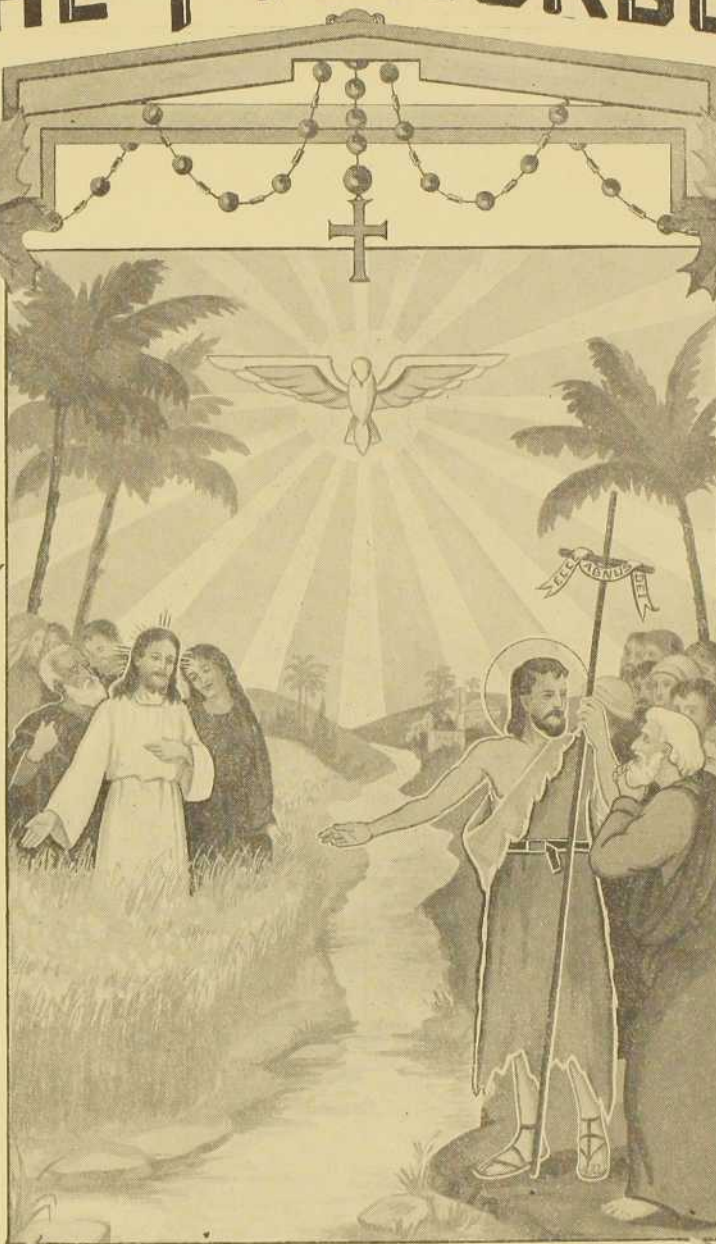


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR

Montreal, March-April 1947

No. 2



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 Lagauchetiere 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)

The Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

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

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

Closed retreats for women and girls.

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

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

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

Main Feasts. — Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?

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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, March-April 1947

No. 2

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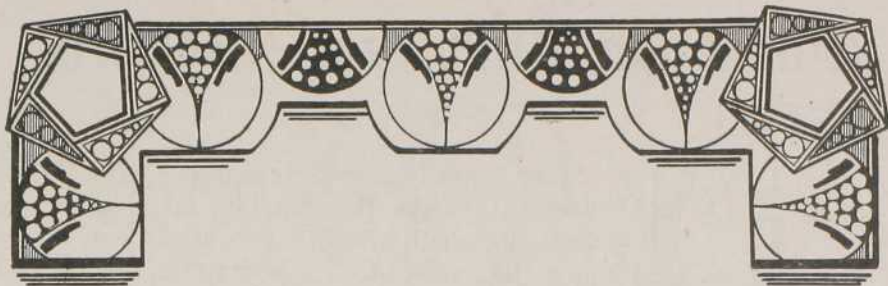
Virgo Sacerdos

*Oh, the heavens are gay
And the earth's in a trance;
This is Gabriel's Day —
Archangel, advance!
Fervent kneels at her prayer
Holy Mary so meek.
What the tidings you bear?
Ambassador, speak!*

*"Mary, channel of grace,
Mary, privileged one,
Will you ransom your race
And mother the Son
Of the thrice-holy God?"
"Be it done as He wills!"
With a word and a nod
His hope she fulfils.*

*Oh, the altar is fair
In its lilial glow,
And a priestess stands there
In raiment of snow.
Lady Mary her name,
And the Host is her Child;
For Redemption He came
To Maid undefiled.*

*Beams the Star of His Birth
In the silence of night,
And 'tis Mass upon earth
With «Gloria» blithe.
In immaculate hands
See, He nestles so shy,
While heavenly bands
Sing «Pax» in the sky.*



*«Suscipe» — sweet, sublime,
In the Temple is sung;
For the Prophet this time
The knell will be rung.
For the Gentiles are saved
And the captive is free;
In His Precious Blood laved
All nations shall be.*

*Oh, the altar is fair,
All the tapers are bright,
For a priestess takes care
And follows each rite,
While the years as they roll
Bring the nearer the Cross,
And the Calvary knoll
Reminds of her loss.*

* *
* *

*Now the altar is red
With the red of His gore;
«Ite, Missa est» said —
Oblation is o'er!
Holy Mary there stands
For her role to the end;
In immaculate hands
The Host they commend!*

*Now our moments are gay
And they sing as they pass!
Ev'ry day is Her Day,
The Day of Her Mass.
At the altar she stands
With the priest as he prays,
And her virginal hands
Raise Christ o'er our days!*

The Precursor

Our Lady, Universal Mediatrix



Mary blessed among women is Queen of the Universe. She is the humble maid whom all generations shall glorify. She is Queen of the Saints, the model of all sanctity, the first in holiness and dignity, as she precedes all in goodness and mercy. Mary is the great benefactress, the Mediatrix of salvation. Through her all blessings earthward flow. This is the incomparable privilege that rejoices Angels and Saints, that consoles and cheers the citizens of earth.

Faith teaches that there exists one sole principal and necessary Mediator between God and His creatures, namely, Our Lord Jesus Christ. Faith expounds that all graces have unquestionably been merited by the God-Man. Holy Church testifies that "no other name has been given to men, whereby we must be saved" except the Name of Christ Our Lord. But it was part of the divine plan that there should be a second medium of intercession. This medium would be Mary, and her power she would derive from the principal Mediator. God could have sanctified us without the intervention of Mary; however, He has willed to assign a role to her in the sanctification of souls; He has decreed that all graces should proceed from the liberal hands of Our Mother.

I. All graces are reached down to us from Mary as a consequence of her Divine Motherhood. She gave the world its Savior. To her mankind owes this Great Gift and the inexhaustible bounties of which Jesus is the fountain-head. "How sublime," exclaims Bossuet, "was the vocation of Mary, predestined by the Most High from all eternity to present Christ to the world! Still must we add that the Almighty, in calling her to so glorious a destiny, willed that she should be not simply a channel for that supreme excellence, but a deliberate, acquiescent instrument. And even after God had determined to work the startling wonder of the Incarnation after which all nature yearned, the matter still remained undecided, until the Virgin Mary should have pronounced her *Fiat*, so necessary was it for men that the future Mother of their Redeemer should have longed for their salvation. But as soon as the 'Be it done to me' fell from her lips the heavens opened, the Son of God assumed our human flesh and sinful mankind had a Savior. Thus the charity of Mary has been, if one may so speak, the fecund wellspring whence grace gushed forth and was abundantly showered on human nature."

II. All graces come through Mary, because she has merited them all, not through her personal operation, not through a merit of strict justice, but through Jesus Christ her Son and through a merit of convenience. She has merited them through the sublime practice of every virtue, and through perfect cooperation with Heaven-sent graces during her years of preparation to the Divine Motherhood. She has merited them in giving Christ to the world, in caring for Him, in nourishing His Body, in preserving Him for us. She has merited them through her entire life, but especially so on the Friday of salvation as she stood beneath the Cross of Calvary. There her *Fiat* assented to her Son giving Himself a Redemption for all. There she accomplished still more. Secondary priest, she offered to the Eternal Father the Body and Blood of the Savior! "On this solemn occasion it was given her not only to suffer with her Son, not only to consent to His immolation, but also to offer to God this redeeming oblation and thereby to enter into all the intentions of the Sacred Victim. Such was her function on the Holy Mount. She did not climb the heights of radiant Tabor, but she ascended the summit of Calvary. There she remained standing as if in the act of fulfilling a great duty, standing as stands the priest at the altar of sacrifice.

III. All graces come through Mary in this precise sense that all spiritual riches are communicated to us through her medium. Such is the reward of her holiness, of her prayers and merits, the consequence of her dignity as Mother of God. Through a gratuitous gift of the Almighty, through His exceptionally great favor, she has been elected treasurer of all heavenly bounties and dispensatrix of all graces. God has willed once to bequeath His Christ to men through Mary, and His mode of communication will remain immutably thus.

IV. All graces come through Mary, that is, all favors granted to societies, families and individual persons flow from her benign hands. Not that she bestows them in a physical sense; such is the immediate, direct and necessary office of God. But she obtains them most efficaciously through her prayers. She obtains for us many favors we do not request; she obtains for us the favors we implore from her kindness; she obtains for us the graces we solicit from the Saints, for her irresistible credit gives weight to their supplications. Even the graces we beseech from God or the Word Incarnate are granted through Mary. Strictly speaking, her intervention is not entirely indispensable, but God in His Providence has rendered it necessary. Mary's intervention, however, is efficacious because of Christ's. She presents to the Almighty her personal merits joined to those of her Son. Through the merits of Christ she obtains a hearing with the Most High. In other words, Christ who willed on earth to present Himself to God as Mary's Child still desires to be presented in the Heavenly Realms in the same manner. To present Jesus Christ, to unite her prayers and secondarily her merits to the all-powerful intercession of God's Only Begotten Son, therein lies Mary's role in the distribution of graces.

ABBE CHARLES ROLLAND



His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, O. M. I.
10th Archbishop of Quebec and 4th Canadian Cardinal
who died in Los Angeles, California, January 17, in his 64th year.

The unexpected passing of the venerated Prelate whom death has suddenly removed from the Church of Canada has been learned with deep sorrow not only by the Quebec Archdiocese, whose Father he had been since Dec. 11, 1931, but by the whole of Canada and foreign countries as well. Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII, who had always held him in high esteem, has been greatly affected by the death of the eminent Prince of the Church.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will make it a duty to lay on his grave the filial tribute of their prayers and keep his name in respectful and thankful remembrance.

Eyes Romeward for Father's Day



No dutiful son can remain stonily indifferent to Father's Day. For weeks ahead he scans the great occasion from every angle and leaves no idea untried to have it every inch worthy of him whom he affectionately denominates "the greatest man in the world".

For Catholics the world over St. Joseph's month brings once more the feast of the universal Father, the Common Father of the great human family, His Holiness Pope Pius XII. If ever a father deserved love in word and in deed and the precious meed of respect and reverence,

surely it is the Supreme Head of the Church, whose paternal heart, heart of the servant of the servants of God, is also one of compassion for his spiritual sons and daughters scattered over the face of the globe.

The Pope is our Father. We are his children in Christ. Breathes there the Catholic who has never longed for an audience with the Holy Father? Breathes there the follower of Christ who has not gloried in having touched the white robe of the "gentle Christ" of the Vatican?

Christ has not left us orphans. In the Supreme Head of His Church He has given us a Father whose heart knows love and mercy, whose heart loves as Christ loved, in spirit and in truth.

When has the world suffered and bled without another Peter of Rome to feel the urgings of compassionate sympathy? When have scourges wrought havoc without another Christlike intercessor to raise his hand in suppliant prayer to the Most High? And when his vigilant eye detects wolves seeking to steal into the pale, how courageously does not the *Pastor Angelicus* wield his weapons to defend his beloved sheep! Attentive he is to the temporal well-being of his children, of society as a whole, but how infinitely more solicitous for the spiritual welfare of all who call him "Father" and look Romeward for the Voice of God! Christ has bestowed upon him the spiritual fatherhood of souls. Christ has commissioned him to see to it that they have life and have it abundantly.

Sublime and sacred looms the mission of the Vicar of Christ Our Lord. But at the same time how gigantic the task that confronts him!

May our 1947 Papal Father's Day spur us on to greater devotion to the interests of our Common Father the Pope. Let us stand by him, let us fight for his rights, let us do his will which is the will of God. Let us love the Pope, our Father in Christ. Let our veneration be deep, truthful and loyal. For the Pope is the Church, the Church is the Bride of Christ, and Christ is God, of whom all paternity in Heaven and earth is named.

Pope Pius XII's Christmas Message

VATICAN CITY, Dec. 24 — (Radio NC) — *Following is the complete English text of the allocution given today by His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the Sacred College of Cardinals.*

I. Neutral Position of the Church

Was there ever in the history of the human race, in the history of the Church, a Christmas Feast and the dawn of a new year in which men felt more keenly and showed more clearly than today the yearning to see the contrast disappear, between the message of peace from Bethlehem and the internal and external unrest of a world which so often abandons the straight path of truth and justice?

Humanity has barely come from the horrors of a cruel war, the results of which fill her still with anguish; and she now gazes with amazement on the yawning abyss between the hopes of yesterday and the realizations of today; an abyss which the most persistent efforts can bridge over only with difficulty, because man, who is capable of destruction is not always himself capable of reconstruction.

CLEARCUT DIVISION

Behold, for almost two years now the roar of cannon is silenced. Military results in the field of battle have brought about an indisputable victory for one of the belligerent parties and a defeat without precedent for the other. Seldom in the history of the world has the sword traced such a clear line of division between the conquerors and the conquered.

The joyous and exuberant intoxication of the victory has vanished. The inevitable difficulties have manifested themselves in all their crudity. Indeed, over all human designs and plans, are written the words of the Lord: "By their fruits you will know them" (MATT. 7, 16). One thing is beyond all doubting: The fruits and the repercussions of victory have been, up to the present, not only of indescribable bitterness for the defeated, but for the victors, too, they have proved to be a source of untold anxiety and danger.

CHURCH IMPARTIAL

These dissensions in the past have gradually increased in their consequences to such a degree that no true lover of humanity — and much less the Church of Christ, ever solicitous to fulfil her mission — could close her eyes before such a spectacle.

The Church, which has received from the Divine Savior a mandate for all nations to lead them to their eternal salvation, does not intend to intervene and to take sides in controversies on subjects of mere earthly interest. She is a mother. You do not ask a mother to favor or to take the part of one rather than another of her children.

All ought equally to find and to feel in her that far-seeing and generous love, that intimate and unfailing tenderness which gives her faithful children the strength to walk with firmer step in the royal path of truth and light, and inspires those led astray and the erring with the desire of returning to her maternal guidance.

NEED FOR LOVE

Never before, perhaps, has the Church of Christ, her ministers and faithful of every rank and class had such need of this enlightened love — a love ready for sacrifice knowing no earthly limit or human prejudice — as they have in critical situation of today. The sad vicissitudes of the past seem as nothing in comparison.

It is, then, only the spirit of charity, the sacred duty of Our Apostolic Office, that prompts Us to speak today, the eve of the Holy Nativity. This alone induces Us to address the entire world, and to use the waves of the air to carry to the extremity of the earth the expression of Our anxieties and fears, of Our prayers and most ardent hopes, confident that many noble and understanding hearts, even outside the Catholic Communion, will hear Our appeal and will lend Us their efficacious collaboration.

We do not mean to criticize but to stimulate; not to accuse but to help. "Thoughts of peace and not of affliction" (JER. 29, 11), move Our heart, and We would wish to quicken such thoughts in the depths of the souls of those who hear Us.

2. Right of the Church to Speak

We well know that Our words and Our intentions run the risk of being misinterpreted or even of being distorted for the scope of political propaganda. But the possibility of such erroneous or malicious comments could not seal Our lips. We would think Ourselves unworthy of Our office, of the cross that the Lord has placed on Our weak shoulders; We would believe that We were betraying the souls that look to Us for the light of truth and sure guidance, if, in order to avoid evil interpretations, We hesitated to do Our full part at this critical hour to re-awaken dormant consciences and to recall them to the duties of the holy warfare of Christ.

NO VETO

No claim of veto, no matter where it comes from, could hold against the precept of Christ, "go and teach." With unswerving obedience to the Divine Founder of the Church, We devote Ourselves, and will continue to devote Ourselves, to the utmost limit of Our strength, in the fulfillment of Our office to defend truth, to protect the right, to propound the eternal principles of humanity and of love. In the exercise of this Our duty it may well be that We shall meet with oppositions and misunderstandings. But We find strength in the lot meted out to the Redeemer Himself and to those who followed in His footsteps. The humble but intrepid words of the Apostle Paul come to mind: "With me it is a very small matter to be judged (by men); he who judges me, is the Lord." (I COR. 4, 3-4).

SLOW PROGRESS

It was indeed to be feared, considering the ruinous and confused condition in which the cruel conflict left the world, that the path from the end of the war to the conclusion of the peace would be long and painful. But at present we are witnessing its continuation without being able to foresee—despite some notable progress at last made—how or when it will be terminated; and this indefinite prolonging of an abnormal state of instability and uncertainty is the clear symptom of an evil which constitutes the sad characteristic of our age.

Men were witnesses of prodigious activity in all the fields of military power, formidable in its precision and extent of preparation and organization, lightning-like in the speed and improvisation with which it was continuously adapting itself to circumstances and needs; now they see the elaboration and the drawing up of peace taking place with great slowness and amid divergencies not yet overcome in determining aims and methods.

CHARTER SHIPWRECKED

When for the first time the Atlantic Charter was announced, the whole world listened; at last one could breathe freely. But what remains of that message and its provisions?

Even in some of those States which, either through free choice or under the aegis of other greater powers, love to appear to the world of today as the standard bearers of new and true progress, the "Four Freedoms" recently hailed with enthusiasm by many, now seem only a shadow or a counterfeit of what was in the mind and intentions of the most loyal of their promulgators.

We most willingly recognize the untiring efforts of outstanding statesmen who for a year or so, in a series of almost uninterrupted and toilsome conference, have labored to bring about what honest men the world over ardently long for and desire.

But, alas, differences of opinion, mutual distrust and suspicion, the doubtful value, in fact and in justice, of not a few decisions already taken or still to be taken, have made uncertain and fragile the strength and vitality of compromises and

solutions based on force or political prestige, which leave deep down in many hearts delusion and discontent.

Instead of advancing toward a real peace, people in vast territories of the globe and in large sections especially of Europe are in a state of constant unrest from which there could arise sooner or later the flames of new conflicts.

3. Essential Conditions for True Peace

When one sees and ponders all this, one is profoundly impressed with the gravity of the present hour and feels the need of calling on the rulers of the nations, in whose hands lies the destiny of the world and on whose deliberations depend the success and progress or the failure of the peace, and asking them to consider three points:

(1) *The first condition* in order to fulfill the expectations of the nations, to lessen and gradually to remove the internal disturbances from which they suffer, to remove the dangerous international tensions is that all your energies and all your good will be directed to putting an end to the present intolerable state of incertitude and to hasten, as soon as possible, the coming of a definite peace among all States — and that notwithstanding difficulties which no calm consideration can fail to recognize.

During the long years of the war and post-war period, human nature, a prey to innumerable and indescribable sufferings, has given proof of incredible powers of resistance. But this power is limited.

For millions of human beings that limit has already been reached; the spring is already stretched too far; the slightest thing would cause it to snap, and its breaking could have irreparable consequences. Humanity wants to be able to hope again.

A speedy and complete conclusion of peace is of real and lively interest to all those who know that only a prompt return to normal economic, juridical and spiritual relations among nations can save the world from incalculable shocks and disorders which would only help the dark forces to evil.

Therefore, let the year that is now coming to an end be the last year of vain and fruitless expectancy; let the new year see the peace a reality.

(2) *The year of fulfilment.* This thought leads to the second appeal that every right-minded person makes to the rulers of the nations.

You rightly long to see — and how could it be otherwise? — your names written in letters of gold on the scroll of the benefactors of the human race. The mere thought that one day — even without fault on your part — they may be opprobriously listed among the authors of its ruin, fills you with horror. *Apply, then, all the forces of your mind and will to give to your work of peace the seal of the true justice, of far-seeing wisdom, of a sincere service to the common interests of the entire human family.*

The utter depth of misery into which the horrible war has thrown humanity calls for help and imperiously demands to be healed by means of a peace that is morally noble and irreproachable: such a peace that may teach future generations to outlaw every trace of brutal force and to restore to the idea of right the priority of place from which it was wickedly dislodged.

• LABOR WITHOUT RESULTS

We justly appreciate the arduous but noble work of those statesmen who, disregarding the insidious voices of revenge and hate, have been toiling and are still toiling without respite for the fulfilment of such a high ideal. But notwithstanding their generous efforts, who could ever say that the discussions and debates of the year that is ending have resulted in a clear plan, drawn up logically in its main outlines, and calculated to reawaken in all nations confidence in a future of tranquility and justice.

No doubt, such a disastrous war, unleashed by an unjust aggression and continued beyond lawful limits when it was clear that it was irreparably lost, could

not be terminated simply in a peace which did not include guarantees that similar acts of violence would not be repeated. Nevertheless, all the measures of repression and prevention should keep their character of means and hence remain subordinate to the lofty and ultimate purposes of a true peace which, while providing the necessary guarantees, contemplates the gradual cooperation of conquerors and conquered in the work of reconstruction to the advantage of the entire family of nations and as well of each of its members.

GAINING GROUND

Any balanced observer will be willing to recognize that these indisputable principles have made real progress during the past year in not a few minds and that, too, as a result of the painful repercussion felt by the vital interests of the victorious States themselves. One finds some satisfaction also in noting that competent and authoritative voices in ever-increasing numbers are raised against an unlimited prolongation of the present conditions on the life and economic recovery of the defeated. Immediate contact with the indescribable misery of the post-war period in some zones has awakened in many hearts the consciousness of a common responsibility to lessen effectively, and eventually to overcome, such a great evil; this sentiment is as honorable for one as it is encouraging for the other.

Recently a new factor has arisen to stimulate the desire for peace and the determination to promote it more effectively: the might of new instruments of destruction which modern technique has developed and continues to develop to such an extent that they appear to the terrified eyes of humanity infernal creations. This factor has brought the problem of disarmament into the center of international discussions under completely new aspects, and it provides an incentive that was never felt before; thence springs hope of solving what past generations have longed for in vain.

Notwithstanding these well-founded motives of hope, in which no one can rejoin more than the Church, it seems that, in the present state of affairs, one must expect with great probability that the future peace treaties will only be an *opus imperfectum*. Many of those who write them will recognize in them the result of compromises between the policies and claims of differing political powers rather than the expression of their own personal ideas based on the true and just concepts of right and equity, of human feeling and prudence.

(3) *This leads naturally to the third appeal addressed to the rulers of the nations:*

If you wish to give more than a superficial stability and duration to your labors for the new order and a peace that will not fail; if you wish to prevent its being violated sooner or later due to its own harshness, to the practical difficulties of putting it into effect, to its inherent defects and shortcomings, to the omissions and insufficiencies perhaps inevitable today, to its real or imagined effects in the future which can not be calculated at the moment; then *take care to leave open the way for amendments — according to a clearly determined procedure — as soon as the majority of peoples, the voice of reason and of equity show that these amendments are opportune and desirable or even called for.*

In design, a machine can appear to be of indisputable perfection for its rigorous mathematical precision, but may show itself seriously defective in a real trial when it is faced with a number of unforeseen technical difficulties. In a moral, social and political order, how much more easily can a project appear excellent on paper, the fruit of laborious discussion, but then fail in the test of time and experience, where psychological factors play an important role. Certainly everything can not be foreseen. But it is wise to leave the door open for future revisions and eventual adjustments.

In doing this, you will show yourself faithful to the words spoken in memorable circumstances by authoritative interpreters of public opinion; you will be sure of not causing any prejudice to your best interests; and you will give to the entire human family a luminous example by showing that there is no safer way toward the desired peace than that which comes from the re-education of mankind in the spirit of fraternal solidarity.

4. Light From Bethlehem

When one knows one is advancing along a safe path — how beautiful a thing it is to walk in the light! The light: look at it, all of you who are united by the same Faith in the Savior of the world! To illumine the path, it comes down from the Star that shines over Bethlehem.

If one wishes to return to the great principles of justice that lead to peace, one must go to Bethlehem. One must recall the example and the doctrine of Him Who from the cradle to the cross knew no higher mission than that of fulfilling the will of the Heavenly Father, rescuing the world from the darkness of error and mire of sin where it lay pitifully. It must be brought to acknowledge its subjection to the majesty of the Divine Law as its norm of right thinking and its measure of wholesome and conscientious conduct.

CONTRAST TODAY

The great return to the axioms of the message of Bethlehem was never more necessary for the world than today. Indeed, rarely has the contrast between the precepts of that Divine message and the reality as we see it been made, alas, so clear to men.

Frightened by this contrast, would you wish, beloved sons and daughters, to lose courage? Would you wish to increase the number of those who, alarmed at the instability of the times, begin themselves to waver in such a way that more or less knowingly they play the part of the adversaries of Christ? No Christian has the right to show himself tired of the fight against the anti-religious surge of today. It matters little under what forms, with what methods, weapons, words — enticing or menacing — and in what disguises the enemy hides himself. No one can be excused for remaining in his presence with folded arms, bowed head and trembling knees.

The same tactics are always used against the Church: "Strike the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered" (ZAC. 13, 7). Ever the same tactics powerless to find something new, always inglorious as it is vain. It repeats itself in the most diverse places and even tries its strength against the very See of Peter. The Church, even though her heart bleeds, does not fear for herself — she has the Divine promise — but she fears the loss of so many souls. Her annals are there to recall how many times the most impetuous assaults have been dashed to pieces against the strong and calm Rock on which she is built, sure of her immortality.

Today as yesteryear, and tomorrow as today, all the efforts to conquer and tear her asunder must yield and come to nought before the vital force of the *Vinculum Caritatis*, which unites pastor and flock.

If in the arduous but resolute performance of Our Office anything gives Us peace and encouragement, it is, after Our confidence in Him Who chooses the weak things to confound the arrogance of the strong, the solid conviction of being able to count on the prayer, fidelity and watchfulness of an *acies ordinata* (CAN. 6, 3) (an army set in array) whose fitness and experience have overcome the greatest trials.

Recently, We had the pleasure of raising to the honors of the altars a heroic band of Martyrs, who in sealing with their blood the profession of their Faith have embellished the dawn of our century. Since those days other bands of priests and faithful, soldiers of Christ yet unknown, have rendered and still render the same testimony. We do not doubt that a day will see them brought from obscurity to glory, when history will finally lift the heavy curtain that covers and darkens our time. May the example of their courage and their fidelity spurning death inflame the hearts of Our beloved sons and daughters and fill them with the same sentiments of strength and confidence which ensure for the Standard of Christ its peaceful victory for the greater good of all humanity.

5. An Appeal for Aid to War Victims

We cannot end this Our Christmas message without recalling the suffering and the needs arising from the serious food situation and health conditions of the nations tried by the war.

Already on April 5 of this year We uttered a cry for help to the rulers and to the peoples of those countries who could come to the help of the starving populations with their reserves. And, in truth, much has been done. Moved by the tragic plight especially of the weak, the aged and the children, the civilized world did not remain insensible or slothful; and praise is due to the humane and Christian spirit of those men and nations who organized multiple relief works. Following on the sanguinary paths of the armies, they brought to the victims of the war all kind of help. They have saved the honor of mankind which was so shamefully outraged by violence and hate.

BREAD STILL NEEDED

Would to Heaven that these funds of energy and provision charitably lavished in relieving the most needy and bringing them from utter ruin — would that they had been sufficient for the task! Alas, it is not so; therefore, We feel compelled to renew Our appeal of last spring. There looms over vast territories of Europe starvation.

Bread — in the literal sense of the word — is needed by entire populations, who because of its lack are becoming weak, worn out, enervated, the prey of diseases and pains, and dangerously aroused by the dull goad of hopeless rancor and deep-seated social rebellion.

Such is the tremendous danger that darkens the dawn of the new year, a danger so much more serious because from some symptoms which reveal uncertainty and weariness, the magnanimous work of human solidarity seems on the verge of deteriorating even before a remedy can be applied to the ills which it was designed to relieve.

LOOK ON MISERY

It is but human that they upon whom fortune is smiling should be inclined to keep aloof and forget the wretchedness of others. Closing their eyes and their hearts to the misfortunes of a neighbor who is unknown and far away, they think they can justify in their own consciences the isolationism and disinterestedness in the necessities of others; their personal needs consume funds that the practice of charity would have laid aside; and their means of relief fail to provide that assistance for which charity to the neighbor would have destined them.

Therefore, We say once more to all who can lend a helping hand: let not your zeal grow cold; let your help be ever more available and generous! Away with all greedy selfishness, all mean doubts, all bitterness, all indifference, all rancor.

Let your eye see only the misery and, above all, the suffering of millions of children and young people who are perishing with hunger. In this way you, at one and the same time, give and receive the ineffable Christmas Gift: "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

Nothing is so well suited to create the indispensable spiritual requirements of peace as help liberally given by state to state, by a people to a people, without regard to national boundaries, so that nations, laying aside feelings of rivalry and of vengeance, restraining their craving for power and banishing the thought of privileged isolation, may learn from their own fortunes to understand, to tolerate, and to help one another, and thus — upon the ruins of a civilization forgetful of the teachings of the Gospel — the Christian Commonwealth may rise again, in which the law of love is supreme.

With this prayer on Our lips, we extend to all who are listening to Us this Christmas Eve a fervent wish that "the peace of God which surpasses all understanding" (PHIL. 4, 7), may be theirs, and from the depth of Our Heart We impart to all Our beloved sons and daughters throughout the world as a pledge of the choicest graces of the Word of God made man, Our Paternal Apostolic Blessing.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

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

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

In the months that followed her little remaining energy gradually waned. The month of August brought great apprehension to the Immaculate Conception family, and it was judged prudent to have the priest prepare her for the Homeward summons. Again on September 26 she was strengthened with the consoling Sacrament of the dying. Medical skill declared itself baffled and its verdict was all but hopeless.

For a long time already the Motherhouse personnel had had to abstain from visits to the sick bed, thereby sparing all unnecessary fatigue to the dear patient. On September 26, however, Mother General gave the Sisters permission to pray, in their leisure moments, beside the one they had so long revered and so deeply loved. In order that the privilege might be enjoyed by youngest and eldest, it was agreed that the Sisters should leave the room after having said a decade of the beads or nine *Memorares*. Everyone submitted to the maternal stipulation, but so did everyone stay lingeringly on every other word of the prescribed prayers — for which tardiness filial love could bring forth its excuse. Their hearts torn with grief, the Sisters gazed upon the generous victim nailed to her cross of pain. All in her physical attitude reminded one of Our Lord offering Himself on Calvary. Even as the Master, His servant was thirsty unto death. It is very probable that her thirst, which she could not allay because of her paralyzed throat, caused her greater agony than any other bodily affliction. As her mouth remained continually opened, the scant contents of a medicine dropper could only increase her craving for refreshment. Each time the nursing Sisters moistened her lips and tongue with an applicator dipped in water or chicken broth, the poor sufferer would at once press her lips together in order to swallow as much as possible.

Her crown of thorns she also had, in imitation of her Spouse. Ever since she had severely cut her forehead in her fall of 1938, headaches had to all appearances constantly tortured her.

Her feet and hands were strangely twisted and shrivelled up; her nerves were shrunken; her right hand was a pitiful sight — it could no longer be opened and the Sisters had had to insert a small roll of cotton between the palm and the fingers to keep these from biting into the flesh.

Her right shoulder had always caused her no end of discomfort since it had been fractured in 1928, and sometimes she could not repress a painful moan when her nurses in changing her position let the upper part of her body weigh ever so slightly on the sensitive member.

It is strange indeed that paralysis, which had gradually incapacitated her whole body, and even her throat, tongue and eyes — for she had of

late been unable to lift her eyelids — should have spared the mental faculties until the very last. Throughout the few weeks immediately preceding death, she seemed, although conscious, to be lost in a kind of lethargy. But the last two days of her earthly life were lived fully; her faculties had seemingly recovered their vivaciousness. Was she afraid to give in to sleep and thus lose a few particles of the precious moments she still had to live? Or was she alarmed lest the Bridegroom should find her unprepared at His coming? With all the love of her heart she kissed the crucifix that was frequently pressed to her lips. Her great soul of prayer united to the invocations suggested by her affectionate daughters in Christ.

Until the very end her God came to her daily in Holy Communion. On Saturday, September 27, before the priest brought the divine particle which was all she could swallow, Mother General drew near her bedside. A nursing Sister gently lifted the closed eyelid of the revered patient. "Mother," whispered the Superior General, "you have always offered your prayers and sufferings and your life for the Community. You will do so in the future, will you not?... Bless all your daughters both near and far. Beseech God to make of us all fervent religious and saintly missionaries, and to grant us grace always to live up to your teachings. I promise in the name of all that we will remember and treasure your lessons and examples." A ray of joy illumined the beautiful countenance of the Founding Mother as her penetrating gaze met that of her former Assistant. An expression of thanks surged to her lips; she tried to speak, but no words came.

In the night of the 30th she took a turn for the worse and the Community feared the end was at hand. But the danger was once again averted and the remainder of the night was peaceful.

With the opening hours of October apprehensions tortured our loving hearts. Had not Our Lady of the Rosary been awaiting her blessed month to invite her faithful servant to end her earth Rosary in Heaven?

The doctor had formally declared that coma would forestall death; yet the beloved Mother, her course unquestionably run, still retained full possession of her lucidity. Rev. Father Paul Lachapelle, chaplain of the Motherhouse, went as usual to see her after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. He was much surprised to see her preparing her lips even as he was suggesting that she should kiss the crucifix, and before he had time to hold it to her lips. This led him to believe and confirmed our own opinion that she was fully conscious and had not yet come to the last station of her Sorrowful Way. God had decreed that she who had so deeply appreciated every second to live it for His glory, should remain able till the end to give to every particle of time its eternal value.

With anxious mien that evening the Sisters sought their cells after night prayers. Towards 10.30 the Community was convoked to the hallowed chamber where a supreme sacrifice was to be consummated. Prayers stormed Heaven for the one about to meet her Maker. The breath of the dying Mother came in short, labored gasps. Her left eye, half-opened, was directed towards the statue of the Blessed Virgin standing at the foot

of her bed, and her pallid countenance retained its usual serenity. At about ten minutes before midnight a great change stole over her features. The prayers for those in their agony were begun, but before they had been ended a faint moan told the Sisters keeping vigil that the Master of life was exercising His all-powerful rights. Only a few seconds before, she had laid a loving kiss on the feet of her Crucified Savior whose image had been held to her lips. Eternity was breaking for her when the chaplain arrived to grant a last absolution and present her virginal and apostolic soul to its Creator in the name of Holy Church. It was on October 1, five minutes before the stroke of midnight. The look of calm and repose that settled upon her features revealed with what tranquillity she had answered *Ecce venio* to the Bridegroom's call to the eternal marriage feast. No doubt also the Queen of the Holy Rosary had come to meet her all the way. How appropriate that this true daughter of Mary should pray the *Glorious* Mysteries of her Rosary in immortal bliss! Here below she had lived the *Joyful* and *Sorrowful*, although the former had lost something of their glow beside the sorrowful radiance of the purple blooms woven into the fibre of her days. In Heaven above she will set in her crown roses of the purest gold whose beauty the hand of time will never alter. It seemed to the bereaved Sisters around the deathbed that their Mother wished them to intone the *Magnificat*, as is daily done after the recitation of each of the three parts of the Rosary, their cherished Marian Office. Fervently and feelingly the hymn of thanks first culled on Mary's lips was said. Then a gentle hand closed the eyes that had so tenderly followed each and everyone. Muted forever was the voice so eloquent in praise of God and the things of God and Mary Immaculate; that voice so consoling in trials, so encouraging in the face of stern duty, that voice which had so often upheld the cause of God and souls.

Long in suppliant prayer the spiritual family knelt beside the venerated remains. Then, while the nursing Sisters proceeded to lay out the body, the majority of the Community repaired to the chapel to make the Stations of the Cross. The heart of the beloved Foundress was extracted to be preserved in her religious family as a memorial of her maternal love for her daughters and her ardent love for God and souls, until it shall become, as we hope, a priceless relic for the generations of tomorrow, if the Lord deigns one day to glorify His handmaid on earth.

The mortal remains rested in one of the Community parlors near a statue of Mary Most Merciful. How often in the days when she served her Lord as sacristan, the future Foundress had decked with blossoms and vigil lights this selfsame statue that had come all the way from France! Later it had become her legacy from the humble association that once had been. The Madonna of mercy, at all times of incomparable beauty, seemed to be wearing an expression of unwonted joy on those early October days. In one hand she held a crown of spotless lilies, and with the other she pointed with maternal pride to the earth-weary child asleep at her feet.

In her casket the deceased appeared twenty years younger. She still wore the imposing attitude of nobleness, distinction and humility that had

characterized her. All in her exterior told of unblemished purity. Still and white in death lay the virginal lily, but its beauty fascinated every eye.

The newborn day was dedicated to the Holy Angels. Early that morning a Sister read on the calendar a most consoling verse from the pen of Little Therese. The Community welcomed it as a message entrusted by the tender-hearted Mother to her Guardian Angel for her family shrouded in sorrow.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

Thou who canst traverse all space
Fleeter than the swiftest lightning,
Fly full often in my place
To my own, their sorrows brightening.
With thy wings dry every tear,
Goodness of my Jesus singing,
Breathe my name to hearts so dear,
Whisper charms from anguish springing.

When the convent doors opened to the public, the first who came to pray beside the body were the pupils of the Motherhouse Kindergarten; and, strange to say, the last who formed a crown around the bier at the Novitiate before transference to the cemetery were the pupils of the Presentation of Mary Convent. While the little ones were passing in front of the coffin, His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme entered and began the ritual prayers. How happy the dear Mother must have felt surrounded by the little flock, she who had done so much for Christ's innocent ones through the Holy Childhood Association and who had always loved children with a magnificent love.

The body rested at the Motherhouse from October 2 to 6. Meanwhile visitors in impressive numbers came to offer the tribute of their sympathy and prayers. Rich spiritual bouquets or messages of condolence were offered by His Eminence Cardinal J.M.R. Villeneuve, His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, the majority of the Bishops of the province, the Mayor of Montreal and many religious Communities of Montreal and neighboring cities.

The funeral service was celebrated on Monday, October 6, by His Excellency Most Rev. J. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal. The other officers of the Mass were: Assistant priest, Rev. Father Alphonse Gauthier, C.S.V., Assistant Provincial; deacons of the Mass, Msgr E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society, and Very Rev. Father E. Papillon, S.J., Provincial; deacons of honor, Rev. Father J.E. Moreau, P.S.S., Provincial, and Very Rev. Father M. Gaudrault, O.P. Seminarists from the Pont Viau seminary served at the altar.

Were also present: His Excellency Bishop F.Z. Decelles, St. Hyacinthe; His Excellency Bishop J.H. Prud'homme; Very Rev. Canon J.E. Garceau, representing His Excellency Bishop J.A. Papineau, Joliette; Rev. Father Henri Pellerin, chancellor, representing His Excellency Bishop A.O. Comtois, Three Rivers; Msgr. G.H. Chartier, Vicar General, who met the body at the door; Msgr. P. Perrier, Vicar General of the Diocese of Montreal. Seventy-two priests occupied seats placed in the sanctuary and the nave.

Mr. Oscar Gince, representing His Worship Mayor Raynault of the City of Montreal, His Worship Mayor Beaubien of the City of Outremont and Mrs. Beaubien, several other notables, fifty-nine Sisters of various religious Communities and over three hundred other persons, benefactors and friends of the Community, also came to pay a last tribute to the revered Mother.

The Montreal Chinese Colony, for which the deceased had labored much during her life, was represented by Mr. Charlie Chan, one of its principal members.

His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau officiated at the *Libera*. The remains were then conveyed to the Pont Viau Novitiate, there to be exposed to the piety and veneration of Novices and Postulants until the following morning.

On the Feast of the Holy Rosary, October 7, a second service was sung in the Novitiate chapel. Rev. Father Paul Lachapelle, chaplain of the Motherhouse, officiated at the removal of the body to the chapel. *Requiem* High Mass was sung by Rev. Father C. Rondeau, P.M.E., Superior of the Foreign Mission Probation House, assisted by the Rev. Fathers L. Lomme and M. Gerin, P.M.E., as deacon and subdeacon.

His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme officiated at the *Libera*. Msgr. E. Larochelle was also present, as well as several friends and the many pupils of the parish school under the conduct of the Presentation Sisters.

The sacred functions over, the mournful cortege wended its way to the Community cemetery situated a short distance from the Novitiate among beautiful surroundings, where one hears, like the constant murmur of prayer, the waters of the Riviere des Prairies softly purling close by. Many a time their gentle whisperings will mingle with the prayers of the little white-veiled Novices for the Mother to whom they owe the realization of their apostolic ambitions.

Beneath the great white Christ of the secluded burial ground, the Mother Foundress will extend her maternal protection over the two missionary nurseries born of her zeal and sufferings: the Novitiate of her Institute and the Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary.

Requiem Masses were also sung on the 9th at the Pont Viau Seminary and the Quebec Probation House.

* * *

And now, mission-souled virgin, you who have so courageously trodden your Sorrowful Way, enjoy your reward exceeding great! Prove to the world how sweet and meritorious is a life of labor, a life of sorrow, when given wholly to God and immortal souls!

From the heights of heavenly glory where our confidence would have you rank, show yourself a true daughter of God, of Mary Immaculate and Holy Church! Show yourself an apostle of Missions, a benefactress of your native land! And to us, your children, show yourself a Mother!

(THE END)

Statistics of Closed Retreats

in the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

For the Year 1946

	RETREATS	RETREATANTS	DAY-RETREATS	DAY-RE-RETREATANTS
Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal 8	129	3,500	31	2,674
"Bethany" Retreat House Nominique, Labelle Co.	19	362		
Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette	80	2,124	7	512
Holy Child Jesus Retreat House 4 Simard St., Quebec	27	679	6	115
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec	94	3,199	1	31
Our Lady of Missions Retreat House 61 Jacques Cartier St., Chicoutimi	72	1,882		
Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby	77	1,709		
St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns	50	1,432	3	70
Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Retreat House St. Marie, Beauce Co.	55	1,186		
Totals :	603	16,073	48	3,402

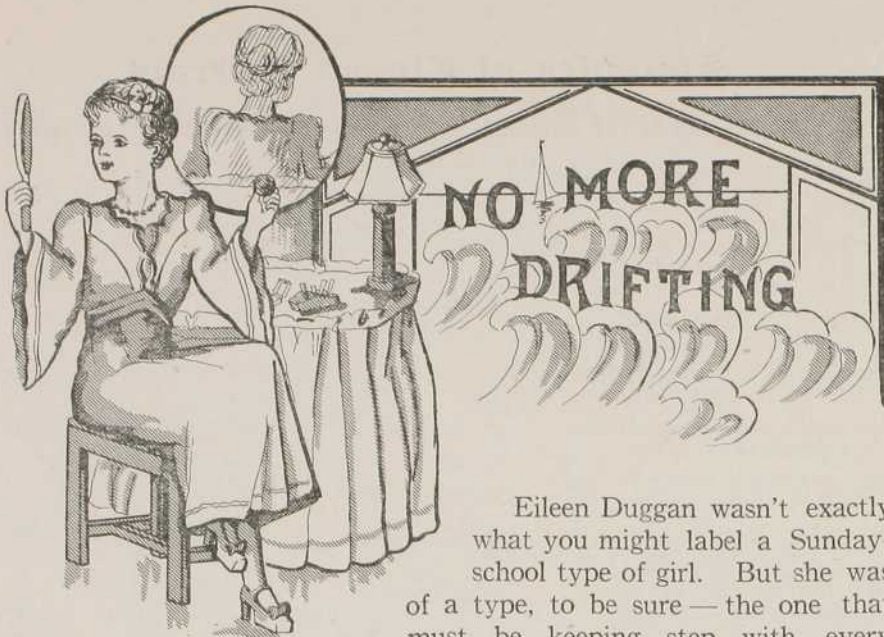
PRAYER

Prayer is above all else the flight of the soul to God. Have you ever watched the lark on a bright April morning? Merrily racing with the sunbeams, it rises in the azure skies, until our eyes all but lose sight of its graceful form. Presently it soars, slowly and solemnly, as if tracing the sign of the cross with wings outstretched; then its morning hymn to the glory of its Creator bursts forth anew. Only after it has thus praised the all-provident hand that makes it an object of its care does it wing its way back to earth, there to seek its daily fare. Let us learn from the lark, cherished child of Providence. With the early dawn let us soar on the wings of prayerful love, high above the things of earth, and there remain in heart-to-heart communings with our Creator as long as we may. With burning souls let us sing the hymn of gratitude and love, and only then return to the valley of daily life, there to accomplish cheerfully lowly tasks and give humble service to our fellow creatures.

Have you ever noticed the incense offered at the altar? Slowly it consumes itself, its subtle fragrance rising and spreading all over the sacred edifice. It is a symbol of prayer, that mystical incense ascending from innocent hearts to the very Heart of God. Happy the soul, spiritual censer, wherein unceasingly glow the live coals of love upon which are thrown, as celestial grains of incense, every thought, word and deed of the day. God cherishes this soul and others are drawn by the perfume of its virtues, in the pathway of right.

How privileged are we to be enabled to call God to our aid at every moment of the day! We may freely discuss with Him our every problem. He is always ready to receive us — no need to wait tedious hours in order to be allowed in His presence. No need to produce our card on a silver platter. He is easier of approach and more patient in listening to us than our humblest public servant. How do we appreciate this great privilege? Alas, we may pray *by heart*, but seldom do we pray *with our hearts*!

REV. FATHER MARCHAL



Eileen Duggan wasn't exactly what you might label a Sunday-school type of girl. But she was of a type, to be sure — the one that must be keeping step with every up-to-date style creation, dawdles hours before the candid mirror, can reel off by heart every single Hollywood production, belongs to three or four clubs and must be there when the show goes on. So phenomenally rare were her evenings at home that she could have counted a year's sum total of them on her ten ruby-rimmed fingers. And even on those occasions her father could and did ask with more sadness than irony: "Are you sure you're not missing anything? You must be forgetting . . ."

A smart modern world wanted this smart modern miss who always seemed to be getting the full measure of pleasure out of every situation.

But Eileen's heart wasn't congealed forever against the little gnawing, annoying thing called remorse. Her surface happiness wasn't much deeper than her lustrous brown eyes and glowing cheeks. Sometimes she wondered what she would stumble upon in the years to be on the broad avenues of a life she felt afraid to face.

Painful memories, too, nipped her would-be bliss in the bud. While yet a fifth grader in Sister Monica's class, she had felt the first surge of pity for the blinded heathen of the Far East. To the Chinese missionary's pathetic appeal she had responded with the characteristic generosity of youth: "I'll go to the pagans. I'll tell them there is only one God, the God of the Catholics."

Then in her teens Eileen had developed the bookworm leaning. Good, indifferent, and sugar-coated evil magazines came in for a good amount of time and attention. Before she could get the upper hand again her lofty ideals had been tarnished in the murky atmosphere in which she lived. Goodness and virtue were outdated and sacrifice had grown nauseating. She wouldn't allow anyone to interfere with the ice-bound protection of her own independence or condemn her thirst for the winecup of life. In her inmost heart she tried to stifle the Christ-call. "Well, anyway, I'm not the worst type. Neither a saint nor a neck-deep sinner. The pagans can save their souls without my meddling in the matter."

No, there mustn't be any foolish heart-throbs to clutter up her young life. Of course she had joined a Catholic Action movement and some other welfare guild, but that was just to appease Dora's religious fanaticism. One had to make concessions to keep one's friends. That was one truth. There was a second one, though. "No man can serve two masters." Christ's soul-searing words pursued her everywhere with maddening perseverance.

For several years already Eileen had been trying to bring God and the world to sign a peace treaty. It was Holy Week in the year of grace 1940. Personally, Eileen didn't feel a feather ruffled when someone said a closed retreat would be given at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost's from Holy Wednesday to Saturday. But that blue-stockings friend of hers was to wed in April, and had listed a closed retreat among her trousseau items. Eileen laughed at the preposterous idea.

"Just like Your Holiness!" she tossed at Dora.

The bride-to-be ignored the intended thrust. "Why don't you come along too? Madge and Lucy are planning to get a few days off and they'll be coming."

Eileen's chin set stubbornly. "Imagine a three-day meditation for me! I'd be as disgusted as any zoo personality in its coop. I never thought Madge and Lucy were growing the cloister complex."

Madge enjoyed the reputation of a small-scale writer, while Lucy loved the worldly show not a fraction less than Eileen. Dora guessed the "two-some" would be the best argument she could push forward to win her point. So she pressed it and finally Eileen gave in, if reluctantly. "You win. But I'll bring my knitting along. I don't want my hair to turn white or my permanent to shrivel up under the strain of deep meditation."

So Eileen hugged her knitting in the tramway. In between the first-day conferences she industriously plied her long needles. The next forenoon, however, some stitches were missed and the ball of wool unintentionally swept the floor. In her silent solitude the smart modern maid was again face to face with sobering thoughts. What had the preacher so determinedly harped upon? *Life is a thing of beauty!* That had unearthed feelings long since laid to rest in peace in the Limbo of forgotten things. Life is a thing of beauty when your soul is on good terms with its Maker. Life is especially beautiful when it is really and earnestly lived for others. Life loses all beauty when lived in one's low-vaulted nautilus, heedless of any and all but the all-important ego.

Eileen stood shuddering at the crossroads. Her own life she now estimated at zero value. Cocktails, dancing, playing for money, stage and screen follies—how much would that weigh in the scales of eternity? Vanity of vanities, so many white-hot coals heaped up for time beyond the grave!

The young sophisticate was thinking along those lines on the second afternoon. Uneasily, mechanically she stumbled to the chapel. It was empty, save for the Sacred Presence. Like the publican she stayed in the rear and tried to pray. But too wildly the storm raged within her

soul. Mechanically again she opened St. Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises in search of comfort. A reproachful text glared up at her: "When the world calls, nothing deters you, you obey at any cost... at the cost of your rest, of your pleasure... of your liberty... of your passions... sometimes even of your life! Why is not the Lord obeyed thus when He commands? Why is it only then that sacrifices cost you dearly and seem impossible?"

Still farther off from serenity, the worldly-minded girl sensed she had fallen upon the text of her own condemnation. Quickly she thrust the book in its place and went to kneel at the Blessed Mother's altar. The spotless, star-haloed Madonna held her arms open in a welcoming gesture, and Eileen noticed as never before the fullness of mercy depicted in the smiling countenance.

Long she knelt there in mute supplication. Little by little her bewildered soul became calm. Peace and tranquillity flooded her inmost self. The momentous moment of grace had arrived. Clearly, unmistakably the Christ-call to China resounded and Eileen did not say "No!" The silken threads by luxury and pleasure wound were being sundered one by one.

"Dear Blessed Mother," prayed the poor lamb, "it's so good just to be near you that I'd like to stay here forever. It's true I've been neglecting you. These last two years I've been saying my beads only during Sunday Mass. All my devotion towards you amounted to that kiss I used to place on the edge of your veil when nobody looked on. But now, will you accept all the rest of my life? Soon I'll be telling the pagan world about your own love and your Son's patient waiting. I was afraid to tackle my problems and take good resolutions. I didn't know it would be so easy once you helped me out. If I had, I wouldn't have put off so many years."

Absorbed in prayer, Eileen jumped up when the convent bell rang the end of the noon siesta. Happier than any of her companions and fresh as a deep-sea bather, she sought her room. Vigorously she dabbed the traitor tears that had ventured along her cheeks. This secret she wanted to keep a strictly confidential Mary-Eileen affair, at least for the time being.

* * *

Three months wore on, giving backbone to Eileen's resolve. Her intimates noticed that she cared less and less for brilliant receptions and goings-on, and when she did appear in public few recognized in her the Eileen of old. Her smile had lost its haughty curve and her worldly enthusiasm had chilled by many degrees. Some said she had been thwarted in love; others supposed she must be heartsick with her empty life. When came Maytime she assiduously followed the Marian exercises given by a preacher of note. This alone would have given a shock to anybody, had not the law-making tyrant called style decreed that hearing May sermons was altogether the fashionable thing to do.

Back at home, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan didn't know what to make of it, but it surely felt good to see their girl in her right senses again. Soon Dad had come to enjoy the delicate finger caress in his white hair, and Mom

appreciated the little awkward good turns that told of a changed disposition.

Came August and Eileen began to think of revealing her plans — departure plans, one might say. So one quiet evening she bolstered up her courage, and after twenty unsuccessful attempts at last blurted out her wonderful ambition. "Dad, how about coming — with Mother and myself — on the eighth? It's because — because — I want — I intend — I'm entering the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters —"

Had his bank account suddenly dropped down to the minus quantity, Mr. Duggan wouldn't have been more dumbfounded. He shot a quizzical glance at his wife, who seemed as much if not more astonished. Yet there was no mistaking Eileen's sincerity. Tear diamonds glistened in the lustrous brown eyes.

Mr. Duggan had always been a staunch supporter of the missions. "You lucky girl!" he congratulated his daughter.

"And here's a lucky mother!" proudly protested Mrs. Duggan.

At long last the eighth of August dawned and resolutely the onetime worldly-minded girl laid aside her extravagant millinery and hid her brown curls under a postulant's modest and unassuming headdress. Eileen had found joy, or rather what she believed its fullness. The gloriously hard years ahead will repay her oblation a thousandfold in the joy supreme and unalloyed that floods the heart of the apostle who forsakes all and goes the whole way for the Missionary Christ.



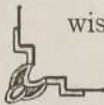
St. Joseph is the Patron of a happy death. We cannot hope to die literally, as St. Joseph died, in the arms of the Blessed Virgin and Jesus Christ, but we can die truly in their spiritual arms. Let us pray every day and fervently that we may so die; that the Blessed Virgin Mary may be there breathing upon us and whispering peace into our ears; that St. Joseph may be there protecting us and smiling upon us, and obtaining for us final perseverance; and that Jesus Christ may be near us — be with us — enlightening and strengthening us by the strong arms of His holy Sacraments in that dreadful and momentous hour!

REV. H. B. ALTMAYER



Congratulations

To Monsignor Gustave Prevost, P.M.E., recently appointed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, Prefect Apostolic of Lintung, Manchuria, in which function he will be successor to Monsignor Emilien Masse, who died in 1943, *The Precursor* offers sincere congratulations, respectful homage and prayerful wishes for a fruitful apostolate in the Master's Vineyard.





His Holy Face

A mother weeps —

*'Tis night of pain and awesome darkness sweeps
Across the earth once lit with light from Heaven,
Within the night when Christ to us was given,
When Angels sang their wondrous Glory Be
In raptured ecstasy.*

A Mother thinks —

*And deep the sword within her spirit sinks.
How far, how far is Nazareth this evening!
No Gabriel in early shadows kneeling.
Tonight she ponders, sad, bereaved, alone,
O'er happy days now flown.*

And Mary dreams

*Of baby lips, of merry baby themes,
Of happy days when little feet would patter
Adown the stairs (Did Angels follow after?).
A mist obscures her vision ; Full of Grace,
Behold one Boyish Face!*



*Those eager eyes
That smiling gazed at bird and bloom and skies,
That closed in sleep with one last look at Mother,
Are lifeless now ; this night is not another
Like those when Heaven beamed on Nazareth —
This night is night of death.*

*The little brow
So smooth and soft is scarred with gashes now ;
The tender brow in childhood days upturning
For kiss of love at Joseph's home returning,
With cruel thorns was crowned by brutal hands
Of jeering soldier bands.*

*Maternal tears
Replace the joys of other happy years.
Two little lips that softly, fondly whispered,
Are silenced now, and golden hopes are shattered.
Those lips that oped to lisp and thank and bless
Are closed to love's caress.*

*O Mary, weep!
They've laid your Holy One in death to sleep.
No comfort now is yours save thoughts returning
Of days now done, of Easter's hallowed morning,
Of Jesus' image stamped upon the woman's veil —
All other visions pale!*

*O Mary, smile!
When twilight falls, in just a little while,
And dawns the day for us that knows no setting.
Oh, grant that we, all earthly scenes forgetting,
So close to you, in Heaven's Holy Place
May see His Sacred Face!*

THE PRECURSOR



Heralds of Good Tidings



Since September 15, 1946, thirty-two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have left Canada, missioned to foreign fields afar.

The first nine who left on September 15 happily landed in Japan on October 15, where they were heartily welcomed by a population now eager to learn the doctrine of the God of Love. The Land of the Rising Sun is ready to be illumined far and wide by the Light of the Sun of Justice.

Our Missionary Sisters working in the Master's vineyard in the Caribbean

were happy to welcome the three Sisters who arrived at Les Cayes, Haiti, on September 17. Already the newcomers are at work, teaching the three R's to Haiti's dusky children.

"MAGNIFICAT" sang the wire sent from Manila, received at the Motherhouse on December 31. This meant that Sister Madeleine du Sacre Coeur (Madeleine Payette, Montreal), newly-named Superior of our Manila Mission, and Sister St. Louis (Fleur Ange Pelletier, St. Francois de Madawaska, N.B.), had happily landed in the Philippines. Their joy was all the greater as they had been delayed two long months in San Francisco by the seamen's strike.

Our China-bound Sisters reached their Promised Land on January 9. They were assigned to our Canton, Shek Lung and Hongkong Missions.

The last departants to leave sailed from the Golden Gate on January 24, bound for Manila and Mati, in the Philippine Islands, and for our Tsungming and Suchow Missions in China.

During 1946 seven Sisters also left the Motherhouse for our Vancouver Hospital, where they will share the labors of the pioneers in caring for Oriental patients.

The harvest indeed is whitening all over the expanse of the mission field and the laborers always too few, alas, are busily garnering souls for heavenly granaries. Unceasingly they plead for others to come and help them in their truly superhuman task. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest..." Christ's valiant missionaries are gladly giving their lives for souls... what will you give?



If we wish to be true to our Catholic heritage, if we wish to be of a piece with Catholic tradition, we must have an abiding veneration for the lovely name of Our Lady, Mary. To be practical, we should constantly invoke this sacred name. We should invoke it with piety, with confidence and with love.

C.F. DeVine

Lost == Thirty Minutes for God

"Humph! That Dr. Dillon is fairly slaving himself to death!" His frame listlessly sprawled in a rocker, his shaggy eyebrows dragging together, Tim Reilly with narrowed gray eyes studied the retreating form of the elderly doctor. Why, only a witless fellow would risk his health in the drizzling rain of that chilly April morning. "Well, he's a chap who's holding on to his clients, if there ever was one!"

With a shrug of his shoulders and a smile meant to be sympathetic, Tim flipped over to the editorial page of his daily, while his little wisp of a wife hurried with the breakfast. Editorials, mostly, composed Tim Reilly's daily morning spiritual diet. No wonder the burden of the day often found him with sagging shoulders. He was forgetting that Someone had said: "Without Me you can do nothing."

One hour later when Tim shifted his six-feet-two from the breakfast table, he shot a glance out of the window. There was his M.D. scurrying home under the diluvian rain.

"The fool he is!" Tim snorted. Then, opening the door a scant six inches, he drawled: "Come in for a minute, Dr. Dillon. How many sudden deaths this blustery morning, anyway?"

"Deaths!" retorted the doctor maliciously. "None that I know of. But you see, man, a fellow has to guard his soul against sudden death..."

"Fiddlesticks! You'd make a brilliant Reverend Father with that nine o'clock sermonette of yours. Some sick friend, I suppose?"

"No sick calls, Tim, but one grand call to Him who is Life. He gives me strength and sinew, or my name's not Dillon."

"Egyptian sphinxes! Can't you speak plain everyday English?"

"As you like it, Tim. I'm a church-goer. I hear Mass every morning."

"You go to Mass that often?" Tim's startled eyes fairly popped from their sockets. "Think maybe some good old lady will have a collapse?"

"Don't be silly, Tim Reilly. Spiritual collapses is what I'm fighting against."

"Well, it's beyond me how an efficient professional of your stamp can throw his minutes away like rotten apples."

"So my guilt is of very long standing. I'm a daily Mass hearer, if you care to know it. My daily half-hour for God may be temporarily lost, but not eternally so. My professional success I owe to my spiritual investments."

"I'm not convinced," snapped Tim.

"It's like this. My little human mind is finite and the mysteries of science are often tantalizingly deep. But in Holy Communion infinite wisdom and knowledge become one with my poor mortal self. Don't call it a miracle, then, if perplexing cases grow less complex, and if some patients of mine postpone their last ride to the churchyard.

"Holy Mass allows me to draw from its infinite treasures all the graces of strength, energy and courage I need more badly than I'll ever know. Are you following?" Dr. Dillon's questioning eyes met Reilly's.

"Am I! Why, you're revealing a thing or two to me!"

"Then will it be through my most grievous fault if I squander my time as I have been doing?"

"Shucks! Forgive me, please."

"It's a mystery to me how lightly people treat Holy Mass today. Time was when our fathers in the faith wouldn't have missed Mass for a million. We could do as much in our high-minded twentieth century. Don't ask what's wrong with the world and why it's in the worst shape ever. Our souls are God-starved and we try to feed them on filthy literature and objectionable movies. What follows? Spiritual anemia, collapses, sudden deaths, eternal despair.

"Materialism is the great public enemy number-one, and let me tell you it steals unawares even in the cream of our society. Material welfare is the tremendously important theme. Who ever talks of the soul? How many wish there were no soul to make fit for Heaven."

"That's right, Dr. Dillon!" Tim put in half-guiltily.

"Our life is as the vapor and is not, as somebody puts it. When death comes knocking we give a despondent thought to that forgotten inner self. Believe me, Tim, I've seen people die. I've watched saints and sinners breathing their last. In the face of eternity there are no materialists, nor is there one single atheist. Sometimes, Tim, it's really too late to mend. So why put off till that paramount hour what you and I can do today? Why shouldn't we try to learn from Christ's Gospel the secret of successful living, and from Christ's daily self-oblation the secret of successful dying?"

"Well, did you ever! That's the best sermon I've heard in ages," chuckled Tim Reilly.

"Little wifey's going to scold me for delaying breakfast," beamed Dr. Dillon. "So long. I'll be seeing you."

A FRIEND OF THE WEAK

One evening a poor old negro came to the Baltimore Cardinal's Palace, asking with tear-filled eyes if a priest could come to anoint his dying wife.

"Impossible," answered the butler. "I am sorry, you had better address yourself elsewhere, as at the moment there is only Cardinal Gibbons in the house."

The poor unfortunate only lent a deaf ear to this reply, and, redoubling his supplications, claimed that the poor woman was at the last extremity; in short, he made such an uproar that the Cardinal himself came to see what was the matter.

"Why! certainly," he said, after hearing the motive of the poor negro's visit. "Of course I shall go with you — immediately."

It was now the faithful porter's turn to lament. "You do not think, Your Eminence, what a terrible tempest is raging. It is impossible — impossible!"

But he protested in vain, for already the prelate had returned to his apartment. A few minutes later, in the midst of the storm and darkness, leaning on the arm of a poor, ragged negro, this prince of the Church, aged man of seventy-eight years, made his way, carrying to an agonizing, perhaps an ancient slave, the supreme consolation of our holy religion.

Many times this incident has been related to me and I have always listened to it with emotion.



It had grown to be a habit with Joseph Wilhelm. As soon as the dawn unlatched the golden gates of day he would repair to church and devoutly hear Mass. Only after a fervent thanksgiving would he hie to the public square where laborers were hired for the day.

Whatever could have happened, one morning, to make Wilhelm forgetful of his pious practice? Doubtless he had overslept and, seeing the sun riding tauntingly high in the heavens, had hurried to the market place without worshipping this once at the Court of the King of kings. He stood there in the noisy square with its wrangling hirers and hired, but nobody seemed even to notice him.

"Fool that I was," he reflected. "How should I expect to secure work today, I who have spurned an audience with the God of all majesty? I have doubted His paternal Providence and am now repaid for my heedlessness."

Wilhelm was a man of resolution. He at once left the din of the market place and hastened to one of the neighboring churches to hear at least one Mass. Kneeling in sweet communings with his Maker, the poor laborer soon forgot with the flight of time things of earth. It was nearing noontime when he at last emerged from the sacred edifice, and the market place stood silent and empty.

"What a fix I am in today!" murmured Wilhelm. "No work means that my little ones will have to do without bread." Slowly and dejectedly he retraced his homeward way when he saw coming towards him, flourishing his gold-headed cane, the landlord Barnaby Zimmermann, well known to and well loved of the laboring classes. Gay and debonair, wealthy and portly, Zimmermann could not exactly be termed an irreligious man. Still, he had, to say the least, unorthodox ideas about the obligation of attending Sunday Mass and about other vital points of our Holy Religion. He did not in the least resent or refute the rumor that last year and also the year before he had neglected his Easter duty. All this, however, did not prevent his enjoying the reputation of a thoroughly honest man as the world goes.

As soon as he was within hailing distance, he banteringly called out: "What's up, Wilhelm? You seem about as cheerful as if you were going to your own funeral. Anything wrong with the mistress or the tots? Cheer up and tell me what ails you."

"Thank you, kindly sir," Joseph respectfully doffed his cap. "I was worried because I have not been able to secure work today and my little ones will have to go hungry."

"Too bad, too bad. I have already engaged all the help I need for the day. But where were you this morning when I hired my laborers? I didn't see you if I remember well."

"Well, you see, kind master, I was at Mass..."

"Sakes alive, man, wake up! You're made of flesh and blood and haven't as yet sprouted angel wings, have you? I have no particular objection to people wearing out church flagstones, but, as you see, praying doesn't put bread on your table or make the pot boil. You must look out for yourself, my good fellow!"

"But I do work, master, except on Sundays and holydays."

"Come, come, I see that you are fond of church and of hearing Mass," Zimmermann slapped him good-naturedly on the back. "We'll make a bargain. Since you have no work today, go back to church and hear the Masses which may still be said. Afterwards you may pray for me until the time you usually quit your work in the evening, and I'll pay you an honest day's work."

The poor laborer readily assented and spent the day in church. When the last rays of the setting sun filtered through the glory of the rose-window, Wilhelm, his day's work done, joyfully set out to seek his kind employer. The latter, in excellent good humor, gave the hired hand twelve pennies and a loaf of bread.

Overjoyed at the way Providence had intervened, Joseph Wilhelm was hastening home when he was suddenly confronted with a tall, elderly man of stately mien who seemed to know all about his day's work and wages.

"Return immediately to Barnaby Zimmermann's dwelling," he said with grave and imperious gestures. "Tell him he has not paid you a rightful wage and if he does not add something, let him beware lest some misfortune befall him."

Poor Joseph tremblingly did as he was bidden and gave Zimmermann the mysterious message. A slight trembling shook the rich man's powerful frame. But he soon recovered and jestingly cried out:

"Aha, you crafty fellow! So you think I've not paid you well enough? My best workers have not had one penny more than I have given you today. Ah, you rascal, you'll get rich if you keep on that way!" Then, as if speaking to himself, the landlord murmured: "The fellow knows his business, of course. He knows more about Masses than I do," and good-humoredly he counted out five more pennies which he gave the laborer.

Joseph, who was good-hearted and intelligent, understood that what he had done out of obedience had been interpreted as sordid greediness. His feelings were deeply hurt and he felt like giving back to Zimmermann not only the day's wage but the extra pennies as well. Still, fearing to pain his kind benefactor and commit a double sin against charity and humility, he silently withdrew.

He had hardly gone a few paces when he came once again face to face with the noble stranger. He was about to complain of his having been misunderstood but he was not given time to do so.

"Return at once to Barnaby Zimmermann and tell him he has not given you all he owes you. If he does not comply with this order let him beware!" commanded the stranger.

The stranger's imperative gaze pierced him through and through, and Wilhelm tremblingly hastened to the rich man's dwelling.

Zimmermann felt terror-stricken as the laborer repeated his message. Rendered speechless with fright, he ran to his coffers and, drawing out all the gold pieces his hands could hold, gave them to Joseph.

That very night as Zimmermann restlessly tossed about on his couch, a heavenly vision suddenly filled his room with splendor. Christ Himself sat on His dreaded judgment seat, His face resplendent with majestic and unutterable severity. One by one He enumerated the rich man's sins.

"Know that unless the poor laborer whom you scorned had not today heard Holy Mass for your intentions, you would have been lost forever and death would have thrown you in the depths of eternal fire. Reflect and decide whether you have paid him too dear a price for his day's wages."

The vision then vanished as suddenly as it had come. Barnaby Zimmermann was no longer the would-be philosopher, careless of his religious duties. Bathed in a cold sweat and trembling from head to foot, he then and there resolved to estimate at their true value prayer and more especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Many are the people who, like Zimmermann, will owe their happiness here below and their eternal salvation to the Mass.

REV. FATHER HAUTIN, S.J.

Ite, Missa Est

An angel might have given Father Aloysius Nagata, of Kyoto, Japan, a divine option on the time and manner of his dying. From the exquisite beauty of his last moments such a possibility might well be entertained.

To begin with, the good Padre had prepared for those moments by seventy-five years consecrated unreservedly to the will and work of his divine Master, with no smallest reserve held out for self. The forty-three years of his priesthood were a constant benediction to his parishioners, who held joint ownership of his heart, his time, his powers.

A photograph taken shortly before his death shows his near-exhaustion, his assured serenity. Exhaustion, because "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up"; serenity, from the total disregard of self that could say with unaffected simplicity, "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

Calmly he awaited his beloved Master's call. It could never take by surprise one so serenely ready.

Came a Sunday Mass — like that of any other Sunday preceded by Saturday's confessions and the week-end demands of a flourishing parish. At Communion time many of the congregation went to the railing, and to them came the celebrant bearing the Sacred Host. After communicating a few, he was seen to stagger as if dizzy — then pause. Evidently fearing to drop a Host, he had the altar boy bring a chair, whereon he rested a few moments. All the people were watching him in anxious concern; none quite knew what to do. But the Padre knew, and well he knew, indeed.

Anon he rose; again commenced the Communion. Again he faltered; again he was forced to rest, the while holding tightly the precious vessel lest his Lord perchance dishonored be.

This time his children found voice, imploring voice, begging that he remain resting. Some had rushed for a doctor; others wished to carry him away for proper care. What! With Holy Communion unfinished? Indeed; he would continue; no gainsaying that! He raised a Host, and silence fell upon them.

But himself he could no longer raise. And so, at his wish, they opened the gates of the Communion rail; and then, one by one, they came to him, tears streaming down their cheeks, and reverently knelt before the stricken priest to receive a Holy Communion that not to their own dying days will they cease to remember. It was a Communion reached down to them from Heaven itself.

One more were one too many. The dying Father finished his sacred task; then came weariness unutterable. His hand dropped. The altar boy, a seminarian, caught the ciborium from reluctant fingers and bore it safely to the tabernacle. All had communicated; not one single Host was dropped; the work was done.

No one noticed that, although by now seemingly unconscious, the good Padre still kept his thumb and forefinger closely pressed together — as must be done when one has touched a sacred Host, until purified by the ablution.

The doctor arrived and gave a hypodermic stimulant. Consciousness flickered back to the stricken celebrant's eyes. He called for water. Someone held it to his lips.

"No, no!" Father Nagata protested. "My fingers!"

Feebly he moved them. The water was poured. His head fell back.

Ite, missa est! was said in Heaven.

REV. FATHER J. BYRNE
in Maryknoll

Ad Jesum per Mariam. To Jesus through Mary. There is the little phrase that could save the world, even yet — at this eleventh hour of fear and apprehension. Mary, our loving Mother, wants to save the world.

China, SCARBORO, ONT.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

TONGKING IN 1922

Catholics.....	856,765
Churches and chapels.....	3,162
Bishops.....	7
European priests.....	180
Native priests.....	622
Native catechists.....	1,795
Seminaries (major and preparatory).....	11
Students in seminaries.....	1,210
Religious communities of men.....	3
Entirely native, 0	
Religious communities of women.....	4
Entirely native, 2	
European religious.....	211
Brothers, 19	
Sisters, 192	
Native religious.....	1,323
Brothers, 3	
Sisters, 1,320	
Schools (catechism, primary, and higher).....	1,857
Pupils, about.....	55,000
Orphanages and infant asylums.....	75
Children in same, about.....	8,000
Hospitals.....	53
Dispensaries and pharmacies.....	31
Leper asylums.....	8
Other refuges for infirm or destitute.....	5

The writer is now in occasional correspondence with a young missionary whom he met at the Paris Seminary and who has since been sent to Tong-king. Some months after his arrival this young priest wrote:

"It is a little more than a year since I announced to you my call to the priesthood and my approaching departure for the missions. The mission chosen for me is familiar to you through the life of Theophane Venard, of whom we spoke so much during your stay at the Missions Etrangères, Paris.

"Well, I am in the mission where so many martyrs have labored, — the mission of Tong-king. My joy, or rather *our* joy (for there are two of us — Father De Coomay and myself), was all the greater on our arrival, because we had been a long time sighing for the day. In fact, the voyage was not a very happy one. In place of thirty days, — the usual passage, — it took us forty-five days to get to Tong-king. We had two accidents to

the machinery during the trip, and just as we were entering the Tong-king River our boat struck on a hidden ledge.

"Happily the sea was calm and the day following the shipwreck a boat came to rescue us. There were no deaths to deplore, but a considerable portion of our baggage is at the bottom of the sea. I lost nearly all my books and many little souvenirs of home. Father De Coomay was no more fortunate than I. God evidently wished us to practise detachment from the things of this world as soon as we arrived here. We are thankful to have escaped, as the boat went to pieces soon after we left it.

"On the boat were eight missionaries; two for Cochinchina, and six for the three missions of Tong-king. I am in the mission of Maritime Tong-king, with Father De Coomay for my companion.

"At Phat Diem, where the Bishop lives, I was much pleased to meet Theophane Venard's catechist, that is to say, the native who taught the language to the martyr. He is very old and bears the signs of his religion. These are the marks which the pagans made on the countenances of Christians at the time of persecution. The only occupation of the good old man is to prepare himself for death. He is always wrapped in silence, meditation and prayer.

"In this mission of Maritime Tong-king, there are 80,000 Christians. In the parish where I am, there are more Christians than pagans, and they are fervent Christians, too.

"On last Corpus Christi we had a beautiful procession. The Christians had worked many days to prepare a fitting passage, and with triumphal arches, oriflammes, etc., nothing was wanting for the ceremony. Then came numerous fireworks, for no event can be solemnized here without fireworks. I have been deeply moved by the faith of these Christians, some of whom are descendants of the martyrs. They recite the prayers with loud voices. Just now I am studying the language. I have already preached several times but I cannot yet converse fluently with the natives.

"I recommend myself and my mission to your prayers.

"With kindest regards, I am

"Most sincerely yours,

"MATTHEW ROCHER, *Missionary Apostolic*,

"Phat Diem, Tong-king."

These lines have a familiar ring. They bring back the earlier days of Theophane Venard, who after all was only one of many, — a type which is being perpetuated in the Catholic Church.

A few years ago, Basil Huctin, a parishioner of Eusebius Venard and one of three brothers all of whom have devoted their lives to the foreign missions, wrote to the editor a farewell letter on the eve of his departure from France. The spirit which breathes through these lines is the same as that which shines with such lustre in the life of Theophane Venard.

"I know that you are interested in my future mission and I am now able to announce it.

"If I must regret not being able to assist in Paris at the solemnity of Theophane's Beatification, I am amply compensated by the opportunity which I shall have to make a pilgrimage to the scene of his martyrdom, to venerate his head, which, you know, was left at Tong-king, and then to celebrate Mass on the day of the solemnity.

"Have I not reason to believe that I have drawn the best lot of all? And may I not hope for the powerful intercession of our dear martyr, to whom I owe my sweet apostolic vocation and the special favor of being sent to Tong-king? Am I presumptuous in expecting his constant intercession, and if not the crown of martyrdom, at least the crown of Heaven, the reward promised to the conquerors.

"More than ever do I need fervent prayers, that I may be a missionary such as were those of past generations — who, worthy of martyrdom, have made the Society and religion illustrious by the shedding of their blood. Fifty years — sixty years, after these, we come, their imitators, to gather the harvest on the soil which they prepared, sowed and watered. May we have fruit as abundant!

"The mission to which I am assigned is a new foundation, established in 1900. Out of two million inhabitants there were 90,000 Catholics last year. The thirty missionaries on the ground baptized 8,263 pagan infants and 1,371 adults, — a fine sheaf, is it not, to present to the Father of the family?

"The extraordinary number of pagan infant baptisms is due especially to an awful rice famine in which numerous families perished from hunger.

"In conclusion, I beg your prayers, to soften the grief of my family caused by separation. My beloved father and mother are old. The day when they would have realized their most precious dream — to see their children priests — will see them depart with no hope of a reunion until we meet in Heaven. Their hearts are already bruised by the departure of my brother Alfred, who left on the 11th of September, and in two weeks more, the sacrifice will be repeated. May God give me strength and courage.

With sincere regards, I am, as ever,

Yours in Our Saviour and Mary Immaculate,

BASIL HUCTION, M. AP.

of Maritime Tong-king."

"The better part has been chosen for me. Coming from the diocese of Poitiers, from the land of Theophane Venard and Blessed Cornay, and as a parishioner of Fr. Eusebius Venard, I am booked for *Maritime Tong-king*.
(To be continued)



Believing firmly in religion and wishing to conform myself to that love which God has for all the living, I have in that spirit of mutual aid that exists among men spent myself for the sake of the injured, for helping the poor, for healing the sick, for giving out medicines, for feeding and instructing the unfortunate.

Joseph Lo Pa Hong



Along the Mission Newsfront

SUCHOW

GRANDMA SOUEN

That date we shall never forget. On September 11, 1934, in the late forenoon, four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception got off the train at Suchow. Many times already the old Chinese city had seen Sisters within its walls, for its situation at the junction of the two main railroads of the country often rendered it necessary for travelling missionaries to call a stop there. When time allowed, they would seek the Catholic Mission to celebrate, or, in the case of nuns, hear Holy Mass. Sometimes, also, the weary apostles of the Lord would stay overnight.

Grandma Souen lived in front of the convent of the Presentandines, a Community of native virgins who sheltered the Sisters on such occasions. So she was on rather friendly terms with those "good people", as she termed them. She didn't know it, but those "good people" were wielding a most beneficial influence over her.

But this time it wouldn't be just another overnight stay. The Sisters were coming for good. It was only after the Presentandines had given her permission to greet us that she breathed freely at last. The kind native virgins had sought living quarters in the school and had given us their house for the time being.

Grandma came on the morrow, in her feastday attire: a long black blouse, ample trousers as black, gathered at the ankle by a narrow band of cotton, and dainty pointed shoes for her dainty Chinese feet. A dark blue handkerchief on her smooth locks completed her finery.

Greetings and compliments over, our visitor was about to leave when we offered to take her to the chapel. Our living space was indeed very tiny, but we had somehow managed a nook for our God. Grandma accepted at once, made a short prayer Buddhist-wise, and went off in high spirits, promising to come again soon. A few minutes later came her initial gift for the Missionary Sisters: a large basket of peanuts, biscuits and other delicacies. That meant she wanted to keep on good terms with the missionary band.

Grandma Souen had many a time rendered invaluable services to the Catholic Mission. In 1927, when civil war made China a bloody battlefield, the Missionaries, fearing their Eucharistic Lord would be dishonored, had carried the precious objects serving for the cult to the Presentandine convent. But suddenly the soldiers decided to occupy the building. How could the precious items be rescued? There was only one solution: confide

the treasures to Grandma Souen. Gladly she accepted and for two years and over sacred vessels and costly vestments figured beside hideous buddhas and ancestral tablets in that heathen home. Grandma felt not a little flattered at the confidence thereby showed her. Faithfully she kept the secret and had it respected by her dear ones.

In this hearth wholly dedicated to ancestral modes and manners, she is queen and mistress. Even the husband, head and chief by right, submits to his wife's decisions. The family is as industrious as any we have ever known. Everybody is always astir, although not so much were necessary to make both ends meet. There seems to be only one black spot to the perfect harmony: all the good folk of the Souen household are fervent worshippers of Buddha. Each night the incense burns before the ancestral tablet, and on prescribed days all hie to the pagoda. Not one jot or tittle of the prescriptions may be omitted, and on this point as on all others Grandma leads the way.

Oftentimes the Presentandines had broached the religious topic, to which, however, our dear old lady had always remained indifferent. One day a grandchild of hers, a winsome baby boy of a few months, fell seriously ill. Poor Grandma, half-crazed with sorrow and anxiety, hurried off to the Presentandine convent, asking the native virgins to cure the little one, the while forbidding them to make a Christian of him. As death seemed to be awaiting its prey, the boy was christened despite Grandma's prohibition, and soared up to Heaven. But old Mrs. Souen never knew her grandson had been made a child of God. It was deemed better to keep this choice piece of information from coming to her ears.

During our two years' stay at the Presentandines', Mrs. Souen called upon us from time to time, and once in a while she would bring along a few patients, ordinarily members of her own family. As we refused any and all retribution, she found ways and means to make up to us. Sometimes she would bring a chicken, sometimes a basket of fruits, and on one occasion, believe it or not, a real laurel tree about to burst in bloom. Naturally we expressed our joy, which encouraged her to offer a second laurel. This one would grace our new convent, so she said. And so it came to pass. "It will deck the entry," she had suggested.

Towards the end of July, 1937, the Sino-Japanese conflict broke out and in the following September we were compelled to leave the city for seven long months. In April, 1938 we returned and forthwith began the installation of an orphanage for "warphans" — children separated from their parents by the turmoil of war. Grandma Souen helped us in this case too, and found a way of obtaining a large quantity of items it would have been very difficult for us to purchase.

Then events jostled one another: the Mission was bombed, we fled a second time, Suchow was taken, the Japanese régime lorded it over the city, and finally, back home we went — all in the space of two weeks.

What had become of our trusted friend all through those hectic days? Like all the other Suchow people, she had sought refuge in neighboring countrysides. Back home after the worst of the conflict, she was delighted



SISTER ST. ANGELIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE, P. Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW,
CHRISTENS A DYING CHILD.



SISTER ST. AMEDEE (EMILIENNE VEZINA, QUEBEC), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, GIVES A MUSIC LESSON TO THREE LITTLE MISSES OF THE SUCHOW MISSION, CHINA.

to find her house intact, just as she had left it, while all around she could see tumbled-down shacks and ruined buildings. She couldn't understand how it had thus happened. "The God of the Christians has protected you. He wished to reward your devotedness towards His missionaries. Through the intermediary of His Holy Mother whose medal you had placed above your door, He has kept your possessions safe. You must show Him your thankfulness by consenting to take instructions in the Catholic Religion."

For the very first time Grandma seemed to hear the words about religion. From then on her indifference lost some of its pointedness. But from there to giving up her ancestral worship, there remained a broad margin. Fervently we recommended that soul to Our Blessed Mother. The happy grandson in eternal mansions was also implored to do his share. We knew Grandma's conversion would pave the way for the family's, and many souls would thus be saved. But God's hour had not yet struck.

After the springtime tempest, life resumed its normal course. The dispensary reopened its doors and the poor flocked more numerous than ever. With the winter months we had still another office to fulfill. America, moved at the misery of the populations of invaded China, was sending large sums for their relief. Only one condition was stipulated: the allotment should be made by the Catholic and Protestant missionaries assembled in a committee. Suchow had a good share in the monetary donations. A certain sum was allotted for the reconstruction of the burnt-down houses, another was given over to the purchase of victuals and clothing. We were charged with a portion of the distribution; but the problem did not end there. It was hard to detect the really needy from those who affected destitution. Then Grandma came to the rescue. She was altogether at home with the mentality of her countrymen and could not easily be deceived. Besides, she neglected no means that could provide us with any information whatever. One of the most efficacious proved to be her preliminary agreement with the *pao tsang* (alderman). Upon her request the latter would give her the list of the needy in his district, where she would later accompany us. The genial smile on Grandma's wrinkled face, her total disregard for self — no one could suspect this well-to-do lady with attempting to eke out personal monetary advantages — and her devotedness never found wanting led her to dare any kind of weather and cheerfully to bear the weariness of

long treks on her little feet. All in her contributed to inspire her kinsmen with confidence and respect. Should someone insist upon having the bars lowered and the allowance increased, a simple sign from her made us understand that the surplus requested was not necessary. If, on the other hand, greater generosity was called for, she lost no time in demanding an increase. Her clear-sightedness rarely erred and, thanks to her intelligent help, miseries and sufferings untold were alleviated throughout the hard winter of 1938-1939.

Years followed one another, bringing no change in Mrs. Souen's dispositions. Still, she grew to look more favorably on the missionaries. In 1943 we were obliged to bid a third farewell to Suchow and try internment life in Shanghai. Our absence stretched over a period of close to two years. Great was Grandma Souen's joy upon our return. Friendly relations were taken up again and grace, to all evidence, is working its mysterious way in this soul of good will. When will God's Star beam for her? Only Providence knows.

In occasions like this the human instrument in the saving of souls feels the powerlessness of his efforts when heavenly dews do not fecundate them. What is lacking to complete the conversion of our faithful friend? Perhaps the fervent prayer of an apostolic soul, perhaps a generous sacrifice which will establish a current of grace and light between the great divine hearth and the poor heart of a benighted heathen woman. Where shall we find the pious soul that will operate this marvellous transformation and insert in her crown the precious bloom sprung from the soil of the Flowery Kingdom?

* * *

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MISSION FLASHES FROM LAS PINAS, RIZAL

Thursday, May 23, 1946 will go down as the redletter day of our arrival in Las Pinas, our latest outpost for the Master of Missions. Rev. Father Vernackt, parish priest, gave us a hearty welcome and accompanied us to church where we said a *Veni Creator* to implore the assistance of the Enlightening Spirit. Like true daughters of Mary, we thereupon consecrated our lives and apostolic adventuring to the Queen of Heaven and earth — Philippines included.

The ancient little Mission church dates from 1762. It is of Spanish architectural style with walls fully four feet thick, many massive pillars and a few high-reaching windows. The interior presents a rather gloomy appearance. There is no basement, but long corridors stretch underground as in the catacombs of primitive Christian Rome, which corridors serve to no purpose nowadays.

Las Pinas is the proud possessor of the famed bamboo organ known over all the Philippines and the fascination of every tourist with a musical bent. Way past the century milestone, the delicate instrument, which cost a Recollect Father four years of labor, is still in good shape and gives

harmonious proofs that "music hath charms". On solemn church feast-days it floods the temple of God with soul-lifting melodies

Las Pinas counts 6,000 souls. Unfortunately, only a few hundred are Catholics and attend Mass.

The *convento*, as the rectory is here called, is contiguous to the church and built of similar material. To the rear in the enclosure formed by the two buildings spreads a splendid garden gay with banana trees, papaws, mango trees, etc. In front, tropical trees of every specie, palms, acacias, and still others keep part of the sun's brightness from withering blooms and velvet green.

At a stone's throw from the church stands the school, dating from 1936 and with capacity for fifty pupils in each of its three classes. The Government officially recognized this school in 1936 and it was immediately placed under the control of the parish priest, with lay teachers, men and women, to dispense knowledge to Filipino youth. Rev. Father Vernackt has succeeded in giving a "rectory" outlook to one of the rooms, and his *convento* will become our convent.

A gorgeous landscape unrolls under our eyes. In the distance loom the mountains of Bataan, the battle-scarred burial ground of brave thousands who loved their country and gave their lives for it. Closer to us, vessels toss and rock on the gray-green waters, giving one the illusion that he is in presence of a floating city. Nearer still, we glimpse a group of hardy fishermen occupied at the industry out of which they eke a living — fish-culture. Other Filipinos have hit on the salt industry, while their resourceful wives and daughters keep rice money forthcoming by the manufacturing of lace and embroidery knickknacks. The Las Pinas region doesn't seem to have any rich uncle about to bequeath his millions. Poverty is the general rule.

The Sisters' school has formed the topic of many a conversation. Some brains clicked faster as it became known that the programme would be exclusively religious, which did not appeal too much; but the others, the greater number we are glad to say, were delighted at the prospect. "Our children are going to learn about God," they chorused.

Forty-five pupils registered the first day, and almost ten times that number came on the morning when school opened. By July 22, last day for registrations, 460 names had been penned down. The majority have been unable to attend school during the Japanese occupation. Some youngsters of twelve or in their early teens have never even opened a book.

Our kindergarten school boasts of first, second, third, fourth and fifth graders. The first grade tots are almost legion. We have three classes of them. The fifth graders weren't so many; in fact, they numbered only eight, which meant simply this: there wouldn't be any "fivers". But the eight went off determined to conquer three times their number — which they did. There was triumph in their voices that evening as they again pleaded for a fifth grade. Father said yes. Brown eyes couldn't conceal inner satisfaction. "Are we lucky!" the youngsters exclaimed, "we'll all be with the Sisters!"

Inquisitive onlookers are not lacking. Doors and windows were crammed on the first days, but now there's a lull.

The parish priest has noticed that more members of his flock attend Sunday Mass now that the school is functioning. The children have been reminded of their Sunday must, and we are counting on them to remind their elders. On November 1, thirty-eight welcomed their Eucharistic King and Lord for the first time.

Sixty-five pupils have registered at Pulanglupa's new school, two kilometres from Las Pinas. In mid-July Father undertook another school at Talon, eight kilometres from the city. Both educational ventures are under the supervision of Sister St. Joseph de Bethleem⁽¹⁾. Mr. Santos, Inspector, has visited both schools and expressed his satisfaction.

Our every move catches the eye of the very little ones. One six-year-old who had seen us making the Stations of the Cross thought it would be a good idea to do likewise. Accordingly he reverently stopped at the first Station, hands joined like a nun's and eyes cast down in recollection. Then he proceeded to the second and third Stations. But the prospective Franciscan monk had never been through any novitiate of patient perseverance. The Sorrowful Way was too rugged, and when he left Our Lord and Simon of Cyrene at the fifth Station, it was to seek his young mates who had shyly stayed in the back of their Father's House. Nobody laughed, nobody teased. It was all right for the tiny Filipino friar to pray thus. The Sisters did pray so!

Some workmen have repaired the cistern near our house. It had long since been abandoned, as it proved more practical to have the water come from Manila by means of pipes. But with war and its problems stalking everywhere, this latter system had to be discarded and the old one resorted

1. Yvonne ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton, P.Q.



COCO TREES, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



NIPPA (STRAW) HOME IN THE PHILIPPINES

to. The cistern collects the rain water which is raised some twenty feet in height by means of a pressure pump. Thence it makes connections with the *convento*. This is nothing short of a luxury in Las Pinas, where ordinary water has too much of a salty tang to be of great utility.

From time to time we pay a visit to the camp for Japanese prisoners still held in the Philippines. Rev. Father Budny, chaplain, is glad to have us do so. Many is the graceful oriental bow we are given by the little Japanese children. Everybody feels at ease and nobody's afraid. The women-folk flock to catechetical meetings and discussions are certainly not void of enthusiasm.

July 4 marked the inauguration of the Philippine Republic. No doubt the new Republicans have selected this date as their National Day in honor of the United States, which they consider as their Motherland. The Filipino standard, previously accompanied by the Star Spangled Banner, floated alone at the mast. May Almighty God bless our adopted country and enlighten the civil leaders of the Philippines, that they may faithfully discharge their duties and strive for the greater good of their people!

* * *

REPORT OF THE MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL FOR THE YEAR 1946

Baptisms.....	30	Dressings.....	2,136
First Communion.....	7	Electrical Treatments.....	1,516
Extreme Unctions.....	10	X-Ray Examinations.....	74
Patients admitted.....	101	Injectons.....	3,718
Patients treated at Dispensary.....	4,490	Operations.....	21
Hospital Days.....	3,598	Deaths.....	20
Prescriptions filled.....	4,636	Home and Hospital Visits.....	595

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM OUR MISSIONARY BAND IN THE WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, December 15, 1946

Reverend and beloved Mother,

Imaginary visits to the Cote des Neiges Motherhouse are always delightful experiences, but especially so when a new year is about to be ushered in. At this blessed season there are two words on our lips, two words in our hearts: "Best wishes and grateful thanks!"

Our prayers will rise most fervent on Holy Night for you, beloved Mother, and all our dear Sisters at the cherished religious home. From the Almighty Christmas Babe and His tender Mother we shall implore choice spiritual favors for all those we hold dear

With our fond requests we shall address to Our Heavenly Father and Provider our heartfelt thankfulness for the blessings that have poured down on Les Cayes' little Mission. How grateful should soar our thanks to the Great Lord of the harvest, who chooses humble human instruments to garner souls for celestial mansions!

Throughout this present year about to slip into eternity, we at *Charity* have registered several First Communions, both of children and adults, a few abjurations from Protestant creeds, a great number of receptions of the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction, and a long list of benefits both spiritual and temporal. How truly they speak who say that God is never outdone in generosity! Our few hidden sacrifices He repays a hundred times over in unpriced favors and consolations.

Our new convent is situated at the city limits, where we enjoy regular countryside calm and tranquillity. Rooms are so disposed, according to the needs of warm climates, to render ventilation an easy matter, and the



CROSSING A RIVER, HAITI

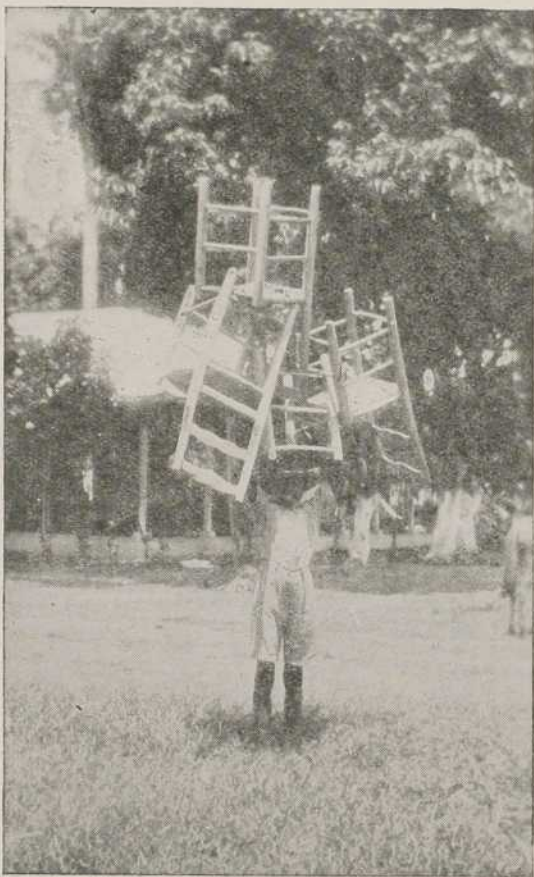
pure sea breeze provides refreshment which all appreciate. Broad balconies around the three storeys keep torrid sun rays and diluvian rains at bay. The kitchen, laundry and our helpers' night quarters occupy the ground floor. An eight-foot wall hems our property. Our garden is large and before long it will provide us with many good things to eat. Coco, alligator pear, mango and orange trees are already striking roots in the soil.

What we like best about our convent is its nearness to *Charity, If You Please*. At any and every hour of the day we are able to visit our hundred patients and have a chat with our old grannies at the home. All these needy folk are absolutely penniless. They come to *Charity* for medical care, and for shelter, food and clothing over the bargain. Most of them have been baptized in babyhood, but the majority have no further religion to their credit. What patience the missionary needs to teach the consoling and beautiful truths of Our Holy Religion to these suffering members of humanity, who have never known anything beyond the inane tenets of their superstitious creeds!

Death always claims many victims during December days, as the dear people find the cooler temperature hard to bear, especially our proteges, whose so-called shelter is no protection against every gust of wind that chooses to steal inside.

Only last Saturday a good old gentleman guest of the *Charity* household since two days was presented to the priest for the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction. Our infirmarian had given him a refreshing bath and had transferred him to the death room, where he lay on spotless white bedclothes. The old fellow at death's door hardly dared believe his eyes. Contentedly he sighed and softly he murmured: "I'm very well here!" With child-like simplicity and fervor he made the first and perhaps the last confession of his long life. Presently he noticed that the priest was preparing to anoint him.

"What am I supposed to do, Father?" he candidly inquired.



HOW YOUNG HAITI CARRIES BURDENS

"You just listen," Father kindly answered.

Attentively this eleventh-hour convert followed the holy functions. Father's words and gestures might be unintelligible to him, but we could see him holding his breath, so to say, in order to miss nothing of the ceremony. His eyes were observing the priest closely — and how those eyes beamed!

Before leaving, Father had him kiss the crucifix and spoke a few heartening words. Old "Dismas" cordially thanked him. "I'm very happy. Thank you and goodbye, Father!"

Sister Superior drew near his bedside. To her again he expressed all his contentment, made a broad sign of the cross to thank Father in Heaven and asked for Holy Communion. Too rudimentary is his knowledge of things Catholic, though. He will have to learn a little more before being given a place at the Angelic Banquet. We hope he will recover sufficiently to be able to see his dreams materialize. Very late has he been introduced to his Father up above, but not time matters, — only love and faith — and we know Heaven will open to bid this belated wayfarer in.

Apostolic joys like this one make us prize our lofty vocation to save souls for the Savior of them all. May we become less and less unworthy of God's loving election!

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YOUR GRATEFUL CHILDREN OF LES CAYES

Looking Over *Charity's* Records for 1946:

Needy poor received.....	233	Needy poor sheltered.....	100
Patients cured.....	65	Patients deceased.....	22
Medications.....	23,600	Dressings.....	11,134
Injections.....	1,109	Teeth extracted.....	28
First Communions.....	37	Confirmations.....	37
Extreme Unctions.....	32	Abjurations.....	7

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LES COTEAUX

Sister Marie Cecile⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, Writes to Her Superior General.

Les Coteaux, November 10, 1946

Reverend and beloved Mother,

Could you take time off for a little one-day excursion southward to Les Coteaux? Classes are overflowing this year, but the order problem doesn't prove too knotty, since the pupils are on more friendly and familiar terms with their teachers.

The primer grade babies, forty-eight in all, are Sister Maurice de

1. Cecile BREAUULT, Val Racine, P.Q.

Thebes' ⁽¹⁾ pride and joy. Just look at those wee men standing at attention and unflinching as soldiers! In chorus they stare and in chorus they lisp their welcome: "Good morning, Mother!" These are my favorites. It is so interesting to look on while Father distributes monthly report cards. Very frankly each one explains how marks come to be missing on his or hers. The little fellow or the tiny damsel shows a dainty pink tongue and declares: "My tongue's too long!" No teaching Sister may so much as hint that she will cut off the surplus length, else a flood of tears will be released. But should I have a prize to offer, how dusky faces beam and pearly teeth sparkle behind smiling lips!

Class number two, under Sister St. Lucille's ⁽²⁾ supervision, has thirty-one girls and four boys, third graders all and mischievous tots everyone. Sister feels elated over their intellectual achievements as over their intellectual capacity.

Sister St. Sylvere ⁽³⁾ follows suit with the same number of girls as the last named, and no boys... Among these fourth and fifth graders we shall select our Eucharistic Crusaders for the coming reception. The motto of the Crusade holds a place of honor and stirs zeal and enthusiasm.

A neighboring *caye* shelters Sister St. Germaine Cousin's ⁽⁴⁾ twice ten. Our sophomores, if you please — sixth, seventh, eight graders. Certificates and diplomas are waiting in the not-too-distant future, which spells hard work and plenty of patience. All are willing to plunge right in and Our Blessed Mother is implored day in and day out. Soon we hope to introduce the Children of Mary Sodality among the best.

Sister Marie Aline's ⁽⁵⁾ bright-eyed youngsters have peacefully invaded the onetime parochial hall. Its dimensions are not exactly humbly small, but space is needed to house forty-six lasses and six laddies, even when they haven't yet climbed beyond first and second grades. Carmina, our faithful helper, is always on hand at overbusy moments to teach Sister's merry flock their prayers and write model exercises in their copy-books.

I shall now introduce my twenty-five special course students. Primary notions on sewing have their own importance in their case. Already we have had two courses in buttonhole making and two in mending. Ornamental



SISTER MARIE CECILE, (CECILE BREAUT, VAL RACINE, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES COTEAUX, DISTRIBUTES ROSARIES AT MACAYA.

1. Yvonne CLOUTRE, Montreal.
2. Adrienne DEGRANDPRE, Pawtucket, R. I.
3. Clara LEBLANC, St. Sylvere, P. Q.
4. Marie Anne LEGRIS, Montreal.
5. Anne Marie LAROCQUE, Rawdon, P. Q.

stitches will provide something new for this week. Later on we shall review in a practical way the knowledge assimilated. Sister Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾ helps me conduct these classes when dispensary holidays happen.

Speaking dispensary, I must say it is a great medium for good. Two weeks ago the nursing Sister at Chardonnières came for an initiation in local diseases and remedies. We did all we could to cram as much information as possible into every moment of her stay with us. With the Chardonnières dispensary operating, ours will be able to take things easier, or, to put it the other way, to give more attention to each individual patient.

Macaya has had a second visit from us. We reached this miniature fairyland at half-past six in the afternoon after a ride of three hours. Lady Moon was already enhancing the charming landscape with its matchless white radiance, and Mr. Dieuville's glowing description of the expanse of beauty fell short of the truth as we saw it.

While we were doing justice to the supper dishes an incident happened which gave me misgivings about the night to be. I happened to lift my eyes high enough to see a husky rodent frisking along the thatched roof. Mr. Dieuville wasn't a fraction disconcerted. "Don't be afraid. The rat's just an old friend here." Did the virtue of obedience stretch that far? Still, my bravery didn't amount to much above zero.

Our night prayers and Rosary devotions we recited beneath the glorious canopy of the heavens. The graceful palms quivered in the breeze and seemed to be whispering Aves to the Queen and Mother of all, while the silver orb of night shed pure rays of light strong enough to disturb nature in its sleep. So brightly shone the moon that neither electricity nor little oil lamp was needed to aid the eye in reading.

How did I spend the night, you wonder? I must confess that sleep kept a respectable distance, but not so the husky rodent. He, or maybe one of his fellows, suddenly decided to jump on Sister Marie Berthe's head. Then as soon as he stood solidly on all fours, he again bounded non-stop to the thatching. Sister awoke, exclaimed triumphantly: "He's gone!" turned over, and went to sleep again.

At last morning dawned and the sun was a happy sight for me.

Following Mass and breakfast, several patients came for treatment. Then the baptism ceremony was held. Candidates were close to fifty in



FRESH FROM THE BAPTISMAL FONT, HAITI.

1. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

number, old and young and in-betweens. As on my first visit, I felt very sorry for the poor folk. So much good remains to be done in this little mountain kingdom.

Rosary Month has been piously observed by the school children, whose fresh young voices have often been raised in loving hymns to Mary. Especially beautiful was their goodnight selection in honor of Our Lady. By the last week of October everyone knew the hymn and the evening song must have been such as would have delighted the Angels who stand around the Heavenly Queen's throne.

This will be enough for today, dear Mother. Speaking for the mission band of Les Coteaux, I say: All my thanks and all their thanks for having sent us to the best place on earth.

Your loving and respectful child,

SISTER MARIE CECILE, M.I.C.

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of March, 1947

"Christian Treatment of Workers in the Missions"

Nearly nineteen hundred years before Pope Leo wrote his famous encyclical, the longed-for Messiah had sounded the death knell of those who had oppressed the poor and outraged the inalienable rights of those whom they had conquered and oppressed. As a matter of fact the birth of Christ presaged a totally different outlook on the rights and prerogatives of all mankind, whether bondmen or free. Thus "the Carpenter, Son of Mary" restored to the downtrodden slaves of the pagan world their rightful places in the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

A Change of Value

Without the recognition and understanding of that unalterable truth human life has never been held sacred. Thus with the denial of the true God, the idolatry and license of paganism opened the floodgates of oppression and tyranny. Even at the present time the mighty pyramids, the seemingly endless and tortuous route of China's wall, the lofty sacrificial altars of the Aztecs are the evidences of the depths of degradation to which man, without the knowledge of Christ's teaching, may be plunged. Since there was nothing cheaper than human life, it was squandered like the chaff tossed in the air to single it from the worthwhile wheat.

With the coming of the Redeemer we find that according to Pope Leo XIII's document "civil society was renovated in every part by the teachings of Christianity; that in the strength of that renewal the human race was lifted up to better things — nay, that it was brought back from death to life, and to so excellent a life that nothing more perfect had been known before or will come to pass in the ages that are yet to be."

The present holds a definite menace to the workers in mission lands particularly in those areas where Christianity has not penetrated too deeply. In such areas the far-seeing eye of communism has discerned the unsettled state of the underpaid and underprivileged native and is ready to offer him the panacea of collectivism, godlessness, and the overthrow not only of the rights of the individual but of the family, the bulwark of human society. This then is our concern and one which should receive our immediate attention. If we are in a position to take an active part in according Christian treatment to workers in mission countries, let our conduct be marked by a forthright justice which is an echo of Christ's own action. If we are remote from mission territory, let us storm heaven that those leaders, whether lay or clerical, be guided by the Holy Ghost to exercise that prudence and charity which has always been the mark of the true Christian since the Carpenter of Nazareth restored labor to its rightful place in the divine plan.

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



Novitiate Hall Sketches

Another Sunday is about to join the long procession of Sundays past and gone, but the sun's waning light is still lingering low in the west. The darkness, poetically speaking, "has not yet fallen from the wings of night."

Blissful moments were those I, budding author of this sketch, spent at Mary's altar, praying for Mary's friends, our friends. Now I pick up my pen in clumsy fingers to write about the fairest spot — or so I think — on Mary's earthly dominion. Do I love my novitiate hall? Ask me another!

Here I am all alone. All the others are enjoying the evening in the garden. Empty pages lie before me and beauty around me. The novitiate hall is silent, save for the regular ticking of the good old clock that faithfully keeps time. Rays of orange light discreetly steal in through the windows and gild pictures on the walls, while their mates paint statues in brighter hues. Each object springs to life and whispers a secret. Pensively my eyes take in the homey, pious sights around and my thoughts wander, wander.

Instinctively my gaze drifts off to the large crucifix. How eloquently it beckons me to suffering and abnegation, to the immolation of my throbbing young life for the eternal salvation of the pagans! "Follow My example!" murmurs the dying Savior, arms outstretched to embrace the world of souls.

Beneath the Crucified stands the bust of our venerated Mother Foundress. Truly she has her place there. She who sought to reproduce Christ in her life deserves a place near Him after death.

Mother Mistress' desk isn't anything showy. But the precious counsels we so need come to us *ex cathedra*, and if we observe them all we shall surely become valiant women and sterling missionaries, which is all our ambition.

Here again, the little Virgin of the Temple seeks a modest corner for herself, as she very probably did in Jerusalem's Holy House. Maybe some day we'll learn the lesson by heart — recollection and interior, hidden life for God alone!

Bernadette whom Mary cherished next draws my attention. She looks up towards the blue, whence came once the most beautiful Lady who ever set foot upon our tainted earth. Some happy day we'll be seeing you in Heaven, Bernadette, and the Lady of our love, too.

There's another picture here, impressive in its simplicity. Night is falling on little Nazareth town. Not far from their cottage home, Mary and her Holy Child are lingering in the dying light of the setting sun. The

Boy Jesus, only a toddler as yet, in a graceful gesture presents food to a few white doves that have winged their way to bid goodnight to their Maker. The happy Mother fondly watches her beloved Son. No wonder! What mother ever had a fraction of her bliss?

Farther on, back to the wall, a piano beckons deft fingers to run along its ivory keys. At certain glad moments through the day it accompanies our prescribed hymns, as it does our Sunday and feastday rejoicings. "Serve ye the Lord with gladness."

Here's another Nazareth scene, depicting the Holy Three. Mary leaves her spinning wheel and Joseph his carpenter tools to marvel over Jesus' first masterpiece — a cross. Astonishment, compassion and love are painted on their features. The cross means death, and death means the loss of Him whom they love more than life itself.

In another corner my eyes alight on a magnificent Guardian Angel covering with protecting wing a little child entrusted to his care. I wonder whether the Guardians of novices have a hard time of it? Eternal port is still miles off...

I like this statue of the Child Jesus of Prague. The Divine King keeps His tiny hand upraised in a mute exhortation. Oh, yes, those virtues of childhood — candor, simplicity, confidence, abandonment, obedience, and there are likely some others too! May we, O dear little Brother, always follow in Your footsteps. May we daily grow more pleasing to God and more worthy of so perfect a Model.

Then there's the Pentecostal remembrance: Our Blessed Lady with the Apostles. A globe of fire rests on her head, whence it will spread in tongues of flame on the other members of the assembly. *Veni, Creator Spiritus!* We need You, God of Strength and Light, come and sanctify us!

Three other pictures recall three great personalities of Holy Church: St. Joseph, the humble carpenter to Mary wed and foster father of Jesus; St. John the Baptist, who prepared the way for the Lord. Are we not other Johns, missioned to make ready the paths the Savior will tread? Let us choose this great Saint as our model and take to heart his watchword: "Christ must increase, but I must decrease!" St. John the Evangelist, third member of the group, speaks of charity, as always. "Little children, love one another." This St. John, too, deserves imitators among white-veiled Sisters.

Do you hear the old clock unceasingly calling out its tick tack? It doesn't want to be forgotten. Why, it's a hundred years old, and surely deserves consolations in its old age. Just listen, then, old clock. I do like your ticking which indicates God's holy will for me. I think your fidelity in marking God's hour is worthy of all praise. Your two hands always on the go remind me not to be slothful, because I'm working for the King.

Oh! the Sisters are coming in. My exploration is over, but I really enjoyed it. From now on I'll appreciate this novitiate hall and won't say its walls are bare and lifeless. Why, none of my heavenly friends are missing!

Thanks to God for having given us all those perfect examples of spiritual life. Thanks to our dear Mothers, who have made our hall so attractive and so rich in treasures. May we all realize God's designs upon us and give fervent years of loving service to the Lord of the Mission Harvest!

A NOVICE

The Chessboard Corner

Kalilamiguu was very ill. He did not seem to have any particular illness. He just seemed "finished" —like a car at a certain mileage.

No one among the natives knew exactly how old he was. Neither did Kalilamiguu. But he must have been very old, having been born long before the Europeans came. Ninety years would be a fairly accurate guess.

Kalilamiguu had two great friends of about his own age; they were Kiboko and Taya. Both came to visit Kalilamiguu when they heard he was very sick, and because of their long experience, they realized at once that he had not much longer to live.

Kiboko and Taya were both pagans, but on Sundays they attended religious instructions at the mission and prayed. There were many things of course that their old heads had not firmly grasped. However, they had got hold of the more important points, as these were so often repeated by the Father. He had taught them frequently how to instruct and baptize the dying.

But the trouble was that Kalilamiguu had never prayed nor come to the instructions. The Father had often tried to persuade him, but Kalilamiguu had invariably answered, "Very kind of you, Father, to have remembered old Kalilamiguu; but no, thank you, too large a household." By that he meant his seven wives.

So Kiboko and Taya knew it would not be an easy job to find a little hole through which to squeeze Kalilamiguu into Heaven. But they had decided that it must be done. For some eighty years they had played *mbao* — a kind of native chess — together; they intended to continue doing so in Heaven. They could call the Father, but he might not arrive in time. So they got at the job themselves.

"Kalilamiguu!" shouted Kiboko into the old pagan's ear, at the same time shaking him quite a bit more than any medical faculty would have approved. "I think it would be nice some day to be in Heaven all three together."

"No," answered Kalilamiguu.

"Why not?"

"Because . . .," he said.

"Because . . . because . . . ? Tell us, tell us," urged Taya.

"Large households, no admission," Kalilamiguu said. But after some time, he finally agreed, "Yes, it would be nice indeed."

So they began to instruct him. Much time was required to put across several points.

"Hard work," sighed Taya, wiping large drops from his forehead.

"Harder work ahead," said Kiboko. He meant the administering of Baptism. Taya entered one of the huts and came back with a calabash full of water.

"Has it been boiled?" asked Kiboko.

"Must it be boiled?" was Taya's question.

"Better make sure," said Kiboko.

Taya once more entered the hut and boiled the water. When it had cooled a little, he handed Kiboko the calabash; but the latter declined the honor.

"No," protested Taya, "I went to get the water; I boiled it; must I do it all?"

"You are the older of us two," Kiboko said.

"Dirty lie," answered the other.

"Anyhow, you always said you were," insisted Kiboko.

"But you have always denied that it was true," answered his friend.

A lengthy argument followed. A hopeless deadlock was finally averted by Kalilamiguu's intervention. "Both do it together," he said.

And together it was done. Kiboko poured the water and Taya pronounced the words, ending with a loud *Amina!* — Amen.

"All wrong!" Kiboko exclaimed, "there must be no *Amina* at the end!"

They started all over again, and this time there was no *Amina* at the end.

"Now you can die in peace," Taya said.

"No," said Kalilamiguu.

"Why not?" exclaimed his two friends indignantly.

"Because I want first to see the Father about it all. You have both often cheated me at *mbao*. Maybe you have cheated me today. Quick, call the Father."

So the Father was called. He found the old man still alive.

"Father," Kalilamiguu said, "my large household does not matter any more."

The missionary instructed him again, then he baptized him conditionally.

After this Kalilamiguu said: "Father, I have a last wish — it is about the household — let them all come here."

The whole "household" appeared before their dying master. "Hear my last words, my beloved ones," he said. "The slave does not surpass his master and the wife does not surpass her husband. I have been baptized. So will you all. Now leave me alone with the Father."

When they had left, he said, "Father, instruct them all and baptize them all — the whole household. I am going, Father, I thank you very much. I shall pray for you in Heaven. Goodbye, Father —" And then silence, the silence of death.

Kalilamiguu had preceded his two friends to reserve three seats and a chess-board in a cozy corner of Heaven.

Echo From Africa



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
January-February 1947.....		\$57.00	

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.



THE CHILDREN'S SECTION

DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE,

St. Joseph's springtime month is with us again. My, doesn't time speed away with seven-league boots! It seems to me it never whizzed by at that breath-taking pace when I was very young.

Are you doing something extra for the Carpenter Saint of Nazareth? I mean something special along the prayer line. Here are two three-second invocations to the Foster Father of Jesus: "St. Joseph, friend of the Sacred Heart, pray for us. Good St. Joseph, pray for us." Maybe you know a whole list of others. Be good steady friends of St. Joseph during this month especially dedicated to him, and he will not fail to show you how to love Jesus and Mary and deserve a fond pat on the shoulder from all the grownups in Heaven.

Now for our continued story. All ready?

GERALD'S SECRET

Aunt Florence sat knitting in a cosy armchair near the log crackling in the fireplace. She was young in years, with cheeks that were seldom tinted with the rosy bloom of health, but with eyes that told lengths on kindness and beauty of soul. All her nephews and nieces held warm top places in her heart. She even had a working knowledge of the magical trick of contenting everyone without spoiling anyone. However, she had her favorite — Gerald, her sister's oldest boy. But the junior partners of the boisterous company didn't resent the preference. They knew Auntie loved them all ever so dearly, and nothing else mattered, so they thought.

Uncle Arthur had lately been called on urgent business, and Auntie had decided it would be a good idea to spend the coming two weeks with her sister.

This particular evening, Dad and Mother had gone to play bridge with the Browns, and Auntie had stayed behind to keep the home fires burning. Helen and Margaret had sought their pillows nearly an hour ago and were in all likelihood meeting angel pals in dreamland. Master

Gerald, the man of the house for the time being, was beginning to think it would feel comfortable under his patch quilt.

Suddenly a small-scale explosion startled Aunt Florence.

"Auntie," piped Gerald from the staircase, "I've made a pretty find this afternoon!"

"Really? I wonder what it could be. I suppose you've unearthed some treasure hidden for centuries?"

"Oh, you're just laughing at me!"

"Laughing at you? Mind your words, Gerry boy. I'm just merrily teasing my nephew. But you've tickled my curiosity. What about that wonderful find?"

"I'm coming to it, Auntie. 'Member this afternoon I ran upstairs to get a box for Mother?"

"And I'm expected to believe it was the very box in which your great-great-grandfather had buried the treasure?"

"Not quite, Auntie."

"Where did you find it, then?"

"Right on the bookshelf."

"A treasure on the bookshelf? That's what I call throwing caution to the wind."

"But, Aunt Florence," protested Gerald, "I never said 'treasure'. I just said 'find'."

"Maybe so, and maybe no. Go on, please."

"I found a whole collection of mission magazines!"

"So! And you thumbed them over?"

"I read a story in the first one. Gosh, I'll have to admit I acted the crybaby, because the story was about a black boy who had to bear plenty of hardships before being baptized, and who was cruelly abused by his pagan parents."

"You greedy boy! Why did you keep that reading matter all for yourself? Next time you'll share fifty-fifty with Auntie, won't you?"

"You have my word for it."

"What became of your soot-black hero, anyway? Did his relatives join the True Church?"

"Not all of them. Auntie, are we Catholics lucky!"



Auntie and
Gerry Boy

"The pagans will be mighty lucky too, if we try to help them out of gratitude to God."

"The trouble is, there are not enough missionaries and souls fall headlong into Hell because there are no priests to show them the way up."

"A sorry state of things indeed," commented Aunt Florence sadly.

"You hear me, Auntie — when I'm a man, I —" Gerald left his sentence unfinished. Aunt Florence didn't try to probe further. She had a good inkling already of her nephew's "when I'm a man" ambitions.

"Let's be off to bed," she suggested. "It's getting late and I wouldn't want you to yawn over your books tomorrow."

"Good night, Auntie."

"Good night, Gerry boy."

Ten o'clock was striking when Gerald went to sleep. His aunt was still wide awake. Slowly her fingers glided along her rosary. She prayed for her dear absent husband, for the beloved little ones asleep in their cosy beds, and above all for that fine growing nephew of hers, that God might make a sterling Catholic out of him and later on perhaps another consecrated Christ, a missionary. What had Gerald said about missionaries being all too few and souls plunging headlong into Hell? . . .

* * *

The harvest is great and overripe, but the laborers are too few. What Jesus said two thousand years ago Gerald says today. You boys and girls, lovers all of Our Divine Savior, please, *please* beseech God to raise up thousands of apostles to carry the torch of faith where peoples are still languishing in the shadow of death.

ANOTHER SECRET IS TOLD



"Blossom! Blossom! Where are you?"

Vainly the echoes of the garden rehearsed Silver Pearl's call. Wherever could Blossom be? And sad little Silver Pearl walked aimlessly on till she reached the cool shade of a tall palm tree.

Suddenly the lass with the precious name jumped up in surprise. From behind a clump of tropical trees a shout had come:

"Hello, Pearly!"

"Oh, Blossom, there you are at last! I thought you were lost!"

"I was hiding in the bushes," laughed Blossom.

"You bad girl! You are bold enough to laugh after you've made me cry. So you don't love me anymore?"

"Come on, Blossom, you know I do love you. I just intended it as a surprise."

"Well, I know something you don't!"

"You do? Is it a secret?"

"A grand one too. If you only knew . . ."

"Won't you tell it, Silver Pearl? I'll never, never hide again if I live to be one hundred."

"All right, come closer. Now I'll tell you all about it."

And that was how Blossom heard she had a new little sister at the orphanage. The newcomer was a darling baby girl, even if her tattered dress didn't amount to much. One day the three would be fast friends.

And that was how Rice Leaf, the latest arrival, came to count two sympathetic hearts of lasses from the very day of her adoption into the orphan family.

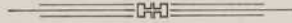
* * *

Look at the clock, will you! It's high time I should say Cheerio and ring off till May. Clock hands seem to be making double speed whenever I stop for a chat with my little friends.

Don't forget the Prayer Drive in honor of the Carpenter Saint of the Nazareth cottage. Remember the Divine Harvester's appeal for prayer, too, so missionaries will increase in number and win the world for Christ to whom it belongs.

Lovingly yours,

THE PRECURSOR



A Smile for Jesus

Maureen was seven and she had made her First Communion about a month previous to the Sunday I happened to kneel behind her at Mass. It had been an unalloyed pleasure to prepare her to receive Jesus into her heart. She loved Him so much and she was so eager to be "held tight in His arms" as she herself expressed it.

It was immediately after the Consecration that my eyes rested on Maureen. To my surprise she was smiling — not the little upward quirk of the lips that sometimes passes for a smile, but a wide-open radiant smile that illuminated her whole countenance. I thought: "What can be amusing her at such a serious moment?"

After Mass I met Maureen on the church steps. She wanted to walk home with me. When we were sufficiently separated from the crowd I said to her: "Maureen, why were you smiling so much after the Consecration?"

She looked at me gravely for a moment and somehow I felt that I was being judged at the tribunal of combined innocence and wisdom. Then, evidently deciding that I could be trusted to understand, she said: "Oh, I was just smiling at Jesus to show Him how much I love Him."

Maureen little guessed with what a subject for meditation she had provided me. Why is it that we grown-ups so seldom smile at Jesus? When we meet earthly friends it is natural to smile a greeting, but when we are with our Best Friend we seem to think it necessary to assume always our most solemn and serious expression. Yet, it is quite possible that He, too, would appreciate a smile. Must we save all our smiles for earthly friends and acquaintances and reserve for Him a visage of unbroken solemnity? Since my little chat with Maureen I often find myself, during visits to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, actually smiling at Him. What is more, I have the firm conviction that He likes it.

Truly, "a little child shall lead them!"

S.O.S., in *The Field at Home*

RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS



Enclosed you will find offering as my donation for a favor received. Please remember us in your good prayers. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.**—Enclosed please find offering in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favor obtained. Please join me in prayers for a very special request. Mrs. L. D., **Amherstburg, Ont.**—A favor has been obtained. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.**—Enclosed you will find an offering in thanksgiving for a favor received from the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.**—I have obtained a favor. Please pray for my health. Mrs. V. C., **Jewett City, Conn.**—Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Mr. A. E. L., **Ville St. Michel.**—Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for several favors. Mrs. O. S., **Holyoke, Mass.**—Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. O. P., **L'Epiphanie.**—Grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. L. S. G., **Montreal.**—Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a cure. Mr. D. B., **St. Jean de Dieu.**—Thanksgiving to Our Immaculate Mother for a favor received. Mrs. D. R., **St. Brigide.**—Lively thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. W. L., **Montreal.**—Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a successful operation. A. P. M.—Homage of thanksgiving for a favor received. Anonymous.—All my thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. I hope she will protect my family and grant me good health. Mrs. G. L., **Rosemont.**—Thanks for a cure. Mrs. A. C., **Escou-**

mains.—Thanks for a favor obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. S. B.—I am coming to fulfill a promise in homage of gratitude for a favor obtained and request further protection. Mrs. J. L.—I am very grateful for having obtained employment thanks to the novena of the three Hail Marys offered for that intention. All my thanks to Our Blessed Mother! J. R. L., **Montreal.**—Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. I am trusting in her kindness to obtain a complete cure. Mrs. A. S., **Charny.**—I am coming to pay a debt of gratitude owed to Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained. Mrs. M. B.—I wish to thank our kind Heavenly Mother for favors attributed to her intercession. Mrs. E. N.—I heartily thank God and Our Blessed Mother who have heard my prayers. Mrs. J. B. G.—Grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate for the return of my son; this grace I consider almost miraculous. E. B.—A favor has been obtained. A thousand thanks! Mrs. J. P., **St. Agathe des Monts.**—Lively thanksgiving for favors received. Miss M. S., **Westmount.**—I am fulfilling a promise to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a great favor obtained. I heartily thank our kind Mother. Miss J. P.—Thanksgiving for a favor. Mrs. D. N.—Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. W. M.—In fulfillment of a promise. Mrs. I. P., **St. Hyacinthe.**—Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for having preserved us from infantile paralysis. Mrs. A. F., **Montreal.**—Thanks for a favor received and please help me pray for another intention. Miss M. L., **Montreal.**—I am suffering from tuberculosis. Please pray for my cure, for I am the mother of thirteen children. Anonymous.—Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. G. B.—Thanks for a favor received through the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. E. M., **Montreal.**

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Heartfelt thanks for a favor obtained through the Blessed Mother and St. Therese. A friend, **Ludlow, Mass.**—Thanks to St. Frances Cabrini for a great favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. L. D.—Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. O. P., **St. Sulpice.**—Grateful thanks to St. Therese for favors received. I am asking her protection. Mrs. M., **Montreal.**—Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors received. May she obtain my complete cure that I may be able to work. B. G., **Montreal.**—Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph for a great favor received through their intercession. Mrs. A. M.—Thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. H. L., **Lauzon West.**

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

Do not forget me in your good prayers, that God will take care of me. G. L.—Will you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, that my son and his wife will go to Mass and practise their religion.—Would you kindly make a novena for two very special intentions. A subscriber.—Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may recover from my nervous breakdown and that my husband may be successful in his business. A subscriber.—I wish that you would please make a novena for the cure of intemperance for my son and conversion to his faith and many other requests. Mrs. O'C.—Would you please make a novena for a very special intention of mine, as I am in urgent need and really only prayers will help. E. B., **Maniwaki, P. Q.**—Please pray for our health and a cure; also for the conversion of dear ones. Mr. and Mrs. J. P.—Please pray to Our Blessed Mother for health, love, peace, friends, and happiness in our home and my father's home. Other intentions are recommended.—Please pray for my intentions, and that my daughter may stop drinking. Mrs. R., **Rumford, Me.**—Please pray that I shall get support from my husband who has left me, also that he will return. Mrs. E. L., **Lowell, Mass.**—Please remember me in your prayers to Our Blessed Mother in honor of the feast of her Immaculate Conception, that I may be restored to health and be able to take proper care of my children and home. Mrs. E. D., **Otter**

River, Mass.—I am soliciting two favors from the Blessed Virgin Mary. Would you also pray for my two intentions, Sisters. Miss E. A., **Southbridge, Mass.**—Will you please say prayers that my petition will be answered soon, and that we will get a six or seven room house soon. Mrs. B. H., **Thompsonville, Conn.**—Would you ask the good Sisters to pray for me, as I am going to the hospital next week for an operation. Mrs. B., **No. Grosvenordale, Conn.**—A prompt cure is requested from the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. L. B., **Albion, Ont.**—The mother of four children, who has been ill for three years, wishes to obtain her cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. L. J.—Please pray that my hands may be cured and that we may obtain a suitable property. A subscriber, **St. Raymond.**—Please pray for the recovery of my little girl. Anonymous.—I am asking a great favor. Mrs. T. R., **Lachute.**—May Our Blessed Mother convert my son who drinks and obtain another favor for me. A subscriber.—I am confiding my future to Our Blessed Lady. Anonymous, **Providence, R. I.**—Please join me in prayer to Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts, that she will cure my sister and myself and protect another of my sisters. Miss J. D. B., **Joliette.**—I am asking prayers to Our Heavenly Mother for the successful outcome of a very important matter on which all my future happiness may depend; also for the conversion of a dear friend and a good position for a young man. M. P., **Montreal.**—Please pray for a young man engaged to a non-Catholic girl, and for the conversion of the latter. Anonymous.—Please have prayers offered for seven orphans, one of whom leads a very reprehensible life. Anonymous.—May Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts, avert a trial with which I am threatened. Anonymous, **Montreal.**—Please pray that Our Blessed Mother will grant me a special favor and enable us to sell our property. A subscriber, **St. Paul.**—Please pray for my son who has been ill several years. Mrs. G., **Salem, Mass.**—The mother of a family solicits prayers for the return of her son to his duties. An afflicted mother.—Will you kindly pray for one of my daughters who is undecided as to the choice of her vocation; also for my son studying with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and for two young girls who are ill. Anonymous.—A special favor is requested. A. P. R.—Would you please pray that my daughter will have success in her studies; also for the complete recovery of my husband and myself; success in our undertakings. A confident subscriber.

GENERAL PETITIONS

I would like you to make a novena to St. Joseph to grant me a great favor. M. C., **Montreal.**—Please make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very dear friend so he will soon be cured. Mrs. B., **Granby, P. Q.**—Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Anne for my intentions. Mrs. T., **Clermont, Charlevoix Co.**—Will you kindly join me in prayer to St. Anthony for a great favor I urgently need. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N.S.**—May I please ask for Thirty Days' Prayer to Our Lady of Victories and the Child Jesus of Prague for a very special favor. M. M. O'R., **St. Johns, Newfoundland.**



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From notifications received before January 15)

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