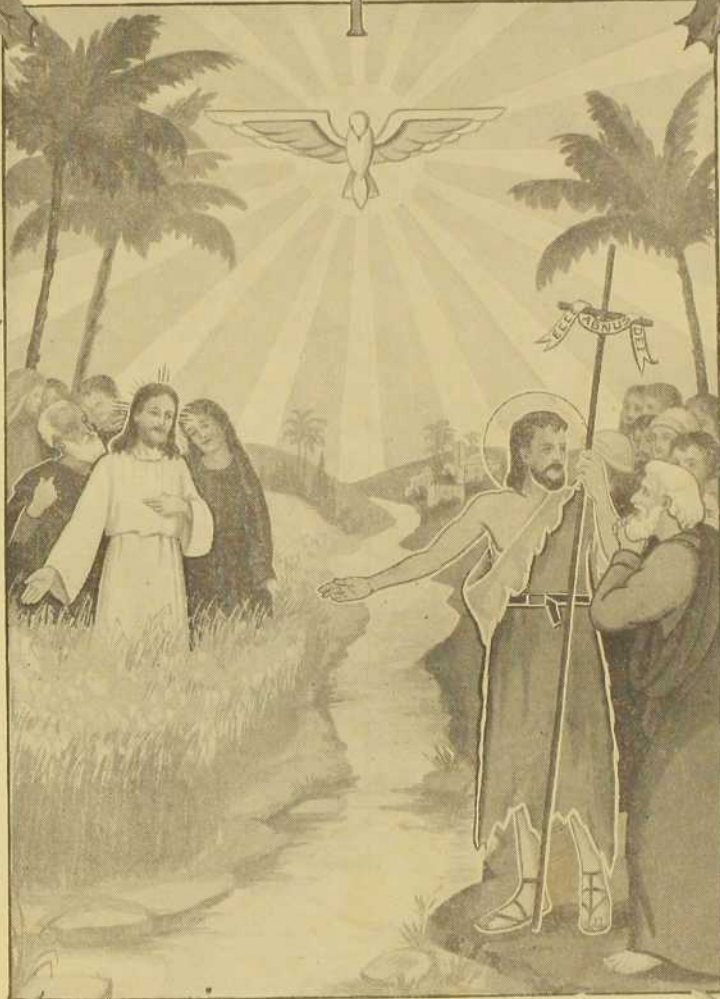


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR

Montreal, July-August 1947

No. 4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Practical Suggestions

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

Every Mite is Mighty!

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

IS YOUR NAME ON THE "PRECURSOR" LIST ?

THE PRECURSOR *is published every two months.*

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year

Single copies: 10 cents

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

Life Subscription: \$20.00

* * *

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



Thanks to Our Kind Benefactors!

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XV, 25th Year

MONTREAL, July-August 1947

No. 4

Contents

<i>Our Lady of Carmel</i>	178
The Precursor	
<i>The Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel</i>	179
Dom Gueranger	
<i>Scapular Protection</i>	180
<i>Mother Most Merciful</i>	181
<i>Good Old Lam Fong</i>	182
<i>Priests Are Wanted!</i>	186
<i>Her Priest</i>	187
Binic Parish Bulletin	
<i>Millions!</i>	188
<i>Former Retreatants Hold Marian Day</i>	189
<i>Laborers All</i>	190
<i>Mission Intention for the Month of July, 1947</i>	191
Right Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell	
<i>Wanted: Missionaries</i>	192
<i>"Thou Shalt Catch Men!"</i>	193
The Precursor	
<i>Black Pearl</i>	194
Rev. Father M. Badiou, S.J.	
<i>A Modern Martyr</i>	197
Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.	
<i>Along the Mission Newsfront</i>	199
<i>Joliette — Our Lady of the Cape</i>	225
<i>Excerpts From the Motherhouse Diary</i>	226
<i>The Children's Share</i>	228
<i>The Vaughan Family</i>	232
Stella Maris	
<i>Rays From Mary's Hands</i>	233
<i>Remember, O Mary</i>	234
<i>Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord</i>	

Our Lady of Carmel



*O fairest fragrant Flower! O fruitful mystic Vine!
O Splendor, Queen of Carmel, we kneel before thy shrine!
As once the Sons of Prophets upon the Mount of light,
We praise thee, Spotless Beauty, we wear thy Brown and White!*

*O treasure of the heavens, so singularly chaste,
Whom Christ the King Eternal in deathless glory placed,
We join the ranks of Carmel, thy bodyguard for aye,
To sing thy tender mercies upon thy festal day.*

*We lift not eyes prophetic, as saintly monks of yore;
Our bark is tossed by tempest, we seek in vain the shore.
O silver Star of Ocean, be thou the Beacon bright
To guide us safe to Heaven, who wear thy Brown and White!*

*We wear thy Sacramental, thy blessed livery,
With heart and soul exultant our homage pay to thee.
O Mary, Spotless Lily that grew from tainted sod,
Prepare our seats in glory, with Christ thy Son and God!*

THE PRECURSOR

The Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel



ON to the teachings of the Gospel by the earliest apostolic predications, the Sons of the Prophets, followers of Elias and Eliseus, vowed a deep and tender veneration to the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer. Often during her lifetime Mary had visited Carmel's shady groves, so admirably conducive to prayer and contemplation. On the hallowed spot where Elias had gazed with awe at the mysterious cloud, symbol and figure of the future Mother of God, these pioneer monks of the Catholic Church erected the first of all Marian shrines.

With the founding of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem in the twelfth century, Western pilgrims came in ever increasing numbers to swell the ranks of the Order of the Friars of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. It was at this period of its history that the Order added to its intense contemplative life the activities of preaching, engaging especially in propagating devotion to its Heavenly Patroness. The conventual way of life was adopted when the Patriarch of Antioch appointed St. Berthod first Prior General.

In the dawn of the thirteenth century Blessed Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, perfected the work so happily begun by giving a fixed Rule to the Brotherhood of Mount Carmel. In 1245 St. Simon Stock was elected Superior General by the first Western Chapter of the Order, which had been convened in England.

This choice was to prove providential in those troubled times when the very existence of the Order was at stake. The Fourth Lateran Council had decreed that no new Religious Orders could henceforth be established. The Carmelites, unknown, dressed in their white cloaks peculiar to the East, fell to all appearances under the ban. A long and tedious struggle ensued; unless the Carmelites could conclusively prove that they had existed as a Religious Order prior to the year 1215, they would be compelled to disband. Pope Honorius III was not easily convinced. However, enjoined in a vision by Our Lady to place the stamp of papal approval on the Order, he finally established it canonically by confirming the Rule existing from the fifth century.

Despite this, St. Simon Stock foresaw hardships and dissensions in the years that followed. His days and nights were one uninterrupted prayer for his Brethren, that they might take firm root and flourish. On the 16th day of July of the year 1251, as he knelt in prayer offering his petitions to the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady appeared to him and putting on him the Brown Scapular, spoke these heartening words: "He who dies clothed in this habit shall be preserved from eternal fire."

Not only against eternal fire was Our Lady of Mount Carmel to protect her devoted children. During dark and troublous times, in 1316, when the death of Pope Clement V left the Church for a prolonged period without a legitimate Shepherd, the Queen of All Saints appeared to the holy man who was soon to be known as Pope John XXII. She foretold his elevation to the See of Peter and enjoined him to publish still another favor she had obtained from her Divine Son for her children of Carmel. In the great Sabbatine Privilege which she ordered him to proclaim to the world, the Queen of Carmel promised to deliver from Purgatory on the Saturday after their death the souls of her beloved Carmelite children. To be saved from hell and soon to be released from Purgatory — this is the guarantee the Scapular gives us.

The authenticity of this extraordinary celestial concession has often been contested. But the Sovereign Pontiffs have many times confirmed the substance and letter of the sacred promises.

These spiritual riches were soon made available to all Christendom through Our Blessed Mother's munificence and the authority of the Holy See. All those who are enrolled in the Confraternity of Mount Carmel enjoy participation in the merits and privileges of the whole Carmelite Order. Who can tell the favors innumerable granted to the wearers of this humble Marian garment? When in the eighteenth century Pope Benedict XIII ordered the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel to be celebrated on July 16 throughout the universal Church, he but officially confirmed, so to say, the universality of the cult rendered down the ages to Our Lady, Queen of Carmel.

DOM GUERANGER

Scapular Protection

How many touching instances of faith and true piety we still meet with today in our exemplary Canadian families!

World War II was wreaking havoc in Europe and the conflict had already been waging over two years when Paul, second son of Mr. and Mrs. B., received orders to join the army. The anguish of the family and especially of the poor mother can easily be imagined. A son, a brother engaged in the great struggle meant a son, a brother exposed to any and every bodily and spiritual hazard. If many young men remain true to their God in the fray, how many others, with principles based on foundations less unshakable, lose what little faith they had!

Paul, one of five sons, was twenty-one. "He's just a boy," said his mother. "He's so young to leave home and his dear ones." But Paul, a boy in years, was a man in character. Bravely and unflinchingly he accepted the heavy sacrifice of separation and all the hardships he well knew would come on the heels of that one.

On departure day in the morning, while he was still in his room, he saw his mother coming in with a smile on her face, a little tired smile, he perceived. She had a scapular in her hand. Paul noticed she had sewed some medals on it.

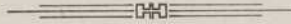
"Your officers will provide you with a military uniform, a rifle, a knapsack and so on. Allow your mother to invest you with an armor also. Never part from this precious talisman. Never forget to pray to Our Blessed Mother especially

in the hour of danger, and I am sure no misfortune will befall you. Be faithful to your God, to your Mother in Heaven and your mother on earth, and when the war is over I will hold you to my heart again."

Together at the bedside they knelt and said the *Memorare* to Mary. The son kissed his mother one last time, breakfasted, and the hour had come for the parting.

Paul was sent off to England, then to France where he took part in several engagements. A hundred times bullets whizzed over his head, ripped his clothes, but never so much as scratched his body shielded with Mary's Brown Scapular. Once, — how he still shivers when he thinks of it! — he was almost buried under a pile of earth and debris. But he lifted his hand to Mary's Sacramental on his breast and came out unscathed.

Then came victory. With a loving prayer to Mary, Empress of the Sea, the young Canadian soldier, glad and grateful, embarked on the long voyage to the homeland. Not long after it was given him to embrace his beloved mother, with whom he sang the tender mercy and protection of the Mother of Christ whose image had never left him all through the terrible clash of arms.



Mother Most Merciful



Pete was eighty-four and he was dying. No pleasant perspective this, for a man who had been a profligate all through those lengthy years of a misspent life. Pete was dying and dying all alone, unrepentant and unshriven.

For three weeks he had been lying on the sordid heap of rags which was his only bed, in a house of ill-repute, struggling with a mortal disease. Friends he had aplenty when rioting and revelling parties had been his order of the day and night, but as soon as misfortune and suffering had touched him, all had vanished like snow in the warm sunshine.

But for all that, no, Pete was not abandoned. From starry heights above a Mother bent over him, love unutterable urging her to rescue this pearl of great price lying in the dust and mire of sin. A kind lady, filled with zeal for the salvation of souls, had for the last sixteen years prayed and worked for Pete's return to the Fold.

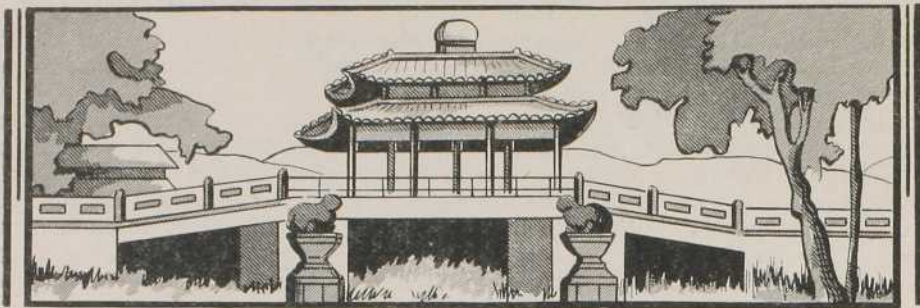
Being informed at last of her protegee's critical condition, she hastened to visit him. Alas, a torrent of abuse was her only answer as she gently tried to persuade the old sinner to settle his spiritual accounts. He had lived without God and he would die without God: this he punctuated with unprintable words and scowling looks.

But Mrs. X. for all her gentleness was not one to give up so easily. On her way home she called upon a venerable old priest of her parish, telling him all about Pete and his fierce resolution to die as he had lived.

A few moments later the priest was on his way, while the lady entered a church to storm Heaven with her supplications.

Pete was almost beside himself with rage when he saw the priest. Little by little, however, he listened to the kind words spoken with such persuasive force; his hardened old heart was softened as the minister of God's mercy spoke to him of the Mother who still loved her erring child and was waiting at Heaven's Gate to welcome him home.

The saving words of absolution washed away the sins of a lifetime, and Jesus in the Host visited this prodigal to help him over the dread crossing. Pete died that night and the Angels in Heaven rejoiced over the sheep that was lost but was found again through the Blessed Mother's merciful love.



Good Old Lam Fong

Sixty years ago he was born in Tai Tong, near Canton, and sixty years hence he will be leisurely smoking his patriarchal pipe on the avenues of Heaven. Twenty-five years — chronological beginnings not being forbiddingly vetoed — his mother has been sleeping her last sleep beneath the grass-grown sod. Tears well up in his eyes — I speak of Lam Fong, her son and her all — at the mere mention of her name.

Lam Fong, until his baptism, never omitted the prescribed tributes of incense before the ancestral tablet. Last of the names thereon written is that of Tak Hing, his beloved mother. Christian faith and innate filial piety long struggled for the upper hand within him, until one day the grace of God gently silenced the call of nature, and Lam Fong turned away from the incense to set his heart on another mother, Malea, the blue-mantled Mother of God.

Malea it was who led him through labyrinthian pathways to the one changeless God. One need only turn over the pages of his life history to be in a position to identify this and that move as ordained by the Lady of Heaven, Mary Most Merciful.

Years ago, so runs this epic of Lam Fong's, the hero lived in a modest brick house with a black tiled roof. On rainy days the jeremiads of the whistling winds filled the place with weirdness and melancholy. But rain or shine, the young Chinese lived and loved there. Let the neighbors raise up to the stars and beyond the worth of their daughters, Lam Fong cared not a fraction of a jot. He would say he had his mother and in no event intended to present any but a mother-son home front. Still, the first member of the twosome tried to persuade the second that she couldn't live forever and ever. An old woman like her couldn't work in the fields, couldn't do this, couldn't do that. Reverently the young man registered the maternal admonitions in that unfathomable Asiatic mind of his. There was wisdom in her words, no gainsaying that, but he was determined to maintain the *status quo* re matrimonial matters. "Momo, I won't marry as long as you live. My happiness will be to remain close to you and take good care of you." Motherly to her fingertips, Tak Hing punctuated her pleadings with a full stop period and the chapter was closed.

All in all, Tak Hing deserved love as all-embracing and exclusive. A pagan notwithstanding, the old Chinese mother knew that kindness eases

the jolts of life. Naturally upright, honest and kindly, she possessed that treasure of treasures which is a heart of gold. Misery touched her as it moves the truest follower of the Gentle Savior. Had someone inquired of her whether there existed a word one could put in practice all through life's little day, with Confucius the sage she could have answered: "Kindness towards others. Do not do to others that which you do not wish they should do to you."

Still, Tak Hing the kindly had not always trodden a rose-strewn path. Death had taken her husband, two sons and a daughter; four times she had drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs. Fong, then an urchin of ten or so, had for days and days fluttered between life and death, finally dodging the fatal blow. Half a hundred years after he still remembers how earnestly his bereaved mother implored the clemency of Buddha and protection from the ancestors. He recalls also, as if it were an event of yesterday, the clouds of incense that floated towards the household gods and beneficent genii. Neither incense nor prayer had wheedled pity out of the passing gods of stone, but the Almighty and Eternal God had compassion on the noble mother who had never even learned to whisper His Holy Name. The boy's cheeks recovered their usual healthy glow, and the boy's affection for the guardian of his days grew and grew, until he had made an enviable reputation for himself as practising filial piety in its highest degree.

Years rolled on, work and worry laden, with a beam of sunshine ever and anon to brighten things up. Slowly, like the receding tide, the old mother's life ebbed away. One evening, knowing the end could not be long delayed, she called her son to her bedside for the ultimate farewell:

"My son, I am going to die. As long as you live be honest, dutiful and kind. Adore the gods and the ancestors often. Fulfill all the duties prescribed in their regard. Be charitable towards all needy brethren. Nothing else can give happiness."

Sobs choking his voice, the young man promised. In his turn he tried to influence in his favor those pitiful substitutions for the God man must adore. But ears they had and heard him not. Tak Hing



GOOD OLD LAM FONG

had run her race and death claimed her. Fong bought a handsome coffin and the funeral rites stretched over seven weeks. The neighbors endeavored to prove their sympathy, which sympathy he in his sorrow did not detect as springing from the principle which says that it is not good for man to be alone. Discreetly the would-be candidates tried to renew parleys with a view to wedlock, but they soon realized they were wasting sweetness on the desert air. Bachelor Fong he was and Bachelor Fong he would remain.

Funeral rites over and mourners gay once more, Lam Fong felt a wave of lonesomeness engulfing him. The old home looked glum and cheerless. So he decided to go to the ends of the earth to begin over singly and alone. People's tongues wagged wellnigh unto exhaustion when he sold all his belongings, save the ancestral tablet, two or three buddhas and a black silk shawl embroidered with an enormous golden dragon. Lam Fong tucked all these souvenirs of happier times in a package, pulled at the strings, his own heart-strings feeling strangely tugged at meanwhile, and rushed off to the port of Canton. Convinced from personal experience that people's stomach strings needed to be attended to three times a day, he hired as kitchen cook number two on board a cargo that sailed from one continent to the other. Lam Fong the Chef did so much and so well that before long he won the coveted ensign of his profession. His boss liked him. Once, only once the culinary debutant allowed himself a weekend from his first fervor. His ship had reached an American port and there was a cafe nearby. The man from China had evidently had some misgivings as to the strength of whisky and its aftermath, and the quantity he absorbed would have been without precedent, except for the excesses of ante-diluvian, I mean pre-deluge days. But he didn't swoon into the arms of Morpheus. Instead, he jumped on a table, almost sang his lungs out, quoted all the wisecracks from his repertory and declined all invitations mild and wild to come off his oratorical roost. There you would still find him A. D. 1947 if the proprietor, anxious about the what-do-people-say, had not called the police. Thus it happened that Fong went for a motorcycle trip that night, accompanied by remorse and a ninety-percent abatement of enthusiasm. At the police station he was said goodbye to with threats. But back within the sanctum of his own home, the unfortunate Celestial wept as earthly sons of men do. Wishing to atone for his fault and appease his departed mother's wrath, he took out the sacred tablet and exhausted in its presence all his provision of incense. There in front of the name of one he had loved in life and still loved in death, the guilty son promised to begin on a clear record once more.

First and last of his sprees that was. Fong courted wisdom anew and winecups, etc., broke into bits against the adamant of his manful resolve.

Meanwhile years wore on and Fong had his fiftieth birthday. Sea-fever left him and he decided to settle in Vancouver. Thence, for reasons unknown to the writer but all clear to the Blessed Mother, he moved to Montreal. Lam Fong, who had once hugged three buddhas, would there learn to adore Three Divine Persons in One God. The Gentile would enter into the family of the Most High.

Once upon a Saturday in July, Fong crept out of his little room hot as an inferno to enjoy the fresh morning air. Suddenly an unaccountable weariness and pain overwhelmed him. He noticed a Catholic church nearby with its doors wide open. Any oasis would be acceptable. He saw a good old lady absorbed in her prayers. Wearily he staggered on to one of the pews in the rear. Never before had he set foot in a Catholic house of prayer. Tired or not, he might as well examine the statues. How many gods and goddesses did those Christians honor, he wondered. Long his eyes dwelt on the one that seemed to be their Queen — a beautiful Lady clad in a royal blue mantle and crowned with stars. "Goddess or Queen," prayed he to the Unknown Beauty, "whoever you are, if you can do anything, do help me!" Then all went black and poor Fong fell unconscious. Luckily the woman in prayer had a distraction at the opportune moment. Seeing the old Chinese lying prone and helpless, she hurried out for assistance.

When Fong came to again, medicine odors and the swish of starched uniforms told him he was in a hospital. He tried to remember what had happened. Suddenly his eyes alighted on the statue of a Lady garbed in a blue mantle. He had seen her before — but where? Little by little it all came back to him — the Catholic temple, the woman in prayer, the Unknown Goddess, his own prayer. "She has had pity on me," he mused.

Alive he still is. While at the hospital he asked a hundred questions about the Lady in Blue: her name, her rank, her country, her history. It thrilled him to learn that she was God's Mother and the Mother of all men. The Mother led him to her Son. The life of Our Lord, the old, old story of divine mercy and love, was told to him. Fong listened like a schoolboy and weighed everything in his mind. One day he said he wanted to be instructed in the Catholic Faith and a catechism was put in his hands. This he studied with all the application of a student aiming at his B. A. At sixty, though, the mind of man isn't immune against forgetfulness. The Creed, the Our Father and the Hail Mary took weeks to settle in his hard old head. No doubt Mother Mary took a hand and bade that rusty memory do its duty better, for on the feast of the Immaculate Conception Lam Fong was baptized and made his First Holy Communion.

Old Fong is no longer a hospital inmate. He is home, doesn't work any more, just wonders when his Heavenly Father will come for him. His heart doesn't function as it should, and he feels that the first attack will very likely be the last. That won't be half so bad, anyway, says he, for that will give him a chance to see the Lady to whom he daily offers the Aves of his rosary. *Shan i fuk, Malea . . .*

While waiting for the moment when "now" and "the hour of our death" will happily coincide for him, the newly-dubbed Knight of Heaven's Lady reveres the blue-mantled statue on his table. She who was foretold in the morning of creation as the spotless Virgin who would crush the head of the haughty infernal serpent now stands victorious and merciful on the ancient heathen dragon!

Priests Are Wanted!



To pour on the brow of the newborn babe the purifying stream that makes one a child of God and of the Church; to distribute to souls the Food of the Holy Eucharist and the Bread which is the Word of God; to absolve from sin, to bless the union of husband and wife, to assist the dying in their last agony, priests are needed!

To counteract the many and perverse attacks of the enemies of our Holy Faith; to conduct our seminaries, colleges and Catholic Action movements; to mould our youth and raise bulwarks of the Faith in our parishes, priests are needed!

To open new parishes in colonization sections; to attempt the conquest of the pagan throngs ready and waiting for the Gospel light to illumine their darkened horizons, priests are needed, missionaries are wanted!

Priests — we need them everywhere, and everywhere their number is insufficient to respond to the manifold needs that surge up. No Catholic in name and in truth may remain indifferent to this problem, for on its solution depends the staunch Catholic Faith of the Canada of tomorrow and the extension of God's Kingdom in heathen territories.

How can we remedy this dearth of ministers of the altar? By fostering vocations to the priesthood. Let us *pray* the Lord of the Harvest, that He may raise up sterling laborers. Let us *encourage and favor* sacerdotal vocations in our families. Let us succor with our alms candidates to the sublime function of the priesthood who would be exposed to fail in their attainment of the lofty ideal they cherish for want of monetary means.

Several bishops have established a vocational movement in their diocese destined to receive the offerings of the faithful towards more priestly vocations. The Montreal address of this vocational movement is 1105 Boulevard Gouin East, Montreal 12.

Let us give priests to the Church, and Christ, the Eternal High Priest, will shower divine blessings on the Land of the Maple!



He who is consumed by the love of souls becomes mad; he stops at nothing; no sacrifice costs him anything.

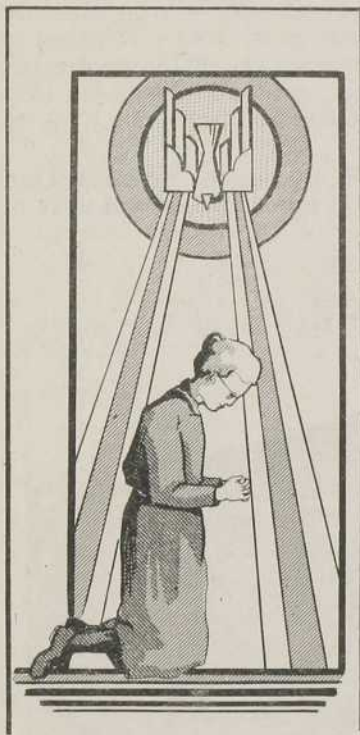
Just de Bretenieres

Her Priest

She was old and bent by labor, and the years had snowed on her hair once fair and golden. And still she cherished a dream . . . One Sunday she had heard it said, and the words had hurt her heart, she had heard the parish priest say that sacerdotal hands were sorely lacking everywhere. Tears had sprung to her faded brown eyes. But what could she do, what could an old spinster in her condition attempt to remedy the situation? True, she could pray, she could implore the Holy Ghost to instil in the hearts of mothers the desire of leading their sons unto the altar of God. Nothing further lay in her power. And yet! She could not rest in assurance for all that. Had not Father said other searing words: "In these our days prayer is not enough; we must be up and doing." What should she do?

Suddenly an idea surged in her mind—a foolish idea—but what of that? Couldn't she save up enough money to pay for the priestly education of a boy? Poor old auntie! Her master hadn't left her any millions, nor any thousands for that matter. She could hardly make ends meet as things stood. But she could be more thrifty, she could work. How can you be more thrifty when you hardly eke out a precarious living? How can you toil and spend yourself when all your bodily energy is spent and only the strong will of steel is there to make you overlook your weariness?

And still she pledged her word. She would give her God a priest, another consecrated Christ. Bravely she set to work, one sole ambition goading her on:



A priest, my priest, a priest who will pray for me! O my God, do not let me die until I give You this priestly conquest of mine!" And by dint of economy she saved five thousand francs. Would that be enough? She would ask the curate about it. "Father, I have been cherishing a fond dream, but I need you to help me realize it. I want to have my own priest. Surely you will find in the parish a studious and pious boy who will later become a good priest like you. Here's a small amount for his instruction. Will it be enough? If not, I shall work again, Father."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, Jane," answered Father feelingly. "God will surely bless you." And the good soul went away weeping tears of joy and murmuring: "I will have my very own priest."

Her paralyzed fingers no longer work today, but her old age is brightened by the thought of the future priest who is studying and striving for sanctity.

"Go in peace, good and faithful servant."
"Go, calm and confident, with a smile on your lips, to the judgment seat of God. He will welcome you with love and say: "Good and faithful servant, you who seemed so small and useless on earth, you who were so hidden and

unknown, behold in the ages to come all the good your priest will operate, all the good the priests he will have formed will do in souls. Behold all those sinners healed and forgiven, all those children kept pure as lilies, all those young girls protected against the impure breath of sin . . . All this glory I owe to you! Your privations and trials so uncomplainingly borne have given Me a priest . . . priests!"

Binic Parish Bulletin

Millions!...



It has been estimated that one hundred and fifty million dollars worth of liquor was sold in the Province of Quebec during the year 1945. This fabulous total represents three million dollars a week.

The City of Montreal alone is said to have absorbed a third of that unbelievable amount, or fifty millions.

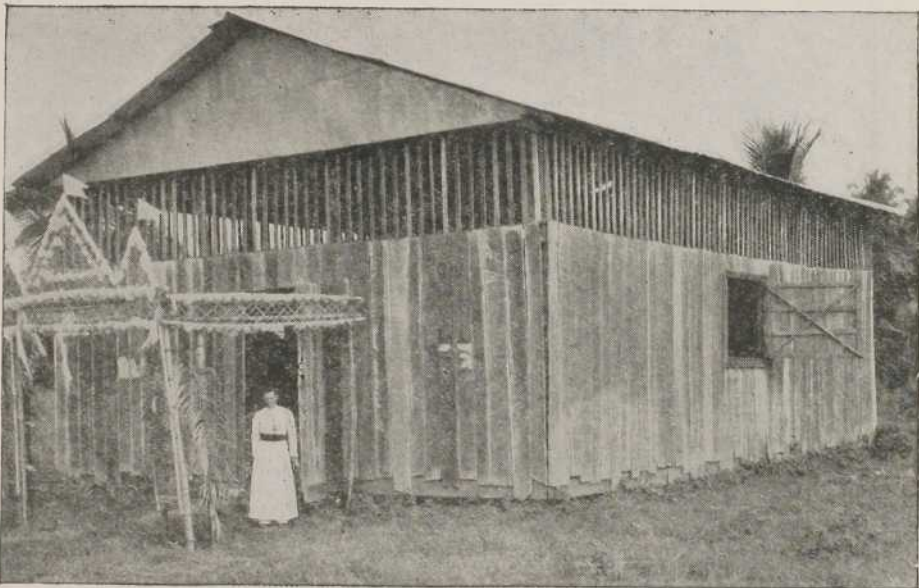
One hundred and fifty million dollars engulfed in wine glasses and beneficial neither to individuals nor to the nation as a whole.

On the contrary, how much suffering and disorder, how many physical ills and moral sadnesses have been occasioned by the swelling tide of these spirituous drinks! How

many promising young persons, how many middle-aged citizens have been left moral wrecks by the winecup passion! What sorrow and what agony have followed in the wake of revelries where the drink that man loveth reigned supreme and undisputed!

Look at those figures again. One hundred and fifty millions lost — irreparably lost. Millions squandered, when multitudes of human beings have to go on empty stomachs and never enjoy the luxury of three square meals a day. Millions to satisfy unnamable passions, millions to offend God, when Our Father in Heaven gives us not only our daily bread, but all those things wherewith to make our lives easy and comfortable, asking only in return that we love Him and share what we have with our needy brethren.

Millions to give satanic pride to the Prince of Evil, when the Sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth still remains the Unknown God for one billion and more of His creatures fashioned by His hands.



REV. FATHER BEAUDOIN'S CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES

With those millions — what miseries one could mitigate, what holy undertakings one could launch and make prosper in our country! With those millions, how many heralds of the Gospel, lost on their lone mission frontiers, could appease hunger of body and hunger of soul, with the bread we receive without laboring for it and the Holy Eucharist we so often obtain from an all-loving God without always appreciating it at full value.

Oh, if Christ's apostles had only a fraction of those millions! What stately altars they would raise to the True God, there where false divinities command the adoration of intelligent human beings!

If only they had a fraction of those squandered millions, they would erect Catholic temples where the children of the jungle and the mountain could adore their Maker, could be told that they were created to know, love and serve Him.

With a fraction of those millions, hospitals could be built for the sick and maimed, orphanages could be set in operation for dear little lost or abandoned children, schools could dispense Christian education. With a fraction of those millions, the poor would be helped, the poor whose utter indigency is often their excuse for not going to fulfill their religious duties.

Oh, that those winecup millions fell in the hands of Christ's Catholic Action men and women! What enormous amounts of good would thereby be wrought! Let us never forget that the abuse of liquor and all the other whims of our countrymen cost untold millions and deprive our country, or rather humanity, of blessings and benefits, while at the same time they deprive God of the glory which is His due as Lord of Heaven and earth!

GRANBY

FORMER RETREATANTS HOLD MARIAN DAY

On May 25 last, the former retreatants of Mary Mediatrix Retreat House gathered at Marieville for a day of prayer and praise in honor of the Blessed Mother of God.

During Holy Mass, which was celebrated at 8.30 by Msgr. J. C. Leclair, V.G., Rev. Father E. Hadd, preacher of the Marian Day, developed with persuasiveness and eloquence the theme so in harmony with the maternal injunctions of Our Blessed Mother: "The Rosary, a prayer agreeable to the Heart of Jesus, agreeable to the Heart of Mary, sweet to the heart of the Christian."

In the afternoon hours, a throng estimated at seventeen hundred persons took part in the procession organized in honor of Our Lady of Fatima, rendering homage to the Queen of Heaven and imploring her gentle blessing on the diocese and the entire world.

The Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was recited in front of the repository altar erected at the church entrance, following which Msgr. Leclair spoke in the name of His Excellency the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. Rev. Father Breton, retreat promoter, then thanked all who had done their share in the success of the Marian triumph, which success, we gratefully admit, is owed in large part to his own indefatigable zeal.

The pious throng dispersed after the last notes of their farewell song to the Blessed Mother had died on the evening air.

Laborers All



To every creature fashioned by hands divine has been assigned some particular task that none may shirk without marring the wonderful order of God's universe.

Earlier than the dawn, birds chirrup in leafy cathedrals their morning hymn to the Creator of all, insects stir and hum, flowers open to the invigorating dew, plowmen set out for the fields, laborers for plants and foundries. The hive of the universe hums with activity; people everywhere are beginning to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow, as God ordered Adam after the fall.

Violet Thompson seemed to be ignorant of this universal law of labor. Indeed, who would expect a lovely heiress to do anything in the line of work? Her beautifully manicured hands had never even been raised to put away a discarded garment. What were maids for, if not to fetch and carry and relieve one of the least effort?

Of course, I had quite forgotten to tell you, Violet did work strenuously — on the ballroom floor. This accounted for milady dawdling in bed until ten or eleven o'clock of a morning. Poor Betty, Violet's own particular maid, would grumble about it to the other servants and wonder if she would get the room done before luncheon, as her mistress spent hours with lipstick and powder and nail polish. Rather depressing to see an intelligent woman thus throwing away her opportunities to serve others, by concentrating on her own ego, all of twenty-four hours.

For a change let us peep in at Mrs. Nelson's shining cottage windows. A bracing atmosphere reigns in the humble home where Mother works from dawn to dusk, making everybody comfortable and happy. No dawdling in feather beds here, but the old saw put in practice: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Contentment stems from tasks cheerfully done, while laziness breeds discontent and grumpy dispositions.

The humblest creature here below has a divinely assigned mission which corresponds to the end God had in view upon creating it. This end is not attained, nay, cannot be attained, without labor. The humble worm itself has a task to fulfill, a goal to reach, for it also belongs to the well-ordered militia of useful beings. How could man, the masterpiece of creation, remain without a mission to fulfill, a work to do?

Good old Homer tells of princesses spinning and weaving wool or performing with royal hands household chores and menial tasks. Rome, in that golden age of her history, honored the mother who looked to the ways of her household. Roman matrons of that age were a match for the heroes their country boasts of. One noble patrician once remarked to a friend: "Congratulations! You have a son about whom everyone talks and a daughter about whom all are silent!"

"Reflect on Mary's life at Nazareth. In Mary is found the prototype of all beauty, the resume of all that is noble and great. And yet we do not hear that she ever tried to show off her wonderful gifts, that she minced in a drawing room or idly strummed the guitar. It is highly probable that she never wrote a book; but one sure thing: she certainly knew the domestic arts of cooking and washing, of dusting and sewing and weaving. This last art she so excelled in that Our Blessed Savior owed to her maternal tenderness His seamless Robe." (Rev. Father Marchal)

Every man here below is bound to work. And if his wealth dispenses him from earning his daily bread in the sweat of his brow, he is nonetheless obliged to labor's universal law. His privileged position as a man of wealth and power means only that he must become father to the poor and needy and the Heavenly Father's ambassador to secure for them the daily bread for which they daily pray.

Besides, there are the spiritually poor who hunger in a moral way with none to break unto them the bread of truth. All these who are in distress must be relieved, whether they be next-door neighbors or half-naked savages in jungle lands afar. And this work of apostolate which none may shirk and yet call themselves Christians, is the work most agreeable to God. Let them but accomplish it faithfully and cheerfully and give from their abundance, and theirs will be the reward exceeding great.

MISSION INTENTION

for the Month of July, 1947

Sisters Engaged in Teaching and Other Works of Zeal

While the number of women who dedicated their lives exclusively to the service of Christ from apostolic times is too numerous to be reckoned, it remained for the opening of the mission apostolate in New France (Canada) in the 17th century to prepare the way for active participation in this apostolate by Sisters, members of religious communities. Among the pioneers in that movement may be listed Ven. Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Ven. Marie D'Youville, foundress of the Grey Nuns, Jeanne Mance, foundress of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph and Mother Marie of the Incarnation of the Ursulines. These were the first in a seemingly endless chain to which many new links have been added particularly during the past one hundred years.

Even in the time of the establishment of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith we find the brother of the foundress, Pauline Jaricot, expressing his mind on the inability of women to serve in the China missions. Yet, today, we find that their number far exceeds that of the priests and brothers, while vocations among native women in mission lands are being increased tremendously each year.

What has caused this change? According to Rev. Joseph Schmidlin, D.D., when the mission apostolate was expanded in the 19th century, "a series of religious institutes for women were founded and their organized entry into the ranks of mission auxiliaries is a special characteristic of the most recent period." In addition the various caste and tribal taboos necessitated the presence of Sisters to care for the members of their own sex in the majority of mission countries. Regardless of the charity and the zeal of the priest volunteer, he would find himself powerless to cope with the successful operation of an orphanage, a maternity center, or a girls' training school. Sisters, therefore, became the answer to some of the most vexing problems of the apostolate.

Recent Rulings Expand Utility

The expanded mission program opened new fields for widening the work of Sisters in all parts of the world. The purdah proved no barrier to the woman religious who would instruct the children or care for their mothers in time of illness. Even the Moslems welcomed these female messengers of Christ, who brought learning and health into their midst. Finally the lifting of the ban imposed by the Holy See against the various communities of women practicing obstetrics, opened new and greatly enlarged activities for the Sisters.

Thus we find that now in iron-curtained Mongolia a hospital has been opened by a Sister Surgeon, specialist in gynecology and obstetrics, while in many other sections of China hospitals are staffed by Sister doctors and nurses. In India not only hospitals are functioning under the skilled direction of the Sisters, but training schools for native nurses and doctors are in operation. In Africa and in Oceania the mission centers are also complete with sewing, midwifery as well as domestic science classes over which the Sisters are the guiding spirits.

In view of the varied roles of our Catholic sisterhoods in mission lands it is not surprising that the Holy See asks the prayers of the faithful in their behalf during the month of July. They have already proven their worth as precious auxiliaries to the bishops and priests and will undoubtedly take on new tasks as the occasions arrive.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director

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

Wanted: Missionaries



"Missionaries! Missionaries! We want Missionaries!" Do you hear the pressing, heart-rending plea that surges up from the furthest confines of the foreign mission field? Behold on every hand the harvest gleams overripe and golden sheaves perish because the harvesters are so pitifully few.

As never before during nineteen centuries of Christianity, souls are waiting to be told of the all-compelling tenderness of the Savior. The nations of the Orient, crushed all these terrible years under the oppressive weight of anguish and pain, are yearning after the Only One who can heal their sorrow. They may know it not, but

Christ it is that they hope for, Christ is their Long Expected. But to lead Christ's Blessed Feet, harbingers of peace, in heathen fastnesses, apostles are wanted, thousands of them, since the number of those distressed sheep without a shepherd exceeds one billion!

What a heart-pang it is to be unable, for want of sterling-souled recruits, to give a joyous response to the oft-repeated appeals that reach us from all the mission corners of the globe! Would to God we

might be able to answer: "Yes, we shall go! We shall hurry to the rescue of those suffering souls!"

This is the agony that grips the heart of the great missionary pastors today. Vocations woefully few in number have not rendered feasible the formation of a battalion mighty enough to be sent out on all mission fronts at the same time.

And still more appeals, hopeful and cheerful, reach us from over the ocean. Fain would we cry out for all to hear: "O you, youth of my homeland, you whose souls are athrill with enthusiasm and zeal, you who long to give yourselves and spend yourselves, behold the lofty task open to your devotedness! Legions of souls to conquer! Christ, your Leader and your King, to make known and loved, to enthrone where the Prince of Darkness and his idols are still reigning triumphant!

"As once Just de Bretenieres in childhood days, bend low towards the sod, hold your ear against the damp ground and listen to the sorrowful sighs that rise from the other side of the globe. 'Tis the disconsolate pleading of a multitude of hapless souls, grieving and mourning in the iron clutch of paganism, and claiming their portion of liberty and love beneath the rays of the Divine Sun of Righteousness. Will you remain deaf and indifferent to the distress of so many afflicted brethren?"



"Thou Shalt Catch Men!"

*Tell me, laddie, as you kneel in the presence of the King,
Does there ever come a message that prompts your heart to sing?
Do you hear the voice that thrills you, the voice of Christ your Lord,
Bidding you to bear afar both His honor and His Word?*

*Did you never ponder, laddie, the Scripture text that tells
Of the beauty of the house where the God of Glory dwells?
With your hands and with your heart, would you build more mansions, son,
That will tabernacle Christ, the Eternal Holy One?*

*Have you read the Gospel story of how the Savior called
Peter, fisher of the deep, who responded, glad, enthralled?
They had labored all the night, they were weary fishermen,
But the "Launch out!" of the Lord gave them heart to try again.*

*And behold, a wondrous draught was the meed of them that hoped!
Peter knelt adoringly as a hallowed vision oped:*

"Lord, depart, I pray, from me, for a sinful man am I!"

"Peter, you shall fish again, but the word I rectify!"

*"Launch out, Peter, in the deep, on the ocean of the world!
Men, not fish, shall fill your nets; what if tempests are unfurled?
Fear not, faint not, here abiding your fragile skiff I steer.
Give me souls and weary not! In the fishing persevere!"*

*Twenty centuries ago rang the Christ-call to the sea,
Where immortal souls of men are in fearful jeopardy.
Long and wild the winds have blown, but the workers never quailed,
With the blessing of their Lord their endeavors never failed.*

*Still one billion souls today, on the waves of doubt are tossed.
Tell me, laddie, will the Blood of the Victim Christ be lost?
Will that billion, laddie, mingle in Heaven's hymns of love?
Will you see that all are given a chance to look above?*

*If the God of Missions call you, will you turn His offer down?
If the great Redeemer beckon to beautify your crown,
Bearing for His sake your cross on some foreign far-off strand,
Will you turn and walk away, will you spurn His proffered hand?*

*Laddie, never, this I know, for a hero's heart is yours,
In the fray a hero's heart for the right and God endures!
With a smile he goes to death, with his Master looking on,
For the look of Christ assures that the love of Him is won!*

THE PRECURSOR



Black Pearl

Saheb did not own the Nizam's Dominions, but he had never known want, had never felt the sting of poverty. Upright, blameless, he found no more satisfaction for his logical mind in the evanescent themes of Hinduism. Christian ideals appealed to him more forcefully than ever. When Father Paul G. stepped into his life the two became friends, God approving and planning how He would one day bestow the inestimable gift of faith on the Hindu magnate.

Saheb had a tender spot in his heart, too tender to be denied mention and appreciation, for his youngest daughter, Maggona.

MAGGONA

Maggona had no evil genius within her. She was courteous to the beggar and considerate towards the jaded wanderer who besought her assistance. For those whose hearts bled and whose spirits sank she had words of comfort and uplifting deeds of kindness. There was only, so people said, one dark spot to the perfect tableau: Maggona loved finery with a passionate love. Of jewels and necklaces and bracelets and rings and ear pendants she never had too many, she never had enough.

Now another frenzy had taken hold of her glamor-loving mind. She was wondering and scheming how to persuade her father to secure for her the most beautiful of beautiful pearls, the famous black pearl whose iris glow makes it a thing of matchless splendor.

Gently Saheb had said no, but his negative daily neared the coveted affirmative she knew would not long be delayed. Saheb didn't worry about the monetary cost to be incurred; he didn't mind this additional surrender before his daughter's fancy; what he dreaded was that this caprice of Maggona's would in all likelihood spell death for some pearl diver. He knew that sharks abound in the vicinity of the renowned black pearls, and human flesh would make a tasty meal for the murderous seafish.

HOW PEARLS ARE FORMED

The famed pearl oyster was not always thus. It is in an effort to struggle against a grain of sand or a tiny parasite that would develop at its expense that the oyster reacts by forming around the invader layers of concentric pearl all the finer and more numerous according as the intruding agent is the more stubborn. Among these animalcules the oyster especially dislikes a certain intestinal parasite which sharks emit in great quantity at a given season. In its deathly combat with this parasite it reacts with all its capacity of secretion, multiplying the number of layers of pearl and compressing them the better to stifle the intruder under the density. It so happens that fine pearls are not easily ground beneath the blow of a hammer. Still, they dissolve in strong vinegar, air finally alters their worth, they fade away and wither, they die.

According as the oyster has succeeded or not in enclosing the parasite, the pearl acquires more or less iridescent lustre. The round pearl is superior.

The value of the pearl depends also on its orient, that is, the depth or distinguishing quality of the pearl's lustre.

The white pearl is highly prized. The cream-colored one is still more valuable, but the iris black pearl surpasses them all. A person who would pay a hundred thousand francs for one of these would not regret the cost and esteem he has paid too much.

MOUTOU

Saheb didn't have a mind to displease his daughter. But he hesitated to ask someone to risk the perilous dive. Everyone knew the Black Pearl Creek, but everyone knew as well that it was a favorite haunt of the sharks.

One day a certain man named Moutou approached Saheb. Three sons and two winsome little damsels called him father. By trade he was a fisherman, and by religion a fervent Christian who had had many a time the opportunity of meeting Father Paul G. at Saheb's stately residence. He was coming to offer himself to go in search of the black pearls Maggona desired so ardently. Not that chill penury drove him to this expedient in order to reap therefrom a handsome reward, but Moutou was a Christian, have I said, and as such, he grieved that his Lord and God should be housed in nothing but a miserable straw hut. He wanted to give Him something more, a real worthy mansion with a real magnificent steeple.

He insisted so much and so energetically that Saheb came to the conclusion that his daughter Maggona and this Christian Moutou would both be the happier if the latter set out on his peril-fraught adventure. Saheb had no need of millions, as previously stated, but he enjoyed making others happy and here was an occasion.

PEARL FISHING

It was during the calm monsoon season. The last days of April would bring more tempestuous breezes and what was to be done was to be quickly done.

In the early morning Moutou and two helpers steered their boat towards the oyster banks. The pearls, they knew, would be found at a depth varying from ten to forty metres. Two cords were lifted at the prow. Moutou stepped on the cable, seized a basket and dived. For a moment the waters eddied and the two helpers knew that Moutou had touched the bottom. Without losing a second he filled his basket with pearls, gave a brisk tug at the cord and the boatmen pulled the catch to



MAGGONA

the surface. Moutou returned also to the surface to breathe fresh air and plunged a second time. This was not all a rosy business, he reasoned. A forty-year-old pearl diver hasn't much vitality left. It happens not seldom that men of the trade, under the pressure of water or because of the icy temperature of the ocean depth, remain underneath to occupy a watery grave or breathe their last on reaching the surface. Everywhere men are found who have to pay for the misdeeds and whims of other human beings.

A MORE BEAUTIFUL PEARL

Moutou had plunged fifty times if he had plunged once. The extent of time spent under the water cannot be more than fifty to seventy seconds. The boatmen grew uneasy. The cord hanging from the basket remained dangling as before and nothing disturbed its tension. Fearful and perplexed they bent downward and strained their eyes, trying to fathom the mystery of the sea. Suddenly their anguished eyes saw something springing up from the bottom of the sea and stretching on the blue of the waters... it was human blood! And in the distance they watched, powerless and terror-stricken, sharks tearing the limbs of a human being.

All color drained from their faces, they returned and went to seek Father Paul. Together they prayed for a few moments, then the priest accompanied them to Saheb's residence to make known the sorrowful tidings. Maggona was at home, curious and impatient, wondering whether the pearl so long coveted would at last be hers.

Hearing the recital of the witnesses and the concluding words of Father Paul, she shivered to the depths of her soul. Bursting into convulsive weeping, she had to lean on her father's shoulder for support. For a long time she wept uncontrollably, thinking of the boys and dear lasses forever deprived of their beloved father. Then, unclasping her jewels one by one, her precious gems, her glowing rubies, her golden bracelets, her rings and necklaces, the peerless pearls hanging from her nose, she handed them to Father Paul for those who, because of her fantasy, had become defenceless orphans, and for the loving wife who no longer had a husband.

Days rolled on, and there arose one memorable among all when Father Paul spoke to Maggona about another precious pearl, a pearl of great price, beside which all the rest is as nothing and may be risked with entire confidence. He related parables told by the Master.

Saheb is a fearless Christian today, and Maggona belongs to Christ. She is awaiting only the final arrangement of certain matters to give all her belongings to the poor and her heart wholly to the Divine Lover of souls.

And now in the Hindu village a magnificent steeple lifts its beautiful silhouette towards the Almighty and Eternal God. REV. FATHER M. BADIOU, [S. J.]

* * *

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

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
May-June.....	\$124.40		

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.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

Remarkable progress has, it is true, been made in the last century towards the conversion of the world. This progress may be traced to the copious shedding of blood for Christ by men like Theophane Venard and their converts, and to the establishment of systematic means of support for the missions, notably the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. As a result of these influences, spiritual and material, the Catholic Church to-day counts in the mission field, about 15,000 priests, 5,000 Brothers, and 45,000 Sisters, as against 1,000, all told, at the beginning of the last century.

This progress, however, can hardly be credited to English-speaking Catholics. On the contrary, we in the United States must confess with our confreres in England, "that as yet we have no heart for the heathen, and that zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls is less in proportion to numbers among us than among certain European Catholic peoples, upon whose shortcomings we are so ready to sit in judgment." (1)

These last words refer to our unhappy co-religionists in France, and the reader will more easily understand the allusion when he recalls that *at the present time more than one half of all Catholic missionaries, and one half of all monies subscribed to their support, may be attributed to the generosity of the French people.* If we must criticize the indifference of French Catholics, let us admit that the divine note of Catholicity in the true Church is due to-day largely to self-denying sons and daughters of France, whose sacrifices on the mission fields have won the plaudits of an admiring world, and will yet, we believe, by God's grace, enable France to triumph over present trials.

Thank God, among the English-speaking people of the world there are signs of an awakening to the mission needs. The apostolic zeal of the late Cardinal Vaughan has blessed England with her Missionary College at Freshfield and her Seminary for Foreign Missions at Mill Hill, so that to-day this Society which the Christlike heart of Cardinal Vaughan inspired, has missions in the Punjab and Madras, India; in Borneo, New Zealand, and the Philippine Islands; and in Uganda and the Congo of Africa. It counts among its members three Bishops, two Prefects Apostolic and nearly two hundred priests. It is true that many of its missionaries are not of English-speaking origin, yet they have been trained in England. Mill Hill stands to-day as a witness to the aspirations of a far-seeing hierarchy and an encouragement to the missionary spirit of Catholic youth, while it

1. The Rev. Thos. Jackson at the Annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, held at Blackburn, England, in 1905.

holds before all classes the high and inspiring ideal of the apostolate, a most valuable asset in the life of the Church.

In the United States we have until recently been without such a national Seminary and the religious orders that supplied foreign mission recruits from other countries seemed to lose sight of this phase of Catholic effort in the presence of our many and varied home needs. Had we been asked, a few years ago, to direct some young aspirant whose heart was prompting him to "*go the whole way*", — to give up home and country for Jesus Christ, we should have been at a loss to know where to guide his steps, unless away from our own land, to Mill Hill or to one or other of the seminaries on the continent of Europe. And in some of these he could not be accepted if he were not already familiar with the language of the country.

In 1905, when the first edition of *A Modern Martyr* appeared, we expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when this urgent want would be supplied, when the doors of an American Seminary for Foreign Missions should be thrown open to Catholic youth with world-wide hearts.

Today, thanks to God, *the doors are open*. At Maryknoll,⁽¹⁾ high above the noble river along which Fr. Isaac Jogues, martyr for Christ, once sailed, a little group of pioneer American students are preparing for the foreign missions, blazing a trail that we have reason to believe many will follow in the years to come.

And Maryknoll is not alone.

There are now in this country several branches of European orders or societies which have on their membership rolls "apostles in the field." The Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose headquarters are at Cornwells, Pa., has sent some of its priests to Africa, and from the house of the same Congregation in Notre Dame, Indiana, several have gone to India; the Brothers of Mary, at Dayton, and Franciscans from the St. Louis province are represented in Eastern missions; and we are inclined to think that other European missionary societies with branches here, *e.g.*, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and the Marists, have one or more Americans (born or adopted) on their missions. If not, we are bold enough to say that they should spare a few for that purpose.

In this connection we note a thriving German organization, the Society of the Divine Word, which has its headquarters in Steyl, Holland.

This Society has founded a branch in the United States, at Techny, Illinois, and expects in time to send from our country a goodly number of zealous apostles to some one or other of its several missions.

(To be continued)

1. The Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll was opened to students in September, 1912. It occupies a splendid stretch of land — about ninety-three acres of farm and forest — thirty miles north of New York City, and lies partly in the town of Ossining and partly in New Castle. The elevation is 550 feet and from this height an eight mile sweep of the Hudson River is in view. The post-office address is Ossining.

In September, 1913, the new Seminary opened at Scranton, Pa., its first preparatory school. It is called the Venard Apostolic School. Boys who have a special inclination for the foreign missions and who are ready for high school work are received here. The Seminary hopes later to establish preparatory schools in several other sections of the United States.



Along the Mission Newsfront

CHINA SHEK LUNG

Sister Marie du Cenacle⁽¹⁾, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, who left for China last December and is now Superior at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, writes to her two sisters, both members of the Community and stationed at the Motherhouse.

Shek Lung, February 15, 1947

My dear little sisters,

It is already two months since we were last together. Oh, to think that I am now half a world away from you! We reached Hong Kong on January 9 and stayed there three days while waiting for a Canton-bound boat and seeing to the safety of our luggage.

Would you believe it? Those very first days on Chinese soil left me with the impression that I was seeing a movie. All the small-scale items of our Motherhouse museum were springing to life under my astonished gaze. So the wonderful China of my dreams had become a reality! I was really and unmistakably treading the long-desired sod of a foreign mission territory! I hardly dared believe it.

As you know, a great joy awaited me at Canton, but just how great it proved I should stammer for words to say. So I shall not dwell on the happiness I felt on meeting our beloved Sister Therese de l'Enfant Jesus⁽²⁾. She doesn't appear any older and is always the same as we knew her. It does good to one merely to see her, she is always so joyful and enthusiastic. She never tires proclaiming the merit of her English class of forty-two pupils. During my leisure hours her little studio became my "residential quarters". She allowed me a glimpse at the wonderful paint brush that served through four years of war and came through with bristles unscathed. That was just one miracle among many wrought by God in behalf of our dear Sisters during those long years of hardship and sorrow.

I first set foot on my island of Shek Lung on January 18, to the unmusical strains of firecrackers set off by our leper folk. The men and women came in turn to bid me a hearty welcome and thank me for coming to live in their midst. I inquired whether there was anything I could do to make them happy on this great occasion. "Kill the pig, Sister Superior,

1. Marie GERIN, Coaticook, P.Q.

2. Yvonne GERIN, her elder sister.



WATER TRANSPORT AT THE SHEK LUNG LEPROSARIUM

kill the pig!" came the unexpected, spontaneous answer. Accordingly the pig was slaughtered, and gala meals relieved the monotony of eatables that time.

If you could only see those wretched victims of leprosy with hands reduced to stumps and mangled feet! I already love them very much and my heart is torn with pity at the thought that our provisions of food are far below their needs.

It grieves me also to know that our poor crippled folk have to carry water in large wooden buckets hanging from the two ends of bamboo poles balanced on their shoulders. Water for every purpose is thus brought to the dwellings. I cannot understand how sick persons, and women especially, manage to carry burdens as heavy.

We have no electricity on Shek Lung Island. As oil costs almost a fortune and can be had only with great difficulty, we go easy on that, which means that we cannot do any little chore we please in the evening.

Nature is beautiful here. The gentle waters of the Pearl River flow in front and to the rear of our convent. Tall palms sentinel the premises, and bright red blooms etched against the greenery frame our verandas. Narrow pathways that go winding across wild thickets remind me of our lake at home. But for me the solitude in which we live holds a very special charm. Far from the outside world, surrounded by poor lepers who love us as children their mothers, and to whom we can do so much spiritual and bodily good, how could we fail to find happiness in our religious family? Moreover, and the word means infinitely much here, moreover, Our Divine Savior resides at our left in the men's chapel, at our right in the women's, and still closer to us His missionaries, in our humble community chapel

where one prays so well. So near is our Sacramental Guest that with faith a little stronger, we would hear the beatings of His great Heart of compassionate love.

A Chinese priest, who understands French a little, is the only shepherd of souls at the Mission.

Our cases have all reached destination without any mishap, but the transportation cost a good sum. However, nothing is missing. The canned foodstuffs provide regular treats. Sister Marie Bernadette⁽¹⁾, our capable cook, enjoys trying the various foods we brought from Canada.

At the present time I am deeply absorbed in mastering the language. A scholarly leper has become my teacher. All his companions, both men and women, try to show me a few words when I pay them a visit. I really believe that my ambition to learn does not exceed their ardor to teach. With good will and patience I shall succeed. All the rest will become easier once I shall have acquired a speaking knowledge of the tongue. Anyone who wishes to make himself or herself useful in mission lands must begin with that.

This letter doesn't say anything about the bandits who, it seems, hem us in from every side, nor about the rats that leap up on our mosquito nets, nor about the bats altogether at home in the dwellings after sunset . . . Those are just details. The missionaries who came before me had to cope with those inconveniences — now it's my turn! For all that may happen

1. Alma LEGER, Green Valley, Ontario



UNLOADING A BOAT, SHEK LUNG ISLAND

I place myself in the arms of Our Blessed Mother. With her, in her and through her I wish to live my missionary life. You must remember to pray to her every day for my intentions.

Goodbye, dear little sisters. You may rest assured that China is exactly as I had dreamt it would be. I am very happy here, which does not prevent my thoughts from wandering off to you now and then.

Very lovingly yours,

SISTER MARIE DU CENACLE, M.I.C.

* * *

MANCHURIA

SZEPINGKAI

ON THE TRAIL FOR SOULS

As once the valiant and faithful Ruth of Scriptural renown "gleaned the ears of corn that remained, following the steps of the reapers," similarly do we, humble missionaries of the Immaculate Virgin, make ourselves gleaners of souls in the steps of Christ's intrepid army of apostles.

The month of August, 1946 proved especially favorable for the garnering of ripe sheaves, sheaves of precious immortal souls that soared to Heaven as bodies doomed to the grave succumbed to cholera which ravaged the city.

Pagans practically never have recourse to missionary priests in their illnesses, the latter not enjoying, like the Sisters, the reputation of "doctors". Accordingly we with our pills and medical whatnot have every facility to draw close to the natives.

Every new morning that dawned, five nursing Sisters, with five Chinese Sisters as guardian angels, left the convent in search of pearls of great price concealed in bodies sick and maimed. As always, the God of Mercy seemed to hold in special affection the humble and lowly, for to those especially He granted light in their darkness and to those He held out His hand as they stumbled along into the valley of the shadow of death. "I adore God, my Creator . . . I accept His holy will in all things . . . I wish to be baptized . . . I want to go to Heaven." Verily they will dwell in the house of the Lord unto length of days, to whom He has been so loving and so merciful.

One morning the gleaners came upon a young lad of fourteen stretched full length on a hard brick bed. Life had all but ebbed out of his body; however, like all cholera victims, he was still fully conscious. On the spot he was taught the rudimentary beliefs of the Catholic Faith, to which he readily adhered with all his heart. He did not know the Creed, but he believed in his Heavenly Father and longed to be with Him forever. Thereupon he was baptized and peace and happiness flooded his heart. When the next morning dawned he was an earth pilgrim no more. May

he intercede in the Kingdom of Joy for his poor pagan father who grieves over his loss.

Farther on the Sisters were attracted by a group of musicians already hired and stringing their instruments, while two carpenters were hastily making a coffin. There was no doubt about it, a sick person must be at the point of death in that house. Making their way inside, the visitors discovered, as they had expected, an old man in the throes of death. The terrible disease had seized him only a few hours previously, but already the victim had come to his last hour and would shortly be ushered into eternity. This other Gentile son believed and was baptized in the name of the Most Blessed Trinity.

Still farther on, more ailing bodies implored the ministrations of the nursing Sister. There were even some, in whose family another member had been laid low by the scourge, who followed the Sisters for hours, in order to have their turn and their share of medications. Others lay in wait for them on the roadside and had all but recourse to violence to compel them to stop at their home. Still others threw themselves on their knees in the middle of the street and with tears streaming from their eyes begged them to visit their dear sick. Heart-rending appeals were those truly, but alas, the laborers are too few to garner in the abundant harvest!

Smiling and happy, our charitable Samaritans were returning one evening with a heavy sheaf of twenty-five baptisms *in articulo mortis*, when they met a rickety cart drawn by an ass. Another victim of cholera was coming in from the country; his wife led the little beast, while two youngsters followed on foot, weary and sad. The father was so ill that it was evident he would not live to see another sunrise. Bending over him, the nursing Sister gave him some medicine, after which she endeavored



SISTER MARIE ESTHER (ALICE BUTEAU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AT SZEPINGKAI DISPENSARY.

to reveal to his soul something of the splendors of the Homeland whose doors, if so he wished, would soon open to bid him in. Eagerly he accepted the great eternal truths and beneath the baptismal dew he forsook his pagan tenets and became an heir to Paradise. Poor in earthly store, but wealthy in the unfathomable treasure which is Faith, the footsore family took to the trail again.

Early another morning two little misses of nine and twelve came to ask for the Catholic doctor. The two were the only survivors of the family; their father, mother and young brother had died only a few days before. The uncle who had taken them in had fallen a prey to the malignant disease, and for him they were coming to implore help.

Luckily the uncle was not seriously ill. When Sister had done what she could to relieve him, she hastened to a very sick woman, an urgent case, she had been told. As she was crossing the yard she noticed two dying children lying on an old remnant of straw matting in a corner. Instinctively she would have gone to them, but the father of the family, who had seen all, stopped her in her tracks. "Come and see their mother first," he urged, "and please, please save her. As to the children, we shall see after what can be done."

The poor mother still has chances to fight death and come out winner; however, should her illness take a fatal turn, all is well with her soul and her eternity will be happy. Then it was time to care for the little ones of six and three. The sacrament of regeneration gave them a right to mingle in the angelical choirs to sing the goodness of their Maker.

A bouquet of twenty-seven souls was deposited that evening in the hands of the Immaculate Virgin. How joyfully she will have offered it to her Divine Son!

The devil must writhe with despair as he sees his preys escaping his clutch, and Providence many a time making use of his own adepts to play good tricks on him. A fanatic pagan, a fortune teller to boot, was one day awaiting his clientele on the side of the street. Presently a man walked up to him, asking him to question fate as to the direction he should take to find a good doctor. The answer indicated an eastern direction with the result that the man soon arrived at our convent, confidence depicted in his countenance. We guessed that here might be another of those providential stratagems of which we knew, and as hopeful as ever missionaries, we set out in quest of good to be done. Just as we had foreseen, we found a dying woman who had been awaiting one only thing, and that baptism, to fly to the bosom of the Savior.

On and on we went, until we came to a poor mother about to breathe her last. She knew something about our religion, eagerly longed for baptism, and so it happened that she could without any delay be enrolled in the ranks of the children of the Most High. The family was extremely poor. The mother lived with her little ones under a tent in the open since their house and its scanty furnishings had been reduced to cinders by fire during the war. Filthy, tattered garments lay in the farthest corner of the tent home.

We christened the baby, as ill as the mother. In spite of all her misery, the latter managed to give us a smile and showed her thankfulness for what we had done for her and her child.

Cholera proved most hard on small children and aged persons. In one of the streets as many as eighty-six coffins were seen on the same day.

By the end of August the epidemic subsided in Szepingkai, but in several other sections it still took its toll of deaths. The number of families in mourning is beyond all calculation. This calamity greatly contributed in drawing the pagans closer to the Catholic Mission. Those who were cured came to express their thankfulness and the desire of being received in the Catholic Church. We have given them a catechism in which they



STUDY-THE-DOCTRINE-TIME AT PAMIENTCHENG ORPHANAGE, MANCHURIA

will learn the first elements of Catholic doctrine, and when they will be strong and healthy again they will come to the catechuminate for regular lessons. Rev. Father Rector has also taken in at the Mission a few orphans whose parents have been carried off by the dread disease.

THE SZEPINGKAI BOARDING SCHOOL

On November 1, the Szepingkai Boarding School, risen from its ruins, opened its doors to a good number of girls, both pagan and Christian. One week had not elapsed when already the walls were too narrow to answer the many requests for admission streaming in from every side. As we had to settle our choice on Christian pupils, we found it necessary, much to our sorrow, to give negative answers to several pagan students.

Catechism and religious instruction have their places on the school curriculum, and rightly so, for our Boarding School aims primarily at moulding staunch followers of the Christian Faith.

Our Sisters also give two English courses in the afternoon.

Sister Marie de l'Assomption⁽¹⁾ has been appointed directress, which

1. Alice LAROCHE, Sweetsburg, P.Q.

function calls for courageous devotedness and patient labor, if our educational venture is to do all the good expected from it.

THE COMMUNIST MENACE

Still more to be feared than the recent cholera epidemic, the Communist scourge remains always a grave menace to the security of the towns, localities, and the country as a whole. When they are repulsed on one side, those satellites of Satan scheme another plan for victory, and everywhere spread turmoil, massacre and terror. Rebels, they are tyrannic in the extreme. In a town not far from Szepingkai they made their way right into a high school for girls and ordered all the pupils to adhere to their sect. The categorical refusal they received unleashed their fury, and before long most of the pupils and their teachers had been cruelly put to death. The crime has horrified the entire population.

While there seems to be no serious danger, severe measures have been taken to avoid another invasion of the city. Armed sentinels are on duty in all the streets and keep close watch on all potential spies. Wearing no military uniform, the latter are not easily identified. They maintain their incognito and seek lodging in families, presenting themselves as hired workmen or unemployed men seeking a job. They can thus steal in almost anywhere without being molested.

After months and months of mortal anguish, our Sisters of Tungleao and Leaoyuansien had to flee in the teeth of danger and arrived at our convent in Szepingkai in March last. What does the future hold in store for us? God only knows, but 'tis a comfort to know that He does, and we are fully confident that the Almighty will triumph over the hordes of evil. Meanwhile, our trust is in the Provident God without whose permission a sparrow doth not fall to the ground.

* * *

JAPAN

KORIYAMA

"Say not the struggle naught availeth," nor that our prayers and labors have borne no fruit, since the Koriyama of pre-war days has become home for us once more. Good has been accomplished beyond our fondest and fairest expectations. All thanks to the Master and His Spotless Mother!

When seventy solemn-faced urchins crowd the Sunday School quarters, learn to pray and sing, and get a thrill out of Sister's explanations of the wonderful picture catechism, all's well with study-the-doctrine classes.

As soon as Sister closes the picture catechism the little sickly ones clamor for "those Western medicines" that cure all ills. Sister Agnes d'Assise⁽¹⁾,

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

although not a full-fledged registered nurse, has a good amount of success and certainly as much of happiness as she puts to good purpose the precious medical supplies we owe to our kind Canadian friends. Every cure brings new patients and thus the clientele increases. All are loud in their praise of the medicines, and we who would rather give for sweet charity's sake are often compelled to accept gifts in grateful return.

Several primary school pupils have asked permission to come for doctrine lessons. Everybody Welcome! Gladly we watch the catechumen list lengthening and gratefully we speak to the Master about it.

Now to you we shall speak about the Master's conquests. A family of eleven has returned to the arms of the Good Shepherd after several years of estrangement from the Fold. "Rejoice with Me, because I have found My sheep that was lost." The Savior's joy becomes the joy of His missionaries.

As we were coming out of church one day, a stranger invited us to call on his aunt who, he said, wished to see the Sisters again so much and wanted to be baptized in their religion before dying. Sister St. Hedwidge⁽¹⁾ and Sister Agnes d'Assise hastened on the errand of mercy. Tears of joy betrayed the poor woman's emotion. "Now that I have seen the Sisters, I can die."

There was something akin to veneration in her regard for the Sisters. Years back we remembered how she had brought her grandchildren to our kindergarten. We broached the topic of baptism. No thwarting of hopes there. Whatever the Sisters wished, that she was willing to believe and to want. And thus God's hour struck. Rev. Father Koyama, pastor, made her a joint-heir with Christ in Holy Baptism.

So much for Grandmother. Now Mother and her family of five want to follow the fine example. Little Mother is a war widow and believes the Christian Faith will open up wellsprings of courage for her.

As we were going home from Mrs. Sato's, we met our bread merchant of bygone times, who asked to be led to the church and—"teach me prayer."—"My boy is dead," she told us. "Another adopted son has been killed in the war. I am often very lonely and need strength and encouragement." We gladly led her to God's house, the best place on earth, lent her a prayer book and promised to call for her on our way to Mass the next Sunday. With buoyant spirits she went her way, at a loss for expressions of gratitude. Did she know that the missionaries also were groping for words, words of praise for the Conqueror of human souls like hers?

A further consolation has been granted us. Our former kindergarten teacher, at present employed in a prominent hospital, has notified us that visits to the patients and chats with the nurses would prove two easy matters. Missionaries never say "no" on such occasions. A few days later, in early December it was, we thus met Mrs. Suzuki, a very sick woman indeed. She enjoyed our brief call and invited us again. On the thirteenth

1. Blanche Ross, Fall River, Mass.



PERSONNEL OF THE KINDERGARTEN OPERATED BY THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT KORIYAMA, JAPAN.

of the same month we found her much weaker. When she thanked us for our kindness we grasped the opportunity to offer a gift more precious far, the privilege of becoming a child of the Father in Heaven. All whatsoever we believed and wanted, answered the patient, she likewise wanted and believed. For her also Providence had appointed the hour of conversion. Her head gently drooping and her eyes reverently closed, she awaited the purifying flow of the baptismal tide. In heavenly registers her name now reads Immaculata Delia. For long moments after the ceremony she remained deeply recollected. Silently we looked on, enjoying her happiness and our own. At last she opened her eyes and tried to tell us how happy she felt inside. No wonder! A spark of the divine illumined her soul — nay, more, it had become the presence chamber of the Most Blessed Trinity. May the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost choose for Themselves many other tabernacles among our dear sick!

Mrs. Suzuki left for Heaven on December 21. The end came gently and happily, too, for the husband gave his word that he would become a Catholic with their growing boy, a student in Tokyo.

Blessed be God and blessings also on the generous souls of prayer that have obtained Christ's sacred peace for these souls of good will.

Good old Mrs. Watanabe is mourning one of her daughters-in-law who died last November. Young Mrs. Watanabe, who had returned from China recently, had abandoned her religious duties several years. But she died a friend of the Savior again, so Grandma can smile through her tears. And smile she does, even if a heavy burden has been placed on her old shoulders: six youngsters, three unbaptized, three totally ignorant of what is expected from a Christian. To make matters worse, the family was poor. We shall try to help the orphans according to our means. Already several parcels filled with good things from Canada have occasioned sunny smiles of thanks. Grateful Grandma brought a big bag of sweet potatoes on her back. Onions the next time!

CHRISTMAS FOR THE TOTS

Christmas for our Sunday School pupils happened three days ahead of calendar time. But not for them alone did it happen. Remembrances of Christmas yesteryears brought crowds of eager children to our door. The large hall of the kindergarten had taken on a festive air with its two Christmas trees, one from the American soldiers and the other from the contractor who is to repair our convent. Bright almond eyes looked in rapt wonder at the beauty of it all. The little chairs for little people were soon occupied, the straw mats felt the patter of tiny feet, and still the entrance was packed. While the various items on the programme were being executed on the stage, we put every second to account getting more surprises ready for our dear young visitors. We could hardly be expected, however, to make preparations double in one short hour, even with the fairy fingers we would have liked to have. There were three hundred and fifty Japanese youngsters! Cookies and cakes were divided in smaller portions so nobody would go away empty-handed. First served first left,

until at last we remained alone, a little group of happy Sisters, having learned once more that it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive. Joyful hearts were many in Koriyama that December 22 of our first post-war year in the Land of the Rising Sun.

May the Divine Child of Bethlehem follow these dear wee ones in their own families, and grant to all the gift of faith in His Divinity and in His Love!

* * *

WAKAMATSU

THE MORI FAMILY

Old acquaintances of our readers—such we may, without too much stretch of imagination, call the members of the Mori household.

Death spread its pall over the happy home about a year ago, when the husband and father was laid to rest. A few short months later, it was the son-in-law's turn to answer the supreme call.

Painful was the ordeal for the two bereaved wives. But in their souls already strengthened to bear the brunt of life faith has deposited a nobility of sentiments worthy of the Saints. Untoward circumstances have reduced the once wealthy family to a situation not remote from indigency; friends of happier days have broken with them, and there is no servant on hand to render the services of simple charity to Mrs. Mori, who remembers the days when even the smallest ornamentation shrubs and the *geta* of the servants received the meticulous attention of a numerous per-



SISTER MARIE LEONISE (RACHEL GERIN, COATICOOK, P. Q.),
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU,
WITH THE ENGLISH COURSE PUPILS, DEVOTED FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

sonnel. With heroic virtue every new trial is accepted and no splinters from the cross are lost.

Mr. Mori died a most edifying death. He who had often wept for joy at being a Catholic spent his last months on earth enjoining those who called upon him to embrace our Holy Faith, wherein they would be given all the spiritual uplifts he himself had found. Pleasantly, as one would chat about an enjoyable trip to be undertaken, he would speak about his forthcoming departure for the Heaven-bound journey. Wishing that the priest who had made him a child of God should present his soul to God, he asked for Rev. Father Larose, O.P. Then he expressed the wish to don his feastday finery with the family crests — this was going to be his birthday in glory. In a fervent prayer he gave up his soul to his Maker.



Fervent Buddhists, zealous Protestants, staunch Catholics — so runs the saga of the Mori household. Thanks be to God!

OUR PUPILS

By February 1, seventy-five pupils had enrolled for our private lessons in music, English and French, and fifty little folks ranging in ages from four to seven were inscribed on the kindergarten records. Catechism courses are followed by forty pupils. Another way of putting it: what does "leisure time" mean? Parenthetically, we study Japanese two hours a day and call on our sick at least once a week.

Mystery rode the air on the afternoon of November 30. All cleared up when an English course pupil in the name of her classmates presented us with a beautiful red-lacquered box decorated in silver and gold. The names of the eight donors were carved on one of the sides along with a Japanese character expressing gratefulness. Such delicacy of sentiment was not without impressing us deeply.

Judging that the opportune moment had come, we obtained the glad cooperation of our older pupils in organizing a modest sewing guild for the benefit of the needy poor. After Christmas, they accompanied Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ on her visits to the poor families for whom the sewing-room products were intended. Sister Superior had slipped a small bag of rice in each package, so the pangs of hunger might be stemmed in some little empty tummies.

Poor people! They consider us almost like divinities as they see us taking pity on their misery, and they open wondering eyes if we invite

1. Sister Marie Leonise (Rachel GERIN, Coaticook, P.Q.)

them to thank the Giver from whom all blessings flow. We are staking high hopes on our young ladies, still pagans it is true, but to all appearances disposed to accept the tenets of our Holy Faith.

When the first of December brought Advent, we told our catechism scholars to prepare for the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem. All wrote their secrets and came after class to drop the papers in a basket near the Child Jesus' statue. One Christian tot asked Our Blessed Mother to help her keep still during the study period in order to please the Holy Child. Another one, a pagan, resolved to hold back her tears when there would be no real good reason for crying and promised to help her mummie with tasks she disliked. This, the lass reasoned, would replace the natural blooms she would so have liked to bring to the Christmas Crib.

Enough of indiscretions! Those bits of paper contained loving secrets and we are sure the writers of them were ready when the merry angel bands sang: "Glory to the newborn King!"

MISSION CHRISTMAS

Christmas 1946 was a real Mission Christmas for the Wakamatsu group of Sisters. At eleven o'clock, before Midnight Mass, we were present at the baptism ceremony of three young Japanese ladies.

During High Mass, Japanese hymns alternated with the parts of the Ordinary, sung in unison by the faithful. At the second Mass fervent and recollected prayers replaced the Nativity carols.

In his allocution the Reverend Father related the old story of God's coming among men, after which he congratulated the three newly-baptized Christians who had just knelt at the altar rail for their first reception of the Holy Eucharist. "This is really and truly Christmas for you, since, only a moment ago, Jesus really took birth in your hearts through Holy Communion."

Catechumens and Catholics in almost equal numbers had come for the solemn midnight functions. Parental consents denote favorable dispositions with regard to the Faith of the Catholics, and conversions, we hope, will date from this most blessed of nights.

After the ceremony, twenty or so women and girls asked to stay overnight at our convent. No comfy beds had we to offer, nothing but mats stretched on the bare floor in a room as chilly and uncomfortable as the caverned grotto of Bethlehem on the first Holy Night when the Savior came to earth. But no one expressed the least suggestion of discontent, so happy were they all to have been able, thanks to our hospitality, to assist at Midnight Mass and pray in the humble sanctuary of Wakamatsu.

The third Mass being marked for ten o'clock, we dared hope for only a limited congregation, but the wonder of it was that the church had no vacant nooks and the pious worshippers knelt and prayed as fervently as during the Midnight Holy Sacrifice. The Child Jesus of Wakamatsu had never had so many devout callers at His Crib. What blessings He will have showered with His almighty little Hands on the kneeling throngs come to adore Him!

Towards one o'clock that afternoon, all the guests that our hall could admit assembled for a recreational programme organized by the Christians. Some of the items on the schedule proved most interesting. As each number had something religious about it, the afternoon entertainment served in some way as a regular doctrinal instruction for the many non-Christians who attended.

It was four o'clock by the time our little Community gathered together, but our Christmas, if not a family affair, had been a real merry one, for we had made many others glad and gay.

One of the nurses on duty at Takeda Hospital not very far from here has asked to be taught the rudiments of the Catholic Religion. She seems very favorably disposed. Another prospective conquest for the Master!

Mrs. Takahashi, mother of our Japanese teacher, assisted at Midnight Mass and now says she is very glad of that initial step towards the Christian Faith. For a long time already we have been coveting that conquest. May the cleansing stream of Baptism soon flow on that heathen brow!



SISTER DU ST. NOM DE MARIE (RITA BLAIS, THETFORD MINES, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU, WITH HER ENGLISH COURSE PUPILS.

OUR APOSTOLATE

Mrs. Hozumi, our devoted helper, took her first initiation in things Catholic last mid-February. In her soul of good will ready for the operation of grace the action of God has yielded most consoling fruits. She finds everything concerning Catholicism so wonderful and thrilling.

Miss Shirai Utako, whose family is well known to us, has also come to request catechism lessons. "Our home is so sad," she told us. "We have our trials to bear, with nothing to encourage us. It seems to me I would take things better if I had the consolations of a religion." What may have led her to take a like resolve? Could it be the Sunday School lessons of other years or some other chance seed of divine grace fallen in her responsive soul?

Among our aspirants to baptism we could also mention Miss Koike, nurse on duty at Takeda Hospital, and Miss Kobayashi. The latter, when a lass of seven, took a few doctrinal lessons here. She has always deeply longed to become a Catholic.

Another young woman had the great privilege and consolation of dying a Catholic on February 13. On one of our first calls we had given her some Catholic literature she read with interest. A miraculous medal of Our Lady had also been given her. She thanked us and said she liked to hear about Our Blessed Mother, adding in a tone of sorrow: "I cannot as yet believe in God."

When the end drew near, the husband asked us to give his wife the consolations the True Faith has to give to those about to breathe their last, as a supreme remedy to ensure her eternal happiness.

All the members of the family are Buddhists, but they remember with thankfulness the miraculous cure obtained for one of them several years ago through the prayers offered for them by the Sisters. Since then they know to whom they must have recourse when sorrow visits them.

When Rev. Father Fukasawa heard of the husband's express wish and the dying woman's dispositions, he went to administer the sacrament of regeneration to the one about to meet her God. She lived for a few days more and then her pure soul soared beyond the blue to sing the praises of the Lady in Blue whose shrine is at our earthly pilgrimage's end.

For another privileged protege of ours, Mr. Sato, earthly life has lengthened into life happy and eternal. We found him dying and hastily instructed him in the main religious truths. Sister Superior had the great joy of pouring the saving waters on his brow.

One of our French course pupils had from the first declared herself an atheist. But explanations on the divine perfections given during a catechism instruction shook her so-called atheistic notions. Soon, we hope, she will be overcome by grace and will accept the unsearchable riches of Christ, who is the Way we must follow, the Life we must live, and the Truth we must believe to be saved.

* * *

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MATI

Letter from Sister Bernadette de Lourdes⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at their new Mission in the Philippines.

Mati, March 25, 1947

Dear Sisters of the Motherhouse,

You have been looking forward to tidings from Mati, haven't you? Here are a few words, or more exactly a few pages, to satisfy your very permissible curiosity. First of all let me tell you about our arrival in the Philippines.

1. Rachel DEMARS, Newport, Vt.



SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD,
CLAREMONT, N. H.).

At noon on February 15 we entered the port of Manila and two hours later we bade farewell to our vessel. Sister Madeleine du Sacre Coeur⁽¹⁾, Superior, and Sister St. Louis de Gonzague⁽²⁾ were awaiting us, and I need not tell you how heartily we were welcomed and how pleasant it felt to see one another again.

Our dear Sisters stationed in Manila did all they could in order that we might have our cases the same evening. Poor they are indeed; still, they spared nothing that could make our short stay in Manila as enjoyable as possible. Sister Superior, whose kindness you all know, had recourse to every device she knew of so we might have all sorts of good things for Mati. I have nothing but words of admiration for our dear veteran missionaries who show themselves very devoted and very joyous.

The Mission of Manila is going through a hard period just now.

Our Sisters have running water only in the evenings; electricity lacks when you most want it. A five-gallon can, cut at a certain height and turned over at the edges, serves as dishpan. Their only tea and coffee pot is a large-size granite pitcher. At table, as everywhere else, one sees that the Sisters have to struggle with poverty.

On February 20 we had the joy of visiting the Mission of Las Pinas, where Sisters St. Joseph de Bethleem⁽³⁾, Superior, St. Gabriel⁽⁴⁾, Marie du Precieux Sang⁽⁵⁾ and Gabriel de l'Annonciation⁽⁶⁾ are spending themselves for the instruction of six hundred pupils, with the assistance of a few lay teachers. Our dear predecessors in the Philippines deserve all our congratulations and praise. In the midst of poverty and need they know how to keep a tranquil mind, a courageous soul and a heart burning with charity and zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

On the 22nd we boarded the *Mayon*, en route for Davao. We were

1. Madeleine PAYETTE, Montreal.
2. Anna GIRARD, Claremont, N.H.
3. Yvonne ROUTHIER, St. Pierre de Broughton, P.Q.
4. Brigitte AUGER, Les Ecureuils, P.Q.
5. Aurore RACETTE, Limoges, Ont.
6. Ida CARRIERE, Hammond, Ont.



scheduled to arrive there on the following Wednesday, but nobody seems to be in any great hurry in the land of the Philippines . . . The boat that intended to sail from Manila at five in the afternoon left hours later, at two in the morning. At Cebu it stopped for three long hours. This island is the most ancient of Catholic islands in the Philippines. There the renowned Portuguese sailor whose name we learned in bygone schooldays, Magellan, was the first to penetrate for the purpose of introducing the Christian Faith. Another delay of one hour at Zamboanga would have given us an opportunity to explore the city, but because of the torrid weather prevailing we chose to stay in our cabins instead. It is in this city that our bishop, His Excellency Most Rev. Luis del Rosario, S.J., ordinarily resides.

Nature as seen from the open sea is one grand panorama unfolding itself in ravishing beauty. The Philippines consist of approximately seven thousand islands, according to estimation; of these, seven hundred and fifty are relatively considerable. Here you see small island gems, farther on, larger isles on which rise stately mounts topped with majestic coco trees. The isles are very productive, as we are told. They yield an abundance of fruits, as also various species of wood. Some of these serve in the construction of furniture, others in that of houses, while one, in which you would try in vain to drive a nail, is used for railroads.

Sea-sickness is, so to say, unknown on the trip from one island to its next neighbor, for the waves are benign and gentle.

At six in the morning of March 1 we were at Davao. As the Reverend Fathers were not informed of the exact hour of our arrival, none had come to meet the missionary band from Canada. Kind Father Fournelle, who accompanied us, offered to keep a watchful eye on our luggage while we went to the rectory. Rev. Father Geoffroy, who had just ended his morning Mass, and the Rev. Fathers Cote, Dube and Bazinet were altogether taken by surprise. Good Father Superior allowed us to occupy a few

rooms in the school and said we could seek night hospitality with a Spanish family he knew well. Towards three o'clock we went to present our respects to His Excellency Most Rev. Luis del Rosario, who welcomed us most paternally.

At five-thirty in the afternoon of March 2 we left the rectory of Davao, after having thanked Father Geoffroy for all his kind attentions. The trip from Davao to Mati, a matter of eighteen hours or so, was made in a modest barge, other-century style, with three benches, one on each side and a third in the middle. The first to go on board had the precaution to choose the seats against the wall, with the result that we the last had to occupy the middle seat without any wall to lean against. Rev. Father Lafortune, the new curate at Mati, did not even have room on the bench and had to install himself on the luggage. When night fell, the owner of the barge pulled down two little camp beds from where they were hanging from the ceiling and the four of us settled as best we could. Father lay on the floor with the other passengers.

Mati, our promised land, was reached on Monday, March 3, at 1.05. Rev. Father Michaud, pastor, and Rev. Father Guerin, pastor at Caraga, with a goodly number of women, girls and especially children, had come to bid us welcome. We immediately proceeded to the church, which is near the port, to sing a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving, after which we went to our convent to deposit our luggage. Then we went to have dinner with our kind neighbor.

As soon as the meal had been dispatched, visiting groups succeeded one another for the better part of the afternoon. That same evening our cases had reached destination. The good people wondered what the contents thereof might be. Some even suspected that the bulky containers concealed an inexhaustible supply of medals.

Our convent is at only three minutes' distance from the church. Like the houses nearby it is a wooden construction, although the greater number of buildings in this section are of straw. When the necessary repairs will be done we shall be quite comfortably housed.

The population of Mati seems most sympathetic with regard to the newly-arrived *Madres*. Every mother would like to entrust us with her little girls. Unfortunately we shall be obliged to refuse all the requests, since our intention for this first year at least is to receive only those children who haven't yet attended school. Several persons have inquired when we would open our music courses. We are also planning to give catechism lessons in the public school, and to train catechists either for Mati or the *barrio* that make up Rev. Father Michaud's parish. There are, as I believe, over one hundred posts. Lessons in sewing and cooking are also desired. Moreover, we shall have the dispensary to keep in operation and our sick to visit and comfort. Plenty of work, as you see. Besides, we shall have to study the Visayan dialect particular to the country.

The cost of living has soared incredibly in Mati and Manila since the war. Of fruits one can procure nothing but bananas, and even these sell at an extremely high price. Meat can be had only with great difficulty.

In the good old days fish could be had aplenty, but now that the waters have been infected by the mines thrown in during the war, fishmeat has lost its savory taste and nobody favors fishing. Luckily for us that our cases contained canned goods. You may be sure we do appreciate these and hope they will last as long as possible.

The weather is very hot here. As I write the thermometer registers 90 to 95 degrees, and as much as 140 in the sun. However, cool nights bring relief and we can have good hours of rest. The days are short. It is dark at six o'clock. Insects swarm everywhere, from the tiny minute ant that makes its way wherever it has a mind to, to the mammoth rat that goes on its nightly rounds upstairs and elsewhere. Mice also steal from out their nooks every evening. But those slight inconveniences matter little. Nothing really matters but the souls for whom we long to devote ourselves.

Hoping that some among you will come to join us shortly, we assure you beforehand of a very sisterly welcome. Until then, please speak to our dear Lord and His Immaculate Mother about the success of the works we are undertaking for their greater glory in the Philippines.

Affectionately yours,

SISTER BERNADETTE DE LOURDES, M.I.C.

* * *

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

Sister Marie Rose⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Cayes, writes to her Sisters at the Motherhouse.

Les Cayes, February 17, 1947

Beloved Sisters,

Maybe you would like to know what "journeyings often" are like in Haiti. If so, this pen-sketch about our trip to Port-au-Prince last January will satisfy your legitimate curiosity. However, for fear lest my pen should grow too talkative, I shall speak only about our return journey.

The trip is long and tiresome, but in this as in many another case the cloud has a silver lining: the way is beautiful and captivating to the eye. Nature has landscapes of every description to present. There are the little homes perched precariously atop the bluffs; tall palm trees gracefully swaying in the breeze; a wealth of evergreen shrubbery; and, last but not least, the ever-interesting Haitian population, pedestrians among the lot, and more fortunate folk on mule or horseback. Feminine head-dress disappears under a basket filled to overflowing with vegetables, bananas, firewood, etc. Such expert basket bearers are the women that 'tis the easiest thing in the world for them to turn once, twice and many times without displacing one item in the basket. Don't ask whether Haiti is

1. Cecile PILON, Montreal.

densely populated! How sad to think that the greater number of its inhabitants have never had the privilege of being instructed in the religious truths that brighten the lives of Catholics!

At every station of some importance the driver called a stop to have passengers get off, and goods too, when such there were. All went along smoothly, figuratively speaking. Nobody hurried and nobody scurried, since no fixed hour had been appointed for the return. Patiently we suffered the truck to move along at turtle pace or something near to that. At long last we would "shake off the dust from our feet" going forth out of that town en route for the next one, sometimes a very near neighbor. We didn't say one word of disapproval, lest our fellow travellers be shocked, but when our turn came to leave the truck we didn't linger until a second invitation was given out. It was in the small hours of the night when that happy minute rang for us who had been riding since eleven o'clock the previous morning.

Now, don't let this chill your enthusiasm by even one degree. Not every trip stretches as elastically as that one. Besides, let it be said for your consolation that the people are most kind, have a great regard for the Sisters and always try to give us the best places.

Last week I had the pleasure of visiting our Sisters. The event had long been planned and spoken about with characteristic mission ardor, for it had as purpose the organizing of our Port-Salut convent home. Sister



THE FINAL EXAMINATION PREPARATORY TO CONFIRMATION AND FIRST COMMUNION
AT "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE". REV. FATHER BEDARD, O. M. I.,
SISTER MARIE RACHEL (RACHEL BLANCHETTE, ST. LIBOIRE, P. Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI.

Marie Laura⁽¹⁾ accompanied me and I must add that she probably never spent a day half so happy. Just imagine, she was going to see her future mission! From Port-a-Piment, a little town at about half an hour from Les Coteaux, a truck makes the trip once a week. Two hours would be enough under normal conditions, but all things considered, including roads next to impassable and an overladen truck, we took eight hours. For your information I must say that Port-Salut is reached by way of the Briere Bluff, but don't dream about a broad macadam roadway. The pathway is barely wide enough to allow even a truck to pass, and if the truck does risk itself, the passengers likewise get creepy sensations as they look at the yawning chasms on both sides of them. But as the truck went along below the speed limit, in between the aforesaid creepy sensations Sister and I could develop others more aesthetic as we gazed at the majestic Caribbean Sea and the spreading plain carpeted with a wealth of verdure.

We stopped at Port-Salut and had the good fortune to see Rev. Father Letarte, O.M.I. The Daughters of Wisdom being with their pupils, we postponed until Sunday the visit of their convent which will be ours within a few months, the Sisters having to resign their mission post for want of reinforcement. Those zealous missionaries have unquestionably borne the burden of the day: all have spent more than thirty-five years in Haiti.

At six o'clock we reached Roche-a-Bateau, where our Sisters were waiting for our coming. No amount of fraternal coaxing could succeed that once in making us change our minds and stay overnight, for we had decided to proceed to Les Coteaux. So back to the truck we went. No dreadful sensations that time, for the road was worthy of the name. Our Sisters of Les Coteaux welcomed us as heartily as the Roche-a-Bateau group had done. Their pupils, little and big, mean very much in their lives, if we are to believe them, which we do.

The dispensary was closed that day. Like the convent and the classes, it is no stately residence: just another poor Bethlehem, but not more were needed to make missionaries happy and pleased. They have the essential necessities of life and their works make steady progress, so they rest satisfied with that. No electric switches, no water faucets, but the Sisters will tell you they like spring water and don't miss the hot and cold water faucets of former days in Canada.

Then came Saturday, and we climbed on horseback with Roche-a-Bateau as destination. Sister Marie Laura was making her riding debut, but she already deserves the title of horsewoman of rare merit. It took us about one hour to reach our Sisters' dispensary. There in the entrance we saw some twenty-five patients hopefully awaiting their turn for treatment. In the little room adjoining Sister St. Alphonse de Liguori⁽²⁾ holds consultations, examines the patients, gives injections and medicine. A woman helper sees to the dressings under the supervision of the nursing Sister. Sister St. Olive⁽³⁾, Superior, registers the names. Ninety-two persons came for treatment during the forenoon. That's just an ordinary

1. Eva MARIER, Quebec.

2. Simonne LEBGEUF, Fortierville, P.Q.

3. Jeannette DUFRESNE, Val David, P.Q.



SISTER MARIE BERTHE (BERTHE ALICE CHAMPAGNE, MONTREAL) AND SISTER ST. SYLVERE (CLARA LEBLANC, ST. SYLVERE, P.Q.), TREATING A PATIENT AT LES COTEAUX DISPENSARY.

day, say the Sisters; sometimes one hundred and forty occupy all their moments.

Across the street the Sisters have their convent. It is smaller than that of Les Coteaux, but tidier since it is of more recent construction.

On our return we visited Port-Salut and took the measurements of the various rooms of the Sisters' establishment in order to be able to undertake the furnishing.

I cannot close this letter without saying a few words about our beautiful work at *Charity, If You Please*. Our poor sick are as always the object of all our solicitude. At the present time they are not so numerous; some have left for a Happier Land and have not been replaced. Sister St. Juliette⁽¹⁾ has plenty of work on her hands. We have a very dutiful helper who married at *Charity* last

September. His wife cares with us for the old ladies at the refuge. Those dear old grannies have their failings and lapses, as may be expected, but we love them very much just the same and we know our love is returned. They are the queens of *Charity* and occupy the most comfy of nooks.

Five patients made their First Communion on the vigil of the Immaculate Conception. Among them was our little Paul, a lad of fourteen. The others were well along in years, above the sixty-year mark, but as happy as the boy. According to a beautiful custom the Haitians call one another brother and sister. So, after Mass and thanksgiving that morning our veteran Catholics came to shake hands with the First Communicants and exchanged congratulations: "I'm so glad, brother." — "Thank you, brother."

Brothers and sisters they already were, since they belonged to the large family of *Charity*, sharing the same sorrows, the same sufferings, and helping one another; but from now on they will partake of the same Eucharistic Banquet, they will be truly brothers in the Faith.

A few patients who had never been to confession decided it would be a good idea to take the decisive step. So light-hearted and joyful they felt after the great action that one of them naively stammered: "Sister, with that absolution I don't need to eat."

In the course of a catechism lesson the *Pater* and the forgiveness of

1. Juliette DESCHENES, Levis, P.Q.

misdeeds had been explained to them. Two men got to their feet and cordially shook hands. Enemies they had been, but now they were friends forever. They sat side by side, laughing heartily while all the others cheered and congratulated them. When order was restored once more, Sister asked the others whether they had any enemies. Ten admitted they had, but had sworn to forgive only in their last moments. Then it was that grace worked its wonders: moved to their soul depths, they (their enemies being absent) raised their hands towards the crucifix by way of pledge, but this time it would be a pledge of love. "Yes, I forgive from the bottom of my heart for the love of God." Sister recited the prayer, and



SISTER ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI, WITH YOUNG CRUSADERS AT "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE".

those grown-up children, sick of body or afflicted of soul, went away comforted and grateful. But there was one who lingered behind weeping. The poor man explained his case: his portion of heritage was a square of land, a horse and an ox. Now, during his stay at *Charity* his brother had sold all and refused to give him anything, saying all was over between them. "If they send me away from the refuge," he sighed, "I will have only the streets for a home; but I must forgive, you said so and I understand. Yes, for the love of God I do forgive." Sister then led him to the foot of the large cross where he continued to sob. But charity had the last word, peace returned to his soul and, smiling to the one who had helped him in his heroic act, he went away with words of thanks on his lips.

When classes opened in October last ninety pupils, tots of seven to youths of eighteen, had registered. Our choice inclines towards the little

ones of Les Cayes, more especially left to their own devices. Were there no school at *Charity*, they would be deprived of the benefit of instruction, religious instruction especially. Some fifty have not yet made their First Communion, and are now preparing for the great day. The teachers have hard work on their hands, for our students come to us without any notion of the Christian virtues. The influence of the *caye* where the children are early employed is not very favorable to religious education. Then there are the inconveniences occasioned by poverty, and superstitious beliefs to be uprooted. Pray and have prayers offered for our pupils, that they may faithfully practise the lessons we are striving to drive home. They are often set full sail on the stream of life without any protection, left to themselves and obliged to drift along helplessly at a very tender age. A hard lot, truly, for the little ones! Last week, on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, we held our third reception in the Crusade. Four only came to swell the ranks of the youthful battalion; a small number, you will say, but then we have to choose.

Last November we had the joy of welcoming under our roof Canadian missionaries en route for Peru: His Excellency Msgr. Laberge and Rev. Father McDonall, O.F.M., also a lay missionary, Nurse Lefebvre from St. Michel des Saints. The courage and generosity of that young woman have greatly edified us. She has bravely sacrificed her all to go and care for bodies while saving souls away in the jungle lands of Peru. Nurse Lefebvre is not unknown to us, since she has often accompanied our Sisters on their rounds in the interests of the *Precursor* in her home parish. Hers is a far-seeing and lofty soul. Christ who has said: "I will draw all things to Myself" has conquered her heart and nothing daunts her now she has set out to follow Him. May that inspiring example find many imitators among our young ladies; there is so much to be done in the vast pagan harvest, so many souls in danger of being eternally lost.

I notice that this letter is plenty long; I hope you haven't been bored. Please pray for your happy missionary Sisters in Haiti.

Very affectionately yours,

SISTER MARIE ROSE, M.I.C.



Favored are those who, from their childhood up, are nurtured in the Catholic Church, and to whom all her comforts, aids and sacraments come no less freely than the air and sunshine. Yet I have sometimes wondered whether such favored Catholics ever know the rapture of the homeless waif, to whom the splendors of his Father's house are suddenly revealed; the consolation of the mariner whose storm-tossed vessel finally attains the sheltered port; the gratitude of the lonely wanderer, long lost in cold and darkness, who shares at last, however undeservedly, the warmth and light of God's great spiritual HOME !

Charles Warren Stoddard



OUR LADY OF THE CAPE ARRIVES AT OUR JOLIETTE CONVENT

JOLIETTE

OUR LADY OF THE CAPE, ALL HAIL !

Sunday, May 11, 1947

Joliette today has lived through one of the momentous periods of her religious and Marian history, as Our Lady of the Cape passed along her streets and thoroughfares on her way to the Canadian Capital.

At 8.30 yesterday evening, a grand rally met on the grounds of the convent of the Reverend Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame. Sisters from the different religious Communities of the city gathered around Our Lady's statue on the lawn while the faithful thronged along the highway, ready to give the Queen of Heaven and earth a right royal welcome. As the shades of night deepened over the city, myriads of lights blossomed as so many gleaming flowers of brightness to do honor to Our Lady of the Cape.

At 9.45 came, on the wings of the balmy spring breezes, the swelling strains of hymns and prayers. Slowly and majestically the Queen's cortege neared the city, following on the further bank the capricious curves of the beautiful Assumption River. It was a very touching sight indeed and one that cannot soon be forgotten. For a few moments we fancied that we were living in heavenly precincts as waves of fervent prayer and sacred music engulfed us. Suddenly, someone in the crowd cried out: "Our Lady is coming! Our Lady is coming!" All eyes turned on the cortege as Our Lady of the Cape appeared, all benignity, on her golden throne flooded with lights and fragrant with flowers. From thousands of breasts rose cries of loving welcome and ardent supplications as the procession crossed the stone bridge and halted before the rallying grounds where Joliette waited to welcome the Queen of Heaven.

After a pause of a few moments the Sisters present were invited to surround the Blessed Virgin's throne, and the cortege then proceeded to the Cathedral while all the bells in the city steeples pealed joyfully. Msgr. E. Jette, V.G., Pastor of the Cathedral, welcomed Our Lady of the Cape to Joliette, while His Worship the Mayor laid the keys of the city at her feet. His Excellency Bishop Papineau read the official consecration of himself and his people to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Pious acclamations rang out once again as His Excellency retired to the sacristy, there to vest for Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Following this, guards of honor to the Blessed Virgin were organized, while a number of priests heard confessions.

At 12.30 A.M., Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the open, attended by more than twenty thousand persons. Ten priests distributed Holy Communion during nearly one hour. As always, the Mother of Fair Love has drawn all souls to her Divine Son.

OUR LADY AT THE CONVENT

Early this morning, Our Lady, escorted by hundreds of her devout clients deigned to visit our modest convent home. Thanks to our generous friends and benefactors, the front of our house and the grounds were decked in

graceful Marian colors; a profusion of natural flowers graced the outside throne where Our Blessed Mother was to rest for a part of the day.

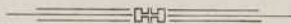
High Mass was offered at 9.30 in the open by Rev. Father Bolduc, C.S.V. Thousands crowded about the lawns, surrounding with loving homage the Mother of all mankind on this golden Mother's Day.

But Our Lady wished to do us the further favor of resting a few moments within our convent home. The statue was carried to the blue and silver throne prepared for it in our chapel. Space lacking, however, to admit all those who wished to satisfy their devotion, after a brief half-hour the statue was again placed on the outside throne. Prayers, hymns and acclamations were offered until 2 P.M. Then, to the strains of the *Magnificat*, the cortege moved on once more to gladden other hearts.

This day will ever abide in our grateful hearts as one of the most beautiful and consoling it has been given us to live.

From our convent, Our Lady proceeded to St. Eusebe Hospital, there to bless her ailing children. Thence the cortege will continue on its way to the Capital, stopping in numerous parishes where triumphal demonstrations await the Blessed Virgin.

May she bless with a tender blessing the thirty thousand persons who escorted her through our good city of Joliette and also all the faithful of this diocese, strengthening in all hearts that spirit of lively faith which may be said to be a characteristic of our people.



MONTREAL

EXCERPTS FROM THE MOTHERHOUSE DIARY

Tuesday, May 20, 1947

The happiness we envied our dear Sisters of Joliette was ours today: Our Lady of the Cape visited our religious family of Cote des Neiges.

Our National Madonna, who is wending her way during this blessed May-month to the Marian Congress to be held in Ottawa from June 18 to 22, has for the last five days been visiting different parishes of the City of Montreal. Everywhere she is acclaimed and escorted by devout throngs of enthusiastic "friends of Mary", in spite of the inconveniences and annoyances of an almost continual rain.

But this evening a joyful sun pierced the clouds and irradiated awakening nature, as towards 6.15, the "Ark of the Covenant" entered our grounds appropriately decked in the colors dear to every lover of the Queen of Heaven. Slowly and with regal grace the miraculous Virgin advanced towards our convent entrance where, for close to thirty happy, heavenly minutes the Queen universally loved and the Mother ineffably loving received our acclamations, our hymns and our consecration.

Rev. Father A. Moreau, chaplain of our Community, read the Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Following the fervent singing of the *Magnificat* of praise and prolonged acclamations, the royal Visitor departed as from grateful hearts one spontaneous hope surged, the hope that when the mists of life shall fade away the Immaculate Mother of God and men may await us on the threshold of Heaven's Halls Triumphant.

A HAITIAN PRIEST SAYS HIS FIRST MASS

Sunday, June 1

A joy deeply relished by our missionary hearts was granted us on this beautiful feast of the Most Holy Trinity: that of assisting at the First Mass of a new Haitian priest, Rev. Father Jacques Montas, C. S. Sp., a native of Port-au-Prince.

Rev. Father Montas is the first Haitian priest to be ordained in the Congregation of the Holy Ghost Fathers, who devote themselves to the mission apostolate in Haiti. He has finished his theological studies at the Grand Seminary of Montreal and is about to return to his homeland to dedicate his life to the spiritual welfare of his compatriots. The newly-consecrated minister of the altar will reinforce the ranks of the native clergy of Haiti, still far from sufficient in number to respond to the immense needs of the republic.

The intimate ceremony which took place in our chapel was enhanced by the presence of: Rev. Father Alfred Monteil, C. S. Sp., Petion Ville, Haiti, who delivered an appropriate sermon, Rev. Brother Pierre Claver, C. S. Sp., Limbour College, P. Q., Rev. Father A. Moreau, our chaplain, who assisted the new priest at the altar, Rev. Father J. A. Bernier, St. Anne des Monts, Mr. Philippe Cantave, Consul General of Haiti to Canada, Mr. Ed. Wolley, Haiti, who filled the functions of Mass server, Messrs. R. Pauze, M. D., Jean Chenier Brierre, Andre Lizaïre, M. Castera, R. Eyssalenne, Mrs. Ed. Wolley and Mrs. Rene Savard, all of Haiti, and Miss Imelda Millette, Montreal.

Beyond the seas, as the eloquent preacher delicately recalled, the parents of the newly-ordained priest were in those solemn moments one in thought and prayer with their beloved son whose first *Introibo* it was given us to hear. With them we thank the Lord for having chosen their child for so sublime a mission, and pray the Master of the Harvest to multiply, for His greater glory, the seeds of priestly and religious vocations in the sunny land of Haiti, where a number of our Sisters are laboring and where, please God, we shall one day have numerous flourishing missions.



The better world of tomorrow must be a Christian world, not a pagan world — a world in which God's laws are respected and obeyed and which has for its foundation and guiding principles the teachings of the Gospel. The regeneration of human society must begin with the hearts of its members, and that will come about only if we know and love and imitate our Divine Savior, our Master and our Leader.

His Excellency Bishop Bray, St. John



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

No more studies, no more exam worries, isn't it grand to be a-holidaying? Mind if I introduce three fluffy kitties in our July chat?

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens, triplets to use the correct term in the big book called the dictionary, were born on the same day somewhere on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence.

Not a soul on earth knew their birthplace or the nook where they spent their first weeks. Old Mother Cat didn't have any special liking for visitors, so she decided that her three little ones should be safely tucked away where no mortal eye could see them. Many times a day she took long winding trails on her way to the tiny home, so people would never have enough patience to follow her all along. Even jolly good friends of baby pussies like Frances and her playmates wouldn't have that much patience, she reasoned in her mother-cat mind.

So it happened that the cat family had reached their fourth week when Frances first got acquainted with them. Mother Cat was on a hunt and the whiskered trio was having no end of fun playing hide-and-seek in the hay. Frances' coming had all the effect of an atom bomb. The three hid their smiles, took terrified faces and shooed themselves off without any pride at all. One of them even spat in the little girl's face and gave her hands a feeling of his claws, something she won't soon forget.

After a few days, Frances succeeded in breaking the ice and a fast friendship was sealed between her and the fluffy three. Daddy allowed her to remove them to a shed nearer the house. There the pussies learned to face the world bravely, lost their frightened looks and became, if we are to believe Gus (Frances' brother, as you may have guessed), three bold kittens. There was one, I can't remember his name, with yellow eyes, whiskers pricking as needles and a head chock-full of queer notions, that Mother Cat almost despaired of. He didn't care a pin about rats and mice



FRANCES THINKS THE WORLD OF HER KITTIES

and just turned up his nose when he saw a squirrel. All he cared for was fun, and many a time he got his two brothers in tight spots. Just imagine, one day he coaxed them along on an exploration tour in the coal cellar! No, they didn't come home whimpering, but all the same those three rosy tongues of theirs were quite tired out by the time all was spick and span again.

Frances thought the world of her precious three. She never wanted to part from them.

"And you're the lady that wants to be a missionary!" teased Gus. "Going to hold the kit-

ties in your lap while you're crossing the Pacific Ocean, are you?"

"Surely. And why not, pray? There must be rats and mice in mission lands too."

"I'm serious, lady. Your pussies would faint if they saw real live mice, they would. They're only good for play. You always let them have their own way."

"Hold your tongue, sir, or —" What would have followed will never be told, for Frances skipped off and boxed her ears so she wouldn't hear anything too offensive.

Gus had spoken the truth, she reflected. The three kittens had been fondled too much, caressed too much and fed too much to be good for hunting down even baby mice.

"It's too late!" she mused sadly. "Their bad habits can't be broken now."

Two minutes later Mother's arms opened to press a sobbing girlie. Mother understood the time had come for a fine lesson that Frances would remember all her life.

"Do you know, Frances," she explained, "children, just like kittens, would pick up bad habits and grow up with them if their parents, to whom God has entrusted them here below, did not try to correct their whims and fancies, and did not teach them to pray and deny themselves in order to become upright men and women and be ready for the mission God intends they should fulfill on earth."

"And I suppose that's why you always want me to eat my soup, even if I don't like it very much?"

"So now you see it's not because I want to make you feel badly."

"Oh, thank you, Mummie!"

The world was a happy place again. Frances bounded away with a smile, promising to deny herself for Jesus, in order to become a missionary Sister when she would be a big girl.

* * *

Frances' mother was right, dear little friends. One is never too small to love God and Our Blessed Mother and make many tiny sacrifices to prove that love.

GERALD'S SECRET

Gerald's holidays, or at least the first weeks of them, were very pleasant that year. It was fun to live on the farm with Uncle Terry and Margaret, Lucy and Andy.

There was John too, a cousin of his age, with whom he frolicked in meadows and fields to his heart's delight. As to Andy, a tiny gentleman of two springtimes, he liked so much to watch the big grey hens strutting about and searching for food in the green grass that he spent most of his time looking at them. Margaret and Lucy were almost always together, raking around the house, watering the flower plots, or going off on pleasant hikes in search of wild berries.

Then one day something very unusual happened. Came dinner time and there was no hungry Gerald around. The family thought this was just another tardiness of the boy's. But minutes went by and still no Gerald, until everyone felt uneasy and thought it would be better to go after the runaway. So Uncle Terry, Cousin Raymond and John went to explore.



ANDY LIKES TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE GREY HENS



MARGARET AND LUCY

After half an hour of anxious seeking in the woods they found the truant — guess where? Hanging fifty feet in the air, with only his leather belt keeping him to the broken limb of a giant maple.

Quickly a ladder was drawn and in no time, thanks to Raymond's help, Gerald was on firm land once more and on his two feet.

"Boy, oh boy!" he whistled, "it feels good to be down here instead of up there."

"What silly idea got into your head, anyway, and sent you perching so high?" asked Uncle in a gruff voice.

"I wanted to look at the crow's nest in the top-most branch," came the answer.

"And look you did, I bet!" laughed Uncle.

"No, Uncle; almost, though. The branch under

me had a mind to break, and I had a feeling that I was falling into empty space. I cried out to Our Blessed Mother to help me and suddenly I noticed that my belt stayed hanging on the pointed end of the broken branch."

"You little squirrel! You gave us a fright!"

"I thought I must have spent hours in that terrible position. I didn't dare move a finger for fear that old belt would lose its grip and send me to my death."

"And you haven't had your dinner yet? Let's hurry off and see what Aunt Eva has left for you. Your stomach must be hollow."

In the evening Gerald nudged John. "Say, old fellow, I thought hard up on my tree."

"I'll bet you did. What else could you do? I guess you didn't have any choice in the matter."

"You hear me? I thought hard."

"And may a fellow guess what great thoughts occupied your brilliant brain?"

"So you want to laugh at me? O. K., then, you won't know my secret," answered Gerald. "Now let's beat it to bed!"

Gerald prayed as hard as he had thought hard that eventful day. From the bottom of his heart he thanked the Blessed Mother who had protected him. Then he added: "Dear Mother, please obtain for me the grace to be faithful to the good resolutions I have taken today between heaven and earth."

* * *

Remember that the Queen of Heaven is just as kind and loving as she is powerful, and ask her help in the hour of danger. There is nothing too difficult for her. Of course you know that every time you pray to her she presents your petitions to her Divine Son. Jesus never refuses His Mother anything, so you can be fully confident.

Cheerio, Boys and Girls! Pleasant Holidays!

Yours in Mother Mary,

THE PRECURSOR

The Vaughan Family

In the Vaughan household education methods were serious, even austere. One day at table, as Bernard, the future Jesuit, asked for a second helping of his favorite dessert, his father rebuked him rather sharply. "Bernard," he said, "a man should not make himself the slave of jam." — "How about being the slave of tobacco and pipe?" boldly retorted the boy. The old colonel's eyes flashed with anger, but a moment later he calmly rose and, throwing pipe and tobacco pouch into the fire, exclaimed: "I'm a slave no longer!"

The mother's character was a perfect blend of firmness and gentle graciousness. She it was who taught the children how to pray. The rarest and most beautiful flowers from hothouse or garden she reserved not for the drawing room but for the altar. When this truly noble lady went on her errands of mercy she took the older children with her to the hovels of the poor. Together they swept and tidied and made the ailing comfortable.

The results of a like education? Mrs. Vaughan had fourteen children; of her eight sons, six became priests. One was Cardinal of Westminster, one Archbishop in Australia, one Bishop in England, one a Jesuit and renowned orator, one a Benedictine, and one a secular priest. The six daughters all became religious, Poor Clares, Augustinians, Visitation Nuns. Such families are the breeding ground of holiness and God grant that we had more!

STELLA MARIS

Votive Lights in Honor of the Blessed Virgin

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

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

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

RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS



Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors received. Please pray with me to complete them. A confident subscriber.—Our Blessed Mother has been helping me with my stomach trouble. Mrs. G., **Montreal**.—Please continue to offer thanksgivings for the benefits I have received and petitions for those I still stand in need of. J.B.—Enclosed you will find an offering which I promised I would send if the pain in my head would leave me and I would get a better position. Please pray for special intentions. Mrs. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Thank Our Blessed Mother for us and please ask in your novena that we may be able to move soon. Mrs. B.H., **Conn.**—I have just obtained a favor I had been requesting for almost a year. Mrs. A., **Willimantic, Conn.**—Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for favors obtained. Anonymous.—I attribute a great favor I have been granted to the recitation of the Three Hail Mary's offered for that intention. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. B.B., **North Andover, Mass.**—Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Lady for a successful operation. Mrs. E.M., **Montreal**.—Thanks to our most kind Mother for a favor received. Mrs. E.A.B., **Rosemont**.—Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. A.L., **Prospect, Conn.**—Lively thanksgiving for the cure of my leg through the miraculous medal. Mrs. A.C., **Montreal**.—Many thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for having found me a position. A.M., **Montreal**.—Heartfelt thanks for a great favor received after promising to publish in **The Precursor**. Mrs. A.L., **Montreal**.—Homage of gratitude for a favor obtained. Mrs. L.G., **St. Luc de Matane**.—Thanks for successful examinations at the University. S.P., **Iroquois Falls, Ont.**—I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a favor obtained for my mother who is ill. Miss D.D., **Montreal**.—I wish to thank Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor obtained through her intercession. Mrs. E.N., **Montreal**.—Homage of thanks for a favor. Mrs. F.B., **St. Hyacinthe**.—Sincere gratitude for a favor received. C.D., **Ottawa**.—I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained through her intercession and solicit another favor. Mrs. A.H., **St. Raymond**.—Please publish our gratefulness for protection granted us during a perilous voyage. Mr. and Mrs. L.V., **Terrebonne**.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

All my thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Therese for favors received. A Subscriber.—Grateful thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for favors received. Mrs. Z., **Bristol, Conn.**—Sincere thanks for several favors obtained through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier. Mrs. A.B.—Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for a favor received. I am asking their protection. A Subscriber.—Thanks to St. Anthony. A Subscriber, **Montreal**.—I wish to thank dear St. Therese of the Child Jesus for unexpected help.—I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. R.C., **Montreal**.—I heartily thank dear little St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the favor she has obtained for me and ask her to help me in my old age. Mr. R.L., **Cumberland, Mass.**—Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of Lisieux for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. C.L., **Manville, R. I.**—Homage of gratitude towards St. Joseph and St. Therese for favors received. A.T., **Village Richelieu**.—I cannot find words to thank Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for their kindness in my regard. Mrs. St. A.—I am coming to thank St. Joseph and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a successful operation. Mrs. P.E.D., **Montreal**.—Thanks to St. Therese of Lisieux. Mrs. M., **Montreal**.

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



REMEMBER

Would you kindly make novenas for two different intentions. A Friend.—During the whole month of May will you include my petitions in all your Rosary devotions for all my relatives and friends and all souls in Purgatory. A Client of Mary.—I would ask you to make a novena for me for very special temporal favors for myself, also for friends and relatives and the souls in Purgatory. Anonymous.—Please pray for me.—Would you be kind enough to offer up prayers in a novena to Our Blessed Mother for my dear father, who is suffering from cancerous sores in his mouth. Please remember my mother also who is not too good in health and say a prayer for her. G. B., **Montreal**.—Will you please remember my daughter in your prayers. H. B., **Montreal**.—Please pray for me so I won't have to go through an operation. D. McD., **Notre Dame du Nord, P. Q.**—May I hope to be remembered in your pious prayers for a special favor. Mrs. M. W., **New Richmond Centre, P. Q.**—Please pray to the Blessed Mother in honor of the feast of her Immaculate Conception that I will return to good health without operations. Mrs. P., **Foster, P. Q.**—I am asking you if you could get a Mass said or prayers offered for me. G. J., **Bouchette, P. Q.**—I trust you will remember me in your Masses and prayers for an improvement in my health and other intentions. W. H., **Greenfield, Ont.**—Will you please light a candle or votive

light, and say a prayer for a very special intention of mine, to help a relative. Mrs. H. M., **Riverside, Ont.**—I am asking a remembrance in your prayers for my husband, children and myself. Mrs. G. D., **London, Ont.**—Please pray for my son and daughter. Many thanks for prayers already offered. Mrs. J. M., **Windsor, Ont.**—Will you please pray for the recovery of my health, for my husband that he may find a better position, and for a relative that he may return to his Church. Mrs. V., **Spencer, Mass.**—I come to beg you to please petition our dear Mother as the Refuge of Sinners to obtain the conversion of a Catholic fallen away for years.—Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for a cure for my feet if it be God's holy will, and for my husband's health and other special intentions. C., **Fort Fairfield, Me.**—Will you please pray for me especially to the Blessed Virgin Mary; also for my husband. Mrs. G. B., **Thief River Falls, Minn.**—Will you please pray for me as I am very nervous. Mrs. G., **South Bellingham, Mass.**—Will you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for a very special favor. Mrs. G. G., **Salem, Mass.**—I would appreciate very much if you would offer a few prayers to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my eyes; also for a very special intention and six other cures. Mrs. E. F., **Salem, Mass.**—Will you please pray for my husband and family. Mrs. O. P., **Holyoke, Mass.**—Please pray for the success of an operation. L. C., **Warren, R. I.**—Will you kindly make a novena for two very special intentions; also for the conversion of dear ones. Mrs. C., **Jewett City, Conn.**—Please pray for very important favors. Mrs. J., **Willimantic, Conn.**—Will you please say a prayer for my husband and son who are not well. Mrs. O. C., **West Hartford, Conn.**

GENERAL PETITIONS

May the Blessed Mother and St. Anthony of Padua help me in my needs. Mrs. D.—Will you please say some special prayer for me to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for important favors. M. G., **St. Lambert, P. Q.**—I come to ask your kind prayers. Would you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin and Good St. Anne that I may obtain a complete cure. Mrs. R. M., **Maniwaki, P. Q.**—Would you please make a novena for me to Good St. Anne for a very sore face. A Subscriber.—I am appealing to you for a Mass or novena to the Sacred Heart for my cousin's recovery. Mrs. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.**—Please pray that four aged persons may be granted the grace of a happy death through the intercession of St. Joseph. Mrs. F. E.

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



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From notifications received before May 15)

Msgr. Philippe Perrier, P. A., V. G., **Montreal**; Msgr. Eugene Lapointe, P. A., **Chicoutimi**; Very Rev. Canon Georges Cimon, **Chicoutimi**; Rev. Father J. Tingdly, Congregation of St. Paul, **Chicago**; Rev. Bro. Noel Mercure, O.M.I., **Rougemont**; Rev. Sister St. Louis du Crucifix, C.N.D., **Joliette**; Mr. Theodule Roberge, Quebec, father of our Sister Marie de la Protection; Mr. Francois Seguin, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister Marie du Rosaire, Novice; Mrs. J.P. Kearns, Mrs. P. Forlini, Mr. Thomas J. Ryan, Mr. James Farrell, **Montreal**; Mr. William Sherry, **Westmount**; Mr. Louis Martin, Mrs. William Trainor, **Outremont**; Mr. Thomas Keeran, N.D.G.; Mr. Thomas Peacutter, **Verdun**; Mr. Philippe Desmarais, Mr. Percy White, **Pte. St. Charles**; Mrs. J. Aird, **Ahuntsic**; Mrs. George Burke, **Ottawa**; Mrs. Sinai Mercure, **St. Tite**; Mrs. Arthur Rioux, **Edmonton**; Mr. J. Rousseau, Mrs. Emile Trudeau, Mr. Noe Lorange, Mr. Roger Jodoin, Miss Josephine Rosconi, Miss Valerie Bergevin, Mrs. Art. Thibeault, Mr. F. S. Mackay, notary, Mr. Roch Toupin, Mr. Emile Lanthier, Miss Carmen Gagne, Mrs. J.O. Leduc, Mr. Frederic Beaugrand, Miss Regina LeBel, Mrs. Camille David, Mr. Chas. Van Heden, Mr. Joseph Guimond, Mrs. Arthur Testenide, Mrs. C. Valin, Mrs. J. J. Martin, Mr. Arthur Trottier, Mrs. O. Deguise, Mr. Louis Philie, Mr. Hector Philie, Mrs. Jos. Lefebvre, Mrs. H. Lalonde, Mr. Joseph Groulx, Mrs. Henri Gauthier, Mr. Alcide Collin, Mrs. Theodore Brien, Mrs. Godefroy Maille, Mr. Edouard Jette, Mr. J. E. Breault, Miss Marie Anna Breault, Mrs. P. P. Mailloux, Mrs. Joseph Ponton, Mrs. Nap. Lefebvre, Mrs. Alfred Deserres, Mr. A. Archambault, Mr. Frederic Alarie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pellegrino, Mr. Charles Benoit, Miss Lumina Joseph, Mrs. Albert Jette, Mrs. Joseph Laviolette, Mr. Telesphore Fortier, Mr. Albert Lacroix, Mrs. C. Desjardins, Mr. Aime Lelerc, Mr. A. Themens, Mr. Azarie Charpentier, Mrs. H. Emard, Mr. Louis Beaudoin, Mrs. Mary Tremblay, Mr. Joseph Lepage, Mrs. Adelard Poudrier, Mrs. Eustache Pallascio, Mrs. P. A. Poliquin, Mr. Pierre Lapierre, Mrs. Louis Dufort, Mr. Ferdinand Dore, Mr. Jacques Cadieux, Mr. E. Tellier, Miss Estelle Christie, Mrs. Jos. Potel, Mr. G. Lefebvre, **Montreal**; Mr. Michel Cassidy, Mrs. A. Richard, Miss Mary O'Reilly, Mr. H. Bissonnette, Mr. Paul Goyer, **Outremont**; Mr. Hermas Sincennes, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Ulric Trudel, **Lachine**; Mrs. Louis Pelchat, Mrs. Adelard Paquette, Mr. M. Drapeau, Mrs. Chas. Germain, Mrs. Joseph Morin, Mr. Victor Leroux, Mrs. Ephrem Trottier, **Rosemont**; Mr. J. Bombardier, Mrs. P. Duval, Mrs. H. Cadieux, Mr. Alph. Beaucage, Mrs. Arthur Hamel, Mrs. Arthur Ducharme, Mr. Idola Desgagnes, Miss Denise Mollot, Mr. Wellie Beaulac, Mrs. C. De Beaumont, Mr. Leopold Dodier, Mrs. C. W. Lavallee, **Verdun**; Mrs. Cyrille Poupert, **Longueuil**; Mr. Jacques Emile Laurin, **Westmount**; Mrs. Laurin, Mrs. Wallace Denis, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Abraham Dupere, **Tetereaultville**; Mrs. C. Boileau, Mrs. Hubert Lemay, **Villeray**; Mr. Raoul Laforce, Mr. P. Dansereau, Mr. A. Gravel, Mrs. A. Gendron, Mrs. Alexis Diotte, Mrs. Francois Baligno, **Pte. St. Charles**; Mrs. Telesphore Lalonde, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Nap. Chouinard, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mrs. Ph. Sabourin, **St. Laurent**; Mr. Joseph Rheume, **Riviere des Prairies**; Mrs. F. X. Castonguay, **St. Augustin**; Mrs. Benjamin Goyer, **St. Martin**; Mrs. Marcel Tallard, **St. Philippe**; Mr. Rodolphe Parent, **Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur**; Mr. Lucien Levasseur, Mr. Eugene Dubreuil, Mr. W. Dupuis, **St. Anne de Bellevue**; Mrs. Joseph McGuire, **Mont Rolland**; Mr. J. H. Desjardins, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Euclide Nadon, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Philias Senecal, **Warden**; Mrs. Thomas D'Auteuil, Mr. Adelard Pion, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Dollard Church, **St. Hilaire**; Mrs. J. M. Fontaine, **St. Cecile de Milton**; Mrs. Louis Gagnier, **St. Martine**; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nepveu, **Pierreville**; Mrs. Louis Brunelle, Mrs. Emile Beausejour, **Joliette**; Mrs. Alfred Brissette, **St. Elisabeth**; Mr. Joseph Plouffe, Mrs. Philibert Laferriere, **Berthierville**; Mrs. Louis Sylvestre, **St. Cuthbert**; Mrs. Jean Baptiste Masse, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Mrs. David Roberge, Mrs. Narcisse Salvail, **Sorel**; Mrs. Joseph B. Gelinas, **St. Barnabe**; Mr. Octavien Houde, Mrs. Joseph Robitaille, **St. Charles de Mandeville**; Mrs. Esdras Gregoire, **St. Didace**; Mrs. Francois Lessard, Mr. Jean Paul Giguere, **St. Alexis des Monts**; Mrs. Zephirin Bourassa, **St. Barnabe Nord**; Mrs. Azarie Trahan, Mrs. Adolphe Hould, **Yamachiche**; Mrs. Ernest Gelinas, **St. Severe**; Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Auger, **St. Lin**; Mr. Joseph Blais, **Shawinigan**; Mrs. Olivier Normandin, Mrs. Maxime Boisvert, **Grand'Mere**; Mrs. Alphonse Paquin, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Thomas Rollin, **Papineauville**; Mrs. Emile Vaillancourt, Mrs. Lionel Bienvenue, Mrs. Amedee Marquis, **Quebec**; Mrs. Philias Boucher, **St. Francois d'Assise**; Mrs. Delphis Lachance, **St. Thuribe**; Mr. Albert Gauthier, **St. Irene de Charlevoix**; Mrs. Alphonse Ouellet, **Trois Pistoles**; Miss Alexina Jalbert, Mrs. Johnny Belanger, Mrs. Ernest Jean, Mrs. Louis Philippe Girard, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Donat Comeau, Mr. Joseph Tremblay, **Jonquiere**; Mr. Elzear Chouinard, **Pointe aux Anglais**; Mr. Gregoire Pilote, **St. Bruno, Lake St. John County**; Mrs. John McManus, N.D.G.; Mrs. Passia Martell, **L'Ardoise, N.S.**, died March 22, 1947; Mrs. Margaret Fellows, **Halifax, N.S.**; Mrs. Rose Prefontaine, **Danielson, Conn.**; Mrs. William Haggerty, **Norwich, Conn.**; Mrs. Bertha Bauer, **Los Angeles, Calif.**

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish

WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

**Atlas Asbestos Co.
Limited**

MANUFACTURERS
♦ OF ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

110 MCGILL STREET - - - MONTREAL

CUPREX

for

PEDICULOSIS

A Product of

Merck & Co., Limited



MURESCO

The Ideal
Wall Finish

18 colors
and white



Benjamin Moore & Co., Ltd.

141 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Buttons - Ribbons - Badges

For Parochial Celebrations

Celluloid-covered buttons

all sizes and colors

Specialty: Buttons with religious photo

Edwin C. Ford Reg'd.

1191 UNION AVE. — MONTREAL

TEL. LANCASTER 0810

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

Buy from **D. FURLONG, JR.**

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER

5385 GATINEAU

COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry.

Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.

TEL. AT 1108

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, MASS. Mission procure.

(Founded in 1946)

CHINA

CANTON, 135 Tai Sun Road
(Founded in 1909)

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

TO KOM HANT

Our Lady of Providence Foundling
Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN

School.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton
(Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium.

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

Procure and school.

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

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

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu
Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 2250 Juan Luna
(Founded in 1921)

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

LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)
School.

MATI, Davao (Founded in 1946)
School. Dispensary.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti
(Founded in 1943)

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

LES COTEAUX, Haiti
(Founded in 1944)

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary. School.

PORT SALUT, Haiti
(Founded in 1946)

Dispensary.

ITALY

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

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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