

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 17th Year.

MONTREAL, January-February, 1939

No. 1



Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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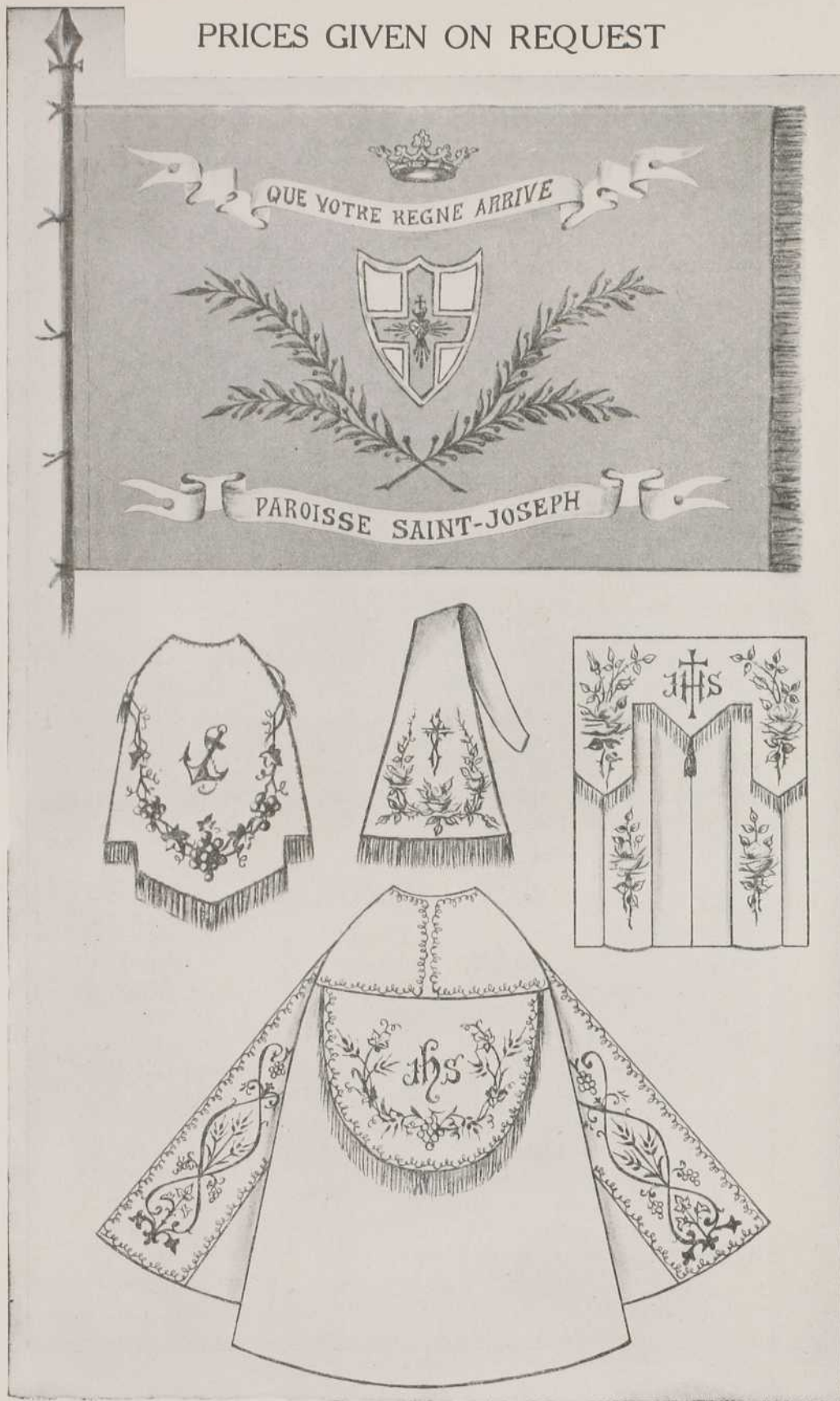
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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of the Immaculate Conception

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*Thou that didst bow the billows' pride, Thy mandates to fulfil,
So speak to Passion's raging tide! Speak, and say: "Peace! be still!"*

— Hemans.



Our Wishes

*O Heavenly Father,
Father infinitely good, infinitely merciful,
look down propitiously upon the world
and grant it peace during this New Year.*

*Give Divine Light and consolation
to our beloved Pontiff Pius XI
and to all the Pastors of the Church.*



*Direct all our Rulers,
that they may agree to maintain peace
and thus assure the happiness of their nations.*

*Bless the Diocesan Authorities,
to whom we owe
filial submission and profound gratitude.*

*Bless our devoted Benefactors,
rewarding them a hundredfold
for their charity.*

*Bless, also, all the Subscribers,
Readers and Friends of THE PRECURSOR.*

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



NOEL!



NOEL!



The Infant King

*Reign, Jesus, Reign!
Reign over me,
That all I do,
Be done by Thee;
That all I think,
Thou think'st in me;
That all I say,
Be said by Thee.*





A New Year's Wish

*God bless the work that lies before your hand!
God's blessing be on all that you have done!
For what is fame or gift or treasure grand,
If His approving smile we have not won!*

*God strengthen you when crosses come to stay,
When shadows close around your heart and home!
God guide your soul when light seems far away,
When all the world's tossed waves are white with foam!*

*God dower you with kind, consoling words
For wounded hearts, with gloom and anguish filled,
Soft soothing words to sing like happy birds
With voice prophetic, till the storm is stilled!*

*In body and in soul, God keep you strong
To toil for Him and never fail through fear!
This is my wish, the burden of my song, —
God bless you in the dawning of the year!*

— Brian O'Higgins.

The Nativity of Christ

O sanctify this feast, we ought to consecrate it to devotion, and principally to the exercises of adoration, praise, and love. This is the tribute we must offer to our new-born Saviour, when we visit Him in spirit with the good shepherds. With them we must enter the stable, and contemplate this mystery with a lively faith, by which, under the veils of this infant body, we discover the infinite majesty of our God; and in this mystery we shall discern a prodigy of omnipotence to excite our praise, and a prodigy of love to kindle in our souls the affections of ardent love of God.

To contemplate immensity shut up in a little body, omnipotence clothed with weakness, the eternal God born in time, the joy of angels bathed in tears, is something far more wonderful than to consider God creating a world out of nothing, moving the heavens, and weighing the universe with a finger. This is a mystery altogether unutterable; to be adored in silence, and in raptures of admiration, not to be declared by words. "How can any one speak of the wonder which is here wrought among us?" says St. Fulgentius. "A man of God, a creature of His Creator, one who is finite and was born in time of Him Who is immense and eternal." Here, He Who is wonderful in all His works, has outdone what creatures could have known to be possible to Omnipotence itself, had they not seen it accomplished. Another eminent servant of God cries out upon this mystery, "O Lord our God, how admirable is Thy name over all the earth! Truly Thou art a God working wonders. I am not now astonished at the creation of the world, at the heavens, at the earth, at the succession of days and seasons. But I wonder to see God enclosed in the womb of a virgin, the Omnipotent laid in a manger, the eternal Word clothed with flesh." Ought we not to invite the heavenly spirits to exert their might in praising the Lord for this incomprehensible effort of His power, goodness, and wisdom? to glorify their God in this state of humiliation which His infinite love has moved Him to put on to save sinful man? *Adore Him, all you His angels.* But these devout spirits have received a strict injunction to acquit themselves of this duty. The Eternal Father, when He brought His Son into the world, laid on them His commands, saying: *Let all the angels of God adore Him.* Though they neither wanted invitation nor command, their own devotion being their prompter. Shall not man, for whom this whole mystery is wrought, and who is so much favoured, and so highly privileged and ennobled by the same, burn with a holy ardour to perform his part in this duty, and make the best return he is able of gratitude, adoration, and praise?

To these exercises we ought to consecrate a considerable part of our devotions, especially on this festival, repeating with fervour the psalms which chiefly consist of acts of divine praises, the hymn of thanksgiving used by the Church, commonly ascribed to St. Ambrose and St. Austin, and the angelical hymn, Glory and praise be given by all creatures to God alone in the highest heavens; and peace to men of good-will. In our devotions, also, acts of love ought to challenge a principal part, the Incarnation

of the Son of God being the mystery of love; or properly a kind of ecstasy of love, in which God strips Himself, as it were, of the rays of His glory to visit us, to become our brother, and to make Himself in all things like us.

Love is the tribute which God challenges of us in a particular manner, in this mystery: this is the return which He requires of us for all He has done and suffered for us. He says to us: *Son, give me thy heart.* To love Him is our sovereign happiness, and the highest dignity and honour to which a creature can aspire. To be suffered to make Him a tender of our love ought alone to have engaged us not to neglect any means of corresponding with such a grace. But we are bound to it upon the title of the strictest justice. God being infinite in all perfections, is infinitely worthy of our love, and we ought to love Him with an infinite love, if we were capable of it. We are also bound to love Him in gratitude, especially for the benefit of His Incarnation, in which He has given us Himself, and this in order to rescue us from extreme miseries, and to bestow on us the most incomprehensible graces and favors. He came to save us when we deserved nothing at His hands but eternal torments. Also the manner in which He came to visit us, shows yet in a more astonishing manner the excess of His goodness and charity for us. To engage our hearts more strongly, He has made Himself like to us, taking upon Him our nature. *God was seen upon earth, and has conversed with men. The Word was made flesh.* God is born an infinite babe, the Eternal is become a young child, the Omnipotent is made weak, He Who is essentially infinite and independent, is voluntarily reduced to a state of subjection, and humbled beneath His own creatures. It is love, and the love of us sinful men that hath done all this. "O strong wine of charity!" cries out St. Thomas of Villa Nova, "O most powerful triumph of love! thou hast conquered the Invincible: the Almighty is become thy captive. O truly excess of charity!" Can we contemplate this Divine Infant, or call to mind this adorable mystery, without melting in love? So sweetly do all its circumstances breathe the most tender love; which the Church expresses by saying, that on this day the heavens flow with honey. Can we ever satiate the affection of our souls by repeating to ourselves those amiable words, and reciting them every time with a fresh effusion of joy and love? *A Little One is born to us: a Son is given to us. Or, This day is born to you a Saviour.*

St. Francis of Assisium appeared not able to contain himself through excessive tenderness of love, when he spoke of this mystery, and named the Little Babe of Bethlehem. St. Bernard says: "God on the throne of His majesty and greatness commands our fear and our homages: but in His littleness especially our love." This Father invites all created beings to join him in love and adoration, and to listen in awful silence to the proclamation of the festival in honour of this mystery made in the Roman Martyrology. "Hear, ye heavens," says he, "and lend your ears, O earth. Stand in raptures of astonishment and praise, O you whole creation, but you chiefly, O man. *Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, was born in Bethlehem of Juda.* O short word of the Eternal Word abridged for us! but filled with heavenly sweetness! The affection of this melting sweetness

struggles within, earnestly labouring widely to diffuse its teeming abundance, but finds not words. For such is the grace and energy of this speech, that it relishes less, if one *iota* in it be changed." In another sermon, having repeated the same words, he adds: "At these words my soul melts, and my spirit boils within me, hastening with burning desire to publish to you this exultation and joy." If this love were kindled in our breast, nothing were sweeter to us than to abide in spirit at the feet of Jesus, pondering the motive, that is, the excess of divine love which brought Him from heaven, and contemplating the other circumstances of this mystery. How ought we to salute and adore those sacred hands which are weakened, wrapped in clouts, or stretched on the manger, for love of us, but which move the



The Infant Jesus of the Crib of Bethlehem

heavens and uphold and govern the universe. Also those divine feet, which will undergo so many fatigues, and at length be bored on the cross for us. That blood which purples His little veins, and dyes His blessed cheeks, but which is the price of our redemption, and will be one day poured out upon the cross. How is this sweet countenance, which is the joy of angels, now concealed! But it will one day be buffeted, bruised, and covered with filthy phlegm. How ought we respectfully to honor it! His holy flesh, more pure than angels, even now begins to suffer from the cold and other hardships: do we not desire to defend it from these injuries? But this cannot be allowed. Nor could any one oppose the work of our redemption. Sin is the cause of all that He suffers, and shall not we detest and shun that monster? The loving eyes of the divine Jesus pierce our souls. They are now bathed in tears; though, as St. Bernard says, "Jesus weeps not as other children, or at least not on the same account." They cry for their wants and weakness, Jesus for compassion and love for us. May these precious tears move the heavenly Father to show us mercy, and may they soften, wash and cleanse our souls.

— *Buller.*

The Apostolic Delegate's Allocution in the Cathedral of Montreal

Sunday, November 20, 1938.

HIS Excellency, Most Reverend G. Gauthier, Coadjutor Archbishop of Montreal, and Very Reverend Canon A. Harbour, Pastor of the Cathedral, offered to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate the homage of respect and affection of the ecclesiastical province and of the parishioners of the Cathedral. The Holy Father's Representative in Canada replied by the following allocution:

"I accept with deep emotion and lively gratitude the sentiments of devotion and filial attachment to the Holy See that Your Excellency, in the name of the hierarchy of this ecclesiastical province, and the Reverend Pastor, in the name of his parishioners, have just expressed in such amiable, inspired and touching words.

"I wish to assure you immediately that your sentiments are truly in harmony with my own. I am particularly pleased to be in this historical city, whose past glories and present progress are the pledge of a future ever more prosperous and fruitful, not only in the material and economical order, but especially in the spiritual and religious order.

"Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

"This expression of homage to the Pope's Representative is a new proof of the feelings which have always animated the Pastors and the faithful of this metropolis for the See of Peter.

"Even the imposing style of your basilica is an imitation of that of Rome.

"I see here, with Your Excellency, your venerable Auxiliary and the Suffragan Bishops representing the daughters of this Mother Church, whose crown and joy they are: *sicut novellæ olivarum...* I fraternally greet these venerable Pontiffs, Pastors and Doctors of the Church and I count very much upon their valiant co-operation.

"I am, besides, very much pleased to notice the presence of the Civil Authorities, who unite their homage to that of the Ecclesiastical Authorities and proclaim once again this union, which is indispensable to public order, and this collaboration, which insures the best results in all the spheres of civil life.

"You have bid me welcome in the traditional form of the Church...

"I shall answer you in the very words of the Psalmist: *Benediximus vobis de domo Domini...*

"We bless you, who dwell in the house of the Lord! I have brought you, in fact, dear Faithful of Montreal, a special blessing from the Holy Father, who is aware of your religious spirit, your active faith and inexhaustible generosity.

" Truly, we compose here an assembly which has all the characteristics of the house of God *plebs sacerdoti adunata et pastori suo grex adherens...*

" The faithful united to the priests; the priests, to the bishops; the bishops to the Pope and his representative; and all together united to Christ, the summit of all authority, the aspiration of all hearts, the Father of all souls, the Head of the Church.

" After fulfilling this duty of gratitude towards their Excellencies the Bishops, towards the Authorities and towards the faithful, I could not, on this last Sunday of Pentecost, speak to you words more expressive than those of to-day's Epistle. Pleased to take the place of your Pastor, I shall make them serve as a parish homily.

" St. Paul invited the faithful of Colosse to thank God *qui eripuit nos de potestate tenebrarum et transtulit in regnum Filii dilectionis suæ*. 'Give thanks to God Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His Beloved Son'.

" We shall make three considerations:

- 1) the literal meaning to which St. Paul alludes;
- 2) the application of these words to the Diocese of Montreal;
- 3) the application of these words to the present time.

I

" *Eripuit nos de potestate tenebrarum.*

" By this energetical expression St. Paul wishes to point out the condition of humanity before and after the Redemption.

" Christ, the Eternal Light, appeared in the darkness: *Et tenebræ eum non comprehenderent.*

" It was the darkness of ages which had not responded to the Lord's call. Humanity was oppressed with the weight of its infidelity and sin. When Our Lord wept over Jerusalem, He wept over all men.

" This darkness still exists and spreads wherever Christ's Kingdom is not established.

" Slavery divides humanity; the woman is degraded and prostituted; the family is deprived of its sacred bonds; violence is established as a system of government; vice reigns instead of morals; oppression of the poor, instead of social assistance; strife among classes, instead of mutual collaboration; hatred, instead of fraternal love; vengeance, instead of charity and forgiveness.

" In opposition to this darkness, in opposition to these horrors, in opposition to this law of hatred and violence, Christ proclaims Himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.

" He brings to humanity the power of His Divine Doctrine. To the weary world, He announces the moment of liberation and victory: *Regnum Filii dilectionis suæ.*

" In the sermon on the Mount, He expresses a magnificent and thrilling concrete program; He calls blessed those who, until then, had been perse-

cuted: the poor, the sorrowful, the unfortunate, those that mourn and suffer for justice; and He praises the clean of heart and the peace-makers.

"What a striking contrast! What an ideological revolution; it is the dawn of the new era, the Kingdom of the Beloved Son of God.

"True to the orders of Christ, the Church continues its march, spreading this Kingdom of God throughout all the regions of the world.

"At the cost of heroic labour, fatigue, suffering, martyrdom, the apostles and their successors, under the direction of the Pope, go to all nations with this program, which has not changed for twenty centuries, to deliver from the power of darkness.

II

"A little over three centuries ago, this region so beautiful, so flourishing, so rich, so well organized, so prosperous, overflowing with religious life, abounding in splendid organizations, was still a prey to the power of darkness.

"The history of the pioneers is one of intrepid generosity, labour, sacrifices and struggles, as well as of persecutions and vexations; but their enduring courage, the Catholic spirit which animated them, and the strong determination to win and consecrate this country to Christ, assured their triumph.

"A historian has well said: "This Island, formerly the abode of Satan, had become the delight of the angels...

"Transtulit in regnum Filii dilectionis suæ

"Did not this reign begin with the first Mass celebrated on this blessed soil by Father Vimont, who, revealing the future in a prophetic vision, announced to those who were with him that "the mustard seed would become a big tree"?

"The Church first came in contact with Montreal through the Holy Eucharist. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Olier consecrated to the Blessed Virgin this domain, which was to bear the sweet and promising name Ville Marie. Then, Mr. de Maisonneuve erected a cross, standard of Christ, which was to be like a continual petition for Heavenly protection and an appeal to idolatrous tribes...

"On this brilliant page of the origin of the Church of Montreal, it seems to be a golden legend that we are reading. It inspires us with sentiments of profound gratitude towards God, Who has so generously blessed and fecundated the work of his laborers in this region where, after three centuries, one of the most flourishing Churches of the world is to be found.

"The names of your Pastors and Fathers in the Faith will remain attached to this glorious history. It was fecundated by the sufferings of Bishop Lartigue, by the great works of Bishop Bourget, by the interior organization of Bishop Fabre, by the active and intelligent zeal and devotedness of Bishop Bruchesi, who, on his bed of suffering, continues to be your father by prayer and sacrifice.

(To be continued.)

Memorable Visit of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate

ON Wednesday, November 23, 1938, His Excellency Bishop Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada honoured with his visit the Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The worthy representative of the Holy See first of all celebrated Mass in their chapel, assisted by Reverend Fathers Paul Lachapelle, Chaplain, and Paul Touchette, of the Archbishop's Palace of Montreal.

After a light breakfast, the illustrious Visitor went to see Very Reverend Mother Mary of the Holy Ghost, the venerable Foundress of the Institute, who has been confined to her room for several years.

"I bring you the Pope's blessing," he said, and paternally blessed the dear invalid, her Community and her works.

His Excellency then saw all the Sisters assembled. He kindly listened to the words of welcome and the brief account of the history and activities of the Community, addressed to him by the Chaplain. Then he spoke for about half an hour to the Sisters, who were charmed by his amiability and apostolic ardour. He pointed out the greatness of the task and the merit of the missionary sisters who work with the bishops and priests for the evangelization of pagan countries. "Continue," said he, "your life of devotedness, generosity and love. Procure for others the comfort of charity. Our Lord will keep an account of all your sacrifices which, in heaven, will be transformed... The reward awaiting you will be very great."

In the name of the august Pontiff, whom he represents in Canada, His Excellency gave an abundant blessing to the kneeling Community. He also deigned to write the following "souvenir blessing" in their register.

"In the name of the Holy Father, I give a very special blessing to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and to all their benefactors, with best wishes for their charitable undertakings.

† Ildebrando Antoniutti,
*Archbishop of Synade,
Apostolic Delegate."*

After the departure of the distinguished Prelate, the Community sang a pious hymn in thanksgiving to God for the new heavenly favours granted to them on that memorable day.

"Through sufferings more things are accomplished than through the most glorious sermons."

(Revelation of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus to Teresa Newmann.)

The Progress of Catholicity in the Territories Depending on the Propaganda

If we consider the five parts of the world, we find:

In Asia, 7,911,000 Catholics, while there were only 7,699,000 in 1936, and 6,029,000 in 1927. In ten years, the Christian population has increased by 1,882,000; that is an average of 188,200 yearly. The difficulties encountered by the missionaries in Asiatic countries set out the real value of these results.

Africa, much less extensive and less populated than Asia, since it has only 150,000,000 inhabitants, presents a field more fruitful for the apostolate; and the number of Catholics is about the same as that of the Catholics of Asia: 6,795,000. In 1927, there were 3,203,000 Catholics in Africa. Their number has more than doubled. It has increased by 3,592,000; that is an average of 359,000 yearly. The regions in which Catholicity has most rapidly progressed are Belgium, Congo, Rouanda, Ouroundi, Tanganyka and Madagascar.

In 1937, there were 2,557,000 Catholics, while in 1936 there were 2,506,000 and in 1927, 1,911,000; that is an annual progress of about 65,000. The difficulties of communications between the islands of the Southern Pacific, as well as the large groups of Protestants or Islamites must be considered in the study of these results.

As for America, it must be remembered that only a small portion of its territory is still considered as a mission country. Nearly every one of its Missions has some impediment to the progress of Catholicity. The Catholic population, in 1937, was of 2,931,000; in 1936, 2,853,500; in 1927, 2,415,300. The annual average is 50,000 souls.

Very few European countries depend on the Propaganda and their progress is most insignificant: "The Missions of Europe exist more for the preservation of the Faith among the Catholics living in the midst of Protestants, Schismatics and Mussulmans, than to spread the Gospel and make conversions. In the territories of Europe still depending on the Propaganda, there were, in 1937, 771,567 Catholics. There was an increase of 17,500 yearly.

In a period of ten years, the number of Catholics in Mission countries has increased from 14,330,000 to 21,143,000. Indeed, these figures cannot conceal and make one forget the billion infidels who have not yet received the gift of Faith.



Catholics, wake up! Lest it became too late to do anything than die for our faith! But before we do that, let us try to live for it, gloriously, fully, actively as we should!

—*Baroness de Hueck.*

The Lord's Prayer and the Social Question

(Continued.)

II.— THE SEVEN PETITIONS

The Lord's Prayer is the perfect prayer which asks for all necessities for our souls and bodies, and asks for them according to their importance. The first three petitions refer to God, and the other four, to ourselves. God before man, eternal interests before transitory ones — such is true wisdom. God Himself has revealed it. Besides, Jesus has said, on another occasion, "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God, and His justice; and all these things shall be added unto you." Alas! too great a number of men, Catholics even, ask for temporal goods, as if these were the only true ones; and, to acquire them, they trample underfoot the only goods that count: God's friendship, sanctifying grace, and eternal happiness. How senseless they are! They do not understand the Gospel and have never meditated on the Lord's Prayer.

A — The first three petitions: God's interests.

1) *Hallowed be Thy Name.* Happiness of individuals, harmony in families, concord in society, peace among the different nations of the world — such are, certainly, important things which we may ask of Our Heavenly Father. However, the Master Who teaches us how to pray places the glory of God above all that: *Hallowed be Thy Name*, that is to say, may God be known and glorified by all men. "Glory," said a theologian, "*is clara notitia cum laude*, a perfect knowledge, accompanied by praise." Is God really known and glorified by all men? Alas! after nineteen centuries of Christianization, is it not deplorable to still find on earth a thousand million human beings who do not know the true God and who are plunged in the darkness of paganism, and in the shadow of death? This distressing fact should stimulate our zeal and urge us to pray fervently that God may bless the missionaries' labours and grant the gift of faith to all souls.

2) *Thy kingdom come.* God is the immortal King of ages. His power, which is inherent in His quality of Creator is unlimited and extends, not only over individuals, but also over families, societies and nations. We ask that all the faithful admit the sovereignty of God and lovingly submit to His laws; that the kingdom of God may spread unceasingly until it embraces all men, without exception; that all nations may acknowledge their dependence on the Sovereign Lord, Who reigneth in heaven.

One day, a nation pronounced this terrible word: "*Nolumus hunc regnare super nos*" (We do not want Him to reign over us). That nation is, to-day, dispersed throughout the world; and the Divine Blood which has saved us, has imprinted upon it an indelible character: the character of the deicide.

Nowadays, other men, the godless, are determined to stamp out the very notion of God and every trace of religion. Hence, the destruction of churches, convents and monasteries; hence, the assassination of so many priests. There is not the least doubt as to what will be the issue of this struggle inspired by the devil against God. For individuals, it will be eternal torments in the flames of hell; for societies, it will be total ruin; for nations, it will be irremediable decadence, as can be seen in Russia.

3) *Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.* This petition is but a more precise expression of the preceding one. In fact, he who accepts the Kingdom of God, does not fail to accomplish the Will of God. Now, the Will of God is revealed to us by the orders of legitimate authority, religious or civil; for Religious, by the prescriptions of the Rule; and, for all, by the events which Divine Providence directs or permits. On every occasion, in health or in sickness, in joy or in grief, the only means of being happy, here below, is to repeat heartily Our Lord's words: "Thy Will, not Mine, be done."

These first three petitions refer directly to God's interests; but their fulfilment cannot fail to make man happy, for man's happiness can only result from God's glory.

B — The last four petitions: Man's interests.

4) *Give us this day our daily bread.* Life is the most precious of natural gifts; so, in the second part of the Lord's Prayer, we ask, first of all, *our daily bread*, that is to say, according to common interpretation, whatever is necessary for life. For what life? The life of the body or that of the soul? The Lord's Prayer being a perfect prayer must include all the needs of the body and of the soul. If daily bread meant only material bread, there would be a grievous deficiency in this prayer. Moreover, most interpreters admit that we can, without prejudice to the text, believe that daily bread means the Eucharistic Bread, just as much as, and even more than, material bread. Since Pius X's decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus* on Frequent Communion, this opinion can safely be maintained.

Christians, therefore, ask for the daily bread which sustains the life of the body. Are there many who ask for the daily bread which sustains the life of the soul, the Eucharistic Bread? If frequent and even daily Communion were more generally practised, there certainly would be more justice and charity in all social intercourse; and, according to the desire of the Church, those who are nourished by the same heavenly Bread would more easily have the same sentiments in their hearts. (Postcom. of the or. 9, *inter diversas*). According to a recent number of a Eucharistic Review of our country, it is evident that frequent Communion is the most powerful rampart against Communism.

Give us our bread. We do not ask for dainty victuals or exquisite wines, or the expensive first fruits. It is a question of sustaining the life of our

body and not of gratifying our taste; so, we ask for bread which is the food common to every class of society.

Give us *this day* our daily bread.

This petition excludes first of all solicitude for the morrow. The Divine Master tells us in the same chapter in which He teaches us the Lord's Prayer: "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the food: and the body more than the raiment? Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?... Be not therefore solicitous for the morrow: for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Similar to this quotation are the following words that David said towards the end of his life: "I have been young, and now am old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread. (Ps. 36).

This petition also excludes another solicitude, that of insatiable rich people who never have enough money, who employ means which, though legal, are iniquitous, to realize scandalous profits on capitals sometimes inexistent. Heartless rich people who take advantage of the workmen's helplessness to pay them salaries evidently insufficient for the subsistence of their families.

5) *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.* Our Lord did not content Himself with giving us the precept of forgiving injuries; He also left us the most sublime example of it when, hanging on the Cross, He prayed for His executioners in these words uttered from the depths of His Heart: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The saints and true followers of Christ have imitated their Divine Master. Let us mention one instance only.

John Gualbert, a noble Florentine, had embraced the military career. One day, his only brother was basely assassinated. On the following Good Friday, John, accompanied by a number of soldiers, met his enemy alone and unarmed. It was certain death for the guilty one. The murderer fell upon his knees and, with his arms in the form of a cross, begged pardon in the name of Our Dying Saviour. The evocation of the Victim of Calvary had a magic influence upon John. It appeased his anger and suppressed all his desires for vengeance. He generously forgave his brother's murderer and then went to pray at the foot of a big crucifix in a neighbouring church. In manifestation of His pleasure, Jesus inclined His adorable Head towards Him. Moved by this miracle, John Gualbert relinquished the military career, entered the religious state, and became a great saint. The forgiveness of injuries had been the starting-point of his sanctification.

How many Christians cherish rancour and hatred in their hearts? How can they be sincere in reciting this petition of the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" God could

well answer them: "Wicked servant, I take you at your word. You are not willing to forgive your enemies; you will not be forgiven; you will die in your sin.

6) *Lead us not into temptation.* God is not the author of the temptations that assail us. St. James, the Apostle, formally teaches that to us in the first chapter of his Catholic Epistle. What we ask here is the grace to avoid committing the evil to which we are tempted.

It is very difficult to be delivered from all temptations. Besides, if temptation has its dangers, it also has its utility. It manifests our weakness to us, makes us feel our helplessness and forces us to have recourse to God, without Whose help we can do nothing. Let us not cease to beg fervently for the grace of always preferring God to created things, however attractive they may be.

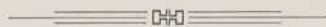
7) *But deliver us from all evil.* In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Church adds to this last petition the following commentary: "Deliver us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, from all evils, past, present, and to come." No doubt, these refer, above all, to moral evils, and especially to sin; but it does not exclude physical ills, for it is a precious source of merit for many; it is also an occasion of sin and, even, of eternal damnation for a great number.

III. — THE CONCLUSION

Amen. The word *Amen*, which is to be found in the present Latin version of St. Matthew's Gospel, such as expressed in the Vulgate, means: so be it. It was formerly sung by the whole Congregation of the faithful. The Christians wished to be associated to the priest in asking that all the petitions addressed to God by the Church be granted. Let us concentrate all our fervour upon this final word, in order to draw upon ourselves and all those who are dear to us abundant Heavenly blessings.

It is evident that the Lord's Prayer is the perfect prayer. If all Christians were animated with its spirit, there would be a total renovation in individuals, families and societies. Let us hope that it may be meditated more and more, that its hidden beauty may be known, and especially, that the conduct of all Christians may be in harmony with its truths.

— Father ELIAS ROY.



Charity is the touchstone of Catholicity. It must express itself in deeds and in truth, for we should do unto others as we would that others should do to us, remembering that always that obligation formed the touchstone of the truest form of Catholicity.

— Rev. John F. Hayes.

Light a Lamp... a Candle... a Votive Light...



"We ought always to pray," says the Eternal Wisdom. "But," you answer, "I have no time for that." Vain excuse! First of all, raise your heart to God, our Creator and Father, offer to Him this new day, which He is giving you; this work, which takes up all your time; this pastime, which seems indispensable to you... and then... light a lamp, which will burn before Him for your intentions.

Light a lamp before the Tabernacle, where Our dear Lord resides day and night, too often abandoned, forgotten...

Light this lamp before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, or of some other Saint, who will intercede for you. Or again, light it at home, before some pious picture.

"We ought always to pray," because we ought always to glorify God; because the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about,

seeking to make us fall into sin, and from sin into the depths of hell; because we are weak and inconstant and need the help of God to overcome the temptations that assail us; and because we have many needs of all kinds.

You, therefore, who say, "I have no time to pray," light a lamp for your intentions; and it will pray for you.

A CANDLE IN HONOUR OF MARY

The Devotions were just finished; the church was empty and silent. Respectfully, I advanced towards that beloved chapel which reminded me of so many graces received. There, a candle was burning before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. "O Mary," I exclaimed sorrowfully, "no doubt, this candle has been lit by an afflicted person who apprehended some great misfortune!" And this thought stimulating my fervour, I knelt down on a prie-dieu. It was wet with tears. I was moved with compassion and began to pray. Persons who, like myself, had come to visit the church, also bowed before the altar. "Mamma," asked a child, "why is that candle burning there?" "Ah! my dear," replied the lady, "doubtless, some poor mother is requesting from the Blessed Virgin the cure of a child who is very ill." And the mother and child, deeply touched, began to pray. A widow in mourning then entered. While praying, she looked at the candle from time to time, and pictured to herself, no doubt, a disconsolate woman invoking Mary at the bedside of her dying husband...

Less silent than the latter, two young sailors appeared. "Look," said the younger, "my mother had a candle like that burnt, when I went away." Then, gazing at the Blessed Virgin, with a touching expression, he braved the smile of his companion, who soon knelt down with him. Many came and went. All did not pay attention to the candle, no doubt; but many must have prayed for the intention of the afflicted person who had placed it, as a dumb solicitor begging the prayers of charitable souls.

When I left the church, I went to finish the day with friends of mine. The lady of the house was absent. I was told that she spent all her time with a woman, a widow, whose only son, fifteen years old, was dying. I then heard the story of the candle. The poor afflicted mother, full of confidence in Mary, went to the church; she would have liked to spend all her hours there, requesting the cure of her son; but, being obliged to take care of him, she placed the candle there, that it might represent her in a continual and ardent prayer, at the foot of the altar. When she saw it lit, she exclaimed: "Oh! Mary, will my son's life be extinguished before this candle? Nevertheless, the Will of God be done!" And her tears flowed abundantly. Then with renewed resignation and confidence, she left the church. "You see," she said to the friend who accompanied her, "if my prayers are not fervent enough to please the Blessed Virgin, others will come and mingle theirs with mine. Some holy souls, on seeing this candle burn, will pray with me, without knowing me, for the request I ardently desire." You were right, Christian Mother; yes, the prayers of several souls have followed yours, when it rose to heaven with the pure flame of the candle.

Three months later, I returned to that same family, and we went to Mass. At the moment of Communion, they made me remark a child who, before receiving the Bread of Angels, deposited a vermeil heart upon Mary's altar. It was the child for whom the candle had been burnt.

Alfred ***

Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

In the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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



Stella Matutina



*Earth and skies the dawn is waking,
Sunlight bids the shadows flee;
Loving hearts, both glad and aching,
Turn, O Mother, up to thee!*

*Through the long night just departed,
Thou hast watched our curtained sleep,
With a care so tender-hearted,
And a love so true and deep.*

*Thou hast calmed our restless dreaming,
While the shadows round us lay;
Now the morning's rays are beaming,
Wilt thou, Mother, near us stay?*

*All life's toil and care before us,
Slipp'ry paths and heights to scale,
If some safeguard be not o'er us,
What will all our strength avail?*

*Leave us not, O helpful Mother!
Hold the hand and guide the feet,
Next to God, there is no other
Who can shield us from deceit.*

*Clinging close to thee in weakness,
We may venture forth again:
In the eve, O Maid of meekness!
Lead us back unspotted then.*

— ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)

At this time Théophane was eighteen. Although he had given himself up to God from his youth, the devil filled him with doubts and temptations when it came to a question of deciding on his future vocation, and, as usual, his sister is the confidante of his troubles:—

“My dearest Mélanie, — We must talk a little of the Blessed Virgin, for I feel as if I had not spoken enough of her this year. Can it be that I have changed? I think not; but other thoughts preoccupy me just now. I am nearly at the end of my classes here and yet I seem to have no clear conception of my future. This worries me very much. I always thought I was called to the priesthood. Sometimes I say to myself, ‘What a glorious thing it is to be a priest! What it must mean to say one’s first Mass!’ But then for that, one must be so good! — so pure! — like one of God’s angels. That is why I still hesitate. Please to unite your prayers with mine, that I may discern God’s will in the matter. Will you? But why do I ask? I know you will, and I want you to give me your communion the first Sunday in Lent with this intention, and I will prepare myself for the same.”

A little later he writes, “O my dearest sister, do write to me at once, for I look only to you for comfort. Bring back hope to my poor sad heart; that is your mission, you know. As regards me, I should like to laugh and be merry with you; but I have not the heart. I wait for your letter with the greatest anxiety.”

Still his heart turned towards Mary in the midst of his greatest distresses: “O Mary, how I love the word! Mary, refuge of sorrowful hearts! Mary, under whose wing we have both sheltered ourselves, like little children with their mother at the approach of the enemy. I love Mary, but I think you, my dearest sister, love her more.”... Then he comes back to his previous sorrow. “I get so weary of life and of everything, I don’t know what to do. It is only to you that I dare own such a thing. But you, you are half of myself. You are more than my sister — you are my guardian angel.”

At last, by God’s grace, peace came back to his soul, and he writes, —

“Dearest Mélanie, — Thank you, my good little sister, thank you a thousand times for your delicious letter. Oh what good it has done me! Once more I thank you with all my heart, that’s all I can say. Here is the month of Mary nearly over! It is high time we should talk about her a little. We too have special devotions every day for Mary’s month, and I delight in decorating her altar. We have a quantity of beautiful roses in the garden here. The largest and sweetest, you may be sure, I keep for

our tender, good Mother, and it is a great pleasure to offer her fresh ones every morning. I fear the hands and the heart that bring them are miserably unworthy; but she is so good, she receives everybody! Well may we call her 'Comfort of the Afflicted' and 'Refuge of Sinners.'

"Oh, if you did but know how my poor old head works when I am all alone, and can't sleep for thinking! Oh, how happy I should be in a quiet country parish with my *Mélanie*! I would guide the good people to try to save their souls, and you would have care of the church; and together we would labor for God, and talk of Him and of His Mother, and of all those we have loved and lost. But one thought troubles me in the midst of these castles in the air. All this is very good and very pleasant certainly; but when it comes to the point, what is the Priesthood? Is it not an entire detachment from all worldly goods—a complete abandonment of all temporal interests? To be a Priest, one should be a Saint. To guide others one must first learn to guide oneself. Then should not the life of a good Priest be one of continual sacrifice, self-immolation, and mortification of all kinds? How in the world should I ever have the courage to embrace such a life,—I who am so little advanced in the paths of virtue, or of penance?

"These are my thoughts, darling sister, and they always come back to the same thing.

"But when I pray God to enlighten me, I seem to hear an interior voice ever singing, 'Thou must be a Priest; God gives His grace to all who ask Him'. Then a great peace seems to come over me, and I find myself happy and contented. You will say, 'What on earth am I to conclude from all this!' Why, that the choice of a vocation is a terrible thing, and that whoever thinks of it seriously is in a desperate difficulty.

"But as concerns myself, I hope, in spite of my unworthiness, that God will have pity upon me. Our God is a Father, and a most tender Father; and we have besides a powerful Advocate in one who deigns to be our Mother."

But in *Mélanie*'s own heart the struggle was going on likewise as to the choice of a vocation, and the mutual difficulties and the entire confidence which they had in each other bound them, if possible, still more closely. In *Théophane*'s mind his sister appeared more and more holy, while his own love for God was unconsciously increasing in like proportion.

He writes again to her, "You may be quite sure that I am true to my promise, and if you pray for me I feel often as if my life were one prayer for you. But though you will laugh at me for saying so, I can't help sometimes, when I am asking God and His saints to enlighten us, I can't help, I say, wishing for what you do not desire. I hear you say, 'But this is not right; this is not really loving me.' Don't be angry, the thought is repented of as soon as conceived. But the fact is, I cannot bear the idea of a total separation. I am afraid this arises from selfishness on my part; never mind, it is only a slight shade. No, dearest *Mélanie*! believe this,—I will never try for an instant to turn you from any generous or holy project. I should be afraid of robbing you of your crown! But I tell you frankly that to lose you would be a terrible sacrifice on my part. Every

time the thought comes across my mind, I beg for the grace of God to enable me to bear it, if it be His will that you should go and leave us. I wish only for your highest happiness. You say that God calls you. If so, so much the better for you! I can only envy you your lot, and hope that some day I may have the like favor. Let us leave it to Our dear Lord and Master to direct our future; our only business is to strive to correspond with His grace as far as we possibly can."

Théophane was going upwards with rapid strides, and not content with the Priesthood, was beginning to thirst after the higher glories of the Apostolate. He himself said later that he was, as it were, led by the hand, not knowing whither he was going. The following memorandum, found among his copy-books, and dated June 17th, 1847, shows the working of his mind at that time:—

"To-day in the chapel of the College at Doué, I made a vow to Mary, Refuge of Sinners, to say my Rosary every day, *in order to obtain a special grace from God.*"

In the following letter to his sister, he gives an enthusiastic description of the procession on the Festival of Corpus Christi, and concludes with the words, "If religious services on earth are so glorious, what must they be in Heaven! Eternity! Have you ever thought of this word! Eternal, eternal! a thing which will never, never end! Reflecting on such subjects sometimes overwhelms me, although I am still inclined to be giddy and thoughtless. I try occasionally to find some kind of theory about it which I can comprehend; but when I have made my plan I only feel, 'Oh what a goose I am! and then all my fine building crumbles away.'"

Théophane had remained six years at the College of Doué, and he already gave promise of great ability. His frank, sweet-tempered nature made him a universal favourite, while his piety, sound judgment, and high principle won the respect and confidence of his tutors. Although kind to every one, he kept his love for his own family and for two or three of his companions; and on these he lavished all the wealth of his affectionate, loving heart. This devotion to his family and to one or two congenial souls far exceeded any ordinary love or friendship, and seemed to be permitted by God in order to show the full power of His grace, which hereafter would wean him from all human ties, and say to him, as to Abraham, "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

As to his person, although under medium height, he had a peculiarly pleasing and taking appearance, with a frank expression, a clear complexion—slightly tinged with red—bright eyes, and a very fascinating manner. He was above the average in his studies, always bringing home the first prizes, and he had a great talent for poetry and other kinds of composition.

(To be continued.)

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

"When I shall be in Heaven, Jesus, Thou wilt fill my hands with roses and I will shower them upon earth."

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.



Will you kindly burn a votive light before the statue of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus in thanksgiving for a favour received through her intercession. — I wish to thank St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for having protected my son in such a special manner during the past four months. Mrs. X. G., **St. Stanislaus**. — Thanksgiving to the amiable Patron of Missionaries for a grace received through her intercession. I am requesting of her my complete recovery and two conversions. C. C., **Thetford Mines**.

— Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a favour obtained. A Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, **Three Rivers**. — My most heartfelt thanks to the dear Scatterer of Roses for the favours that she has obtained for me. I solicit her continual protection. A Subscriber of **St. Laurent**. — St. Teresa of the Child Jesus has granted my request after my making a novena in her honour. I am pleased to publish my thanksgiving towards this heavenly benefactress. A Child of Mary. — I am acquitting myself of my promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus in token of my gratitude for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. M. Rheault, **St. Luc de Vincennes**. — Sincere thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a great favour obtained. Mrs. M., **Montreal**.

WHAT IS A BURSE ?

A Burse is a sum of money, the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a Missionary. Burses are founded in honour of a Saint whose name they bear. The religious whose support is thus assured becomes the Missionary of the donor and takes his place near the poor infidels. The Founders of the Burse participate in all the spiritual advantages of the Community. The sum of \$1,000.00 given in one or several payments, by one or many persons, form a complete Burse. We beg Almighty God to bless all those who, by their alms, help to complete the Little Flower Burse. May He reward them in heaven for having assisted His Missionaries.

OFFERINGS FOR THE LITTLE FLOWER BURSE.

We shall receive with gratitude, any offerings, (in thanksgiving for favours obtained or with requests for new ones) for the complete formation of the Burse in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. May the little Sister of Missionaries inspire generous souls with the thought of adopting a Missionary and let fall on them a shower of roses!

September-October 1935.....	\$ 29.50	March-April 1938.....	\$ 16.00
November-December ".....	7.00	May-June ".....	12.50
Year 1936.....	417.47	July-August ".....	3.30
Year 1937.....	295.01	September-October ".....	7.00
January-February 1938.....	64.10	November-December ".....	18.25



Echoes from our Missions

CHINA

*Extracts from letters of Sister Marie de la Protection,⁽¹⁾
Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Suchow,
to her Superior General.*

Suchow, April 29, 1938.

VENERABLE AND DEAR MOTHER,

I am writing to you from Suchow, to-day. Although the perils of the war are still to be dreaded, His Excellency Bishop Côté has called us back here for the purpose of opening an Orphanage for the children whose fathers have died on the battle-field. This has been requested by Mrs. Kiang Kiai che, the wife of the President of the Republic and generalissimo of the Chinese troops.

On December 22nd, this excellent person asked His Excellency that the Missionary Sisters of Suchow direct the mentioned Orphanage, promising that she herself would pay all the expenses of the establishment. She highly praised the Catholic Sisters and said that she would leave them entirely free to teach Religion. She would reserve for herself, however, the privilege of sending a professor to teach the *san min tchiou* (the three principles) three times a week. As the Missionary Fathers' School is now approved by the Government, His Excellency thinks that it will be easy to have a Catholic professor for this course. Mrs. Kiang also wishes us to teach the children all the domestic arts. We would, therefore, have a kind of workroom where the older orphans would help to take care of the babies.

His Excellency explained to Mrs. Kiang that we would willingly accept the projected work, but that a convenient locality was lacking, as our property of the south was to be occupied, that same evening, by the wounded soldiers brought in great numbers from the battle-fields of Suchow. Upon this, Mrs. Kiang answered: "I shall give orders, and the soldiers will go elsewhere."

I arrived at Suchow that same day, with Sister Imelda de l'Eucharistie⁽²⁾, to see to the disposition of the Orphanage. The next day, Sister Marie Xavier⁽³⁾ and Sister St. Amédée⁽⁴⁾ came to rejoin us. We found our little home

1. Cécile ROBERGE, of Quebec.

3. Berthe PARADIS, of Tingwick.

2. Simone BOISCLAIR, of Almaville.

4. Emilienne VEZINA, of Quebec.

intact and quite clean. Every night one or two Brothers came to sleep here, so that the soldiers might not take the notion to come and lodge here.

May 13, 1938.

I could not finish my letter, as I was kept busy from morning till night with the work occasioned by the disposition of a place destined to receive five hundred children. It was necessary, also, to make preparations for the moving of our personnel. The reparations that had to be made in the houses that will serve for the chapel and our residence are almost finished; but there is a new difficulty. We shall most probably have to move our baggage at night; for, since Tuesday, the 10th, the Japanese planes have bombarded the city every day. The traffic is stopped. Twice this week, I was surprised by the alarm, while I was at our house of the south.

Yangchwangtsi, May 15, 1938.

I am resuming my letter again... but this time at Yangchwangtsi, a village fifty-five *li* south of Suchow, where we spent the two very hot months, three years ago. We had to flee from the city, very early yesterday morning, after having sustained a terrible bombardment on Saturday, the 14th. That morning, the alarm was heard after the six o'clock Mass; but the planes appeared only towards half-past seven. I was then in the kitchen, examining the meat and vegetables that our servant had succeeded in buying, between the alarms. I went towards the wash-room to try to see the manoeuvres of the planes which were coming nearer and nearer. At that moment, a bomb exploded quite near. The house was shaken like a straw, and the windows vibrated violently. The Sisters instinctively left their occupations; and, in an instant, the seven of us were together in the wash-room, with our servant. A second detonation shattered two panes of the window of the room where we were, and one of the kitchen door. We fell on our knees, very close to one another, while the fragments of glass continued flying over our heads, falling all over the passage. Very fervent were our invocations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I profited by the moments of calm to see what damage had been done. The garden was covered with straw, pieces of wood, and stones; but the dispensary and house had not been damaged. A bomb had fallen on some straw huts about thirty feet in front of the Dispensary, and it was the debris of these dwellings that I perceived. I returned to the Sisters and we resumed our prayer, for the bombs began to fall again. Finally, the planes disappeared, and we could breathe at ease. I went up to the chapel, where only one window had been broken. Nothing had been damaged in the other rooms. Such was not the case for the church and the Bishop's House. It was heart-rending to see the ruins and, what was sadder still, to hear the cries and lamentations of the people who had taken shelter in the cellar of the Bishop's House. His Excellency appeared all covered with plaster and dust, helping the unfortunates to come out of their hiding-place and sending them to the College. I did not stay long contemplating

this painful spectacle, for the well-known noise of the planes was heard again in the distance. This time, we took shelter in the cellar. The bombardment recommenced; but, in our hiding-place, the noise was quite attenuated. It seems to me that I had never before in my life prayed with such fervour. Twice, my companions and I renewed our religious vows and offered the sacrifice of our life for souls. By reciting ejaculatory prayers, we succeeded in calming the anguish which oppressed us. Until ten o'clock, all the eastern part of the city was bombarded. Towards half-past ten a frightful explosion was heard: it was the supply of munitions that had exploded and taken fire, producing another danger for the Mission-buildings; but the wind carried the flames in another direction. As soon as they could go out, Reverend Father Gariépy and Brother Pesant came to inquire if anything had happened to us. Ascertaining that the damage caused here amounted only to a dozen windows broken, they told us that we should be very grateful. At the Bishop's House, there are no longer any doors, windows, tables or chairs; everything is in pieces. The ceilings have fallen and the floors are destroyed. The beautiful stained-glass windows are all broken. The college, however, has been less damaged by the bombardment. Through miraculous protection, no lives have been lost. There were over two thousand persons in the cellar, and two of them only were slightly wounded. His Excellency, especially, providentially escaped death. While he was on the first floor, the ceiling came down upon his head. A door, torn from its frame, also struck him on the head and overthrew him; but he got up safe and sound.

Towards one o'clock, we began to prepare dinner, which His Excellency, with the Priests and Brothers, came to take here. We served them their supper, also, for their cook had fled during the panic. We all needed to renew our strength, because the departure was fixed for early the next morning, Sunday. We made our packages, putting in only what was absolutely necessary, because we had to leave on foot, for no wagons were to be found. As everything was ready by half-past eleven, we took a little rest and were up at two o'clock the next morning. His Excellency came and said Mass at half-past two. We then took a light breakfast and left. We were to go to Matsing; but news received that night warned us that, on account of the advance of the Japanese in that direction, the situation was perilous; so we set out for Yangchwangtsi. His Excellency's automobile was riddled by splinters of shells. Fortunately his motor is good: otherwise, it is not twenty-five *li* that we would have had to walk, but fifty-five. His Excellency left with two Fathers, and we followed on foot. It was understood that, once out of the city, we were to wait in a village the return of the auto, that was to make as many trips as would be necessary. Our caravan was composed of seven of our Sisters, two Presentendines, three young ladies, and two servants who had come to help us at the Orphanage. Brother Fontaine, who knew the road well, accompanied us with his bicycle and, so did a man with a wheelbarrow to transport our packages. We hastened to reach the country while it was still dark, because the planes generally arrive towards half-past five. At the cross-roads,

we met people who were fleeing also. Most of them were carrying heavy burdens and all were perfectly silent. After walking some ten *li*, we slackened our pace; the city was far enough behind us. The sun was rising radiant, and we wondered on what ruins it would shine that day. The planes were already at work, and detonations succeeded detonations. We took a lunch on the side of the road and then continued on our way. Finally, after travelling about twenty-five *li* (eight miles), we awaited the return of the automobile, which did not delay. Moreover, a big cart driven by oxen and a small mule-cart were sent to us. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, our caravan had reached destination. Reverend Father Boileau, Pastor of the place, saw to lodging us. The presbytery was overcrowded and the Presentendines' convent was full to capacity. We were lodged in half of the girls' school—a large hall, forty feet by twenty, the very room that we had occupied three years ago. We were all very tired, as a result of Saturday's emotions and this morning's tramp. Our sleep, however, was not very restful; for my part, it was full of nightmares: speeding planes, bombarding scenes, etc....

Tuesday, May 17

We have been told that Kingantsi, the village that we left scarcely two weeks ago, was bombarded yesterday. A shell exploded on the chapel, reducing it to ruins and destroying everything therein, except the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which had surmounted the altar. It was found intact among the debris. Thus, once again, we have been assured that God is visibly protecting us, and we are confident that He will spare us, if He wishes to employ us to make known His Holy Name on this pagan land. Every morning I renew the sacrifice of my life and, while kissing my cross on awaking, I say: "Behold me, O Lord, ready to do Thy Holy Will!"

Friday, May 20

The enemies' planes bombarded around us all day long, yesterday, causing us anguish similar to that of last Saturday. They were doubtlessly attracted to this district by the Chinese soldiers who are numerous in the surrounding country. Thanks to the protection of Our Immaculate Mother, whose miraculous medal is hanging over the doors and windows, no shell was dropped on our Mission. Once again, we chanted our hymn of gratitude!

We have heard that Suchow was taken by the Japanese, yesterday. We are quite anxious about His Excellency, who returned there, last Monday. He was uneasy about the Brothers who were keeping the mission, as Sunday and Monday had been terrible days: the bombardment of the city could be distinctly heard here.

Saturday, May 28

Since our arrival at Yangchwangtsi, we have experienced that many things which seemed absolutely necessary to us because we had never been

deprived of them, are, in reality, but accessory. We are practising poverty, here, in a degree that we had not yet imagined. No doubt, if this situation is prolonged, it will become extremely difficult; but, is not Our Heavenly Father watching over us? We have received news from Suchow to-day. How thankful we are to Divine Providence! Our house in front of the church is intact. It has not been touched by a single bomb or by fire; and pillage which was carried on without pity, has also spared us. His Excellency and the Brothers had to keep close watch and be very severe. It was fortunate that they were there when the Japanese arrived; otherwise, everything would certainly have been plundered. As for our house in the south, it has remained standing alone in the midst of terrible ruins. All the surrounding houses are burnt. Doubtlessly, God wishes us to begin works in that part of the city soon, since He has not permitted our buildings to be destroyed.

June 5, 1938

Here we are again in Suchow. It is now safer in the city than in the country, where the disbanded soldiers devastate everything on their way. We have found our house just as we had left it; but, around us, there is nothing but ruins; fire and pillage — the dreadful sequel of war — have passed over Suchow, five-sixths of which are destroyed.

On the morning following our arrival, His Excellency came to say Mass for us, so that Our loving Saviour took His place in the midst of His little Spouses.

Yangchwangtsi being overcrowded with refugees, two hundred of them were conducted here, thus increasing to nineteen hundred the number of persons within the Mission walls. The floors are covered with straw mats; there is no space left whereon to walk; and it is not easy, among so many people, to have the laws of hygiene observed. Nevertheless, precautions must be taken; for an epidemic would be terrible in these cabins where the sun penetrates so little.

We are all quite well, although we are often suffering from some little ailment, caused, most probably, by infectious germs which are brought by the air from the dead bodies left unburied on the roadsides.

We have always the intention of moving to the south to commence the projected work of the Orphanage, when the wall will be finished; but the number of children is now reduced to about thirty. The Japanese seem to wish to dispute our rights to the property; so we recommend to your prayers the success of His Excellency's negotiations in this regard.

Saturday, July 31

Before confiding our letters to Reverend Brother Lalande, who is returning to Canada and who will be so kind as to bring them to you, I am slipping in another word to assure you, dear Mother, that we are peacefully awaiting God's good time to devote ourselves to the works for which we have come to the Missions.

I am sending you a few splinters of bombs, which have been found in our garden. You can imagine what excoriations such projectiles produce in penetrating into the flesh, when the bombs are dropped from a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet!...

In recommending ourselves to your prayers, very dear Mother, I remain
Your ever loving and grateful daughter,

SISTER MARIE DE LA PROTECTION, M. I. C.

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* *

MANCHUKUO

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Szepingkai.

Sunday, May 8

At recreation hour, an invitation to go and visit the neighbouring pagoda with the pupils of the Boarding-School was extended to those who had not yet seen it. The proposition was accepted with pleasure, and we were soon on our way.

We passed through four successive apartments occupied by personages of high stature. The principal god had a scarlet complexion and wore a mantle of the same colour. The gods and goddesses were seated, having at their sides guards armed with sabres, ready to defend them at the moment of danger. A goddess even had her cook beside her. On seeing a biscuit in a little plate, we inquired if the gods eat? We were told, with a smile, that they did not. A servant, employed at the pagoda, struck an iron basin, then beat a drum, to awaken the gods. At that moment, all the pagans fell on their knees and made the *k'o l'ou* (great prostration). Joss-sticks and paper were then burned before the idols, all of which had a rather calm and meek expression, save the god of riches, that looked very severe. The god of illnesses especially attracted our attention by its small stature and rickety appearance. It had a glass-eye; its nose was skinned; its lip, split vertically; its neck, twisted; one of its arms, broken; and one leg shorter than the other. Affected with every possible ill, it is believed to have the power of curing them all... What a feeling of pity filled our hearts on seeing the superstitions to which the poor pagans attach so much importance! We heartily thanked the only true God for having granted us the grace to be born in a Catholic country.

Tuesday, May 10

A young lady spoke to us of her grief on seeing one of her friends leave for the bonzary. The latter, while attending a boarding-school in order to continue her studies, had had to endure a very humiliating affront. As one of the pupils had lost a dress, searches were made in all the trunks;

and, O Surprise! it was found in the one belonging to this girl. Having thus lost face before all her companions, she returned to her family in Sze-ping-kai; and her grief was so great that she fell seriously ill. Her condition became worse and worse every day. Seeing herself in danger of death, she made the vow to become a bonzess if she recovered. As she had become better, she was fulfilling her promise. The young ladies who make this vow leave their parents for life and go to the pagoda, where they promise, before the statue of Buddha, never to marry and to remain in his service. Their hair is shaved off, while the bonzes wear theirs in a chignon.



SISTER EUSTELLE DE L'EUCCHARISTIE (EUSTELLE SAMSON, OF LAUZON, P. Q.) AND HER HELPER AT THE DISPENSARY OF SZE-PING-KAI.

They take care of the pagoda and see to the culture of flowers and the garden. Their life seems to be composed of acts of self-denial; and, yet, of what value will it be to them for eternity?...

Tuesday, June 14

We have at the Mission some good old men who are very fervent and edify us by their zeal and devotedness.

Lately, a young man who was very sick and had no one to take care of him was given hospitality at the Home. His room-mate, an old man, was also very ill.

In the middle of the night, the latter perceived that the young man was suffering very much and was in danger of dying before dawn. He rose, therefore, and dragged himself to the presbytery to notify the priest. "That man is in danger," said he, "and he will perhaps die before I do. Will you not come and baptize him, so that he may have the happiness of going to Heaven?" The priest went to the dying man and poured on his brow the Saving Waters, which made him a child of God. The next morning, to every one's surprise, the old man had gone to receive the reward of his act of charity, while his companion was still living.



SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERRIEN, OF ST. LEONARD D'ASTON) AND THE YOUNGEST PUPILS OF THE BOARDING-SCHOOL, SZEPINGKAI.

Our grannies of the Home are not yet indifferent about worldly vanities. One of them keeps very precious a pink paper-flower, that she pins in her hair on feast days. "Why do you wear this flower?" we asked. "Because it is pretty!" answered she. As long as she has her flower, the rest matters little to her...

Wednesday, June 22

We received a dirty and ragged beggar who had not washed himself for three months. He was still clad with his wadded garments, as he had no others. We undertook to have him washed, for the colour of his face could no longer be distinguished. It was not long before the water had lost its limpidity and the piece of scap had diminished... The poor man seemed to appreciate this act of charity very much, and was very grateful. As he

had not the use of his legs, we had him transported to the Beggars' House, where he will be instructed in the truths of religion and will learn to suffer meritoriously.

Friday, July 1

We visited, yesterday, a young woman who is an opium-smoker and whose reputation is quite doubtful. She had been received at the Beggars' House, where she had asked for a shelter for the night. We offered her to spend a few days at the Mission, in order to build herself up. She accepted, but refused at first to hear about religion. Little by little, however, enlightened by grace, she manifested the desire to know God. Deprived of the narcotic that had stimulated her, her strength diminished very rapidly. We sent for the priest, who came to baptize and anoint her. Shortly afterwards, she expired, meriting, like the good thief, the title: *thief of paradise!*

Wednesday, July 13

According to the request of Brother Lalonde, who is very zealous for the relief of the beggars, we often go and visit them at the Home, in order to dress their sores and speak to them about God. The spectacle would sometimes be repulsive for nature alone if, in these hideous bodies, Faith did not reveal to us souls created to the image of God. At first, we might believe ourselves in the presence of the devil; but, little by little, grace transforms these poor unfortunates. To-day, of the four new-comers,

two are healthy-looking; the third is blind, but seems quite well; the fourth is a real skeleton, who has an ulcer on his leg and very sore eyes. He is well disposed to hear about religion; vague notions of the Catholic Doctrine come back to his mind. "I heard about the Catholic Religion, thirty years ago," said he; but he added that he had not been baptized. What a consolation it was for us to pour upon his wrinkled brow the Saving Waters which purified his soul and made him an heir to Heaven!

Sunday, August 29

Reverend Father Crevier, C. S. V., who has recently returned from Linsi, where he had gone to preach retreats, complied with our desire in speaking to us about the Christians of that Mission. "These good people," said he, "treated me with great respect. They are, perhaps, more rustic in their manners than the Christians here, but they seem more firm in their Faith. One day, wishing to have rain, they all went to the church. Some of them asked the priest to go and pray with them; and, the next day, their request was granted. Most of them are poor, but they do not hesitate to take even of their indigence to pay High Masses or give alms. These good people are truly edifying and must be very pleasing to God, Who loves to communicate with the humble and simple of heart.

Father then related to us what had happened to him on his way. "The abundant rain of the preceding days," said he, "having made the roads impracticable, it was impossible to find any other vehicle by which to return, except a truck which was capable of conveying seven or eight persons and in which a dozen had taken places. Moreover, about half-way, another man who did not want to understand that his great weight would overload the truck, got in. It was not long before it began to squeak and was out of joint. We had to spend the night at an inn. We were treated well enough; but, while my travelling-companions were snoring, I was perspiring on the *k'ang*, which must have been heated for the preparation of the supper. I decided to go and try to rest in the open air, beside our driver, who was sound asleep; but there was another inconvenience: the dogs howled unceasingly, and I did not close my eyes for fear that they might devour me. After breakfast, we resumed our trip in the truck until we came to a river, which we had to cross as best we could.

"A Chinese offered to transport me on his back for \$2:50. 'You are too small,' I said to him. 'You would not have the strength to carry me.' Upon his entreaties, I accepted; but it was not without a certain feeling of anxiety that I mounted this frail human conveyance. I was right; for, about half way, the unfortunate man let me fall into the water and mud, and I reached the other side of the river on foot. Needless to say, I was in a terrible state when I arrived at Tung Leao... but my troubles were over, I was among my own..." Such events often happen during the life of a missionary, but he gladly bears their unpleasant consequences, knowing that such suffering is the price of souls...

Tuesday, September 5

Our annual retreat, preached by Reverend Father Barbeau, began Saturday evening. A good number of our Sisters from various missions have come to make it with us.

The Japanese police officer went to the Bishop's House, yesterday, to obtain certain details of this retreat. He had to have the name of each retreatant, the name of the Mission from which she had come, the date and hour of her arrival at Szepingkai, as well as the exact moment of her return. More than that, he even required a copy of our time-table...

To-day, faithful to his duty, the police officer came to see for himself if the retreatants observed the regulations well. He discreetly entered the house, where there was perfect silence. One of the Sisters was busy at the laundry, while those who were making the retreat were at the chapel, piously making the "Way of the Cross". Was the spectacle too imposing for him? At any rate, he contented himself with making a deep bow at the entrance and, then, modestly retired.

Report of the Dispensary of Szepingkai, from January to September, 1938, inclusive:

Baptisms.....	72	Patients.....	11,122
Treatments.....	10,191	Dressings.....	1,469
Homes visited...	321	Teeth extracted....	99
		Injections.....	1,579
		Vaccinations.....	160



SISTER JOSEPH ARTHUR (LAURA THERRIEN, OF ST. LEONARD D'ASTON)
WITH THE BOARDERS IN THEIR REFECTORY, SZEPINGKAI.

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Pamientcheng

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS

Monday, February 14, 1938

It is the 15th of the first moon, day of great rejoicing and of a legendary procession called "The Dragon's Procession". Groups of pagans, clad with different costumes, promenade in the streets to the sound of drums and tam-tams.

As several of our orphans had never seen this parade, Reverend Father Barbeau afforded them the occasion of seeing it to-day, by inviting the actors to come and give a demonstration in the Mission yard.



THE DRAGON CARRIED IN PROCESSION BY THE CHINESE.

The dragon, an odious effigy composed of hoods made of sorghum stalks covered with a piece of fabric, is carried triumphantly in the air by people in grotesque costumes. "How ugly it is!" exclaimed our orphans; and we, at the sight of this ovation to the infernal enemy, of which the dragon can be but the figure, could not help feeling great pity for those wretched slaves of pagan superstition.

The life of these poor folks, who have never been enlightened by the Faith, is woven with superstitions.

Thus, the 24th of January, the 23rd day of the last lunar month, marks, in every pagan house, the departure of the god of the household, who has charge of controlling the actions and words of the members of the family. On that day, it is believed that the god returns to the world of the spirits, where he gives an account of what he has seen and heard; and nothing is spared to win his favour and prevent him from revealing things that would draw misfortunes and punishments upon the family. The principal superstition of this day consists in smearing the idol's mouth with delicious taffy which is especially very sticky, so as to force it to keep its mouth closed. After that, the ugly picture, to which a package of sweets is sometimes attached, is burnt.

On the 30th of that same month, the last day of the lunar year, all hastily terminate, in the morning, the final preparations for the new year, the celebration of which always begins at noon. Then, the men and boys set out to meet the spirits at a place determined by mutual agreement and always in a direction opposite to that of the preceding year. They arrange to arrive there at dusk, and it is then that begins the strange racket that

unaccustomed people would take for the din of war. Tam-tams and drums are beaten; fire-crackers are tossed in the air; prostrations are made; and shouts and singing are heard late on in the night. Finally, all return home, where the wife, the young ladies and the children, in their best clothes, patiently await the arrival of the new god of the household, that the husband or big brother will bring with him. The ceremony is brought to an end by a meal as copious as possible. Then, a short rest is taken, for the rejoicings are to recommence at early dawn, the next day.

We often witness superstitious practices among our patients at the dispensary or when visiting the sick.



A PAGAN DEMONSTRATION IN THE STREETS OF MANCHUKUO.

One day, a five-month-old baby was brought to us. Its hair was shaved off, except three tufts, one over the forehead and one over each temple. These represent the *hei t'ao* (black peaches), which are destined to deceive the devil, by making him believe that the little one is not a boy, but a girl; consequently, he will not be tempted to do it any harm.

Another time, our attention was attracted by a young patient who had around the wrist a new kind of bracelet — a band of unbleached cotton, a quarter of an inch wide, studded with bosses. This cotton was a piece of the wide band which the older brother had worn around his head on the occasion of his mother's death. The bosses had been made with one of the coffin-nails. Their number was equal to the age of the deceased when she died. It is said that, in wearing this talisman, the child is sure to reach the advanced age of the one who had thereby become his model.

Another day, we exhorted a sick woman, sixty-nine years of age, whom we were treating to the best of our ability, to embrace our Holy Religion. Vain, however, were our exhortations, for grandma remained firmly attached to her old idols. On that very morning, a sorceress, who had come to visit her had told her that her soul must have lost the road to its dwelling — her body — and that it was necessary to seek it. "In a little while, go out

into the yard," she said, "and call your soul by its name (Mrs. Wang's maiden name); perhaps you will be fortunate enough to find it and make it enter into your body again." The advice was scrupulously followed, but this tiresome procedure only resulted in making the patient still weaker.

This soul, however, did not escape us. We confided her to Our Immaculate Mother, who crushed the infernal enemy under her virginal foot. She finished by yielding to the entreaties of pious neighbours and heartily consented to receive Baptism.



REVEREND FATHER BARBEAU, P. M. E., AND THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PAMIENTCHENG, WITH THEIR PROTEGES OF THE ORPHANAGE. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.), SISTER ST. PAUL DE LA CROIX (MARIE ANNE CYR, OF ST. MICHEL DE SQUATTECK), SISTER GABRIEL DE MARIE (GABRIELLE FILION, OF LACHUTE, P. Q.), SISTER ST. JEAN D'EPHESE (LAURETTE MORAN, OF ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA), SISTER ST. EDMOND (IRMA DE LADURANTAYE, OF CAP ST. IGNACE, P. Q.).

AT THE ORPHANAGE

Tuesday, March 22, 1938

The classes, which had been interrupted for the new year, were reopened on the 17th of February, and it is consoling to see how happy our orphans are to take up their books and copies each morning and set themselves to study.

In class, they sway on their benches and sing their lessons so heartily that the rythm of their voices can be heard at a distance. A truly typical method is this, to cram the characters into the brain by singing them out at the top of the voice, one after another, for hours! At the end of one term, a good pupil can recite all the lessons of a book, from the first to the last, without budging. Some can even recite a lesson, beginning by the last character and finishing by the first. The Chinese memory is really remarkable.

During the vacation, our dear orphans were far from being idle! While having some time for recreation, they spent the greater part of the day cleaning the house, or making and mending their clothes, while some of them

looked after the kitchen. Occupations were changed from time to time, in order to accustom them, each in turn, to the different kinds of domestic work. These changes are always the occasion of amusing scenes; but those of January 11th, especially, caused real enthusiasm by the fact that two of the pupils, one dumb and the other deaf and dumb, who had not yet been able to render any service, were assigned occupations like the others. Since their arrival, both have been skilful enough to help their companions. The little deaf and dumb girl, especially, is very intelligent. She learns only by signs and demonstrations, but she quickly grasps the way of doing a work.

Besides having charge of the general work, each of the older orphans has been appointed "Guardian Angel" of a younger one, to look after her and see that she has everything she needs. This is a good way of accustoming these children to be serviceable, to forget themselves for others and to overcome the terrible selfishness which is the basis of the Chinese mentality.

At the Orphanage, now, there are only three big pupils to prepare the food and take care of the seventeen little ones. As soon as those who attend school have gone, Siao yu, the oldest, makes the little crowd kneel on the *k'ang*, the babies in front, the others behind, to recite their morning prayer. It must certainly rejoice the Heart of Jesus to see these poor children, and hear them lisping the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary. When the prayer is finished, our little tots return to their games. Tch'oei djou, the little deaf and dumb girl, who is also short-sighted, noticing Koeidjen and Choufan, three years old, amusing themselves together, approaches all of a sudden and, taking them by the hand, shows them how to make a ring. When she finds her first two pupils clever enough, she gets a third one, whom she initiates in her turn. Then, finding this group able to play alone, she goes a little farther and forms a second ring, then a third one, and so on, until she has succeeded in putting in rings all the little ones that can walk. She then contemplates them for a moment and, quite pleased with her work, begins to laugh and clap her hands. Poor dear children, what happiness they give us!...



A FEAST DAY AT THE ORPHANAGE OF PAMIENTCHENG. THE LITTLE ONES HAVE BEEN GIVEN A SPECIAL DESSERT: SMALL POTATOES WHICH THEY CRUNCH LIKE CHOCOLATES.

But, all of a sudden, cries are heard... It is the youngest orphan, only a few weeks old, who is reminding us of her presence. Immediately Taya, a fifteen-year-old orphan, who is busy sewing, leaves her work and runs to her dear little protégée. She gives her a bottle of milk, wraps her up warmly in her little comforter and places her on the *k'ang*. She

then looks at her for a few moments and, finally, as if yielding to an irresistible attraction, tenderly kisses the sleeping child's brow and returns to her work.

O pure and sweet joys of fraternal love, what charming memories you have left in our hearts, and how good it is to find you again among these poor children who, from the cradle, have been deprived of maternal caresses!



DIRECTED BY SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.), THE ORPHANS OF PAMIENTCHENG LEARN TO MAKE THEIR SHOES AND PADDED GARMENTS.

From time to time, the Orphanage receives new recruits. A hearty welcome is given to all, and happiness is assured to them, as can be easily seen in the case of these two little darlings, whose tears and sobs at their arrival were soon changed to smiles by the caresses lavished upon them by the older orphans. Before the day was over, T'ong Fongtchen had learnt to say that she was Sister Superior's *paopee* (treasure).

Thanks to the Catholic Mission, this poor little five-year-old cripple girl, who had been ill-treated and threatened to be thrown on the dump, is now baptized and will be able to sing forever the praises of God and bless eternally those who, by their prayers and alms, will have contributed to her happiness.

Last Sunday, we had scarcely finished our dinner when we heard a knock at the door. It was Koeitch'oen, three years and a half old, who was asking for Sister Superior. As soon as she perceived her, she began to cry and said: "*Ouo yeou ta'ouo la*" (I've been naughty.)

"What have you done? Did you get vexed?"

"Yes."

"At whom?"

"Tchang Siouche" (the virgin Tchang).

After much difficulty, Sister Superior finally discovered the trouble. As the little one had been disobedient, the virgin Tchang had told her that, in punishment, she would be deprived of her piece of johnny-cake at dinner. Therefore, she thought that there was nothing better for her to do than to come and beg pardon of Sister Superior, convinced that the desired piece of johnny-cake would then be given to her...

To-day, recreation had scarcely begun when Tch'oeidjou, a little nine-year-old deaf and dumb girl came to the Community hall, crying. Going to Sister Superior, she made many signs and, pulling her by her apron, she led her to the linen-room in the Orphanage where, crying and gesticulating,

she succeeded in making Sister understand that she wished to have a handkerchief to replace the one that she had lost.

TO THE CONQUEST OF PAGAN SOULS

Wednesday, April 13

Last Monday, we visited a seventy-two-year old patient. After giving her some medicine, we spoke to her about religion. Her son and his family are baptized, but grandma is a fervent adept of Buddha. In the hope of winning the favour of this god, she has been faithful to the Buddhistic fast for the past ten years. Our exhortations, like those of her son, hardly seemed to touch her. Returning to the Mission, we did not cease to implore the powerful mediation of the Blessed Virgin in order to snatch this soul from Satan's claws.

To-day, we can sing a grateful Magnificat! Grandma Lee has requested and received Baptism. To-morrow, she will make her First Communion and will receive Extreme Unction. Thanks to Our Mother of Mercy, who is never invoked in vain!

A good lady brought us her grandson, who is seriously ill and will most probably die. "For a long time already," said she, "I have been aware of the efficacy of your medicine and I have not wished this child to take any other. I am bringing him to you, very sick, I hope that you will cure him." We would not like to disappoint her, but the child's case is hopeless. We did our best to console the good woman; then, we baptized happy little Peter. It will not be long before this tender little yellow rose-bud, vivified by the Baptismal Waters, will go and bloom in the heavenly gardens. Ah! if grandma only knew the happiness that has been bestowed upon her grandson!...

We often have the occasion of remarking the effects of preventing grace. A young widow, in search of the truth, came to the catechumenate. "For a long time," said she, "I have been seeking the right path which alone leads to happiness. I have questioned our idols, and they have not been able to indicate it to me. I have consulted the different sects, but in vain. Finally, I heard about the Christian Religion, and that is why I have come here."

We often see, also, how productive are the good words spoken during dispensary hours. About three years ago, we treated a young girl affected with tuberculosis and we had the happiness of baptizing her before her death. Mrs. Tchao, her mother, still recalls the happiness and peace which filled her dear child at the approach of death. She even remembers a part of the Catechism lessons that were given to her little girl and she said to us: "I also wish to become a Christian, and so does my daughter-in-law."

A LOST SHEEP

Reverend Father Barbeau relates with emotion the return of a stray sheep to the fold. It was a prominent man of Lichousien, a functionary

of high rank and general of an army, who had been baptized in his childhood but had abandoned the practice of his religion for about forty years. One of his friends, an unfaithful Christian like himself, committed suicide at Moukden, two weeks ago. This was the moment of grace for him. "Since then," said the convert, "the thought of that friend has remained vivid in my mind. I see him day and night in the fire of hell, where I feel I shall go myself if I do not return to the faithful practice of my Religion." To try him, Father Barbeau said to him: "I do not know you, you do not belong to my parish, I cannot hear your confession." "I would be quite at a loss to tell you to what parish I belong," replied the penitent; "but I am a Christian, does that not give me a right to your ministry?" A few minutes later, this gentleman returned home, revealing in his joyful countenance the peace which inundated his soul, and firmly determined to do better in the future.

HERE AND THERE

Sister Saint Paul de la Croix⁽¹⁾ has been entrusted with the culinary formation of the future cook of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, in Szepingkai. The new pupil acquits himself of his duties with enthusiasm and liveliness. The first time he prepared a roast of pork, he took great precautions to have the meat well cooked, nicely browned and not burnt. Nevertheless, the water soon diminished and a crackling was heard in the pan. Quickly, he seized the lifter and disengaged the roast. Sister made him remark that it was the fork that he should use. "Oh! yes, I made a mistake," said he. A few minutes later, in another critical moment, he again pushed the meat with the lifter, but it was only for an instant. The excitement over, he took the fork. He is a man of good-will, just the same!

A poor ragged hunchback, more than eighty years of age, suffering from a terrible sore on his leg, has just arrived at the Home. We had him given a good bath and clad in clean clothes; then we dressed his sore. Grandpa seemed quite pleased with the care given to him and peacefully smoked his pipe. We returned in the evening to change his dressing. Manifesting his contentment, the happy old man dropped on his quilt the bit of lighted *choukai* which was serving him for a match. Finally, noticing that his quilt was burning, he took it calmly, spit on the damaged spot to extinguish the fire, then quietly replaced it.

The Chinese have a real predilection for big medals, rosaries with big beads, and gaudy-coloured pictures. Usually, the Christians and even the catechumens wear these religious articles ostensibly; the beads around their neck or at their waist, big medals attached to their clothes or hanging around their neck on long cords of all colours. But here is something new. The style of wearing hats is spreading among the Chinese women. One of them came to pay us a visit, wearing an enormous hat trimmed with an artificial flower which was also enormous. In the center of the flower, the good woman had placed a metal picture representing Our Saviour crucified, with the Blessed

1. MARIE ANNE CYR, of St. Michel de Squatteck, Temiscouata Co.

Virgin, St. John, and Mary Magdalen at the foot of the cross. Though we could not help smiling, we thought, nevertheless, that the simple and childlike faith of this fervent Christian compensated, perhaps, for the human respect of so many Catholics who, on many occasions, have not the courage to profess their faith.

The young trees, twelve feet high, planted in our yard last spring, are covered with leaves. In a few years, they will have become big trees, under whose shade the orphans will be able to run and play.

It is a custom peculiar to this country to plant the trees thus; it is, indeed, a quick way! It is also in keeping with the custom of the Manchus, who take all their belongings with them when they move into another house. The trees that a man has planted remain his property, and he has a right to take them with him.

As the trees thus planted have not long roots, the transplanting is simplified accordingly. Each country has customs of its own!

Report of the Dispensary of the year 1937:

Baptisms.....	60	Patients.....	19,813
Treatments....	30,547	Dressings.....	5,622
Vaccinations....	177	Teeth extracted....	164
		Homes visited.....	270
		Injectons.....	796

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* * *

JAPAN

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Wakamatsu, Japan.

Thursday, May 12, 1938

Towards half-past nine, this morning, we set out on our traditional promenade with the pupils of the Kindergarten. Each one was accompanied by a member of his family, and the pleasure was as great for the parents as for the children.

After an hour's walk through a rice-field, we came to a plateau, which seemed disposed to receive tired promenaders. There were beautiful alleys lined with cylindrical cedars; high slopes adorned with tufts of blooming azaleas; a vast meadow shaded by numerous cherry-trees, maples and pines, where our little folks could amuse themselves without any danger; and a steep mountain defying our most daring climbers. A grove crowned these heights, and we imagined how magnificent must be the view from that point; but, on account of the little ones, five and six years old, it was more prudent not to go too high. We were exploring the foot of the mountain when, all of a sudden, we heard the thunder rumbling in the distance, warning us to think of returning. Without waiting for a second warning, we picked up our baggage and quickly returned home by the shortest route, so as not to be surprised by the storm. On our way, we gathered a few ornamental plants for our garden: red azaleas and sweet wood-ruff; also some saplings for our little grove, which we pompously call our "maple grove".

Saturday, May 14

A bonze from Niigata, on a trip or a pilgrimage, came to pay us a visit a few days ago. A former director of a Kindergarten, he seemed quite interested in the work that we are doing here. He chatted a long time, with great simplicity, about education and means of religious propaganda among the children. We received, to-day, a card from this distinguished personage, thanking us for our kind reception and inviting us to Niigata. The card bore the stamps of the different temples which he had visited during his



SISTER STE. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, OF LORETTEVILLE, P. Q.) TAKING THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN OF WAKAMATSU FOR A WALK.

trip. This good man does not seem to be fanatic at all. We ardently wish that the gift of Faith be granted to him, for it seems to us that he would be a very good Christian.

Thursday, May 26

There was an earthquake here, last Monday, towards 4.30 P. M. We suffered no more than a fright, but we were anxious about our Sisters in Koriyama, for we were told that the shock was more violent in that direction. A letter from them to-day has given us details of the event. Statues in their house were overthrown and broken; their chimney was displaced and rendered unserviceable. Almost everywhere in the city, some damage was caused by the shock: fences thrown down, houses caved in, etc. Of all the incidents of life in Japan, it is to earthquakes that one becomes less easily accustomed. As for us, while recalling to us the power of the Master of the elements, it also contributes to inspire us with greater confidence in His Divine Providence.

Tuesday, June 7

Miss Matsuo, one of the former pupils who took private lessons here, has been attending, for some time, the Religious instructions given at



THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN DIRECTED BY THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN, AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN HONOUR OF THE SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN MANCHUKUO.

the Mission. This news was a pleasant surprise to us, because, during the three years she came here, she had never manifested the desire to be instructed in the Christian Doctrine; on the contrary, she had seemed rather indifferent. Two little boys related to her, also come to the Sunday Catechism, with their parents' permission. The eldest is one of our first graduates of the Kindergarten. We had another great consolation, that of conducting to our Reverend Pastor, a Christian who had remained away from the church for some time. We share the joy of the happy Pastor, who has so paternally received this lost sheep into the Fold.

Thursday, June 30

It is not without a lively sentiment of gratitude towards St. Joseph, our loving Father, that we have received five more little ones at our Kindergarten. The number of pupils inscribed for this year is thereby increased to seventy-five. There are always some absent; but there is an average attendance of sixty-five. One of the last arrived is not yet three years old, but he is already able to get on in the world. The older ones willingly forgive him his punches, assuring him, however, that he is lucky to be small, otherwise they would pay him back...

Often, while our little crowd is at play, the Catechism lesson is discreetly announced by the apparition of the little red book containing prayers and coloured pictures. All the little ones eager to know the true God quietly assemble without attracting attention. The Christian children make it

their duty to bring along those who usually come to Catechism on Sunday. New ones come from time to time, but we admit only those who are authorized by their parents. We have now about twenty pupils, five of whom are Christians. We could easily double this number if we yielded to the children's entreaties; but, many a time, has experience proved that, in Japan, more than elsewhere, it is necessary to be prudent.

Tuesday, July 5

The rainy season has begun, and the old people say that such a *nyubai* has not been seen for many years. Our region has not been too much affected by it, although the rice-fields are inundated. We have been told, however, that great damage has been done in the country, especially between Tokyo and Kyoto. The vegetables are rotting in the ground. The rivers are overflowing everywhere, stopping the circulation of the trains in several places. The provisions have to be brought into the large cities by aeroplane. What will become of our adopted country if, besides the dangers already apprehended, there is a poor harvest?

Monday, August 15

On the Feast of the Assumption, which is a Holy-Day of Obligation in Japan, all the Christians of the Mission and of the country around Wakamatsu assembled for the High Mass, after which they were photographed in front of the Missionaries' new house. Then, we assisted at the tradi-



THE PUPILS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, WAKAMATSU, WITH THEIR DEVOTED DIRECTOR REVEREND FATHER KAINUMA. TO THE RIGHT: SISTER ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, OF MONTREAL); TO THE LEFT: SISTER STE. JUSTINE (CLEONA ROBITAILLE, OF GLENADA, P. Q.).

tional banquet, which was served to all the Christians. There were neither tables nor chairs for this feast; the guests, divided into three groups: parents, young ladies and young men, and children, were seated around the hall in Japanese fashion, on straw mats. Each one received a plate full of pink rice — the red beans that had been cooked with the rice had given it

this festal tint. They were given, also, vegetables, grass-wrack and a few cookies; the cup of tea was not forgotten... It was quite a simple menu for a feast, it is true; nevertheless, for a good number of our Christians,



THE CHRISTIANS OF WAKAMATSU ASSEMBLED AT THE MISSION ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1938.

it was a luxury that they do not often afford themselves. For all, this family banquet, whose origin can be traced very far back in the history of the Mission, has, in itself, a flavour of fraternal charity that the most refined dishes could not replace.

Saturday, August 27

A policeman, who came to take information of strangers visiting the Mission, profited by this occasion to speak to us about religion. Upon his request, we gave him holy pictures and a Japanese version of the Imitation of Jesus Christ. This man is a Buddhist, but he admitted that he had associated with Protestants until he was sixteen years old. Not finding in their religion what he was seeking, he remained with his ideas more or less exact of the Catholic Religion. He seems to be upright and sincerely seeking the truth. We do not fail to recommend him to the mercy of God.

O Christian, who from childhood's days
 Faith's priceless gift doth own,
 That treasure found in chosen ways
 Of God, and there alone;
 Thank thou the Lord, O favored heart!
 That of the Church a child thou art.
 It is thy treasure, — hold it fast
 While life and strength and hope shall last.
 — Mary E. Mannix.

Extracts FROM THE Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to our dear Parents

Sunday, August 28

We had another lantern lecture to-day, which is one of the last days of vacation. When we entered the hall, the apparatus was set up and about to animate the white wall and speak to us again about the missions and missionaries.

We owed this pleasant surprise to Monsignor Larochelle, recently named Superior of the Foreign Mission Society. He took us, first of all, to the Philippine Islands, where we met the first Canadian apostles of Davao, who have been there for a year, now; then, we proceeded to Manchukuo.

Some of us had the pleasure of recognizing, among the missionaries appearing on the screen, a brother or an uncle, who has preceded them on the mission fields.

When the wall became bare and silent again, we noticed that the hour for prayer was already past. Without delay, we went to the chapel, where, for the hundredth time, at least, we confided to Our Lady of the Missions our desire to work for the conquest of souls.

Monday, August 29

The sky, which was bright this afternoon, became dark and threatening towards evening. All of a sudden, a violent wind rose, and the rain began to fall heavily.

The postulants, who had made their way to the woods in order to gather goldenrod, scarcely had time to return; it was a real hurricane! As there was no light, we were plunged in complete darkness at the beginning of recreation; it was, therefore, impossible to work. Towards seven o'clock we replaced spiritual-reading by the recitation of the beads; then, we went up to the chapel for night prayer. As we had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual, we resolved to make up for this time, the next day, by redoubled ardour.

"Bless, O Lord, the repose that we are about to take, that, our bodily strength being renewed, we may be the better enabled to serve Thee."

Thursday, September 1

Our three Sisters who have received their appointment for Vancouver and Japan came and spent a few moments with us. We enjoyed their visit very much; but how quickly it passed!

In about three weeks from now, two of them will have reached Koriyama, where the occasions of doing good are not lacking. Out of a population of 76,000 inhabitants there are not a hundred Christians.

We were pressingly invited to help our dear Missionaries in this great harvest. It is only just, for the numerous graces that we receive in the

solitude of our Novitiate are not given for us alone, but also, for the great family of souls for whose needs we must provide.

Monday, September 5

Work being our assiduous companion and one of the chief sources of our merit, it was quite just to deviate a little from our usual program to celebrate the feast destined to honour it — Labour Day. Our good Mistress permitted us to chat this afternoon while attending to our work; and what could be the subject of our conversation, if not our dear Sisters who are leaving this evening for the Far East, where the great work of evangelizing a nation is awaiting them.

Thursday, September 8

Although the touching ceremony of a religious profession does not, as in preceding years, enhance the solemnity of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, this feast has, nevertheless, an incomparable charm for us. Towards the little Virgin in the cradle, we stretch out our arms, and our hearts are all inflamed with love for her.

Under her loving patronage, we have happily begun our new offices, which were assigned to us yesterday.

May this Heavenly Child take us under her powerful protection and grant us the grace to be ever faithful to our duty!

Monday, September 12

Our studies during this term will not fail to be fruitful, because they have been thrice blessed by Our Heavenly Mother. It was on the Feast of her Nativity that we were classed and received our books. On the following day, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, we took knowledge of the subjects on the program; and, to-day, Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, our studies, well organized, resume their regular course.

Wednesday, September 14

The thought on the calendar for the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross teaches us the following lesson, which we wish never to forget: "Every day, the invention, or finding, of the Cross is reserved for us; but how far we are, alas! from renewing, each day, its exaltation, by bearing our daily cross triumphantly, that is, with love and joy!"

In the midst of the joys and graces which abound here, we often find occasions of renouncement, sacrifice and suffering which, as we well know, are also so many precious gifts from God. Is not the courageous, cheerful and loving acceptance of them the best means of becoming valiant missionaries, ever greeting with a smile the Holy Will of God manifested in every duty, be it pleasant or unpleasant.

Monday, September 19

The weekly instructions on Christian Doctrine will be given to us this year by Reverend Father Gariépy, P. M. E. This evening, he introduced the series by an interesting synthesis of the subject which he intends to

treat: Holy Mother Church, considered as a divine and universal society, offering to her children, the Catholics of all ages and countries, the Sacraments, as a fruitful source of graces to nourish and vivify them.

We wish to respond to the zeal and competency of our new Lecturer, not only by our attention, but also by our perfect adhesion to his teachings.

Friday, September 23

Autumn, which kills the flowers, despoils the trees and diminishes the beneficent effects of the sun, far from appearing shy in fulfilling such an unpleasant mission, clamorously announces its arrival.

Last night, on account of the wind and rain, we were deprived of electricity and we had to prepare to go to bed in the dim light afforded by a few candles.

This morning, one of our maple-trees was found on the ground; others had big branches torn from them; and the beautiful vine which adorned the facade of our convent was partly detached from the wall.

Saturday, September 24

We are finishing the reading of a biography which has interested us very much, that of one of our contemporaries and fellow-citizens, whom several of us have known: Brother André, the apostle of St. Joseph.

These pages, replete with examples of faith, humility and charity, have done us good and have proved to us, once again, that we can sanctify ourselves in the most humble occupations and in whatever situation we may be.

Sunday, September 25

Direful rumours have reached us: a terrible war is threatening Europe and even the whole world. The situation is critical and the catastrophe almost inevitable...

Responding to the request of His Excellency, the Archbishop, who, on account of the imminent danger, has appealed to the faith and charity of the faithful, we assembled this forenoon before the Blessed Sacrament, for a solemn Holy Hour of supplication and reparation. In union with Mary, Queen of Peace, we beg our Heavenly Father to avert from His poor children the dreaded conflict. With fervour and confidence, we implore this grace through the Heart of Jesus, "our Peace and our Reconciliation", for the glory of God, Whose mercy and paternal love will once again be revealed to the distressed nations.

Monday, September 26

Recreation had just ended... Bent over our work, we were awaiting in silence the moment of spiritual reading.

Suddenly, the door opened, and we perceived dear Sister Assistant⁽¹⁾ and Sister Ste. Marie Madeleine⁽²⁾, who bade us good evening and were quite amused at our surprise. As by magic, our countenances were all smiling again, and we burst out in joyous greetings. In a second, we had all gathered

1. Sister MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE (Anna Paquette, of Montreal).

2. Anne Marie MAGNAN, of Berthier.

as near as possible around our dear visitors; but behold, we were reminded of the words of yesterday's Gospel: "Sit not down in the first place, lest you should be told: 'Give this man place...'" The fact was that the Postulants, who, since their arrival, had not yet had the happiness of seeing our dear Assistant General, were coming to enjoy her presence. We, therefore, gave them the first places... They came, each in turn, stating their names and the places whence they came, and were given, in the name of our beloved Mother Foundress, two precious leaflets: "The day of the Child of Mary" and "The commandments of a good postulant". Thus, dear Reverend Mother thinks of her children of Pont Viau! Oh! yes, we well know that each of us has a place in her motherly heart, and how happy we are to think so!

Tuesday, September 27

Reverend Father Geoffroy, P. M. E., who has been named Superior of the Mission of Davao, Philippine Islands, honoured us by celebrating his last Mass in Pont Viau, in our chapel.

After breakfast, we went to the parlour, where our distinguished visitor benevolently spoke to us of the relations that he has had with our community for the last fifteen years and of the field of action that is awaiting him and for which he will be leaving this evening. Who knows but that we also may be going there some day, if it is God's Holy Will.

Saturday, October 1

Peace! Peace! At the dawn of her beautiful month, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary has granted us this grace, so ardently desired.

To the joy of all nations, a friendly agreement, greatly due to the influence of Our Holy Father, the Pope, has been made.

What a relief is this news to us and how grateful we are for it! Our gratitude must now be as fervent as our supplications!

Friday, October 7

Contrary to the custom, the bell rang for us to assemble at half-past eight, this morning. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, accompanied by Reverend Father Chaumont, came to visit us, before leaving for Europe, whence he will return to his Vicariate in Manchukuo.

His farewell words were a short but eloquent exhortation to obedience. "Be obedient," he said to us. "Even though you have great talents, remarkable aptitudes, if you are not obedient, all that amounts to nothing. God has no need of you for great works or for things well done; but, what He cannot have without you, and what He expects from you, is your obedience... Obedience is the characteristic of the wise..."

His Excellency, who will have the happiness of going to Lourdes, kindly assured us that he would recommend us all to the Immaculate Virgin.

For our part, we shall not fail to respond to his request by offering our poor prayers for his intentions in our modest chapel, which also is a sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin.

Monday, October 11

We who were so rejoiced by the pacific terms to which the Rulers of Europe had come, were, never before to-day, engaged in such a struggle.

The Novitiate was transformed into a battle-field, where bellicose meetings were multiplied. Luckily, these repeated assaults had only our scanty supply of knowledge and poor memories for objective.

We were, first of all, invited to combat for the French language and its numerous syntactic difficulties. There, the terrible bugbears made some lose their presence of mind and, even, caused loss of life...

Yesterday evening, following the suggestion made by our Mistress during recreation on the two preceding Sundays, we had a great encyclopedic tilt, which had been prepared with enthusiasm. Questions of all kinds, like so many projectiles, were hurled; but the victims were not numerous.

Of the two camps placed, one under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary and the other under that of St. Michael the Archangel, whose Solemnity it was, the latter won the honours of victory. In our battles, wounds are not exactly signs of bravery and titles of glory; and, if the blows do not cause the blood of the unfortunate victims to flow, they make it rush to their cheeks, which blush with shame at being vanquished.

Peace has not been signed yet. The armies are preparing new expeditions. We are decided to reconquer the flag lost in the country of Catechism of Vows, and the young novices are cherishing the hope of carrying by storm the region of Bible History.

Our desire for conquests is not vain play. These domains vanquished will be, later on, means of apostolate, and never shall we have too many of them.



**In Loving Memory of Our Dear Departed
Sister Marie de Lorette**

WITH joyful enthusiasm, according to the liturgy of the feast, we had begun to celebrate All Saints' Day. A hymn in honour of the Blessed in Heaven had preluded to the customary holiday and our gaiety was at its height when, towards ten o'clock, unexpected news cast a veil of sadness over our joy. A telegram from our convent at Nominigüe announced to us the death of our beloved Sister Marie de Lorette, which had occurred the preceding night.

On October 31st, late in the afternoon, as her condition was becoming worse, the Sister Infirmarian informed Sister Superior, who sent for the doctor. Towards two o'clock in the morning, he was called again; and, at

the same time, Reverend Father Noiseux, P. P., came and anointed her. At ten minutes past three, she had already passed away. She was spared the terrors of agony and calmly expired in the peace of the Lord, like a person falling into a profound sleep at the close of a laborious day.

This dear companion, whose lungs were affected, had been taken to our convent in the Laurentides, whence we expected to see her return cured. Her untimely death astonished even the doctors. May we not suppose that Our Immaculate Mother wished to have her humble child in heaven, among the white-robed virgins, for the Feast of All Saints?

On the evening of that same day, dear Sister Assistant left for Nominugue to comfort our Sisters, who were so afflicted by this sudden death.

Our beloved companion's funeral service took place in the Parish Church, on Thursday, November 3rd. She was buried on the knoll, where five of her companions were already resting in the shadow of the cross. Mrs. Leger, mother of the deceased, Mélanie, her sister, and Miss Céline Leblanc, one of her aunts, arrived at Nominugue during the funeral Mass. The coffin was opened at the cemetery, and the weeping family contemplated, for a few minutes, the altered and irre recognizable features of the dear child, whom nature had favoured with so much gracefulness.

Sister Marie de Lorette, nee Marie Eva Leger, was born at Leger's Corner, near Moncton, N. B., on Sunday, December 21st, 1902. Her father, Mr. Albini Leger, who had married Miss Regina Leblanc, died in 1911. The courageous mother, left alone at the head of her family, provided immediately for the education of her four young children, the eldest of whom was Eva, then only nine years old. It can easily be imagined what great sacrifices she had to make to accomplish such a heavy task.

In recalling memories of her childhood, Sister acknowledged that she was exceedingly fond of play. "I liked it so much," said she, "that I often preferred it to my lessons, excepting drawing, which I loved passionately. During the last year of my studies, I became more serious, thanks to the precious counsels of the Superior of the Boarding-School that I was attending. This good Religious greatly helped me to decide my vocation. It was about that time that the words of a Missionary who was leaving for the Foreign Missions greatly impressed me and gave me an irresistible desire for the missions. While still young, whenever I saw Sisters, I envied them and wished to be like them. I was under the impression that they thought only of God and never sinned. I made a retreat and, as I was undecided as to which of two Communities I should choose, I went and asked the Pastor's advice. After reflecting for a few minutes, he asked: 'Do you like the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception?' As I answered affirmatively, he said: 'Well, go there'."

Miss Leger, therefore, entered the Postulate at Outremont, on February 2nd, 1922. When she received the Holy Habit on the 24th of the following September, she was given the name Sister Marie de Lorette. After her Novitiate, she made her temporary vows on September 25, 1924, in the chapel of our Novitiate, which had just been opened at Pont Viau.

Before entering, she had greatly desired to take painting lessons. "But," said she, "I saw that it was impossible, my poor mother had already so many expenses. One day, I heard about a young person who, after praying the Blessed Virgin, had obtained a favour similar to the one that I so much desired. Therefore, I began to pray for this intention." Our Heavenly Mother granted her child's desire; she was soon employed in our studio, where she became very skilful. Another of her wishes, more ardent still, was to be realized shortly after her profession. On September 8, 1925, she left for our mission of Canton, China. "How I would like to be a missionary to save little Chinese children!" had she often repeated in her childhood. Well, this time again, God acquiesced to her apostolic desires. She had the consolation of baptizing quite a number of dying babies, who, we like to think, must have given her a hearty welcome in heaven.

The first symptoms of lung trouble, which appeared three years after her arrival in the missions, persuaded Reverend Mother to recall her to Canada. She entirely recovered and, on December 7th, 1932, she was able to go to our Procure in Rome. There, she acquired a better knowledge of her cherished art, but four years had not gone by when she was obliged to return to the Mother House again, on account of her health. She was skilful in wax-work, thanks to the lessons so kindly given to her by the Grey Nuns of Montreal. She made charming wax Infants to which she succeeded in giving a heavenly expression.

She was charmed by the beauties of nature: a tiny flower, a beautiful sunset. She edified us especially during the last year of her life; she seemed to have the intuition of her approaching end. She would often say to her companions: "Our Lord is detaching me from the world and creatures; I feel the necessity of being good and of being always ready to render services, somewhat like Jesus, when on earth. In growing older, we finally see only souls, and how beautiful we find them!" "How rejoicing it is," did she also say, "to always think well of everybody." Last August, on her return from her annual retreat, she said to one of her companions: "I have put everything in order. I have left the formula of my vows handy so that, if I should die, it will be easily found." On seeing her companion's astonishment, she added: "It seems to me that, if my lungs were again affected, I would go quick."

At the end of September, this year, she took a cold, which the Sister Infirmarian did not succeed in curing and which obliged her to remain in bed. On October 26th, with the consent of the Community doctor, she was taken to Nominigüe, where the air is so reviving, in this season especially; but, this time, contrary to all expectations, she succumbed to the disease, which carried her off in a few days. She was thirty-six years of age and had spent seventeen in the Religious life.



We can never have too much confidence in the good God; He is so mighty and so merciful! As we hope from Him so shall we receive.

— *St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN.,

Happy New Year! Happy New Year! we hear on all sides. Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

These greetings exchanged between relatives, friends and acquaintances, on the first day of the New Year, are agreeable to God, if they come from the heart and not only from the lips. This loving Father, Who ardently wishes all His children to be united in charity, is pleased to grant the good wishes that they offer to one another; but, as we have just said, these wishes must not be a mere formula of politeness, but the sincere expression of charitable feelings. Moreover, they must not refer only to temporal goods, perishable goods, that the Lord cannot always grant because they would hinder our eternal salvation.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" do we say to one another, at the beginning of each new year. But what does that mean? It means that we wish one another all that can make us happy here below and, especially, all the graces that we need daily to merit Heaven. Is not that the best of wishes? It is, indeed, and the most excellent, after the one which we should offer God. But what can we wish God?... Does not everything belong to Him: Heaven, with its glory and felicity; the earth, with all its elements?... Is He not beauty itself, knowledge, happiness and omnipotence?... Yes, from all eternity, He is non-dependent; He is, and all things were made by Him; and, without Him, was made nothing that was made. However, there is one thing that we not only may wish Him, but must wish Him: it is the augmentation of His extrinsic glory by the extension of His reign over the hearts of all men. So many men do not yet know their Creator! More than a billion of them, slaves of superstition and paganism, do not yet know His Holy Name; so many others blaspheme or profane it; a great number deny the very existence of God; and, among those who do know and acknowledge Him, how many love Him and serve Him but with languishing hearts! Oh! the excellent wish that we express to God when, with all our hearts, we say:

Hallowed be Thy Name!
Thy Kingdom come!
Thy Will be done!

Happy New Year! Happy New Year! does your great Friend also wish you, dear Children. He ardently begs Our Heavenly Father to shower graces and blessings upon you during this New Year, and during your whole life, so that after being good children, you may serve Him faithfully in the

vocation which He has chosen for you and merit thereby the happy Eternity promised to all fervent Christians.

A VISIT

On the Feast of the Epiphany, the day on which the three Wise Kings came to pay a visit to the Infant Jesus, Your Great Friend invites you to go on a visit also... a visit in thought.

First of all, let us spread our wings, the wings of our thoughts which, with a single flap, can cover an immense distance. Ah! how wonderful is the agility of thought!... How wonderful, also, our memory, our imagination, our intelligence, and our soul! It is by the latter that we think, act, reflect and communicate with God. Well may we admire the magnificence of the clouds, the wonders of the planetary system; be enraptured at the sight of the marvels and riches of the sea; be astounded, as it were, in considering all that the Divine Hand has created on earth, from the grain of sand, the blade of grass, the tiny flower, the imperceptible insect, to the enormous animals, the gigantic trees, the towering mountains.

What variety and multiplicity, what fecundity, beauty and richness, in this whole creation! Nevertheless, dear Children, all that is nothing at all compared to the beauty and value of a soul in the state of grace. The beautiful and beneficent light was created by one word. God said: "Let there be light", and light was. In like manner, He created the firmament, the sea, the land, the birds, the fishes, etc. But when, as a complement of His work, He created man, He said, seemingly reflecting: "Let Us make man to our image and likeness." Let Us, that is, the Three Persons together, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After He had made man's body from the slime of the earth, God breathed into it an immortal soul, image of the Divinity.

Our soul is thus a breath from the Heart of God, breath of love which has made it His child. But we have a still better idea of the greatness and value of our soul, from the fact that man, having, through disobedience to His Creator, deprived himself of Heaven, the eternal end for which he was created, the Son of God Himself came down upon earth to reconcile him with His Father, reintegrate him in his rights to Heaven and show him, by His examples and teachings, how to please God and merit everlasting happiness.

It is, dear Children, to this great God, made man through love for us, born in a stable, laid in a manger, that I wish to take you on a visit. Kneel at the foot of this crib; and, with the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Angels, the shepherds, and the Magi, adore the Divine Infant lying there. Contemplate the heavenly features of the most beautiful of the children of men. Behold His eyes, full of meekness, looking tenderly at you; kiss



Let us contemplate His Heavenly features which reveal the most beautiful of the children of men.

His tiny hands stretched out to bless you. Offer Him your best wishes for His Father's glory and for the extension of His reign throughout the whole world. Ask Him that all may be men of good will, so that peace may be re-established upon earth. Pray for the Church, for your loved ones and for yourself. Then, be silent and listen to this loving little King, Who is going to speak to each one of you. His sweet voice will penetrate your souls, enlighten your minds, inflame your hearts, and softly whisper to you secrets of Divine Love.

Then, treasuring up in your hearts the words of Jesus, confide to Him your good resolutions for the New Year, and do not leave Him without offering Him a present, the very one which He has come to seek: your souls, the souls of all men; your hearts, the hearts of all men. Promise Him to be faithful until death and ask Him to grant the same fidelity to all men.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

King Melchior's Little Granddaughter

(continued.)

Meanwhile, Torculus thought of marrying his niece, who had attained the age at which girls, according to the Roman law, could choose a husband.

Romula's extraordinary beauty and the great fortune which she had inherited at the death of her parents, could not fail to attract many suitors; but, filled with Divine Grace, she had no other desire than that of consecrating herself entirely to the Lord, after Myrrha's example.

Astonished by her persistent refusals, Torculus plied her with questions until, finally, one day, she resolutely declared that she was a Christian and belonged irrevocably to Jesus Christ.

The patrician's astonishment soon changed to violent fury. In his opinion, the Christians amounted to a few slaves; and his pride, touched to the quick, could not bear to think that a woman of his race should debase herself so much as to become a member of this despicable sect.

Without listening to any explanation, he burst out into threats and, soon, in a fit of rage, denounced his niece and the slave who had converted her, to the prefect of the city.

It was during a furious persecution. Myrrha and Romula were dragged by brutal soldiers to the Pretorium, where their intrepid answers exasperated the judges. After being tortured in various ways, they were finally thrown into a gloomy dungeon to await the proximate day of their martyrdom.

The Mamertine Prison, which was to become, a little later, so renowned on account of the Apostles' imprisonment there, consists of two chambers, one above the other, excavated in the rock. In the center of the upper chamber, there is a sinister hole through which prisoners were often thrown into the lower dungeon, before receiving their death blow.

It was in this dungeon where, at Peter's wish, a well had miraculously come into existence, that the two young Christians, like wounded doves,

were awaiting martyrdom with an invincible faith, which increased with their trials.

"Sister," said Myrrha, "behold, the Beloved cometh!... Behold He standeth behind our wall, looking through the lattices... Behold, He speaketh to us: 'Arise, make haste my love, my dove, hidden in the clefts of the rock, and come!... For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone... the time of pruning is come...' Love is stronger than death! A bundle of myrrh is to Me My Beloved, Who feedeth among the lilies!..."

Romula listened respectfully to the ardent words of her holy companion, and both, lifting their arms to heaven, prayed thus: "Lord Jesus, good Master, we give Thee thanks for having given us the grace to support our torments!... We now ask of Thee to be received into Thine immortal glory!..."

Behold from their wounds flowed a sweet liquid, while a brilliant light emanated from their body, frightening the executioners, who were troubled by these prodigies.

Paul sent a messenger to bring to them, with Holy Viaticum, his last exhortations.

"Daughters," said he, "behold the Bridegroom cometh!... Arise!... Go ye forth to meet the Lord Jesus Christ!... With your comeliness and your beauty, set out, proceed prosperously, and reign!..."

Fortified by the Eucharistic Lord and the Apostle's counsels, the two children unceasingly prayed and praised God while awaiting, with super-human hope, martyrdom, which they so ardently desired. Myrrha, exhausted with fatigue and suffering, fell asleep for a moment on the hard, cold ground of the dungeon, where the ferocious executioners had ingeniously scattered fragments of glass and pottery. She dreamt that she was carried very far away... In a brilliant light, she saw once again the wonderful scene, the account of which charmed her during her childhood... It seemed to her that she entered the blessed stable with King Melchior; but the aged King no longer carried a sumptuous present... He brought only Myrrha, his little grandchild, to offer her to the Messiah... And she, absorbed in fervent adoration, understood that, at that moment, she was the myrrh, the real myrrh, of which the mystical perfume was but the figure.

However, the Infant Jesus made a sign to His Mother. She bent over Him and then turned towards Myrrha, prostrated in adoration. "Come near," said she, "Jesus wishes to embrace you!" Myrrha, trembling, immediately obeyed... The Divine Child, stretching out His tiny arms, gently drew the timid little Virgin to Himself and, smiling, lovingly kissed her!...

As the radiant dawn of an April day was stealing over the Eternal City and the brilliant light of the spring sun was illuminating the deep blue sky, the heavy doors of the Mamertine Prison opened and, on the threshold, appeared two young girls in white tunics.

Rapidly and joyously, animated by a triumphant grace, they advanced, hand in hand, towards the vast open space beyond the Forum, where the Flavians were to construct, later on, the immense amphitheater of the Coliseum.

It was there that, according to the Emperor's orders, they were to be beheaded. Romula's great nobility authorized this form of execution, reserved to Roman citizens only; and the young patrician, wishing to remain united to her friend in death as in life, had obtained the same privilege for Myrrha.

Touched by their youth and beauty, the crowds pressed forward as the maidens passed...

Romula carried her noble head high, and a flame of generosity sparkled in her fair countenance, while Myrrha's big black eyes seemed to reflect the mysterious glimmer of the star which had enlightened her whole life!

Along the road, the roses of the Forum and Mount Palantine seemed to bow and offer their white and crimson petals to the two martyrs.

They passed before the temple of the Vestals, sterile symbol of a virtue that Christianity was to render fecund; and, arriving at the place of execution, they perceived, in the crowd, Paul, the Apostle, raising his hand to give them a last blessing.

They then knelt down and, together, without separating their clasped hands, with a simple movement of their heads, they threw their long flowing hair forward, leaving their tender necks exposed to the mortal blow which they were about to receive.

The bloody axe glittered for a moment over the bowed heads... A single cry was to be heard: "Jesus!"

The executioners were terror-stricken on seeing the two innocent souls wing their flight to Heaven, to join the white-robed cortege that follows Jesus, the Mystical Lamb, wherever He goes.

(The end.)

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained



"O MARY, the entire universe would perish before you refuse your assistance to those who, with all their heart, implore your help and protection."

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help has hearkened to my prayers. I am ever grateful to her. I would like you to make another Novena to her for two more favours. If my requests are granted, I will gladly take a subscription to THE PRECURSOR for my father. Mrs. N. S., **Comber, Ont.** — Enclosed find money order for the ransom of Chinese babies, in thanksgiving for a favour received. B. A., **London, Ont.** — I am sending you an offering in thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. L. L., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I enclose an offering for the ransom of dying Chinese babies. This is in thanksgiving to St. Jude for favours received through his intercession. I beg an occasional remembrance in your prayers. Miss K. M., **Vancouver, B.C.** — I am enclosing an offering for the ransom of a dying baby, in thanksgiving for a favour received from Our Blessed Lady. Please pray for two intentions of mine. I am asking for them through the intercession of the Holy Family. A Friend, **Quyon, Que.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. C. L. Leaderer, **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mr. Louis St. Cyr, **Shawinigan.** — Lively gratitude for favour received. A Friend of Mary, **Ste. Scholastique.** — I thank our Immaculate Mother for having

restored me to health. Mrs. A. Gélinas, **St. Boniface de Shawinigan**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the success of an operation. Mrs. D. C., **Amos**. — Heartfelt thanks for a cure obtained. Mrs. G. N., **Val d'Or**. — My son has obtained work. Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. Ludger Proulx, **Iroquois Falls**. — A cure has been obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. L., **St. André de Restigouche**. — A thousand thanks to Mary! Mrs. William Lemire, **Hudson, N. H.** — I thank the Immaculate Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. Baribeau, **St. Paulin**. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. L., **Chicoutimi**. — Most lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. A Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour received. Mrs. E. G. — Heartfelt thanks for a grace received. Mrs. A. D., **Chambord Junction**. — Thanksgiving for two great favours received. I beg the Blessed Virgin to continue assisting me. Mrs. L. D., **Granby**. — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for favour received after the promise of publishing my gratitude. Mrs. C. B., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Sincere thanks for several great favours obtained. Mrs. L. M., **Quebec**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favour received. Mrs. J. L., **Cabano**. — Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favour that I have received through her intercession. A Subscriber, **Ste. Geneviève de Pierrefonds**. — Thanksgiving for favours received. — Lively gratitude for a favour attributed to our Heavenly Mother. A Subscriber, **St. Denis sur Richelieu**. — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a favour received. A mother confident in the Blessed Virgin. — My son has recovered his eye sight, I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for such a favour, for it is through her intercession that it has been obtained. Mrs. V. Boucher, **St. Ignace de Loyola**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained after promising to publish. Mrs. R. C., **Mascouche**. — Thanksgiving to the Immaculate Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. Maxime Sarrazin, **St. Norbert**. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained after my promising to publish it. J. J., **Ste. Madeleine, St. Hyacinthe Co.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for improvement in my health. Mrs. Jos. Normandin, **Mount Carmel**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. B., **St. Maurice**. — Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a grace received. Mrs. G. M., **Leominster, Mass.** — Sincere thanks for favour received after promising to publish my thanksgiving. Anonymous. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary Immaculate! Mrs. E. L., **St. Valentin**. — My most sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin who has granted me the cure of my little girl. Mrs. E. Martel, **Ste. Jeanne d'Arc**. — I am pleased to acquit myself of my promise in thanksgiving for a cure obtained. Mrs. Alph. Auger, **Ste. Flore**. — I thank the Blessed Virgin for a great grace obtained through her intercession. Mrs. O. R., **St. Hermas**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin who has been so good to me. I beg her to continue protecting me and to grant my daughter the grace to find a position. Mrs. J. D., **Lewiston, Me.** — My son-in-law has found work. Most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. G., **Leominster, Mass.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for having obtained work for my husband. Mrs. R. B. — Thanksgiving towards our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. R. B., **St. Joseph de Beauce**. — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favour obtained. A. D., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. L. G., **St. Isidore**. — Thanksgiving for favour received. Mrs. J. R., **Victoriaville**. — Kindly help us to thank the Blessed Virgin who has greatly protected us in a difficult circumstance. Mrs. T. L., **Alfred, Ont.** — I have obtained the grace that I was requesting. My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. May she ever protect me. Mrs. S. L., **Ferme Neuve**. — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. Mrs. F. F., **Arvida**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favour that has been granted to me. Mrs. U. D., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for protection in commerce. Mrs. A. S. — The Blessed Virgin has made me find a tenant. I thank her from the bottom of my heart and I now beg for the grace to find a position. Mrs. N. Y., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Thanksgiving towards the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. O. B., **St. Octave**. — My husband has found a position. Kindly thank the Blessed Virgin with me. Mrs. A. B., **Lewiston, Me.** — Homage of gratitude towards the Immaculate Virgin for a favour obtained. D. D., **Tetereaultville**. — Sincere thanks for a favour received and request for others. Mrs. A. L., **Biddeford, Me.** — I am acquitting myself of my promise in thanksgiving for favour received. Mrs. P. E., **Viauville**. — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. I request more prayers, that my daughter may recover her health. Mrs. E. F., **Gendron**. — The Blessed Virgin has granted me the grace to find a position. I thank her from the bottom of my heart and beg her to help me to keep it. A. L., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude for favour obtained. Mrs. A. C., **Montpellier, Vt.** — I am fulfilling my promise in honour of the Immaculate Virgin in thanksgiving for work obtained. M. E. B. — Kindly thank the Blessed Virgin for her maternal protection. M. M. L., **Montreal**.

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

Petitions

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

Please find enclosed a postal note for the renewal of my subscription to THE PRECURSOR. I wish to obtain another favour from the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. D. M., **Fort Fairfield, Me.** — Would you please offer a few prayers for a special intention. Mrs. O. L., **Westmount.** — Will you kindly pray for several favours. Mrs. W. P. R., **Hemmingford, Que.** — Will you pray for me, that I may get well. I have been to the hospital and the doctors say they cannot do anything for me. I have faith in prayers and, if I recover, I shall send a substantial donation. Mrs. Wm. P., **Patten, Me.** — Please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for a special intention. Mrs. F. T., **Swanton, Vt.** — Would you kindly remember me in your prayers, that I may recover my health, and pray also for my grandchildren. M. F. G. — Kindly pray Our Blessed Lady for my son and his wife who have parted. M. A. R., **Saco, Me.** — Would you be kind enough to remember me in a Novena to Our Blessed Lady for a special intention for myself and my family. Enclosed find small offering. Mrs. H. M. J., **Verdun.** — Will you please pray that a person may be cured of heart trouble. Mrs. F. W., **Spencer, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary for the following intentions: A position for my brother, the repose of my parents' souls; peace of mind; to settle debts; four spiritual favours and a special favour, finally for my health. Miss B. P., **Montreal.** — I am enclosing my renewal subscription to THE PRECURSOR. Please pray that my daughter may be cured. She has been afflicted with eczema for six years already. Mrs. D. D., **Ste. Adelaide de Pabos, Gaspé, Que.** — Will you please make a Novena asking Our Heavenly Mother and St. Teresa to grant me two very special favours. Miss W. McR., **Rosemont.** — Would you please pray for my husband that he may get better wages. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Would you kindly pray for my daughter who fell and sprained her ankle. Mrs. F. C. P., **Newport, Vt.** — Please continue praying for my intentions. Mrs. A. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you please pray that I may recover my health and that my son may stop drinking. Mrs. B., **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please pray for my intentions for we are sorely in need of help. Miss K. F. — My husband is out of work and I would like you to pray that he may soon get another position. Mrs. L. McN., **Eganville, Ont.** — Kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa that my operation may be successful. Mrs. S. A., **Lincoln, Me.** — Will you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my intentions, for I need her help very badly. Kindly ask this loving Mother to help me to be good and to grant me the grace to have my position again. Miss R. V., **Waterville, Me.** — Would you kindly pray that my husband may recover his position and that we may be able to return to our old home. Mrs. H. M., **Ansonville, Ont.** — Please pray for my son that he may continue to do well in his new position, and that he may abstain from all intoxicating liquors. Please pray also that I may be able to meet my financial difficulties somehow. Mrs. S. J. McG. — Please remember my deceased husband in your prayers, and please pray for me also. I have been very sick. My eyes are bad and my heart is very weak. Mrs. T. C., **Belleville, Ont.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that my daughter and myself may recover our health. Mrs. U. L., **Moose Creek, Ont.** — Will you please pray for a man, that he may receive the last Sacraments before he dies. He has given up his religion years ago and he is now very ill. I. T., **Montreal.** — I am to enter the Hospital for a gall-stone operation. Would you be kind enough to start a Novena so that my operation may be successful and that I may soon recover from it. Mrs. L. C. B., **Three Rivers, Mass.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that my son may stop drinking and find work, as he has a large family. Also that my husband may find another position. Mrs. J. L., **Pembroke, Ont.** — Please start a Novena at once for me that I may obtain a special favour. I promise the yearly ransom of a baby likely to live, if my request is granted. Mrs. C. K. A., **Houlton, Me.** — I am a sick and lonely woman. Please pray for me that God may give me a great love for Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Mrs. J. R., **Montreal.** — My husband has been unemployed for over two years. I have three children and I am in ill health from lack of nourishing food so will you please make a Novena that my husband may soon find employment. Mrs. F. P., **Montreal.** — Enclosed find offering for subscription to THE PRECURSOR. My husband has obtained a position, but it is one which separated us by some two hundred miles so I wondered if you would join with me in prayer, that we may be together on a financially better one. Mrs. M. E. T., **Oldtown, Me.** — Please remember my intentions in your prayers to the Blessed Mother of God and St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus. Mrs. A. D., **Tilbury, Ont.** — Would you please make a novena in honour of the Precious Blood, Our Blessed Mother and St. Ann for my health. Mrs. Geo. H. B., **Marine City, Mich.** — Will you please say a special prayer to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for my son, that he may obtain employment, and for my other boy that he may obtain the favour he is asking. Mrs. J. L., **Patten, Me.** — Will you please pray for a special intention. Miss N. B., **Wyman P. O., Que.** — Would you kindly remember my daughter in your prayers that she may recover her health. Mrs. Pierre April, **St. Hubert.** — I beg the Blessed Virgin's protection for the sick of the district. Mrs. Paul Desrosiers, **St. Adelme.** — I am requesting the help of your prayers for a very important favour. Anonymous, **St. Bernard de Shawinigan.** — I request the cure of my husband through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. A Subscriber of **Louiseville.** — Kindly say a prayer

for me that I may obtain courage, that my daughter may be restored to health and that temporal graces may be granted to us. A Subscriber, **Louiseville**. — Will you please pray for my son that he may obtain a position. Mrs. H. L., **Louiseville**. — Would you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that my husband may give up drinking. Anonymous. Will you please pray for the following intentions: peace in my family and the grace to bring up my children well. A Subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR**. — Please have a special intention for my husband. Anonymous. — My sister is seriously ill; will you please pray for her and also remember me in your prayers. Mrs. Alph. Malenfant, **St. Hubert**. — Kindly pray for a very important favour. G. — A cure is requested. L. L., **La Tuque**. — I would like you to pray for the sale of two properties. A Subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR**. — Would you please make a novena that I may obtain a special favour. Mrs. A. L., **Laverlochère**.



NECROLOGY

Very Reverend Canon P. Cloutier, former Pastor of **Champlain, P. Q.**; Reverend Father Neveu, P. S. S., St. Sulpice Seminary, **Montreal**; Reverend Father C. Fournier, P. P., **St. Basile, Portneuf Co.**; Reverend Father Alonzo Lemay, **Les Etroits, Temiscouata Co.**; Reverend Father Armand Carbonneau, **Danville**; Reverend Father Jean Trudeau, **Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal**; Reverend Sister Marie de Lorette, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception; Reverend Sister Claire Adelina (Lucienne Bellemare), The Sisters of Providence, **Verdun**; Reverend Sister Lareau, Convent of the Grey Nuns, **Montreal**; Mrs. Alphée Labelle, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Madeleine du Sauveur; Mrs. Hubert Rossignol, **St. Mathias de Cabano**, mother of our Sister St. Hubert, novice; Mr. Alphonse Prud'homme, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Alphonse de Naples, novice; Mr. Jean Paul Dus-sault, **Les Ecureuils**, brother of our Sister Sainte Louise; Miss Françoise Doyon, **Bromptonville**, sister of our Sister St. Placide; Mr. Gaston Jalbert, **Chicoutimi**, brother of our Sister Marie Luce; Miss Nellie Quinn, **Montreal**; Mr. D. J. Shanahan, **Toronto**; Mr. Oscar Loiselle, **Montreal**; Mr. Wm. S. Ferington, **New York**; Mrs. Lilly Alice Lefèvre, **Vancouver, B. C.**; Mrs. Mary Boyle Lynch, **Montreal**; Mrs. Josephine Bonnice, **Montreal**; Mr. James Kirby, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Anna Sullivan, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. J. E. Plamondon, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Miss Marion Gunning, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Miss Joan Marie Robertson, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Frank Kohler, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. George W. Smith, **Montreal**; Mr. John J. Murray, **New York**; Mr. Anthony Smith, **New York**; Mr. George Shane, **Montreal**; Mr. Leslie Marks, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. John O'Neil, **Dorchester, Mass.**; Mr. W. Carpenter, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Harold Fournier, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. D. J. Gillies, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Miss K. Gillies, **Westmount**; Mr. A. D. Gillies, **Prince Rupert, B. C.**; Mrs. Margaret Dillon, **Brudenell, Ont.**; Mr. Thomas Foley, **Maynooth, Ont.**; Mr. Frank P. Coulas, **Barrys Bay, Ont.**; Mrs. Mary Minta, **Barrys Bay, Ont.**; Mrs. Augustina Cybulskie, **Barrys Bay, Ont.**; Mr. Michael Foy, **Eganville, Ont.**; Mrs. John Netteville, **Whitney, Ont.**; Mrs. Bridget Devlin, **Montreal**; Mr. William Landry, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mrs. Marg. O'Brien, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Richard O'Brien, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Raymond Casavant, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mrs. Nellie Lynch, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. T. O'Connell, **Montreal**; Mr. William Van Rassel, **Timmins, Ont.**; Mrs. A. Leeming, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mabel Tie, **Montreal**; Mrs. Annie Lawrence, **Montreal**; Mr. Elie Brazeau, **Timiskaming, Ont.**; Mr. P. M. Kelly, **Pembroke, Ont.**; Mrs. Stan Laferriere, **Chiswick, Ont.**; Mrs. Nellie O'Hearne, **Port Huron, Mich.**; Mr. Patrick Scullion, **Montreal**.

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

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of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

2. — **Protectors**, those who by a 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 given 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.

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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 merit of their apostolic labours, 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 Communions 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 Mother House. (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 Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Guard of Honour is also made at the Shek Lung Lazaretto. There, the poor leper women, in successive 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.