

No. 11

Vol. XVI, 26th Year

Montreal, September - October 1948

THE RECURSOR



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. Publica-
tion of a mission magazine, *The Precursor*.
Free missionary library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9

OUTREMONT, Montreal 8, P. Q.

314 St. Catherine Road
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Sewing circle. Kindergarten.

**CHINESE HOSPITAL
and DISPENSARY,**
112 Lagauchetiere West, Montreal 1
(Founded in 1918)

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

NOMININGUE, P. Q. (Bethany)
(Founded in 1914)

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

RIMOUSKI, St. Germain St.
(Founded in 1918)

Apostolic School for prospective mis-
sionaries. Diocesan Office of the Holy
Childhood. Workroom for making church
vestments. Mission workroom. Kinder-
garten. Private lessons in French, 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, 651 St. Cyrille St.
(Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

Recollection Days. Mission workroom.
Private lessons in painting. The Sisters also
visit Chinese patients in hospitals and in
their homes.

Religious instruction for Chinese children
and adults.

VANCOUVER, 236 Campbell St.
(Founded in 1921)

Oriental hospital. Chinese refuge and
dispensary. Private lessons in languages
and catechism for Chinese children and
adults. Home visits to Chinese.

THREE RIVERS, 466 Bonaventure St.
(Founded in 1926)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Mission workroom. Kindergarten.

GRANBY, 35 Dufferin St.
(Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Hostel for girls. Mission workroom. School.
Kindergarten.

CHICOUTIMI, 61 Jacques Cartier St.
(Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Mission workroom. Hostel for girls.

GRANBY, 279 Main St.
(Founded in 1931)

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for
girls. Kindergarten.

ST. MARIE, Beauce Co.
(Founded in 1932)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

ST. JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain St.
(Founded in 1935)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.
Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.
Workroom.

**VANCOUVER, Mt. St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward St.**
(Founded in 1946)

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER)

The Precursor

Bimonthly magazine published by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, with the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal.

\$1.00 a year

\$20.00 for life

Subscriptions begin
with the January issue.

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

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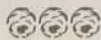
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COVER PICTURE: African Sunbeam



O GRACIOUS QUEEN
SMILE ON US, AS ONCE YOU SMILED ON THERESE!
TURN YOUR EYES TOWARDS US IN MERCY
AND HELP US
IN ALL OUR NEEDS!

Our Lady of the Smile



*O Spotless One of tainted earth,
We sinners seek thy face.
Our only hope — our Mother's smile —
O Mary Full of Grace!*

*We have the promise of thy Son
That Hell shall not prevail;
Not shortened is the arm that stilled
The Galilean gale.*

*And yet the storms of strife and sin
So madly sweep the while,
We fear the justice of the Son
And crave the Mother's smile.*

*O Mary, smile from Mansions Bright
And cheer us on the way;
However dark the path we tread
With thee we cannot stray.*

*Thy smile is mercy for the wrong,
Thy smile is courage, too;
The strength and love and hope we need
As flowers need the dew.*

*O Mary, smile through life's brief day,
Us sinners reconcile
With Christ thy Son; for us obtain
Our God's Eternal Smile.*

Always the Proper Prayer

Children are great little theologians. Between stories of Cinderella and Snow White, they learn to lisp the sweet name of Jesus, and give Him all the love their tiny hearts can hold. Thence their clever budding minds come to the conclusion that: "Since Jesus is so good and loving, His dear Mother must be, too." Of course, St. Thomas might have garbed that truth in more scholarly wording; however, the "prospective doctors of Mariology" who anchor their affection for the Mother of God on that principle, are acting with wisdom beyond their years.

As wise are the little brothers and sisters of the Boy Jesus who walk through childhood holding Mother Mary's pure hands, by saying her beads every day. Why do we bless them for their wisdom? Because they are making use of Our Heavenly Mother's all-kind, all-merciful, all-loving gift to her children of earth. The Rosary is the prayer of the First Communicants who want to keep their soul so pure "that Mary could tread upon its snow without soiling her sandals." They know that the Hail Mary is



THE LITTLEST ONES LIKE TO SAY THEIR BEADS

the golden link that binds those who receive Jesus to the one who first gave Jesus to the world. Perhaps you have read about the six-year-old lover of Mary who used to complain that he couldn't say his beads because there was nobody to answer. Tired out at last of the one-sided affair, the boy's father decided to make the Rosary a Daddy-and-Junior business every evening. But boys and girls do not always remain candid six-year-olds; so Mary's pearly beads become, in the stormy days of temptation-tossed youth, a mighty cable as powerful as the steady, unsullied hand of the Immaculate One. Again, the Rosary is the golden chain in the days of long, long thoughts, when youth stands bewildered at the crossroads of life. It is also the prayer of all of earth's cross-bearers, especially so of heartbroken mothers, who plead with the kindest Mother to follow their wayward sons. For the weary and spent, it is the fountain of youth where the soul may find solace and refreshment before passing on to life everlasting.



In meditation on the Mysteries of the Rosary the young girl learns to pattern her life on that of her Immaculate Mother.

* * *

If the Rosary remains always the proper prayer for every age, it can as truly be said to be "just the thing" on every occasion. Should you want to magnify Mary, to "make her great," the best-ever formula you could wish for was coined two thousand years ago by Almighty God Himself, and delivered by Gabriel, His Ambassador, on the first Annunciation Day. Better than our loftiest eulogies the Hail Mary reminds Mary of her sublime motherhood, and inclines her, in mercy, to heed our prayers and petitions.

However truly the Rosary may be likened to a golden censer of praise, it is just as unquestionably a weapon of warfare before which the devils cower and retreat. It was with this thought in mind that the Blessed Virgin placed it in the hands of her servant Dominic, when the Albigensians were attempting to pry a lever under the Rock of Peter. The selfsame heretics who were bent on shaking the foundations of the one true Church, found refuge in Mary's heart and salvation in her Rosary. Centuries later, it was the Marian weapon again that conquered at Lepanto and Vienna.

We of the twentieth century know that the weapon one million times victorious has not grown blunt-edged. For a time people did waver in their recourse to it, but with Lourdes and Fatima it has become once more the great spiritual life-saver. Indeed, we who have heard the Fatima message cannot stand neuter where the Rosary is concerned. Our Lady's plan is to convert sinners, end wars, and save Russia via the fifty Hail Marys. Even Francis, the boy seer of Fatima, had to say many Rosaries before getting to Heaven.

This golden censer, this triumphant weapon, serves also as our ever-ready emergency telephone, through which we can reach the peerless Mother charged with distributing God's gifts. Nor need we dial ten times five — at the first Hail Mary we can rest assured the universal Mediatrix is holding the receiver. Whether or not they have wireless in Heaven need not be established here; it is sound doctrinal truth that Mary calls Central to her Divine Son to obtain the special grace we need at the time, and registers in her memory the at-the-hour-of-our-death plea. So you understand how important it is to keep the line in order; and the very best keeper of order is conformity to God's and Mary's will — whether or not you obtain the favor you deem of superior import.

This conversation with the Blessed Virgin is always the proper thing. There is no occasion where a chat with one's Mother would look like a breach of etiquette. In the trials of life; in sickness and mourning; in anguish and temptation; more, in the mire of sin, the safest of refuges is the *Ave Maria*. It obtains courage, consolation, enlightenment, and strength to break with sinful habits. Even the guiltiest of mortals, if he prays to the Holy Mother, will gain a favorable hearing, because he is her child. Indeed, she seems to cherish the most hardened sinners with a very special love, remembering how the word "Savior" connotes "sinner," and how she mothered the Savior, who came on earth for us sinners and for our salvation. The sinners who are the cause of her glory will



*The Rosary Is Also a Favorite
With Silver-Haired Grandpas*

find in her the cause of their eternal joy, if they fall on their knees in humble and contrite prayer.

* * *

Love your Rosary. Give it a prominent place among your devotions. The tiny cross of your beads will turn in Heaven's lock some day, and will be your key to eternal happiness. And the Queen of the Rosary will stand at God's judgment seat to plead the cause of one who walked this earth fingering her Rosary, holding her maternal hand.



Charity is the identification mark of true Christianity.

Rev. J. Leyssen, Scheut Missionary



GRANBY

GRANBY OBSERVES A MARIAN DAY

Truly Our Lady holds queenly sway over her city of Granby. The women and girls, eight hundred strong, who made of May 23 a Marian Day, have publicly proclaimed the queenliness of the Immaculate One "who all but adoring love can claim."

The red-letter day, sponsored by Rev. Father L.P. Breton and the devoted promoters of the Closed Retreat Work, opened with morning Mass in a Marian shrine setting: Rev. Father L. P. Nadeau, parish priest, offered the Holy Sacrifice at a provisory altar erected in the reception hall of Holy Family School, at the feet of a realistic replica of the grotto of Lourdes.

To the throng of devotees of Our Lady eager as children to hear their mother's praise, Rev. Father Paquin, S.M.M., spoke in several conferences on the "Apparitions of Our Lady" and on her "Mediation." The ardent apostle of Mary also underlined in reflections on the Mysteries of the Rosary lessons that find their application in the everyday lives of average people. The afternoon instructions were given at St. Eugene Church, alternating with the recitation of the beads and private meditation. It was edifying to see how everyone obeyed the injunction of the preacher who had requested that silence be observed between the conferences.

At the evening demonstration, the scheduled procession had to be cancelled on account of the rain. But that in no wise dampened the enthusiasm of Mary's clients; for, as early as six o'clock, over twelve hundred persons had gathered in Notre Dame Church for the closing devotions. Following the Marian hour, the pupils of the Rev. Sisters of the Presentation of Mary offered a symbolical crown to the Queen of Heaven and earth.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which ended the day of grace, fell like a beneficent dew on the seed of Marian love dropped in all hearts by the enlightening instructions on the greatness of the Mother of God.

The Remarkable Doctor Wu



Late one postwar night, when Shanghai's wandering bootblacks had curled up on the sidewalks to sleep until daybreak, I was keeping vigil with an interesting book. The telephone bell suddenly startled me. Who could be calling at such an hour?

A soft, deep voice moved rapidly in worried urgency: "Father, my sister is very close to the end. I know you stay up late, so I called you. Would you be so kind as to come and give her the last rites?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to come."

"Then I'll be right over to get you in my car."

I slipped on my cassock and went to the chapel for the holy oils and the Communion pyx. A lithe man in long Chinese gown and cloth shoes quietly slipped through the door and knelt in prayer. This Chinese gentleman, who fingered his beads as the car sped through the narrow streets, was John C. H. Wu, China's Minister to the Vatican. We sped to the bedside of his dying sister, who had been converted by Wu a month previously, and I administered the last rites to the sick woman.

Six weeks later, the deceased sister's other relatives, fourteen in all, became Catholics. "They were so impressed with the last rites and the funeral," Wu explained, "that they asked for instruction."

Mr. Wu could not have been surprised at his appointment to Rome, intimately acquainted as he was with China's leader. In November, 1942, the Generalissimo had sent for Mr. Wu, and had given him a unique assignment. He asked Wu to leave his important work as Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Legislative Yuan, to cease his labor on the draft of the Constitution and on all other legal tasks for the Government, and to undertake a new Chinese translation of the New Testament. Men of little faith would scoff at such an assignment, but not Wu and his leader, Generalissimo Chiang, for both men have a profound appreciation of spiritual values. In China's dark hours of defeats and retreats, they collaborated on putting Christ's teachings into an attractive form for their people.

In the Wu home, it is a most informal group that gathers each night after dinner around Father and Mother Wu, to carry on cheerily their converse with God. Some of the youngsters flop on the rug, some sit on the divan and chairs, while a little one is on Mamma's knee and the youngest is in Daddy's arms. Mr. Wu starts by telling a story from a Catholic book or the Bible, and making a funny application to one of the listening children. All laugh heartily, and then father starts the Rosary by chanting the *Credo*. In China, prayer is a recitation: it is a chant that sends the petition up on wings of music. The young soprano voices chime in with Mother Wu, while the basso of his grown-up boys tunes in on their father's note.

Before each decade of the beads, Mr. Wu stops a few moments to explain the prayer, the life of some saint, or almost anything apropos. On the evening Father Sweeney of the leper colony was there with me, Mr. Wu talked about Catholic charity towards the lepers and about the leprosy of sin. During the Rosary, the sleepy child in Daddy's arms started to whimper. The father paced the floor, chanting his prayers the louder and jouncing the baby to slumberland. Then Mamma Wu gently took the baby in her arms and tucked him in bed, to the accompanying chorus of the family continuing the Rosary.

In Wu, Generalissimo Chiang had chosen an able scholar and literateur, well equipped for the task. John Wu's father was devoted to Confucius. The son was nurtured on the classics, and still punctuates his writings with the proverbs and philosophy of Chinese sages. He discovered Christianity in his groping teens, and became a Methodist while studying law in 1917.

His brilliant legal mind made Wu successful from the first. His career was hitched to a rising star. But there was something lacking to bring out the hidden

charm of his soul. Though lettered, he had not been schooled in suffering; though successful, he had not climbed by the hard steps of sorrow and misfortune, which crown true greatness. His life for nearly two-score years had been lyric, not epic.

Then an explosive event blasted the serenity of his success and made him search his heart. That happened when the Japanese Army marched into Shanghai, in 1937. John Wu abandoned his home and possessions and fled with his family to Hong Kong. There he took refuge with a Catholic family. The family Rosary at his friends' house captivated him, and John Wu, the hungry student, searched deep into Catholic doctrine. It was the spirituality of simplicity, taught by the life of Saint Therese of Lisieux, that touched his heart and bent his knees to the Catholic Faith.

His wife remained a non-Catholic until the rod of suffering whipped her down on her knees. Their baby became sick with pneumonia. When the fever was soaring, and the baby's lungs filled up, the doctor warned the parents of impending death. Mrs. Wu took the child in her arms and fell to her knees before a statue of Saint Therese. Between sobs she promised that, if God would spare her baby, she would become a Catholic. An astounded doctor found the fever abated the next day — and Mr. and Mrs. Wu contend against all odds that a miracle happened in their midst.

In the Eternal City, John Wu continues along his scholarly way. Father Frederick Heinzmann, one of our Maryknollers in Rome, dropped in to visit the new Minister to the Vatican, a few days after he arrived, and found him reading the Revelations of Saint Gertrude. Within five minutes the two men were out in a bookshop, where the Doctor bought the *Summa* of Saint Thomas and an armful of other theological works. Wu's audience with Pope Pius XII was quite a notable event.

MARK A. TENNIEN, M.M.

Missionary Cooperation

"Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Such was Our Lord's last bidding to His Apostles before His glorious Ascension into Heaven.

All along the centuries, these words of Our Divine Savior have, throughout the whole world, served to fan to an ever heightening intensity the flame of apostolic zeal for the salvation of immortal souls. The Catholic laity has taken an honorable part in this greatest of all works, by the practical and efficacious cooperation it lends to the ever increasing phalanx of priests, Brothers, and Sisters waging the good battles of the Lord on the mission front.

The annual exhibit of the work accomplished during the year by the Guild of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost was held at the Motherhouse from May 27 to May 31. What a boon the numerous items exhibited will be to the chapels, clinics, nurseries, and schools of our war-devastated missions! May the generous sacrifices entailed in insuring the missions such practical help prove as precious seedlings of faith and love of God in souls still sitting in the shadow of death.

To the tireless workers of the Guild of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, and to all our devoted friends of the diverse associations attached to our numerous houses we offer, with our own heartfelt thanks, the undying gratitude of our proteges and the assurance of a prayerful remembrance where remembrances are sacred.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception



*The Precursor offers respectful congratulations
and prayerful greetings to
His Excellency Most Rev. J. C. Chaumont,
Auxiliary of the Archdiocese of Montreal,
on the occasion of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee.
May heavenly blessings be showered
upon the venerated Jubilarian!*

Mission Sunday

October 24, 1948

In these bleak days of 1948, it is becoming increasingly clear that the struggle between Christ and the anti-Christ, between good and evil, between Christianity as a way of life and godlessness, is reaching its climax. Never before have the battles between the two forces been so clear-cut and well defined. There is no part of the world which is not being touched by this conflict. The spirit of the anti-Christ is more apparent in the suave, well oiled words of the Communists than in the outspoken advocates of devil worship in the jungles of Africa.

In this crucial year, both Communism and Christianity have scored victories all over the world. In Italy, the Italians courageously stemmed the Red tide on the outskirts of the Vatican by a bloodless, momentous election. In the same year, the United States itself, the citadel of Christianity, took a long stride into paganism when the Supreme Court upheld an atheist's suit to have religious instruction banned in the public schools in her state. It is encouraging to note that the message of Our Lady of Fatima — stating that without prayer, penance, and the conversion of Russia, civilization is lost — is being heeded by increasing numbers of the faithful. But it is discouraging to realize that as the ranks of the faithful swell with the simple hearted converts from the jungles and wastelands, the ranks of sophisticated scoffers at religion from the so-called civilized countries also increase.

For centuries, Catholic missionaries have been combatting the evil in the world by quietly bringing the people of the most backward nations as well as the so-called sophisticates of non-Catholic countries, into the Mystical Body of Christ. Now, because it appears that all man-made remedies for a lasting peace have failed, we understand that true peace can come to man only when the world is returned to its rightful owner, God. Perhaps if our missionaries, in their travels, can penetrate the rim of the iron curtain and arouse the human souls in the Communist dominated countries, they can reawaken in these people a love of God and their fellow men, and avert war for all time.

October 24, 1948 has been designated by the Holy See as Mission Sunday. On that day, the faithful are asked to give alms and prayers to the missionaries. The missionaries themselves are quite prepared to make all the sacrifices. They will tend the lepers in the various leper colonies, endure the climate of the frozen Arctic, submit to the indignities of the "People's Court" in China, and live in poverty in Africa. They are willing to risk their lives in the Hindu-Moslem riots of India, to take the smiling insults that are offered to them in the southern part of the United States, and to sleep on bare floors in Korea. But we are only asked to give alms and prayer!

Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director for The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, states in a Mission Sunday message: "Because Europe is still destitute as a result of the war and its aftermath, and because large areas of the world are dominated by a godless philosophy, the 25 million Catholics of the United States must shoulder the burden of the missions, and take financial responsibility for bringing the world into the Mystical Body of Christ. I urge every Catholic in our country to give his or her wholehearted spiritual and financial help to our missionaries on October 24. The aid thus supplied will accomplish much good, not only for the Church and its people, but for this troubled world as well." Your daily prayer and annual offering through membership in the S. P. F. will help the missionaries and will help you personally because of the spiritual benefits received from the prayers, masses and good works of the missionaries.

Mission Intentions for September and October

September: For the Defense of Catholic Schools in India

With India's recently won independence the question of education is one which assumes ever-increasing prominence in that vast country. Prior to the withdrawal of the British, England had already begun the enactment of certain rulings which created difficulties for the Catholic Church in all territorial outposts under the Union Jack. Now independence in India, whether under Hindu or Moslem rule, adds new problems. How serious these may be can be judged by a short study of conditions which existed prior to the British evacuation.

In certain states early in 1942 the government had decreed that the Catholic schools of India and Ceylon should teach the religion of the different pupils attending them: Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Protestantism, Catholicism, etc. In Ceylon the proposal was made that Catholic schools be transferred to the government with a view of gradually controlling them to the detriment of all religious training.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION A NECESSITY

As a result of such rulings the need for the establishment of Catholic institutions of learning independent of governmental grants became a necessity. However, the funds required for such a project were enormous and the Church in India, while one of the oldest in Christendom, was unable to meet such an outlay. In view of such a crisis it is not surprising that the Holy See views with alarm the future of Catholic education in India and begs the prayers of the faithful during the month of September.

The vast sub-continent of India, with one-fifth the population of the entire world, is now at the crossroads of its long history. Some three hundred million souls within its borders are bound by the implacable laws of the caste system which reach down into the minutest detail of the lives of each and every individual Hindu. Eighty million more, fanatical followers of Mohammed, want no part of Hinduism and have established their own independent state of Pakistan. Tribesmen from the hills, united with the warlike Sikhs, have stirred up further turmoil in this infant nation composed of so many and so varied nationalities.

For that minority of four million Catholics the future may constitute the turning point in a long history marked by tragedy and bloodshed. True Christian education is the sole answer to the riddle of Hinduism; Christlike charity is the only weapon strong enough to overcome the prejudices of the Moslems, Sikhs, animists and the thousand and one other Indian cultists.

God grant that the hierarchy, the clergy and religious of India be given the wisdom and courage necessary to face the present day school problems and solve the many and pressing dilemmas which face them. God grant also that they receive the wholehearted support of the laity, both at home and abroad, to bring into fulfillment the plans which may insure the winning of India to Christ.

October: For the Catholic Missions in Indonesia

The spirit of nationalism has been an important element in the development of most countries. The Catholic Church has encouraged the development of nationalism, stressing the fact that love of country must come after love of God. In each mission territory, the missionaries are told to adhere as closely as possible to the language and customs of the people — that is, if the local customs are wholesome ones that do not conflict with religion.

Indonesia is now feeling the impact of the spirit of nationalism. There was a recent attempt on the part of some of the native population to establish a republic

independent of Holland. Consistent with its policy of encouraging nationalism by strengthening the indigenous clergy, the Church realizes that the most pressing need of the 500,000 Catholics of Indonesia today is native priests. Although there are 565 priests, more than 500 Brothers, and 1,700 nuns, there are only 16 native priests in the region.

Catholics, as well as non-Catholics in this little country are intensely nationalistic, and the Bishops and priests there are enthusiastically trying to meet the situation by encouraging native vocations. Because of their efforts, vocations have begun to increase in a most encouraging manner. Although the Catholic population is not so nationalistic as to refuse the ministrations of the foreign missionaries, it is evident that the people would be happier at the approach of one of their own to the altar of God.

There is another pressing problem in Indonesia. Like other countries of the Far East, this country has been ravaged by the military engagements that took place in the war just concluded. When there was fighting in the Dutch East Indies, we little dreamed that the belligerents were destroying churches, missions, and schools. Although the war has been over for several years, the mission property is still seriously affected.

But we may be encouraged by the over-all picture in Indonesia. The Church there is looked upon with good will by the native population. Under the zealous European priests who have been working there, there has been a great increase in the number of conversions, and there is every reason to believe that this increase will double and even triple itself as more native priests are ordained. Perhaps, in years to come, this little nation will become the bulwark of Catholicism in the Far East. A strong foundation of Catholicism in Indonesia will be of practical value to the Orient, for, among other things, it will serve more effectively than a vast army to keep the plague of Communism from that part of the Far East.

All Catholics will be doing a tremendous service to themselves, their Church, and the world, if, during the month of October, they ask Almighty God for His help for the missions of Indonesia, and particularly the encouragement of native clergy.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.

National Director

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



The Apostolate of Example

"Father," said a convert, "do you know that I and my family are in the Church because of a chance meeting with a practical Catholic? I was going to one of our medical conventions. There was a banquet on Saturday night, and another doctor and myself had planned to take the 8 o'clock train next morning. It was midnight when we reached the hotel, and I was requesting the clerk to have us called at 7 o'clock, when my Catholic friend quietly named 5.30, so that he could hear Mass at 6 o'clock. I protested that it was already 1 o'clock, and that he needed his sleep. He smiled at me good-naturedly, and that was all. I heard him slip quietly off to Mass, and instead of enjoying an hour and a half of extra sleep, I lay there thinking that this man's religion must mean something to him. That started me in my study of the Catholic Faith. Father, had that man been a moral coward and stayed in bed, my family might not now be in the true Church of Christ."

The Southern Cross

Random Writings

From Our Sisters Afield



Anglo-Chinese Academy, Manila, April 4, 1948

I came, I saw, I was conquered by Narra, the land I love. Narra is neither attractive, nor far-stretching, nor delightfully cool. After those three negatives, I must speak in the affirmative to say that for us, God's privileged missionaries, Narra is next-to-Heaven. Hundreds of souls, children's souls especially, are yearning for light and warmth; so true is it that, even under the rays of a tropical sun, it can be dark and cold in a child's soul, when that child doesn't know about the Boy of Bethlehem. It is our task to gladden the lives of the 231 pupils who come to the Academy. Most of them are still pagans, but we hope and pray that they will improve their status at the baptismal font. All are well disposed, and victories have already been recorded. Christmas marked the first baptism ceremony; on Tuesday of Holy Week, twelve of our boys also received their admission ticket into the Christian Fold; then, on the glorious Easter morn, twenty-six met their Sacramental Savior for the first time. We wonder who is happier on like occasions — the boys or the Sisters. All our small and great sacrifices are soon forgotten. Our Bridegroom is a Divine Bridegroom, who repays in His royal way what we do for Him. To all our dear Sisters I wish the joys of life on the missions. Until the tiner leaves, may I ask for a share in their prayers and sacrifices, in return for the share we gladly give them in our apostolic conquests.

Sister Claire de l'Eucharistie, M.I.C.

Claire Fontaine, Quebec

* * *

Canton, February 28, 1948

Schooldays are not yet over for me: every morning, at 7.30, I set out for Shameen School with my companions. The bus fare being too much for our means, we resort to the primitive mode of communication — walking. Thus, we have plenty of time to say the Joyful, and sometimes also the Sorrowful Mysteries of our daily Rosary. At that early hour, China is not yet astir; the sons of old Cathay will struggle to wakefulness only when the morning sun "bids them rise and proceed to the labors of the day."

A young girl student at Shameen, a good helping hand in our apostolate among her kinsmen, accompanies us every morning; so does an orphan girl who studies the rudiments of our Faith one hour a day, and on Sundays teaches catechism in her mother tongue to our younger Christians and catechumens.

Eight o'clock finds us at Shameen. In the room to the right, Sister St. Jean Baptiste(1) bids good morning to her upper grade students; they are young ladies with a good command of English, and already proficient in many branches of knowledge. To the left, I welcome my graders, all Shakespeares-in-the-making, if I may venture my opinion. Class 9B, consisting of growing girls who know very little of the three R's, is also my heritage. The ten of them seem to be in the best of dispositions.

Once more it is my joy to do my share in the mission apostolate. Exactly one year ago, I was in Manchuria, fleeing from Tungleao to Leaoyuansien, closely hounded by the Communist men-at-arms, whose horses were silhouetted against the evening sky. Now I am rounding up lost souls in another province. Let us pray that our merciful God may render South China doubly fruitful, to make up for the loss of our beloved Manchuria in the north.

Sister Blandine de Jesus, M.I.C.

Blandine Simard, Roberval

* * *

Kowloon, Hong Kong, April 18, 1948

I am in good health and as usual divided between classes and music. Pray for me that I may be able to do some good to all my young hopefuls. If our house had four elastic walls, many hundreds more could take their place behind desks in the schoolrooms.

1. Irene PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

On Easter Monday, twenty-three of our boys made their First Holy Communion in Rosary Church. All said the Mass prayers aloud with the Reverend Pastor, stopping only to sing their favorite hymns to the Savior about to come in hearts so well prepared by the Holy Ghost. My privilege it has been to help that Spirit of Love, by making them familiar with things Catholic during the two months prior to the great occasion. On that memorable morning, I had them say a special prayer for our Reverend Mother General, and another for my family. Now we are rehearsing the Mass of the Angels for the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima, our Patroness. Our Chinese juniors are fine-fingered musicians; which does not in any wise imply that there are no regular imps among them. Only the other day, I caught three or four lustily singing the "Kyrie," and doing their best to turn out an impressive tremolo. The oldest among them are only seven or eight. I have only a dozen piano pupils at present; but Sister Superior promises that next year my piano, a relic of the past, will be replaced by one in the springtime of life.

Sister St. Philippe, M.I.C.

Annette Beaudoin, Champlain

* * *

Port Salut, Haiti, April 18, 1948

After a few months of experience, I hold it for certain that young Haitians are obedient and studious; teaching them is usually plain sailing. On the roll call are listed, among others: Lunesse, Saintanne, Yveneuve, Miracula, Rainette, Dieula, Ivika, Hosanna, Lironne, Servitude, Celeste, Soeurette, Sadoctrine, Repose, etc. Those names, which might sound strange to a Canadian ear, owe their origin, as a rule, to some incident that preceded the birth of the child.



Our Haitians, in their sunny land, see the grey cloud oftener than its silver lining. Several have to walk three or four miles every morning, rain or shine, hungry or not, to come to school. They arrived dripping wet for Mass this morning, for when it rains in Haiti, it pours. Today High Mass, sermon, and procession had to be canceled on account of the rain drumming on the roof of God's House. We could hardly hear the "Sanctus" bell of the low Mass. I even had to move my prie-dieu and chair: a minor Niagara was cascading through the ceiling. Those are just thimble-sized annoyances,

and more were needed to pull the rose-colored glasses from our eyes; we are always cheerful and happy. People say it's very hot in Haiti; so it is — but we missionaries haven't yet had one spare minute to gossip about the weather.

I like it very much down here, and so far have been too busy to be lonesome. My students take up most of my day; in leisure moments I lend a hand at the sacristy of the church. On Saturdays I do some gardening until the sun sends me seeking cover; I also do a little after supper each night. We have already had lettuce on our table, grown from seeds brought from the Motherhouse. In a few days the corn will be ripe. Onions don't thrive here. We have sowed pineapples that will yield in three or four years. Port Salut is the home of the pineapple. As we are now in the pineapple season, our pupils bring some for the Mothers every morning.

Sister St. Roch, M.I.C.

Marie Jeanne Bedard, Quebec

THE MISSION PRESS

Missions, like armies, depend upon the organization of the people back home. There must be a link of unity flowing backward and forward. The link between the missions and the people back home is spiritual, not merely material. When the mission movement is strong in the home country, the missions in the field are vigorous. It is a union of souls. The creation of this soul is the function of the mission magazine. Once this link of unity is forged, vocations and donations will not be lacking. The whole movement, however, is supernatural, and those who participate in it share in its merit. It is this mystic unity, made up of union with God, of prayer, self-sacrifice, of heroic aspiration, of love of neighbor, that is created by the mission press.

REV. WILFRID PARSONS, S. J., in *The Medical Missionary*



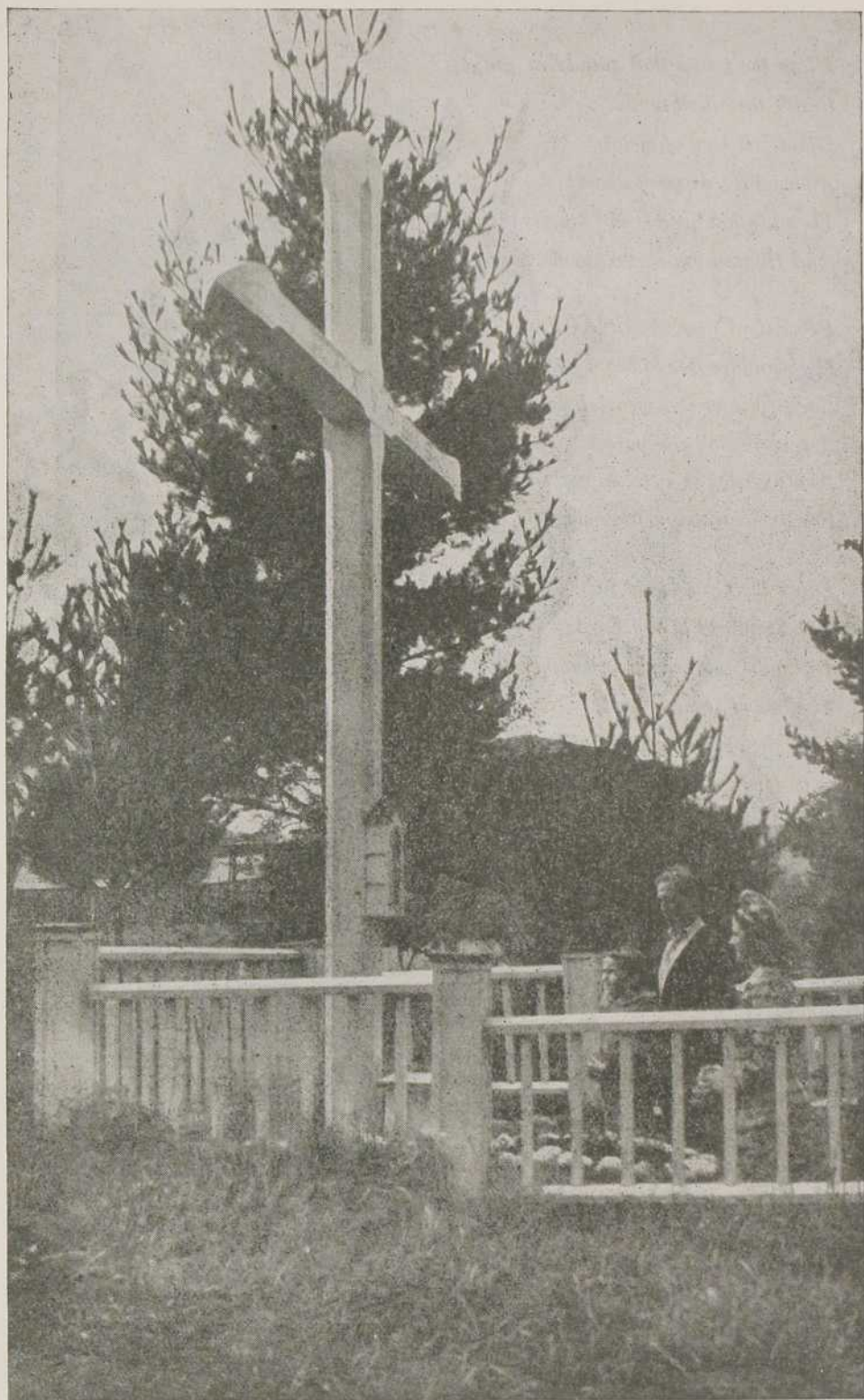
I Love the Cross

*I love the Cross — Redemption's Rood —
That bore a Burden Blest,
That gave my soul a Savior,
The Father's fond bequest,
That opened wide its arms to me
For comfort and for rest.*

*I love the Cross that sentinel
The Tabernacled Christ,
The Living Bread from Heaven come,
The Manna sacrificed,
The Food of souls the Precious Blood
Of our Redeemer priced.*

*I love the Cross of countryside
That lifts its arms to God,
That bids us walk in whiteness e'er
Above our sinful sod,
That brings to mind the Calvary
Whose heights the Master trod.*

*I love the Cross that stands on guard
To keep the Maple Land
The heritage of Christ the King,
His own from strand to strand,
A fair domain full worthy of
The blessing of His hand.*



SENTINEL FOR GOD — THE CROSS OF SALVATION

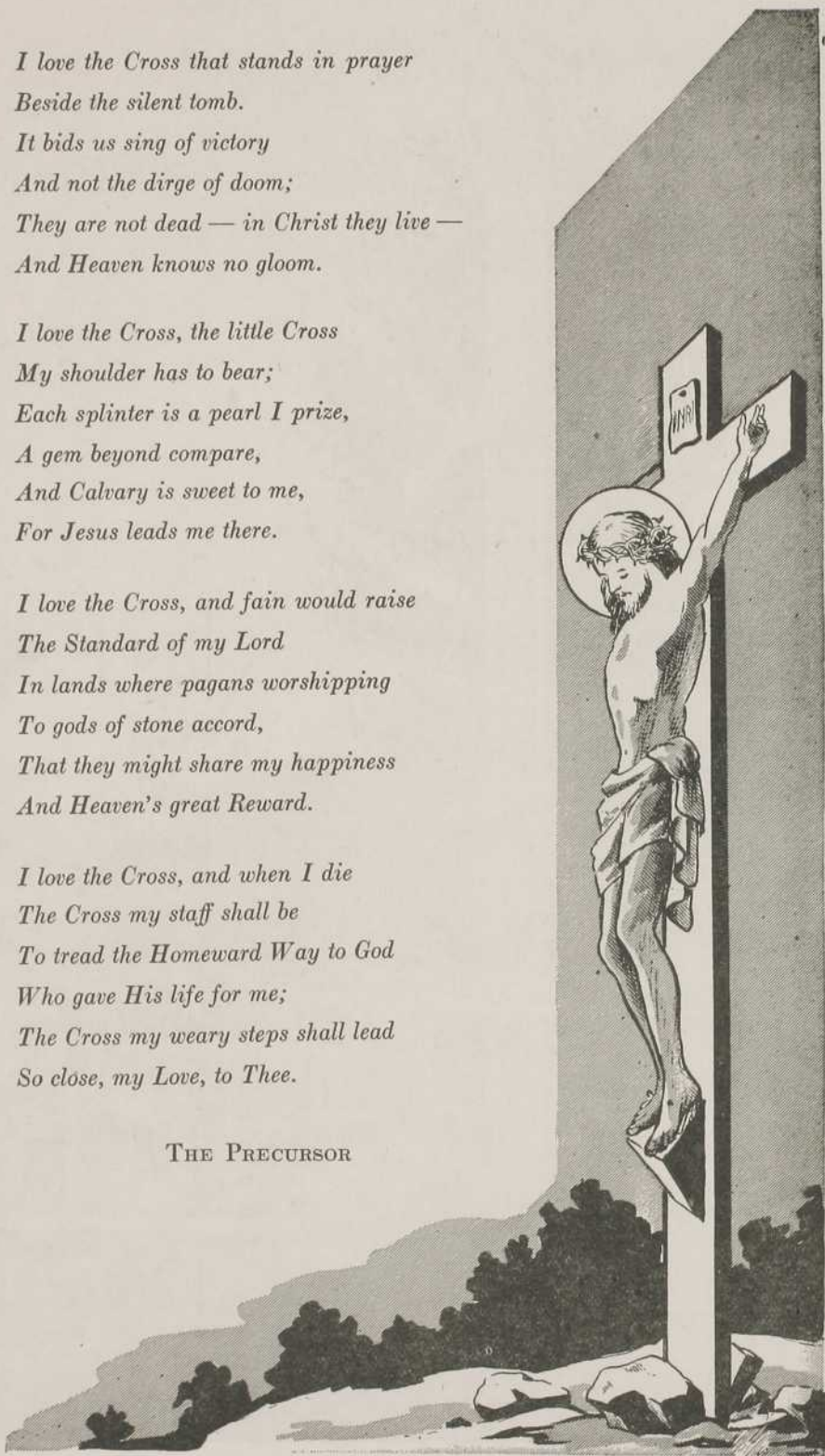
*I love the Cross that stands in prayer
Beside the silent tomb.
It bids us sing of victory
And not the dirge of doom;
They are not dead — in Christ they live —
And Heaven knows no gloom.*

*I love the Cross, the little Cross
My shoulder has to bear;
Each splinter is a pearl I prize,
A gem beyond compare,
And Calvary is sweet to me,
For Jesus leads me there.*

*I love the Cross, and fain would raise
The Standard of my Lord
In lands where pagans worshipping
To gods of stone accord,
That they might share my happiness
And Heaven's great Reward.*

*I love the Cross, and when I die
The Cross my staff shall be
To tread the Homeward Way to God
Who gave His life for me;
The Cross my weary steps shall lead
So close, my Love, to Thee.*

THE PRECURSOR





The Widow's

Mite



Michael closed his book with a sigh and turned to sit by the opened window. A dreamy, serious look crept into his dark, deep-set eyes, as his roaming glance rested on patches of blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds. Sorrow had early shadowed his young life, for when World War I had burst upon Europe like a pent-up storm in all its fury, he was a mere toddler. After only a few months of gallant service to his country, his soldier daddy had fallen like a hero on the gory battlefields of France, and his mother had been left alone to bring up her orphaned boy. She had set bravely to her task of breadwinner and, though the days had been hard and sad at times, she had always been able to secure work that she could do at home, keeping her child beside her. Poor little Michael! He was not strong and sturdy like other boys, and he felt no attraction for their rough games. His favorite recreation consisted in reading books that told of the missions, for this frail boy had a hardy soul, one that dreamt of doughty deeds to be done for the cause of Christ and souls.

The busy whirl of the sewing machine stopped for a few moments, and Mrs. Noonan looked up from her work to the huddled figure by the window.

"Woolgathering again, Michael! I thought you liked your book about Father Damian?"

"Oh, Mother, indeed I like it." Michael's pale cheeks bloomed a bashful pink. "It's just that I was thinking..."

"Well now, that's a nice thing for a boy to be hiding things from his mother."

"Mother! You know I always share my secrets with you. It's just that I was recalling what the missionary Father said about the apostolic schools when he gave his conference last Sunday." The effort brought on a fit of nasty coughing, and Mrs. Noonan sighed as she rose to give the boy his medicine.

"Here you are, Michael dear. Now, forget about the apostolic school for the time being. You're young yet, for one thing, and we must do a lot of praying to know if it's really what God wants of you. Then, you must grow fat and strong and rosy and never, never cough anymore."

Michael looked up into his mother's face with that wistful smile that always wrung her loving heart, obediently drank his medicine, and turned again to his favorite book.

Mrs. Noonan sat down at her sewing, but her wayward thoughts shuttled back and forth from her work to her boy, then to that conference given by the Sacred Heart missionary Father on the foreign missions. How eloquently he had pleaded the cause of the heathen millions deprived of their rightful heritage of faith in the true God! What was it he had said about the bounden duty of every Catholic to be deeply and practically interested in the foreign missions? Ah, yes, she now recalled his forceful words: "The Catholic without enthusiasm for the cause of Christ is of no service either to his fellowmen or to God." He had instanced the life of the heroic Father Damian as a life entirely surrendered to the saving of souls that had strayed far from the Shepherd Divine.

Michael had sobbed outright and when the missionary had remarked that the harvest was indeed great but the laborers all too few, he had suddenly stood up on the bench and cried out:

"Father, Father, I will go and help! Wait until I'm grown up and you will see!"

Mrs. Noonan smiled as she reminisced the little scene, then her face grew serious again. What if the Master really called her son to be a missionary? Oh, her mother heart would bleed at the parting, but she would gladly, proudly offer him to God as His knight-errant.

Her gaze wandered again to her boy who now sat poring over his book of mission lore. The April sunshine wove a golden halo over the bowed head and the mother anxiously soliloquized:

"My Michael a missionary? Rather will he soon become one of God's angels in Heaven."

Spring had merged into summer, a hot, dry summer. The suffocating heat in the tiny apartment had drained Michael's waning strength. His breath now came with a rasping noise, while his heart ran a losing race with death. The busy whirl of the sewing machine was stilled, as the distraught mother sat beside her child's cot, trying to cool his fevered brow and ease his labored breathing. For days and nights now she had watched beside him as his young life swiftly ebbed away. Today he seemed to be resting and his mother, worn out with emotion and fatigue, dozed at his bedside. Suddenly she woke with a start to hear her son feebly calling:

"Mother — Mother — water — quick!" She stumbled to her feet and bent over him.

"Would you rather have some milk, dear?"

"No, no, Mother — water — to baptize them — everyone. Can't you see them — two hundred and thirty million Moslems — one hundred million fetish worshippers. O Jesus, mercy — on the five hundred million Buddhists!"

The golden head fell back on the pillow, the voice trailed away as a thin stream of blood flowed from between the parched lips.

With streaming eyes, the broken-hearted mother knelt beside the cot.

"Mother, why do you cry? Please don't — I'm going to — Heaven! I'll pray for you always — and for the missionaries. Promise me — to pray for them and — to help them always —"

The lustrous dark eyes closed wearily but fluttered open again, wide and rapturous, as his mother whispered:

"My dear boy, my angel, I promise to help the missionaries in your place, always."

In the little parish church, early every morning, a woman in deep mourning knelt in the Lady Chapel, then hurried home.

Mrs. Noonan's friends wondered why she had become even busier than before, since her son had been laid to rest in God's Acre. Her employers also wondered, for, ever since Michael's death, Mrs. Noonan brought in the double of her former work.

But the one to wonder the most was doubtless the Superior of the Meadowbrook Apostolic School, who, since November last, vainly conjectured about the name of the unknown *rich* lady who sent him the following short monthly message:

"Reverend Father,

"With my Communions, my prayers, and my heart-breaking sorrow, I offer fifty francs for your missions.

"Signed: A Christian Mother."

Mission Quiz

Did You Know That

A tradition gathered by Byzantine chronologists states that the Church in Africa was founded by St. Peter? . . . It was St. Francis himself who, in 1219, sent the first Franciscan missionaries to Morocco? . . . The phrase "beggars for Christ" is found in the *Rerum Ecclesiae* of Pope Pius XI? . . . The great Buddha of Kamakura in Japan, a statue dating from the 13th century, is 50 feet high, 100 feet in circumference, and weighs 460 tons? . . . Mary, Mediatrix of all Graces, is now venerated as Queen and Protectress of China? . . . Missionaries in New Guinea find a fluent command of "Pidgin English" much more valuable than all the Exegesis and Philosophy mastered during their student years? . . . Until the last war Europe furnished about 95 per cent and America 5 per cent of the Church's mission personnel? . . . The story of Fu Jen goes back to July, 1912, when a Chinese literateur begged the Holy Father to establish a centre of Catholic culture and learning in Peking, China? . . . There were over 800 missionaries and about 1,000,000 Catholics in Mexico before the end of the 16th century? . . . Without priests, the Faith took root in Korea in 1775 when Korean laymen, bringing back Catholic books found in China, read them and were convinced that the Catholic Religion was the true one? . . . The Holy Childhood Association is a Pontifical Association, and the present Holy Father, who as Cardinal Pacelli was its Protector, still retains that office to himself? . . . St. Peter Claver, who spent forty years of his life working among the poor Negro slaves of South America, baptized more than 300,000 of them? . . . 40,000,000 women live in purdah in India today, 40,000,000 human beings who know life only from behind a veil or a wall? . . . The Belgian missionary, Father Conrardy, who worked in the mission fields of North America, was sixty-five years old when he obtained his medical degree and began to work among the lepers of China? . . . Over eighty-five per cent of the people of Patna (India) Mission are illiterate? . . .

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

There was a case, more extraordinary, of which Peter himself knew nothing. A priest who had lost his first fervor was sent by his bishop to spend some time at Brou in the hope that he might there become more worthy of his sacred calling. The students did not know the meaning of his sojourn among them; and Peter, eager to profit by the companionship of one who had had experience of the ministry, asked permission to see much of him. The unfortunate priest quickly found in the smiling, gently outh the example and the stimulus he needed.

In February, 1826, his superiors decided that at the approaching ordinations Peter should be made sub-deacon. Overwhelmed with fear when he was told, Peter hurried to the chapel and knelt close to the tabernacle, asking God if it were indeed His holy will that he should vow himself entirely to His service. After praying for some time he consulted his director, as simply as a child; and when he learned that there could be no doubt as to God's will in his regard, he prepared for the great day with all the fervor of which he was capable.

The following May he was ordained deacon. Step by step he was nearing the goal of his heart's desire.

A little incident which occurred shortly after this has been preserved. On a certain feast day Peter, officiating as deacon, having received Holy Communion first, held the paten under the hand of the celebrant as he distributed the Bread of Life to the other students. A particle of a Sacred Host happened to fall to the floor and the young deacon noted the spot, hoping to find It after Mass; but his most careful search was fruitless, and he went to his room quite downcast. "How sad you look!" one of his friends exclaimed. "I have good reason," Peter replied; "I could not recover a particle which fell from a consecrated Host to the floor." Finding it impossible to keep his mind on the lesson of the day he went back to the chapel, and after praying for some moments searched a second time. He

found the particle, at last, and reverently placed It in a ciborium; then, going back to his friend, he exclaimed joyously, "I am happy now! I have found Him whom my heart loves."

On July fifteenth, 1827, Peter was ordained priest. He had too deeply meditated on the almost infinite grandeur of the priesthood not to be penetrated with sentiments of faith, humility, love, and gratitude. God alone knows what ardor of love consumed his soul in the hour which made him a priest forever. If he had consulted only his own inclination, his first Mass would have been said in a quiet chapel with no one near except a priest to help him and a child to serve. But Father Trompier had claims upon him which could not be disregarded, so his first Mass was celebrated in the parish church of Cras. Every one in the village was present and all his relatives received Holy Communion from his hand. Father Trompier's joy knew no bounds. The little shepherd whom he had loved as a son was, at last, a priest of God.

CHAPTER V

Amberieux

Father Chanel remained but a short time with his family. On the day of his ordination he had been appointed assistant to Father Colliex⁽¹⁾, pastor of the pretty village of Amberieux-en-Bugey, and he hastened to his new home, knowing well that he was sorely needed there, and eager to be at work. Long, close study had undermined his health, and far from improving, it became more and more frail; so, after thirteen months, Bishop Devie thought it well to send him elsewhere; but, short as was his stay at Amberieux, it made an impression which many years did not efface. He was very fortunate first to exercise his sacred ministry under the guidance of a pastor of rare virtue and long experience. Ever afterward the memory of Father Colliex was dear to his heart, and the venerable priest loved his zealous assistant and leaned heavily upon him.

At Amberieux Father Chanel had the happiness of being reunited to M. Claude Bret, whom he had known so intimately and loved so devotedly at Meximieux and Brou. Too young for ordination he had been appointed director of a school, and the friends were again closely associated, with the result that their longing for the religious and apostolic life received a new impetus.

Father Chanel began his work at Amberieux by carefully regulating his own interior life, knowing that if he hoped to sanctify other souls, he must begin by sanctifying his own. Faithful to the spirit of the Seminary, he rose and went to bed at fixed hours; his prayers, the recitation of his office, his spiritual reading and other devotional exercises had each its

1. In his youth Father Colliex had been pastor of Lancrans. During the Terror he had remained with his flock, going, disguised, about the country, hearing confessions, giving Holy Communion, anointing the dying, and saying Mass in deep woods and even in caves.

appointed time. He tolerated no hint of luxury in anything belonging to him. In his room he had only a bed with a prie-dieu beside it, a Crucifix, and some religious pictures; in his study, a pine table, a simple bookcase, and a few chairs. He did everything for himself. No one was charged with the cleaning of his rooms or the care of his clothing. He did his own mending — more or less skillfully. One of his friends having surprised him, needle in hand, teased him about his new work. "It is a good thing," Peter replied, smiling, "to know a little about everything; and if I am ever a missionary among savages, I shall need to be able to dispense with tailors."

Very quickly he won the good will of the whole parish. When he preached for the first time, the noble simplicity and touching unction of his words moved all hearts. His hearers felt that his sermon had been carefully prepared under the eye of God; and as time went on, they became only more eager to hear him. Eight years later, a woman of Amberieux said that she had never forgotten two of his talks: one, on the happiness of heaven, the other, on devotion to our Blessed Mother.

Though necessarily lacking in experience, Father Chanel had the prudence and wisdom which Holy Scripture calls the "science of the saints." Knowing that the direction of souls is "the art of arts," and a priest fresh from the Seminary not an enlightened guide, he mistrusted his own knowledge and constantly relied on the help of her whom the Church calls Seat of wisdom and Virgin most prudent. Without losing his natural affability, he acquired a certain reserve, befitting a priest; all the while taking every opportunity of observing the character and customs of the people among whom God had placed him. He made it a rule always to act in unison with Father Colliex, whom he esteemed so highly that in all things he gladly followed his example and advice.

From the first, Father Chanel's confessional was besieged by penitents, and each of them congratulated himself on having chosen him for spiritual director. Children, especially, and young men loved to tell of his kindness and gentleness.

Father Colliex, appreciating the tact and holiness of his young curate, confided to him the direction of the sodality of "Les Filles de la Perseverance." In his intercourse with these young girls Father Chanel did much good, with a delicacy of prudence which he strictly exacted of himself. The piety of the sodalists at once became more fervent, and some among them began to aspire after high perfection. "I had the happiness of being one of 'Les Filles de la Perseverance' when the congregation was under Father Chanel's direction," a woman wrote later. "He often urged us to pray much and to flee the occasions of sin; he was never weary recommending devotion to the Blessed Virgin and frequentation of the Sacraments. He made us love virtue, holding it before us in the accomplishment of the duties of our state of life and in the most commonplace actions."

(To be continued)

Mission Exhibit at Brighton

In response to the invitation of His Excellency Most Rev. R. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, forty-eight religious communities having houses in the Archdiocese participated in the Mission Exhibit which was held at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., during the entire month of July.

The exhibition at Brighton — one of the most important ever held in the United States — was organized by the Mission Academia, and presented an interesting display of the characteristic activities of each Community, at home and abroad.

Our Community having opened an establishment two years ago in Marlboro, Mass., it was our privilege to take a modest share in Brighton's effort to stimulate missionary vocations among American youth.



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. R. CUSHING, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON,
AT THE BOOTH OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
MISSION EXHIBIT, BRIGHTON, MASS.

With Our Sisters in Fields Afar



SUCHOW

A GOLDEN MEMORY FOR THERESE SOU

In the life history of Therese Sou, under the date of February 10, 1948, is recorded the most glorious promotion this onetime French-course pupil of ours could have set her heart upon: entrance into the royal household of the children of the Most High.

Therese, who studies law at Aurora University, had decided it would be an altogether proper thing to wedge a closed retreat in between law textbooks and baptismal registers. The Jesuit preacher, Rev. Father P. E. Gauthier, administered the purifying Sacrament, thus adding the name of this Chinese namesake of the Little Flower to his already long list in the book that tells the conquests of God's anointed ones.

Lilies and white roses, Therese's favorites, provided a perfect sanctuary setting for the unforgettable occasion. White roses, also, and a spotless veil gave the Little-First-Communicant touch to the youthful head that bowed with childlike faith, when from the priestly lips fell the sacred words: "Therese, I baptize thee . . ." Then the newly supernaturalized child of God and Mother Mary exchanged her blue mantle for a snow-white one. Truly, a poem of purity was penned in our chapel that February morning. During the Holy Sacrifice which followed, Chinese and French hymns were sung. The celebrant gave a short but inspiring instruction to the Christians and pagans present at the ceremony. May the seed then dropped in the spiritual furrow, with the all-kind blessing of Our Lady of Lourdes, blossom some day into a living faith!

Therese, now kith and kin of the Blessed Trinity, had a right to partake of the Living Bread. Long and fervently she knelt, absorbed in heart-to-

heart commune with her Sacramental Guest. How could it be otherwise for one who has just found Him for the first time, and has a long litany of favors to implore?



Gran Goes A-Retreating

After breakfast, the newly baptized recited her act of consecration to the Blessed Mother, following which she laid her crown of roses at the feet of the best of all mothers, whose loving kindness had prepared the never-to-be-forgotten day.

Mother of God, hear our prayer! Grant that armies of missionaries may march into the very den of the Dragon, to wrest from him the Christless millions of China.

GRAN GOES A-RETREATING

She tottered in at supper time one bright Sunday afternoon, half-ecstatic at the prospect of three days of monastic life.

This Mrs. Li is a Christian of only ten years standing. Intent on getting all her money's worth in this spiritual venture, she inquired about the rules to be observed by grannies like her, and resolved to keep

silence in a manner not unworthy of a Trappist. When we asked her name for our records, she brightened up another peg or two.

"My name is Li; my baptismal name is *Cheng Mou Malia* (Holy Virgin Mary)."

When it was time to turn in for the night, old Gran, straightening out the flag of time immemorial that serves to wrap her handkerchief and prayer beads, proceeded to lay the Chinese version of the Red, White, and Blue on her white pillow. You have to be Mrs. Li and past seventy to understand that beauty sleep and pleasant dreams call for a pillow suggestive of the Pied Piper's wardrobe.

Old Mrs. Li stormed the gates of Heaven all those three days. She prayed for peace, which is so long in coming; for the conversion of the Communists, who are engulfing her homeland in a sea of trouble; and, like the good and dutiful wife she certainly is, for her "old man," who was meanwhile doing some spiritual stock-taking with the Jesuit Fathers.

Gran cannot read the printed word; but her devout prayers would put many to shame. When she says her beads, the crucifix serves as first, second, and third points of meditation, while her fingers slowly caress each well-loved bead.

As one hour of recollection ran upon the heels of another, the dear old lady waxed enthusiastic over all she saw and heard at the Sisters'. She



AMONG THE SORGHUM STALKS

went back home a hundred percent satisfied and happy, although she would have liked to stay longer. Before saying goodbye to her monastic cell, she knelt on the chair beside her bed to thank the Mother of the great Lord of Heaven for the graces received during the retreat.

Dear silver-haired Mrs. Li of the Rosary, you have prayed with all your heart and done your best to measure up to God's expectations. Go in peace and may your Father be with you! Our Blessed Mother, whose name you so proudly bear, congratulates herself on being commissioned by her Divine Son to follow her *Cheng Mou Malia* in all her ways. No doubt she is preparing your place up above, until the time comes to see you safely Home.

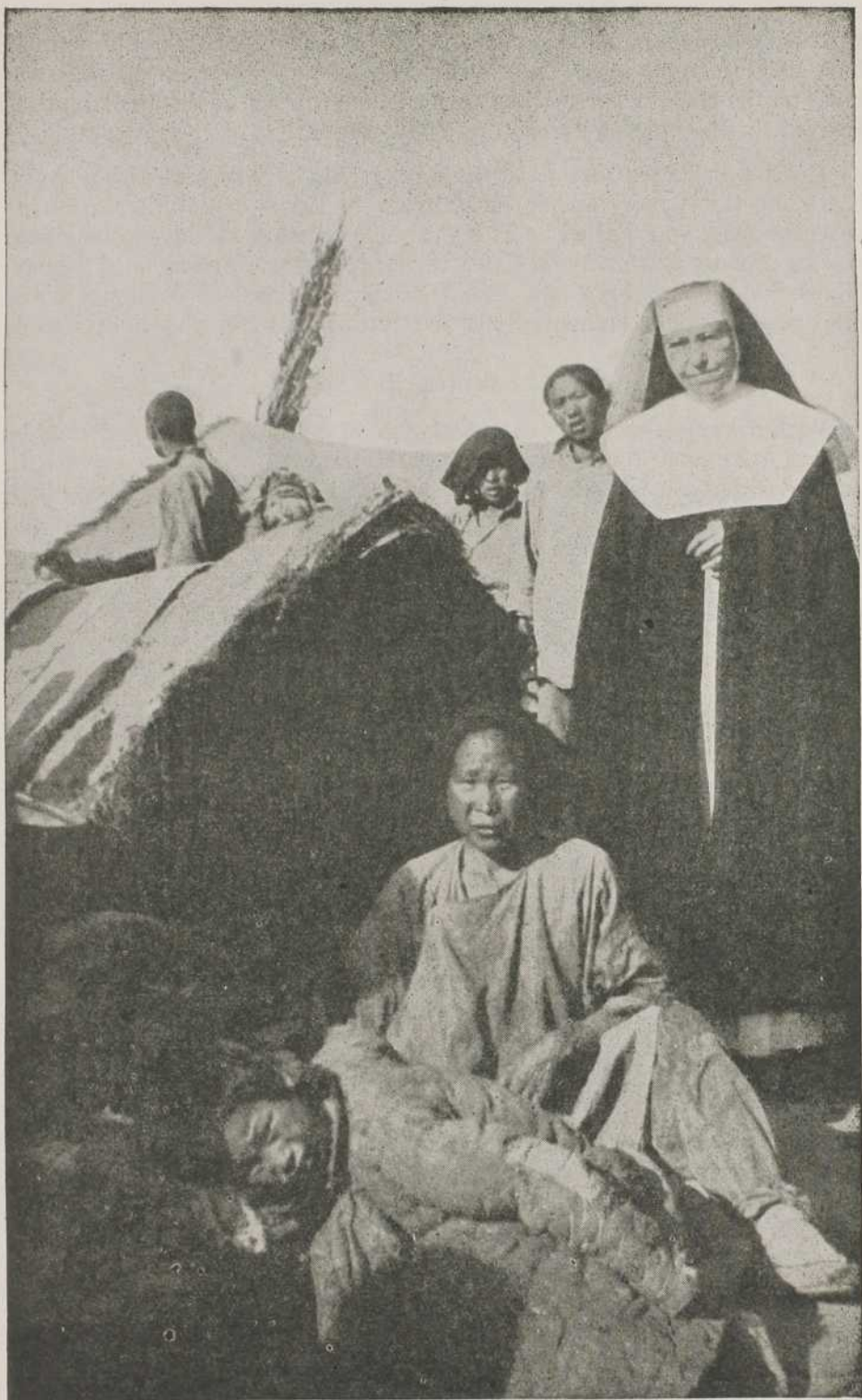
TRAGEDY OF THE REFUGEES

Within twelve months the population of Suchow has leaped double height: from 250,000 one year ago, it has climbed to 550,000 — which is but the statistical way of saying that 300,000 defenceless refugees have had to seek sanctuary here from the Communist whirlwind. Like a grim spectre, famine stalks the streets of Suchow. The wheat crop had hardly pushed its way through the soil, when the hunger-crazed people tore at the green shoots and dug up the insipid roots to eat. It is reported that from here to Tangshan, sixty miles as the crow flies, as many as twelve wayfarers drop dead within one day. Hundreds, hoping to find help in the city, start the long trek and fail on the way. Others cling in despair to fast-moving trains, until their jaded muscles give up the struggle and send them down to their deaths. Fractured limbs and skulls are daily occurrences; the victims are carried to the dispensary in a state that wrings our hearts with compassionate pity.

Among those helpless sufferers was a sweet, lovable girl of three, whose father, mother, and brother were killed as they lost their grip on a truck. Baby has only one arm; the other has been torn away. After long and tedious treatments in the hospital, the little orphan was brought here by the directors for a comfy bed and a bowl of rice. We accepted her for the time being, while waiting for an occasion to take her to Shanghai. A bonny, bright-eyed tot she is, but alone in the wide world and not yet four, she would need somebody's mother to give her love, care, and tender kisses.

This wee child's story is one of innumerable pathetic accounts. All the refugee camps that were opened to harbor the harborless are bulging at the doors. Candidates for conversion and Heaven, these are awaiting a friendly hand to point the way to God.

On one of our weekly visits to that region of distress, we christened twelve dying persons in one place and sixteen in another. How a missionary's heart is consoled when they who have quaffed the cup of sorrow to the dregs accept with joy the promise of life eternal! What bliss must be theirs as they are clasped at long last in the protecting arms of the Good Shepherd!



SISTER DU ST. COEUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG),
STOPS AT THE SUCHOW SLUMS DURING HER VISITATION OF OUR ORIENTAL MISSIONS.

Words fail to describe the situation of those penniless families huddled in miserable hovels. If only they had some semblance of comfort in those wretched shelters they call home; but no, they can't even stand upright in them, and have had to scoop up shovelfuls of earth inside so as to enlarge their nutshell quarters. A great number of the stricken ones, far from having experienced what it means to have the wolf at the door, had been living, if not in luxury, at least at ease. To keep body and soul together, they have had to flee from the Reds, after having been illegally dispossessed of the petty plot of land that gave them the wherewithal to live.

In one of those filthy hovels no human being should know, we once found a poor young mother who had been ill two months. We wondered how she, a victim of Kalo-Azar, stretched on the ground with only her ragged dress for cover, could still be clinging to life in such pitiable conditions. To that potential member of the suffering Savior we dispensed words of comfort and hope. But even to do so, we had to stoop down on our knees, for the shelter was hardly four feet high. Its weather-beaten walls were punched with holes, and the ends open to every gust of wind. The woman told us that her husband and twelve-year-old daughter, with their two-year-old baby girl strapped to the latter's back, were begging a meagre pittance from door to door. It was edifying to see how uncomplainingly she bore her trials; indeed, one would have been tempted to list her among the world's happy people, so willingly she endured hardships and privations.

It was misery like hers that prompted the Christlike heart of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to send a liberal sum for the relief of Suchow's hapless thousands. Two of our Sisters were charged with the distribution of tickets giving a right either to clothing or to *teou ping* (wholesome cakes made from bean extracts, and weighing each eight or nine pounds). As many as 750 tickets for clothing and 1,300 cakes were given out. Thus, 1,870 families and 7,350 persons were attended to, thanks to the charity of Christ's Representative among men.

To those who have had food and clothing for their bodies, and to all who share in their misery, we wish the blessing of faith for their souls: faith in a God who understands, loves, and cares. What gleaming jewels they could set in their eternal crowns, if the philosopher's stone of a pure intention were introduced into their drab, dull lives!

OPENING A CATECHUMENATE

St. Joseph surely had a hand in it; that was how we were able to open a catechumenate for women and children during his own dedicated month.

The vacant buildings of the former school for girls provided suitable quarters. Benches, tables, and chairs were propped up in the empty rooms, while the little dust "woollies" and busy spiders, sole tenants for the last few months, were mercilessly ousted at the point of the "bayonet" broom. Then the bare walls called for attention: streamers of as many colors as we had, large-size pictures of the Holy Family and the Immaculate Heart of



Mission Bound

Twenty-three of our missionary Sisters have lately bidden farewell to family, friends, and country, having been assigned to diverse mission fields afar where the whitening soul-harvests call for apostolic laborers in ever increasing numbers.

July 24 saw the China bound group of three boarding the *General Meigs*, en route to our missions of Canton, Hong Kong, and Shek Lung. In August, five more sailed for the Philippine Islands, and two for the Land of the Rising Sun. A few weeks later, the remaining thirteen will fly to the West Indies, via Miami: one Sister has been assigned to Les Cayes, Haiti; the others, to three different Missions in Cuba.

Our Community has recently accepted to cooperate in the apostolate of the Fathers of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Quebec in the diocese of Matanzas, Cuba, where His Excellency Most Rev. Alberto Martin is Bishop. Consequently, four Sisters will go to Colon, four to Mercedes, and four to Marti.

The names of the departing missionary Sisters are as follows:

1. Sister Veronique du Sauveur (Veronique Delcourt, Westbrook, Me.) to Canton, China.
2. Sister Marie Alvarez (Noella Brisson, Cornwall, Ont.) to Hong Kong, China.
3. Sister Marie des Oliviers (Gertrude Laforest, Montreal) to Shek Lung, China.
4. Sister Genevieve de Nanterre (Genevieve St-Pierre, Montreal) to Manila, Philippine Islands.
5. Sister Marie Albertine (Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil) to Manila, Philippine Islands.
6. Sister Marie Paule (Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal) to Manila, Philippine Islands.



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7. Sister Therese de la Ste. Face (Therese Leblanc, Moncton, N.B.) to Mati, Philippine Islands.
8. Sister Joseph Oscar (Therese Beaulieu, St. Eusebe de Temiscouata) to Las Pinas, Philippine Islands.
9. Sister Madeleine du Sauveur (Alice Labelle, Montreal) to Colon, Cuba.
10. Sister Leon Joseph (Simone Sabourin, St. Isidore de Prescott, Ont.) to Colon, Cuba.
11. Sister St. Colette (Lucienne Constantin, Montreal) to Colon, Cuba.
12. Sister St. Andre (Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale) to Colon, Cuba.
13. Sister Marthe de Bethanie (Berthe Pothier, Three Rivers) to Marti, Cuba.
14. Sister Marie Alice (Marie Alice Ladouceur, St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds) to Marti, Cuba.
15. Sister St. Veronique (Fabienne Bernatchez, Pont Rouge) to Marti, Cuba.
16. Sister Joseph Arsene (Jeanne Berger, St. Epiphane) to Marti, Cuba.
17. Sister St. Alban (Marguerite Dionne, Joliette) to Mercedes, Cuba.
18. Sister St. Joseph Calasanz (Jeanne Berthe Morin, Mont Laurier) to Mercedes, Cuba.
19. Sister Angele du Sacre Coeur (Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta) to Mercedes, Cuba.
20. Sister St. Maxime (Jeanne Pelletier, L'Islet) to Mercedes, Cuba.
21. Sister St. Adeline (Juliette Villeneuve, Quebec) to Wakamatsu, Japan.
22. Sister Francoise du Carmel (Madeleine Coursol, Montreal) to Koriyama, Japan.
23. Sister Jean Theophane (Berthe Guay, Compton) to Les Cayes, Haiti.



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Mary, along with a chart depicting saint and sinner in their last hour, now occupy prominent places and win new friends for our Holy Faith. Quite naturally, Chinese pictures and landscapes were also hung for the sake of local color. To top it all, Sister Marie Esther (1) delighted everybody when she laid tidy new bedspreads on the tables. Could our charitable Canadian purveyors have seen the display of makeshift tablecloths, they would have felt amply repaid for their unstinted labor on behalf of the missions. Thanks to this atmosphere of cheerfulness and novelty, we may hope to win to some extent the sympathy and confidence of those who come to learn Christ.

A young lady teaches the women and youngsters, while an elderly matron repeats the prayers to all who still have to learn the Chinese ABC. Sister Marie Esther and Sister

Marie Celine (2) teach catechism. Moreover, the parish curate comes once a week for further instruction.

At first we had only ten catechumens, but now their number is steadily growing. The pagan teachers of the two preparatory schools follow the classes regularly, and so does Mrs. Wang, the school doorkeeper, drop in when her day's work is done, to hammer the prayers into her hard old head. There comes also a prim little egg-seller, with her most winning smile, when the last egg of the last dozen has found a market; she drops her basket behind the door and tiptoes over to Mrs. Mao, who believes in patient word-by-word repetition of the prayers to be memorized. An interesting trio is Mummie, Baby, and "Hannah the maid." While the last named plays with the tot, Mummie learns what you have to do when you become a Catholic. There comes also, on her tiny once-bound-now-free feet, a dear old Protestant lady past seventy, who thinks the Catholic Faith the world's greatest wonder. For long years, to quote a famous convert, she has looked at God's stained-glass windows from the outside; soon, we pray, she will be introduced within to behold the beauty of Truth.

To complete the list we might mention two more: Mrs. Mao, a music enthusiast, who enjoys her lessons in Catholic doctrine enough to repeat them to her five darlings at home; and Miss Lieou, a student in a hospital, who divides her leisure time between drumming along piano keys and learning her catechism. Several teachers have also registered; they come after regular class hours.

At four in the afternoon the merry little ladies and wee gentlemen troop in; these have already been baptized, and are now preparing their hearts for Jesus' first coming in the white Host.

1. Alice BUTEAU, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe, P.Q.

2. Regina BELIVEAU, St. Paul de Chester, P.Q.

In short, the catechumenate is bubbling over with promise. May it be instrumental in the conversion of thousands of wandering, truth-starved souls!

EXCURSION TO THE DRAGON MOUNT

Laetare Sunday falling this year on the fifteenth anniversary of the approbation of our Constitutions, we decided to mark the happy holiday by a special number on our programme: an excursion to Yun Loung Chan (the Dragon Mount).

Once the busy market place behind our backs, we took in the bracing country air, and in the quiet of solitude found it easier to manage a distraction-less Rosary. Maybe this is the first time the Hail Mary goes up from this pagan stronghold, mused we, as we tried to make our prayers worthy of our Immaculate Queen.

At last we reached the foot of the mountain. Several stairs, surmounted by stone arches, lead to the top. Here and there, on the way up, stand monuments, kiosks, etc. We halted for a breathing spell in one of the pavilions where have been laid the remains of a mandarin, ancestor of one of our budding musicians. A little farther on our upward way, we said a *De profundis* beside the tombstone of an American aviator whose plane caught fire above the city. All that could be retrieved from the burning mass was a medal; the airman was accordingly given a Catholic funeral service at the Cathedral.



The Missionaries from Suchow meet the conveyance that takes passengers from Siao-shien to Suchow. Three mules draw the vehicle.

A few more plodding steps and we mountaineers were at the top, where a refreshing breeze blows twenty-four hours a day. On the one hand, the gorgeous landscape of the city unrolled under our admiring eyes; on the other, the far-flung countryside proudly displayed its green wheat fields. Mountains encircle the whole surroundings.

A steep descent leads to the famous pagoda. At the entrance, a massive stone buddha hails the visitors with a complacent ear-to-ear grin. Incense sticks are kept burning day and night at his altar. Other deities less pretentious also stand nearby.

Five or six bonzes, with closely-shaved heads and flowing robes, were fingering their prayer beads in the temple. As we were wondering how many times a day their fingers ran along the beads, one of them gave a revealing answer:

"Oh, that depends. When there are people here, we pray; when there are none, we rest."

We were about to leave when along came a young grandmother of perhaps fifty with her ten-year-old grandson. Crossing the threshold of the temple, she laid a few incense sticks on the altar, then knelt on a cushion, and made three deep down-to-earth prostrations. The bonze who was officiating gave her a round box full of pencil-shaped sticks, which she shook until there fell one stick the Buddhist monk stooped to pick up. Reverently he read the number written on it, and went to refer in a book that said how much the person should pay and gave the answer to his or her question. It goes without saying that the oracles are always worded vaguely enough to fit into any situation. In the present case, the answer was: "In two days you will know the result." The oracle had spoken: the fervent Buddhist who was requesting the cure of her aged mother had fulfilled the prescription of filial piety.

In another pagoda, eighteen wooden deities, about ten feet in height, stood stock-still in their devilish aspect, awaiting devout worshippers.

How we should like to reveal to all of the 250,000 pagans who in Suchow alone are giving to graven images the worship due to the True God, the treasures of love and mercy in the Heart of Him who is our God and our all! With Him life takes on a new meaning, the cross weighs less heavily, and faith in Him keeps our hearts in the outskirts of Heaven.

ALBERT AND HIS PAL

Two boys in their early teens, fast friends of the Damon-Pythias type, were dispensary patients last March. One suffered from heart disease, the other from dropsy. Life for the two had been a checker-work of sorrows and joys, but the dark spots had been far more numerous than the light. Their skinny limbs and pale, hollow cheeks told how they had often had one meal instead of the three which is every boy's right. Evidently, life's brief day would soon have its sunset for them. In their eager hearts, Sister St. Catherine d'Alexandrie⁽¹⁾ had the apostolic joy of kindling the

1. Catherine LEBEL, St. Epiphane de Rimouski.



Two young orphans of Suchow have to seek a bit of food in foul-smelling garbage pails. They are only two out of thousands reduced to starvation in Communist-ridden China.

sacred flame of faith. God knew, God loved, God cared — that was enough to thrill the heart of any lad whose soul was not sealed against hope in higher things. It was not long before they were admitted into the great family of the sons of the Heavenly Father. Albert and Gaudiose, (how well the latter's name fitted him!) their faces wreathed in smiles, looked as if they had never known a sad day in their lives.

They came again the following days, each leaning on a heavy stick, carrying all their wealth in a basket: a bowl, occasionally a handful of crusts, and a few coins of trifling worth.

One morning they staggered in under a pouring rain, shivering and dead tired, but smiling all the same. While someone was caring for Albert, a Sister asked Gaudiose whether he had had any breakfast.

"A gentleman bought me two cookies," answered he, "but I'm still hungry, and the big doors are closed on account of the rain."

Two days later, Gaudiose fainted on his arrival. A stimulant helped him rally a bit, but it was plain to see his hours were numbered. The people carried him to a nearby house, where we hurried to his bedside to encourage him and suggest a few invocations to God and Our Blessed Mother. That same night, as Albert was blissfully sleeping beside his pal, the Divine Master called the dear child above to join in the eternal *Gaudete*.

SORGHUM IN CHINA

Sorghum in China is pretty much like corn in Canada. In the Flowery Kingdom it may reach eleven or twelve feet in height, and produces a fairly nutritive grain for the making of brown bread, which, along with millet broth, constitutes the invariable daily fare. Those who can afford two meals a day consider themselves lucky. Frugality is beyond a doubt a characteristic of the Chinese, who can thrive on diets that would mean starvation for other races.

Dried sorghum stalks serve as fuel — no gas nor electricity have we. Tending the fire is the children's job, but it develops into something of an art when you have to learn how to turn the sorghum to make it last as long as a sorghum stalk ever did in the licking flames. The Sisters untrained in the technique know how the smoke gets into the eyes and causes unbidden tears to flow.

On the accompanying picture is seen a rolled-up mat. It is the bed — not the acme of comfort for Canadian backs — on which our adopted countrymen close their almond eyes and drift off to slumberland. They wouldn't exchange it by any means for our spring-and-mattress combination. If they had to choose between the latter and the bare floor, they wouldn't hesitate a bit before choosing the floor. When they have no pillow, a stone does the trick, and presently they fall into the lap of Morpheus. Even in simmering summer days when the thermometer springs up to 105°, you may see a farmer asleep in his field, his head pillowed on his plow.

He is just one of millions asleep in the dark night of paganism, that night we fain would light with the brightness of the Gospel. May the dream of every missionary heart come true some day!

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Sister Marie de Massabielle⁽¹⁾, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Gagalangin, Manila, Writes to Her Superior General.

Manila, March 9, 1948

Reverend and beloved Mother,

It seems to me that mothers must always enjoy sharing the happiness of their children. That's the reason why I should like to tell you about a day I shall never forget.

You remember, dear Mother, that I used to give private lessons to a young Chinese when I was at our Outremont Convent. Late in January, this former pupil of mine, Mr. Hum Tse, wrote from Honolulu, saying he was on the way to China, and asking a remembrance in prayer for his father, ill on the liner. Would the all-merciful God lead a priest to the bedside of the elderly gentleman, unfortunately a fallen-away Catholic?

When our Sisters⁽²⁾ arrived in Manila on February 10, I went to meet them at the port, where I had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Tse. The poor young man had to tell me his father was dead.

"Did he have a priest in his last moments?" I inquired, almost hoping against hope.

"Of course he had, Sister," answered the dutiful son. "When the doctor said my father was a very sick man, I remembered what you had often told me: 'Don't fail to call a priest if your father gets sick.' Naturally, I thought that your two Sisters on the *General Meigs* would be able to locate a Catholic priest for my father. They did find one, a missionary on the way back to China, who spoke the Canton dialect. My father was unconscious the first time he called; however, by the next he had rallied enough to confess and prepare to die a good death. That was on a Friday; God called my father to Him the next day."

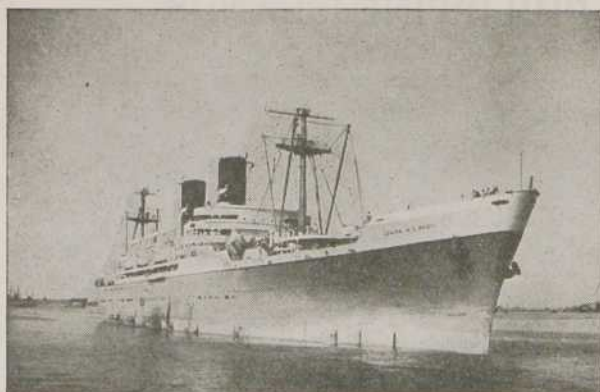


MR. HUM TSE

The bereaved son was disconsolate; he would have been so glad had his father been able to see again on earth the dear ones left sixteen years back. His first thought was to wire home, but the Chinese New Year festivities being at hand, he couldn't bring himself to break the sorrowful news, and

1. Anne Marie LEVESQUE, Westmount.

2. Sister MARIE ARISTIDE (Alice Carrier, Worcester, Mass.) and Sister St. PATRICIA (Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass.), assigned to our Chinese School in Manila.



The General Meigs

decided to shoulder his cross alone. It comforted him to think that his dear lost one, had he died in China, would probably have had no priest to present his soul to God, nor the Mass that was offered for him the morning after his death. It is quite likely, also, that the deceased wouldn't have had so many as ten missionaries to kneel in prayer beside his coffin.

Mr. Tse is now planning to go all-out for convert-making: he wants to bring his wife and little girl, his mother, and the other members of the household, pagans all, into the Catholic Fold. With no priest in the village, this means tackling an uphill task. If ever he sees his dream come true, there will be a missionary in his home region, and not his family only, but every house in the village will receive the religion of the Lord of Heaven.

The *General Meigs* being booked for a thirty-six-hour stop in Manila, the majority of the passengers took the opportunity to visit the city. The worthy Chinese gentleman, unfortunately without a visa, had no other alternative than to remain on board. Hearing about the situation, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ sent Sister St. Louis de Gonzague⁽²⁾ to the Immigration Office for a permit. Sister, who has been in Manila for years, long enough to have established a reputation of *unblemished uprightness*, easily obtained the requisite scrap of paper.

Mr. Tse certainly won't have a short memory for the Sisters' thoughtfulness.

"I don't know how to thank you for being so kind," he beamed. "You see, when some of my pals asked me whether I was getting off, I told them: 'Perhaps the Sisters will see to that.' Everybody laughed when they heard me. 'That's where you're wrong, if you think they're going to bother about you,' they all said. Now I can show them this paper in proof that I wasn't so wrong after all." It was a pleasant moment for him when he showed his paper to the many doubting Thomases.

Dear Mother, I do hope that I shall have other apostolic conquests to write about, for I feel sure that Divine Providence, through whose means this poor old Chinese left home in the heart of winter to die peacefully on the ocean, will again afford me the joy of relating other true-to-life accounts of the workings of Divine Mercy.

Your very happy missionary Sister,

SISTER MARIE DE MASSABIELLE, M.I.C.

1. Sister MADELEINE DU SACRE COEUR (Madeleine Payette, Montreal).

2. Anna GIRARD, Claremont, N.H.

AFRICA

MSGR. MARCEL ST-DENIS, PREFECT APOSTOLIC
OF NORTHERN NYASALAND,

Writes to Our Very Reverend Superior General.

Katete Mission, May 5, 1948

Very Reverend Mother,

A telegram from Capetown has just brought the glad news that the four Sisters you so kindly promised me, on August 11 last, for your first Mission on the African continent, are now in the Union of South Africa. Their telegram further says that they hope to reach Beira around May 7. The trip from Beira to Katete takes ordinarily less than a week when there are no mishaps; the three means of conveyance — rail-road, bus, and car — are used. We are therefore expecting them here for the beautiful Feast of Pentecost. Indeed, the intervention of the Holy Ghost — Feast of Pentecost — was needed, with the intercession of Our Blessed Mother — the month of May — to bring us the Sisters we have been longing for so many months. May God and Our Blessed Mother accept our heartfelt thanks!

Missionaries and Christians — and, among the latter, the women especially — are eagerly awaiting the Sisters chosen by Almighty God for the furthering of the mission apostolate in Nyasaland. It seems to me that the privileged four must be equally impatient for God's appointed hour to strike — the hour when they will undertake the much-needed foundation they and the entire Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have been called upon to establish in the heart of Africa.

It goes without saying that their coming will be a blessing and a joy. The delay, in which we can see the finger of Providence, has had its own advantages, so true is it that for those who love God, all things work together unto good. Your dear Sisters have been spared the ordeal that Father Cyr and Brother Jean Marie had to go through on the *Empire Wallace*, whose tragic story you have heard. The delay has also relieved them of the inconvenience of starting the foundation without their personal belongings and household effects. The port of Beira, overstocked these last few months with all kinds of merchandise, has just been cleared out, which means that the Sisters' goods have only lately reached Katete. The cases all look in good shape and are undamaged. *Deo gratias!* We know it could have been otherwise. Another advantage of their belated arrival was that we had time to put the finishing touches to the Sisters' home. In the heart of the African jungle, your Sisters will have a real small-scale brick palace! The potatoes and vegetables are doing their best to grow to a respectable size while waiting to figure on the community table. Even the little African girls have done their share: they have sowed bananas for their future *Mama*, the Sisters. As you can see, the first caravan of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Africa is eagerly expected and has not been forgotten.

Now that experience has taught us that a long time, even as much as several months, may elapse between mission assignments and arrivals, may I ask you, Very Reverend Mother, to begin as soon as possible arrangements for the next departure. Since the four who will soon be here really belong to 1947, I should be most grateful for another reinforcement for 1948. The newcomers could stay at Katete with the founding Sisters, until they would be initiated and sufficiently numerous to open a second convent in the neighboring Mission of Mzambazi, where another Sisters' house is under way. Rest assured, Reverend Mother, that with God's grace, which will certainly not be found wanting, and your cooperation in personnel, you will in a few years have splendid Missions in Africa.

In closing — I should have done so in the beginning — I wish to express my deepest gratitude to you and your Council for the magnificent offering of Mass stipends you sent me early this year. I should have discharged that duty long before this, and I really would have done so had I not been so taken up since my return by all sorts of receptions, official visits to British and native authorities, visits of my Missionaries and Missions, organization of the vast territory I have been confided, etc. All in all, I have been over-busy, so much so that I had to postpone letters to parents, friends, and benefactors.

However, you may be sure, Very Reverend Mother, that I have not for all that forgotten the kindnesses of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of St. Catherine Road; I have made it a duty to pray and have others pray for them and their works. Once more I thank you, and would have you rest assured that the missionary priests and myself, while bearing in mind your intentions in the Masses we said for you, have also seen that the various Missions of the Prefecture should benefit by them. Your donation was very welcome and most helpful for our several mission works in Nyasaland, for here, as elsewhere, funds are needed to keep things going.

Please accept, Very Reverend Mother, the expression of my deepest respect and the assurance of a religious remembrance in Our Lord and Our Lady of Africa, for yourself, your Community, and especially the many hands that volunteered for service in Africa when I was at your Motherhouse.

J. M. ST-DENIS

Prefect Apostolic of Northern Nyasaland

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EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF OUR MISSIONARY SISTERS

EN ROUTE TO KATETE MISSION, NORTHERN NYASALAND

May 19, 1948

Smiles, someone has written, are one of the requisites for sanctity. If so they be, the natives who hailed us so heartily at Ntakataka Station this morning are all prospective candidates for canonization. Another good sign is that many had given a conspicuous place to the rosary round their

neck. How we should have liked to say even a word of friendliness — but the medley of Babel is still to be deplored in our twentieth century!

At 9.30 we reached Salima, where we were met by Msgr. St-Denis, our paternal Prefect Apostolic. Devoted Brother Jean Marie, who accompanied him, helped us unload our luggage through the windows, after which some natives took charge of it. Then we walked over to a building at the disposal of the passengers, where Monsignor gave us the provisions brought for our breakfast. All hearts, I need not tell you, were gladsome. But we had to be brisk about it, for Katete was still one hundred and ninety miles away, and we wanted to get home before nightfall. Two of us climbed in Monsignor's jeep, the other twosome in the luggage truck, and off we rode.

Before we left the village, Monsignor was so kind as to wire a reassuring message to our dear Mothers and Sisters of Cote des Neiges.

We called a stop a few miles from Salima, at a mission post founded in the jungle depths hardly two weeks ago. All along the way, Monsignor took care of the conversation, which centred on our beloved Mission and plans for hopeful tomorrows.

At last we halted at the stream that stretches like a twisted ribbon to indicate the limits of the Prefecture of Northern Nyasaland. There was nothing else to do but to alight, for Monsignor could no longer resist to the



AT SEA. Sister Madeleine Marie (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount),
Sister Joseph du Sauveur (Berengere Cadieux, (Montreal North),
Sister Therese Marguerite (Therese Gouin, Montreal),
Sister St. Justinien (Paule Ida Coulombe, Monument, Quebec).



NATIVES OF ST. HELENA ISLAND COMING TO MEET THE PASSENGERS OF THE *Llanstephen Castle*.

temptation to have us set foot on his territory. To the few natives who clustered near, their fatherly spiritual leader explained the reason of our coming, and ended by inviting them to come to the Mission the following Sunday.

Meantime the hours fled in their usual lightning-like way, we travellers wondering whether we would reach Katete before sunset. But it meant hoping against hope, and Monsignor told us the Christians would be disappointed, for several intended to be on the spot to do us the honors; no doubt they would all have gone, for the Africans avoid outings in the night hours for the sake of self-preservation: wild beasts are the lords of the darkness.

When at last we drove into the Mission, nightfall notwithstanding, shouts and cheers hailed the mission band. No fear of tiger or leopard could keep the Christians away. They all fell on their knees and wanted to hold our two hands in theirs in a welcoming gesture. Luckily we entered the church there and then for Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We could speak our throbbing hearts out to the Divine Master. Again and again the same words kept recurring to our lips: "Thank You, O my God!" But those few brief syllables held all our soul-deep joy and gratefulness. Our thoughts were with our venerated Mother Foundress, who, from her place in glory, must have been smiling down to her Daughters arriving in Africa; with our beloved Mother, our parents, friends, and benefactors, who all have a claim on our gratitude; with our dear natives, for whose temporal and eternal welfare we gladly offer our lives. How happy we are in our mission land!

Presently the Fathers took us to their house for supper, after which a few notables of the place insisted on paying their respects to us that very night. One of them, the chief of the catechists, made a deep impression on us: after taking both our hands in his and falling on his knees, he exclaimed with feeling: "Oh, you are coming to live with us who are all black inside and out! *Deo gratias! Deo gratias!*" Another, the leader of a neighboring village, a pagan still but a fast friend of Monsignor's, couldn't wait till the next morning to make our acquaintance. We thanked him as best as we could for having so willingly given up the piece of land for the erection of the convent — which convent, by the way, we were as breathless to see as schoolgirls their exam results. But our cases being still nailed shut, it was agreed that the Fathers should lend us blankets for the night. You should have been here to stare at the procession on its way to our convent some four hundred paces from the church, Monsignor and we carrying the lanterns, with the devoted Fathers and helpers overlaid with sheets, blankets, basins, etc.

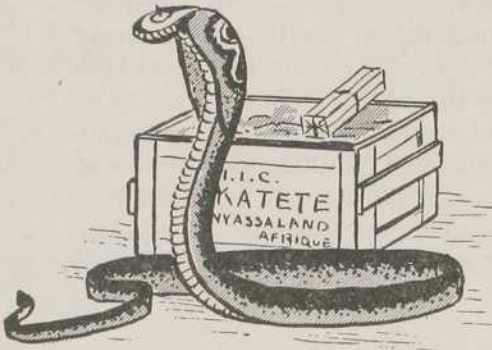
Monsignor, who had promised us one of the houses of the Mission, has seen to the erection of a pretty if small convent. Our pleasant surprise delighted him; he led the way with the lantern into all the rooms, suggesting to what use we might put each, but leaving us entirely free to make the changes we chose. Before withdrawing for the night, he had us gather in the tiny chapel, where he again told us how happy everybody was to have

us in Katete. He said he would offer Mass for us on the morrow, and invited us to join with him in thanking God and asking Him to bless our apostolate, as also that of all the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who will come after us to Africa. After having given us his blessing, Monsignor, pointing to the tabernacle, expressed the hope that we should soon be able to have our Eucharistic Lord as permanent Guest. When our kind spiritual father had gone, we prepared our night quarters as best as we could, and fell asleep with a grateful "Thank You" to God on our lips.

May 20

Monsignor St-Denis offered Mass for the Sisters' intentions. Never shall we forget our first Mass and first Communion in Katete. The church

is no "cathedral prayerful uprush of stone;" yet, however humble, it is God's home to where His children come. There are prie-dieus for the Fathers and Sisters only. Kneeling on the mat-covered brick floor, the Christians poured their hearts in prayers and hymns.



After breakfast and more salutations, we visited the adjoining buildings, the primary school for boys, the carpenter workshop organized by Monsignor St-Denis to supply the needs of the several posts in the Prefecture, the

normal school for boys, and the trim little houses built at close range for the teachers and their families. Everything speaks of neat workmanship. We saw the brickmakers molding bricks with the earth at hand. The Mission has grown almost overnight. The brook on the grounds has been given several outlets, thus proving a godsend for the farmers to water their gardens, and the brickmakers to mix their earth.

Another delightful surprise lay in store: Monsignor has seen to it that we should have our own garden. The potatoes, peas, and other vegetables are ready for the table. By the end of the year, our fifty banana trees will also yield fruit.

May 21

Our helpers three are good Christian girls named Beata, Rosalina, and Cecilia. The first has already studied with the White Sisters and, being well acquainted with the English tongue, serves as our interpreter. The three are wise beyond telling in the art of helping others.

An undesirable caller put in an appearance this morning: a big snake crept in without knocking and stealthily wormed its way behind the cases. Our helpers grasped heavy sticks and after what seemed hours had beaten the life out of the intruder. As for us, we preferred to keep our hands innocent.

May 22

We have to hurry preparations in the chapel, for we hope to have our first Mass on Monday. Tomorrow being Sunday, we haven't one minute to lose. But our dear Lord sees otherwise, and chooses to afford us occasions of merit: ten to fifteen times a day we are called to the door by people from villages hard by, who wish to shake hands with the newly arrived Sisters. Naturally, we cannot bring ourselves to deny them the pleasure, even if it means that we have to accept for ourselves the unpleasant conclusion that their language will for some months yet prove a tangled skein.

May 23

There was a great turnout of Christians and catechumens this morning. At High Mass, Monsignor St-Denis and Rev. Father de Repentigny in turn welcomed us in the two dialects spoken in the Prefecture, and explained to the faithful the purpose of our coming to Africa. More greetings followed after Mass. How we long to have even a clumsy knowledge of their manner of speech!

Monsignor is coming this afternoon to consecrate our chalice and bless the sacred vessels and altar linen. In the British colony that is now home for us, one must become wedded to the "cup of tea" custom. Accordingly, we invited Monsignor for the said "cup of tea," at the same time admitting our quandary: we had only two cups, and they would be three. Monsignor took in the situation at a glance. "Don't worry, Sisters. I'll tell Brother Jean Marie to bring his cup along if he wants some tea!" At the appointed hour, came Brother — with his cup! Monsignor has decided to lend us a complete tea set until we can get one for the Community, for we shall often be in the occasion of serving the "cup of tea" when the government employees come to the Mission. For keeping people on visiting terms, the "cup of tea" throws all other inventions in the shade.

May 24

On this our first Marian feastday in our new Mission, Msgr. St-Denis came to offer Mass in our humble chapel. We are now keeping the Blessed Sacrament almost, to put it familiarly, within elbow reach.

We all feel quite at home, and expect to get busy before too many rounds of the clock hands.

Katete is neither a town nor a village. It is simply the Mission, which is itself surrounded by numerous villages. We are in the depths of the jungle, one hundred and fifty miles from Lelongwe. A truck brings the mail every day. Forty miles higher is located Mzimba, one of Africa's important centres in the years to come.

Next Sunday, the Corpus Christi procession will have its repository altar in front of our convent. After the procession, Monsignor will bless our beloved new home.

In a few days, we shall be signally honored in welcoming His Excellency Archbishop Matthews, Apostolic Delegate to all the British colonies.

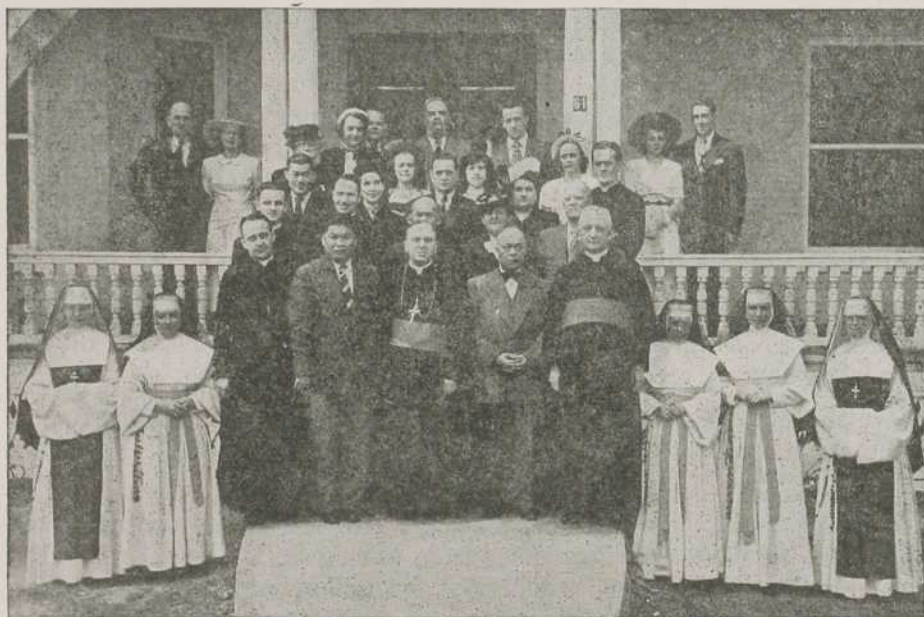
CHICOUTIMI

CHINESE KNIGHT OF CHRIST

June 18, 1948

For the second time within a year, our chapel witnessed today one of those soul-stirring ceremonies that gladden the stay-at-home missionaries we still are. At the hands of His Excellency Most Rev. G. Melancon, a Chinese gentleman of the name of Pierre Antonin Seto Fong was dubbed a knight of Christ in Confirmation.

Presided over by our paternal spiritual head, the long-expected feast was one we shall treasure with our choicest memories, as surely will the privileged son of China who knelt today to receive the fulness of Christian life. His Excellency was assisted by Msgr. L. Maurice, P.A., V.G., and Rev. Father L. Cossette, of Jonquiere. Were also present: the Rev. Fathers Cyrille Couture and Louis Philippe Larouche, of Chicoutimi, and Isaie Coude, of Bagotville. The Rev. Mothers Marguerite Marie and St. Emilien represented the Antonian Sisters of Mary. Among those present were also: the baptismal sponsors of the newly converted, Mr. and Mrs. Pitre Tremblay, of Jonquiere, with their family; the Confirmation sponsor, Mr. Aurele Martel, and his wife; Mr. Stanley Tremblay; several compatriots of Mr. Fong's, among whom Mr. W. Lou, M.D., St. Vallier Hospital; Mr. Roy



On the occasion of the Confirmation of Mr. Seto Fong, June 18, 1948.

Centre: His Excellency Most Rev. G. Melancon; at his left: Mr. Seto Fong, the newly converted, Msgr. L. Maurice, P.A., V.G.; at his right: Mr. W. Lou, M.D., Rev. Father L. Cossette; in the rear: the Rev. Fathers C. Couture, Isaie Coude, L. P. Larouche, and a few persons present at the ceremony. Sisters: Mother St. Emilien and Mother Marguerite Marie, Antonian Sisters of Mary; Sister St. Jeanne de Chantal, Sister Marie de la Misericorde, and Sister Marie Cecilia, Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Paul Fong and his wife; Mr. Lee Port. Many friends of the Community had also made it a duty to attend.

After the ceremony, His Excellency accepted to preside over the modest reception offered the guests. When, earlier than we expected, our distinguished visitor had to leave, had we worded our thoughts they would have been of hope that another day with a like apostolic touch might not be too far distant in the future.

Mr. Fong had anticipated with yearning joy this day that was to crown long weeks of study and preparation. The many sacrifices he has had to make in order to become versed in divine knowledge have been rewarded. God has flooded his soul with grace and love. With him our hearts leap up in thankful praise, as we pray that the new Christian may from now on give twenty-four hours of his day to being proud of his Faith.

Thy Kingdom Come...

THY KINGDOM COME. Cannot Your Holy Spirit inscribe it on my heart, that it may be an abiding longing and one to combat my sloth. I fear, O Lord, that I have not yet passed the age of infancy, despite the number of my years. In prayer I have only spoken to You, as a child, of the trifles which trouble me, and of the small favours I expect from Your bounty. Never have we together studied the lists of Your desires, in order to turn my Christian heart to them.

I am not united to the desire of the Good Shepherd, and the revelation of Your innermost desires has been denied me. We have not spoken in unison, as partners should. We do not speak of YOUR Japanese, of YOUR Chinese, YOUR Indians, or YOUR Mohammedans. Yet they are YOURS, though they know You not: and throughout the ages Your desire has been to include them in the Fold. My evening prayer has not been a silent journey, hand in hand with You, across Your inheritance of those immense continents where men never pray to You. Yet I know that the great longing for the extension of Your Kingdom should drive away the riotous and stupid personal cares which beset me. I waste my time in regulating them, in censuring some, in satisfying others; and I lose myself in the insolence of their demands: the care of my health, my good name; of my figure and my comfort; fear of loss, joy of finishing a work; regret at having missed an occasion of appearing at my best; or having failed in dealing with a crisis; of having been overshadowed, or perhaps of sinking into insignificance.

Lord, if we were to put everything in its place, would not mine be the lowest? The important thing here is that Your Kingdom shall come, that Your Church shall be founded everywhere in the world, and that the limits of the Fold shall be such as to include the whole human race. And when that is done, we shall still pray: "May it come", for the whole Church is nothing but an immense aspiration to You, and You will never finish the showing forth of Your splendours to those given to You by the Father.

Father Pierre Charles, S. J.

The Mission World

Catechists Wanted

WUCHOW, China (NC) — Wong Kai Tong, mandarin of Shungkai's County, has lately asked Reverend Father Mark Tennien, Missionary from Pittsford, Vermont, to send an important number of catechists to his village. Father Tennien, however, could not accede immediately to this request, as more than 10,000 persons had already expressed the desire to be instructed in the Catholic Faith. This movement of conversions was provoked by the news of the mandarin's intention of becoming a Catholic.

L'Action Catholique

Nomination of a Chinese Bishop

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA has recently elevated His Excellency Most Rev. Peter Wang to the vacant See of Suanhwa, province of Chahar, China. China's native-born Catholic Bishops are thus increased to 22. The newly appointed Bishop is only forty-four years old. He was born in the province of Chahar, studied theology at the Seminary of Chala, near Peiping, exercised parochial ministry, and was a professor at the Seminary of Suanhwa Diocese when he received his nomination. The Diocese of Suanhwa is one of the first six assigned to the native clergy by Pope Pius XI in 1926.

Bulletin of the Pontifical Society of St. Peter

Catholic Procession Held at Japanese Base

YOKOHAMA, Japan — This former citadel of war became a citadel of peace and Christianity when an estimated 5,000 Catholics staged Japan's first public procession and profession of faith here.

Japanese and Americans — technically still enemies but brothers in the same faith — marched side by side through the busy streets of this city which was once the gun-bristling headquarters of the Japanese Navy.

The procession wound through the streets into the once tightly guarded navy yard and dock areas, past frowning cliffs still pocketed with caves which are now empty of guns that once pointed menacingly to the sea.

The procession was led by Archbishop Paul Marella, Apostolic Delegate to Japan. A band from the United States Navy forces stationed here supplied the music. White and blackrobed marchers knelt for the Archbishop's blessing which was also bestowed on all sections of the city and the naval base.

The Canadian Register

The Monastery of Our Lady of Consolation Re-Installed at Peiping

PEIPING — (A.I.F.) Since the destruction of the Monastery of Our Lady of Consolation by the Communists of Hopeh, and the tragic events that followed — namely, the cruel massacre of five religious of the Community, the death of twenty other monks as a result of maltreatment, and the condemnation of the survivors to forced labor, the few Trappists who were fortunate enough to escape have resumed in Peiping their life of penance and prayerful labor. The provisional Monastery which is now installed in a farm formerly owned by Russian emigrants, has recently welcomed its first novice, Mr. Mathieu An, a young Christian of Teming, in the Hopeh territory.

Fides



Novitiate Doings

QUID RETRIBUAM?

What Sister Clare sought on entering the grove that sunlit September afternoon was not so much shade as inspiration. At the science of education period, that very forenoon, she had been asked to prepare a practice lesson on the seven petitions of the *Pater*, to be taught to third-graders — role which the postulants, she knew, would play most conscientiously.

Today, postulants as her pupils; tomorrow . . . Leaning against the rugged trunk of an aged maple, Sister Clare closed her eyes as a vision of the land of her dreams flashed through her mind: Africa, with its wealth of tropical vegetation; Africa, the Dark Continent, with its thousands of swarthy, golden-hearted littles ones . . . It seemed she could almost hear their pitiful, truth-craving cry: "Give us this day our daily bread."

The young novice had reached this stage in her missionary reverie when suddenly a voice at her side startled her back to reality.

"Sister Clare, there is someone for you at the parlor."

"At the parlor? Oh, yes, the parlor! Thank you, Sister." Sister Clare smiled somewhat absent-mindedly.

The indulgent look on the face of good old Sister portress was one of complete understanding.

When Sister Clare stepped into the parlor a few minutes later, an elegant young lady who had obviously been waiting for her, rose to her feet, made a deep bow with truly courtly grace, and greeted her in solemn tones:

"God be with you, all holy one!"

"Lilian! This is a great surprise! What ever brought you into this sacred abode, all evil one?"

"A matter of life and death."

"Sounds mighty important. But let's be seated. Fear ye not, it isn't against the rules."

"Thanks. To begin by the beginning, I must tell you, Clare, that your departure for the convent, two years ago, created quite a sensation amid our student circle. You'd laugh outright were I to quote some of the motives that were lent to your decision."

"I can imagine their tenor . . . But go on."

"Believe it or not, Clare, the most impressed of all was none other than your old friend Lilian, here reporting. I knew you too well not to be convinced that these suppositions were far from accurate. I was completely mystified."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Am I in earnest! I do have fits of seriousness once in a while, you know. The fact is, I had always thought — family prejudice and personal misconception — that nuns belonged to a peculiar class of privileged beings who were born with a ring around the finger, lisped the name of Jesus at two months, and, as soon as they reached the age of reason, secluded themselves in a boarding school which they later on inevitably exchanged for the convent."

"Lucky I haven't forgotten how to react to such a flow of rhetoric: keep calm and substract nine-tenths of exaggeration from the given statement. What about this for a simplified formula: 'I thought that nuns, on the whole, had never known nor loved the world — the good things in it, of course! — and that, owing to their early education and monachal temperament, they could not help seeking convent life.' "

"Convent life certainly hasn't dulled your sense of humor," retorted Lilian, assuming a slightly offended air. "Well, anyhow, you can picture my amazement at seeing *you*, merry, happy-go-lucky Clare, joining the nuns' brigade. Why, you had never been a boarder, you loved nature, you were good at sports; your friends thought the world of you; your Mom and Dad could have given you the moon; and there you were, flinging everything aside to shut yourself between four grey walls and sing psalms until death ensued!"

"Hold on, Macbeth! Let me tell you that for a missionary sister, those four walls do not long retain their drabness, and that between two psalms an active missionary life can be sandwiched!"

"I suppose so. But this will help you grasp my point. Remember the



NOVICES IN THE GROVE

closed retreats we used to have at the end of each school year? Well, during one of these, four years back, the call to religious life had sounded in my heart, though I did not, at the time, consider it as such. Always on account of that deep-seated prejudice of mine, I had told myself that it was only a passing, pious whim that would soon fade away; that religious life was not for me since God granted the tremendous favor of a vocation only to privileged, holy souls."

"Oh, Lilian, how badly mistaken you were! Were the Apostles such holy people before Jesus called them? Little souls and little children, I think, have always been Jesus' favorites. Wasn't the fact that Jesus was inviting you proof enough —"

"I know, but then I didn't dare — oh, might as well be frank — I was afraid to believe it. Your departure, however, made me think. 'Clare,' I reflected, 'lived the same life that I live, loved the same things that I love. So maybe that call I heard wasn't an illusion, after all?' I was graduated from High School this June, and I didn't want to take any important step before I had seen you. Tell me, Clare, are you really happy?"

"Someone said, Lilian, that if the people outside could get the slightest notion of the happiness found within the convent, monasteries the world over wouldn't be large enough to shelter them all. The reason is, we feel so near Heaven!"

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire what made you enter religion?"

A moment of deliberation followed before Clare answered.

"Lilian, did you ever stop to think of the countless personal favors God bestowed upon you ever since you were born: the grace of baptism, a sound Catholic training, protection from so many dangers both spiritual and corporal, without mentioning the thousand and one proofs He daily gives you of His ever-watchful love? Didn't this thought stir up in your soul an irresistible yearning to do, or rather, to *give* something in thankful return? It did in mine. *Quid retribuam Domino?* My town, my friends, Dad, Mom, myself? Somehow this didn't seem to satisfy ultimately the longing in my heart. So I decided to give to my great Benefactor the love of all the souls on earth, and — I became a missionary nun."

"I don't know how to thank you, Clare. I had never looked at the religious life in that light before. It now appears to me as a wonderful romance, an interchange of love which is not beyond my power."

"When Jesus invites someone to follow Him, Lilian, He always stretches forth His hand. Think it over. Pray it over. All you need is courage to take hold of His hand and never let it go; He will do the rest."

When the door had closed on Lilian's retreating form, Sister Clare turned toward the tall crucifix that hung upon the wall. "Oh, Jesus," she prayed, "please give her the strength to answer Your call; give it to her and to all those who hesitate. For how will Your Kingdom come if those who already love You will not make You loved?"



THE CHILDREN'S SHARE

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

How did you enjoy your holidays? The days sped by as swiftly as darting swallows, didn't they? But now all of you are looking forward to going back to school and buckling down to the mastering of the three R's. Do you ever think how lucky you are to be going to school? So many thousands of children in less fortunate lands are deprived of this great privilege and never learn about God. Don't forget them in your prayers and sacrifices so that, some day, they also may share with you the happiness of being Christians.

NUTCRACKER AND FRIENDS

On the shores of a sparkling blue lake stood the old Meehan homestead, shaded by sturdy maples where birds and squirrels lived as tenants. Right down to the shore unrolled the spreading lawns, dotted here and there with lovely, fragrant flowers.

In the topmost branches of the oldest maple tree, Mother Nutcracker had built her nest all lined with downy moss. In that cool leafy home, one fair spring morning, were born four frisky baby squirrels. Soon, bright eyes looked out in surprise over the rim of the home nest into a world of blue skies and emerald green leaves.

Nimble the four furry brothers learned to run races down the gnarled limbs of their native tree. Mother Nutcracker wisely warned them not to venture down on the velvety lawn, for a terrible enemy of their family roamed there who might gobble them up for dinner. That enemy, you may have guessed, was Rover, the big collie who had been brought down from the city that year to guard the house and its inhabitants.

And so it happened that Nutcracker Junior was fully one year old before he met Betty for the first time. Rover had been left in the city, and the squirrels were free to frolic about. Nutcracker was sitting on a fence, happily munching tender tree roots, when he saw Betty standing in front of him. His first reaction was to run away as Mother had taught him to do whenever he encountered some suspicious-looking creature; still, this

charming little girl did not look so dangerous, after all. Nutcracker decided it was safe enough to stay on.

At that moment Betty, reaching into the pocket of her pinafore, laughingly threw a peanut at the squirrel. A swish of the bushy tail, and Nutcracker was already out of sight. "That surely was a close shave," he breathed, as he peered from out the shelter of a top branch. Still, that peanut did seem a tempting morsel. Cautiously he crept down again, meanwhile keeping a lookout on the lawn below. There was nobody in sight so he bounded down on the lawn, retrieved the peanut, and decided it tasted just fine.

What if Betty had still more in her pocket? He would gladly relieve her of some. His squirrel mind was soon made up and off he bounded along the shaded path that led to the big house. It was evening and the whole family had gathered for supper. Nutcracker jumped up on the window ledge, peering inquisitively inside the large dining room. My, but those things on the dresser smelled delicious! If he could only get a taste of them! Careful now, Nutcracker, don't make any noise. There he was right beside the tempting dishes which he sniffed delightedly.

Just at that moment he remembered Mother Nutcracker's admonition to wash up before eating. While his furry paws were busily engaged in an elaborate toilet, Nutcracker looked the family over. The tall, quiet-

looking man at the head of the table must be Betty's father. Beside him sat a gentle-faced lady, Betty's mother. A fat, roly-poly sort of boy called Bruce sat between Betty and her brother Mark.

Nutcracker's toilet was about finished when Betty, suddenly looking up, spied her squirrel friend on the dresser.

"Daddy, look at Nutcracker! Isn't he funny?"

"Nutcracker?" inquired Dad with a smile as he turned to look at this self-invited guest. "A beauty of a squirrel if you ask me. How did he come by his name?"



This Charming Little Girl Did Not Look So Dangerous, After All

"Oh, I called him that when I threw him a peanut this afternoon."

"I suppose he found that peanut tasted like more, so he came down to investigate," said Dad as he threw a delicious nut at the bright-eyed squirrel.

"Lucky thing I bought a few pounds of peanuts for the children," exclaimed Mother. "We'll give him a regular treat. He's such a cunning little fellow."

"What a windfall," reflected Nutcracker later that evening as he made more than twenty trips to his store-room in the boughs of his native maple. "No more worry for the long winter months if my friends continue being so kind to me."

And these newly found friends did continue giving him treats as he called every day, taking his accustomed place on the window facing the supper table. He also enjoyed looking at the children playing games upon the lawn. Their conversations were so interesting to register.

One hot day, Betty and her friends sought the shade of the spreading trees.

"Is it ever so hot!" exclaimed Judy Ann. "I'm going to sit here in the shade for the rest of the day. No more hide-and-seek for me."

"Pooh, you girls are the limit," exclaimed Bruce in disgusted tones. "Who wants to sit down as quiet as a mouse on a wonderful day like this? Not me, so goodbye, ladies. I'm going a-sailing."

"Betty," called out her best friend Eileen, "did I tell you about getting the nicest letter from my aunt who is a missionary nun in China?"

"She must have had a lot to say about her Chinese pupils."

"She had, indeed. She also asked me not to forget to pray that they might all be made children of God through baptism."

"I must say I did nearly forget to pray for them. We were so busy during the holidays."



*Nutcracker Remembers Having Seen
Mark Wielding a Long Broom*

"Auntie said in her letter that if I did forget from time to time I was to begin all over again."

"Well, girls, now that the holidays are nearly over, let's take good, strong resolutions that will be sure to last all during the coming school year."

"Mom always says that the best sacrifice a school girl can offer consists in studying conscientiously and doing as she is told," remarked Betty.

Vivacious Eileen solemnly nodded her curly head. "That may be the best sacrifice; but it certainly isn't the easiest, if you ask me. The Blessed Mother will have to give us a helping hand if we are to succeed."

"That's a good idea," approved Betty. "Why not promise to say an extra Hail Mary just to put Our Lady on our side? Then we may be sure of an all-out success in our efforts to help provide our pagan pals with heavenly visas."

A few days later, school was in full swing once again. Betty, Eileen, and Judy Ann keep their good resolution, and you should see how well it works both for the Holy Childhood Association and for their studies.



Bruce Goes A-Sailing

* * *

What are your own plans for success in the grandest of all Associations, your own Holy Childhood Association? Whatever they may be, do not forget to win Our Lady to your cause if you really and truly want to get as many non-Christian children as possible safe within the Good Shepherd's Fold.

Lovingly,

The Precursor



God has placed in the Immaculate Heart of Mary all His gifts for mankind. He wishes her to reign over all peoples, over the entire world. The enemies of God are making frantic efforts to frustrate these designs. It is for each one of us individually to do all in our power to hasten the reign of Mary, so that through her we may hasten the reign of the Heart of Christ.

Tabernacle and Purgatory

Joy of the Children of God

The eminent historian Thomas E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., was received into the Church in his twenty-first year. For three years as a student for the Protestant ministry at Cambridge University, he had struggled with doubt searching Christian literature, ancient and modern, for light and assurance. In an autobiographical note he tells us his feelings after his baptism on a bright June day. "I remember that when I went out into the crowds in the street, with my shirt front still wet with the baptismal water, I felt inclined to laugh for very joy, and say to the people: 'I belong to the Church of the Apostles, the Fathers, and the Saints. St. Francis and St. Dominic would not disown me, and when I go across the sea I shall not be a stranger in Christendom.'" (He added shortly before his death: "More than forty years have passed, and the same thought and joy are as fresh as ever.")

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

A Call to Youth

The spirit of adventure which is the natural heritage of youth has led to the greatest events in the supernatural as well as the natural order. It is safe to assume that it was this spirit, supernaturalized and sustained by Divine Grace, which moved the great saints and missionaries of all times to carry the love of Christ, under the banner of His Cross, into the far corners of the world. Herein we have the secret of the restless voyagings of St. Brendan the Navigator; of the Gaelic monks of Ireland's Golden Age, who traversed a fast-darkening Europe to relight the twin flames of holiness and learning. Men, like St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, like the early missionaries to our own country, are links in a long chain of heroic and saintly adventurers who have covered the whole world to win it back to Christ. As Father O'Conner, C.S.C., so aptly expresses it:

"With the peace of little chapels they have girdled all the world,
Where their ruby lamps are burning night and day.

And their altar bells are chiming when the morning light is climbing
O'er the snow-clad Himalayas and the far hills of Cathay."

The Boston Pilot

Christian Charity in a Pagan Village

I was tired, the sun was boiling hot, and I had eaten nothing since morning; so I called a halt in a little pagan village. I was resting in the shade of a native hut, when a young man came up and asked me if I could do something for a poor sick woman.

"Certainly!" I replied. And together we sought her out. A poor lonely woman she was — a widow who had lost her husband and her only child. She had been baptized Alida and truly bore her crosses with Christian patience. After hearing her confession and consoling her I was about to leave her little hut when she called me back.

"Father, I have something for you." Fumbling in the piece of rag which bound her scanty clothing about her waist, she produced a penny. "Here is my offering for the Propagation of the Faith. God and missionaries have been good to me. I could not walk to bring it to you at the mission. I am so glad you came this way."

Alida had given all the money she had in her hut.

(Told by a White Father in THE LITTLE MISSIONARY)



Thanksgiving for my husband's successful operation. Mrs. R., **Montreal**. — Please accept this offering in thanksgiving for a favor granted. Mrs. L. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. G. T., **Lowell, Mass.** — I want to thank the Blessed Virgin for granting my request. Mrs. B., **Granby**. — Enclosed please find a donation sent in honor of Our Lady of Missions, to whom I prayed for a special favor and received it the next day. Mrs. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — We would like to have a Mass said in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Mrs. O. B., **Putnam, Conn.** — Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. O. G., **Lachine**. — Thanks to Mary Immaculate for a favor received. Mrs. L. L., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for the great favor she has obtained for me. Anonymous. — Grateful thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received after promising to publish. I am asking her to keep on protecting me. A subscriber. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. M., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. M. S., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favor received through the intercession of Mary Immaculate. Mrs. M. A. G., **Ville Emard**. — I wish to thank Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, for a favor received. May she obtain health for my husband. Mrs. L. F. — Thanks to Our Lady for a favor received. M. A. M. — Thanks to Mary we have found a home. Mrs. S. F., **Montreal**. — I have obtained the favor I was requesting. Please publish my thanksgiving. Mrs. R. C., **St. Adolphe d'Howard**. — Grateful thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for favors attributed to her intercession. Mrs. G. V., **Rosemont**. — A great favor has been obtained through the intercession of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. A thousand thanks! Mrs. N. D., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Please say a prayer for my son. A subscriber. — Heartfelt gratitude to the Holy Mother of God for the cure of my little boy. I am requesting my own cure. I am the father of fifteen children. H. L. — Please have vigil lights burn in honor of Our Blessed Mother in thanksgiving. A subscriber, **St. Ours**. — I have been granted a favor. A subscriber. — Please publish in **The Precursor** that I have obtained a favor through the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. A. P., **Joliette**. — Thanksgiving for a favor. Please pray for my health and peace in our family. Mrs. M. M. P. — Homage of thanksgiving for the favor I have been granted. Please pray for my son. A subscriber. — My son has found a position. Please publish my thanks in **The Precursor**. Mrs. X., **Winooski**. — Sincere thanks for a favor. Mrs. C. L. — Many thanks for a favor received. Mrs. C. — Best thanks for a favor obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. Mrs. M. C. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in honor of Our Blessed Mother in thanksgiving for a favor she has obtained for me. Mrs. A. D. — Please help me thank Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. V. D. — I heartily thank Our Blessed Lady for the position obtained for my husband. Mrs. R. H. — Sincerest thanks for more favors I have been granted through the merciful intercession of Mary Immaculate. Mrs. R. C.

Please have a low Mass said for the Holy Souls in Purgatory in gratitude for a special favor. Mrs. W., **Kenogami**. — Thanksgiving to St. Therese of the Child Jesus and St. Jude for a favor received. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, and St. Therese of Lisieux for a great favor received. Mrs. E. M. — Grateful thanks to the Patroness of Missionaries for a favor received through her intercession. Mrs. A. S., **St. Ubald**. — Please join me in thanking St. Therese for a cure. Mrs. A. C. — I wish to thank St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a favor received. Mrs. E. P. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady and St. Therese for a special grace. H. L. — Sincere thanks to good St. Anne for a cure obtained. I am requesting another favor. Mrs. E. D. — I wish to thank Our Lady and the Souls in Purgatory for a favor received. Miss M. G. — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for a grace. Mrs. A. B., **Montreal**.

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



REMEMBER

I would like to ask you and your good Missionary Sisters to pray for me that I may find a good place to work in the fall. L. H. — Please say a little prayer for my daughter who is in the hospital for an operation. A subscriber. — Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a very special favor. — Please pray for my husband, two sons, and myself. A subscriber. — Please pray that I can sell my house and go to my mother as she is sick and needs me. Mrs. D., **Montreal**. — Please pray for two intentions to Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Mrs. F. M., **Montreal**. — Could you ask all the Sisters to offer up a few special prayers and a novena for my brother and his family. B. P., **Montreal**. — Would you please say a prayer for the speedy recovery of my young daughter-in-law who is very ill. Will you please say a prayer also for a special intention for me. Mrs. J. H., **Montreal**. — Please pray for our success. Mrs. W. L., **Val Morin Station, P.Q.** — Please have a novena of lights burn in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary for my intentions; also please make a novena for me. Mrs. J. O'C., **Chute Rouge, P.Q.** — Would you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a special favor for me. E.M.G., **Cowansville, P.Q.** — May I ask for your prayers for special intentions of mine. Mrs. M., **Riverside, Ont.** — I would like to have a low Mass said in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the recovery of a very sick person. Mrs. A. M.,

L'Ardoise, N.S. — Will you kindly remember my husband in your prayers and my late sister's four boys. Mrs. B., **Halifax, N.S.** — Please pray so my husband will have his job again. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. N. LaF., **West Springfield, Mass.** — Would you please join me in praying for a very special favor. M. L. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray for my husband. Mrs. J. G., **Methuen, Mass.** — Please have a Mass said in honor of Our Blessed Mother for a special favor. Mrs. A. V., **Putnam, Conn.** — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that my son will give up drink and bad company. A subscriber. — Please pray for me as always. Mrs. V. C., **Jewett City, Conn.** — I am enclosing a little offering to the Blessed Mother. May she help me in my needs. L. DeS., **Milwaukee, Wisc.** — Would you and your dear Sisters pray for my special and almost hopeless intention. A priest, **Detroit, Mich.** — Please pray for the cure of a young girl. Anonymous. — The conversion of a person dear to me. A subscriber. — A second time I am requesting my husband's cure and mine from Our Lady of Banneux. A subscriber. — I am requesting the aid of Our Blessed Mother in a business transaction. May she also help a family. A subscriber. — May Our Blessed Mother deliver us from a heavy trial. An afflicted mother. — Our Lady's protection is needed in important matters; also health, and grace to die a happy death. M. G. D. — Several favors are requested. Mrs. A. G., **St. Barthelemi.** — Please pray for a young mother of twenty-seven abandoned by her husband. Anonymous. — Please have prayers said for my daughter's health, and also that Our Blessed Mother may protect my husband and son. Mrs. C. A. — The cure of our little children. A subscriber, **Coteau Station.** — Grace to know my vocation and perseverance. Anonymous. — Fervent prayers for my health. Mrs. L. A., **Montreal.** — A favor is requested for the mother of a family. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please pray for a cure. A subscriber, **Sorel.** — My son has disappeared. Mrs. R. P., **Montreal.** — I am requesting my cure. Mrs. L. — May Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, obtain my cure. Mrs. A. D., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my little daughter ill in the hospital. A subscriber.

GENERAL PETITIONS

I am asking Our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony to please grant me four special favors. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please make a novena in honor of Our Blessed Mother and St. Therese for several intentions. M., **Quebec.** — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph that my husband may receive the promotion he has been wanting. Mrs. S., **Baie Comeau.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 4; cures, 25; positions, 2; special intentions, 46.



Our Dear Departed

(From notifications received before July 19)

Rev. Father R. Caron, St. Madeleine Parish, **Outremont**;
 Rev. Father A. Senecal, **Cote St. Paul**; Rev. Father H.
 Bouchard, **Montreal**; our Sister Marie Immaculee (Alice Van-
 chestein, St. Michel de Napierville), Missionary in **Manila**; Mrs.
 Amedee Caron, **Pont Viau**, mother of our Sister St. Jeanne de
 Chantal; Mrs. Adelard Lefebvre, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister
 St. Charles Borromeo; Mr. George Bilodeau, **St. Pierre Baptiste**,
 father of our Sister St. Pierre Chrysologue; Mr. Philippe Bernier,
East Angus, father of our Sister Philippe du Sauveur; Mr. J. Leopold
 Blanchet, **St. Vital de Lambton**, father of our Sister Marie Leopold;
 Mrs. Edouard Drolet, **Three Rivers**, mother of our Sister Catherine
 de Jesus; Mr. Joseph Leger, **Dalhousie, N.B.**, brother of our Sister Marie
 Bernadette; Mr. Joseph Cote and Miss Marie Louise Cote, **Montreal**, brother
 and sister of our Sister Claire de Jesus; Mrs. Leonce Caron, **St.**
Narcisse de Neubois, sister of our Sister Cecile des Anges; Mrs. Alphonse Labute, **Windsor**,
Ont., sister of our Sister Marie Augustine; Mrs. Rolland Lefebvre, **St. Catherine de La-**
prairie, sister of our Sister Aimee de Jesus; Mr. Amable Gosselin, **Sacre Coeur de Jesus**,
Quebec, grandfather of our Sister Clotilde de France; Mrs. J. P. Gunning, Mrs. William
 Green, Mrs. W. Thimmons, Mrs. Lily Flanagan, Mr. V. Adamovitch, Mr. Edward James
 Conray, Mr. Edward James Caughlin, Mr. Thomas O'Sullivan, **Montreal**; Mrs. P. S. Kelly,
Rosemont; Mrs. Mary Redmond, Mr. M. Bahen, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mr. Oliva Laplante,
Viauville; Mrs. S. Nicholas, **Ville Lasalle**; Mrs. Nora Barry, Mr. Standish Barry, **Casseltown**
Bear; Mr. Ernest Thiffault, **La Sarre**; Mr. Ferdinand Roy, **Quebec**; Mrs. Joseph Trudeau,
 Mr. and Mrs. Henri Forget, Mr. N. Viau, Mrs. A. Constantineau, Mrs. Therese Manseau,
 Miss Rosina Labelle, Mr. Alcide Germain, Mr. Arthur Larocque, Mr. Edmond Verdon, M.D.,
 Mrs. W. Chartrand, Mr. Henri Lefebvre, Mr. Omer Roy, Mrs. Lorenzo Matte, Mrs. Eugene
 Ethier, Mr. Eugene Ethier, Mrs. Joseph Desmarteau, Mr. Arthur Sureau, Miss A. Fari-
 bault, Mr. Aime Bertrand, Mrs. Rene Favreau, Mr. Lucien Bissonnette, Mr. Gerard Germain,
 Mrs. J. B. Pare, Mr. Emile Yale, Mr. Jules Boulet, Mrs. J. Pelletier, Mrs. Ernest Fiset, Mrs.
 Placide Proulx, Mrs. Hermas Ladouceur, Mrs. Isidore Jalbert, Mr. Romeo Jalbert, Mr. A.
 Berthelet, Mrs. G. Tremblay, Mrs. Desire Thomas, Mrs. Corona Pelletier, Mr. Andre Richer,
 Mrs. Emile Lagarde, Mr. Joseph Presner, Mr. A. Chevalier, Mr. Z. Gravel, Mrs. Albert
 Thibault, Mr. Joseph Hamel, Mr. Antonio Smith, Mrs. Donat Rivest, Mrs. Bernard Cerettie,
 Mr. Andre Tremblay, Mr. W. Mercier, Mr. Jos. Beaulieu, Mr. Nap. Quenneville, Mrs. Alf.
 Pouliot, Mrs. Marie Marcina, Mr. Omer Roy, Mrs. Pierre Asselin, Mr. Ed. Fournier, Mrs.
 Henri Dupont, Mr. Lucien Bickley, Mrs. John Cassidy, Mr. Mathieu Champagne, Mrs. Z.
 Chevalier, Mrs. Aime Desmarais, Mr. Odilon Galant, Mr. Lucien Savard, Mr. David Picard,
 Mrs. Isidore Surprenant, Mr. M. Garipey, Mrs. Jules Tremblay, Mr. Francois d'Assise Re-
 naud, Mr. Ovila Sauvage, Mrs. Edm. Cormier, Mr. A. Boudrias, Mr. and Mrs. A. Desjardins,
 Mrs. Omer Pilon, Mr. Jos. Lapierre, Mrs. Leon Desforges, Mr. David Desforges, Mr. James
 Cary, Mrs. Levi Bedard, Mr. L. Guimont, Mrs. W. Boileau, Mrs. F. Saint Martin, Mrs. A.
 Brousseau, Mr. Raymond Dugas, Mrs. R. Chalifour, Mr. A. Brien, Mr. Henri Angers, Mrs.
 A. Dupont, Mr. D. Desjardins, Mrs. Louis Messier, Mr. J. A. Laganier, Mrs. Ed. Cormier,
 Mr. R. Kind, Mrs. P. Valiquette, Mr. L. Gingras, Mr. R. Valiquette, Mrs. Nap. Mainville,
 Mr. Jos. Berthiaume, Mr. F. Levaque, Mrs. J. S. Gervais, Mrs. F. X. Saint Jean, **Montreal**;
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 Emery Conway, Mrs. O. Thouin, Mr. J. A. Dubois, Mrs. Jules Saint Martin, Mrs. Ad. Bou-
 langer, Mrs. J. A. Lepailleux, Mrs. J. B. Thibert, **Lachine**; Mrs. Rodolphe Hamel, **Tetereault-**
ville; Mrs. A. Vaillancourt, Mr. J. P. Cardinal, **Montreal North**; Mr. Jos. Danis, Mr. Jean
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 Dupuis, Mr. L. Paradis, Mrs. Lucien Jourdenais, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mrs. O. Charbonneau,
Pointe aux Trembles; Mrs. Louis Lirette, Mrs. A. Saucier, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. S. Desmarais,
 Mr. F. Cleroux, **St. Martin**; Mr. Aime Poudrette, **Boucherville**; Mrs. Victor Lefebvre, **La-**
chute; Mr. Gilbert Leblanc, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Arthur Langlois, **St. Jean**; Mr. Alban
 Duval, **Rawdon**; Miss Marie Louise Desrosiers, **Berthierville**; Mr. Alphonse Piette, Mr.
 Raymond Desy, **Joliette**; Mr. F. Marcotte, Mr. M. Courtemanche, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs.
 James Walsh, **Rigaud**; Mr. Rene Dicaire, **Pointe Fortune**; Mr. Isidore Poirier, **Hudson**;
 Mrs. Valerie Besnier, **St. Lazare**; Mrs. Ovide Boileau, **Vaudreuil**; Mr. Isaie Sauve, **St. Marthe**;
 Mr. L. Imbeault, **St. Stanislas de Kostka**; Mrs. J. Clement, **Les Cascades**; Mr. and Mrs.
 Emile Brasseur, Mrs. A. Painchaud, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Alderick Alix, **L'Ange Gardien**;
 Mrs. Joseph Courtemanche, Mrs. Antoine Ducharme, Mr. Joseph Rancourt, Mrs. Jos. Xavier
 Bouffard, **Granby**; Mr. Henri Gagne, Mr. Emile Rajotte, Mr. Omer Trempe, Mrs. Ulric
 Saint Arnaud, **Sorel**; Mrs. Emma Robert, **Bedford**; Mr. Marcel Elemond, **St. Etienne des**
Gres; Mrs. Omer Cossette, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Philippe Bacon, **St. Thecle**; Mr. Arthur
 Morin, Mrs. J. Hethrington, Mr. Albert Brochu, Mrs. G. S. Marceau, **Quebec**; Mr. Nap.
 Busque, **St. Simon les Mines**; Mr. J. E. Nadeau, **Beauceville East**; Mrs. J. A. Tremblay, **Les**
Eboulements; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Perron, Mrs. Arthur Gagnon, **Ile aux Coudres**; Mr. Alf.
 Coulombe, Mr. J. W. Tremblay, **St. Joseph de la Rive**; Mr. Joseph Bergeron, **St. Hilarion**;
 Miss Gracia Morin, **St. Fidele**; Mrs. Philibert Larouche, **St. Placide**.

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 founding home in Tong Shan, near Canton.

Aim of the Community. — The aim of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception is the propagation of the Faith among infidel nations, in a spirit of thanksgiving. Consequently, each Sister on taking her vows in the Community consecrates her whole life to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ and His Immaculate Mother, as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving, in her own name as in that of all mankind.

Spirit of the Community. — The virtues which should characterize the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are: gratitude, humility, obedience, charity, spiritual joy, love of work and of a hidden life, a spirit of faith and prayer, zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Works in infidel countries. — The practice of all spiritual and corporal works of mercy: the education and instruction of native children, catechumens and neophytes; the training of native religious and virgin catechists; assistance to dying pagans and Christians; orphanages, workrooms, dispensaries, leprosaria, industrial schools, training schools for nurses, etc.

Works in Christian countries. — The diffusion of the Holy Childhood Association and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as well as of publications whose aim it is to make the mission cause more widely known.

The erection of apostolic schools and houses for the recruiting of aspirant missionaries.

Procures where donations in money and kind are received.

Schools for pagan children residing in this country; the conduct of special courses for pagan adults; the religious instruction of catechumens and assistance to the dying Chinese, Negroes, etc.

Leagues of prayer and sacrifice for the suppression of anti-religious societies.

Closed retreats for women and girls.

Spiritual exercises. — Convinced that charity and zeal spring from a deep spirit of piety, and that without this spirit they will be unable to fulfill their missionary vocation, the Sisters unite to the office of Martha the holy occupations of Mary. Spiritual exercises are as follows:

Holy Mass, morning and afternoon meditations, spiritual readings, recitation of the Rosary in common, Way of the Cross in common, monthly and annual retreats, hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar.

On Sundays and Fridays, as well as on every Feast of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed after Mass until 5 P. M. It is also exposed daily where the Ordinary of the diocese so desires.

Main Feasts. — Pentecost and the Immaculate Conception.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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KOWLOON, 103 Austin Road, Hongkong
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Procure and school.

TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission,
Nan Paochen, Kiangsu

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PAOCHEN, Kiangsu

Dispensary.

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission

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LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1927)

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1929)

Dispensary. Orphanage.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1930)

Dispensary.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission
(Founded in 1931)

Apostolic School. Dispensary. Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Native 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, Galangin
(Founded in 1921)

School.

1111 Narra St. (Founded in 1947)

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LAS PINAS, Rizal (Founded in 1946)

School.

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(Founded in 1945)

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PORT SALUT, Haiti (Founded in 1947)
Dispensary. School.

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8 Mission procure. (Founded in 1925)

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Lelongwe P. O., B. E. Africa Dispensary. School. (Founded in 1948)

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.