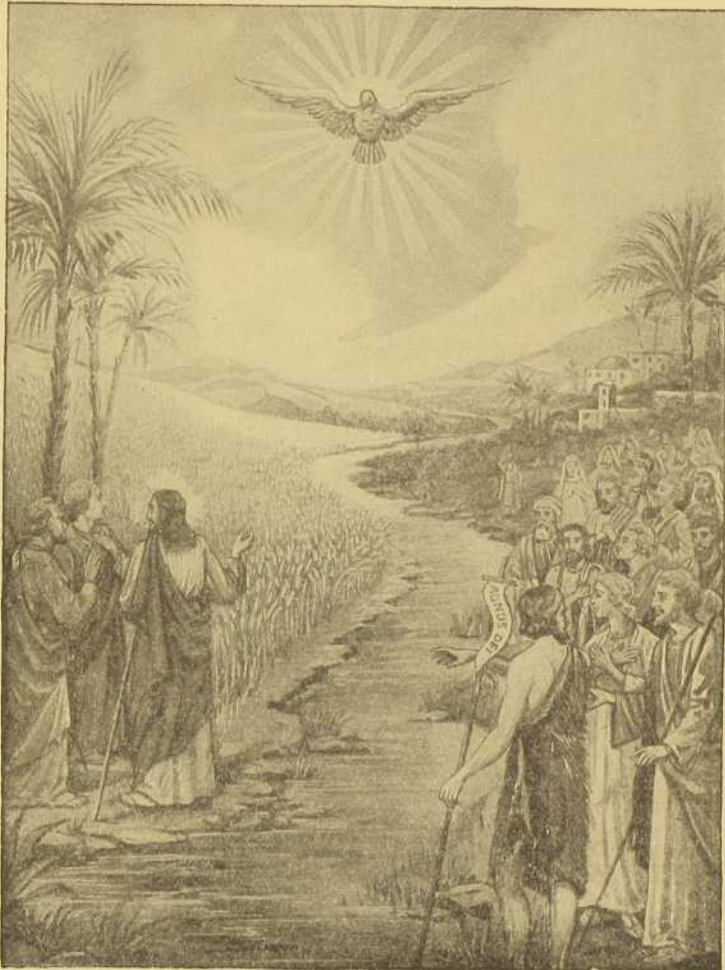


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XV, 24th Year MONTREAL, May-June 1946

No. 9

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, Que.

(Founded in 1902)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Procure for the Missions. Workroom for making Church Vestments, embroidery, lace and painting for the support of the Motherhouse and Novitiate. School for the formation of Chinese catechists. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: THE PRECURSOR. Free Missionary Library.

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.

OUTREMONT 8, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetiere St. West, Montreal 1.

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

(Founded in 1918)

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when requested to do so.

NOMININGUE, Que. (Bethany, Founded in 1914)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses.

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

Apostolic School for Aspirants to the Missions. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, Music and Painting.

JOLIETTE, Que., 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. Sewing circles.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St. (Founded in 1919)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollections for girls. Sewing circles. Private lessons in Painting.

VANCOUVER, B. C., 236 Campbell St. (Founded in 1921)

Oriental Hospital. Home and Dispensary for the Chinese. Private lessons in Language and Catechism for Chinese children and adults. Visits to Chinese families.

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

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Sewing circles for ladies and misses. Kindergarten.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St. (Founded in 1928)

Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles.

GRANBY, Que., 35 Dufferin St. (Founded in 1930)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Hostel for young ladies. Sewing circles. School. Kindergarten.

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

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for ladies and misses. Sewing circles. Hostel for young ladies.

GRANBY, Que., 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, Que., 430 Champlain St. (Founded in 1935)

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

(Continued on page 3 of cover)

Practical Means

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms for :

The Mother House chapel.....	
The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
Annual supply for the sanctuary lamp in our convents in Canada and in mission lands.....	\$ 25.00
Foundation of a Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister.....	1,000.00
Annual support of a virgin-catechist.....	50.00
Annual support and education of an orphan.....	40.00
Foundation of a crib — in perpetuity.....	200.00
Annual care of a leper.....	60.00
Monthly upkeep of a crib.....	5.00
Ransom of a baby likely to live.....	5.00
Ransom of a dying baby.....	.25
Monthly support of a Missionary Sister.....	10.00
Monthly support of a Novice preparing for the Mis- sions.....	10.00
Annual subscription to THE PRECURSOR.....	1.00

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THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month.*

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year,

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year,

10 cents per copy.

*Address: 2900 St. Catherine Road, Côte des Neiges,
Montreal 26, Que., Canada.*

Life Subscription: \$20.00

A missionary must not be alone in spending his energies.
All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their
prayers and alms.

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 then in Rome for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, submitted to His Holiness Pope Pius X the projected missionary Community. "Proceed with the foundation, Your Excellency," answered the august Pontiff, "and all the blessings of Heaven will descend upon the new Institute, to which you will give the name 'Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.'"

August 8, 1905, anniversary of his episcopal consecration, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi received the religious vows of the first two Sisters and gave the Holy Habit to three postulants.

In response to an appeal from His Excellency Bishop Merel, Vicar Apostolic of Kouang-Tong, the Community opened its first mission in Canton, China, in 1909. Four years later, it was entrusted with the management of the Shek Lung Leprosarium. In 1916, the Chinese government gave it the direction of a foundling home in Tong Shan, near Canton.

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

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

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

Works in civilized countries. — The diffusion of the Holy Childhood Association and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as well as of publications whose aim 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 extinction 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 of admission to the Novitiate. — First among the qualities required from aspirants to the Novitiate is an ardent desire of devoting themselves to the missions. They should also possess certain natural qualities, such as, sound judgment, straightforwardness, simplicity, generosity and strength of character.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



AT THE END OF A HARVEST DAY...

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XV, 24th Year

MONTREAL, May-June 1946

No. 9

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*Christ will hear, and Christ will answer
If thy pleading but ring true,
"Jesus, make me just like Mary,
Mary, make me just like You."*

To Mary, Queen of May

*Now Nature dons her blithest best,
Exultant strains from earth ascend;
The lightsome antiphons of praise
From human hearts and warblers blend;
In perfect grace the blossoms bow
To her whose graces know no end.*

*Entrancing May is born today;
For angel harps we mortals long,
To glorify the sinless Queen
With melody of deathless song,
And hail her name, her might extol,
Who succors wayward Adam's throng!*

*With words of spirit and of saint,
Elizabeth and Gabriel,
Our hearts we raise up Mary-ward,
For Mary, where the Blessed dwell,
Remembers how the path is steep
That leads to God, and harsh full well!*

*O Mary, stabbed with sorrow once,
The cutting sword must pierce your breast
Whene'er you scan our seething world
Of frenzy, passion and unrest,
And ken the cursed intrigues of men
Against your Son Divine addressed.*

*O Mary, from the Vatican
The gentle Christ of earth today
With tear-dimmed eye assistance begs;
Around him all his children pray.
O Help of Christians, Only Hope,
The hand upraised of Justice stay!*

*The maddened hordes of Satan hem,
And crush their power to the dust,
For Christ must reign, and Christ alone,
On pagan orgy, sinful lust!
O'er every beachhead, every land,
His sacred standard must be thrust!*

THE PRECURSOR

The Month of Mary



VER to surround one's mother with tender respect, heed her advice and seek new ways and means of making her happy, such is the constant preoccupation of a loving child towards a loved mother, for to the dutiful child its mother is all in all.

But besides our own earthly mother, God in His all-provident care has given us a Heavenly Mother, the tender Mother of all mankind. How much we owe to her all-surpassing love we shall know only in the light of the Beatific Vision, when our eyes have closed to things of earth and opened to things eternal. Night and day she watches over us. Not even the most insignificant event in our daily lives can remain indifferent to her. Were it not for her powerful intercession, to how many dangers should we have been exposed! Countless are the graces and blessings which her most pure hands have drawn from the treasury of her Divine Son to lavish upon us, poor children of Eve exiled here below.

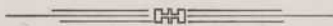
Yes, Mary is our Mother and we are her children, in duty bound to love and honor her. Soon May will open its sunny portals ushering in Mary's own blessed month. As children gather round their mother on her feastday, so do Christians in all climes kneel at Our Lady's altar, singing the praises of the loveliest Flower which ever opened its petals on this valley of tears.

With faithful children of Mary everywhere let us unite in celebrating this thirty-one day festival in honor of our Queen and Mother. Let our first and most fragrant nosegay be the resolution to pray and work with redoubled fervor every day of this blessed month.

As far as our occupations allow, we should not fail every evening to gather before her shrine there to sing her praises and entreat her to shower her graces upon our sinful world. A few moments of meditation on the hidden mysteries of Our Lady's life will help us in the practice of all Christian virtues.

The staunchest proof of our love for Mary will ever be the modeling of our life after her own. During this month, then, let us learn at her academy the lessons of sanctity she teaches by the admirable example of her life. If we not only learn them but also put them into practice, we shall rejoice the Heart of the Almighty. The beauty of our soul will be enhanced and we shall draw other souls to Jesus through Mary.

ABBE L. P. GERSON



The shortest, safest and best way to find and honor Jesus is through Mary, His Immaculate Mother. As a matter of fact, all the most efficient apostolates of Catholic Action are built upon this solid foundation. "All from Jesus through Mary, and all for Jesus through Mary."

M. J. Hoferer, S. J.

The Madonna and the Atheist



Carved with masterly care and precision and beyond all doubt the greatest product of some obscure Benvenuto, stood the noble and majestic statue of the Madonna and Child. Exquisite mildness radiated from the beautifully designed features. Genius and religious inspiration had combined to realize this masterpiece of perfect Beauty and eternal Splendor.

But one would have been tempted to inquire how the precious treasure, that would have graced with honor any royal oratory, had become the possession of Hermann, the hoary-headed scholar who boasted there is no God and

scoffed at religion.

Not that he professed particular devotion towards the Holy Mother — oh no! But he gloated over antiques. I was almost saying, he adored them: bronze tablets, medallions, artistic paintings and so forth. His life he frittered away questing rare curios.

Only one joy, if joy it could be named, lighted Hermann's dreary existence: at evening in his solitary chamber he revelled in his Croesian hoard. His hands caressed and fondled it with miserly affection. Therein he found his earthly heaven.

The silver Madonna, recently added to his costly collection and considered a real find, stood close neighbor to a tiny *Victoria of Samotrace* chiselled in marble and a Louis XVI tobacco pouch gaily decked in pink beads and ribbons.

"Beauty establishes equality among art objects," held the collector, as he mused over the promiscuity of religious and mundane.

* * *

Hermann had a niece who was to make her First Communion that year. She alone of the entire household had found grace with the aged and peculiar maniac, whom she cajoled into doing everything she wished or fancied. During the holiday season, without his objecting in the slightest, she turned the house topsy-turvy and played doll with a Tanagra figurine.

Lucy was the second passion of the old bachelor uncle. But — she often spoke about God, and Mary, and Angels, parroted the same Christian Doctrine lessons over and over every night, and dovetailed in her own reflections, all of which he particularly disliked. One day the child understood.

"Say, Uncle, why have you got that lovely Virgin over there, if you don't love her, as you say? And why do you stand it beside that headless lady, instead of in your bedroom, where you could say your prayers at night?"

"Only children say their prayers," he muttered, as he rubbed his index finger against the side of his nose. "You'll forget them yourself when you grow up."

"Oh! Never, never, Uncle!" came the defiant rejoinder. "Mother says we must pray every day of our life. So you don't ever recite your Our Father?"

"Of course not!" he answered impatiently.

"Never?"

"Never!" There was a tone of finality in his voice.

The child froze into scandalized silence, flicked a heart-searching glance at her uncle and broke into convulsive sobs.

"Then you'll just fall headlong into hell! Honest, the priest keeps telling us we must never forget the God of our First Communion, so He'll remember us when we die and take us up to Heaven. Didn't you make your First Communion, Uncle?"

Hermann shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably.

"Enough of your prattle, child. Babies shouldn't speak of such things."

"But I want to speak, I do! Anyway, you don't care very much about going to hell, do you? You would suffer too much and I'd feel just too sorry for you! Uncle, you never had a mother to show you how to pray to God?"

The silvery treble struck heartstrings long dormant. Hermann recalled a mother's counsels and joys of unspoiled childhood days when he believed in things divine. He slowly arched his shaggy eyebrows.

"Blazes! Anybody entrusted you with my conversion? Look, it's long past bedtime! Go to bed, darling, and don't bother me any more."

"Sure I'll run off, Uncle, but — want to lend me your pretty Virgin for tonight? Guess you won't miss it, and I'd like it ever so much!"

Hermann detected a providential issue. He laid the statue in the child's arms.

One hour later, his head buried pensively in his hands, the old savant still struggled with painful thoughts. A world of remembrances had been stirred back to life by the child's innocent talk. The golden past he had long since believed dead and entombed sprang up with the vigor of resurrection.

"Poor child, I made her cry! Provided she doesn't get sick over it. The servants are so very careless — well, I'll go and see for myself."

Holding aloft a brass candle, he carefully tiptoed towards the girl's bedroom. He stopped amazed on the threshold. His glowing Madonna stood on a spotless white tablecloth, flowers shed their incense around, and vigil lights piously sentinelled the little shrine. Lucy in her long nightie was kneeling in front of the improvised altar, her golden head resting on her arm. Sleep had interrupted her conversation with the Heavenly Lady. A charming scene that was!

Hermann pushed the door ajar, picked his niece in tender, protecting arms and laid her on her dainty coverlet. Lucy, half-awake now, seemed to remember dimly the unfinished prayer. Unconsciously, or so it seemed to her uncle, she mumbled: "Dear Blessed Mother, please convert Uncle Hermann, whom I love so much. Please, Holy Mother, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost . . ."

Her pretty head fell. She was fast asleep.

Reverently the old scholar drew the covers over her as he whispered low:

"Amen!"

So powerful on the heart of old uncles and on the heart of Mary are the words of a little child, that Hermann the atheist fell on his knees before the Immortal Queen of Heaven and began to pray.

L. D'OBERNY

Greetings to the First Archbishop of Rimouski

To His Excellency Most Rev. G. Courchesne, recently elevated by the Holy See to the dignity of Archbishop and placed at the head of the ecclesiastical Province of Rimouski, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception wish to offer their respectful congratulations and the assurance of their humble prayers, that Almighty God may shower His choicest blessings upon the new metropolitan Province and its venerated Spiritual Head.

One Page of Life's Diary



JUDGING from the circumstances that surrounded my childhood, I can hardly believe it possible that I am now a member of the One True Church.

Both Francis X. and myself studied at N. College. We were fast friends although of different nationalities, Francis being Polish and I, Russian. I sincerely admired his patriotism and his deeply religious character. In the vexations he sometimes encountered, I always took his part. All through those happy school years our friendship endured.

Then after final exams we parted, each going his own way.

Some time later, I learned that Francis had entered the Catholic Seminary of the vicinity. Between two lessons I went up to see him.

"Hello, Francis. How are you getting along in these new surroundings?"

"Thanks, old fellow, I'm getting on fine. I like this life immensely, especially during May."

"What's special to this month?"

"Oh, don't you know? Well, you see, May is Mary's own month. So we go looking on the grounds for the most beautiful flowers to deck her altar: lilies and roses and fragrant violets. Then every evening we gather at her feet to recite the Rosary. Afterwards we always have Benediction."

My friend's words seared my soul. Tears welled up in my eyes.

"Alas!" I exclaimed, "I am not Mary's child. Nothing may I offer her. Nobody has taught me to love her."

I went away feeling bitter and dejected.

Our class of researches on the Scriptures opened. Pupils and professor were assembled in the study hall, but in spirit I could picture the whole universe casting garlands at the feet of the Blessed Mother of Christ. I alone, a child of schism, stood aloof and apart from that happy throng.

The professor explained these words of the prophet: "Lord, I know not how to speak unto thee." Then as tears silently coursed down my cheeks, I prayed: "O Lady and Mother, I know not how to converse with you. One thing only I shall say: I wish to love you with all my heart, to be yours and yours alone. Jesus, help me! If You abandon me, I am lost! You know how poor I am; do help me. Just think! I am twenty and have never yet loved Your Mother even for one moment."

On that same day Francis called on me and together we went out for a walk. He gave me a few books. While reading them I learned that it was a commendable thing to have a rosary and use it. At that time I didn't have the money to buy one. In the evening as I came back to the University, one of the students called on me and gave me a small sum of money which he had owed me for some time. Mary was sending me the means of securing the much-coveted rosary. I bought it on May 22nd and immediately went out into the garden to recite it.

My studies over, I left the University and sought out means to know more about the Mother of Christ. One day as I was reading the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, I learned that Jesus loved me and wished me to serve Him alone. I then entered a church and there lay prostrate before the altar begging for light. In that hour I was born, as it were, to a new life. Pondering over the blessed mysteries of the Rosary, I discovered the secrets of divine wisdom. It was the Rosary again which led me to Rome, where I entered the St. Athanasius Seminary and later the Monastery of St. Basil the Great, where I was professed on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

And now I take pleasure in making the Rosary known and loved by the Russians in order that soon may come the reign of peace and love and unity.

SYMSKI

Mary and the Missionary

(Continued)

III. — MATER DIVINAE GRATIAE!



SHOULD you make bold to inquire what motive goads the missionary onward, what unquenchable desire, what burning thirst prompt his self-dedication, he will point to his crucifix and answer: "I want to win souls for *Him!*"

He departs to preach and suffer and cast the Gospel seed. Everywhere he copiously sows that prolific germ: beneath the blazing equatorial sun, where snows eternal gleam, in souls hungering for the Divine as in those that repel God's advances. His own self he surrenders, his voice, his wealth if he has any, his agonies, his tears, his sweat, his blood.

Lone and solitary sower, will it ever be given him to see his field reach the golden ripeness of the harvest season? Assuredly not. He is but God's poor human instrument, God's humble medium and nothing more. Two are needed in the conversion of souls. As long as grace upholds not the paltry human channel of action, the apostle is sorrowfully faced with good St. Peter's dilemma: "Master, we have laboured all the night, and have taken nothing."

In his overwhelming consciousness of personal insufficiency, in his intense longing to lead souls Godward, he instinctively prays to the Dispenser of All Graces: "Mother, help me, for without you I can do nothing!"

What stand will the missionary take by those barren pathways that will not flourish? Give up in despair? No! Has he not come *in signum fidei*? There he will die if need be, but flinch and falter, never! Should he turn his back on pertinaciously sterile land? No! Nothing is ever lost. Where he sows, others will reap. What course remains open, then? "The rosary way to God." In his apostolic rounds, on the steep and rocky summits, in perilous ravines, in blazing deserts, everywhere he will throw *Ave Marias* to the four winds.

* * *

I was just a tot when I first met a missionary. He was saying his rosary in a garden. My eyes strayed from the rosary to the white flowing beard, not knowing which to admire more. Gradually the truth struck home that missionaries and rosaries are inseparable. Truth indeed! Now I know, for experience teaches best. Without Mary we are powerless. All we obtain we owe to her. When a soul offers resistance, when the struggle lasts long, the apostle grasps his rosary or glances at Mary's picture, asking help and enlightenment. For him, as once for Doctor Recamier, the rosary is a heavenly doorbell.

He rings, enters, and greets his love.

"Good morning, Mother!"

"Good morning, son!"

"Mother, will you help me?"

"What will you have? Speak!"

"You know — that soul still refuses to be won. I have confidence in you alone. Give me that soul!"

"Very well, son, I give it to you."

And joyfully the apostle records a new conversion.

A devout client of Mary prayed to her in this wise:

"Listen, Mother, you simply must heed my request — else, what would they say about you? That you were unable to answer me? Nobody would believe it! That you did not want to? What! A mother like you fail to hear her child! That would be preposterous! And you should expose your reputation thus far?"

All are not so sublimely daring — but all are whole-heartedly confident!

An aged missionary was once pointedly asked how he caught his miraculous draughts of fishes. With a knowing smile he called attention to his worn rosary beads. "Behold my net!" he triumphed.

It is related of St. Francis Xavier that when he was unable to visit the sick, he would give his rosary to a catechist who went his rounds and healed all diseases by merely laying the precious object on ailing limbs.

In Mary the apostle seeks and finds all graces for himself and for others, all the maternal caresses he oftentimes implores. For she is not his mother alone: she is the Leader, the Queen, the Generalissimo. She presides over her apostles at work on the conversion of the world. She participates in their toil and urges them on. In her they find light to lead them, love to fire them, speech to render them eloquent, and power at times to work miracles. From highest Heaven, terrible as an army in battle array, she directs the fray.

When Blessed Father Chanel saw the boat that had brought him to Futuna fade away from sight, he nailed a medal of Mary Immaculate on the trunk of a coconut tree that grew nearby. Gallant soldier, he was taking possession of his isle in the name of his Queen! We know what victories he won through Mary.

IV. — CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM!

A man possessed by an evil spirit was once taken to Our Lady of Tortosa to be exorcised. But the devil is said to have spoken by the mouth of the unfortunate: "Our Lady is not here; she is in Egypt helping the King of France and the Christians, who are reaching the Holy Land on foot against the heathen, who are on horseback!"

Mary fights with us, have I said — and how truly! But if she be there to gird her knight in his combats against the Enemy of souls, she will not be remiss in consoling her poor child when sorrow spreads its purple wings over him. Rather is this her special role, for she is above all a Mother, the Mother of all mothers best.

Ample comments are uncalled for here. Suffering being the daily lot of every son of man, he who espouses the pains of others along with his own will necessarily have a heavy burden to bear. Who shall his consoler be in hours of agony? No friends have followed him on the foreign strand. Many he called thus have long since forgotten. His dearest are half a world away, across boundless oceans. His brothers in the ministry are not always at his side.

Yet, lacking human consolations as he does, he is not all by himself; his Mother is near, his dear little Heavenly Mother!

Among those hours of soul-sorrow surges one yet more poignant than the others, when he can make his the words of the Royal Prophet: "My father and my mother have left me." Where they have gone we shall all follow, but their passing leaves a void that time will never fill. And if we seek the invigorating air of our native land to recoup impaired physical strength, we shall miss the tender welcome we pictured in our imagination, and kneel weeping beside graves in a country churchyard.

"It happens one day," says a preacher of our times, "that the missionary receives a letter from home. Letters usually bring joy to his soul, but today some dark foreboding grips him. With trembling fingers he tears the message open. He blanches at the first word. Dead! His mother dead! There, thousands of miles away, and he, unable to gaze upon her a last time, to ask her blessing and close her eyelids! In his lonely cabin, without a sympathetic heart to share his grief, he kneels to weep. Tomorrow at the altar he will celebrate a funeral service for his mother. If some bushman be present, he will wonder why his priest is weeping."

Tell me, is it not very natural, is it not logical, of the logic of the human heart, that he should turn in his anguish to another Mother? Her revered image stands on his rustic table close to him. He sees her, arms outstretched and lips smiling, and his voice choked with sobs, murmurs for the first time his orphan prayer:

O Mary,
See, I have no mother and I am your apostle;
By double right I am now your child!

Rev. Father J. Baeteman, Lazarist Missionary

(The End)

New Princes of the Roman Catholic Church



THE PRECURSOR makes it a duty to chronicle in its pages the event of world-gripping interest and historical importance that took place last February in the centre of Christendom, when His Holiness Pope Pius XII personally conferred the dignity of the Cardinalate on twenty-nine of the thirty-two new Princes of the Church. Among the new wearers of the Sacred Purple, representatives of as many as nineteen nationalities, ranks a Canadian, His Eminence Cardinal J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto. Four Americans have also been elevated to the sublime dignity of the Cardinalate. They are: Their Eminences Cardinals J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis (1), E. Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, F. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, and S. A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago.

Several countries heretofore without representatives in the Sacred College, now have their proper legates; for instance, China, in the person of His Eminence Cardinal T. Tien, Vicar Apostolic of Tsingtao; Africa, in the person of His Eminence Cardinal T. C. De Gouvela, Archbishop of Lourenco Marques, Mozambique; and Cuba, in the person of His Eminence Cardinal E. Arteaga Y Tetancourt, Archbishop of Havana.

In thus selecting Cardinals from every corner of the world, the Holy Father has intended to emphasize the supra-national character of the Church, and to testify that the Church, Mother of individuals as of peoples, belongs to no nation exclusively, but that with the entirety of nations she forms the Mystical Body of Christ. "The Church is a mother — *Sancta Mater Ecclesia* — a true mother, mother of all nations and all peoples no less than of all men individually," stated His Holiness. "And precisely because she is a mother, she does not, and cannot, belong exclusively to this or that people, nor even more to one than to others, but equally to all. Since she is the mother, she cannot be a stranger anywhere; she dwells, or at least should dwell, because of her nature, among all peoples."

With Catholics the world over, we join in rejoicing because of this new manifestation of the supra-national character of the Church of Christ. May this recent election of Cardinals broaden the scope and increase the dominion of the centre of the Christian Faith, the Eternal City of Peter.

To His Eminence Cardinal J. C. McGuigan, first Canadian representative of our English-speaking Catholics at the Vatican Council, we wish to offer our deeply respectful homage. May the revered Cardinal see the Canadian Church, which he will in the future personify in Rome with His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, give to the world the comforting spectacle of her vitality and constant union with her August Head, the Vicar of Christ!

Congratulations and prayerful wishes to all the newly-elected members of the Sacred College, especially to those of the United States hierarchy, so closely related to ours!

1. Death has already claimed two of the new Princes of the Church. His Eminence Cardinal Glennon passed away on Saturday, March 9, at the home of President Sean T. O'Kelly, in Eire. His Eminence Clemens Auguste Cardinal von Galen, Bishop of Muenster, died at his home in Muenster on March 23, at the age of 68.

Life Sketch

of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit

(Delia Tetreault, Marieville, P. Q.)

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR GENERAL
OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
(Continued)

In the following year, Divine Providence selected a new dwelling for the infant Community at 314 St. Catherine Road, directly opposite the humble Bethlehem it had occupied since 1903. There, on December 6, 1906, the devoted Mother installed her spiritual family ever increasing in number. The location was ideal with its ample space, unbounded horizons, wholesome air, and a crystal brook that unceasingly mingled its joyous song of thanksgiving with the grateful hymns surging from the hearts of the happy dwellers there. Even today the site has remained as delightful, with the added



FIRST CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT 314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT

charm of olden remembrances. In that hallowed abode days glided peacefully on, while laborers prepared their sickles for the promising mission harvest.

Three more years were to elapse before the Institute should begin its apostolic career. Meantime, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi, attending in Rome the jubilee feasts of the Lourdes apparitions, informed the founding Mother that the whole world would be the mission territory of her Institute.

Rome, November 7, 1908

DEAR CHILD,

I saw the Holy Father and had a private interview with him for three-quarters of an hour. I spoke to him about you and your little family. He sends you all a cordia blessing.

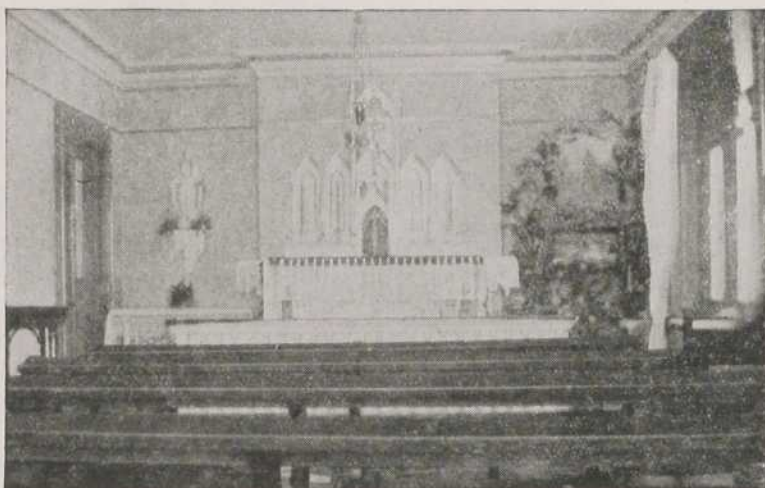
I also called on Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. All mission lands are open to your zeal. No country will be particularly assigned to you. As once to the Apostles, it is now enjoined to you: "Going therefore teach ye all nations." I feel sure that kind Bishop Merel who knows and loves you, will be very happy to welcome you. He feels sorry, even, that he did not take back with him two or three of your Sisters. Who will be the first to leave? We shall decide when I return. But it is all clear to me now, what God expects from you. Trust in Him and steadily seek your sanctification.

I bless you all with my whole heart.

PAUL, Archbp. of Montreal.

From afar Rev. Father Dagnault witnessed the growth of the young Society. In 1905 he wrote to the Foundress: "When will your first missionaries be ready to sail for Africa? . . . How many will you have for me? . . ."

Providence willed that the first groups should seek the shores of unfortunate China. Six members of the Community left the cradle of their religious life in 1909, in response to an appeal from His Excellency Most Rev. Jean Marie Merel, to labor in his mission diocese of Canton. The initial departure ceremony, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, was held in the cathedral with great solemnity. But such demonstrations had alarmed the humble Foundress. So she confidentially admitted to two of her daughters years later, on January 17, 1922, at a time when crosses and humiliations in every form were furiously assailing the Community she had founded for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.



FIRST CHAPEL, OUTREMONT CONVENT

My daughters, God is presenting us with the chalice of humiliations. Let us lovingly accept it. Oh, humiliation, humiliation! Had it only been dealt to certain souls, perhaps would it have preserved them from many a misfortune! . . . And that first departure for China... that triumph for the Sisters who were leaving... how my heart bled! How I should have opposed all those ovations and congratulations! But in the future all departures will take place humbly, as humbly as possible. Thus our Sisters will be more convinced that they are but poor missionaries going forth to bear the Faith to the poor, the unfortunate, the disowned of the earth. Being humble and distrustful of self, they will thereby become docile instruments for the works of God.

Could we only publish parts of the correspondence she exchanged with her dear missionary daughters! One feels her maternal heart following them at every step. She envied their lot, upheld them with her counsels and exhortations, and especially her prayers . . . She repeatedly entrusted them to Bishop Merel, and voiced the hope that their humble beginnings would guarantee success.

In 1912, God called to Himself the first member of the religious family. To introduce the Society in Eternal Mansions, He chose from among the pioneer apostles Sister St. Jean l'Evangeliste⁽¹⁾, a young missionary of twenty-three. In this instance again the Mother Foundress appears to us as the personification of the valiant and deeply supernatural woman. To Rev. Father Foucher, C. S. V., who had expressed his sympathy on the beloved Sister's passing, she thus disclosed her sentiments:

This early void among our laborers already so few brings me both sorrow and joy. Our little Society is now founded in Heaven, and the mortal remains of our young Sister confided to the soil of China will assure us of a foothold there. At this thought my sorrow vanishes and I hope a prosperous future for our mission.

In December, 1911, Rev. Father Conrardy's Shek Lung Leprosarium with its seven hundred patients was offered to the Institute. Joyfully and enthusiastically this most difficult and most enviable of all apostolic works was accepted. How the offer was made and accepted in the Immaculate Conception Convent we learn from Archbishop Bruchesi's letter to Bishop Merel of Canton.

Archbishop's Residence, Montreal
December 19, 1912

MONSIGNOR,

Your letter arrived while I was visiting our religious institutions in the Canadian and American West. I was therefore unable to read it before my return in mid-November.

Your appeal on behalf of the poor leprous women has deeply touched me. The greater a misery, the more eager should be our desire to relieve it. Opening His arms to those who suffer, Christ made no exception. Has He not said: *Venite ad me, omnes qui onerati estis?* In my heart, Monsignor, I answered your appeal affirmatively.

I then went to see our dear Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. They had learned of your desire and were awaiting me. There they were, about forty in all, Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants. "Children," I said, "a new work is offered you in China, a work of abnegation and sacrifice, but one beautiful and glorious as the charity our Divine Master has preached and practised. It is the care of leprous women. Will you accept? Let those of you that feel themselves ready to leave for that mission stand." Monsignor, the forty stood up as one!

The matter is now decided and I am very happy. Your leprosarium will be under the management of our Sisters from Montreal. I am sure it will be a source of blessings and graces for our diocese. We shall send a number of Sisters in the spring. I have met in Vancouver the four that reached Canton last month. Their courage and spirit of sacrifice edifies me. They are apostles. I thank the Lord who makes use of our children in the conversion of the infidels and the eternal salvation of thousands of souls. Once again I assure you, Monsignor, of my heartfelt gratitude for your paternal kindness towards them.

Kindly accept, Monsignor, for the new year and for always, my best wishes and the expression of my fraternal sentiments in Our Lord.

PAUL, *Archbp. of Montreal.*

The future hospitallers of the leper colony spent the first months of 1913 at the Hospital for Incurables, where, under the capable and gratuitous supervision of the Reverend Sisters of Providence, they made first-hand

1. Rachel LALUMIERE, Montreal.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X

acquaintance with dressings, treatments and other devices whereby to relieve the unfortunate victims of the most repulsive diseases flesh is heir to.

With July, the fourth mission band headed for the lonely isle of Shek Lung, near Canton, in the Far East. Three courageous Sisters were cheerfully willing to spend their whole lives in caring for the ostracized members of humanity, victims of both bodily and spiritual leprosy.

But mission activities called for more hands and monetary means. Apostles had to be recruited and trained, and material aid somehow obtained. The ingenious Foundress determined to found convents, works and organizations in our apostolic homeland. Most of the dioceses of the province came to have their own mission nursery, where devoted workers sought to re-awaken mission-consciousness. The Pontifical Works of the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith, both of which had been left in the shade for years, were brought to the fore again. In 1911, Closed Retreats for ladies and girls were organized, for the first time in Canada, by the revered Foundress, who appreciated their beneficent influence especially in the fostering of vocations. A cherished dream, the publication and diffusion of a mission magazine, *The Precursor*, was soon borne to reality under the sponsorship of the resourceful Mother. Apostolic Schools, workrooms, kindergartens, tabernacle guilds, printing plants, art studios, etc., also sprang up within a few short years. Thus the Institute's Canadian establishments are so many beehives of activity, wherein prospective missionaries can get first-rate knowledge that will serve them in good stead on the mission field. Moreover, Sisters whose health or age stand in the way of a foreign mission assignment can by those manifold industries help their companions battling on the mission front. When Sisters destined for the missions have acquired sufficient practical knowledge and experience, they are missioned to one of the many stations established in foreign countries.

Page upon page could be written here on all the good accomplished at the instigation of that noble woman-apostle who was Mother Marie du St. Esprit; but too vast a scope would thus lie open for this simple sketch.

* * *

While the founding Mother was thus elaborating various works both in the field at home and in the field afar, her mind was continually haunted and goaded on by another expression of God's holy will. Readers recall how the eighteen-year-old young lady had understood her vocation: how

she was elected by God to found a foreign mission Community for women and labor in the erection of a similar Society for men. The former was now waxing strong; as to the latter, her apostolic soul sought to bring it into being.

From writings and conversations of the courageous Foundress, we are led to believe that the voice of God, in what concerned the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary, became more imperious towards 1912. However, it remains obvious that more than a decade previously the idea had taken root in her mind, and that the two Societies were alike the object of her solicitude. In October, 1901, — hence, prior to the first foundation — we read in personal notes this offering and prayer to the Blessed Mother penned by the future Foundress, then gravely ill with a lung ailment: "Will you allow me to offer my daily Rosary, the little I do and suffer, and especially the sacrifices I wish to make, to obtain from your all-powerful maternal intercession the following favors: the establishment of these *two works* . . . my complete cure and better eyesight, if I am to dedicate these gifts to the glory of God; passionate love of His divine will, complete trust in His Providence and the grace to accomplish all His designs . . ."

A letter from Archbishop Bruchesi, written from Rome in 1902, also mentions the *two works*: the religious Community and the Seminary. This letter we shall quote in its entirety:

Rome, Canadian College,
November 6, 1902

DEAR CHILD,

Let me thank you firstly for the telegram you sent me at New York when I left for Europe. Your prayers have been heard. God has granted me a very pleasant voyage so far.

The documents I had asked you reached me in Rome. I find everything very clear. I see in the same light as you do the Work you have undertaken. Your programme is identical to that of Armagh Apostolic School. The end you are aiming at is eminently apostolic. I bless you from Rome, as I blessed you and your companions in Montreal. Onward, then! We shall consider the practical side of the question when I return.

I saw the Superior of the Foreign Missions in Paris. According to him, the foundation of a similar Seminary in Montreal spells untold difficulties. I am leaving the whole project in the hands of God.

Please accept, for yourself and your companions, my best wishes and the assurance of my religious devotedness in Our Lord.

PAUL, Archbp. of Montreal.

A close study of the beginnings of the Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary reveals the fact that the project had twice been launched: firstly in 1887 by Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, on the request of Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda; and secondly in 1889, at the instigation of a French Dominican, Rev. Bertrand Cothonay. This missionary had come to America from the Far East, and had interested Archbishop Bruchesi in his proposed foundation. But the two attempts had been confronted with insuperable odds, and had both been abandoned. Needless to say, for the humble woman who was now attempting the project

a third time, the opening way was not less replete with hardships . . . She needed a manifest expression of the divine will before even daring to hope some measure of success. She needed as well a keen realization of the truth that God often chooses very humble instruments in the carrying out of His great purposes, thereby evidencing to all His own paramount power and deriving His greater glory.

So it happened that while the enterprising apostle sought, in 1902, to lay the bases of her religious Institute for women, she at the same time endeavored to outline the Society of missionary priests. It is to be presumed that Rev. Father Daignault, S. J., had been informed of the purported foundation, for he wrote to her in 1903:

I believe that for the moment you had better concentrate all your efforts on your first foundation. God will enlighten you later if anything can be done elsewhere.

As may be seen, there was no compelling encouragement to realize the second intention. Yet the kind Father did not seem less solicitous about the second enterprise than about the first.

In a letter to the Foundress, dated April 8, 1905, he says: "I hope you have received my last letter, which contained a short note for His Excellency. I wrote it on your request."

The "short note" read as follows:

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Miss Tetreault has let me know that Your Excellency has erected her little family into a religious Congregation. Permit me, Your Excellency, to add my sincere thanks to those already received from the dear ones you have made so happy.

I hope that the mustard seed, blessed of God and protected by Your Excellency, will one day become a hardy and prolific tree whose fruits will prove holy and savory.



HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP
PAUL BRUCHESI

Did I only dare, I would congratulate Your Excellency on having taken this important determination, for I believe that our dear Canada, still so Catholic today, is called to vie in zeal with the old Mother Country, and with Belgium and Ireland, both so consistently generous. One day may perhaps come when to this first foundation will be added that of a Foreign Mission Seminary. The day is perhaps not far distant when our beloved Canada will be able to give martyrs to Heaven, and count as one of her choicest glories her prominent share in the conversion of heathen nations.

To Your Excellency will belong the holy glory and lofty merit of having opened the way and set the example.

Of Your Excellency, the humble and devoted servant in Our Lord,

A. M. DAIGNAULT, S. J.

Also in the same year, 1905, letters were exchanged between Archbishop Bruchesi and Rev. Father Fleury, Superior of the Paris Seminary. The latter's answer was immediately addressed to Miss Tetreault, and we see therein that the question was being taken in serious consideration.

(To be continued)

The Church established by Christ, the Catholic Church, is intended for all nations and peoples. The Church is to unite all mankind into one mighty family under the Fatherhood of God. A Christian family, a Christian community, a Christian people — this is the goal of the missionary apostolate of the Catholic Church which has carried her to all parts of the world. — *Rev. Robert Streit, O. M. I.*

Airman Shows Gratitude

The Sisters of Mercy at St. Agnes Home, West Hartford, have had a letter from a soldier, unknown to them, who has flown 66 bombing missions over Europe and is anxious to show his appreciation to Our Lady for her protection of him during his perilous experiences.

The soldier is Dino A. Brugioni, who writes:

"Several months ago I returned home from combat after completing 66 bombing missions in Europe. I don't have to tell you that I said prayers. I said thousands of them, and many times, while over the target, I practically screamed them. It's a shame that it has to be that way, but in combat you see the results of prayer right before your eyes. There are no atheists in the skies either, for there in both a physical and a spiritual sense you are near God.

"While I had just a small number of missions to my credit I made a vow that if I returned safely to the United States, I would show my appreciation by prayers to the Blessed Virgin and also by a little system of sending a dollar a week to a worthy Catholic organization as long as I live.

"Enclosed is a dollar bill. Please accept it not as a gift but as a token of gratitude."



On March 15 last, God called to her eternal reward Mrs. R. Courteau (Victoire Tetreault, Montreal), sister of Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit, Foundress of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The regretted deceased was the last surviving member of the family of Mr. Alexis Tetreault, father of the revered Mother.

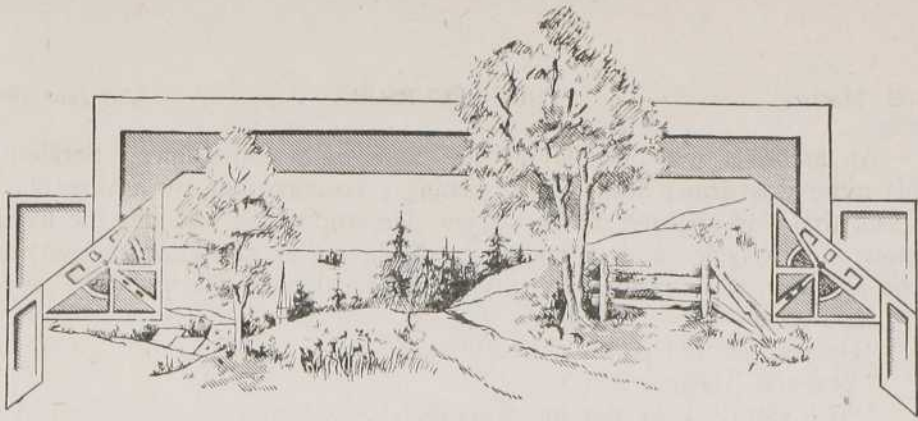
The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, while offering their heartfelt sympathy to the family of the dear deceased, will make it a filial duty to remember her soul in their prayerful supplications with God.

Statistics of Closed Retreats

in the Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

From Their Organization Until the Year 1945 Inclusively :

ADDRESSES	YEAR OF ORGANIZATION	RETREATS	RETREATANTS	RECOLLECTIONS	RECOLLECTIONISTS
Diocese of Montreal Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House 314 St. Catherine Road Outremont, Montreal	1911 to 1920	(4 retreats followed by 30 to 45 retreatants were held each year, but the exact figures have not been preserved.)			
	Re-organized in 1939	444	11,912	152	10,441
Diocese of Mont Laurier "Bethany" Retreat House Nominingue, Labelle Co.	1915 to 1919	4	approx. 100		
	Re-organized in 1935	129	2,756		
Diocese of Rimouski St. Francis Xavier Retreat House St. Germain St., Rimouski	1919 to 1928	55	1,006		
St. Therese of the Child Jesus Retreat House Rimouski	1933 to 1943	342	9,817		
Diocese of Quebec Holy Child Jesus Retreat House 4 Simard St., Quebec	1921 to 1928	221	4,443		
	1944 to 1945	13	260	8	236
Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec	1928	852	26,313	44	1,832
Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Retreat House St. Marie, Beauce Co.	1944	96	2,188	1	200
Diocese of Joliette Immaculate Conception Retreat House 750 St. Louis St., Joliette	1921	659	15,828	27 since 1940	1,940
Diocese of Chicoutimi Our Lady of Missions Retreat House 61 Jacques Cartier St., Chicoutimi	1930	517	10,452	10 in 1945	160
Diocese of St. Hyacinthe Mary Mediatrix Retreat House 35 Dufferin St., Granby	1930	443	7,908	70	3,500
Diocese of St. Johns St. Bernadette Retreat House 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, P. Q.	1935	407	8,934	4	101
Totals:		4,182	101,917	316	18,410



The Author of Life

Human genius has perfected, in these our days of international stress and turmoil, marvellous and extraordinary discoveries that leave their admirers in open-mouthed awe.

How marvellous, and, parenthetically, how horrible an invention, the atomic bomb whose constituent elements reveal so unfathomable a sum of energy as to plunge in the depths of fear and anxiety the very human minds that unleashed them!

Prodigious indeed is the radio, that bears love and consolation, hatred and enmity across a world with the swiftness of the lightning that rent the darkness of the Sinai.

Wonders of human achievement as well, we have the telephone and wireless telegraphy, so commonly used today as to make us blind to the unparalleled genius that brought them into being.

The mind of man, finite replica of the infinite knowledge of God, has by dint of laboratory research and labor raised to their full face value divinely-created elements whose existence had heretofore remained unknown and unexplored.

In these latter years of extensive industry, intricate and seemingly inexplicable machines — inexplicable to all who have not made a complete study in that line — provide, under the force of electricity or steam, a daily sum of labor beyond the combined efforts of hundreds of human individuals.

In his frenzy to copy the talent of the Divine Creator of all things, man His creature has also striven to reproduce the Almighty Artist in His masterpiece of nature. So closely does the human ectype resemble the divine prototype, that one remains bewildered at first glance. Our sense of smell is deceived so far as to savor the fragrance of freshly blossomed flowers, when the attractive petals are dead and cold and inert — deftly fashioned of silk or lustrous satin.

But there is one thing human endeavor has never produced on earth and never will: LIFE. Life, that unapprehensible something that evades all analysis of essence or composition. No artist, no scholar, whatever their beauty of rendition or their depth of learning, will ever succeed in inoculating a spark of life however infinitesimal in any one of their productions. For does not Life this Miracle seem still more unsearchable in those infinitely small creatures the naked human eye cannot detect?

An architect was once laying the plans of a vast edifice. Suddenly his mind was drawn from his absorbing preoccupations by a tiny black speck that had alighted on his paper. He stopped to consider the living atom as it wriggled and struggled on, displaying extraordinary activity in consideration of its diminutive physical proportions. The architect called a friend to his side.

"Do you see that point?" he asked.

"Yes, and I believe it moves!"

"So it does! Is it not inconceivable to you that so microscopical a body should contain all that is necessary to constitute life?"

"Truly, only God can operate like wonders. What power, what wisdom are His!"

And while the two friends conversed, the tiny black speck made its way, unconcernedly unmindful of the two giants close to it, whose very breath could sunder the thread of its existence. In a few moments it had crept across the white sheet and had passed undisturbed beyond the frontiers of the apartment diagram.

Long the architect considered the insect. Then regretfully he slew it with the trenchant of his drawing pencil. The importunate visitor was heartily forgiven, for its apparition had recalled divine almightiness to the mind of a human being.

Life indeed is a phenomenon, as seen in men, animals, insects — but not less admirable is life in plants, flowers, vegetables. When winter snow and ice mantle the earth, blossoms and plants wither and die. Comes Springtime with gentle breath, and the snow melts and the ground is uncovered, barren, dismantled, lifeless. But Heaven releases its April showers, sunrays warm the chilly earth, and the spirit of resurrection awakes green shoots in leas and gardens. Demurely the tender creatures expand their leaves and grow their buds. Observe the process — it is well worth while! A few more propitious evenings and the bud, bursting asunder the bonds of its captivity, will unfold its velvet petals and outpour all the incense of its exquisite calyx.

You will say that the gardener by care and toil has thus vivified the stalk and made the flower to bloom? Question him and he will readily confess to his powerlessness in that respect. But suppose you inquire of the Almighty and Eternal Husbandman? His Artist Fingers have dropped in that masterpiece, a humble floweret, the initial vital cell that allows it to grow and exhale its delicate perfume.

When your gaze alights on one or other of the beauties unnumbered that spangle nature's avenues, let your spirit soar beyond the flimsy baubles of earth towards the Eternal Genius that drew creation from chaos, and profusely cast the germ of life on every hand. Let your heart be on your lips as you extol so good and so liberal a God. Thank Him in your own name. Thank Him for the millions begotten to life who know Him not, or knowing, egoistically enjoy His abundant benefits and blessings!

The Redaction

Palace of the Universe



REJOICE! Indeed, and why should we not rejoice, since, besides the priceless boon of life, God has deigned to build for us here below a palace wonderful, the palace of the universe?

O my God! When in the early dawn of creation You fashioned the earth from nothingness, decking it with beauties and treasures untold; when at Your command star-flowers blossomed forth in the meadows of heaven; when beings innumerable dwelt on the earth that You had made; You had me in mind, just as a mother has in mind her little child for whom she prepares a cradle warm and cosy.

A naturalist once stood on a mountain-top admiring the sparkling expanse of the sea on one side, and the tranquil beauty of grassy leas and wooded slopes on the other. Filled with exaltation at such a wonderful panorama, he exclaimed: "O Nature, how very beautiful you are!" And overcome by his emotions he fell down lifeless.

God's palace wonderful is beautiful beyond expression. The Royal Psalmist thus extolled its beauty in his canticle sublime, bidding all creation praise its Creator. "*O Lord our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth! For thy magnificence is elevated above the heavens. O Lord, how great are thy works! thy thoughts are exceeding deep . . . For thou hast given me, O Lord, a delight in thy doings: and in the works of thy hands I shall rejoice.*"

St. Therese of the Child Jesus once exclaimed: "O my God, how grateful I am that You have allowed me to enjoy the wonders of creation!"

To all the Saints nature was as an eloquent book wherein they read of God's power and wisdom and goodness. With hearts exultant they praised and thanked God, and sang their admiration and their love for all His works.

Why should we not also rejoice, since to us also as to the Saints it has been given to know and appreciate the worth and beauty of God's creation?

Semaine Religieuse de Montreal

The Act of Perfect Contrition

Not sufficiently known, not rightly appreciated, and used all too seldom is the act of perfect contrition. This act immediately effaces sins, however numerous and however serious they may be; provided, however, in the case of mortal sins, that one be firmly resolved to declare them in confession. But, in the meantime, our sins are forgiven and our soul dons the divine garment of grace. But there is more. If through those sins we have lost past merits, the act of perfect contrition renders us apt to acquire new merits and restores to us our right to Heaven.

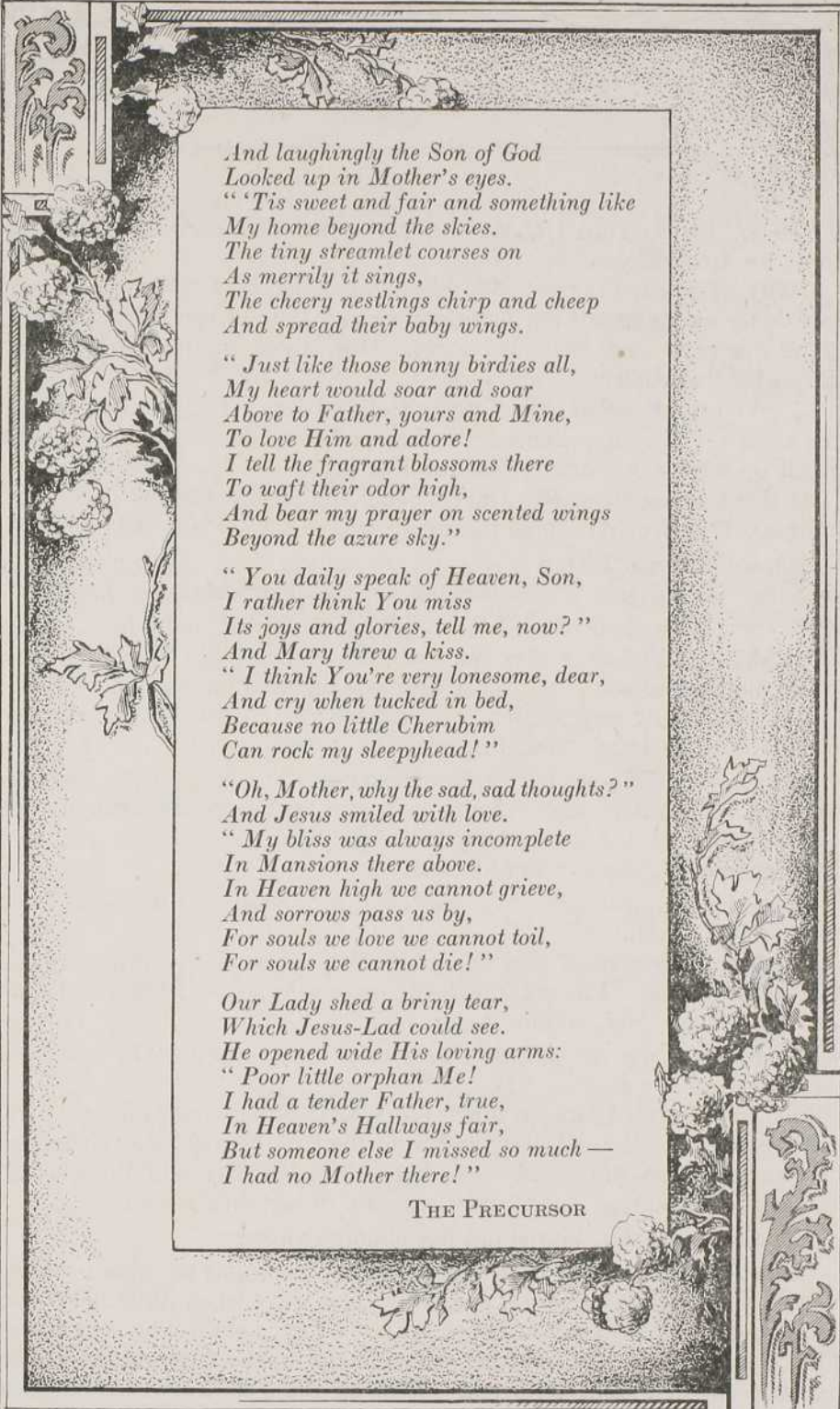
Well may we say, with Blessed Grignon de Montfort, that a sigh of charity is worth an eternity, that Heaven often lies in an act of charity or of perfect contrition, that that act is as a golden key to open Heaven to us. And that key is forever at our disposal. Why should we not use it frequently, even after venial sins?

MSGR. FEIGE



A Nazareth Idyl

*Our Lady fingered auburn locks,
(Her Jesus-Lad was three.)
And Angels peeked from Pearly Gates
In raptured ecstasy.
The roses bended blushing heads,
The lilies thrilled with joy,
As Mary asked her treasure blest:
"You like this earth, my Boy?"*



*And laughingly the Son of God
Looked up in Mother's eyes.
" 'Tis sweet and fair and something like
My home beyond the skies.
The tiny streamlet courses on
As merrily it sings,
The cheery nestlings chirp and cheep
And spread their baby wings.*

*" Just like those bonny birdies all,
My heart would soar and soar
Above to Father, yours and Mine,
To love Him and adore!
I tell the fragrant blossoms there
To waft their odor high,
And bear my prayer on scented wings
Beyond the azure sky."*

*" You daily speak of Heaven, Son,
I rather think You miss
Its joys and glories, tell me, now?"
And Mary threw a kiss.*

*" I think You're very lonesome, dear,
And cry when tucked in bed,
Because no little Cherubim
Can rock my sleepyhead!"*

*"Oh, Mother, why the sad, sad thoughts?"
And Jesus smiled with love.*

*" My bliss was always incomplete
In Mansions there above.
In Heaven high we cannot grieve,
And sorrows pass us by,
For souls we love we cannot toil,
For souls we cannot die!"*

*Our Lady shed a briny tear,
Which Jesus-Lad could see.
He opened wide His loving arms:
" Poor little orphan Me!
I had a tender Father, true,
In Heaven's Hallways fair,
But someone else I missed so much —
I had no Mother there!"*

THE PRECURSOR



Mother's Day

"Hello, Jane! You're about the last person I expected to see here. How's life treating you?"

"Why, it's you, Frannie! We haven't met for ages. What have you been doing with yourself all these four years? Surely you're not working at the war plant now that all is over. How about running down to St. Mary's for the weekend?"

"Don't expect me in your Sleepy Hollow, dear. I'm a busy woman, you know. Have just secured another position. Don't intend cooping myself up after four glorious years of liberty."

"I don't know about St. Mary's being the Sleepy Hollow you think, Frannie. Don't you remember the fun we used to have at our card parties?"

"Oh, country parties are grown stale to me, my dear. Give me the city any time. You're just simply hopeless with your urban tastes, Jane."

"Hope I'll remain urban. I live a happy, contented, and I hope a truly useful life. Do you remember our Catholic Action Guild? We had just got it going before you left. We're over one hundred members now. Once a week we enjoy a very pleasant evening, let me tell you. Every once in a while theatricals and musical programmes are organized.

"In summer there are very enjoyable outings in which all the members take part. Then there are trips also to meet other groups from neighboring towns. All in all, it's a very busy life, and this is the first time this year I've been able to run down to Montreal."

"You did have the looks of a lost child or almost, you old dear, when I met you at the station."

"Well, I must confess that Montreal with its traffic is always a little bewildering to me. I'm not the bold, fearless type, you know. Thank God I met you. Not working today, eh?"

"Saturday is my day off, so thank your lucky stars! Where do you want me to take you?"

"Down where the largest stores are. Next Sunday is Mother's Day, and I've no end of things to buy as I want the day to be quite a celebration this year. Muriel will be home with her brood of five and Francis will bring his four youngest. The older ones are in boarding school."

"Don't tell me that Muriel has five children already?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know? Five toddlers, too, as her eldest is only five. It's lots of work for her, especially these days when hired help is so hard to get. But she's not afraid of work. I can't help feeling very proud of my eldest sister. She looks her duty straight in the face and she gladly lets little children come unto her. With all that, she's as cheerful as a cricket and her house is spick and span."

"She's surely a paragon, if you ask me, but I'm way beyond following her example."

"Why not, Frannie? Your mother and my own reared splendid families, didn't they?"

"Your mother and mine were of sturdier stock than either you or I."

"Whose fault is it if we are so delicate and frail? The strain of modern living tells. Just look at the lives so many young girls lead nowadays. How can we expect them to grow into sturdy womanhood? Muriel was far from sharing all modern fads. Woe to the one who even tried to have her smoke a cigarette or drink a cocktail! They'd soon have a piece of her mind. She was and has remained serious, and she makes a splendid wife and mother, if I do say so myself. God's blessing is on her little home. Her husband is very good to her and helps her all he can in giving their children a Catholic education. The little ones are darlings. You should meet them, Frannie. Well, here we are at Morgan's. Let's go in and do some buying. Think I'll select Mother's gifts here. You'll help me choose, won't you? I suppose you've already bought yours?"

"To be honest, Jane, I hadn't even thought of it. But I'll buy one right now and send it to Mother. She's done so much for me, and of late I've given her lots of anxiety on account of my giddy ways."

"How about having a day off and bringing your gift yourself to the old home on Elm Street? Your mother would be so happy to see you."

"I'll see if I can get leave to spend a few days at St. Mary's. Mother surely deserves that I should try to make up for years of absence."

"Look, Frannie! What a beautiful frame of Our Lady! I wish I hadn't given Mother one like it last Christmas. Wouldn't you like to buy it?"

"Why, yes, it's very pretty. Mother will see that I still love my two mothers, the heavenly and the earthly one."

Their buying spree ended, the two friends parted. Frannie hadn't felt so quietly happy for years. Instead of going to the movies as she had first intended, she boarded the car for her rooming house. Feelings deep and unusual stirred within her heart as she gazed and gazed at Our Lady's picture. Oh, how many times these last frivolous years she had saddened the mother hearts that loved her so well! From her gilded frame Mary seemed to smile at her erring child, inviting her to seek shelter from a vain and troubled world beneath her mantle of purity. Like a tired child reaching motherly arms at last, Frannie knelt and prayed heart-prayers to her Mother in Heaven. Then and there she vowed that never more would she return to her futile life of years past. Mother love was calling louder now than the false and empty pleasures of the world.

Mother's Day marked Frannie's happy homecoming. Through the worn fingers of Mother Machree the rosary beads journeyed longer that eventful evening. Her ponderings now were over the Joyful Mysteries — so often she had pored over the Sorrowful! Frannie was home for good. The big, restless city had lost its hold over her.

The heart where mother love burns bright may wander awhile from virtue's path away, but some day mother love will stay its strayings. Like a candle that's lit in the window at night, mother's fond love will light up unawares the darkness of devious worldly ways. It will recall to the wayward sweet and tender memories of the past, when all was innocence and security in the brightness of the family hearth. Gentle motherly lessons will come back from memory's haunts and help in the beginning of a new life.

Missionaries Have Mothers

A mist blurred the young mother's vision as she wistfully gazed at the frail little cherub smiling in his dreams.

"Angel-love," she unconsciously addressed the tiny sleeping form, "my very own — God's and mine! Fashioned by hands divine, entrusted to my poor human self for a few fleeting years! O Father in Heaven, let my heart bleed if it must, but this child — our child — this untouched lily, must remain pure and unspotted for Your celestial gardens!

"To every man there openeth a Way! Will it be, for my precious treasure, the Way that leads to the altar of God? My son, a priest? What foolish thoughts, little mother! And yet, O my Lord, if You should look down with mercy on the humility of Your handmaid and elect her firstborn another Christ, these very eyes now misty would shed tears of happiness. My son, Your priest! But what if You appointed Him a Christ-bearer and life-bringer to the millions looking away from dead deities to Him who is Life and Truth? My son, Your missionary?"

She stopped abruptly, aware that baby eyes blue as the mantle of the Lady in Blue were searching her own. Two chubby hands pushed the covers down and went out in a persuasive "Take me, Mummie!" gesture. Her eyes still moist, she smothered him in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks. O joyful Mother, keep him pure for another Mother's virginal caress!

* * *

All that was years ago, when Baby Michael came into the world. Then he crept out of the babyhood stage, tried his first toddling steps, with many a tearful fall in between. But she "who kissed the place and made it well" would gaily cheer up the would-be quitter. "It's nothing, my Mike!" Already in his mother's school the laddie learned the lesson of enduring manfully under unfavorable odds.



Presently the uncertain baby legs stood firm, the pink tongue unloosed to lisp the names of Father and Mother on earth and Father and Mother beyond the blue skies. Every night, yawningly at times, the boy gave his wee heart to Jesus, and drifted off to sleep thinking of Angels and their rustling wings.

At three, Baby Mike was already a little-catechism theologian. When the proud six-year-old made his school debut, no query left him in tonguetied embarrassment. Schoolmates were soon graduated to fast friends, for two little ladies at home had unwittingly shaped Mike into a fine little fellow no one could dislike.

But mothers are childhood's best confidantes, as Mrs. X. soon experienced. Daily, after school hours, she had to listen to juvenile pranks and adventures, rehearse an all-but-forgotten ABC, or a Catechism chapter on the Blessed Trinity, and mark out good and bad points in his homework. With the lightning rapidity of things of the spirit, her mind often dwelt with the budding schoolboy at his desk. Angel Guardians were daily commissioned to keep him guileless and blameless.

One day Mike's name was written on the Holy Childhood membership list. Mummie's invention, of course — so the urchin would lend a friendly hand to pagan helplessness, and, in the same breath, school himself in solid habits of generous and cheerful self-forgetfulness.

Then dawned a happy day when Jesus and Michael X. met in a warm brotherly embrace at the Communion railing. "Angel-love" was Mother's pride and joy, and cherubs must have coaxed St. Peter to throw Heaven's doors ajar so they could peep at the pure little soul that so closely resembled them.

Soon books became heavier and harder and more numerous. Latin, History, and "ics" quite a few were added to Mike's daily study schedule. And his mother implored the enlightening grace of the Holy Spirit to be with him in all his ways.

Years wore on with frightening rapidity. Mike stood bewildered at the crossroads. How ardent the prayers that stormed Heaven for clear-eyed vision in that perplexing hour! Delicately, reverently, the mother sought to counsel the questing youth.

At last Mike caught the radiant glow of a star in the heaven of his soul: his missionary vocation! As he broke the happy news, his mother strove in vain to blink back her tears — tears of sorrow and of joy. The sorrow that, swordlike, pierces a mother's heart when ties of presence are severed, and the joy of losing her son that others, guided by his hand, may find Mary's Son!

* * *

Generously the supreme sacrifice was offered and Father Michael headed "Eastward Ho" for the missions.

With magnificent courage his heroic mother saw him off, a Christ-bearer to the Christ-less.

That was fifteen years ago as men compute. Through all those toil-

filled years the missionary preached the word of his Lord and God, opened the floodgates of Baptism to purify heathen souls, and led Christ's Blessed Feet in wildernesses yet untrodden.

But how explain his fecund apostolate? What mysterious clue gave divine energy to his human labors?



What clue? The prayer of a mother old and silver-haired, bent under the burden of years, yet still young at heart — for that heart was God's. Ever since departure day, her prayers accompanied him as protecting escort. The two little ladies he had played with in happy childhood days grew up as well, and took their mother's post where the work was hardest and demanded the greatest courage.

With more leisure Mrs. X. could pray her rosary. Under the shade of the old maples that had grown with her boy, her *Aves* rose with the warble and music of bird guests nesting close by.

In the early flush of dawn, at the sound of the evening *Angelus*, the tired little mother's heart went out to God, and from God to her child blazing a trail for love of

Him in a lost jungle. Her prayers borne on angel wings to Heaven rained earthward on her sterling-souled missionary in his African outpost lost to civilization.

Pagan hearts melted, pagan blindness saw the glorious rays of the One True Faith. Around the young and selfless apostle, the Christ-bearer of a mother's dream long past, souls learned of the Unknown God, the Father who knoweth our frame and hath compassion on His human likenesses.

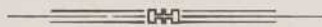
* * *

In a few short years, so brief is the span of life here below, the passing bell will toll, and Mother and Son will go home to God.

A magnificent reward awaits the valiant soldier of the Gospel, the ambassador of the Missionary Christ, whose tireless feet bled on stony pathways and reddened the soil of heathen climes.

But you, little unknown mother — his mother! — you who gave him life, you who formed Christ in him and prayed so he could form Christ in others, your reward will be exceeding great. On your brow will sparkle throughout the endless ages of eternity the crown of apostles, as it will radiate on your son's!

Blessed are they, and forever blessed, the heroic mothers of Christ's foreign legionnaires!



My reason agrees that if all things be "good" because they were made for God's footstool, then Holy Mary must be surpassingly "good" because she was to be His Mother. — *The Ave Maria*

Great Is the Harvest, Few the Laborers

As Christ sees it, this world of ours is a far-stretching field, and men are the ears of grain destined for heavenly granaries. Alas, the harvesters are all too few! Have you never heard the sorrowful plaint fallen from lips divine: "Jesus went about all the cities, and towns, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every disease and every infirmity. And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them: because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. Then saith He to His disciples: The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

Jesus crossed a young man's pathway once and whispered: "Son, My laborers are few. Not many are willing to add their own sacrifice to Mine. Not many are generous, enthusiastic, and so great, so plentiful looms the harvest! Will you follow Me? You will be My priest for all eternity!" Some remain hesitant, others draw back altogether before this divine invitation. Happily, though, still others do come forward and, throwing themselves into the arms of their Divine Master: "O my God, I have nothing and I am nothing! But with You I can do all things. Accept me, and do as You please with Your child. Let me follow in Your footsteps and labor at Your harvest!"

ABBE BESSON

"And After This Our Exile"

Saint Gertrude being once absorbed in prayer, the Blessed Virgin was shown to her, in presence of the Most Holy Trinity, under the image of a ravishing white lily. The lily had three petals: the first represented the omnipotence of the Father; the second, the wisdom of the Son; the third, the benignity of the Holy Spirit. Then the Blessed Virgin declared to Saint Gertrude: "If any one honor me and call me spotless lily of the Most Holy Trinity, Rose full of celestial sweetness, I shall show him the power I hold from the Almighty Father in Heaven, the divine means for the salvation of souls I hold from the Son of God, Eternal Wisdom, and the ineffable mercy with which the benignity of the Holy Spirit fills my heart." Our Lady added: "At the hour of death I will appear to whosoever will have piously recited this prayer, in such incomparable beauty, that his heart will be marvellously consoled and will enjoy a foretaste of the delights of heaven." Then it was that Saint Gertrude took the resolution to recite the following invocation before the statue of the Blessed Virgin:

"Hail Mary, lily of spotless whiteness; thou hast ravished the gaze of the adorable Trinity dwelling in the Eternal Sojourn of light and peace. Hail, Rose full of celestial sweetness; Virgin Immaculate, whom the King of Heaven chose for His mother and who didst nourish Him with thy virginal milk. Ah! pour into our souls torrents of divine grace. Amen."

ABBE MILLOT

Devotion to Mary is a sure pledge of salvation. Saturday is Mary's special day. If we spend our Saturday evening honoring the Mother of God, we shall be prepared for Holy Mass and Communion on Sunday. A "Saturday Saint" will never be a Sunday "sleep-in."

F. Sackett, O. M. I.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Venard

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

(Continued)

“J. M. J.

“January 20, 1861.

“MY MUCH-LOVED ONE, — If I did not write you a few lines for your very own self, you would be jealous, and, I admit, with reason. You deserve it, too, for your many lengthy and interesting letters to me. It is very long since I have heard from you now; and perhaps you are already a priest? and — who knows? — perhaps a missionary? However that may be, by the time you receive this letter your brother will be no longer in this bad world, *totus in maligno positus*. He will have left it for a better one, where you must strive to rejoin him some day. Your brother's head will have fallen, and every drop of his blood will have been poured out for God. He will have died a martyr! That was the dream of my youth! When, as a little man nine years old, I took my pet goat to browse on the slopes of Bel-Air, I used to devour the life and the death of the Venerable Charles Cornay, and say to myself, ‘And I, too, will go to Tong-king. And I, too, will be a martyr!’ Oh, admirable thread of Divine Providence, which has guided me through the labyrinth of this life to the very mission of Tong-king and to martyrdom! Bless and praise our good and merciful God with me, dearest Eusebius, for having taken such care of his miserable little servant. *Attraxit me, miserans mei!* (Having mercy on me, He has drawn me to Himself.)

“Dear Eusebius, I have loved and still love these Annamite people with an ardent affection. If God had given me a long life, I would gladly have sacrificed every moment of it, body and soul, to the building up of the Church in Tong-king. The people are so good, so fervent, so loyal! If my health, feeble as a reed, did not enable me to do great things, at least I had my heart in the work. But man proposes, and God disposes: life and death are in His hand. As for us, if He gives us life, let us live for Him; if death, then let us die for Him.

“And for you, dearest little brother, still so young in years, you will remain long after me, fighting among the waves of this troublesome world. Guide your ship well. Let prudence take the helm, humility the rudder; let God be your compass, Mary your anchor of hope. And then, in spite of the disgust and bitterness which, like a howling sea, will sometimes overwhelm you, never be cast down. Have confidence in God, and, like Noah's ark, swim always above the waters. . . . My lamp gives no more light. Good-bye, my Eusebius, until the day when you come to rejoin me in Heaven. Your most affectionate brother,

“J. T. Vénard, Missionary Apostolic.”

These letters were accompanied by a note from Bishop Theurel, detailing the consummation of the sacrifice, as follows: —

"The 1st of February, Fr. Vénard wrote another little message, which reached me only after his martyrdom. He said, —

"The days of my pilgrimage lengthen strangely. The prefect is astonished that my sentence should be so long delayed. All the despatches from the king pass before my cage and each time one arrives I ask if my sentence of death is come. Each time the post-boy answers, 'No.' I hail every morning as the dawn of eternity, but evening comes, and I am still here. My reason and my heart announce to me daily the approach of death, but sometimes I have presentiments that the answer will not be death; I try to put this thought from me as a snare of the devil. Still the suspense is trying. Adieu, dear and loved Bishop. Will it be my last good-bye? — who knows? May the will of God be done, and not mine!"

"This farewell was really to be the last. During the night of February the 2nd the desired sentence arrived at last; but Fr. Vénard knew it not. At two o'clock in the morning he breakfasted as usual and was allowed to go into the garden. The widow Nghiên, having followed him stealthily, said in a low voice, 'Father, you are to be executed to-day.' And because your brother doubted, since he had been told that he was to be taken to the king, she added, 'It is quite certain. Already the elephants are ordered and the soldiers are ready; in a few moments you will be led to execution.' Fr. Vénard hastily returned to his cage to distribute his little effects among his friends. At this moment an old lady named Xin arrived, bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the prisoner of Jesus Christ. It was the fourth time that Father Tinh had managed to convey to him the Bread of Life. This pious lady, seeing that his moments were counted, pressed through the crowd of soldiers to the cage, and succeeded in putting into his hand the tiny box which contained the Sacred Host. But it was too bold a movement. No sooner had the poor missionary received the treasure than the soldiers threw themselves upon him, dragged the pyx from him by main force, and gave it to their captain. Fr. Vénard, forgetting everything in his terror lest the Body of our Lord should be profaned, cried out to the widow Nghiên, '*They have taken away my Viaticum!*' The courageous widow ran to the captain who carried the box and told him that this mysterious wafer was not, as he imagined, a poison to accelerate death and to anticipate the ends of justice, but a food for the passage from this life to another, and she added, in a tone of conviction, 'If you venture to touch this Viaticum, you and all your family will die suddenly.'

"The captain, not knowing what to think of it all, timidly gave back the box to the widow, who, on account of the tumult, could not pass it to Fr. Vénard. She returned the pyx therefore to Mdlle. Xin, who sorrowfully, though safely, took it back to Father Tinh.

(To be continued)



There is a ninth beatitude to be added to those proclaimed by Our Lord; it is this: Happy those who are entrusted to the Blessed Virgin, their names are written in the Book of Life.



CHINA

SUCHOW

Wartime Diary of Our Missionary Sisters

Friday, January 1, 1943

The first moments of the dawning year we consecrated to offering our filial greetings to Our Heavenly Father, Our Immaculate Mother and all our acquaintances in the courts of Paradise. However, the budding milestone was only four hours and fifteen minutes young, when we were abruptly recalled from the land of dreams by the terrific roar of machine guns. Our thoughts drifted back to the 1937 bombing raids, when we had to evacuate our convent for several months. Pleasant way for a year to be ushered in, mused we. Confidently relying on the Providence of Him who watches over the sparrow's flight, we tried to prepare for what hardships the ensuing days might have to offer. It was only after our two Masses, that is, around 7.30, that the all-clear signal restored order again.

No messages filtered in from the Motherhouse this year. Not many deprivations could be harder to bear, but this one we joyfully offer for a just and lasting international peace. Following mutual exchange of greetings, we spent part of the day receiving those of Christians and friends. His Excellency Bishop P. Cote, S. J., accompanied by Rev. Father D. Gariepy, S. J., came to grant us a heartening blessing. Referring to the morning gunnery and our consequent insecure situation, His Excellency voiced the hope that God would keep us. "This was my wish to the Fathers, and it will also be my wish to you. May God keep and protect you!"

Saturday, January 9

The Nanking Government has declared war on America and England. Priests have been ordered to hoist up Chinese and Japanese flags, not at the College as formerly, but at the Mission main entrance. A public holiday was proclaimed in the city. We have been told that the Chinese and Japanese held a reunion for the purpose of organizing all Asiatics in the fight against the Allies.

Saturday, March 6

Relative peace has been ours for several months, but now threatening war clouds gather, and the tempest seems inevitable. If things keep up this way, we shall soon have to exchange convent happiness for concentration

camp life in Weihaiwei, a province of Shantung on the banks of the Yellow Sea. The Vicariate is under the dependency of a Canadian, His Excellency Bishop Durand, O. F. M. There the authorities will likely crowd all American, Belgian, Dutch and Canadian missionaries of Northern China.

These last two days, a distinguished Japanese Catholic young man from Peking has been visiting at the Bishop's Residence. He is a former French professor of the present Suchow General. He is attempting the impossible to ward off the conflict, but frankly admits war will just have to happen. The General seems disappointed at the trend of events, for he is a sympathetic friend of the Catholic Mission. However, if the order of the major authorities becomes formal, he will have to obey. We confidently leave all in the hands of St. Joseph. Is not past protection a sure guarantee of present and future solicitude?

Tuesday, May 11

As we write, Suchow is considered somewhat in the light of an earthly Eden, for stark famine prevails everywhere on our frontiers. We heard from Kaifeng and several other places that trees have been bared of leaves and bark by famine sufferers seeking to allay the pangs of hunger for a few hours at least. Plentiful tables are not daily spread here, but everybody fares along pretty well, with the result that other provinces look to Suchow for help. Street beggars defy all calculation. Every now and then we meet a woman, an old man, a child, holding out an empty bowl to passersby. Order reigns now that the Government has huddled all those needy people in two camps, one in the north and the other in the south of the city. Misery there is indescribable. Over one thousand men, women and children have been allotted a tiny section of land. Homes are simply six by four hovels, not high enough for a person to remain standing.



SISTER IMELDA DE L'EUCARISTIE (SIMONE BOIS-CLAIR, ALMAVILLE), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CARING FOR THE POOR WITH A PRESENTANDINE VIRGIN, SUCHOW.

On the 4th, which happened to be His Excellency's feastday, we complied with a desire expressed by our kind Bishop in making our initial visit to one of those refuges. Our consolation it was to baptize ten dying wretches. Two days later we called at the second one. There we poured the Saving Stream on the brow of nine moribunds. In one of the shelters we baptized a father, mother and child; all three dying from hunger, had but a fitful spark of life remaining. In the face of sufferings such as those, one quickly forgets personal difficulties and anxieties, and thinks only of admiring the resignation of those utterly needy and destitute. We intend to pay regular calls

from now on. What scant material help we can offer we shall plentifully season with words of consolation and hope.

This morning, just a few steps from our door, our eyes fell on the dead bodies of a beggar and of a lad of ten or twelve, both victims of starvation. Beside the old man lay a heavy stick and a few vermin-infested remnants of clothing. An empty bowl, grey with dust, stood close to the boy. From village to village, shamelessly, listlessly, hundreds and hundreds of homeless and penniless as those two carry their miserable belongings. Oh, if only the hope-giving rays of the Cross could illumine their squalid existence and soothe their indescribable moral and spiritual agony!

Wednesday, May 19

While waiting for the scope of our exterior zeal to expand, we are happy to cast a few precious seeds of grace in souls. Upon request of the Rev. Jesuit Fathers, Sister St. Alice⁽¹⁾ will open First Communion classes for the Christian tots attending school. Sister Imelda de l'Eucharistie⁽²⁾ will prepare the little Christian girls, in our own convent.

Sunday, June 13

It was a happy day for Sister St. Alice and three little First Communicants. The happy trio and the mothers three were photographed by the Sisters. The lad on the left was so very glad that he didn't sleep a wink all night. He even wanted to get up at 2 A. M. to go to church. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon he hadn't touched any food whatever, despite repeated maternal biddings, saying he was so happy he didn't have to eat. Little consolars such as this laddie are surely Jesus' best beloved!

Monday, July 12

Under a bridge we found today a veritable pariah of humanity. The neighbors began by objecting to our passing by where he lay, warning us that the aspect of the dying wretch was simply too repulsive. However, we pressed our point, and were finally led to the dismal shelter. Oh, what misery! His head pillowed on a stone, an old man about to breathe his last lay stretched on the bare ground. Loathsome worms swarmed in his nose, ears, mouth, as well as on different parts of his body. Vermin and flies shared the other limbs. But was not this outcast of humankind God's own handiwork, a brother of ours called to his Father's home, even as we? Most certainly! A Sister drew near and poured the regenerating waters on the forehead already touched by decomposition. Poor pitiable wanderer, what will not be his joy, as he falls into the merciful arms of the God of Love!

Friday, July 23

A Consulate order last Wednesday forbade all American and Canadian missionaries to leave the Mission, excepting Rev. Father Lariviere, who was to fill his functions at the convent of the Ursuline Mothers at Nan

1. Jeanne BASTIEN, Montreal.

2. Simone BOISCLAIR, Almvville, P. Q.

Koan, Rev. Brother Fontaine, who had been charged with supervising the vast premises at Patzekiai, and Rev. Brother Tremblay, Procurator. This new disposition binding us as well, we were to visit the sick no longer, but could exercise our apostolate among the dispensary patients.

The conditions set regarding concentration life were modified today. The exception in behalf of the above-named three was withdrawn, and for them too the out-going prohibition became formal. Now is the privilege ours, for permission is granted our nursing Sisters to visit the sick freely. Another kind attention of the best of fathers!

Monday, August 2

Dinner time saw us crossing the threshold of a poor home, where we found an old granddad cooking the meal. Comfortably settled in front of his earthen stove, his box of shavings and chippings close by, he was busily pulling the bellows. In the midst of the flames lay the cauldron. Inside granddad had placed his *lounge tse*, a very economical heater which allows one to prepare complete meals by steam. Family meals like those in Canada around a common table are unknown in this section of God's earth. Our good folk eat sitting on the doorstep, leaning on the wall, or squatting down in the centre of the yard. But, anyway, they are buoyed up for physical and moral endurance. Other countries, other manners.

Monday, September 6

A twenty-year-old patient arrived this evening with her mother. Both had left their village of Kingantsi, 90 li away, long before dawn, and the poor child was on the verge of exhaustion. In spite of a grievous knee wound, she had had to suffer the unending jolts of a very rudimentary conveyance, a wheelbarrow, on roads innocent of any Macadam process. The infected knee-sore measured thirty-one inches in circumference. The only hope of cure lies in an amputation of the leg, but the mother will hear nothing about that, so we shall try to lighten the girl's pain insofar as we can, while our main concern will be to prepare her soul to meet her God.

Sunday, September 19

It is sometimes said that the stability of works is ensured by the number of years required to organize them. In this thought we find a powerful



SISTER ST. ALICE (JEANNE BASTIEN, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, WITH THE THREE FIRST COMMUNICANTS OF JUNE 13, 1943, AND THEIR MOTHERS.

stimulus, we who have only as yet laid down the bases of great projects elaborated almost a decade ago. However, we hope that Divine Providence will clear up all difficulties in God's own good time; meanwhile, inactivity that might cool down our apostolic ardor is not our lot by any means. We also are doing our tiny share of the vast missionary work of Mother Church and her apostles. Relief from physical pain, the balm of spiritual consolation, and in many instances the right to heavenly happiness, are daily given at our dispensary to over two hundred patients.

Catechism courses for children and adults, private closed retreats for ladies and girls, music and English lessons also prove favorable channels whereby the grace of God may operate. A new organization was launched today — a Patronage for a group of Tangshan schoolgirls.

The young Chinese maidens, lacking supervision as they do, are exposed to dangers of every sort. Every Sunday from now on they will find in our

home a protecting haven, along with certain entertainments and pleasures that will turn their minds off the enticing and dangerous amusements of paganism. May Our Immaculate Mother and Patroness bless this new venture for the greater good of souls and realize its apostolic aim!



GRANDDAD'S STILL HALE AND HEARTY... AND HUNGRY!

Thursday, October 21

We heard today that the Consul has returned from Shanghai. Rev. Father Muth, S. J., paid him a visit. Then Father came to inform us of the decision taken with regard to us: "All American and Canadian missionaries will shortly be concentrated in Shanghai."

Wednesday, October 27

Rev. Father L. P. Bourassa, S. J., brought news that the departure for Shanghai would take place either on November 10 or 12. The Fathers are to be interned at Tou-Se-Wei, and we with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart or the Helpers of Holy Souls. The journey will be gratis, and a special conveyance will be reserved to us, so we shall be able to take along all the luggage we like, no fixed number of valises having been stipulated. The Vice Consul and four Japanese soldiers will be our escort.

Tuesday, November 2

Rev. Father Muth, S. J., went to Shanghai last Friday for the purpose of finding a religious Community that could dispose of a few of its members to take over our convent, but the search proved fruitless. The

majority of Communities are already deploring their insufficiency of personnel as a result of the internment of some of their subjects. Rev. Brother Siu, S. J., will head for Yenchow-fou this evening for the same purpose.

Monday, November 8

The Holy Ghost Sisters have kindly responded to the appeal of His Excellency Bishop Cote, and with genuine happiness we welcomed Mother Fridburga A. Lauscher, of German nationality, who was accompanied by two Holy Family Sisters (Chinese Congregation founded by the Holy Ghost Sisters). The disinterested devotedness of our guests is truly admirable, for we have no inkling of what the future will bring. May our dear Lord cover them with His all-powerful protection and make their work fruitful, especially so the dispensary where they are to take over tomorrow.



SISTER ST. ANGELIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE) AND A YOUNG PATIENT SUFFERING FROM A KNEE-WOUND.

Tuesday, November 9

A few precisions were furnished today on the organization of the trip which is delayed till the 15th. The contingent of fifty-two missionaries will be divided in four groups, A, B, C, D, and each under the control of a leader. We belong to Section B, and our guide is Rev. Father E. Lafèche, S. J. Numbers are allotted to all. Ours run from twenty-five to thirty-two. Certain restrictions are imposed on the luggage. Cases, etc., are not to overstep the fifty-kilo weight.

Sunday, November 14

By 9.30 this morning a truck was ready to carry our belongings and those of the Fathers to the station. Unless orders to the contrary be forthcoming, we shall leave tomorrow morning at 5.30.

Monday, November 15

Yesterday evening we spent preparing luncheon and putting a last hand to the general order of the convent. Only three of us were able to steal a little rest till 1.30 A. M. An hour later, Rev. Father D. Gariépy, S. J., said Holy Mass, during which we sang hymns to our Sacramental Friend and Our Immaculate Mother. The Rev. Fathers L. Levesque and A. Boileau, S. J., also said Mass later.

Breakfast dispatched, we set covers for our guests in the refectory, for our homey little nest will become theirs when we leave. They visited the

various rooms and thus we chatted on till 5.30, when we were asked to convene on the church premises. There all the missionaries had assembled. Each leader called the members of his group. Then, upon police orders, each division stepped in single file with its leader in the fore. Followed a long and eloquent silence, during which each laborer in the pagan harvest immolated his noblest apostolic ambitions and generously murmured his *Fiat* to divine exigencies. Oh, how lovingly the Angels must have bent from heavenly portals to receive the heroic sacrifice of those ardent apostles whose soul, crushed as it was, radiated calm and peaceful joy, blessing and adoring the decree of Providence! A splendid moonlight lit up the impressive scene, which will remain indelibly vivid in the heart of the departants all.

At 6.00 rang the departure call. Guards our escorts, we left two by two. Five minutes later we met a bus intended for the missionaries. His Excellency, Rev. Father Superior, a few other priests and we ourselves climbed in. On reaching the station we learned, much to our disappointment, that the previous evening's express had just steamed in eight hours behind time. No one knew when the Peking train would come. We were invited to leave our luggage in an office, "a secure place," as we were told. Then someone telegraphed, likely enough to find out what measures were to be taken in our regard. We were then politely bidden to return home. A like disappointment did not augur too well for the journey, but was not the delay ordained by the all-knowing God? So thinking, we joyfully accepted, cherishing the hope that the departure order would somehow be cancelled. We were sorry to disturb our kind religious "housekeepers", but their fraternal welcome helped to ease the unpleasant feeling. We took advantage of the few intervening hours to rest a little, and thus be cheerfully ready for more adventuring.

Dinner was taken at 10.30, and half an hour later we were all gathered in church. Undoubtedly loath to draw the public eye, the police asked the Fathers to proceed by small groups to the station. The seven of us took rickshaws. Our luggage came back intact into our possession. In a secluded spot we waited for the train till 1.30. Then we boarded a special car along with the Vice Consul, four police officers and a regular. The train left while we intoned the *Ave Maris Stella*.

Pukeou was reached by 8 o'clock. There coolies were at our beck and call to carry our things. Traffic was held up while we freely passed on to the boat. Hundreds of surprised onlookers stared at the procession. The guards announced it was the *Tien Tchou Tang* (Catholic Mission). The marks of respect given us eloquently preached the superiority of the Roman Catholic Church.

A compact throng was supposed to board the vessel, but, we know not how, it happened that the missionaries were the sole passengers. Truly, lofty dignitaries could not have been treated with more consideration. Two trucks took us from Nanking to the station. Towards 10.30 we left the old Capital. We then took a light meal, trusting we would be able to go to Communion the next morning, for we were to reach Shanghai at about

7 A. M. The Vice Consul cordially offered us dainty sweet breads. Prisoners notwithstanding, we are not too burdensome a problem for our guards — they peacefully slumbered all the night long. Our own night was as peaceful.

Shanghai was reached at 7.30, but orders came to get off the train only one hour later. Two buses of the French Company were again ready to lead us to internment quarters. The Rev. Franciscan Fathers went to their Procure, the Rev. Jesuit Fathers to Tou-Se-Wei, and ourselves to Zi-Ka-Wei, with the devoted Helpers of Holy Souls.

The Consul of Shanghai, accompanied by Rev. Father Verdier, S. J., came to the parlor, where he spoke a few words in French. "A few restrictions will certainly be imposed here, but I hope they will not be too distressing, and that you will be able to lead your religious life." The simple sentence fallen from the lips of a non-Catholic functionary was truly admirable, and bespoke his sympathetic concern for the missionaries.

After breakfast we were led to the Presentation, residence of the native Presentandine virgins, where the Sisters were interned. Two spacious and sunny rooms had been put at our disposal — our would-be dormitory and community room. A new life was opening for us. In that atmosphere of intense piety we felt that God had designs of higher sanctity upon us.

The convent bell soon called the personnel to the refectory for dinner. Religious internees of four different Congregations had their respective table and cupboard. No modifications had to be introduced in individual community customs. We made the acquaintance of pioneer internees: two Sisters of Charity, six Little Sisters of the Poor, four Good Shepherd Sisters, and one Missionary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Excepting the latter, all have their convents in Shanghai. From here the Good Shepherd Sisters can get a glimpse of their own convent. What a heavy sacrifice for these missionaries, whose concentration life already dates from eight months back!

Wednesday, November 17

Daily at 11.15 the thirty-eight interned Religious (twenty of different Communities and eighteen Helpers of Holy Souls) gather in the two parlors of the entrance for the roll call. Each, with her own



SISTER ST. ANGÉLIQUE (CÉCILE MATHIEU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, AND A CATECHUMEN WITH HER CHILD.

number conspicuously displayed, must be present at the inspection of the Japanese official. The latter passes in and among the ranks to make sure no one is absent. He has readily granted permission to go out.

Thursday, November 18

His Excellency Most Rev. A. Haouisee, S. J., honored us with a visit, after a month spent in his Vicariate. He arrived last Tuesday, a few minutes before our own coming. His Excellency was very happy to welcome Bishop Cote and all the Fathers. Speaking of the consolations he had experienced on his apostolic rounds, he declared that he had never seen the Church of China in so auspicious a situation these last forty years. "Of old she had her adversaries among the literati," said the Prelate. "But today prejudices gradually die down, thanks to the good work being done in our schools." Apostolate among the student population is, according to him, the most efficacious of all, for while the pupils are being instructed in the tenets of the Faith, contact is also made with the parents. His long years of experience have also convinced him that the Church has everywhere been founded on the suffering of missionaries, on conflagrations and rebellions. "It is God's law to establish His works on the Cross."

Thursday, November 25

A message from the Motherhouse added a note of gaiety to the recreation. News from home comes so seldom in our war-stricken era! In the few words redolent of sweet maternal affection, we felt that the tie of prayer still binds us together. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ had the happiness of hearing about her sister, Sister Mechtilde du St. Sacrement⁽²⁾, and the short messages from our respective families were comforting. A drop of gall mingled with our joy, however, as we learned that two of our dear Sisters and Sister St. Angelique's⁽³⁾ father had been called to God. The letter dated March has consequently taken eight months coming through, but one forgets the snail pace of mail at the thought of getting news from Canada.

Wednesday, December 8

Beneath the grey skies of exile, our patronal day was in no way dreary and melancholy — a regular feast in the dwelling of the Immaculate! A Sister of Charity had thoughtfully and generously offered the Mass stipends for our intentions. His Excellency Bishop Cote, accompanied by Rev. Father Bourassa, S. J., came to offer Holy Mass in the Presentation sanctuary, thereby giving us another touching proof of paternal affection. After breakfast which was graciously offered by the Helpers of Holy Souls, His Excellency called us to the parlor. More than one episode of mission life in Suchow was re-lived, and all hopes converge towards a prompt deliverance and as prompt a return to our apostolic field of action. His Excellency exhorted us to profit by our internment in intensifying our interior life and

1. Sister MARIE BERNARD (Emma Vanasse, St. Guillaume d'Upton).

2. Alphema VANASSE, St. Guillaume d'Upton.

3. Cecile MATHIEU, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe, Beauce Co.

making ample provision for the unknown future. A regular feastday dinner added cheer in the refectory. Among the dishes artfully elaborated we marvelled at a magnificent pastry grotto of Lourdes displaying the inscription: "I am the Immaculate Conception." In the afternoon, Rev. Mother Superior of Notre Dame and Mother St. Alice, a Canadian member of the Community of Helpers of Holy Souls, paid us a visit. The beautiful day was closed by a recreational programme in our community room, attended by all the interned Sisters.

Wednesday, February 2, 1944

Internees notwithstanding, we are invited to follow the Master in the solitude of retreat. The preacher, Rev. Father X. Mertens, S. J., brought happy tidings from our Tsungming Community he has lately visited.

Thursday, February 17

Granted that the atmosphere of exile cannot equal in sweetness that of our pleasant convent home, we manage to adjust our wills to God's all-holy designs with a good amount of spiritual joy. The saying even goes the rounds that cheerfulness is the attractive characteristic of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. And, really, could it be otherwise, when we compare our lot with that of so many other prisoners eating the hard bread of misery? What sorry apostles we would be if we stopped to fret about the few inevitable thorns besetting our pathway, when so many heavenly petals are strewn under our feet! It being Sister Superior's feast today, we expressed our filial love and gratitude in a simple programme plentifully seasoned with the best quality of religious mirth.

Sunday, May 21

Rev. Father L. P. Bourassa, S. J., paid us a call, accompanied by Mr. Roger Lieou, a dental student who will be graduated next month. The distinguished young man, who, incidentally, speaks impeccable French, belongs to a former Hong Kong family. He has had many relations with our Sisters and faithfully remembers them. Happy moments were those when he recalled episodes of his childhood days back in our Hong Kong convent. He served as our altar boy several years, and later took private lessons in Mathematics until the age of nineteen. He gratefully remembers his teacher, Sister St. Etienne⁽¹⁾. His sisters have also taken courses in French, music and painting at our convent, and one of them made her First Communion in our humble Hong Kong sanctuary.

Monday, June 5

A Confirmation ceremony was held today in the Cheng Mou Yeu chapel. His Excellency Most Rev. A. Haouisee, S. J., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Henry, Superior of the Mission, and Salvini, Rector. Among the candidates were orphans, boarding school pupils and others, as also several older pupils of the *Morning Star* pagan school who had recently

1. Aurore PLOUFFE, Montreal.

been baptized. It was a matter of great consolation for their devoted religious teachers, who well know what potent influence for good can be wielded by Christian pupils in their immediate circle.

Wednesday, June 7

All the Sister-internees were recently invited to attend an ordination ceremony to be held today in the Cathedral. It was our good fortune to be able to assist. Twenty new ministers of the altar received the priestly unction at the hands of His Excellency Bishop Cote. Meanwhile, His Excellency Most Rev. A. Haouisee conferred the same sublime powers on twelve other levites in St. Peter's Church. Thus the number of ordinands was raised to thirty-two, among whom thirty Jesuits and two secular priests. The honor of the priesthood came on that occasion to four Canadians: the Rev. Fathers M. Hardy, R. Dussault, E. Lauzon and A. Berube.

Monday, August 7

Internment days are certainly well filled. All our leisure moments are scrupulously employed, and the saying, however trite, remains true: "Time flies." Everybody pores over Chinese and English texts, everybody minus a small number launches into the intricacies of Japanese characters or medicine or music that always hath charms. At present, we are busy building a twin-motor passenger plane thirty inches in length. Might as well confess that the gift is intended for the Rev. Mother Vicar of the Helpers of Holy Souls, when comes her patronal day. Our masterpiece comprises three divisions: pilot's cabin, parlor and lecture hall. Wings, propellers, lift, stabilizer, landing gear, etc., are reproductions from 1944 skybirds. Gratuitous details and advice from Rev. Brother Pesant, S. J., a former aviator, have been invaluable in the unwonted species of construction.

Saturday, November 11

Armistice Day back in Canada. Here the impressive minutes of silence were shattered by the death-dealing outbursts of the first American bombing attack. A cotton factory is now lying in shambles. Casualties are estimated at three hundred and over.

Tuesday, November 21

A redletter day in the dwelling of the Presentation. Rev. Father Henry, S. J., said Holy Mass, during which Novices and Postulants executed pious and melodious selections. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed after the sacred function. Joy remained safely hemmed in, for outside the uproar of guns alternated with the bursting of bombs. Today it was the turn of the electric plants to receive all the impact of the destroyers. Seeing we are living on the last floor of a house that has no attic to protect from anti-aerial projectiles, it was deemed prudent to leave those quarters and seek safety in the refectory on the novitiate ground floor.

Friday, January 26, 1945

New Year Number Two for the interneers. Through the International Red Cross has come a copious supply of food for each and every interneer. Each case contains four boxes. More than ever do we appreciate those gifts, now that penury and skyhigh prices spell anguish from the nutriment viewpoint. One of our heartiest *Magnificats* we sang in grateful thanks.

Saturday, May 19

Several Helpers of Holy Souls and the entire group of interned Sisters attended this morning a truly stately liturgical function in the sublime setting of the Cathedral. Twenty young missionaries were consecrated priests forever at the hands of His Excellency Bishop Cote. Rev. Father J. Courchesne, S. J., Superior of the Suchow Mission, and Rev. Father P. Lefebvre, S. J., Superior of the Scholasticate, assisted the officiating Prelate. Among the new ministers of Christ are numbered six Canadians: the Rev. Fathers R. St. Denis, P. E. Robin, M. Lamarche, M. Garneau, A. Raymond and J. Desautels, S. J. May the Enlightening and Sanctifying



SISTER MARIE BERNARD (EMMA VANASSE, ST. GUILLAUME D'UPTON), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, CHRISTENING A DYING BABY, AND SISTER ST. ANGLIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE, BEAUCE CO.), CARING FOR DISPENSARY PATIENTS.

Spirit fire the ambassadors of the Missionary Christ with His own unquenchable love, that through their ministry some small section of heathen kingdoms may be brought to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Wednesday, July 25

For eight days now, that is, since the 17th, bombings have been daily occurrences. Today two bombs rained down on the grounds of the Little Sisters of the Poor establishment and wrought considerable havoc. Several other bombs also fell on a factory near by. Once again, however, and this for the third time, the Little Sisters came out unscathed. Providence is surely determined that no harm shall come to them.

Peace in Europe has awakened hopeful visions of peace in Suchow, but God's hour has not yet struck. We can only be resigned and adore the providential designs of the all-loving Father.

Saturday, August 11

For the last few months the hope of prompt liberation had scarcely been entertained. But when dawn broke this morning confidence leaped to a new high. It was announced on the radio last night that Japan and America had come to an agreement. The question is not settled for good, but peace can now be visualized. Before Mass, Very Rev. G. Marin, S. J., brought us the welcome news and invited us to express our thanksgiving during the Holy Sacrifice. At 7.30, Rev. Mother Vicar, and a few minutes later, Rev. Mother Superior of the Good Shepherd Sisters, came to confirm the happy piece of information. Rev. Mother Superior smiled broadly on seeing her daughters already deeply engrossed in packing. D-Day (Departure Day) cannot be long delayed. The group of internees gathered in our community room to sing a *Magnificat* of exultation.

Sunday, August 12

The Good Shepherd Sisters had the bars lowered for them: they have leave to go their Monastery every day, under the proviso that they return to "internment heaven" for 7.30 P. M. Imagine their heart-gladness! Knowing that separations may be imposed on short notice, we assembled in the community room of the Presentandine Sisters to thank them for their cordial hospitality and assure them of our lifelong gratefulness. Knowing as well that even slight attentions strike an appreciative chord in the hearts of the venerable missionaries, some of whom are pioneers in Suchow, we have set about to making little framed pictures to be offered as leave-taking tokens.

Very Rev. G. Marin, S. J., paid us a prospective farewell call today. Naturally, the conversation centred on the highlights of current events. The conditions presented to the Nipponese by the Americans have been accepted, but the latter have made no declarations concerning Imperial prerogatives. It is said that the Japanese authorities are requesting a delay during which to prepare their compatriots for the sacrifices to be exacted from them. Never has any country suffered a similar humiliation, and yet the population still visions the glory of victory. Here the civilians keep urging the Japanese to open the camps, but the thing is not feasible just now, it being stipulated that the Japanese shall present the prisoners to the U. S. A. fighting men. The question also has its social aspect, for the 6,500 internees need four walls and a roof — the rudiments of a home.

Monday, August 13

Helpers of Holy Souls and interned Sisters held their farewell reunion in the Boarding School reception hall this afternoon at 5 o'clock. All spoke with joy on the mutual edification resultant from close contact during the

internment period. Rev. Mother Vicar added: "If only the six founding Mothers of our various Communities could be in our midst at this moment! Surely they would pride themselves on the union, the exquisite charity that has characterized our internment." The Rev. Mother then invited us to be present at Thanksgiving Mass on the morrow in their oratory.

Sunday, August 19

Frequent and enthusiastic had been reports on the enchanting site occupied by the Novitiate of the Helpers of Holy Souls. Today came an invitation to look-see. The property, at a few minutes' distance from here, was bequeathed to the nuns by a staunch Christian family counting several priests and Sisters, among whom Helpers of Holy Souls. The vast domain where no tumult and no echo ever break the stillness, is a truly enviable and appropriate site for a novitiate. The Chinese style, plus kiosks, bridges and arches, is scrupulously maintained.

Returning from our captivating excursion, we were invited to visit the Novitiate of the Presentandine Novices. Our devoted guide, Rev. Mother Mistress, indicated all sorts of contrivances and devices that had come to her through long years of experience. All these may later prove precious as gold if, according to the oft-reiterated wish of His Excellency Bishop Cote, the training of native virgins becomes our heritage.

Saturday, September 1

No American Commission forthcoming, the Superiors allowed the definitive departure of their subjects. Yesterday we smiled goodbye to the Good Shepherd Sisters and the Little Sisters of the Poor. Today His Excellency Bishop Cote and three Fathers attempted the home trek to Suchow. If only unforeseen hardships don't spring up under our feet, we shall be there too in a few days. All hearts are beating high — hope springs eternal in the human breast!

Charity

Charity is a term that has all but lost its original meaning. In current speech we confound it with almsgiving. According to our standard of thought, being charitable means simply to give alms to a fellowman. How many among our people complacently enjoy calm of conscience and cherish a high opinion of personal excellency, because their day has been marked by the donation of a dozen pennies to some needy poor! Genuine Christian charity does not consist in almsgiving. It consists, as Christ would have it, in "loving one another." This love for one another implies an integral change in your trend of thoughts. You must no longer believe in the existence of social classes as a result of inequality of birth or fortune. Rather must you believe that, however elevated your personal status, you are the more favored brother of him to whom fate has been harsher and less favorable. Loving one another would be our way of realizing, inasmuch as humanly possible, the fatherhood expounded by Christ. It would be our practical interpretation of the "bear ye one another's burdens" as we plod along the ascending pathways of life.

PAUL ACKER

MANCHURIA

SZEPINGKAI

Convent and Internment Life in Retrospect

Monday, December 1, 1941

All was quiet and calm on the Szepingkai Mission Front when November slipped into eternity. Its last hours marked the opening of our retreat. Over and over the revered preacher, His Excellency Bishop J. L. A. Lapierre, counselled us to make the most of our period of spiritual renewal. "God certainly has great graces in store, and perhaps great sacrifices to ask from you, else He probably would not grant you this unpriced favor in the present trying circumstances. Go to Him in all confidence and generosity."

Friday, December 5

A message addressed by the Holy Father to Canadian missionaries was delivered today by His Excellency. "The Holy Father," he said, "has learned of the missionaries' determination to remain in their missions in spite of the impending threat of tragic warfare. His Holiness expresses his joy and satisfaction. To those generous missionaries he sends a special blessing, and prays that Providence may be with them." There was a tug at our heartstrings as the words struck home, but what a comfort as well to vision the paternal hand raised in blessing from the Vatican, and the anxious voice beseeching heavenly protection in our time of need.

His Excellency then spoke of the future which, glimpsed at through human spectrums, is far from reassuring. "Yet we must have faith . . . We have come here for God, and here we will remain. If you think that resolution foolhardy, remember the Pope's message. It will strengthen you and render you invincible."

Monday, December 8

During the morning Sacrifice triumphant in its praise of earth's Immaculate *Oriens ex alto*, we joined our own self-offering to the oblation of the Victim of Calvary and re-dedicated ourselves to our Divine Spouse by renewal of religious vows. After this early Mass said by Rev. Father Baron, we heard Pontifical High in the Cathedral. Hardly had our postponed holiday been proclaimed when His Excellency and Rev. Father Baron came to wish us Mary's blessings on her special feast. Then we learned the world history of the last ten days and its consequent outcome: the Far East is hopelessly engulfed in the global war. President Roosevelt and the Japanese Ambassador were still studying the situation yesterday in Washington, when already Nipponese bombers were devastating an American route in southern China. This is war, and no one can remain stone-blind to the grim reality. What shall we become? God only knows, God and Mother Mary, we mean — and in that assurance we can face the ordeal with minds serene.

Wednesday, December 10

The early morning hours were punctuated by nothing out of the ordinary. But at 11 o'clock sad tidings filtered in. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre has been arrested by the police and escorted to the Palace of Justice. We were still struggling to master that first emotion when in came Dr. Wang with another sorrowful piece of information: Rev. Father Baron is also under arrest.

The unexpected tide of events brought sorrow to all. We had felt secure while our spiritual head and father kept paternal vigil. Now we are orphans. Another distressing query: will not harsh treatment as meted out to him seriously impair his health?

Snapshots, letters, or notes even remotely compromising we were advised to confide to destroying flames. A few indispensable items we also set aside in case of a hasty assignment to some concentration camp. After seeking strength in our noon spiritual exercises, we proceeded to the most generous of all "sweepings" ever chronicled since novitiate days: papers, holy pictures, family photos, beloved letters from the Motherhouse or Father and Mother back in the homeland. Those cherished relics were heaped up for the licking flames. Not without a hair's breadth or more of hesitation, however. Some items were so precious that we could not resign ourselves to dry-eyed partings. But God who gives has the right to take away, and whatever He does is best.

Towards evening, police investigators invaded His Excellency's and the Procurator's offices, and smuggled off all papers and documents to the *Ya men* (City Hall) for closer scrutiny. The Fathers were told to send the captives an evening meal. Both had remained without food since the morning. Our kind Bishop a prisoner — could we only escape the stern reality! But knowing his deep spirit of faith, we understand how generously he will accept his cross, as once his Divine Master did for love of us all. Our eventful day was ended before the tabernacle. What will sunrise and the morrow bring? Our lives are at the mercy of events, true, but the Mercy of God, that Mercy above all His works, will, we confidently hope, lead us safely through the present tragedies.

Thursday, December 11

Rev. Father Guilbault brought news today that His Excellency, after a sleepless night on the bare floor, was calmly energetic and looking at things from God's viewpoint. Rev. Father Baron shares the Bishop's room. Mr. P'i, also arrested yesterday, has been sent to the prisoners' common ward.

A phone call at 7.00 P. M. informed us that the Bishop was suffering from a heart attack. Small wonder, after all the worries and anxieties of the day! May Our Immaculate Mother take his cause in her all-powerful hands!

Friday, December 12

Deo Gratias! His Excellency was much better this morning, thanks to Dr. Wang's helpful visit of yesterday.

Rev. Brother Lalonde, C. S. V., called upon us early. "Probably my last visit," he said. "The Fathers will be interned before very long."

His Excellency had asked that the Blessed Sacrament be exposed after dinner, which was done. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ exhorted us to pray with more fervor than ever. But prayers are answered by God in His own way, not always ours — an hour later news came through that Canadian priests and Brothers are to be interned in the Seminary tomorrow.

All the afternoon we relieved the dispensary of medicine, victuals, and other articles we would have been loath to leave in the hands of the invaders. We sought our pillows our work half done.

Saturday, December 13

Then dawned the unforgettable Internment Day. Yesterday's work was taken up where it had been left off. The departure was scheduled for 2.00 P. M. Valises and luggage cluttered the entrance corridor of the Bishop's Residence. Several priests from neighboring posts have already arrived, among whom Rev. Father Gilbert, bringing news from our Fakou Sisters. At long last His Excellency and Rev. Father Baron have obtained permission to retire to the Seminary.

The native Sisters will not return to their families immediately. However, four of them and the "Apostolics" are already gone. They and the seminarians as well will return when life gets into joint again.

One by one the vehicles left the Bishop's Residence, and finally the military men retreated. Towards nightfall, Rev. Brother Paquette, C. S. V., who was spared internment hardships on account of his supposedly advanced years, arrived at the deserted Residence for the night.

Completely tired out, we were about to slip into the blessed oblivion of sleep when heavy blows on the kitchen door dispelled all drowsiness. Who could the belated visitors be? Our three Sisters from Koungtchouling with police escorts! Their Mission, which they were compelled to leave, is in the close custody of military authorities. Their gay little convent, very attractive and very new, furniture, wardrobe, food, dispensary, medicine, etc., the whole is now the booty of enemies. Poor Sisters!

Tuesday, December 16

Sister Superior obtained leave to occupy the Bishop's Residence, and authorization to ask our Sisters stationed elsewhere to come if so they choose. We were also allowed to write to our different Manchurian convents, provided the letters were in English.

Internment means the deprivation of daily Mass. A Chinese priest came on the 14th, but went off yesterday. Still we hope a Canadian Father will be able to come each morning under police escort. Dispensary was re-opened today. Perhaps shall we be spared concentration and stay in our dear little convent!

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

The Rev. Fathers Baron and Lefebvre, procurators, authorized to settle certain matters with Sister Superior, asked whether we would take over laundering and mending. The proposition was gladly accepted by all the Sisters. We are glad to be helpful in any and every way to the poor internees.

Wednesday, December 17

From Kountgchouling arrived the native Sisters this forenoon, bringing the dreaded news that our convent had been mercilessly looted by Chinese and Japanese. With a view to avoiding similar disasters, it was decided that our Sisters would remain in their respective mission stations, wherever a Chinese priest could be sent them.

New arrivals at the concentration camp are the Rev. Fathers P. E. Asselin, A. Lecompte and G. Prevost, previously locked in some Tungleao jail with three of their confreres. All are charged with having examined country frontiers and used their cameras without permission from military authorities. The three confreres have been transferred to Moukden jail. One is sentenced to one and a half years, and the other two still have ten months to serve.

Saturday, December 20

Installation in the Bishop's Residence was finished today. The Rev. Antonian Sisters fraternally invaded our little home nest, in order to profit by our good kitchen equipment. The Sisters have been appointed bakers for the Seminary personnel for the time being.

Wednesday, December 24

Hermit life is not without its magnetic attractions. Today it enticed two more priests: the Rev. Fathers Drolet C.S.V. and Boule, P.M.E. Both were previously interned with a group of Americans in Moukden, but are now greeted at Internment Headquarters. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, until now confined in his room, has obtained leave to enjoy the company of his interned priests.



SISTER JULIENNE DU ST. SACREMENT (BEATRICE LAREAU, CHAMBLY) AND SISTER MARIE ESTHER (ALICE BUTEAU, NOTRE DAME DE LA GUADELOUPE), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SZEPIINGKAI, AND A FEW NATIVE NOVICES.

Thursday, December 25

Thoughts of Christmas Days of yesteryears flocked to our reminiscent minds as we heard Midnight Mass in the Cathedral. Over seven hundred Christians from Szeping kai and outskirts were present at the solemn liturgical function and knelt for Holy Communion. Hymns in honor of the birth of the Little Prince of Peace were sung, and beautifully so, by native Sisters in Chinese. A good number of the faithful who had to keep home fires burning last night assisted at 9 o'clock Mass.

Our Christmas was new style, a regular Wartime Nativity Feast, so to speak, but surely not bereft of joy and happiness. Ocean liners and sky-birds have dropped no letters from home.

Monday, December 29

Thirty Belgian missionaries arrived at the Seminary today. The majority are well along in years and quite broken down in health. Many, we are told, have already served prison terms in various places. Their new quarters, crowded as they are, will necessarily involve much matter for self-effacement and generosity.

Tuesday, December 30

Unexpected news has somehow stolen inside our walls. We hear it said that our convent will shortly be altered into a temporary hospital for the Fathers that need medical care. *Deo Gratias!* We shall be highly privileged in lavishing time and trouble and whatever medical capacity we possess on veterans of the Missions, generous volunteer soldiers in the War for Souls, the only War that will never know any armistice on earth!

(To be continued)

GIVE THE FIRST SATURDAY TO MARY

More than ever should we, in these troubled times of uncertainty and national unrest, have confident recourse to Mary, the merciful Mother of mankind. One devotion among others deserves wider recognition: we mean the reception of Holy Communion on the first Saturday of the month. Here is the devotion, as expounded by Beringer, and the wealth of spiritual advantages attached thereto:

"In order to promote the piety of the faithful towards Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God, and to make reparation for the irreverences committed against her Holy Name and privileges by the ungodly, Pope Pius X has granted a Plenary Indulgence (Applicable) for the First Saturday of the month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father, and pious practices in a spirit of reparation in honor of the Immaculate Virgin. (Pius X, June 13, 1912, Acta Ap. Sedis, IV, 623)."

"If, at a certain time in life, one has fulfilled the forementioned conditions on eight consecutive First Saturdays, that person gains, besides the Plenary Indulgence, a right to the Apostolic Blessing with the Indulgence at the hour of death. (Benedict XV, November 17, 1920)."

When Our Blessed Lady appeared at Fatima, she requested the practice of First Saturday Communions. Shall we leave our Mother's plea unheeded? Let us honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus by kneeling at the Communion rail on the First Friday, and the Most Pure Heart of His Mother and ours on the First Saturday, in a spirit of reparation for a guilty world.

WEST INDIES

LES COTEAUX, HAITI

Sister Marie Cecile⁽¹⁾, Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Les Coteaux, Writes to Her Superior General.

Les Coteaux, February 12, 1946.



REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER,

A little imaginary trip to the dear Motherhouse would surely do us a world of good today — so here we are!

It takes a good amount of faith to believe we have already torn off the first page of the 1946 calendar. Not a flake of snow — and days at their hottest, according to me. However, kind Providence remembers we are Canadians, and affords us the illusion that the hillocks to the rear of our home are capped with snow. Almost daily during the recitation of our rosary, a fluffy white cloud delicately rests on their summit, and in our childlike admiration we fancy it is snow and bless and praise our Father in Heaven for it.

The New Year holidays were pleasant in every way. Our second Haitian Christmas closely resembled the first. The girls sang during Midnight Mass. They entered the church processionally, bearing lighted tapers and caroling the birth of the Savior. All the "shepherdesses" carried each a radiant star, and the whole effect was charming in the midnight darkness, for the Lady of Night remained hidden behind thick cloud hangings.

Joy reigned everywhere, for only the previous day the Reverend Pastor had returned from a long absence. A cavalcade was organized to greet him home and the church bells gaily chimed as he arrived. We heard two Masses in the church, and the third in the intimacy of our pious chapel. How we love to pray in our humble sanctuary, far from all outside hustle and bustle! Christmas Eve repasts are not the "order of the night" here, and all hastily sought their cots again.

On Epiphany we dismantled a Christmas tree for the benefit of our school pupils. On that occasion they also offered their wishes to the devoted Pastor of Les Coteaux. Each pupil received a dainty candy box, after which all drew lots for four dolls, one for each class. Parents were just as enthusiastic and appreciative as their youngsters. Eyeing the tearful losers, I could not help wishing for a whole boxful of those precious doll babies to give out. That afternoon I noticed a little girl leaning against

1. Cecile BREAUULT, Val Racine, P. Q.

our wall and crying bitterly. "What's the matter, dear?" I asked. She looked at me beseechingly, while tears coursed down her drawn cheeks. "Mother, give me a doll!" — "I have no more, dear, but if I ever get some again, I will surely keep one for you." That cheered her up — somewhat. If only our Canadian lassies understood their fortune, they would be good girls and would pray for their under-privileged sisters of Haiti.

Many thanks again, beloved Mother, for the helpful cases that came last November. Rosaries and medals are priceless here. I give some to the dispensary patients — my favorites!

When some happy day will bring you in our midst, dear Mother, you will make the acquaintance of all our unfortunates. Only a few nights ago, I saw one stretched out on the balcony, his head pillowed on a stone, and his body clothed in tatters. Poor fellow, he must have shivered all through the small hours! Even we, with our woollen blankets, find the night air almost chilling.

Sister Marie Berthe⁽¹⁾ is as busy as ever, for patients keep coming in from all the surrounding places. Since the first days of January, 1946, we have received close to nine hundred patients. Home visits frequently have to be made, and I often accompany the nurse. Sister is a good horsewoman who thinks nothing of long journeys over the hills. As for me, the joy I derive from those visits soon makes me forget the weariness they occasion.

About a month ago, I made a pleasant excursion in the mountains to visit a sick woman. The missionary Father, who had gone on before, had hastened to inform us, so we could take medicine along. The guide came for us and at 7 o'clock we were already on horseback. Presently we came to a steep peak so narrow that our horse had barely space to set his hoofs. One unfortunate move, and we would plunge headlong into the ravine! Once the guide called out and the helpboys hurried to us. One grasped the bridle of my steed, another followed behind; it was done similarly for my companion. We had to hold on as best we could so as not to be thrown down into the abyss. Meanwhile the helpboys kept warning the horses. Needless to say I took the admonitions for myself. I would wonder every second whether my beast was not going to stumble at the next step. But luckily nothing disastrous happened, and we rode on to the old woman's hovel. My heart beat fast when I dismounted, for I could not help thinking I would soon have to take to the perilous trail again. The dear old grannie lay on her straw matting covered with clean white sheets, for she was of a well-to-do family. As she lay wasted with fever, Sister gave her suitable remedies, not forgetting the appreciated injection. Then Father heard the woman's confession and administered the Sacrament of the dying. I had thought of slipping a handful of medals in my pocket before leaving, and so was able to distribute images of Our Blessed Mother to all the relatives.

Good riders we must have been, at least in the estimation of the guide, for he did not fear to lead us by a shorter, if still more mountainous, trail

1. Berthe Alice CHAMPAGNE, Montreal.



BASKET SELLER, HAITI

All three came from a good distance. As they were returning to the dispensary on the following day, the young patient's horse missed his footing and the lad plunged headlong on the hard pathway. His dressings were all blotched with blood. It was a heart-wringing sight surely.

I must tell you about my visit to Macaya. This was a journey on mule's back. Only mules can scale the steep heights and climb the paths, or rather the rocks, of the section. From Damassin we crossed the river and skirted a yawning ravine. Suddenly we launched into an extremely narrow byway, a sort of corridor between two rocks, where only one person could pass. At every step I would tell myself: the mule will never get there! But each time the little beast would firmly grip a footing and steadily climb upward. For over two hours we rode onward and upward, and reached our destination by 6 o'clock. Supper was given us in the tiny *caye*, and there under that thatch-roofed cottage we stayed for the night's rest. Pataud, our watchdog, slept under our cot like the faithful keeper he is.

Early the next morning the missionary Father said Mass in the chapel, which is about ten minutes' walk from there, and on a still higher peak. What a chapel! A roof, walls, an earthen floor, and a rickety table serving as altar!

Clinic we began after breakfast. Sixty-odd patients were treated, after which we returned to the chapel, where the Reverend Pastor had remained

on our return trip. Other helpboys accompanied us to guide our horses. They left us when we got to a smoother section, and we rode on without mishap. We arrived home at 9 o'clock, time to open the dispensary. Already patients stood waiting on the balcony. I am now able to make dressings, though not very considerable ones. With God's grace that will come someday.

Last week a young man of twenty, face, arms and legs covered with sores, came to seek our ministry. Just to see him in so pathetic a condition was too much for my heart; ever and anon I would lift my eyes from the gruesome sight out to the still blue sea, and confide to the waves of fleecy white my prayers for loved ones back in Canada. I then helped Sister to bind up his gaping wounds. Medals were given the boy and his parents.

to administer Baptism. Words fail me when I try to describe what feelings welled up from my heart as I gazed at the fifty-five children and youths waiting, along with their godparents, to receive the regenerating Sacrament. Beads of perspiration trickled down the missionary's forehead and the up-raised arm fell from exhaustion. The ceremony over, all withdrew, and I kept sorrowfully thinking of the sentence penned beneath a picture of Our Lord hanging on the wall: "I have compassion on the multitudes." Like the Divine Master's, my heart felt overwhelmed with melancholy. Few and far between are priestly visitations in that place. The rainy season forbids such lofty climbs. Most of the good folk were meeting Sisters for the first time, and for the first time too were hearing the holy name of Mary. Could I only have lingered behind to speak of the charity of Christ to the shepherdless flock!

Enthralling was the landscape viewed from those heights, and the morning sun bathed in golden beauty all the wild vistas of nature. Farther downward the sea seemed a mass of rolling snow. A tiny sailboat gliding on its heaving waters appeared about the size of a shell. The hills were exquisitely beautiful, and the light white cloud that usually hovered over them was now at our feet.

Our mules took to the home trail as prudently as on the previous day. But all the way I importuned Our Lady of Protection with incessant litanies of invocations. Soon, as we confidently hope, we shall be able to hold clinic there again. In caring for ailing bodies we shall have chances to soothe the plight of immortal souls.



SISTER ST. LUCILLE (ADRIENNE DE GRANDPRE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES COTEAUX, HAITI, AND A FEW OF HER SCHOOL CHARGES.

As you see by this letter, our joys are not few, and our outings make us appreciate our sublime missionary vocation. Thank you once again, beloved Mother, for having accepted me in our dear Community and also for having missioned me to Les Coteaux. How beautiful a calling is ours!

Our 150 pupils are a great consolation to the teaching Sisters. Sometimes fever or rain lower school attendance, but no one thinks of playing hookey.

I have seen little girls in turns shivering and burning with fever, who wanted to stay in class just the same. Our children are not pampered, as you see.

Healths are excellent, and spiritually speaking God is forever spoiling us, especially since our Reverend Pastor returned. Mass is said once a

week in our convent, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given now and then. We are so close to the church that it is easy to hear Mass there every morning.

Assuring you of our filial affection, we beg Our Heavenly Father to shower upon you, beloved Mother, and upon all our Mothers and Sisters His choicest graces, knowing that in return a prayer leaves Cote des Neiges in behalf of the mission band of Les Coteaux.

Your loving and respectful child,

SISTER MARIE CECILE, M. I. C.

Report of the Dispensary, Les Coteaux, for the Year 1945:

Patients	3,726	Consultations	1,043
Medicine distributed	1,872	Dressings	1,884
Injections	1,495	Home Visits	315



Mission Intention

for the Month of May, 1946

Christian Charity Towards All Nations

As a consequence of the war it would seem that the floodgates of hate overran the earth, unleashing distrust, deceit and cruelty with their consequent effects upon the human relations of nation with nation, as well as the individual man with his fellowmen. Perhaps none was more aware of this state of affairs than that great apostle of peace, His Holiness Pope Pius XII, who recommended to the faithful of the world a plea for prayers during the month of May for "Christian charity toward all nations." Certainly his appointment of the thirty-two new members to the College of Cardinals proved the exemplification of that charity, as did his words addressed to them and members of the diplomatic corps on February 25th last.

"On their part, our venerable brothers of the Sacred College, almost all shepherds of souls in their respective nations, will bring to it with the splendor of the Roman purple, the light of the Church, one in its universality, universal in its undividable unity," stated His Holiness. "They will bring with solicitude their devotion, the material heart of the Church, and tenderness to all men. They will bring to it the zeal of the Church in promoting the vitality, health and peace of human society and of every fatherland on the basis and according to the order established by the Creator, the all-powerful sovereign and all-loving Father."

There are, perhaps, no truer exemplars of the Christian charity so desired by the Holy Father than the bishops, priests, brothers and sisters who volunteer for the foreign mission apostolate. During the war just ended thousands of these gallant souls suffered internment, hundreds lost their lives, while practically all those who labored in the war areas endured untold privations and hardships as they led their people along the tortuous paths of flight during invasion. Despite the trials they encountered, there is never any thought of forsaking the work they undertook among the distant peoples in strange lands.

Only recently a report came to the offices of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith concerning conditions in Indo China. Little direct news had come out of this territory since its invasion and the present details were far from consoling. However, one fact stands out strikingly: the steadfastness of the missionaries. As a case in point let us quote the following. The superior of the mission of Chau-laos, in the Vicariate of Than-Hoa, was taken prisoner, and, after severe punishment, was asked to apostatize. His refusal infuriated his captors who punished him severely. Only the intervention of some of his more influential parishioners saved his life. Now he is in the hospital recovering from the beatings he received, but he has written to his Christians: "as soon as I am better I will return to you."

We are not called upon to make the heroic sacrifices of our missionaries in exemplifying real Christian charity toward all nations. But we can and should remove from our hearts all feelings of hatred toward our enemies, and unite our prayers for the restoration of true charity in this harassed world.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director

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

Do Japanese Make Good Christians?

Do Japanese make good Christians? The official newspaper of the Marine Air Corps at Cherry Point, North Carolina, gives an emphatic "yes" when in a recent issue it told the heroic story of a Catholic Japanese naval lieutenant, converted by the Maryknoll Fathers in Japan, who gave his life to save a group of American soldiers.

The soldiers, captured on Bataan, were being carried back to Japan in an overcrowded transport. The Americans were packed into a sealed hold, where they suffered terrible tortures because of lack of air and their wounds. However, every now and then a young Japanese officer would secretly remove the hatch cover and allow fresh air into the hold.

Later the officer told them that he was a Christian and had been converted by a Maryknoll priest in Japan. He did not hate the Americans because Christ told him to love all men.

As the ship wallowed along, an American submarine sent a torpedo crashing into its side. The panic-stricken Japanese prepared to leave the sinking ship but not before they firmly battened down the hatch over the American soldiers. In the dark the Americans awaited death as the ship prepared to go to the bottom.

Suddenly the hatch cover was ripped away and the face of the young Japanese lieutenant peered in. Men surged up out of the hold, among them the two officers who told this story. As they emerged, the young Japanese crumpled on the deck, bullets from his commanding officer's pistol buried in his body. He died there while the enemies he had released plunged over the side of the ship, some to die, others to ultimate safety. The Marine Corps editorial concludes with the simple words: "Greater love hath no man. . . ."



CHRISTLIKE CAREERS

This is the missionary career: an undisrupted series of acts of heroic charity. A flame of love leaps up in the heart of our missionaries on the promising threshold of youth, and irresistibly goads them onwards to far-off regions, prompting them to sever the ties that bind them to home and country — ties sacred with holy affections and deeply spiritual beauty. A flame of love sustains them across uncharted seas and steep mountains, and gives them courage to face hardships of every sort with a joyful heart, so truly they yearn to lay down their lives for the ideal that inspires them. A flame of love holds their enthusiasm on the land of their labors, and impels them to thoroughly disinterested self-dedication to the spiritual and material welfare of the peoples they thirst to save. The beautiful sacrifice made by these heroes of Christ should speak eloquently to us, and incite us to help them in the manifold works of mercy whereby they can save the souls of unnumbered pagan throngs.

Cardinal Salotti



Mission Stations in China Total 33,500

The Catholic Church in China has given every ounce of its effort and every dollar of its means to help that nation meet the desperate problems of the enemy invasion, avers the Rt. Rev. Julius Dillon, O. F. M., Prefect Apostolic of Shasi.

"The Church directs missions and mission stations in more than 33,500 localities in China," said Monsignor Dillon. "This includes furnishing a trusted lay staff of 100,000 helpers — teachers, doctors, nurses, and catechists — as well as some 3,987 priests and 12,500 sisters and brothers. In addition there is the maintenance of 7,628 schools, 432 orphanages, 266 hospitals, and 744 dispensaries. Before the war the sisters cared for 30,000 orphans and 60,000 infants annually. There were over half a million pupils in Catholic schools and 10 million patients received treatment in hospitals, dispensaries, and asylums maintained by the Church."

The Chinese deeply appreciate the missionaries' work, the prelate asserted. He was named Prefect Apostolic of Shasi in 1936.



Sunday, December 23, 1945

Mission menu was kindly served this afternoon by a missionary on furlough from Suchow, Rev. Brother D. Pesant, S. J. As might be expected of missionward-looking Sisters, we all relished to the full the accounts of apostolic adventuring wedged in between the turmoil of guns and air-raid alarms. We also have elder Sisters roughing it for Christ out there, and were gladly grateful to hear how Divine Providence had guarded them from all harm through the duration. Needless to say we share the joy of dear Mother Mistress, whose own sister is laboring in that section of wartorn China.

Many thanks to the returned missionary for his thrilling relations of the days when guns rocked the far-off mission front.

Tuesday, January 1, 1946

Peeping over the horizon at 1946, we hope in a glad and peaceful New Year, unclouded by the grim savagery of war. Midnight Mass was our privilege, following our traditional holy hour. How could the Divine Prisoner of the altar fail to bless and grant our prayers for all our loved ones on this night of nights!

All the day long, the floodgates of heavenly graces seemed full opened above our heads. Msgr. E. Laroche, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, called down a paternal blessing upon us, and gave us practical suggestions on ways and means whereby to make the most of the opening milestone. Our Rev. Chaplain also blessed the Community. Parlor hours with relatives fled on wings. Where was it we read about "the shifting sands of time?"

Monday, February 11, Our Lady of Lourdes

Religious oblations crowned as usual our eight-day retreat. At 9.30, twelve Novices pledged themselves to their Divine Betrothed by yearly vows. Rev. Father Blanchet, brother to one of the newly-professed Sisters, received their sacred promises.

Public ceremonies of Clothing and Final Profession were held in the afternoon under the presidency of Rev. Father R. Marien, Chaplain at Jacques Cartier Normal School. A good number of relatives and friends were present.

Several members of the clergy also enhanced the solemnity of the feast: the Rev. Fathers D. Barillec, O. P.; E. A. Martel, La Providence, St. Hyacinthe; A. Champagne, S. J., Immaculate Conception Parish; A. Belleau, S. J., Sault au Recollet; Henri Fortin, S. S. S.; Hermann Pinard, S. S. S.; C. H. Lesage, C. S. V., St. Barthelemy; Leopold Degagne, C. S. S. R.; Clovis Rondeau, P. M. E., Pont Viau; Armand Desgagne, Chicoutimi; Damien Robert, St. Roch de l'Achigan; C. A. Blondin, St. Adele; Lucien Messier, Bishop's Residence, St. Johns; Adrien Moreau, Chaplain at the Motherhouse; Roger Lachapelle; Marcel Nepveu; Robert Lambert; the Rev. Brothers Eusebe, F. S. C.; Paul, E. C.; Albert, C. S. S. R.

Rev. Father Barillec, O. P., retreat master, delivered a substantial allocution in which he firstly reminded the Spouses of Christ of the deep meaning of the act they were about to perform, and of their consequent obligation to lead hence a life of love and sacrifice with God alone in view.

Then, speaking to the congregation, he continued: "Christian parents, God has chosen your children. But even before He accepted their holocaust, had you not already offered it through your tears? If at this moment your eyes are tempted to vision naught but death in this oblation, stir up the faith within you! In this separation from a perishable world you should rather see the dawning of true life."

A touching incident was recalled by the eloquent preacher. "News was brought to a staunch Christian mother that her son, a missionary to Korea, had been slain for his Faith by the cruel Boxers. Sympathetic friends had arranged for a funeral service. 'Oh no!' exclaimed this truly heroic mother. 'This trial of Providence must not be greeted with tears! Rather do I wish to invite you to a solemn Mass of thanksgiving!' And on the morrow a radiant woman appeared in the congregation — the worthy mother of the courageous martyr.

"In the same way, Christian parents," concluded the reverend speaker, "unite your voices with your children's, in thanking the Lord for having done great things in your homes."

The customary ceremonies of the day were ended by Benediction from the Sacramental Friend, a divine seal, as it were, on each and every offering to Him presented.

After the solemn functions, the ecclesiastics present gathered to bless the reunited Community. The officiating priest, speaking in the name of all, left us among several this thought-provoking spiritual tid-bit: "In religious profession it is our intention to give ourselves integrally. But from then on, drop by drop we are called upon to dedicate our lives. Each action must therefore be done with as great love as prompted the initial donation."

Professed Sisters and Novices whose great day it was, then greeted their parents in the parlor. Pleasant evening hours were spent close to our Rev. Mother General. Our last prayers were of thanksgiving to Him whose divine predilection we shall understand only when for us dawns Life Eternal and the full glory of the Beatific Vision.

The following Novices donned Mary's white habit: Miss Carmen Castonguay, Edmunston, N. B. (Sister St. Flavie); Miss Isabelle Gaboriault, Farnham (Sister St. Isabelle); Miss Carmelle Caron, Tourville (Sister St. Clement); Miss Claire Lecomte, Montreal (Sister St. Benoit); Miss Armandine Gauthier, St. Honore (Sister Marie de la Paix); Miss Gilberte Perras, St. Catherine de Laprairie, (Sister Aimee de Jesus); Miss Marguerite Legault, des Cedres (Sister Marie de Fatima); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Tremblay, Dolbeau (Sister Marie Jacinte); Miss Gabrielle Saucier, Verdun (Sister St. Alberte); Miss Jeannine Gagnon, Herouxville (Sister St. Rene Goupil); Miss Monique Nadeau, Sorel, (Sister Paul Eugene); Miss Mercedes Blackburn, Chicoutimi (Sister St. Hugues); Miss Gaetane Marchand, St. Lambert (Sister St. Theobald); Miss Lise Mercure, Normandin (Sister Joseph de l'Enfant Jesus); Miss Lucienne Tanguay, St. Hyacinthe (Sister St. Hyacinthe).

Sixteen Professed Sisters of annual vows bound themselves irrevocably to their Divine Spouse: Sister Louis Marie (Lucienne Filion, Kenogami); Sister Alphonse Marie (Marie Jeanne Fortin, St. Octave des Metis); Sister St. Antoinette (Gemma Normand, Trois Saumons, L'Islet); Sister St. Alexandrine (Evelyn O'Neil, Quebec); Sister Jeanne de Lorraine (Carmelle Delisle, Pont Rouge); Sister Joseph du Sauveur (Berangere Cadieux, Montreal North); Sister St. Dominique (Laurette Lapointe, Jonquiere); Sister Marie de l'Eucharistie (Carmelle Langlois, Laprairie); Sister Marie Edwidge (Marie Paule Gaudreault, Rimouski); Sister Colette de Jesus (Gilberte Brochu, St. Henri de Levis); Sister Florence du Sacre Cœur (Gabrielle Ouimet, Montreal); Sister St. Gilberte (Gilberte Coallier, Montreal); Sister Françoise de Lisieux (Claire Lacombe, Montreal); Sister Marie Claire (Claire Audy, Three Rivers); Sister Jeanne de la Visitation (Noella Roy, St. Jeanne d'Arc, Mata-pedia); Sister Marie Flore (Marie Joseph Desrochers, St. Roch de l'Achigan).

Saint Joseph Burse

FOR THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY SISTER

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

Offerings received for the Saint Joseph Burse

Year 1944.....	\$294.06	January-February 1946.....	\$34.25
Year 1945.....	223.10	March-April.....	31.50

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

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



Let us have confidence that the present century, although born proud and presumptive, although the carrier of many delusions, will nevertheless produce for the Catholic missions a rich harvest, repeated after planting seeds amidst tears.— *Pope Pius XII*

* * *

So Late Have I Loved Thee!

When the first missionaries took up their residence in Indo-China, a pagan priest living nearby often came to converse with the Fathers. When he heard that Our Lord rose from the dead that we might all rise with Him on the last day, he was exceedingly touched. He eagerly asked for Baptism. He was full of devotion and often remained all night long on his knees repeating over and over again the words, *Tuii ciam biet* — "I knew You not"; or "Forgive me, my God, for till now I never knew You." — *Sister Antonella, S. Sp. S., Yenchowfu, China*

* * *

Member of a growing Church, I cannot shirk the duty of helping in her extension. It is not enough for me to assure my own spiritual welfare; I must contribute to push ever farther the geographical limits of Holy Mother Church, and the missionary preoccupation, perennial and active, far from being a luxury or a mania, is a first-rate obligation. I fail to correspond to the grace of my Baptism and I live like a parasite in the Church, from the moment I neglect this duty, for one does untold harm to a growing organism from the moment one hinders its growth. Thy Spirit, O God, who sees to the welfare of the Church, it is He who urges us on to missionary zeal and lays within our hearts treasures of sympathy for all those who will some day join us in the True Fold; it is He who stimulates and encourages us, and leads us *in mensuram ætatis plenitudinis*, to the fullness of the measure of the adult.

Rev. Father Charles, S. J.



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

My! It feels great and good to see so many smiling faces all around! I'm sure you boys and girls are merrier and gayer than ever, now that Mary's springtime month is around the corner. Won't it be just too delightful for words to see buds and blossoms, chirping birdies and velvet grass laughing up into Mr. Sun's jolly face!

That's the spirit, dears. God made this beautiful world of ours and He likes us to enjoy it to the full. He wants us to wear a broad, sunny smile, and go about making other people happy too.

So, be glad and happy, and find a glad song to lilt all day. Get out Big Sister's scrapbook and learn a sweet little poem for Heaven's Lovely Lady. It's *her* month, you know — the grandest and loveliest of all the year.

Let's plan what love-gifts we shall offer. Something tells me she's especially fond of fragrant blossoms. Open the flower-garden of your heart. Look! That queenly rose of charity would surely grace the fairest of all nosegays! These dainty wee forget-me-nots would whisper lovely secrets to Mother Mary, and so would these snow-white lilies of purity! I know someone who never failed to cull scented blooms like those for our Mother in Heaven. All listening? We're skipping back to last month's story.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL

It was a sunny spring day. Mary Anna was romping in the flower-bordered lanes of her daddy's garden. Mary Anna just had to smile, because the sun was laughing right in her eyes, and the early birds were chirping out all the happy music in their wee hearts. Now and then she would stop short in her fun, and throw a big warm kiss to the best mother in the whole wide world. Just one week ago, the girlie had met Jesus for the first time. But for long months ahead Mother had been helping her making ready for the Heavenly Visitor. Since New Year's, especially, Mary Anna had done her very best — she knew time was getting short now.

"Mummie!" she would often open her heart to her mother, "I want Jesus to be so happy that He'll never, never want to go back home."

"That won't be so very hard, darling!"

"Tell me quick, Mummie! How shall I go about it?"

"You know, my angel, how Jesus loves the flowers of little virtues. If He finds beautiful blossoms in the garden of your heart, He'll never, never feel lonesome and want to go back with the Angels."

"Oh, Mummie, then I want to make my heart God's own garden. But tell me more about how to make lovely flowers grow."

"It's all very easy, darling. Little acts of love will be changed into pink roses with sweetly-scented petals. Little deeds of sacrifice for souls will become rich scarlet roses. Every time you try to avoid making Jesus feel sad by spoiling the white beauty of your soul, a pretty spiritual lily will spring up in your garden. All the tiny deeds of your day, when done with care and a cheerful heart, will become charming forget-me-nots. Deeds of kindness, gentleness, cheer, will look like dainty frilly daisies with hearts of gold. Acts of obedience can be turned into nicely-tinted carnations. Now you see, dearie, that you can offer all sorts of flowers."

"And I'm going to offer a bouquet to Jesus every day."

"Better put it in Mother Mary's hands first. She'll pull out all the little blades of grass and pricking thistles and give it herself to her Boy."

Mary Anna was thinking about all those things that spring morning, as she stood staring wonder-eyed at the pretty flowers laughing in the sunlight. Deep in her heart the child felt happier than she had ever been in all her young life. Why, hadn't she already gathered three lovely flowers for Jesus!

The boys — lucky things! — had gone off on a pleasant excursion, but much as her tears and her wee tongue had pleaded, Little Missie hadn't been able to coax Mother to let her go along with them.

That was hard, thought Mary Anna. But not *too* hard. Jesus must have congratulated Himself on suggesting that sacrifice, for almost right away He asked for a tiny forget-me-not, so tiny that only He could see it. It happened when the maid tried to tame the riot of curly, unruly locks. Mary Anna didn't fret or stamp her feet, and that meant something! Then about the third flower: half an hour at the piano, your fingers mournfully running along the keys, when bright nature keeps peeping in at the window and telling you it's sissy to stay 'inside like the hermits you meet with in Church History.

Daddy Redbreast and family merrily chirped away, while Mother Butterfly and all the little Butterflies played tag among the trees and flowers basking in the sun. The tiny girlie felt so happy that before she knew it evening had come and the merry trio had returned. Golly, it was great to see the three rascals again!

"Want this whistle, honey? I made it on purpose for you."

"Oh, thanks, Alf! You'll show me how they're made, won't you?"

"If you want to leave me in peace till the holidays. It won't be long now. Are you glad?"

Is she glad? Alf, boy, just think of the blue lake, the canoe trips, the

fishing outings, the picnics on the beach and all the long hikes in the woods — and don't ask that little sister of yours whether she's glad!

* * *

Dear boys and girls, I needn't ask — you're all eager as could be for the holidays. Here's wishing you the most delightful and restful of vacations with Dad and Mom and brothers and sisters. Meanwhile, be extra studious, give five minutes more to that Grammar lesson and try to remember your Canadian History dates. If you do so, you will surely finish the



school year in the very best way, and that's what I'm wishing you. Then for the lake and picnic and frolic!

Want another story? You know, Mother's Day will soon be here. So that's why I chose a story about the most wonderful person in this big world — your mother and mine!

And here's the promised item:

A BOUQUET FOR MOTHER'S DAY

It was the eve of Mother's Day. Mrs. X. had wheeled her little crippled boy on the balcony, where he could take in wholesome air and let the sun caress his pale face.

"Bye, Peter!" said Mother with a smile that lights up only the features of mothers. "I have to do some shopping now and I may be back rather late. Try not to find the time too long."

And Mummie went off. Peter's admiring gaze lovingly followed her. As soon as she had turned the street corner, the eleven-year-old called out to Baby Jeanie who was playing with butterflies nearby.

"Lo, Pete!" And quick as her tiny legs could carry her, Jeanie ran over to her sick friend. Maybe he had just read another chapter in his birthday present story book and was going to tell her interesting things.

But Peter put his index finger to his lips and looked mysterious.

"Here, Jeanie, I've a great big secret to tell you!" Then in a whisper, for fear the birds would tell on him, perhaps, he added:

"Tomorrow's Mother's Day. We should offer flowers, don't you think?"

"Sure, Pete, let's!" Baby agreed with importance.

"Do you see those pretty flowers over there? Could you pick some, Jeanie?"

"Sure I could!" Without waiting for a second invitation, Jeanie toddled over to the flowery patch.

Two-year-olds can't do as much as big people, of course. But soon Baby came back with a whole armful — a small armful it must have been — of flowers and delicate greenery she had picked at great pains.

Peter grinned and his heart and lips spoke a grateful thank you. With deft fingers he formed two pretty bouquets.

"Jeanie dear, you tell Milly to put them in a bowl of water till tomorrow so they won't lose their freshness and beauty. She must keep mum, and so must you, and so must I! . . . It's a secret, and you don't go broadcasting secrets, do you?"

So it happened that the loving little cripple had a dainty feastday bouquet to offer his mother, the best mother, according to him, on God's good earth.

* * *

Here I've been talking about Mother's Day bouquets. What gifts are you scheming on the sly for that great occasion? Maybe your Guardian Angel will tell on you. Anyway, I'll try to coax him, for I'm very curious to know all about your projects. May I ask him?

Now it's time to get busy with those presents for the second Sunday in May. Think it over and get your darling mother something she will never forget. Prayers, bouquets, or what else?

Just a reminder: that loving heart of yours would make an extra fine garden for Jesus and Mother Mary. And don't forget the flowers!

Yours till July,

THE PRECURSOR



The money you give to help the poor missions is a loan made to the Lord and the Lord will recompense you for it. Christ, Who speaks and works in the champions of His Gospel, will grant you to share in their merits. He will consider as given to Him what you give to them.

Pope Pius XII



Manhood and Childhood — A Paradox

Be a man before men; but be a child before God. In the presence of men show the strength of your nature, express your will by firm action. In the presence of God acknowledge your fragility and utter helplessness. With God, fervent prayer alone avails. Do you feel alone and forsaken on this vast human sphere? Be a child, and God will be your Father. Let your thoughts be a man's, but your heart a child's! Make your way through life undaunted. To this end only has your soul been endowed with energetic impulses. All your activity must be directed towards the welfare of your brethren. Thus will you prelude to a nobler love, and prepare in spotlessness of heart the celestial blossoming of eternal happiness. Be a man before life, a child before yourself. When falls the eventide of your life, you will longingly sigh at the thought of your father's home, and at the remembrance of your childhood. But all that will not be irremediably lost. One more step! And behold the flowers and the pleasant shade destined even now to you, as in years long past, by the blessing hand of a father. Child, be joyful and run to meet that father! — REINICK

As Children Pray

Nothing assures a happy home like the prayer of little ones. It is the family's greatest treasure. Children are the sweetest and mightiest intercessors parents could desire to plead for them with God above. So easy is prayer to their soul, so natural is its fragrance on their rosy lips, so gracefully their tiny hands join in prayer, so ingenuously their voices lisp the divine words, that it would be nothing short of profanation to quench in their heart the wellspring of the "perfect praise" whose privileged organs they are. Closer than we are to Heaven, whence so lately they have come, they seem to have kept a more vivid and a purer remembrance of it. Their wide-open eyes can more easily scan the unseen of which maternal lips may speak. They are too intimate with the Angels not to be God's own neighbors. Who knows whether their candid faith and artless trust are not the sole explanation of their strong and pure confidence that works miracles? They are the true beneficent genii of the home, if only their father and mother will leave them the role of intermediaries between earth and Heaven.

UPLIFT YOUR CHILD TO THE DIVINE IDEAL

Rearing a child means, taking him as a tot on earth and raising him little by little upwards to Heaven. It means, developing his body in purity and temperance, his mind in the light of faith, his conscience in uprightness and delicacy of sentiment, his heart in charity, his character in strength and rectitude, his soul in grace and virtue, his entire self in sanctity. It means, directing each of his faculties from degree to degree unto that divine ideal, that real and living ideal which we call Christ. Thereby shall we assure him not only a situation in this world, but also a place in the world to come. Thereby shall we make of him a Christian in time, an elect in eternity. In short, thereby shall we form him in God, and God in him.

MSGR. MATHIEU

* * *

Christ had His Judas and the Church has hers. But just as it would have been unfair to judge Christ by Judas, so too is it unfair to censure His Church on the score of those who fail to live up to her teachings.

Rev. Fr. Richard Felix, O. S. B.

**THANKSGIVINGS
TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN**
For Favors Obtained.

Thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favor received. I am sending an offering for a low Mass. Mrs. A. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received. Mrs. E. D., **Villeray**. — I have obtained a cure. Mrs. U. D. — Many thanks for a favor received. Mrs. Z. C., **Montreal**. — Thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favor. Mrs. H. L. — Grateful thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady for a favor received. Mrs. F. M., **Verdun**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady for having protected my two sons throughout the war. H. G. — Homage of gratitude for a favor received after promising to publish. S. M. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for favors received through her intercession. Mrs. E. — Thanks to the Immaculate Conception for favors received through her intercession. Mrs. A. L. — Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a favor received. A subscriber, **Rosemont**. — All my gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. Miss A. R., **Amqui**. — Lively thanks for a favor received. Miss G. B., **Labelle**. — Please help me thank Our Blessed Lady for my daughter's cure. A subscriber, **St. Nicholas**. — Please publish in THE PRECURSOR my lively thanks to the Blessed Virgin, who has answered my prayers. A. D. — A favor has been obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A subscriber. — Many thanks for the recovery of sums of money. I am requesting my cure. Mrs. E. H. — Thanks to the Heart of Mary for a favor received. A subscriber, **Rosemont**. — Gratitude towards our dear Heavenly Mother. Will you please pray for the conversion of a person. Anonymous. — Thanks for the cure of my little nephew. Mrs. E. B. — Many thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a special favor. A devoted client of Mary — Grateful thanks for a favor that has been granted me. Mrs. A. B., **St. Thuribe**. — I have received a favor from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. G. — Sincere thanks for a favor received. M. G. G., **Bromptonville**. — I am fulfilling a promise in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. B. L. — Gratitude to our dear Heavenly Mother. Mrs. L. A. — A favor has been obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. D. — I am coming to fulfill a promise in grateful thanks for a favor received. Mrs. H. F. — Many thanks to Our Blessed Mother for her protection. Mrs. H. D. — A thousand thanks for a favor received. Miss A. B. — I am happy to fulfill my promise in thanksgiving for a favor received. Mrs. A. D. — Homage of thanksgiving for a cure. A. A. — Grateful thanks for protection granted my son who is working in the lumber woods. A subscriber. — I wish to express my thanks for the protection that has been given me throughout the last year. Mrs. J. A. — Thanks for the return of my aviator son and for a position my daughter has obtained. Mrs. H. V.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Good St. Anne and St. Anthony for their protection. Mrs. C., **Salem, Mass.** — Grateful thanks for a favor received through the intercession of St. Joseph. Mrs. L. L. — Thanks to St. Anthony of Padua. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks to Ven. Margaret Bourgeois for a favor received through her intercession. Anonymous. — I am sending an offering for a favor granted me by Jesus, Mary, Joseph and all the Saints in Heaven. Please pray that I may not get blind. Mrs. C. McK., **Jewett City, Conn.**



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$ 25.00				
Vigil Light or candle.....	<table style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black; border-collapse: collapse; margin-left: 10px;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">10 cents each.</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">75 cents for a novena.</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">\$ 2.00 for a month.</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">20.00 for a year.</td> </tr> </table>	10 cents each.	75 cents for a novena.	\$ 2.00 for a month.	20.00 for a year.
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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.



PETITIONS

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee"

Will you please pray that I may be granted three favors, if it is God's holy will. Also that my husband will stop drinking. Anonymous. — Will you kindly say a fervent prayer for a very special favor for which I have been praying a long time and sometimes get discouraged. M. G., **Montreal**. — Please make a novena that my son will get a good position soon. I am much worried to see him out of work. A worried mother, **Montreal**. — I would like to ask you to please pray for my husband who has been drinking for the last six weeks. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — Please keep on praying for our special intentions. We have already noticed some improvement thanks to your prayers. Miss L., **Outremont**. — May I ask a share in your novena to Our Immaculate Mother for a special intention. Mrs. M. F., **St. Odilon, Dorchester Co.** — Will you kindly have prayers offered for a very special intention and would you please have a special remembrance in all the Masses. A subscriber, **St. Hyacinthe**. — Will you please pray for me to Our Blessed Lady, that I may obtain a favor I greatly

desire and for improvement in my husband's health. I'm making a novena now. Mrs. H. B., **Belle River, Ont.** — I am enclosing money for vigil lights or candles to be burnt for a month for a special intention: the success of an operation which my brother has to undergo. Please help me pray for him so that everything comes out all right. F. L., **Tecumseh, Ont.** — Will you please pray for me to Our Blessed Mother for a very special favor to be answered soon. I am suffering from arthritis and very bad rheumatism. Mrs. J. W., **Vankleek Hill, Ont.** — Would you kindly offer up a novena to our sweet Mother for a very urgent request. Please say a prayer for me. M. A., **Black Donald Mines, Ont.** — Would you please make a special novena for my daughter who has married outside the faith, also that she gets well again. Mrs. G. — Will you please pray for my husband so he will get well and be able to go to work soon. Mrs. E. St. P., **Salem, Mass.** — Please keep on still praying for my health and family. Mrs. A. R., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please pray for my wife who is ill. Mr. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Will you please pray for a special intention of mine. J. H., **Au Sable Forks, N. Y.** — Please pray for a very special intention. Mrs. A., **Willimantic, Conn.** — I am requesting a favor from Our Blessed Mother. Will you kindly pray that my husband will give up drinking, and that we may be able to settle an important matter. Anonymous. — I am asking a conversion, a cure and protection for our family through the intercession of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. A subscriber. — I would like you to pray so my son will reform his ways. A mother. — A special favor is requested. A subscriber, **St. Beatrix**. — Will you please pray that my husband will find a new position. Also pray for health for myself. A mother. — I am requesting your kind prayers for my husband, who is suffering from a stomach ailment, and for my own cure. A subscriber. — A cure is ardently requested. Mrs. A. T., **Bagotville**. — I should like to find a good job and fair salary. A former subscriber. — Please pray for the successful outcome of an important business. A. J. D. — Please pray that my husband will return to the practice of his faith. Anonymous.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

Will you kindly have a novena made to Our Blessed Mother and her little Infant Son for a very special favor I am asking. Please pray to St. Anne and St. Joseph also for my husband to stop drinking. Mrs. C., **Longueuil, P. Q.** — I am recommending a special intention to our dear Heavenly Mother and Good St. Anne. A future subscriber. — Success in an undertaking and a special grace through the intercession of Mary Immaculate and St. Anne. Anonymous. — I am requesting your prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony that I may obtain a position, and also for another favor. Mrs. L. C., **Waterloo**. — Would you kindly help me to pray to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony that I may be able to sell a property as soon as possible at a good price. A subscriber. — My daughter is afflicted with a skin disease. I am confiding her cure to the Immaculate Conception and St. Anthony. Mrs. A. L. B.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: vocations, 4; conversions, 15; cures, 56; positions, 8; special intentions, 127.




OBITUARY

Very Rev. Canon E. Gelinus, **Three Rivers**; Rev. Father J. L. Boisvert, **Montreal**;
 Rev. Father C. Cordier, **Lowell, Mass**; Rev. Brother Joseph Ofredy Delisle, S. J.,
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TAONAN, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Boarding School;

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1931)

Dispensary. Native Novitiate "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary". Boarding School.

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1932)

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission. (Founded in 1933)

Dispensary.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi, Fukushima Ken. (Founded in 1930)

Kindergarten.

WAKAMATSU, 480 sakae machi, Hon 3 no cho No 1, Aizu Wakamatsu. (Founded in 1933)

Kindergarten.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 287 Tayuman St. (Founded in 1921)

Hostel "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus". School for Chinese.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti. (Founded in 1943)

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

LES COTEAUX, Haiti. (Founded in 1944)

Dispensary. School.

ITALY

ROME, 26 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario. (Founded in 1925)

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$10,00.00 or more.

2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above-mentioned donations.

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

4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

The Society also considers as Benefactors, all persons who contribute to the maintenance of its works any offering whatever, in money or kind.

While commending their Benefactors to God, that He Himself may reward them according to their generosity, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the merits of their apostolic labors, as also in the prayers and sufferings of all the poor unfortunates confided to their care.

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communion received by the Sisters.

2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.

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

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honor is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Leprosarium, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.

6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.

7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.