poor, and how she and a few companions had gone to open a Foundling Home in our former Kagoshima Mission. Poverty was great, but so was spiritual joy at helping souls to Our Savior's Fold.

"I feel so very happy," she said, "that this life seems Heaven on earth to me. There's only one thing wanting to make my joy complete, the conversion of my dear ones and especially of my beloved father."

A few days later, Nobu Ko left Koriyama without the consolation of knowing her father on the way to the True Religion. She only succeeded in lessening somewhat his ancient prejudices against anything Christian. In spite of himself, he felt proud of his daughter, who, in the full bloom of youth, had dedicated her life to the relief of suffering humanity. Before she left he even gave her an alms for her orphans, saying: "Be a mother to them, but do not forget your own parents."

* * *

To you also, dear Canadian friends, we say: "Do not forget those who await perhaps but one of your prayers and sacrifices to enter the Fold of the Good Shepherd."

A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
Repatriated From Koriyama, Japan.



To have a share in the establishing and the upbuilding of the Church of God has a fascination for the Catholic heart. Does not this come from the grace of our Baptism? Through it we were incorporated in the Mystical Body of Christ. Is it not but reasonable that every member of this Body is interested in the welfare of the other members?

G. Daly, C. SS. R.

VANCOUVER

ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL

OUR NEW HOSPITAL IS BLESSED

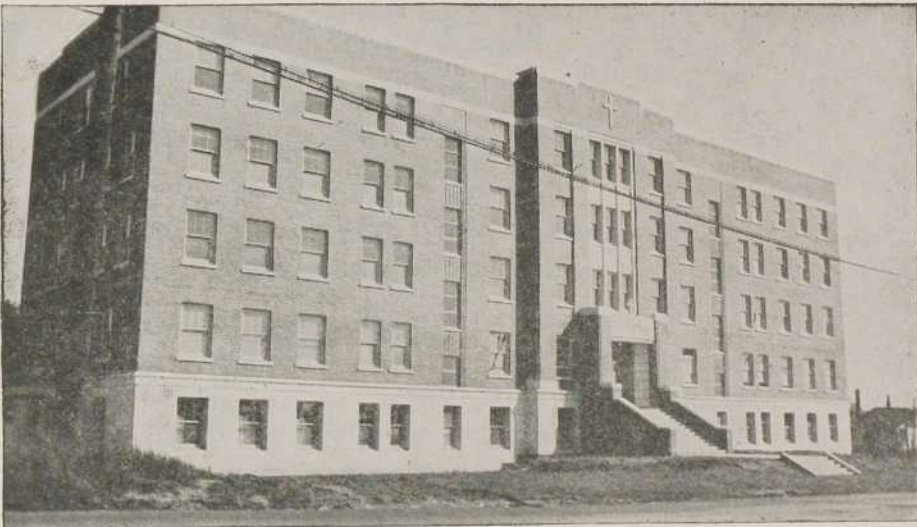
Yes, dear friends, planning and venturing and building have come to an end. Prince Edward Street Hospital is no longer a vision for tomorrow but a reality for today, and sons of the Orient sick of body, sad of soul, will now be given all that Christian charity and resourcefulness have to dispense.

Preparations for the Great Installation being well completed, the Divine Savior, who comes not for those that are well but for such as are ill, offered His first self-oblation on the altar on the feast of St. Camillus of Lellis, patron of hospitals and all members of the suffering Christ. Msgr. L.A. Forget, our devoted and well-wishing Pastor, chanted High Mass.

Then weeks merged into months, the flag of charity floating all the while. Came October 3 — redletter date on the missionary calendar — and His Excellency Most Rev. W.M. Duke with due solemnity presided over the official opening ceremony. According to a custom here prevailing on account of the great number of non-Catholics, there was no Benediction from the glowing Monstrance. Addresses were delivered in God's great outdoor temple. His Excellency also entertained a good gathering of Chinese in the reception hall, Sister Therese, a kinswoman of theirs, acting as interpreter.

With characteristic courtesy the ladies of the French-Canadian parish served tea and accompanied sympathetic visitors around.

Reasons aplenty we have for a grateful recognition of a Heavenly Providence in the erection of a more spacious hospital. To think and act and love on a wider range will now be our privilege — so long we had desired and insisted upon it in communings with the Divine Healer of all ills.



MOUNT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

BRINGING SOULS TO THE SAVIOR

How strange a checker-work of Providence was the life-story of a young half-breed girl of twenty springtimes! "Oh, if I could only die!" she was overheard to say one day.

"Are you ready?" queried the nursing Sister, whom the unexpected *Nunc Dimittis* had taken aback not a little.

"No!" came the terse response.

Some time later Sister Superior inquired whether she would like to see the Anglican clergyman — to whose Church she belonged — or maybe a Catholic priest?

"I'd rather see Father!" came the reply that must have delighted angelic eavesdroppers around. "The other can't do anything for me."

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she rapturously told the nursing Sister after Rev. Father MacIntosh had made her a child of God. "I had never dreamt it would be so easy to become a Catholic. Now I don't want to read anything that could spoil my soul beauty. I hope it won't be long before I go up to my Father!"

God came to her in sweet Communion on the morrow. Twenty long years He had pursued this soul through labyrinthian pathways and at last He had overtaken her. Thereafter she would be His alone. Relatives and friends He for adorable reasons kept at a distance.

"I used to believe in their love for me," the little favorite of the Jealous Lover once told Sister. "But now I see that God is the only one who loves us truly. All other loves are hollow." Those were her last words. The hour for her eternal Communion was at hand.

There was a little Eskimo lady, too, who had caught the fancy of the God of Love. Mida was her name.

"Sister," she once exclaimed in a gush of Heaven homesickness, "I want to go straight to Heaven when I die!" Sobs choking her, she gasped: "I offer all my sufferings to God, but I can't — can't pray!"

"Why, that is the best of all prayers!" Sister Superior consoled her. "Now, try to remember the little *inside* prayer: 'My Jesus, I love You!'"

Bodily sufferings were not alone the lot of the poor victim. The eternal enemy of souls would not leave his lost one in peace. "Are you sure you're baptized? Are you sure your people are baptized?" he would taunt.

Luckily we had proofs of her own baptism. Sister Superior suggested that she offer her sufferings for her dear ones, and the Angels of light rejoiced over another decisive victory. As to her non-stop flight to Heaven, we know too well the artifices of a merciful God to entertain any doubts. God-speed, dear Mida, and may those you loved on earth be with you in Heaven!

"Joyful and grateful." If biographies were two-word affairs, such would surely be Seuy Kee's. The dear old fellow died a happy death last March. But "happy" came very near being the improper adjective. Seuy Kee fainted away before the priest could arrive. Sister Therese had barely time to pour the baptismal tide before St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier extended their "Come up" invitation to their thrice fortunate



SISTER MARIE DE LOURDES (IRENE CHAMPAGNE, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, VANCOUVER, AND ROSE SINGH, A PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL, ON HER FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

namesake. So Seuy "went up" and left his bed to another eleventh-hour Dismas alias Joseph Bernard. The Christian name bespeaks a happy ending.

Sister Anne de Jesus⁽¹⁾, a newcomer from the Motherhouse, baptized Joseph Leo, a dear old Chinese gentleman, on April 6. Four days later Sister Clotilde de France⁽²⁾ followed suit and christened Joseph Henry.

A few months ago we made the acquaintance of a Chinese doctor, strong in his Catholic Faith, who attributes his conversion, under God, to the impression produced on him by a Jesuit priest kneeling beside a patient.

"This patient," reminisced the doctor, "was a young man who had shortly before consulted me for an infection. I prescribed wet dressings, but my fine Chinese chap grew out of patience and had the abscess lanced. The inevitable happened: gangrene set in and did rapid work. The poor fellow was brought to the hospital, where I showed up some time later with my students. I got the surprise of my life on seeing at his side a priest without the protection of a mask, when the whole room was filled with as unbearable an odor as can be imagined. Whenever I met the missionary after that, we exchanged a word of recognition, but nothing more. Then death visited us and took my two-year-old girl from me. Nothing could lift my spirits up, only the thought that I should have someone kneel beside the dear little body. I tried to contact the good Jesuit Father but to no avail. He had sailed for Manila. So a Protestant clergyman came and read a few passages from his Bible. Then I was left with my sorrow.

"Soon after the sad bereavement I was lucky enough to see Father

1. Diane BARRETTE, Fall River, Mass.

2. Cecile GOSSELIN, Quebec.

and unload my heart. He invited me to call on him the following Friday, which I gladly did. We chatted quite a long while together, avoiding all religious topics. All through the next four years I paid my priestly acquaintance a weekly visit. When I first showed a desire of embracing the Catholic Faith he began by teaching me prayer, saying that through prayer I would reach my coveted aim. After two years of instruction the great privilege of becoming a Catholic was granted me. That changed the whole outlook of life. I was a Catholic and wanted my family to share my Faith. My children soon did, but my wife refused to surrender her Presbyterian tenets. Things were standing thus when the hazards of war huddled us all inside a concentration camp with six bishops and some six hundred religious, men and women. Catholic life was intense there, but my wife seemed blind to the fact. Once I met an American Sister and again harped on my wish. She managed to contact my wife and a few weeks later had made her ready for baptism. Now my wife is a Catholic, but my sister here is still a pagan. She is really good at heart and has had many ups and downs. If only she could get converted soon!"

Our prayers rise fervent for that erring lamb. May the Loving Shepherd accept her into His Fold!

Dear Sister St. Laurent⁽¹⁾ counted only one day in Vancouver and already she could rejoice over one prize capture for the Master Missionary. Heaven's Gates were quickly unbolted for the new son of God.

Martin, who knew the Home from top to bottom as we know our letters, soared up to Divine Arms last July. Baptized on St. Joseph's Feast, 1942, the onetime surly and sullen fellow learned from the gentle Christ and

1. Cecile Savard, Montreal.



NURSING SISTERS, SICK AND EMPLOYEES, VANCOUVER ORIENTAL HOSPITAL.

remembered until the end the lesson on meekness and mildness of heart.

Two tuberculosis victims were made children of God by Rev. Father McCarthy, S.F.M., on July 27. One of the lucky pair, Mah Kee by name, did not delay in securing a place with his kinsfolk in God's cosmopolitan Heaven.

Some souls are lucky. Here's the true odyssey of one who took a short cut to the Home we are all stumbling to reach. One evening in August our catechist read in a Chinese paper that a compatriot of hers had been picked up half-dead under a bridge and taken to the General Hospital. A brief prayer phone call to the Lady of Heaven, and Sister Therese waited for the morning to explore the possibility of saving at least the eternal life of the wretch. However, unforeseen events compelled her to postpone her errand of mercy till the afternoon. When she and Sister St. Delphis⁽¹⁾ reached the hospital they learned that the new arrival had been wheeled off to the isolation room. Chances for admission were very slim indeed. Oh, the power of prayer to Heaven's First Lady! Once, twice they asked and at last the reply came: "Yes." Sister Therese christened the moribund. Some souls are particularly beloved of God!

Our two apostles found a way of thanking the Savior. Two other souls wanted their right to join in everlasting *Alleluias*, and to these belated wayfarers they gave all that the True Church can give.

A few days later Rev. Father MacIntosh, S.F.M., baptized and anointed a tuberculosis patient of ours.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Dharma Singh, a young Hindu, exchanged earth for Eternal Mansions. One day his eyes fell on an English leaflet, "The Lord's Prayer." He asked the meaning of the words. The answer struck him and he straightway read the book. Thereafter religion became his favorite theme of conversation. Attentively he listened when the Mission Fathers instructed his two Catholic mates. Fervent as a monk's were his prayers and treasured as gold the little pair of beads given him by a helper. When illness laid him low, we deftly arranged the situation so he could talk with the priest about baptism. But Dharma Singh was human and held on to life by every fibre of his iron will. Our suggestion startled him so that he remained speechless. Knowing how fiercely the battle raged within his soul, we dropped the priestly visit matter and had to be satisfied with suggesting short invocations, love shafts to stab the Heart of Mercy. Our Lady's Assumption Feast had just been celebrated, and we stormed the Heavenly Gates for pity on this soul.

On the morning of the Solemnity, Sunday, Dharma asked for Father.

"I love God," he said. "I have often prayed to Him since I came here. Now I want to see Him in Heaven."

Rev. Father MacIntosh came that afternoon and made his soul ready for the last home stretch. A few minutes later Dharma fell unconscious.

In the dawning hours of the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the weary and footsore pilgrim reached the haven of infinitely loving Fatherly Arms.

1. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.



Thursday, October 3, 1946

This day recalled the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont Viau. Everything that pertains to missionaries and missionary work striking a responsive chord in our hearts, we joined in the hymns of thanksgiving to God for this Institute, whose sole aim is the extension of His kingdom in the mission field afar.

Our Reverend Mother and three Sisters from the Motherhouse assisted at the Pontifical High Mass celebrated at the Seminary by His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau.

We felt proud and happy to put one of the large novitiate halls at the disposal of the missionaries for the banquet offered to the distinguished guests who attended the celebrations, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and several Archbishops and Bishops from far and near.

Oriental draperies decked the walls and aptly framed the pictures of the Founders of the Seminary, its first Superior General, Very Rev. Canon J.A. Roch, and the first members. Delicate hangings of azure blue and silver studded with stars were draped about the bust of our venerated Mother Foundress, Mother Marie du St. Esprit.

Memories of the mission-minded Mother hovered over this feast where our revered Pastors met to extol the works of the Almighty. Her role in the foundation, although obscure, has been none the less fruitful and surely from Heavenly Mansions above she looks down with motherly pride.

When evening shadows fell and all our honored guests had returned to the Seminary, a fervent *Magnificat* burst forth from our hearts to the Queen of Missions and Missionaries.

Thursday, October 10

Our Society is once more plunged in deep mourning by the unexpected passing of our dear Mother Marie du Bon Conseil, Bursar, whom God called to Himself this afternoon at the Hotel Dieu.

Our loving hearts cannot but keenly feel the blow, but God knows best and we bow and adore His decrees.

She will be deeply missed especially by our Reverend Mothers whose sorrow we share, while our fraternal sympathy is also extended to her beloved niece who is a member of our novitiate.

Not ours to tell what a great loss our Institute sustains in this sudden passing of a fervent and devoted member. Others more qualified will

tell the works of this valiant apostle for the extension of the kingdom of Christ and His Immaculate Mother.

Wednesday, October 16

A seventh-day anniversary Mass followed by the *Libera* was offered in our chapel this morning. Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, offered this service in grateful acknowledgment of our dear Mother Marie du Bon Conseil's unceasing labors in the interests of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood.



In these days of Communism, hatred of the Church and all the evils surrounding us on all sides, Catholics should invoke the name of Mary very frequently. She will surely hear her children's call and once more crush the serpent's head. Today, as in crises of years ago, the Blessed Virgin will use her powerful intercession on behalf of the world if her children will only call upon her with loving confidence.

Annie McNeil



Patient

The essential difference between Christianity and other religions is that Christianity is a difficult religion. It is not easy for men to abandon pleasure, prosperity, and power and live each day as though it were their last. It never has been and it never will be. Bearing this in mind, the Church is patient, as God behind His screen is patient. She is patient because she knows that men are not converted by argument alone, but by God's grace as well; she is patient because she knows that she carries a great responsibility: that of saving down the ages the greatest possible number of human souls; but above all, she is patient because she knows she will ultimately triumph because Christ has promised that she will.

So with her pharmacy of sacraments she waits, healing as many souls as possible, preaching the startling truth that whosoever shall lose his life shall find it, converting, carrying the cross into strange lands, pleading, condemning, threatening, but always aware that she must not unnecessarily give offense lest she lose souls for almighty God. That is why she makes pacts and agreements with heathen and heretical governments, that she may distribute the Bread of Life as widely as possible and succor her many children in strange lands. And that is why in times of war she is impartial, because she knows that no nation perfectly practices righteousness and that the rulers of all nations are proud and blown out with vain ambitions. For the Church is very old and wise, and she has preached the Gospel in ice and fire and heat and snow. It does not astonish her that there should be sin and disorder in the world; rather is she astonished that there should also be virtue and order. And she knows, because she reads reality in God's mirror, that there is one thing that is worse than a million young men dying on the field of battle, and that is one old man dying in his bed in a state of final impenitence.

From *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*

by BRUCE MARSHALL (Houghton Mifflin, 1945).



THE CHILDREN'S SECTION

HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Come on, everybody! We're wiring our New Year Greetings to Heaven. Our message is very short, but every word counts. Here it speeds on the wires:

THY KINGDOM COME!

Of course we could have made it longer. We could easily find a whole bookful of wishes to offer Our Best Friend. But I'm sure He'll read between the lines, as people say. He'll know just what we mean. "Thy kingdom come in our parish, in our city, in our province, in our country, in the whole world! . . . Thy kingdom come in our parents' hearts, in our friends' hearts, in all Canadian hearts! Thy kingdom come in the heart of every manly boy and gentle lass reading these lines!"

Dear boys and girls, may His kingdom come in your dear hearts! May the sweet Savior be now and forever your glorious King of Love! May you do your share in extending His kingdom and empire even to the farthest frontiers of pagan dominions! And may the blessing of Almighty God be upon you every day of the glad New Year!

Shhh! Are you good at keeping secrets? I once knew a lad, the finest I ever met, who possessed a magic one. My young friend's name was Gerald. Here follows his biography in a nutshell.

GERALD'S SECRET

Fluffy snowflakes had been slowly flitting down to earth all morning. From their sitting room window Helen and Margaret watched the light, star-shaped crystals gracefully fluttering in the airlike silver-winged butterflies.

"Gerald's having a holiday this afternoon," Margaret clapped her hands in delight. "He'll surely take us sliding."

"Ohhhh!" and Helen couldn't get beyond the exclamation.

"See, the snow is falling down, falling down, down—"

"Falling down on the slide so we'll have a merry ride," came the gay rejoinder from the girl who wanted to become a poet when she would be of age to — "to become something."

Dinner over, the cheery trio headed for Old Willie's hill, the highest and best of the region. Gerald, like the sturdy young man he prided himself to be, gallantly pulled the toboggan with its precious burden — or should I say burdens, since there were two, one named Helen and the other her very close bosom "friend" Margaret? Honest, it would have been hard to say whose face was sunniest, the boy's, the girls', or jolly Mr. Sun's!

Queer, isn't it, how clock hands keep whirling around like airplane propellers when you're having a grand time? Four o'clock came whizzing along and Gerald remembered the next day's tests. Mother had said he had better come in early and rack his brains a little, if he had the slightest intention of being class champion.

"Ladies, let's be going!" and Gerald doffed his fur cap to Their Youthful Majesties Helen and Margaret.

What follows now is the story of the above-mentioned fur cap, as told by the sister of the owner to the mother of both. The tall, leafless trees were holding out their bare arms on all sides, and Gerald had a man's job of keeping both eyes wide open and keen to avoid their unwelcome caresses. At a given moment, however, the boy's head came very — I mean too close to the outstretched arms, and the said fur cap exchanged proprietors. Then the bough, having recovered from its sudden shock, split the frosty air to its usual place with the result that the first thing Gerald saw was his head gear warming snowflakes fifteen feet away! The unexpected incident sent the girls into fits of laughter and the young gentleman, be it said in passing, frightened every squirrel out of its wits with his good hearty peals of merriment.

"Milk and cookies for your penance now," Mother smiled forgivingly. "Don't expect us to provide all the forest trees of Canada with fur caps, though!"



Winter Joys

While the family was doing justice to the appetizing supper, Mother related the afternoon incident to the buyer of the fur cap.

"Oh well, it could have been worse," Dad slowly buttered his bread. "Suppose you had been beheaded, Gerald."

"Accidents do happen," remarked Mother as she served an ample piece of pie to the boy who might have been beheaded. "Which means that we must be very careful and that we ought to pray for all those who die suddenly."

"Ouch! When I think that some of those big sinners fall right headlong into Hell I fairly get the creeps!" exclaimed Gerald.

"Poor souls, they will never see God!" sympathized Mother.

"Say, Mom, couldn't I do something about it?"

"Sure, Gerald! For instance, you could offer your daily Mass for stray souls. You could place your own sacrifices, too, your own 'particules' beside the Sacred Host."

"Mom, you told me the other day to say the invocation 'Agonizing Heart of Jesus, have mercy on the dying.' I'm picking up the habit fast, you know. Now I say it five times a day: When I get up in the morning, before my meals, and at night before I go to sleep."

"Oh, am I glad to hear that! You will know only in Heaven for how many souls your little prayer will have obtained the great grace of conversion at the hour of death."

Gerald relished his last mouthful of the delicious pie. "Brother Henry reminds us now and then to pray for the poor pagan children who aren't so lucky as we are. Then I make up my mind to heap up mountains of sacrifices. "But," in a rueful tone, "my resolutions don't amount to much. No mountains yet — just ant-hills, I guess. What does God say about that, Mother?"



The Child Jesus and the Doves

"Oh, He is pleased with your desires, my boy. Still, you should try to be as good as your word. And now remember tomorrow's your big day. Better run off and open your books. That would be a good sacrifice for souls. Never forget, Gerald, that the sacrifices Jesus likes best and rewards most generously are those we meet on the path of duty — any duty."

"Hurrah! You win! Here I rush to my studies!" and Gerald bounded up the stairs two steps at a time.

* * *

Boys and girls, learn from Gerald! He shows you how to help poor souls on to God. Jesus has done the hard part and He is still doing it 350,000 times a day for the salvation of the world. Won't you do the easy part — offer Him to His Father

for the conversion of souls? Your every duty, when done for God and souls, can work wonders. And there is no "believe it or not" parenthesis to this statement, it's the golden truth!

Here's a delightful legend about your Best Friend.

THE CHILD JESUS' DOVE

Once upon a time a little Boy grew up on the banks of the Nile River, where He had had to seek safety from the cruel hand of a tyrant whose name has come down to us, Herod.

Ever since the Boy — have you guessed that our hero is Jesus? — had cautiously tried His first tottering steps between His Mother and St. Joseph, He liked nothing better than to romp in the flowery home garden.

There lilies with petals white as snow looked towards the blue; there roses of every shade, royal anemones, blue and pink forget-me-nots and carnations vied with one another in beauty and fragrance. There, too, with the first faint glimmers of every day, bevvies of warblers rejoiced nature. Why, hadn't a little company of doves arranged to meet there every morning to be fed and caressed by the Divine Child!

It happened one day that a poor dove a few months old had the misfortune of meeting with a little rascal who thought it fun to throw stones at birds. Wounded in the leg, the lame dove beat the air till it reached Jesus. Taking it in His hands, Jesus pressed it on His Heart and with a kiss from His lips divine cured it on the spot.

The grateful dove, not knowing how to thank its sweet Benefactor, hurriedly flew towards Mary, who had been looking on. The Blessed Mother understood. At once she crossed the flowery garden, took the Child in her maternal arms and, laying a gentle kiss on His forehead: "Thank You, O my God!" she whispered, while Jesus beamed with joy.

* * *

Dear boys and girls, do you want to delight your Great Benefactor Jesus? Copy the little dove's example. Ask Mother Mary to say "Thank You" in your name.

Lovingly yours,

THE PRECURSOR



Christ is born in a stable! There is so much to say about this mystery, and yet so little! for how can human lips express the profound feelings of adoration, of joy, and of love that should be ours on seeing the Son of God in our midst as a tiny Babe? God has become man and dwells among us! Angels alone could phrase a fitting hymn for such an occasion. And it is this angelic hymn that gladdens our soul on Christmas Day — "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace to men of good will."

F. Sackett, O. M. I.

Ice Follies

One cold day in January, two Korean girls appeared at the Maryknoll Sisters' Convent. "Mama is very sick, and we know that if Sister will please bring her some medicine she will get better," they said, as they shook with the cold. The Sisters took the girls indoors, gave them hot tea, and asked how far had they come.

"From the village of Ryang-Ku," one of them answered.

"We walked," said the other.

"Why, that's more than twenty miles away," exclaimed one of the Sisters.

"Yes, but we prayed all the way, and it didn't seem far."

The Sister-Doctor's medical kit was packed, and arrangements were soon made with a sled-pusher to take the little party back to Ryang-Ku. Faith was rewarded, Mama got better, but all unknown, except to a few, the long cold drive in the snow made some new converts.

On the way back the sled-pusher asked Sister how much money they paid her for the sick call.

"Oh, we do not accept any money," Sister said. "We do all our work merely for the love of God."

"What folly," sneered the man. "Who is this God that you do it for?"

Sister was pretty cold, but she didn't mind when the pusher went a little more slowly so that he could hear her words. She told him of the One, true God, Who made all men out of pure love for them, and even died to prove His love for their souls. It was a new idea for the Korean.

"You mean to say He loves me, too?" he asked.

"Yes, you, and your family, and all people."

"But He doesn't know me."

"How do you know this is your sled?" asked Sister.

"Because I made it myself."

"That's how God knows you — He made you, Himself, and because He made you, He loves you, and all that He asks is that you love Him, too."

"Why, I never heard of anything like that. All my life I have had to placate the devils; I was always in fear of them. But now you say that there is a more powerful One than all the devils, and that He loves me. I must tell my wife."

The sled-pusher made his way through the ice to where a group of women were drawing water from the cold river. When he signalled to one of them, all the women drew near to the sled. Much to the surprise of the Sister her charioteer began telling the group what Sister had just told him.

"He's full of New Year's wine," said one woman.

"No," said Sister, as she smiled. "He speaks truly. Let me come to your house this afternoon and I will tell you all about it."

And so it was arranged. As a result, more than a hundred more souls were drawn to the great Catholic community at Hiken, and they in turn went among their neighbors telling them the wonderful news of a God Who loved them.

"Ice follies," laughed Sister, when she told the other Sisters later. "I thought I'd catch my death of cold, but since I was on God's errand, He just wouldn't let that happen. I understand better, now, what we mean when we say: 'Let the ice and snow bless the Lord.'"

The Maryknoll Junior

RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS



Thanksgiving for a favor received. A Friend, **North Bay, Ont.**—Will you please have Masses said in thanksgiving for many favors. Mrs. A.M., **L'Ardoise, N.S.**—Enclosed please find offering for favors granted. Grateful thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother. Please remember me in your prayers. Miss R.B., **Skowhegan, Me.**—Enclosed is an offering by my boy for a favor granted through Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. L. St.L., **Holyoke, Mass.**—Many thanks for a favor granted my nephew. Mrs. M.B., **St. Norbert.**—Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. J.D., **St. Philippe.**—All my thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Anonymous.—My sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H.B., **Embrun, Ont.**—A favor has been received. R.C., **Montreal.**—Many thanks for a favor I have received. Mrs. J.M., **Granby.**—Thanks for a favor received. L. G., **Middleboro, Mass.**—Heartfelt thanks for graces obtained. L.C.—Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for a great grace she has obtained for me. Mrs. J.M.P., **St. Theodore de Chertsey.**—I am fulfilling a promise in grateful thanks for my child's cure. Mrs. G. C., **St. Marcel.**—Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Lady for a favor received through her intercession. Y.S., **Montreal.**—Thanks to Our Lady of Missions for protection granted my baby. A subscriber.—Lively thanks for a cure. Mrs. H.L.—Thanks for a favor received. M. G.R.—Heartfelt thanks for my recovery. Miss J.A.L.,

Montreal.—I wish to thank the Immaculate Conception for a favor received. Mrs. L.O.—A happy mother wishes to thank Our Blessed Mother for her protection. Mrs. L.F., **St. Anne des Monts.**—Sincere thanks for a favor. Miss M.L.—A thousand thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the recovery of a stolen taxi. Anonymous, **Montreal.**—I am thankful for a favor received. Mrs. H.L., **Lauzon West.**—I am happy to fulfill my promise in thanksgiving. Mrs. A.B.—Thanks for favors received. I am praying for a good position for my young brother. E.R., **St. Polycarpe.**—Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Mrs. L.E.C., **Cartierville.**—I am coming to fulfill a promise to Our Blessed Mother who has heard my prayers. M.T.M., **St. Theodore.**—Thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. J.B.—Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. I am asking work for my son. Mrs. A.L., **Lachine.**—A special favor has been obtained. Mrs. A.H., **St. Raymond.**—Thanks to Mary we have found a lodging. Mrs. P.E.G., **Quebec.**—Thanks for the sale of a piece of land. Mrs. V.P., **St. Luc.**—Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. W.C.—All my thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. J.L.L., **Montreal.**—Thanks to the Immaculate Conception for a favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. L.O., **Montreal.**—Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother and asking her protection. Mrs. D.N., **Montreal.**

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for a favor obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. L., **Joliette.**—Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate and St. Joseph for two favors obtained through their intercession. A.C.B.—I have received a favor from the Blessed Virgin and St. Therese. Anonymous.—Grateful thanks for favors received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Therese. Mrs. M.S., **Montreal.**—Sincere thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L.B., **St. Godard.**—Several favors have been obtained through St. Therese of Lisieux. I am asking her continued protection. G.G.—A favor has been obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. J.B., **St. Valerien.**—Thanks to Our Blessed Lady and Good St. Anne for two favors. D.L., **Newton Falls, N.Y.**—Thanks to St. Joseph and St. Anne for a favor received. Mrs. L.T.—I wish to thank the loving Patroness of Missionaries for favors she has granted me and hope she will keep on protecting me. Mrs. A.M., **Montreal.**—Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for protection granted our family. Mrs. A.T.

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.



REMEMBER

Please have a novena made for me for a very special intention. Miss B.M., **Montreal**.— Please pray that I will get well soon and be able to work steady. Also pray for my relatives and friends. B.P., **Montreal**.— Please make a novena to the Queen of the Holy Rosary for my husband, so he will give up his bad habits and be stronger in his faith; also for my daughter who is married outside of the Catholic Faith, that Our Mother will bring her back. A subscriber.— Would you kindly make a novena for two very special intentions. A subscriber.— I am asking for your prayers to the Blessed Virgin to convert my unfaithful husband. A benefactor, **Montreal**.— Will you please make a novena and have a candle burn for two very special intentions and for the health of my family. Mrs. A.L., **Montreal**.— Will you remember me in your prayers for some very special intentions. Mrs. H.M., **Riverside, Ont.**.— Will you please pray for a very important intention concerning my son. Mrs. M., **Windsor, Ont.**.— Please pray for my daughter that she will marry in the Catholic Faith. Mrs. C., **Skowhegan, Me.**.— Will one of the Sisters kindly make a special novena in honor of Our Holy Mother that if it be the will of God I may obtain the tenement I wish. Mrs. S.B., **Northbridge, Mass.**.— Thank you for remembering my

intentions and I ask you again to pray for my brother, so he will become reconciled with his wife and son. Anonymous, **Thompsonville, Conn.**.— Will you please pray for me especially to the Blessed Virgin Mary. I have been laid up with sciatic rheumatism for nearly four months with no relief. Mrs. E.B., **Jewett City, Conn.**.— I am asking a novena of prayers for the obtention of a special favor regarding my husband. Anonymous, **Montreal**.— Please pray for a young man who has drifted away from the path of duty. Anonymous.— Please pray for a special intention. Anonymous.— Would you kindly pray for the cure of my little girl. Mrs. C.H.— Please pray for my recovery. A benefactress.— Please help me pray to Our Blessed Mother for the complete cure of my heart and nerves. A subscriber.— I am asking a position for the father of a family without work for three months and health for my dear ones, through the intercession of Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts. Mrs. W.T.— Please pray for the cure of my dear mother at present in the hospital. R.S., **Charny**.— I have to bear a heavy trial; will you kindly pray for me. An afflicted mother.— May Our Blessed Mother protect my two sons away from home. Mrs. H.T.— Please join me in prayer to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for the cure and conversion of my son-in-law and a permanent job for my daughter. Mrs. M.E.L., **Rosemount**.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please pray to St. Jude, St. Anne, St. Joseph and Our Blessed Mother for a very special favor. Mrs. A.G., **Montreal**.— Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mother and St. Anne for a very special favor that my daughter requests. Thanksgiving to Our Lady for the speedy recovery of another daughter who was very ill and is now well again. Mrs. M., **Hartford, Conn.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 2; conversions, 4; cures, 33; positions, 4; special intentions, 45.



The first bridge ever to span space came forth from the hands of a Divine Architect. It was none other than His only-begotten Son, the Mediator between heaven and earth. A perfect divine nature and a perfect human nature met in a single divine "ego" and a contact was established. Heaven had visited the earth!

Through the Blessed Virgin Mary! Mary joined the one to the other, heaven to earth in furnishing the Word of God His flesh and blood as man. Thus we find her at the very source of salvation. So closely associated with the life and the sufferings of the Savior, she merits the title of Co-redemptrix and will ever be the universal Mediatrix of all grace. She is the indispensable gate to go to God, the "Gate of Heaven." She, together with her divine Son, is the bridge to the Eternal Father. What a sweet necessity!— *Annals of Our Lady of the Cape*



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From notifications received before November 15)

Rev. Father T. L. Deschenes, **St. Ambroise de Chicoutimi**;
 Rev. Father C. E. Tremblay, **Notre Dame d'Hebertville**; Mrs.
 Omer Bourassa, **St. Barnabe North**, mother of our Sister Marie
 de la Charite; Mr. Georges Roux, **Montreal**, father of our Sister
 Marie Therese; Mr. Guillaume Tetreault, **Cincinnati, Ohio**,
 nephew of our venerated Mother Foundress; Mrs. Michel Ameye,
Cote des Neiges; Mr. Ant. Postar, Mr. F. J. Bermingham,
Montreal; Mrs. McMahon, Mr. Edward McMahon, **Montreal**
West; Mr. John Boilian, **Laval Co., P. Q.**; Mr. W. T. Finneran,
Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Eliz. Nolan, **Northfield, Vt.**; Mrs.
 Romeo Dumoulin, Mrs. Louis Mouillard, Mr. Lucien Mathurin,
 Mrs. J. L. Allaire, Mr. Adjutor Laganier, Mr. Lucien Langevin, Mrs. Paci-
 fique Brouillette, Miss Amanda Vallieres, Mrs. Abraham Fontaine, **Montreal**;
 Mr. Domina Martin, **Ville Emard**; Mrs. C. Marcoux, **Notre Dame de**
Grace; Mrs. Alfred Dansereau, **Outremont**; Mrs. Oscar Leblanc, Mrs. Cyrille Labelle,
 Mr. Charles Lalonde, Mr. Osias Filion, Miss Monique Camirand, Mr. Joseph Belisle, Mrs.
 Marie Zadra, Mrs. Zotique Blondin, Mr. Isidore Marenger, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. J. A.
 Lacroix, Mr. Raymond Lacroix, Mr. Joseph Bernard, Mr. Jean Marigny Mandeville, Mr.
 Alex. Migner, Mrs. Alfred Soucy, Mrs. O. Beaulieu, Mr. Albert Brunet, **Longueuil**; Mrs.
 Moise Durocher, Mrs. Adrien Pilon, **St. Maxime**; Miss Louisa Bellefleur, **St. Constant**;
 Mrs. Hormisdas Charron, Mr. Guy Huberdeau, **St. Hubert**; Mrs. Remi Benoit, **St. Remi**;
 Mr. David Brosseau, **Stanbridge Station**; Mrs. Hormisdas Gregoire, Mrs. Antoine Girard,
St. Valentin; Mrs. Telesphore Carriere, **Boucherville**; Mrs. Wilfrid Trudeau, **St. Basile**
le Grand; Mr. Arcade Lucier, **St. Jacques le Mineur**; Mr. Alexis Moquin, **Laprairie**;
 Mrs. Alfred Boivin, Mr. Aime Girard, Mr. Gilles Brault, **Lacolle**; Mrs. Hilaire Senecal,
L'Acadie; Mr. Wilfrid Handfield, **Contrecoeur**; Mr. Raphael Benard, Mr. Emery Senecal,
Varenes; Mr. Thaddee Brabant, Mr. Ernest Desjardins, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Adrien Ouel-
 lette, Mrs. Jules Thibodeau, Mrs. Maxime Dumoulin, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Jean Guy Rivard,
Labelle; Mr. Maxime Lanthier, **Mont St. Michel**; Mr. Joseph Sarrazin, Mr. Alfred Beau-
 champ, Mrs. Eliza Lafontaine, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mr. John Lannigan, **Bouchette**;
 Mrs. Georges Talbot, **St. Therese de Gatineau**; Mrs. Cleophas Roy, **Maniwaki**; Miss
 Honorine Prefontaine, **Marieville**; Mr. Joseph Tremblay, **Village Richelieu**; Mrs. Raoul
 Paquin, Mr. Josaphat Raymond, **St. Robert**; Miss Jacqueline Hebert, **St. Ours**; Mrs.
 Alphonse Guertin, **St. Madeleine**; Mr. Aime Desautels, **St. Hilaire**; Mr. Nazaire Aucoin,
St. Victoire; Mrs. Leo Chaput, **St. Denis**; Mrs. Wellie Gingras, **Granby**; Mr. Arthur
 Guertin, **St. Simon**; Mrs. Arthur Lapalme, **St. Dominique**; Mr. Emmanuel Picard, Mr.
 Y. Lepine, Miss Etienne Leclerc, **St. Theodore**; Mrs. L. Goupil, **Acton Vale**; Mr. Evariste
 Cusson, **Roxton Falls**; Mrs. Adrien Grenon, **St. Liboire**; Mrs. Ernest St. Louis, **St. Ger-
 trude de Nicolet**; Mrs. Z. Beaudoin, **St. Alexis de Montcalm**; Mr. Edouard Courchesne,
Ile du Pas; Mrs. Ludger Bordeleau, **St. Marcelline**; Mrs. Nap. Asselin, **St. Melanie**;
 Mr. Ernest Galipeau, **St. Calixte**; Mr. Wilfrid Vaillancourt, **Mascouche**; Mr. Japhet Ga-
 gnon, **St. Come**; Mrs. Louis Gravel, Mrs. Josaphat Boucher, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Georges
 Boisvert, **St. Severe**; Mrs. Josaphat Lesage, Mr. Henri Jacob, **St. Tite**; Mr. Borromee
 Veillet, Mr. Jeffrey Veillet, Mr. Theodore Grosleau, Mr. Alphonse Boutet, **St. Thecle**; Mr.
 Maurice Ayotte, Mr. Josaphat Caron, **Festubert**; Mr. Louis Bedard, **Doheney**; Mr. Jean
 Pineault, **Parent**; Mr. Joseph E. Mongrain, **St. Stanislas**; Mrs. Joseph Labonte, Mrs.
 L. P. Desjardins, Mr. Wenceslas Plante, Mr. J. A. Tremblay, Mr. Philippe Bordeleau, Mr.
 Joseph Grenier, **La Tuque**; Mrs. Albert Tremblay, **St. Nil**; Mrs. Charles Dery, Mr. Wilfrid B.
 Lafreniere, Mrs. Francois Marchand, **Maskinonge**; Mrs. Olivier Campeau, **Quebec**; Mrs.
 Arthur Vallieres, **Laval**; Mr. Philippe Doucet, Mr. Alphonse Savoie, **Plessisville**; Mr. Lionel
 Gagnon, **Asbestos**; Mrs. T. Paradis, **St. Sophie**; Mrs. F. X. Audet, **St. Leon de Standon**;
 Therese Ducas, **St. Benoit de Packington**; Mrs. Gerard Gagne, **Estcourt**; Mr. Albert
 Caron, **Sully**; Mr. Louis Levesque, M. D., Mr. Arthur Quenneville, Mr. Pierre Landry,
Riviere Bleue; Mr. Leon Harvey, **St. Moise**; Mrs. Thomas Beaulieu, **St. Francoise**; Miss
 Jeannine Germain, Mr. Omer Noel Beaulieu, **St. Angele**; Mrs. Ernest Guerette, Mr. Antoine
 Levesque, **St. Louis du Ha! Ha!**; Miss Marie Anne Belanger, Mr. John Ouellet, Mr. Jean
 Tardif, **St. Hubert**; Miss Laurette Gamache, **St. Modeste**; Mr. Joseph Dion, **St. Arsene**;
 Mrs. Thomas Belzisle, **St. Simon**; Mrs. Louis Barriault, **Les Capucins**; Mr. Gerard Mon-
 geon, **St. Thomas de Cherbourg**.

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.

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish

WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

Atlas Asbestos Co.
Limited

MANUFACTURERS
♦ OF ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

110 MCGILL STREET - - - MONTREAL

CUPREX

for

PEDICULOSIS

A Product of

Merck & Co., Limited



MURESCO

The Ideal
Wall Finish

18 colors
and white



Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd.

141 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Buttons - Ribbons - Badges

For Parochial Celebrations

Celluloid-covered buttons
all sizes and colors

Specialty: Buttons with religious photo

Edwin C. Ford Reg'd.

1191 UNION AVE. — MONTREAL
TEL. LANCASTER 0810

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

Buy from D. FURLONG, JR.

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER

5385 GATINEAU

COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry. Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.

TEL. AT 1108

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, MASS. Mission procure.

(Founded in 1946)

CHINA

CANTON, 135 Tai Sun Road
(Founded in 1909)

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

TO KOM HANT

Our Lady of Providence Foundling
Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN
School.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton
(Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium.

HONG KONG, 24 Austin Road, Kowloon
(Founded in 1917)

Procure and school.

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

Orphanage. Foundling Home and
school. Workroom. St. Therese of the
Child Jesus Native Novitiate.

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu
Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Apostolic School. Dispensary. Our
Lady of the Holy Rosary Native Novi-
tiate. 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)

Chinese school. St. Therese of the Child
Jesus Hostel.

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)

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary. School.

PORT SALUT, Haiti
(Founded in 1946)

Dispensary.

ITALY

ROME, 26 via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario Mission procure. (Founded in 1925)

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 provide the dowry and trousseau for a needy Novice (\$500.00). Parishes, communities, families or individual persons may have a right to this title, provided they give in the required amount.

Diplomas will be forwarded in acknowledgment of the above-mentioned donations.

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

4.— **Associates**, those who give an annual offering of \$2.00.

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

The Society also considers as Benefactors all persons who in any way help its Canadian or foreign establishments.

While commending their Benefactors to the Master Missionary, that He Himself may reward their generous support a hundredfold, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the spiritual value of their apostolic labors, as also in the prayers and sufferings of the destitute members of Christ confided to their care.

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1.— All the Sisters have a special intention for them in their Masses and Holy Communions.

2.— A Mass is said once a month for their intentions.

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

4.— Benefactors are likewise remembered by the members of the Community in the daily Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Mother. This Guard of Honor is also made at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, China, where the poor lepers in groups of fifteen continually recite the Rosary for the intentions of our Benefactors.

5.— A solemn Mass of requiem is sung once a year for deceased Benefactors.

6.— Deceased Benefactors share in the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross made each day by the Sisters.

7.— Holy Mass is offered twice a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for all Subscribers to **The Precursor** and all living and deceased Benefactors.