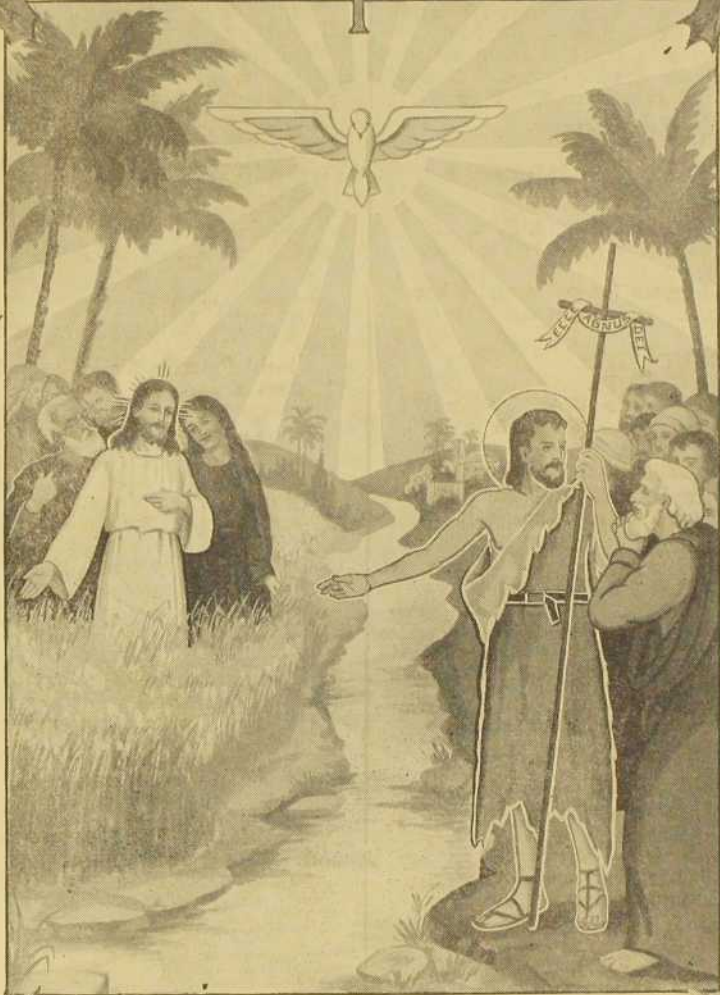


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR Montreal, May-June 1947

No. 3

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



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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?



Thanks to Our Kind Benefactors!

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Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

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Vol. XV, 24th Year

MONTREAL, May-June 1947

No. 3

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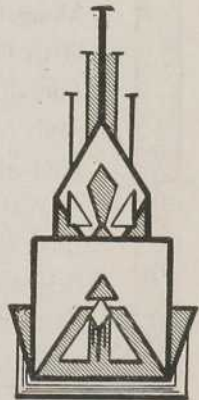
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Boyhood Days



*They say when Jesus was a Lad,
Oh, just a Youngster — eight or ten —
A visitor He often had,
“ The greatest of the sons of men.”*

*They played with all the things that mean
A world to hearts of little boys :
The doggies, birds, and in between,
With Joseph’s homemade wooden toys.*



*When stars shone brightly in the skies
And pinned the curtains of the night,
The Sandman filled four wearied eyes,
Four falling eyelids had to fight —*

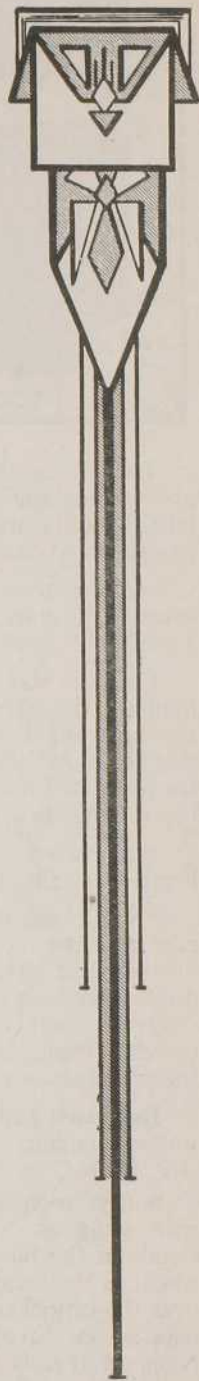
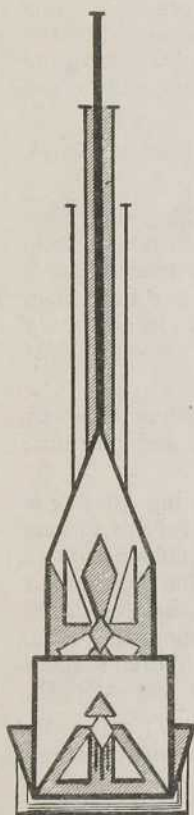
*And yet — “ A story, Mother! ” — Boys
Are boys, and Jesus kept the rule.
Adventure tales a lad enjoys
Ten times as much as books and school.*

*So Mother Mary told them tales
She'd read within the Holy Book.
“ See how the moon fast upward sails!
Dear Boys, 'tis time some sleep you took!*

*“ See how the roses gently droop ;
The lilies too nod sleepy heads ;
'Tis time for little lads to troop
Away to seek their cosy beds. ”*

*Then John and Jesus, hand in hand,
Asked Mary's blessing on their rest,
And drifted off to slumberland
Within their very comfy nest.*

*From angeldom fair winged bands
The room where Two lay dreaming trod ;
A sight like this their awe commands :
The sleeping Lad is Christ their God!*





Twilight by the sea and the witchery of April in the air. In ethereal expanses above shine stars innumerable. The waves are gently rollicking, quieted by the lullaby of the night breezes. Round about the dunes plucky little blooms are gazing up at star-flowers overhead.

Strolling along the gleaming beach, how sweet to hearken to the voices of nature: voice of the stars and song of the deep; calls that echo and re-echo among the age-old hills, and whispers of the flowery kingdom.

Lilts the star: Blessed be God who taught me how to shine and sparkle and light up the dark, awesome shadows where man might fear to wander. While the dawn is still fast asleep on the bosom of the night, my merry beams guide the shepherds and their flocks as they early head for distant pastures. Gaily during the night do I mirror my beauty in the tranquil lakes and chatty rivers, gilding and beautifying their waters clear.

But there is one Star whose radiance throws me entirely in the shade. Before her respectfully I bow and murmur: *Ave Maria!*

Proudly sing the waves: Blessed be God who made the deep our kingdom. Forever we come and go, sighing, moaning, roaring along. As our serried ranks gallop up the silver strand, our song is sometimes as gay as a carol or as mournful as a dirge. When in playful moods, we rock the crafts sailing our main and bear them safely into port. But woe betide the rash mortals who would dare us in our angry moods! Pitilessly our powerful white-plumed cavaliers dash their vessels against the treacherous reefs.

But listen well, there is a Queen, mighty and benign, who holds sway over our watery domain. As she bids us be still, obediently we surrender and murmur: *Ave Maria!*

Softly croons the breeze: Blessed be the Almighty Creator who has gifted me with wings as swift as thought. All over the world I travel, playfully tossing clouds in the blue, caressing flowers in the meadows, rocking the golden ears of wheat in their snug cradles. I am the sailor's right hand, making his boat lord it over the capricious waves. At my bidding the brave bullet-ridden, battle-scarred flags wave. Stealing among the reeds at the waterside, I play a mournful song. Naughtily I ruffle the light feathers of the birds and frolic amid the children's silken locks. The sick sigh after my coming, for I help them regain their lost strength.

But there is a Lady fair who is Queen of the May. For her sake I cause the tender buds to unfold and hang fresh garlands on every bough, while softly I sing: *Ave Maria!*

Whispers the flower: Blessed be God, who made me, earth's most beautiful ornament. My needs are few and simple: a refreshing dewdrop, the shade of a

leaf, the light of a sunbeam! Willingly do I grace the brow of a queen or that of a shepherdess. Gladly do I pour out my fragrance and deck with my beauty stately altars and humble shrines. I gladden the heart of poor and rich alike, equally at home in cottage and mansion. Even the dead are not deprived of my solicitude, as I gracefully adorn their green mounds. In the house of sorrow I bring solace; to the wedding board I add gaiety, and the victor's triumph I enhance.

But there is a Woman beyond compare, whose brow I fain would adorn for even one fleeting moment, content then to wither and die. Sweet angels, hear my prayer! Pluck me in all my fresh loveliness and lay me at her feet, where I may fade away still murmuring: *Ave Maria!*

Muted now were the voices of nature and entranced I listened to the voices of human creatures rising as in a melodious symphony.

The learned in theses erudite, the poets in songs inspired, the orators in accents sublime, all according to their gifts and endowments, praised and honored the Queen of the Universe. In an imposing chorus they sang: *Ave Maria!*

* * *

O Mary, wonder and masterpiece of God's creation, I cannot praise thee as I should. I have not the deep thoughts of the learned, nor the inspired words of the poet, nor the fiery eloquence of the orator, nor the lily-soul of the virgin. I dare not draw near unto thy throne.

"My child, in order to please me, you need only to love and devoutly repeat: *Ave Maria!*"

"That, O Mother, is in my power."

"Draw close then and joyfully sing: *Ave Maria!*"

"O Mary, with heart afire I sing: *Ave Maria!*"

A. BOMMENEL

—◆—◆—◆—

The love of Jesus naturally begets in the soul of a Christian the love of Mary, and the love of Holy Church.

Father Stanislaus, O. S. F. C.

A Benefactor Goes to His Reward

On March 21 last, the Divine Master called to Himself one of His faithful servants, Mr. Edouard Biron, Notary, former President of the Board of Notaries and the Westmount School Commission.

In the person of the regretted deceased the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have lost a generous benefactor and friend. For many years he had been giving them his professional services gratuitously and the invaluable assistance of his clear-sightedness and experience.

The Community will bear in grateful remembrance his liberalities and untiring devotedness, and will make it a duty to offer prayerful intercessions for the repose of his soul.

Religious and sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The Child of Mary's Bracelet

Maureen had always been deeply in love with life. Rich and young and beautiful, she possessed all that worldlings are apt to think makes life worth living. But alas for the fragile fabric of our human happiness! After three short years of wedded bliss, Maureen was suddenly laid low by a relentless illness which robbed the wild-rose bloom from her cheeks and etched dark shadows under her laughing blue eyes.

Specialists of renown were called to her bedside but, after a few weeks' treatment, one and all had to acknowledge themselves powerless to stem the tide of this young life which was fast ebbing away.

A friend called one afternoon. On her shapely arm flashed a golden bracelet set with precious gems, which aroused the sick woman's fancy for beautiful things.

When her visitor had left she called her husband:

"Terry," she said with a pleading note in her voice, "I wish you would buy me a bracelet like Meg's."

Poor Terry had not the heart to refuse his stricken darling anything. Soothed by his promise, her frail blue-veined hand clasped in his strong manly one, she soon fell off into a fitful slumber.

May dawned, balmy and beautiful. The faithful maid had drawn Maureen's couch close to the open window, where she might enjoy the invigorating air of spring.

The door was softly opened and a venerable priest entered. He had known Maureen as a little girl, and as soon as he had heard of her illness he had come for a daily visit to console and strengthen his child in this hour of trial. As soon as he had been seated Maureen began to talk about the bracelet her husband had promised to buy her.

Father Mullin was saddened at the thought that this child of Mary, so soon to discard earthly trappings, should still be sighing after the baubles and vanities of the world. How like a spoilt child she had become, he reflected as he cast about in his mind for some tactful way in which to make some gentle reproach.

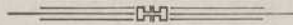
Suddenly his eyes fell on the rosary twined around one of the wasted arms.

"My dear daughter," he remarked, pointing to the beads, "you have there the most exquisite piece of jewelry you can ever want to wear, and of which you have every reason to be proud. The fifty *Aves* are so many glistening pearls enhanced by the five diamonds of your sufferings. As they daily glide through your fingers and you unite your life to the sorrowful mysteries, your rosary links you close, not to the baubles of earth but to the ever enduring joys of eternity, and to the Queen of your heart forever."

Reverently Maureen listened to Father Mullin's words, and she felt her heart transformed. Generously she made the sacrifice of her young life as she daily pondered over the mysteries of her rosary, wherein Jesus and Mary teach us how to live and how to die as true Christians should.

Two more months were thus fully lived from a spiritual point of view, and one calm summer evening Maureen died, clasping her beloved rosary and smiling at her Mother in Heaven.

MARIE AYMOND



I will be only too happy if I am able to have the name of Mary on my lips at the moment of death; the gates of Heaven could not fail to open without delay, as did the ark to welcome the dove bearing the olive branch.

St. Gregory of Nazianzen

The Legend of the Hawthorn

Would you like to listen tonight to the beautiful legend of the hawthorn as our grandmothers used to tell it? Hush, and in the gloaming surely you will hear the flutter of angel wings while a heavenly fragrance lingers in the air. For the angels themselves were the gardeners wonderful who, of yore, transplanted in every country under the sun sturdy slips of the flowering thorn.

It happened some two thousand years ago. Soon after Jesus' birth in the little town of Bethlehem the Holy Three were forced to flee from Herod's wrath across the burning desert. Sand, sand everywhere, like a grey monotonous sea whose waves were forever at rest. Not the slightest shade of tree in this drab waste, not even a tiny blade of grass.

The poor little grey donkey shook his long ears as if in protest at this ungraciousness of nature.

On and on the Holy Travellers went, with never a repining word about the heat and the thirst, their aching limbs and the anxiety that tore at their loving hearts. "Thy will be done, O Lord!" was their sole comment on this strange and troublesome journey which they had been ordered to make.

The little donkey was not so submissive to the will of the Almighty Creator. He brayed and with his hoofs sent the sand flying in all directions. Indeed, he had made up his donkey-mind that not a step further would he take. Might as well die right there if one must die of thirst, than make further efforts to tread the burning sand floor which stretched out of sight for miles and miles. St. Joseph coaxed and prodded the stubborn charger. Our Lady gently patted the long grey ears which kept flicking all the time. Still the donkey would not stir. On the bosom of His Mother, seemingly unconscious of His parents' plight, the Son of

God made Son of man peacefully slumbered, and while He slumbered smiled doubtless at some angelic pranks.

But of a sudden the Child awakened and His gaze took in the anxious faces of His Mother and St. Joseph. The donkey was at a standstill. Then Jesus waved a tiny yet all-powerful hand, the hand that studded heavenly meadows above with star-flowers. Our Lady, ever watchful, took this as a sign that her Son would provide to their needs. From the stubborn donkey she dismounted, unhooked her blue mantle and had Joseph spread it under the green bush which had sprung from the barren sands at Jesus' command. Tenderly she laid her Baby in the grateful shade. Then lo, the bush became a tree and its branches blossomed forth with blooms fairer than snow and more fragrant than the roses of Galaad.

Under the marvellous tree grew green, luscious grass, enough to make any donkey's mouth water. Purling close by St. Joseph discovered a crystal brook set like a gem in this impromptu oasis.

The Holy Travellers with burning hearts thanked the Giver of all gifts and felt their weary limbs relax. Presently angelic servitors appeared from nowhere



and spread before them food from celestial pantries. Harpers and choristers then lulled the weary Ones to rest and angelic hosts watched meanwhile.

When all were refreshed and rested, seraphs and cherubs began to think of winging their way home to the Halls of Glory. But Jesus looked up at His Mother and said: "O my Mother! It is because of you that this bush has bloomed. Thus also will the souls that seek refuge within your heart most pure also flower. As a token of this promise shall this bush be called the flowering thorn, and it shall burst into full bloom always with the sweet May month which will be your own, Mother mine." Then turning to His angels, Jesus added: "Go, faithful messengers, travel all over the world to transplant on every land sprigs of the hawthorn. Thus will Christians, the world over, have wherewith to deck My dear Mother's shrines."

With a great flutter of wings the celestial bands were off, bearing offshoots of the fragrant bush to every land under the sun. Gently Our Lady took up her mantle. Obediently and merrily the donkey trotted off across the desert sands bearing his precious Burden.

E. P. G.

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of May, 1947

The Growth Of The Church In Annam

Southeast Asia, of which Annam is an important part, is being highlighted in the news today, because of the unsettled conditions consequent upon Viet-Namh movement for independence. That this desire for independence may have serious consequences there can be little doubt; already the press reports an ever-increasing number of clashes with a mounting loss of life. From the point of view of the missions, however, the situation has alarming aspects, which would seem to indicate that the present outbreak may soon assume the nature of a religious warfare; the extremists among the Viet-Namh contingent have vented the greatest evidences of their wrath against the Catholic missionaries. They claim that, since the majority of foreign priests and religious are of French nationality, they are enemies to be exterminated in the fight for freedom.

In view of these facts it is not surprising that the Holy See is concerned about the situation. However, the request for prayers for "the growth of the Church in Annam" is far from being as paradoxical as it would appear. With the wisdom of many centuries Rome knows that Catholicity in Indo China, all of which was formerly included in the kingdom of Annam, has always expanded there most rapidly during the time of persecution.

For two hundred and fifty years the Church has passed through successive waves of violent persecution, which began in 1627 and ended only in 1882. Tens of thousands of Annamites, Tonkinese, as well as native and foreign clergy gave their lives for the faith. History has proven, however, that their steadfastness constituted the measuring rod of conversions, for the natives, amazed at the courage and tenacity of the martyrs, flocked to the mission centers begging for baptism. During the five year persecution lasting from 1857 to 1862 we find that 115 Annamite priests, 100 Annamite nuns and more than 5,000 of the faithful received the palm of martyrdom. Yet in 1862 we find that the baptism of adults numbered 1,365, while in 1869 the number was increased to 4,005; all this despite the fact that almost 100 towns, the centers of Christian life, had been razed to the ground.

A Hopeful Sign

A hopeful sign for the future of the Church in Indo China is the number of natives who aspire to the priesthood. This is traceable, in part at least, to the action of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, who, when it assigned the mission work in Annam to the Society of Paris Foreign Missions in the 17th century, gave the following instruction: "Instruct young natives and spare neither pains nor labor to form them and render suitable for the priestly state. If you ordain twelve good native priests you will render a greater service to the Church than if you baptize twelve thousand idolators." Today the wisdom of that admonition is being proven, not only in Indo China but in all sections of the mission world. No "foreign entanglements" can be charged to the priests who are native to the country, and it is to be hoped that the staunch and well-trained Annamite clergy may prove the boom-erang to Viet-Namh policies. According to the latest statistics available at the present time they number 1,379, while the foreign priests total only 418. In addition there are 599 native brothers and 4,568 native sisters, standing as a guard to protect the 1,600,000 Catholics in the country.

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



"Hello, Beth! Hope I'm not intruding. I've been longing for days to meet you and discuss a problem that has been upsetting me. My, but this chair is comfy. I feel like spending the rest of the day in its luxurious depths."

"I'm glad you like it. Jerry bought it as a birthday gift for me. And while you're relaxing, out with the upsetting problem."

"It's this way, Beth. I don't know if I told you that I spent a weekend at Bessie's place last month. You remember Bess, don't you? A happy-go-lucky, fun-loving sort she always was. Imagine my surprise to learn that she goes to Mass and receives Holy Communion daily. I couldn't help telling her that, being anything but a saint as yet, she was quite audacious in doing so. Do you know what she replied? 'Vera dear, I eat every day to keep fit and strong physically, don't I? Why, then, should my soul do without its daily food?' I'll admit that the words struck deep. They have been haunting me ever since. What do you think of them, Beth?"

"I think that Bessie was right. Our Lord became the Bread of Life that our souls might not go hungry."

"But the Blessed Sacrament is no common food. Our Lord is Holiness Incarnate and we should be so very pure in order to receive Him within our hearts. For my part, I wouldn't dare receive Holy Communion without first going to confession."

"I suppose you often go, then?"

"Oh, I usually go once a month."

"Which means that you receive Holy Communion only once a month! My, Vera, I thought you went to Mass every morning."

"And so I do. But I don't receive Our Lord every morning, because I don't want to abuse of so holy a Sacrament."

"I never dreamt you were so old-fashioned, Vera. Whoever put such queer notions into your pretty head?"

"I've always had them, if you want to know."

"Well, you won't be offended, I hope, if I tell you that there certainly was something amiss with your religious upbringing."

"My religious education I owe to my dear departed mother, Beth, and she was a saint if ever there was one. She taught me my catechism and prayers and prepared me for my first Holy Communion. Afterwards, she would allow me to receive Our Lord as a reward when I had been particularly good. Whenever I was naughty or stubborn she would deprive me of Communion."

"Which goes to confirm what I already said. Your mother was indeed a holy person, but she doubtless inherited from her ancestors something of a pernicious doctrine condemned by the Church. Of course Our Lord is Holiness Incarnate. Still, He has given us the wonderful Sacrament of the Altar in order that we might make use of It, and frequently at that. Otherwise, why should He have insisted that unless we partook of His Flesh and Blood we would not have life in us; that whoever partook of this divine Food would win life everlasting? There is no getting away from the obvious meaning of Christ's words. Holy Eucharist is like the manna which snowed down in the desert to nourish God's famished people. The manna was to be culled every morning, and no one was ever allowed to make provision for two or three days at a time. Holy Communion is our manna, and we must make daily use of it in order to be strengthened and comforted in the labors and trials of life. Your groundless fears suppose that keeping away from Communion makes one more worthy, whereas experience proves that the contrary is true. Believe me, Vera, this is the only God-appointed way through which we can withstand the wear and tear of our continual struggles against temptation and preserve sanctifying grace, the life of the soul."

"Is it possible that I've been in the wrong all these years?"

"It's rather hard on you, I know, but after all, is it not better to know where the truth lies? Of course we can never be respectful enough when approaching the God of all sanctity. We must be free from mortal sin and as far as in us lies from deliberate venial sin. But we must always keep in mind that Holy Communion is a divine medicine which helps us avoid sin by fortifying the soul and enabling it to resist temptation. It is the surest pledge of our perseverance."

"Time and again I heard all these reasons in sermons or read about them in books. Still, I don't know why, their persuasion has never been strong enough to make me abandon deeply-rooted prejudices which kept me from a frequent approach of Love's Sacred Banquet. I never entertained the slightest doubt that I was in the wrong until that weekend spent at Bessie's place. It's all very clear to me now and thanks to you, Beth dear. My darling Mona is soon to make her first Holy Communion. Pray that she may make a fervent one and be afterwards a frequent communicant."

"I'll certainly remember your little Mona in my prayers. She will make Jesus' delight, I'm sure, and how consoled and comforted His Sacred Heart will be to see all those foolish, groundless fears banished forever from Mona's mother's soul!"

PLEASE NOTE

All subscriptions to **THE PRECURSOR** will in the future begin with the January-February issue.

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

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



Lucy

With hair like spun sunbeams framing fair, delicate features, liquid, violet-blue eyes looking out in pleased and innocent wonder on the world at large, tiny rosebud mouth nearly always curved in pleasant smiles, three-year-old Lucy made a picture of exquisite loveliness. As she played and romped among the flowers around her aristocratic old home, passersby turned to look again at the fairy form competing in gracefulness and beauty with the birds and butterflies. She had her mother's delicate beauty and a certain youthful dignity and charm of manner which betrayed a long line of distinguished ancestors. Of her soldier daddy she had the fearlessness and the merry and sunny disposition.

Until her twenty-fifth birthday, Mrs. Burke's life had been all sunshine, but World War I had come and the shadows had gathered around the once happy home. Mr. Burke, who held an officer's commission in the British Army, had been of the first to respond to the call of duty. All through those four dark years he had bravely fought for his country. Then, just as peace was about to be restored to a war-weary world, he had been killed in one of the last terrible battles. When the dread message had reached her from the War Office, Mrs. Burke felt that the sunshine had suddenly gone out from her life. For days she remained prostrate under the blow which had shattered all her human dreams of happiness. Little by little, however, her sturdy Christian sense of life had helped, and she found in prayer and the Sacraments the wellsprings of courage and resignation.

Although she disposed of a considerable fortune, she was not one to kill time in gay parties or frivolous social activities. She dismissed all her servants but her faithful maid Nora, devoting all her time and energies to the upbringing of her only child and to the relief of the numberless war victims.

It may easily be imagined what Lucy meant to the young widow, whose own parents were dead and who was otherwise alone in the world. All the current of her existence emptied itself into the child. Day and night she watched over her with tender solicitude. While the shapely little limbs rounded out sturdily, the precocious mind was unfolding in a startling manner which made the mother wonder about what the future held in store for her darling.

Fondly Mrs. Burke built castles in the air as she watched Lucy chasing butterflies across the velvety lawns one pleasant summer afternoon in 1920. How could she guess that the threatening storm-clouds of sorrow were hovering over her life and that of her only child? Never had Lucy been left out of sight until that summer day when her mother went inside for a few minutes. When she came out again her heart missed a beat as she no longer saw the white-clad figure romping about. She called but no childish treble answered. Lucy had disappeared, and although the best detectives were hired and the search was continued for months, she could not be found. The unfortunate mother's health declined and the year was not yet over that she lay in her grave.

Meanwhile, a strange new life had begun for the hitherto pampered child of fortune. She had been kidnapped on that summer afternoon by some roving band of actors who had been struck by the child's beauty and gracefulness. They

taught her how to sing and dance and act prettily, and soon she was bringing in quite a lot of money to her masters. In these disreputable surroundings Lucy never heard a word of God and grew up totally ignorant of religion. But God was watching over her with a tender Father's care, for He had allowed this misfortune to befall her in a secret scheme of mercy, to save still another soul from Satan's wily snares. In spite of all dangers and alluring temptations, Lucy's soul remained lily-white.

Twelve years had passed since that fateful summer day. Lucy was now a slender young lady of fifteen and a star actress in her master's troupe. One afternoon, as her acting had been still better than usual, a wealthy, distinguished-looking lady came forward after the play to congratulate the young artist. This lady, who was a widow, had lost her only child, a daughter, two years before and she lived a life of retirement, brooding over her sorrow. Her only distraction was to attend once in a while the theatre near her home where Lucy had lately begun to appear. Mrs. Thompson felt strangely drawn to this refined, beautiful girl who seemed so much out of place in these worldly surroundings. She ventured to say one day:

"My dear, I hope you will not think me inquisitive if I inquire about your parents..."

"I have no parents, Madam," replied the girl. "The people who have brought me up insist on having me believe they are my parents, but I cannot believe it. I do not feel any affection in my heart for them. Besides, I remember vaguely, how long, long ago, a beautiful lady caressed me and played with me and I called her mamma. I can never forget about her, although nobody ever spoke to me about her."

"O you poor child, how sad to have to live with people you do not love. I am all alone now, for my only daughter who would be just your age died a few years ago. I wish you would come sometimes and spend a little of your time with me. You remind me so much of my dear little girl."

"I would love to, but it is out of the question, for I am kept always very busy in this hateful place. I must sing and dance even though I'm dead tired at times."

"Even so, dear child, I will leave my address with you. We are near neighbors and if ever you chance to go out, do drop in to see me if only for a few minutes."

But Lucy was constantly being kept under close custody and she was severely rebuked for daring to speak with strangers.

Still, some weeks later, she was providentially sent on an errand which took her right next door to the kind lady's address. On her way back she decided to drop in. An elderly maid opened the door and stared at her, amazement written all over her face.

"Excuse me, Miss," she at length managed to say, "you



must find me very rude, but you really startled me. You look so much like my former mistress."

"And what was her name?" eagerly inquired Lucy.

"Mrs. Burke, and I loved her more than anybody else on earth. She was so kind and considerate."

"What has become of her?"

"Oh, Miss, you are young. You cannot as yet know how cruel life can be to those we love. Mrs. Burke had an only child, such a pretty darling and so sweet and bright. Alas, she was stolen from her mother one day, and nobody knows what became of the poor baby. Her mother had searches organized all over, but the child had vanished as if in thin air. Mrs. Burke soon died broken-hearted. In her last hours she still cried out in her delirium: 'Give me back my baby!' For twelve years I've been wandering from place to place, always hoping against hope to find darling Lucy."

"Lucy! Why, my name is Lucy!"

"And how old are you?"

"I'm fifteen."

"Lucy? Fifteen years old? Oh, then, my old eyes were not playing tricks on me, after all." Faithful Nora taking Lucy's face between her trembling hands, turned it towards the light; then she nearly smothered the surprised young girl in a passionate embrace.

"Lucy darling, I've found you at last. I would have known you anywhere, for you are the image of your dear dead mother."

Mrs. Thompson coming out in the hall at that moment, came forward to greet her young friend, and her surprise can easily be surmised on hearing her servant's tale of the long lost child who had just been found.

Thanks to Mrs. Thompson's prompt and generous action, Lucy escaped from the theatre and fled with her new-found friends to the security of a distant city. There Mrs. Thompson adopted her as a beloved daughter and taught her prayers and catechism in preparation for her First Communion.

Then followed years of intensive study at a college conducted by devoted Sisters. Lucy loved the quiet convent life so different from that which she had been forced to lead at the theatre. A solid Christian education brought out all that was noble in the young girl's character, and she was thought of highly by all who came in contact with her charming personality. Her fair young beauty was enhanced by the flowers of virtue which blossomed in her ardent soul. The world in vain laid its charms and pleasures at her feet; she had set her goal higher than its passing joys. With the consent of her adoptive mother she bade the world farewell and entered the novitiate of a missionary congregation.

Two years elapsed since Sister Lucy vowed her budding young life to the Bridegroom Divine. Knowing of her ardent desire to work at the Master's harvest in the Field Afar, her Superiors missioned her to the Orient, and the hour had come to sever the last remaining links which bound her still to her native land. At the station that night Mrs. Thompson and faithful old Nora nearly cried their hearts out at parting from their beloved child. Still, in their aching hearts welled feelings of loving gratitude to the Good Shepherd who had not only snatched His lamb from the wolves, but had made her an instrument for the salvation of pagan souls wandering far from the One True Fold.

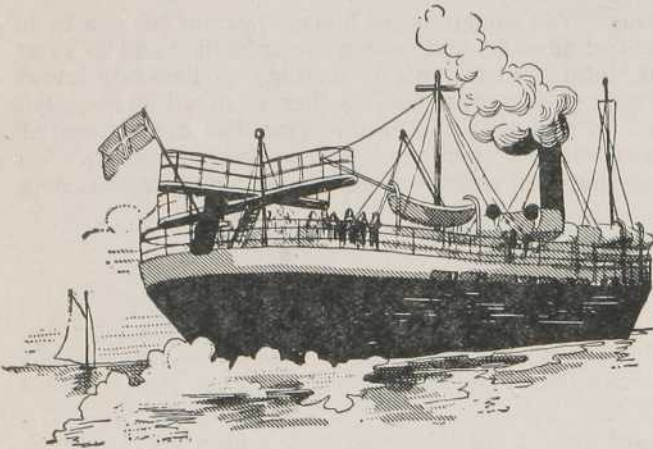
Slowly and as though reluctantly, the steamer left the shores of the homeland, and the five brave China-bound missionary Sisters sang the *Ave Maris Stella*,

begging the Queen of the Missions to wield gentle sway over the angry moods of the deep and guide their vessel safely into port. Swiftly sped the days as they walked the decks or kept to their cabins, according to the good or bad humor of the ocean. They prayed and talked about their mission land, dreamt about it at night and spent all their leisure hours studying its difficult language. Sister Lucy

still found time to tell the children on board wonderful stories about the Lover of children, thus preluding to her life work among China's solemn-faced tots.

The five were all on deck as someone cried: "China!" With glistering eyes they looked on the faint outlines of that land where they were to work for the coming of His Kingdom.

When the boat had docked, the Sisters were borne off as if in triumph



to the mission compound, where their companions were eagerly waiting for them. How tired and care-lined their faces were, thought Lucy as she looked at them one after the other. They were soldiers in the Lord's service, and long they had borne alone the brunt of battle. But now these fresh recruits would take up with renewed ardor the eternal warfare against Satan.

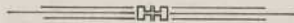
Sister Lucy had been spending herself joyously for God and souls for several months when a letter came with the postmark of America. It ran:

"My dear Lucy,

This will bring you most surprising news which will make your heart sing with gratitude to God for His mercies. The famous actor X. has just been received into the Church. You may readily imagine the astonishment and annoyance of his theatrical friends at his conversion. He was baptized last Sunday in St. John's."

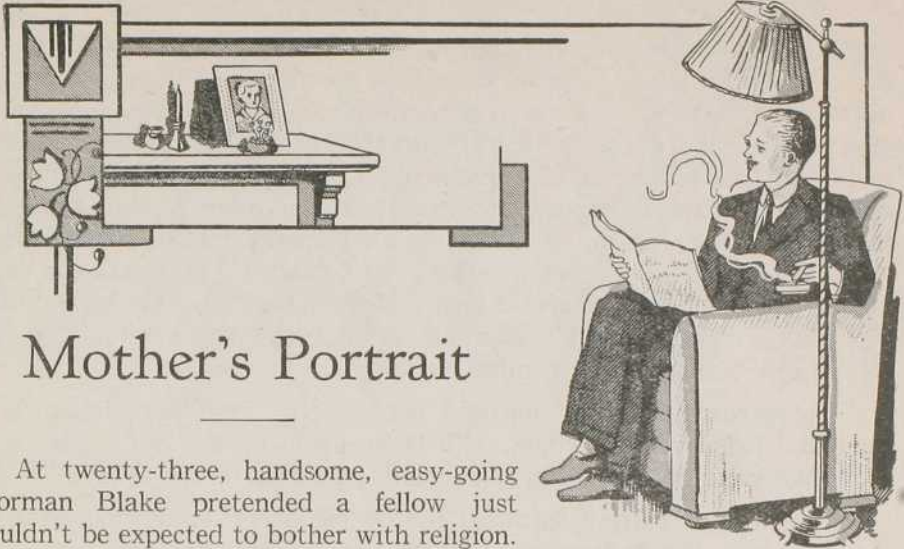
"O Lord," prayed the happy missionary, "the winecup of my life is full to overflowing. Always, to my very last breath, I will sing and magnify Your mercies."

The happy convert will never know here below about Lucy's vocation, but when "the mists have rolled in splendor in the beauty of the day and the birds are singing gay forevermore," both will praise the Lord eternally for the moving drama they both played on the stage of life.



May and Mary! How beautiful these names, so similar in form, linked in Catholic minds and hearts as closely as the sunshine and flowers are linked with the thought of spring! May each day of this lovely month of Our Lady find us growing in love for her even as the buds and blossoms develop under the sun's warm rays, and may this growth of love continue each day, ripening into a rich harvest of golden fruits as life's shadows lengthen and the autumn of our days arrives.

Tabernacle and Purgatory



Mother's Portrait

At twenty-three, handsome, easy-going Norman Blake pretended a fellow just couldn't be expected to bother with religion. Pretended is the word, for in his soul's innermost shrine still smouldered Faith's unquenchable fires. But with the years he had developed the all play and no work, especially no religious work complex, which made him think lightly of missing Sunday Mass. How could a sensible fellow miss the chance of a hunt in the gay autumnal woods, with baying hounds at one's heels and gay companions all around? The horn of the hunter held for him greater, stronger appeal than the bells of St. Mary's. Winter brought around exhilarating skiing parties, and Sunday Mass was really so outdated for modern young people who must enjoy life to the full. Springtime and fishing in the early Sunday mornings with boating expeditions down the enchanted northern shore—he could hardly be expected to forego such pleasant times to hear Holy Mass.

Fun-packed summer found him a leader and first class organization man where picnics and outings of all sorts were concerned, but surprisingly inefficient at finding time to attend even a low Mass. On the very rare occasions when he did spend the weekends under his own roof-tree, he decided that a late Sunday morning nap would be just the thing to sleep off the accumulated fatigue of too much skylarking.

And yet Norman had been reared in the sanctuary of a truly Christian home. His father, repatriated to the eternal homeland some ten years since, had been one of those whom the Lord Himself calls just. His mother, a re-edition of the valiant woman of Scriptural fame, had kept the home fires burning until last year when her brave, loving heart had been stilled forever. Poor mother, how she had grieved over her wayward boy! How she had prayed and pleaded with the Mother of all men, not to abandon her son who had abandoned his God. Her little brown rosary had been worn from journeying through her fingers, and with her dying breath she had left it to him as a supreme and heart-stirring legacy. Norman had kept it in his waistcoat pocket, but his fingers had never felt the smoothness of the little brown beads. He kept it for luck just as some of his friends kept a rabbit's foot for chance.

One Saturday in May it happened for a wonder that Norman had no particular place to go. The office closed at noon, and reluctantly he headed his car for his own lodging where he lived with his two sisters. Sue worked, while Peggy kept house for them both since Mother had gone. Norman had a soft spot in his heart for this sister of his, and he had teasingly nicknamed her Cinderella because she was always up to her neck in household tasks. Tall and fair-haired, with eyes that sparkled like pools of merriment, Peggy seemed to revel in keeping the house spick and span and cooking the most delicious meals. "Lucky is the fellow who will pick up our Cinderella's glass slipper!" Norman often exclaimed when Peggy had cooked one of his favorite caramel puddings.

"Hello, Norman. Had luncheon yet? No? Then just sink in your chair and look over the Times. I'll be ready in a jiffy."

"Take your time, sis, I'm not in any particular hurry today."

Norman had scarcely sprawled in the big Morris chair and scanned the headlines when he became aware of a rare, subtle fragrance.

"Hi, Cinderella," he called out, "what's the grand idea about those flowers?"

Through the half-open door, Peggy answered: "The flowers? Why, they're a gift to Mother. Tomorrow is Mother's Day, you know, so when I went to market this morning I bought some flowers." And with this Peggy turned to her ovens.

"What queer notions those women do clutter up their heads with! Flowers indeed!" grumbled Norman. Then with a bored yawn he lay back and stared into space. His mother's gaze seemed fastened upon him and a wave of loneliness suddenly engulfed him.

"Darling," he murmured looking straight at the picture which hung over the fireplace, "why did you have to leave us? Last year you were still living. In great pain you were, but at least it was less hard than having lost you altogether. Remember how I bought you a fluffy, downy pillow for your aching head as a Mother's Day gift?"

Twice Peggy called Norman from the dining room and, puzzled at his silence, came to see what was the matter.

"Wool-gathering brother of mine, did you intend to fast or what? Luncheon will be spoiled if you dream one minute more."

With a start Norman dropped his paper. All his fine appetite was gone, however, and his mother's gentle reproach haunted him: "If only you would go to Mass tomorrow — I might find some relief."

Beside himself with the remorse gnawing into his very soul, Norman called out in a gruff tone to Peggy, who had gone to the kitchen for the pot roast: "Say, sis, don't forget to wake me up in time tomorrow morning. I'm going to Mass with you."

Peggy was so surprised that she nearly spilled the gravy all over her clean frock. But in her most matter-of-fact voice she replied: "All right, Norman, whatever Mass suits you best."

"Let's make it the nine o'clock then, so we can go to Holy Communion. Mother always wanted us to do so whenever we went to Mass. Tonight I'll do some overhauling of my conscience with Father O'Brien. Quite a few cobwebs to sweep away, Cinderella!"

But Cinderella was hardly listening. "Dear Holy Mother," she silently prayed, "thanks a million for this perfect miracle. Oh, hold this wayward boy's hand so he'll never wander again from Jesus and you. Mother was right when she said you were the Mother Supreme."

CANONIZATION HONORS

On July 20 next, His Holiness Pope Pius XII will raise to the altars Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, Founder of the Fathers of the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom.

Clients of Mary the world over will rejoice at the canonization of the great Marian apostle who has labored so indefatigably, especially through his Treatise on True Devotion to Mary, for the honor and glory of the Mother of God.

A few days later, on July 27, another privileged servant of Mary, Blessed Catherine Laboure, will be elevated to the honors of sanctity. To this humble daughter of St. Vincent de Paul the Mother of God confided the Miraculous Medal as a precious legacy in 1830.

Other canonizations are also announced: those of Nicola de Flue, on May 15; Giuseppe Cafasso, Italian priest, on June 20; two Jesuit Fathers, Bernardin Realino and John de Britto, on June 22; and Michel Garicoits, French, on July 6.

Ottawa Marian Congress

June 18 to 22

The days set for the great spiritual rally of the Ottawa Marian Congress are drawing near.

Clients of Our Lady, her children all, let us storm Heaven with our most fervent prayers, that this splendid religious manifestation may truly be to the greater glory of Our Blessed Mother and that of Holy Mother Church. Also that the double aim of this Marian pageant may be attained, namely: the commemoration of the century mark for the diocese of Ottawa and the granting of worldwide peace.

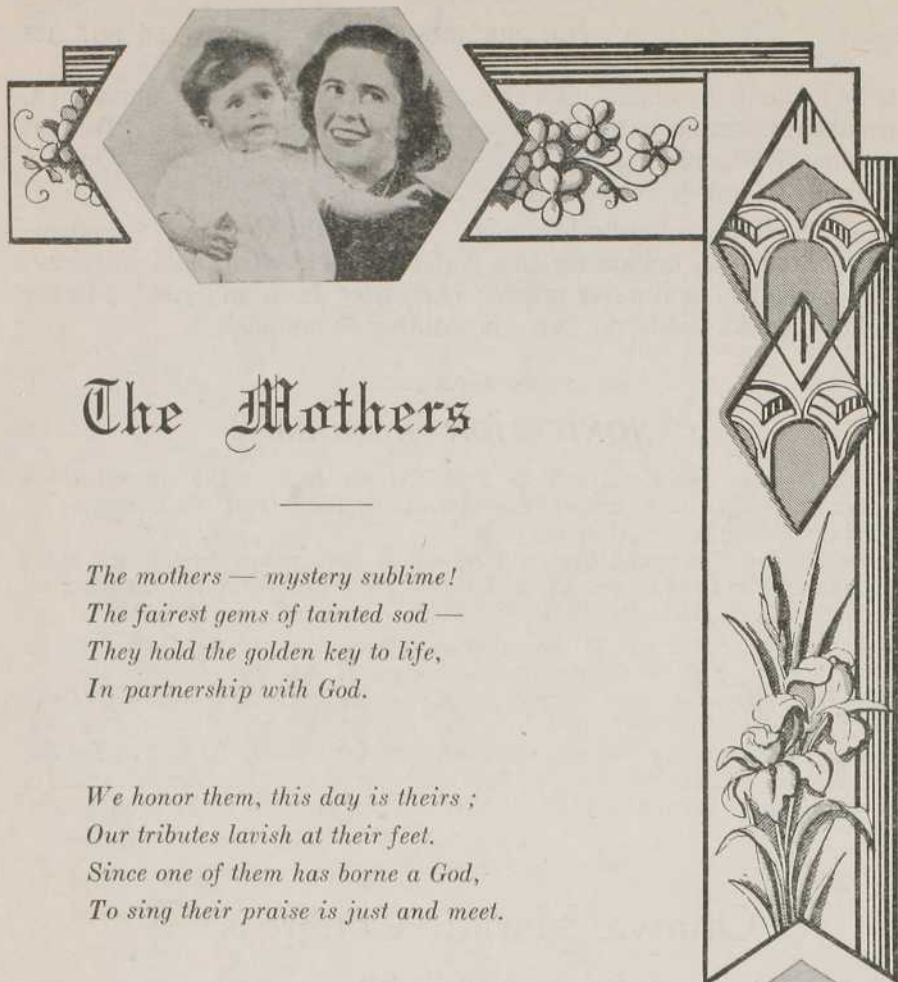
The various and colorful Congress ceremonies, Midnight Mass, processions, Holy Hours and Marian Hours, etc., which will unfold at the monumental repository, are all designed to stir lively sentiments of faith within loving hearts.

All during this Marian week will be held a splendid religious exhibit with the aim of bringing in the limelight the works of our religious Communities and encouraging numerous vocations, priestly, religious, and more especially missionary.

On the occasion of this Congress, religious and civil authorities will unite for the official consecration of our beloved country to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Cape will travel in state all the way from her favorite sanctuary to Ottawa, there to preside over the Congress and lavish her tender mercies upon her children gathered to pay her homage.

In advance we rejoice over Our Lady's triumph and make prayerful wishes for the success of the Marian Congress.



The Mothers

*The mothers — mystery sublime!
The fairest gems of tainted sod —
They hold the golden key to life,
In partnership with God.*

*We honor them, this day is theirs ;
Our tributes lavish at their feet.
Since one of them has borne a God,
To sing their praise is just and meet.*

*We honor them, who croon to sleep
A Heaven-given angel-dove ;
Who guide the small unsteady steps
And heal all woes with care and love.*

*Our praise is theirs, who live to give,
Who shield from harm in childhood days ;
Who follow youth on twisted trails,
Yet ever tread the guileless ways.*

*We honor them, sweet souls of prayer.
O Christian mothers, blessed be!
They stay the Hand of God upraised,
They win o'er sin His clemency.*





*We honor them, the mothers old
And bent with burden of the day ;
As Heaven beckons, mortals plead :
O mothers white and weary — Stay!*

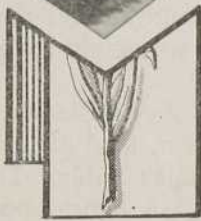
*We honor them, whose hearts may bleed
With Mary as they mourn a son.
The mothers weep as laddies stray —
Though never strayed her Holy One!*

*Our praise is theirs, who give to Christ
More hearts and hands to garner in
The heathen harvest overripe,
Of God make Gentile kith and kin.*

*This day is theirs ; admiringly
We honor them — and lift our eyes!
Their fight is o'er forevermore,
We honor them — in Paradise!*

*O Mother of the loving Christ,
We honor thee, O Mother blest!
Our sweetest songs thy name extol,
O Mother of all mothers best!*

*From Heaven's glory hear our plea!
O Mary, Mother, bless, we pray
With choicest blessings hearts like thine,
Those hearts we sing on Mother's Day!*



In the Service of Christ

A child playing at his mother's feet goes quickly from one toy to another, from laughter to tears, from submission to rebellion. His moods are kaleidoscopic; he constantly changes direction. High school boys and girls learn how to "streamline" their energies to win a game, a scholarship, a contest. In offices, factories, banks, laboratories, stores, and railroads throughout our country millions of men and women give their all — energy, time, health, loyalty, skill, talent — not to a single event but to a job. This job is their means of livelihood, it is the scaffolding of their lives. It satisfies that desire planted in every human soul by God — the longing to belong to a group, to be useful, to lose oneself in a vocation, a calling, a job. It is the normal life of every adult man or woman.

Some grown-ups continue to act like high school girls and boys. They can summon up spurts of energy for a day, a week, a month. They can do single parts of their job well — the rest in mediocre fashion. They drag through the days without joy and without success. These are the misfits, the failures. Then there are those who have translated the driving energies of high school days from single events to a whole career: the successful chemists, bank officials, business executives . . . All these have lost themselves in a job. They will tell you that there is a thrill, a leaping satisfaction in their lives, that far surpasses any of the satisfactions of single high school victories.

This is the natural, human kind of success. But as creatures of God in the state of grace, men and women live supernaturally. Living supernaturally, they must aim for a new kind of success. In this kind of a life, it is not the flashing victories of high school days, nor the fine, honorable self-sacrifice of a worldly career that makes success. It is something entirely different. Something so very different that it may look like failure. But, in this supernatural life men fail, not in so far as they do not rise to this or that worldly pinnacle, but insofar as they do not build their lives according to the plan of God, insofar as they miss the supreme objective of life, holiness; not for self-decoration, but holiness as a means to an end, the end being union with God, the realization of His Kingdom and the accomplishment of His Will. This is the greatest need in our world today. The world needs many things; its greatest need is holiness.

There are two great classes of people in the world: those who are afraid to find God, and those who are afraid to lose God. Some are afraid to find God lest in finding Him they lose their selfish desires, believing all the while that if they had Him they could have nought else beside. Others are afraid to lose God because in losing Him they would lose all there is, and find in return only their petty selves, which are so useless for giving true and lasting happiness.

Both classes met one day during the earthly life of our Blessed Lord at the house of Simon the Pharisee. This wealthy man, fond of lionizing strangers, had invited our Blessed Lord to his banquet table. During the course of the meal, a strange incident happened. A figure appeared

at the door of the dining-hall. Simon would not have minded it, if anyone else had been his guest — but the Master, what would He think of it? He indicated to a servant that the unwelcome visitor was to be dismissed, but a look from the Master froze both servant and Simon. The intruder was a woman. Her name was Mary; her city was Magdala; her profession, a sinner.

Encouraged by the look of the Master, she made her way to His feet, and standing over them let fall, like the first warm drops of a summer rain, a few tears upon His feet, those sandaled harbingers of peace. She tried to hold the fountain of her tears, but she could not. In confusion she cast herself at His feet, and wiped away the tears with her hair. Then she remembered that she had a precious vessel of ointment under her veil. She took it out; but she did not do what you and I would have done on such occasions. You and I — what would we have done? We would have taken the ointment, poured it out drop by drop, slowly, deliberately, as if to indicate by the very slowness of our giving the generosity of our gift. Not so with Mary; not so with those who really love. She broke the vessel and gave everything, for love knows no limits. Love gives everything.

Mary was the type of those who feared to lose God. But there was a disciple there who belonged to the type of those who feared to find God. His name was Judas; his vocation, an apostle, his weakness, money. He urged a twofold objection against such foolish love. First, why all this waste? Secondly, it was impractical for this precious ointment could have been sold; for the three hundred pence could have been given to the poor.

Many centuries have whirled into space since that day, but human nature has remained essentially unchanged. Our modern world has its young who are afraid to lose God but it also has those who are afraid to find God. When it happens that a young man leaves the lights and glammers of the world for the shades and shadows of the religious life where saints are made, and in so doing breaks the vessel of his desires and gives Christ everything, there are protests heard which echo once more the strange protests made in the house of Simon the Pharisee. "Why all this waste?" they say. "Why this life of abandonment, of surrender and of sacrifice? Why this sacrifice of self?"

Oh, how little they understand! The young man who becomes a religious and vows his life to Christ in an act of perfect love is not giving up anything; he is merely effecting an exchange. Our Blessed Lord Who inspired such love, never asks that we give up the world or the things that are in it; He asks only that we exchange one thing for another. He came to us saying: You give Me your time, and I will give you My eternity. You give Me your nothingness and I will give you My all. Is it not just and proper that we go back to Him by another such exchange? And that is what everyone does who loves. God asks that as we learn to know Him, we begin to exchange the dross of the world for the gold of His love.

This is the great paradox of Christianity: It is only in becoming poor that we become rich and it is only by surrendering all that we possess all, which is God. Without loving those near and dear to me less, but loving God more I can play with this world, treat it humorously, look down upon it, not up to it. I can become detached from it.

Thank God for detachment
That makes and keeps me free;
That lets me go my unobtrusive way,
Glad of the sun and rain,
Upright, serene, humane,
Contented with the perfume of the day.

St. Philip Neri maintained that detachment is the source of all spiritual power. He went further and asserted that if he could lay hold of a dozen really detached men he would guarantee to convert the world. I think he was right. Bear this in mind: the world refuses to be influenced by ordinary people and by any except very uncommon means. It exacts very great sacrifices from us if we hope to do anything good for it. The only nun who has influence is the saintly nun. The only priest who makes an impression on souls is a holy priest. Only the saintly have great spiritual influence.

What the saints have done, what countless others have done, any young man or woman can do when they enter religious life. They know that the Holy Spirit has led them step by step into a new world in the midst of the old world, into a world where they can give all to God, where they can break the vessel of self so that they can become part and parcel of God's plan for them — sanctity. Holy, holy, holy — that is the service of Christ. All the friendship, all the ardent warmth and love of generous natures, every talent, every endowment — reaches fulfillment in the perfection of the priesthood. Oh, how all-absorbing, how supreme is that spiritual life to which the priest, any priest commits himself. And how fortunate the young man who finds in a vocation to the priesthood the answer to that unquenchable yearning of the human heart, that deep-rooted instinct of human nature — the desire to give, and give, and give. For echoing across the centuries, come the words of St. Augustine, words which identify the priesthood of our day with that of his day and of all days: "The life of the spirit, unquenchable, can never be completely content until the soul has found repose in the possession of God."

The unquenchable spirit of every true priest stretches forward to ever new victories, to fresh combats ahead. For the source and sword of every new accomplishment, the strength of every priest, is the strength of Christ. And like a good soldier the priest may not lay down his sword, he may not slacken his pace, until he has won his goal, run his race, fulfilled his vocation; until, at last, in the flowing light of the Beatific Vision, he rests in the possession of his God.

Who are called to this sublime vocation? A general invitation to the religious life is addressed in the Gospel to all those who are able and willing

to embrace it. But the priest must help. We are acquainted with all the means and the methods. The most successful, in my experience, is an annual sermon at all the Masses in one's Church on the subject of vocations, and an annual high school students' retreat during which one conference is given to the same subject. These and other methods of vocational contacts are specific. Let us never forget, however, that our daily life in the service of God and the impression it makes on the formative characters of the youth is our greatest vocational contact.

Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D.

Archbishop of Boston

Cosmopolitan Heaven

Of course you are going to Heaven! But so, too, are a lot of other people. Hence, the next life, if you stop to think of it, is going to be a very large and interesting place. It simply must be to contain all the really charming people from such places as Rio and Vienna, Constantinople and Chungking, Odessa and Berlin, Mandalay and Cairo. What more socially exciting, then, than the prospect of going to Heaven!

The thought of meeting all of these people and of sharing with them the ultimate in a cultured and refined social life ought, normally, to carry many an extremely pleasant anticipation. But some people aren't normal, at least in their way of looking forward to Heaven. There actually are some who would not care if, say, not a single Chinese man or woman ever got there. There are some five hundred million Chinese living today; and if one recalls that the Chinese people have been numerous for some three thousand years, all this adds up to many a wonderful Chinese man and woman who has been born into this world. Nor should it take too wild a use of the imagination to picture many of them as being, even in this life, very charming people. How much more so, and how many more so, after they have been benefited by the processes of divine forgiveness of an appointment in Purgatory and the bodily transformation to be expected at the time of their resurrection. In this world many of them might be ignorant, or ugly, or dull, or unattractive. But divine aid is bound to result in at least a few billion very, very charming Chinese men and women for whose high companionship we ourselves will require similar



touching-up and beautifying treatments.

Yet some people's anticipation of joining and mingling with the cosmopolitan set in Heaven is so dull that they do not look forward to having Chinese friends in the next life, or Persian friends, or any sort of friends with, perhaps, the exception of a very few near relatives and acquaintances. Hence it is so easy for them not to care whether anyone outside of their little circle goes to Heaven or not.

What is the matter with these people? The best that can be said for them is that they are just plain unimaginative. They simply have never thought out the quite obvious and necessary social implications of people from all over the world going to the *same* heaven. Or, rather, they clumsily and erroneously imagine Heaven, in so far as they think of it all, as a place quite as regional and loosely united as this world.

There are going to be, they vaguely take for granted, remote regions in Heaven for such people as the Chinese, the Africans, the Bulgarians, and so on, just like on Earth. As heavenly Americans, they suppose they are going to be as provincial up there as they are down here: they are going



to care as little about the heavenly Filipinos and Egyptians as they do about the earthly Filipinos and Egyptians; and the heavenly foreigners are going to remain as foreign and by themselves as they themselves are content that they should remain on Earth. These unimaginative people could no more imagine themselves as exceeding their present petty little social circles, and as beginning to move and live in a large and cosmopolitan set, than they could imagine themselves suddenly leaving their neighborhoods, acquiring a mastery of many languages, and joining the "international set" that forms groups in the great capitals and diplomatic centers of the world. That is the sort of people they are: just humble, unaspiring, home-town folk.

Well, they are missing the fun! And it is fun to relax in your best armchair and try to picture some of the groups of which you will be a member in Heaven. You yourself will be there, of course, looking your very best after God has removed the years from your shoulders, the sag from under your chin, and the last traces of selfishness from your heart. But from there on, you are on your own; and correctly so, for with the billions upon billions who will be in Heaven, it is next to impossible for you to imagine a person or a personality that will not have its perfect counterpart among your future and eternal companions. The only thing necessary is that you refrain from picturing the men and women of Heaven as ugly,

or tiresome, or selfish, or uncouth, or too old, or too young. There won't be such sort of people up there. And, of course, your picture will be rather fragmentary and incomplete if you can not think of more than one kind of people; one race, or one nationality, or one class.

You must try. Your thoughts of Heaven must be as cosmopolitan

as the people of Heaven are bound to be. If you succeed, then you will see the moral that lies behind these ideas. The moral is this: that perhaps you can have something to say about some of the future friends that will be yours in Heaven and who are now scattered all over the world. Perhaps you can make it possible, or less difficult, for them to get there from this world. But you really have to want to care.

If you do care, then will the romance of Catholic missions become a part of your life as a Catholic. Then the Catholic men and women who have left their country for far away places are entering into a conspiracy of yours. They are going to great trouble to see to it that you have these Chinese friends, these South Sea Islanders, these soft-



eyed Africans for your companions throughout the countless hours of eternity. In that case it will be important to you that some missionary priest can find the earthly means of pushing farther along in search of still other men and women living in lands offering them little besides pagan lusts and pagan degeneracy, so that he may offer them the saving waters of Baptism and the soul-strengthening Bread that comes down from Heaven for those who are destined to go up to Heaven. Then it will be very important to you that missionary nuns stand before little brown children with great innocent eyes and teach the truths that the cosmopolitan crowd in Heaven ought to know even in this world.

Many of the saints were continually at the throne of God with prayers, begging for just one more friend for Heaven. That is an easy, and admirably selfish, way of praying; and it doesn't take a saint to pray that way: it merely takes a person with enough imagination to see in one more glorified body, with a glorified personality, a whole additional heaven, for himself, of love and companionship. And if we can do that kind of praying, then we can support the missions and feel it no more a burden than buying a gift for a friend.



As the world grows socially smaller and smaller, the papers and magazines are printing more and more pictures of people who live in other lands. Look at the pictures of these people: some of them are your very great friends of the future.

Rev. John L. Uhl, S.J



Since the estrangements between Protestants and Catholics in the 16th and 17th centuries, there has arisen at least one important new fact that every one should bear in mind. The Church of Rome has ranged itself on the side of those who defend the rights and dignity of the individual as well as the cause of personal liberty all over the world.

Churchill

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

"I was with my family from Oct. 19th to Nov. 1st. The goodbye is over, eight days ago. My father and mother suffered keenly when I was going, but they had accepted the sacrifice long before and generously offered it to God for His glory, for their own salvation and for the salvation of souls. May the Blessed Virgin soften for them the grief of separation. It is to her motherly protection that I have confided them. I am simply waiting now for our departure from Paris.

"Oh! how happy I am, and how proud to have received this beautiful mission of Tong-king! I could not reasonably be otherwise when I consider the links which bind me to Theophane through his venerable brother.

"To give you an idea of the joy which filled the soul of Fr. Eusebius Venard when he learned that I was destined for Tong-king, I will say that he could hardly express it in words or by his letters. The best proof of his satisfaction is that he wishes to be present at my departure. In spite of his advanced age he does not fear to make the journey

"I am going to ask, with insistency, prayers for the young missionary of Maritime Tong-king, for his work and above all for his sanctification.

"The choicer and more beautiful my inheritance, the greater is my obligation to care for it with zeal and love. Pray that I may be a holy missionary priest. God and our blessed Mother will do the rest for me.

"Be assured that on my part I will not forget you. I will unite my prayers with those of my Christians for all who are included in your intentions.

Affectionately in Our Lord and Mary Immaculate,

BASIL HUXTIN, M. AP."

Today other young apostles are walking in the footsteps of Theophane Venard. These will follow the path marked out for them, and, if necessary, they too will cheerfully bend their heads to receive the sabre-cut of the persecutor; and when the tidings of their martyrdom shall have reached the Mission House which nurtured them, a joyous hymn of praise will be sung, and that night in the dark silence of the sanctuary, scores of young aspirants will pray with renewed fervor, each asking as a special grace, that he, too, may be *fortunate* enough to win the martyr's crown.

The age of martyrs will never pass in the true Church of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XVI

THE AFTERWORD

The reader will naturally wish to know what became of the several members of the Venard family, to each of whom in turn the martyr's letters were addressed.

In the editor's preface mention has already been made of Eusebius, who was for many years the beloved Cure of Assai. Fr. Eusebius died on

February 24, 1913. In the course of the narrative it has been learned that M. Venard, the father, died before receiving news of his son's martyrdom, and that Melanie — shortly afterwards — entered a religious order, "Les Religieuses d'Espérance".

Melanie, Theophane's *second self*, as he often called her, died in the convent at Amiens, in France. Henry married, but after a few years lost his wife and only child. Until his death, a few years ago, he shared with Fr. Eusebius the humble presbytery at Assai. Their housekeeper, a gentle townswoman from the old home at St. Loup, remembered Theophane when, as a boy of fourteen, he pastured his father's goats on the hillside of Bel-Air. She recalled too his departure for the missions. In this simple household, aglow with the memory of a martyr and adorned with many souvenirs of his life, the writer spent happy and profitable hours. Towards the end of his life Fr. Eusebius did not enjoy the best of health, but only a few years before his death he produced a successful martyr-play in honor of his brother — the labor of many months.

This drama was enacted by the villagers of Assai in the spacious churchyard and drew a great assemblage from the surrounding country. A letter received at the time from Fr. Eusebius, acknowledging some photographs — the results, good, bad, and indifferent, of a forced attempt made by the writer during one of his visits to Assai — will throw light on this interesting Cure, while it gives information about the little drama in which he is so deeply interested. The reader will remark that the saving sense of humor is not lacking in the brother of Theophane Venard.

"Assai (by Airvault), Deux Sèvres, France.

"Oct. 23, 1905.

"Reverend and dear Father:

"I have safely received your masterly efforts at photography, and I am waiting to see if I do not get a second package. For a first attempt these are not a poor showing. We might even call them a success, especially the one in which I am posing at the door of my presbytery.

"However, as a rule, the views of the surrounding country are more pleasing than the portraits, which are a trifle dark.

"All who have recognized themselves have been delighted, even Kebis⁽¹⁾, although he is seen from behind; his master is truly proud of his pose. But there has also been much dissatisfaction in feminine circles (always inclined to jealousy), and my housekeeper is in the first rank, for she has failed to find her beautiful countenance.

"All the views of St. Loup are clear and distinct except the one of our homestead, which is a little dull. The pictures of Assai, taken from various points, are equally beautiful. The main altar, the dining room and your bed room are excellent.

"My health is about the same. I had some rather painful attacks in September and October, nevertheless my work went on as usual. I have filled a large album of about four hundred pages with letters of the dear

1. Mr. Henry's dog.

martyr, to preserve them as autographs. They are written from the College of Doue, the Seminary of Montmorillon, and the Grand Seminary of Poitiers. The following letters will fill two other albums.

"The drama, 'Captivity and Martyrdom,' is not yet in press. It is extremely difficult to find an editor. I hope later, by Christmas at least, to have it published.

"They speak of printing at Hong-Kong, at the Nazareth House of Foreign Missions, a selection of Theophane's letters. I will let you know about this later.

"Believe me always, dear friend,

Your very devoted and affectionate

L. E. VENARD."

Fr. Eusebius never tired speaking of Theophane, and with advancing years the thought of him became the strong undercurrent of his life. It was hardly possible to converse with the old gentleman for any length of time without drawing from his lips some reference to his beloved brother. He used to call him, rather proudly, *Le Venerable*, and later, more proudly, *Le Bienheureux* (the Blessed).

From time to time he visited Paris, staying at the Mission Seminary to arrange some of the many details incidental to the process of Beatification. He was always a welcome guest and an object of great respect to the students, all of whom loved Theophane.

Occasionally, too, he drove over to St. Loup to inspect the old home and to talk with the Cure about the days to come, when St. Loup would be a centre of pilgrimages and the relics of his beloved brother, guarded by friends, would be venerated by multitudes of the faithful.

Before returning to Assai, Fr. Eusebius would always walk out through the village, over the bridge that crossed the Thouet, to the hillside of Bel-Air. Here a simple monument still marks the spot where Theophane Venard received his call to be a martyr.

A few yards from this monument, on a slight elevation, there has stood for many years, the stone apse of a memorial chapel. Good Fr. Eusebius pointed out to the writer this unfinished work, confessing, with a sigh, that the generosity of friends had failed him, and the chapel of which he had dreamed as a place of pilgrimage must wait for better times, or look to some other land for its realization.

That evening as we sat in his poor dining room at Assai, a gleam of hope came into the old priest's eyes, and he said, "Perhaps America will learn to love Theophane."

CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

That was in 1903.

Two years later the first edition of this life appeared and before Eusebius went to his reward he had the satisfaction of knowing that seven thousand copies had been printed and circulated, and that five and perhaps ten times that number of American people, young and old, Catholic and non-Catholic, had learned to love his blessed brother. He knew, too, that several young

men and young women had been drawn to the religious life through the inspiration received from these letters and that the first vocations to the American Foreign Mission Seminary could be traced to the same influence.

America is beginning to know — and to know is to love — Theophane Venard, — and not Theophane Venard alone, but the noble army of heroes and heroines to whose company he belonged, and who, in our own generation, are struggling bravely for the Cause of Christ in fields afar.

English-speaking Catholics here in the United States and elsewhere have been accused, perhaps justly, of indifference to foreign missions. This accusation is met with the excuse that we have had too much to do at home; but the true Catholic, whose heart is all-embracing like that of Christ, knows that the solid development of the Church at home will be helped rather than hindered by our interest in its spread throughout the world, nay more, the one must depend upon the other. Love for the Church is like a flame; which if confined will die.

There is, indeed, much spiritual and material work to be done at home. There always will be; but if we wait until every home need has been met, we must wait till the end of time. Whatever may be said of the past, we are certainly now in a position to contribute at least a breath of prayer, a mite of alms, and some missionaries — even though it be a proportionately small number — to the foreign missions.

We should remember that as yet, notwithstanding the clear command of Christ, uttered nineteen centuries ago, "Going, teach all nations, — preach the gospel to every creature," *there are at this moment more than 1,000 millions, out of the earth's population of 1,600 million, who do not know Jesus Christ.*

(To be continued)

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

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

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

Year 1944.....	\$293.79	July-August.....	17.90
Year 1945.....	223.10	September-October.....	91.50
January-February 1946.....	34.25	November-December.....	72.00
March-April.....	31.50	January-February 1947.....	57.00
May-June.....	28.00	March-April.....	58.37

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.



Along the Mission Newsfront

CANTON, CHINA

CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST

God moves in a mysterious way conversions to perform. How many human lives not many years back war-encompassed have found in Him in their hour of sorrow a love-encompassing Father and Friend!

Connie and Berenice, two English course pupils at our Holy Ghost School, have thus been led to God after He had asked from them a heart-breaking separation from their father and brothers in prison.

With her mother's consent Berenice entered the Catholic Fold on Easter Sunday, 1946. Strong-willed, sagacious, the soul of devotedness, she justifies every hope of a lasting conversion and a fervent Christian life.

Connie became a child of the True Faith on the feast of the Assumption. God, who did not want any further delays, came to her that very day. White-garbed and rose-crowned, she charmed everyone by her radiant gladness and soul-deep fervor.

On Easter morning, as Berenice's name was penned in the Book of Life, another happy catechumen knelt on the white-draped priedieu. She was Mrs. Tail, third wife of a pagan husband. For three months she had been hovering between life and death, always postponing the hour of her conversion. Once, however, she had a dream which led her to rush matters. She dreamt that she was walking along a road when a man suddenly hailed her, saying she had taken the wrong way.

"This road does not lead to Heaven," he explained. "The other one does, I mean, the Catholic Faith."

The sick woman answered that she knew that already. "My daughter is a Catholic, but I have always put off becoming one." She then saw a band of angels leading her to a beautiful lady, Lady Mary she supposed.

"She will help you to enter the True Religion," said the stranger. "Your daughter is praying with tears for your cure at this very moment. You will get well, but you must be baptized."

A few weeks later Mrs. Tail embraced the Faith she had come to love. Another of her daughters is longing for the same privilege. God grant it to her!

On Christmas Eve last, Sister St. Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ had four precious blossoms to present to the Child of Bethlehem. Three boys and a girl, all pupils of Shameen School, exchanged their pagan names for Christian ones.

1. Irene PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

Pearl of the Orient

*O little brown babe,
Do you know your charm,
With your almond eyes
And face so calm?
Do you know your worth,
O child of love?
You have brought to earth
A God from above!*

SELECTED



CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW...

Canton, China.

The impressive ceremony brought to eleven the number of conversions at Shameen School for 1946.

Two other school chums were happily waiting for Baptism on that date, but at the last minute the parental "No" blighted their bliss. Superstitious beliefs are still deeply imbedded in the hearts of many, especially mothers. We could cite the case of the mother of a catechumen of ours, who cannot be resigned to the perspective of her funeral without pagan ceremonies.

From Canton to Shameen is still "from earth to Heaven" for souls. A dying baby there obtained his right to his Father's House, and not long after a poor woman was granted a similar blessed boon.

One November morning, a young couple with two ailing tots at the point of death stood outside the doors of a Protestant hospital, begging for charity. Silver and gold Sister had none, but what she had she gave them—the balm of hope in a loving God. The little ones, thrice fortunate, were made heirs to the Kingdom of unending bliss.

THE POOR WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US

Misery leaves Canton at turtle pace. Hundreds of persons still die daily of hunger in nameless shelters here and there.

Upon request of welfare societies, a milk distribution centre was established in our convent during the summer of 1946. Persons who present a card are given a quantity of powdered milk equivalent to an ordinary bowl of milk. Throngs swarm in every day, and as many as 1,300 bowls are distributed on one occasion to the mendicant lineup.



SISTER ST. BARTHELEMY (MARIA LAMBERT, ST. BARTHELEMY, P.Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON, WITH A FEW TOTS AT THE ORPHANAGE.

Privileged more than they know, our dear orphans are visibly protected by Divine Providence, war or no war.

American generosity has helped in a thousand ways, and so has the Red Cross. Thus it came about that fifteen cases of military uniforms served to clothe our charges while waiting for material to come from Canada.

The dear orphans have well assimilated the lesson of rendering thanks. Their way of thanking is simple: "Let's keep busy." Not one minute do they lose. There is plenty of work to do, chores, study, catechism, Chinese characters — and these are not exactly what you call EASY!

* * *

SHEK LUNG

IN THE SERVICE OF THE LEPERS

Providence mothers the unfortunate. So these will tell you with a grateful heavenward glance — the 260 Shek Lung lepers, rejected by the world but beloved of the Savior of the world.

True, they have felt the pangs of hunger; misery and destitution have made some days wellnigh unbearable; bandits and pirates have struck terror into their hearts; but in those selfsame hearts hope springs eternal, the hope of fairer tomorrows.

Still the trial proved painful beyond telling. When a leper has to subsist on five or six ounces of rice a day and can procure no chaulmoogra oil to relieve his sufferings, the ordeal is terrible. The lepers asked for bread — on their knees, tears in their eyes. Many a time we who had no bread to give felt tempted to repeat the plea of the dying Christ: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken us?" Our prayers never remained unheeded. Help came when least expected, sometimes also when all seemed desperate.

The Red Cross has tided us over the hard periods. When war broke out the beneficent Society gratuitously offered us a good supply of medicine and several thousand pounds of wheat and oatmeal. When the provisions were exhausted rations became the rule, and the empty bags were used in making clothing.

The lepers, to all appearances, did not care to have the red emblem wiped away. They even gloried in wearing it as conspicuously as possible.

Sister St. Raphael⁽¹⁾ tells how she met a proud bearer of the red cross one morning. "Goodness, why don't you have your clothes soaked in bleaching liquid until the red comes off?" — "What?" returned the leper, "where is your faith? So you forget that this is the sign of our redemption? . . . And I should wash off this cross? Never, no, never!" And triumphantly he went his way, proving to all that nothing affords him greater joy than exhibiting the sacred sign of salvation.

Needy and destitute they were, but many times they realized how others had still less to be thankful for.

There was a young leper who had obtained permission to visit his dear

1. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, P.Q.

ones, whom he had not seen since the leprosarium gates had closed upon him. But there were no communications possible and he headed in another direction. One day some acquaintances of his gave him news of his people. His father had died, so they said, and his mother and young sister were on the brink of starvation. But what could a young man with hands and feet reduced to stumps do? Surely he could not think of cultivating a rice field. So the poor fellow sent a word of love to his mother, telling how glad he would be with her at home, and a word of thanks, saying she should not worry about him, as the Sisters spared nothing to make life more livable, they cared for them in true motherly way, and there was the luxury of two meals a day. Back at the leprosarium, he told his companions in misery how they should thank God and His human instruments, the kind Sisters, for being so charitable.

All through the days when the going was hardest, dauntless spirits remained unbowed in broken leper bodies. A leper woman even sold a



SISTER ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, ST. CYPRIEN DE NAPIERVILLE),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SHEK LUNG,
WITH LEPER WOMEN.

few belongings she could do without to pay for a Mass for her deceased leper friends, so they would obtain courage for those who had to go on living and suffering. Another had a Mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory. "They suffer more than we do," she explained.

Trust as confident in Divine Providence is not without its reward. One evening, a leper who was returning to the asylum caught sight of a mammoth fish keeping up with his boat. Alone and without any fishing tackle, he threw his arms around the fish, but the latter with a powerful twist of his tail had soon become free again. Twice the hardy "Izaak Walton" seized his prey and twice he almost faced defeat. Finally he got the mastery. That meant forty-five pounds of fresh, succulent food for our half-starved folk — not a bad fish story after all. Providence had directed our intended away from the fishermen's nets. Grateful smiles beamed on wasted faces that night — God is so good!

WHITE ANTS AND WHAT THEY CAN DO



LEPER WOMEN, SHEK LUNG

Our patients had hardly left their cots one morning when the roof of one of the buildings caved in, slightly wounding a few late risers. For several months back one room had been closed because of the unwelcome nearness of a white ant colony. The mighty little destroyers keep nibbling everywhere, and we never lie down of a night without wondering whether we shall see shambles or just a steady roof when we open our eyes again. Cyclones and floods don't help things any.

In July, 1944, when thirty lepers had just been confirmed, a heavy gale such as the oldest of our denizens had never experienced, blew over Shek Lung. Two hundred trees were uprooted and left almost in splinters. More than three hundred banana trees were destroyed, and a giant eucalyptus was cut in two behind the chapel, while another one fell above the altar, bearing down a spreading palm tree that made its way through the roof. We thought all was over for us. But Heaven shielded the leper home that once again.

FLOODS ARE NEVER PLEASANT

War worries had hardly left our minds when in the night of August 25, 1945, a thunderstorm and typhoon visited St. Joseph's Island. Rain fell so heavily that one of the river dikes gave way leaving free play to the waters. The men's quarters felt the greatest impact. In some rooms, they had water up to the waist and had to raise their beds several feet. One needed a boat to reach the sanctuary of the chapel.

After one long week the waters retreated leaving considerable damage. Maybe someday our charges will have a flood-proof, ant-proof, cyclone-proof home in which to live.

WHEN SISTER AND PIRATES MET

Not only has our Father in Heaven spared His children of Shek Lung from starvation during the conflict; He has also defended them against

those who might have made attempts upon their lives or possessions. Through His provident disposition they have found protection in the very ones they had so long and so much dreaded — pirate bands.

A troop of those tax-collectors, as they are called, had set up living quarters on the island to escape other bandit enemies. Their leader, a fine fellow for so sorry a trade, took us under his guardianship. Things lasted thus eight years, bandit raids grew fewer, and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune.

Our readers remember how a bandit band rescued Sister St. Raphael from a watery grave in January, 1945. Here follows the letter received from the bandits at the leprosarium, after the lepers had written their thanks for the rescue of their adoptive mother:

After the bombing attack during which your worthy Directress came near to losing her life, our whole village hurried on the scene to help the unfortunate. Judge of our surprise on seeing a foreigner there. Naturally, our attention was drawn to her. One of our companions had the privilege of taking her in his boat and led her to his home, where he did all he could for her. We congratulate Mr. Ly on his praiseworthy conduct. When he returned from your place he said that you had offered to reward him for his devoted charity towards your Directress, but that he had refused, and we congratulated him. Knowing your distress, we should have dreaded lest Heaven punish us if we accepted anything from you. Rather would it belong to us to help you. We should very much like to do so, but we ourselves are very poor and cannot realize our wish. You are afflicted with a terrible disease, but that might well have been our lot too. We want to ask you to remember us. You will prove it by writing from time to time.

To this letter all the notables of the village had appended their signatures.

Mr. and Mrs. Ly also wrote. They said how sorry they were to have received Sister so badly, to have sheltered her in so filthy a hut, to have given her so hard a bed and such meagre fare . . . while we had served them a regular feast on a clean white tablecloth.

"Remember us!" so the pirates pleaded. Not otherwise did the Good Thief pray on his cross. Oh yes, we remember them in our prayers, that Christ may turn His eyes of mercy towards them and introduce them to their Patron, the canonized highwayman Dismas.

WE TRUST IN ST. JOSEPH

St. Joseph is Patron Saint of the leprosarium and our dear inmates show great confidence in him.

A poor leper who was once rowing Sister St. Raphael and Sister Claire de Jesus⁽¹⁾ to St. Mary's Island took them into his confidence: "Sometimes I feel so discouraged, then I pray to our kind Father St. Joseph and right away I hear a reassuring voice within my heart. I have recourse to St. Joseph in all my anxieties. Sometimes when the wind blows hard and I am on the other bank, I fear to launch out and feel I haven't the strength to man my oar. Then I think of the dear Saint and a voice tells me: 'Go on, go on!' I do so and so far have had no mishaps."

Ma Se Hing, one of St. Joseph's steady admirers, went to Heaven on June 29, 1945. He had stopped working less than a month previously. During his illness he was cared for by his young sister, also a leper. The child said her brother had told her he had never forgotten his daily recital of the beads since Baptism. Not once did he complain of his ill-luck.

In thought we see him again painfully limping back to the leper home, his oars changed into crutches, after a hard day's work. Leprosy had shrunken him into a living skeleton. Death came to break his bonds and he is now with God.

1. Exilda COTE, Montreal.

A K Y

Aky is a Christian leper. Some years ago while he was keeping shop with his father in Canton, friends discovered that leprosy had marked him for its own. The stunning news was not long in reaching his ears. One night he stole away to Canton's highest bridge and plunged headlong into the river. Luckily he was rescued in time. The police immediately notified the young man's father. The latter, mildness and patience personified, had his boy rushed home and spared nothing for his cure. At last, after his means had become exhausted, he heard about our leprosarium and advised his son to seek admission, which the boy did. Chaulmoogra oil treatments had soon brought about a notable improvement in his condition.

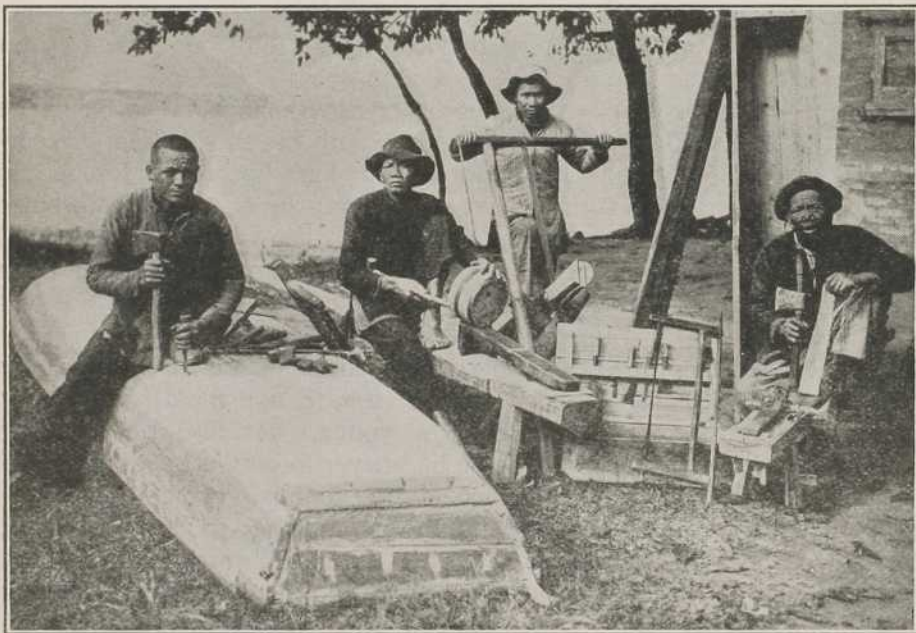
Meantime, Aky studied the rudiments of the Catholic Faith and was baptized.

Some time later his father came to the leprosarium to have an ulcerated foot treated, and the diseased member had soon become healthy again. Later, when Aky fell sick with typhoid, his father wanted only Sisters to take care of him. A pagan notwithstanding, the good old fellow attends Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We pray that God's Star will light his way to the True Faith.

CECILE TANG

Now that the Sodality of the Children of Mary is organized among our lepers, Our Immaculate Mother comes each year, either on her feast of December 8 or within the octave, to cull a choice lily for her celestial flower-plots.

In 1944 she chose Cecile Tang, president of the Sodality. The young



LEPERS EARNING THEIR DAILY FARE

lady, pious and distinguished, had passed eight years at the leprosarium, where she had constantly preached the sermon of good example. With a smiling face she greeted all with whom she came in contact. None suspected what sufferings were meted out to her.

A few days prior to the great feast she went to choir practice, but was not well enough to hear Mass on the 8th. Four days later she breathed her last, while sorrowing companions surrounded her bedside. Her body was laid out in the women's dormitory, then later in the chapel where the Rosary was said uninterruptedly. The beloved deceased had been garbed in her blue dress and veil and the leper women wreathed a crown of roses to lay on her head. They then placed a bouquet in her hands with her Children of Mary handbook.

Cecile lies buried in the leper cemetery, but her soul is secure for all eternity.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S 1946

Chinese New Year's 1946 will never be forgotten. To our sick, after eight years of deprivation and physical and moral suffering, there came from the generous American military troops a good supply of canned food-stuffs, with soldiers' uniforms from the Red Cross. The poor lepers seemed to have lost all memory of days still recent when they had to keep alive on a five-ounce rice ration a day.

Strong voices, fervent and enthusiastic, were once more heard singing God's praises in the chapel.

The leprosarium personnel relished those gala days. Neatly clad in their uniforms and equipped with guns and swords fished we know not where from, the men organized a parade on the island. Several have been soldiers once, and they still "know how".

CORPUS CHRISTI TRIUMPH

"When God is not carried out on Corpus Christi, the year is sure to bring many calamities." So the lepers have often said. Nine times we had been unable to hold the Eucharistic procession. We hoped 1946 would change matters and so did our charges. But the bandits had relieved us, back in 1938, of all our decorating material and even our canopy. However, Sister St. Raphael chanced to unearth an old tapestry long since discarded. She dyed it and fixed it on the canopy frame. God saw to the rest and sent rain, so blossoms and greenery would look their best.

The weather was ideal. By four o'clock a fervent throng knelt in the women's chapel and at four-thirty the procession was formed. All our sick, men and women, followed the cross-bearer. Then came the Sacred Heart League members, followed by two censer-bearers and the Blessed Sacrament.

That was an unforgettable day for our beloved afflicted family. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the men's chapel closed the touching ceremony, the remembrance of which will comfort the aching hearts of these suffering members of Christ.

TSUNGMING

ORPHANAGE BLOSSOMS

Spiritual blossoms of exquisite beauty are springing up in the Holy Childhood Orphanage. Some catch your eye, others shyly avoid it like bashful violets, but all alike captivate the Heart of the Divine Gardener, who tends them for His glory on earth or His praise in Heaven.

A few of these we should like to offer to our kind benefactors. The Little Flower's namesake comes first.

TSE LAI OR MARY THERESE

One November morning in 1925 an old woman staggered along the road leading to the Catholic Mission of Tsungming.

"Where are you going, Grandma?" a passerby inquired.

"I'm taking this baby to the Catholic Mission."

Grandma, all tired out for one of her years, sank in a bench beside the door. A native virgin put the usual round of questions: "How old is the baby? Who is her father? Why does he want to do away with her?"

Answers, as might be expected, were anything but precise. Beyond age and sex the gleaner would not declare a single thing. To a vague feeling of natural shame which the parents cannot shake off as they abandon their offspring is mingled the fear that sooner or later, for one reason or another, the little one may be restored to them. Hence they often give spurious names or refer you to some distant village as being their home.

The manoeuvre is known at the Mission, but we feign ignorance. Luckily the Holy Childhood comes in to baptize the babies and bring up the healthy ones in the love of God. The missionaries are not especially eager to return the rejected youngsters to the parents, but how could these, pagans all, suspect like sentiments in others?

So the Holy Childhood had a new protegee, a lovable, healthy five-day-old babe, who became Mary in Holy Baptism that very evening. Therese was added on later.

It proved an easy matter to find someone to nurse the infant. The kind lady asked only a monthly salary of one Chinese dollar — thirty cents in Canadian currency — and the newcomer had soon all but replaced her own baby child that had recently died. Besides those of a loving mother, Tse Lai received the affectionate caresses of grandpa, grandma, uncles and aunts — the regular Chinese household. Carefree and happy, the tiny foundling crept out of the babyhood stage and became a winsome little girl.

Meanwhile, in September, 1928 we reached Tsungming and took over the management of the orphanage. One after the other the Holy Childhood babies were recalled to their new home. Tse Lai found it hard to bid goodbye to her foster parents, and so did they grieve at her going, for she held a warm place in their affections.

But it was still harder to stay at the orphanage. She didn't approve the rules and regulations. Too tiny as yet to reach the door knob — open-sesame to freedom — she would painstakingly draw a bench underneath and at last the door swung open. Alas! Captivity again! Sister, unseen, had seen all. "She would try to make me understand that I shouldn't attempt to escape," related the child later, "and she would send me off to play with the others."

On other blue days Mary Therese wept her eyes out, crouching near the door that stood between her and freedom. Sometimes sleep overtook her and *Mou Mou* would carry her to her little white cot.

As months wore on, Mary Therese forgot the past and set to enjoying life. Richly gifted, obliging, cheerful and helpful, she became very popular. Prayers and catechism were favorites with her and at seven she was ready for First Communion. Preparations were important in that young life. Tse Lai decided not to let any little sacrifice slip by. Sacrifices are not unknown in an orphanage where twice twenty and some more very young ladies call for time, trouble and toleration. Tse Lai wasn't in any way cherubic, but the good-will she brought to fighting the little imp within her must have won God's approving smile. Sister Directress helped the dear lass who had a hard battle to fight. Victory would come — a glorious one — so Sister didn't spare motherly advice and sunny words of cheer and encouragement.



SPINNING AND WEAVING AT TSUNGMING ORPHANAGE



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND ORPHANS, TSUNGMING, CHINA, IN 1946.

Front Row: SISTER ST. JACQUES LE MAJEUR (EMMA LABRECHE, ST. JACQUES DE L'ACHIGAN, P.Q.), SISTER MARIE BERNARD (EMMA VANASSE, ST. GUILLAUME D'UPTON, P.Q.), SISTER MARIE DE JESUS (ELMINA MELANSON, ROGERSVILLE, N.B.)

Back Row: SISTER ST. GERMAIN (IMELDA LAPERRIERE, PONT ROUGE, P.Q.), SISTER MARIE DE FOURVIERES (LUCIE PARADIS, TINGWICK, P.Q.), SISTER MARIE XAVIER (BERTHE PARADIS, TINGWICK, P.Q.); THE LATTER, STATIONED IN SUCHOW, WAS VISITING IN TSUNGMING; SISTER ST. CAMILLE DE LELLIS (YVONNE JOLICŒUR, JOLIETTE).

One blissful morning Mary Therese and five companions, all dressed in spotless white, took their places at the Eucharistic Banquet. Dimpled folded hands and mischievous eyes cast down preached a fine sermon that morning.

The day before, *Mou Mou* had reminded them to ask Jesus, when He would be in their heart, to keep it always pure. There had been another point too: they were to pray so their parents would come to know about the True God. Tse Lai was struck by the idea. Never after did she forget *Mou Mou's* words.

Jesus came to her ever so many times and happy was her life. Now and then something extra happened. One Christmas the growing girls were given dolls that had come all the way from Canada. Chinese lasses are seldom doll-conscious, but the complex is soon developed. Presently the almond-eyed mothers of tomorrow grow as vigilant and affectionate as our Canadian eight-year-olds, so innate in the wee maiden's heart is that yearning for devotedness and affection that later matures into the exquisite and delicate sentiment of mother love.

Perfect happiness reigned when *Mou Mou* opened the patch drawer for those who wished to replenish their *yang wa wa's* (foreign baby's) wardrobe. Sewing talents and personal tastes worked wonders. It was amusing to see the foreign dollies dressed a la Chinese: crimson red blouses, dark blue trousers, canary yellow socks and dainty Cinderella slippers in a still daintier pink. *Mou Mou* couldn't repress a smile, but the tots remained solemn. This was the *nec plus ultra* of good taste and elegance.

Sewing doll-baby wardrobes, they learned to sew for their own. Some did expert work and Tse Lai was one. Her fairy fingers made the prettiest dresses and embroidered snug-fitting slippers in a matchless way. The girl willingly helped her mates, and by the age of thirteen or fourteen she was a seamstress of orphanage renown.

Cooking and general housework did not perplex her, nor did school studies worry her as she had a very retentive memory. Success attended her everywhere, and we feared lest the proud and perfidious angel should set his brand upon her. But Providence kept vigil.

Presently the orphanage curriculum had been mastered, and Tse Lai left for the Mission school. Then hardships came her way. She headed the class and an envious schoolmate thoughtlessly — surely it was not ill-will on her part — labelled her: *Ya Mi Lan* (abandoned child). Drops of gall mingled with the wine of Tse Lai's gay young life. The poor lass didn't offer her services that evening at the orphanage. Her world had toppled. Sister Directress came upon her alone in a room, eyebrows gathered, lips tightened and despair in her eyes.

"*Ya Mi Lan, Ya Mi Lan*, foundling — foundling — I'm a foundling! Oh, Sister, they threw that at me during school today and I don't want to go back. I'm so ashamed!" And painful sobs shook her.

After a few moments of silence: "Never, never will I forgive my parents, my mother especially, for having forsaken me. I'm too hurt! Sister,



THEY ALSO GATHER FLOWERS IN CHINA

how I suffer! I can't tell you how I feel. All my life, do you hear, all my life I shall have to believe that my mother didn't care for me when I was born. Oh! it's so hard!"

When nature had had its anguished say, Sister poured balm on the deep wound. She appealed to the piety and faith of the young girl, and showed her how Providence had arranged everything for the greater good of her soul.

"Would you be a Christian today if your parents had not given you to Holy Mother Church? Certainly not, for they must have been pagans to abandon you. Haven't you found a mother in the Blessed Virgin you love so much, and sisters in the companions who are so kind to you? You mustn't say you will never forgive your mother. You have

no right to judge her, for you will never know what led her to forsake you."

Tse Lai sprang to her feet. "No, Sister, no, I can't forgive my mother, I can't! Do you remember when we made our First Communion you told us to pray for our parents? I was too small at the time to realize my position and I prayed that God would grant me the surprise and joy of seeing my parents at the orphanage. I longed to throw myself in my mother's arms. Later I often prayed for the same intention, but now that I know the whole truth I can't think of praying for my parents anymore. Much less will I forgive them."

"No, Tse Lai, of yourself you are weak and helpless, but we are going to say an Our Father and a Hail Mary so God will show you your duty and give you strength to accomplish it."

Prayers over, Sister, deeming it preferable to leave Tse Lai with her thoughts, enjoined her to reflect on the words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Without a word Mary Therese left for school the next morning. Her rebellious pride and her Christian Faith still struggled for mastery, but the poor child seemed more resigned.

A few days passed. One night she drew near Sister.

"Sister," she began, "I have been very naughty and have made you feel sorry. Please forgive me. I won't do it again. I have thought long

about what you said and now I know I would be ungrateful to God if I didn't forgive my parents, and to you also who have so lovingly taken their place. I won't complain anymore about being an orphan, nor will I show any ill-feeling when I am reminded of the fact. That doesn't mean that I won't suffer; rather, I feel that this sorrow will accompany me to the grave, but I offer it to Our Lord that my parents may come to know about the True Faith and that we may meet in Heaven, where the reunion will be all the sweeter for having been so long delayed."

The battle was won. Mary in Heaven must have smiled down on little Mary on earth so generously forgiving.

Three years later, Tse Lai received her 6th Year diploma. Normally, she should have put her books away, for she possessed greater knowledge than many in her condition. We at the orphanage had a hard time making both ends meet, and had even been compelled to part with twenty or so of our large family. Besides, Sister Marie d'Ephese⁽¹⁾, orphanage directress, and another tireless helper, Sister Marie de Sion⁽²⁾, had left us, assigned to Heaven. We counted on our older orphans to share our burden until better days, when Mary Therese suddenly made known to us her intention of embracing the religious life and asked to continue her studies. The news did not come as a surprise and the desired authorization was forthwith given.

Ardently the future nun returned to her books and as ardently in spare moments she relieved Sister Marie de Jesus⁽³⁾, thereafter charged with the orphanage. Did a headstrong girl offer resistance to *Mou Mou*, did another refuse to do her share of work or do an uncharitable deed, Tse Lai was on the spot to correct and encourage. She was a *big girl* — that conquered wee hearts and gave her prestige. This latter she made use of to uphold authority; and, when there was need, she cautioned the Sisters against some little underhand plot being planned.

When peace was restored, measures were taken to obtain her admission into the Community founded by the Helpers of the Holy Souls specially for young ladies desirous of embracing the religious life, but whom some abnormal family situation prevents from being accepted in most Communities already existing.

In May, 1946, Mary Therese left the Tsungming Orphanage for her new abode. Not without some sadness did she bid us farewell. But God, who is never surpassed in generosity, arranged things so that she felt at home very soon after her arrival in the Community.

Her affectionate and grateful letters give proof of the happiness that is hers. We have every reason to hope that this noble, loving soul will before long bind herself irrevocably to the Divine Spouse. How fervent a *Magnificat* the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will sing to their Most Pure Mother, for having chosen them as human instruments in the realization of Mary Therese's lofty religious ideal.

1. Jeannette LUNEAU, Princeville, P.Q.

2. Florida RAVARY, St. Clet, P.Q.

3. Elmina MELANSON, Rogersville, N.B.

WEST INDIES

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, HAITI

As once the Magi, we the missionaries have found "the Child with Mary His Mother." Surely as much may be said of the humble dwelling which became home for us two days after Mary's Nativity, 1945, and which we happily christened Holy Child Jesus Convent.

White, red-roofed and unpretentious, such is home, two steps from school and five from church. There is no place like this, to our thinking, for those delightful hours when you may relax from a strenuous day and lay your burden aside. But you soon forget your weariness as you watch the flaming sun shedding its glory on the Mary-blue waves.

Four of us are kept busy at the parish school. The building was constructed of field stones, under the direction of Rev. Father A. Ouellet, O.M.I., thanks to the generous aid of His Excellency Most Rev. J. L. Collignon, Bishop of Les Cayes, and the Rev. Fathers Oblates of Mary Immaculate. It opened its doors on January 14, 1946, to two hundred eager boys and girls who figured that being taught by Sisters must be something like going to a school conducted by angels. Four classes had we, but more were needed, just as sympathy was needed by many a dear little tot who couldn't be admitted for want of space. So a fifth class was opened, and forty-nine other pupils flocked to learn about things of Heaven and earth. A kind lady teacher coaches them on.

Aiming at forming intellectuals we may be, but first and foremost we want to raise up bulwarks of the Faith for God. Our task cannot be looked at through rose-colored glasses. The parish has remained priestless over twenty years, and Protestantism has easily filtered in and conquered many needy folk, for whom it eased the strain of living. Superstition is another stumbling block, for its many rites have gained the strength of tradition, and tradition is sacred to the Haitian mind.

Confidently we set to work and the little ones came to us. On Corpus Christi, June 20, it was our joy to lead fifty-five bright-eyed youngsters to the Banquet of Angels.

To say that we love our little Blacks seems like a thumping of the obvious. God has endowed them with remarkable gifts of intellect and they quickly master any lesson, easy or brain-racking. Their great respect for the Sisters confirms us in the belief that God loves them in a very special way.

Good wills are many at school, but so are they for choir practice. Forty pupils are learning to sing God's praises under the leadership of Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre⁽¹⁾. They are now able to alternate with the men's choir for the Ordinary of the Mass and Vespers. Hymns proper to the various feasts of the liturgical year also come in for attention.

School holidays stretched from July 12 to October 7. Our Lady of the Rosary brought us 111 boys and 129 girls, a good hundred of whom have never tasted the joys of First Communion. So we have many flesh-and-blood tabernacles to prepare for the Little Guest of Love.

1. Germaine LEFRANCOIS, Longueuil, P.Q.

Our concern for the wee ones who will be the men and women of tomorrow does not allow us to forget the suffering members of Christ. For over a year, Sister St. Alphonse de Liguori⁽¹⁾ has been spending herself for the care and relief of the sick who often throng the dispensary. She has to deal with all sorts of cases: gaping sores on legs or arms, abscesses, fevers and especially impaludism. Temperatures sometimes soar to 103° and 104°. Sister remembers the apostolic formula: The body for the sake of the soul, the body and the soul for God.

Sister Superior⁽²⁾ has also organized doctrine lessons for the sick being



SISTER ST. RITA (RITA LEGRAND, ST. PHILIPPE DE LAPRAIRIE, P.Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, ROCHE-A-BATEAU, HAITI

treated at the dispensary. By the end of 1944 she could count twenty-one First Communions of adults.

Those who are unable to come to the dispensary are not for that abandoned. The nursing Sister goes to them. Often enough she rides on horseback over to their homes, and many a time she comes face to face with sufferings beyond the power of pen to describe. A young tuberculosis patient on whom she had lavished tender care has recently abjured her Protestant creed and returned to the Catholic Faith.

Great is the harvest in Haiti! May God accept our own small efforts and raise up hundreds of generous laborers to help in the garnering of souls destined for Heaven.



Our conduct has a lot to do in bringing people to our faith. We can't simply say — Faith is a gift of God — and keep on living our own wills; we must be good messengers and impart our doctrine by living God's will.

A Convert

1. Simone LEBŒUF, Fortierville, P.Q.

2. Sister St. Olive (Jeannette DUFRESNE, Val David, P.Q.).



With Our Novices

Tuesday, February 11, 1947

Once again the Feast of the Smiling Madonna of Lourdes brought joy to the white-veiled denizens of Mary Immaculate's school of religious training.

Our customary eight-day retreat — spiritual special — was ended this morning by Our Lady of Lourdes' Mass, during which several Sisters of annual vows pledged themselves to the Divine Bridegroom for another twelve-month. Rev. Father D. Barnabe, C.S.Sp., retreat master, received their promises in the name of Holy Church.

Our elders, the "venerable" novices, made the great step — took first vows — at the 9.30 ceremony, which was presided over by Rev. Father L. Roy, C.S.S.R., brother of one of them. Afternoon hours also were laden with blessings and boons: eager postulants at long last donned the Holy Habit, and Sisters of annual vows whose three-year term had expired were consecrated Brides of Christ forever.

Mary's sublime hymn of thanks, the *Magnificat*, formed the theme of the impressive allocution delivered by the presiding Prelate, His Excellency Most Rev. A. Lafortune, Bishop of Nicolet.

A few excerpts will not fail to interest those who had to miss the feast but whose hearts rejoiced with us who rejoiced.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The beautiful Marian hymn of thanks rightly finds expression on our lips this afternoon as we kneel before the altar of Our Blessed Mother.

"My spirit hath rejoiced." So do you, Christian fathers and mothers, rejoice as you offer your beloved children to God. Joy fills the Community this afternoon, for its Sister-

members are increasing in number, and joy thrills within the hearts of those whom the Divine Spouse has chosen, as within the heart of the bishop whose pleasure it is to preside over the pious ceremony.

Truly, *Magnificat anima mea Dominum!*

This joy is not ours alone. It is Mary's also, for today we recall Our Lady's apparitions to the little seer of Lourdes. (His Excellency here briefly related the miraculous events that have made Lourdes world-famous; then, setting forth certain similar points in Bernadette's vocation and ours, he continued:)

You are all like Bernadette, in some small way at least. Our Blessed Mother has spoken to you, as once to the shepherd girl. She has showed you afar a multitude of souls — souls in need of Jesus, souls with none to lead them to Him. Her Son's plea she has rehearsed: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Go you also into my vineyard, and I will give you what shall be just."

You have answered Mary's call. Through prayer and sacrifice you are learning the secret of a fruitful apostolate, you are preparing to save souls through Mary. Through Mary alone will you save them. True apostles, you daily understand it more and more, must think less of self than of others, less of self and more of the great concerns of God and the Church.

As once Our Lady's message meant suffering and sorrow for her humble witness, so now in these years of training you may face anxiety and anguish. Perhaps have you been compelled to tread on your heart in order to reach the blessed goal of everlasting union with Jesus. All great graces cost dearly. But you are now ready to do God's work at any cost, even of life. You are happy, unspeakably so, in the thought that your union with God suffers no comparison with earthly alliances. You have tasted and seen that the Lord is sweet for those who love Him.

You fathers and mothers here present at the consecration of beloved ones are in all likelihood grieving at the thought that your children may be called to leave you. But I do not for a moment doubt that you who had the courage to bring up your child in the love of God and prepare her for the Sisterhood, will also have the courage to part from her that in lands afar she may enlarge Christ's Mystical Body. You have prepared vocations and will be rewarded accordingly. Blessings will rain down upon your family and parish. To you Christian parents we owe our priestly and religious generations.

It is related in the life of Pope Pius X that shortly after his elevation to the episcopacy he called on his venerable mother, and with very legitimate pride stretched forth his hand on which glistened the ring symbolical of his dignity. "See my beautiful episcopal ring, mother!" glowed the future Pontiff. The dear old lady looked from her son's ring to her own faded one. "Your ring is beautiful, but you would not have it if I had not had this one!" she gently countered.

You Christian parents may say as much. Your child owes you in great measure the blessed ring of fidelity that makes her heart sing for joy. You who have given her to God and now share her joy in being wholly and forever His, will not refuse to say with the Prelate presiding at this ceremony of final vows: "Go, dear daughters, spend yourselves in the Lord's vineyard. You will receive a just retribution. What will the Lord give you? The hundred-fold and life everlasting;" — the life everlasting that I wish you all. Amen.

Beautiful and touching, the pious ceremony unfolded. A loving blessing from the Monstrance King and the singing of the *Te Deum Laudamus* placed the final liturgical seal on the day whose hours to the very last waking one meant joy and happiness for everyone at the novitiate.

Our new novices are: Miss Madeleine Lajoie, Three Rivers (Sister Marie du Cap); Miss Louise Bussieres, Montreal (Sister Marie du Rosaire); Miss Jacqueline Chamberland, St. Philippe de Neri (Sister St. Martine); Miss Yolande Parent, Sayabec Station (Sister St. Marcel); Miss Jeannine Paradis, Thetford Mines (Sister St. Nazaire); Miss Fleurette Garceau,

Grand'Mere (Sister St. Severin); Miss Rita Bilodeau, St. Hyacinthe (Sister Rita de Cassia); Miss Madeleine Alarie, Trecesson, Abitibi (Sister Marie Albert); Miss Pauline Sauvageau, Three Rivers (Sister Delia de Jesus); Miss Rita Belainsky, St. Basile le Grand (Sister St. Benoit); Miss Lucie Gregoire, Quebec (Sister Lucie de Jesus); Miss Françoise Desilets, Montreal (Sister Louis d'Anjou); Miss Françoise Massicotte, St. Tite (Sister Therese de la Trinite); Miss Yvette Perusse, Three Rivers (Sister Marie Florence); Miss Odila Plante, Princeville (Sister Marie Odila); Miss Noella Paradis, Rigaud (Sister St. Noel Chabanel); Miss Marie Anne Chabot, St. Lazare de Bellechasse (Sister St. Constant); Miss Marie Ange Brassard, Montreal (Sister Marie d'Ephese); Miss Alice Leduc, Montreal (Sister St. Stanislas de Kostka); Miss Lucille Metivier, Buckland (Sister Marie de Sion); Miss Germaine Veilleux, Kingscroft (Sister St. Florent).

Eight Sisters made their final vows in the Community: Sister Marie Odette (Mariette Bouille, Montreal); Sister Marie de Lorette (Gabrielle Laurent, Quebec); Sister St. Veronique (Fabienne Bernatchez, Pont Rouge); Sister St. Eustache (Lucille Prevost, St. Eustache); Sister St. Aime (Simonne L'Heureux, Montreal); Sister Marie Albini (Marie Paule Lafortune, Joliette); Sister St. Jean Berchmans (Annette Hetu, Montreal); Sister Alfred Marie (Marcelle Prevost, Quebec).



It is a duty for us to praise Mary, and in doing it we exalt God Himself, whose masterpiece she is, after Christ.

Bishop Comtois

Prayer of a Chinese Christian: "Lord, reform the world, beginning with me."



ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER

REPORT FOR 1946

Adult Baptisms.....	54	Pneumothorax.....	187
First Communions.....	3	Laboratory Tests.....	2,075
Extreme Unctions.....	10	Dressings.....	1,159
Home Visits.....	365	Injections.....	1,129
Radiographs.....	269	Various Treatments.....	1,996
Fluoroscopic Examinations.....	250	Medications.....	32,202
Patients.....		144	

Report of the Chinese Dispensary, Vancouver

Patients.....	381	Physical Examinations.....	62
Various Treatments.....	150	Medications.....	328
Vaccinations.....	5	Radiographs.....	5

THE CHILDREN'S SHARE



HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Time flies! (Propellor, wings and all!) But it certainly gets off the airplane when I start figuring when I'll be having my next chat with you. We always have such lovely people and pleasant things to talk about that I fairly lose track of hours and minutes, and then I get to thinking long thoughts about next time.

Now Mother Mary's month, the best and beautiful, is with us again. Did you notice how merrily all nature smiled in honor of its Lady and Queen? Of course I don't want you to make an inch-thick book of resolutions just because it's Maytime. But nature gave me a suggestion. Nature smiles—let's smile too! Obedience with a smile, kindness with a smile, self-denial with a smile, prayer with a smile—provided you don't give Jennie or Betsy (your sister's name, please?) more than ten distractions in her own prayers.

So, off we go with smiling face for a merry month of May. And, yours for the asking, Mother Mary's extra special blessings to gladden every day of the thirty-one. Don't forget to thank God for having made Mary's springtime month thirty-one days long. He could have made it thirty, or even twenty-eight. "Never too much for Her!" God feels the same way about it as we do, don't you think?

All ready for the serial story?

GERALD'S SECRET

Time and again since the famous discovery, Gerald bounded upstairs to play bookworm in the mission magazines. One afternoon, while he was eagerly scanning an old mission paper yellowed with the years, he came upon a picture as faded as the pages.

Quick as a hurricane he burst into the dining room where his mother was reading. Supper wasn't ready but the clock didn't say there was any big hurry.

"Mother, see what I've unearthed in those magazines!"

"Oh, a snapshot."

"Did you ever see those two pairs of twinkling eyes?"

"I should say I did."



GRANDMA AND UNCLE LOUIS

"Is it you, Mummie?"

"My own Mummie, Gerald, and Uncle Louis. I imagine that camera must be sleeping its last sleep by now. That was taken years and years ago."

"Uncle Louis — you mean the missionary who died out in India?"

"Yes, Gerald."

"Grandma never tires speaking about his mission adventures. I bet he was your best pal once upon a time."

"Oh, we didn't quarrel oftener than normal. I was twelve when he sailed for his beloved India. I must have wet a good half-dozen handkerchiefs with my tears when we parted."

"Did his mother cry, too?"

"Perhaps she did. But how selflessly she offered her sacrifice! When she kissed him goodbye she

said she was very proud to have a son of hers chosen by God to become an apostle."

"So Uncle's mother was Grandma's mother?"

"Yes, Gerald, she was the mother of the little girl you see smiling on this photo."

"Golly! I'm supposed to believe that Grandma and Uncle Louis were sister and brother?"

"Supposed to believe! What in the world are you aiming at? Of course they were brother and sister."

"Whew! That's funny! It never struck me before."

"Helen and Margaret seem to be forgetting all about supper. You'd better go and see what they are at. They are so young and thoughtless sometimes."

"Righto, Mother, here I go!"

When the little fellow had gone, Mother let her thoughts wander to dear Uncle Louis, the energetic missionary who had generously laid down his life in some remote corner of India, the land of mystery. A lump caught in her throat and burning tears filmed her eyes.

"O my God!" she found in Him the strength to murmur, "Your holy

will be done in my children. If You wish to choose missionaries among them, help me to accept my portion of the sacrifice and bless Your holy will."

* * *

You boys and girls are wondering how things will turn out for Gerald and what he will become in life; in other words, what his vocation will be. We all have our special vocation planned by God. Someday you will set out to follow yours. Won't that be a great day! But until then, you have to get ready. And here again the Maytime idea will come in handy. What was it? Oh yes, obedience, charity, little deeds of kindness with a pleasant smile. God must be delighted to have to deal with smiling people and merry hearts. So, V for Vocations — and S for Smiles!

* * *

ETHEL AND BERNIE

Bernie, four, thought the world of his big sister Ethel, a young lady of six. Just imagine! she could read big long words without Mamma whispering the first syllable, and her catechism answers were almost perfect!

Ethel was to make her First Communion soon and her preparation was every inch worthy of a true friend of Jesus. Of course she wasn't expected to learn big books of theology. Priests do that, not curly-headed girlies! However, our little heroine had already made the acquaintance of a long hard word — "sacrifice".

Was Baby sleepy? You heard a little girlish voice: "Let me put him to sleep, Mummie!" Did darling Mummie need something from the store on the corner? Ethel ran off with a smile. Was Bernie in need of a friend? Ethel stood at his beck and call.

Occasions sprang up as if by magic while the great day drew nearer and nearer. No, Ethel wore no sparkling halo round her curls, which means she wasn't a ready-made saint. What girl (or boy) is? Still, she knew it's never too late to own up you have done something wrong and promise to "do penance and amend your life."

Mother was fond of telling her about another Mother up in Heaven. "Mother Mary is going to make you ready for Jesus' coming. Tell her never to go away from your heart, because you want her to welcome your little White Visitor."

At last a merry sun lit the day of days, and the Tabernacle Lord sought tiny Ethel's heart-home. How happy Ethel felt! Bernie looked on in hushed wonder as the priest lay the spotless Host on his sister's tongue. All the day long he kept his eyes fastened on the glowing face of the First Communicant.

Happy thoughts played tag in Bernie's mind that night as his mother tucked him in for the trip to dreamland. Before many months, he dared



I WANT TO KEEP MY SOUL ALWAYS AS PURE AS THIS LILY . . .

to hope, Jesus would be his Pal as He now was Ethel's, and the two Boys would have jolly good times together.

* * *

Many among you have already been given Jesus as your Pal in Holy Communion, and there are others who are counting the days still to be marked off the calendar before The Day. If you only knew how much Jesus loves you and longs to make friends with every John and Tom and Jane, or whatever your name may be.

Don't get frightened and take to your heels when a sacrifice pops up. Go to it with a cheerful grin. Mother Mary is always ready to help you along, and she wants you all to be brave officers in the Christ Child's army.

Cheerio, everybody! Keep smiling and be generous.

Lovingly,

THE PRECURSOR

Souls Are People

I SAW HIM in the ricefield. He stopped working, as I approached, and leaned on his hoe. The sweat of a June day under the South China sun glistened on his brow. His coolie suit of blue denim was covered with dust, and the end of his frayed trousers disclosed a clumsy pair of stub-toed bare feet. He was a big boy for his age, but there was no comeliness in him; nobody would have looked at him twice; he was a clodhopper.

I knew his father, a blunt old farmer, respected, hard working and honest. I knew his older brother, who was being educated at a city school. I inquired about the family. I spoke to him of his brother's progress. Then I tactlessly asked him if he also would not like to go to the city and study books. He looked up in naive surprise, turning his whole countenance upon me with the openness of a sunflower. Complete frankness was in his gaze, but a mist of puzzlement also clouded his eyes. I had hit upon something he did not quite understand, although he knew only too well the answer. He replied very simply and without a trace of feeling: "I am not bright enough to go to school; my father says I am good only to work in the fields." His father was not a harsh man; he was merely a truthful one. He had read his son aright and had told him he was not made for anything else but a life of labor. The boy did not question this. He merely did not understand it. He did not resent or rebel; he was not envious of others more normal, more gifted. He was content. But he was also puzzled. And I knew he was to remain puzzled through a whole drab life of obscurity and toil, until God gathered him in His arms to explain the mystery to him in the realms of light.

"I choose you," sang in my heart as I looked at my awkward farmer boy, perfect picture of the underprivileged soul. "I choose you, and with you the countless millions of God's children like you; men forgotten and despised; men white, black, and brown; souls impoverished and unendowed. I choose you, and I dedicate myself to you, and I ask no other privilege but to devote the energies of my soul to such as you. For in this sudden revelation shines an incarnation of my life ideal. You are my father and mother, my sister and my brother; you hold the center of my dreams. Men of no attraction, you attract me. Souls of no distinction, you draw and dazzle me. Clodhoppers of the world, for your own you claim me."

There is, of course, a special reason for the deep impressions made on me by this living symbol of the world's need. I am a missionary. I am a man sent by the Catholic Church to minister to such as he. That Church has the recipe for every need of all the sons of men. She overlooks none. There is guidance for the gifted; there is opportunity for the energetic; there is development for the rugged and the strong. But for the frail and the forgotten, for the puzzled and the poor, there is also something; for that Church is a true mother, and it is for her weakest children that she reserves her deepest interest and her tenderest care. I am proud to be a missionary, with a vocation that has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.

Shine on, farmer boy, symbol to me of the thousand million like you who drew the Son of God from Heaven to smooth and bless your weary anxieties and your puzzled brows. Come to me often in your barefoot squalor and look at me from out those hopeless and bewildered eyes. Do not let me forget that vision, but stay by me and preside over my dreams. Teach me that souls are people. And remind me everlastingly that they are magnificent people like you.

Bishop James Edward Walsh

Former Superior General of Maryknoll Fathers

Without Mass for Half a Century

In the 16th century the sparsely populated Danish colony of Greenland underwent a vicious persecution. The Lutherans tried their best to root out the Catholic Church on this island. They had succeeded in wiping out the Church, so they thought, since they had massacred or exiled every priest.

For fifty years no Mass was celebrated and no priest reached the shores of Greenland. Yet a few staunch Catholics kept the seed of Catholicism alive. Every Christmas Eve they met among the sad ruins of their old church almost buried in the snow. After a fervent prayer, young and old waited in an expectant silence as the old sacristan prepared for a strange little ceremony.

Slowly he hobbled to a niche in the old wall where the Blessed Sacrament was formerly kept as in a tabernacle. With trembling hands and eyes eagerly searching in the glow of a torch which gave them light in the midnight darkness, his face suddenly beamed with exultation. The silent snow had guarded the treasure well. Slowly and with the greatest reverence he brought forth a faded yellow cloth. With tears in his eyes he kissed it and laid it upon the old broken altar stones. One after the other the small community came up to press their lips hungrily upon the cloth.

What was it? Listen to the words the old man spoke: "Brethren, fifty years ago Mass was last said in this country. I served that last Mass. Let us thank God for this precious relic on which rested the Body and Blood of Jesus, and let us pray that God may send us priests to offer the Holy Sacrifice in our midst again."—The precious cloth was a corporal.

Joseph Schallmoser

Stay-at-Home Missionaries

Would that I could tell all the young people eager to serve some noble cause how useful they would be in the missionary life. So many generous souls would not hesitate even a moment if they only knew.

Would also that we could make all Christians mission-conscious. Even though they be chained to some humdrum existence, they can, through their prayers and daily annoyances lovingly accepted and offered, do great things in the saving of souls.

To whom do the missionaries owe the joy of reaping abundant apostolic harvests? To the grace of God first and foremost; also to their own valiant efforts. But how often do we forget the success owed by the laborers of the Gospel to those holy souls who unceasingly offer their prayers and works and sufferings for the salvation of souls. These also are missionaries, whether they know it or not. Once they do become aware of the fact, their whole lives are flooded with joy. I have known many such stay-at-home missionaries who offered their lives while the priests preached, administered the sacraments and taught catechism. While the ministers of the Lord worked, they offered themselves in constant prayer and suffering. God jealously hoards these spiritual riches wherewith souls may be made ready for the active apostolate of the missionaries.

REV. FATHER J. VANACHERE



Thanks to the Immaculate Conception. Mr. F. P., **Montreal**.—Thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favor granted my daughter. A. D.—I have obtained a favor. J. B., **Montreal**.—Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. E. B. T., **Montreal**.—I wish to pay a great debt of gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother. May she take care of the future of my two boys. Mrs. D. H., **St. Polycarpe**.—My husband has a good job now. Please help me thank Our Blessed Mother and ask her to continue protecting us. Mrs. A. S., **Charny**.—Grateful thanks for favors received. Miss E. C.—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors she has granted me. I am soliciting other favors. C. L., **Montreal**.—Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. L., **Montreal**.—Thanks to Mary Immaculate! Mrs. U. B., **Cowansville**.—Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for having helped me find a lodging. Mrs. E. S., **Montreal**.—Sincere thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. D. N.—Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. J. B.—I am coming to pay a debt of gratitude to Mary Immaculate for the cure of my son. Mrs. J. A. M., **Bourget, Ont.**—I have obtained a great favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. P. A., **Montreal**.—Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. P. V., **Montreal**.—Heartfelt thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received. A. D., **St. Agathe**.—I wish to express my gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for the favor she has granted me. I am asking prayers for one of my sons who is ill and unable to work. Mrs. E. G.—Sincere gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for protection given our family. Mr. P. R., **Montreal**.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the safe return from overseas of my four nephews. A. P., **Montreal**.—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for their protection. Mrs. R. M.—I heartily thank the loving Patroness of Missionaries for my cure. Mrs. J. B. D., **St. Anne des Monts**.—Thanks to St. Therese for favors received through her intercession. Mrs. P. B., **Varennes**.—Sincere thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. I am asking prayers for my mother and family. Mrs. J. R.—Please publish my thanks for a cure obtained through the intercession of Venerable Mother Marie of the Incarnation. Mrs. N. M., **Cornwall, Ont.**

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

REMEMBER



Please pray for several persons whose names I am sending in. A. J. — I would like you to make two novenas for two very special intentions. A subscriber. — Please pray that we may be better Catholics and that my father will return to his religion; also that we may receive the grace we need so much. M. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary for my daughter so she may find employment. Mrs. M. R., **Pt. St. Charles.** — Will you please make a novena for two very special intentions, also have a Mass said for the Holy Souls in thanksgiving to Our Holy Mother for a favor received. Mrs. H., **Verdun.** — Kindly pray that my throat may be healed and that I may get along better with my employer. Trusting Mary will help me. A subscriber. — I would greatly appreciate it if you would remember my family in all your good prayers, for their temporal and spiritual needs. Also for a very special favor for my daughter. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — I trust in your good prayers to obtain for me the grace of a good death as I do not think I shall last much longer. I will keep you in my prayers and Masses. A priest. — Please pray that my son may have better health and will soon get a permanent job. Please have a novena made for him. Mrs. W. C., **Chatham, Ont.** — I would be very pleased if you would pray for the recovery of my sister who is crippled with arthritis. A. T., **Tilbury, Ont.** — Please pray for me. Mr. B., **Ont.** — Please pray for a favor which has not yet been granted me. Please pray for two persons dear to me so they will stop drinking. Mrs.

B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray for me. G. L., **Warren, Penn.** — Will you kindly have a Mass said for my mother and will you please say a prayer for my intentions. E. A., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please make a novena for my health. Also pray for two of my children who don't want to remain in the Catholic Faith. Mrs. C., **Connecticut.** — Please pray to Our Blessed Lady that she will make my son successful in his grocery business. Anonymous. — May Our Blessed Mother obtain a very special favor for me. R. L. — Please pray for my son who drinks and has been neglecting his religion. Anonymous. — I am soliciting a novena of prayers for a special grace regarding my vocation. A subscriber. — I am requesting the powerful protection of Our Heavenly Mother for my son. A subscriber. — A special favor is requested. A subscriber. — The conversion of seven persons. Mrs. B. — I am asking the cure of my little sister through the intercession of Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts. A subscriber. — Please pray for a person addicted to drinking; for the purchase of a property and another special favor. J. T. — My cure and the sale of our property. Mrs. S. V. — May Our Blessed Mother cure me. Miss P. G., **St. Elisabeth.** — I am recommending a very special intention. J. A., **Herouville.** — Please pray that my health may improve. Anonymous. — A widowed and afflicted mother wishes to have prayers offered for her children and for the vocation of one of her boys. A subscriber. — The sale of two properties and another grace. Anonymous. — My husband's cure and mine; the conversion of a great sinner; a special favor for a young lady. Anonymous, **Montreal.** — The cure of a friend in the hospital and other favors. M. T., **Port Alfred.** — The cure of a father of three children; the cessation of trials for an afflicted family. Anonymous. — Will you kindly pray with me to Our Lady of the Rosary for my husband's cure or submission to God's holy will, and for the settling of our affairs. A subscriber. — Two cures are requested. Mrs. R. M. — My complete cure and protection for my home. Mrs. W. Q. — My son is suffering from a sore foot. Mrs. A. St. L.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Will you kindly begin a novena for my intentions as soon as you may find time to the Little Flower and the Blessed Mother of God, in whom I have so much confidence. Mrs. R., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please remember me in your prayers to the Infant Jesus. Mrs. E. D., **Otter River, Mass.** — Please make a special novena to St. Jude, Our Mother of Sorrows and the Sacred Heart so my husband and I shall be reconciled; also for my health. Mrs. L. — Will you please pray for my intentions and make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anne and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a very nervous condition which I would like to overcome. Mrs. L., **Jewett City, Conn.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 3; conversions, 21; cures, 45; employment, 9; special intentions, 93.



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From Notifications Received Before March 15)

Very Rev. Canon A. Tremblay, **St. Eugene d'Argentenay**;
 Rev. Father J.L. Dufresne, **Robertsonville**; Rev. Sister Marie
 de la Joie, Little Franciscan Sisters of Mary, **Baie St. Paul**; Mrs.
 Leon Barrette, **Fall River, Mass.**, mother of our Sister Anne de
 Jesus; Mrs. Nazaire Paradis, **Thetford Mines**, mother of our
 Sister St. Nazaire, Novice; Mr. Albert Alarie, **La Ferme, Abitibi**,
 father of our Sister Marie Albert, Novice; Miss Therese Aucoin,
Wellington, P.E.I., sister of our Sister Marie Adolphe; Mr. Laval
 Blackburn, **Chicoutimi**, brother of our Sister St. Hugues, Novice;
 Mr. Napoleon Durocher, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister
 St. Vital, Novice; Mrs. Charles Edouard Menard, **St. Elisabeth**;
 Mrs. Leopold Chabot, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Avila Belisle, Mr. Frederic Caza,
 Mr. Arthur Hamel, Miss Ode Larue, Mr. Adrien Pelletier, Mr. David Alex-
 andre Belanger, Mr. Napoleon Poirier, Miss Claire Coupal, Mr. Jules Limoges,
 Mrs. Louis De Cœur, Mrs. Alfred L'Ecuyer, Mr. Frederic Beaugrand, Mrs. J.O. Leduc,
 Mrs. David Greer, Mr. Philippe Lemay, Mr. Joseph Edger, Mr. C.A. Pelissier, Mr. Adelard
 Landry, Mrs. J.A. Delorme, Mrs. Joseph Lefebvre, Mr. E. Fontaine, Mrs. E. Lanthier, Mr.
 Henri Brault, Mr. Osias Brault, Mrs. J.J. McManus, Theresa Ann Doyle, Mrs. Teresa Small,
Montreal; Miss Hoolahan, Mr. Fred McCullen, **Verdun**; Mrs. Harold Scully, **Toronto**;
 Miss Georgiana Courtemanche, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mr. Lalonde, **Verdun**; Mr. D.V. Martin,
Ville Emard; Mrs. F.X. Witzig, **Pt. St. Charles**; Mrs. Amedee Quesnel, **Caughnawaga**;
 Mrs. Louis Marie Cloutier, **Maisonneuve**; Mr. Stanislas Nepveu, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs.
 David Lauzon, **Terrebonne**; Mrs. Treffe Brunelle, Mrs. Antoine Poutre, **St. Johns**; Mr.
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ville; Mr. Jean Bibeau, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mrs. Paul Lachapelle, **St. Jacques de**
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 Mr. J.H. Picard, **St. Stanislas Kostka**; Mr. Gustave Sabourin, Miss Francoise Blais, **Mont**
Laurier; Mrs. Isidore Pilon, **Ferme Neuve**; Mr. Gerard Robichaud, **Val David**; Mr. Pierre
 Beaulieu, **Notre Dame de Pontmain**; Mr. Henri Page, Mrs. Joseph Doufour, **Three Rivers**;
 Mrs. Telephone Savoie, Mrs. Eugene Boucher, Mr. Jos. Pepin, **Grand'Mere**; Mrs. J.A.
 Trepanier, Mrs. Henri Beland, Mrs. Eugene Picotte, **Louiseville**; Mrs. J.A. Savard, Mr.
 Joseph Napoleon Bilodeau, Miss Jeanne Raymond, Mrs. Louis Marquis, **Quebec**; Mrs.
 Charles Aime Boiteau, **Ancienne Lorette**; Mrs. Joseph Brochu, **St. Benoit Labre**; Mrs.
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Levis; Mr. Adelard Labrie, **St. Lazare**; Mr. Louis Gosselin, **St. Lambert**; Mrs. Ruphin
 Blaquiere, **St. Benoit**; Mrs. Ernest Langelier, **St. Angele de Merici**; Mr. Luc Caron, **Val**
Brillant; Mr. Joseph Murray, **St. Rene Goupil**; Mr. Xavier Ouellet, Mrs. Thomas Gilbert,
 Mr. Joseph Gagnon, Mr. Emile Tremblay, Mr. Jean Marie Harvey, Mr. Eugene Desbiens,
 Mr. Louis Poitras, Mr. Alphonse Riverin, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Wilfrid Boivin, **Bagotville**;
 Mr. Joseph Girard, **St. Gedeon**; Miss Francoise Fortin, **St. Joseph d'Alma**; Mr. Israel
 Saless, Mr. Francis Belanger, **Arvida**; Mrs. Ulric Lereau, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Elie Bouchard,
 Mrs. Ernest Fortin, **Roberval**; Miss Therese Morrisette, **Kenogami**; Mrs. George Burke,
Ottawa; Mrs. Isaie Chenier, **Alexandria, Ont.**; Mrs. Emmanuel Desmarais, **Pointe aux**
Roches, Ont.; Mrs. Jacques Godin, **Paquetville, N.B.**; Mrs. Arthur Barrette, **Salem,**
Mass.; Mrs. Josephine Desrochers, Miss Marie Lamontagne, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mr. Theo-
 phile Dufresne, **Manville, R.I.**; Mrs. Emery Demers, **Woonsocket, R.I.**; Mrs. Rose D.
 Girard, **Claremont, N.H.**; Mrs. Donat Bernier, **Baltic, Conn.**

More than anything else, a retreat will restore our level-headedness,
 our sense of values, our trust in God, our spiritual progress.

Rev. Frank E. Gartland, C. S. C.

Glad service is always the last and best gift of love.

Archbishop Goodier

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Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

- 1.— All the Sisters have a special intention for them in their Masses and Holy Communions.
- 2.— A Mass is said once a month for their intentions.
- 3.— The Sisters offer for the same intentions their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Motherhouse every Friday and Sunday of the year. The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition.
- 4.— Benefactors are likewise remembered by the members of the Community in the daily Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Mother. This Guard of Honor is also made at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, China, where the poor lepers in groups of fifteen continually recite the Rosary for the intentions of our Benefactors.
- 5.— A solemn Mass of requiem is sung once a year for deceased Benefactors.
- 6.— Deceased Benefactors share in the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross made each day by the Sisters.
- 7.— Holy Mass is offered twice a week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for all Subscribers to **The Precursor** and all living and deceased Benefactors.