

No. 9

Vol. XVI, 26th Year

Montreal, May-June 1948

THE RECURSOR



*May Christian joy light up the brow
of every child of Nippon!*

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 hand-painted items for the support of the Motherhouse and Novitiate. Chinese catechist training school. Sewing circles. Publication of a mission magazine, *The Precursor*. Free missionary library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

OUTREMONT, Montreal 8, P. Q.

314 St. Catherine Road

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circle. Kindergarten.

CHINESE HOSPITAL and DISPENSARY,

112 Lagauchetiere West, Montreal 1

(Founded in 1918)

Religious instruction for Chinese.

The Sisters also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when requested to do so.

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)

(Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Promotion of the Holy Childhood Work.

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.

(Founded in 1918)

Apostolic School for prospective missionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making church vestments. Mission workroom. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, music and painting.

JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis St.

(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Workroom for making church vestments. Mission workroom.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St.

(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollection Days for girls. Mission work-

room. 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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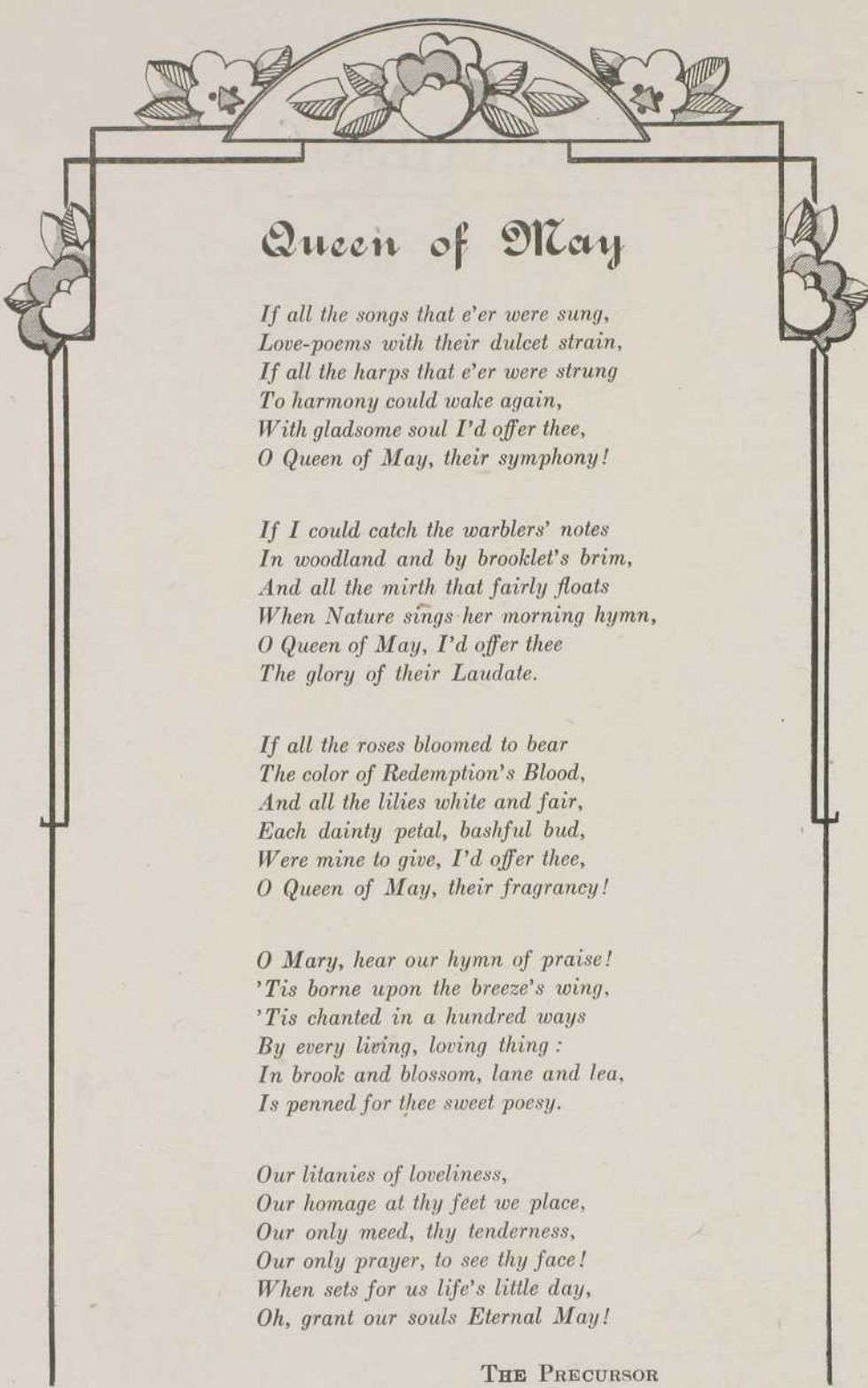
Vol. XVI, 26th Year

MONTREAL, May-June 1948

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Contents

<i>Queen of May</i>	470
The Precursor	
<i>Mary, Model of Christian Women</i>	472
Translated from the French of Msgr. Gerbet	
<i>'Tis the Month of Our Mother</i>	475
<i>Mission Intention for May</i>	479
Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell	
<i>Mission Quiz</i>	480
<i>Mother's Day</i>	481
<i>Mother Hearts Beat in China Also</i>	482
<i>Japanese Mothers</i>	485
<i>The Fate of Woman on the Dark Continent</i>	486
<i>Mothers of Missionaries</i>	488
Gerbes d'Histoires Africaines	
<i>Four Sisters Leave for Africa</i>	491
<i>The Martyr of Futuna</i>	492
Florence Gilmore	
<i>With Our Sisters in Fields Afar</i>	496
<i>The Mission World</i>	517
<i>Novitiate Doings</i>	520
<i>The Children's Share</i>	523
<i>Rays From Mary's Hands</i>	527
<i>Remember, O Mary</i>	528
<i>Our Dear Departed</i>	529



Queen of May

*If all the songs that e'er were sung,
Love-poems with their dulcet strain,
If all the harps that e'er were strung
To harmony could wake again,
With gladsome soul I'd offer thee,
O Queen of May, their symphony!*

*If I could catch the warblers' notes
In woodland and by brooklet's brim,
And all the mirth that fairly floats
When Nature sings her morning hymn,
O Queen of May, I'd offer thee
The glory of their Laudate.*

*If all the roses bloomed to bear
The color of Redemption's Blood,
And all the lilies white and fair,
Each dainty petal, bashful bud,
Were mine to give, I'd offer thee,
O Queen of May, their fragrancy!*

*O Mary, hear our hymn of praise!
'Tis borne upon the breeze's wing,
'Tis chanted in a hundred ways
By every living, loving thing:
In brook and blossom, lane and lea,
Is penned for thee sweet poesy.*

*Our litanies of loveliness,
Our homage at thy feet we place,
Our only meed, thy tenderness,
Our only prayer, to see thy face!
When sets for us life's little day,
Oh, grant our souls Eternal May!*



Virgin Most Pure
Our Sweetness
Our Hope



Mary, Model of Christian Women



Mary is the completely regenerated woman, the Eve celestial through whom the Eve terrestrial and culpable has been absorbed in a glorious transfiguration. From this, womankind's apotheosis, dates woman's freedom.

It has often been remarked and with reason, that the original anathema has weighed more heavily on woman, although Eve in heeding the tempter's seductive words, sinned less through malice than through rashness of the spirit. But after having been seduced Eve in turn became a seducer. She it was who introduced evil into the world through the corruption of the primeval and universal man, in whom was comprised the whole of the human race. From her stemmed ancient idolatry, her imperious caprices becoming as idols for Adam who substituted them, in the sanctuary of his conscience, to the worship of the will of his Creator. Thus may be explained the larger share of suffering assigned to woman, in the long expiation of the great human family. Because, in the beginning, she had craved man's adoration, woman became his slave. All through the ages which preceded Christ's coming upon earth, this servitude of woman, public and private, a servitude sealed as it were with the triple seal of opinion, legislation and morality, was generally looked upon as the very cornerstone of what then stood for the social order. It still endures in all countries where the law that frees the world has not yet been promulgated.

Christianity, teaching as it does the divine brotherhood of all men, was the first to launch a radical attack on slavery and, in a special manner, on the servitude of woman, because of the divine maternity of Mary, Mother of all men. Was it justifiable that the daughters of Eve remain the slaves of degenerated Adam, since the rehabilitated Eve, the new *Mother of the living*, had become the Queen of Angels? Whenever we enter celebrated shrines or chapels dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, our gaze rests complacently on the numerous votive offerings, tokens of gratitude offered by loving mothers in return for the cure of beloved children, or by mariners rescued from shipwreck. But in the shrine ideal which is the Marian cult built up by Catholicism for all times and climes, a votive offering has been hung of a superior import, social and universal. For forty centuries, man had imposed a most brutal sceptre upon woman, his helpmate and companion. This sceptre he laid aside on the day when he first knelt at the shrine of Mary, Mother of God. With heartfelt gratitude he put it away, for the oppression of woman spelt his own degradation, and he thus found himself freed from personal tyranny.

The regeneration of woman so closely connected with the Marian cult, presents deep and singular harmonies with the mysteries of this devotion to the Mother of God. Mary being the ideal woman in the order of regeneration as Eve was the typical woman in the order of degeneration, what has been wrought through Mary with the cooperation of her free will for the reparation of the human race, is also wrought in a lesser degree through the regeneration of Christian woman.

The regeneration of woman in Christianity begins with her functions in regard to the spreading of truth. The second act of this regeneration comprises the charity which urges her to share and comfort all the sufferings of mankind, a charity whose perfect type and model is the *compassion* of the Mother Sorrowful who stood at the foot of the Cross. Klopstock, a Christian poet, supposes that at the hour of

Christ's death upon the Cross, the souls of Adam and Eve were drawn from Limbo and led to Calvary, there to witness the result of their prevarication. All is not fiction in this poetic idea. Primeval man was represented on Calvary by St. John, the future Apostle of charity, the firstborn of the new mankind created by the Savior. Eve was also present on Calvary in the person of Mary. But St. John, abandoned by all his companions, had to bear alone a solitary, human sorrow. It was not thus with Mary who stood surrounded by compassionate women who wept and suffered with her. Beside the Holy Rood, with the last sighs of the dying Redeemer, was established the first feminine association of charity, prophetic forecast of a fact that was to be repeated all along the centuries of the Christian era. The number of women has always notably surpassed that of men in the discharge of all works of mercy and devotedness. Christian women have inherited this greater share of compassion with the tears shed by the Holy Women on Calvary's height, while men have but the solitary tears of St. John to inherit from. I will not here unroll the wonderful tableau I have in mind, for the history of charity is a great and wonderful history, and I cannot help wondering why it is the only one that men have never yet recounted. I will make but one observation.

Catholicism has produced countless religious sisterhoods whose vocation is the care and relief of all human ills and miseries. These sacrifice-societies who regard the poor as their children and the ailing as their brethren, are Mary's spiritual posterity. All these societies honor Mary as their Patroness and strive to imitate her virtues, for how could they live their lives of constant self-denial if Mary were not their strength and inspiration? How could they spend their every moment at the beck and call of suffering humanity if they were, as wives and mothers, obliged to see firstly to the ways of their own household? But the vow of virginity, this divine charter which assures woman the highest form of freedom, the freedom of devoting oneself to works of charity, has intimate relations with the apotheosis of virginity in the Mother of the God-Man. In the hymn which the Church chants beside the tomb of Christ on Good Friday, these words are addressed to Mary: "Maiden of all maidens fairest, spurn me not, but be thou kind." What grace, what precious favor does the Church wish to request? This is the grace for which she pleads: "Sate me with the grief thou bearest." These words are deeply engraved on the hearts of all heroines of charity. They are ever ready to console human distresses because they have deprived themselves of nearly all human consolations. They have learnt to weep with Mary at the foot of the Cross and have thus become versed in the art of weeping with the sorrowing.

Image and helpmate of man in the ministry of spreading the truth, guide and model of man in the ministry of charity, such is woman as Christianity has made her. These are the two bases of her terrestrial glorification. For the mystery of the *Assumption* is in some regards already wrought in her even in this earthly life. We need only compare the abject moral and physical condition of woman under even the most brilliant civilizations of ancient times with the glorious transfiguration which she owes to Christianity, to be convinced of the truth of this statement. In the *Assumption* of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the celestial character of her soul produced in her mortal frame the qualities of glorious bodies, brightness, agility and incorruptibility. This transformation will really take place for Mary's daughters only on



the day of resurrection. Its effects, however, are already visible in their social condition which is as the envelope of their spiritual life.

The atmosphere of respect and honor which surrounds the wife in all Christian countries is but the earthly shadow of that garment of glory and brightness which clothes the virginal form of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Agility, the third attribute of glorified bodies, which is the power of moving freely and swiftly from one place to another according to the desires of the soul, agility also has its earthly prelude in the liberty granted woman by Christian ethics. This liberty which seems so natural to us and which we take for granted, is a source of great wonder to all nations that have not as yet received the teachings of Christianity.

The three phases of the regeneration of womankind correspond in a most intimate manner to the highest mysteries of our Holy Religion. Cooperating with man in the spreading of the Gospel of truth, woman is united to the divine Word, light of all intelligence. She is united to the Consoler, the Spirit of Love, through the charity which urges her to monopolize the relief of human ills. The high degree of power and liberty which characterizes her terrestrial assumption comes to her as a gift of the Eternal Father, from whom proceeds all power in Heaven and on earth. Thus has Christianity formed a new Eve on the ruins of the primitive order troubled by sin and, even though her thorough regeneration is not to take place here below, something of the lost Eden has been restored unto her.

O Mary, these lines which I have written, I offer them to thee even while I ask thee to forgive my foolhardiness. I know that thy cult holds such deep mysteries as never my awkward pen can attempt to reproduce. I have touched only upon the terrestrial effects of this cult; its heavenly secrets I have left in the shadow of my ignorance. O Mother of mankind, thou art, according to the language of sages and Saints, the eldest daughter of the Creator, whose brow is crowned with starlight while the hem of thy garments brush our vale of tears. I leave to those whose gaze is purer than mine the honor of interpreting the glory of the twelve stars that crown thee with fairness and light. I have only tried in my own humble way to tell how the daughters of Eve, in merely stroking the folds of thy garments of glory, have felt the effects of that fragrance spoken of in the Canticle of Canticles. Others will recount thy favors more worthily than I can, for the golden harps of Sion will be restored unto them and the moment is drawing near when Christian poetry, in the fervor and warmth of its resurrection, will extol thy greatness in accents such as have never been surpassed. They will tell us about thee, wonders left unexpressed by the famed stained-glass of our ancient cathedrals, by the Madonnas of Raphael or the accents of Pergolesi. This great poetic festival has already begun and the paganism which seemed eternal where art was concerned, is being ousted by true artistic genius. The mythical garden of the Hesperides with its golden apples no longer hides Paradise from our view. We now know and understand the immortal hope hidden under the fictitious tale of Pandora.

O Mary, full of grace, thy place at last is ready and how lofty and beautiful it is. Venus the unchaste held sway over sensuous verse, but Mary reigns as queen of spiritual poetry, poetry which sings the mysteries of life and death, of earthly sorrows and future bliss. Pure is the fragrance of incense, beauteous are the flowers strewn by virginal hands about thy blessed shrines, but spiritual poetry, which is the prayerful song of holy souls, rises still higher than the perfume of incense or flowers. It ascends unto thy very throne, whence thy gaze rests upon the star-flowers in scintillating sky-meadows and upon all creation swinging in unlimited space, as a censer immortal.

Translated from the French of Msgr. Gerbet



Suffering teaches one how to love.

Our Lady to Bl. Gemma Galgani

'Tis the Month of Our Mother



FATHER Mulligan was in a quandary. He had planned on celebrating the month of May with unusual pomp this year, and now his organist was laid up with severe bruises and a fractured wrist. Women, he reflected, were such fanatics where spring cleaning was concerned, and Lily Turner was no exception. She had headed out for adventure this morning, when she marshalled stepladder, brushes, pails and dusters into the sacristy, adventure that had its sequel in minor tragedy.

The worst of it was that he could think of no one to take her place in this out-of-the-way parish. Now, Father Mulligan could no more make up his mind to hold May devotions without music than to have a spring without the song of birds. His was a strong yet childlike devotion, which strove to draw all hearts to his Heavenly Mother and to lavish about her altar all the splendor and beauty available.

The furrow on the Pastor's usually placid brow deepened as he struggled to get off the horns of his dilemma. Of course there was Miss Silva, a retired musician of some renown who spent her summers aloof and solitary in her luxurious villa on the outskirts of the village. Father smiled whimsically as he recalled the nickname she had been dubbed with by his mischievous altar boys, Lady Poodle. The only friends which Miss Silva seemed to have were two horrid poodle dogs who always trotted beside her whenever she went out and who kept her constant company in her big house. Never had she been seen to attend the parish church, and people inferred that she must be a Protestant. Only the devoted Pastor knew that she was a Catholic, but a Catholic who had foregone the precious heritage of religious living.

Five years ago that was, Father Mulligan had gone out to visit this newcomer in his parish, as was his duty of shepherd of souls. He was politely received but he learned that Miss Silva absolutely declined to discuss the religious question. Icily she had remarked: "I no longer believe, so do not expect me to act the hypocrite. Kindly refrain from ever mentioning religion under my roof." Father Mulligan had called again on each pastoral visitation, but the conversation always remained strictly neutral, and Miss Silva had to acknowledge that the Pastor was a gentleman and a very tactful one, who could knowingly discuss such important matters as the pedigrees of the poodles, their diet and clever tricks. She usually offered him on these visits a substantial gift for his pet charities.

All this Father Mulligan remembered as he toyed with the idea of asking this peculiar parishioner of his to temporarily replace his organist. At last he rose and knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin facing his desk. After this consultation with the Lady of Good Counsel he fared forth on his errand.

Miss Silva's face registered polite surprise at this unaccounted-for visit, while the poodles barked their disapproval at this intrusion on their privacy.

Still, Father was invited to be seated and state the nature of his business. Miss Silva was astounded at the boldness of the request and a flush of annoyance dyed her face.

"I am sorry, but I absolutely cannot oblige you in this matter. I have never been seen inside your church. What would people say?"

To this Father replied that his parishioners might be surprised, but then they would be so happy over the music. Anyhow she would come only as organist and a salary would of course be offered her.

At this she flared: "Indeed not! If I do accept to oblige you, I absolutely do not want money mentioned."

Father Mulligan, pretending to take this as an assent, rose to go, saying: "That is very kind of you. I'm sure you won't have any trouble with the children, who have already had many rehearsals. I'll send the hymnals along some time this afternoon, and the church organ is at your disposal if you wish to go over the hymns."

The good lady listened like one in a trance to this bit of audacity, and was so much taken aback that for once she was completely at a loss what to say.

No sooner had the Pastor left, however, than she recovered from this surprise-attack and vented her fury before the two poodles.

"Did you hear, darlings, what this horrid man dared to ask me? Play the organ for his church? Why, I haven't touched that instrument for years, forty years in fact! Well, let me tell you that he is going to wait a long time before I do what he so coolly asked."

Both dogs cocked wise heads and wagged their tails in approval, while they followed at the heels of their mistress who felt she needed a walk to shake off this annoying incident.

Early that same evening, Ronnie Andrew, of the altar boys, brought Miss Silva the hymnals. The good lady's anger had had time to cool somewhat, and when the boy had



The Touching Hymns to the Mother of Mercy

gone she glanced through the scheduled hymns and even tried a few on her own piano.

" 'Tis the month of our Mother,
" The blest and beautiful days. "

Fresh young voices sang in her memories, as she visioned the church of her baptism and first Holy Communion, the Blessed Mother's altar ablaze with lights and fragrant with spring flowers. Wearily she passed her hand across her eyes as if to shut out the vision. Then she grew angry with what she interiorly termed her weakness, closed the piano with a bang and strode off to bed without lulling the poodles' slumbers with their usual serenade.

* * *

And so it happened that Father Mulligan had music for his May devotions as he had wished, because Miss Silva agreed that to oblige the priest would be simply a work of philanthropy.

But Our Lady was watching tenderly over this wayward child of hers who so long had wandered from her Father's House. Her heart was deeply stirred as she played the haunting melodies of the old, familiar hymns: "Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest," "Mother Dear, Oh Pray for Me," "Night Is Falling, Dear Mother." She raided her garden of the earliest tulips and brought them to the old sacristan for the May altar.

On the last day of the month, the benevolent artist felt distracted and ill at ease. Benediction was hardly over when she burst into the sacristy where Father Mulligan was busy putting away his vestments. With tears of joy she admitted her surrender to the conquering attractions of divine grace, while her Pastor sang in his heart a hymn of thanksgiving to the Blessed Mother who had crowned all her favors of this blessed month with this consoling conversion.

—*—*—*—

Harmonies of the Month of Mary

It was altogether natural for Christian piety to select from the twelve months of the year that of May to be specially dedicated to the Virgin Mary. If the ancient Romans, in honor of their personages of renown, observed their months of Junius, Julius and Augustus, why should not we have our own Month of Mary? Almost naturally the month of May was chosen. The Canticle of Canticles seems to hallow the blessed May-month when it sings: "Winter is now past, the flowers have appeared in our land; arise, my beautiful one, and come."

May is the springtime of the year and of nature; Mary is the springtime of the unfathomable ages and of grace. May is the season of floral beauty, and Mary is The Flower. It is also the time that follows the Resurrection of her Son, the season when are sung all her joys, and when the joy of her children must mingle with hers, with the joy of nature and that of the world; it is a universal and unanimous *Laetare* addressed to the Queen of Heaven and earth. It is, lastly, the season of the reawakening of corrupt nature which only the Mother of all purity can vanquish, the season of the serpent at the heart, as also that of the serpent in the grass, and there is once again needed the victorious heel of the Great Queen who alone has power to crush the head of the serpent.

Abbe Magnard



JAPANESE PUPILS

Mission Intention for May 1948



That the Mother
of God May Lead
the Children of Japan to Jesus



Almost three and a quarter centuries after the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Japan, Father Petitjean, first Catholic missionary to reach Nippon's shores after the lifting of the exclusion ban, knelt before the altar of his little church in Oura, Nagasaki. Although the government permitted the erection of churches, the Japanese people themselves were still forbidden to enter them. Suddenly the good Father was startled to hear the frightened voice of an aged woman whisper: "Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

Disguising his emotion Father Petitjean pointed towards the altar, beside which stood the statue of Our Lady. The woman and her companions gazed in wonder and admiration; then casting themselves on their knees, forgetful of their fears of being seen and reported, they poured out their hearts in prayer, as their eyes filled with tears of indescribable emotion. They, who had been orphans all their lives, now saw the image of their true Mother whom they had revered in secret since their birth. Such is the story of the discovery of the Christians of Nagasaki as told by Bishop Taguchi of Osaka. "These women," concludes His Excellency, "were the descendants of the Christians who for two hundred years, in the absence of priests and churches, in the face of cruel persecution, had maintained their faith inviolate."

Certainly this incident should prove conclusively the high respect in which the Blessed Virgin is held by Japanese Catholics, and should explain the reason for the request by the Holy See for prayers during the month of May "that the Mother of God may lead the children of Japan to Jesus."

For the third time in her long history Japan now stands upon the threshold of renewed mission endeavor. On Christmas day, 1946, the occupation authorities opened the doors of Nippon for the entry of a peacetime army of priests and religious. The former restriction regarding prior service in the country was lifted. The only assurance now required is the guarantee that sufficient food and clothing are available from church resources in Japan to take care of the missionaries entering or that supplementary shipments of food and clothing will be made to support them.

The entire world today knows with what affection the Japanese regard their children. If these offspring, through the good offices of our missionary priests and sisters, can be taught to honor and respect the Mother of God, there can be little doubt that they, and their parents, will be brought to the Feet of Our Lord. This is the hope of the Holy See and it should become also the prayerful wish of every Catholic who is sincere in his daily supplication "Thy Kingdom come." Remember also that courage and fortitude have been found to be characteristics of the children of Japan. Young Thomas Kosaki proved that when he begged to accompany his father to martyrdom upon the hill that faced the sea off Nagasaki. Today that boy is honored as St. Thomas Kosaki, having been canonized in 1862, with his father and twenty-four companions now revered as the Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
National Director
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, U.S.A.

Childhood in Japan

The littlest members of the human race are loved and they love in Japan as in Canada, but from the cradle up there are differences in their way of living. The Japanese infant's only cradle is a *futon* (padded quilt) spread on the cold straw-matted floor. His pleasant outings — not in a four-wheeled, hooded carriage, but strapped to his mother's back — provide him with the opportunity of surveying the world with a certain sense of superiority. While his experience of life dates from only one month, he is already safely bound to the back of a servant girl who *thinks* him a wonder. The little maiden may be of only six or seven springtimes,

and, being so tiny, may want to go skipping or play ball. Baby has no objection, nor is he one; from his vantage point he opens wondering, much-amused eyes. Thus his frail body soon hardens against jolts, cold, heat and windy weather.

When in the winter time the kindergarten boys and girls come to school with swollen, wind-chapped hands, if you ask them: "Don't your hands hurt?" a vigorous shaking of the head and a very decided *iie* (No!) will be their answer.

To dry the tears or hush the cries of a Japanese tot, a boy especially, you need only remind him that "a Japanese never cries." Within two seconds he will have swallowed the lump in his throat.

School discipline is not preceded by many scoldings or corrections at home, even if the parents hold to certain principles of good education. For instance, the laddie knows that a boy's feet, when they have just played in a puddle, must not be allowed on the matting.

Instead of scolding, the mother reasons her little man and shows him the ridicule of his whims. "An intelligent boy doesn't behave that way," she tells him. The youngster, into whose ears has been dinned repeatedly the truth that he is *o riko san* (nobly clever), will generally give in. If he is offered sweets, he accepts politely, holding out both hands, true to Nipponese etiquette, but he will not taste of the sweets before having presented them to his mother.

On leaving for school, the Japanese child tells his mother: "*Itte mairimasu* (I go humbly)," and Mother answers: "*Itte irasshai* (go nobly)." When school is out the merry pupil greets the family with: "*Tadaima* (I have just come back)," and his mother welcomes him with: "*O kaeri* (noble return)."

In Japan, brothers and sisters always address one another with marks and words of respect. They are always called by their own name, to which is added the title *san* (Mr., Mrs. or Miss), a term of respect used even when speaking to the beggar met on the way.

Japanese children are fond of study and their parents often make great sacrifices to provide them with a good instruction. Catechism lessons and teachings on the great mysteries of our Holy Faith hold them spellbound and straightway win their sympathy. Their fresh, unspoiled souls have cost the life of a God and are worthy of being nourished with His Body. Pray that someone may break the Bread for them. . . . Thus will they become friends of Jesus.

Mission Quiz . . .

DID YOU KNOW THAT

After nearly twenty centuries, two-thirds of the people of the earth have never been taught that Christ was born, lived and died for them? . . . More than half of Japan's eighty millions wrest their living from the soil as peasant proprietors? . . . Catholic Missions in the Sahara are celebrating their seventy-fifth anniversary this year? . . . 4,335,000 Catholics live in Hindu India? . . . Within the past seventy-five years the Catholic population of Central Africa has grown from nothing to seven million? . . . India is considered to contain a greater number of desperately poor people than any other country in the world? . . . Of the approximate 60,000,000 human beings who die each year over the world, only a very small minority have any chance of benefit by the helping hand of a priest? . . . In China a pagan goddess, Kuan Yin, has served as a springboard for Christian missionaries who "converted" devotion to her into a more efficacious devotion to Mary, the Mother of God? . . . Confucius died almost 2,500 years ago? . . . There are 4,500 native Sisters in China and about 40 strictly Chinese Sisterhoods there? . . . The Belgian Congo has 3,000,000 Catholics, 850,000 catechumens under instruction, and 905 Catholic churches and chapels? . . . Mandarin Chinese has some 10,000 basic characters or words? . . .

Mother's Day



HAT a lovely month is May, with its singing birds and fragrant flowers! It is Our Blessed Mother's special month when our hearts and our voices proclaim her Queen of the Universe, Queen of our souls. How lovingly Christians young and old, all over the world, gather around her flower-bedecked shrines to sing her praises and crave her maternal aid and protection.

May is the month of Mary, but it is also the month of our dear earthly mothers. To them also we will proffer fair blooms from our gardens and fadeless flowers from the loveland of our hearts. To our modern times we owe this delightful invention of Mother's Day.

O mothers all, how tenderly we surround you today to tell you of the love that fills our hearts as we recall all that we owe to your maternal solicitude.

We sing of you, mothers of our homeland, Canadian mothers, whose generous love has peopled our homesteads with numerous children.



A BIG HUG FOR MOTHER

We sing of you also, mother of all countries under the sun! Happy mothers, sorrowing mothers; mothers old and mothers young; Christian mothers whom the Lord has endowed with the choice jewel of Faith to be handed down as a priceless heirloom to your children; non-Christian mothers who still wander in darksome ways, anxiously waiting until someone lights up your children's darkness and your own with the brilliant torch of Faith.

May Mary, Queen of all Mothers, bless you and your beloved children all, so that they may ever be here below your joy and consolation and in the eternal homeland above, your crown of glory in ageless eternities.



Mother Hearts Beat in China Also

The young missionary whose first assignment is China, and more especially South China, may rub his eyes and believe himself in topsy-turvydom for a while, before he gets used to the sight of so many people living for the most part in God's great temple of the open, or in rudimentary shelters or amply-ventilated bamboo homes, because of the astounding upward leaps of the thermometer.

When, that by experience he may become the wiser, the apostle of Christ casts a second and more attentive look, he is sometimes the wondering witness of scenes where mother hearts play the leading role. With the same mother pride that characterizes "God's earthly masterpieces" the world over, the Chinese mother clasps to her heart her littlest one, in whose face is reflected the serene smile of the one who gave him life. With pardonable avidity His Little Majesty pleads for his turn of the chopsticks, and forthwith is lifted to his rosebud lips the mouthful of rice which makes life pleasant and livable for him. Even a casual onlooker would gather, and rightly so, that Mother finds greater satisfaction in the glad content of her child than in the food she herself takes.

Next-neighbor Mother ploddingly toils away with her youngest securely strapped to her back. Not a jot discomfited by her live burden, she works as heartily as the Chinese do, while in his unsteady cradle Junior sleeps the sleep of the earthly blessed.

Farther on, more little specimens of the Chinese race, with the simplicity which is their greatest charm, are playing and laughing, waiting for Mother to give them the heaped-up bowls of rice that will appease their hunger.

These homely scenes to the honor of mother love strike a sensitive chord in the missionary's heart. One after the other topple the old notions culled in childhood: "Chinese mothers are heartless;" "Chinese mothers do not love their children." Now he knows the truth: God, whose masterpiece is the Heart of His Mother and the hearts of all mothers, her human copies, was not less liberal when He poured tenderness into those of Chinese mothers than when He filled to overflowing those of the mothers we cherish. He knows the consoling truth: If the rejection of offspring and infanticide be

frequent even nowadays in old Cathay, the stone must be cast at pagan superstition and poverty that beggars description.

There are many links in the chain of miseries dragged by the Christless sections of China. New-born infants, the infirm and helpless, all of the "undesirables," frequently fall victims of pagan superstitions. How many poor mothers have thus been forced to offer to unfeeling deities of wood and stone their own flesh and blood! No words can render their sorrow — it demands the silent tribute of tears. Then does the human ectype of the Merciful Savior rejoice, as into those hearts sealed against all hope, happiness and joy, he pours the soothing balm of belief in a God who loved us enough to give us His only-begotten Son.



CHINESE MOTHER

Christ, and He alone, by compelling the Dragon to unloose the iron grip in which he still holds four hundred million Chinese, will abolish those deplorable customs and defend the cause of their mothers and children. Then, in that Christ-blessed and Christ-filled atmosphere the mother will be the queen of hearth and home, and the treasures of affection and devotedness so long pent up within her heart will be outpoured for the happiness of the family circle. Glowing examples have already been given us in regions won to the Savior. When, through the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire, Christ's blessed teachings will have leavened the pagan masses, a whole legion of daughters and sons "will arise and call her blessed" — in deathless glory they will extol the heroic virtues of the Unknown Chinese Mother.

It is not enough for me to serve God; all hearts must love Him and all tongues bless Him.

St. Ignatius

True charity begins at home, every reasonable man must admit, but who will say that it should end there?

Maryknoll



JAPANESE MOTHER

Japanese Mothers

On the occasion of the Doll's Festival (March 3) every year Japanese girls are reminded of the virtues they will be expected to practice in a special manner: reserve, submission, devotedness, graciousness and love of order. These are the virtues which distinguish Japanese women in general, as wives and mothers.

The all-wise Creator has endowed Japanese women with exquisite graciousness of body and soul, still further enhanced by the atmosphere of modest reserve which surrounds them. Their simple, flowing kimono and the national headdress give them a charming dignity not to be found elsewhere.

From infancy Japanese girls are taught to keep under control their various emotions of joy or sorrow, to bear pain uncomplainingly, to smile away daily annoyances, to observe minutely the complicated code of Japanese etiquette. A Japanese woman will never open the sliding doors while standing; she will kneel to open them noiselessly.

Countless times a day she will slip on and off her slippers on going in or coming out of apartments. She will bow deeply three times to any visitor who chances to call. She knows from having observed her mother that Japanese women are expected to walk with slightly bowed head, to speak low, to remain dignified and calm under all circumstances, to wear that perpetual smile which covers their greatest joys as well as their most desperate situations.

Under the old feudal system, knightly families often sent out their daughters as servants in friendly families, that they might be trained in a still more virile way than at home, for their role of future wives and mothers of brave warriors.

Usually the life of the Japanese mother is entirely spent in her home, where she finds happiness in rearing her children and honoring



and serving her husband and in-laws. She is the type of hidden devotedness, for rarely if ever does she appear in public. On man devolves the glorious destiny of serving the Emperor; on her that of giving numerous subjects for the Empire.

With the penetration of western civilization in the Land of the Rising Sun, Japanese women may find themselves confronted with social obligations which will force them out of their homes, but this emancipation can never be but merely exterior. They will always remain faithful, gentle, patient wives, home-loving mothers beloved of their children. Japanese tots often stand in awe of their father. There is even an ancient proverb which says that there are three terrible things in Japan, namely, thunder, earthquakes, and the father of the family! But to the end of his life the Japanese keeps tender memories of his *okasan* (noble mother).



The Fate of Woman on the Dark Continent

The women of our own favored land who, in spite of their privileged status as wives and mothers, would be tempted to murmur at their lot, would do well to remember the all-too-often unhappy, degrading fate of women in general on the Dark Continent.

Paganism always has considered woman as the mere slave or chattel of man, when it did not go so far as to use her as his beast of burden. She might be sold, exchanged or even killed at a whim of her lord and master. Such is even today the fate of the weaker sex in all the regions of Africa where Christian civilization has not yet been able to penetrate.

The black woman must till the fields, under the burning sun, with spade and hoe. On her also devolve the heavy labors of the harvest. If her husband decides to go hunting or fishing, the wife must follow to drag home the catch, prepare it for drying in the sun or for immediate consumption. She must cook substantial meals for the menfolk and be content with their leavings.

Besides all these back-breaking tasks, the African woman must take care of her children, whom she loves as dearly as mothers everywhere cherish their offspring.

Polygamy, which allows a man to keep dozens and even hundreds of concubines, adds still further to the distress of the poor African woman.

If sickness or infirmity impair her physical fitness, she is abandoned by her own, who can no longer hope to use her strength. Widows are sold out or exchanged if they are still able to work. Old age often spells extreme misery when none of the children have the heart to provide for their mother's

needs. She has then no other alternative but the jungle, where wild animals will make short rift of her wasted frame.

This deplorable situation has aroused the sympathy of all civilized nations and a campaign for the rehabilitation of womanhood in Africa has been launched with great success. This campaign is especially carried on by the missionaries who work in that continent.

The African woman is far from being deprived of intelligence. She possesses precious qualities which, once they have been developed, enable her to see to the ways of her household and rear her children worthily.

Africa has her elite of women remarkable for their merit and superior education. She may be especially proud of her admirable native nuns, fervent, zealous, tireless laborers in the Master's vineyard. Knowing as they do the mentality of their own people, they are called to bring about a great reaction for good in African society. May Heaven multiply their number and may the gentle teachings of the Gospel penetrate every African home, and restore to woman her dignity as companion of man and mother of his children.



Cardinal Hlond's Tribute to His Mother

With deep gratitude, I turn my heart and mind towards you, my dear mother, and write my first letter to you. When I consider the ways God's providence leads me, your image is always standing before my soul... You let down into the souls of your children a strong foundation of life based upon faith and the divine law... You opened to us the way to happiness, as you did not educate us to indolence but to strength of character and to work, and you taught us the love of duty and the desire to meet our duties sincerely and gladly. Therefore, nowhere but in the nobility and the sublimity of your simple and devoted heart is to be found the beginning of that way on which God's grace guided me and led me to that which generally is called dignity, but which, after the conception of our family, means a higher fulfillment in work and devotion.

... I thank you heartily that you were a good mother to me and ask for your pious prayer that I may by my work serve the honor of God, the cause of His Holy Church and the happiness of my father. These same sentiments, in spirit, I lay upon the tomb of my beloved father, whose pious and strong character confirmed me and made me willing to follow him. With gratitude and piety, I kiss your hands, hard from work, and ask your motherly benediction on the way that duty will lead me.

Your son,

AUGUST, Cardinal.

Mothers of Missionaries



It was Christ's to command. In the Foreign Mission Seminary the young ecclesiastic from Besancon was training for active service on the mission front. Then the thunderbolt fell from the blue. His health began to cause serious anxiety to the directors of the house. The doctor gave his verdict. A man of Abbe Ducat's temperament lacked one of the qualities essential to a missionary.

It was a mournful letter that the disappointed aspirant penned to his mother. But in the one who had given him life beat the heart of a Christian heroine. No sooner had she read her son's missive than she decided to write to the Archbishop of Besancon.

"She whose privilege it is to be writing to Your Eminence is the mother of the Missionary of your diocese to whom you deign to give marks of special interest. I have heard that the directors of the Seminary deem him unable to bear any great fatigue and even fear that he might not outlive the hazards of the crossing. Your Eminence, so they say, is of the same opinion. Most certainly, if this were a matter of conscience, I would not venture to intrude and would simply wait; if I listened only to nature, I would rejoice exceedingly. But conscience is not bound in this, and nature is not at all concerned. It is therefore my duty as it is my right to drop a grain of sand in the scale wherein is weighed the destiny of my child. No, Your Eminence, Abbe Ducat is not a weakling. On the contrary, he has shown himself able to cope with the exigencies of a severe regime, of heat and cold, of heavy labor and forced marches, of privations and night-vigils, in short, of everything that weak temperaments would not be able to withstand. I trust that the young apostle will be allowed to spend for the glory of my God and his God, the life I have given him."

Another sterling-souled mother is thus praised by her son, Father Joseph P.: "When we reached the station my mother could hold back her tears no longer, but she said: 'My son, it is only my mother-heart that weeps, for my will readily accepts the sacrifice.'"

Writing to her missionary son in Uganda, Mrs. J. said: "I want to know those souls that I cannot help loving, since it was for their sake that we gave you to God."

When news reached Mrs. P. that her beloved son had been slaughtered by the Touaregs as he was trying to spread the Faith in the Sudan, she accepted with gratefulness the tokens of sympathy that poured in from all sides, but she in no wise wanted to be pitied, nor did she want her sadness commented upon. The *Semaine Religieuse* of Angers having spoken of her as the "mother of our unfortunate compatriot," she protested energetically, saying the "happy mother of our glorious martyr" would have been preferable.

Read the following poem. It well depicts the heart-thoughts of those mothers whose ardent faith is a wellspring of the superhuman courage we all admire.

*You are going to leave ; till death comes to you,
May there sing in your heart your noble refrain.
True, the tribute of tears to nature is due,
But your mother is glad, and sweet is her pain.*

*People seeing my tears, " poor mother," they said,
" Would to God that her love had kept him her own ! "
Not a word did I speak ; my mind had they read,
Oh, 'twas not as they thought, nor felt I alone!*

*In this moment supreme my soul sings for joy,
I am happy and strong ; to Jesus my King
I can offer a gift — my precious, dear boy ;
If I weep as you leave, 'tis sweet sorrowing.*

*Yet my motherly love by grace is increased.
When in childhood's fond days you lisped at my knee,
When none other had claimed my dear future priest,
Ne'er so loving as now your mother could be!*

*Where the Master calls you, go gladly, my son.
Lord, You know I love him, my treasure on earth.
Twenty years he was mine ; You, Mary's dear One,
Understand all my joy, from time of his birth.*

*Bear the light and the grace to waiting ones there!
Be the voice that consoles, have peace-bringing feet!
Give them charity, faith, and tell them of prayer ;
In the Name of the Christ, bid Satan retreat!*

*Weary, cold you may be, on strands far away,
You may suffer, my son, no mother to cheer,
But the God whom you serve, the Truth and the Way,
Gave us love ere we loved ; His comfort is near.*

*If the hatred of men plot death for my boy,
If the gibbet, the stake, your altar become,
Oh, think not of your mother ; drink of your joy
When the Master calls you: " My martyr-priest, come!"*

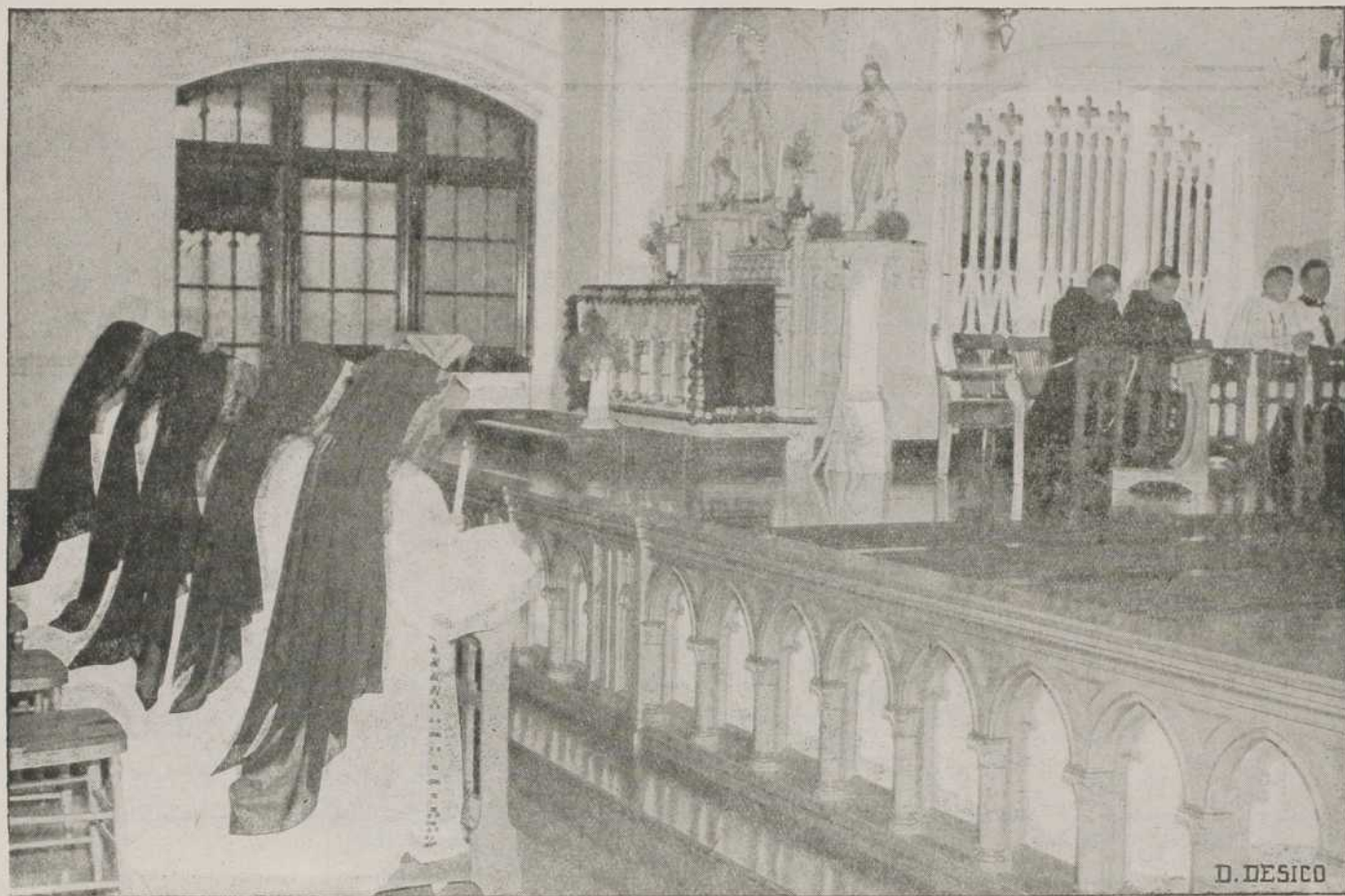
*In the temple of God my treasure I'll bear,
There is glory in being mother of one
Who surrenders his life in morning so fair,
Like the Savior of men, Our Lady's dear Son!*

*Oh, that I could with you to foreign fields go!
For the honor of God give all to the last!
Little matters now that I linger below —
But the moment is come ; my dreamings are past.*

*Stay, your mother must hold her son to her heart!
For the life that you give she first gave to you!
Christian mother, my pride e'en now as we part,
Is to kneel at your feet and bid you Adieu.*

From the French in
Gerbes d'Histoires Africaines





DEPARTURE CEREMONY OF OUR FOUR SISTERS FOR AFRICA

Four Sisters Leave for Africa

At last the barriers that bridled the zeal of our four missionary Sisters have been thrown down and they have left the Motherhouse with, as long-desired destination, the great Dark



Sister Madeleine Marie
(Madeleine Loranger,
Westmount), *Superior*



Sister Joseph du Sauveur
(Berengere Cadieux,
Montreal North)

Continent, where they will found the first of our missions.

The departure ceremony was held in our Motherhouse chapel on Sunday March 7. Many relatives and friends of the Community



Sister St. Justinien
(Paula Ida Coulombe,
Monument, P. Q.)

were present to bid them god-speed and offer their prayerful support for the success of their future missionary endeavors. Rev. Father A. Biron, of the White Fathers, delivered an appropriate sermon on the ever inspiring mission theme.

On the morning of the 10th, the privileged four left for New York. There on the 12th they boarded the "Queen Elizabeth," en route for England, whence, after a few days, they



Sister Therese Marguerite
(Therese Gouin,
Montreal)

set sail once more, this time for their Promised Land in Central Africa.

The Mission of Katete, where they will labor for souls, is a portion of the far stretching Vicariate of Nyasaland confided to Most Rev. Marcel St. Denis, of the White Fathers.

Our initial establishment on the African continent realizes the dream cherished from the very first days of our Community by our venerated Foundress, Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit. She had first visioned Africa as the territory where she and her Daughters would spend themselves for the cause of the missions, but until this year there had always been great difficulties in the way and the dream could not materialize.

May the Master of the Harvest bless this new field of apostolic action and grant its humble workers the gifts of His Spirit of light and love!

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)

(Continued)



Blessed Peter Louis Marie Chanel

In the summer of 1819, when he had passed his sixteenth birthday, Father Trompier, capable though he was of leading his pupil, step by step, to the threshold of the sanctuary, judged it best that he should make his higher studies in a diocesan school. The preparatory seminary of Meximieux⁽¹⁾, founded by Father Ruivet, enjoyed an enviable reputation, and there he sent Peter. It had about three hundred students, under the care of Father Loras⁽²⁾, later, Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa. Mme. Chanel accompanied her son, wishing herself to introduce him to Father Loras, and lovingly eager, no doubt, to see his new home.

Two incidents marked their journey. In the coach with them there was a young girl on her way to Saint Rembert, to work in a cotton-mill. She talked to every one, and in a manner hardly edifying. To keep out of the conversation Peter pretended to be asleep; but growing indignant, at last, he brusquely interrupted her. "We are sorry, Mademoiselle," he said, "that you are not coming home from the cotton-mill, instead of going there; in that case you might have some cotton with you, which we could borrow to put in our ears." Every one laughed, and the girl was silenced.

Soon, a young tourist made himself disagreeable by quizzing Peter; and when he learned that the bright faced youth was on his way to the college at Meximieux, condoled with him on going to such a place, and hinted broadly that, no doubt, he would have chosen another school had he had sufficient means. Peter explained that he preferred Meximieux to any other place in France, but the man continued his tirade; and losing patience, at length, Peter exclaimed, "You would do well, Sir, to say no

1. Meximieux, in later years, counted among its students Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, and Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls.

2. Matthias Loras was born at Lyons in 1792. His father was guillotined during the Revolution. He was ordained in 1815, spent some years as superior of a seminary, and in 1829 came to Mobile, Alabama, where he labored for eight years. He was consecrated first Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa, in 1837. He found in his see one priest and a little scattered flock; when he died, in 1858, he left 48 priests with 60 churches and 54,000 Catholics.

more!" "So! From your tone one would imagine a fly had stung you!" his tormentor said angrily. "Yes, a very annoying fly," Peter retorted instantly.

Sallies such as these would have astonished his intimates, so rarely did he resort to anything of the kind. He was too gentle often to wound.

CHAPTER III

The Preparatory Seminary

The four years which Peter spent at Meximieux were of utmost importance in the development of his character and the cultivation of his mind, but they passed quietly, almost monotonously, and their story is not long. The tender piety, planted in his soul by a good mother and carefully nourished at Cras, matured during these years; he became recollected, more and more reverent, more and more amiable. Perhaps there is no better commentary on this and other parts of his life than that, after his martyrdom when those desiring his canonization wrote to his old friends, the responses received were almost identical: Peter had been "studious," "pious," "gentle," "loving;" but each writer regrets that he did not notice him very particularly — so simple was he, and so unostentatious. Nor have we in his early letters a storehouse of many treasures, for in them he speaks but little of himself, and then nearly always playfully.

Peter's early impressions of Meximieux are given in a letter which he wrote to Father Trompier for New Year's Day. "With all my heart I wish you a happy New Year," he says. "May God spare you long for the sake of your parish and for mine! I cannot tell you, Father, how happy I am here! My teachers are so holy. And my schoolmates, almost all of them, have traits which I cannot help envying. My love for you urges me on to do my best."

From the first Peter took his place among the most promising students. When, after three months, his first report was sent to his parents, they were proud to find that he held high rank in class and was distinguished for exemplary conduct. Father Trompier, to whom they gave the report, wrote to Father Loras: "I have deep interest in young Chanel, and his first report gave me intense satisfaction. The dear child will continue, I hope, to be your consolation and mine. I believe him to be called to the priesthood. He has a beautiful soul. I am happy that he is in your hands. Spare him neither reproof nor punishment."

At the close of his first uneventful year Peter hurried back to Cuét, only too happy to be at home once more. Without neglecting any of the study which had been laid out for him, he helped his parents with their work, as willing as of old to labor in the fields. Never was son more loving. He was the joy of that big, simple family circle.

October found him again at Meximieux, hard at work. His professor during this year and the preceding one, who had every opportunity of knowing him well, said later, "He was indeed 'beloved of God and men.'"

If I could have foreseen his glorious destiny, with what interest I should have observed and cherished every detail regarding him! I would have watched all his actions that I might now be able to picture them for you as fitting preludes of the virtues which made of him a holy priest, an apostle and a martyr. I do not believe he ever merited or received a word of reproach from his superiors, or had the least quarrel with his fellow students. His natural timidity tended to keep him aloof from the rough games in which quarrels so easily arise. His modesty and docility were perfect; his heart was loving and generous; he was all gentleness. In class he held high rank, applying himself habitually, in spite of the delicacy of his health. His piety was thoughtful, solid and tender. I well remember how he loved to pray at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar. Doubtless it was his filial love for her whom he delighted to call his good Mother, that won for him the priceless favors of becoming a member of the Society of Mary, and later of honoring her by his apostolate and martyrdom."

Toward the end of Peter's second year at Meximieux an epidemic swept over the town and adjoining country. Several fell ill at the college, and to safeguard the rest they were sent home. Peter's parents received him with a joy the greater that they had been much alarmed. During the long vacation which followed he resumed his humble work in the fields, but neglected neither his studies nor his devotions.

By the end of October, all danger having passed, the college was reopened. In a letter written to one of his cousins, Peter tells of his work for this year: "Well, after a long and difficult march through grammar and themes I have got to the region of belles-lettres. It seems to me that I have reached the most beautiful country in the world. Day after day we meet the best writers of ancient and modern times. We note their thoughts, their feelings, their style. Guided by an able professor such work develops the imagination, taste and judgment. I am still a novice at it, but, thanks be to God, I am full of courage.

"Nothing could be more varied than the subjects upon which we try our pens; sometimes it is a topographical description, or the story of some event; sometimes, a letter or a fable, an elegy, an idyl, etc. It goes without saying that in Greek and Latin we are given whatever is particularly difficult of translation. So, you see, the sphere of my work has grown; I only hope that my head will grow in proportion, so that I may reap the full benefit of all this."

That year passed, and another opened, his last at Meximieux, to be spent in the study of rhetoric. He had now to learn to think for himself, to reason, to draw conclusions. The study of rhetoric was not then exactly what it is today. Eloquence being defined as the gift or faculty of moving the minds and hearts of others, rhetoric set forth the rules which should direct an orator in the development of his gift, and teach him all the means suitable for its use. The work of the year was directed almost entirely to this end, and Peter gave himself to it with ardor, knowing that it was splendid preparation for the priestly life to which day by day he felt more certain that God was calling him.

To every sermon Peter listened as if God were speaking by the mouth of His minister. "What did you think of the sermon?" a fellow student asked him one day. "I thought what Christ wished that we should think when He said to His apostles: 'Whosoever heareth you, heareth Me.'"

"I know," his friend insisted, "but putting aside this view, what did you think of it as an oratorical effort?" "When I hear a sermon," Peter replied, "I realize that there are in me two persons, a Christian and a rhetorician. Only the Christian enters the church; the rhetorician remains outside the door." Not that he blamed others for passing judgment on the eloquence of a preacher; but for himself his faith and reverence made it impossible. This respect for the word of God extended to every trifle; for instance, seeing on the ground some leaves from a New Testament he picked them up lest they should be trampled under foot.

Month by month this piety deepened, a simple piety, entirely without affectation. During his first year at Meximieux he had been admitted into the Sodality of Our Lady, and later he was elected prefect. When told that he had been unanimously chosen he said in amazement, "But I thought such votes were cast conscientiously!" At once a new spirit permeated the Sodality. Peter became its very soul; he breathed into it new fervor, and a more ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Following him through his spotless boyhood up to the heights of which he had dreamed as a child, his love for our Blessed Mother is ever the dominant note of his spiritual life. Loving God as he did, could he have failed to love Her? It was noted at Meximieux how his face lighted up at the mere mention of her name. "*Auspace Dei Genitrice Maria*" he wrote on the first page of all his books and at the beginning of every theme. One day, having slightly injured his left hand, he dipped a pen into the blood and wrote these words, which voiced the master passion of his life: "To love Mary and to make her loved."

At prayer he seemed more like an angel than a boy. No service, however long, ever became wearisome to him, and it was his great happiness to serve at Mass. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was extraordinarily tender. What we now call frequent Holy Communion was then almost unknown, but he approached the Holy Table as often as he was permitted, always after very careful, very loving preparation.

Among the students Peter was popular from the first. He sympathized with their griefs and rejoiced over their successes; he was all kindness to the sick. At recreation he readily took part in the games, even in those he played poorly; and, as long before at Cras, he lost with perfect good humor. Among his many gifts of grace and nature his generosity must not be overlooked. He did not know how to be selfish. The little delicacies, sent him from home, were always divided; and nothing short of impossibility ever deterred him from doing a good turn to one of his associates. What is rarer, he had become so completely master of himself that he very seldom spoke impatiently, even under sudden and sharp provocation.

(To be continued)



With Our Sisters in Fields Afar

TSUNGMING

Was it all imagination, or did the sun really shine more brilliantly than ever that morning of mid-August when Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ from Szepingkai wrote that our thirty Sisters fugitives from the Manchurian storm would arrive at Shanghai on the 19th? We had been expecting them all the time, for news had come to that effect from the Motherhouse.

Right away we busied ourselves with the preparations. Never before had we been expecting so much company. The classrooms changed their erudite appearance and agreed to look like dormitories "for the duration." Sister St. Camille de Lellis⁽²⁾, our errand-Sister, went busily to and fro, exploring any likely place for the many necessities that would be felt, since in the bombing of Szepingkai our Sisters had lost just about everything. Divine Providence intervening, a certain Welfare Society had the bright idea of sending us various articles of clothing and food.

On August 21, two of the Tsungming convent greeted a part of the contingent at Shanghai. The others arrived two days later. At the Mission the new arrivals were joyfully welcomed by our little Community, the native virgins, the orphans and the old grannies of the Refuge. The latter stared wonder-eyed at the white wimples and the wearers of them especially, having never seen so many *Mou Mou* (Sisters) at Tsungming. Machine-gunning over and a tedious journey as well, the exiles from Manchuria had but one ejaculation on their lips: "This is Heaven!" No wonder they broke forth in a jubilant *Magnificat* to Mary, Cause of our Joy.

Shortly after, His Excellency Bishop Tsu came to welcome our thirty companions into his diocese. With a radiant smile he called them "blessed for having suffered persecution for justice' sake," adding: "O happy persecution that has given us the pleasure of receiving you all on our island of Tsungming!"

1. Sister DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (Agnes Lavallee, Winnipeg).

2. Yvonne JOLICOEUR, Joliette.

The two months our Manchurian Sisters lived under our roof, sharing with us what we had, fled like two days, and soon came the hour for parting again. On October 20, day after Mission Sunday, began the scattering of these other "bearers of glad tidings of great joy." When news had trickled through to our other mission stations in the Orient of the downfall of our Community's hopes in Manchuria, all had hastened to apply for reinforcements. The former Manchu Sisters were therefore assigned to our Missions in Japan, the Philippines and China. We of Tsungming had the privilege of keeping four of the thirty, namely, Sister Marie Germaine (1), Sister St. Paule (2), Sister St. Rose (3) and Sister Eustelle de l'Eucharistie (4). Only too glad to keep on the great and high adventure of seeking souls, those who had borne together for ten, fifteen and perhaps twenty years the burden of mission life felt a pang of sorrow at having to separate. No one was surprised, therefore, when, between smiles, tears sparkled at the last farewell.

The little Tsungming Community will remember with joyful thoughts and prayers the companions they harbored from harm in days dark and perilous. Our goodbye recommendation was worded thus: "Sisters, don't forget to stop in Tsungming on your way back to Manchuria!"

SIA LIN, "TINY BELL"

Sia Lin is wealthy now: the riches of divinity have become hers at the baptismal font. But it was not always thus. Indeed, time was when that gracious and silvery name "Tiny Bell" seemed but an ironical thrust of grim fate. Sia Lin was lame, deaf, and had a deep guttural tone of voice one could hardly understand.

For all her misfortunes, Sia Lin had been treated kindly by her relatives. Before her parents died, they had even succeeded in wedding her to an upright young man. Alas, "Tiny Bell" was destined to toll only funeral notes! Very early she lost her husband,



Sister St. Camille de Lellis (Yvonne Jolicœur, Joliette) and Sister Therese d'Avila (Therese Sauve, St. Scholastique), Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Tsungming, China, Setting Out on a Journey.

1. Germaine GRAVEL, St. Prosper, Champlain Co.
2. Jeanne NADEAU, St. Sophie d'Halifax.
3. Jeanne SANSCHAGRIN, Charlesbourg.
4. Eustelle SAMSON, Lauzon.



AT TSUNGMING ORPHANAGE, CHINA

and her mother-in-law, her last remaining friend on earth, fell seriously ill. Disconsolate, Sia Lin called for the ministrations of the *Mou Mou*, nursing Sister at Tsungming Mission. It was too late to save the earthly life of the mother-in-law, but her sufferings were alleviated, and to her was revealed the remedy that procures life everlasting.

Some time after her mother-in-law's passing away, the crippled woman remembered how sympathetic the Missionary Sisters had been to the lost one; she came to seek a haven at our convent. With joy we welcomed her, for we were inclined to believe she would sooner or later accept the teachings of our Holy Faith. Besides, she could make herself most useful, and seemed to have a good practical knowledge of every kind of work.

Things went like clockwork and the skies were bright, when the devil began to play his cards. Not to be outdone, he cast his own evil net to the pagan soul that had been caught so happily in the net of Faith. "Tiny Bell" grew terribly lonesome, so much so that without our knowing it she got someone to write to her sister-in-law, asking her for bed and board. Came the answer: of course Sia Lin could come, but she would have to beg for her food. Then the young woman, left to her own thoughts, understood better the charity and generous hospitality of the Sisters. She recovered her smile again and her loneliness went with the wind, presumably.

But her simple soul did not yet feel drawn to Christ. One day we learned the why of it: the young woman had been imagining that entering the Catholic Church also meant entering the religious life, and she didn't feel attracted to a nun's vocation. Explanations were gladly given, and she asked to be taught the catechism.

Today Sia Lin is baptized; soon will dawn for her the long-expected morning of her First Communion.

No, "Tiny Bell," cruel fate didn't mock you. Now you are God's very own silver bell, and soon you will ring out the inexpressible joy of clasping Him to your heart and being the living tabernacle of the Eucharist.

"PRECIOUS STONE" WEDS

"Precious Stone," our oldest orphan, who answers to the Chinese name Yu Tin, was married in Tsungming Church on August 28. These last two years she had prayed much to know her vocation and each night she said the beads for that intention.

In "Precious Stone" we really had a precious treasure. Tall, gentle, good-looking, she was so charmingly reserved and modest that everyone thought the world of her. She was a great devotee of the Mother of God.

Yu Tin pondered long and seriously on her future and finally chose to enter the married state. She told Sister Superior about it and the latter informed the Reverend Pastor. Among the young Christians of the Mission he would surely find a convenient life-partner for our orphan girl.

Scarcely two weeks later, on August 17, one sunny Sunday it was, the Pastor came, accompanied by the prospective bridegroom. "Precious Stone" was called to the parlor and went with Sister Superior and a companion. The decisive hour had come that would determine the mutual



Sister St. Paule (Jeanne Nadeau, St. Sophie d'Halifax), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, and a Few Orphans, Tsungming, China.

choice of the two young people. The young man, with characteristic impassive countenance, kept his eyes riveted on the ceiling from the beginning to the end of the interview, as if there were penned his destiny. But this in no wise prevented him from casting more than one speculative glance at Yu Tin. The latter studied her intended discreetly. Then the two concerned made known their impressions, but in the Chinese way. The young man spoke to the priest and the young lady to the Sister. The conclusion was: It will do. Then, likely because he was loath to lose his "Precious" the fiance wanted to settle on the spot both the hour and the contract for the very next day. However, not caring to have the young ones repent at leisure thereafter, the Missionaries suggested that things be postponed till the following Thursday. So it was agreed. On

Tuesday the husband-to-be was back at the Mission: he had probably counted the days after the Oriental fashion. Luckily that the informations we had taken were satisfactory. Arrangements were made and it was decided that the wedding would be blessed on the Thursday of the following week.

The Christians, like the pagans for that matter, have kept the custom of paying for their wives. In compliance with the tradition, we therefore had to accept the few bushels of corn that were to assure the bridegroom the conquest of the one with whom he will journey along through life. Yu Tin would have liked him to hire a palanquin to go to church on the great day, but he, having lost his mother only two weeks before, judged that the simple wheelbarrow decorated in red would be preferable.

"Precious Stone" has come to our convent since her wedding. She even brought us a little gift, two dozen eggs, a token of her affection and gratefulness. She says she is very happy and we believe her, for she entered as a queen in her home. One must be living in China to appreciate the full value of the expression. We hope that, thanks to the education given her at the orphanage, our "Precious Stone" will be a model Christian wife, a beacon to all her kinswomen still groping along the darkened byways of paganism.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Yuri Ko was born in the midst of a family strongly attached to the ancient Japanese traditions. Willingly would her father have formulated the domestic code in this wise: "Loyalty to the Emperor, unalterable fidelity to the ways and customs of the ancestors."

Among her many brothers and sisters she grew up, a bright, intelligent child, gifted with uncommon strength of will. She was in her first or second year of High School when, in 1935, she first presented herself to the Catholic Mission of Wakamatsu, Japan, which was situated a short distance from the school she attended.

The young girl felt vaguely the deceiving emptiness of the Shintoist doctrine; and yet, loyal to the religion of her forebears, proud of the history of her country, she experienced great difficulty in submitting to the teachings of our Holy Religion. She could not admit, for instance, that the Japanese had had the same origin as the common of mortals. Hadn't she been taught since childhood that the Nipponese all descended from Amaterasu O Mi Kami, the sun-goddess, ancestor of Yamato? For months, under the patient direction of a Missionary, ardent, straightforward Yuri Ko applied herself to the study of our Holy Religion. One by one her prejudices fell, and she became the child of God through Baptism.

Now opened before her an entirely new life — a life of abnegation and sacrifice. Her father had consented but reluctantly to her baptism and all of her relatives openly disapproved of it. Only in constant prayer and frequent reception of the sacraments could Yuri Ko find the strength of remaining faithful to her sacred engagements.

A few months later, her family having left Wakamatsu for Koriyama, Yuri Ko gladly accepted to lend us a helping hand at the kindergarten. About that time her father proposed to marry her to a pagan. Respectfully, yet firmly, she declined his offer for, as she told us afterwards, she had decided to enter the religious life to obtain from Heaven the conversion of her loved ones.

Several years were to elapse before it would be given her to realize her fond ambition. When we were forced to leave our dear Mission in 1943, she promised to do everything in her power to keep glowing in her heart "the sacred fire of faith," as she put it.

We were agreeably surprised to hear, on our return to Koriyama, that Yuri Ko had seen her dream come true and was actually a novice in a Community of Tokyo.

She wrote in October, telling us of her great joy on receiving the Holy Habit, and also of her sorrow at the thought that her family was still outside of the Church.



JAPANESE CHILDREN WEARING NATIONAL COSTUME

Early in January, 1947, news reached us that the father of our protegee was grievously ill. We immediately called on him to express our sympathy. The reception proved rather cold, but during subsequent visits his feelings gradually changed until, at length, he spontaneously asked for Baptism, and his request was granted the very next day, for his state had become alarming.

The newly-made child of God had reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage. Soon he would meet his Father, and how fervently he prepared for the Great Reunion!

In the solitude of her novitiate, Yuri Ko prayed and wept. When she learned of his edifying death her soul burst forth in prayerful gratitude, for God had

agreed her sacrifice and here was His loving answer.

Two other members of her family are now studying in preparation for baptism. Only Infinite Love can measure the graces her generous oblation will have won for the souls dear to her.

* * *

WAKAMATSU

WELCOME TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

Japan now stands on the threshold of a new era, an era of liberty which is not, it must be admitted, one of wholly unclouded prospects, but which concedes signal privileges to the Nipponese, for instance, the visit of the Emperor in several towns and villages.

Breathes there the son of Nippon who, previous to the surrender of his country, could have cherished the hope of seeing with his own eyes the renowned scion of the goddess Amaterasu, creator of the Empire? A few thrice-fortunate cities had in the past been granted that favor of all favors

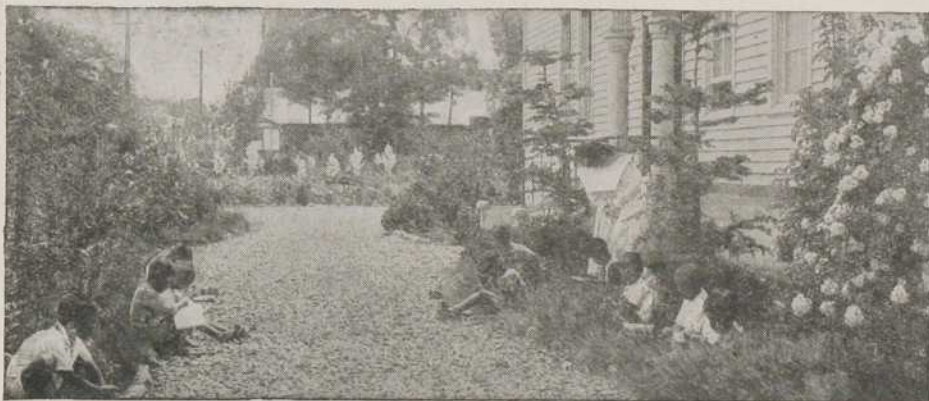
best, but so rigid was the ceremonial on those occasions that the subjects of the august personage were forced to adore him deeply and refrain from even lifting their eyes upon him. Curiosity could have no satisfaction there. With pomp and rejoicing the anniversary of the memorable event was observed yearly thereafter. Did not some wee almond-eyed maiden answer to the name *Miyuki* (noble passage) in remembrance of the Emperor's halt at her village on the very day of her birth?

"You foreigners," a fervent Shintoist told us one day, "can have no idea about the feelings of a Japanese in presence of the Emperor." In the eyes of his people the Emperor of Japan was, so to speak, an incarnation of divinity. With the fall of Japan his prerogative may have been hopelessly lost, nevertheless his many subjects still hold him in veneration.

Last year, His Majesty honored with his presence the city of Sendai, and, close by, Matsushima, one of Japan's three wonders. Fukushima and Koriyama hailed him in turn; then Wakamatsu was honored.

The civil authorities had announced that twenty thousand persons might gather in the court of the ancient fortress, while the remainder of the throngs were to stand on the platforms of the station. Never was a command so obediently fulfilled, and when the imperial cortege crossed our town, all could contemplate at leisure the features of the illustrious visitor, who courteously saluted the people he certainly holds most dear. *Banzai* (cheers) arose on all sides, but not quite so lustily as we deemed would have been demanded by the occasion. Enthusiastic exclamations and outward shows of gladness should have broken forth everywhere, according to us. But the respectful attitude of the crowds was in perfect harmony with the sympathetic gravity of His Majesty, who cast looks of commiseration on a nation that has suffered the full impact of disaster and is still undergoing so many hardships and deprivations.

The old feudal castle rightly deserved to be chosen to welcome the Sovereign of the Empire. The picturesque site is but the shadow of what it once was, but it remains nonetheless a picture of entrancing beauty.



Wakamatsu Kindergarten, Japan

A second reception at the city hall enabled His Majesty to admire a display of lacquered objects, a specialty of the place and articles of exportation as coveted as they are profitable. Those works of art merited a particular attention and words of approbation from the Emperor.

Still escorted by his retinue of American military men and noted personages of his country, the illustrious visitor turned in the direction of Inawashiro, where is located the villa of Prince Takamatsu, his younger brother.

The noble visit has left in all Japanese hearts an undefinable impression of consolation and content. We ourselves must confess that we were struck with a deep sentiment of respect before the imposing attitude of His Imperial Majesty, at the unforgettable moment when his carriage passed two steps from where we stood. The event will rank in the history of Wakamatsu as the happiest and most comforting for that desolate nation that courageously and resignedly bears its crushing trial.

A HAIL MARY FOR OUR LITTLE FLORIST

We sometimes think how our Japanese girls would envy the young women of good Catholic families in Canada, if it were given them to see at close range the liberty the latter enjoy when comes the hour to choose their life calling. This crucial point, which only the Gospel could bring the Christian nations to respect, is even nowadays all but unknown in many a Japanese family where education has been perfectly imparted, but where the principles of Christian civilization still remain a dead letter.

Such was the case of our little florist, as we fondly call her, not because she exercises the profession, but because she gives so willingly for the decoration of our chapel the beautiful sheaves she is learning to dispose according to Japanese art at an expert florist's. Several thoughtful persons, it is true, love to bring us



*Sister Marie Leonise (Rachel Gerin, Coaticook),
Superior of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception, Wakamatsu, Japan,
Giving a Catechism Lesson.*

flowers; during the summer season, especially, there are brought some of every hue; but if our admiration is not misleading us, we believe that the blossomed beauties brought by the child, and the reason for her consecrating them to the adornment of God's altars, are winning from the Divine Master a look of special favor.

The young girl, who first came with a friend for English lessons, was not long in telling the Sisters how she had studied a little catechism by mingling with the Christian girls for the Reverend Pastor's doctrinal lessons. Those delightful hours had ended with her school years, and now she intended to probe still further the secrets of the science her soul wanted to know.

"My parents would not allow me to come and pray with the Christians," she told us, "saying the Catholic truths were so many absurdities unworthy of one of their family. I simply had to offer my sacrifice and obey, but when all by myself I continued to pray, hoping that one day they would give me full liberty."

Then after the war we returned to Wakamatsu. Miss X. was overjoyed, for she saw a possibility of realizing her ideal of a Christian life. She could come and follow courses in foreign tongues, and thus gain her point. Later, after perusing the life-story of the little Rose-Saint of Carmel, she was strongly urged to dedicate her young life to the Savior as His consecrated bride. Her parents, however, especially her father, did not vision her future from the same angle, and, unknown to her, were taking steps to have her marry. There being no son to precede her, she was by right the heiress of the family name. On her devolved the duty of continuing the noble lineage of the famed forebears and offering to their revered manes the incense and rice on the domestic altar. Besides, she would have to play the big sister role to the baby of the family and render to her parents all the duties of filial piety.

Since no magical formula could prepare her overnight, it was necessary for her to take lessons in sewing, cooking, etc. Singing and music were comprised in the "etc.", as also everything that goes to make the perfectly educated woman.

Meantime, Mr. and Mrs. X. continued to push their point. In keeping with the age-old custom, a certain matchmaker had been charged with finding a convenient party worthy of the family whose name he would take, since in the case where the daughter is heiress, she does not live under her in-laws' roof. Her husband it is who must leave his parents and his own name to take that of the bride to him destined and for him chosen. Of course he may up to a certain point accept or reject the union, but should he make the choice all by himself or declare his intentions too openly, he would not be giving a very lofty idea of his virtue.

When the choice is at last ratified, the date is agreed upon and, often unbeknown to the bride-to-be, her wardrobe and accessories are seen to. Indeed, the news may be broken to her just a short time before the appointed date. She may or may not like the match; the future husband may be a total stranger, or she may have been allowed one interview; these



PICNICKING BENEATH THE JAPANESE BLUE

are secondary matters, and the truly obedient daughter must believe that her parents have acted wisely and prudently, with her happiness in view. She knows it would never do to disappoint them or, much less, displease her in-laws. She will accept the cup of rice-wine during the ritual ceremony and with a pleased expression on her face listen to the acclamations of the families gathered for the occasion. Her personal impressions are to be nipped in the bud, but goodness knows they would protest and loudly, at times, all the more so if she had been dreaming other dreams about the years ahead.

Thus would it have been for our little florist, had she not, with her habitual keen-sightedness, laid bare the projects taking form in her father's mind. She could see only one escape — escape from home. So she sought a Sisters' convent in Tokyo. Her parents found her out and brought her back home, promising to leave her free. That favor is only partly granted her as we write, but the poor child is left to spend her Sunday forenoons as she chooses.

Thus it happens that when we enter the church for Sunday Mass, we can see the dear girl absorbed in silent prayer. Suffering and calm resignation are depicted in her features. She still hopes that someday God, shattering all that stands in the way, will enable her to heed His divine call and will give to her family the great gift of faith.

May the Lord accept so many sacrifices and supplications. And may all the friends of the missions in Japan remember in their prayers the hereafter of our little florist.

MRS. WATANABE IS BAPTIZED

After one week of cloudy, dismal weather, the sun arose brightly over Wakamatsu on the morning of November 2. The day was to be a glorious one for us, it being that of Mrs. Watanabe's entry into the Roman Catholic Church.

For the last few weeks the young woman, who is ill, had cheerfully agreed to shut herself off in her room in order to keep what little strength she had for the baptismal ceremony. On the eve of the great day, she ran a high fever, but she kept her confidence and at the appointed hour arrived all smiles.

"Last night," she candidly avowed, "I examined all my past life and put together all the evil I have ever done, in order to ask forgiveness of God and be made all pure in the baptismal stream. I am so eager to receive Our Lord that I would not fear to die after being granted that grace."

Mrs. Mori kindly consented to act as sponsor and Miss Matsuo, the non-Christian friend who had introduced us to the patient's bedside last spring, was present at the ceremony. Who knows but that God may have planted the first seeds of faith in the soul of the one to whom Mrs. Watanabe owes no small part of her present happiness? We could hardly restrain tears of joy at the thought of the wonders wrought by divine grace in the newly baptized. God's mercies are in truth reserved for souls of good will.



Mrs. Watanabe
on Her First Communion Day

After the pious function, Mrs. Watanabe came with Mrs. Mori to our convent to take a light meal and recoup enough strength to return home. She was at a loss for words to express her happiness and gratitude. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ gave her a few holy cards, which the happy young woman intends to treasure, along with her white veil, as so many reminders of the wonderful event.

OUR LADY'S BOUNTIES

Our Heavenly Mother does not withhold her protection from those who are yet untaught in the ways of the Christian household. Whoever has recourse to her, is sure to receive a favorable hearing.

On November 21, our carpenter, a youth of seventeen, had gone to the chapel and prayed a few minutes to the Little Virgin of the Temple, whose

Presentation Feast it was. That very night, as he was peacefully sleeping, he heard someone calling him by his name. Wide-awake on the spot, he faced the dread reality: his *futon* (comforter) was on fire! Hastily he smothered the flames, the while saying to himself: "Who could have awakened me just at the right time? I can see no other but the Blessed Mother. All the members of the family are quietly sleeping at this hour. If I had not prayed yesterday, I would likely have been burnt to death or choked by the smoke."

Relating his hairbreadth escape a few days later, the boy was still visibly moved. With thanks he accepted the miraculous medal, catechism and prayer book we offered him. Of his own accord he went to the chapel and prayed fervently.

"Wouldn't you like to become a Christian?" one of the Sisters asked him.

"Could I, poor little carpenter, dare hope so?" he inquired humbly.

We showed him a picture of the Boy Jesus working with saw and plane. It was all a revelation. He smiled and understood that his menial tasks would not bar him from entry into the Catholic Fold. Since then we have been giving him occasional lessons in Christian doctrine.

He is an orphan boy who has been working for a relative all his boyhood years. Last December, seeing him rather scantily clad, we gave him a complete suit of clothes and warm woollens. The poor lad could hardly believe his eyes. His childlike joy would certainly have touched the generous benefactors who enable us to succor our needy Japanese. In the name of these, as in our own, we wish to say a most grateful "Thank You!"

1. Sister Marie Leonise (Rachel Gerin, Coaticook).

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, HAITI

KEEPING THE BANNER OF CHARITY FLYING

Now it can be told that the storms and sunshine of mission life were the ingredients that went into the making of 1947. As God would have it, the spiritual sunshiny days outnumbered the clouded ones. The following lines tell their own version of it:

Thanks to our ever provident benefactors, the 103 patients at "Charity" had the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. On certain feastdays, New Year's, St. Vincent de Paul's, Our Lady of Sorrows', the Immaculate Conception and Christmas, they were even treated to specials that made of "Charity, If You Please" the House of Smiles.

Our proteges go in for bright colors and attractive knickknacks. As far as the Haitians are concerned, the axiom of Sir Launfal fame, "the gift without the giver is bare," should be altered to "the gift without the pinch of tobacco," for nothing can render a present more acceptable to the Haitian than that much-coveted addition. Tobacco is an all-round favorite with men and women alike, and a universal remedy for any and every ill the flesh may be heir to. Basking in the sun with pipe well heaped up and a boon fellow to chat with, the dear people soon forget the mishaps of yesterday that go up in thin air with the blue smoke, or so they think.

As previously mentioned, our regular, steady inmates are 103. Besides,



*Sister Marie Rose (Cecile Pilon, Montreal), Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception,
With the Lassies of "Charity," Les Cayes*

250 needy sick were hospitalized during the year. They also were fed, clothed and nursed; then, their health regained, they returned to the "even tenor of their way." Others chose, instead of the "sequestered vale of life," the mansions of glory above, and Dismas, the highwayman who stole Heaven, was copied in death by not a few.

Judging from the figures quoted below, no depression has hit our dispensary. We have registered 25,300 medications, 12,234 dressings, 1,135 injections, 56 teeth extractions and 50 openings of abscesses. Of all the patients treated, one hundred left cured and forty went home to God. Whenever a patient dies his coffin is exposed at St. Vincent de Paul's Oratory and the missionary Father goes there to sing the *Libera*.

If we did care for bodies for the sake of souls, souls especially were the recipients of our kindnesses. The catechism lessons given daily and followed regularly by the adults provided the more intelligent and attentive with the opportunity of making their First Communion and be confirmed soldiers of Christ. Conquered at last by all-powerful grace, twelve abjured the creeds they had theretofore professed and forty-three were anointed for the Homeward Stretch. In that very often arduous task the Reverend Oblate Fathers never calculate their weariness or trouble.

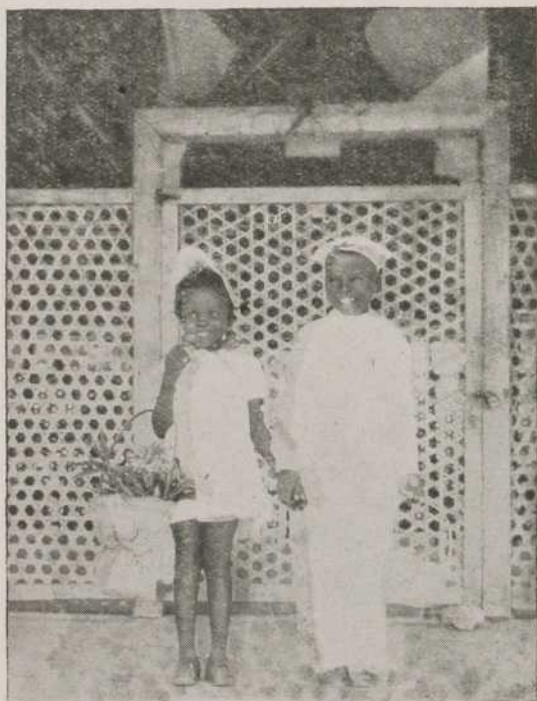
The school is also a busy spot. On March 28, feast of the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady, twenty-five First Communicants had their initial rendezvous with the Sacramental Savior. During thanksgiving time, the rosebud

lips murmured prayers Jesus loves to hear, prayers of thanks mostly. Our dear sick charges, dressed in white for the occasion, looked on and did not try to conceal their emotion. Many sacrifices and acts of charity they had made in secret, and their Father who seeth in secret was repaying them with joy and consolation.

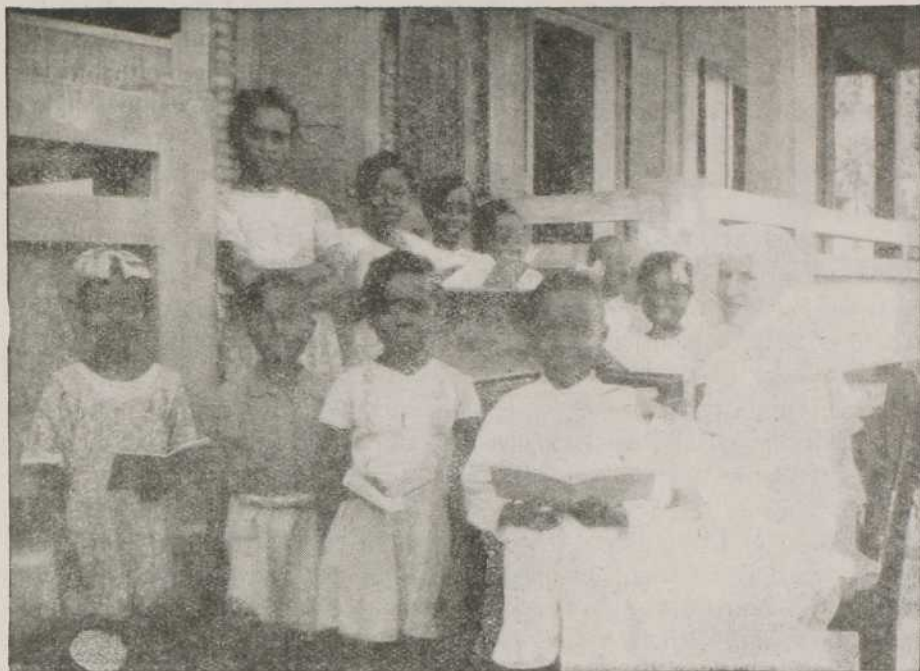
Saintilma Hilary sobbed like a child.

"Why are you crying?" someone asked.

"Just because I'm so happy," he answered. "Oh, Sister, this is too much! I am old, ignorant and poor, and I had never expected the great joy of Holy Communion would be mine. Now *Papa Bon Dieu* has picked me in His loving arms and embraced me. Oh,



Young Actors at "Charity, If You Please" School,
Les Cayes, Haiti



*Sister St. Jean Bosco (Angela Desilets, Montreal),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Les Cayes,
Presiding a Singing Exercise at "Charity, If You Please" School*

had I only known, it's long years ago I would have gone to Communion, but now I will be faithful to death." Straightway he plodded his way along to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, crying for sheer happiness.

Following Holy Mass, His Excellency Bishop Collignon dubbed fifty-six knights of Christ — twenty-seven pupils and twenty-nine sick adults. Breakfast was served at the school.

During the study-the-doctrine period one day Sister asked the patients one after another whether they knew God's will upon them.

"You, William, what do you think?"

William is a young man, a poor young man would I say, had he not found in suffering a pearl of great price — whose left leg is gradually being eaten up by a dreadful sore that has all but cut the tibia and severed the limb from the rest of the body.

"I think God wants me to accept my pain, to learn prayers and the catechism, isn't it so, Sister?"

"Yes, and what else?"

"I mustn't commit any sins that would hurt *Papa Bon Dieu*; I must try to be a better boy, and go to Communion. Since I started listening to the catechism lessons I feel much braver and am not so down-hearted. I'd rather listen to the catechism lesson than eat."

When we tell "the little ones of the Kingdom" about God and the things of God, it sometimes happens that our words have a wide repercussion. The next-door neighbor of "Charity" School having died last summer, his

farmer, a poor man from the South Department, found himself homeless and penniless. Naturally, he thought of us. We gave him a place with our poor and invited him to get acquainted with God. He was no theologian, to be sure; still, he seemed to be altogether at home on certain religious themes.

"Where did you learn those things about the Holy Eucharist?" marvelled Sister.

"I overheard the Mothers teaching the little ones at 'Charity,'" explained Elius.

With the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction to present as his credentials to St. Peter, the happy eavesdropper left shortly for the Realm of the Blessed.

Some time last summer, a young woman came to us, her limbs and body one dreadful sore; only her head was spared. Truly, she had drunk to the fullest extent of the bitterness of life's cup.

"Oh, I would like it so much, Sister," she answered breathlessly when Sister spoke of Confession. "Mother taught me a little catechism and prayers when I was small, but she died very early and my big sister, who went to Communion, couldn't send me to school and didn't teach me anything about the Catholic Religion. Whenever I heard schoolgirls talking about Confession and Communion, I would beg them to tell me more, but they always refused. Then I would run off and cry all by myself, thinking how my dear mother would have helped me out. I am not sorry about my



*Sister Marie Laura (Eva Marier, Quebec),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Les Cayes,
Serves the Midday Meal to a Few Youngsters at "Charity" School*

present sufferings, because they are enabling me to come within reach of what I have so long desired. I thank the good God for all these sores (she had nine, poor girl!), for it's thanks to them if I landed at 'Charity.' Sister, if you would only prepare me for my First Communion, I would be so glad that I would pray for you until the end."

What choice heavenly favors will not so intense a hunger for the Manna of Life, added to so excruciating a martyrdom, obtain for the soul of the young heroine!

We were signally honored in welcoming His Excellency Msgr. Pacini, Apostolic Nuncio, twice in 1947. His Excellency sang a Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral on April 13, and in the daytime visited the various Communities of the vicinity. The distinguished visitor showed great interest in our doings and blessed us and all our works. Again in October he came to say Mass. Our dear sick people were thrilled: His Excellency said the Mass of St. Vincent de Paul and added a special *Oremus* for them.

Now it can be told truly that 1947, our fourth year in Haiti, the Land of Sunshine, has been filled for us with favors for which we render thanks to Our Father in Heaven. May we and all those we love feel in the year looming over the horizon and the years unborn, His paternal Hand ever upraised for guidance, consolation and benediction.

Heavenly Exchange

At a Catholic Mission in the heart of the African wilds, the Christian natives gathered to greet their bishop once asked: "Why do you lift up the Host after the consecration of the Mass? Do you then offer the Son of God to His Father?"

"Right you are, my friends. I offer to God the Son of God made man and I also offer you and your children all."

"But why do you offer us and our children?"

"Since God gives you His Only Son, don't you think it right to offer Him something in return?"

"We hadn't looked at it that way before."

"Holy Mass is like an exchange of children. God gives you His Son, and you won't you give Him yours in return? Be sure that you won't be the losers."

Satisfied and deeply touched by their Bishop's words, the natives dispersed.

A few years later, the blight of war had reached even the African jungle lands. Among the Christians, one woman in particular had lost several of her children killed in battle. The kind Bishop visited her and expressed his heartfelt sympathy at her bereavement. The woman looked her astonished.

"I have not lost my children. Did you not tell us, a few years back, how Holy Mass was an exchange? God gave me His Son and He took my children in exchange, when they died for Him. Had we not agreed to the exchange? Why should I feel down-hearted?"

Would to God that all Christian mothers had this black mother's spirit of faith when God demands their sons, not for the dread passage, but for the glory of being other Christs, His priests at the altar!

LES COTEAUX

On the southern shore of the Island of Haiti, at the foot of beautiful, sloping mountains, nestles the tiny cove of Les Coteaux, already introduced several times to our readers. At the foot of the hillocks stretches a plain which the deep blue waters of the Caribbean Sea hem with foam of dazzling white. Luxuriant vegetation adds to the splendor of this enchanting panorama, and palm, coconut, mango, banana and orange trees — to mention only five among many — cast a welcome shade upon the many little *cayes* (native homes) huddled in the green.

When comes the rainy season twice a year, usually in May and October, certain sections of the villages are transformed into veritable lakes. Water-courses form in the hills and rush down to the sea, flooding the whole land. The roar of the storm often compels the teacher in her classroom, the Sister who reads at the Community meal or even the priest delivering his Sunday sermon in the church, to suspend reading or instructions.

During the rest of the year, the sun is lord and master of the land, and it would not be prudent to expose oneself to its burning rays. The summer season brings along days of suffocating heat. Never, within the memory of the oldest grannies, has Haiti been gratified with those white, fluffy snowflakes which mantle the Canadian soil in winter.

This hilly country with its abrupt pathways and deep ravines would offer an ideal paradise to wild animals; however, we must say that they are completely unknown here. As for the reptiles, there exist only inoffensive ones, such as the lizard.

As means of transportation, we have had for one year now two trucks which travel twice a week from Les Anglais to the Capital. Then there are the horse and the mule, and occasionally the ass, which enable the Missionary to visit distant *cayes*. The horses need not wear horseshoes, for their hoofs are very hard. Amazingly nimble, they can perform, when necessity calls for it, leaps and bounds that could compete with those of goats and kids. The mail is brought to us on mule-back.

Haiti is a land of everlasting green and of wonderful fruit gardens, to be sure; but does it follow that here we have an earthly Eden? Maybe, but at any rate an Eden after the fall of our First Parents! For under these fruit-trees, bearers of life, dies a population unaware of its religious duties. The Missionary does not come to admire the natural beauties, as would a tourist. Souls attract him to Haiti, unfortunate, straying souls, to be led back to the Shepherd Divine. Protestant sects have of late been trying to sow the tares of error in the Haitian field by preaching either in public places or on the veranda of *cayes*. Oh, how we must pray that our Holy Religion may be better known and that we ourselves may prove docile instruments within the hands of the Divine Master of the harvest.

LES COTEAUX SCHOOL

So many pupils have besieged our school that we are beginning to wonder how long the weather-beaten, time-worn building will stand the invasion.



*The Pupils of Sister St. Germaine Cousin (Marie Anne Legris, Montreal),
Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, Haiti,
Like to Sing the Praises of Our Blessed Mother on Their Way to Conde.*

And so are we hoping that our good Father and Provider, St. Joseph, will soon send us means to erect a more spacious house to shelter our youthful students.

Bright-eyed, intelligent youngsters every one of them, they love to study and think there's no place like their school. On his pastoral visitation in February last, His Excellency Most Rev. L. Collignon conferred on our boys and girls the Sacrament which gives the strength to stand up for one's Faith. May this divine fortitude never fail our Christians of tomorrow.

Last year, two of our seniors left us for Camp Perrin Seminary. This great favor probably came as an answer to the prayer of our little ones who, every first Thursday of the month, offer their whole day to God that He may grant many priestly vocations to their land. The decision of our two pupils has deeply rejoiced us, and, thinking how plentiful and ripe the harvest is in Haiti and how few are the laborers, we pray that Almighty God will make them faithful and persevering, that one day they may go unto His altar as consecrated Christs. Religious vocations are also developing among the school girls. Will they heed the Master's loving call?

A HOME VISIT

And now, would you like to accompany us on a visit to a sick girl, an ex-pupil of our school? Her home is at ten minutes' ride from the village. We mount our horses and follow the path that leads to the Four Roads. As we skirt the cemetery with its white tombs lying close to one another



Newly Baptized Christians, Conde, Haiti

linen cloth, is evidently burning with fever, and yet she manages a smile of welcome. The nursing Sister, Sister Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾, does what she can to relieve the sufferer. Then we try to encourage the child, whose state is far from reassuring, give her a medal and prepare to leave. But in the yard the neighboring folk have gathered. This lad wants a *ti-remede* (medicine) for his eyes, that one a *ti-medaille* (medal), etc. Having satisfied one and all, we finally strike for the home trail.

Under the last caresses of the dying sun, the lofty palm trees which line the road assume magic beauty — or would it be the joy that fills our missionary hearts that lends this new splendor to the rich Haitian landscape?

These rounds in the country not only render us more grateful for our sublime vocation, but also make us appreciate and love the good population of Haiti, always so sympathetic to those who come to them bearing the Message of the Gospel.

1. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.

and canopied by a wealth of foliage, we would almost believe ourselves in a strangely quiet little town. A fervent *De Profundis* arises from our hearts for all those who once trod this land of beauty and have now entered their eternity.

A shady lane presently invites us to hasten the gait of our steed; we must, at times, lower our heads lest we should, Absalom-like, be left hanging by our veil on the branches of a tree.

A few minutes of riding through the woods brings us to a shallow stream which we cross, to find ourselves soon in front of a small thatch-roofed cottage. Several persons are already awaiting us. The poor girl, lying on a mat, her head wrapped in a

Prayer is a source of comfort to our hearts. It is a sovereign remedy against dejection of spirits.

Cardinal Gibbons

The Mission World

Baptism of a Japanese Officer Condemned to Death

BATAVIA, INDONESIA. — There are few conversions of adults nowadays in Batavia which do not present, in some respect or other, a real interest, but the baptism of Oyama Takamasa, we believe, deserves a special mention.

Officer in the Japanese army, although Korean by birth, Oyama Takamasa was among the troops which occupied Batavia in 1942. Soon after the landing, he was sent to requisition the school directed by the Ursulines. With a view, doubtless, to impress the Mother Superior and her companion, Mother Agnes, the young officer showed himself arrogant, without, however, going so far as to expel the Sisters from their convent, as they had dreaded he would. The two nuns were led before a military commission that was deeply impressed by the calm serenity of Mother Agnes. Thenceforth, Oyama's attitude changed completely and, thanks to the orders he emitted, never had the Sisters to endure the least vexation from the soldiers who occupied their school. Eighteen months later, the Korean officer left for the Flores Islands, whence he was brought back after the capitulation of the Japanese to answer before the military justice of Batavia for the acts of cruelty committed under his command in Flores. With four other Japanese he was finally condemned to death.

On September 3, 1947, the day before his execution, as he was being asked whether he had some wish to express, Oyama answered that he would be very grateful to see Mother Agnes, the nun he had known five years ago. In compliance with this his last desire, Mother Agnes was immediately sent for. As soon as she entered his cell, the young prisoner threw himself on his knees, grasped her hands and for a long moment was unable to utter a single word. Then, mastering his emotion, he took a cross he had on him, showed it to the nun and explained that he was a Christian (Protestant) but that he wanted to die a Catholic. Informed of the officer's intention, the governor of the prison, a Catholic, allowed Mother Agnes to use his own car to fetch a priest without delay. She was back soon with Rev. Father Vendel, S. J. An hour and a half of intimate conversation with Oyama Takamasa assured the Missionary that his decision was most deliberate and that only an inspiration from above had motivated it. Father Vendel baptized him conditionally. — in case the first baptism had not been valid — the governor of the prison acting as godfather. Oyama spent his last night in prayer and at dawn made his First Communion. He had obtained from Mother Agnes that she would lend him the crucifix she had been given on her profession day, and only when the executioner tied his hands did he part with it. A Catholic funeral was given him, which the governor of the prison and his Catholic subordinates made it a duty to attend.

(Fides)

Mission Statistics

ON THE occasion of Mission Day, the editorial of the *Osservatore Romano* gave arresting details concerning the present situation of the territories submitted to the Congregation of Propaganda.

Actually, these territories are divided into 560 vicariates and apostolic prefectures with, in round figures, an effective force of 22,000 priests, 8,500 Brothers, 53,000 Sisters, 125,000 catechists, 76,000 teachers, 2,000 hospital attendants and nurses, and 600 doctors.

These same territories have, in addition, 400 seminaries with 16,000 students, 97,000 schools of every standard with 5 million pupils, 1,000 hospitals with 75,000 beds, 3,000 dispensaries with an average of 30 million consultations per year, 2,000 orphanages, maternity hospitals, sanatoria, leprosaria, etc. There are also institutions for the training of native priests and nuns. As for the war damages

suffered by the Catholic Missions, they must be evaluated at more than 50 million dollars.

The *Osservatore Romano* sets up as an example the Catholics of the Lower Countries where one of every 560 persons is a missionary, and where 28% of the native clergy of Holland enter the service of the Missions.

(KIPA) *Le Droit*

Catholicism and the Chinese Students

ROME. — (A.I.F.) While in Rome, a Chinese Jesuit expressed his views on the situation in China.

"I am not at all pessimistic!"

"And the Communist menace?"

"Communism really forces the true China to work and organize herself."

An explanation to the surprising optimism of Rev. Father Louis Wang Jen-Chen, S. J., may be found in his daily contacts with the pick of the student youth of Shanghai, at Aurora University. One reason among others for his faith in the future of China lies in the increasing number of baptisms among the students, as the following eloquent statistics prove: during its first thirty-three years of existence, that is, from 1903 to 1936, Aurora has seen sixty-six of its students baptized, an average of two per year; and, during the last ten years, from 1937 to 1947, the number of converts among the students has reached two hundred and eighteen, giving an average of more than twenty per year.

But why is this student youth drawn towards the Catholic Church? Father Wang, who prepares the catechumens for baptism, speaks from experience. "What really attracts them," he declares, "is that Catholicism gives a meaning to life, teaches solid truths and assures the Christians peace and tranquillity of soul. When a young student is thus well disposed, the immediate cause of his conversion may be anything at all: the good example of a Catholic companion, the beauty of the cult, the piety of the faithful in church, the devotedness of his professors, or, more prosaically, marriage with a Catholic partner. The Christian solution of the problems of life proves especially appealing to the medical students, as they have more direct and frequent contacts with human misery.

"Moreover, the cultured milieus of China manifest on the whole a growing sympathy towards Catholicism. Many are the circumstances which have prepared and motivated this sympathy. Let it suffice us to mention but a few: the happy solution brought, in 1938, to the question of the Chinese rites; the fact that, during the war, the missionaries stayed on the spot, that they died for the people and that the people died for them; the supra-national character of the Church, which any intelligent Chinese had to acknowledge on seeing German, Italian, Spanish and, especially, Chinese missionaries take up the ministry of American or Canadian priests who had been interned; the intervention of the Holy Father in favor of justice and peace; the fact that the President of the Republic, Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek, professes to be a Christian and speaks openly of Christ, which shows that Christianity is not a foreign religion. We may also mention the influence of Father Lebbe, declared a national hero after his death, the action of His Excellency Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, the election of the first Chinese cardinal, His Eminence Cardinal Tien, the establishment of the hierarchy, the delegation of a Minister to the Holy See. This sympathetic feeling towards the Church permeates the very atmosphere in which our students of Shanghai live."

Father Wang is not only chaplain of the students but also professor of chemistry, which clearly demonstrates that being a professor at a University and a genuine missionary are not in the least incompatible. Unfortunately, of the one hundred and thirteen Chinese Universities, special Schools and Faculties of China, three only are Catholic; ninety-seven belong to the Government and the other thirteen are Protestant.

(Fides)

Thanks to the Anglicans' Courtesy

PAKHOI (KWANGTUNG, CHINA) — (A.I.F.) In the absence of His Excellency Monsignor Deswazieres, M.E.P., Reverend Father Cotto, Vicar General of the Catholic Mission of Pakhoi, small port on the southern coast of China, received the friendly visit of the Anglican bishop of Hong Kong. Sincerely desiring the union of Christian Churches, the Anglican bishop manifested a deep interest in things Catholic. After having visited the different Catholic works of the place, he offered to sell to the Catholic Mission a residence which the Anglican Mission had in the great city of Limchow, seat of the principal civil authorities of the region. His offer was gratefully accepted since, for years already, the Catholic Mission had been deploring the fact that it had no church or residence in Limchow, and sought means of settling in this important centre. Thanks to the Anglican bishop's courtesy, the project is now being realized.

(Fides)

Our Lady of Ceylon

WHEN the dangers of war threatened the Island of Ceylon, the Archbishop of Colombo made intercession to Our Lady of Ceylon. He promised a sanctuary in her honour, and that sanctuary is about to be built.

Although the Japanese fleet was ready for an invasion of Ceylon about Easter of 1941, the island was spared. The Catholics of Ceylon have asked for a feast of thanksgiving in honour of Our Lady of Ceylon and they wish also to have a sanctuary in her honour. The feast was celebrated for the first time in February of this year. Over 200,000 rupees have already been collected for the shrine.

There is a definite missionary aspect to this shrine. It will attract pilgrimages. It is well known that this is a form of devotion which has a great appeal to the people of India and Ceylon. Our Lady of Ceylon will be invoked by missionaries. The missionaries in Ceylon recognize that fact that they have already received special blessings on their work. During the war they were free to exercise their ministry.

Catholic Missions, Australia

Christ and Buddha

"FIFTEEN MILES from Yokohama, in the ancient town of Kamakura, is the world-famous Dai-Butsu, said to be the most impressive thing of its kind in the world. This big Buddha sits silently and eloquently in a lovely grove, expressing well, in passionless calm, the root idea of Buddhism — unconcern for the world and the people who live in it, a personification of the teeming millions of Orientals. His size suggests their great numbers; his expression of disinterested calm, the Oriental indifference to the message we carry to them — an indifference which we are appointed to break through...

"As I look from the picture of the Dai-Butsu to the Crucifix on my desk, many thoughts surge through my mind. The one sits calmly and comfortably on an expensive pedestal with his hands folded queerly on his lap doing nothing. The other hangs in the awful agony of a death struggle on the rough beams of a new hewn tree with His arms outstretched to gather in the eternal fruits of His Supreme Sacrifice — saving the world."

A Missionary



Novitiate Doings

Jottings

By A Novice

Thursday, January 1, 1948

There is something particularly thrilling in a New Year's Midnight Mass. That thrill went through me last night (or should I say this morning?) when with the twelve strokes of the solemn midnight, the priest of God went to the altar of the One who gives joy to his youth. How enthusiastically I offered to my Betrothed, on the paten of sacrifice, my vibrant, light-hearted youth and its worldwide apostolic dreams!

Best of all the New Year wishes I ever had: a black veil! It will tell the world — that poor, straying world I want to leave better than I found it — that Christ the Lover of souls has chosen me for His Spouse and bids me serve Him beneath the banner of His Immaculate Mother.

I had no visitors today, but Father sent me his blessing, and Mother all her choicest wishes. With my Novice Sisters I have spent a most enjoyable day, one that makes you want to say: "How good and how pleasant it is for *sisters* to dwell together in unity!"

Thursday, January 8

Once upon a time I used to belong to a society composed of very young people, whose aim was to provide the greatest possible variety of games for its distinguished if small members. My duty it was, every glorious Saturday, to sign the petitions, checks (our bank account was a minus quantity), and all the other "documents." When there was nothing to be signed, I would scribble my name on any scrap of paper that chanced to come my way.

That was in the wonderful era of childhood, and when I grew up "I put away childish things." But I must admit that childlike joy sang within me today when I added my signature to a long list of others under an eye-arresting heading: "To obtain the proclamation of the title 'Mary, Queen of the World.'" With more pride than when I had only make-believe scripts to sign, I, with the legions of Mary's children, asked the Common Father of the faithful to glorify "Our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope." Mary will read my name . . .

Sunday, February 1

Twenty-seven new recruits presented themselves for admission into the ranks of our missionary Community. Don't think for a moment that the variety of colors and perfumes had us "oldsters" crying scandal. No! And I, who have always favored rythmical orchestras, am served to my heart's content when with their heels so grandly sonorous the newcomers hammer the floor all along the corridors with a clearcut *staccato* and often enough, *portamento* gliding through all the tones. 'Tis the March of the Conquerors!

Welcome, dear little Sisters! Someday we shall all be marching to the conquest of the Christless millions.

Wednesday, February 11

As privileged as the humble shepherd girl of Lourdes, we heard this morning the Immaculate One's recommendation to her faithful confidante: "Penance! penance!" Our foreheads we bent for the small pinch of ashen gray, but for the rest of the day, the "Immaculate Jewel of humanity" was for us, as for Bernadette, the Lady with the Smile.

At nine-thirty, ten Novices made their first vows and received the black veil.

At two-thirty in the afternoon, twenty-one Postulants donned the Marian livery and were given their new names: Miss Olga Antosz, Vancouver, B. C. (Sister Catherine Laboure); Miss Anita Dube, St. Eusebe, Temiscouata Co. (Sister Marie Anita); Miss Rolande Laroche, Quebec (Sister St. Thomas d'Aquin); Miss Paula Gagnon, Petit Saguenay (Sister Gilberte Marie); Miss Cecile Moreault, St. Arsene, Riviere du Loup Co. (Sister St. Mathias); Miss Irene Labbe, St. Ferdinand (Sister St. Arthur); Miss Cecile Millette, St. Nazaire d'Acton (Sister Eugenie de Rome); Miss Yolande Piche, Montreal (Sister Marie Yolande); Miss Monique Langevin, Quebec (Sister Marie de Pontmain); Miss Anne Marie Parent, Montreal (Sister St. Mathilde); Miss Francoise Philie, St. Hyacinthe (Sister Francoise Romaine); Miss Marcelle Labelle, St. Joseph du Lac (Sister St. Marcelline); Miss Claire Paquette, Beauharnois (Sister Adrien de Jesus); Miss Gaetane Guillemette, St. Hyacinthe (Sister St. Camille); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau, St. Sebastien (Sister St. Serge); Miss Huguette Turcotte, Mont Joli (Sister Marie Pia); Miss Jacqueline Taillon, Montreal (Sister St. Armand); Miss Therese Giroux, Quebec (Sister de la Nativite de Jesus); Miss Paulette Cote, Quebec (Sister St. Richard); Miss Claire Garceau, Three Rivers (Sister St. Nemese); Miss Gisele Gauthier, Sacre Coeur, Saguenay Co. (Sister Marie Lea).

Ten Sisters of annual vows then consecrated themselves for time and eternity to the Divine Bridegroom: Sister St. Gisele (Gisele Theberge, St. Simon, Rimouski Co.); Sister St. Rupert (Lucie Derome, Ahuntsic); Sister Cecile de la Trinite (Cecile Blais, Sherbrooke); Sister Marie Micheline (Micheline Lefebvre, Montreal); Sister Jeanne Leber (Etiennette Bilodeau, Montreal); Sister St. Agnes (Jeannette Legare, Montreal); Sister St. Gilles (Therese Gloutnez, St. Hyacinthe); Sister Therese d'Alencon (Therese Gagnon, Petit Saguenay); Sister Marie Dolores (Liliane Lemoine, St. Hyacinthe); Sister Joseph Oscar (Therese Beaulieu, St. Eusebe, Temiscouata Co.).

Rev. Father D. Barillec, O. P., retreat master, presided over this last ceremony, which many relatives and friends of the privileged ones attended. In words full of kindness and of a deeply spiritual unction the Reverend Father spoke somewhat as follows:

Today is realized for some of you the long-cherished dream of being a Professed Sister. Your Congregation, while it shares in your joy, deems it an honor to count more new missionaries ready to dedicate themselves to the cause of souls and to cross the seas to extend the Kingdom of Christ. You have reason to be joyful and render thanks.

Your Congregation is not yet half a century old, and when one considers how greatly it has flourished and developed within so brief a time, one is reminded of the Gospel account of the tiny grain of mustard seed that becomes a great tree. You have become that tree whose branches unceasingly multiply and extend. Have we not proofs right under our eyes? Discarding the ways of the world, you have chosen the solitude of a novitiate to prepare in prayer and the study of holy things to become, like St. John, bright torches to light the path of others.

Such is the spectacle of these young Professed Sisters dedicating themselves, not like Novices of whom it may be wondered whether the trials they will have to bear will not make them flinch and draw back, but as regular Professed Sisters definitively attached to the great tree which is their Congregation. But there is one condition, and this I wish to recall now. It behooves, as in the case of promising buds, that the sap circulate in the limb of the tree. For this reason, Christ being the sap of your Congregation, you must in all things imitate Him. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Follow Him in the practice of your holy rules.

The ordinary person is not obliged to make the vow of poverty. The ordinary person is not obliged to vow chastity; he may give his heart to another, found a home and taste the joys of family life. The ordinary Christian is not obliged to vow obedience. You must imitate Christ, who left all things to save our souls. He chose poverty as His lot and made it the companion of His life. You who are denying yourselves the lawful satisfactions of the flesh will have only one care, that of pleasing your Divine Spouse, and, your Divine Spouse being everywhere, you will be ready to go wherever obedience may call you, sure of meeting Him in every soul whether in Canada, the United States, the West Indies, China or Japan. Everywhere you will have the One who has your heart and all your love; for Him you will spend yourselves. How happy you must be today!

Some have said that Sisters are heartless. Here I would appeal to the heart of the missionary Sister, for her heart is vast as the world. In the struggles you will have to suffer, and they may be long and painful, against your sensitiveness, I am sure that the remembrance of these truths will lead you to find rest and joy in the sacrifice you will have made of your heart. To attain to that total detachment, to follow Christ more closely, you have parted with all earthly goods. You have sacrificed your heart. What have you still to sacrifice? Your will. Our Lord came down from Heaven to do His Father's will. "My Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," such was His prayer in the Garden of the Agony. You are going to surrender your will to God and make of His will your own. No more will you take counsel from yourselves, but in the will of God which, for the fervent religious, is expressed in her rule and the wishes of her superiors. The Master we are serving will not have slaves, but children given Him by divine love. If you but surrender your will to Him, you will overcome all obstacles. Where there is love, there is no suffering; and if there is suffering, it is loved. What wonderful instruments you will be in the hands of the Almighty!

Strive, then, to be truly religious; "put ye on the Lord Jesus," and through you God's work will be done. Every fecund apostolate is the fruit of an intensely supernatural life. You will be the joy of Holy Church, the pride of your religious family and of your own ones at home.

The latter are experiencing at this hour the cruel pangs of separation, but your parents are too truly Christian to fail to consider at its full value the choice God has made of their daughter to raise her to the dignity of Bride of Christ and His beloved missionary.

Our wishes accompany you in the apostolate that will be confided to you, and we will most certainly pray that your fervor, far from diminishing, may always increase and render fruitful your labors.

Monday, February 23

This is a happy day for many — classes are reopening! My canonical year over, I will now be able to attend the French, English, music and other classes. Thanks to our untiring teachers! This afternoon, while walking along a corridor, I had the impression of standing in front of a Marconi with a mix-up in the lines. First I heard: "*Le participe passe d'un verbe essentiellement reflechi.*" A little farther on: "Please tell me the way to the church." All at once, a vibrant opening of the Pathetic Sonata of Beethoven. Up and down, up and down, up and — I think I could adopt no better motto for these coming six months than: *To know better in order to serve better.*



The Children's Share

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I've been wondering how many of you know the mission intention blessed by our Holy Father the Pope for Mary's beautiful month of May. Three guesses!

Goodness me, didn't I go and make a big mistake at the very start! Sure enough, the editor told me to finish with that, and now look! I've blurted it out right at the beginning. What'll I get! I was supposed to begin with a story, so I'd better plunge into it right now lest I babble more secrets. My story is about

RITA, THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL

Rita Dennis, brown-haired, brown-eyed and fun-loving, has lost both her father and mother. God took them away when she was only a toddler. Then a kind uncle and aunt agreed to adopt her as their own little girl.

Rita is treated like a real member of the family, exactly like Joan, her tiny cousin of five. Rita loves Joan and Joan loves Rita — that everybody knows. Joan is a tomboy who would skip and jump and play from sun-up till bedtime, while her bosom friend is of the quiet, gentle type. Don't think she could ever screw up enough boldness to pull Pussy's tail or tease the big watchdog, no! Of course she is on friendly terms with all the inhabitants of the "home zoo." The lambs and goat and colt know it, and the chirping chicks like to peck the blades of grass she squeezes in through the fence. Didn't Mother once find her Joan all smiles with a half-dozen little ducklings she had gathered in her apron?

Rita, the orphan, is very happy because the good God has given her a new home and all the pleasures and joys that go with it. With Joan she

listens attentively when Mother teaches them reading, writing and catechism.

"I like catechism best of all," Joan often declares, "because Mummie tells us about Little Jesus. You, Rita?"

"Oh, I prefer the catechism too," assures her pal.

Now I must tell you that Joan's mother has her own pleasant way of saying things to little girls. When she speaks about the good things God gives us and the thanks we owe Him, she shows her wee pupils the birdies chirping their prayer in the tall trees, the flowers lifting up their bright frocks to the sky, the butterflies merrily flitting here and there, the busy bee gathering honey for her hive.

Only the other day when the three were sitting under the tallest pine tree for the catechism lesson, some woolly lambkins merrily ran up close to them.

"See the little lambs, dears. How joyfully they nibble the grass and gambol under the watchful eyes of the mother sheep. Tonight they will sleep safely in the fold."

"Yes, Mummie, Peter drives them in every night," affirmed Joan.

"If once they decided to see the world for themselves they would likely get caught."

"Dad says that there are foxes in the woods. I bet they would eat the lambs for breakfast."

"Very likely they would."

"I always ask Peter if all the lambs are safely in for the night," assured Rita.



Rita Enjoys the Same Privileges as Her Cousin

"That's a good idea," approved Mrs. Dennis.

"One evening I heard a tiny one bleating outside the fence and helped him in. He would have been so frightened to spend the long night outside," said Rita.

"You wouldn't have seen him the next morning," proclaimed Joan.

"Do you know who acted like that when He was on earth?" asked Mrs. Dennis, smiling.

"No, Mother. Who was it?"

"Jesus."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Rita's rosy cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"The Child Jesus is the Divine Shepherd of a great flock of sheep and lambs. All the children of the earth are His little lambkins."

"The pagan children too, Mum-mie?"

"Alas, many are still far from the sheepfold that belongs to Jesus. That's why He wants the Catholic boys and girls to do their bit that those lambs may find the door and go right in His fold."

"How can we help them get inside, Mother?" asked Joan.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Rita.

"Tell Joan, then, if you know."

"We can lead the tiny lambs to Jesus' fold by praying and making sacrifices for them," explained Rita.

"That's the correct answer, dear. And the more you love Jesus, the oftener will you find occasions, every day, to offer Him small sacrifices or fervent prayers for them."

Four wondering eyes were fixed on Mrs. Dennis. She had come to their favorite theme once more.

"Mother, I'm going to make so many sacrifices and pray so hard that soon there will be no more pagan children on earth."

Mrs. Dennis smiled and looked at Rita. The orphan girl did not say a word, but big tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"It makes me so sad when I think that so many boys and girls don't know Jesus. I want to make heaps of sacrifices and offer many prayers so there won't be any more pagan children."

The next day Joan had forgotten her promises, but Rita still remembered them. Often, during her work or play, she said a little invocation for the pagan youngsters. Many were the sacrifices she made for them.



Baby Ducklings Find a Friend

And since then, the orphan girl, who loves Jesus with her whole heart, keeps telling herself the truth Auntie said about how a lassie who loves Jesus finds many occasions of proving Him her love by offering Him sacrifices. That thought helps her be brave when a hard self-denial steps in the way.

May that thought help you also, dear boys and girls. Just think of it! Thousands of children die every twenty-four hours in lands where Christ is known very little. You can have a hand in their eternal salvation, if only you want to do your share and be Jesus' helpmate in the coming of His Kingdom.

Oh, yes, that mission intention — Now's the time for it. Well, dear young friends, the Holy Father, Christ's own Representative on earth, is calling you all to pray during the month of May that the Mother of God may lead all the children of Japan to her Son, the Child Jesus.

Now you know the intention. But that's not all. You must write it on a little slip of paper and put it where you can see it every day. You must answer the challenge: you must do your part — prayers, sacrifices, penny-offerings — that the Blessed Mother may lead all the children of the Land of the Rising Sun right into the arms of Jesus, safely into the Catholic Church you love so much.

Get busy, YOUNG CANADA! The Holy Father is COUNTING ON YOU!
Lovingly,

THE PRECURSOR



Star in God's Window

It is told of Sir Harry Lauder that while he was in Melbourne, Australia, and had just sustained the loss of his only son, who had fallen at the front, he related the following beautiful incident:

"A man came to my dressing room in a New York theater," he said, "and told of an experience that had recently befallen him. In American towns any household that had given a son to the war was entitled to place a star on the window pane. Well, a few nights before he came to see me, this man was walking down a street in New York accompanied by his wee boy. The lad became very interested in the lighted windows of the houses, and clapped his hands when he saw a star. As they passed house after house he would say, 'Oh, look, Daddy, there's another house that has given a son to the war! And there's another! There's one with two stars! And look! There's a house with no star at all!'"

"At last they came to a break in the houses. Through the gap could be seen the evening star shining brightly in the sky. The little fellow caught his breath. 'Oh, look, Daddy,' he cried, 'God must have given His Son, for He has got a star in His window.'"

Annals of Our Lady of the Cape



Thanks for a favor received. Mrs. C., **St. Andrew East, P. Q.** — Will you kindly have a Mass said in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for favors received through her intercession. Will you also please remember several persons in your prayers. M.C., **Halifax, N. S.** — Thanksgiving for favors received. I hope you will remember us in your good prayers. Mrs. M. D., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. K., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the favor she has obtained for me. I am asking her to protect my son. A subscriber. — I wish to thank Our Heavenly Mother for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. G. L. — Thanks for a favor received. A subscriber. — I am fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. Anonymous, **Sacre Coeur de Saguenay.** — I have obtained a cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Please publish my thanks. Miss S. B., **Ville St. Pierre.** — I prayed to Our Blessed Mother for my boy who was about to undergo an operation; she has protected him and he is now on the way to a complete recovery. A thousand thanks to Mary! Mrs. H. C., **Three Rivers.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise made to Our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. A. B., **Normandin.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for the great favor she has obtained for me; my daughter's operation has been altogether successful. Anonymous. — Thanks for a favor I have been granted. Mrs. W. B., **Danielson, Conn.** — I am coming to fulfill a promise in thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate who has answered my prayers. Mrs. J. P. C. — All my thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for a favor obtained through her intercession. A. N., **Montreal.** — Thanks for a favor received. I am asking other favors. Anonymous. — Sincere thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for the complete cure of our little girl without any operation. We would like to obtain another favor. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. O. F., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received. Mrs. R. D. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. P. H., **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favors received. I am recommending my son. Anonymous. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Mother for a favor granted my brother. A subscriber, **Pike River.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Our Heavenly Mother. P. D., **Sacre Coeur de Marie.** — My heartfelt gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a great favor received. M. E. D., **Montreal.**

Thanks to the Little Flower of Jesus for a favor granted. Mr. F. C. — Please publish my thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Jude, through whom I have been cured of double vision and have recovered from an operation. I. K., **Montreal.** — Thanks for favors asked and granted to me by the Little Flower. J. O'D., **Toronto.** — Sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother and Good St. Anne for a favor received. Miss R. C., **West Shefford.** — Thanks to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. P. C. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese for a special favor. Mrs. L. B., **Lorrainville.** — I am glad to fulfill my promise in thanks for the signal favor I have been granted through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anne and St. Anthony of Padua. I am asking another favor. Mrs. J. R. — Thanks to Our Blessed Lady and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for their protection. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. M. — I wish to thank the loving Patroness of Missions for the favor I have been granted and am asking other spiritual favors. O. T., **St. Sulpice.**

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



REMEMBER

Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin to obtain the conversion of a person who is dear to me, also for a cure I wish to obtain from the Blessed Virgin. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a cure obtained. Please pray for three special intentions. A subscriber. — Please make a novena for my intention. Mrs. M. D., **Villeray**. — Would you please make a novena for a special favor for me and family; also that my son and daughters who are straying away from their religious duties may make their Easter duty. Mrs. A. W., **Montreal**. — Pray that I will obtain peace of mind, also for a relative to return to the Sacraments during Lent. I need prayers and help from the Immaculate Conception. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Would you be so kind as to make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for us, for the cure of sons of intemperance and also for their conversion. Several other intentions are recommended. Mrs. P. O'C., **Montreal**. — Would you kindly make a novena for us to get a house. Mrs. E. M., **Rosemount**. — Please have a novena made for my husband who has an ulcer on his leg. Mrs. W. K., **Montreal**. — Will you please say a little prayer that I may regain my health. Mrs. K. H., **Verdun**. — Kindly say a very special prayer to Our Blessed Mother that she may once again aid me. Mrs. J. E., **Dundee**. — In your charity please pray for the persons whose names I am enclosing. Mrs. A. S. — Please pray for me that I may get better. Mrs. J. S.,

Cornwall, Ont. — I would like to ask you to make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for me so I can obtain the success of my treatment and a speedy recovery. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. N. L., **West St. John, N. B.** — Please pray with me to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for special favors. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please make a novena that everything may turn out all right in our business. Mrs. N. L., **West Springfield, Mass.** — My mother-in-law wishes that a novena be made for her recovery. Mrs. S. B., **Northbridge, Mass.** — I am enclosing an offering for a special request which I wish to be granted in thirty days. Mrs. J. K., **Norwich, Conn.** — Again I am asking you to please pray for me. I am in very poor health. Miss R. F., **Putnam, Conn.** — I feel a little bit better and hope you are still praying for my health. I have obtained a favor last November. Mrs. V. C., **Jewett City, Conn.** — I am asking your help in prayer. Mrs. N. F., **New Haven, Conn.** — Kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary so my husband will stop drinking. Mrs. D., **Versailles, Conn.** — I would like to have prayers said for two special intentions. A. L. M. — Please pray for a boy of fifteen about whom I am worried. A subscriber, **Rosemount**. — Would you kindly make a novena for special intentions. G. M. — Health for our family and the practice of religious duties; that we may be able to find a good home. Anonymous. — Please make a novena for favors I need. F. P. — Please pray for a young married couple. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — An unfortunate wife is asking a very great favor and hopes to be answered. A subscriber. — I would like you to make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help that my son may find suitable employment; that my daughters may enjoy good health; that we may have peace in the family and another intention. A subscriber. — Please pray for my sister who is ill. A subscriber. — Would you please pray with me for the following intention: that my husband may be cured of his intemperance. A subscriber. — A cure is requested. M. L., **Montreal**. — A great favor is requested through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber, **Verdun**. — Please pray that we may be able to find a home and also for another special intention. Anonymous. — My little boy has to be operated in the eye. I promise to have the favor published if the operation is successful. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal**.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 13; vocations, 6; cures, 58; employment, 5; special intentions, 85.

GENERAL PETITIONS

Will you please have lights burn before the altar of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Blessed Mother for several intentions. Anonymous. — Will you kindly burn vigil lights to Our Immaculate Mother Mary and the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus that I will be completely cured of pains in the chest and heart; also that my husband will have success in his new undertakings. Mrs. P. — Will you please have lights burn before the altar of the Souls in Purgatory for a special intention, the cure of my little infant baby. Mrs. R. S., **Arvida**. — Please make a novena to Mother Cabrini for my intentions. Mrs. F. R., **Baltic, Conn.**



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before March 12)

Rev. Father Numa Boulet, **St. Pacome**; Rev. Sister Marie Jules, of the Sisters of Providence, **Montreal**; Mrs. F. X. Paquette, **Montreal**, mother of our Very Rev. Mother Superior General; Mr. Albert Sansoucy, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Marie de Gethsemani; Mrs. Auguste Michaud, **Notre Dame de Rimouski**, mother of our Sisters Thomas Apotre and Marie Antoinette; Mr. Edouard Labrie, **St. Croix de Dunham**, father of our Sister Marie Simone; Mr. Joseph Leblanc, **Moncton, N. B.**, father of our Sister Therese de la Ste. Face; Mr. Omer Blais, **Sherbrooke**, father of our Sister Cecile de la Trinite; Mr. Joseph Leger, **Dalhousie**, brother of our Sister Marie Bernadette; Mrs. B. Ivers, Miss Marg. Walsh, Mr. James H. Smith, **Montreal**; Mrs. John Rennie, Mrs. Geo. Pearson, Mr. W. Maxwell, Mr. Frank Fox, **Verdun**; Mrs. Thomas Melloy, **Quebec**; Mrs. P. McGivney, **Arthur, Ont.**; Mr. Geo. Sherman, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**; Mr. Adhemar Gosselin, Mr. A. Aubin, Mrs. Alexandre Lachapelle, Mr. Art. Primeau, Mrs. A. Beaudin, Mr. E. L'Africain, Mr. D. Garand, Miss Georgianna Harel, Mrs. Arthur Leveille, Mrs. J. Albert Julien, Mr. Arthur Charlebois, Mr. Wilfrid Dufault, Miss Carmelle Delisle, Mr. Gilles Lavoie, Mrs. Joseph Trottier, Mr. Joseph St. Germain, Miss Carmen Potvin, Mrs. Eugene Dorion, Mr. Leon Flipo, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamel, Mrs. Arthur Tremblay, Mrs. Joseph Guindon, Mr. Olive Allard, Miss Jeanne Migneault, Mr. and Mrs. Nap. Labrecque, Mr. Pierre Betournay, Mrs. Raoul Laferriere, Mrs. Elisee Boucher, Mrs. Marie L. Begin, Mrs. Arsene Desroche, Mr. J. A. Martin, Mr. Evariste Naud, Mrs. Romeo Best, Mrs. Henri Jutras, Mrs. Alma David, **Montreal**; Mr. J. A. Cote, Doctor C. T. Mathieu, **Outremont**; Miss Alice Arcand, **Maisonneuve**; Mr. Antoine Pilon, Mrs. Elzeur Desjardins, **Viauville**; Mrs. A. Giroux, Mrs. Antonio Sylvere, Mrs. Joseph St. Jean, Mr. Albert Dagenais, Mr. Wilfrid Courtemanche, Mr. Armand Beaucage, **Youville**; Mrs. Roch Bradley, Mrs. J. A. Laferriere, Mr. Hormisdas Cuierrier, Mrs. Sylva Patenaude, Mrs. Eugene Nadon, **Verdun**; Mrs. Romeo Besse, Mr. Lionel Melancon, Mr. Arthur Sanscartier, Mr. Henri Rousseau, Mrs. Virginie Dancoste, **Villeray**; Mrs. Jacques Aird, Mrs. Joseph Marcotte, **Ahuntsic**; Mrs. J. A. Jasmin, **St. Laurent**; Mrs. Nicolas Claude, **St. Anne de Bellevue**; Mrs. Emile Bonvouloir, Mr. Adelard Bonvouloir, **St. Brigide d'Iberville**; Mr. Avila Lesage, **Oka**; Mrs. Alexandre Ste. Marie, **Brosseau Station**; Mr. Henri Royal, Mrs. Etienne Plouffe, **St. Sulpice**; Mrs. N. D. Brabant, **St. Marthe**; Mrs. Ludger Castonguay, **Vaudreuil**; Mrs. Joseph Bouthillier, **Chambly Bassin**; Mrs. Pierre Bourdeau, **St. Constant**; Mr. Arthur Langlois, **St. Jean**; Mrs. Armand Courville, **St. Luc**; Miss Rose Anna Bellerose, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mrs. Louis Allard, **St. Didace**; Mrs. Jules Banville, **Nominungue**; Mrs. Magloire Himbault, **St. Stanislas de Kostka**; Mr. J. P. Gignac, **St. Agathe des Monts**; Mr. Adolphe Lemay, **St. Alexis des Monts**; Mr. Geo. Emile Dufault, **Clarenceville**; Mrs. Louis Pronovost, **St. Narcisse**; Mrs. Joseph Racine, **Freleighsburg**; Mrs. Joseph Courville, **Notre Dame de Stanbridge**; Mrs. Emile Drolet, Mrs. J. A. Arteau, **Quebec**; Mr. Odilon Laliberte, **Issoudun**; Mr. Avila Roy, Mr. Adelard Marceau, Mrs. Gedeon Brulotte, **Thetford Mines**; Mrs. Pierre Gaudreau, **St. Patrice de Beaurivage**; Mrs. Wilfrid Bouchard, **Levis**; Mr. Alex. Bernier, **St. Pierre de Montmagny**; Mrs. Godefroid Mercier, **Victoriaville**; Mr. and Mrs. Edouard Cayen, **St. Ubald**; Mrs. Beloni Poulin, **St. Georges de Beauce**; Mrs. Edmond Girard, **Petites Bergeronnes**; Mrs. Chs. Tremblay, Mr. Pitre Grenon, **Grande Baie**; Mr. Arthur St. Martin, **St. Nazaire d'Acton**; Mrs. J. B. Desgagnes, **Ile aux Coudres**; Mrs. Chs. Potvin, **Causapscal Station**; Miss Claudette Blackburn, Mr. Lucien Langevin, Mr. Charles Bouchard, Mrs. H. Proumen, Mrs. J. B. Heudon, Mrs. Alfred Larouche, Mr. Alfred Bilodeau, Mrs. Victorien Morin, Mr. Armand Dupere, Mr. Wilbrod Tremblay, Mrs. Napoleon Leclerc, **Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Auguste Blanchette, **St. Jean Eudes**; Mr. Adelard Ouellet, **Mont Joli**; Mr. Olivier Saint Denis, **Casselman, Ont.**; Mr. Ovilla Bourgon, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**; Miss Juliette Lapiere, **Warren, Ont.**; Mrs. Jean Malenfant, **Cape Pele, N. B.**; Mrs. Arthur Vallieres, **Berlin, N. H.**; Mrs. Rosina Pratte, **Bristol, Conn.**; Mr. Arsene Bacon, **Willimantic, Conn.**; Miss Noella Lamy, **Waterbury, Conn.**; Mr. Omer Huard, **Spencer, Mass.**; Mr. Legendre, **Fitchburg, Mass.**; Mrs. Amedee Ledoux, **Fall River, Mass.**; Mr. R. Belanger, **Salem, Mass.**

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

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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TO KOM HANT

Our Lady of Providence Foundling Home. Orphanage.

SHAMEEN

School.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton

(Founded in 1913)

Leprosarium.

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.

PAMIENCHENG, 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 Novitiate. 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, via Giacinto Carini, 8

Mission procure.

(Founded in 1925)

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
2. — **Protectors**, those who provide the dowry and trousseau for a needy Novice (\$500.00). Parishes, communities, families or individual persons may have a right to this title, provided they give in the required amount.

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

3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
4. — **Associates**, those who give an annual offering of \$2.00.



Spiritual Treasury Open to Benefactors

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

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

Benefactors are also entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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