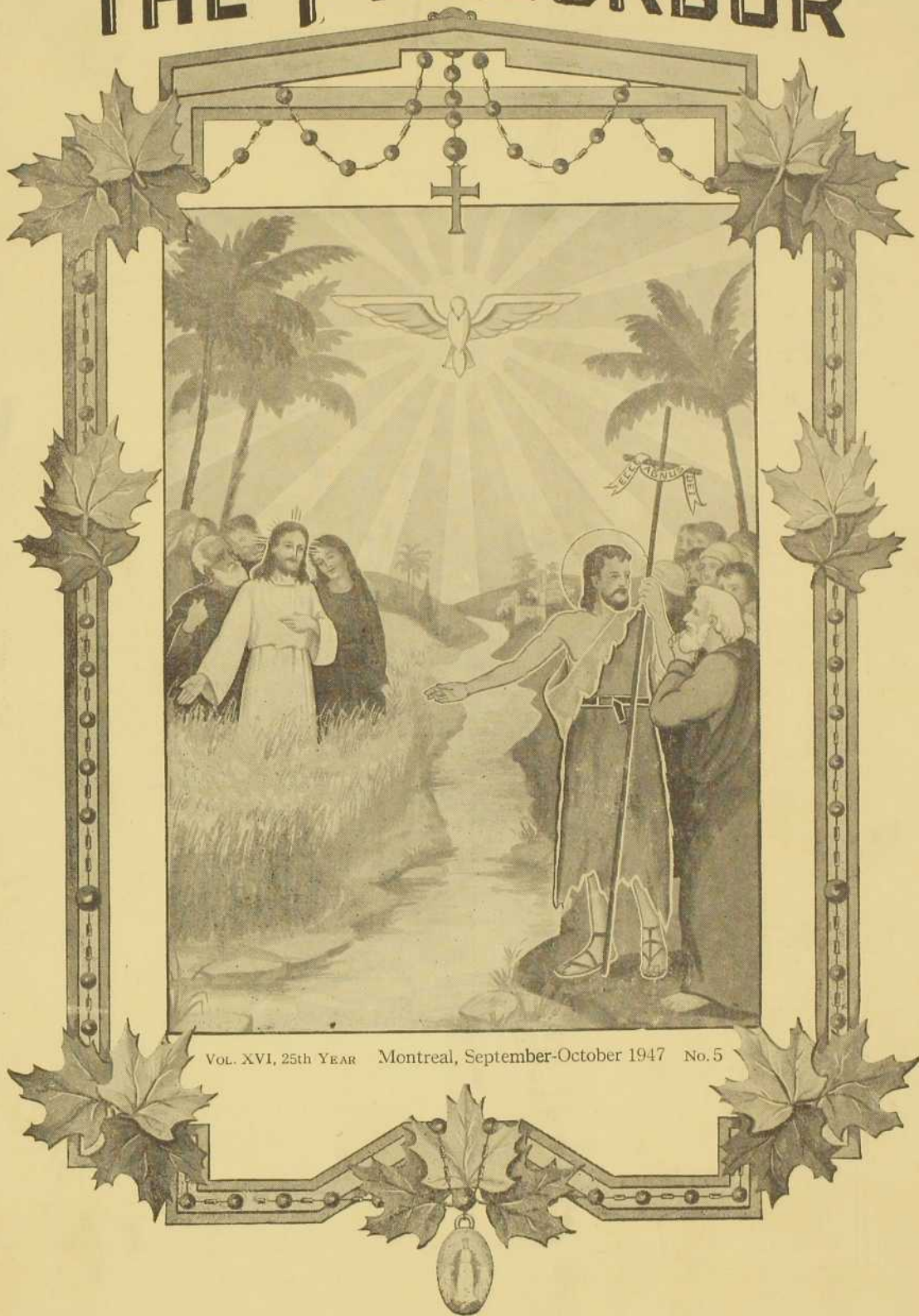


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR Montreal, September-October 1947 No. 5

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE,
2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P. Q.
(Founded in 1922)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Mission procure. Workroom for making
church vestments, embroidery, lace and
painting for the support of the Mother-
house and Novitiate. Chinese catechist
training school. Sewing circles. Publica-
tion 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 mis-
sionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy
Childhood. Workroom for making church
vestments. Mission workroom. Kinder-
garten. Private lessons in French, Eng-
lish, 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 Mile is Mighty!

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

IS YOUR NAME ON THE "PRECURSOR" LIST?

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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 for the Rice We Have to Eat!

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XVI, 25th Year

MONTREAL, September-October 1947

No. 5

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Patroness of Missions



*A child is born — the winter morn
Is blithe with silver chimes ;
In cleansing streams the Church redeems
An infant soul betimes.*

*Returning love to God above,
A little child of three,
She trod each day her Little Way
In sweet simplicity.*

*Her hopes and tears, her childhood fears,
Her joys — all means became
Fond love to prove — God's Heart to move —
Her sole unerring aim!*

*In years she grew, yet never knew
Our wise sufficiency.
She leaned on Him through bright and dim,
Whose law is clemency.*

*Rose petals rare of fragrance fair —
The blooms of sacrifice —
She culled along her path with song —
Her path to Paradise.*

*She scattered them, each one a gem,
Before the Holy Child,
And souls were saved, and blemish laved,
Made pure and undefiled.*

*Her life was brief ; her strife, her grief
In glory soon were crowned ;
The Angels came and spoke her name,
The Hand of God she found.*

*But still she lives, and still she gives,
And mercy she implores.
The Roman See would have her be
The Saint of Mission Shores.*

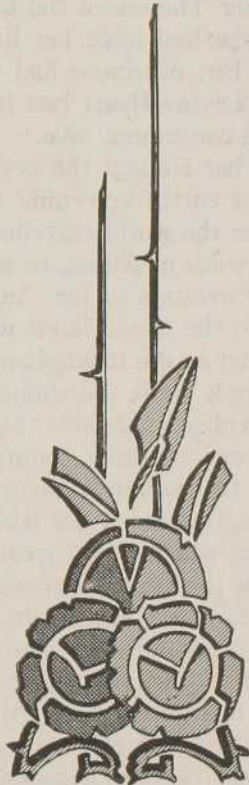
*Dear little Saint, oh, hear our plaint —
Our days are dark and drear.
Oh, teach us how to lift our brow
With faith in Heaven near.*

*Make known to youth this stirring truth :
That they can change the world.
Unpetaled Rose! Encourage those
By whom His Flag's unfurled!*

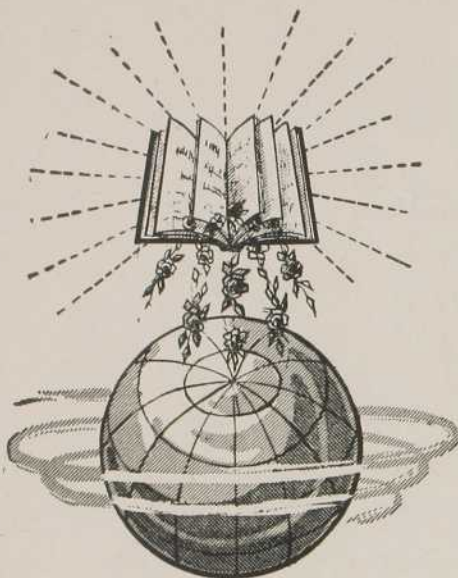
*O Carmel Queen, the Mission Scene
Needs heroes of your type.
May hearts at home, and hearts that roam
Alike reap harvests ripe.*

*Send dauntless bands to foreign lands
To preach the King of Kings,
To lift His light in heathen night,
And souls to higher things!*

THE PRECURSOR



Fifty Years in the Halls of Glory



Twilight shadows were lengthening over the Carmelite Monastery of Lisieux. The garden walks were carpeted in russet and brown. The last roses of summer strewn about the large crucifix in the centre of the garden filled the evening air with a rare and subtle perfume. It was September 30, 1897. In the infirmary a peerless rose of sanctity was also shedding forth its lingering fragrance ere the hand of the Gardener Divine should pluck it in all its fair young beauty to adorn celestial bowers.

Few of those who then knelt around that deathbed dreamt of the future glory of this Rose Unpetaled. Human short-sightedness even ventured the

opinion that the Reverend Mother would indeed be at a loss to know what to say about this amiable, unassuming, but altogether unimportant Sister, who had walked the ways of the cloister in childlike simplicity.

Sister Therese of the Child Jesus had breathed forth her last. Apparently she had lived her life and had vanished forever from this world of ours. But otherwise had decreed the Sovereign Master of life and death, whose Divine Heart had been won by this little nun's simplicity, humility and all-consuming love.

To her He lent the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and Therese came back to earth, according to her promise, to win hearts for her Beloved. All over the world travelled the Little Flower: from her own sunny France to the wilds of Africa, to wise old Cathay where Celestials wondered at the candid avowals of her Autobiography, to the savage tribes of the South Seas, to the frozen lands where Eskimos dwell. Showers of rose petals she scattered as she triumphantly toured this barren and scentless earth, teaching simple souls the simple way of love. From the See of Peter watched the Shepherd Infallible, pondering over the power given to this lowly child of Carmel to draw countless souls to God. Soon the Holy Father was moved to proclaim to his worldwide flock that God, in quite an exceptional way, had enriched her with a knowledge of a little way of spiritual childhood, in which might tread with full confidence present and future generations of the children of men.

Today still, in a world grown weary of abject materialism and boastful pride, rings out the message of St. Therese, calling all souls to holiness. Countless are those who owe to her their vocation to the cloister or to the active missionary life. Missionaries in all lands turn to her who had so yearned to be a missionary, and she repays their trusting prayers with her sweetest roses. Thousands of erring souls, hundreds of crime-hardened

sinners, after reading her Autobiography, have felt the conquering power of God's grace and, responding to its advances, have thrown themselves into the arms of Merciful Love. Millions of unfortunates, ill of body and despairing of soul, have received from the Rose Queen of Carmel the mystical rose of a miracle, or that, still loftier in value, of loving submission in suffering for the eternal salvation of others.

From heavenly glory Therese continues to work for the salvation of souls. Her celestial throne is, so to say, the office where are daily presented pleas and petitions of all kinds. Had she not assured Mother Agnes of Jesus on her deathbed: "I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth. This is not impossible, for the Angels keep watch over us while they enjoy the Beatific Vision. No, there cannot be any rest for me till the end of the world — till the Angel shall have said: 'Time is no more.' Then I shall take my rest, then I shall be able to rejoice, because the number of the elect will be complete." For half a century St. Therese has richly kept her word, gladdening the five continents with her mystical rainfall of roses.

But what did this humble religious do to deserve a like deluge of glory? What noble deeds did she achieve to be called by the Holy Father, his Guiding Star, the Angel of Catholic Missions, the world's beloved Little Flower? Holy Mother Church, always so prudent and cautious, was moved to hasten the official canonization of one who was already canonized in the hearts of men. To obtain the protection of this mission-minded Saint who had once cried out in a passionate outburst of love: "One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would spread the Gospel in all parts of the earth, even to the farthest isles," the missionary bishops of the whole world, headed by the untiring apostle of Keewatin, His Excellency Most Rev. Ovide Charlebois, petitioned the Holy See in October, 1927 to appoint St. Therese of the Child Jesus Patroness of missions and missionaries. In reply to this petition signed by more than 230 Shepherds of souls in all parts of the world, the Holy Father, on December 14 of the same year, proclaimed St. Therese of the Child Jesus special Patroness of all missionaries and missions.

But once again may we ask: "What has this lowly Carmelite done to deserve a like veneration and so many honors?" What did she do but wield the fairy wand of love over the tiniest actions of her life, offering them all to Jesus for the salvation of souls and to console His unrequited love? Joys, sorrows, petty annoyances, physical weariness, under the magical wand of love were transformed into fragrant blooms with which she caressed her Beloved Crucified. One might say that the secret of her sublime sanctity was embodied in these lines of one of her poems, *To Scatter Flowers*:

To scatter flowers! — that means each sacrifice:
My lightest sighs and pains, my heaviest, saddest hours,
My hopes, my joys, my prayers — I will not count the price —
Behold my flowers!

To scatter flowers! — behold my chosen sword
For saving sinners' souls and filling Heaven's bowers;
The victory is mine — yea, I disarm Thee, Lord,
With these my flowers!

Such was the programme of her entire life. At first glance, this *little way* may seem quite easy and simple and flowery. Trying to put it into practice, however, one soon realizes that St. Therese's heart was indeed the heart of a heroine.

In order to tread this *little way*, one must be unhampered by egoism and self-conceit. Above all, one must become as a little child.

This is the lesson St. Therese of the Child Jesus teaches, this is the beginning and the end of her art of loving God. If men would but tread in her footsteps, hatred and warfare would vanish from this world, which would soon be transformed into an earthly paradise.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus is the Saint of modern times. Her little hand lovingly clasped in the hand of the Almighty, she has been walking our darkened ways for the last fifty years, to remind us of the long-forgotten lesson fallen in days of yore from the lips of Our Blessed Savior: "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mission Flashes From Japan

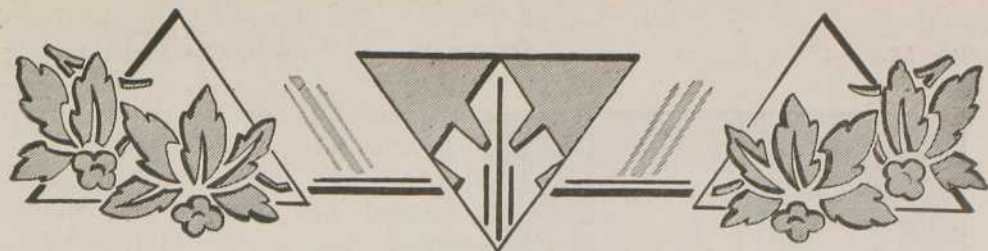
For the first time since 1940, three Japanese seminarians have arrived in Rome where they will enroll as students at Propaganda College. They are: Messrs. Sawada, son of the former Japanese ambassador to Brazil, Kawaguchi and Yamada. The atomic disaster of Nagasaki left Mr. Yamada bereaved of his father, mother and seven brothers and sisters. The only remaining member of his family is a brother, religious at the Trappist Monastery of Hakodate.

Circumstances being so exceptionally favorable for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in Japan, Catholic Missions are putting an all-out effort in winning the people of the country to the True Faith. Lectures and conferences are given everywhere with the aim of making known the teachings of the Catholic Church on social and intellectual matters.

The lectures given at the Catholic University of Tokyo in particular, have drawn people from the most distinguished classes of society. The inaugural conference on "Authority and Liberty in Education" was given by Mr. Tanaka Kotaro, Professor of Law at the Imperial University and Minister of Public Instruction.

His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, while visiting Japan, went as far south as Nagasaki in order to meet his former classmate of Propaganda College in Rome, His Excellency Bishop Yamaguchi. Assisted by the Ordinaries of the martyred cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, His Eminence blessed the new temporary church of Urakami and celebrated the first Mass within its walls. More than 2,500 Catholics, survivors of the atomic bombardment of August 9, 1945, were present and received Holy Communion at the Cardinal's hands.

In 1943, Catholics in Japan numbered 117,710. At present there are only 109,000, due to casualties resulting from shelling and bombing during the war, and more especially to the radical destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki-Urakami. For the same reasons, the Japanese clergy has decreased. Japanese priests now number 145, compared to their pre-war number of 161. Missionaries have increased in number: 253 compared to 236 — a sum total of 398 priests to minister to the needs of 109,000 Catholics and bring about the conversion of 80,000,000 unbelievers.



An Example to Christian Parents

The life story of the humble Carmelite of Lisieux, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, whose fiftieth anniversary of death we are commemorating in September, 1947, is a glowing tribute to the staunch Catholic faith of the God-minded parents who gave her to the Church of Christ and prepared her for her worldwide mission of herald of Divine Love.

Louis Martin and Zelig Guerin, predestined by Heaven to the sublime dignity of parents of a Saint, were exemplary Catholics, of simple and sincere faith, unalterably devoted to duty and the right.

"Like Tobias and his spouse," we read in the Prologue of the Saint's Autobiography, "they were joined in matrimony — 'solely for the love of children, in whom God's Name might be blessed for ever and ever.'"

Nine children, two boys and seven girls, were born to rejoice this truly Christian home. Of these, four barely smiled to the day before winging their flight to heavenly nurseries, to mingle with the cherubs so beautifully symbolical of childhood innocence. Among the four "angel children" were two infant boys, whom the deeply religious father and mother had longed to dedicate to their Lord as His priests and missionaries. Sad at heart yet still confident, the faithful servants of God offered more urgent prayers, more pressing novenas, that to them might be granted the coveted honor of a priestly son, dispenser of the good gifts of God.

On January 2, 1873, for the ninth time a newborn child brought joy to the Martin household. The little one was a girl — which meant that the future priest was still denied them. Had not the Master, then, heeded their sighs and fervent pleadings?

In very truth He had, and could they have lifted the veil of the future, their sorrow would have been changed into joy and consolation. Their Therese would be a missionary, the Patron Saint of Missionaries, an apostle of Divine Mercy to the uttermost limits of the earth. True, the little Carmelite never left her cloister to bear the Standard of the Cross to heathen strands. She left Carmel-on-earth for Carmel-in-Heaven at the early age of twenty-four. Only after her death did she begin her active worldwide apostolate, scattering mystical roses over the globe, laboring with her spiritual brothers, God's missionaries, in the extension of His Kingdom of Love.

Pious and God-fearing, the parents of our Saint were also industrious and generous-hearted. Madame Martin, true reproduction of the Valiant Woman whose praise is told in Scripture, never shirked before any task, whatever the weariness that weighed her down. In a letter to her brother



EVENING IN THE MARTIN HOUSEHOLD

she once said that her day began at four-thirty to end only one hour before midnight. Not less devoted was the husband and father. The blessing of prosperity rewarded their unstinted efforts. But at no time do we find them covetous of wealth and riches. One sole ambition they cherished, and that, to provide for the future of their family.

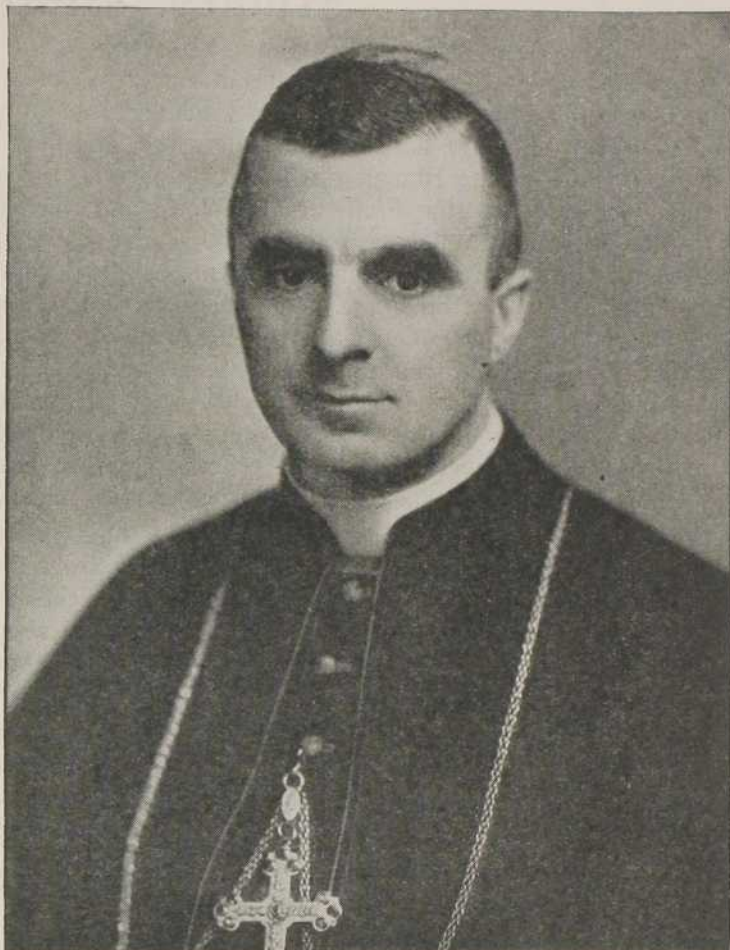
To generous and faithful souls the Master is not afraid to present the cross, that precious gift that only His favorites are granted. More than once the cup of suffering was offered to the parents of St. Therese. From the young mother God asked the fourfold sacrifice of little ones she loved more than life itself. From the father He exacted another painful separation, the loss of the one who had stood by him on

life's journey. Then the Lord and Master, doubtless satisfied with the heroic resignation of which His servant had given proof, took from him his beloved daughters. God had given them to him, He was taking them for His service. Whatever pleased the Almighty, pleased His servant as well. Thus did the saintly father accept the will of the Most High upon his family. Uncomplainingly he blessed his daughters and accompanied them one after the other to the door of the cloister.

What a challenging example for fathers and mothers who hesitate or even refuse to give their children to the Divine Savior, when He calls them to His service in the priestly or the religious state!

How blessed are these model parents of a Saint in the Kingdom of everlasting Joy! On their radiant forehead gleams a crown of glory studded with nine precious stones, one of which sparkles with matchless lustre. This ninth jewel represents the "Little Queen", the incomparable Saint who heads the ranks of the missionaries of Christ, with her soldier brother, St. Francis Xavier, the Christlike lover of souls.

May the shining example set by the parents of the Saint whose memory we revere draw countless Catholic fathers and mothers to follow where they led. May our families be gardens where are carefully tended and nurtured precious blooms of holiness, and we need not fear to face the days ahead. For the child will be what family training will have made it — a peril to society or its salvation.



To His Excellency
Most Rev. Maurice Roy

Newly Appointed Archbishop of Quebec

THE PRECURSOR
*presents its religious felicitations
and cordial wishes
for a long and fruitful episcopal career
on the See of his native city.*

The Marian Congress

Makes History

The solemn and never-to-be-forgotten Marian Congress which caused the world to focus its eyes on the capital city of Canada, is now a beautiful treasure of the past. Slowly, almost regretfully, the imposing cortege of Princes and prelates of the Roman Catholic Church who streamed in by every means of transportation from the Old World and the New, and the thousands of priests and religious from the four corners of the nation, have dispersed. The hosts of devout pilgrims, clients of Mary, who flocked to the Canadian capital for the grand ceremonies, have again resumed "the even tenor of their way." Our Lady of the Cape, our national Madonna, after her unprecedented triumphant tour, has returned to her shrine at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, her blessed feet worn by the reverent kiss of legions of her children. The story of the Marian Congress, whose tremendous success has surpassed the expectations of its worthy sponsor, His Excellency Archbishop Vachon, now fills a brilliant page in the chronicles of Canada's glorious yesterdays.

The Congress is over! Long live the Congress! For power flows and will flow from the Marian manifestation. The outward scenes of pomp and splendor no longer attract the eye, but "more things are wrought by *grace* than this world dreams of." Grace continues to operate in the hearts of men who assembled in Mary's name from five continents.

The ardent-souled thousands who knelt at Our Lady's feet were there to represent the vast human brotherhood of Mary's children. Canada knelt there. The world knelt there. Mankind rendered praise and prayed for mercy. Over the air lanes floated the voice of the Roman Shepherd admonishing his sons to abide in their Heavenly Mother's love and remain steadfast to their Canadian and Catholic traditions. All heads were bowed in filial respect as the Father of Christendom, beyond the broad Atlantic expanse, raised his hand in blessing upon his sons and daughters of the Maple Land. All Canada has acclaimed the vibrant words of the eminent sacred orators who have stirred to a higher level fervent devotion and filial love towards the Immaculate Mother of God. With the compact masses of pilgrims gathered at the open-air cathedral of the nation thousands of Catholics, Canadians and foreigners, brothers in Christ, have followed over the radio the touching ceremonies of Pontifical High Mass on Sunday, of the Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the afternoon, climaxed by the ultimate scene of splendor, the impressive finale in the night of the 22nd. In a truly ideal setting for the glorification of the Queen of Heaven, beneath the twinkling rays of myriad stars, crowds beyond reckoning gathered to sing their last loving canticle, their last grateful hymn to Mary and her Divine Son. The eyes of nations were strained on Ottawa that night of nights. In spirit all were joining in this great act of worship, all were in the City of Mary, channeling their pleas for peace through the Queen of Peace, throwing to the four winds the *Magnificat*

and the *Te Deum* of praise, pledging unshakable loyalty to the Mother of Christ and the Church, His Bride.

In all her grandeur and beauty, holy and without blemish, men beheld at the mighty gathering the glorious Roman Catholic Church. In the eyes of men of all races and tongues and creeds, she has appeared incomparably beautiful in her unity, her universality, her power and her charity. Among all those visitors of sundry races and tongues, some in time past foes on alien strands, reigned the most perfect harmony, the most cordial charity, the same overwhelming desire of paying their tribute of love to the Blessed Mother.

CONGRESS AIM REACHED

The instigators of the Marian Congress did not aim primarily at arousing public curiosity by pageantry and ceremonial, and the colossal exhibit of the works of 115 different Communities. Their great central aim was to honor the Blessed Virgin and request the gift of peace for a war-weary world. Well may we hope now that races will clasp hands with the warmth of brothers, we who know how faithfully the terms set by Our Lady at Fatima — prayer and penance — have been observed during the sacred hours when Ottawa was a world centre of Catholic piety.

PRAYER — in an uninterrupted cloud it arose towards the throne of God, purified by the touch of the Immaculate One. The prayer sublime and supreme, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, was offered from midnight to midnight in the Peace chapel, while devout worshippers unceasingly recited the Hail Mary before the statue of Our Lady. PRAYER — it ascended towards the Almighty with the solemn chanting of Pontifical High Masses, with the harmonious melodies of sacred music; it welled, faithful, fervent, humble, from the inmost soul of pilgrim thousands who, heedless of human respect, threw to the world their cries of love, thanks and supplication to the Queen of Heaven, our Mother and Mediatrix.

PENANCE — voluntary or imposed by circumstances, but how generously accomplished! Voluntary, for thousands accepted with a right good will the weariness of a long journey and the tedious hours of waiting under the glaring summer sun. Voluntary and how touching, the penance of those who followed the stream of Mary's devotees for more than an hour, in the hope that they might be able to venerate, or simply to touch, the replica of the miraculous statue of the Madonna. Prince of the Church, priest and peasant alike awaited their turn to draw near to Mary. Voluntary, again, the penance of those who bore without a suggestion of impatience the suffocating atmosphere of an ever-swelling throng, in order to hear several Masses in succession. There in the Peace chapel, the devotional centre of the Congress, Mary received the most acceptable expressions of good will from her sons and daughters.

The conditions she had prescribed have been filled. With reason then may we expect that our tender Mother will obtain from her Divine Son the favors we implore — the conversion of the enemies of the Church and a lasting worldwide peace.



REPOSITORY ALTAR AT THE MARIAN CONGRESS, OTTAWA

PILGRIMS ARE IMPRESSED

The Marian Congress has strengthened Catholics in their Faith, principally so those of Ontario, who live for the most part in a non-Catholic environment. "This makes us proud of being Catholics!" was heard on every side. "We feel strong and are not afraid to show our Faith!" Another impression picked at random in the steady stream of interested on-lookers at the religious displays: "This Congress will help us understand better the riches of our Faith. We never knew the Church had this striking *unity* and *variety* in her works! What an unfolding of charity! What splendid works! How great the Church must be!"

The union of civic and ecclesiastical authorities in this matchless religious demonstration has not failed to impress our people vividly. Surely we can face the future with a renewed courage, for peace and harmony will follow, as the night the day, the brotherly reunion of temporal and spiritual leaders.

In this grand assembly Protestants have glimpsed the Catholic Church as she really is and have learned to appreciate her. Devotion to Mary, explained in glowing terms by the great sacred preachers in public and by priests and religious in private, has undoubtedly been more clearly understood by our separated brethren. "The Catholic Faith is a tower of strength!" was the appreciative comment of a non-Catholic woman. "Now, I understand why you live your Faith and why Catholics will die for it!" — "You have real charity," said another, after hearing explanations on the items in a display. "We give much to the missions, but you — you don't just give money, you give yourselves. That's real charity!" — "How mighty your Faith must be!" rang another admiring note, "to blossom forth in all these many-sided activities!"

In fine, the immense concourse of the faithful from everywhere testified — and how eloquently! — to the marvellous, magnetic attraction of our Holy Faith. Never had a pacific army as strong invaded the Marian Citadel, and never was a Marian or a Catholic triumph so complete.

May the remembrance of the glorious days of the Marian Congress remain forever in pilgrim hearts and minds, and may all who have attended this outstanding Catholic event of 1947 preserve with a holy jealousy the unspeakably exalted legacy of faith in Christ Jesus.

* * *

POPE'S LETTER TO CARDINAL LEGATE

Pope Pius XII advised the Marian Congress at Ottawa to concentrate on liberty and the greater understanding and use of it.

In an 800-word letter to the Papal Legate at the Congress, James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, the Pontiff said that in seeking a leading important thought for development by the Congress "one must speak of Liberty."

The Pope said Liberty must be "circumscribed by certain limits. Liberty rightly conceived does not give ruthless power to dare everything. Liberty is not unpunished evil in error and crime.

"Truth is the mother of Liberty but Christ is Truth and Christ was brought into this world through Mary. — Therefore true liberty starts with Mary."

The Pontiff called on all Christians "in the name of the Divine Mother and strengthened by her aid" to fight for truth and defend its dignity "before those who crush and adulterate it."



DISPLAY OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT THE MARIAN CONGRESS

"May all who are called Christians and are Christians in fact", said the Pope, "strive and contend against those who would destroy and debase liberty. May they preserve its dignity the hope and salvation of mankind, and may they strive to conform their actions to the virtues of Mary which glow with inimitable grace and shine with alluring light."

Pope Pius instructed the Cardinal to remind those attending the Congress that "we are counting greatly on Canada, so vigorous and flourishing, in the serious and pressing project of rebuilding all things in Christ and of repairing, according to the law and the spirit of the gospel, a world unhappily driven too far in the opposite way, and re-establishing it in a state of prosperous order."

Stressing the theme of liberty, which he described as "that special gift from heaven, by which man freely submits to the sovereignty and the law of God and thus becomes the architect of his own nobility and happiness and the preserver and custodian of universal order," the Pontiff asked: "What is more necessary and desirable in our times than liberty, and the right use of liberty, for the glory of God and for the advancement and safeguarding of the true faith?"

POPE'S RADIO SPEECH TO MARIAN CONGRESS

Beloved Children in Christ Jesus: You have opened a Congress which will be memorable in the proud annals of your country.

This is not the first time that Canadian skies have been pierced by paeans of praise to honor her whom the King of Kings has wished to honor. More than three centuries ago Mary's sweet name was given to river and lake, to mountain peak and bay in your land, and devotion to her most pure heart was sanctifying the family hearths.

A first settlement might be little more than a few rough cabins along the lower banks of the river, but a chapel was there dedicated to God to honor the immaculate conception of Mary. Other brave spirits came to penetrate farther up the river and their city was to be Mary's own. Their battle cry against the savages of the forest was: *Ave Purissima*.

But those early champions of Mary's honor to the glory of her Son for all their adventuresome fervor could never have imagined the scene that Canada presents today.

In the national Capital before most eminent representatives of Church and State thousands have gathered to make public profession of their faith in Canada's rich heritage from Old France and to rededicate to Mary Immaculate the country that they love and with whose future are bound up the happiness and welfare of their children and children's children.

Tribute to Archbishop Vachon

With keen joy we feel conscious of our own presence in your midst in the person of our Cardinal Legate.

Surely our venerable brother (Archbishop Vachon), the devoted shepherd, had an inspiration when he planned to commemorate the centenary of the Diocese of Ottawa by a Marian Congress whose sessions and liturgical functions would help you to know better and love more ardently creation's incomparable glory and whose crowning act would be the consecration of all, town, city and province, to Mary the Mother of God.

"Mother of God", what an ineffable title! The grace of the divine maternity is the key which opens up to weak human scrutiny the untold riches of Mary's soul as it is likewise a challenge commanding for her the utmost reverence of every creature.

She alone by her dignity transcends heaven and earth. None among created beings visible or invisible can compare with her in excellence. She is at once the handmaiden and the Mother of God — a virgin and yet a mother.

But when the little Maid of Nazareth uttered her *fiat* to the message of the angel and the Word was made flesh in her womb, she became not only the Mother of God in the physical order of nature but also in the supernatural order of grace she became the mother of all, who through the holy spirit would be made one under the headship of her Divine Son. The mother of the head would be the mother of the members. The mother of the vine would be the mother of the branches.

Our filial love of Mary prompts us to dwell for a space in prayerful meditation with you beloved children on these beautiful truths, but time will not permit us. You will ponder them in your hearts during these days of extraordinary grace which are beginning for you.

Take Courage

Let the sin-laden soul take courage and know that a mother's heart filled with mercy is pleading with her Divine Son for the needed grace of repentance and forgiveness. Let growing youth of both sexes know that a loving mother's eyes are always on them. No path of circumstance is hidden from her anxious care.

Go forward then with determination, O dear young men and young women, and vindicate the glory of your Immaculate Mother. In the face of a vicious world prove that young hearts can still be chaste. And oh, how much depends on the genuine active Catholicity of the home!

We rejoice, O most Pure One, Mother of God, in the holy desires and resolutions of thy children of Canada. They are thine, they wish to cling ever to thy guiding hand.



HOLY CHILDHOOD DISPLAY AT THE MARIAN CONGRESS

Protect them under the wings of thy affection and mercy.

Defend them against the peril that threatens the human family and menaces especially those who wish to be faithful to thy Son and His Church.

As a pledge of these precious blessings, beloved children, and as a token of our paternal affection, to you and to all who take part in this congress and who have assisted in its preparation we impart the apostolic benediction.

CARDINAL McGUIGAN ADDRESSES CONGRESS

It is in the name and with the august authority of His Holiness Pope Pius XII that I come as his appointed envoy to preside over this Marian Congress. My first words must express profound gratitude to His Holiness for entrusting me with such an exalted and sacred mission, the mission, if I may quote his own words, "of being his interpreter and, as it were, his voice" during these days of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and intercession before the throne of God under the loving patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

As Legate of Pope Pius XII, I accept with deep humility, but with the greatest joy and gratitude, the generous welcome you give me in the spirit of living faith and glowing charity, eloquently voiced in the name of all by the gifted and gracious Metropolitan of Ottawa. The tribute that you pay me is a tribute to the venerable seat of apostolic authority, the See of Peter, and to the sacred person of the Holy Father who, as pontiff, as statesman and as a saintly leader of all men of good will, shines like a star of hope in a world enveloped in a cloud of mistrust and uncertainty. I thank you all, and with every single one among you, I join in thanking His Holiness for his great beneficence to our beloved Canada, while with you I pray that God may gladden his heart and sustain his hand in the arduous spiritual responsibilities which are his as the Vicar of the Prince of Peace in a world torn and wounded by the woes and the hatreds of war.

In the name of the Vicar of Christ I would now extend to His Excellency, the Archbishop of this diocese, to his devoted clergy both diocesan and religious, to his flourishing religious communities and to all the faithful, cordial felicitations and prayerful good wishes on the hundredth anniversary of the erection of this See of which our Blessed Mother is the glorious patroness. In union with my venerable brethren of the Episcopate, I am happy to congratulate you on this great act of religious faith and of filial devotion to the Mother of God which you have inspired, planned and brought into being. It is your ardent desire, through this Congress, to exalt Christ as the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords by honoring His own Holy Mother who owes all her beauty, all her sanctity and sublime prerogatives to her Divine Son.

During these blessed days of the Congress we will unite our hearts with the pulsating heart of the Archdiocese of Ottawa to return thanks to Almighty God, the source and author of all blessings, and to invoke a continued outpouring of His graces upon its future destiny.

In his letter of appointment, the Holy Father has bidden me fulfill this exalted office as Papal Legate "in such a way as to advance the welfare of the Church and procure joy to his paternal heart as well as bountiful blessings for our own souls." It is evident that we will bring the greatest joy to the Holy Father and exalt our Holy Mother, the Church, in the measure in which we make the Congress a great profession of religious faith, a sublime act of homage and worship to Almighty God, a mighty testimony to our belief in the Divinity of Christ through the tribute of honor paid to His immaculate Mother. All the Glories of Mary during these sacred days, it is, as St. Augustine says, because the honor of her Son demands it: it is because the Word Incarnate has deemed no glory too great for her whom He chose to be His Mother.

I come as Papal Legate that the participants in this Congress "may have life and may have it more abundantly" (John 10, 10). I come that the Congress "should bring forth fruit, and that its fruit should remain" (John 15, 16). The fruits of the Congress should be a response to the loving message of Our Lady of the Rosary at Fatima.

They are, first of all, a spirit of penance and reparation for sin, a renewal of Catholic life according to the teaching of Christ; secondly, a spirit of devotion and love towards Mary, our Mother, pressed by our fidelity to the daily recitation of the Rosary, not only privately and in the intimacy of the family circle, but also publicly in our parish churches. The universal use, the beauty and fruits of the Rosary are sung by Joyce Kilmer:

"There is one harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is one song that any mouth can sing
A song that lingers when all singing dies,
When on their beads our Mother's children pray,
Immortal music charms the grateful skies."

Consecration of Lives

Thirdly, the consecration of our lives and homes, our dioceses and our beloved country to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, after the glorious example set us by our Holy Father Pope Pius XII. These are the potent spiritual means given us by our Blessed Mother her-

self at Fatima to restore all things in Christ and to bring to the world that peace which the world cannot itself give. *Beata Pacis visio.*

With these sentiments of gratitude, of congratulations and of holy hope in the lasting fruits of this great religious festival, in the Holy Father's name I invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the Congress and upon all who take part in it. And now, lifting up my eyes and my heart to Our Lady, the glorious patroness of this diocese, with sincere faith and humble confidence, I pray: "Arise, O Mary, the Queen of the Assumption, and with thy sweet and thrilling voice speak to thy children of Canada during these sacred hours. Bid sin depart from our hearts and let the love of God and of our neighbor become the main-spring of all our actions. Shine on us all, O Blessed Lady, with the brightness of thy countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O Stella Matutina*, and make us worthy of our heritage so that our Canadian Church, exemplifying unity in variety, may be a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish."

May the holy joy of this Congress be a prelude to the exulting joy of the Church on that day yet to come when, as we hope, the Church through her Supreme Pontiff will officially crown Mary with her final diadem of glory and proclaim her Assumption a dogma of the Faith. May it be a shining fulfilment in our age of Our Lady's own prophecy: "Behold henceforth all nations shall call me blessed."

ARCHBISHOP JOHN D'ALTON ON DEVOTION TO MARY

Down through the centuries, the Church has never failed to render fitting homage to Mary next after her Divine Son. It, however, always stresses the infinite distance that separates the creature and the Uncreated in their nature, attributes and dignity. It has been accused of detracting from the merits of Christ as the one Mediator, but it insists that the veneration of the Mother must go hand in hand with the worship of the Son. It refuses to separate Mother and Son, because in God's eternal design they were inseparably united for the redemption of the human race.

To understand Mary's unique dignity, we must cast our minds back to that day of disaster when our first parents disobeyed the command of their Creator. In the fatal moment of their transgression our first parents forfeited the heritage which in God's design they were destined to transmit to their descendants. The dark night of ignorance and degradation descended on the world. There was but one gleam of hope to relieve the darkness, the promise of a Redeemer. God would raise up a second Adam to bridge the gulf placed between man and his Creator by the sin of the first Adam.

At length in the person of an obscure maiden of Nazareth appeared the human being on whom God could look with undisturbed delight. Through the consent of Mary the Word was made flesh, and the greatest mystery of God's love was accomplished. The first step was taken in restoring the integrity of the human race, and in setting it once more on the path that leads to eternal life.

Can we wonder that the Church has consistently honored Mary, when God chose her to be His Mother and assigned her a part of such vital moment in the great work of Redemption? As the years went on, the abiding memory of the peerless Virgin Mother imparted an added fervor and charm to the Christian faith, and gave a new inspiration and direction to the preaching of those who were striving to dispel the darkness of paganism. The most baneful legacy left by the pagan creeds was the degradation of womanhood. For the most part the story of woman was a story of bondage, oppression, and contemptuous neglect. She was treated as the plaything of man's passion, as a mere chattel in her husband's house. Slowly but surely Christianity effected its greatest revolution, when it raised the status of woman and gave her back a consciousness of her exalted dignity, by recounting Mary's unique privileges, and by holding her up as a pattern of virtue to maiden, wife and mother.

In this age of moral anarchy how great is the need of Mary's example! The growing girl has to lead her life amidst the countless seductions of the modern world. The vision of Mary Immaculate should be for her a source of moral strength and heroic endurance in her struggle against the forces of evil.

Home Invaded

The home has been invaded by the modern spirit of restlessness and indiscipline, which helps to weaken parental authority. Then we have the self-styled progressive thinkers of our day, who continually deride the Catholic ideal of marriage as out of harmony with the trend of modern civilization. They clamor for companionate marriage, and for easier divorce. They advocate the frustration of the primary end of marriage, and thus encourage the refusal of one of God's most glorious gifts, the joy and laughter of children in the home. In many countries the State, against its own best interests, seems bent on joining the conspiracy to hasten the disintegration of the family.

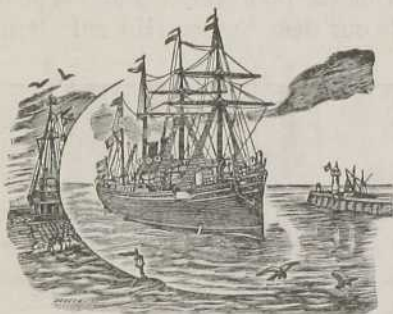
It steadily encroaches on the rights and responsibilities of parents in the training of their children, and exercises the functions which in God's design properly belong to them. The Soviet Government boasts of having established residential kindergartens and child colonies

to relieve mothers from what it styles "the soul-destroying routine of housework, and the endless round of petty duties involved in the education of their children." What a travesty godless materialism can make of the mother's most sacred calling!

The Church has always proclaimed its conviction that when family life begins to decay, society has signed its death warrant. While it regards the father as the head of the family, it looks on the mother as its heart and centre. In Mary it finds the surest bulwark against the dangers that threaten the sacred citadel of the home. Greatly do we need the mothers who realize the holiness of their vocation. An inestimable service can be rendered to the family, to the State, and to the Church by mothers who take Mary as their teacher and protector.

While the Church presents Mary for our homage under many glorious titles, it continually keeps before us the pathetic and alluring figure of the Mother of Sorrows. Mary teaches the lesson that we sorely need to recognize God's design in days of joy or sorrow and to surrender ourselves to the fulfillment of His plans. Every moment of her life carried its burden of bitter sorrow. When the final scene in the drama of the Redemption was being enacted, Mary shared to the full in the Passion of her Son. Every cry of pain that was wrung from the dying Saviour found an answering echo in her inmost soul.

We need to keep before us the sublime courage of the *Mater Dolorosa*. In a neo-pagan world there are those who would provide us with an anodyne for every pain, even with the despairing remedy of euthanasia in defiance of God's law. Those who are disposed to rail at life's sorrows, should remember that Christ did not exempt from the law of suffering His own Mother. The way of the Cross is the only royal road to life and peace. In these days when so many are called to suffer for the Faith, the Mother of Sorrows is there to give them strength and consolation. In particular is she a source of solace and encouragement to the sorrowing mothers of the world. She was once homeless and a wanderer. Today there are countless refugee mothers who with their little ones have been torn from their homes by a heartless, inhuman tyranny, and forced to tread the bitter road of exile. In the memory of Mary's sorrows they will find alleviation for their own.



Eyes Missionward

On July 20 last, eleven Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception pledged themselves to the Master Missionary to toil in the mission lands that will shortly be opened to their zeal. The Sisters with their destinations are as follows:

To Canton, China: Sister St. Alphonse du Redempteur (Antoinette Couvrette, St. Dorothee, P. Q.), Sister Marie Auguste (Blanche Gerin, Coaticook, P. Q.).

To Kowloon, China: Sister Therese du St. Sacrement (Therese Guenette, L'Orignal, Ont.).

To Manila, Philippine Islands: Sister Claire de l'Eucharistie (Claire Fontaine, Quebec), Sister Marie de Massabielle (Anne Marie Levesque, Westmount).

To Mati, Philippine Islands: Sister Joseph Armand (Gertrude Gagnon, Petit Saguenay).

To Port Salut, Haiti: Sister Marie Ruth (Emilienne Cantin, Quebec), Sister St. Roch (Marie Jeanne Bedard, Quebec), Sister Catherine de Jesus (Catherine Drolet, Three Rivers), Sister St. Valentine (Gladys McLean, Cabano, P. Q.).

To Roche-a-Bateau, Haiti: Sister Jeanne d'Orleans (Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec).

To One of These My Least Brethren



LOVE for Christ and souls has again been the inspiring motive of a year of homefront mission activity for our various workrooms and circles.

No record have we of depression days and strikes. Our record is one of whole-hearted, generous giving of time and labor. From our workrooms, powerhouses of charity, have come many invaluable items for altars, chapels and dispensaries out where the word of God is being preached to heathen nations.

Everywhere hands have toiled with a will. One sole ambition spurred every worker on to give the best of her talent, that thus she might do her share in helping Christ's missionaries to hold up their arms and their hearts while they go forward with the Gospel message of faith and hope and love. It is a consolation to all who thus invest their time and devotion to remember that their investment will bear eternal dividends, as Christ Himself tells us in a Gospel text of St. Matthew: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (Matt. XXV, 40)

Devoted friends of our Missions, in relieving the poor, the sick and orphan children, you are exercising charity towards our dear Savior Himself; Jesus



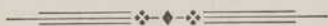
SISTER MARIE ROSE (CECILE PILON, MONTREAL), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI, WITH A FEW PROTEGES AT "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE". THE GIRLS HAVE DONNED THE PRETTY DRESSES SENT BY CHARITABLE BENEFACTORS, MR. AND MRS. J. CARON, PUTNAM, CONN.

it is whom you feed as you procure rice for famished bodies and the bread of truth for truth-starved immortal souls. Jesus Himself will reward you a hundredfold.

We, His missionaries, assure you of a grateful remembrance in prayer. To God we shall whisper our words of thanks for your unstinted cooperation.

Heartfelt thanks are also extended to all who, while not members of our workrooms, spend their leisure time in making clothing for our Missions. All that is thus done we deeply appreciate and cannot but praise and encourage. To these zealous collaborators returns the joy of having given joy to our Sisters on the mission field and their needy proteges.

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION



Mission Sunday, October 19, 1947

Through the war years the average man, ever an optimist, dreamed of the happy world that would follow the wake of destruction. The principles of Christ would then flourish on earth; brotherly love would prevail. Even the cynical politicians believed the lofty phrases they coined about what would happen when the veterans returned to their homes.

Now that post-war world has become a reality, and it is becoming appallingly clear that the picture is neither a bright nor a happy one, for materialism seems to have a death grip on mankind. Countries are wrangling over the control of the most destructive weapon mankind has ever invented. Labor and management refuse to agree, even though their quarrels result in paralyzing strikes affecting the entire country. Doubts and suspicions darken not only the minds of individuals but of entire nations.

However, through the darkness of the present there shines one brilliant light. It illumines the minds of even the most cynical, while it puts the fear of God in the irresponsible. This light is the work of the Catholic missionaries who are laboring in every part of the world. They have voluntarily left home and loved ones to bring the knowledge and love of Christ to those who know Him not.

On Mission Sunday, October 19th, the Catholics of the civilized world will have an opportunity to show their appreciation for the work of these missionaries. However, because of unsettled conditions, it is to America that these gallant men and women must turn for the prayers and alms to sustain them in their labors.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII expressed great satisfaction with the American support in Catholic mission efforts during a private interview granted Bishop Thomas J. McDonnell recently, when he attended the international meeting of the National Directors of the world for the Propagation of the Faith, assembled by the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, Vatican City.

"America is my comfort and consolation these sad days," stated His Holiness. "She is the light of the world and the star of hope in these dark times. I hope America will continue to support the sorrowful and that she will be ever faithful to her Christian ideals. The missions have suffered a great deal as a result of cruel wars, but their rehabilitation and the continuance of their spiritual and corporal works of mercy and charity will prosper under the grace of God, through the spiritual and material generous assistance, so characteristic of the American people, who are known to forget self, when their brothers are in suffering and misery."

"Christ Himself established the goal of Catholic mission effort when He commissioned His apostles to go forth and enlighten the whole world," wrote His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Episcopal Chairman of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies in the United States, in his Mission Sunday message to the Catholics of this country. "In this, America's hour, all of us Americans must do our part to make Christ's teachings known, respected and loved by our brothers in all the world. By our prayers and our alms, by our words and works, by our offerings on Mission Sunday and our memberships in the Mission Aid Societies we help our missionaries in foreign fields through The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in the Near Eastern countries, including the Holy Land, through the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, and the zealous priests and sisters laboring in the mission areas of our own land through the American Board of Catholic Missions. May God help us to continue to help them!"

Congratulations

To Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell
American National Director of the Propagation of the Faith
Newly Appointed Titular Bishop of Sela
and Auxiliary to His Eminence Cardinal Spellman of New York.

*That God's blessings may be richly showered
upon the mission-souled Prelate is the wish and prayer
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.*

Mission Intention for September

More Missionary Vocations in Latin America

When one remembers that in the first quarter of the 18th century the Ven. Anthony Margil, O.S.F., crowned his labors by establishing a Missionary College of the Propagation of the Faith in the city of Guatemala for the training of natives to the priesthood, it is disheartening to realize that today there are but 125 priests to care for 3,450,572 Guatemalans or one priest for 27,602 people in that country. This is but one concrete example of the retrogression which has fallen upon the Church in Latin America which has created a problem requiring immediate action on the part of the Holy See and sympathetic understanding on the part of American Catholics.

What has happened during the past four centuries to cause this lamentable state of affairs? What transpired during only the last two hundred years since Ven. Margil opened the doors of his missionary college in Guatemala? Why has there been this falling off in religious vocations among the young people of Latin America, where a magnificent structure of Catholicity flourished two centuries before a single cathedral was erected in what now constitutes the United States?

Contributing Causes

There were many contributing causes which led to the present state of affairs in Latin America. First among these may be listed the patronage of the Spanish crown which at times attempted to usurp the power of Rome in the matter of ecclesiastical appointments and the control of church affairs. Second, the rivalry between Spain and Portugal which paved the way for conflict between the natives and colonists. Third, the suppression of mission activity and the expulsion of the Jesuits in the 18th century. Fourth, the introduction and wide adoption of free masonry. Finally the struggle for independence in the various states and the consequent border warfare between them.

While the Paraguay Reductions, established in 1609, marked the highest form of parochial activity, the consequent dearth of priests because of the reasons given above, weakened the whole fabric of the Church's activity in Latin America. Today the greatest proof of that debilitation may be found in the weakness of parish life. Experienced priests are needed to rekindle the dormant of the once glorious faith that flourished there.

Today there are some 586 priests and 559 sisters from America filling out the depleted ranks of missionaries working in South, Central America and the islands of the Caribbean. While it is to be hoped that this number will be augmented to help fill up the deficiency, it is the desire of the Holy See that Latin America supply from within her own borders the vocations necessary to implant and revivify the faith.

Father Considine in his book "Call for Forty Thousand" assures us that "there is among these people a tremendous spirit of solidarity founded on the charity of Christ which has never left them even though they are today without priests and religion." Also that while "vocations are relatively few in all these countries, there is a depth and beauty in the spiritual life of many." These are the hopeful signs in the darkened vision of the Church in Latin America, but they are the signs which may be definitely highlighted in the future if Catholics will storm heaven for "more missionary vocations among the people south of our borders."

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director

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



The Rosary — Spiritual Lifebuoy

OST in thought, Father Blake stood at his garden gate, a look of sadness shadowing his usually serene features. Down the country lane his gaze followed the retreating figure of one of his parishioners who had just called on him. The parting words of the man still hammered at his ears and tore at his very heart: "This is the last

you and your God will ever hear from me and mine." Poor, headstrong, misguided fellow! He had disagreed with the other parish officers over the settlement of a certain church affair and this was the sequel.

The door slammed shut as the man of the house strode into the cosy kitchen. "Gertie," Larry called out to his wife in a rasping voice, "and all of you children, from this day on I don't want to hear even the name of God mentioned in this house and I forbid anyone of you to go to church."

Into the kitchen range Larry threw crucifixes, holy pictures, prayer books, for he could not bear the mute reproaches of these witnesses of a religious past.

Thirty godless years went by and Larry felt the weight of age and of a secret sorrow falling heavily on his once stalwart frame. He who had boasted he could very well manage his life without God finally found himself stretched helpless on a bed of pain. The doctor, a devout Catholic, warned him that the end might come suddenly and that it would be safer to call a priest and put order to his soul. The old sinner sneeringly replied: "A priest, you say? What will a priest do in this house? Haven't you lived long enough in this place to know that we're no longer Catholics?" — "Once a Catholic, man, always a Catholic. I'll tell our pastor to call on you and take care that you behave. Else, I'll just wash my hands of you and you'll find some other doctor to care for you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Some hours later a priest called on the sick man who received him coldly. As the illness took a turn for the worse, the patient had to be removed to the hospital where every means was used to bring him back to the Faith of his fathers. Still he remained obdurate. October had come and the rosary was daily recited for this wayward soul that had wandered so far from the Blessed Mother. A visitor called one day on the lonely, embittered patient and discreetly forgot a rosary on the bedside table. At first Larry scowled and pushed it out of sight, but one evening that his wife had come to see him, he suddenly reached out for it, saying: "Gertie, let's say the beads together. It will remind us of the days when we were young."

Our Lady had won another victory for, with the telling of her Aves, the old sinner's heart was touched with sorrow for his misdeeds and was reconciled to his God. Peacefully he died on the feast of the Holy Rosary, thanking Mary for her merciful love.



In His Temple

*The world His temple is,
And we adorers are.
The tabernacle lamps
Are day and evening star.*

*The tiny grain of sand
That mortals lightly tread
Proclaims His wondrous might,
As heavens overhead.*

*Sweet antiphons of praise
Rejoice the morning prime,
And choristers are heard
When rings the Vesper time.*

*All nature lauds its King
In sacred symphonies,
With thrilling voice and glad,
In heart-sprung melodies.*

*The daisies in the lea
Like little acolytes
Their censers swing in glee,
The yellows, reds and whites.*

*The rose, symbolical
Of gentle charity,
Of Mary, Mystic Rose,
Gives thanks, O Lord, to Thee.*

*In royal glory clad,
The lily white as snow
Brings purity to grace
Love's altars here below.*

*The crystal spring repeats
Its ever new refrain ;
Perchance the chalice drops
Once mingled in its strain!*

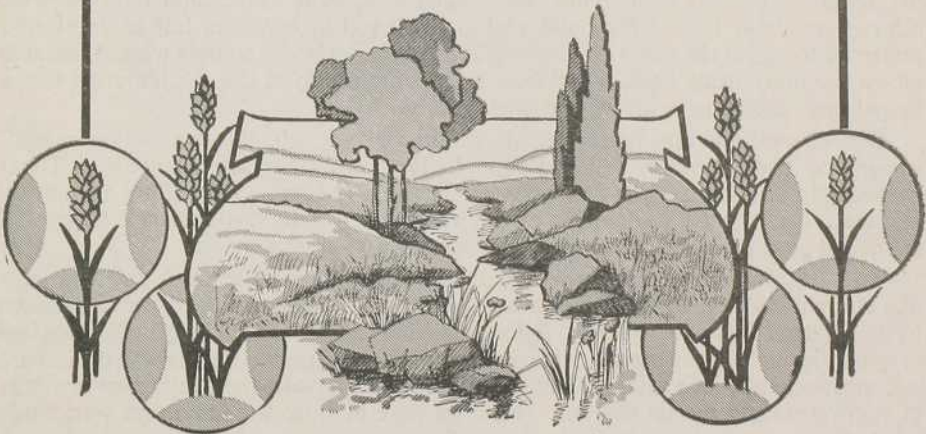
*The golden heads of wheat
Now humbly, gladly fall ;
For gates of death mean Life —
The Living Bread for all.*

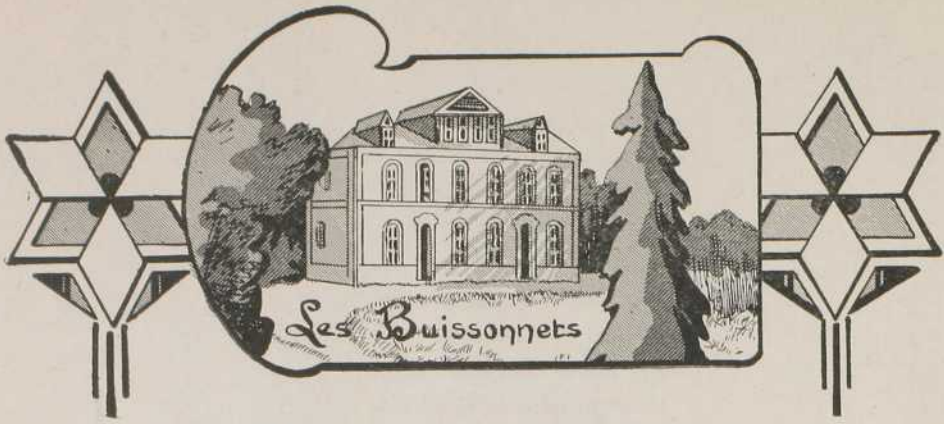
*How wonderful Thy works!
How sweet the sacred notes
That fill Thy temple fair
As incense upward floats!*

*Behold in this Thy shrine
Some souls have never prayed.
That all may love and serve,
Thy herald I am made.*

*Oh, may the day arise,
When nations shall adore
The One, Eternal God
Who reigns from shore to shore!*

THE PRECURSOR





What She Loved

You have likely read over and over extracts from the writings of the Carmelite Saint of Lisieux. Have you ever noticed how deep was her love for nature, that entrancing manifestation of God on every side? One has only to thumb through her life story written by herself, or skim over her poems and letters, to see how in the extravagant beauties of nature she found uplifts for her soul, and how from the things of earth she raised her heart upwards to those of Heaven.

What proofs shall we bring to point? Glance over her charming poetic attempt, *What I Have Loved*, and you will marvel how easily she took possession of things and expressed their impression upon her in words of flowing melody.

I loved the plain, the hillside green,
The waving wheat-field's golden sheen;
Breathless my joy, with Sisters mine, to glean
Through the long summer hours
Fond flowers.

I loved the faint and silvery knell
Of distant church-tower's lingering bell;
To hear the sighing breezes softly swell,
I loved at eve in solitude
To brood.

The above-quoted stanzas are only a brief affirmation. I would invite and urge you, dear reader, to taste all of her delightful poetic creation. No doubt you would find therein much good for your soul, something of your own soul, I had almost said. At any rate, it would certainly be a refreshing change from your less candid and less happy readings.

But let us go on. Therese has noted down in the exquisite and inimitable way that is hers, the feelings that surged within her in blissful childhood days when she accompanied her venerable father on pleasant fishing trips. "Those were supremely happy days when my dear 'King' as I called him, went fishing and took me with him. Sometimes I tried my hand with a small rod of my own, but more often I preferred to sit on the grass at some little distance. Far-off sounds wafted towards me on the murmuring breeze, and faint notes of music from the neighbouring town, tinged my thoughts with gentle melancholy."

Did Therese feel any particular attraction for "the sea, the sea, the open sea" so sung by poets in every age and clime? Read what she says about it: "I was between six and seven when I saw the sea for the first time. I could not turn away my eyes: its majesty, the roaring of the waves, the whole vast spectacle impressed me deeply and spoke to my soul of God's power and greatness."

The "Little Queen" loved the mountains that uprear their heads tall and lofty like church steeples, to the flawless azure of the sky. Speaking of her pilgrimage to the Eternal City, she writes: "Before reaching the goal of our pilgrimage, we had to pass through Switzerland, with its lofty mountains, whose snowy peaks are lost in the clouds, its rushing torrents, its deep valleys with their luxuriant growths of giant ferns and purple heather. Now we were high up the mountain side, while

at our feet a yawning abyss seemed ready to engulf us: a little later we were passing through some charming village with its cottages and graceful belfry, over which fleecy clouds floated lazily. Farther on, the calm, clear waters of a great lake would blend their azure tints with the glories of the setting sun."

Pure as snow was Therese's soul. It was meet and just, therefore, that crystal flakes should drift downward to earth on her Clothing Day one far-off April. But what joy filled her soul at the sight! Again, she tells us how she grieved when the chestnut trees were pruned at Carmel. How, then, could one deny Therese's deep love for all created things? I could bring forward many a quotation, but these will suffice. Let us now try to find an explanation to the statement that Therese of Lisieux loved nature with an ardent love.

At the outset let me say that there is nothing surprising in the fact. Other Saints have cherished a similar affection for creation. I readily believe that the meek and mild Saint Francis of Sales, to whom Therese seems so closely related, would have clapped both hands in applause at her poetic joy. And yet, not of Francis of Sales does she remind us, but rather of Francis of Assisi. But far be it from us to consider her as a dreamer, a sentimental personality, a romantic-minded girl. We would be at the very antipodes of truth. In nature she has never sought an alleviation from melancholy, which she never experienced. Gifted with a marvellously balanced and simple soul, Therese, once the trying period on her "conversion" over, has looked at nature as, and only as a book of divine contemplation, the great Picture Book handed by the best of Fathers to His little child that therein He might instruct her in the secrets of His love.

For the humble Saint all things on earth below and in Heaven above were masterpieces of her Heavenly Father, the works of His love. The thought of God was intimately linked to her love of creation. Nature, a book of contemplation, have I said. While yet a tot, she delighted in Sunday outings with her family. Long years after she will remember "the vivid and poetic impressions made on my childish heart by the vision of the cornfields studded with cornflowers, poppies, and marguerites." Already she loved "far-stretching views, sunlit spaces, and stately trees. In a word all the beauties of nature cast their spell upon me and raised my soul to Heaven."

Her spirit she has gathered from the Gospel. She has believed "the charity, which God hath to us." She has believed that "in the beginning God created heaven, and earth . . . and God saw all the things that he had made, and they were very good." With Saint Paul she has expressed the thought that "the invisible things of him (God), from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." As Our Lord loved the things of nature, so did she love them. Do we not come upon the Master lost in admiration before the beauty of the lily of the field, purer and fairer in its garb of fragrance and chastity than the regal Solomon himself? She was not afraid of thunderstorms, for she had an exquisite sensation of God's nearness in the rumbling and lightning. May she be our teacher in the noble art of loving created things. May she drive home to us, as she herself fully realized it, the nothingness and emptiness of these very beauties of creation!

Beneath our footfall the green grass shrinks. In our hands the sweetest blossoms wither and die. The fashion of this world passeth away. Alone, Jesus Christ remains. He was yesterday, He shall be tomorrow. Alas, when we have Him not, we lack everything! Created things assume their human and earthly aspect, and show themselves powerless to fill the chasmic depths of a heart that has once had knowledge of the Supreme Good.

What Therese loved was the presence of God in the world, and God alone remains forever changeless and immutable.

REV. FATHER J. LESAUNIER



CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS

Silver Jubilee

Silver bells pealed out joyfully at our Quebec Closed Retreat House on June 15, when former retreatants joined with the Sisters to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the first retreat house in the Quebec Archdiocese.

The first retreat was held on April 11, 1921, at the convent on Simard Street. Although divers circumstances obliged us to postpone until the present date the Silver Jubilee celebrations, the joy and gratitude of our hearts to God for His countless blessings was nonetheless deeply felt and ardently expressed.

At 2.30 p. m., on the festive day, was blessed the cornerstone of a new wing to be added to Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House, which has been welcoming retreatants since 1928. This ceremony was presided over by His Excellency Most Rev. J. H. Prud'homme, Titular Bishop of Salde. Were present the Sisters on duty at Our Lady of the Cenacle and a few friends.



ANNIVERSARY OF CLOSED RETREATS
SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, QUEBEC

As 3.30 chimed, about six hundred women and girls thronged the convent premises. Mrs. Valmore Bienvenue, President of the organization committee, extended a hearty welcome to all. His Excellency Most Rev. J. H. Prud'homme then addressed the former retreatants, bidding them thank God for the numerous favors showered upon the Cenacle, the Sisters, the Preachers and the Retreatants. He recalled the blessed memory of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit, Foundress of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and first instigator of the collective closed retreat movement in Canada; also of the revered Cardinal Begin who welcomed the Sisters to his Archdiocese in 1919 and allowed them two years later to launch the Closed Retreat Work. His Excellency also spoke feelingly of the trials and difficulties encountered in the beginning and of the splendid achievements of later years.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of a heart-sprung *Magnificat* by the young ladies' choir from St. Charles Garnier Parish, the retreatants visited anew the cells, halls and chapel where they had tasted such heavenly peace and happiness. Supper was a gay family affair.

At 8.00 p. m. the retreatants left for the large hall of St. Charles Garnier College, graciously loaned for the occasion by the Jesuit Fathers. Mrs. Valmore Bienvenue read a letter from His Excellency G. L. Pelletier, Capitular Vicar of Quebec, wherein the revered Pastor expressed his fatherly interest in the Closed Retreat Work, spoke of his regret at being unable to assist at the celebration of the 25th anniversary, gave the assurance of his blessing for the further progress of the retreat movement, and granted his paternal blessing to all the retreatants. The President also conveyed to the meeting a message from His Excellency Most Rev. Maurice Roy, Archbishop-elect of Quebec, whose regretted mother, Mrs. Ferdinand Roy, was one of the first and most zealous promoters of the Work. A survey was also given of the progress of closed retreats during the past twenty-five years. The Honorable Judge Ferdinand Roy then gave a pleasant and most interesting talk on Louis Veuillot studied in his family correspondence.

This happy anniversary was brought to a close by a series of lantern slides.

From the closed retreat statistics in Quebec we cull the following figures: The seven years from 1921 to 1928 saw at the convent on Simard Street 4,394 retreatants partake in the spiritual exercises. From 1928 to 1946 the retreatants at Our Lady of the Cenacle numbered 32,065.

God be praised for the great good that has been wrought in souls through the blessed influence of the closed retreat. Difficulties and trials have not been wanting, but the consolation of seeing souls progressing in the love of Christ and in the imitation of His virtues has been a worthwhile compensation. The progress of the Work we attribute, in a large measure, to the benevolent patronage of the Quebec Archdiocese ecclesiastical authorities, to the zeal of the Reverend Fathers who gave the spiritual exercises and of the Reverend Sisters who conduct schools and academies, to the devotedness of the ladies who organize the several retreats, and lastly to the piety and excellent dispositions of the retreatants themselves. The humble workers at Our Lady of the Cenacle, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, offer to all their heartfelt gratitude.



In Partnership With God

St. Augustine affirms that it is better to convert a pagan than to restore the dead to life. Under certain aspects the former is in no way easier than the latter; both are a miracle. If the grace of God did not descend into the soul of the heathen to enlighten, guide and fortify it, the missionary would remain powerless. Prejudices from birth, blindness of heart, illusions of the mind, fear of novelty, affection for ancient customs, and how many other difficulties too long to enumerate hinder the work of conversions. Luckily that God works with the apostle and for him.

P. A. LAUNAY, M. E.

No Harm in That



"Good morning, Mike. How's business?"

"Could be worse. How are you coming along yourself?"

"One hundred percent okay. But I know a fellow who can't say as much and still speak the truth. I just met poor Bob a few minutes ago, and —"

"What? You don't mean to tell me —"

"That he lost his job? Exactly. The poor chap feels blue as your coat, and who wouldn't? Oh well, serves him right. Suppose he had taken somebody's advice, but no... and how many times didn't I warn him about the days ahead and the tight spots he would be getting himself in. That stubborn head will never have anything to do with the Union."

"Stubborn, you say? Likely because he doesn't want to become a spiritual softie. A man's got to mind his manners, of course, and his morals, and his Faith, I say. Workmen's unions are a good thing, the Pope favors them, and I pity the chap who would try to shift along without that assistance. But you can't just give in your name. You must find out what kind of union you're going to belong to. There are topnotch unions, for instance, Catholic unions, syndicates, but there are also a whole list of others that don't make the grade — spiritually speaking. Look twice before you leap."

"What's your opinion about ours?"

"Well, since you're asking me, I'll tell you frankly that your union is a Communist organization, nothing more and nothing less. I approve Bob's holding out. You can't shake off your baptismal promises as you would the dust from your coat. When you're a Catholic you remain a Catholic. The ten Commandments must remain your practical code of action."

"I don't ever intend to turn him away from his Faith. Still, he could do as I do. I gave my name, and now that I'm on the list they leave me in peace and I get protection. There's no harm in that, buddy. I don't even attend their meetings."

"Bert, my conscience protests against a like conduct. If you enrol in Communist unions, you're a full fledged Communist, and there's no getting away from the conclusion. The booster of evil is himself a doer of evil. Whoever swells the ranks of anti-religious associations turns his back on the Church and Christ, acts the fool and denies his Faith."

"Such has never been my intention."

"Of course not. And it's that very thoughtlessness and ignorance of our Catholics that gives every chance to the agents of the devil to spread their sugar-coated propaganda and reinforce their ranks."

"You say their meeting halls are never darkened by your shadow, but in the end you will let yourself be dragged in. You will be caught in their snares and the first thing you will know you will think as a Communist, speak as a Communist and live as a Communist. One fine day you will wake up and face the stark truth. Bert will be a practical Communist or a Witness of Jehovah."

"Now suppose thousands copy your example, what will become of our country? A people that denies its God prepares days of vengeance and chastisement. We still have time to think the matter over and strengthen ourselves in our Faith."

"If we Catholics had a little more stamina we would be one in heart and mind, we would set up our own union to balance the evil done by the Communist Union and to save the souls and societies it is striving to corrupt.

"Thank God, you will find some of those truly beneficent, Christ-minded societies in our midst, like the Catholic Syndicates, the Cooperatives, and all the Catholic Youth Movements, for those who toil to earn their daily bread. Movements like those deserve our whole-hearted support and encouragement, because they will save our land, aiming as they do at the physical, professional and religious uplifting of the laboring classes.

"On the other hand, the Communist unions, with all their disguises and cunning zeal and fallacious promises, are aiming at our destruction, and nobody who wants to save Christian civilization can afford to collaborate with Communism in any undertaking whatever, for Communism is intrinsically evil, as Pope Pius XI has stated. Did you understand the word? Nobody. So Bob isn't the nitwit you might believe him to be when he refuses to take a crooked bypath. He is wrong in one thing only, and that, in trying to get along without any cooperation. Not later than tonight I shall call upon him and scrape up all my eloquence with a view to making him join some real good Catholic union that will help him and his family, not only from the material standpoint, but from the moral one, since man does not live by bread alone. So long, Bert, and be a good boy."



JOC and JAC Congresses

The Precursor considers it a duty to say a word of appreciation about the celebrations of high importance that have followed the splendid Marian feasts in Ottawa — we mean, the Young Christian Workers' (JOC) International Study Week, the Canadian Jocists' Congress held in Montreal on June 29, and the Young Catholic Farmers' Congress (JAC) held in Three Rivers on July 6.

Newspapers have headlined the three events of national and world-wide import. We wish to add our appreciative note and express our admiration for the two sister-Associations that have been able to operate so much good in the brief space of fifteen and ten years. Beginnings as fruitful give us reason to rejoice and count on results more wonderful still in the future.

On this glad occasion of their anniversary, we heartily wish to the JOC and the JAC of Canada that their lofty aim may steadily be realized and that they may continually enlarge their field of action in rural and laboring milieus. May they win to Christ the masses of working youth who will mould the generations of tomorrow.

Onward, Workers and Farmers! You are the hope of Mother Church. She is counting on you to save the world in this peril-fraught hour when so many are seeking to destroy civilization. You are the Knights of Christ, who will one day crown your noble victories!

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

The Church in America is at heart Catholic. Her children are generous and capable of great sacrifices for the faith which they treasure. As the knowledge of Catholic missions develops among us, the value of a missionary's sacrifice will be more fully appreciated, and we shall see in the Catholics of America constant proof of their devotion to such heroes as Theophane Venard, and to the soldiers who to-day are struggling in martyrs' footsteps. The name of Theophane Venard will yet find its proper place in our affectionate remembrance, alongside of names which have been hallowed for centuries; and if our preference must manifest itself, we shall hardly be blamed if we turn to one who faced and conquered the trials of our own day, and who died for Christ, — A Modern Martyr.

On May the 2nd, 1909, Theophane Venard was declared Blessed. It was his brother's painstaking labor which prepared the facts leading to this declaration, and a letter from Fr. Eusebius to the writer, prepared in Rome on the day of the Beatification, expresses his joy on this solemn occasion.

"The great day has just come to an end and I wish to tell you my joy and my happiness and how much I have thought of and prayed for you.

"Yesterday and to-day, I have had emotions truly delicious and beyond all expression. Yesterday, the entire deputation from the diocese of Poitiers, in which St. Loup (the martyr's home) was notably represented, was received by Pope Pius X, in a very special audience.

"Before this audience, the Holy Father wished to receive me alone and to give evidence to me of his fatherly tenderness. He asked intimate details about dear Theophane and spoke to me with much satisfaction and praise about my own life-work, consecrated as it has been to the glory of my blessed brother.

"Today was the great day of the Beatification, a ceremony grand and touching in the extreme. The chanting was very beautiful. I admired especially the *Te Deum*, during which I was many times suffocated by sobs and tears of happiness.

"This evening at five o'clock, there was another gathering at St. Peter's, where the Pope came to venerate the relics of the newly Blessed and to assist at the Solemn Benediction.

"The assemblage was immense, the great Basilica filled to overflowing. All the Papal court was present to participate in the ceremony and there was a splendid illumination which brought out the aureoles of the martyrs.

"When the Pope and his court had left the Church, from the tribunes

next to mine there rushed towards me an avalanche of people, most of them unknown to me, who offered congratulations, shook my hands and kissed them with visible joy. In treating me thus, they believed that they were in relationship with Theophane himself, — as if he were living.

"I was happy in all these proofs of affection given to the Blessed One in my person and the impression they made was indelible, although my fatigue was extreme.

Very affectionately yours in Christ,

L. E. VENARD,
Cure d'Assai."

A few months after the Beatification, impressive ceremonies were held at Hanoi, in Tong-king, where the martyr's head is preserved. Fr. Basil Huctin, a parishioner of Fr. Eusebius Venard whom we have already mentioned in these pages, sent to the writer a description of this celebration and added an account of his pilgrimage to the scene of Theophane's death.

"At St. Loup the pious pilgrims could follow the road leading to the hill of Bel-Air; but I have followed the road which led to the martyrdom and triumph. Sunday, after Vespers, in company with another Father, I set out from the site of the old prison, now demolished. Opposite is the Grand Mandarin's former residence, with the judgment hall where the martyr was examined, bidden to trample the Cross, threatened with the *rotin*, and for a time imprisoned. We examined all these scenes, and a little prayer rose from our hearts to our lips.

"We proceeded on foot amidst an indifferent crowd, talking little, and only to stimulate memory. From the city gate we went in the direction of Red River, a little distance away. It is hard to discover the actual spot of the execution, for in the past forty-eight years the river has shifted, submerging different islands and claiming more land. We stood silently, among people who had no suspicion of the pilgrims' prayers, and mentally reviewed the scene — the great circle of two hundred soldiers formed around the young martyr, radiant with happiness; the removal of his garments, the same ignominy Our Lord suffered before being placed on the Cross. It seemed as if I could hear the sound of the hammers and pincers loosening the nails that fastened the rings at neck and ankles. Then, after the terrible preliminaries, came the picture of the hideous executioner performing his sad work, and the head rolling on the ground, deluging and fertilizing the Annamite soil with its pure blood.

"After all these thoughts had passed through my mind, I made a fervent prayer to the dead martyr, our protector and model in heaven — a universal prayer, for his venerable brother, for my family, friends, and benefactors, for the missions, for the conversion of the heathen and the spread of Christianity."

Blessed Theophane Venard has already become to not a few, a special intercessor in Heaven. In the beautiful life of Sœur Therese (which appears in English under the title "The Little Flower of Jesus"), there is striking

evidence of the young Carmelite's devotion to our martyr. "I cannot look upon him," said this holy nun, "nor upon Our Lady, without shedding tears." And again, "He is a little saint. There is nothing out of the ordinary in his life. He loved the Immaculate Virgin very much, *his family too*. And so do I. I cannot understand those saints who did not."

Sister Therese died in 1897 at the age of twenty-four. She was one of five sisters, all of whom became nuns, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, proprietors of the well-known lace establishment at Alençon in France.

The example of Sister Therese's devotion to Theophane Venard has spread to many Carmelite communities and to several religious orders of men, in which latter some of the younger novices have taken the name of Theophane.

May this modern martyr inspire us all with deeper love for souls and obtain for some among us the blessed grace of a vocation, — if not to martyrdom, at least to the world-wide Apostolate!

(THE END)



The *Ave*, a joy for Mary, is no less a joy to the Christian; it is the song of his gratitude. In the scheme of our Redemption, does not Mary appear as the dawn of our salvation, the first instrument of which God made use to operate our recapture from the domination of sin? "As the beautiful rose that was Mary began to bloom, the winter of our sorrows vanished and the summer of joys began to shine, and with it returned the greenness of the Paradise of delight."

Annals of O.L. of the Cape

* * *

We have the fulness of truth, the directive authority of Christ's representatives, and the most perfect means of sanctification. The world stands in need of all these, and with a special urgency at the present time. There is also at the present time a remarkable surge of interest in the Catholic Church, due to the prominent position in which she has been placed by the events of the war in all countries of the world. Let us, then, rise to the occasion, and contribute our share in bringing about that glorious triumph of the Church foretold by Christ, when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

Tabernacle and Purgatory

* * *

Christ seeks all tribes and nations, regardless of geography; be Christlike and include the world of missions in your prayers and sacrifices.



Along the Newsfront Mission

SUCHOW

THE COMMUNIST MAILED FIST

Suchow has become the rendezvous of many this last year. The people of the neighboring provinces where the Red Army is spreading destruction, desolation and death are coming in this city which is now ably defended and perfectly organized by the nationalists. In the sections lorded over by the Communists the situation beggars description.

Mandarins of Lind Tchang who were once well-to-do are now among the poorest of the poor. Compelled to flee for their lives, the good folk of that village, on returning to their homes, found doors torn from their hinges and windows broken to shreds. Clothing, furniture, working tools, all had been stolen. But the litany of sufferings imposed upon the unfortunates does not end there. From sunrise till sunset they are forced to slave for the public good, repairing roads, building bridges, and so on. Then when night falls and theirs would be the right to rest as their Maker intended, they are closely watched and in certain cases cruelly massacred by the Communists for having helped the nationalists. In order to escape from the hands of their would-be captors they scatter in the countrysides around. Falling to sleep under the glorious canopy of the heavens may be poetic at times, but not much so in the cold season. If only all those privations and miseries were brightened and consoled by the rays of the Gospel of Hope!

In mid-January five Holy Ghost Sisters, all of German birth, entered Suchow and asked us to shelter them from the enemy. Need we say how gladly we opened our doors to harbor the strong-souled missionaries who were nobly and heroically bearing for the Master in the teeth of hunger and fear? Last year the poor Sisters lived eight months in a Communist-held building, spending almost sleepless nights on bare cellar floors. Threatened with another period of captivity, they did not feel equal, neither from the moral nor the physical standpoint, to the impending trial; all the more so since the Reds declared they had orders to kill all who followed the Catholic way of life, and especially foreigners.

Some of the Holy Ghost Sisters' convents have been destroyed by the Communists, and the others occupied by the nationalists. The Chinese Sisters whose religious training is confided to the Community have given proof of staunch endurance in the most trying cases. Some have been flogged, others hanged by the thumbs and thrown in prison for having wanted to defend their Mothers in Christ. One of them, on whose heels

the Communists fast rushed, ran so fast that she succeeded in finding what she believed would mean safety in a peasant home. Quickly she took off her religious habit, which the lady of the house hid in a corner of the room, and slipped into bed, carefully pulling the covers over her as a sick person would. But the evil cohorts had seen her entering the house and in a trice the door had been blown in. Coolly the peasant couple accepted the situation, saying they were much surprised at this new mode of intrusion, seeing no refugee had come in. Still the men would not be so easily convinced. Tugging at the bedclothes, they saw the Sister shivering in every limb. Quick as lightning, the old grandmother was at the bedside, covering "her daughter who was suffering from a violent attack of malaria," so she explained. Then to the said malaria patient she brought hot tea and other drinks, lest the poor child should have caught cold. Crestfallen, the Reds left to continue their researches elsewhere.

Trials have not been spared to the Hungarian Sisters of Our Lady of Kolocsa. They have been compelled to leave their convents of Taming Fou and Sin Hiang in April of this year. In their hasty exodus, Sister Pierre Fourrier, one of the custodians of our convent during our internment in Shanghai, suddenly felt overcome by weakness and died on the way. This unexpected and sad loss is not without grieving us deeply, for the kind Sister and her companions have much obliged us by remaining in our convent during our forced absence. God rest the beautiful soul called to Him in circumstances so tragic.

" I WAS IN PRISON AND YOU CAME TO ME! "

Visiting the prisons has provided another outlet for our mission activity.

One day Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ met a Chinese doctor coming out of a prison. "Sister, I don't believe it would be necessary for you to go there," he told her. "I have just made my round and seen the inmates." But Sister Superior had more than prescriptions to give — or at least prescriptions of another kind: "a gentle word, an encouraging smile, or even, if God so willed, Baptism in His Holy Name." Forthwith she seized the proffered occasion and asked to be allowed to visit the infirmary. Permission was given her. But when she appeared on the infirmary scene the attendant at the door had his doubts as to whether he should open.

"No doctor wants to enter in here," he said, "the air is too filthy."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," answered Sister. "You have a patient in that corner over there who seems very ill."

"All right, Sister, come in if you have the courage."

Medicine for the body and soothing words that keep heart and hope alive were gladly dispensed by the welcome visitor. A poor sufferer, doomed to an early grave, she made a child of God.

On another occasion a soldier came to the convent, asking for the Sister who visited the prisons. "I am a prisoner you baptized six months ago," he said by way of introduction. "You remember how sick I was. No doubt you hardly know me in my uniform. After one year in jail you could hardly expect it to be spotless. I am coming to thank you for having

1. Sister MARIE XAVIER (Berthe PARADIS, Tingwick, P. Q.).

been so kind to me. I would surely be a dead man now if you hadn't helped me out. Now, since God has pulled me through alive, I want to know Him better and plan my future life according to the pattern He traced, the same pattern you spoke so long about."

Sister Superior referred him to the priest. Then she enquired about his family. "My mother died when I was ten," he answered. "My father married again, but my stepmother always ill-treated me, with the result that finally I left home with a dollar in my pocket, all my riches. When the dollar had been spent to the last cent I begged my living for three days and then cast in my lot with the Army. Maybe you are wondering how I got in jail? Well, to make a long story short, I sought refuge in a house once occupied by the Japanese, and forgot to ask permission to do so. I was a prisoner for one year and then the door to freedom swung open. But meantime my poor wife had found life too hard and had killed herself. Our only child died of sheer misery. Beyond those two dear ones I had no treasures in this world. Now I'm alone, yes, quite alone."

At the last words the young man's voice caught in his throat and tears trickled down his drawn cheeks. It moved him to his heart-depths to see foreigners constituting themselves their brothers' keepers in his native land of China, and in that true spirit of brotherly charity visiting them in their need and caring for them without any thought of return. "This is great . . . beautiful!" he marvelled. "Only God could prompt them to a like zeal."



SISTER MARIE XAVIER (BERTHE PARADIS, TINGWICK, P. Q.), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, HAS THE JOY OF MEETING HER SISTER, SISTER MARIE DE FOURVIERES (LUCIE PARADIS), ON A TRIP TO TSUNGMING, CHINA.

ANOTHER SISTER TO REINFORCE OUR RANKS

On February 13 our little Suchow home-nest gaily greeted a newcomer from Canada, Sister Jeanne Marie⁽¹⁾. The event cannot be consigned to forgetfulness as we write, for it had been ten years and over since we had last the joy of admitting in our all-too-scant ranks another companion laborer in the cause of the missions.

A Presentandine virgin accompanied the dear traveller from Shanghai to Suchow. The journey, as you may infer, was made in Trappist-like silence, as neither knew the tongue familiar to her companion. However, delicate attentions and little acts of kindness eased the tenseness, if such there were, and rendered the trip as enjoyable as possible.

On the morrow His Excellency Bishop P. Cote, S. J., gratified the newcomer with the Chinese name she will bear from now on: *Sa Sieou Mou* (the character *Sa* being the one that seems the most closely connected with her family name, Brassard).

Another day dawned and *Sa Sieou Mou* gave her first baptism to a little Stanislas. What joy fills the heart of a missionary Sister when she can open the Golden Gates to waiting souls! How amply that joy repays her for all the sacrifices incurred before and after! Never shall we thank God enough for having singled us out as instruments of His liberality and bountiful charity. Even when baptism is given in a dispensary, in the heart of a pagan crowd who understand next to nothing about this mysterious mercy of the Most High, it takes on a character of grandeur that reveals the adoption into the family of our good God. In the midnight of heathenism one appreciates as never before the saving light of the Gospel.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE SERVICE OF THE MASTER

Mary's Purification Feast brought the twenty-fifth anniversary of apostolic labors for the Presentandine virgin Tcheou, a native of Shanghai. Following her days of noviceship, she was missioned to our Vicariate, where she has since been spending herself body and soul with courage that only pure love of Christ can inspire.

The Congregation of the Presentandines has about fifty members in Suchow at present. Placed under the direction of the parish priest, they are particularly indispensable to him for apostolic contacts with women and children. The Chinese matron is not easily approached in her own home hearth. Even the police looks twice before leaping. It follows that direct apostolate in the sanctum of the home is all but impossible for the missionary priest. Here the Presentandine virgins take things in their own hands and capably. By dint of persuasion, patience and love of God, they gradually open the furrow, cast the seed of Faith in those souls sealed against the priest's endeavors, and multiply their conquests.

Handmaids of the Lord they also are, since they see to the care of the chapels. They moreover conduct schools and catechumenates for women and girls, and prepare the missionary Fathers' daily meals. In short, not only are they invaluable helpers, they are indispensable. In the sermon

1. Jeanne BRASSARD, Montreal.

he delivered on this occasion, His Excellency Bishop Cote, stressing the beauty of their vocation and highly praising their zeal, spoke of them in the most laudable terms, as being: "Mothers of priests, mothers of Christians and mothers of children."

His Excellency hopes that many growing girls will embrace their career of sacrifice and devotedness. Measures have been taken with a view to acquiring a piece of land for the erection of a novitiate in Suchow, which will greatly help to increase the influence of the Institute here.

AT THE DISPENSARY

In March last, a very sad case called for our sympathy. A good peasant woman from Peishien, accompanied by her eleven-year-old son, had come to visit her family in Suchow. In the course of the afternoon, while the boy was gaily romping on the bank of the river with his cousins, he suddenly saw a large ball half-hidden in the sand. He tried to lift it and the bomb — for such it was — exploded. His wadded garments afforded him scant protection, but the poor lad had one arm completely torn off, while the other remained hanging limply by a piece of flesh. One of his eyes was also blown away, and his face and legs were horribly mangled.

Therese, our helper, encouraged the dear victim to unite his sufferings to those of Jesus, who loved us enough to die on the Cross for us. Then, before pouring the saving waters on his brow twisted in pain, she told him to regret all his sins. "But," he protested, "I have no sins." — "Tell me, have you never been disrespectful at home?" — "Oh no, I love my parents too much for that." — "You have never disobeyed? You have never lost your temper?" — "Oh, yes, quite often too." — "Now, ask God to forgive you." The poor lad closed his eyes and from the bottom of his heart murmured the suggested invocations. Seeing his dear mother unable to hide her sorrow, he told her: "Mother, you mustn't cry like that, it makes me feel sad. I am so, so glad to go and be with Jesus!" Then he closed his eyes again and in that prayerful attitude he let himself be carried by angel hands to his Father's House above. The mother, whose day had begun so happily, had in its last hours to go home with a little coffin. Unsearchable indeed are the ways of God! The tragic accident has opened Heaven to a newly purified soul that now sings the eternal hymn of glory and will, we hope, obtain a like privilege for those left to mourn on earth.

HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP COTE IS ENTHRONED

On April 20 a glorious ceremony gathered the Christian community of Suchow on the occasion of the enthronement of His Excellency Most Rev. P. Cote, S. J., as Bishop of Suchow, the Vicariate being now officially considered as a diocese.

His Excellency Msgr. Riberi, Internuncio, intended to officiate at the memorable function, but urgent matters claiming his presence in Nanking, His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin ably replaced him. His hand raised

in blessing, the worthy Shepherd of Holy Church, accompanied by our venerated Pastor and two other Bishops, solemnly entered the Cathedral decorated for the day in its most exquisite finery.

At the opening of the ceremony, Rev. Father Tch'eng gave the statistics of the Mission: the number of missionaries, Christians and pagans; then he commented the symbolism of the liturgical rites, the purpose of the establishment of a hierarchy in the Church, and the pledge of confidence granted by our Holy Father the Pope to the Church in China.

His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin delivered a touching sermon and, in the course of the day, the eminent Prelate seven times distributed the Bread of life which is the word of God. His Excellency Bishop Cote also addressed a few words, and on coming out of the church gave a fatherly blessing to his faithful flock.

The notables of the place, mostly pagans, admitted they had never seen anything so impressive as this religious feast. One of them came, like Nicodemus, to see Rev. Father Pineau, S. J., after the meal and said he was happy to see the Christian Faith under its true aspect, adding that he would consider it a favor to be instructed in its truths.

May the beautiful solemnity, so expressive in its symbolism, so unforgettable in the impressions it has left, help to make known in ever-widening circles the greatness of the Church and increase in Suchow the family of the children of God "called out of darkness into His marvellous light."



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. P. COTE, S. J., BISHOP OF SUCHOW,
AND HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. PAUL YU PIN, BISHOP OF NANKING, CHINA.

Report of Suchow Dispensary for the Year 1946:

Baptisms.....	862	Dressings.....	26,557	Injections....	21,654
Patients.....	44,070	Teeth extracted..	187	Consultations.	4,373
Treatments.....	67,259	Home Visits.....	572	Vaccinations..	262

Report From January 1947 to March Inclusively:

Baptisms.....	146	Dressings.....	4,922	Injections....	3,805
Patients.....	8,504	Teeth extracted....	41	Consultations	1,053
Treatments.....	13,218	Home Visits.....	136		

* * *

MANCHURIA

SZEPINGKAI MISSION A HEAP OF RUBBLE

The Mission of Szepingkai, Manchuria, was razed to the ground in June, during the terrible Communist assault on the unhappy city. The Cathedral, the Bishop's Residence, our Sisters' convent and that of the native Sisters, the schools and the home for the aged, all have been completely destroyed.

Thanks to divine protection, the Missionaries barely escaped from the Mission compound a few minutes before the Reds surrounded it on June 23. All are temporarily lodged in the school belonging to the Clerics of St. Viator, situated in the suburbs. This school and the Seminary are the only buildings belonging to the Catholic Mission that have been spared destruction, although they also are battle-scarred.

Forced to evacuate the city upon the arrival of government troops from Moukden and Chang-Chun, the Communists retreated on June 29, with a loss of about 50,000 men. Of the city garrison there remained only 400 soldiers. The city itself is a heap of rubble. On the morrow of a victory so dearly bought, one can only wonder whether the victors should weep or rejoice.

Unshaken trust in Divine Providence alone can uphold the courage of our Missionaries, who saw crumble in the course of a few short hours the labor of twenty years.

Sister du St. Coeur de Marie⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Szepingkai Convent, wrote on July 1: "One short year ago we were singing a grateful *Te Deum* for the divine protection granted us during the siege of Szepingkai. This year our hymn of thanks should be still more fervent, for the trials we have undergone were far more painful, even if the struggle did not prove so long. I consider it nothing short of miraculous that we should all be alive at the present time, and that none of us should have been hurt in the days of danger now past. It is impossible to go into any details today,

1. Agnes LAVALLEE, Winnipeg.

but I should like you to rest assured that all is well with us. Would you please pass on the comforting news to our beloved families at home.

On Pentecost Sunday we had to seek shelter in the Bishop's Residence. The Fathers of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions spared nothing to preserve us from danger and to help us place our belongings in safety. In the cellars we occupied the most secure corner and all our articles of value had been cautiously hidden away. But God wanted to sever us completely from all things. We were compelled to leave the Bishop's Residence on Monday, the 23rd; that very day the Communists strode into the Mission and a terrible combat ensued. The nationalists bombed the place and everything was broken or burned. The coal reserve in the Bishop's Residence is still smoking. The Communists withdrew yesterday morning, to the great satisfaction of everyone. It is a common saying of the victors that they owe their success to the Missionaries who ceded the Catholic Mission for the battle. Had not this been done, so they say, Szepingkai would have become the prize capture of the enemy.

We went back to our Mission to see the damages. No words of mine could tell you how heart-rending is the sight. One must have seen it with one's own eyes, to believe that so much destruction could be accomplished in so brief a time. Absolutely nothing can be salvaged. We still have our black habits and a few articles of clothing. Each one could take only a small package, seeing we had only five minutes to get ready and had to cross the city as quickly as possible.

Kind hospitality has been given us by the Clerics of St. Viator. Their delicate attentions for us are indeed a comfort and consolation in our time of sorrow.

* * *

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA

ON THE MISSION SCENE

Our Sisters "Chinese with the Chinese" often have the joy of opening the nurseries of Heaven to wistful waifs and unwanted babes. Our Sisters "Manchus with the Manchus" many a time travel long distances in their adopted mission frontier to relieve the needy and suffering. We of Manila move in a different way. This brief pen-sketch will show you how.

In July, 1946, chance events, or rather Providence, brought us to the northern part of the city, where refugees in goodly numbers had begun life over again. An old building was divided in four classes and forty bright-eye pupils flocked to school — or did they "creep unwillingly" as the poet has it? Be that as it may, their number steadily climbed, until by the feast of the Immaculate Conception we were able to present to our spotless Queen and Mother a bouquet of little souls ready to eat the Bread of Angels.



RETURNING FROM THE MARKET, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

While preparing these for their first meeting with Jesus and others later, in April of this year, we discovered what good could be done to children and parents alike. Many things came up to light as baptismal certificates were handed upon our request. Several bona fide Catholics were anything but that, belonging as it clearly appeared, to Aglipayanism or one of various Protestant denominations.

One day a boy of seventeen, accompanying his little brother to school, asked Sister Marie des Lis⁽¹⁾: "Sister, would you have a catechism for sale?" In the same breath he added: "It's for Ambrosio." That explanation explained more than he had foreseen. We knew Ambrosio couldn't read. So Sister spoke words of encouragement and kindness to Ambrosio's big brother. Somehow that reached his heart and threw down the bars of reticence. Ambrosio's big brother didn't know his catechism and wanted to study it. It was agreed that this he would do after the day's work, and that Sister would lend a helping hand in every hard place. He didn't take long in learning the prayers by heart, and one glad morning he headed for the provinces to fetch his baptismal certificate, which will entitle him to kneel at the altar rail to receive the God of Love in the Blessed Sacrament.

Two laddies of six and seven, one of them a cripple, were also "learning Jesus" preparatory to receiving Him. Their mother courageously toiled away that her children might have the benefit of a Christian education. It happened once that the boys' sister came for a word concerning them. It took only five minutes to get things straight and clear; but those five minutes over, the girl stayed on, apparently waiting for something else. Sister Marie des Lis spoke about school, the school attended by the youthful visitor, the school where the Name of God and the love of Him were never mentioned. Then several other subjects were touched, and still the lass lingered. Why didn't Sister understand? Suddenly it dawned upon her. Is this child baptized or not? Forthwith the important question was asked. Nena had been waiting for just that. She and her fourteen-year-old sister had been baptized in the Aglipayan religion. Now their brothers, lucky boys, were going to make their First Communion, while they, the girls, had never had that good fortune. Couldn't Sister do something or everything about it? The mother, knowing she had taken a wrong course, had not dared to come. The parish priest was soon after informed of the situation, and things went so well that the two girls were shortly afterwards baptized in the True Faith. On April 5, four members of the same family knelt for the coming of the Savior in His Eucharistic Sacrament. The poor mother, who had been more ignorant than guilty, thrilled with joy.

Another tot once brought us a baptismal certificate in the Aglipayan creed. One Saturday afternoon we decided to call on the parents, since they didn't seem to intend calling on us. Thus do we, couriers of God's doctrines, exercise our apostolate. No travelling in jungle depths for us, but long treks along narrow streets and byways, where hundreds and hundreds of families are settled, or more exactly, huddled. Pleasure trips

1. Irene PINSONNEAULT, St. Michel de Napierville, P. Q.

these may not always be, but we find consolation in the hope that with us God will cross their threshold, and that after we shall have gone, God and the idea of God will remain.

We were gladly welcomed in the small filipino home constructed with sawali and topped with nipa. Before long we were talking religion. With the *Madres*, so it is said and known, we talk about God. Soon we had learned that the parents were Aglipayans, but to our astonishment the father read to us some of his poems written in tagalog, all of evident Catholic inspiration. The man is religious-minded and lacks not words to express the ideal that looms before his mind. His piece "Where to Find God" moved us deeply. Then we came down to logic: two religions that teach two doctrines cannot both be true. Truth is one and undivided. Then it was that the course in Apologetics gone through at the Motherhouse these latter years helped us to shed light in these two lives. We then went our way, our hearts filled with various sentiments: there was gratitude for the great benefit of a Christian education given us without any merit on our part; there was hope, hope that this good faith may turn once for all towards Him from whom comes every supernatural thought and concept. But we felt afraid also, afraid not to be found faithful apostles, self-sacrificing lovers of souls, for only through sacrifice these two will be won. Little Nena will be baptized upon her parents' consent, which has been obtained. But that is not enough. We want the whole family, and short of that our joy will lack something.



SISTER MADELEINE DU SACRE CŒUR (MADELEINE PAYETTE, MONTREAL), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MANILA, AND SISTER ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N. H.), CHATTING WITH YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A twelve-year-old girl, one of Sister St. Louis' ⁽¹⁾, pupils, also made her First Communion lately and belatedly. While giving music lessons, Sister Anne Marie ⁽²⁾ has the knack of knowing how to inquire about her pupils' faithfulness to religious duties, especially those who attend public schools.

Those little souls are not the sole portion of our heritage. In Manila as elsewhere, "the poor we have always with us." Many knock at our door for relief and help. To all those needy we endeavor to dispense consolation and, whenever possible, relief from material destitution.

One day someone brought us a hat as a gift. As it was still in pretty good shape, Sister Superior told the Sister charged with receiving callers: "We must give the hat to Francisco (a frequent caller) on his next visit." A few days later, Francisco the unsuspecting arrived. "I have a surprise for you today," Sister greeted him. "Always good," came the good-natured reply. But Francisco's eyes opened wider than the medical faculty would have allowed and his lips framed a smile that would have gladdened the most melancholy of mortals when out popped the hat. In a trice he had placed the precious article on his head. "I think it's too large for you," Sister casually remarked. "No, no," came the hasty retort, and with a finger placed warily on his lips the good chap looked around and up the staircase in quest of a person who wasn't there, but who, had he been there, might have said that the hat was just the exact fit. Two minutes later Francisco and hat went off in high spirits.

Page after page is torn off the calendar with unbelievable speed as your Manila missionaries spend themselves in spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Were we only more numerous, other new outlets could be provided for our mission zeal. If our people back home only knew what joy fills the heart of the missionary Sister as day after day she spends her life away for God and souls, how many young women would at last say a glad-hearted "Yes" to the One who wishes to have them all to Himself!

Soon, if our hopes are realized, we shall be able to introduce our readers to Gloria, one of the privileged souls upon whom God has cast His eyes of mercy.

Manila, May 9, 1947

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JAPAN

Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze ⁽³⁾, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Koriyama, Japan, Writes to PRECURSOR Subscribers

Sei Maria Ryo, Koriyama, April 23, 1947

Dear Friends and Benefactors,

It is with heartfelt joy that I snatch away a few moments for a friendly chat with you all. Many is the time it has been given me in the past to

1. Fleur Ange PELLETIER, St. Francois de Madawaska, N. B.

2. Anne Marie TESSIER, Ottawa.

3. Rita MARTEL, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

experience your devotedness to the mission cause when, as propagator of our missionary magazine, *The Precursor*, I travelled along the pleasant banks of the peaceful Richelieu, across the mountains and plains of the Joliette countryside, or in the busy metropolis of Montreal. Everywhere I found hearts generous and sympathetic, eager to help win souls to Our Blessed Savior. Often I was asked: "Sister, how would you like a foreign mission assignment?" And my answer always was that all my dreams centred around that apostolic ideal. What was then only a golden dream is now a blessed reality. The Divine Master has called me to help with the harvest of souls in the Land of the Rising Sun. Already five months have flashed by since my arrival, and I feel sure that my whole missionary career will pass as swiftly and happily, doing my tiny share in the great apostolic venture launched for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

The hour of grace has struck for Japan and her people are in general eager to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel. The gaunt spectre of famine is still stalking over the land, however, and the pangs of hunger are daily felt by thousands of poor unfortunates. But the spiritual hunger after truth and a religion of love and consolation is perhaps still more keenly felt. If our missionary life does present daily trials, privations and annoyances, these are as nothing compared to the joy of hearing God's Name praised and blessed by those who a short while ago knew nothing of the consoling truths of our Holy Faith.

Some time ago, I was privileged in making a poor dying woman sure of her heavenly inheritance through the conferring of baptism. To this first spiritual child of mine I gave the cherished names of my three mothers, Mary Anna Diana.

That this great joy may often be mine, I am asking you, devoted friends of the missions, a share in your prayers and sacrifices. For we are but humble tools in this celestial garnering of souls. Only the grace of God converts. It is the sunlight necessary if plants and souls are to grow. By sharing in the apostolic labors of the missionaries of Christ, you will also share in their consolation in spreading the fruits of the Redemption.

The beloved mother who gave me to the missions, generously, in spite of her heartbreak at a painful separation, is exulting today in her missionary daughter's happiness and thanking God for her wonderful vocation.

May you also, dear Catholic mothers who have given one or more of your children to the Lord's service, rejoice. May you continue in your careful nurturing of still further vocations to the priesthood or to the religious and missionary life. Your children are the hope of the missions, the hope of the apostolic harvesters who are, alas, too few to garner in celestial granaries the harvest of souls throughout the mission world.

Dear friends, do entreat our dear Lord to bless our endeavors and to grant us the grace to lead countless souls to Heaven, where all together we may bless and praise Him forever and ever.

A happy Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception,

SISTER ST. GREGOIRE DE NAZIANZE



With Our Novices

Benedicite, maria et flumina, Domino!

I want to be a missionary! I want to be a missionary of giving, and a cheerful giver at that — a giver who wears a smile! I want to keep a song on my lips that my work for God may be better and happier. Why shouldn't I sing from morning till night, and in words of melody throw to the convent echoes this one great truth, namely, that it is my blissful lot in life to be Our Savior's helpmate in His wonderful plan of Redemption?

I want to be a missionary — and a worker! Let the labor be manual or intellectual, it little matters. Nothing matters very much except God's holy will. I don't ask a salary in cold, hard, mean coin. Let my pay be souls, and more souls!

I want to be a missionary through prayer. Without prayer I can do nothing. Work and enthusiasm are all right, but only prayer gives the final success. In this calm solitude even nature takes a voice to beckon me to prayer. The blossoms look up at God and seem to whisper: "He is looking down at us, too." The giant denizens of the woodland, never weary of holding up their leafy arms and budding forth in beauty, tell me in their own way: "It wouldn't be right to count the cost when it's for God." And the river, the beautiful river that purls at my feet, that mirrors the cloudless blue of the vast vault overhead! It seems to be sleeping lazily in the sun today. Now, why shouldn't I give in to the temptation and wake it up?

"Good afternoon, River, are you napping?"

"Napping? By no means! I was listening to you."

"So you heard everything?"

"Didn't lose a word. This is Sunday, you know, and I was taking

my Sunday rest, but honest, I wasn't even dozing. I've been working hard last week, and am I ever tired!"

"You don't mean to say that you have to work?"

"Oh, I'm no lazy creature. All your scholarly men could figure out how many gallons of water flow from my bed during the space of twenty-four hours. I have carried masses of ice as big as those the mighty St. Lawrence has. I carry boats and yachts that would make the fishermen of the Gulf green with envy. And what about yourself, little Novice? Do you keep busy?"

"Oh, for myself, I have only little things on my daily programme, but I see to it that each one be done out of love. I offer my work to God in union with Christ. He wasn't always making miracles when He was on earth; He did very little things as well."

"I know that Christ came on earth once and that He worked. I heard that about three hundred years ago while listening to the Black Robe who was trying to convert the redmen. I was very rude and wild then. Once when some Iroquois were sailing on my surface, I turned their canoe upside down and sneeringly buried them in my depths. Then I took fierce delight in tossing their boat up and down and in jostling about the feathers that crested their proud heads. I still have angry moods now and then. In early spring I stir and fume and overstep my bounds. I don't present a pretty picture in those days. But when I think things over and remember what the Black Robe said about the meekness and mildness of the Redeemer, I feel ashamed of my lapses and break forth in a song."

"So you're a singer, too?"

"Of course I am. Sometimes my song resembles that of the soldier brave; at other times it is as gentle as the lullaby of a mother. Just listen!"

"For whom are you singing? Is it your own lullaby?"

"Yes, little Novice. I am singing to sleep the baby fish I carry in my waters. But I am singing for Someone else. I am singing for the One who has given me this limpid blue that reflects the blue above me, I am singing for God."

"Then you are by no means a soloist, River. Don't you hear, every new morning, joyful accents wafted heavenwards from many youthful souls in our pious sanctuary: *Benedicite, fontes, Domino; benedicite, maria et flumina, Domino!*"

"I do hear you all and I thrill with joy when you thus lend me your hearts to thank my Maker. Your hymn is sublime and beautiful. You will sing it often in my name, won't you?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, since the main purpose of my vocation is to render thanks to the Creator of all things. And so that my praise may be more perfect, I shall offer it through the most pure hands of Mary."

"Mary, the Mother of Jesus? I know her and pray to her every day."

"So you can pray, too?"

"Certainly. But I must tell you a secret. One day a Sister stood in your place looking down at me. For a long time she just stood there without saying a word. Then she turned towards the white Madonna who keeps guard over your grounds and said: 'O Mary, my Mother, I want to love you, love you as you have never been loved. I should like to stay here at your feet to murmur your Aves without stopping, but I cannot do so. May each drop of this river, may each gleam of its waters with their thousand diamonds, say continually in my name: 'Hail, Mary!' Ever since that blessed day I have been saying my Ave to the Holy Mother of God from morning till night. What do you think of my prayer? "

"O River, how you must rejoice the Immaculate Virgin and her Divine Son!"

"No doubt I do. But you, little friend, how much more do you delight the King of Heaven and earth when you lend your soul to the voice of my waves to bless and glorify God! Man, as you know, has been appointed king of this majestic universe where God has placed him. It is your duty, therefore, to offer in the name of all in this great kingdom the tribute of adoration and thanks owed to the Sovereign Lord of all. While we in His honor unfold the splendors and beauties with which His hand has enriched us, you must sing and love Him for us, and send up to Him all the glory that springs forth from His marvellous works. Sing, sing always, happy little Novice: *Et laudabilis, et gloriosus, et superexaltatus in saecula.*"

A NOVICE

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

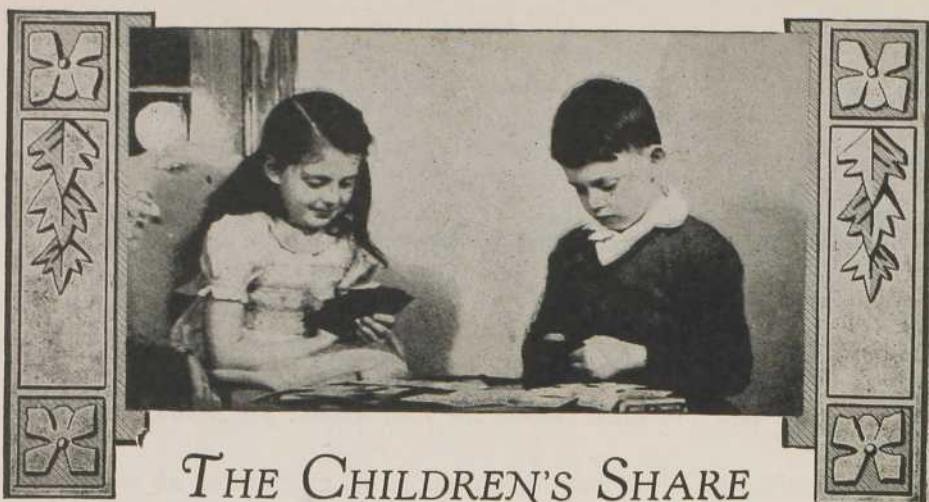
A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all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

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

Year 1944.....	\$ 293.79	January-February 1947.....	\$ 57.00
Year 1945.....	223.10	March-April.....	58.37
Year 1946.....	276.15	May-June.....	124.40
	July-August.....		\$ 61.70

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

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



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Are my eyes playing tricks on me, or is the calendar truly right? Is it really September? Seems to me I hear a woebegone "Yes" coming from behind a fourth-grader's desk. Holidays are over. But, tell me, aren't you glad to get to your books again? Holidays, pleasant hikes, outdoor games are all right in their place, but so is study, don't you think? You are very lucky to be able to attend school and learn all about ever so many things. Have you ever told God you were grateful for it? Maybe you haven't. Well, better late than never, says the wise man. So, say it with me: "Thank You, O my God!" Another fine way of thanking Him would be to study as heartily as ever you can.

Let me tell you about a bonny little maid of curls and smiles and the big sacrifice she gladly offered to Jesus for souls.

BIG SISTER

Doris felt as if her whole world had toppled. Her elbows propped on the back of a chair, her chin cupped in two chubby hands, she was thinking deep thoughts. A terribly hard problem had to be solved.

It was still early in August and the holidays were in full swing. Yet Mummie was packing a big trunk, as big as that of Peter and James, Doris' two brothers who would be boarders this coming September.

Besides, Doris sometimes surprised Mummie shedding hot, scalding tears. A four-year-old tot has eyes to see, don't you think? Mummie had a great sorrow, and so had Daddy, the lass reasoned. No, Daddy didn't cry, but he often frightened her with his big gruff voice. Only that morning, before leaving for the office, he had pressed his baby to his heart, saying: "If you could always remain as you are now, my Doris!" Why had Daddy said that? Why were Mummie's eyes red? And why, oh why, the brown trunk in the corridor? What worries and anxieties for a little head and a little heart of four!

Doris was so wistful and sad that she hardly smiled at her friend Martin, who was going by on his way to the fishing ground.

"Hi, Doris!" exclaimed the young gentleman, grinning like a jack-o'-

lantern, "I've got Daddy's boots on. If I had another pair I would lend them to you, honest I would. Coming along with me?"

"No fishing today," Doris gulped.

"Oh, I see you've got a serious attack of the blues. So long!" And with that the boy hurried off, whistling a merry tune.

One moment later Mummie's voice made Doris jump.

"Doris, where are you?"

"Here, Mummie!"

"Come. I've something to tell my girl."

In a few sprightly bounds the tot had rejoined her mother on the balcony in front of the blue lake. Mummie held out her arms and Doris sought the welcome haven, asking in a voice heavy with sorrow:

"Oh, Mummie, why the big trunk?"

"It's for somebody who's going away."

"For somebody who's going away?"

"Yes, darling. Haven't you guessed?"

"Somebody going away from home, Mother?"

"Yes, Doris. God needs missionaries to baptize the poor pagan children so they may find their way to Heaven. He needs Sisters to teach catechism to their fathers and mothers, so they may learn to know and love Jesus, the Blessed Mother —"

"And St. Joseph too, Mummie?"



BIG WORRIES



LEAVING ON A FISHING TRIP

"And St. Joseph too. So God has chosen a missionary in our family."

"A real live missionary who will go far, far away?"

"Right you are. And do you know whom He has chosen? It's Yvonne, your big sister. She will be going in a few days."

"Yvonne will leave me? Oh no, Mummie, I don't want her to go! Yvonne's my own sister and I don't want her to leave us. She mustn't go, Mummie!"

"God is asking a great sacrifice from Daddy, Mummie and all the family. But would it be fair to refuse a sacrifice to the One who came down from His beautiful Heaven to

wash our sins away? God has done all that for us, you know!"

"I love Him with my whole heart, Mummie!"

"He knows you do, and that's why He isn't afraid to ask a big sacrifice from you. When one loves, one never says no before a sacrifice."

Long and tenderly Mrs. B. spoke to her small daughter about the great event soon to take place. She grew so eloquent that little by little the sorrow of the poor child was no longer a sorrow. It had become a solemn feeling of pride and happiness at the thought that her beloved and loving sister had been chosen, singled out by God from thousands, to be His very own missionary and His Blessed Mother's apostle to the ends of the earth.

There in her mother's arms we shall leave Doris and return to our continued story.

GERALD'S SECRET

"Mother, here's a letter for you. I think it's from Aunt Florence."

And Gerald handed to his mother the pink envelope on which still lingered a lily-of-the-valley fragrance. Mrs. N. hastily slit it open and —

"Why, yes, it's from Aunt Florence. Just listen:

"The Spruces", August 10.

DEAREST ALDINE:

My husband has just gone off on a trip to Nova Scotia and expects to be away for a few weeks. Fearing that I would be lonesome at the cottage, he made a suggestion which I am submitting to you. "Why don't you ask Aldine to come and keep you company with her brood while I'm away?"

Do come, dearest. The children will enjoy all the pleasures of a fine beach. You remember, don't you, that our cottage is isolated from the others. The boys will be able to fish all they want, and I am sure we shall spend delightful hours together, while keeping an eye on your dear little ones, whom I love as if they were mine.

I shall be eagerly looking forward to your answer.

Lovingly,

FLORENCE.

"Answer yes, Mother, do!" coaxed Gerald.

"We shall do as Dad wishes."

Dad found the idea excellent. Four days later all the family received the heartiest welcome at "The Spruces".

Andy, Gerald's younger brother, was overjoyed the very first morning to find a boy of his age already busy on the beach with shovel and pail.

As to Gerald and the girls, sea bathing soon became their favorite pastime. Mother even had to lay certain severe rules, so they wouldn't swim too far from the beach.

"Mother mine, someday I'll be crossing the ocean for good," confided Gerald.

"Oh, that's quite possible," sighed Mother; then under her breath she added, turning to Aunt Florence: "What a man he is growing up to be! When one thinks he will decide his future this coming year. I'm afraid God will take him from me before long."

With a smile Florence answered:

"I really believe He will, Aldine. But wouldn't it be a great honor for your family?"

"It would. But so would the sacrifice be painful."



BEACH DELIGHTS

"Certainly, poor Aldine."

"Let us pray fervently that God's holy will may be done in our dear ones always and everywhere."

"Yes, let us unite our prayers. Union makes strength. But don't you find the evening chilly? Let's go in."

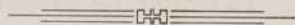
"All right, let's."

* * *

Goodbye, dear Boys and Girls. Here's wishing you a grand school year 1947 - 1948.

Lovingly yours,

THE PRECURSOR



CHILDHOOD

All the glorious beauty of springtime throbs not with hope as high as the innocent soul of a child.

Like a March violet, forerunner of the season of resurrection, your child has become a springtime for you, O mother-heart!

By his modesty and fairness he will later be altered into a rose, and on this earth he will renew your own springtime for you.

Beautiful as the chant of the nightingale are the sweet lisps of a child; comely as the radiance of the star is his smiling countenance.

In his eyes, pools of flawless blue, are reflected both the peace of Heaven and the tranquillity of happiness. To all of us he smiles, with the serenity of undoubting trust in God.

In speech and in the expression of your sentiments, be in all things like to the children to whom God grants the Kingdom of Heaven.

Henry Hoffman



A Providence for Little Ones

She is the daughter of the Gospel and issues forth from the Heart of Jesus. Beside the homes for suffering, the refuges for misery, the schools for the ignorant, everywhere, for the littlest ones, foundling homes, asylums or orphanages have been erected. There they find mothers; here, sisters; here and there, Jesus Christ. And thanks to the great love of Jesus Christ that hovers above those cradles and nests of devotedness, life is given them in full measure and joy abounds in their heart; so much so, that a deep thinker has written that in our sorrowful world real and happy mirth, innocent mirth no longer abides anywhere, save in the cloisters of monks and in asylum wards.

For this reason, no doubt, the devil, who has lost all joy, has in these latter times strained every effort against monks and all the friends of the poor little ones who love Jesus.

Rev. Father V. Delaporte, S. J.



Mother who has helped my son find a lodging. Mrs. S. — Homage of gratitude for a favor received. F. T., **St. Jean Baptiste de Rouville**. — I am happy to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Cape. When her statue passed in our parish, my husband was suffering from a sore leg and the doctor had declared gangrene had set in. That very day his condition improved notably and by the end of the week all was well. A thousand thanks to Our Lady! Mrs. O. C., **Montreal**. — All my thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. L. L., **Buckingham**. — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Miss G. D. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for success in our undertakings. Mrs. A. D. — I am happy to fulfill my promise in honor of Our Blessed Lady, who has heard my prayers and restored my health. A subscriber. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for good health. Mrs. H. G. — Thanks for a favor received. A subscriber. — Please help me thank our dear Blessed Mother for protecting me, and join me in prayer that my husband may find more suitable employment. Mrs. A. S. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. G. M.

I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to the Little Flower of Jesus for two favors asked that I know she will grant me. One has already been granted and I am not worried about the outcome of the other when left in her hands. J. O'D., **Westmount**. — I wish to have a Mass offered for the Holy Souls in Purgatory through whose intercession I received a very great favor recently. Mrs. D. W., **Kenogami, P. Q.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. J. M. D. C., **St. Rose**. — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese. Mrs. A. L., **St. Anne de Bellevue**. — An old grandmother of eighty-six wishes to thank Father Damian for a favor received through his intercession. Mrs. A. N. D. — Lively gratitude for a benefit received through ohe intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Mrs. H. L. — Thanks to the Little Flower of Carmel. Mrs. M. — Thanks to St. Therese. S. L. — Please help me thank St. Therese tf Lisieux for my cure. Mrs. T. L., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for favors obtained through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries. G. G., **Montreal**. — Grateful thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favor received. Mrs. A. P. — I wish to thank dear St. Therese. I am recommending my husband and two daughters to her protection. Anonymous. — Thanksgiving to St. Aloysius Gonzaga. I am soliciting other graces. Mrs. O. D., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. Mrs. A. St. J. — I heartily thank the Most Blessed Virgin Mary and Good St. Anne for my cure. D. L., **Newton Falls**.

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



REMEMBER

Please make a novena in honor of Our Blessed Mother, that she may grant me as soon as possible the favor I am asking of her. R. B. — Will you please ask Our Blessed Mother that we may be able to pay our house and other debts. Mrs. M. T. — Would you please have a novena made to Our Blessed Mother as soon as possible that she may help my sister. Mrs. G., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me and my family. Mrs. A. D., **N. D. G.** — Please continue your prayers for a little girl; also pray for my elder daughter to regain her health and for my younger daughter's safety in every way on her summer vacation. Mrs. W., **Montreal**. — Would you be so kind as to have a novena made for the cure of my daughter who suffers with an enlarged gland over her heart. Mrs. J. D., **Quebec City**. — Will you please pray to Our Blessed Mother for a person dear to me so he will stop drinking. A subscriber. — Please ask God to send me improved health; also pray for other very special favors. Mrs. H. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — Please pray for my health. Mrs. R. D., **Waterville, Me.** — Please pray for my two sons and myself and all our intentions. Mrs. M., **New Bedford, Mass.** — Please pray for me. I have been in bed eight months and am not able to get up yet. Mrs. J. McD., **Union City, N. J.** — Please remember my intentions in your prayers. Mrs. F., **New Haven, Conn.** — The cure of a young girl afflicted with tuberculosis. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Please join

your prayers with mine that Our Blessed Mother may grant me a very special favor. Mrs. H. C. — Will you please pray with me for the conversion of three sinners. Anonymous. — It is with great confidence that I am coming to ask Our Blessed Lady to help me. I am suffering from a very acute stomach ache and fear cancer. Please pray with me. Remember also my granddaughter who is very ill. Mrs. J. T. — I am asking prayers for my husband that he may give up drinking. A subscriber. — A special favor. Mrs. M. M. — Please make a novena that my husband may give up drinking. Anonymous. — Would you please pray for success in an undertaking. J. A. L. — May Our Mother of Perpetual Help help us find a lodging. Mrs. H. S. — I am suffering from heart disease and would like to be able to care for my father who is ill with cancer. Please pray that I may be strong enough to do so. Miss J. L. — Would you kindly pray for the conversion of a young husband and wife who are very unhappy and weak in their Faith. Anonymous. — I would like to find work. Anonymous. — I am suffering from stomach ulcers. Mrs. G. L. — Spiritual favors; the sale of a property. C. L. — May Our Blessed Mother protect our family. Mrs. W. C. — Please pray that my eyesight may not fail. Mrs. P. V., **Leominster, Mass.** — I have almost lost my eyesight. Please pray for me. Mrs. C. P., **Webster, Mass.** — Will you kindly pray that my husband may stop drinking and that he may be protected. Anonymous. — The mother of eight children is asking prayers for a change in her husband's conduct. Anonymous. — Please pray for my health, vocation, and several special intentions. M. B. — Would you please have prayers said for my sister-in-law, who has remained paralyzed after an operation. Mrs. J. O. — Health, preservation from accidents and sudden death, the settlement of debts, a forthcoming marriage. Anonymous. — Will you kindly pray for my son who is out of work and often discouraged. Mrs. C. P., **Salem, Mass.** — I am confiding to Our Blessed Mother my fifteen-year-old son who has been drawn in a crooked path by evil companions. Anonymous. — I am asking my cure from Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts. Please pray for my husband also who is fast losing his sight. Mrs. H. J. C. — May Our Heavenly Mother grant me a special favor. Miss G. L. — The cure of a thirteen-year-old child and a complete recovery for myself. Mrs. R. A. G., **Ottawa**. — Please pray for my ninety-three-year-old father; also for my brother who never goes to Mass and drinks heavily.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Please offer a novena for my daughter's health to St. Anne and Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Anonymous. — Please make a special novena to St. Joseph and St. Anne for a very dear friend so he will soon be cured. Mr. E. B., **Westmount**. — Please ask the Sisters to make a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all my intentions. Mrs. J. O'C., **Chute Rouge, P. Q.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 6; vocations, 2; cures, 22; employment, 5; special intentions, 58.



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From notifications received before July 15)

Rev. Sister Verdon, Grey Nuns, **Montreal**; Mrs. Charles Hotte, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie des Sept Douleurs; Mr. Regis Ravary, **St. Clet**, father of our regretted Sister Marie de Sion; Mrs. A. Baillargeon, **Quebec**, mother of our regretted Sister St. Emelie; Mr. Herve Gaudet, **Joliette**, father of our Sister St. Andre Avellin; Mr. Arthur Ready, **Montreal**, father of our Sisters Jeanne Mance and Rita du Sacre Cœur; Miss Claudia Pelletier, **St. Francois, N. B.**, sister of our Sister St. Louis; Mr. Lorenzo Demers, **Mont Laurier**, brother of our Sister Cecile de Milan; Mr. John Shewchun, Mr. Thos. Jones, Mr. Francis Howard, Mrs. Maurice Quinlan, **Montreal**; Mrs. Caroline E. Thomas, **Cote St. Paul**; Mr. Thomas O'Neill, **Lachine**; Mr. John McCarthy, **Huntingdon**; Mr. F. C. McCarthy, **Viauville**; Mrs. Mederic Denault, **St. Therese de Blainville**; Mrs. Lyla Messler, **Windsor, Ont.**; Mrs. Laura McKinnon, **Prince Edward Island**; Mrs. Alice Brown Henle, **Minneapolis, Minn.**; Mrs. Antoine Poulin, Mrs. Arthur Giroux, Miss Francoise Meilleur, Mrs. J. Guibord, Miss Marthe Belair, Mr. Alphonse Verdon, Mrs. Hector Rochon, Mrs. Victor Laframboise, Mr. J. Oliva Turcotte, Mr. H. Brien, Mrs. Joseph Himbeault, Mr. Severin Joly, Mr. Louis Ouimet, Mr. O. Barrette, Messrs. Roland and Emery Veillette, Mrs. Lucienne Pelletier, Mrs. P. Martel, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Forget, Mrs. Camille Tremblay, Mr. J. A. Lemay, Mr. H. Cholette, Mr. Louis Godard, Mr. Candide Dufresne, Mr. Napoleon Poirier, Mrs. Onesime Dufort, Mrs. A. Belair, Mrs. Oscar Gince, Mr. Lactance Laporte, Mr. Alex. Bessette, Mr. S. Pierre Giguere, Mr. Horm. Martel, Miss Dora Prud'homme, Mrs. Elzear Otis, Mr. Lucien Savaria, Mr. F. X. Ladurantaye, Mr. S. Lafrance, Mrs. Narcisse Boisvert, Mr. Alphonse Martin, Mr. Zoel Laviolette, Mr. Eloi Pilon, Mrs. Theophile Beaudoin, Mrs. Arthur Forcier, Mr. Louis Laframboise, Mr. Isidore St. Michel, Mrs. Ernest Lacasse, Mrs. Pierre Primeau, Mrs. A. Frechette, Mr. and Mrs. Edouard Cyr, Mr. Adelard Clarke, Mr. Adolphe Bourque, Mr. Leo Laurier, Mr. Jos. Lavoie, Mrs. Anatole Dore, Mr. Conrad Dubois, Mr. Marcel Isabelle, Mr. Joseph Lefebvre, Mrs. Pierre Labelle, Mrs. Leboudier, Mr. Paul Piche, Mr. A. Dupere, Miss Andrea Lacroix, Miss Therese Massicotte, Mr. Joseph Rousseau, Mr. S. Boudreau, Mr. Joseph Beaupre, Mrs. Pierre Bernier, Mrs. Theo. Jalbert, Mrs. Euclide Bernard, **Montreal**; Mrs. A. Beausoleil, Mrs. Arthur Ouellette, Mr. Stanislas Lafontaine, Mr. Albert Coursol, Mrs. Jos. De Bellefeuille, Mr. Noe Carriere, **Lachine**; Mr. Joseph Hebert, Mrs. Louis Lavallee, Mr. Armand Theriault, **Verdun**; Mrs. Dufour, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Lucien Turcot, Mr. W. Myles, Mrs. Louis Paquette, Miss Yvonne Cote, Mr. Adelard Lemay, **Cote St. Paul**; Mr. Armand Richer, Mrs. Eugene Gauthier, Mrs. Arthur Reeves, Mrs. Arthur Parent, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mr. Joseph Valade, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mrs. Emile L. Bernier, **Villeray**; Mrs. Maurice Laframboise, Mrs. Louis Lapointe, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Alex. Demers, **Ville Lasalle**; Mrs. Jules Fugere, Mr. Ferdinand Fond Rouge, **Viauville**; Miss Ida Gervais, Mrs. Art. Audette, **Montreal North**; Mr. Alderic Fournelle, **Montreal West**; Mrs. Henri Poirier, Miss Therese Massicotte, **Tetreaulville**; Mr. J. A. Groulx, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mr. Gaston H. Drolet, **Laval des Rapides**; Mrs. F. X. Castonguay, **St. Augustin**; Mrs. Charles McGrail, **St. Michel de Napierville**; Mr. Viateur Bariteau, **St. Josaphat**; Mrs. Arthur St. Pierre, Mrs. Aime Langevin, **Vercheres**; Mrs. Remi Halle, Mrs. Donat Lebeuf, Mr. David Lynch, Mr. Arthur Primeau, Mrs. Zephirin Boyer, **Valleyfield**; Mr. Yvon Boivin, **Beauharnois**; Mr. Jos. Honore Picard, **St. Stanislas Kostka**; Mrs. Francis Thibault, **Ormsdown**; Mrs. J. R. Gauthier, **St. Apolline**; Mr. Louis A. Berard, Mr. Roger Clermont, Mr. Donat Clermont, Mr. J. Bte. Gervais, **Sorel**; Mr. Alex. Mailhot, **Grand'Mere**; Mrs. Joseph Dufresne, **Champlain**; Mrs. Louis Paradis, **St. Tite des Caps**; Mrs. Joseph Rochette, Mr. Alphonse Bedard, **Quebec**; Mrs. Henri Charest, **St. Flavien**; Mr. Jos. Cyrille Dubuc, Mr. Rene Lefebvre, **Thetford**; Mr. Georges Bussieres, **Pont Rouge**; Mrs. Charles Couture, **St. Justine**; Mr. Theophile Pelletier, **St. Marcel**; Mr. Donat Simoneau, **St. Ferdinand**; Mrs. J. B. Dumas, **St. Casimir**; Mr. Delphis Lachance, **St. Thuriibe**; Mrs. Joseph Martel, **Lac aux Sables**; Mr. Marc Bilo-deau, **Beaurivage**; Mrs. Liguori Desjardins, **Rimouski**; Mr. Israel Beaudry, **St. Anicet**; Mrs. Ludger Labbe, **St. Urbain**; Mr. Abraham Michel, Mrs. Ulysse Girard, **St. Simeon**; Mr. Alfred Tremblay, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Joseph Fournier, **Plainfield, Conn.**; Mr. Alfred Bourque, **Wellesley, Mass.**; Miss Bernadette D'Auteuil, **Willimantic, Conn.**

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(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

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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)

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Jesus Hostel.

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LES COTEAUX, Haiti
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(Founded in 1945)

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PORT SALUT, Haiti
(Founded in 1947)

Dispensary.

ITALY

ROME, 26 via Acquadotto 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.