

THE PRECURSOR



VOL. XVI, 25th YEAR Montreal, November-December 1947 No. 6

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

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

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Mission procure. Workroom for making
church vestments, embroidery, lace and
painting for the support of the 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 also 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.

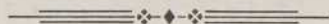
When the three years of annual vows are expired, the Professed Sister consecrates herself irrevocably to God by final vows.

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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* * *

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

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Missionary Sisters

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with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

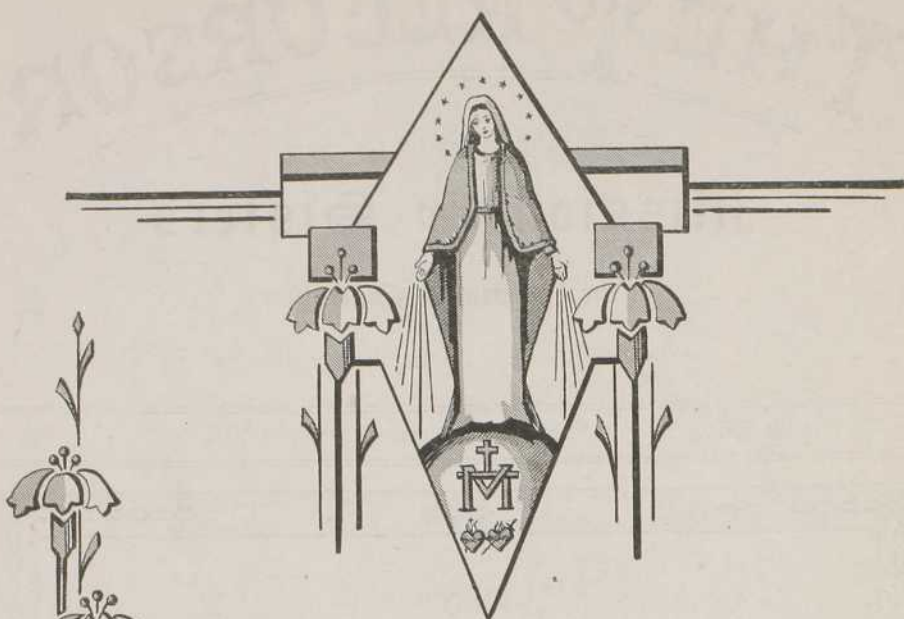
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The Miraculous Medal

*My Medal speaks
Of one now crowned on Heaven's height
Who knelt, expectant, in the night,
A humble novice known to none,
Who Mary's love and favor won.*

*No fairer thing
Mine eyes have seen, my heart can love
Than this the treasure from above,
Our Lady's Medal on my breast,
The gem in silv'ry sheen impressed.*

*Not earthly mind
However deft, however keen,
Designed the badge of Heaven's Queen.
The hand of Mary, Full of Grace,
Put every feature in its place.*



*I shall not fear
The onslaughts of the Enemy,
For Mary's Medal shieldeth me.
When sore bereft of human aid,
I trust in Mary, unafraid.*

*I fear no more
The judgment of the Holy One —
Who judges me is Mary's Son.
The scarlet sin is laved to snow
By Them from whom all bounties flow.*

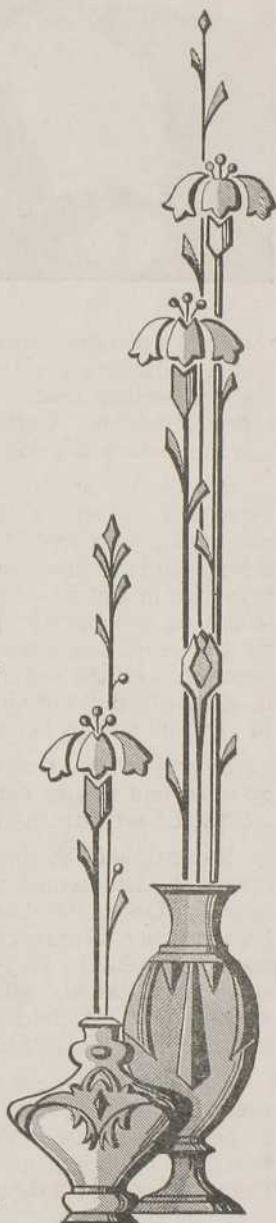
*Miraculous,
This mighty Medal proves its worth,
The potency of Mary-birth,
And Mary's hands that beauty make
Are filled with blessings for my sake.*

*One thing alone
Will comfort me at dusk of life,
When I am weary with the strife :
That Christ my Pilgrim-Friend may be,
And make the Homeward Stretch with me.*

*And yet I long
For just another precious grace :
Upon my heart may someone place
The silver gem I cherished more
Than earthly sojourn's richest ore.*

*O Mother, Queen,
Our Lady of the Medal, hear
The pleadings of your children dear!
When earthly course for us is run
Lead us to Christ, your Blessed Son!*

THE PRECURSOR



St. Catherine Laboure



The humble peasant girl who drew the favor of the gracious Mother of Our Savior has been crowned "on Heaven's height, where all His brightest are." On July 27 last, the white-robed Roman Shepherd raised to the pinnacle of spiritual glory Catherine Laboure, of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, whose noviceship was blessed by celestial visitations and the legacy of the Miraculous Medal.

Catherine was born in a little French village in 1806. She was only nine when her mother died. Thereafter she looked to Our Lady to show herself a Mother to her.

Catherine and her younger sister, Marie Antoinette, lived two years with an aunt in St. Remy, where the future saint left treasured remembrances of

the most exquisite virtues. Her elder sister, Marie Louise, having said farewell to the world to enter the convent, their father, Pierre Laboure, decided to recall the two orphans home. The decision was approved by both as heartily as an unexpected holiday. Catherine was only twelve, but already she had it in her young mind that she was going to be the lady of the house.

Back in her own native parish, the "little lady" made her First Communion. From that day on, we learn on the authority of her sister Tonine, Catherine's heart was aflame with love for God and Our Blessed Mother. Being the self-appointed mistress of the house, tasks aplenty were hers to fulfill, but she always found time to wedge in her favorite devotions and accomplish the precepts of Holy Church. Only God and His Angels knew about her Friday and Saturday fasts. Only, have we said — yet one single soul on earth knew about that, for Marie Antoinette had been let in on the secret. She even thought it her duty to tell their father about it, which she did; but God had His say also, and the youthful penitent was allowed to give full rein to her zeal.

In prayer she found strength to practice the austerities she had decided upon. So often and so long did she kneel in the Blessed Mother's chapel that she finally contracted arthritis in the knees which remained with her all through life.

Meanwhile Catherine was focusing her eyes on the years ahead. A mysterious dream she had somehow decided her vocation. It seemed to her that she was hearing Mass in her own village church. The celebrant, a white-haired old priest, beckoned her to draw close; but the child, too frightened to do so, stepped backward and went to visit a sick person instead. The same venerable priest again stood before her and said: "It is well for you to visit the sick; you run away from me now, but, my child, one day you will rejoice to come to me. God has designs upon you, do not forget it."

For days and days the wondrous dream haunted her. At last she revealed everything to the parish priest of Chatillon sur Seine, where she was taking lessons at her sister-in-law's. With keen spiritual insight the pastor replied that he believed the old priest must be St. Vincent de Paul. Did not the Saint thereby wish to make known his desire that she should become a Daughter of Charity?

Some weeks afterwards she recognized the dream-priest in a portrait of St. Vincent de Paul in the convent of the Daughters of Charity at Chatillon. Thence-

forth she had no more doubts. The will of God had manifested itself: she would become the spiritual daughter of St. Vincent. But as her father did not choose to subscribe to her pious desire, she had to wait until 1830, when she entered as a postulant.

Eagerly she learned in the school of holiness. While yet a young novice she was granted the extraordinary grace of visions of the heart of St. Vincent de Paul. The Seer describes the experience thus:

"The heart appeared to me on three successive days, each time different from the former. The first aspect was of a pale, flesh color which denoted peace, calm, innocence and union. Next I viewed it all aflame, symbolic of the charity which was to be enkindled in hearts. It seemed to me that the whole Community would be regenerated and would extend to the extremities of the earth. The third time it was of a livid hue, at which my soul was overwhelmed with a sadness that I could with difficulty banish." Subsequent events proved the truth of the revelations.

When Sister Laboure's confessor, Father Aladel, had knowledge of the vision, he ordered her to dismiss all thoughts of it from her mind. Well schooled, day in and day out, in the virtue of obedience, the novice humbly submitted. It was at this period that she had special visions of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament during the space of eight or nine months.

Loving and simple of heart, Sister Laboure longed and prayed to see the Queen of Heaven. Our Blessed Mother herself, St. Vincent and her own Guardian Angel were unceasingly implored to obtain for her that greatest of all joys.

On July 18, 1830, in the middle of the night, a gentle voice awoke her. Peering through the bed curtains, she saw a beautiful child who said to her: "Come to the chapel. The Blessed Virgin is waiting for you." Then, as she feared that someone should become aware, the child quickly brushed her misgivings aside. "It is eleven-thirty and all are asleep. I shall go with you."

Robed in her holy habit, Sister Catherine followed the unknown visitor down the stairs and into the chapel. Everywhere on their passage lights were kindled by some unseen hand, and when they reached the chapel door it opened of itself as soon as the child had touched it. The chapel was ablaze with light. Through this splendor Catherine was led to the communion rail, where she knelt. Both had waited for about twenty minutes when the child suddenly broke the silence. "Behold the Blessed Virgin!" Catherine heard a sound like the rustling of a silk dress. She saw a Lady descend the altar steps and seat herself in the chair used by the Director for his conferences. The apparition wore a spotless white dress and a blue veil.

One moment Sister hesitated. Then, mindful only of the filial dictates of her heart, she threw herself on her knees and rested her hands on the knees of the Mother of God, much as she would have done with her own mother.

"At that instant," — Sister Laboure speaking — "I tasted the sweetest joy of my life — a delight beyond expression." The Blessed Mother told her how to bear up under sorrow and affliction, and, pointing to the foot of the altar, told her to come and outpour her heart there, adding that she would be given all the consolation she would need. Mary Immaculate added: "My child, I am going to charge you with a mission." Catherine learned that her mission would be no roseate undertaking, but that God's dear grace would uphold and strengthen her.

The Seer asked an explanation of the things she had been shown, and Mary answered: "My child, the times are evil. The whole world will be afflicted with miseries of every kind. But come to the foot of this altar. Here graces will be bestowed on all who ask with confidence and fervor. They will be given to the great and to the lowly." Mary proceeded to promise both her presence and her protection, together with God's providence for the two Communities (the Vincentian Fathers and the Daughters of Charity).



Mary withdrew as she had come. The young peasant girl followed her Guardian Angel, for such she believed the child to be, to the dormitory again, where he left her among the sleeping novices.

Sister Laboure speaks thus of the visitation of November 27 of the same year:

"On the epistle side of the sanctuary, over the *Virgo Potens* Altar, Our Lady appeared standing on a globe, her face beautiful beyond words. She wore a robe that was the color of the dawn. Her head was covered with a white veil that fell on each side to her feet. Her feet rested upon a globe. Her hands were raised about as high as her waist, and she held in a graceful attitude another globe, a figure of the universe. Suddenly her fingers were covered with rings and beautiful precious stones. Rays of dazzling light darted out of them, and the whole of her figure was enveloped in such radiance that her feet and dress were no longer visible. And I heard: 'This globe which you see represents the world, especially France, and each person in particular. Behold the symbol of the graces which I will bestow upon all those who ask for them.'

"After a while, a sort of oval frame surrounded the Blessed Virgin on which were written in gold letters these words: 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.' Mary lowered her hands, laden with the graces

symbolized by the rays, and outstretched them in the gracious attitude reproduced on the medal. Then a voice said to me: 'Get a medal struck after this model; those who wear it when it is blessed will receive great graces, especially if they wear it round the neck; graces will be

abundant for those who have confidence.'

"At the same instant the oval frame seemed to turn round. Then I saw on the back of it the letter M, surmounted by a cross, with a crossbar beneath it, and under the monogram of the name of Mary, the holy Hearts of Jesus and of His Mother, the first surrounded by a crown of thorns and the second transpierced by a sword."

Some precious stones did not shed any radiance, which astonished Sister Laboure. The Vision told her that they symbolized those graces which no one thought of asking from her.

When Sister Laboure told her confessor about this manifestation of November 27, he asked her whether there was any writing on the back of the medal. Sister replied that she had seen none. He then ordered her to ask the Blessed Mother what she intended to have on the reverse side. One day, during her meditation, Sister Catherine heard an interior voice saying: "The M and the two hearts speak plainly enough."

The privileged Daughter of Charity now knew her divinely appointed mission. She was to propagate the medal evocative of the Immaculate One's glorious prerogative. Still two years elapsed, years of anguish and sorrow, before her confessor decided to realize her desires, or rather the orders of the Mother of God herself.

At last dawned Vow Day and the novice exchanged her bonnet for the professed Sister's cornette. She was sent to the home for the aged at Enghien where, as always, she managed to keep herself from being conspicuous — just plain, humble Sister Catherine. Not long after, Father Aladel related the apparitions in detail to Archbishop de Quelen of Paris. The venerable prelate after minute investigation allowed the medals to be made. On June 30, 1832, two thousand were delivered by the engraver, Mr. Vachette. Sister Catherine welcomed the medal designed by the Blessed Lady with the confident exclamation: "Now it must be propagated!"

Its first propagator was Archbishop de Quelen himself, who by its means obtained the conversion of an ecclesiastical dignitary about to die in open revolt against the Catholic Church. Graces and blessings continued to fall like rays from the jeweled hands of Mary, and soon the medal had become the treasured keepsake of millions. Small wonder, then, that it should have made a name for itself as the *Miraculous Medal*, which appellation has always been associated with it.

The Miraculous Medal spread like wildfire all over France. Priests, Bishops and Cardinals manifested great confidence in its power. Even the Holy Father placed it at the foot of his crucifix and encouraged its circulation. Everywhere marvels of grace and health, peace and prosperity followed in the wake of this first badge and seal of Mary's Immaculate Conception.

Meantime Sister Catherine sidestepped all fame in connection with the "tremendous trifle" that was the Miraculous Medal. None, save her Director, knew the name of Mary's favorite daughter. Nothing singled her out from among her religious companions, and while from pole to pole the effigy of the Holy Mother of the Redeemer wrought miracles innumerable, she whom we today revere as "Saint" remained in the background, unknown and unsung.

Towards the end of her life she was appointed doorkeeper. Her new office she filled beneath the ever watchful eye of God, saying her rosary or distributing medals to callers. Simplicity, purity and obedience — such were the virtues of which she gave a constant example.

In the early months of 1876 Sister Laboure foretold her approaching departure for the Eternal Homeland. Ever since the death of her first spiritual adviser in 1865, she had witnessed a gradual cooling off of fervor in Christian souls in so far as devotion to the Immaculate Conception was concerned. They did not love and pray in 1876 as they had loved and prayed in 1830. The fact grieved her beyond words and she feared to die before the complete realization of the desires expressed by her Heavenly Visitant in the apparition of November 27.

She then felt the urge to reveal the circumstances of the manifestation that seemed to have remained hidden. As it was impossible for her to make those declarations to her confessor, she made them to her Superior, Sister Dufes. In the course of a conversation that lasted two hours, Mary's confidante asked that a statue be made representing the Mother of God holding a globe, in remembrance of one of the phases of the apparition, and that an altar be erected where had stood the Vision Beautiful. Sister Catherine added that this statue had been the martyrdom of her life, and that she did not wish to appear before the Blessed Mother without the assurance that it had been begun.

And thus the statue came into being with the approbation of the Superiors. When the model was brought to Sister Catherine for her criticisms, she could not repress her disappointment. Why, the Most Pure Virgin was much more beautiful than human hands had made her!

But the promise had been fulfilled and the humble Daughter of St. Vincent could go in peace and greet the Madonna of the Medal "At Home." Gently, calmly she left for the Great Beyond in the night of December 31, 1876.

The obscure veil that had until then hidden from worldly view the sanctity of her soul was torn asunder. She who had spent long years treading the Royal Highway of Daily Routine, filling her hours with menial tasks with only God and His Angels to see, had carved for herself a name that would endure beyond the grave, a name that would be solemnly recognized and exalted by Holy Mother Church and her Infallible Head.

Now Sister Catherine Laboure has successfully passed all the searching, tedious tests preceding beatification and canonization, and has been enrolled in the long list of the saints of God. Now we may sing her praises, together with those of all the Marian Saints who grace the calendar of Holy Church.

Saint Catherine Laboure, help us to grow like you in love for the Blessed Virgin of Virgins. And may the Medal whose every stroke was put in place by Hands Undeiled be unto us a shield in danger of body and soul, a Tower of Ivory against the attacks of Satan and his brood, and our Gate of Heaven, *Felix Coeli Porta*, when we close our eyes to the things of earth and open them to those of Eternity.



I resolve to take Mary as my model at the beginning of all my actions; in everything I will ask myself whether Mary did a like action, why and how she did it, and in what intention she did it.

Oh, how beautiful, how consoling is Mary's Name! . . . Mary!

I resolve to offer myself wholly to God; to accept every little annoyance in a spirit of humility and penance; to ask in all my prayers that God's will may be done in me. O my God, do with me as You wish.

O Mary, grant that I may love you, and then it will not be difficult to imitate you in all things.

St. Catherine Laboure

Obituary

There passed away to his eternal reward on September 5 last Doctor L. E. Fortier, dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the Metropolis and Knight of the Order of St. Gregory.

Staunch in his Christian Faith and highly capable in the medical profession, Doctor Fortier had won the esteem of his confreres in the Faculty, many of whom had learned from him, and the gratitude of all who had benefited from his conscientious and disinterested care.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, to whom he gave gratuitously and always with deep concern and attention his professional services for more than twenty years, will ever bear him in prayerful remembrance and deep veneration.

On his grave the Community lays the tribute of its sorrow and prayers, while offering sincere sympathy to Doctors Louis and Jacques Fortier, sons of the venerable deceased, and the other members of his family.

Our Lady Smiles on Mrs. Ming



Poor little Mrs. Ming could hardly have guessed that the heart attack which had laid her low was Our Lady's own special gift to her. How could she guess when she did not even know about the unbounded tenderness of the Mother of Our Savior? Lizzie B. had been brought up as a staunch Protestant and had married a Chinese gentleman belonging to her own persuasion. Five lovely, lively children were born to them and happiness seemed to have elected their cottage as permanent abode.

Mrs. Ming was the home-loving sort, devoted to her husband and little ones. Her home was her universe, and her whole life centred around her beloved ones, making them happy and revelling in their well-being. And then one day she had suddenly fallen ill and her peaceful home-world lay shattered.

Oh, how ardently she wished to get well and strong and to flit happily about her household duties again! But the specialist who attended her looked grave as he visited her one morning. The swelling in her legs had not subsided and he declared that not one more visit would he pay her unless she agreed to enter a hospital. What a heart-break to the loving mother! She pictured thirteen-year-old Millie trying to act Little Mother to her brothers and sisters. And Jackie, her darling baby, how could she bear parting from him? He had such winning ways and so often brought her crude gifts of his own making, asking her between two hugs:

"Mumsey, you feel better today, don't you?" And now she had to leave them all for strange people and places.

Providence willed that no bed could be had in all the city except at a Catholic hospital staffed by Sisters, and to this Mrs. Ming strongly objected. She had no use for those Catholic Sisters who, she had been taught to believe, led such impossible lives. But finally the hope of a speedy cure overcame her prejudices and she entered as a patient at St. Joseph's Infirmary. For the first few days she treated the Sisters with a cool reserve, remembering all she had heard about them. On the fourth evening her husband called with Jackie, who brought his mother a bunch of flowers and his own favorite toy. Bravely the mother smiled at her husband and tenderly she caressed and fondled her boy, for she did not want her loved ones to know how lonely and down-hearted she felt. But no sooner had they left than she burst into tears, tears which she did not even care to hide from Sister Madeleine who took care of her.

"Sister, Sister," she sobbed, "I want to get well, I must get well because of my children. I cannot leave them."

As she freshened up her pillows, Sister tactfully suggested:

"Ask Our Blessed Mother to help you."

"The Blessed Mother? I don't know what you mean, Sister. Who is she?"

And thus Mrs. Ming learned about the Mother of all mankind, of her gentleness and power, of her willingness to help all who have recourse to her in their troubles.

"When your own children wanted something very badly, didn't they run to you first with their request, knowing full well that you would talk Daddy into giving them what they wanted? Well, why should you find it strange that we do the same with God, our Heavenly Father?"

"You must be right, Sister. Of course, in the family the mother is there always to smooth out difficulties." Then, abruptly changing the subject: "Sister, I only wish I could sleep tonight. I'm sure I would feel better if I once had a good sound sleep. I've tried almost every night counting sheep up to a hundred, but it doesn't seem to help any."

Sister Madeleine laughed gaily.

"My goodness, Mrs. Ming, no wonder you can't sleep with a hundred sheep around your bed! They surely must let out such loud baa-baa-baa that by the time you have counted them all sleep is out of the question. I have an idea that will help you more than just counting sheep." And Sister deftly took out of her apron pocket a small miraculous medal which she gave her patient.

Mrs. Ming looked it over long and carefully and read out loud the invocation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"That's it," Sister added. "Just you repeat that invocation instead of counting sheep and I feel sure you will have a good night's rest."

The following morning Mrs. Ming happily greeted her nurse with: "O Sister, it's wonderful! I've slept soundly all night long for the first time in weeks. The Blessed Mother did it, Sister. How good and kind she is!" And she added somewhat ruefully: "You know, Sister, I can't leave the Protestant religion. I've been born and reared in it and so have my children. But I do want the Blessed Virgin to be my own Mother too. Sister, bring me Jackie's flowers. There, please put them in front of Our Lady's statue."

"Doctor," confided Mrs. Ming to the doctor that afternoon, "the Sisters here are very good and kind to me. I love it here and I'm sure that I'll soon be better. I feel better today."

Alas, the X-ray had just shown the contrary to be true: the cancer was far advanced and the young mother's life was doomed.

"She may not have many more days to live, Sister," said the doctor as he left. "Better prepare her for the worst."

Gently Sister Madeleine told the patient that very afternoon that God might want to call her soon to her heavenly home. It was hard to die so young, with a loving husband and darling children needing her care. She wanted so much to live and enjoy life and see her little ones grow into sturdy men and women. Bitter were the tears she shed and pitiful her heart-break, but when evening came, with the help of Our Lady, whom she had prayed as a child its mother, Mrs. Ming repeated between her sobs:

"Thy will be done, O Heavenly Father."

A few days later, on November 20, Mrs. Ming was dying. Any minute now her soul might hear the summons to the eternal homeland, so the Sisters never left her bedside. Sister Madeleine had just come in for the night watch and as the patient seemed asleep, she sat by the window, her rosary journeying through her fingers.

"Sister — I'll tell you — tomorrow — whether to call — the minister or the Catholic priest."

Sister nodded silently as she eased the patient's position and administered a sedative. Then she took up again her communings with the Queen of the Holy Rosary, telling of this soul already hovering over the dim borderland of life and eternity. "Be unto her the Morning Star and the Gate of Heaven, sweet Mother of our Savior!" entreated Sister as she kept vigil.

With the first faint streaks of dawn, on the feast of Our Lady's Presentation, the patient feebly called for — the Catholic priest. Her breath came in short, painful gasps, and tenderly her husband wiped the cold sweat which bathed her forehead. He opposed no objection to his wife's desire; she had always been so reasonable, so straight in all her dealings, that he felt she was only obeying the dictates of her conscience.

The ceremony of abjuration was short and simple, and Mrs. Ming became truly a child of Holy Church, a child of Mary as she had longed to become.

Her last wish was to have us give a miraculous medal to each of her children, and as we assured her that we would comply with her desire she smiled a beautiful, radiant smile, whispering: "I want Our Lady — to be their Mother — She will take care — of them for me."

Another hour and she was clasped forever in her Blessed Mother's embrace.



*His Excellency Most Rev. G. L. Pelletier
recently appointed to the See
of Three Rivers*

*May his episcopal career be fruitful and long
and the blessings of God with him abide!*

Glorification of Mary's Apostle



In this year 1947, Holy Mother Church invites us more urgently than ever to turn our eyes and hearts towards the Queen of Heaven and earth, in whose hands, now as in the days of the Incarnation, lies the salvation of our sinful world.

The inspiring pilgrimage of Our Lady of the Cape and the unforgettable days of the Marian Congress of Ottawa have been as a magnificent prelude to high solemnities held in the Eternal City, all to the glory of Our Heavenly Mother. We have spoken elsewhere of Blessed Catherine Laboure's canonization. Seven days before the glorification of Mary's confidante, another servant of the Queen of Queens, Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, was declared a saint by our Holy Father Pope Pius XII.

St. Louis de Montfort, rightly considered one of the greatest missionaries of all times, had been elected by God to spread true devotion to the Blessed Virgin and indi-

vidual consecration to her as a slave of love. Second eldest of eighteen children, he was born at Montfort, Brittany, on January 31, 1673. Young Louis Marie early gave signs of his tender love for the Spotless Virgin and of his special vocation as a Marian apostle. By means of innocent wiles the lad strove to bring his playmates, especially Marie Louise his favorite sister, to recite the Hail Mary, and sought to instill in all hearts a deep affection for his Celestial Queen. His filial confidence in Mary knew no bounds; to her feet he brought all his troubles and anxieties.

As the years of boyhood ripened into the bright days of youth, he found in the works of great Marian authors such as St. Bernard, Father Olier and de Berulle, an ideal preparation to the sublime career of the priesthood. His priestly life was entirely dedicated to the glorification of Mary in her prerogative of universal Mediatrix between God and man. "Through Mary did Christ come into the world and through her must He reign over it." With incredible zeal and vigor this valiant knight of Our Lady endeavored to establish the world over the blessed reign of Jesus through Mary.

To the apostolate of the spoken word Grignon de Montfort added that of the pen. He wrote in prose and verse and embodied his special form of devotion to Mary in his admirable "Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," a masterly compendium of Mariology. This little book traces clearly to the ignorant and to the learned, to the poor and to the rich the shortest and surest way to Jesus.

St. Louis de Montfort was called to his reward on April 28, 1716. He had founded two religious Communities, the Montfort Fathers and the Daughters of Wisdom who carry on his work, the former by predications and the holy ministry, the latter by the education of youth, the care of children and the suffering. Canada welcomed the Montfort Fathers in 1883 and the Daughters of Wisdom in 1884. Soon both Communities spread throughout the country. Missionaries are now sent from Canada to Africa and Haiti.

We heartily rejoice at the honor bestowed upon these two praiseworthy Communities on the occasion of their saintly Founder's canonization. May Heaven's blessings forever accompany their members and works so that, through them, may be lived more and more the enlightening motto of St. Louis de Montfort: *Ad Jesum per Mariam!*

Wonderful Effects of Perfect Consecration to Mary



WOULD require much light from God in order to describe perfectly the excellence of this practice. I will only say:

1. That to give ourselves in this way to Jesus through Mary is to imitate God the Father, who has given us His Son only through Mary, and who communicates His grace to us only through Mary; it is to imitate God the Son, who has come to us only through Mary, and who, having set us the example to act as He acted, has asked us to go to Him by the same means, that is to say, through Mary; it is to imitate God the Holy Ghost who communicates His graces and gifts to us only through Mary. Is it not right, says St. Bernard, that grace should return to its Author through the same channel that transmitted it to us?

2. That to go in this way to Jesus through Mary is truly to honour Jesus Christ, because it shows that, on account of our sins, we are not worthy to approach His infinite Holiness directly and by ourselves, and that we have need of Mary, His Holy Mother, to be our advocate and mediatrix with Him who is our Mediator. It is, at the same time, to approach Him as our Mediator and our Brother, and to humble ourselves before Him, as our God and our Judge; in a word, it is to practise humility, which is always exceedingly pleasing to the Heart of God.

3. That to consecrate ourselves in this way to Jesus through Mary is to place in the hands of Mary our good actions, which, however good they may appear, are very often spoiled, and unworthy of the sight or acceptance of God, before whom the stars are not pure. Ah! let us pray to our dear Mother and Mistress, that having received our poor present, she may purify, sanctify and embellish it, so as to render it worthy of God. The entire revenue of our soul is of less value to gain the friendship and grace of our Heavenly Father than would be a worm-eaten apple in the hands of some poor peasant who rents a farm from the king. What would this poor man do, if he had common sense, and access to the queen? Would he not give her the apple, and would not the queen, out of kindness to the poor peasant and respect for the king, remove from it all that was worm-eaten, and present it on a golden plate decked with flowers; and could the king refuse to accept it, even with joy, from the hands of the queen who thus favoured the poor peasant? "If you wish to offer anything to God," says St. Bernard, "place it in Mary's hands, unless you wish it to be refused."

Great God, how little is all that we can do! But let us, by this devotion, place it all in Mary's hands. As we shall have given ourselves entirely to her, despoiling ourselves of everything in her honour, she will be infinitely more generous towards us, and will repay us a hundred fold. She will communicate herself wholly to us with her merits and her virtues; she will place our presents on the golden plate of her charity; she will clothe us, as Rebecca clothed Jacob, with the beautiful garments of her Son, Jesus Christ, that is to say, with His merits, of which she has the entire

disposal; and thus, as her privileged servants, after having despoiled ourselves of everything in her honour, we shall be clad in double garments: the garments, ornaments, perfumes, merits and virtues of Jesus and of Mary.

4. That to give ourselves thus to the Blessed Virgin is to practise charity to our neighbour in the highest possible degree, for it is to give to Mary all that we hold most dear, in order that she may dispose of it at her good pleasure in favor of the living and the dead.

5. That by this devotion we place our graces and merits in safe-keeping, for Mary is their guardian. We may say to her with confidence: "See, my dear Mother, my kind Mistress, here is the good which by the grace of thy dear Son I have been enabled to do; I am not able to keep it, because of my weakness and inconstancy, and because of the number and malice of my enemies, who ceaselessly attack me. My powerful, my most powerful princess, do thou hold me lest I fall; do thou keep all my good, lest I be robbed of it; all I have I confide to thee, in trust. *Depositum custodi. Scio cui credidi.* I know whom I have trusted, I know well who thou art, this is why I entrust myself entirely to thee; thou art faithful and true to God and to men, and thou wilt not suffer anything to perish of that which I entrust to thee; thou art powerful, and nothing can hurt thee nor take from thee what thou holdest in thy hands."

Were there only this one motive to incite me to this devotion, — that it is a sure means of keeping me in the grace of God, and even of augmenting it in me, I ought to ardently desire it.

6. That this devotion bestows upon us truly the liberty of the children of God. As, for the love of Mary, we have of our own free will reduced ourselves to slavery, so this dear Mistress, out of gratitude, enlarges and dilates our heart, and causes us to walk with giant steps in the way of God's commandments. Ordinarily she frees the soul from weariness, sadness, and scruples. It was this devotion that Our Lord taught to the Venerable Mother Agnes of Jesus, as a sure means of deliverance from the sufferings and perplexities with which she was afflicted. "Make thyself," said He, "My Mother's slave." She did so, and her troubles ceased at once.

FROM FATHER FABER'S TRANSLATION OF
True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin



The Marian Congress Makes History

(Continued)

CARDINAL LEGATE SPEAKS AT CONGRESS CLOSING

There is one important message which the Holy Father has commissioned me to deliver at this Congress, a message which He considers to be urgently needed in these days in which we live. The Holy Father from His watchtower on Vatican Hill sees the nations of the world with the vision of the Common Father of all His children, the Shepherd of Christendom. He knows the cries and the slogans that have potency in present conditions to move the masses of men for good or evil. He is able to distinguish the true from the false, the nourishing food from the deadly poison, not only because He is the heir of the wisdom of the ages, the incomparable experience of the Eternal Rome, but because He has the guidance of the Holy Spirit to teach him all truth and show him the things that are to come. (John 16-13)

Liberty Greatest Endowment

To all of us gathered together in this wondrous testimony of faith and love the Holy Father cries from His apostolic heart: "Truth is the mother of liberty: truth is its light, its mainstay, its glory." He sees dangers to liberty throughout the world and in some countries its ruthless destruction. I do not need to name these countries where the lamps of truth and liberty have been extinguished. Liberty is one of the greatest endowments of men. In His encyclical on liberty Leo XIII began with the words "*Libertas praestantissimum naturae donum*." Liberty is the noblest gift of nature. Liberty is prized and cherished by the Church. The Pope says in His letter to me as Legate that liberty is the special gift of Heaven whereby man freely submits to the law of God and thus becomes the architect of his own nobility and happiness. Liberty, says the Pope, is not unbridled power, it is not impunity in error and wrongdoing. A good parent does not leave a little child free to play with fire or deadly weapons or bottles of poison. The power to take a wrong turning of the road and fall into a precipice is not freedom; the power to form vicious habits which make a man a slave to his lower nature is not freedom. Liberty is the power to choose freely that which is good and to reject that which is evil.

Our Divine Lord said: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). In the same breath He uttered this companion truth: "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." The Pope is thus only echoing His Divine Master in warning us that error and wrongdoing are the destroyers of liberty. Thus He has commissioned me to speak at this Congress on the necessary connection between truth and liberty. Truth, says the Holy Father, is the mother of liberty; truth is its light, its mainstay and its glory. And if anyone asks with Pilate: "What is Truth?" the Pope answers that Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life.

If the world turns away from Christ it turns away from truth and it delivers itself into bondage. We have seen this in great countries in our own day. If liberty is one of our traditions as Canadians, if British institutions to which we belong and from which we have inherited our civic traditions are contrived to safeguard liberty and the sacredness of the human person, if we have been taught by our fathers to abhor those political systems which treat the individual merely as a creature and instrument of the state, it is because we belong to a family of nations nourished in infancy on the milk of Christian truth and trained to maturity on the practice of the Gospel precepts.

Proclaim False Liberty

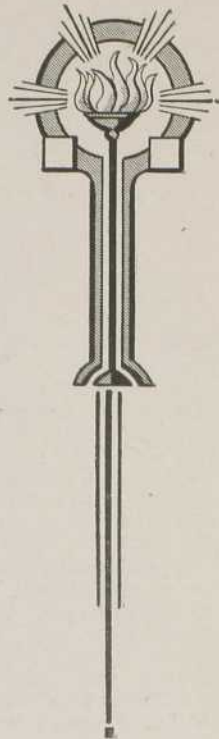
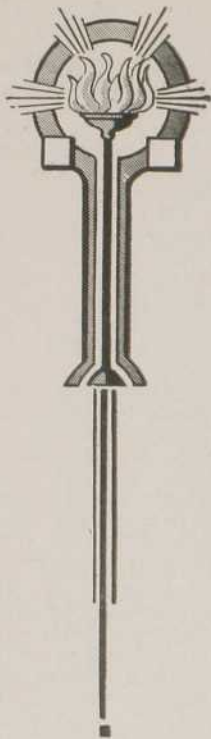
Let us not think that we can destroy the root and continue to gather the fruit or that we can allow the foundations to be taken away and expect the building to stand. There are deceivers in the world who proclaim a false liberty which can only end in the evils of anarchy or despotism.

Against such mockery of true liberty we must fight valiantly, unafraid, undaunted, unconquered. We must contend valiantly as soldiers of Christ against those who debase liberty. We must cherish it as our dearly prized heritage in both the religious and the civil order.

On this blessed and happy night — *O vere beata nox* — when we join the generations of ages past who have fulfilled the marvellous prophecy of the Virgin Mary "Behold henceforth all generations shall call me blessed" we rejoice with singular gladness of heart at the glory given to God and the happiness brought to the Holy Father by such a manifestation of faith, of loyalty and of love. We declare tonight that as Christ is Truth, Mary is the greatest human oracle of truth for the way, the truth and the life vouchsafed to become her Son. Likewise she was freest of all because she was holiest of all. Her ineffable purity and her utter freedom from sin made her in Wordsworth's words "our tainted nature's solitary boast" enjoying the most perfect liberty by which Christ made her free.

Hence with affectionate and confident hearts we appeal to her to guard Christian truth as the pearl of great price of this country of our birth, our labor and our love. We pray to preserve our cherished liberties and to extend them in ever widening circles until we have a free world — where the families of the nations live in harmonious companionship — a universal brotherhood united by Christian love under the Fatherhood of God. This, O Mother of God, is the hour to show forth Thy intercessory power with Thy Divine Son as Thou didst at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee.

Arise then, O Mary, Thou Queen of Peace, go forth in all Thy comely beauty and gentle strength, into that vast country where Thy ikons are still hiddenly venerated and in possession of that people, dear to Thee as redeemed by the Precious Blood of Thy Divine Son. Arise, O Mother of God, and with Thy sweet and thrilling voice speak words of comfort and of hope to peoples whose hearts are pierced with Thine own woe at the crucifixion of the Mystical Body of Christ, His holy Church. Bid them rise again as if from the dead to a new and more glorious life. O Mary, our Star of Hope midst the encircling gloom of the world, give us renewed courage and unflinching determination to be worthy witnesses to Christ's truth and steadfast guardians of the liberties of mankind so that "doing the truth in charity" we may ourselves enjoy the liberty of the sons of God (Rom. VIII-21).



The Feet of Christ

*O! tender were the memories Mary kept
Of Bethlehem, the swaddling clothes, the bleat
Of friendly little lambs, how while He slept,
She gently pressed and warmed His tiny Feet.*

*Soon, when the Holy Family walked along,
The Footsteps of the Boy-Christ timed the pace,
And Nazareth stones were touched with silent song
As Little Jesus walked about the place.*

*Love always tells, and long before our eyes
If some familiar tread approaches near ;
How easily then, did Mary recognize
Christ's distant step that no one else could hear.*

*Those holy Feet of Christ, those eager Feet,
They walked the by-ways of an obscure town,
Till one day Mary watched far down the street
As Jesus left to seek a thorny crown.*

*There must have been great joy when Christ would take
His friends out for a walk by ancient springs ;
Through fields of lilies, by some lovely lake,
With anxious Peter watching over things.*

*That time the woman, so awed by the spell
Of what Christ said, that she forgot her jar . . .
That long informal talk beside the well . . .
All happened the day Jesus walked too far.*

*Dear Sacred Feet! crowds followed when You stood
Beside the boat, along the mountain-side ;
How different when you walked the Olive-wood,
And fewer still, who saw You crucified.*

*Now, each one had his thoughts on Calvary then,
Who saw those poor nailed Feet that sin had priced ;
How changed, thought Peter, were those Feet to when
They tread the waves — and he had clung to Christ!*

*O Jesus, please forgive our absence there,
And overlook our ignorance complete ;
Remorse and hope are blended in our prayer,
To ever stand like Mary — at Your Feet.*

DESMOND FRANCIS LONERGAN





Promise Fulfilled



Francis and Paul had always been pals ever since the time they had played Indian and cowboy together in Mother O'Malley's big old-fashioned garden and taken bets at who would be the quicker at emptying her ever-replenished cookie jar. All through the grades and St. Vincent's High they had shadowed each other until now they had reached the crossroads where youth must choose its own individual way.

The days when their plans extended no further than the next hockey victory or a new football play were gone forever. Theirs now to equip themselves for the life ahead where, to all appearances, they would walk separate ways. People had often wondered at the staunch friendship which had grown up between these two so little alike in character and even in physique. Francis had always been a religious-minded lad, thoughtful of others and hard-working. His deep brown eyes held visions of far-off lands and strange peoples to be won to his Captain Christ. He had been born and reared in a home where the Sacred Heart reigned as King of Love and Our Blessed Mother as Lady of the house. Widowed while yet very young and left with a scant portion of this world's goods, Mrs. O'Malley had bravely brought up her little family in the love of God and neighbor. Danny, her eldest, had cheerfully gone to work while only sixteen, giving up his own dreams of the future to realize those they all dreamt about Francis, the youngest of the brood. Thanks to their devotedness, the latter had been able to keep at his studies and was now ready for the Major Seminary.

Popular, wealthy, easy-going Paul Kennedy had thrown back his handsome head and laughed long and loud when Francis had suggested that they both might have the same vocation to the priesthood and missionary life.

"Sorry, old fellow, but you've missed your point there. Can you picture me lecturing cannibals on the evil of head-hunting? No, thanks for the invitation, but I'd much rather stay at home than go gallivanting about the jungle. As soon as I can sign M. D. after my name, I'll settle down in our civilized parts and enjoy life and be merry. No harm in that, I say. So long, Frank. Will be seeing you again sometime."

Paul had been brought up in a home where religious subjects were taboo. Having a good time, making the most out of life, such was the creed of Paul's milieu. It was easy to conjecture that left to his own devices, in the indifferent atmosphere of a secular college, his already faltering faith would not stand the test. Francis could not help worrying over his pal. Once again before entering the Seminary in late August he invited Paul to spend an evening with him. Motherly Mrs. O'Malley prepared quite a spread, to which the two friends did as full justice as when they were twelve-year-olds. Then they settled down for a chat on the broad verandah overlooking the Laurentians.

"Remember the pleasant hikes we had over those foothills with Frisky and Shoe Buttons at our heels? My, I can't help wishing we were still youngsters in the grades."

"I don't, if you ask me. I never did take to a life where one must remain cooped up in stuffy classrooms while all nature calls us to play truant. If I had not long ago made up my mind to be a doctor like Dad, I simply would not put up with it at all."

"Then you wouldn't feel equal to spending five more years cooped up, as you say, in the Seminary?"

"Thanks for me. I'd drop from hearing so much pious stuff dinned into my ears."

"Sorry for contradicting you, Paul, but something inside me insists that, in spite of all you say, you do have a vocation to the priesthood and missionary life."

"Listen to me, son of the O'Malley's. I'll be a doctor and never a priest at all, at all, or my name is not Paul Kennedy."

"The future alone will tell, Paul. Just think of all the good you could do in the mission field afar."

"Whatever has got into you tonight, Francis? I never knew you had such a stubborn streak in you. We'll always be friends, that's one sure thing, but don't count me in where missions are concerned, unless — unless — you die early chasing that will-o'-the-wisp of your missionary ideal. Then I might take your place." Paul's laughter rang out again at what he considered a good joke and the two friends parted.

Six years had flashed by like darting swallows. Francis O'Malley had been made another Christ and this was the last night he would be spending at home. Mother and son were strangely quiet tonight, as they sat close together beside the cheerful fireplace.

"Francis dear," Mother O'Malley broke the silence, "you've reached your goal at last, thanks be to God, and proud we all are of you. While you're working for God and souls in those foreign countries over there, we at home will remember you daily in our prayers. I'll wear out my rosary asking the Blessed Mother to bless and protect my brave missionary son."

Tears dimmed the faded blue eyes, but the mother smiled tremulously as she gazed at her boy.

"God bless you, Mother, for all that I am or hope to be, I owe to your tenderness and devotedness. Never will I be able to repay you for all that you have done for me. Before leaving there is still another favor I would ask from you, Mother mine."

"Ask, dear boy, and I'll do my best."

"I met Paul Kennedy this afternoon and truly, Mother, I'm almost broken-hearted over him. You know how careless his people always were about their religion. Well, Paul is just about as sceptical and cynical as can be. He can't be bothered with all this religious bunk, as he puts it. He is now a coming authority in the medical field and the idol of the city's fashionable set. Mother, won't you please watch over



FAREWELL TO MOTHER

him and pray that the flickering light of faith may not be wholly extinguished in his soul? You know how deeply he loved and respected you. Whenever I write, I'll slip in a word for Paul. That will give you the occasion of meeting him once in a while."

Mrs. O'Malley promised, and the rest of the evening was spent in talking of loved ones. The next day the liner sailed bearing away Father Francis O'Malley to the land of his apostolic dreams.

Father Francis had spent one short year in his little mission in the African wilds. By dint of persevering effort he had learned the Babemba dialect and was now ready to plunge headlong into the work of evangelization for which he had come. But the Master of the vineyard had decreed instead to call him home to His Kingdom Eternal. Unsearchable are the ways of God, mused Father Francis as he lay shivering with the dread jungle fever on his rude pallet. Hardly had he worked one full day at the harvest of souls, and the Master was beckoning on the eternal shore, gently murmuring: "Come, good and faithful servant." But oh, what were his poor Christians and catechumens to become, once he was gone? Suddenly the dying missionary remembered something. A beautiful smile lit up his drawn features, life seemed flowing back into his wasted frame. He took paper and pen from the shelf above his bed and wrote to his beloved mother, adding in a postscript for his pal of childhood days:

"Dear Paul,

Our Blessed Savior bids me leave the field of battle of the missions for the bliss and repose of eternal life. I had dreamt to do so much for Him, winning souls to His love, and here I am dying and my work scarcely begun. If I did not believe in an all-wise God, I might be tempted to repine at my lot. But I die happy with the hope that another laborer of the Lord will take up the furrow where I have left off and garner in a rich harvest of immortal souls. And that laborer, Paul, I feel sure it will be you, you who promised half-jestingly on that summer evening long ago, that you would take my place if I were doomed to an early grave. Farewell until we meet again never more to part, in the bosom of God. You will be faithful to your promise, I know.

FRANCIS."

When Mrs. O'Malley had given him this sad message, Paul had been too stunned for words. Why, he reflected, that jungle fever had surely muddled poor dear Francis' ideas. That promise had been a joke of his and surely nobody in his right senses could expect him to keep it. A priest, a missionary, when he had hardly had any faith at all, why, it was so unreasonable! All through the night Paul struggled with his own soul. His dreams were peopled with dark-skinned natives who cried out to him: "Will you have the heart to abandon us to our sad fate? See, our missionary Father is dead and our church remains empty. The sick and the tiny ones die and the saving waters have not refreshed their fevered brows. Will you not hasten to our aid?" Then again he saw Francis tossing on a bed of pain, and the wistful gaze he bent upon him seared his very soul. What was his dying friend murmuring: "The harvest — is great — but — the laborers — are few!"

Morning came and found Paul Kennedy a changed man. His first action of the day was to throw himself upon his knees and surrender to the conquering force of divine grace.

Fashionable circles in the town of X. were aghast when news trickled through that the brilliant young doctor had left the world for the novitiate of a missionary congregation, the same where Francis had prepared for his life career.

Five years had gone by since Father Francis had died in his lonely mission outpost. The natives kept his grave green and flowers always bloomed around his modest wooden cross. But Mass was no longer offered in the Christian village, and the poor blacks remained without any priest to minister to their spiritual needs. Still hope lived on in their faithful hearts, for Father Francis had said and repeated with his last breath that some other missionary would surely replace him.

Then one sultry summer day it happened. A youthful missionary Father arrived in the village and announced that he had come to stay with them. Joyfully the natives led him to their poor little church. Then they showed him the thatch-roofed hut where Father Francis had breathed his last. Close by, in a shaded grove, Father Paul Kennedy knelt beside the grave of his childhood pal and prayed. Before rising to assume his apostolic task, he whispered, while unheeded tears moistened the sod: "Francis, rejoice, for I have kept my promise at last. Here I am to continue the work you have so nobly begun."



Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House

314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT

The St. Bernadette Workroom is again active in the service of the missions after a lull during the summer months. Women and girls who would like to help the missions and feel they could spare some time each week are cordially invited to give their names. All may be assured of the kindest of welcomes.

Meets are held every Monday afternoon and open at two o'clock. There is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at five.

RECOLLECTION DAYS

On the second Sunday of each month, from September to May inclusively, a Recollection Day is held at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost's.

The programme is as follows: 9.00, Mass, with breakfast following. Conference. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. 11.30, departure. All women and girls, whether former retreatants or not, are invited to follow the pious exercises.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception



One Hail Mary perfectly said is sufficient to empty Purgatory.

St. Alphonsus Liguori



NEW INDULGENCES

By a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary dated July 10, 1944, the Holy Father grants an indulgence of 500 days to those who in the midst of adversity, but with abiding confidence in God and a contrite heart say the words of Our Lord: "Thy will be done!" A plenary indulgence is granted under the customary conditions to those who repeat the ejaculation daily for a month.

The Voice From Rome

*To Our Venerable Brother Thomas McDonnell
Bishop-Elect of the Titular See of Sela
National Director of the Pontifical Society
for the Propagation of the Faith*

It has seemed good to Us, on the approach of Mission Sunday, the day on which the minds and hearts of American Catholics are centred on the vast problem of the extension of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, to address some considerations to Our beloved children in the United States on the present needs of the Missions.

In Our daily solicitude for the fulfilment of the divine command, imposed on Us in so special a manner, to bring to all men redemption and salvation in Christ Jesus, We have been consoled by the bright promise for the future contained in many reports which have come to Us from the Missions. The war, which caused such unprecedented damage and suffering in mission areas, has opened new fields to the Gospel. In the dark days of conflict, vast numbers of people came to admire the splendid courage of our missionaries; they experienced their beneficent charity and were comforted by their compassionate kindness. Through the heroic sacrifices of these missionary ambassadors of Christ, the hearts of countless thousands were opened to the saving influence of the Word of God and, as the Gentiles of old came to Philip saying "we would see Jesus" (John XII, 21), so these souls are calling out for missionaries, so that they may learn the mysteries of the Faith, hear the tidings of great joy — in a word, that they too may see Jesus.

Judge then of the sadness of Our paternal heart if We must close Our ears to such pleadings, if We must ignore the voices that call to Us from the pagan world. And in sorrowing heart We must confess that the means at Our disposal are regretfully inadequate. The sad circumstances of these times have lessened the number of missionaries. The war has dealt a heavy blow to the Church in Europe: a very considerable number of priests were killed or died in imprisonment, seminaries were closed, diocesan organisation upset and vast numbers of the faithful forced to migrate from their homes; with the consequence that the Church has not only been deprived of an important part of its material means for missionary support, but also of that ever increasing number of generous souls who, year after year, had been going forth from home and country as Europe's contribution to the cause of the Missions.

In these circumstances we look to the United States where with the warm encouragement of Our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops, such magnificent work has been accomplished by the Diocesan Directors of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies. The response made last year by the faithful of the United States to the work of the Propagation of the Faith, the largest recorded from American Catholics, already so distinguished for their generosity, is a marked tribute to the lively interest

of the Hierarchy in this cause; it is a tribute likewise to the work of those who, under their zealous guidance, promote the interests of the Pontifical Mission Societies — the Diocesan Directors, the clergy secular and religious, the teachers, religious and lay alike. Above all it is a tribute to the praiseworthy spirit of charity and self-sacrifice which animates so many millions of the faithful, young and old, throughout the United States. We are happy to have this opportunity of extending to all who shared in this magnificent accomplishment, the sincere and profound thanks of Our paternal heart.

While inspiring have been the fruits of the past year, the needs of the present hour call for still greater sacrifices and so there must be a deepening of the missionary spirit of sacrifice. Whence comes that inspiration to sacrifice? It comes from a prayerful awareness of the needs of the Missions. The Catholic's response to missionary appeal must not be a mere material gift of aid but a gift coming forth from a heart which beats in unison with the heart of Him Who was sent by God, Jesus Christ, the Divine Missionary, Who wills all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth (2 Tim. II, 4). A Catholic's interest in the Missions must not be superficial; it should go as deep as the character imprinted on the soul in Baptism and Confirmation whereby we are conformed to the likeness of Christ, deputed to His service and pledged to work hard and constantly for the building up and increase of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. And, indeed, Mission Sunday is a most fitting occasion for arousing that spirit of sacrifice, as also of prayer, for the Missions when with hearts raised up in supplication to the Lord of the Harvest, we pledge ourselves to work for the increase on earth of the Kingdom of God. It is, too, the day whereon every Catholic should recall the Psalmist's question "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things He hath rendered to me" (Psl. CXV, 12). Surely no greater gift can be returned to God than our generous service, our wholehearted efforts to share with others that which we prize most — the gift of faith.

The noble generosity with which the faithful of the United States, under the guiding inspiration of Our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops, have answered Our many appeals for charitable aid, gives Us confidence that in the cause of supreme charity, the cause for which Christ Our Savior laid down His life on the Cross, their response will be not less generous. It gives Us hope that many young souls will follow in the footsteps of Our Divine Master and dedicate their lives to the salvation of souls, on the Missions. We place the fulfilment of Our confidence and of Our hope under the loving care of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Queen of the Missions, that she at whose generous consent to Divine inspiration, the Word, the Savior of the world, was made Flesh, may foster in many young hearts among you that generosity of spirit to answer readily to the voice of God calling for laborers into His missionary vineyard.

With these our thoughts for Mission Sunday, We desire to convey to Our Venerable Brethren, the members of the American Hierarchy, to the

diocesan directors, to their zealous co-operators and to the faithful, united in prayer and sacrifice for the cause of the Missions, the assurance of Our deep paternal affection and most cordially do We impart to all Our special Apostolic Blessing.

From the Castel Gandolfo, September 8, 1947

PIUS PP. XII

Mission Intention for November

The Conversion of Political Leaders in the Missions

Because a number of Americans who are in the public eye have entered the Church within the past few years, there has been much consternation throughout the country. Actually this is but another tangible proof that Catholicity is quickening in these United States and gives ample justification that the ruling of the Holy See in 1908 changing the country from the status of a mission land was justified.

If one were to measure the present interest aroused in America regarding these conversions he might well give pause to consider the repercussions in mission lands if some of their political leaders were to embrace Catholicity. Imagine India if Mohandas Gandhi renounced Hinduism! If Chiang Kai Chek was baptized a Roman Catholic! If the King of Saudi Arabia was converted to Christianity! In the light of present day mission activity it would seem that such events could not occur, yet, when one reviews the history of mission endeavor conversions of this kind were not and are not impossible under certain circumstances.

During the so-called dark ages of Europe's history, when the Church, and the Church alone, remained the sole reservoir of education and culture, the missionaries who carried the light of faith to other lands brought with them the prestige which their learning and scientific knowledge merited. They, on the other hand, recognized the high degree of real cultural development already existing in the Orient, and, far from disparaging it, they gave it the respect and admiration it merited, thereby paving the way for similar recognition of the merits of western civilization. On this basis of mutual esteem was built the structure of Christianity which thrived despite the differences of language, race and creed.

Converts were made among the leaders of many of the oriental nations, and were it not for the uncertainties of human destinies and politics, it is quite possible that the Far East of the 13th to the 16th centuries would have attained a minority status comparable to the Catholicity of our own nation today. Unfortunately, however, the Christianizing in the Orient, with few exceptions, was carried out in a different manner from that employed by the missionaries who came to the United States. The education and training of natives for the priesthood was not developed sufficiently to withstand the onslaughts of persecution resulting in the consequent expulsion of foreign priests. The converts, despite their fervor, were left without benefit of clergy for generations, and, living as they did in the midst of pagan countrymen, it was not difficult to understand their defection.

When priests were allowed once more to enter the foreign missions they found that the prestige once held by the Catholic Church had been lost. Working with limited funds, they were forced to confine their activities in great part to work in the rural areas, without being able to regain their place among the more educated and influential. In the providence of God this state of affairs has had its compensations, and paradoxically, as a consequence of the war, promises to bear abundant fruit in the future.

Because so many of our missionaries were confined in the various concentration camps, the community life became not only that of one congregation, but the real universal community living of true Catholicity. As a consequence there were many interchanges of ideas until a veritable pool of resources was established, which, in China and Japan, may constitute the backbone of rejuvenated mission endeavor in all classes of society. In India, Ceylon and many sections of Africa new educational rulings will necessitate the raising of the standards of teaching in all Catholic institutions of learning, which, in turn will attract the more cultured natives to study under Catholic auspices. In view of such facts it is not surprising that the Holy See urges the faithful to pray for the conversion of political leaders in the missions. Upon the success of this venture may depend in great part the future of the mission apostolate throughout the world.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director

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



Along the Newsfront Mission

CANTON, CHINA

SPEAKING ABOUT THE AMERICAN SUN . . .

Most of you will likely be a little taken aback and say the title is not quite as it should be. You hold it as true as a Gospel maxim that there's only one single, solitary sun in the heavens. Now, we don't in any way intend to come forward with a new solar theory — by no means. Still, on some particularly happy days, glad sun rays do reach our Cantonese mission from far-away America. Those are the red-letter occasions when big, bulky cases, the donation of liberal benefactors at home, come in for the Canadian missionary Sisters.

Happiness lights stars in every eye and brings joyful exclamations on every lip on those days of American sunshine. One little Sister merrily rings the get-together bell, and all who answer it are told that the *surprise room* is to be the get-together place. Nails are pulled out both speedily and dexterously, boards release their tension, and the unpacking begins amidst laughter and merriment.

Items of every conceivable sort from the dear Motherhouse and the just-as-dear old home hearth come to light under eyes opened wide with wonder. Even the strings and knots have something to say about the best quality of kindness, the kind one finds in mother hearts. It happens not seldom that on those American-sunshiny days a few briny "raindrops" trickle down upon the scene. Not tears of sorrow those, but tears of joy, every one of them a "Thank You" to God and His human imitators in charity and giving.

As might be expected, the Sisters don't always get the lion's share. The orphans come in for their portion of the spoils too.

Supper on those extra-special days is a regular Canadian meal with the canned goods prepared by loving hands back home as *piece de resistance*.

Thanks to everyone, Mothers, Sisters, parents, benefactors! May the Master who so kindly liquidates all our debts repay you in heavenly currency — graces, blessings, and the best of everything!

ANOTHER SUNNY DAY . . . CANTON'S SUNLIGHT

March 19 it was, St. Joseph's Feastday, according to Church liturgy, the kind of day we like to underline in bold red in our mission chronicles.

With a group of English course pupils we went to Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home, where a solemn ceremony of baptism was to take place in the afternoon.

Sister St. Jean du Calvaire⁽¹⁾ with the gay battalion of her orphan girls was on the scene to give a fitting welcome, as she would say.

1. Doris HAGUE, Montreal.

After a prayer to the Tabernacle Guest we began the exploration tour. Sister St. Francois d'Assise⁽¹⁾ tiptoed from one tiny bed to its neighbor, eager to have us share her admiration for the winsome tots that are her "property." With what motherly care she bends over her cherubs! You see tears in her eyes when she tells you that the greater number will likely try their wings before long and soar up to Heaven. But the cradles, she says, don't remain empty, never!

In the kitchen, we knew for sure that we would find Sister St. Viateur⁽²⁾ busying herself with the next meal-to-be. In between her kitchen duties she finds time to keep God's apartments tidy. She hasn't her peer for altar decorations.

Then forth we fared to Sister St. Expedit's⁽³⁾ quarters, which consist of several rooms facing south, just the thing for orphans whose health is not what it should be. There they will have a chance to recover the good health and ruddy cheeks that should be every lassie's the world over.

See those gay lambkins having a high time under the trees? Their shepherdess is Sister St. Jean du Calvaire. Aren't they handsome, though?



SISTER AGATHE DE JESUS (GABRIELLE MORRISSET, QUEBEC),
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION, CANTON, WITH A DEAF-MUTE ORPHAN GIRL.

That neat little pink apron looks well on a wee almond-eyed girl, doesn't it? Some among them have even won God's own special predilection and ere the day is over baptism will have made them His children.

When the exploration tour was over, our English course pupils took time to breathe in the kiosk in front of the Foundling Home. Then all did justice to the dainties placed in their baskets by some loving mother hand. Fruits and peanuts they shared fifty-fifty with the orphans, and the latter, not caring to be outdone in generosity, again divided up in equal portions with bashful maidens who didn't like to step into the fore.

No visit to Our Lady of Providence would be quite complete without a pilgrimage of prayerful remem-

1. Clara HEBERT, St. Cyprien, Napierville.
2. Aurore LAPOINTE, Montreal.
3. Marie Anne ROMPRE, St. Thecle, P. Q.

brance to the graves of those of our Sisters who have gone on to God. Modest crosses mark the place where lies all that was mortal of those who have preceded us in the Homeland. Kneeling in front of those hallowed graves, we opened our hearts to hope in the life to come, when the Sisters who toiled with us and walked with us on the pathways of earth will be forevermore with us in the Land that knows no parting.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, the Rev. Fathers Chevalier, Chavanon and Limat arrived for the ceremony. Baptism is always a solemn function, whatever the age, state or condition of the person on whom it is to be conferred. Mysterious currents from earth to Heaven betray the presence of the divine. But when, as was the case then, the happy elect are as many as twenty-two, there is a multiplication of graces and hence, greater supernatural joy and thankfulness to the all-good God.

Our little mountain chapel being too narrow to admit all who were present, a good number of children remained on the balcony while the sacred rites unfolded.

Helena, teacher at our Canton School, obtained the favor of being god-mother to the five eldest of the privileged twenty-two, in order to be able to guide them along the paths of Christian life.

We hardly know how to thank God for choosing us as His human instruments in this wonderful garnering of souls. With our Sisters at the Foundling Home we offer our spiritual conquests to Jesus through His Immaculate Mother.

After a last grateful hymn to our Heavenly Protectors we wended our homeward way to Tai San Kai, glad to be missionaries and glad to be Sisters.



SISTER ST. EXPEDIT (MARIE ANNE ROMPRE, ST. THECLE, P. Q.),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH A FEW
ORPHANS WHO WANT ADOPTIVE MOTHERS.

LEAVES FROM A SISTER'S DIARY

Sunday, January 19, 1947

Rainy day. "Good for fishing," my brother at home would say. Here the fishing for souls is still going on. Returning from Mass at Shameen, I headed for the bridge where, as I had been told, an old fellow was calmly awaiting death, forsaken by all. His only covering was a large-size bag.

Without losing any time I spoke about him to the proprietor of a wayside store, who said the poor chap was sick and had had nothing to eat.



SISTER ST. FOY (ELISABETH LEMIRE, BAIE DU FEBVRE, P. Q.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; CANTON, AND SOME OF HER FAVORITES.

Briefly I instructed this new heavenly thief in the main tenets of the Christian Faith and there and then gave him his right to an eternal inheritance. Only the Angels of God were there to witness the sublime act that was accomplished on that Canton street. Poor, unknown child of the Father, it will not be long before you are clasped to His breast!

Farther up on Yat Tak Street, another dying man, as poorly clad as the aforesaid, received the same precious favor. I baptized him George, in remembrance of a very dear brother of mine.

And still the fishing goes on. Suddenly I caught sight of a girl of eleven or twelve lying in the rain. Could I baptize her? Alas, death had preceded me! Sad at heart I turned away from the little dead body. Poor soul, has one who lived with the Light of Faith failed to do his part, and is that why you have been deprived of that same Light which is Eternal Life on the bosom of God?

Sunday, January 26

I baptized Joseph Alfred this morning. The name I chose in honor of dear Sister Superior's⁽¹⁾ father. This new elect will mean another heavenly intercessor for the generous family that has sacrificed its child for the noble cause of the missions.

On the way home I was thinking: This is my brother's birthday. How I'd like to give him a Chinese godson! God heard my prayer, as always. The godson was a very old Chinese fellow, to whom I gave my brother's name, so he would see to it that my brother would have a choice place in the Mansions above.



It has been said, and rightly so, that if all Catholics were good Catholics, the world would soon be converted to the Catholic Faith. For, of all the influences that remove anti-Catholic prejudice, or induce non-Catholics to examine and to embrace the Faith, few can compare in effectiveness with the force of good example. In the history of most converts there will be found a glowing tribute to some practical Catholic, whose splendid example was a persuasive argument for the claims of the Church. Our first duty, then, is to *live* our Catholic Faith.

Tabernacle and Purgatory

To suffer nobly is to develop our own characters in the best possible way.

Ignatius Smith, O. P.

No kind action ever stopped with itself. Fecundity belongs to it in its own right. One kind action leads to another. By one we commit ourselves to more than one.

Father Faber

1. SISTER AGATHE DE JESUS (GABRIELLE MORRISSET, Quebec).

PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHURIA

THERESE LI SOUO YUN

LITTLE MANCHU VICTIM

In Mary's month of May, back in 1927, Li Souo Yun (Enchained Cloud) was born in the outskirts of Fakou. No baptismal water flowed on her forehead to cleanse her from original guilt, for her parents were pagans. She was only nine when she lost her mother. With her father's permission, and after her own heart's best desire, the tot went to live at the Catholic Mission. There she could study the intricate Chinese characters while going to school with the other children.

It was not many months before the pure and guileless heart of the youngster felt attracted by the beauties of the True Faith. Earnestly she set to master the scant baggage of knowledge needed for initiation in the Catholic Religion through Holy Baptism. On April 10, 1937, four weeks before her tenth birthday, she was baptized by Rev. Father A. Barbeau, M. E. In heavenly records her name now reads Therese. All her life long she loved the other Therese she had been told about, the Rose Queen of Carmel, and in everything tried to reproduce the model held up before her.

Like the admirable Saint of Lisieux, she was from the day of her baptism the object of the predilection of Our Divine Savior, until the day when He willed to make her a victim of praise, reparation and supplication for the extension of His Kingdom in the strongholds of heathenism.

Therese had been a Catholic for one month when she was brought to Pamientcheng Orphanage. She had soon made a name for herself by her ready obedience, frankness and all the other good qualities which won the hearts of companions and teachers alike. In her the older orphans were sure to find at all times a kind and gentle sister who knew how to ease the little difficulties of life. Even the tiny tots brought their big cases for her to solve, or sought her protection against the tricks and pranks of the others.

Therese was a model pupil. She soon knew by heart all the books of doctrine that had been given her and the main prayers and litanies of her prayer book. There came a time when she had outgrown those books and had to have others. Not that she had great intellectual facilities, but she was hard working and persevering, and those two qualities were her double key to success.

Then in the promising springtime of life the God who so often came to her under the consecrated species came to her on the cross of illness. The winter of 1941-1942 proved a nightmare of pain for the poor girl. But when nature donned its April beauty she revived somewhat. She could walk and be about her daily task. She didn't whimper, didn't complain. God's will was always best. Soon, however, she was reduced to utter helplessness. She was powerless, yet — paradoxically — how powerful was the influence she then wielded over her young companions! They had nothing but admiration for this frail young girl who could quaff the cup of suffering

with a smile on her lips. All loved her and stood in waiting to obey her least wishes.

No longer could the poor child hear daily Mass and meet her Divine Friend at the altar rail. One day, however, someone had the lucky thought of suggesting that her companions might carry her to church in an ordinary chair, as no wheel chair was to be had. A ray of joy beamed in Therese's eyes. A more sceptic, one objected that she might find it very painful. "Oh, never mind that. I am able to stand it," replied Therese. The pleading in her tone and the tears glistening in her eyes told enough that being deprived of her Jesus was harder for her than being deprived of one of life's best blessings, health.

It was a spectacle that would have gladdened the Angels themselves to see that ailing girl with her humble and charitable attendants plodding



ORPHANS GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL, PAMIЄNTCHЄNG, MANCHURIA

along to church in the early morning. Near the altar rail the dear patient awaited for the golden door to open and her King to come to her from priestly hands.

In 1943 her condition became still more painful. She couldn't stand nor could she sit without any support. Finally her arms also became the prey of the dread disease and she could only with great difficulty lift her food to her mouth. Still her stomach functioned normally and her large jet-black eyes revealed all the vivacity of her intelligence. In so desperate a situation, the least movement caused her exquisite pain. The crucial moment for her was that when it was necessary to change her position. If, as sometimes happened, the acuteness of her suffering caused a few tears to tremble on her eyelids, she quickly recovered her usual serenity and with a gracious smile was again ready to play innocent jokes on her companions.

At last came the dreaded time when she was no longer able to be present at Holy Mass. In those sorrowful half-hours she stayed with the crippled

children and those whose tender years did not make it a duty for them to assist at religious functions. It soon grew to be a habit with her to assemble her little flock around her; even the tots who could barely stand up on their unsteady legs would kneel around her on the *kang*. With downcast eyes and folded hands the little ones of simple faith sang the prayers of their below-teen-age repertory. Did one of them fall into temptation and try to play truant or anything such like, a word or even a look from Dear Big Sister was enough to restore order. The amusing somersaults of babies whose knees were not trained to kneeling ordeals did not even trouble the spirit of recollection that prevailed in those pious assemblies.

Then, when the clock pointed to class or work hours, Therese was left lonely as a hermit. Her solitude she dedicated to God. Unseen by any but Him, she would finger her rosary, whispering her Aves to the best of Mothers, or reading her favorite prayers in her book.

The most striking peculiarity about this child of fourteen, the trait that was not far from the heroic in her, was her continual serenity. None will ever know what it must have cost this Little Therese to remain stretched full length on her pallet while her companions at the orphanage hurried off with the innocent merriment of childhood to some picnic or other outing as pleasant. God wanted her to miss as well all the physical exercises, races and games in which the pupils of the schools of the city revelled. Gladly she offered the sacrifice, plus that of taking a good heartening recreation in the Mission yard. Never did a word of complaint or sorrow, never did so much as a sigh cross her lips. One would have said rather that she enjoyed herself just as much as if she had been of the merry-making party. Sometimes she was questioned on her likes and dislikes in so far as games were concerned. "Oh, I don't mind being in bed," she would answer with the smile of cheerful resignation that had become a habit with her and sunshine for the others. If the speaker cared to probe still further, Therese would bring God's will forward to win her case. "*T'ien tchou tchee iang nan pae, ona si hoan soei T'ien tchou ti cheng i.* God wants it that way; I am glad to do His holy will." Peace and joy could not but fill a heart as submissive to divine decrees. Therese's pleasure and God's pleasure were welded into one.

Among other things she could have desired, Therese placed at the very forefront the religious vocation. She knew full well, however, that she would never come within miles of the realization of that fond dream of hers, and in order to make up, as she said, she multiplied her proofs of love. She wanted to establish some similarity between the cloister life and her own suffering-fraught existence. Imagine her soul-satisfaction when she was told that the vow of chastity might bind her to her Savior outside the convent life. She needed only to obtain permission from the proper authorities. Her pure heart was filled to overflowing with love for Our Blessed Mother and her Divine Son, which love she placed in Mary's hands, by pledging herself to the Queen of Heaven as her devoted slave. Each month, in her Communion thanksgiving, she renewed her promise of virginity.

Therese seemed to have understood God's plans upon her and in no case

did she want to be remiss in doing her part. Prayer and suffering were offered joyfully for the extension of the Kingdom of the Savior and the salvation of souls. The delicate sentiments she had once expressed in a literary composition she now strove to put in practice in the prose of her daily life. "God loved us enough to suffer and die for us," had she written. "Our greatest happiness should therefore be to love Him, to console His Divine Heart and make Him forget the hatred and mockery He receives from so many human beings."

The missionaries deemed themselves lucky to have this little saint to plead with God, and to her they entrusted the success of their apostolate in pagan fastnesses, the salvation of heathen children or, again, such and such an intention that only prayer could obtain from Heaven. In those moments Therese's eyes lit up with a ray of joy, while from her lips came a hearty "Yes" that revealed all her longing to rejoice the most tender Heart of Jesus whom she loved. Her promise would not prove a vain word. How often she was seen to redouble her prayers and her fervor on those occasions! Let it be said to her honor, if during several years of war and internment so many precious favors spiritual and temporal have been showered on us, if so many dying children have stopped at the dispensary on their way to God in Heaven, we owe it in a large measure to the pleadings and the loving immolations of this little victim soul!

When the Japanese invaded Pamientcheng in June, 1945, it was decided that the native virgins, the orphans and the aged men would go to the western part of the city in properties belonging to the Mission. In spite of all the precautions taken to avoid hurting the poor child, the fifteen-minute journey occasioned sufferings that moved even the soldiers to compassion. And what shall we say about her transfer to Szepingkai and her return to Pamientcheng in a bulky hay cart — both journeys four or five hours long? Only God could have counted and weighed all that she then had to undergo.

Thus 1946 crawled along for her, a suffering-laden year. Each new trip meant untold agony and it took her weeks to recover. By September all the limbs of her body were touched by the disease, and her poor head had its particular crown of pain which daily grew more excruciating. The cornea of her eyes had grown larger and covered them almost entirely, with the result that she could hardly distinguish objects. This abnormality of her eyesight caused frequent headaches. The sudden alternatives of acute pain and a normal condition astonished all who saw her. Each time she seemed about to soar to the Angels; but each time she took courage again and with her usual merry-heartedness picked up her knitting once more. She didn't want the little ones at the orphanage to go without their woollen togs.

Therese was sick unto death and still she hoped for a cure. She wanted to work for the God who had singled her out of pagan thousands to know, love and serve Him. But that selfsame God was satisfied with her desire and beckoned her lily soul to everlasting life on December 14, 1946. In the blessed octave of Mary's Immaculate Conception she winged her way

towards the Eternal Home, there to sing forevermore the praises of her Heavenly Mother.

In compliance with her express wish, she was laid out in a light blue dress, such as our orphans wear during the summer months. All day long, it being Sunday, Christians, orphans and sympathetic visitors knelt beside the unadorned casket in which Therese, a quiet smile on her lips, lay sleeping her last sleep.

The dear Manchu girl has not ended her mission. She has promised to help us from above to convert and save her hapless pagan compatriots, and what she has pledged we know she will keep. We are confident as well that the Divine Master, who accepted this victim soul as a worthy oblation, will, through her intercession, bestow graces of mercy on all who are still languishing in the dark of the godless night.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN MANCHURIA

Following the destroyal of the Mission of Szepingkai in June last, thirty of our Missionary Sisters left Manchuria and sought refuge with our Sisters of Tsungming, China. Some of them will return to Canada, while the others will be missioned to our various missions in China, the Philippines and Japan.

Eleven of our Sisters have so far been unable to cross the frontiers of Manchuria. Measures have been taken to remove them from the Communist zone.

* * *

JAPAN KORIYAMA

APOSTOLIC FRUITION

Hardly a few short weeks had elapsed since our return to Japan when an old lady approached us as we left the mission church one Sunday morning, asking us to visit and baptize her ailing sister.

With joyful hearts we set out, wondering all the while whether the patient's condition was such that she could safely await the return of our Pastor, Rev. Father M. Koyama, who had gone to say a second Mass at the military camp.

On the way Mrs. X. told us a little about herself and family, and how she had become a Christian a few years back. Hearing of her sister's illness, she had left Tokyo to be at her bedside, teach her the principal truths of our Holy Religion and have her baptized.

Family affairs recalling her that very night to Tokyo, she had not wanted to go before making sure of her sister's eternal welfare.

We soon came to the entrance of a house which seemed vaguely familiar, and just as we were wondering whose residence this might be, the sliding doors in the vestibule opened and we were face to face with an old friend of former days, Mrs. Seto, whose grandchildren had all attended our kindergarten for several years. Our dear old friend shed tears of joy and so did

we at this our happy reunion. How she had longed and prayed that the Sisters might return to Koriyama before she died! Ever since the days when she had first led her grandchildren to our convent she had begun to appreciate the Catholic Religion, and now she did not want to die without becoming a child of God through Baptism.

"Sister," she pleaded, "baptize me right away. I feel very near the end and I do want to make sure of meeting you all in Heaven."

However, as our old friend was not in immediate danger of death, we briefly instructed her and taught her a few simple prayers. Then back to the Mission we hurried and told Rev. Father Koyama about this sheep that longed to be safely hemmed within the Shepherd's Fold.

At 4.00 P. M. we were once again gathered around Mrs. Seto's bedside. Rev. Father Koyama marvelled at the wonderful workings of grace in this soul of good will as he questioned her before conferring the Sacrament of regeneration.

Her daughter-in-law, a young war widow with four children, also knelt and religiously followed the touching ceremony. When it was over she said to our devoted Pastor:

"I also wish to become a child of God through Baptism. Left all alone in the world with four young children, how could I measure up to my responsibilities without the strength and courage to be found only in the One True Religion? Father, I must become a Catholic." What unutterable emotions words such as these awaken in missionary hearts!

For a few weeks after her Baptism Mrs. Seto rallied in a surprising manner. Her family for a while entertained the illusion that she had been given a renewed lease on life. The winter months, however, were bad and by the end of January our dear friend was once again completely bedridden. As she was now sufficiently instructed, Rev. Father Koyama decided to have her make her First Holy Communion on January 31. How happy she was when she heard the news and how fervently she prepared for the coming of her Savior! She wanted to don her feastday garments for this unique occasion, but had to give up as her weakness was so great. To those who visited her Mrs. Seto never tired of saying: "How happy I am to be a Christian! To think that I know the true God and that I will soon enjoy His presence in Heaven! How could I be afraid to die?" At night when sleep would tarry, she would repeat the prayers she had been taught, and when her daughter-in-law asked whether she was not in need of anything, she would reply: "Thank you, dear. I'm just praying."



GRANDMA SETO

On February 6, towards 3.00 A. M., a grandchild of Mrs. Seto knocked at the convent gate asking us to hurry home with her as her grandmother was evidently dying. We hurriedly dressed and followed the child. Mrs. Seto was very weak but she could still follow the prayers for the departing Christian soul. As we slowly repeated the invocation, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist us in our last agony," Grandmother's soul winged its way to the celestial mansions after which it had so ardently sighed. A few more prayers were recited and young Mrs. Seto reverently closed the eyes of the old mother of whom she had always taken such tender care.

Grandmother Seto had wished to have a Catholic funeral service and a place in the Catholic cemetery. Both these wishes were carried out by her daughter-in-law, who now considers the Sisters as her next of kin.

A crucifix now holds the place of honor in the family alcove, and every night and morning sees the mother and children telling their prayers before it and singing Christian hymns. How Grandmother must rejoice as she peeps over the golden balustrades of Heaven at her loved ones left here below!

Witnessing this apostolic fruition, our hearts also thrill with joy and our thoughts turn back to the patient, brave "sowers" of bygone years, who have made possible today's consoling harvest. The seeds sown some twenty years back, watered and nurtured by the obscure sacrifices and labors of our missionaries, have sprouted and grown and are now ready to be garnered in celestial granaries. Sowers or reapers, what does it matter what we are, as long as we faithfully accomplish the Master's adorable will and remain docile instruments within Hands Divine?

May Our Immaculate Mother bless all those who have helped us to be her missionaries and who continue to share in our labors through prayer, alms and sacrifice. Theirs also will be the reward promised to apostolic workers.

* * *

WAKAMATSU

EXCERPTS FROM THE MISSIONARY LOGBOOK

Friday, March 27, 1947

An interesting caller put in an appearance today. He had travelled all the way from the Tajima mountain district to meet the Catholic missionaries, and so far overlooked Nipponese traditions of putting off the important question to the last minute that he said pointedly, as soon as greetings were over:

"I have a noble request to make. Could you give me a textbook on the Catholic Religion? Lately, everyone I know assures me that this holy science is absolutely necessary. Being a school teacher I feel obliged not to frustrate my pupils of this precious learning. But how can I impart knowledge which I do not possess? Kindly teach me the Catholic doctrine so that I may afterwards be enabled to teach it to others."

Such a request from a primary school teacher might easily have sounded suspicious some ten years ago, but a new era has dawned for Japan. The grace of God is now working unhampered in many an honest pagan soul and conquests for the King of Kings are daily made.

Our visitor further told us how one of his sisters once attended our Sunday School classes and how faithfully she has treasured prayer books and hymnals. She is now married and the mother of school-age children. One of her sons, a high school student, was present last month at a religious conference given at his school by our pastor, Rev. B. Fukazawa. The boy spoke about it in the family circle, and echoes of this finally reached even the Tajima mountainside where his uncle taught in a primary school.



SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU, TEACHING CATECHISM TO TWO JAPANESE GIRLIES.

This good man was struck by the teachings expounded by the Catholic priest, teachings which were in such perfect accord with the secret yearnings of his soul. He decided that he must get more thoroughly acquainted with this holy science of which he was until now totally ignorant. One whole day he trudged along steep mountain paths and after still two more weary hours in an uncomfortable train, he at last reached our convent. His is truly a soul of good will, eager to see the Light and ready to follow where it leads. A catechism was given him and he promised to come again as soon as he possibly could.

"Please urge Father Fukazawa to come to our village and give a religious conference. I would be so proud and happy to welcome him into my house," he said on leaving us.

Tuesday, April 8

Ninety-two kindergarteners crowded our classrooms this morning for the opening of the new school year, and had we only had more space the enrolment would have climbed well over the hundred mark.

People are aware that the Catholic Religion will be openly taught at

our school, but this point, which would have kept many away a few years ago, now proves a powerful attraction.

The afternoon English exercises preparatory to high school are attended by seventy pupils divided into three groups according to proficiency. The fact that Rev. Father Fukazawa will give them a weekly religious conference is apparently agreeable to all the young ladies.

Thursday, April 10

Wakabayashi San is back again at his old job in the garden, pruning trees, hoeing the brown earth, putting up broken fences and so on.

Wakabayashi had been true to us all through the difficult war years, cleverly finding ways and means of helping us out in our food problems, often at a real risk to his own security. As soon as he heard that we were back in our convent, once more he offered to look after our vegetable garden in his spare time, thus helping us in keeping the wolf from the door. Bare-foot and scantily clad, he works away with a will, doing more work in a few hours than an ordinary hired hand in a day. Born and reared on a small Japanese farm, he knows all the secrets of gardening and none can draw a straighter furrow than he, nor make the best of the smallest land plots. Not even a withered tree branch is lost, but everything is put to use with practical common sense. If we mention the slightest word about paying him for the time he gives us, he pretends to be highly offended. Why? Don't the Sisters give his ailing wife the precious medicine she needs and cannot secure anywhere but at the convent? And isn't that retribution enough? Let the Sisters pray for him and his wife and not think of his good turns in monetary terms.

By all this you must surely think that Wakabayashi is a fervent Christian. One visit to his little house and you will have to change your mind, for a grinning statue of Buddha holds the place of honor in the family alcove and the table in front of it is laden with votive offerings.

But our dear old friend will tell you candidly that he is also something of a Catholic. Doesn't he work for the Sisters and invoke their God in his troubles? And what is the Blessed Mother's medal doing around his neck?

Surely God must smile indulgently at this old child of His who is somewhat mixed up in his worship, but whose heart is good and true and simple as a child's.

We hope and pray that soon our gardener may receive in his soul the precious seed of Faith and nurture it to plentiful fruition.

Saturday, April 12

Thirty children attended catechism classes this afternoon. Kiyoshi, a funny, roly-poly boy with a bright, intelligent face is always among the first to come. Kiyoshi is only five but already he knows quite a lot about the true God. Eyes glued on the teacher, he follows every explanation, and wee to the child who gives a slightly unorthodox answer! Kiyoshi forgets the clumsy heaviness of his five or six layers of padded garments and jumps up from his squatting position to rectify any such statement.

"Who created Heaven and earth and all creatures?"

"The Master of Heaven did," shouts Kiyoshi before even the Christian children have had time to answer.

"How many Gods are there?"

"Only one."

"What about the Japanese gods? Jizo Sama, the god of children, for instance?"

Little faces grow solemn and reminiscent and tongues are tied. What child in the class has not at one time or another laid a stone or a flower on the mound in front of the funny stone figure with the cotton bonnet flapping in the wind, whom children have been taught to revere as their special protector?

But Kiyoshi simply cannot stand such cowardice. With a scornful and indignant all-around glance he stands and, as if challenging anyone to disagree, exclaims with comical dignity: "Jizo Sama is only an old scarecrow!"

Sunday, June 29

For nearly two weeks now the rice paddies all about our property have been flooded, and the tender rice shoots, drinking in their fill, are growing taller and taller. Every night the frogs serenade the shooting rice crop, and the Sisters who are new to the mission find the concert rather noisy. The small fry among the frog folk pipe in a clear treble, while their elders keep up a deep contralto. The unhealthy dampness of our climate certainly does not affect frog throats, muses one Sister, while another remembers the frog concerts of long ago on the old homestead in the Laurentians.

Tourists come all the way from the Capital to hear the rice paddy serenades. We have only to open our windows and are lulled to sleep by this weird music of old Mother Nature.

MARY SAW HER SAFELY HOME

The pagan girl didn't ask for a medal. She had never heard about the great Mother of God. She was just coming to tell us that one of her relatives was ill. However, we understood we could trust that pagan lass, and to her we confided the little silver object, telling her that we would do our very best to call on her sick one.

The girl came back the next day. There was apprehension in her brown eyes. "Auntie believes in the Tenrikkyo religion" (a Buddhistic sect openly hostile to the Catholic Faith) "and thinks it wouldn't be very profitable to honor two different gods in the same family. She has never received any foreigners at home and says she wouldn't know how to go about it. She knows you are busy all the time and doesn't want you to go to that trouble. But if you don't mind I'll ask her again and see what she decides."

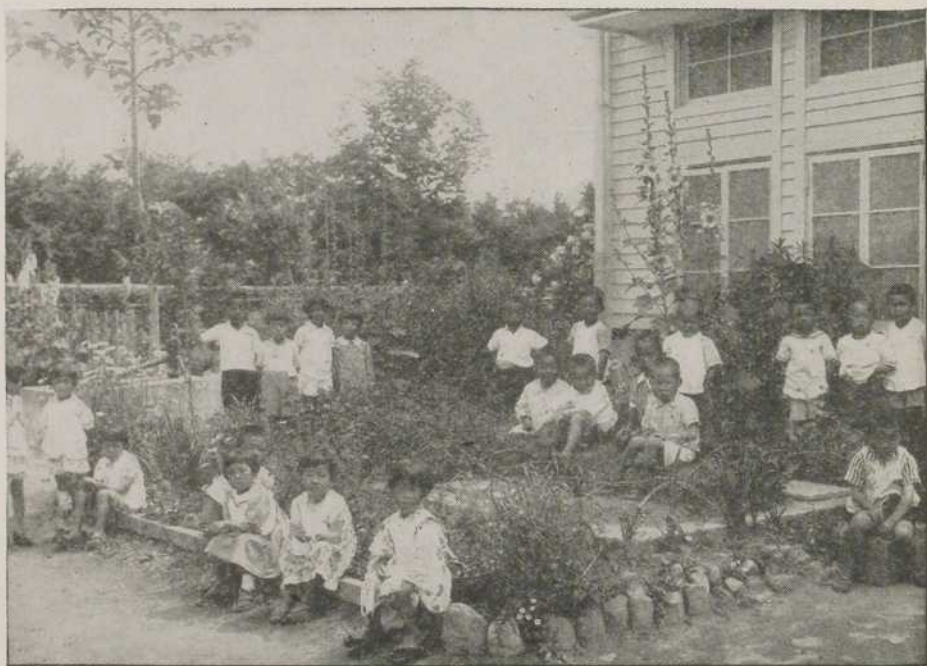
"Auntie's reasons for not accepting," so the girl might have said. But to put it more correctly we might have replaced the words by these: "The foul inspirations of the enemy of souls." Let him play all his cards, our thoughts were saying, but in the end Mary will conquer. "Maybe we

could go with you right now," we said to our young visitor. "If she refuses, we shall simply return home."

A few minutes later we were in front of the rich Japanese house. At the entrance an ugly buddha stood sentinelling the place. In one hand he firmly clutched a well-rounded purse and in the other an open umbrella. A devilish grin was painted on his features.

"Wait a minute here in the garden," our guide told us, "while I go and speak to Auntie." The latter soon put in an appearance in the *genkan* (entrance hall) and was profuse in her bows and curtseys. The first meticulous formulas of etiquette over, she led us to the bedside of the patient in a narrow room at the further end of the godown. The family was well-to-do, but the comfortable rooms and sun-drenched porches were no longer the portion of the poor t. b. patient. A few cold mats on which to stretch her weary limbs was all she had. The Japanese, it may be said in passing, dread tuberculosis as much as they do leprosy. An old maid-servant filled the function of nurse. No member of the family was allowed to cross the forbidding threshold, much less visitors. Accordingly, the poor patient could hardly believe her eyes when she saw us entering. She managed to give us a cordial smile, while her eyes, over-bright with fever, held a question in their depths: "What can the Sisters be coming for?" It was hard for her to understand our motive. She had never learned that God is charity, is love, is compassionate mercy.

On her pillow we were astonishingly quick to detect Our Blessed Mother's medal. "Do you know who Maria Sama is?" we questioned. "She is



IN FRONT OF THE KINDERGARTEN, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

the noble Mother of Jesus," came the characteristic Japanese response without a moment's hesitation. "We have prayed to her for you," we continued; "now, why shouldn't you ask her to help you?"

Little by little the truths of our Holy Faith penetrated her soul as the spring shower penetrates the earth. She learned to lift the eyes of her soul higher than the baubles of earth, as high as the Heaven of Beatific Vision. We spoke of baptism. "My family belongs to the Tenrikyo faith," came the answer, "but I never had any great confidence in that religion. I understand what you tell me, I believe it all and I really want to go to Heaven. But the question is a very serious one, and I would rather have my parents' consent before engaging myself." Of course she might consult her elders, and so we told her, adding, however, that her soul was her own, and her salvation a personal affair. With these thoughts we left her. Now she had an ideal. No longer was life as before. Poor child! only a few days ago, disgusted with an existence that had become for her a nightmare of suffering, she had implored her nurse to give her a razor that she might find relief in death.

She was only twenty-six. Not many roses had strewn her life path. Wedded by her parents to a profligate and soon forsaken by him, she spent all her time on her only child, her sole consolation. But the baby died and soon she herself developed tuberculosis, which led the family to disown her. A distant relative had pity on her and saw to it that she should have at least the indispensable in medical care. But with that she needed, and infinitely so, sympathy for her soul, which sympathy does not seem to have been given her. Her buddhistic beliefs were not such as might afford her strength and courage in the crucible of suffering.

Before leaving, we had to do honor to the *gochiso* (noble luncheon) prepared by the lady of the house, and drink a cup of tea with the same. Not to do so would be considered a breach of etiquette. We have no choice in the matter — we must accept. So we did, and between sips of tea we prepared our hostess for the great question her sick, or rather her dying protegee, would shortly ask. Like many others, the good woman could not understand why we went to so much trouble, as she put it, for a foreigner and stranger about to breathe her last.

It was like this. "We have left our parents, our religious family, our country, to tell people about the true God. It is altogether natural that we should be happy when we are able to give to suffering persons all the consolations we can, and point to them a sure path that will lead them to eternal happiness." Revelations were these words, and as such they were accepted by the pagan woman. She even invited us to return the next day to afford pleasure to the poor sufferer.

Faithfully we kept the appointment. This was a Mary-day, a Saturday, and on the best of mothers we knew we could depend for this conversion. The calendar date was April 19. A friend received us in the little isolated room of the N. household. The purpose of our visit was no longer a mystery. After we had briefly outlined the main truths of the Catholic Faith, the dying woman asked of her own accord to be made a child of God, assuring

us that she believed and longed to be eternally happy. While the crucifix we had given her was lovingly pressed to her heart, the waters of baptism flowed on her forehead, marking her with the seal of the elect. In peace and joy our dear Mary Anna Rachel might now await the Master. He would not come unexpectedly. Profusely she thanked us, while a *Magnificat* more fervent than any we had ever said ascended towards the throne of the Mother of Mercy. Not long after, fully conscious, she said goodbye to earthly life and opened her eyes, once darkened by the thick fog of paganism, on the splendors of our last home. None of her family stood near as she passed away. Alone we knelt beside her bed, praying in Japanese, that she might join with us. After her death, the mother came and, without the least suggestion of emotion, fulfilled all the exigencies of politeness. Poor pagan mother! if she only knew what happiness is the portion of her daughter, the child she has rejected! May our dear protege obtain graces of conversion for her family, and remember with spiritual favors the missionary Sisters of Wakamatsu, to whom she owes in some small way the unbounded bliss that will be hers forevermore.

* * *

VANCOUVER

WELCOME TO REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL

Eyes were bright with merriment on Mary 24 last, and with reason. Our two Missions in Vancouver had the joy of welcoming Reverend Mother General and Sister St. Basile⁽¹⁾, who were coming for three whole weeks!

Some of us went to meet the thrice-welcome visitors at the station and accompanied them to our house on Campbell Street.

The following day Mount St. Joseph's joyfully greeted our beloved Mother. It goes without saying that the day was one of the never-to-be-forgotten kind.

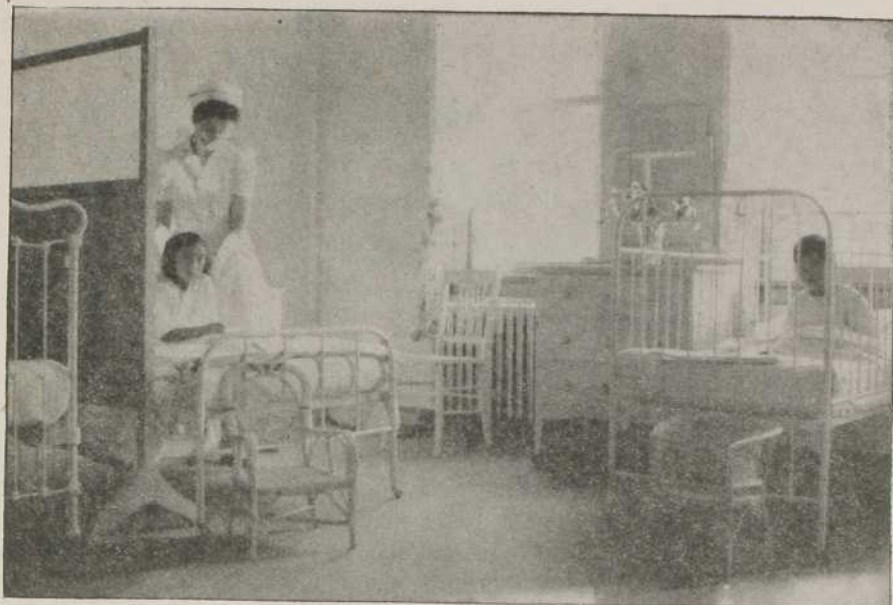
A very special apostolic joy was granted us in the afternoon of that memorable Pentecost Sunday. At three o'clock, His Excellency Most Rev. W. M. Duke presided at a Confirmation ceremony in the Cathedral, among whose privileged candidates was our devoted architect at Mount St. Joseph's, who was baptized in December and our colored cook, a Christian since Easter. Joys such as those, when tasted in the presence of dear Mother General, have a savor all their own, which no pen can fittingly describe.

Our Mother stayed with us at Mount St. Joseph's until June 5, when we had to part from her, as she had to proceed to Campbell Street for her official visitation.

Meanwhile, Sister Marie de Bethanie⁽²⁾ found time more fleet-winged

1. Jeanne PICHE, Quebec.

2. Berthe PICHE, Quebec.



AT THE ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, VANCOUVER

than ever and the days were happy ones in the company of her sister, Sister St. Basile, and their venerable father, Mr. Piche, who had made the trip to Vancouver purposely to be with his daughters.

Mother General departed on June 16, leaving us glad and heartened and wondering how many years would elapse before another of those helpful and long-expected visitations.

HEAVEN OPENS FOR SUCH AS THESE . . .

During the year 1947 several of our patients have departed this life for the Kingdom of everlasting joy, the dews of baptism still moist on their brows.

A patient at Mount St. Joseph's was suffering from a throat cancer which had led him to the brink of the grave. On one occasion when he had taken a turn for the worse, shortly after his arrival, Joseph, our Chinese doctor, hurried to his bedside and told him about God and Baptism. At once the moribund consented to being made a child of the Heavenly Father.

"I had long been expecting this favor," he murmured. "Once when I was ill in a Protestant hospital, Sister Therese your catechist called upon me and told me about your Holy Faith. Ever since I have had only one wish: to be made a child of God."

The good seed cast in that soul had yielded fruit a hundredfold. Towards one o'clock that afternoon, Rev. Father McCarthy, S.F.M., was at the bedside and after a few words of instruction admitted him within the Pale of the True Church, giving him St. Francis as patron and protector.

Francis was supremely happy. His voice caught in his throat as he tried to thank all those around him. Then he asked as a last favor to be

allowed to keep the crucifix indulged for a happy death, in order to gather strength and courage from the sight of his dying Redeemer.

How grateful we should be, we who have the Faith in its fulness, for that unpriced gift no one can deserve! What better proof of gratitude could we give to our Maker than in spending ourselves body and soul that all may come to know Him, and that through us His Name may be great among the Gentiles?



The Mission World

SPREADING THE GOSPEL IN AFRICA

Statistics reveal that 3,500 priests, 2,000 Brothers and 8,000 Sisters are teaching the Catholic Faith in Africa. With a total population of 144,000,000 people, the Black Continent has only 10,000,000 Catholics. Here again the harvest is great and the laborers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest . . .

THE DISTRICT OF MACKENZIE MAKES THE NEWS

Fort Smith (Mackenzie) — Until now a country of very limited and widely scattered population (14,500 inhabitants for a territory four and a half times as large as France; mission stations an average distance of 250 kilometres apart), the Mackenzie actually receives an extraordinary inflow of prospectors and adventurers, as a result of the recent discovery of its exceptionally rich mines.

At Yellowknife, a small town hidden in the woods of the Far North, layers of gold and precious ores in great demand have been brought to light. Among the latter may be mentioned the *tentale* which has been used during the last World War to obtain the strongest of alloys.

At Bear Lake has been found the universally famous metal, *radium*, that served in the makeup of the atomic bombs. The Bear Lake mines are the richest of the world in *uranium* and *radium*. Their exploitation is carried on on an ever growing scale, especially since the Government has assumed direction and taken full possession of the mines.

At McMurray, north of the Province of Alberta, a region already known for its salt deposits, an inconceivable quantity of liquid bitumen has lately been discovered. It is said that its vast underground areas contain millions of barrels of petroleum.

The inpouring of population and the consequent erection of new cities and towns will not fail to make of the District of Mackenzie a centre of increased importance for all who think in terms of mission apostolate.

(Fides)

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN SNARE

Bangkok — During World War II a wave of violent persecution swept across the country of Siam. The Siamese Government had decided to bring all the Christians back to the religion of Buddha, their national creed. Missionaries were

expelled; native priests thrown behind prison bars; churches, schools and residences devastated and burnt to the ground; public officials threatened with discharge. The proceedings just mentioned having proved unavailing, other measures were taken with a view to obtaining mass apostasy. Were they successful? The example set by Ban Plai Na will show us.

Ban Plai Na is a little sub-prefecture of the province of Juthia. It is also a flourishing mission which numbers no less than 3,000 Christians. One day all the Catholic adults, men and women, were summoned to the court of justice. The sub-prefect had designedly picked out of the crowd four Christians whose misbehavior was known to all. Their apostasy, he figured, would surely win over that of the throng. The highest dignitaries of the section presided over the meeting. After a brief exhortation the provincial chief enjoined the most influential of the four to abjure his Faith. All eyes turned towards the notorious profligate. What could be expected but the inevitable? For a moment the man was silent. At a second bidding he stood on his feet. "Yes," his voice was steady and there was no trace of emotion in it, "yes, I am a sinner, I acknowledge it. For years I have been to all an occasion of scandal. But never will I deny Christ, never! You may do with me whatever pleases you." Dumbfounded by so bold an attitude, the judges did not insist further and passed on to the remaining three. They had but one answer: "We are not model Christians, it is true, but deny God, never!"

At the request of his colleagues, the Academy inspector then addressed the Christians. Half-sympathetically he pointed out that the Europeans may, if they so chose, adore Christ who Himself was a European; but they, Siamese people, were Asiatics, and for every true Asiatic there can be but one religion, that of Buddha. Sure of having thus convinced his hearers, he challenged anyone to give him the lie. The Christian first questioned rose again. "I am an ignorant man," he said, "but this much I have learned at school: that Christ was born in Palestine and that Palestine happens to be in Asia. So there you are: Christ was an Asiatic. The Europeans follow the religion of an Asiatic, and not Asiatics that of Europeans." At so pertinent an answer, the judges looked their confusion. Without further ado they broke up the meeting. Thus was the examination closed and the mission of Ban Plai Na saved by the very one who in the mind of the judges should have lost it.

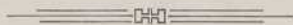
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CATHOLICS IN THE U. S. A.

The total number of Catholics in the United States, Alaska and Hawaii is, according to a 1947 census, 25,268,173, which means an increase of 886,049 over the year 1946. Of this total, 100,000 are converts.

The ecclesiastical hierarchy is composed of 4 cardinals, 20 archbishops, 138 bishops and 40,470 priests. Brothers number 6,938 and Sisters 140,563.

Students of theology in seminaries and novitiates total 23,135.



True Catholic charity is Christlike, and Christ's sympathy was undeniably universal.

Maryknoll



CLOTHING DAY, AUGUST 5



Novitiate Doings

Tuesday, August 5, 1947

Aptly chosen indeed is the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow for mystical oblations in the dwelling of the Immaculate.

The ever impressive ceremonies began during Holy Mass, when several Sisters of annual vows, blending their *Suscipe* with that of the celebrant, presented to the Spouse of souls the offering of their heart, their soul, and their entire self by renewing the sacred pledges of the first morning of their vows.

At nine-thirty, five novices who had completed their two years of spiritual training donned the black veil of the consecrated Brides of Christ. As once the five prudent virgins of the Gospel, they had trimmed their lamps and were ready to go forth and meet the Bridegroom.

Later on, in the afternoon, twenty-one postulants, wearing the white dress and veil of their betrothal, knelt on the altar steps to receive from the hands of the representative of Holy Church the religious habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

With the symbolical livery of Our Lady of Lourdes they were given the new name that will be theirs from now on in the ranks of Mary's white-garbed missionaries:

Miss Therese Cinq Mars, Val d'Or, Abitibi (Sister St. Maurice); Miss Yvette Belanger, Ottawa (Sister Marie Laurentia); Miss Germaine Roy, Nicolet (Sister St. Aurelie); Miss Therese Renaud, Loretteville (Sister St. Jerome); Miss Gertrude Pare, Montreal (Sister St. Hubert); Miss Pierrette Laperriere, Quebec (Sister St. Emelie); Miss Genevieve Lavallee, Montreal (Sister Marie Lydia); Miss Marie Marthe Don Carlos, Riviere du Loup (Sister St. Amable); Miss Huguette Proulx, St. Joseph du Lac (Sister St. Victoire); Miss Claire Chapdelaine, Sorel (Sister Marie Hermann); Miss Celine Bourbeau, Longueuil (Sister St. Daniel); Miss Suzanne Begin, St.

Louis de Pintendre (Sister Marie du Divin Coeur); Miss Therese Godbout, Hoey, Sask. (Sister St. Elie); Miss Denise Tetreault, Granby (Sister Marie Eudore); Miss Hedwidge Lapierre, St. Marie de Beauce (Sister St. Bonaventure); Miss Therese Bergeron, St. Sophie de Megantic (Sister St. Athanase); Miss Gisele Villemure, Yamachiche (Sister Marie Sylvia); Miss Genevieve Paquin, Montreal (Sister St. Alderic); Miss Francoise Pageau, Quebec (Sister St. Rodrigue); Miss Jacqueline Michaud, St. Guillaume d'Upton (Sister St. Fabien).

Following the Clothing ceremony, six Sisters entered the sanctuary to consecrate themselves for time and eternity. Through three years of service as Professed Sisters, they have learned that love without sacrifice is hollow and meaningless, and that the yoke of the Lord remains sweet and His burden light in the very midst of those sacrifices. Joyfully they bound themselves "till death does us *unite*" to the Savior and Bridegroom. The gold ring placed on their finger by the officiating priest will henceforth be the outward sign of their complete dedication to Him who has chosen them from thousands as worthy. The happy privileged Sisters were:

Sister St. Epiphane (Gemma Ouellette, St. Epiphane, Riviere du Loup County); Sister Joseph Emile (Beatrice Pelletier, St. Germain de Kamouraska); Sister Marie Immaculata (Gemma Bedard, Quebec); Sister Estelle de Jesus (Madeleine Bolduc, St. Damien de Brandon); Sister Marie Theotime (Simone Frigon, Cowansville); Sister Francoise Therese (Jacqueline Breault, Val Racine). Sister Marie Edouard (Colombe Gagnon, St. Roch de l'Achigan) made her last vows in our Vancouver Mission.

Rev. Father Arthur Girard, Principal of the Normal School of Nicolet, presided over the afternoon functions. In a stirring sermon he stressed the greatness of that ineffable mystery which is God's love for our souls. With masterly ease and grace he set out in bold relief the unbounded charity of the Almighty towards His creatures in general, and His prodigality towards those souls He chooses to carry on across the world the great work of the redeeming begun by the Word Incarnate and the Holy Spirit of Love.

After having thus pointed out the sublimity of our holy vocation, the eloquent preacher evoked the remembrance of our venerated Mother Foundress, whom the Divine Master had selected to lay the bases of the missionary Community He had wanted to be founded in our country. Why had God chosen her and not another? Unfathomable secret of His all-knowing Providence! Thus is it for all who are called to the religious life, and so great a predilection should prompt us to render thanks without ceasing for this choicest of heavenly boons.

Rev. Father Girard's concluding words were of thanks to the parents who were generously giving their children for service in the Lord's Vineyard. "When your turn comes to leave this earth," he said, "it will be a consolation for you to know that a daughter of yours, a nun, is serving God and praying for you."

The following members of the clergy were present: Msgr. R. Boule, V.G. of the Diocese of St. Johns and parist priest of Longueuil; Rev. Father D. Barnabe, C. S. Sp., retreat master; Rev. Father A. M. Paquet, of the

Paris Foreign Missions; The Rev. Fathers L. Ayotte, O. F. M.; B. Frigon, O. M. I.; R. Deslauriers, W. F.; C. E. Debay, St. Marc de Vercheres; J. C. Dumas, Loretteville; Irene Tessier, Loretteville; R. Frigon, St. Hyacinthe; J. A. St. Martin, Sorel; Rev. Brother Marie Aime, S. C. Relatives and friends had also come in great numbers to assist at the memorable ceremonies.

Friday, August 8

Just as truly as rainy days have their say in making one feel grumpy, so does sunny weather give a chance to the good-humor thermometer to go up to a respectable figure. There you have the explanation, or at least part of it, when you wonder why our new postulants wear happy, smiling faces.

Of course a few clouds float in the air when they bid farewell to their cherished ones, and we elders who have "gone through the mill" know how it is. But those newcomers are just as courageous as we one or two years ago. At last they have reached the goal of all their dreams.

Already they have won a place in our affection and before many moons they will surely feel altogether at home between the four walls of the best-ever Novitiate.



Study Sessions at Bedford

On Sunday, September 21, the former retreatants of Bedford under the leadership of their devoted chaplain, Rev. Father Palmer, extended the heartiest welcome to the promoters of closed retreats in the Granby region for their annual meeting. Thanks to the zealous cooperation of one and all the day proved highly successful in every way.

Mass was celebrated in the parish church by Rev. Father Louis Philippe Breton, propagator of Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, Granby, and indefatigable sponsor of these study sessions. At the Gospel, Rev. Father Cournoyer, parish priest, cordially welcomed all the devoted apostles of closed retreats and in his closing words expressed his satisfaction that his town had been chosen as rallying centre.

Following Holy Mass, all gathered again for the study sessions that bore on the favorite themes: 1° — Spiritual training of promoters; 2° — The organization of closed retreats; 3° — Devotion to Mary and closed retreats.

The sessions, under the presidency of Rev. Father Breton, were ably conducted by Mrs. P. O. Roy, Bedford, Miss Antoinette Duchesne, Granby, and Miss Maria Boivin, Iberville. Thirty-one parishes were represented by more than one hundred and fifty women and girls who made it their duty to respond to the invitation sent out to them.

Brief indeed were those study sessions, but their purpose has been attained, and those who took part in them returned to their homes with stronger convictions, greater generosity and a fund of enthusiasm that will not fail to spur them on to action for all worthy causes.

Four copies of "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" that had been generously offered for the persons present by Miss Nathalie Boisclair, Iberville, were won by Miss Alice Gingras, St. Pie, Miss Josephine Beauvais, Dunham, Miss Maria Roy, St. Sebastien, and Mrs. Roch Langevin, Bedford.

May Mary Mediatrix, Patroness of the Retreat House, grant her powerful protection to all the untiring promoters of closed retreats and render fruitful their most meritorious apostolate.



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Dull and drab November days are back with us. Maybe some of you will cast a tear-dimmed glance towards those grand summer days just gone, and find it takes a great big dose of courage to keep at your desk with textbooks and pencil.

Now, now, don't you go and squander those super sacrifices! Mail them all to Heaven via Purgatory. This is the Holy Souls' month, you know.

But don't you agree with me that Sacrifices plus Prayers would be just the thing? If so, here are a few one-second ejaculations that you might like to say during November: "My Jesus, mercy!" "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" "Mercy, O Eternal Father, through the Most Precious Blood of Jesus!"

The suffering souls in Purgatory can't help themselves, but one thing we are sure of, they can help us everyone. If we give them a lift to God's beautiful Heaven, they will certainly give us a lift — help, courage, strength — when things look blue and we find it hard to keep good and dutiful.

All ready for the last part of our continued story?

GERALD'S SECRET

Years have fled on fleet wings. It is quite a long while already since our friend Gerald revealed his closely-kept secret, his wonderful desire of becoming a priest and a missionary who would cross the ocean and get busy at the pagan harvesting.

Strong with his parents' consent and their loving blessing, he has asked and obtained admission in a missionary Society. You can imagine there was nothing half-hearted about his preparation to the holy priesthood and the missionary life.

He was ordained a few months ago. Not long after, a letter filled with enthusiasm down to the last line told his dear ones about his coming departure for India, the great land of mystery. The P. S. at the end of his message read: "These lines will reach you only a few short days before I do. I shall leave next Thursday for my farewell visit home. So it won't be long now, dear parents! I long to see you and share with you my happiness at being chosen, for all my unworthiness, to spread the Good News of the Redemption among the poor pagan peoples."

Came Thursday night and Gerald was the Great Expected. His brothers and sisters rushed to the station, thinking their speed would heighten that of the train. Mother stayed home, straining her eyes at the window to glimpse from as far as she could her beloved priestly son, Christ's own missionary.

How she loved her boy! Memories of happy by-gone days welled up in her mind. She could see her Gerald again, long, long before the days when he wore a cassock, gaily romping on the floor or building his own little world of blocks. She could hear his cries of victory and triumph each time he succeeded in crossing the floor, in the good old



BABY GERALD

babyhood days when he was trying to stand on his feet. Again she could see him, solemn-faced and devout as an angel, her five-year-old "Reverend Father" saying Mass. Grandpa, she remembered, always volunteered as altar boy, and always got the position. Then she thought of how her boy, almost a grownup now, had disclosed his precious secret. "Mother, I want to be a missionary priest. Help me, please. Tell Daddy about it." And when — but here they were coming!

The car stopped in front of the house. In a bound Gerald was in his mother's arms. Tenderly she clasped him to her heart, so tenderly and so long that the young priest felt afraid she wouldn't have the courage to see him board an India-bound steamship.

But at last Mother was her good old self again, strong and valiant. There might have been something of a sob in her voice, but still she found enough courage to tell her son:

"I thank God and the Blessed Mother with you, Gerald, and I certainly do rejoice with you, even if your departure breaks my heart."

"Thank you, Mother, thank you so much!"

Then followed moments of silence when Mother and Son could only look at each other, while thoughts of the distant mission field raced through their minds.

"Mother," the missionary at last ventured, "do you know that I have five whole days to spend with you?"

"Five days! Oh well, so much the better. We have so many things to say before you leave that hours will surely speed by like lightning."

And like lightning those five days did speed by, until all too soon dawned Departure Day. Hearts were grieved and smiles more unsteady than ever. Yet all were brave to the very last. They promised Big Brother that they would pray for his mission works and offer sacrifices whenever there would be any on the programme. There was one right then, and certainly not a midget one. Can you see your Big Brother leaving for a foreign land where hardships abound without feeling hurt quite a bit yourself? No, you can't!

The staunch Christian faith of Father and Mother shone there as never before. Until the end, burying their own sorrow deep down inside, they encouraged their firstborn, managed to smile and gave him their blessing with the promise to pray every day for the success of his apostolate.

How they would have liked to remain there forever! But no! "All Aboard!" came the harsh command. Gerald smiled a last smile and spoke his last farewell. "Don't forget to pray for my business out there!"

"All Aboard!" again that harsh voice. Slowly the train left, bearing somebody's boy away to the great mission land of India.

Souls were waiting, souls were calling! Gerald simply couldn't turn a deaf ear to their pleadings. He would give them to God, he would give God to them. Happy souls! Happy Father Gerald! Happy family whose privilege it is to give a priest to God and a conqueror of souls to the pagan nations!



LITTLE "REVEREND FATHER"

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Ivan was the happiest boy in Canada that winter morning. Just think, it was snowing! Big, fluffy snowflakes were slowly mantling the ground!

"Mother, see the snow!" Ivan exclaimed, quite likely in almost the same breath as his good-morning prayer to Jesus. "I'm putting on my snowsuit and going to play outdoors. All right?"

"Perfectly all right, Ivan. But don't you forget that you have to say your morning prayers before jumping in your snowsuit."

"Here goes, Mother!"

"Be sure to thank God for sending the first snowfall on a holiday. He will surely appreciate thanks for that."

Ten minutes later Ivan walked into the breakfast room with the air of the first gentleman of a kingdom.

"Eat your orange right away," beamed Mother. "Jack and Joan are already outside."

"There they are!" shouted Ivan, peering out the window. "And they've got the toboggans out too. Boy, are we ever going to have a merry time!"

"That's the spirit, laddie. Now's the time to enjoy yourself to the limit and thank the Father in Heaven for this holiday. But on Monday morning you'll have to get back to your books, eh, Sonny?"

"Surely, Mummie, but then you know I had good marks last month."

"You had and I'm pleased with you. Now my Ivan must become as fine a student as he is a player. Don't tell me that's all your breakfast, Ivan?"

"Yes, Mummie, thank you."

"Dress warmly and — good morning to you, Mr. Snowman!"

"Thanks, best of Mummies. I do love the snow ever so much."

Less than sixty seconds after, Ivan had joined Jack and Joan near the tallest snowdrift.

"Come on, we're going to have a snow battle!" shouted Jack by way of welcome.

The gay trio ran home for dinner as hungry as three little wolves.

"I see you have good appetites, children," laughed Mother.

"That's a good sign," added Father. "Oh, I almost forgot I had a surprise for you."



SNOW DELIGHTS

"A surprise!" echoed three young voices.

"Well, I'm having a half-holiday this afternoon, and if you will allow me in your games —"

Dad couldn't say more, because those three young voices just mentioned broke out in deafening cheers.

* * *

Canadian boys and girls are surely happy people, don't you think? Do they ever thank God who has given them a Catholic country as the land of their birth and a good Catholic family to bring them up and care for them? Do they sometimes pray and make sacrifices for their poor little brothers and sisters of pagan lands?

Here's my goodbye suggestion: Try a three-minute MEDITATION. First minute: Think about the poor pagan children. Second minute: Think about the lucky Canadian youngsters. Third minute: What can you do to make pagan tots happier?

Love to all of you and the merriest of Merry Christmases.

THE PRECURSOR



If you have given an alms in God's name, you will be reminded of it some day, when you have forgotten it.



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	March-April.....	\$ 58.37
Year 1945.....	223.10	May-June.....	124.40
Year 1946.....	276.15	July-August.....	61.70
January-February 1947.....	57.00	September-October.....	35.00

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

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

Three Men From the East

December snow lay deep on the hills of Manchuria, as three elderly men pushed their way, stoically, toward the city of Antung. They represented the ancient houses of Pahn, of Tu and of Pai.

Once every year, over a period of twenty years, they had crossed the treacherous, bandit-infested hills, for the feast of the Divine Babe's birth. Their home village—Chingla—nestling close to the Yalu river, was cut off from the rest of the world. No priest had yet gone over the hills, nor had any crossed the frozen waste of river from the Korean side. Yet the three patriarchs had never failed to go to the Christmas festival; and always they carried news of births and deaths and crops, and brought back rosaries, medals, holy water, and blessings. This time, as they approached the city, they knew not that disappointment awaited them there.

"'Tis strange," said Pai, as the trio neared the mission; "we have met no other believers on the way."

"And look!" called Tu. "There are no lights in the spiritual Father's house, or in the church."

"The yard is deserted," called back Pahn, who had hurried ahead. "There is no one here. Have we measured the time correctly?"

"Matthew, the caretaker's room," remembered Pahn, and they hurried to that door. A strange fear came over the three old men, and they looked back over their shoulders, as if they were being followed.

The caretaker, opening the door cautiously, recognized the Chingla men. "Oh," he said mournfully, "you should not have come. You should not have come."

"Why, what kind of greeting is that to give us on the eve of the little One's birth?" asked Pai, as the three men pushed into the room.

"Oh, you are stupid!" complained Matthew. "Have you not heard that the great war has reached out its arms even to us here? The spiritual Fathers, the Sisters, and Brothers, and some of the teachers—all were imprisoned as enemies; and some of them have been sent back to their own country. The church is closed. God's presence has been removed. No one is left. I stay to care for the property but I am watched like a prisoner myself."

"But we must stay for the night," said old Pai. "I am too cold, too tired to make that long trip back tonight."

"All right," agreed Matthew, grudgingly, "but we must be very quiet."

"Could we not find the little images for the crib, and set them up here tonight?" asked Tu.

Like children, they unearthed the boxes containing Christmas things; and they found, carefully wrapped by loving hands, the angels, the ox and the ass, the maiden Mother, St. Joseph, and the Infant. And close to the burning candle, they formed with clumsy hands a rude manger. Hardly a word was spoken, but the men sat silently gazing on a scene which had been a part of their pilgrimage for two decades and more.

* * *

In a small Pennsylvania village, a great regiment of soldiers had gathered in an improvised chapel to assist at midnight Mass. The priest, home but a few

months—repatriated from his Manchu flock—had been speaking to the men:

"Tonight the bleak hills of Manchuria see no burning footsteps in the snow. Our little church in Antung stands locked and cold. But still I can imagine thousands of loyal Manchu Catholics keeping tryst in their hearts with the newborn Christ. Tonight, in those far-off lands, He is not able to come down. Not able? Why, yes, He is able, and He will come down. At my word tonight, He will come down on this altar. At your word—at a cry from your hearts and from mine—He is able to come down and touch those souls He loves so dearly. Help me tonight to bring Christ down to all the people of all lands!"

* * *

It was growing close to midnight in Matthew's little room, and the three men from the East were already on their knees before the manger. Suddenly a strange light from outside seemed to pierce the darkness, enhancing the beauty of the scene. The watchers at the crib bowed low in adoration at what they believed was a special sign from God. There they knelt, rapt in contemplation, until a soft sound was heard — as if someone would enter. Matthew, frightened, rose from his knees and hurried to the opening door. An armed officer peered into the tiny room.

"Fear not," he said quietly. "I am from the police, but my heart is one with yours on this glorious night. Someone reported these strange men in the village, and I was sent here to investigate. When I saw, through the window, your adoration at the crib, my heart stood still. I have felt all day that God would not forget us here." And the newcomer fell to his knees on the cold, earthen floor.

Early next morning, while a cold, gray pall mantled the eastern sky, the officer, Kao, led the three old men along a hidden way, out of the city.

* * *

About that time, a soldier in America was writing home:

"Dear Mother:

"A missionary from Manchuria, who had to return to the States on account of the war, spoke to us of his distant flock and of his great desire to be with them once more. It set me thinking.

"Hard as it was to leave you and Dad, I wouldn't want to be anywhere in the world but just where I am. Now, if I'm happy to serve my country the hard way, it gives me some inkling of what it would mean to be doing it for God.

"So, I'm writing to Maryknoll this Christmas Day. If my life is spared in the war, I hope I may be accepted as a missionary. You were proud to give me up for my country; I know how much more gladly you will spare me for the service of God.

"Yours in the Christ Child,

"John."

* * *

Later, in the Antung barracks a surly captain was growing impatient with the reports of failure that were being given to him.

"And you, Kao, did you find no stranger in the town?"

The officer raised his head and answered calmly, "No one but a little Child."

The Maryknoll Junior

RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS



Enclosed is a donation for your missionary works in thanksgiving for a special favor I have received from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. E. St. A., **St. Vincent de Paul**. — Enclosed is an offering for low Masses for favors received from Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — I wish to have a Chinese baby girl ransomed in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. F. McL., **Houlton, Me.** — Many thanks for your prayers to Our Blessed Mother. My husband's health has improved notably. Mrs. P., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Please accept a small offering for a favor from Our Blessed Mother. Through her intercession I am feeling much better. Mrs. D., **Otter River, Mass.** — Thanks to Our Lady, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. P. B., **Champneufs.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the cure of my arms. I am also praying for the cure of a very painful illness. A subscriber. — Please join me in thanking Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. A. M., **Montreal.** — All my thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. May she protect my family and give me health. Mrs. L., **Rosemont.** — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a favor received. A subscriber. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a special favor granted my brother. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank our kind Heavenly Mother for the great favor we have obtained through her intercession. Mrs. B. E. G., **Cowansville.** — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. I am also asking another favor. M. M., **Northampton, Mass.** — Lively gratitude towards Mary Immaculate for a very special favor. Mr. and Mrs. E. D., **Montreal.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received. Miss G. A., **St. Eustache.** — Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. T., **St. Therese.** — Please offer a prayer of thanks for my daughter's success with her exams. Mrs. L. G., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. P., **Worcester, Mass.** — I have been granted a favor. Mrs. A. B. C., **St. Prosper.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for favors received. I hope she will continue protecting my family. Mrs. E. P., **Thetford Mines.** — Thanks to Mary for a favor she has obtained for me. M. N. L., **Lachute Mills.** — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favor. Mrs. M. A. L., **St. Laurent.** — Please help me thank Almighty God and the Most Blessed Virgin Mary for their protection. Mrs. V., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. M. J. B. — This is to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to the Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. O. C. B. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a benefit I have received. Mrs. E. L., **La Patrie.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors received through her intercession. A. E. L. — Thanks to the Child Jesus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor received. E. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Grateful thanks for a favor. Mrs. D. M., **Madawaska, Me.**

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Heartfelt thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Mrs. E. C., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank Almighty God for favors received through the intercession of St. Therese of Lisieux. Mrs. M., **Montreal.** — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Sister Marie Assunta. Mrs. A. L., **St. Justin.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for favors received. Mrs. A. B. — Gratitude for a favor obtained. Mrs. E. B., **Montreal.** — Thanks to St. Jude, St. Joseph, Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony for my mother's cure from a serious illness.

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 say a novena and prayers for my son and his wife. Mrs. C., **Montreal**. — I am asking your prayers in another novena to Our Blessed Mother, Mary Immaculate. Please pray for my father, mother and myself. Thanksgiving for a favor received. G. E. B., **Montreal**. — Will you please say a prayer for my son who was married outside the Catholic Church. Also say a prayer for me that I may improve in health. Mrs. M. R., **Montreal**. — We ask Our Heavenly Mother to keep us in the state of grace. A friend. — Will you please pray for me as I am very sick. Miss A. M., **Aubrey, P. Q.** — Please pray for my cure. A petitioner. — Please think of my daughter in your prayers. Mrs. A. D., **Stoney Point, Ont.** — Please pray for my daughter's health. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please light a candle and have a novena made for me. Miss M. W., **Biddeford, Me.** — Please remember my special intentions in your prayers. Mrs. M. S., **Haverhill, Mass.** — I would like you to pray for me to have better health as I am very nervous. Mrs. R. S., **Norwood, N. Y.** — Please pray for my health so I may be able to go back to work. Mrs. C., **Jewett City, Conn.** — I am asking the cure of my daughter, the mother of three children, through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A. L., **Lawrence, Mass.** — Kindly

offer prayers for our health; also for being able to buy a property. A subscriber. — I should like to be strong and healthy enough to be able to bring up my three children. A subscriber. — I am asking the help of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for the cure of two sick persons and for a decision to be taken. A subscriber. — A young man of eighteen who has left home is recommended to Mary. A subscriber. — Please pray for my cure. Mrs. R. T., **Montreal**. — Would you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for two special favors. Mrs. O. Y. L. — Please pray that we may be able to sell our land as soon as possible. Anonymous. — We need a lodging. Mrs. A. B. — May Our Blessed Lady protect my two daughters. Anonymous. — A complete cure for my sister. A former subscriber. — The sale of a business and a change of work for my husband. Mrs. R. L. — Would you kindly say a prayer for my family to obtain peace and a strong faith. Anonymous. — A complete cure for my son who is suffering from tuberculosis. A subscriber. — The cure of my eyes. A subscriber. — The conversion of my husband, my complete cure, health for all our family, courage and success. Anonymous. — I am asking my cure, for the good of my children. A subscriber. — Please pray for my daughter's cure and for happiness in her home. Anonymous. — Please pray for the cure of my little granddaughter. Mrs. J. M. P.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please make a novena with me to Our Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne for a very special favor. Mrs. P., **Montreal**. — Would you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin and Good St. Anne that I may be cured of my eye trouble. Mrs. L., **Longueuil, P. Q.** — Please join me in asking a favor from Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. Mrs. S. G., **LaSalle, Ont.** — I am asking you to pray to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony of Padua to bring my husband's health back to him. Mrs. J. S., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Would you please pray to St. Anne for me as I have trouble with my left leg and suffer with headaches. Mrs. A., **Salem, Mass.** — May Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and Brother Andre help me in my needs. Mrs. D., **Milwaukee, Wisconsin**.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 2; conversions, 7; cures, 18; employment, 2; special intentions, 60.



Eternal Rest Grant Unto Them, O Lord

(From notifications received before September 15)

Rev. Father Rosario Forest, **St. Lin**; Mr. Theodore Vanasse, P. N., **St. Guillaume d'Upton**, father of our Sisters Marie Bernard and Mechtilde du St. Sacrement; Mr. Alfred Latour, **Montreal**, father of our Sister St. Francois de Sales; Mr. Edouard Roberge, **Rawdon**, brother of our Sister Marie Eugenie; Mr. Rene Lareau, **Chambly**, brother of our Sister Julianne du St. Sacrement; Mr. Odilon Proulx, **Quebec**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Aurore; Mrs. Guy Saucier, **Val d'Or**; Miss Minnie Elliott, R. N., **Arnprior, Ont.**; Albina McLeod, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Caroline Kilbosa, **Jewett City, Conn.**; Mrs. Raymond Brassard, Mr. Alderic Fournel, Mr. Boileau, Mr. Gregoire Leclair, Mr. Donat Theriault, Mr. Henri Louis Lavigne, Mrs. Arthur Marcotte, Mr. Armand Boudreau, Mr. Frederic Ouimet, Mrs. Arthur Marceau, Mrs. Gelinas, Mrs. Elisee Giguere, Mrs. Charles Beaudoin, Mr. J. Elzear Lemay, Mrs. Germain Lemay, Miss Marie Paule Cardin, Mr. Arthur Charlebois, Mr. Joseph Alexandre Beauchamp, **Montreal**; Mrs. Jos. Brisebois, **Lachine**; Mrs. Alfred Fortin, **Riviere des Prairies**; Mr. Gaston Drolet, **Laval des Rapides**; Mrs. Adelard Massicotte, **Amos**; Mr. Arne Massicotte, **Malartic**; Mr. Joseph Asselin, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Honorius Senay, **Farnham**; Mr. Gaston Choquet, Mr. Albert Jodoin, Mrs. Valere Belisle, Mrs. Joseph Cotnoir, Mrs. Alphonse Ross, Mrs. Wellie Salois, Mr. J. L. Champagne, Miss Rose Delima Blain, Mr. J. Art. Dolbec, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Salomon Prefontaine, **Beloeil**; Mrs. Victor Geoffrion, Mr. Melasippe Richard, **Varennnes**; Mrs. Leo Forget, Mr. Paul Andre, **St. Lucie**; Mr. Joseph Richard, **Oka**; Miss Pauline Beaudry, **St. Dominique**; Mr. Francois Ravenelle, **Bedford**; Mrs. Pierre Pare, Mr. Henri Paul Pare, **St. Romain**; Mr. Lawrence McGale, **Abbotsford**; Mrs. Elzear Morissette, Mrs. Wilfrid Morin, Mr. Ildege Lavoie, Miss Lucie Delorme, Miss Jeannine Beauvais, Mrs. Georges Chicoine, Mr. Dollard Martin, Mr. Emile Thibodeau, Mr. Robert Plante, Mr. Zoel Saint Gelais, Mrs. Stanislas Charbonneau, **Granby**; Mr. Arthur Desrosiers, **Joliette**; Mr. Daniel Vezina, **St. Esprit**; Mrs. Lafrance, **St. Thecle**; Mr. Isidore Halley, Mr. J. B. Duquet, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Almanzar Gelinas, **Charette**; Mrs. Joseph Z. Rompre, **St. Anne de la Perade**; Mr. Joseph Dubeau, Miss Marie Turcotte, **Quebec**; Mr. Alfred Dube, **St. Romuald**; Miss Antoinette Prefontaine, **Lyster**; Mr. Thomas Perron, **Sacre Cœur de Marie, Megantic County**; Mr. David Beaulieu, **Rimouski Est**; Mr. E. Fortin, **St. Leon de Chicoutimi**; Mr. Jean Lalonde, **Arvida**; Mr. Arthur Simard, Mr. Cyrias Racine, **St. Ferreol**; Mrs. Adolphe Lavoie, **Rang St. Gregoire**; Mrs. William Lapointe, **Jonquiere**; Mr. Andre Charlebois, **Ottawa**; Mrs. Menard, **Fall River, Mass.**; Mr. Armand Berube, Mr. Alph. Demers, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. M. D. Pepin, **Lowell**; Mr. Pepler, **Webster, Mass.**

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

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of the Immaculate Conception*

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UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, MASS. Mission procure.

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School for Christian and pagan pupils.
Orphanage. Workrooms. Foundling
Home.

TO KOM HANT

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Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN

School.

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(Founded in 1913)

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(Founded in 1917)

Procure and school.

TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission,
Nan Paochen, Kiangsu

(Founded in 1928)

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school. Workroom. St. Therese of the
Child Jesus Native Novitiate.

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu

Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
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Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1931)

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission

(Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken

(Founded in 1930)

Kindergarten.

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi, Hon 3
no cho No 1, Aizu Wakamatsu

(Founded in 1933)

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 2250 Juan Luna
(Founded in 1921)

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

LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)

School.

MATI, Davao (Founded in 1946)

School. Dispensary.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti

(Founded in 1943)

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

LES COTEAUX, Haiti

(Founded in 1944)

Dispensary. School.

ROCHE-A-BATEAU, Haiti

(Founded in 1945)

Dispensary. School.

PORT SALUT, Haiti

(Founded in 1947)

Dispensary.

ITALY

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

Benefactors of the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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