

No. 7

Vol. XVI, 26th Year

January-February 1948

THE RECURSOR



*Beautiful is your harvest, O daughter of Nippon!
But more magnificent is the harvest of immortal souls
in the Land of the Rising Sun!*

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)

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*Divine Child Jesus bless and protect us
throughout the New Year!*



Our Wishes

*O Child of Bethlehem,
we lay our wishes
in the unsullied hands
of Your Mother and ours.*

*May the Holy Name
of Our Father in Heaven,
of Christ, our Brother,
and of the Sanctifying Spirit of Love
be everywhere hallowed!*

*May Your Kingdom of clemency and mercy
extend from pole to pole,
and may the family of nations
enjoy security and peace!*

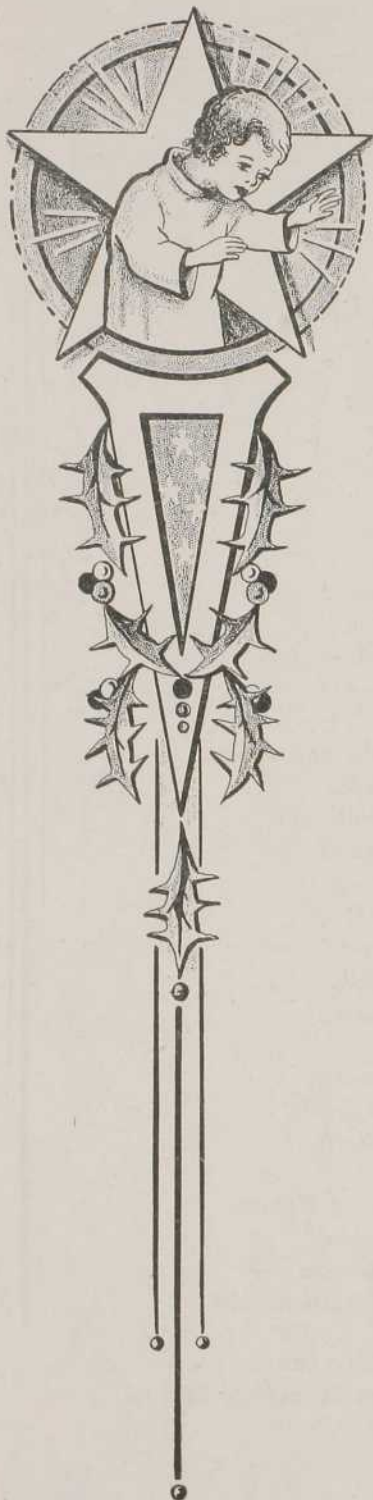
*Almighty Little Babe,
shower heavenly blessings and favors
on Your Vicar on earth,
Pope Pius the Peace-loving!*

*Enlighten, guide and console
our revered spiritual Shepherds
and their worthy Auxiliaries.*

*May Your blessing, O Desired of Nations,
descend upon our families,
Benefactors, Subscribers, Readers, —
Friends of Your Missions and Missionaries!*

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

In Christ the Twain Shall Meet



*Oh, gently she fingered the manger's rim
And stroked the fragrant hay.
'Twas Holy Night, the Angels' hymn
Made music where He lay,
And Joseph with the Seraphim
Adoring knelt to pray.*

*Her heart, her life, oblation blest,
She consecrated there
To serve the Holy, Holy Guest
Who sought her mother-care,
And Joseph guarded God's Bequest
With love beyond compare.*

* * *

*Draw near to Christ, you daring youth,
Come lend your heart and hand!
This Child is Life, and Way, and Truth —
He comes with King's Command.
Would join the Mission Colors, youth,
And make this earth His Land?*

*The dawn of life is wondrous, lad,
There's glory in the morn ;
The skies of East are beauty-clad,
The roses have no thorn ;
But there's another East, my lad,
By Feet of Christ ne'er worn !*

*O you whose sun is setting down,
For whom this life was blest
By love of Him, the Splendor Sun,
Pray that He light the West,
And give to souls, when life is done,
Sweet Peace upon His Breast.*

*To Bethlehem come one, come all!
His Heart is waiting there.
The Shepherds came to stable stall,
The Kings have knelt in prayer.
From East and West may Wise Men call
The Grace of God to share!*

THE PRECURSOR

Marching Onward to Bethlehem



VER natus est nobis . . . Centuries ago He was born on a little wind-swept hill, and every coming year His Birthday is celebrated as never any human anniversary was.

Every coming year, our hands lovingly fashion crude mangers wherein the Eternal Babe will not lie, but that help us in reminiscing the first Christmas.

Centuries ago He came unto His own, and we can scarcely imagine today what His own were like when He came unto them as their long-desired Messiah. We are only too prone to believe that, as they knew through the prophecies what was to happen, His coming did not surprise them.

But even the holiest among them, those who daily sighed after His coming, knew nothing of the date and mode of Yahwe's unique manifestation in favor of mankind. Bruised and broken in spirit by unceasing warfare with their heathen neighbors, humbled by the poignant and devastating defeats suffered at the hands of the Egyptians and Assyrians, the Jews had come to dream only of a tremendous revenge, a revenge at once national and temporal, when Israel at last would assert supremacy over the nations. Down the vista of shadowed, deception-filled years, the Jews gazed and still they hoped against all hope. For years now the nation had known disheartening failure. First, the schism which had violently parted the northern kingdom of Israel from southern Judea; then, the captivity of Babylon, and now . . . The flush of indignation dyed the brow of every true patriot, as insolent conquerors proudly raised the Roman eagles over the sacred city. Still they hoped on and then, at last, the Messiah was born.

Others also waited in anxious expectation of a coming Savior. Even if among the Gentiles, the Magi alone took the trouble of seeking out the newborn King, still, numerous were those who waited in prayerful expectation. They knew not so clearly as did the Jews, what they really hoped for, but, often all unconsciously, they prepared for the coming of the Redeemer. In order to have mankind drawn nearer to Divinity, the neo-Platonic philosophy had multiplied the intermediaries between God and man. It aimed to weld earth to heaven by a chain of beings who were supposedly more and more perfect as they neared heavenly spheres. But between the most perfect link of this chain and God, still stretched the infinite. Strong as this chain might seem, it was riveted only on man's side.

In the throng which pressed forward to reach the Manger, wherein lay the Hope of Nations, there were also those who had not even raised their gaze skyward to behold the Star risen from Jacob to guide the Magi. They marched on and on, ignorant of their goal. They simply followed where others led and their souls were hopelessly in the dark. True, slavery had momentarily visioned its liberation when the slaves of Rome had rebelled and serfs had waged war against the Carthaginians. But too many sorrows and failures had quenched the flickering flame of hope and liberty.

And still mankind kept marching onward to Bethlehem, onward to Christ. And still, lying within the Manger, Jesus awaits the coming of the sons of men.

For Christmas is not something of the past, some cherished memory of a bygone event which we are powerless to recall. No, Christmas is a living reality. Shepherds and Kings have knelt in loving adoration. Many among the Jews have found the way leading to the promised Messiah, but Jesus is still waiting for those who are marching on towards Him. They have been living at such immeasurable distances and so have been unable as yet to reach Bethlehem. Soul-distances, it must be remembered, cannot be compared to space-distances. The way is long and tedious and roundabout before they can reach Him. Mists and fogs obscure their vision and too often, alas, lead them astray. They must retrace their footsteps and find the highway again. But Jesus awaits patiently, tenderly; He will always be waiting for them.

My thoughts go to those brothers of ours scattered throughout the world, and who as yet have not come from the East, the Near East or the Far East, to adore. Men of swarthy hue like the Magi, who, tradition avers, came from the depths of Ethiopia to Bethlehem.

Musingly also do I think of those whom we meet every day, indifferent men resembling the inhabitants of Bethlehem, who thought it below their dignity to go out of their way to visit a mere child born on the outskirts of their town. They have never as yet knelt to adore the Divine Child.

No longer do angel voices sing the *Gloria* of the Nativity. But should we not make it our duty to assume the task of broadcasting the glad tidings to all men? Are we not to blame if so many who seek after the Savior as did the shepherds and Magi of old, without knowing Him as we do, are still so far from attaining the blessed goal of the Manger?

For all about us men are still seeking Him whose Name they do not know, oftentimes, alas, because we have not been generous enough to reproduce in our lives His divine likeness. They also are forever reaching out to find Jesus, those whom lofty ideals beckon, who long to do good to others, who patiently and lovingly endure the trials of life.

It is related that missionaries were for the first time preaching the Gospel of Christ in a remote village of India. Hardly was the sermon over when a venerable old man approached one of the priests, asking to be baptized.

"Very well, my good man; but you must first of all, if you really want to become a disciple of Jesus Christ, be instructed in His holy doctrine. You have only just heard His Name so far."

"True, Father, it is as you say; I have just learned His Name. But, O Father, I have been seeking Him all my life!"

Who knows but that among the derelicts of our great cities many are groping in the dark after the eternal mansions? Who knows but that they will be among those who shall come from the East and from the West, to take their place in the Kingdom of God, among the true sons of Abraham?

How much to be pitied is the fate of those who, instead of pressing for-

ward to meet their Lord and Redeemer, sit down comfortably at the banquet of life, never even lifting their eyes above earthly horizons! Will they ever recover enough ideal to rise and join the onward march of mankind to the final Bethlehem, the Bethlehem of Christ's triumphant advent?

There is only one means of never going astray, and that is, to march ever onward to meet Christ.

We also are marching onward to meet Jesus in His last, glorious coming. We await His advent as did the faithful ones of yore, the fervent Christians of the Church primitive; as waited St. John, the Beloved. "Come, Lord Jesus, hasten!"

REV. FATHER ED. CHEROT, S. J.

January Mission Intention

That the Catholic Church May Be Better Known in Japan

There are certain contradictions in the history of Catholicity in Nippon which should be clarified in order to have a better understanding of the difficulties and consolations of the apostolate in that country. First of all it must be admitted that it is difficult to win many of the Japanese to the Church, but once the Faith is embraced there is a unique tenacity displayed by the converts which attests the truth of the statement of St. Francis Xavier: "the Japanese Catholics are my delight . . . surpassing in goodness any of the nations lately discovered."

It is 399 years since Christianity first came to the islands of Nippon, and during the intervening centuries the Church has passed through many vicissitudes. Today, after the bombings, during which almost 10,000 Catholics were killed, the total number of adherents totals approximately 104,000 souls, while 200 years ago there were six times that number. Why the decrease in enrollment?

There are many contributing factors to explain this drop in membership. Principal among these may be listed the many edicts forbidding the practice of Catholicity. A great number of these were traceable to the tenets of Shintoism, the state religion, and the suspicions with which the Japanese regarded foreigners, among whom they classified missionaries as "paid emissaries of foreign princes." An era of isolationism, extending from the 17th to the 19th century, precluded the possibility of entry of Catholic missionaries, although the Japanese converts clung tenaciously to their faith even though they were deprived of the ministrations of priests.

The Dawn of a New Era

While the doors of Japan remained closed to all foreigners for two hundred years the Church never relaxed her interest in the welfare of the millions whom She wished to win to Christ. During this period She made careful surveys of the causes and effects of the various rulings against Catholics and found that "one might search the grim history of early Christian martyrology without finding anything to surpass the heroism of the Roman Catholic martyrs of Japan."

Then in 1862 Pope Pius IX solemnly proclaimed the canonization of the Twenty-six Martyrs of Nagasaki and nine years later the ban on Christianity was lifted. Thus was restored the mission apostolate in Nippon, where thousands emerged from their hiding and announced their adherence to the faith. In 1929 the first major seminary for the training of Japanese young men for the priesthood was opened in Tokyo.

The termination of hostilities in the Far East, together with the proclamation of the Emperor denying his divinity, have opened the way for the beginning of a second spring in the history of the Church in Nippon. However, time is of the essence if a harvest of souls is to be reaped. According to the new policy missionaries will be cleared for entry if assurances, based on actual surveys, can be given that adequate shelter, food and clothing are available in Japan for their use.

The presence of American Catholic troops in Japan, together with their Chaplains, may well constitute one of the great factors in making the Church better known in that land. However, the prayers of the faithful will also play an important role in making Nippon "set forth a bloom of Christian virtues" as was prophesied by St. Francis Xavier.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL

National Director

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

Christmas Eve Vocation

Vainly did the Christmas Eve stars wink down at Nellie and vainly did the glistening fir trees propped up at every door display wonders of color and light; Nellie had eyes only for the snowy sidewalk running ahead of her. Perhaps this will not sound so odd when due allowance is made for the fact that Nellie's arms were literally loaded with parcels; that the happiness of five poor children depended on the safe arrival of the said parcels; and that she was well aware that one black doll with its recently pasted face and fifteen Noah's Ark persons with their newly acquired heads and legs wouldn't have stood a fall.

Turning into a yard, Nellie headed for the old battered ex-shop which was now Mrs. O'Larry's dwelling. Ever since her husband had had to enter a sanatorium as a t. b. patient, Mrs. O'Larry and her brood of

five, the eldest barely seven, had been a prey to dire misery. Their courage and resignation had soon won for them the sympathy of the whole parish and especially that of Nellie and her company of junior girl guides.

Except for a faint streak of light under the kitchen door, the house was in complete darkness. Eleven o'clock. A most propitious hour for Santa Claus' worthy designs. The girl knocked, oh, very gently. Immediately the door swung open, for Mrs. O'Larry had been expecting her visitor. The day before a group of guides had brought a generous basket of provisions and announced the children's gifts for Christmas Eve.

Nellie silently tiptoed to the kitchen. Mrs. O'Larry helped her lay down her precious burden and together they began to unwrap the gay-ribbed bundles.

"How happy my little ones will be!"



exclaimed the mother in an undertone. "This Noah's Ark will be Roger's delight, and Baby Lou will just love this doggie. Those five woollen sweaters —"

"Knitted by my guides," broke in Nellie with justifiable pride. "I also have something for you," she continued, "but you will have to make haste for it's almost midnight."

Bewildered Mrs. O'Larry took the card which was held up to her: a reserved seat for Midnight Mass!

"How thoughtful of you, Nellie! But I'm afraid I can't go."

"Even if I take off my coat and mind those youngsters of yours?" teased Nellie. "Mother knows. You told me the other day that it was quite a long time since you had enjoyed a Midnight Mass. Well, I thought you would like to go tonight."

"There's no question about my liking to go, but it will mean such a big sacrifice for you."

Nellie felt prickings in her eyes. "Is it really a sacrifice to make others happy?" she asked with a tremulous smile.

So Nellie was left in charge of the place. Never before had this lodging appeared to her so poverty-stricken and bare: no living room, no dining room, only three scantily furnished bedrooms. By the kitchen wall five baby shoes, all in a row, were waiting to be filled up. Shoes so old and broken that even a coat of polish couldn't have hidden their wrinkles; shoes tied with laces that had evidently been mended again and again.

"Poor children," murmured Nellie, "they certainly are not pampered!" And on each of the tiny shoes she laid a toy and a knitted garment. Then, as the twelve strokes of Midnight Mass sounded, Nellie took her beads and in unison with a joyful world knelt to welcome her Savior.

Aves of praise and love she was addressing to the blissful Virgin Mother when suddenly down in her heart she heard a call, soft and yet so clear, which was not entirely unknown to her. From over the seas, in faraway lands, poor little disowned children, still more miserable than the five of tonight, were imploring her care and protection. To serve! Was it not her motto as a girl guide and . . . her dream of the future?

"Yes, I will be a missionary! I will serve to my dying day the most needy and destitute of earth," she said to herself. The young girl guide was in the habit of taking quick, precise, firm decisions. She did not let this one alarm her, and calmly took up her beads again.

Mrs. O'Larry came back from Mass fairly exultant with joy.

"How great and beautiful is the Midnight Mass!" she glowed in an awed voice. "I didn't fail to pray for you, Nellie. I asked the Child Jesus to give you the best He could find in His Paradise. You certainly deserve it."

"Thank you, Mrs. O'Larry," Nellie answered simply, thinking of the dazzling light which had just flooded her inmost soul.

Politely she declined the invitation to share the family's frugal mid-night repast. "Mother might be anxious," she said. "I promised to be home as soon as you came back. So goodnight, Mrs. O'Larry, and Merry Christmas to you! No, don't thank me anymore. I have found too much happiness in minding my five little friends."

As Nellie walked home that night, Christmas stars blinked down at her, but she did not see them. She was lost in the contemplation of that other star that had risen in the heavens of her future life to lighten the path she must now tread.

Mission Quiz...

DID YOU KNOW THAT

In Africa there are one and a half million Catholic students, a percentage of 21 percent of the Catholic population? . . . The total number of Catholics throughout the world is now about 400,000,000? . . . The Holy Ghost Fathers in their missions in Africa and in the West Indies baptize an average of 120,000 souls each year? . . . One out of every ten persons in the United States is a colored person? . . . After one hundred years of uninterrupted mission work in China, only 1 percent of the population has been converted? . . . In China there are 500,000 students, 16 per cent of the Catholic population? . . . In the mission field there is but one doctor for every million people? . . . Before the end of the 17th century, the Dowager Empress of China and the Heir Apparent to the Throne were Catholic? . . . There are four Catholic colored Sisterhoods in the U. S., two of which were founded over a century ago? . . . There are in the neighborhood of 200 native Franciscan missionaries of Mary in China at the present time? . . . There are millions of lepers in the world? . . . Mindoro, an island in the Philippines, has 135,000 Christians against 12,000 pagans? . . . Madras, mighty city of British India, derived its name from the Portuguese "Madre de Deus," or "Mother of God"? . . . Before the fall of France, 2,000 parishes were without priests? . . . Spain lost 5,000 priests massacred by the Communists in the recent civil war? . . . Recent excavations prove the existence of some seventy villages along the River Jordan, dating in antiquity from 3500 B. C. to the 12th century A. D.? . . . Of the 41,718,364 inhabitants of Java and Madura, 103,828 are Catholics? . . . According to a bulletin issued at the time of the Coronation of Pope Pius XII, there is under his spiritual authority approximately one out of every seven persons on earth? . . . More than one-fifth of the human race are Chinese? . . . In India and China alone, there are about 10,000 native young men preparing for the priesthood? . . . There are now 4,055,151 Catholics in India? . . . The best land in China is used for cemeteries, the central theme of the Chinese religion being the veneration of the dead? . . . There are still 100,000 pagans among the American Indians? . . .

New Year Reuerie

*In the beautiful dim of the twilight
I ponder the thoughts of the years ;
In the crimson of coals
A sweet vision unrolls,
And blurred is my gaze with the mist of my tears.*

*I remember the years at their dawning,
The blessing of God and mine own
That descended of old
On fair foreheads now cold,
But bright in the wonderful days that are flown.*

*How they flicker and flash in the gloaming,
How ruddy the flame that they throw,
All those memories fled,
That arise from the dead,
And sing to the heart in the firelight glow!*

*Through the mist of my tears I am smiling,
And fond are the thoughts that I twine
Round the vistas of yore
That are glowing once more,
Adorning the altar of memory's shrine.*

*I am nearing the end of my journey,
So soon I shall sleep 'neath the sod.
But the hearts that I love
Are awaiting above.
Belated and worn, I am going to God.*

THE PRECURSOR



New Year's Eve in Retrospect

(Memories of Happy Bygone Days)



H, how beautiful and inspiring are the traditions, rendered almost sacred by their yearly recurrence for centuries, that in our favored land of the Maple have ever been associated with Christmas and the New Year! It is indeed regrettable that in our modern frenzy for something new we should be coming, little by little, to discard them as too ancient and outdated to be observed.

Among the many impressive traditions dear to the reminiscent hearts of those who have crossed the borders of youth and maturity, ranks in a very conspicuous place the New Year's Evening entertainments.

In those good old days, when winter's snow thickly mantled the earth and hid its bare shabbiness, New Year's Eve meant a great family reunion on the beloved homestead, where venerable grandfathers and silver-haired grandmothers laughed and loved and gladdened the party.

When the Christmas season was just around the corner, the women in each home busied themselves about the oven, and soon mince pies, plum puddings, doughnuts, cookies and a long list of other dainties were gaily stored away in the pantry, alongside of the precious jam pots sealed many months ago and lined up on the shelves for the special days when you need a special menu. The little nook with plenty stored presented indeed the greatest attraction of the year, judging from the inquisitive looks of the seven-or eight-year-olds, always on the alert for Mother's goings-in and comings-out of the pantry.

Christmas dawned, bringing with it the sweet joys of the Midnight Mass, the visit to the Divine Babe of the manger, and the long train of delights we know. Then at last rose the day so eagerly longed for, and merry bells rang in the New Year.

New Year's Day was not merely "an interval between one night and the next." Its every waking and even half-doing hour was filled with something new and thrilling. You came home late from High Mass, for on the church steps you had had to shake hands with all your relatives and acquaintances, and that took a good amount of time.

Dinner over, the last-minute preparations for the evening banquet were hurriedly seen to. When the galloping hands of the clock had reached five and dusk was bringing bluish candles out of their hiding-place, a jolly tinkling of bells announced the arrival of the first guests: Uncle Joe and Uncle Peter and their wives from the neighboring parish. A few minutes later, Aunt Mary and Uncle Louis dropped in with a dozen bright-eyed youngsters piled in the back of the family-size sleigh. Others followed, so that by seven o'clock the house was filled to bulging. When aunts,

uncles, nieces, nephews, and cousins *to the nth degree* had all come in, the eldest son would motion one and all to silence, and the head of the family was asked to give his blessing to the kneeling gathering.

The sacred gesture performed, everyone did honor to the banquet. How gay and cheering was that great family meal where laughter rang clear and joyous, sharpening appetites and sealing the union of hearts!

When at last Grandpa and Baby had folded their napkins, the evening fun began for good. Carols, music, charades and games soon held high sway. Even Grandma would add in her old-fashioned romance, and Grandpa would dance almost as blithely as in the wonderful days of his youth.

Then, of a sudden, excitement and agitation gave place to silent expectation. The grand old man had delved from the depths of his pockets an envelope he was now opening with trembling fingers. It held a letter from one of his granddaughters who had entered a convent a few years back. Brimming over with tender affection for the cherished grandparents as well as for the entire family, the precious missive was listened to with respectful attention. The dear absentee remembered her loved ones and the concern showed for them well proved that the heart that gives itself wholly to God, far from straitening its affections, becomes all the more loving as it draws nearer to Him who is Infinite Love.

Then there might be a son whom the Foreign Missions had claimed. The epic of the conversions wrought by this other Christ on alien strands, or the heart-rending word-pictures of the sufferings endured by the unfortunates who know not their Maker, captivated the family circle. The



The arrival of the first guests.

laddies of ten or twelve, especially, were deeply impressed by those tales, and from their telling sometimes dated their own priestly vocation or their calling to the colors of the Missionary Christ.

The reading of the blessed letters would give rise to a variety of reflexions and comments. The dear ones were in every heart, their names on every lip, their minutest doings and sayings were recalled with emotion. And Grandfather would take occasion to exalt the sublimity of mission apostolate, the merits and hidden beauty of the religious life.

By that time the "Marthas" had again laid the table for the midnight repast. A whole assortment of sweets and tidbits were offered to the sweet-tooth and the servings were invariably double-dips. After all, New Year's comes only once a year! In the wee hours of the morning the merry guests parted, heart and conscience light, giving one another rendezvous at Uncle So and So's for the next evening. Family reunions thus succeeded one another until Epiphany, filling souls with pure joy and strengthening ever more the bonds of sweet home life.

Why not carry on these traditions of family love and entertainment? Then union, harmony and peace divine would gladden our homes, thus giving a new warmth and meaning to the "Peace on earth to men of good will" sung by the herald Angels on the night Christ was born.



When men take one step towards God, He willingly takes ninety-nine others and goes to meet them.

Annals of St. Anne

* * *

Ask abundantly, for the measure of your asking shall be that of your receiving.

Coventry Patmore

Obituary

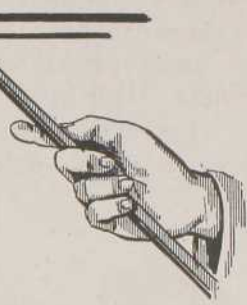
A communication received from Tsitsikar, Manchuria, announces the death of Reverend Father Otto Hiltl, of the Foreign Mission Society of Switzerland.

When the Canadian Missionaries were concentrated in Szepingkai during the recent Communist uprising, the Reverend Father, who was exercising his priestly functions at the Mission of Paitchengtze, courageously exposed his life to protect our Sisters there stationed from the attacks of Japanese and Russian soldiers.

Our Community will forever bear him in grateful remembrance, and prays the Divine Master to reward him a thousandfold for his heroic charity.

The Lord's Day

A thrill of rapture sweeps through the eastern skies as exultant breaks the morn. With unwonted joyfulness the reverent bells recall the *Ave* message to the Mother of the Christ. This is Sunday, the day which the Lord hath made!



Almighty God made Sunday for Himself and ourselves. "Let us be glad and rejoice therein" — relax, also, in God, with God and for God.

Relax in God. "Man is born to labor," we read in Job, and in the very first pages of Genesis it is written that in the sweat of his brow man must eat his daily bread. Those theories we put into hard practice all through the last six days. It was a complex problem at times to salvage even three minutes for prayer early and late. But the flesh is weak, and our Maker knows it. He gives us Sunday to rest our jaded limbs and renew our spiritual energies in closer communings with Him.

Relax with God. Go to His holy house of prayer, and since you are God's child, partake of the banquet your Father has prepared for you: the inestimable Sacrament in which Christ your Brother is received.

Be present at the re-enactment of the great sacrifice of Calvary, in which our Redeemer shed His Blood for our sinful selves. With the "other Christ" at the altar offer your own intentions, and in your charity remember the intentions of the Church universal over the globe.

Relax for God, out of obedience to His adorable will. Omit all menial and unnecessary work, avoid every infringement of divine laws, for holy is this day.

Would you make of yourself a worthy spectacle before the Angels? Then give special attention to God's greatest commandment — gladden your homes, where all true charity begins. Be kind to mother, brothers, sisters. They love you and missed you all the week.

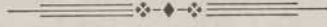
Young man, young woman, "about whom the wonderful things are all in the future," as one of you said, give a larger percentage of your day to God and home than to beach and movie. When you remember your Heavenly Father and His human proxies, your own parents, through the day, you experience that a good conscience is the softest pillow to lay your head on at night. But that pillow will be of adamant if you don't spend your Sunday according to God's plan.

Really, though, some of us mortals seem to be wanting in wisdom. We yearn for happiness and seek it in the most unlikely haunts. Are we not truly happy only when soul and heart share the exhilaration? Where can

we find that unalloyed bliss, if not at our own home hearth, beneath the loving eye of God?

How true it is that, "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" — where married sons and daughters return, in thought or in truth, after Sunday High Mass, to relive the glorious, carefree days of childhood.

O my God, grant we may preserve our sweet, sacred joys of Sunday — Sunday in You, with You and for You!



So This Is Sunday — in China

Seven consecutive days of unremitting labor are more than enough to drain the last ounce of energy in the beast of burden. For man and beast alike the Creator has appointed hours of rest, hours of relaxation from strenuous toil.

This tradition of rest hinged on the seventh day is once again, to all appearances, coming into its own in China, for there also the Christian Religion is coming into its own and its tenets are making headway everywhere.

Back in December, 1898, I first set foot on that land. Sunday followed Sunday, while I sorrowfully wondered whether this people had ever been taught the divine precept of rest on the seventh day. In remote sections of densely-populated towns as in verdant countrysides, the wheels of frenzied activity whirled every hour of the day and night. Anxious-minded sons of toil and industrious peasant folk jostled one another in the streets, while the radiant sun poured down, as on every other day, its rays of enchantment and life on righteous and pervers.

None had preached to them the sanctity of the Lord's Day. How, then, could they be expected to keep it holy? It seemed sheer folly to hope that the soul-gladdening aurora of Sundays would ever spring up from the Gentile midnight. True, the Christians observed Sunday, but so timid were the manifestations of faith, so minified was the notion of the Lord's Day, so sparse were the ranks of the disciples of Christ, that the holy day passed by unheeded.

It was necessary, in order to set up the tradition of civil Sundays in these heathen territories, that the reformist movement of 1900 should come to shatter previously constituted notions; and I dare say that, from the new state created in the minds of men has surged up, among a cluster of other methods, that of the regulation of hours of labor and hours of repose.

No law has been enacted regarding the matter, but it has been generally agreed to designate certain days of the month as *star days*, which days correspond to our European Sundays and fall on the same dates. When a Catholic priest fares forth on the streets of Canton City to fulfill his sacred ministry, he will go no farther than three steps before hearing the next-door shopkeeper: "*Kam yat lai pai!* Today is Sunday!"

The shopkeeper simply states a simple fact. But his statement carries both value and import. It proves the existence of something new, and every new factor makes for either progression or retrogression.

This introduction of Sunday has already yielded a doubly practical and ideal result: business men, soldiers and students in vast numbers are abstaining from labor, and secondly, Sunday leisure hours afford time for the unravelling of a host of political, social and religious questions.

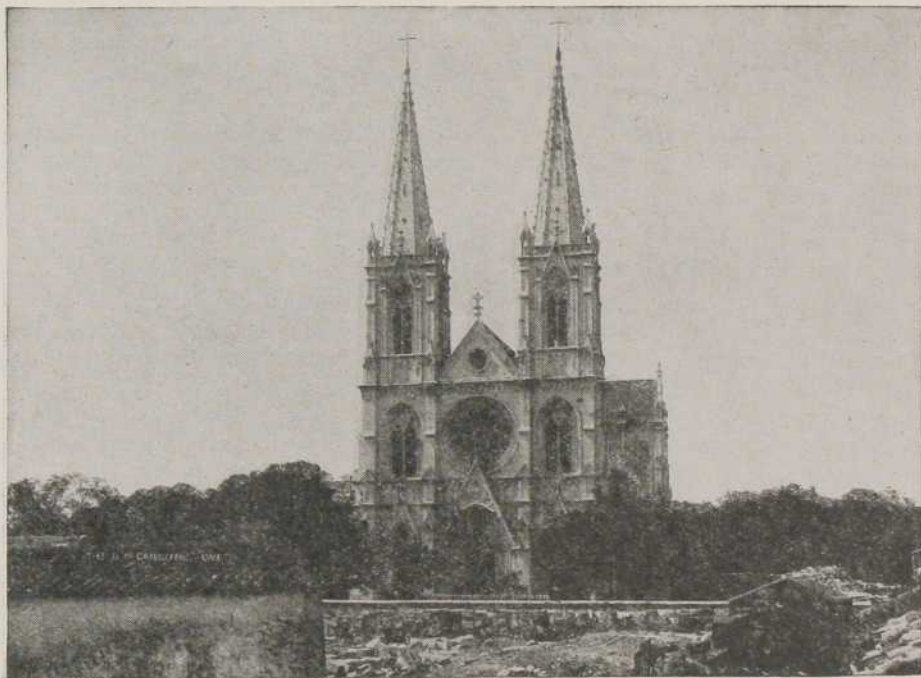
As the wharves of the Pearl River are constructed and spacious avenues open out on the Canton countryside, a throng of dandies and smartly-dressed people assemble there in a diversity of attitudes bespeaking the Oriental snobbishness of Young China. To the foreigners passing by the pleasure-seekers seem to be saying: "And so are we keeping Sunday."

The reformist movement is not solely responsible for this moral innovation of Sunday. It is also owed in great measure to Protestant propaganda. I shall surprise none of my readers in holding, after Joseph de Maistre, that our separated brethren are the blind instruments of Providence, and that, unwittingly, striving behind the spotlight for the final issue of heresy, they, the avowed foes of unity, succeed in establishing it here as elsewhere to an ever greater extent. *Oportet hoereses esse!*

Hundreds of millions of pamphlets and catechists serve the spreading of error; and all unavailing, if we accept the declaration of one of them, Williamson, who stated before the Shanghai congress (1907): "What a waste of energy! The more we are seen, the less we are loved."

God forbid that I should consider them necessary, or even useful in the regeneration work undertaken here this last century. On the contrary, their concourse is pernicious to us. It remains nonetheless obvious that God knows how to draw good from the harm they do to souls. Even while misinterpreting apostolic dogmas, they are bound to preserve the outward appearance of a positive cult, and, among the expressions of their cult, Sunday offices hold a prominent place.

Their adepts appoint their weekly rendezvous on that day. Hymns are sung, a sermon delivered, and all return home. But as their oratories are scattered in the four corners of the city and the religious rites of Sunday are conceded a certain ostentation, it follows that nothing of these reunions escapes the ever attentive pagan eye. And thus was woven the legend of Christian Sunday long before civil Sunday had taken life and form.



CANTON'S CATHEDRAL

Our readers must not deduct therefrom that Catholic services have in no way or only to a very limited extent helped in rebuilding dominical observance in China. Let us take into account that through more than three hundred years of violent persecution religious functions were all but prohibited, and missionaries and faithful had to maintain a prudent reserve. The Church in China has had its era of catacombs. Not so has it been for the Lutherans, who came in the day of liberty. What could catacomb Sundays be, if not stark midnights by torches lit, with their silence intercepted by the timorous chanting of pure maidens? What religious influence could these exercise on haughty paganism — these, a handful of worshippers who had to retire close to beast and remote from man to invoke the Father of all?

But the appointed hour struck and God cast His eyes down in mercy. Then the solitudes, theretofore silent witnesses of the children of light, bade farewell to those who had suffered. They were free! Free in the name of France! Free to gild once more the sunlit altar of sacrifice and burn a lawful incense to the changeless God!

And it came to pass that in all the empire of Han, from out the valley depths, there swelled forth one grand paean of praise: "Blessed be Jesus Christ now and forever." So distinctly the mountain echoes rehearsed the acclamation that, from that day on, even in the humblest hamlet men knew that Christ is the Son of the living God. Then to the chain of blessings were added other links. To collect this ascending surge of prayer not unlike the air waves of wireless telegraphy, immense receiving instruments had to be built — churches dotted the soil of China. Some were stately, others humble as the humblest homes. Within their walls the Most High descended, laying aside His splendor to share the simplicity of His brethren. Still others, like Canton's, the work of a saint and a man of genius, raised towards the blue with their gothic ornamentation the glory of the Great Lord of Heaven. From the open-work steeples where they silhouetted their graceful forms against the azure sky, the blithe brass bells carolled the Nativity of the Christ, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Paschal Lamb, Mary the Sinless, and the galaxy of the Saints. The joyous carillon proclaimed every mystery. It greeted the newborn babe, rejoiced as youth and maiden pledged themselves to each other, and tolled the passing hour for the earth-weary.

God's Sunday became a reality. Throngs were seen garbed in their fairest apparel, seeking their temples in the rising dawn and praying in a charming and grand rhythmic concert. I should pity the European who could remain indifferent in the presence of these thousands who believe in the Eternal and in their own idiom extol His mercy. One feels at first a sensation of some undefinable anxiety and melancholy, and soon one's eyes are brimful with tears of serene piety.

All is over. Prayer and the Eucharistic Sacrifice are ended. The faithful take leave of their pastor and return home for their morning meal. At noon they meet in God's temple again to pray the Rosary; then, through dispensation from the Pope, they may attend to servile works.

I should like to dwell longer on the way Sunday is observed by country people too distant from the missionary's post to assist at Sunday Mass. What edifying instances I could quote that might put to shame many a European Catholic all too forgetful of the precept of prayer on the Lord's Day. But I would not abuse of my readers. Let me add in ending my wish that this blessed observance of Sunday by Chinese Christians may always prove for the pagans surrounding them a magnet-like attraction towards the True God. May their *star day* at long last become their *Epiphany*, the day of Christ's Manifestation to those still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

REV. FATHER GERVAIS

Paris Foreign Missions.

The Martyr of Futuna

Blessed Peter Chanel

Prepared from the French by Florence Gilmore

(By kind permission of the Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York)

CHAPTER I

Family and Early Education



N Cué, a little, unknown village of Eastern France, there was born, on July twelfth, 1803, a child destined to be the apostle of Futuna and the first martyr of Oceania. He was baptized on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and received the name Peter. Before his birth his mother had consecrated him to the Blessed Virgin, which accounts, perhaps, for the loving, tender devotion to her that marked his whole life. When he learned of this consecration he added to his name that of Mary; and having real love for St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, chose him, also, as patron and model, at the time he was confirmed.

Peter was the son of Francis Chanel and Mary Ann Sibellas, the fifth of their eight children. They were honest, hard-working peasants, and like most of their neighbors, good Christians, the Revolution having tainted neither faith nor morals in that quiet corner of France. Uneducated, they had a kind of knowledge that is priceless: they knew their religion thoroughly and practiced it with earnestness and simplicity.

Mme. Chanel raised her children lovingly and wisely, early instilling into their little hearts the love of God and of His Blessed Mother, a horror of sin, the fear of hell and a longing for heaven. She taught them to pray, often praying with them when they were small, and later reminding them daily, almost hourly, to raise their hearts to God. We can judge of the character of her piety by this reflection with which she was wont to end all her prayers: "Courage, my soul! Time passes quickly, and eternity is close at hand." Her husband, uprightness itself, endorsed all her teaching, and supported it by the example of a life hardly less edifying than her own.

Little Peter responded faithfully to this careful training, from his earliest years showing unusual piety. The first words he lisped were the names of Jesus and Mary. Joining his tiny hands and raising his eyes, he would repeat them with a reverence remarkable in a child.

A cousin of his own age, Jane Mary Chanel, lived for a time within their home, and the children, having the same tastes, became devoted friends. "Whenever we could," she related, long afterward, "we would go to Mass, occasionally at Saint-Didier-d'Aussant, but more often at Monteval. We delighted in imitating all we saw: we rang the bell for Mass, we pretended to eat '*le pain bénit*' (1), we had processions. My

1. Bread that had been blessed.

cousin was always first to propose such games and carried them through with marvellous grace and sweetness."

Jane Mary was only seven and a half years old when she left Cuét and went with her parents to a hamlet some miles away, in the neighborhood of Cras; but Peter soon found that Mary Frances, a sister five years younger than he, had the interests and inclinations which had made Jane Mary so congenial a companion, and ever after his cousin's place was more than filled. The brother and sister were alike in appearance and character. They loved to work together and to play together; side by side they prayed to God and to His Blessed Mother, and hand in hand carried to the poor such alms as the family could afford to dispense. Nor did their paths diverge in after life. Both were destined to become religious in congregations bearing the name of Mary.

Even his appearance revealed the beauty of Peter's childish soul. He was a slender boy, modest in bearing, with regular features, and an expression singularly sweet and intelligent. There was something angelic about him which made him beloved by all. Not that, as a child, he was without his little faults, though it would be hard strongly to condemn the only one we know. If any of his brothers or sisters was punished he was heartbroken, and would slip away and grieve alone until the storm passed; and whenever he saw some one in tears he was distressed beyond measure. He was told severely that such lively sympathy was extreme and should be controlled; so, a mere child, Peter had his first lessons in the difficult task of schooling his own heart. Such a loving heart it was!

Among the poor it is often necessary for very little children to work and Peter was only seven when he was first sent to guard his father's sheep. "I had to get up early," he told a friend, years afterward. "My mother (she was so good and pious!) never failed to remind me to say my prayers before I set forth. I would kiss her good-bye, and telling me to be good she would slip over my arm the little basket which contained my dinner, I always went gaily, followed by my dog, who was ugly but very intelligent."

Other children of his age were scattered through the meadows and on the hillsides, employed as he was, and in the games they played together Peter's piety often manifested itself. He would suggest building little altars; he imitated the ceremonies of Holy Mass, and when he could remember the sermon of the preceding Sunday, he repeated it for his playmates with charming simplicity and earnestness. In summer he seldom returned home without a bouquet of wild flowers to place before Our Lady's picture.

When he was eight years old he made his first confession. After doing his best to examine his conscience thoroughly he went to his mother and told her all the faults he remembered, adding, "Help me to think of more; you know better than I what I have done." When he left the confessional he knelt for a minute before the Blessed Virgin's altar, and then ran home, naively giving vent to his joy. One would have thought he was a notorious sinner, converted at last.

His parents could neither read nor write, but knowing the value of the education which had been denied them, they sent Peter, during the winter of 1810, to the nearest primary school. The distance was great, and the roads bad whenever it rained or snowed, so his lessons were often interrupted; and when spring came he went back to the sheep and quickly forgot what little he had learned. The following winter he went again to school, but with the same result. There was no one to take his place with the flock; besides, his parents had, as yet, not thought that he would ever be anything better than a small farmer, even as his father. But God had His designs for the child: and His ways are wonderful.

Not far from Cuét is the village of Cras. For some years after the Revolution it was without a priest, but Father Trompier, a learned and holy man and a lover of children, was sent there in 1811. He opened two schools, one for boys, another for girls, and enlarged his own house that he might be able to keep there a few pupils to whom he taught Latin, with the hope that one day some or all of them would become priests. Towards the end of 1812 this holy priest met Peter, keeping guard over his sheep. Instantly attracted by the child, he asked his name, age, and whether he had ever been to school. He saw and questioned him more than once afterward, and each time was more deeply impressed by Peter's candor, modesty, and piety. One day he asked him if he would like to go to his school at Cras. "Oh yes, Father! There is nothing I should like so much!" Peter replied, his face beaming at the thought. Father Trompier went at once to see his parents, who quickly consented to let him go. Before Peter reached home all was settled. God's design had begun to unfold.

So, during the winter of 1814-1815, Peter was a pupil of the school at Cras, and lived nearby with his aunt and little Jane Mary. When vacation time came he resumed the care of his father's sheep, but with books for his daily companions. "What has come over our little Peter?" his parents said wonderingly. "Since he came from Cras he loves to read." In the autumn he joyfully returned to school, but soon afterward was sorrow-stricken to learn that Father Trompier had been appointed pastor of Monsols. The cloud passed quickly, for the good priest proposed to take Peter with him and to charge himself with his education. M. Chanel accepted his bounty simply and gratefully. Peter was radiantly happy. "If the Blessed Virgin had not taken the matter into her own hands it wouldn't have turned out so well!" he cried.

At Monsols the boy worked hard at his lessons. When he was at leisure he liked to read any book he found interesting, but none attracted him so strongly as the "Foreign Mission Annals," which awoke within his heart a great desire to cross the seas and to devote his life to the good of poor pagans. The thought of shedding his blood for Christ made his heart bound for joy. Thus did his vocation early manifest itself. His prudent director considered his transports the flower of a childish enthusiasm, though he made use of all such generous feelings to nourish a piety already marked by intense devotion to the Mother of God, deep reverence for all holy things, and a love for the ceremonies of the Church.

(To be continued)



Along the Mission Newsfront

MANCHURIA

ZERO HOUR IN SZEPINGKAI, MAY - JUNE 1947

STORM CLOUDS GATHER

It was hard to view the future through rose-colored glasses. The Communists were coming self-invited to overrun Manchuria, intent on destruction and conquest. They attacked Tungleao first. The tremendous impact of the Communist mailed fist had almost paralyzed it last year. In the teeth of this second invasion our Sisters there sought safety in Leaoyuansien. But Leaoyuansien stood in too risky a situation and they made their way from there to Szepingkai. On Mary's Annunciation Feast we greeted them, refugees from the storm. The conflict was moving like a forest fire from place to place, and town after town fell in the grip of the oppressor.

THE COMMUNISTS

The Chinese Communists boast of no national doctrine: theirs is that of every Communist under the sun. In the name of the liberty and equality that should prevail wherever human beings be, they upset everything, divide everything, raze everything, level social classes, purporting to establish the reign of peace and social harmony on so many piles of rubble. They introduce themselves as the heralds of an ideal new order, the real liberators and friends of the people, who learn from their glib talk that Communism will gain the upper hand in the world, by abolishing all the ancient traditions, outdated religious creeds and ageless customs of man.

Communism, so its partisans hold, will alone renew China and deliver her from centuries-old tyranny. Kiang kiai Che has never won their good graces. They say they frown on war and if they do fight, it is because they are in duty bound to help the people out. They take it on themselves to make all men equal by equal shares of this world's goods, so every man will be happy. Some among them quite candidly explain how it works. Others are fanatical and show how brutally it can work.

The soldiers, most of them, are itching to test their military prowess. Day in and day out they are lectured on the ideas and ideals of their "ism"; then a gun is tossed into their hands and out they go to fight and kill. They wear no distinguishing military uniform and their munitions are nothing to

boast of — only stolen chariots to move their paraphernalia in, instead of what they still lack: planes, tanks and trucks. Their armies comprise the all-out Communists and a motley crowd of the rank and file who join in, some for personal interests, others to save their family, and still others to eke out a living. A number have exchanged their brigand role for the Communist career. Then there are those who want to climb up and carve a name for themselves. Some just hang on because it's the best thing for the time being; some lucky day they will leave the ranks more easily than they entered them.

Neutrality is impossible. Whoever tries that escape is bluntly told: "As you like, but you can't stop us from giving you just your share of your own belongings. Now, if you don't join in, what can you expect in the general distribution?" The victim has no more arrows in his quiver. Not to give in would be to court death from starvation. The soldiers are brave and unafraid to die. The Red knows that if he refuses to advance, if he slights an order, he will be shot down within sixty seconds. In trying to save his life he plunges headlong into unnamable hazards that spell death at its worst.

The non-combatants keep things running by tyrannical propaganda. They settle down at any likely place and in anybody's house, it being understood that the choicest eatables and the best nooks are to be theirs. All the day long they go parading in the streets, shouting their lungs out; without any forewarning they enter homes and take whatever catches their fancy, since according to them there is no distinction between "yours" and "mine." They claim that the Chinese Government is unfair, that all men are equal, that they freed the country from the Japanese, and so on. In all patience and forbearance they must be borne up with, for woe worth the day when one tries to thwart them. With foreigners they behave a little more civilly, but they haven't much use for them. Foreigners have a long nose and colorless features, they say. Why did they come to China anyway? Probably their own country didn't yield enough rice.

In certain places religion is tolerated for political or other clever reasons, while in others it is altogether taboo. No God, no religion, maintains the sect.

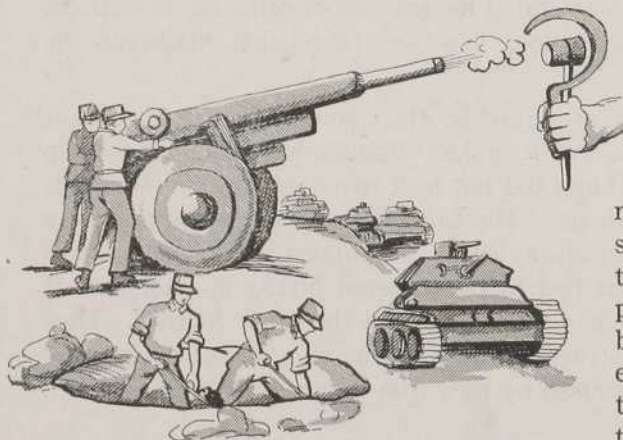
In what light is Communism viewed by the common man? He dreads and curses it, while cringing under its yoke. Enough has been said to help the reader understand why things did not look rosy last spring. War was imminent and we feared the issue. The Communists were legion and were determined to take Szepingkai at any cost. Szepingkai is not the number-one city of Manchuria, but it had to be mastered first, and after that it would be child's play to conquer the capital and the other centres. Thus Szepingkai stood awaiting destruction and suffering, not the suffering willed by Almighty God, but that caused by men who refuse to clasp hands with the love of brothers.

FIRST ALARM



On May 14 sounded the first alarms in Szepingkai. The Communist hordes were pushing on and on, with the corollary that at the Mission all were astir packing their belongings. Packing was no new experience, — just as sure to happen as spring housecleaning. We learned that night that the Reds held Hoai Teu. Two days later the three priests and three Sisters from Communist-ridden Fakou arrived at the central Mission. Two more days and our Koung-tchouling Sisters were also with us. They arrived the five of them at nine in the evening, almost exhausted. Since daybreak they had been waiting for places on trucks, which places were hotly contested by panic-stricken folk who did not care to fall into Communist hands. Once thirteen, we were now twenty-four. Then began the concentration with its long train of minor and major catastrophes.

From victory to victory marched the Reds. Once Hoai Teu and Koung-tchouling, Li Chou Hien and Tchang Tou had been invaded, the enemy headed for Szepingkai. Minds were tense and anxious as never before, for the forward advance of the Reds was enough to dishearten anybody. One moment Szepingkai faltered. Its military heads, so the news spread, had recalled half of the soldier force, so the number of prisoners would be smaller, for defeat seemed inevitable. The terror of the people had its explanation. Three hours later a counter-order from the head officer promised reinforcements and armaments and commanded the troops to hold the position and fight to the last man. The order came down to this: "At this hour when we begin a struggle on which may depend the fate of our country, we must strain every effort to oust the enemy. It will be necessary to die rather than cede one inch, and circumstances are such that no surrender will be tolerated." Order and promise inspired the people somewhat and they began to hope again.



READY FOR THE FRAY

It was not long before the regular troops began to reach Szepingkai: regiments, divisions, companies, infantry, artillery, and so forth. One sensed that the entire city, about to plunge into the turmoil of battle, was collecting all its energy and courage. Dexterously and methodically the preparations of war were

carried out. We knew what it would mean: bursting shells of cannon fire, the screeching swish of the artillery, forts connected with one another by a labyrinth of hose, barbed-wire entanglements, parapets, redoubts, retrenchments, trenches stretching serpentlike all along the defence lines, machine-gun nests ready to protect the troops with an iron curtain at the first attack. Nothing that could mean defence in any way was neglected. And above those preliminary operations there hovered something undefinably mysterious and solemn. Was doomsday at hand?

Soldiers poured into Szeping kai like the advancing tide. Bodyguards were billeted in front of public buildings; sentinels stood on duty, determination in their eyes and death in their bayonets; more sentinels paced the ramparts; squadrons patrolled the environs; more men-at-arms swarmed in the streets. In the distance the rataplan of drums and the shrill tones of the clarion combined to provide music that in the occasion lacked all of the entertaining quality.

SISTERS CARE FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Daily skirmishes and deadly combats in the nearby localities taxed to capacity with their casualties the military hospitals of the city. For several days already we had been paying authorized visits to the inmates, speaking words of sympathy and hope at each bedside. To the seriously wounded we spoke of Faith in Christ. Almost spontaneously the weary warriors opened their eyes to the Light of the Gospel. One happy day Sister St. Therese d'Avila⁽¹⁾ made three dying soldiers joint-heirs of the Savior. Sister Joseph Arthur⁽²⁾ had also christened one, to whom the Land of refreshment and peace shortly opened its doors. In another hospital Sister St. Edmond⁽³⁾ gave her father's name to the soldier lad of twenty she made a member of the household of the Faith. Sister Marie du Crucifix⁽⁴⁾ has three to her credit, who are now walking the avenues of Heaven. Most of the soldiers bore their sufferings nobly and cheerfully. Our words of sympathy met the admirable response: "Oh, it's nothing. Only the wounds of the homeland are to be deplored."

A young trooper of nineteen with only one eye laughingly told his visitor: "I gave the other to my country."

In one of the wards we saw some wounded Communists whom our soldiers had removed from the battlefield and over whose welfare they were as concerned as if they had been brother-combatants. What gruesome scenes met our eye on every side! Cheeks torn by bullets, teeth knocked out, arms or legs exhibiting gaping holes dug by bullets, large open sores harboring fragments of shell, shattered throats, severed arms, hands ground to pulp or almost. Yet those were not the worst cases, for Moukden had them. If only we could have pushed the frontiers of the Faith to that rendezvous of suffering and despair not Christ-comforted!

1. Therese SAUVE, St. Scholastique, P. Q.

2. Laura THERIEN, St. Leonard d'Aston, P. Q.

3. Irma DE LADURANTAYE, Cap St. Ignace, P. Q.

4. Eva TESSIER, St. Bonaventure, P. Q.

IN WAITING

Nervous impatience followed the excitement of the first few days. Since we had to have our baptism of shell and fire, the sooner the better. Unflinchingly the soldiers waited for action. In their gnarled hands the steel burned to answer the stern call of duty. No, the Communist brigades would not become lords of the city! Until June 13 we were able to spend the days in our convent, peace still prevailing, armed, anxiety-laden peace though it was.

We kept up our dispensary functions and hospital visits until June 14, when bombing raids punctuated that. Besides our regular clientele we cared for some sixty soldiers daily. Meanwhile a company of regulars stopped at the Catholic Mission and staked their tents in the dispensary and schools. The captain at their head, a man still young in years, having been wounded in a local skirmish, we called upon him every day. Bishop Lapierre sent him some condensed milk, fresh bread and biscuits, all of which the disabled one highly appreciated.

Recreations we took under the shade in our garden, and many a time the soldiers came to chat. It struck them deeply that we had willingly left our homes to live in a country so different from ours. All were sympathetic and polite, and showed great interest in things Catholic.

One fine evening one of their number asked for a catechism, another for a medal of Our Blessed Mother; a third, after hearing Mass in the chapel, sent a servant off with orders to sell his vest so he would have wherewith to buy a book of Christian Doctrine. Of course the catechism and the vest were given him for keeps. With a right good will he settled down to study, was soon baptized and made his First Holy Communion. Christening was taught to him, for he wanted his wounded comrades to keep a reserved seat for him in the Realms above.

Almost every day distressing news trickled through from the "field of Mars." On May 29 the last trains near Moukden were stopped. The Communists blew up the only remaining railroad by which we could communicate with the south. The north, west and east lines had already been done away with. With all the passion at their command the Reds twisted the rails and burned the sleepers so the nationals would be unable to make even emergency repairs. Victuals could be had only by plane. The aviation field tempted the Reds not a little. Daily they attacked it, and daily it was furiously defended. More than seven thousand men were on guard there twenty-four hours a day, but at last the Communists triumphed on June 12. The nationals had to go, but before their exit they set fire everywhere so the Palous (Communist soldiers) wouldn't have even the suggestion of a shelter. Rumor had it that the missionaries might be going off to a safer post, but with the loss of the aerodrome the project went up into thin air. We had to stay, come what may. God's eternal Providence would be our refuge and our strength.

The Reds were established at three-quarters of a mile from the city. Under cover of darkness they advanced to the ramparts and retreated at daybreak. The national troops around the city still held them at bay, but

were powerless to dissuade them from their purpose. Every day planes from Moukden and the capital bombed their trenches and thwarted their plans.

Inside the walls the various regiments had to submit to military drilling. When at night prayers we sang the *Salve Regina* in our yard, the strains to the Queen of the Heavenly Court mingled with the warrior notes of a regiment of light infantry singing the national anthem. While they were exalting with gusto the earthly homeland they loved, we lifted our souls towards the Homeland beyond the skies. After this our exile . . . welcome us home, O Mother!

By June 11 the bombers that zoomed over the city had already notably lessened their firing zone. That meant a Communist advance, as everyone knew. The siege was opening. Orders were given to the people living in the outskirts of the city to evacuate immediately or to withdraw in the interior.



THE SIEGE IS OPENED

On June 13 the bombing planes deafened us all day. Every hour they returned to unleash their fury on the Communist trenches. Meantime the Communists made up their minds, and at 9.00 P. M. retaliated with an attack typical of their ferocity. We were about to leave for the Bishop's Residence, where we had been taking up night quarters since May 25, when suddenly three flaming fuses crimsoned the skies and the cannon belched fire. Under the shell firing that blazed across

the air with blood-curdling screeches we crossed the yard. Earth and debris were lifted up with the flames and the dense black smoke. One moment we remained rooted speechless to the spot, but the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than fear and we were lucky enough to reach the Bishop's Residence without accident. It was high time. The bombing increased; the shells rained down like a torrent. It was a terrible night. Incendiary bombs especially were expected and apprehended. Bishop Lapierre led the recitation of the beads and the litany of the Blessed Virgin. Once again the *Salve Regina* was sung underground. Gradually the terrific blast subsided and some moments were fairly quiet, but that was a sleepless night.

Alarms were daily features thereafter, and nightly ones almost, so we had to live mostly in the underground shelters. On the 14th seven hundred Communists walked into the city, captured the station in the centre and made it their quarters. It must be said by way of explanation that the audacious move had been prepared and made possible by the treason of a body of regulars who killed their leader and dastardly cast their lot with the enemy. That was a staggering blow for our armies, but that very day they

were able to finish three hundred of the intruders. The others scattered to the nearby dwellings and no one could lay hands upon them, for nothing singled them out of the common people whose dress they wore. Their weapons lay concealed underneath.

From June 13 to 23 we lived in our underground "monastery." Spiritual exercises were in no wise omitted, for Sisters remain such, war or no war. Besides the usual schedule there was a twenty-four-hour guard of honor daily at the feet of the Divine Prisoner, who had come along to share our sorrowful plight. With Him near by, days in the cellar sanctuary were shorter and brighter. Our meals we took standing next to a board propped in the stone wall, as it was impossible to sit down. Sometimes we were able to snatch a few hours of sleep, packed like sardines.

At critical minutes we were huddled all twenty-four in a little twelve by ten enclosure. It was suffocating, to say the least, but better by far than to have your head blown off by a killing bomb. Sleepless nights happened too often than good for the health and high spirits. Still we were better off than so many beggared Chinese who had no roof over their head, no place they could call home. In our hearts and souls we had the Prince of Peace, and we were strong with the indomitable strength of the Almighty.

Several times the Mission faced utter disaster. Bullets streamed in from every direction. Even the bravest of the brave became less sure of their mettle. At every daybreak the bombing planes put in an appearance, which appearance, it may be said, brought a lesser evil, for the cannon usually kept its peace when they came on the scene. Meanwhile the Reds were gaining ground all the time. The first great struggle in the interior took place in a public park, in the southwestern part of the city. That eternity of three hours marked a desperate bayonet charge where our soldiers proved rocks of courage. The dead and the wounded fell pellmell in the ravines and trenches. The enemy retreated, but the ground remained strewn with the dead and the dying. That was war: bloody carnage with human likenesses of God slaughtering one another. Almost daily the enemy registered new conquests. The Communists, disguised as peasants, stole into the peasant homes to ascertain how matters stood and prepare the inflow of the bulk of their troops. Their clever contrivances and devilish schemes served them in good stead. They even resorted to dyeing their horses light blue or leaf-green to fool the death-dealers overhead.

One night a venturesome group cloaked in dogskins and equipped with long scissors crawled on knees and palms to cut the barbed wires of the retrenchments. So lifelike was the camouflage that at first glance the sentry did not think of worrying about the three "Rovers" who barked their way along like worthy editions of the canine race. But the guards grew suspicious when more and more of the species came barking on the scene. Then the guards' rifles barked in their turn, and the dogs met their Waterloo. When the guards examined their kill, they were nothing short of astounded to find they had slaughtered not dogs but Communists disguised as such.

At noontime on the 12th, mammoth planes circled above the city. Suddenly a dozen parachutes emerged from one and sailed earthward.

There was no end of cheering and hand clapping, for here were food and munitions from the capital. The manoeuvre was kept up for several days right under the enemy's nose. Naturally a piercing swish of artillery hailed every group of paratroopers, and more than once cases of munitions were blown up to bits and several lives were lost.

One sunny morning when all was quiet we Sisters decided to go a-berrying. That would be quite a relief, we all agreed, from underground tedium. Hardly had we begun to pry among the green leaves when a bomb crashed close by. Berry-picking was not the wisest of occupations, we concluded — and concluded our excursion. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were back in the shelter. One bomb meant two, four, five and maybe more.

Safe once more, we looked at our empty cups and laughed. However, everyone was glad over the brief outing: the springtime beauty of nature, the birds at morning prayers, the shy little flowers, the bracing atmosphere, the flawless blue and the brightness of the sunny day — we had had time to take all that in, and those creations of the Divine Artist rested us from our prosaic days underground. Could we only have lived in peace, with God's blue skies above us instead of a dingy cellar ceiling! But this war had to be gone through; the Christ of Battles would be the Christ of Peace in the hour known to Him alone.

Slowly the besiegers progressed and little by little they invaded the western and most beautiful part of Szepingkai. It was a herculean job for the planes of the regular army to rout them by dint of bombing and more bombing. Entire streets were leveled by the bombs and burned. The station of Szepingkai, after vain efforts at recovery, was set on fire by the nationals, so the Palous would march out. From the Bishop's Residence we could see the licking flames. So much destruction coupled with the enemy's steady forward advance was enough to chill the warmest optimism.

Then came news that generated hope. South China promised to send a reinforcement of one hundred thousand men to the rescue.

WHAT IS ANGUISH ?

Always the same despairing note hammered in our ears: the Red armies were making progress all the time. Already they held the main section of the city and they were now heading for the bridge that would give them access to our sector. Our soldiers fought like Trojans. A great number of Communists were kept busy digging underground trenches that connected them with points not yet conquered. Day and night the two artilleries continued the firing, dealing death and destruction on every side.

Like seasoned war veterans, the little group of Sisters worried no more about the thundering orchestra. "Hold on a little longer and surely time will silence that!" We had to stay in hiding, for every minute could bring tragedy. However, we went up to the ground floor several times a day to care for the wounded who were many.

In the cellars we housed families of Christians whose homes had been reduced to shambles in bombing raids. Many poor victims there met tragic deaths. Christians and pagans alike swarmed to the Mission compound



SISTER MARIE EMMANUEL (BERTHE CREVIER, ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE)
DRESSING THE SORES OF A KOREAN LEPER AT THE SZEPINGKAI DISPENSARY

for sanctuary from the hurricane of fire and iron. Space was lacking, but these couldn't be left to their fate. The cellars were overcrowded. Many of the wounded soldiers were completely exhausted and were nevertheless obliged to hold on with fever, fatigue and sleeplessness sapping their remaining strength. All showed themselves bulwarks of morale.

The reinforcements were nearing, but all along their way they had to fight for their lives, as this was Communist-dominated territory they were crossing. Cannon and machine-gun fire barred their way and their position was not altogether a secure one. Patiently we awaited the rescuing army, hoping and praying for our liberation.

DANGER . . . FLIGHT

Everyone confessed to a dull feeling of apprehension on the morning of June 23. Our fighting men, despite their resolute battling, had lost the combat of the previous night. The hostile powers had strengthened their positions and advanced their lines one street away from us. It was common knowledge that the Mission was the Communists' target; it was even rumored that they might dynamite it by making their way underground as they had so cleverly done elsewhere.

But were the enemy troops to invade the Mission and use it as their vantage point, the regular planes would bomb our buildings mercilessly as soon as the Reds would be occupying them and we would perish in the encounter. In any event we could not stay, and, short of a miracle, flight meant death. Only Heaven could help.

Our Superiors pondered the problem and undertook to solve the distressing dilemma, seeking above all the accomplishment of God's all-holy will. And the Lord who is never far away from those who call upon Him came to our assistance.

Quite suddenly a young Christian lieutenant of the seventy-first army arrived like the messenger of Providence. He knew many things we did not, and among these that the Catholic Mission was doomed.

"Quick!" he warned His Excellency and the missionary personnel, "flee right away. This is your last chance. Be off, and quickly!"

Lightning-like the alarm spread. No valises, no luggage — leave immediately. One minute, two minutes, while quivering hands endeavored to grasp an article of clothing, a little household item . . . Three minutes . . .

"Be off, Sisters! We ought to be gone already! Leave everything behind. You simply can't take anything along. Come on!"

Terror-stricken, all obeyed. Bishop, Fathers, Sisters, Native Sisters, Seminarians, Christian and pagan refugees, more than two hundred persons escaping under the rain of bullets and the shell fire.

Common misery stirred feelings of common brotherhood. Our Christians attempted to rejoin their nearest of kin, while the littlest ones of the fugitive crowd wept their eyes out. Some who had barely had time to snatch their clothes dressed as best as they could on the way. The Chinese cook dragged along a bag of bread and meat bought the day before. His remarkable presence of mind and humaneness had whispered that the itinerant ones needed something more substantial than anxieties to live on.

Once a few streets had been safely left behind, we were unexpectedly obliged to halt at the point of the bayonet, surly sentries ordering a hasty retreat. We tried to make them understand reason and they threatened by way of response to throw hand grenades. Fright did make us retrograde, but only a few steps. We had to pass and would have done so even if the bayonets had suddenly increased tenfold in number. Bullets were screaming above our heads and shell fire filling the air. "Lord, help us this once again!"

A Chinese seminarian took it upon himself to give them a satisfactory explanation. "We are all from the Catholic Mission and have orders to flee."

"Who gave those orders?" came the crisp retort. "Let him come forward."

In the helter-skelter rush all had forgotten about the officer who had undoubtedly rejoined his comrades. For a few tense moments all eyes anxiously looked for him. Providence had sent this man: he would help us till the end. Suddenly, to our great joy and relief, he ran up from behind the group. After two minutes of matter-of-fact discussion the bayonet bars were removed before the fugitives. Thanks be to God!

Half-commiseratingly the soldiers watched us hastening on. "They are all going to their deaths," thought they. They did not know that we had God's eternally wakeful Providence with us.

And so we continued on our long and tiresome trek. Everywhere we could see the preparations for the conflict soon to be. What we glimpsed of the city was wrecked beyond recognition: things looked so gloomy on all sides, electric poles were cut down and the wires scattered about in the streets.

When our flight had gone into thirty minutes and even before that, everyone was out of breath and perspiration dampened every forehead. Our procession was unprecedented in the history of processions, inasmuch as there was nothing attractive, poetic or pompous about it. But at last our tired eyes detected the walls of our protecting shelter ahead. Soon we halted in front of the High School of the Clerics of St. Viator, Canadian missionaries who conduct a flourishing Mission at the city limits. The establishment with its spacious grounds and several units had been occupied since the outbreak of hostilities by a regiment of regular soldiers. The generalissimo of the northern armies was also residing here of late, so we were at headquarters. This point was the safest and strongest of the city, but the most exposed as well and that especially coveted by the foe.

An express permission from the generalissimo alone could allow us in, and the gentleman was not always easy of approach. Accordingly, His Excellency and the safety-seeking flock had to wait for an answer in the streets. After a quarter of an hour the doors opened, and beneath the watchful eyes of the bodyguard we stepped inside. Unluckily, the officers would not admit the many Christians who had followed us. It was a cruel blow for those who had no home to return to. They turned back crying.

All the buildings of the Mission were already occupied by the army and its annexes: battalions, divisions, companies of skirmishers, gunners, bodies of grenadiers, and still others. We were given residential quarters in the chapel, from which the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, as there was no other room available.

What a comfort! God was greeting us "At Home." With the kindness and charity that is their wont the Clerics of St. Viator welcomed us and shared what they had with us. No gunning was going on here. "All quiet on the western front." The only thing we did not quite relish was the uninterrupted boom-boom-boom of the cannon back home that reached our ears here at the other end of the city.

Minds relaxed and hearts broke out in thanksgiving. "God is so good! Thank You, dear Lord." This last-moment departure on the caution of an unknown officer, the passage unscathed through the thousand and one hazards of battle, this abode of tranquillity and happiness — all these bore the imprint of God's provident finger. God had intervened to save us. We wondered when it would be given us to see our Mission abandoned in circumstances so crushing. Catastrophes were inevitable and beforehand we spoke our *Fiat*.

Going to bed presented no complications that night, for we simply stretched full length in our habits on the chapel floor. Some of us had been unable to take off our black dresses for the last three weeks. Under our throbbing heads, in pillow guise we placed all our scant earthly store: the little parcel brought that same morning.

We had next to nothing. Our white habits had been left behind, as we had our black ones on when departure orders came to the cellar refuge. These we now had, along with a grey apron for each of us. Nothing more.

With holy Job we can now truthfully say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord."

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

On the morrow we remembered our Canadian heritage and with heart and voice sang the glory of the great forerunner of Christ, St. John the Baptist, who happens to be entrusted with the welfare of the French-Canadian nation. Here there would be no parade, no paean of praise, no symphony. All noise, however slight, was prohibited in order that the war equipment installed in the houses might function properly. Two radios and twenty telephones received information and transmitted orders to the various sections of the city, as well as messages in all directions and as far as the capital. Whenever bombers were required in some section or other, an appeal was sent out to the city of Moukden, and in thirteen minutes the destroyers, all ready for action, pierced the sky and released their deadly energy on the point indicated. Then, like fleet-winged skylarks, they took to the blue again — when the blue painted by Artist Fingers was at all visible. Their manoeuvres were not lacking in interest, except, it goes without saying, for the poor victims of the bombings.

DARKER SHADES IN THE PICTURE

The Communist troops were now aiming our way. It was to be expected that they would strain every nerve to gain the headquarters of the enemy army. What could we expect but hours of anguish again?

The first nights, by the way, had served us a foretaste of them. Explosions were earsplitting on the second floor, and it was impossible to hide in the already crowded shelters, as close to seven hundred persons shared the establishment.

On the very day of our exodus the Reds walked into the Catholic Mission, where a fierce combat ensued between them and our soldiers who showed their worth in trying to the last to keep their position. The ground was littered with dead. Finally the Palous took to their heels, only to come back for good to the Mission the following day. That same day a telegram announced that the south army, divided in two columns, was at a distance of sixty li, or twenty miles. The tidings buoyed up our fighters. And always the cannon bellowed and danger stalked everywhere.

At noon a countrywoman returning from her henhouse was watching the soldiers digging a trench. Of a sudden a bomb burst. When the cloud of smoke blew away, woman and henhouse were no longer in sight. The remains of a leg were found in a field near by; all the rest had been ground to dust. Thousands of the peasantry died, lacking protection from bombs as they did.

One evening the enemy cannons opened their firing at prayer time. We admit that distractions swarmed that night. Projectiles rained down on both sides of the house with blood-chilling fury. Several luckily passed

above the building, tearing through the air with sinister screams. The first downpour was followed by another, and the bombs crashed on the building, digging large, gaping holes. It was a good thing that we were ably defended by the thirty pieces of cannon, several of them of imposing calibre, hidden around the walls.

Naturally our gunners responded right energetically, while the machine-guns did their duty and thousands of rifles unleashed their pent-up reserves. In the midst of that babel of booms telephones rang unceasingly, officers gave brief orders, signalmen called from one fort to another, and high above all that, we could hear the bursting of bombs and the muffled roar of projectiles dealt from the camp. In the dark of night all that hurly-burly was of a solemn and terrifying aspect. Nothing can give an idea of that infernal clatter and of the shivers that ran down our spines. One must have gone through it to understand. It was minutes like hell. Sleep was entirely out of the question that night, even if two sleepless nights had been immediate predecessors. Death lay in waiting at any moment, for at any moment a bomb could remove us from the land of the living. In God's and Mary's hands we abandoned ourselves, and our *Aves* rose to her who is mightier than army in battle array. The cannon rumbled all night long — how long it was! From time to time red fuses crimsoned the sky. Every one of them meant another discharge.

The following night was more quiet, so we were able to take some rest. But some of the Sisters had nightmares and cried out in terror: "The Palous! The Palous are coming!" We gently awoke them, assuring them that, thanks to God, the Palous were still a good distance away.

On the 26th the Fathers climbed on the roof but did not see the cathedral steeples as usual. It was learned that afternoon that the cathedral had been bombed as well as several other buildings, some of which had been burned by the Reds. Dense black smoke arose from the mass of ruins.

As to the western part of the city, it was going up in smoke also, and at nightfall the long line of fire that fringed the horizon was dreadful to see. In the meantime the Communists were gaining more and more ground.

In the midst of all that uproar the June beauty of nature unfolded. We who had to look through windows barricaded almost to the top and remain at a distance to do so, could catch nothing but a little vista of the heavens' blue and emerald treetops sparkling in the springtime sun. It would have felt so delicious just to be in the great open for two minutes. But screeching bombs made it their grim business to bring us back to reality. Whenever the projectile hailed from a new quarter, we knew that the Palous had changed their position.

On the 26th regular planes showered circulars over the city, asking the Communists to surrender. They were assured of brotherly treatment. Should they refuse, they were threatened with terrific reprisals, as the army of rescue was only one day's distance away. The Government well knew that the oppressors would not strike the colors, but it intended to be moderate and merciful to the last.

WARTIME NIGHT

One wartime night we shall never forget. It was only 8.00 P. M. and at that early hour the situation was fraught with possibilities dark and monstrous. The unceasing machine-gunning and bombing provided an ideal setting for sober thoughts on death. There were moments when we simply held our breaths, not knowing how many seconds more of life would be granted us.

The windows seemed of gigantic proportions. Should one single bomb penetrate inside, in the twinkling of an eye our lifeless bodies would lie uncoffined under the wreckage. Incendiary bombs fast succeeded one another, silhouetting their gruesome red against the darkened sky. Sometimes nervous cries or long-drawn sighs betrayed fear and agony. Not a word was spoken. We were all huddled together on the floor of the corridor, which position could not but become next to unbearable within a short time. A terrible night that was! We thought at times that morning would never dawn for us, but at long last it did, and with it hope rose again. With tired eyes we greeted the new day, but with hearts grateful, for we knew that daytime hours would be more livable. The enemy had now pushed long steel fingers and clutched three-fourths of the city.

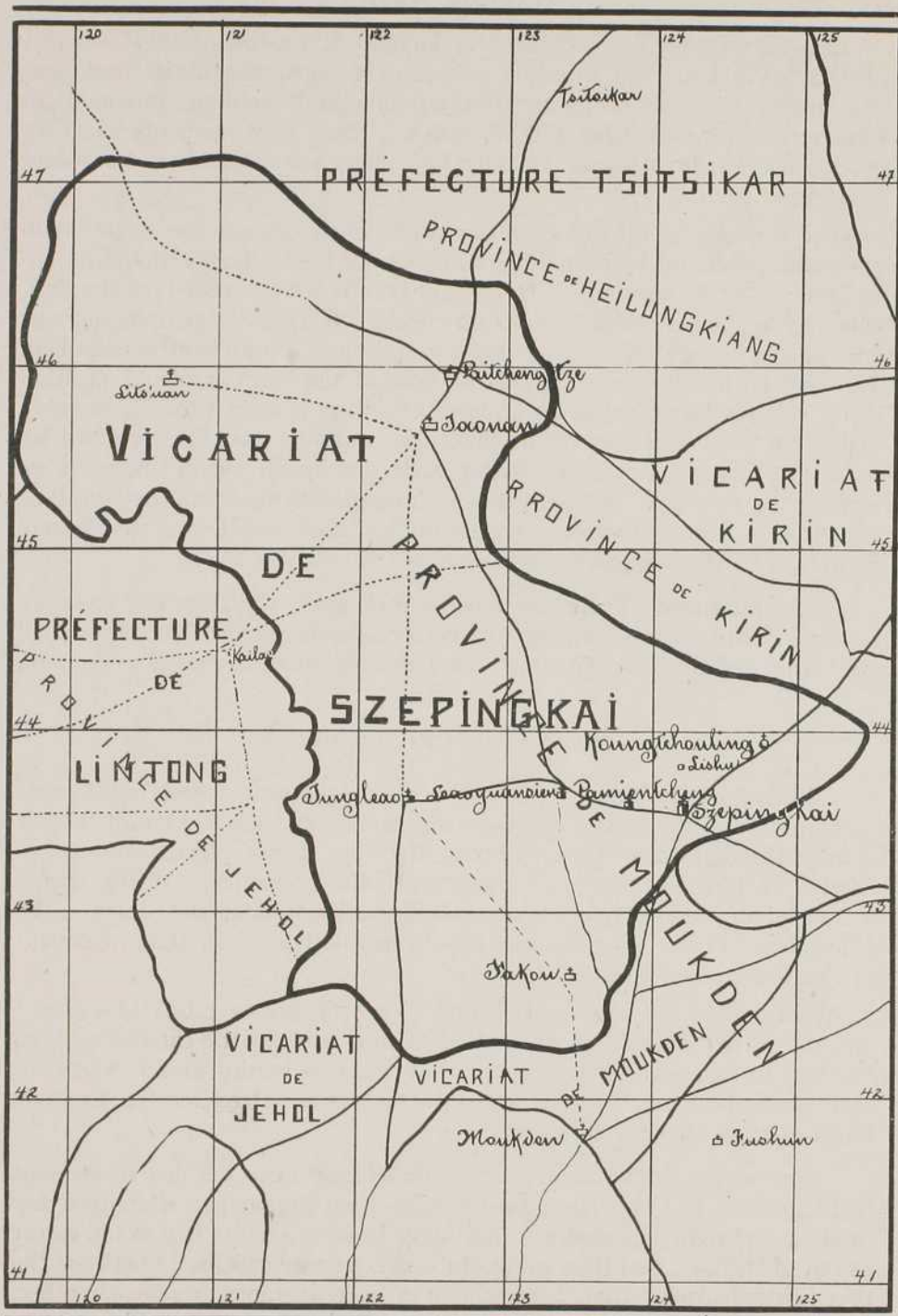
In the afternoon we tried to snatch a little sleep, which we had so sorely lacked. When such is wanting, the personal strife against low spirits is all the harder and the "keep smiling" habit becomes more strenuous to keep up.

VISIONS NOT SO BRIGHT

All day long on June 27 our soldiers at headquarters were fidgety and dispirited. They sensed the danger and something like a wave of despair floated through their ranks. Would they be strong enough and brave enough to hold out until the coming of reinforcements? If the enemy succeeded in cutting through our last lines, that boded our doom. The officers would resort to suicide or shoot one another rather than be caught in the Communist trap.

What would we missionaries do? Try the pagan mode of escape? No, the Fifth Commandment we had learned in our little-catechism days. We had to find another way out. How the Red hordes would gloat over their precious booty — they who have as much hatred for the Catholic Faith as they have for foreigners!

Upon advice from the officers the missionary force decided to attempt flight towards Li Chou Hien, twelve miles from Szepingkai, if another day brought no brighter prospects. An officer bearing a white flag would escort us out of the city, and then we would wend our way cautiously between the two fighting armies that were still at a good distance from each other. Perilous indeed was the expedient. Li Chou Hien being Communist-occupied, it meant flight from one danger to another, but nothing else could be done.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

Our retrenchments bravely bore up under the rain of shell fire. With another new day the situation did not seem more alarming, and thoughts of the flight to Li Chou Hien were dismissed. Our only prayer was that God's holy will might be done.

Bishop Lapierre solemnly consecrated the missionary band to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and implored upon all the benediction of the Most High.

Over and over it was rumored that the Reds had been suffering enormous losses. Moreover they were weaker now, for they had had to scatter their forces to check the advance of the rescuing army. Those of our soldiers who could "read between the lines" predicted that before too long the Reds would meet their match and more.

On the evening of the 28th came a heartening telegram from the long-expected. Once more everyone rejoiced and a feeling of calm assurance pervaded the atmosphere. The courageous defenders of the stronghold were urged to hold on a little longer, for already the vanguard was at the city gates.

The weakening besiegers, knowing any move of theirs would prove a boomerang, began to cede on this and that point.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Everyone buoyed himself or herself up to withstand the last, and not the least, assaults of those who would be compelled to retreat. A horrible night followed. This was the enemy's desperate charge, the last great endeavor to gain the mastery. Bullets rained down all night. We trembled with fear all through the small hours, and a hundred times asked ourselves with anxiety whether morning would find us still alive.

LIBERATION

Contrary to our expectations, the enemy cannon kept silent on the evening of June 29. Our artillery opened the fire and set to destroy the Communist lines. Towards nine o'clock our able defenders caught the enemy fleeing, setting everything on fire as a last requital.

One hour later a plane slowly circled above the city; this was the welcome signal of the long-desired arrival of allies. Already we could hear quite distinctly in the distance the roar of their cannons. The vanquished foemen fled before the perspective, and discharges from our artillery escorted them out of Szeping kai.

"Better be on the lookout," one of our colonels had warned his men; "the enemy will likely try a last bite before leaving for good."

So it happened. At midnight three formidable bombs burst all together, followed a little later by five or six others, the Communist ultimates.

Our soldiers fired till almost daylight, but the mad din did not create any great sensation of terror. Our allies were simply giving the fugitives a military pat on the back.

Early on June 30 high spirits were breaking through in smiles of relief. Victory! Victory! Glory and gratitude to the Most Sacred Heart of

Jesus who, on the very last day of His consecrated June-month, had bestowed on our warring section the thrice-blessed gift of deliverance and peace!

No words could express the joy that filled the war-weary, anxiety-laden hearts that had had to undergo so many trials and tribulations during the campaign.

Bishop Lapierre invited all the missionaries to offer their morning Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving to God for the protection "more powerful than an army of steel or bronze" that had been granted us during the fray.

There was mirth and laughter and joy to light up every face and gladden every soul. The soldiers, who had so valiantly borne the brunt of the battle, were gay and very much alive; gone was their fatigue; their gleeful songs filled the building and the yard.

The missionaries were not remiss either in singing their thanks to the Lord God of hosts who had been with us all through the duration. It was a joyful, grateful hymn that arose from every breast on that unforgettable June 30.

At daybreak that morning squadrons of military men launched out for "mopping-up operations," that is to say, to dispatch the Communists who were too sluggish-like in their retreat.

We had orders to be on the lookout for stray bullets. So it was not a good policy to be out in the yard, and we remained cooped in all day. In the evening all the missionaries gathered for a solemn Holy Hour of adoration and thanksgiving in the bomb-scarred chapel, that had taken on its welcoming attitude of the good old days when life was peaceful and happy.

On July 1, the Feast of the Precious Blood, a High Mass, again of thanksgiving, was sung with all the missionaries present. Following the offering of the Holy Sacrifice the *Te Deum* was chanted by all right solemnly.

Once in a while, on that day when July was ushered into the world, we heard the clamor of explosions, but there was nothing much to worry about; the engineers of the regular army were doing brief business to the mines scattered in almost every conceivable place by the Communists.

THE AFTERMATH

The Communists, who were one hundred thousand strong to open their warfare, lost more than half of their combatants in the siege of Szepingkai. Sorry-looking mounds of decaying corpses could be seen in certain places, and the trenches were literally strewn with them. The nationals also had to pay a heavy tribute: they sacrificed two-thirds of their army, roughly, twenty thousand soldiers.

Civilians also had untold hardships and sufferings as their lot. Canonades and bombardments made something like twenty to thirty thousand victims.

All that was beauty in Szepingkai, the most attractive sections and the buildings of unusual architectural splendor, all now lies in shambles, a dismal sight to behold. Szepingkai, victorious though it was, can justly be called the martyr city that paid with blood and tears the remission of its only crime: that of being the point of junction of several railroad lines, an

important Manchurian centre, a strategic position, in short, on which the rivals had set covetous eyes.

Szeping kai is not only the martyr city; it will go down in history as the heroic city reddened with the brave blood of its daring defenders, who nobly went to their deaths rather than leave it at the mercy of their adversaries. Theirs was a grand, magnificent courage, a courage that the heel of the oppressor could never stamp out. The young soldiers fallen for their country's sake on the field of honor rightly deserve the unending tribute of our admiration and thanks. Newspaper headlines will never blazon their names and extol their feats, and these braves will sleep in nameless graves until, as we pray, the Angel of the Resurrection will lead them soul and body to the Mansions of eternal joy. Yes, may the Almighty and merciful God forgive them their human failings and bring them to life everlasting in His Kingdom. Such is our daily prayer for those who accepted to die that we might live to continue our mission of making Christ known, loved and served in their homeland.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION

As soon as it was at all possible to do so, we returned to visit our dear Mission which we had been compelled to evacuate in times so peril-fraught. Alas! the iron hand of battle has wrought such havoc in this sector that it was only with the utmost difficulty that we could recognize the streets once so familiar, the very streets we knew as well as the way from school to home in happy childhood years.

We lack words to express with something like nearness to the truth the mournful condition of the Mission. The cathedral stands skeleton-like with its overturned bells, bomb-scarred walls, blown-in roof, etc. Parts of bells lie here and there on the ground. Poor cathedral bells, you will remain silent for long!

The statue of the Sacred Heart, however, still dominates the main altar, extending protecting arms over this wilderness of ruins, as if to remind those who stop to pray that in the changes and chances of life He remains the Changeless Friend, whose great Heart of compassion is ever open to welcome and comfort.

The Bishop's Residence, which received the full impact of brutal warfare and was the target of bombs at all times, is but a mass of smoking rubble. The destructive energy that rained there was prodigious. The thick cement floors were broken as if they had been made of glass and parts of them carried here and there like straws wind-blown. Even the stones under the building, several feet in thickness and solidly cemented, were spliced, cut into pieces, or reduced to ashes. Then fire mercilessly took care of what had escaped the bombing raids. Smoke is still puffing out of the coal-stored cellars, and so will it do for days and days, until the provision is gone to cinders. A thick layer of ashes lies upon the sad-looking ruins.

The monstrance that served to enshrine the Sacramental Savior during Holy Hours in our underground chapel was found at a great distance,

twisted, shapeless, and without its gilt surface. Only the raw metal remained after the touch of the all-consuming flames.

The red hand of destruction has even touched the precious objects of the Mission; sacred vessels, altar decorations, documents, papers, cases of altar lingerie and many other things were destroyed, burned or charred.

Our convent has not been left intact. The bombs that were so often aimed at it have ground it to pulp. The battered walls are still standing, but the inside is nothing short of a complete wreck. The houses that were lucky enough to escape fire or entire wiping out are punched with bullet holes as thick as raindrops. The yard and the gardens are utterly devastated: trees are broken or beheaded; many have only a bomb-riddled trunk to show; the walls are completely gone at places and the ground is covered with bomb-holes, trenches and machine-gun nests. At every step you can touch desolation. The whole Mission, it may be said without exaggeration, presents a sight that beggars description.

A great number of dead Communists and nationals were buried hastily in the gardens and yards and other places. As the soldiers barely had time to throw some earth over their lost ones, these decaying mounds constituted a grave menace to public health and security. Measures were therefore taken to remove all the corpses and have them burned in piles. Many still lie at the Mission, alongside of walls, in trenches, everywhere. When an incendiary bomb was thrown at the native novitiate, a Communist platoon met unexpected death. Whole skeletons and limbs torn off lie here and there among the charred remains of the edifice. In one corner of our garden dead corpses were so numerous that it was judged preferable to have them burned on the spot rather than try to remove them. Human legs cut off by shells were found in our strawberry patch; other parts of bodies hanging from trees or on house walls and tinged with blood presented a ghastly sight.

The whole Mission was razed, even down to the details, and looms like a spectre. There was written the stirring epic of this war of maddening frenzy, and there also the invading forces were dealt blows that paralyzed their march, and while for five days they fought like fiends, they were unable to gain the fortress of God's missionaries. What shall we render to the Lord for the bounteous blessings and the peerless protection of His loving Providence? Never shall we forget how miraculously we were defended and encouraged by the Divine Comforter.

One of the principal aims of the Communists in invading the Catholic Mission had undoubtedly been to lay hands on the missionaries. When the Chinese apprised them of our flight, between clenched teeth they squeezed out words altogether unprintable, but we were "untouchables" now.

They gratify us with the title of Americans, and when the Chinese remind them that we are Canadians, they growl: "It's all the same to us!" They know that the nationals' armaments, rifles, machine-guns, etc., mostly all bear the Canadian trademark.

But anyway God has delivered us from their hands — and heartily we

render Him thanks. We are all alive, and that's the essential. But life is about all we have. As to our Mission, it will be a matter of beginning again from the ground up. The Seminary had just been repaired before the blast, but everything will have to be begun over.

In the face of the mission crisis Bishop Lapierre is admirably calm and courageously resigned, although the labor of over twenty years has entirely collapsed. The harvests that justified the most elated of hopes have been devastated, and even the furrows are ravaged.

These last seven years have been years of almost continual agony and hardship for our missionaries. "Suffering," says Bishop Lapierre, "is the ransom price of souls, and the divine methods of Redemption are being continued. Let us thank Our Lord who does us the honor of having us lie on the cross beside Him."

RESTORATION

It will take years and years before the restoration. It would be useless for the missionaries to undertake it as long as the situation remains as it now is, as precarious as a castle of cards. Still, it would not do to apprehend the future too much. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Our Canadian missions in Manchuria have never gone through a like storm, but we are confident that someday, somehow, there will be another turning of the wheel of God's destiny, and the wrongs of the world will be righted.

HEAVENLY BLOSSOMS IN THE WILDERNESS

July 11, 1947

For ten days now the rat-tat-tat of guns is hushed and poor battle-gashed Szepingkai is slowly recovering from the onslaught, somewhat like a tired sleeper coming out of a horrible nightmare. Along the gloomy streets we daily wander, in search of apostolic conquests to offer Our Lord and Master, for the destitute and the dying are more numerous than ever. How we long to make each and every one ready for the enjoyment of eternal beatitude in the company of the best of Fathers!

Everywhere war is written in characters of defeat, despair and desolation. The city aqueduct has been dynamited to rubble. Incendiary bombs have razed large modern stores, and what they left standing fell a prey to devastating flames.

The City Hall, the Palace of Justice, the Bank and its branch offices, the Administrative Offices, the Public Instruction and Electrical Offices, the Post Office, military hospitals and others, the schools, the station that was the pride of Szepingkai — all is subdued down to burning heaps.

Scantly-clad people are vainly trying to recover something of what was once their home. Ragged urchins string empty cartridges on cords to make beads or play with the iron helmets of dead soldiers. All are admirable in their resignation.

A penniless father found only sections of walls where once his home had stood. Painstakingly he set about to adjust pieces of rusty sheet iron so the rain would not beat down too harshly on his little ones.

Others have scarcely been able to recognize the place where their house was. With only the sky above them for a roof now, they try to make a little earthen oven to cook their meagre meals.

Several who endured the blow on the spot came through all right, but a great number also are wounded and have no one to minister to their needs. Premature deaths are many in such circumstances. Materially we cannot do much to relieve the suffering victims, but spiritually we can and do give them the right to the Kingdom of everlasting happiness. We return home with joyful step when, as was the case today, we are bringing back a sheaf of ten beautiful heads, culled along our way.

These last days have afforded us similar consolations, and we pray that the Divine Harvester will increase our garnerings.

To return to our makeshift convent we pass by sections less damaged by war. There the intense and tumultuous movement characteristic of Chinese cities is once more the rule. Roadside merchants are back again and behind their counter — a simple piece of cotton stretched on the ground — offer you their cigarettes, soap, green onions, booklets and colored pictures, greasy biscuits swimming in oil, little painted umbrellas, baskets of piment and spinach, hot macaroni, glasses of a greenish liquid said to be most refreshing, etc. The whole is roasted under a leaden sun and copiously sprayed with dust. Here and there a barber's chair, a fortune-teller's table or a shoeblack's bench breaks the long line of counters.

One time we noticed a very old man offering for sale small bundles of charred wood he had at great pains picked up in the shambles. Farther on, a tiny country girl had been offering to the passers-by, since morning, the two eggs her mother had sent her to sell in Szeping kai.

The sick and sad and sorry are beyond reckoning in this ravaged section of Manchurian territory. Daily, on our errands of mercy, we meet untold numbers of them begging us to help them in their plight. Did we only have enough bottles and pills and all the other things to cure the ailments that mortal flesh is heir to! How many sufferings we could thus relieve, and how many hearts would be happy again! But those are just idle daydreams: we are so poor and needy ourselves that what we can do for the destitute is woefully little. However, little though it may be, we offer it with kindness and good will, remembering that Our Lord regards as done to Himself personally whatever we do for His human brethren. Almost daily it is our privilege to open the Heavenly Gates for waiting souls; our mission is indeed lofty and in these trying times we appreciate it all the more. God has called us here to help Him save precious, immortal souls, and in saving them we are doing His holy will. As long as souls are saved and God's adorable will is done on the face of the earth, nothing else matters much.

* * *

Thirty of our missionary Sisters who were devoting themselves in the apostolic fields of Szeping kai, Manchuria, have been compelled, in the face of another opening of hostilities by the Communists, to abandon their

Mission and seek safety in Tsungming. From there, they have recently gone to reinforce our various mission posts in China, the Philippine Islands and Japan.

Our eleven missionary Sisters remaining in Communist-dominated Leaoyuansien and Paitchengtze, have so far been unable to effect their departure for safer zones.

ST. JOHNS, Quebec

The Tabernacle Guild of our convent reopened its sewing meets on October 15 last, with our revered Pastor, His Excellency Most Rev. A. Forget, present to bless and encourage the willing workers who are giving of their time and talent for the progress of the charitable organization.

In a few words of paternal interest and concern His Excellency reminded his listeners that several new parishes in the diocese needed church vestments and altar lingerie, without for that overlooking the dire necessities being felt in mission lands. He thanked the ardent helpers of the Work for their achievements of the year, and said how he had been in a position to admire their finely made products in one of the newly founded parishes that had been made the beneficiary of several articles coming from the Tabernacle Guild.

With his usual kindness His Excellency then gave to the indefatigable president of the Circle, Miss J. F. Saint-Cyr, a substantial offering for the maintenance of the Work.

This precious encouragement from the spiritual Head of our diocese has spurred the zealous collaborators to ever greater efforts to fulfill the noble task which is theirs, to purvey needy churches and chapels with the articles required for the worthy functioning of the cult.

We hope that the number of our deft-fingered and kind-hearted workers will show a marked increase before too long. To all who wish to take part, in some way or other, in the so beneficent and meritorious organization, we are here extending the heartiest of welcomes and offering our grateful thanks.

Marian Day

Our first Marian Day held in October at the St. Bernadette Retreat House, Diocese of St. Johns, Que., has indeed been a great success. The atmosphere of piety and the fervor of all left no doubt but that all realized the privilege of sharing this day of prayerful reflection. Former retreatants and new members from Montreal, Longueuil, Greenfield Park, Lacolle, St. Johns, Montreal South, St. Lambert and St. Maxime joined the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in a day of love and homage to our Blessed Mother.

Nature smiled down on us in all her grandeur of warm sunshine, bringing to our "Retreat Home" and lovely grounds, that feeling of relaxation,



TAKEN ON THE MARIAN DAY AT ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

peace and repose. The exquisitely arranged blue and white decorations of the interior and exterior of the house spoke of that ever loving care and tireless effort on the part of the Sisters to pay tribute to their Immaculate Mother.

In the hands of Rev. John Hanley, S.J., of Loyola College, Montreal, the religious ceremonies, instructions and prayers were a revelation.

The Order of the Day began with Holy Mass at 9.00 o'clock, at which hymns were sung in honour of the Blessed Mother. In the three instructions throughout the day Father Hanley stressed the humility of Mary our Mother in exercises both simple and intellectual, inspiring and instructive, leaving a lasting impression, a greater love and understanding of our heavenly Mother.

The three parts of the Rosary, Litany of our Blessed Mother, Examination of Conscience, Confessions, broken by breakfast, lunch, supper and free time, carried our day into 7.00 o'clock. After supper hour a candle light procession, in which both lay members and Sisters joined, amid the singing of hymns, wended its way to the part of the grounds so well loved by all our retreatants, the Shrine of the Blessed Mother. Candle light bringing clearly before us the beautiful statue of Mary Our Mother of Graces with her outstretched hands, and the moon casting rays across the gentle flowing Richelieu River only a few feet away, made an impressive setting for the Act of Consecration read by Father Hanley at the feet of the Queen of Heaven. Returning to the Retreat House, the day closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Our first never-to-be-forgotten Marian Day of praise and prayer to the Mother of God had come to a close. We are happy to announce that it will be an Annual Marian Day.

It may interest you to know that since the inception of the St. Bernadette Retreat Association in 1936, 425 single women, 124 married women and 187 Iroquois Indian girls of Caughnawaga, have made retreats at St. Johns. — What is a Closed Retreat? In the simplest lay terms a Closed Retreat is a period of withdrawing as much as possible from the world and its perplexing material problems to take spiritual inventory. The exercises are varied in character, engaging the interest of the retreatant. Conferences are held, at which the Retreat Master talks over, in an informal way, topics of basic spiritual importance. In the peace of a retreat, hours of comfort and rest, spiritual nourishment and fortitude are found.

Our next Retreat takes place over the weekend of May 22-23 and 24. Join us. You will be most welcome.

*The Voice of the Retreatant
St. Bernadette Retreat Association*



Never give way to that false persuasion that the service of God means pain and difficulty; we never serve Him so well as in joy.

Rev. D. Considine, S. J.



TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF MR. ROY FONG'S BAPTISM, OCTOBER 16

CHICOUTIMI

WITHIN THE FOLD OF HOLY CHURCH

October 16 marked the entry of a new name into the Book of Life, that of Mr. Roy Fong, a prominent Chinese residing in Chicoutimi, whom Baptism made an heir to Heaven on that happy date.

About two years ago, our Sisters who were exercising their apostolate at the Quebec Chinese Colony were called in haste to Jonquiere, to assist a dying Chinese who could speak only his mother-tongue. Our Sisters' first meeting with the Orientals of Chicoutimi bore blessed fruit: it gave Mother Church a new child through the regenerating Sacrament, and prepared further relations with the sons of China settled in Chicoutimi, Jonquiere and Arvida, all of whom felt favorably disposed towards our sacred beliefs. Mr. Roy Fong, owner of the New Star Cafe, Chicoutimi, agreed, on our invitation, to study the Catholic Religion in order to serve as our interpreter, since some of the Chinese spoke only their native language. Mr. Fong had learned to speak English and wielded a marked influence over his kinsmen. Lessons were given regularly for several months. Though M. Fong was not at that time personally interested in things Catholic, his ready good will towards others could not long go unrewarded by the God of all goodness.

Catechism lessons had to be postponed for some time on account of surplus work; but in May last, Mr. Fong heard the Lord's first loving call. His yearnings after the truth he then disclosed to Rev. Father L. P. Larouche, curate at the Cathedral, asking as a special favor that his religious instruction might be dispensed by our Sisters. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ was only too happy to resume her doctrinal lessons to this her first Chinese student.

Mr. Fong set to study our holy Faith with such unrelenting ardor that when Sister Superior was missioned to Katete, Africa, in September, he was deemed sufficiently prepared to receive the Sacrament of Baptism before her departure.

October 16 witnessed the realization of his fondest hopes. At 7.30 A. M., in our modest chapel adorned for the occasion in Mary's white and blue, Rev. Father L. P. Larouche conferred Solemn Baptism. Msgr. Leon Maurice, P. A., V. G., our devoted and sympathetic chaplain, had made it a duty to be present at the ceremony. Were also present: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Truchon, godparents of the newly baptized; Mr. L. E. Gaudreault, sponsor for Confirmation, and his wife; Doctor and Mrs. Gustave Gauthier; Mr. and Mrs. Emile Leblanc; Mr. and Mrs. Wellie Cote; Miss Louise Simard, R. N.; the Misses Fernande Tremblay and Germaine Potvin; several Chinese residents of Chicoutimi and Jonquiere and a good number of Mr. Fong's friends.

After the impressive rites of the Sacrament of Divine Adoption, Rev. Father Larouche celebrated Holy Mass, during which the newly made child

1. Sister MADELEINE MARIE (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount.

of God knelt for the first coming of his Eucharistic Savior. What treasures of graces were then lavished upon this Heaven-visited soul will forever remain the secret of the King!

Mass was drawing to a close when, towards 8.30 A. M., His Excellency Most Rev. G. Melancon arrived to dub the happy convert a knight of Christ through Confirmation. The solemn function over, His Excellency briefly addressed the congregation before investing Mr. Fong with the holy scapular. "The priceless grace of Baptism now bestowed upon this young man," remarked His Excellency, "has undoubtedly been won by the fervent and unceasing prayers of Canadian souls; and here may I say that the Sisters of the Community have done their share. Doubtless have some members of Mr. Fong's family in China also contributed to bring about the unforgettable ceremony of today."

His Excellency then made allusion to Sister Superior's impending departure for Africa, expressing genuine satisfaction that it had been given her to taste the joy of this great day before beginning her apostolate among the Negroes of Nyasaland. "She had always cherished the dream of seeing China again," he said; "but little did she know that Divine Providence had a *still darker mission* in store for her."

His Excellency congratulated Rev. Father Larouche, whose efficient zeal contributed so much to the solemnity of the sacred ceremony.

From the chapel all passed on to the reception hall, where breakfast was served. Our kind Bishop deigned to bless the table and exchange a few words with the guests, declining, however, the invitation to share their light refecton.

Our guests then gathered once again at the foot of the altar, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought to a close the all-important events of this happy day.

May these soul-lifting joys often be renewed, and may all the sons of the Celestial Kingdom in our region follow the example of their fervent compatriot!



Because it is our sins, committed before God, which keep us away from Him and drive us so wretchedly to ruin, it does not suffice — as you, venerable brethren, are well aware — to offer up to heaven assiduous prayers, to gather in great numbers before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, to lay thereon offerings of flowers and entreaties. It is necessary, besides, to renew the public and private life with Christian morality, and thus to build a foundation on which alone, not in disagreement and instability, but in concordant effort, the structure of domestic and civil life may be reared and endure.

Pope Pius XII

The Cross is the flag of the Christian, the Sign of the Cross his salute.

D. Hannin, S. J.

New Mission in Africa



Benefactors and friends of the Missions will rejoice to learn that our Community has accepted to open a Mission in Africa.

This first post on the Dark Continent will be at Katete, in Northern Nyasaland, in the newly erected Apostolic Prefecture confided to the zeal of His Excellency Most Rev. Marcel Saint-Denis, of the White Fathers.

All offerings for the organization of the new Mission (chapel, dispensary, school, etc.) will be received with heartfelt gratitude.

Prayers, sacrifices and alms constitute the threefold means of mission aid needed to implant the Catholic Faith and its blessings in Katete.

Offerings for our first Mission on the great African Continent may be addressed to:

Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
Mission Procure
2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.

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
November December.....	68.75		

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

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

The Mission World

Outpost of the Faith in the Far East

THE Philippine Islands, with their 12,000,000 Catholics, constitute an advanced post of the Church in the Far East. This may seem an overstatement at first glance, but not so when one reflects that India, Indo-China, China, Japan, the Indonesian or Malay Archipelago — the whole of Asia in short — with 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, or half the world's population, all together have only a total of just that — 12,000,000 Catholics.

It would seem normal, accordingly, that Catholic youth in the Philippines should labor with Christ's foreign apostles in Asia.

But must not the Filipino generations aim firstly at converting their own homeland?

As a matter of fact the Philippines have real missions, with European and American missionaries staffing them, for, beside the Catholic population of 12,000,000, the pagans and Mohammedans are 4,500,000 strong. The eighteen Filipino dioceses have a total of 1,979 priests (native and foreign), or one priest for 8,000 people. Normally the 12,000,000 Catholics would require not 2,000 but 12,000 priests!

The future is not very bright. It is undoubtedly cheering to learn that the seven seminaries have 892 seminarians, but of these only 304 are in High Seminaries, and it is therefore these 304 students of philosophy and theology who will have to fill the vacancies and answer the crying need of priests during the next six years.

How could the Philippines be assured of a much greater number of priestly vocations? Would it be paradoxical to affirm that Filipinos must be sent without delay to India, China and Japan?

(Fides)

Catholics in England

WITH a population of 40,000,000 people, England today has 3,000,000 Catholics. These last years have witnessed about 12,000 conversions annually.

Negro Baptisms

RECENTLY in a New York negro parish 176 adult negroes were baptized. This makes a total of 7,600 negro converts in this particular parish since 1934.

The pastor, Monsignor McCann, maintains that the number of conversions is due mainly to the efforts of previous converts, who, like the early Christians, want to share their great gift with others. Monsignor McCann claims that the number of losses among converts is remarkably small.

Catholic Missions, Australia

Hardships in Yunnan

“I AM coming from the depths of China.” The Prefect Apostolic who spoke was tanned and wrinkled, but his wrinkles were gay and made him look rather young. “The depths of China” in this case is the mountainous region encased between Tibet and Burma, to the west of Yunnan. It is the Apostolic Prefecture of Tali, hinged on to the last lesser chains buttressing the mountain range of the Himalaya, and dissected from north to south by two parallel rivers, the Mekong and the Salouen.

"What is the size of my Mission, you ask? Thirty-five days in the saddle from north to south, fifteen from east to west." Thirty kilometres a day is the average that is very seldom outdone and not always attained, in this practically all hilly country, where you leave one valley only to have to cross another. Journeying in Tali means hours going down a narrow path, tedious minutes crossing a raging river in the valley depths, and hours more climbing the mountain slope in front. Then the same programme has to be begun . . . more valleys, more heights. An arduous Mission, if ever there was one!

Tali's missionaries found the going hard during the war, cut off as they were from all monetary succor. One of them literally died from hunger. Two others were shot to death, one by pillagers and the other on the order of a district chief before whom a group of Christians had refused to apostatize.

Five thousand baptized Christians out of a total of five million inhabitants, such is the modest record of twenty toilsome years to the account of the heralds of the Gospel. But Tali's missionaries, the fifteen of them, look to the future with a serene eye. Msgr. Jean Baptiste Magenties, Prefect Apostolic of the only Mission entrusted so far to the Priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, left Tali to assist on July 6 last at the canonization of the founder of his Congregation, Blessed Michel Garicoits.

(Fides)

Lustre of the Catholic Name in Congo

KISANTU (Belgian Congo) — A retreat for women has just been held at Kisantu. Eight hundred retreatants, many of them coming from great distances, took part. With babies and nursemaids and mothers, there was a total of two thousand persons to be sheltered. Sheltered is the right word, for there are no princely palaces here; during the dry season simple huts covered with branches and leaves serve the purpose. Unfortunately the heavens opened their floodgates. On the very first morning rain fell in torrents and the retreatants had to seek cover in the school. Another minor edition of the flood took place that night and continued until 10.00 A.M. Ninety-one mm. of water in a few hours! Water, water everywhere, mud and dampness more than good for anyone's health. What was to be done? Postpone the retreat and send the good women home? All the retreatants protested energetically when we made the suggestion. They wanted to continue their holy exercises until the end. And so they did.

"While I am writing to you," says our correspondent, "heavy black clouds are hanging low above our heads, threatening us with another inundation. But the retreatants are at church singing at the top of their voices (*dat er de stukken afvliegen*)."

Can one, after being given this example of staunch Christianity, ask whether Catholicism is really striking roots in the Congo?

(Fides)

Cardinal Salotti Called to His Reward

HIS Eminence Carlo Cardinal Salotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites since 1938, died in Rome on October 24.

Previous to his election as Prefect of the said Congregation, His Eminence had filled the office of Secretary of Propaganda. The Roman Catholic Church had in him a staunch advocate who labored untiringly for the expansion of the Faith in heathen territories. In the passing of the zealous Prince of the Church the Missions lose one of their most influential and devoted supporters.

Chinese Missal

A CHINESE edition of the Sunday Missal is now available at a very reasonable price. The translation is the work of Doctor Wu, Chinese Minister to the Vatican. The missal is printed in two colors, after the manner of the English Missal of Fr. Stedman of which it is a translation.

Catholic Missions, Australia

Black Bodies: White Souls

IN Nyanza, Africa, the convert Christians have developed great love for the Nine First Fridays devotion. On a recent First Friday the priest in charge of the mission there distributed Holy Communion for several hours. Finally the ciborium was emptied of its precious burden and there were still many to receive. There was no other priest there and another Mass was impossible. Many could not receive.

Among these was the native catechist. He had made eight of the Nine Fridays. He did not want to break them. Nor did he. Fasting, he started for the next mission at Save. It was a march of four hours.

Tired and thirsty, he arrived there in the late afternoon. He received Holy Communion and spent fifteen minutes in thanksgiving before quenching that burning African thirst.

That is rather a fine example, in our humble opinion, of splendid faith and love.

Black, without doubt, are the bodies of these Africans, but how dazzling white must be their souls!

The Canadian Register

Peace to Men of Good Will

Peace! Above the first Christmas Crib have angelic choirs sung it, and in words that have come down to us across the ages: "Peace on earth to men of good will." Can words thus Heaven-born hold anything but the truth?

It is evident that, if all men were of good will, conflicts would never arise, or if they so did through the limitations and failings of human nature, they would as soon receive a proper solution.

Good will acknowledges the rights of everyone, interprets them with kindness and charity, corrects them and, if need be, completes them. Lovingly good will bends over all needs to satisfy them, over all sorrows to comfort them, over all brothers, that is, over all men, to love and help them.

Cardinal Verdier

Mission Departure

Two Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left their Mother-house on December 2 to answer the call of the Master of Missions. They were: Sister St. Liguori (Marie Therese Pilon, Montreal), who has been assigned to Hong Kong, China, and Sister Gertrude de Jesus (Gertrude Mathieu, St. Ephrem de Beauce), who will remain in Vancouver to help our Sisters there.

Two other missionaries have been missioned to Les Cayes, Haiti: Sister Gertrude du Sacre Cœur (Gertrude Papillon, Quebec) and Sister St. Emilien (Emilienne Marchand, Tetreaultville).



Jottings

By A Novice

There's nothing new under the sun except (with apologies to the wisest of men) this "Jottings By A Novice" headline.

Whereas my personal impressions forever shy from public presentation, and whereas the most rudimentary modesty says it would never do to broadcast this and that, this decision of mine to catch my fancies on paper may be looked upon as the most heroic act a novice is capable of.

However, such is not quite the case.

It seems that I am expected, as a novice in training, to give proofs of wisdom above my years, and day in and day out sentinel the four corners of my thoughts and whims. The job sometimes becomes the greatest botheration, seeing I am not, at least at the present writing, a confirmed saint with a halo round my head. So I thought it would be advisable to give the risibilities a chance of self-expression, and out of my ponderation emerged the idea of keeping my diary.

And here my diary makes its bow.

October 1, 1947

Our Lady of the Rosary had a special hymn in her honor this first morning of her October-month. This year we are planning to break all previous records in the number of Hail Mary's offered. We have drawn some decorative chaplets on the blackboards, and each bead will be colored only when the stipulated number of Aves has been said.

Naturally, none of us will become Ave-millionaires this October, but, God and Mother Mary willing, we shall be granted many more Octobers to hoard up for Heaven.

October 5

Eleven o'clock. We were to begin the Rosary in thirty seconds. The Sister in charge of the bell (a novice, as you would expect) frantically shook her portable charge, but not a sound was heard, not a musical note. Sister's Angel, who is always on hand at critical moments, suggested that she should look inside — and sure enough the bell had only its skeleton; the wherewithal to chime had departed. Sister and skeleton hurried downstairs and found the said wherewithal, crestfallen, a chain around its neck, on the very spot where it had been left some hours before.

October 14

Yesterday and today proved ninety-nine percent alike. Now for the hundredth part, in which things differed:

Last week brought agony to the Sister in charge of the bell. This week brought very red cheeks to the Sister in charge of the book. Didn't she go and blurt: "*Veilles* and *jeunes* (old and young) tire body and mind, but purify the soul." And all the time it was written in black and white: "*Veilles* and *jeunes*" (watching and fasting). I concluded that Sister needed glasses — or maybe only a little brush-up on her French.

October 29

Thoughts and troubles I left at the chapel door tonight, in obedience to the wise counsel of St. Bernard, to kneel with unencumbered soul for evening prayer. I heard the first notes of the Marian hymn and with as much energy as the Cecilia who played the introduction I began with the others: "*Ave Maris Stella*." The pelican gives his blood to the last drop and accepts to die. The organist in the making gave her vitality to the last ounce in that initial effort, then accepted the defeat and we had to sing without her accompaniment. Now and then a few stray notes tried to save the situation, and in a last brave burst of vigor, truly admirable after a momentary fragility, Sister played a few exquisite notes from I don't know what selection; certainly not the "*Ave Maris Stella*." Music and singing ended prematurely in the grandest finale. Whether or not the novices took it without a smile, the story doesn't say.

That set me thinking. That little fellow novice who couldn't go farther than the beginning, had all the merit attached to an accompaniment until the end. Obedience pays large dividends.

Believe it or not, but before I entered I had been cherishing the idea of bequeathing a national work to French Canada: a symphony in three movements, and nothing less!

First movement, *Allegretto*: The birth of a race . . . its offerings . . . its joys . . . its discoveries . . . Second movement, *Adagio*: The agony of the Canadian people . . . their humiliations . . . abandoned by the mother country . . . Third movement, *Allegro maestoso*: The triumph of a race that rises in the splendor of its grace and beauty . . . its ascensions towards progress . . . towards independence . . .

As recently as tonight the theme of my symphony hummed in my heart, but I have given up the project. More qualified compatriots will deliver that wonderful production to my homeland. I have found better: daily I say the Aves of my Rosary and thus offer to my beloved King, through the Queen of Heaven, the sweetest of symphonies . . . in three movements; I am executing an international, or rather a missionary symphony!

Allegretto: Joyful Mysteries; *Adagio*: Sorrowful Mysteries; *Allegro maestoso*: Glorious Mysteries.

The five minutes for examination of conscience were over when . . . I recovered consciousness! Forgive me, dear Lord, I'll do better tomorrow.

November 1

It is a custom here that the first Saint you think about when the bell rings reveille becomes your patron for the year. Should I tell you the name of mine? "It is good to hide the secret of a king but honourable to reveal and confess" — that my protector for 1948 lived at the time of Our Blessed Mother. He said that there was so much grace and beauty in the Mother of Jesus that he would have believed her a goddess, had not faith told him otherwise.

O Queen of All Saints, with my holy patron I acclaim you as the Queen of all mildness and beauty, and with the angelic throngs extol you as the masterpiece of the Most Blessed Trinity!



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE:

Since 1948 will be having its birthday before you tear many pages off the calendar, I suppose you will be looking for your great friend's wishes in this chat. Here is my top wish: A happy, holy year to all of you! Need I remind you that this new year is another chance God is giving you to prepare royal places in His Palace? I hear John and Betty exclaiming: "Not just now, we're going to *live* first!" Of course I want you all to live to a ripe, wrinkled old age, but do you know what Jesus says? He says He will come like a thief in the night. Didn't that Heavenly Thief with a capital T ever *steal* a wee brother or sister or cousin of yours? Suppose that loving Thief had made up His mind to steal you this coming year? Are you on the lookout for Him?

You all relish adventure and pirate and robber tales, don't you? In this one Jesus will be the Hero. He will capture you and take you to His own Treasure Island beyond the sky. While waiting for your Hero to do His doughty deed, you must love Him with all your heart and fill your days with actions done for His love. Study, games, chores, meals, rest — you can turn all that into treasure trove for eternity, if only you tell Jesus that you love Him and are doing that for Him. Then, when The Thief comes to kidnap you, He will give you a front place in Heaven and you will live happily ever after.

Oh, I beg your pardon! I almost forgot I had a story for you.

BLACK GITA

It was a bright winter morning and Doctor B.'s five youngsters were in the mood for fun. Ever since breakfast their jolly laughter had made music in the nursery, so much so that some shy little feathered songsters dared to peek-a-boo in the window to share the lively party.

They were three boys and two girls. Paul and Henry, the eight-year-old twins, were as alike as two tin soldiers — but, believe me, there was

as much life in them as in the boldest flesh-and-blood Tommy who ever held a gun.

Mark and Frances, twelve and eleven respectively, were ending a game of parcheesi against the twins. Mark and Frances were partners and the two their opponents — that's just another word for enemies. Luck was against the twins that morning and they were gulping down their defeat number three.

"I'm through with this!" roared Henry, as he banged a mighty fist on the table. "You, Paul?"

"Boy, but it's quite another thing with me. I was just playing for your sake."

"Go on, you big show-off," broke in Mark. "You don't mean a single word you say. Anyway, since you midget players are so weak, better run off and ask Mummie for two bowls of Corn Flakes. Frances and myself will try checkers. What say you, Frances?"

"As you like it."

While Frances dug out the checkers from their hiding-place, Paul and Henry ran off to another corner of the room, where the littlest member of the B. household was lullabying her doll baby to sleep even if the clock hands were still miles away from bedtime.

"How do you call your black dollie, sweet?" asked Paul as gallantly as he could.

"Nuts!" replied Henry, before Baby Alice had time to answer.

"You — bad — boy!" the offended little mother at last stammered.



The brand-new skis Uncle Ed had given her.

"Then it's Coffee, Chocolate, Caramel, or what have you?" Henry threw teasingly at this tiny Allie, in whose heart God had set blooming a great affection for dusky babies.

"But no! Here I have it," corrected Henry. "Three cheers for me! I've found the name of that coal-black pickaninny. Miss Chocolate Caramel!"

Even if you are only half-past three, if you have five cents' worth of pride you wouldn't stand that from your brother, would you? At least Allie didn't.

"You don't know anything about names," she tossed back. "Chocolate Caramel isn't a girl's name and never will be!"

The boys laughed merrily.

One of them playfully fondled Baby's blond curls stickily wet on her damp forehead.

"Suppose you tell her name to these two silly know-nothings, Allie."

"Her name is Gita and I love her as big as this —" and Allie made a big round-the-world gesture with her arms.

"You called her Gita after the little girl in Grandma's story, didn't you?" asked Mummie, who was just coming in.

"What story was that, Mummie?" inquired Paul. "We never heard that one, I'm sure."

"Oh, I remember, you were at Uncle Sam's."

"My kingdom for a story, Mummie!"

"You can make it short, too, but let's hear it."

"Say yes, Mummie," pleaded Allie.

"But Baby has already heard it."

"Another time, Mummie."

"All right, then. Are you boys going to help me with this yarn? Now for Grandma's story."

"Gita was born many years ago in a poor hut in a village of Central Africa. From the very day of her birth she had to suffer from the horrors of superstition. Her father lost no time in going to see the witch doctor. The latter said that something terrible would happen in the whole village, and especially in his own family, if this black baby were not put to death. So the father decided to bury his tiny one alive to get the devil in good humor again. The child's mother couldn't bear to lose her precious treasure, but being a pagan she believed the witch doctor. Since she loved her daughter too dearly to kill her, she asked a neighbor woman to do so.

"Now this neighbor was a catechumen, I mean she was studying the Catholic Religion and wanted to be baptized. Without breathing a single word to anybody, she took the darling baby to the missionary Sisters. She was later baptized Margaret, but her playmates called her Gita for short.

"Gita grew into a fine little lady. She made her First Holy Communion with all the fervor of an angel, and always remained true to Jesus.

"The missionary priest who first told this true story said that Gita's rescue was very likely God's answer to the prayers and self-denials of some Canadian boy or girl. He knew how hard they work and pray for their pagan brothers and sisters.

"And what are my darlings doing for those abandoned mites?" Mummie ended her story with a question.

"Gosh, I'm ashamed to my very boots! My sacrifices are next to zero," confessed the namesake of the great Apostle.

"Ashamed to my very toes!" blurted Henry.

"No use to get gloomy over it," cheered Mother. "Jesus is expecting something special today. See if you couldn't imagine what it might be."

In the afternoon, brothers and sisters agreed to go skiing. Baby Alice would be going too.



When Allie rocked her bonny black baby to sleep.

From the kitchen window Mother saw that Paul and Henry had made themselves Baby's daring knights. So Gita's story hadn't been so much time lost. The twins had found self-denial ideas.

Allie was being treated like a queen and lady. Her knights were on hand to help her try the brand-new skis Uncle Ed had given her for New Year's.

That night, when Allie rocked her bonny black baby to sleep, she thought how lucky she was to have the dearest dad and mummie in the world. Paul and Henry and all the others were always so kind, while far, far away, poor unwanted babies had to suffer so much!

* * *

Goodbye, dear little people! Best wishes for a happy, holy, glad New Year.

Yours in the Christ Child,

THE PRECURSOR



Oh! how sweet and consoling is the wonderful mystery of the Blessed Nativity of our Divine Savior! May the Great Little Child of Bethlehem ever be our heart's sole delight! What heavenly beauty in that poor Infant! It seems to me that I behold Solomon on his rich throne of gilded ivory. To this king, who, according to Scripture, had not his match in glory and magnificence, I prefer a hundred times the dear little Babe of the Manger.

I admire Him on the knees of His Holy Mother or in her arms; His mouth has all the beauty of a budding rose. May the great St. Joseph share his consolation with us, Blessed Mary her love and the Holy Child His graces and merits.

O Jesus, how sacred is this night! The heavens have rained down honey, Mother Church tells us, and I think that the Angels whose hymns rejoice the midnight air have come to gather this heavenly honey on the lily of Bethlehem.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES



RAYS FROM MARY'S HANDS

Will you please publish my thanks for a favor obtained. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Many thanks for your fervent prayers. Mrs. O. P., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Thanks for a favor received from the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a conversion obtained. Mrs. M. M. — I have received a favor and am enclosing offering in thanks. E. W., **Norwich, Conn.** — Sincere thanks for a special favor granted my brother-in-law. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Thanks to Our Lady of the Rosary for two favors obtained. Mr. A. V. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. Mrs. A. F., **Montreal.** — I have obtained a cure from Our Blessed Mother. Heartfelt thanks! Mr. C. B., **St. Louis du Ha! Ha! Station.** — Lively thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the cure of a stomach cancer. Mr. J. G. — Grateful thanks for a favor. Mrs. J. L. C., **Montreal.** — A cure has been obtained from Our Heavenly Mother. I am asking another special favor. Miss A. G., **St. Elisabeth.** — Thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. A. D., **Thetford Mines.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. D., **Willimantic, Conn.** — I wish to express my thankfulness for my brother's cure. L. L. — Please help me thank Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. Mrs. A. S., **Charny.** — I am happy to fulfill my promise, in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. E. S., **Beaupre.** —

I heartily thank our kind Heavenly Mother for the favor she has obtained for me. A. N., **Montreal.** — All my gratitude for a favor received. Mrs. J. A. D., **Montreal.** — I have obtained the job I desired. I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother and hope she will obtain another great favor for me. Miss G. G., **St. Georges Est.** — A favor has been received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. J. D., **St. Philippe.** — I am fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. A friend. — Thanks for a favor granted my nephew. Mrs. N. S., **St. Cuthbert.** — Please publish my gratitude for the visible protection granted my two sons during the war. Mrs. A. H., **St. Raymond.** — I wish to thank Our Lady for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. G. B., **Labelle.**

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Please offer prayers of thanksgiving to St. Expedit and St. Christopher for favors received. M. A., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank Good St. Anne and St. Joseph for a favor received. Mr. E. W. B., **Westmount.** — Enclosed is an offering for Masses for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a recovery from a severe illness. Please pray to Our Lady that it may be a complete cure. Mrs. W. H., **Verdun.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady of the Cape and St. Therese for a great favor received. Mrs. F. M., **Maniwaki.** — Thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Therese. Mrs. H. — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Gerard Majella for a favor received through their intercession. Mrs. R. C., **Ville St. Pierre.** — Homage of gratitude to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor I have been granted. I am asking the cure of my husband who is suffering from a sore knee. Mrs. A. M., **Montreal.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of St. Therese of Lisieux in thanksgiving for a favor received. Miss E. B., **Yamachiche.** — Thanks to St. Martin de Porres. Mrs. A. P., **Longue Pointe.** — Thanks to Our Lady of the Cape and St. Anne. A subscriber. — A special favor has been obtained through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Miss M. C. M., **Noranda.** — Heartfelt thanks to Msgr. Francois de Laval for a cure. Mrs. J. B., **Rosemont.** — Thanks to Ven. Marguerite Bourgeoys for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. S. — Thanks to St. Anthony of Padua and St. Louis de Montfort for a favor received. Mrs. E. A. G., **Ottawa.**

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

Will you kindly burn a vigil light to Our Immaculate Mother Mary, with hope and confidence that through her intercession my mother will receive some relief from her sickness. **G. B., Montreal.** — Would you kindly have prayers said for my son's vocation. It was his intention to become a priest, but of late he seems to have changed his mind and is unsettled in his ideas of the future. **M. G.** — Would you kindly make novenas for three different special intentions for me. **Miss R. A., Westmount.** — Kindly pray to Our Blessed Mother that I may be completely cured of a serious chest cold. **Miss R. B., Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception for my petitions: that a close relative may receive the sacraments; financial assistance to pay debts; miraculous cure of a cataract without operation; that a little child of two years may begin to speak; for a home that is made unhappy through liquor; that a dear relative may be cured of epilepsy; the grace to persevere in prayer. — Will you please pray to Our Blessed Mother that my eyes may be cured. **Mrs. M. A., Merlin, Ont.** — Will you please offer a novena for a special intention. **X., Timmins, Ont.** — I would like to ask you to make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for me so I can get an apartment to live in. **Mrs. B., Lowell, Mass.** — Will you please have a novena made for my cure. **C. T., Haverhill, Mass.** — I am writing to ask your prayers for me as I am to be operated next

week. **E. D., Conn.** — I wish to sell a house. **Mr. A. D., St. Felix de Valois.** — Would you please make a novena that my husband may become more dutiful. **Mrs. E. B.** — I am laying all my sorrows and worries at the feet of our Immaculate Mother. **Mrs. A. R.** — Please pray for success in our undertakings. **Mrs. A. M., St. Augustin.** — Please have prayers said for my husband who is sick and getting discouraged. **Mrs. M. L. R., Taftville, Conn.** — I am requesting a special favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. **Miss R. H. L., St. Anne du Lac.** — Prayers for the complete cure of my husband. **Mrs. F. B., Thetford Mines.** — My son's vocation. **R. L.** — The cure of the father of a family who is suffering from a stomach ailment; the cure of a mother; peace in the family; the settling of important matters; that justice may be given us. A subscriber. — Success in my undertakings and improvement in my health. **Mrs. X., St. Clet.** — Please pray for my little daughter who has been ill with infantile paralysis for the last three months. **Mrs. P. P., St. Francois de Sales.** — Please have prayers said for a dying person who refuses to go to confession. Anonymous. — Kindly make a novena in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for my cure. Anonymous. — Please pray for my husband and seventeen-year-old son. Anonymous.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please have lights burned before the altar of the Souls in Purgatory for a special intention. A subscriber. — Please make a novena to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Blessed Mother for two special favors. **Mrs. R. A. S., Montreal.** — Kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a special intention. Anonymous. — I am sending an offering for one Mass and one vigil light in honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. Therese of the Child Jesus and the Souls in Purgatory for a favor wanted. **E. D., Plainfield, Conn.** — I am recommending the sale of my properties to Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. **Mr. E. M., St. Ephrem.** — A conversion through the intercession of St. Joseph. Anonymous.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 10; vocation, 1; employment, 2; cures, 40; special intentions 63.



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before November 13)

Rev. Father Alzire Mathieu, O.M.I., parish priest, **St. Sauveur de Quebec**, brother of our Sister Gertrude de Jesus; Rev. Father D. H. Breton, parish priest, Holy Family, **Granby**; our Sisters Marie Hector (Cecile Dumas, **Riviere Bleue**) and Colette de Jesus (Gilberte Brochu, **St. Henri de Levis**); Rev. Sister Marie du Carmel, Antonian Sisters of Mary, former Missionary to Manchuria; Rev. Sister Blanche Renee, Grey Nuns, Hotel Dieu, **Nicolet**; Sister Marie de Ste. Cecile, Holy Cross Sisters, **St. Laurent**; Mrs. Anthime Lamothe, **Montreal**, mother of our late Sister St. Cecile; Mrs. Isidore Surprenant, **Richelieu**, mother of our Sister Marie de Nazareth; Mr. Rodolphe Morin, **Dolbeau**, father of our Sister Marie Gemma; Mrs. N. E. Marchand, **Tetereaultville**, mother of our Sister St. Emilien; Mr. Arthur Martel, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**, father of our Sister St. Gregoire de Nazianze; Mrs. Wilfrid Granger, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**, mother of our Sister Rose des Anges; Mrs. William Lapointe, **Jonquiere**, mother of our Sister St. Dominique; Mrs. Gerard Mousseau, **Berthierville**, sister of our Sister Marie des Apotres; Mr. Antoine Rouleau, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister St. Adrien; Mr. Omer Saucier, **St. Guillaume d'Upton**, grandfather of our Sister St. Alberte, novice; Miss Lucy Glover, **Montreal**; Miss Emily Glover; Lt. Col. D. J. O'Donahoe, Mrs. George W. Bradley, Mrs. Bridget Cassidy, Mrs. Ellen Bergin, **Montreal**; Mr. A. Dobesh, **Kenaston, Sask.**; Mrs. John G. Andrews, **Norwich, Conn.**; Mr. Henry Girard, **Willimantic, Conn.**; Mr. Emilien Brunelle, **Villeray**; Mr. Leopold Lapierre, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mrs. Mabel Caza, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Mr. Jean Marie Latour, Mrs. Mederic Duval, Mr. Armand Plouffe, Mrs. Henri Deslauriers, Mr. Evariste Naud, Mrs. Alphonse Trudel, Mrs. Ovila Desrosiers, Miss Marguerite Sarrazin, Mr. Dollard Mayrand, Mr. Armand Gagnon, Mrs. S. Touzin, Mrs. Louis Philippe Moquin, Mr. Armand Boudrias, Mr. Armand Bergeron, **Montreal**; Mr. Antonio Paquin, **Ville Lasalle**; Mr. Louis J. Filion, **Outremont**; Mr. Sinai Gascon, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Wilfrid Marchand, **Ville St. Pierre**; Mrs. Paul Ubald Chaumont, Mrs. Benjamin Limoges, Mrs. J. B. Limoges, Mr. Cleophas Rivard, **St. Anne des Plaines**; Mrs. Anne Brisebois, **St. Adele en Haut**; Mrs. Joseph Pierre Fortier, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Patrick Filion, Mrs. Alderic Briere, Mr. Arthur Chartrand, **St. Therese de Blainville**; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pauze, **New Glasgow**; Mr. Lucien Paquin, **St. Jerome**; Mr. Fortunat Gemme, **St. Amable**; Mrs. Hercule Morin, **Napierville**; Mr. Joseph Pinsonneault, **St. Jacques le Mineur**; Mrs. Joseph Perras, **St. Isidore**; Mr. Gabriel Dagenais, **St. Bruno**; Mrs. Josaphat Laframboise, Mrs. Alexis Leroux, **Dorval**; Mrs. Edmond Grou, **Dorval Station**; Mrs. Olivier Dion, **St. Maxime**; Mrs. Elisabeth Lefebvre, Mr. Joseph Lafrance, **St. Basile le Grand**; Mr. Albert Trudeau, Mr. Robert Carriere, Mr. Raoul Hebert, **St. Julie de Vercheres**; Mr. Lorendau Tallard, **St. Philippe**; Mrs. J. C. Hebert, Mrs. Philippe Bechard, **St. Valentin**; Mrs. Wilfrid Bisaillon, **St. Paul Ile aux Noix**; Mrs. Ovide Desmarais, **La Providence, St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Joseph Marceau, Mr. Gonzague Dupuis, **Danielson, Conn.**; Mrs. Therese Robichaud, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mrs. Adrien Marcil, Miss Lucienne Guimont, Mrs. Valere Belisle, **St. Hyacinthe**; Miss Jeannine Andree Beauvais, Mr. Alphonse Benoit, **Granby**; Miss Suzette Desbiens, **Biencourt**; Mr. Antoine Roy, Mr. Irene Bouchard, Mr. Joseph Boyer, **St. Octave**.

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.

Votive Lights in Honor of the Blessed Virgin

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

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

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

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.

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KOWLOON, 103 Austin Road, Hongkong
(Founded in 1927)

Procure and school.

**TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission,
Nan Paochen, Kiangsu**

(Founded in 1928)

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

PAOCHEN, Kiangsu

Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1934)

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

MANCHURIA

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary.

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.

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. Works of charity.

**WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi, Aizu
Wakamatsu**
(Founded in 1933)

Kindergarten. Works of charity.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 2250 Juan Luna, Gagalangin
(Founded in 1921)

School.

1111 Narra St. (Founded in 1947)

Chinese school.

LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)

School.

MATI, Davao (Founded in 1947)

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. School.

ITALY

ROME, 8 via Giacinto Carini 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.
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Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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