

# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 17 Year

MONTREAL, July-August, 1939

No. 4

# Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

## IN CANADA

**MOTHER HOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Que.,**  
(Founded in 1902).

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

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Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles. Kindergarten.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

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

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

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

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

**GRANBY, Que., 285 Main St., (Founded in 1931).**

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls.

**STE. MARIE, Beauce Co., (Founded in 1932). Apostolic School.**

**RIMOUSKI, Que., St. Jean Baptiste St., (Founded in 1932).**

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

**ST. JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain St., (Founded in 1935).**

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

(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)



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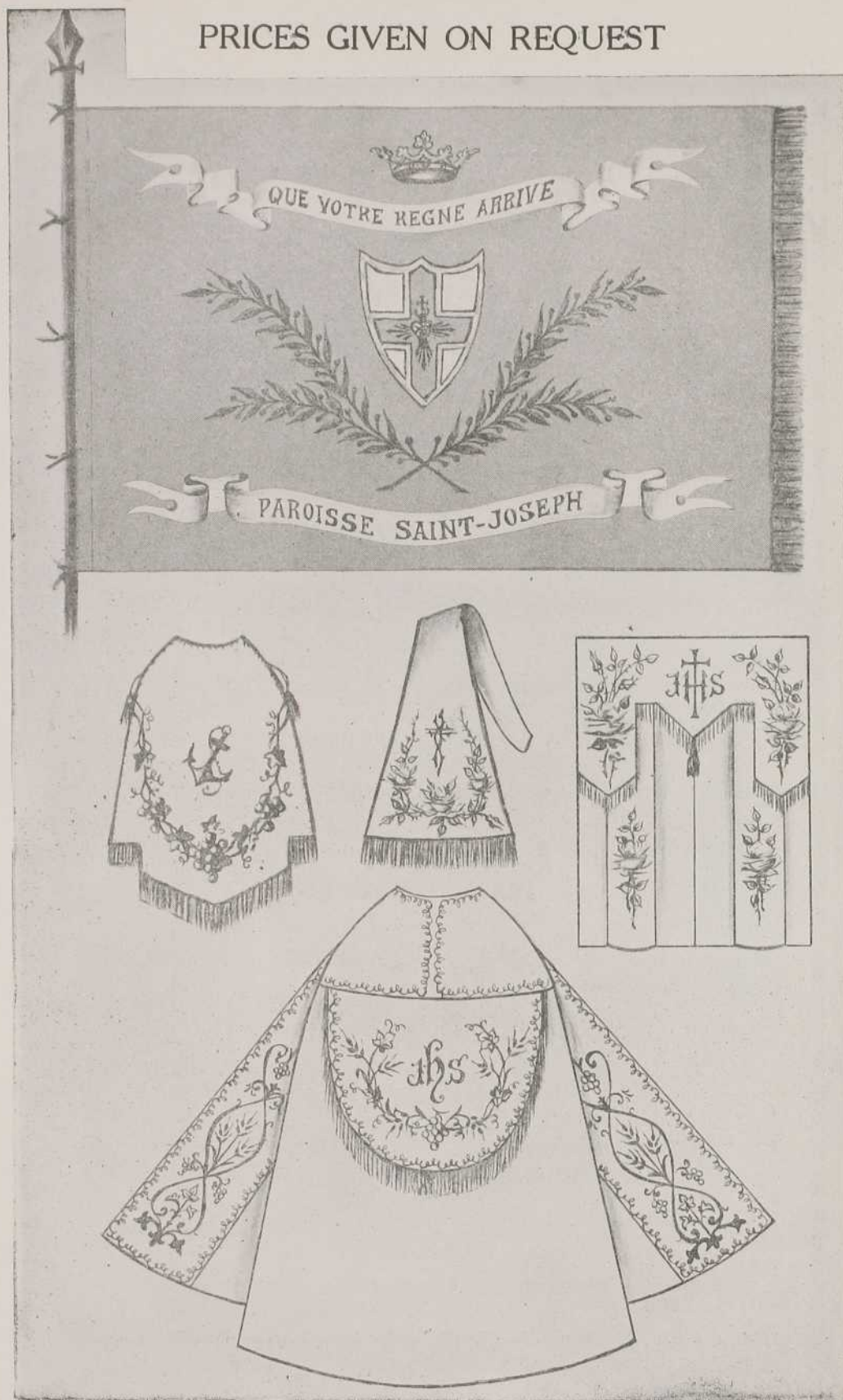
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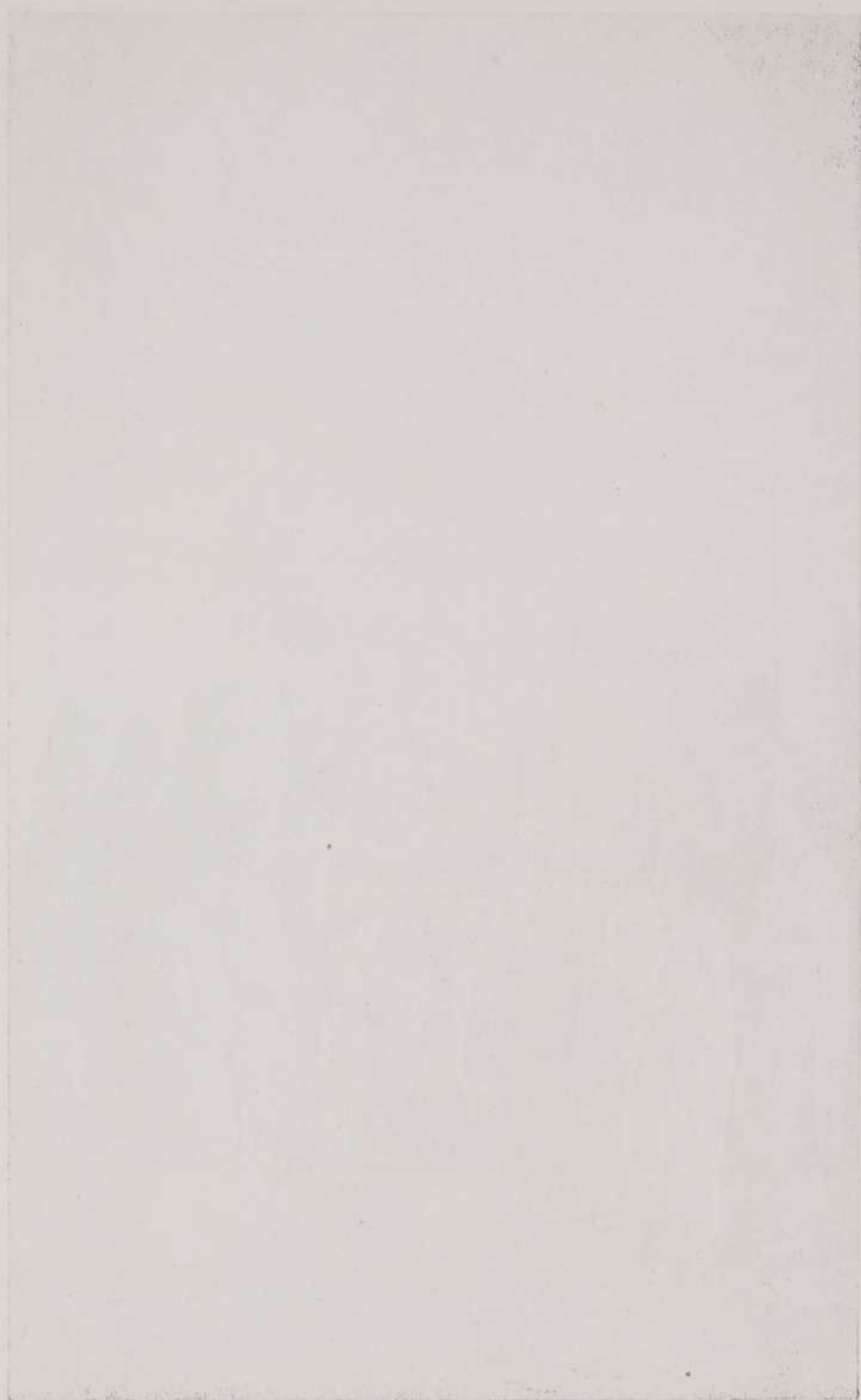
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# THE PRECURSOR

Published by the  
**Missionary Sisters**  
of the Immaculate Conception

*with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal*

Vol. XII, 17th Year

Montreal, July-August, 1939

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## Prayer to St. Anne

*O Good St. Anne, great Mother  
Of Israel's Lily fair,  
God honoured thee by giving  
Such treasure to thy care.*

*O Good St. Anne, we pray thee,  
Sweet Mother of our Queen,  
When Satan's snares are spread around,  
Stand us and sin between.*

— J. B.



# His Holiness Pope Pius XII

and the Tercentenary of the Ursulines and the Hospitallers of Quebec

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## LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL SECRETARY OF STATE

SEGRETERIA DI STATO  
DI SUA SANTITÀ.

N° 174275

*Dal Vaticano, April 15, 1939.*

YOUR EMINENCE,

Among the glorious memories of early Canadian History, there are few, no doubt, as great and impressing as that of the arrival of the first groups of Religious from France; and His Holiness is greatly pleased to learn from Your Eminence that the celebration of the tercentenary of this event will take place, next August.

Three centuries ago, in fact, for the first time in the history of the Missions, simple women, but what courageous ones, were seen to leave their country and cross the ocean, to come and co-operate in the missionary apostolate in regions scarcely opened to the Gospel. Leaving the Ursuline Convent of Tours, with two companions, Marie de l'Incarnation responded to Our Lord's Call which she had felt in her soul for more than five years: she went to that Canada, yet uncivilized, "*to make a house for Jesus and Mary*". At the same time, by a strange coincidence, the urgent measures of Reverend Father Le Jeune, whose *Relations* caused such emotion at the Court of the King of France, induced some Hospitallers of St. Augustine to go to Quebec and found a Hôtel-Dieu for the care of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the St. Lawrence. And it was on August 1, 1639, after three months of difficult navigation, that these two groups of Religious brought the promise of unflagging devotedness to the people who received them with joy.

For the Ursulines and Augustinians of Quebec, as well as for the whole of your beautiful big diocese, Eminence, this anniversary will not fail to excite sentiments of deep gratitude towards Divine Providence, Who has permitted the magnificent development of the work undertaken. How much good, for bodies and for souls, accomplished by these two Religious Communities! How admirably has their influence been extended in the various regions of Canada! And what consoling prospects, also, for the future, of which the solemn celebration of this tercentenary permits to think with confidence!

His Holiness heartily shares in the joy of the Ursuline Sisters and the Regular Canonesses Hospitallers of St. Augustine, and expresses sincere

wishes for their prosperity. It is in token of such paternal sentiments, that He begs Your Eminence to transmit to them the Apostolic Blessing, as a pledge of Divine favours.

Happy to deliver this august message, I make it my duty to offer my most fervent compliments to these worthy Congregations.

Kindly accept, Eminence, the homage of religious respect with which, in kissing your hand, I sign myself

Your Eminence's most devoted servant in J. C.,

(Signed) L. Card. MAGLIONE.

His Eminence  
Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve,  
Archbishop of Quebec.

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The greatest contribution we Canadian Catholics can offer to the conservation and upbuilding of our country is to keep the faith and to help others to keep it.

— G. Daly, C. SS. R.

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## Homage to Our Sovereigns

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Last May marked a date, never to be forgotten, in the history of our Dominion. Then, for the first time, Canada was honoured with the visit of its reigning Monarchs.

On the 17th, Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth arrived at Quebec, aboard the Empress of Australia. The old city, magnificently decorated for the occasion, seemed to thrill at the approach of these noble descendants of that royal line, to which the whole of Canada has paid the tribute of submission, respect and affection, ever since the memorable day on which it became subject to the British Crown.

Yes, the old City of Quebec, custodian of ancient souvenirs, thrilled... and its citizens, religious as well as seculars, hastened to welcome their Sovereigns with hearty enthusiasm.

The following day, the illustrious Visitors went to Montreal, where they were also, cordially and eagerly received. Then, they left for Ottawa, the Capital, whence they proceeded towards the West.

All too rapid, so it seems, was the passage of our King and Queen through our beautiful country; but it will leave pleasant and imperishable memories.

Homage and long life to our worthy Rulers! God bless them and grant them, besides a happy and prosperous reign, the joy of seeing peace and justice flourish among their numerous subjects!



## Newly-Elected Prefect Apostolic



MONSIGNOR EMILIEN MASSE  
*Prefect Apostolic of Lintong, Manchukuo.*

On April 17, 1939, the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont Viau received a letter from Rome, announcing that Reverend Father Emilien Masse, Bursar General of the Society, was named Prefect Apostolic of Lintong, Manchukuo.

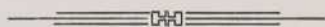
Monsignor Masse replaces, in that high office, Monsignor Edgar Laroche, who was elected Superior General of the Society on July 11, 1938.

The new Prefect is thirty-seven years of age. Born at Joliette, on July 12, 1901, he made his studies at the Seminary of that city.

He entered the Foreign Mission Seminary at Pont Viau on September 1, 1925. He was ordained on June 29, 1929; and, on the 28th of the following September, he left for the Vicariate Apostolic of Szeping kai, Manchukuo, where he exercised the

holy ministry in several mission stations. On July 12, 1938, he was called to fulfill the charge of Bursar General of the Society.

To the new Prelate, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer their hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and fruitful apostolate.



## Pie XI and the Missions

After pondering on the fact that the pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in our spirit...

We determined to leave nothing undone that might day by day extend through apostolic preachers the light of the gospel and thus smooth for heathen nations the way unto salvation.

It seems to Us, two special objects ought to be aimed at, both of which are not only opportune, but even necessary and intimately connected with each other: namely, that a much larger number of missionaries well trained in the various departments of knowledge be sent forth into the boundless regions that are still deprived of the Christian religion, and that the faithful may understand with what zeal, and what constancy in prayer, and finally with what generosity they are to co-operate in a work so holy and so fruitful.

## A Sanctuary to be Rebuilt

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One of the most serious events in the history of Montreal took place in 1711. Canada was dangerously menaced by the English. An enormous fleet, under the command of Walker, was sailing up the St. Lawrence to go to take Quebec, while an army, conducted by Nicholson, was advancing against Montreal. Humanly speaking, the country was lost.

Confidently, Ville-Marie had recourse to its Heavenly Protectress. The ladies and girls made a vow to build a chapel in honour of Mary, if Canada was left to the French. It is well known how the Queen of Heaven answered. Walker's fleet was destroyed during a stormy night, on the reefs of Ile aux Œufs; and Nicholson, discouraged, retreated to New England.

By dint of zeal, prayers and sacrifices, the Chapel of Our Lady of Victory was built in 1718, on Notre Dame Street, near St. Lawrence Boulevard. It was destroyed by fire in 1768; and, reconstructed the following year, it remained a centre of faith and devotion to the Blessed Virgin until 1900, when it was demolished.

It is the pious design of a numerous association of ladies and girls — in every way, worthy of those of 1711 — to undertake a second reconstruction of Our Lady of Victory. It will be a symbol of the love of the citizens of Montreal for her, who has ever watched over their city with maternal solicitude, since the day that it was founded under the name of Ville-Marie. It will be a bond of piety between our epoch and the time of our ancestors, a new proof of the vitality of our faith, the trophy of Catholic victory over the great dangers of the present time, notably atheistic communism.

Who would not like to help, at least by their prayers and sacrifices, the noble rebuilders of Our Lady of Victory? They have published a magnificent leaflet, which can be obtained on request at the Office of the Association, 2330 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal. (Wilbank 3833).

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### Pious Suffrages

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On the 17th of last April, Right Reverend Monsignor Gignac, President of the National Council of the Propagation of the Faith for Eastern Canada, and one of the eminent priests of the Diocese of Quebec, was called to his eternal reward after a short illness, at the Hôtel-Dieu of the Precious Blood.

On April 23rd, Reverend Father Horace Boulay, who had been Pastor of East Angus, Que. for several years, suddenly expired.

The two lamented deceased were devoted friends of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who, ever-mindful of their benefits, make it their duty to offer pious suffrages for the repose of their souls.





## Sing, Sing, Ye Angel Bands

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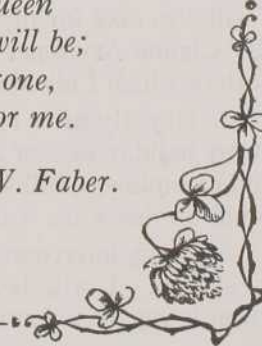
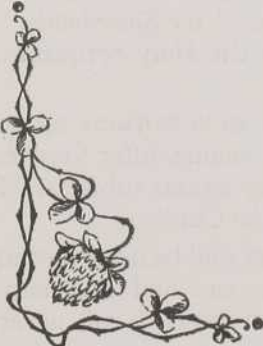
*Sing, sing, ye angel bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher  
Through fields of starry light,  
Mary, your Queen ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.*

*A fairer flow'r than she  
On earth hath never been;  
And save the throne of God,  
Your heav'ns have never seen  
A wonder half so bright  
As your ascending Queen.*

*O happy angels, look,  
How beautiful she is!  
See! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is locked in His;  
Oh, who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss?*

*And shall I lose thee then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee?  
Ah, no! the angels' Queen  
Man's mother still will be;  
And thou upon thy throne,  
Wilt keep thy love for me.*

— Rev. Father W. Faber.





# A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)

The first year of his seminary life was over, and it had been fruitful in gifts and graces. But always afraid of himself, and fearful lest he should relax during the long vacation, he wrote out a series of resolutions, which we will give verbatim:—

July 1, 1849.

A. M. D. G.

## SOME RESOLUTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

One year of my seminary life is already past, and I must give an account of this time of retreat and sanctification. Alas! where are the graces which I have acquired? My God, Thou hast searched me out, and known me. Even the angels are not pure in Thy sight; and what am I?... O my divine Redeemer, have mercy upon me. Deign to accept my penitence, and to bless the resolutions which, with the help of Thy grace, I hope to make for the future. Virgin Mother! thou whom from my childhood I have chosen, pray for me, for thou art my refuge and my strength. "*Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis!*" (Refuge of Sinners, pray for us.)

1. I will get up the moment I wake, offering my heart to Jesus and Mary. I will never sleep later than six. If I serve the six o'clock Mass, I will say my prayers and the "little hours" afterwards; if the eight o'clock, then I will say them all before, together with my meditation and the study of a certain portion of Holy Scripture. The rest of the Office I will say in the evening at separate times.

2. I will make a particular examen every day before luncheon at two o'clock. This examination is to consist of a few minutes' meditation on faith, charity, modesty, interior recollection, etc., etc., with a special consideration of the way in which I have practised each. At the end of the month I will make a general examination, to prevent my relapsing into laxity or indifference.

3. In the course of the afternoon or evening I will visit the Blessed Sacrament, making use of St. Alphonsus Liguori's Exercises on the subject. I will also take for my meditation book the "*Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*" (by Claude Arvisenet), besides the "Imitation" and the Holy Scriptures, both of which I always carry with me.

4. Directly after breakfast I will spend an hour or so in working either at my holiday task or at the Holy Scriptures. In the evening, after Vespers and Compline, I will study again a little bit, but on less serious subjects. I could do this while walking, or when I am waiting at the Curé's.

5. In my intercourse with the outside world, I will try and be most careful in speech. I will be gentle and kind toward everyone, and especially towards my own family. Should the occasion present itself, I will never

neglect to say a little word of our good God, especially to children. But I will do this with great caution, remembering that deeds are worth more than words.

6. On Feast days I will work between Mass and Vespers if I have time. On these days I will try to keep up a greater spirit of recollection.

7. Of these resolutions, there are a few which I must strictly put into practice; such are those in regard to prayer, the particular examen, the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the spiritual reading of the "Imitation" or the "Memoriale".

As to the other points I may be less severe, especially if my friends or companions insist upon my accompanying them on a walk or on a party of pleasure. In fact, I must be careful to do nothing singular or out of the way, so as to excite observation; all affectation, therefore, is *tabooed*. True merit is hidden and simple, and dreads nothing more than publicity. If I can only keep always humble, charitable, and modest, I may escape some of the dangers of my long vacation. I am sure good examples will not be wanting to me; and then, have I not the grace of God? "*Dominus custodiat te. Dominus protectio tua. Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat.*" (May the Lord keep thee. The Lord is thy protector. I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me.)

T. VENARD.

In this little rule of life no mention is made of the frequentation of the Sacraments or other devotions; but as he followed strictly the rule of the Seminary in all these points, it was not necessary to speak of them. No mention is made either of the Rosary. It was said every evening in his family circle, and Theophane presided at it during his holidays as a matter of course. Some readers may be surprised at the simplicity of this rule and its few austerities. This arose from his determination to keep it strictly, so that it should not be a dead letter. Moreover, he thought it right for the sake of those around him to share in their simple pleasures, and in the expeditions and picnics which took place during his visit. His greatest delight was to be with his sister, and to talk with her of holy things and of their future vocations; and daily was the soul of each strengthened by their mutual intercourse.

Two months after his return to the Seminary (on the 8th of December), Mgr. Pie, the new Bishop of Poitiers, made his solemn entry into his episcopal town. The sight of this young and saintlike Bishop had a great effect on Theophane, all the more so as it ensured the Christmas ordination, when he was to receive the tonsure. From that moment he considered himself as set apart for the priesthood, and redoubled his zeal and fervour. At the Trinity ordination, in 1850, he received minor orders, and wrote to his father, "Oh what a grand day is that of one's Ordination! How I wish you had been here to share in my joy! But you will come, will you not, when the great and final step is taken? You will add your blessing to the rest? Oh, it seems as if I could hardly wait patiently for the dawning of such a great day!"



The vacation came round again, and Theophane took the opportunity to open his heart more entirely to his sister, both for his own consolation and because he knew that her faith would triumph over all human considerations, and help him to overcome the shrinkings of his loving heart as he thought over a separation which would probably be final. He spent almost the whole time at home, and employed part of it in helping his brother to make a little grass terrace at the foot of the garden, where, he fancied, after his departure they would be able to sit and think of the absent one whom they had freely given for God's work. On his return to the seminary he seems to have redoubled his efforts to profit by this last year of study and preparation for his future career. But he did not neglect others in thinking of himself, and his letters to his little brother and to his sister are more frequent than ever. To the former he writes on the beauty of piety in the young, adding, however, "Now don't imagine it necessary to put on a sour face, or to look sanctimonious. True devotion is natural, gay, and bright, according to the words of St. Paul, 'Gaudete in Domino semper; iterum dico, gaudete.'" (Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.)

To his sister he writes more as to an equal.

"I rejoice, my darling Mélanie, to see you growing every day in fervour and the love of God. I am sure we shall both try not to forget that humility is the base of all perfection, and that obedience is its guardian. Read Rodriguez's article on Humility in his work on Christian Perfection. But do not let this book give you any scruples, as it is addressed to nuns, and one must not confound absolute precepts with practices which vary according to the position and duties of each person... I quite understand what you say in your letters about the sacrifice hanging over our heads. Courage! God asks of us only our good will; His grace does the rest. What I am most afraid of, is lest you should be discouraged. The Christian motto is Hope! Hope on! hope ever! Be very generous to our good God. Try to leave all things to Him, without trouble or preoccupation. 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' If you feel you have been wanting in such sentiments, make a little act of contrition, and then rise again quickly with renewed courage. In this way we shall really feel as children of God in the holy liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. To be truly humble; to fly from this world's notice; to hold ourselves continually as in the presence of God; to be little in our own eyes, — these are the dispositions which are most pleasing to Him, and which are easier for you to practise than for many others, on account of your quiet, hidden life, very like that of the Holy Family of Nazareth... A great step must soon be taken — the subdiaconate — a step for life and for eternity! Oh, pray for me, that I may in all things follow God's will, and that I may fully know what He requires of me. Say the 'Memorare' frequently for me with this intention. You know how I thank and love you beforehand for all that you do for me in that and a thousand other ways."

To his father he writes, in view of his approaching vows:

"I am now at an age when my future career must be decided upon, and perhaps there may be a question of my marriage. All this might have been



a subject of great anxiety and trouble to you. But, my dearest father, I have chosen my own path. Do not seek an earthly partner for me. Our Lord has called me, utterly unworthy as I am. He has asked for my whole heart, for my body, soul, and spirit, and can I refuse Him what is His? And then I turn in thought to you, from whom, next to God, I have received all — to you, my darling father, and I ask, do not you wish the same thing for me? Are you not willing to give me up to God? *To give me up without reserve; to make a complete sacrifice of your child?* Oh, I am sure you will say yes! For if you have a father's heart, you have equally the heart of a fervent, loving Catholic... But I would add one word more. Is it not the father who takes the bride to the house of God, who gives her to her spouse? Do not her friends and relatives accompany her? Oh, I am sure you will do the same by me! You will come to this my marriage, the mysterious union which joins a human soul to its Creator. You will come to offer to God the child he has given you. You will come and bless me not only in your own name, but in that of her who I feel sure is now helping us with her prayers before the Throne of God. You will bless me for my mother."

We add to this touching letter the few words he addressed to his godmother on the same occasion: —

"I hasten to tell you a piece of news. Perhaps my dear godmother has forgotten that the little child she carried to the Baptismal Font is now twenty-one, the age required by the Church for the office of sub-deacon. Well, I have made up my mind, or rather it is not I that have settled it, but God who has chosen one so miserable and unworthy as I to serve at His altar. And can I say 'No'? I can only adore the mercy of God, and nature must submit. So, on the 21st of this month I am to be ordained sub-deacon. My father, I trust, will come to the sacrifice of his son; but I have no mother left on earth. Dare I ask my godmother — my mother in the order of grace — to take her place?"

The day of immolation came, and the sacrifice was consummated. Then the young sub-deacon sought his Director with the words, "Now I am ready — you will no longer oppose my wish? You will let me go?" And the good and prudent Director assented, and at once wrote to Paris to obtain his admittance to the Foreign Mission Seminary. His much-loved sister and little brother were unable to be present at his ordination; but to console them he wrote the following words: —

"Dearest Mélanie, — your brother is at last a sub-deacon! My soul overflows with joy, but with a joy so sweet and so pure that I cannot express it. I should like to be able to tell you all I feel, but I cannot put it into words. I took the terrible step without trembling. God, in His infinite goodness, spared me the agony of fear at the moment. My knees did not knock against each other, nor did my foot fail me. When I was stretched on the pavement I was filled only with a solemn calm; but when I got up I felt as if I had broken every link, as if I were for the first time free — free like a little bird who has escaped from the snare of the fowler. Oh, how willingly would I then have flown up to heaven!"

To his brother he writes more gaily: —

"My dear little Eusebius, — Henry IV. said, 'Hang thyself, brave Crillon! we have won a victory, and thou wert not there!' I shall say, too, 'You were not there when your poor old brother, prostrate on the pavement, gave himself irrevocably to God!' But I know well that it was not your fault. Therefore please do not hang yourself! but help me to thank our dear Lord for the great grace He has bestowed upon me, and for the happiness with which I am filled. *Gratias Deo super inenarrabili dono ejus!* (Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!) Oh, it was a great day, and a day that has no ending — *quæ nescit occasum diei!* Its dawn will be brighter and brighter until we come to eternity. And now, my dearest little brother, I feel as if I had acquired a right to say to you, 'Do not love the world or its pleasures.' They are seemingly attractive and beautiful; but within all is corruption, vileness, emptiness, and remorse. O my brother, let us love God, our dear, good God, and be as sheep under His hand! Love Him, and you will have no cause for repentance even on this earth. He, too, promises us joys and pleasures, but they are joys certain, inexpressible, eternal, — *pax Dei quæ exsuperat omnem sensum!*" (The peace of God which surpasseth all understanding.)

The answer soon came from Paris, and it was favourable. Then the young student began to make his preparations to leave the Poitiers Seminary, bid adieu to his family, and start joyfully for that house which for more than two centuries has trained Apostles for Eastern Asia.

#### Chapter IV.

##### Breaking Home Ties.

Theophane's departure for the Paris Seminary was definitely settled, and it became necessary to break the news to his family, and especially to his father, who, proud of his son, had already made endless plans for his future advancement. Théophane knew this; and although he thoroughly appreciated his father's courage and generosity, he yet shrunk, as his favourite child, from inflicting a blow which, he well knew, would annihilate all his father's hopes. Nevertheless, he could not bear that a strange hand should give the tidings, and so he summoned courage to pen the following letter, which we give in its entirety.

"February 7, 1851.

"My dearest Father, — It is a little more than a month ago that, to my great joy, you came to witness my consecration to the service of God. You yourself, as it were, presented the victim at the altar. A poor and miserable offering indeed! yet such as it was our Lord in His infinite mercy accepted it. And since that moment how the time has flown! God guides the hearts of men, and they follow as He leads. God, as it were, took me by the hand, and spoke to me with an irresistible voice. 'My son!' He



said, 'come, follow Me, fear nothing; you are little, and poor, and weak, and miserable, but I am the Almighty God. Come, I will be with thee!' and I, can I have a will in presence of the will of God?

"My dearly-loved father, have you understood me? One day God said to Abraham, 'Take thy only-begotten son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of Vision; and there thou shalt offer him for a holocaust upon one of the mountains which I shall show thee.' And Abraham obeyed without a moment's hesitation, and without a murmur; and his obedience was most pleasing to God. Now, my dearest father, do you begin to understand me? Here am I, the child whom you love; I have not borrowed a strange pen to tell you the truth. I come openly, without any subterfuges unworthy of us both. God calls me; yes, it is His call. Oh, call me likewise; say that you, too, are willing that your Theophane should become a missionary!

"Poor father! the word is said, — the *Foreign Missions*. Do not let your human nature shrink from the thought. Rather kneel and take your crucifix, that crucifix which received my mother's last breath, and say, 'My God, I consent, may Thy holy will be done. Amen.'

"O my father, forgive me for having struck the blow myself! Some people will tell you I am mad, ungrateful, a bad son, and I know not what besides. My darling father, you will not think so! I know you have a great and generous soul, and one that has drunk deeply at the only true source of real strength and greatness — that of Religion and Faith. I have saddened your heart; my own is sorrowful and heavy too. The sacrifice asked of us is hard — most hard! But, O Lord Jesus! since Thou dost will it, I will it likewise, and so willeth my father.

"Courage, then, my dearest father — courage, and resignation and confidence in God and in His Holy Mother. Let us pray for each other. Father, I kneel at your feet. Bless your child, and believe in his respectful devotion and dutiful submission.

Theophane Vénard, Sub-deacon."

As he knew beforehand, this letter came upon his father as a thunder-clap; nevertheless the blow did not leave a sting behind, for M. Vénard was a large-hearted and generous Catholic. His answer, which we subjoin, was one of consent, and a consent so heartily given that it rivalled the sublime virtue of his son. One day, when a friend was trying to console M. Vénard by assuring him that his son's vocation had been abundantly weighed and proved by his superiors before they gave their assent, he exclaimed, "And what would become of the prophecy of our Lord Jesus Christ, who declared that His Gospel should be preached throughout the whole earth, if directors of colleges and heads of families were to check the aspirations of all the young students who wish to embark for the foreign missions?

(*To be continued.*)



# A Spiritual Friendship

*St. Teresa of Lisieux and Blessed Theophane Vénard*

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*At Lisieux.* — While visiting the Chapel of the Carmel of Lisieux, pilgrims pause for a moment before the youthful and attractive fresco representing St. Teresa's chosen Saints. Some are astonished to perceive, at the head of the heroic virgins of Rome and Domrémy: Agnes, Cecilia and Joan of Arc, a young priest, with a halo of glory around his head and a palm in his hand, advancing towards the Carmelite's sumptuous shrine.

In the crypt of the Basilica, the pilgrims are still more surprised to see, facing the altar of St. John of the Cross, another altar which, by a special privilege of the Holy See, has been dedicated to the same young priest, Blessed Theophane Vénard, a member of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, who was martyred in Tong-king on February 2, 1861.

They wonder what can be the secret reason for granting such a privileged place to this missionary. They know very well that the little Carmelite became the "Patron of the Missions", in 1927; they, even, remember having noticed, in the Saint's autobiography, some allusions to the Martyr of Tong-king; but these reasons do not seem sufficient to legitimate the giving of this choice place to the young martyred missionary.

In reality, Mother Agnes of Jesus, to whom Teresa had said: "You know all the recesses of my soul, you only," did not make a mistake in giving a place of honour to Blessed Theophane; she knew too well her young sister's affection for the Martyr, and the strange affinity between these two souls.

*The first meeting.* — Theophane Vénard entered but very late into the life of St. Teresa; but he won her soul in the very first meeting.

On March 19, 1897, the Carmelite wrote to Father Roulland, her spiritual brother, a priest of the Foreign Mission Society, who had left for Setchoan on July 29, 1896: "Since your departure, I have read the lives of several missionaries; I have read, also, that of Theophane Vénard, which interested and touched me more than I could express. While under that impression, I composed a few lines of poetry, that are entirely personal. I am sending them to you, however."

Assuredly, we can believe the Saint incapable of telling the slightest untruth, when she declared that she was "touched more than she could express". Had she not made this declaration, we would have guessed it, on seeing the devotion that she had immediately for the young missionary. Theophane was not yet beatified by the Church — he was to be so in 1909, only — when Teresa had already canonized him in her heart and placed him among her chosen Saints. She invoked him.

It was to him that she had recourse, at a decisive moment of her life. "Do you remember," she confided to her sister on May 28, 1897, "do you remember that, last November, when my departure for Tong-king was projected, we began a Novena to Theophane Vénard, for the intention of

knowing God's Holy Will? I was, then, following all the Exercises of the Community; I assisted at Matins, even. Well, during that Novena, I began to cough again; and, ever since, I have been going from worse to worse. *It is he who is calling me.*"

Her sisters, nevertheless, wished to withdraw her from the influence of this call. They made a novena to Our Lady of Victories, in the fervent hope that she would, once again, miraculously raise the drooping Little Flower. "But," they noted sadly, "her answer was the same as that given by the blessed Martyr, Theophane Vénard."

Meanwhile, the anniversary of the missionary's death (February 2, 1861) afforded St. Teresa the occasion of composing, in his honour, a poem which was to be sung on the air of the *Departure Hymn* (Gounod's music). In these verses, she extolled the "angelic martyr", the "virginal lily", the "rose of love", the "soldier of Christ"; she implored his help and protection.

On May 28th, in order to recognize, as it were, the one who was calling her, Teresa expressed this wish, which reveals so clearly her sympathy for Theophane: "Oh! I wish I had his picture!"

Besides, her biography tells us that she had frequently manifested the desire to possess a relic of her chosen Saint; but, seeing that no attention was paid to her request, she spoke no more of it.

On September 6th, as a touching proof of the loving thought of the Sacred Heart, she received a relic of Venerable Theophane Vénard. She was quite overcome when the Mother Prioress brought her the longed-for treasure. She accepted it with tears of joy, kissed it repeatedly, and would not consent to part with it. All that afternoon, she was quite affectionate and charming. The joy of friendship was exercising its influence. She no longer wished to part with it; and, at the hour of death, the relic of Teresa's holy Friend, pinned to the curtains which surrounded her bed, was watching over her.

During the last days of her life, according to her first biography (8th thousand, page 240), turning towards the picture of Theophane, she joyfully exclaimed: "*He will soon come for me...* How happy I am! But I can no longer look at him, or at the Blessed Virgin, without shedding tears."

Finally, as a supreme homage to Theophane, Teresa, knowing how dearly she was loved, and knowing that flowers would be placed around her coffin, requested that the money which was to be spent thus, be employed, rather, for the ransom of poor little negroes from slavery. "I should like a little Theophane and a little Mary Teresa."

Mary Teresa and Theophane, the names of two young Saints, of two souls akin, so to say.

*The same vocation.*—But what mysterious affinity thus united the Carmelite and the Missionary? Why was Teresa conquered at once by Theophane? It is her secret. She has, however, partly revealed it to us in her confidences: "My soul resembles his."

Teresa loved Theophane because he had realized her own vocation. "*I feel called to the Priesthood,*" said she who had devoted her life to praying



for priests. "With what love, my Jesus, would I bear Thee in my hand, when my words brought Thee down from Heaven! With what love would I give Thee to souls!"

Theophane was a priest. Very often, he went up to the altar with his countenance all aglow. The faithful were convinced that he was interiorly consumed with very great love.

Teresa would have liked to be a Missionary. "I would be a Missionary," she said, "not for a few years only, but, were it possible, from the beginning of the world till the consummation of time."

Theophane had been a Missionary, for only a few years, it is true, but entirely, thoroughly. "Let us not be apostles by halves," he often said. Moreover, he had been a Missionary in Tong-king, where Teresa was instantly requested, where she herself aspired to live.

"Above all, *I thirst for the Martyr's crown*," sighed Teresa. "Martyrdom! It was the desire of my earliest days, and this desire has deepened with the years passed in the Carmel's narrow cell."

And Theophane, the "Angelic Martyr", had lived this dream. In his cage of captivity, a few days before he was beheaded, he wrote to his brother Eusebius: "By the time you receive this letter, your brother will be no longer in this bad world. His head will have fallen, and every drop of his blood will have been poured out for God. He will have died a martyr! That was the dream of my youth! When, as a little man nine years old, I took my pet goat to browse on the slopes of Bel-Air, I used to devour the life and the death of the Venerable Charles Cornay, and say to myself, 'And I, too, will go to Tong-king. And I, too, will be a martyr!'"

After offering up their lives, Teresa and Theophane were to die martyrs in a supreme act of love. Both were, also, deprived of the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist which they had so dearly loved.

On July 15, 1897, a novice said to St. Teresa: "You will, perhaps, die to-morrow, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, after Holy Communion..."

"Die of love, after Holy Communion! That would be too nice for me," exclaimed Teresa; and she related how Theophane Vénard, on his way to martyrdom, had already in his hand the pyx containing the Sacred Host, when he saw the executioners take it away from him. Then, she heaved a deep sigh... a presentiment, no doubt, of this new point of resemblance that she was to have with the Blessed Martyr.

Theophane accomplished Our Lord's words: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends..."

"My God, I love Thee," murmured Teresa, expiring.

*Same preparation for life.* — Teresa and Theophane had received the same family education. Both had been brought up in a loving home, where a father's delicate authority and a mother's tender solicitude watched over their early years. Both had been deprived of the maternal affection, while still quite young, and had recovered it in a sister, who became a second mother to them. Both, moreover, had received, amidst sobs, a father's



generous blessing, which was to sustain them in their vocation. Both, finally, had remained deeply attached to their family.

"*Theophane had a tender of love his family,*" said Teresa, "*and I, too, love my family with a tender love* ; I fail to understand those Saints who do not share my feelings." The Missionary's letters, about three hundred in all, and the Carmelite's whole life highly proclaim this common love. Teresa agreed with Theophane in his last farewell, on leaving his country for the distant apostolate: "O my God, it is not wrong, is it, to love one's home, and one's father, and one's brothers, and one's sister? — to suffer terribly at being parted from them? — to feel one's loneliness? — to try to console one another? — to mingle our prayers and our tears, and also our hopes? For we have left all for Thee. We wish to work but for Thee; and we trust to be reunited one day in Thee forever and forever!"

Teresa gave this reason for it: "In giving itself to God, the heart does not lose its natural tenderness; on the contrary, this tenderness increases, while becoming purer and more divine."

The deep Christian spirit and delicate sensibility developed at home, predisposed Teresa and Theophane to detect, in the beauties of nature, which charmed them, the great truths of the invisible world. They both loved flowers, "those gracious creatures, token of joy and symbol of innocence". They cultivated them with pleasure, and compared themselves them to.

"A slight sabre-cut will separate my head from my body, like the spring flower which the Master of the Garden gathers for His pleasure. We are all flowers planted on this earth, which God plucks in His own good time, some a little sooner, some a little later. One is as the blushing rose, another the virginal lily, a third the humble violet. Let us each strive to please Our Sovereign Lord and Master according to the gift and the sweetness which He has bestowed upon us."

(*To be continued.*)

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## Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

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### *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

# Let Us Love the Cross



"I would plant on heathen soil  
the glorious standard of Thy Cross,  
O my Beloved."

Since Our Divine Saviour reconciled Heaven with earth by means of the Cross, planted on Calvary, the instrument of His Passion has become the instrument of our salvation.

"In the Cross," says the Author of the *Imitation of Christ*, "is strength of mind: in the Cross is joy of spirit. In the Cross is the height of virtue: in the Cross is the perfection of sanctity. There is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life, but in the Cross. In the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness."

Let us, therefore, love the Cross. Let us make a respectful bow whenever we pass before it. Let us give it the place of honour in our homes and assembly halls. May it dominate our cities and country-places; the very sight of it makes the infernal legions shudder.

Let us love to make the Sign of the Cross. Let us make it piously, on rising in the morning, on retiring

in the evening, and several times during the day, especially, at the moment of temptation.

Let us love the Cross when it comes to us in the form of troubles and sufferings. Let us receive it from the Hands of Our Divine Saviour Himself and carry it worthily in His footsteps. If necessary, let us, according to His example, be crucified without a murmur or complaint, remembering that, on the great day of the remuneration, our Cross will be all the more glorious inasmuch as it will have made us acquire more merit.

If we are faithful to the Cross, we shall soon learn to appreciate the ineffable sweetness it contains; but it is especially at that unique moment, when the Sign of our Redemption will appear in Heaven and the Son of Man, coming in the clouds, with much power and majesty, will address the following consoling words to the disciples of the Cross: "Come, ye blessed of My Father..." it is then, especially, that we shall fully understand the truth of these words: "In the Cross is infusion of Heavenly sweetness."

## LET US PLANT THE CROSS IN DISTANT LANDS

More than a billion men are still living in the darkness of paganism... Vast countries have not seen the sacred Sign of the Redemption; never



have they experienced its virtue or felt the consolation and hope which it inspires. Why?...

Because the light of the Gospel has not yet shone for them... because no one has yet gone to plant the Cross in these places...

Disciples of the Saviour, we who have had the privilege of being born in a Catholic country, we who are living in the midst of the benefits of the Redemption, let us plant the Cross in distant lands.

If we cannot go ourselves to these far-off countries, let us have ourselves represented there. By our prayers and sacrifices, let us obtain apostolic vocations; by our prayers, sacrifices and alms, let us help to support the missionaries, who are pre-eminently planters of the Cross.

The Cross is worn by Missionary Priests and Sisters, who give it a place of honour wherever they pitch their tent. It dominates their dwellings and shines on the pinnacles of the Temples which they erect to the True God.

The Cross is held in the hands of the Missionaries and Virgin-Catechists, while they teach the astonished pagans the doctrine of Jesus Christ. It is pressed by them to the lips of children; it is enthroned in the homes; it is applied to the sick, in order to relieve their sufferings; and it is shown to the dying, to awaken in their hearts sentiments of Faith, Hope, and Love for Him Who, by His sufferings and death, has merited for them Eternal Happiness.

Christians all, who benefit by the graces of the Redemption, be apostles of the Cross; help to plant it on pagan strands.



## “Holy Cross Burse”

*for the support of a Missionary Sister*

In the month of September, 1935, we opened a Burse in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, for the support of a Missionary Sister. It is now closed, with the fine sum of \$1021.43. Heartfelt thanks to the generous donors who have contributed to its formation! They must remember that they share in the prayers and merits of the Missionary Sister whose upkeep is assured by this Burse.

Under the auspices of Our Blessed Saviour Himself, we are beginning a new one, which will be called

“Holy Cross Burse”

First offering.....\$0.50

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

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

# 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.*

Thanksgiving for a favour received after making a Novena to the "Little Flower". Mrs. A. J., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour she has obtained for me. A Subscriber, **Albany, Vt.** — Heartfelt thanks for the cure of a sore throat obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of Lisieux. Mrs. A. Lepage, **St. Jean de Matha.** — Homage of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace received through her intercession. Anonymous, **Chambly.** — I wish to prove my profound gratitude towards the Patron of Missionaries for a benefit she has obtained for me. Mrs. R. Lively, **Charlemont, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Anonymous. — Thanksgiving to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour obtained through her intercession. A. C., **St. Rose.** — Thanksgiving to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a grace obtained. H. Ledoux, **Fall River, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a position obtained after my promising to publish it. A. L. — Most lively gratitude to St. Teresa for a cure obtained. A Subscriber, **St. Bruno.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise I had made, in thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of the Patron of Missionaries. Mrs. W. B., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a cure obtained. Mrs. Leduc, **Granby.** — A thousand thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a benefit received through her intercession. Mrs. A. Laplante, **Woonsocket, R. I.** — Sincere thanks to St. Teresa who has brought joy in my family by obtaining a change in my husband's conduct. Anonymous.



## Prayer of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus

The vocation of a Priest! With what love, my Jesus, would I bear Thee in my hand, when my words brought Thee down from Heaven! With what love would I give Thee to souls! And yet, while longing to be a Priest, I admire and envy the humility of St. Francis of Assisi, and am drawn to imitate him by refusing the sublime dignity of the Priesthood. How reconcile these opposite tendencies?

Like the Prophets and Doctors, I would be a light unto souls, I would travel to every land to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and plant on heathen soil the glorious standard of Thy Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would spread the Gospel to the ends of the earth, even to the most distant isles. I would be a Missionary, not for a few years only, but, were it possible, from the beginning of the world till the consummation of time.

Above all, I thirst for the Martyr's crown. But I do not sigh for one torment; I need them all to slake my thirst. Like Thee, O Adorable Spouse, I would be scourged, I would be crucified! My heart thrills at the thought of the frightful tortures Christians are to suffer at the time of Anti-Christ, and I long to undergo them all. Open, O Jesus, the Book of Life, in which are written the deeds of Thy Saints: all the deeds told in that book I long to have accomplished for Thee.



# The Mother's Dissimulation

"The dissimulation of a mother who, though heart-broken, would appear in festive attire, in order to reassure her children..." (Léon Bloy)

THE doctors had condemned her: she thought so; she would even have preferred to be told so, frankly. Her big son, whom she had given to the Lord, and who was about to leave for his distant mission, did not suspect it at all. In order that he might go peacefully and joyfully away to the souls that were awaiting his ministry, a conspiracy of silence concerning the mother's condition had been organized. "Mother has been ill," they said, "but she is better; every day, a little better." She herself made an effort to appear cheerful. "I feel well enough to go to the table, to-day," she said. Now, he remembered, she had had herself propped up in the arm-chair, with many cushions... too many cushions, really, for a person recovering. It had not struck him, at the time: love had so well dissimulated health...

While he was sitting beside her bed or her invalid's chair, chatting about trifles, she was thinking, perhaps, of the little peaceful cemetery, where she was soon to be sleeping her last sleep. She must have been tempted to say to him, when she saw him inattentive, somewhat abstracted: "My little one, make the best of your mother... It is her last hours that you are enjoying... You do not yet realize what a mother is. You will realize it later, only... when she will be no more... You will realize it by the void that you will feel in your existence." But he detected nothing in the afflicted eyes that stared at him. His optimistic youthfulness blinded him...

She kept her secret. She preferred to reveal nothing to him, to deprive herself of that almost desperate embrace, in which she would have felt all the affection of that timid, reserved son... reveal nothing to him, because, if she had told him the truth, perhaps, he would not have had the courage... the courage to fulfil his mission.

Then, the morning of the departure came... She insisted on going downstairs to the door. She leaned wearily against the banister. He spoke to her there for the last time. He did not know; she had well dissimulated her last farewell: her lips were steady; her kiss, a little prolonged. He was deceived by her kindness.

"Dear Mother," he said, "be happy."

"My little one," she replied, "can one be happy..."

She stopped. She had said too much. A sweet smile veiled the anguish that love continued to dissimulate. Her son must be able to go with all his courage. Then, there was the bustle of baggage and strangers at the door: the autobus had arrived.

The vehicle rolled through the peaceful town and was on the point of passing the old home. Why did the driver put the brakes on, there? Why, just in front of the old house, did the car slow up? She had remained alone at home; the others had accompanied the departant to the station. She was waiting there, alone, behind a window, but slightly open, on account of the air that she feared. She was there, with her head eagerly pressed against the window-pane; she wished to see her little one again, for the last

time, before dying. As the autobus slowed up, he heard, through the open windows, this heart-rending plaint: "My little one..."

She did not think that he heard. The dissimulation had dropped... The mother's last farewell before the long indescribable voyage: "My little one..."

That last word, he had heard her pronouncing it. She never knew it, but his soul had felt the bitter, yet consoling tenderness of it.

He had never spoken of it until now. It was his secret: a secret between his dead mother and himself; a secret to which he never gave his whole attention, because it grieved him too much; a secret, nevertheless, of which he liked to think throughout his life... it was so full of tender affection, painful affection.

Henri de LAGREVOL, S. J.

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## The Mission of the Son of God

The mission of the Son of God was to promote His Father's glory. He accomplished it especially in saving souls: *Propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de cælis*, do we say in the *Credo* of the Mass.

He knew how dear souls are to His Father. Is not the soul pre-eminently the image of God? Is it not like a breath of His own life: *Inspiravit in faciem ejus spiraculum vitæ*. (*Gen.*, II, 7.) Has not everything in Heaven and on earth been made for souls? Is not the soul destined to live eternally with God, and, even, here below, is not the soul of the just the favourite temple of the Blessed Trinity and the throne of the Three Divine Persons? Moreover, when the soul was separated from Him by sin, God did not hesitate to send His own Son to bring it back to Him, by redeeming it, not with all the treasures of Heaven and all the riches of earth, but with the very Blood of this Only Son.

The Son of God Himself, from the moment when He said to His Father: "Behold, I offer Myself to be the Victim of the salvation of the world", until His "*Consummatum est*" on the Cross, never ceased to work for souls. For them, He gave the sufferings and labours of His hidden life at Nazareth; for them, especially, He spent three whole years, going through the cities and towns, praying and preaching unceasingly, forgiving sins and drawing multitudes to the Kingdom of God. He enlightened their minds, strengthened their wills, inflamed their hearts, so that their souls might be purified and sanctified. Even, when He seemed to be concerned with the salvation and welfare of the body, only, as when He performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, cured the sick, raised the dead to life, etc., His sole aim was to attain the souls of those who benefited by His favours, of those who witnessed them, or of people to come in future centuries. And He crowned His work with the offering of His sufferings and His Blood, during the Passion and on the Cross. *Empti enim estis pretio magno*. (*I Cor.*, VI, 20.)

That is how the Supreme Priest attained the end of His Priesthood: by the salvation of souls, for His Father's greater honour and glory.

DIEUDONNE, *Miss. apost.*





## CHINA

*Extracts from letters of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception  
in Tsungming, to their Superior General*

*Tsungming, February 28, 1939.*

VENERABLE AND DEAR MOTHER,

Although our island is enjoying a little calm, at present, we have had, nevertheless, several mishaps.

Last November, Sister Saint Jacques le Majeur<sup>(1)</sup> and Sister Marie d'Ephèse<sup>(2)</sup>, with two Teresians, went to Shanghai on urgent business. They were confident that no harm would befall them, for our Chinese teacher had made the voyage a few days previously and had not had the least accident.

How surprised we were, at the moment set for their return, to see only the native Sisters arriving! What had happened?...

A few minutes before the departure of the boat, so did the Virgins explain to us, a Japanese officer went to inspect the passengers. Perceiving our Sisters, he said: "Foreigners! Ah! you cannot go to Tsungming; there will be a battle there in a few days." Our Sisters insisted that they were from Tsungming and that they had come to Shanghai on business, only; but he would not listen to them and obliged them to disembark. Two Maryknoll Sisters and two Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Cashin had the same misfortune.

Shortly afterwards, a letter from Shanghai brought us news of our travellers. The Japanese refused to let them leave, because they did not want to expose the lives of Europeans for whom they were responsible. Our Sisters, having told them that there were seven other Canadian Missionaries at Tsungming, received the reply: "Seven, 'tis less than nine."

They received hospitality at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, who were very kind to them.

After waiting for several days, Sister Superior<sup>(3)</sup> sent two of us to the office of the Japanese commander to obtain permission for our captives to

1. Emma LABRECHE, St. Jacques de l'Achigan, Que.

2. Jeannette LUNEAU, Princeville, Que.

3. Sister MARIE BERNARD (Emma VANASSE, St. Guillaume d'Upton, Que.)

return to Tsungming. A pass was granted to them, and our Sisters came back on the first of December, after being detained at Shanghai for over twelve days. It is needless to say how happy we all were.

In the middle of December, the Government gave orders to several persons in the neighbourhood of the Mission to cut the *lou-deu* (reeds which are used for fuel) within the space of three days; otherwise they would be set on fire.

The people were frantic, for the bandits, who were the only guards in the country at that time, had given orders to the contrary. Two proprietors who obeyed the Government had not only their *lou-deu* burnt by the outlaws, but also their houses and all that they possessed; and they themselves were led by the scoundrels as prisoners to their den.

One day, as the chiefs of the bandits were passing and repassing in front of the Mission, apparently meditating some plan of attack, a sixteen-year-old boy, who was a simpleton, was looking at them, quite amused.

"What are you doing?" asked one of them.

"I am looking at you," replied the lad.

"You have no right to look at us," added the outlaw.

As the poor fellow continued to satisfy his curiosity, the brute struck him with his sword and was about to kill him, when a passer-by shouted to him: "Do not kill him; he is an idiot!" The child, grievously wounded, was treated at the dispensary.

Reverend Father Peter Yeu, a venerable and devoted priest of sixty-three years, who has charge of some ten missions, came to visit us after his annual retreat at Shanghai. With tears in his eyes, he spoke to us of the great misery caused in that city by the dreadful war. "The country is lost forever," he said, "unless God works a miracle, which is not probable." This poor missionary himself has suffered very much in his Mission, since the beginning of hostilities.

One day, as the Japanese were investigating his house, one of them asked him for the "portrait of Mary".

"Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" asked the priest.

"I am a pagan," answered the soldier, "but I have heard very much about Mary and I wish to have her portrait."

The Missionary, deeply touched, gave him a medal of the Blessed Virgin. Opening his coat, the soldier put it immediately in a little bag destined for precious things. May Our Immaculate Mother grant the gift of Faith to this pagan, who has such veneration for her medal!

Since the beginning of the war, that is, for two years, no case had come to us from Canada, and the children's toys were becoming scarce. It was, also, more difficult then ever to prepare presents for Christmas. However, necessity is the mother of invention; and, during recreation-hours, one of us made tops with empty spools, another succeeded in cutting dolls out of tobacco advertisements, while her companion made standing pictures with the remaining parts of the advertisements. With bits of bamboo, wheelbarrows were made — wheelbarrows after the fashion of this country and lacking nothing, not even the pink and green paper umbrella. It was all





ARRIVAL OF LITTLE ABANDONED  
CHILDREN AT THE FOUNDLING-HOME,  
TSUNGMING.

quite original, and the children's joy at the despoiling of the Christmas-tree well paid us for our work.

On February 2nd, an imposing ceremony, presided over by the Vicar General, took place in the Novitiate Chapel of the native Sisters of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Six of these native Sisters were forever united to the Divine King, four others pronounced their First Vows, and five received the Holy Habit. During the Mass, the Vicar General recalled to the privileged ones the greatness of the act which they

had just accomplished, and spoke to them, for a few minutes, of the happiness reserved for faithful Spouses.

From the beginning of February, we had had relative peace, as the bandits had gone to Posso; but their absence did not last long. On the 13th, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, a dreadful detonation was heard at a few *li* from the orphanage. Towards eleven o'clock, the gunshots and the cries of poor people, calling for help, gave us to believe that the wretches were very near the Mission.

We learnt, the following day, that several families had been pillaged during the night. One poor man had been robbed of all his money, provisions of rice and beans, and everything in his house.

As ever, Our Heavenly Mother kept watch over her humble missionaries and protected them from danger, once again. How thankful we are to her!

On the 16th, one of the chiefs of the bandits who had kept the island in despair for a long time, was executed at a short distance from the Mission. Ever since his arrestation, our dear orphans had not ceased to pray for him. Let us hope that the prayers of these pure souls have obtained mercy for him.

That same day, a beggar brought us a dying baby. "I met a man," he said, "who was preparing to throw the child into the canal. Knowing that I would have five cents if I brought it to you, I persuaded him that it would be well at the foundling-home; and he gave it to me." Happy five cents, that has purchased Heaven for this poor little outcast, from whose purse have you come to fall into our hands and become the ransom of a soul?... Oh! if people in Catholic countries only knew how much a little coin is worth in China!...

Despite the brigandage, which hinders us from making visits outside, we have had two hundred and seventy-five little souls to offer to the Infant Jesus during the first two months of the year. May the number be ever greater!

We count on the assistance of your prayers, beloved Mother, and those of our dear Sisters in Canada, to obtain very soon, from the Divine Master, peace for our dear country of China.

YOUR HAPPY CHILDREN OF TSUNGMING.

Report of the Dispensary of Tsungming from November 1st to December 31st, 1938:

Baptisms of children... 164	Baptisms of adults... 1	Patients..... 597
Treatments..... 1,268	Teeth extracted..... 4	Homes visited... 4

Report of the Dispensary of Paochen from November 1st to December 31st, 1938:

Baptisms of children.... 117	Patients..... 435
Treatments..... 807	Homes visited..... 5
	Injections..... 5

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*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Suchow*

**Thursday, December 8, 1938**

We have had the privilege of a preached triduum in preparation for our beautiful patronal feast, and we have all endeavoured to profit by these blessed days of recollection, to renew our love for our Immaculate Mother and reanimate our zeal for the practice of the virtues of which she has given us the example.

In our pious sanctuary, adorned with lilies, roses and ferns, we had the happiness of assisting, this morning, at the First Communion of nine young ladies and a grandmother. These fortunate neophytes had come to the knowledge of our Holy Religion during their stay at the Mission Refuge, last May and June, when the presence of many Japanese soldiers in the city rendered it impossible for the inhabitants to remain in their homes.

Our First Communicants have already given proofs of the sincerity of their faith, one in sending her father, another her brother, and a third one her fiancé, to study at the Catechumenate. These persons are very influential among their compatriots and their conversion will be the cause of several others.

**Monday, December 12**

We have been treating, for the past three days, an old woman who styles herself "the happiest person in China". She glories in being the mother of five sons and in having already more than forty grandchildren. Has she not, as she proudly relates, five servants in her daughters-in-law? And, after her death, how many will be there to weep over her corpse and burn incense in her honour!

She has a big sore on her leg, which hinders her from walking, and one of her sons, very respectfully and charitably, brings her on his back to the dispensary, to have it doctored.

We would like to be able to change the beatitude of this dear soul to an eternal one, by teaching her the way to Heaven. With the help of grace, we hope to succeed in doing so.



**Sunday, January 1, 1939**

With our greatest possible fervour, we made the hour of adoration and reparation before the Tabernacle, last night, as is customary in our Community. Oh! how well this hour satisfies all our desires to adore, to make reparation, to give thanks, and to beg abundant blessings, for ourselves and for all who are dear to us.

This morning, we were honoured by the visit of our venerable Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Côté, who gave us, with his paternal blessing, a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, which, so he said, had been in his room during the bombardments. It is to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that His Excellency attributes the protection accorded to the Mission of Suchow.

Sutsien, also, has just been visibly protected by Heaven. Nineteen bombs, thrown on the Mission Compound, destroyed several buildings and part of the church, without touching the 500 refugees who had taken shelter in a cellar. These poor people spent hours of unspeakable anguish, there. During the whole day, no one was able to take any food; and, if any one attempted to leave his hiding-place, he was immediately shot. Moreover, it was necessary to work continually at extinguishing the fire, which threatened to destroy the rest of the church and residence. Water was soon lacking; but the well, which was dried up for a moment, became full after the priest's blessing.

These signs of the Divine protection with which each mission post has been favoured, have not failed to make deep impression, even, on the pagans, who acknowledge the power of our God and wish to become Christians. It can, therefore, be supposed that the sad events which have occurred recently, will give rise to an abundant harvest of souls for Holy Mother Church.

**Monday, January 9**

An International Committee has been established in every big centre, for the purpose of relieving the victims of the war. Already, many of these have received help to reconstruct their straw-huts; but clothes are necessary, also, to protect the poor from the cold.

We heartily co-operate in this charitable work, by putting at the disposal of the needy the goods that we bought some time ago for an orphanage which we had in mind. Some Christian girls have come to help us to make clothes; so our house has been transformed into a workshop.

We began, to-day, to visit several dwellings, in order to see for ourselves which are the most necessitous families. Some thirty garments were distributed on this first trip; but we would need to have thousands of them, to be able to satisfy all the demands that we have received. In one place, there is a mother alone with three children, since the death of her husband, who was buried under the ruins of their straw-hut bombarded. Elsewhere, a woman is lying on a heap of sorghum stalks and has only straw with which to cover her shivering limbs. A few days after the birth of her child, evil-doers stripped her of her wadded-dress and the little that she possessed. To cap the climax, the poor unfortunate, wishing to warm her baby, laid

it near herself and suffocated it, while sleeping. She is sorely afflicted, and there is no one to help her, as her neighbours, also, are in great distress.

In this season, when the weather is so severe, we meet people, bareheaded and barefooted, with a mere shirt as garment. What misery!...

### Saturday, February 4

As it was windy and wet, to-day, we knew that there would be few patients at the dispensary; but it was the first Saturday of the month, and we were sure that the Blessed Virgin would not let the day go by without making us the present of one soul, at least.

Our hopes were not vain. Towards ten o'clock, one of our neighbours came and said to us: "My father, who is seventy-two years old, has been sick for twenty days. Could not the *sieou mou* (Sisters) come to see him?" We went directly and found the patient, already clad in his burial clothes, lying near the front door. Death seemed imminent; so it was necessary to make haste.

Mr. Pong was a *pao tchang* (sheriff), who had often visited the Catholic Mission and had, even, contributed to its works of charity. He knew, therefore, something about our Holy Religion. Some explanations of the Christian Doctrine were immediately given to him, and the Regenerating Waters were poured upon his brow. In less than an hour, this new Leo Paul left for a better world.

How grateful we are to God, Who deigns to make use of us, humble little missionaries, as instruments of His Divine Work!

### Monday, February 13

We went to visit the poor outside the city. As we were little known in that section, we were a curiosity for the persons whom we met. Several began to escort us, enquiring about the *foreigners*, their names, their country, and the motive which had brought them into those streets. The crowd soon became so dense, that we could scarcely walk. We distributed to the poor, tickets which entitle them to come to the Mission to get *t'eu ping* (cakes made of pressed beans, the oil of which has been extracted to be used for lighting or cooking). These cakes are not very substantial; and, in normal times, only the very poor people eat them, while the rich use them as manure to fertilize their land. This year, however, as even the rich are in great indigence, the eaters of *t'eu ping* are no longer countable.

In these visits, which bring us directly into contact with the misery of the peasants, we can admire their patience and endurance. Their country invaded, their homes burned, their possessions pillaged, so many trials together, do not succeed in depriving them of their good-humour and optimism. Oh! if the salutary rays of our Holy Faith could, at last, enlighten these souls of good-will! We have reason to hope that this desire will soon be realized, for we have now the sympathy of the multitude. Instead of being treated, like in the past years, as *foreign devils*, we are politely greeted; we are even invited to take tea, etc.



These trips also afford us the opportunity of seeing how ingenious the Chinese are in earning their meagre living. Here, a man, with the help of a wire, is stringing all the bits of paper that he can find. On his return home, he will dry this paper in the sun and sell it for less than a cent a pound. There, a widow is combing hog's bristles. (In China, the hogs have black bristles, from two to three inches long.) After a hard day's work, this poor woman will receive six or seven cents.

A little farther on, there is an individual selling red earth. This earth, mixed with coal-dust, is used as fuel, or again, as manure for the gardens, which it renders very productive. A load of it sells for ten cents; and this fellow will be very lucky, if he succeeds in getting sale for it, to-day. How is it possible to support a family, with such wages?...

### Friday, March 17

With the return of Spring, Nature dons her mantle of green; and, already, poor women, children, and even old men, seeking a means of subsistence, pluck the weeds along the roadsides and eat them like vegetables.

People are busy digging among the ruins made by the bombardments, in search of the treasures that might be buried there... wood, iron, etc.; nothing is lost...

Some time ago, a man affected with dropsy came to be treated at the dispensary. As we were anxious about him, we inquired of him, a few days later, while visiting the poor, near the place where he had said that he lived; but no person knew Mr. Wang.

To-day, we made another visit and tried again to discover the lodging-place of this patient, but all in vain. We were, finally, deciding to return to the convent, when some one came and said to us: "At the top of the mountain, there is a Mr. Wang; but he is so ill, it is useless for you to go to his place." This last remark did not disconcert us. Without delay, we climbed the hill, and what did we find? A Mr. Wang, it is true, but not the one that we were seeking... It was a dying man to whom the Divine Hand had led us, to prepare him for Heaven. Although astonished to see us, for we were unknown in these parts, the poor man and all those who were with him, listened attentively to the explanations of the Christian Doctrine. The patient adhered to all the truths which were exposed to him, and the Baptismal Water flowed upon his livid brow.

"*Magnificat!*" we did not cease to repeat while returning to our convent. What could he have done during his life, that poor pagan, to merit such a favour? Perhaps, an act of charity, a good turn done for some one? Or rather, was not his conversion due to the sacrifice of a generous soul, somewhere in the world?

### Report of the Dispensary of Suchow for the year 1938:

Baptisms of children	60	Baptisms of adults	27	Patients	4,677
Treatments	9,126	Dressings	1,622	Consultations	1,494
Teeth extracted	14	Homes visited	147	Injectons	549

## MANCHUKUO

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Leao Yuan Sien.*

### THE APOGEE OF SATAN'S TRIUMPH

**Friday, May 27, 1938**

It is an important date in the calendar of pagan festivals, one of the great occasions on which the pagodas are wide-open to public devotion, and on which the vows made during the year are accomplished. It is the apogee of Satan's triumph. How much money, how much incense, sacrificed at these diabolic altars!

Another feature of the *jec nao* (to-day's uproar) is the assembly of sorcerers at the pagoda for a skill contest. It is well known how greatly people of this profession are esteemed in the country. They are consulted on every occasion, but especially in case of sickness. The candidates, to the number of about fifty, must prove if they are, as they pretend, possessors of the "great spirit". The proof consists in plunging the hands into caldrons of boiling oil. Those who are not burnt at all, win, at once, the people's confidence and, even, so it seems, receive from the mandarins a permit authorizing them to practise sorcery. There are other manifestations of their relations with the "great spirit", as they say. They have violent fits of hysteria each time that the evil spirit is on the point of entering them. Then, there are incantations comprehensible to the sorcerers, only.

### SUPERSTITION

A mother brought her little four-year-old boy to the Dispensary. Questioned as to his name, the child replied: "I am called Mouo iou." Thereupon, the mother explained the meaning of the first name. "It means friend of the millstone," she said. "A millstone is hard, firm, not easily broken. Being its friend, my child will obtain from it its properties, also. He will grow up, healthy, robust, strong." We could not help smiling at such absurd logic, which, nevertheless, surprises nobody. The child's head-dress, also, revealed superstition. All his hair had been shaved off, except, in the middle of the head, one little ringlet, which, held by a piece of yarn wound around it, is supposed to preserve him from all kinds of sickness. Mouo is her only son; what a loss it would be, if he happened to die!

### THE MISSIONARIES' IDEAL

**Tuesday, June 14**

Cured of oedema in a few days, a woman came to the Dispensary, exuberant with joy and gratitude. Very loudly, she related to everybody: "It is Doctor Cha (Sister St. Rosalie<sup>(1)</sup>) who has cured me. She is a famously good doctor. The whole city must know of her competency." She repeated her refrain to Sister St. Denise<sup>(2)</sup>, who delicately explained to her that the

1. Ursule CHARETTE, Three Rivers, Que.

2. Odile MALBŒUF, Sudbury, Ont.



Missionaries have quite another ideal than that of renown — that of making the True God known and loved.

#### JOY AND CONSOLATION

##### Thursday, July 14

A short time ago, the City opened an establishment comprising a home for poor old men who have no families, and a prison for morphinomaniacs. The old men are allowed their liberty; they may go around the city, seeking work or begging a piece of bread. The morphinomaniacs are prisoners. Their greatest torment, in the beginning, at least, is the absolute suppression of the narcotic. This privation brings on the death of several. Those whose health withstands the trial, are employed at work of public benefit, during their imprisonment.

Reverend Father Bérichon's charity was touched by the physical and, especially, the moral degradation of these unfortunates, and he obtained permission for us to visit them twice a week. We have, therefore, the happiness to go and do the work of the good Samaritan in this abode of misery. While we pour "the oil and wine" on the sores, a catechist speaks of Our Lord's infinite mercy. Thanks to Divine Grace, all, with but rare exceptions, die children of God.

It is a real consolation to visit the old men of the Home. Several of them are baptized; the others call themselves Christians. "We are all Catholics," do they vie with one another in repeating.

What afflictions there are in this place! Here, a blind man wants a collyrium which will restore his sight. There, a cripple who lost several fingers in last winter's cold, asks ingenuously if the "doctor" has not some remedy capable of making them grow again. Another lame man of seventy would like to recover the agility which he possessed when he was twenty. Though we have not the gift of miracles, we endeavour to relieve all these sufferers and speak to them of their Creator, Who loves them and keeps an account of their sufferings. Since the opening of this field of apostolate, seventy-four old men and prisoners have been baptized on the threshold of Eternity, thanks to the infinite mercy and goodness of God.

#### INQUISITIVE PEOPLE CAUGHT IN THE NET

##### Wednesday, August 3

When we are outside, studying or working, it often happens that inquisitive people come to us and, in real Chinese fashion, without circumlocution, begin their inquiry about us: name, age, origin, number of years spent in the country, etc. We take the same liberty to speak to them of religion and we have, sometimes, the chance of catching some of them in the net of the Faith...

Two old women came to Sister St. Denise<sup>(1)</sup>, to-day. After giving them a short lesson in Catechism, Sister received the confidence of one of them.

1. Odile MALBŒUF, Sudbury, Ont.

"We are not Christians, at home; but my daughter, who died a month ago, ardently desired to become a Catholic. It was while she was being treated at the Mission Dispensary that she had heard of your religion. Vainly, for two months before her death, she begged that the priest be invited to go and baptize her, but her husband's parents refused to grant her her request.

This declaration grieved and consoled us, at the same time. It grieved us in proving to us, once again, that liberty of conscience is not respected in this country, even when one is on her death-bed. It consoled us in assuring us that there is much more good done in the Dispensary than can be ascertained.

#### A WRETCHED HOME

##### Saturday, August 13

Can there be a more wretched home than the one which we entered, this morning? A narrow room, parsimoniously illuminated, encumbered with rags and all kinds of odds and ends, which immediately gave us to understand that we were in the house of a professional rag-picker.

How describe the poor sick girl whom we went to tend! Affected with tuberculosis and at the very edge of the grave, she had no person to take care of her. Her father and big brother, the only members of the family left, spend their day in the street, looking for rags. For six months already, this girl had been suffering from the disease; and, yet, no doctor had been consulted. As her life was almost finished, we decided that the only thing for us to do, was to prepare her for Heaven. For this reason, we invited her to come and stay at the Mission. With her father's consent, she accepted the invitation. Careful not to weary her, the Virgin-Catechist spoke to her of our Holy Religion; and, at her request, the Regenerating Waters were poured upon her brow. A little later, death came to carry her away to the Abode of the Blessed.

#### AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

##### Monday, September 5

There is only half the usual number of patients attending the Dispensary. The streets of the city are deserted; the stores are closed; the few persons who still risk going out, hurry along anxiously; the schools have suspended their courses; and all communications with the exterior are interrupted. A feeling of fear and desolation is prevalent, because the pest, the terrible plague of Oriental countries, has made its apparition. Nearly every year, it makes its sudden and disastrous irruptions in some part of our region, and carries off its victims in a single day. It is said that whole villages were wiped out by this terrible disease, in 1924.

This time, as soon as the first few deaths occurred, all kinds of prophylactic means were employed to ward off the danger: sequestration from the city; incineration of infected bodies; injections of antipestilential serum, obligatory for all; and, especially, merciless extermination of rats, the princi-



pal agents of propagation of pest microbes. To assure the success of this campaign, it was decided to pay the rat-hunters. It is really amusing to see the Chinese arriving at the city-hall with their "game", which they sell for ten cents a piece.

According to rumours, certain patients, suspected of being affected with the pest, have been buried alive. Whether it be true or false, this report has terrified the people. No person dares acknowledge that he feels ill, and many stratagems for secret burial are invented.

In the midst of this general distraction, we are quite at ease. Too often, already, have we felt the invisible Hand of Divine Providence hovering over us and protecting us, to doubt, now, of His solicitude.

#### A LITTLE BEGGAR-BOY

##### Saturday, November 5

Every day, Fou soun, a little sick beggar-boy, whom the Pastor lodges at the Mission, comes to the Dispensary for treatment, and receives, at the same time, instructions on the fundamental truths of our Holy Religion. To see him dragging himself along, painfully leaning on his cane, to hear him speaking, especially, and lamenting in the most heart-rending accents, one would believe himself in presence of one of those human wretches who are reduced to the most desperate misery. But Fou soun is not so much to be pitied; he exaggerates his condition and has recourse to all kinds of stratagems to excite compassion. Accustomed to chanting the litany of his tribulations, he forgets, when he comes to the Dispensary, that he is now a protégé of the Mission, and he repeats to us his plaintive refrain. His greatest suffering, so he says, is never having enough to satisfy his hunger.



SISTER ST. ELISABETH (BLANCHE MENARD, ST. ELISABETH, JOLIETTE CO.) AND SISTER ST. ULRIC (LEA GENDRON, ST. ULRIC, MATANE CO.) RECEIVING A FAMILY OF BEGGARS AT THE MISSION OF LEAO YUAN SIEN.

One day, he was extremely dirty; and, after insinuating to him that a good bath would do him good, we put him in the antichamber of the Dispensary, where we had prepared a basin of water, soap and towels. He came out, after half an hour, just as dirty as when he had gone in. With the help of the assistant-infirmarian, we gave him a good lesson in hygiene, and the towel had the effect of changing him completely; but, what was our surprise, the following day, to see him come back quite as filthy as usual!

Yesterday, Reverend Father Béri-

chon, seeing him bare-footed, gave him a little money to buy a pair of shoes. To-day, the good priest was surprised and deeply touched, when his protégé returned the money to him, declaring that he had not been able to find shoes for the set price. It is a proof that Fou soun means to be an honest lad!

In return for the care given to the little man, Sister Marie Emmanuel<sup>(1)</sup> was offered some azaroles. Fou soun was munching this fruit during his treatment, when, all of a sudden, he took a handful of them out of his fetid pocket and presented them to Sister with his blackish hand. His act provoked hilarity among all who were present; but we were touched by his spontaneous gratitude.

#### THE FORTUNE-TELLER

##### Monday, December 5

There is a *sien cheng* sitting in the open-air, on the roadside, at the corner of the Post-Office, awaiting clients. A black cotton tapestry on which are inscribed big white characters, is hanging from his table down to the ground: it is the fortune-teller's sign.

The simple who comes to have his fortune told, pays twenty-five cents, and then sits down on the little bench beside him. After asking him some general questions about the year and the month of his birth, the principal events of his past life, etc., the soothsayer takes his brush — for it is in writing that he makes his divinations — and indicates, according to his fancies, the whole subsequent life of his disciple. However happy or unhappy the prediction may be, the person concerned believes it and submits to it, like Catholics believe and submit to all decisions coming from Rome.

#### A TYPICAL NATIVE VIRGIN

##### Thursday, December 22

Tchang Bibiana, a native virgin of our mission, generally known by the familiar name Lao ta kou, is a living souvenir of the heroic age of the Missions of Manchuria.

Her family could boast of three hundred years of Christianity and honoured virginity. Two of her aunts had preceded her in the profession of Catechist, and a younger sister was to follow her. The latter gave her life for the Faith, during the Boxer persecutions.

At the age of twenty-six, Tchang Bibiana offered her services to the Missionaries and took, thenceforth, an active part in the evangelization of her compatriots. Intelligent and devoted, she was a precious auxiliary for the Missionaries.

The following is her own account of the principal events of her long career: "I began," she related, "in my native province. I visited the sick and instructed them, and baptized the dying children. Then came the troubles of Nineteen Hundred, which caused the ruin of so many missions. When the storm was passed, I was sent, on account of my age — I was,

1. Berthe CREVIER, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.





TCHANG BIBIANA,  
A NATIVE VIRGIN OF THE  
MISSION OF LEAO YUAN  
SIEN.

then, fifty-one —, to the distant mission of Leao Yuan, composed of new Christians who had particularly suffered. I had the charge of instructing the catechumens and visiting the sick. I learnt to take care of little children and had, thus, the opportunity of baptizing a great number of them."

Lao ta kou had the direction of the orphans in Leao Yuan Sien, when our Sisters arrived in Manchuria. They saw with what disinterested charity and almost maternal devotedness the old octogenarian took care of all these little ones.

Now, very old and nearly blind, but still possessing all the lucidity of her intelligence, the valiant worker does not remain inactive. It is to her that the elderly neophytes and catechumens go for instruction. While chatting about the good old times, Lao ta kou knows how to take advantage of the proper moment to inculcate the meaning of the Catholic truths. Her great occupation, at present, however, is prayer.

In our admiration for this privileged soul, we repeat this remark made by one of her old friends: "If God has blest her and granted her a long life,

it is because she is virtuous."

### Sunday, December 25

The Priests of the Mission came to offer us their Christmas Wishes and spoke to us, naturally, of what is most interesting to Priests and Sisters of Leao Yuan Sien: the works.

Reverend Father Bérichon expressed his satisfaction for the results obtained among the sick who are sheltered at the Mission. Since its opening, two years ago, the House of Refuge has given hospitality to two hundred and seventy-one patients. All of these, excepting two or three, became Christians. The place, which is very small and poor, never lacks occupants; for, when some leave, others come. There are usually about fifteen.

Speaking, then, of the Home of Fong chan t'ang, he said: "It is there that they are Catholics and pray well." It is, indeed, touching to see how they exhort one another, there; how they instruct one another. As soon as a new companion arrives, he is taught the favourite prayer given to them by Father Bérichon: "My God, Thou lovest me; I, also, love Thee."

"You are old; your memory is poor, and you are not learned," they say to the new-comer, unceremoniously; "recite that; it is not long." How that simple and sublime prayer must touch the Heart of God!

Report of the Dispensary of Leao Yuan Sien for the year 1938:

Baptisms.....	57		
Patients.....	35,207	Dressings.....	6,594
Visits.....	441	Teeth extracted....	285
		Treatments....	40,286
		Injections.....	1,251

*Extracts from letters of our Sisters in Fakou.**Catholic Mission, Fakou, February 26, 1939.**To our dear Sisters at the Mother House.*

VERY DEAR SISTERS,

The girls' department of Sacred Heart Boarding-School, opened last year in the month of March, is very promising.

Several of our little Christians are studying with the intention of rendering themselves capable of entering the Congregation of Native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, at Szeping kai, later on.

The most interesting one of the group is, certainly, Tcheou Fong Yen, twelve years old, who was baptized in December, 1936. This child astonishes us every day by her rare frankness, constant attention and complaisant obedience. She seems to be incapable of being wilfully unfaithful to the inspirations of grace.

She has taken to heart her role of apostle and is working ardently for the conversion of those dear to her. Her extraordinary intelligence and delicate manners give her great influence on those around her. Everybody likes to hear her speak of the precious advantages of the Catholic Religion and the eternal treasures which it assures. During her vacations, if she hears that a baby is dying in her village, she hurries to the place, ingenuously preaches her little sermon on Baptism, and easily obtains, from the pagan parents, permission to open Heaven to the soul of this little creature, whose body will soon be thrown out to be devoured by the dogs. Mr. Tcheou, her father, won to the Faith, but detained at home by his farm-work, did not know how to manage to come to study his Catechism at the Mission. Fong Yen undertook to teach him, and did it so well, that no other in the neighbourhood accomplishes his religious duties better than he does. He is, even, the model of our Christians, now, as his daughter is that of our boarders.

Unfortunately, all the Christians of our dear Mission do not resemble these, and, too often, there are defections to be deplored. That is, we know, the work of the devil, who is furious at seeing souls snatched away from him by Holy Baptism and is trying to revenge himself by every ruse in his power.

Recently, he attacked Mr. Hoang, a twenty-eight-year-old tubercular patient, whom we have been visiting for some weeks. After each Catechism lesson, the poor fellow repeated his desire to become a Christian. He accepted a Miraculous Medal and promised us that he would keep it always. Going, as usual, a few days later, to inquire about him, we were politely received by the members of the family; but they did not seem so well disposed towards us and could not dissimulate a certain uneasiness. Without paying any attention to that, we went directly to see the sick man. The latter related to us simply what had happened. "A sorcerer came to see me," he said, "and declared that I was not sick, but that the *Hou san l'ai ye*



(fox honoured as a divinity) was displeased with me. He made me promise to hang its picture in my house, to honour it and become its disciple, assuring me that, on this condition, I would enjoy health. After making this vow, I no longer spit blood; but I was obliged, first of all, to take off the holy medal that you gave me, for you cannot imagine what strange sufferings I endured while wearing it." We told him that the sorcerer had deceived him, that God alone was the Master of life and death. He listened to us willingly; nevertheless, the temporary relief which he experienced excited in him an ardent desire to be cured, and strengthened his confidence in the evil spirit. "I am going to wait a couple of days," he said, "and, if the *Hou san t'ai ye* does not cure me, I shall wear the holy medal again and shall become a Christian."

Having no news of him, four days later, we returned to see him. We found him greatly weakened by new hemorrhages, and big tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks. "I believe that your God is the True God," he said. "I bitterly regret having made such a pact with the 'sacred fox', but it is too late now to take back my word; he is stronger than I am, and I have no longer the strength to resist him." His wife told us that the devil continued his diabolic work in him, making him talk and act strangely. We tried to speak to him of confidence in God, but in vain. Satan answered us by his mouth: "I do not believe in the Doctrine that you are preaching to me... I do not want to become a Christian... Here, we are believers in the 'sacred fox', do you understand?... Try to combat with us, and we shall see who will win."

Heart-broken, we returned to the convent, begging Our Immaculate Mother to crush, once again, the head of the infernal monster, whose empire is so wide-spread in pagan lands.

But, if the devil does win sometimes, God, Whom we are endeavouring to make known and loved, shows us His omnipotence very often.

Mrs. Tch'en, whom we have been treating for rheumatism, promised to become a Christian, if she was cured. Feeling better, she came, last week, with her daughter and four grandchildren, to be inscribed at the Catechumenate. "I believe in God," she said. "All the pagan divinities to which I have made vows and promises, have never been able to relieve me; but, as soon as I expressed the desire to embrace Catholicism, I began to get off the *k'ang* (brick bed) and walk." We are confident that this good catechumen will persevere in her good dispositions and will soon be numbered among our fervent Christians.

A young woman, whose mother-in-law did not want to have her treated by the Chinese doctors, so as to avoid the expenses, had us called to her bedside. While trying to relieve her a little, we spoke to her of the consoling truths of the Catholic Faith. After obtaining her husband's consent, she asked to receive Holy Baptism, which she did, and was called Helena. A few hours later, the happy neophyte commended her pure soul into the hands of her Creator. The following day, we went with the pupils of the Boarding-School to pray beside her mortal remains. This mark of consideration shown by the Catholic Mission, deeply touched the deceased



SISTER MARTHE DE JESUS (ANTOINETTE DESJARDINS, MONTREAL), HAN SI'EN CHENG, CHINESE TEACHER, AND THE FOSTER-MOTHERS OF TWO LITTLE PROTEGES OF THE ORPHANAGE OF FAKOU.

woman's husband. We hope to see him soon, with his little children, among our catechumens.

We were called to go to a sick person, yesterday, about noon, and we returned at four o'clock, only. An Inspector of the Educational Department was visiting all the schools of the City, and it is the custom that nobody should be in the streets where the noble visitor must pass. Only the school-children, with a brass-band, should be lined up on each side of the road and greet him as he goes by. We were, therefore, obliged to take many round-about ways and be very dexterous, in order to reach our destination.

On the other hand, the art of being polite is little known in Manchukuo; so we learnt, this afternoon, at our own expense. Accompanied by our language teacher, we went to buy goods to make clothes for our orphans. Just as we were about to enter a store, with a big parcel, Miss Han remarked that the merchant might question us about its contents. Paying no attention to her remark, we went to a counter to make some new purchases, after setting our bundle on a stool near us. Suddenly, we were surprised to see that it was gone. Looking around anxiously, we were quite astonished to behold the merchant and his head clerk carefully examining each piece of goods that was in our package. Noticing that we were looking at them, they did not appear the least bit shy, but asked immediately: "How much did you pay for that? Why did you not buy it here? We have the same thing." It was then that we understood the importance of our teacher's remark.



This little adventure shows us, once again, how much the ideas and customs of the Chinese differ from ours. Inevitably, there are little annoyances in missionary life, but we are happy to offer them to Our Divine Master in payment for the souls for whom we have come here.

Bidding you good-bye, dear Sisters, we wish to assure you of our constant and sincere affection.

YOUR LOVING SISTERS OF FAKOU.

Report of the Dispensary of Fakou for the year 1938:

Baptisms.....	103	Consultations.....	33,875
Treatments.....	49,942	Dressings.....	6,105
Teeth extracted...	632	Homes visited...	1,279
		Injections.....	1,471
		Vaccinations....	198

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*Missionary Gleanings at Taonan*

One morning in November, towards half past nine, we went for a drive of about ten miles.

A beautiful autumn sun, a gentle breeze and very good roads facilitated the journey, and a vigorous little team of horses conveyed us safely to our destination.

The history of the family that we visited is very interesting. The head of the house was formerly a merchant, quite well-off; but, one day, some ill-luck reduced him to penury. In order to conceal his misery, he moved out of the city, with his wife, two little girls, eight and ten years old, and a four-year-old boy, in whom he cherished great hopes.

A year ago, this beloved little one died, after a few days' illness, despite all the efforts of the Chinese doctors to save him. This great misfortune was attributed to the mother, who, no doubt, suffered more than any other from the bitter trial. Her husband accused her of not having taken enough care of the child, the hope of the family, and overwhelmed her with abuses. As a result of the cruel treatment to which she was subjected, the poor woman fell ill; and, after vainly seeking relief from the drugs of the Chinese doctors, she requested our services.

It was an advanced case of dropsy; and, owing to the misery that reigned in that home, a sudden death was to be feared. Our first care, therefore, was to prepare this good soul for Baptism, which she soon received from the hands of Sister St. Angèle de Foligno (1).

Contrary to all expectations, our patient recovered enough to be able to travel, two or three times a week, the two miles which separated her from the Catholic Mission, in order to continue her treatments; but, after some time, she relapsed.

1. Angela Benoit, Three Rivers, Que.

As the discouraged father no longer earned anything, the elder daughter was betrothed — sold, as it is said in Chinese —, and part of the sum which was paid at the time of the betrothal, was used for the support of the family; the child, however, being too young to be married, still remained with her mother.

Shortly afterwards, another misfortune befell them. The father became furiously insane and was confined to prison; for there is no insane asylum in Taonan.

Ever confident of recovering her health, the mother asked for us again. We found her, to-day, in a very sad condition; it seemed to be the end. As good results had been obtained, several times previously, from tapping her, we decided to have recourse to this operation, once again; and it proved successful.

Upon the two young girls' entreaties, we remained a little longer with their mother. We discreetly examined the poor dwelling. The entrance, which was very dark, looked like a lumber-room, with its old benches, dusty packages, rough wood table, broken dishes, straw for fuel, etc. At the right of the door, there was a big pot fixed in an earthen fireplace; and, above it, on the wall, hung a picture of the god of the hearth. In the principal room, pagan pictures, more or less strange, were to be seen. There, also, was the *k'ang* (bed) two feet high, made of bricks and earth, and covered with a mat. The bed-covers and pillows were rolled back against the wall. There were provisions of grain and vegetables, and a heap of straw for fuel, in a corner. The kitchen utensils: bowls, chopsticks, dishes, big wooden spoons, etc., were arranged on boards nailed to the wall, to serve as a cupboard.

After cooking the *siao mi*, a kind of millet, the young girl fried some potatoes, and then set a little table, about a foot high, on the *k'ang*. Very hospitable, as are all the Chinese, these people invited us, as well as our driver, to take dinner with them; but, as it was still quite early, we declined the invitation and returned to our convent, leaving the sick woman greatly consoled and very resigned, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, who must soon be coming for her.

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Twice a week, we go to a house which shelters some thirty beggars, suffering from various infirmities. There are blind men, cripples, opium-smokers, morphinomaniacs, paralytics and, even, a leper. During the day, those who are well enough, go begging from door to door; then, they come back, in the evening, to prepare the meal. If one is sick, his companions take it upon themselves to provide for him.

It is a great happiness for us to make God known to these poor unfortunates, while giving some relief to their suffering bodies. Several have been baptized at the moment of death; the others accept, with avidity, the Catechism lessons given them by the Catechist of the Dispensary, who, also, goes to visit them, every week. We feel confident that they will all merit to be admitted to the Abode of the Blessed, on leaving this land of exile.



At the Dispensary and in our visits to the people in their homes, we have daily occasions of sowing the Divine Seed in souls. The care given to a sick person is often the cause of the conversion of a whole family, as in the case of the Yao family.

Sister Marie Germaine<sup>(1)</sup> went, one day, to see a young girl, seventeen years old, who was seriously ill. Owing to the great distance, Sister could not go as often as the patient's condition required her services; so she invited her to come and stay at the Catholic Mission. The invitation was accepted; but, despite all the care that was lavished upon her, Miss Yao died.

On witnessing the Sister-Infirmarian's devotedness for their child, the parents concluded that a religion which inspired so much charity must be the true one; and they all entered the bosom of Holy Mother Church. One of the sons is, even, a catechist in the Eastern Dispensary, at present.

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On the beautiful Feast of Christmas, three of our Boarding-School pupils had the happiness of making their First Communion, during Midnight Mass; and twenty-five catechumens were baptized, at the Parish Church. How consoling it is for missionaries to see our Holy Faith embraced by souls that have been, for such a long time, sitting in the darkness of paganism!... If the work of sowing the seeds of the Gospel is, sometimes, difficult, how rejoicing is the harvest!...

Report of the Dispensaries of Taonan for the year 1938:

*Eastern Dispensary :*

Baptisms.....	137	Patients.....	16,046	Treatments.....	23,593
Dressings.....	4,833	Teeth extracted....	89	Homes visited..	308

*Western Dispensary :*

Baptisms.....	407	Patients.....	35,622	Treatments.....	33,639
Dressings.....	13,649	Teeth extracted..	205	Homes visited..	1,686



Of all the prayers and supplications that ascend from the hearts of Christians to the throne of God there are none more pleasing to Him and more useful to the Church and to souls than those offered up for our missions and missionaries.

How pleasing to our Heavenly Father to listen to His children pleading for the preservation and extension of His Kingdom upon earth. That God may be more and more glorified by the salvation of souls is the incessant wish of a loving heart. So every missionary prayer is but another form of the sublime cry of the heart of our Saviour: Thy Kingdom come!

— G. Daly, C. SS. R.

1. Germaine GRAVEL, St. Prosper, Champlain Co.

## JAPAN

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Wakamatsu.*

### Saturday, September 17, 1938

Miss Hirata, a young Christian who was baptized a year and a half ago, is on the point of leaving us to enter the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, at Tokio. Her family, entirely pagan, does not understand such a decision and considers it foolish and extravagant; but the courageous Christian is going happily ahead. Obligated to see to her own preparations, she is doing so, singing all the while and communicating her joy to her companions. One of them, still a pagan, has concluded that the Religious Life must conceal a happiness not to be found in the world.

### Sunday, October 9

For the last few Sundays, a special attraction has been bringing an ever-increasing number of pagan children to the Catechism lesson. There is a *Kami shibai* illustration of the principal facts of the Old and the New Testament, by means of big coloured pictures, with appropriate explanations.

Analogous representations are given in the streets for the moderate price of one *sen*. Unfortunately, the subjects exposed are not always calculated to have a good influence on the young spectators.

The pictures that we offer to the admiration of our Sunday-School pupils, are not master-pieces; they are not, even, to our regret, models of the best taste; but they are none the less expressive, and the pious narrations which they provoke sow seeds of faith and virtue in these little souls.

The representation is followed by a good lesson in Catechism and prayers, which captivates the young audience. Since this process has been adopted, we have had the consolation of seeing the attendance at the Sunday lessons constantly increasing.

### Saturday, October 15

We are making haste to give the last necessary care to our garden, before the winter season arrives. To-day, we transplanted a big patch of strawberry plants. We, also, planted peas, according to Japanese culture, in order to have an early crop.

In Japan, there is no time lost in cultivation. As soon as one bed of vegetables is ready to be dug up, other seeds take the place in the furrows. Double culture, even, is to be seen in some fields. When the barley, for instance, is beginning to form ears, turnips are sown between the furrows; then, when it is cut, it is replaced by other gramineous plants. The seed is so well alternated, that the same field yields a double crop, each year.

### Tuesday, November 1, All-Saints' Day

After the parochial Mass, which was, according to the spirit of this great feast, as solemn as possible, we took recreation for a few minutes in



our dear convent; then, we responded to the kind invitation of the Christians, to go and take an open-air dinner with them on the mountain.

The weather was very pleasant; and, on the way, we contemplated, at leisure, the beautiful nature in all the magnificence of its autumnal array.

After passing a big pagan cemetery, we stopped at a solitary spot, where some Christians are sleeping their last sleep. We made it our duty to go and pray at their graves, which were dominated by the cross. The Reverend Pastor, in surplice and stole, blest the dead. Then, after reciting three decades of our beads for the dear departed, we continued our route.

Finally, we reached the summit of the mountain. The little wagon conveying the provisions was unloaded; and everybody made haste, in



THE CHRISTIANS OF WAKAMATSU ENJOYING A MEAL IN THE MOUNTAINS ON ALL SAINTS' DAY. ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY, THEY ARE SITTING ON THEIR HEELS ON MATS.

SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE), SISTER ST. JUSTINE (CLEONA ROBITAILLE, GLENADA) AND SISTER ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, MONTREAL) ARE AMONG THE GUESTS.

Japanese fashion, to prepare the meal; that means they made haste slowly!... After helping, too, we went aside to make our spiritual exercises, while the dinner was boiling.

Upon those heights, so far away from all the noise of the world, how near we felt to Heaven, to all our dear ones who are awaiting us, there; and how we enjoyed that hour of prayer and meditation!

It was after two o'clock, when the catechist announced dinner-hour by reciting the *Benedicite*. Mats had been spread on the ground for the guests; but we were assigned a special place, where a little elevation dispensed us from sitting on our heels. We greatly appreciated the favour.

The long walk which we had just had, had given us a good appetite; and, wielding our chopsticks like experts, we did honour to the new style of meal. According to local custom, the only dish at such a dinner is a



HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP LEMIEUX, O. P., AND REVEREND FATHER KAINUMA, WITH THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN OF WAKAMATSU.

TO THE LEFT OF HIS EXCELLENCY: SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE) AND SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES). SECOND ROW, TO THE RIGHT: SISTER ST. ROSE DE VITERBE (ANNETTE TOURIGNY, THREE RIVERS); TO THE LEFT: SISTER ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, MONTREAL).



THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN OF WAKAMATSU ON A TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES) AND SISTER ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, MONTREAL) ACCOMPANY THE EXCURSIONISTS.



kind of stew, made of sweet potatoes, mushrooms, minced beef, *tofu* (a kind of cheese, which is obtained from crushed fermented beans, and which is fried in oil), and *konyaku* (a very choice ingredient, that a Canadian would easily mistake, at first sight, for the residue of "home-made soap"). The whole thing, left to simmer in a pungent sauce, somewhat sweetened, gives the appetizing stew which is peculiar to these excursions. And the fact of having prepared the dinner on a fire kindled for the occasion, in some recess of the mountain, and of having eaten it, all together, in the shade of the big trees, under the beautiful autumn sky, adds an unequalled appetizer to the best of receipts.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when we returned to our little convent. As His Excellency had permitted us to make the visits for the dead in our chapel, we spent the rest of the day gaining the Indulgences for the dear souls that are counting upon our charity and gratitude for help.

### **Sunday, November 6**

Since yesterday, we are living on ground that is not very solid. At the end of supper, a violent shock obliged us to go out of the house. The floor was undulating under our feet, and a dreadful noise struck even the bravest with terror. From the garden, we could see our convent rocking gently. Towards eight o'clock, there was another earthquake; and, all night long, the rocking continued, though not strong enough to oblige us to get up.

To-day brought new alarms; and this evening, a violent shock made us go out hastily, for fear of some disaster. We are told that these commotions are caused by a volcano under the sea, at a distance of five hours from here. The old people declare that they have never seen anything similar at Wakamatsu. The Cities of Koriyama and Fukushima, so it seems, have been rudely shaken.

### **Friday, December 2**

Being obliged, recently, to have recourse to a Japanese dentist, we had the happy opportunity of saying a few words about religion to this good pagan, who seems to be interested in it.

He declared to us that he felt a void in his soul, and that, the more he advanced in age, the more he felt the need of filling that void. It was easy for us to make him understand that our Holy Religion could, certainly, give him what was lacking in his life. But, as Faith is a pure gift of God, that no person can acquire by his own efforts, we are multiplying our prayers to obtain this favour for him, hoping that all the friends of the Missions will unite their prayers to ours.

### **Monday, January 9**

In order to economize coal in the schools of the city, the Authorities decided, this year, to prolong the winter vacation. Such a decision would,

certainly, have pleased us very much, when we were school-children; but it was not so for our pupils. It imposed a sacrifice upon them; for, besides the amusements, which have so much attraction for them, the little Japs find, at school, place to play and pleasant warmth, which many do not enjoy in their homes. Yesterday, fifteen little girls came to spend the day with us, although there was no class.

To-day, all the little ones have come back, full of health and mirth. According to the custom of the country, everybody becomes a year older on New Year's Day; so the best news that our pupils have to tell us, is that they are, now, five, six, or seven years old, though, in reality, the five-year-old one is, perhaps, only three years and a few months old. A child born in November is a year old until the last of December; and, on New Year's Day, he is two.



SISTER ST. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE), SISTER ST. JUSTINE (CLEONA ROBITAILLE, GLENADA, ST. MAURICE CO.) AND THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN OF WAKAMATSU ON A TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING GAMES BEFORE THEIR PARENTS WHO HAVE ACCOMPANIED THEM.

### Saturday, February 11

The Mission had the signal happiness of receiving its worthy Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Lemieux, yesterday.

This morning, he deigned to come and celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in our modest chapel and preside at the Renewal of Vows of our dear Sister St. Rose de Viterbe<sup>(1)</sup>. We felt truly privileged and thanked God with hearts overflowing with gratitude.

After breakfast, we went to the Church, where a Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Kainuma.

1. Annette TOURIGNY, Three Rivers, Que.



This beautiful feast of the Immaculate Virgin's smile at Roches Massabielle is, also, the anniversary of the foundation of the Japanese Empire. During Mass, the Christians sang hymns, begging graces and blessings for His Majesty the Emperor and for each of his subjects.

Such a beautiful morning could be but the presage of a happy day. At noon, we had the honour of offering dinner to His Excellency and Reverend Father Kainuma. After entertaining us for a long time, with the delicate kindness which is characteristic of him, our worthy Bishop gave us Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, before leaving us.

### **Saturday, February 25**

The seventh day of the first lunar month, which is called *Nanagusa*, is celebrated with great solemnity, especially in our region. It is the festival of all the little children that are seven years old. For a long time in advance, they look forward to this great day, on which they receive pretty new clothes and many surprises, prepared by the mammas, as well as gifts from relatives and friends. In pagan families, a visit to the neighbouring temple precedes the day's rejoicings. This is followed by visits to relatives and friends. It is to the church that the Christian mother takes her little seven-year-old



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION VISITING A POOR  
FAMILY OF WAKAMATSU.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE NEEDY ARE BUT WRETCHED HUTS.

boy or girl; and it is quite the proper thing to do, for who, better than the Sovereign Master, could shower abundant and efficacious blessings upon these dear children?... They go, also, to solicit the Pastor's prayers and blessing; then, they come to the convent.

The little one who came this morning was quite charming in her long kimona of bright-coloured silk, with a rich brocade sash tied in the form of



A LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL  
IN FESTIVAL ATTIRE.

a butterfly, and all the toilet accessories for a great festival. Her mother had spared nothing, neither the gold and silver fan inserted in the knot of the *obi* (sash), nor the good-luck purse, trimmed with pieces of metal and provided with a little bag, in which the pagans enclose amulets. These are replaced by a medal, for our little Christian. This child is really but five years and some months old, though they say that she is seven. Her mother has made her kimono in such a way, that Mina ko San will still be able to wear it, when she will be big, without adding a single piece to it.

Following the very practical method of Japanese dressmaking, the material is not cut according to the child's size, especially, when it is for costly garments; but wide plaits are made, letting nothing show. It is necessary to change the seams, only, to make the garment bigger. When the gay colours can no longer be worn

— the colours and form of the designs being always in proportion to the age — the precious *Nanagusa* kimono will be useful to the young lady, as an under-kimono.

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### Prayer Will Bring Peace

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Let peace be implored for all men, but especially for those who in human society have the grave responsibilities of government; for how could they give peace to their peoples if they have it not themselves? And it is prayer precisely that will bring the gift of peace; prayer that is addressed to the Heavenly Father Who is the Father of all men; prayer that is the common expression of family feelings, of that great family which extends beyond the boundaries of any country and continent.

Men who in every nation pray to the same God for peace on earth can not be at the same time bearers of discord among peoples; men who turn in prayer to the Divine Majesty can not foment that nationalistic imperialism which of each people makes its own god; men who look to the "God of Peace and of Love," who turn to Him through the mediation of Christ, Who is "Our Peace," will know no rest until finally that peace which the world can not give comes down from the Giver of every good gift on "men of good will."

—Pope Pius XI.





## EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

### Wednesday, April 5

The last days of this great week, so well called holy, will be the occasion of abundant graces and pious emotions destined to enrich

our souls and our lives.

The eloquent symbolism of the liturgical ceremonies, frequent spiritual reading and continual silence will greatly help us to remain united to Jesus suffering and to His Blessed Mother. Yes, it is truly our place, there, near the Cross, near Our Lady of Sorrows, to sympathize with her, to console and love her, we who have received so many blessings!

### Sunday, April 9. Easter.

The dawn of this glorious feast is peeping through the falling snow, for it is snowing, snowing incessantly...

Are not the white flakes singing in their own way the joyous *Alleluia*? Let us join in their hymn of triumph to Our Risen Lord.

### Tuesday, April 11

Our dear Mother St. Jean François Régis<sup>(1)</sup> has gone to the Mother House, where, tomorrow morning, the 25th anniversary of her Religious Profession, will be held the Ceremony of Renewal of the Holy Vows, in which will take part, also, our dear Sisters St. Raphael<sup>(2)</sup>, St. François Xavier<sup>(3)</sup> and Marie des Sept Douleurs<sup>(4)</sup>.

This Silver Jubilee seems to be a precious opportunity for us to express to our good Mother, as well as we can, the gratitude and affection that we owe to her. For a long time, we have been thinking of this feast, which we would like to make beautiful, very beautiful.

Accordingly, without losing a minute, we have set to work to decorate the principal rooms of the house with banderoles, escutcheons, bells, stars, inscriptions, all of silver and azure. In the Postulants' Hall and the Novitiate, chains composed of countless links swing lightly, telling us of that long

1. Albertine GRATON, Ste. Térèse de Blainville, Que.

5. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, Que.

3. Marie Antoinette JODOIN, Worcester, Mass.

4. Angéline HOTTE, Montreal, Que.

uninterrupted succession of hours and minutes, devoted by our dear Jubilarians to the service of God and the salvation of souls and, as in the case of our good Mother St. Jean François Régis, to the formation and guidance of so many young hearts, desirous of perfection, who are indebted to her ardent zeal for a great part of their happiness.

### Wednesday, April 12

Our oft-repeated wish to behold the dawn of this memorable Feast, this pious Jubilee, has finally been realized.

We have assisted, in thought, at the touching Renewal Ceremony, which our Sisters of the Mother House have witnessed on this blessed day. How delightful must it be for a religious soul, to repeat, after a quarter of a century of generous fidelity, the holy engagements which have been her strength and her joy on every occasion!

Needless to say, we have had a big holiday in honour of our worthy Jubilarians, who came to join us, this evening.

After putting the final touches to our preparations, we assembled in the refectory, just as the clock was striking six, to greet our visitors, who came to partake of our evening meal. Our Reverend Mother Superior General, Mother Assistant and most of the General Officers accompanied the heroines of the day.

The *Veni sponsa Christi* was intoned, and our beloved Mother and Mother Assistant placed on the brows of the four Jubilarians symbolical crowns of silver lilies.

After supper, we went immediately to the recreation room, where we assisted at an entertainment which opened with a piano duet, accompanied by three violins. This was followed by an allegoric play: *The Memories of a Silver Cycle*.

On the point of leaving the earth, where its work was accomplished, this venerable Cycle evoked the memories of its career. The pink hours of the little joys strewn along its route, the brilliant golden hours of fervent love and hidden devotedness, the pure-white, spotless hours of daily Communions and mystic Espousals, the blue hours of fidelity, and of praises a thousand times repeated, to the Blessed Virgin, and, finally, the mauve hours of sufferings and trials changed into glory, appeared one after another, laden with magnificent sheaves. Particles of the Cycle, as they were, they came resplendently beautiful, to form its cortege of honour.

Then, we beheld the Golden Cycle, accompanied by humble little snow-drops, flowers of hope, bringing the promise of rich harvests and abundant blessings.

The silver rays were about to be eclipsed by the golden splendour which illuminated the horizon; and the Immaculate Virgin herself had chosen to introduce the departing Cycle into the abode of eternal recompenses.

Before leaving for the realms above, this sweet Sovereign assured the Golden Cycle of her constant maternal assistance, exhorted it to undertake



with ardour the task assigned to it by Divine Providence and, then, took her leave, saying: "In twenty-five years, I shall come to meet you."

The final apotheosis revealed a little corner of Paradise, where the Jubilee Angel was crowning, with a brilliant diadem, the Silver Cycle, kneeling at the feet of the Blessed Virgin and surrounded by its symbolically coloured Hours. The celestial harmonies seemed to become silent, in order to permit the echoes of our filial and fraternal jubilation to penetrate the skies; and, in fact, the pious accents of our thanksgiving hymn, the *Magnificat*, were heard.

The address which expressed, once again, our affection, gratitude, and best wishes, for our good Mother St. Jean François Régis and our dear elder Sisters, pointed out the particular aspect of the Jubilee celebrated by our dear Sister St. Raphael: Jubilee of apostolate, missionary Jubilee! Who can tell the merits of those twenty-five years of unflagging devotedness to the poor lepers of Shek Lung, China, where our dear Sister hopes to return soon?

In the midst of our family rejoicing, we remembered, also, with emotion, affection and admiration, our other Sisters devoted to this sublime work, who, despite countless privations and the horrors of the war, continue to accomplish the task which they lovingly imposed upon themselves, a quarter of a century ago.

#### Thursday, April 13

Yesterday evening, the evocation of the Silver Cycle's memories put before our eyes various phases of the five lustrums which have elapsed since 1914. But, what a brief and necessarily incomplete summary! How much there was to be read between the sentences, to be inferred from the simple, concise words!... so many secrets for us, who are yet so little advanced in the Religious Life... But, this morning, it was quite different. We enjoyed one of those lovely, intimate reunions that we like so much. Our beloved Mother Superior General, our Jubilarians and all our dear visiting Sisters turned over for us the interesting pages of the past. We greatly relished that delicious pleasure, which did not last as long as we wished to have it; for, early in the afternoon, those whom we had received with so much joy, had to return to the Mother House.

We had a nice surprise at dinner-time. Towards the end of the meal, we were unexpectedly transported, by the soft strains of a harmonium and the touching accents of a chorus of sweet voices, far back in bygone times, to the Marriage Feast at Cana, where Jesus, at His Mother's request, working His First Miracle, changed water into exquisite wine. Then, borne anew on those rhythmic wings of melody, we found ourselves once more in our own refectory, where, as our charming choristers assured us, Mary, Our Queen, Our Mother, was present, also, presiding, with maternal solicitude, at the Silver Wedding which we were celebrating and the family feast which accompanied it.

This evening, towards eight o'clock, our dear Mother St. Jean François

Régis laid her silver crown before the altar of Mary. May the Immaculate Virgin return it to her in twenty-five years, adorned with brilliant gems set in gold!

The silver star will, then, be about to rise for us; but, in what clime will it find us? Will it be in America, in Asia, or elsewhere?

### Monday, April 17

We have just learnt that Reverend Father Masse, General Procurator of the Foreign Mission Seminary, has been named Prefect Apostolic of Lintong.

We beg to offer to the newly-elected Prelate, who has been, for some months, chaplain of our Novitiate, sincere congratulations, best wishes for a fruitful apostolate and the assurance of our humble prayers.

### Saturday, April 22

All too short, yesterday, was the visit of our dear Sisters Marie de Loyola<sup>(1)</sup> and Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus<sup>(2)</sup>, who are leaving for Hong-kong on the 24th; but, still shorter, to-day, was that of our dear Sisters St. Mathias<sup>(3)</sup> and St. Julienne du St. Sacrement<sup>(4)</sup>, who are returning to Manchukuo. We regret very much that we have not been able to see, once more, our dear Sister St. Raphael<sup>(5)</sup>, who, also, is leaving the Mother House on Monday to go to resume her work of devotedness at the Lazaretto of Sheklung.

We assure our dear Elder Sisters that we shall retain a respectful and affectionate remembrance of them, and we presume to ask them to keep a little place, yonder, for us. We shall not wait, however, until we shall have taken possession of it, to share their labour. We shall send our Guardian Angels, who are far better able to help them than we are; and visiting them often in thought, we shall beg Our Lady of China to shower abundant blessings upon them.

### Monday, April 24

When our dear Sisters from the distant missions arrived, in January, for the General Chapter, we were lamenting that there was still so little snow; for, after such a long absence, we would have liked them to be able to admire the Canadian winter in all the beauty of its spotless mantle. Since then, our desire has been fully gratified: the sky has been very lavish of its brilliant flakes, so much so, that the merry spring, which should have been here a month ago, seems to have been intimidated by them, and has not yet arrived. Yesterday, only, the river succeeded in breaking its icy covering; and, this morning, it is snowing again.

Our Missionaries, who are leaving this evening, have not been able to

1. Orphise BOULAY, Coaticook, Que.

2. Yvonne GÉRIN, Coaticook, Que.

3. Ida VINCENT, Ganonoque, Ont.

4. Béatrice Lareau, Chambly, Que.

5. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, Que.



enjoy the charms of spring-time; but we wish them, in exchange, the happiness of seeing, at the end of their long voyage, the souls confided to their zeal, increasing in grace under the sweet influence of the Divine Sun, and bearing the flowers of Christian virtues.

### Thursday, May 11

At our Reverend Chaplain's request, we sang a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of one of our little altar-boys, who was buried yesterday. Last Thursday, he was there, serving the priest at the altar; and, four days later, he was in Eternity. God took him out of the world, before evil had tarnished his innocent soul.

Thus, the Divine Thief is constantly at work; but He has forewarned us and exhorted us to be on our guard: "Watch ye, therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour."

Are we vigilant? Are our lamps lighted in our hands? Are they well supplied with the oil of purity of intention and charity?



I am a child of the Catholic Church and as such I must bring glory to my Mother. I will go out to bring souls into the true fold, I will show my love and thanksgiving by listening to the voice in my heart which bids me look deep down into my soul, and find out what God wants me to do.

— *Little Missionary.*



## Missionaries

"Is there, then, no hope for peace in our days? Yes, there is. There is one group of men and women I know who have nothing but peace in their hearts. Catholic missionaries are men and women who have left their homes behind to wander into far places to bring the word of the Prince of Peace. These are those who bring the message that men are brothers, because they have a common Father and were redeemed by the Son of that Father and made one with Him. There is no war, no force, no injustice in their Gospel. They are the invaders of foreign lands to save, not to kill. They are the living proof that peace among men is possible for men of good will.

"There is something we can do about it. We can hush the prophets of hate as soon as they open their mouths. We can penetrate through their hypocrisies even as they utter them. We can drown their cries of violence by hymns of love. We, too, can be missionaries of the Prince of Peace. We can simply refuse to do anything but love another people. If we do that, in vain will the makers of war seek to bring us up to the blind fury of hatred which is necessary before we snatch up our arms and go out to slaughter our fellow-men."

— *Father W. Parsons, S. J.*



## *The Children's Page*

DEAR CHILDREN,

The other day, your "Great Friend" went down-town. Almost alone in the street-car, he felt as if he were in a quiet nook, and he was thinking; for

What else is there to do in a quiet nook, but to think?...

Thinking... of what?

Of the business which was bringing him down-town, no doubt.

No, not at all. Looking at the beautiful summer scenery displayed before his eyes, he was thinking of the ingratitude of men towards their Heavenly Father.

God has made these refreshing shade-trees, this rich verdure, these pretty flowers, for man's pleasure, thought he; but how many think of thanking Him for them?

How many, on the contrary, exclaim, not without a little pride, "Look at these lovely trees that I have planted; see how green my lawn is; admire my beautiful flowers!" But they have no regard, not even a thought, for Him Who has created the seeds, has made them germinate and grow, has supplied them with sunshine, air and dew. What indelicacy!

How many there are, besides, who use these benefits for the purpose of offending their Creator! What ingratitude!

What is still worse, some go so far as to despise, hate, and, through an excess of nonsense, even deny God. The wretches! it is for them that the Son of God pronounced these dreadful words: "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father Who is in Heaven." It is they who will be precipitated into the fathomless depths, at this terrible sentence: "Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." It is of their dark souls that speaks St. John, the Apostle, when he says: "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it."

Men of darkness, what does it profit you to deny God and His Paternity? You remain none the less His creatures and children, though unworthy ones. What does it profit you to deny His celestial heritage and His supreme punishment? Unhappy here below, in being deprived, by your misconduct, of your Heavenly Father's caresses, you will, in the next life, be banished



from Heaven and tormented forever in Hell, if you do not amend your ways and your doings. Men of darkness, men of nothing, who are to-day and, to-morrow, will be no more, why do you evade the light, why do you reject the Gospel, its life-giving words, sound doctrines and pure morals? Why do you fear Holy Mother Church and her beneficent influence?... While there is still time, poor blind men, do open your eyes!...

And your "Great Friend", dear Children, was thinking... Suddenly, a little scene attracted his attention.

A group of merry, chattering little girls, from eight to twelve years old, with baskets on their arms, came sprightly into the car and sat down in front of their "Great Friend", whom they eyed closely, but did not recognize... Pretty and graceful, like flitting butter-flies, they chatted gayly of the pleasure which was awaiting them at the end of their trip, in a charming shady grove, where the games would be so amusing, the lunch delicious... but hush! it was time to get off...

And your "Great Friend" was thinking... This age, with its pretty faces, sparkling eyes and charming graces, is the spring-time of life. It attracts, fascinates, reanimates the aged...



*Where the games would be so amusing, the lunch delicious...*

And your "Great Friend" was still thinking... Suddenly, he had a new distraction: summer had taken the place of the spring-time of life. Young folks with beaming faces, personifying the delightful season of flowers, were conversing pleasantly; but, rapidly, as flee the beautiful days, they disappeared...

Then came a mother holding a dear little child by the hand and followed by a young lad. Was it not the representation of autumn with its fruits?...

The mother looked anxious as she gently bent over her darling, who claimed her attention. Likewise, the luxuriant vines and the fruit-laden trees seem to incline tenderly towards their precious burdens. But, while their fruits increase in savour and beauty, they themselves become faded,

old and withered... Thus, dear good Mother, when the baby and his elder brother will be grown up, age will have decked your hair with many a silver thread and marked your brow with indelible lines.

Go, worthy Mother, give place to this venerable old man who is laboriously making his way through the crowd...

And you, veteran of life, with snowy beard, stooped back and tottering step, speak to me... You possess the great science of experience, and your white hair is the symbol of wisdom. Speak, and I shall listen to you, for "the sayings of the aged must not be despised".

Tell me: Has life seemed long to you?... You point to the park? What do you see there?... Is it the shadow of the trees disappearing little by little?... Ah! I understand your silent reply:

Life passes like a shadow...

Tell me, also: Have you spent many happy days in your life?... Why that far-away look... and those tear-filled eyes?...

Ah! I grasp the meaning: your first happy days were those of your childhood, when your heart was pure, your soul unsullied. But why weep so soon?...

Good old man, excuse me, I must bid you farewell; this is my stopping-place. If I cannot sympathize with you in your sorrow, let me show you Heaven, open to love and repentance, where happy days will be unending. Farewell...

#### ON THE STREET

Then, dear Children, your "Great Friend" went up a street, cautiously... for he had just read these terrible words, written in big letters and posted in a very visible place: MAD DOGS... BEWARE OF THE DOGS.

He was very attentive, but did not see any dogs; so, he went boldly ahead. Suddenly, he was overcome by a strange sensation; he felt sick at heart, and furious words rose to his lips. What was the matter with him? Had he been bitten?...

Yes, he had been bitten, not on the leg by some roving dog, but in the heart... by the sight of scandalous illustrations, infamous objects exposed in the shop-windows, advertisements for moving-pictures for children. "It is here", he exclaimed, "it is here that my dear little Friends come and lose their innocence. This is one of the monstrous works of the immortal "mad dog" that goes through the world seeking for the ruin of souls."

And your "Great Friend" was exceedingly indignant.

Ah! would that I had, dear Children, would that I had arms as big as the city, as big as the world, in order to rescue you from the clutches and jaws of the infernal Enemy and shelter you all in that haven of peace and rest, the Heart of Jesus.

*Your Great Friend,*

THE PRECURSOR.



# The First Saturday of the Month

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His Holiness Pope Pius X, in order to increase the devotion of the faithful to the most glorious and Immaculate Mother of God, and to favour the pious desire for atonement which inspires the faithful to offer some reparation for the abominable blasphemies which sinful men utter against the most august name and the high prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, grants to all those who, having gone to Confession and received Holy Communion will, the first Saturday of each month, in a spirit of reparation, perform particular exercises of devotion in honour of the Immaculate Virgin and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory. (Acta Apostolicæ Sedis, September 30th, 1912.)

On the first Saturday of every month, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., a special Guard of Honour is made before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

Persons desirous of taking part in this chorus of love, gratitude, reparation and supplication will be most welcome. The only condition necessary is to choose an hour at one's convenience and to come and spend it at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin, whose hands are filled with graces, which she is ever ready to shower upon her devoted servants.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a short instruction on the prerogatives of the Blessed Mother of God is given, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

## A Light in Perpetuity the First Saturday of the Month

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You may assure for yourself a light in perpetuity by contributing the sum of twenty-four dollars which, invested at 5% interest, will yearly supply the price of twelve lights (one light costing ten cents). These lights will burn before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, during the whole day of the first Saturday of each month.

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Love Mary, that tender Mother, love her with all the strength of your heart, and all the power of your soul; it will please Him Who, through her, has given us everything.

— St. Bernard.

# 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.

Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Please pray that another grace may be granted me. Miss Y. R., **Pawtucket, R. I.** — Gratitude for favours obtained. I wish to be remembered in your prayers for two special favours. I recommend my sister to your prayers that a special grace may be granted to her. Mrs. E. J. H., **St. Johnsbury, Vt.** — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. B. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for my mother's recovery. Would you kindly begin a novena for another grace. Miss M. L. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Would you kindly make a novena for my intention. Mrs. A. G., **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. M. F., **Winthrop, Me.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Will you kindly start a Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, that another favour may be granted me. Mrs. A. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — I am glad to tell you my request was granted. Miss R. St. J. — Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the favour received. Please pray for my daughter that she may be successful in her examinations. Kindly remember my other children and all our intentions. Mrs. Wm. B., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Would you please continue praying for my intention. A Friend, **Bryson, Que.** — Thanksgiving for two favours received. My husband has found work and my health has improved. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — I would like you to publish my thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for continued improvement in health, asking for complete cure and other favours. H. M., **Alexandria, Ont.** — I am very grateful to our Blessed Mother as the favour I was asking has been granted. Will you please pray for my daughter, who has been out of work for quite a while, that she may obtain the position for which she has applied. Please remember another intention of mine. Mrs. J. S., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received from the Infant Jesus of Prague through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Miss C. P. G., **Williamstown, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to St. Joseph for favour received. Miss A. P., **Westmount.** — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for two great cures obtained in my family. M. Marthe Marceau, **Thetford Mines.** — I am coming to acquit myself of a promise in thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate. T. M. G. — Thanksgiving to the Immaculate Virgin for her protection. My health has greatly improved. J. A. P., **Verdun.** — Homage of gratitude for benefit received. Miss Berthe Nadeau, **Montreal.** — I am pleased to fulfil my promise in thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a grace received. Will you please continue praying, that I may obtain another one. Mrs. J. A., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. M., **Montreal.** — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. Miss E. P., **Limoulu.** — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. P. G., **Point St. Charles.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Miss A. C., **Adams, Mass.** — My son has obtained a permanent position. Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. Jean Pagé, **Montreal.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for the favours she has obtained for me and I request your prayers for other intentions. Mrs. X., **Quebec.** — I gladly fulfil the promise I had made to the Immaculate Virgin. I have obtained my cure without operation. A thousand thanks to this loving Mother. A Child of Mary, **Padoue.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained. Mrs. A. G., **St. Jacques.** — I owe many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. L. D., **Notre Dame de Grace.** — Thanksgiving to Mary for a benefit received. Mrs. A. D. S., **Ville St. Michel.** — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. E. L. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours received through her intercession. Mrs. I. P. L., **Albion, R. I.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for a grace received. I beg her continual protection for my family. Mrs. R. D., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks for a grace that I have just received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. A. C., **Montreal.** — Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for the benefits she has obtained for me. I request her help in order to obtain a better position. Mrs. W. L., **St. Lambert.** — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. H. P., **Sault au Recollet.** — Lively gratitude for grace received. I request the conversion of my son. Anonymous, **Cochrane.** — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. A. V., **Montreal.** — I thank the Immaculate Conception for her help and I beg her to continue protecting me. Mrs. N. R., **Taunton, Mass.** — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate! A. B., **Rosemount.** — My prayers have been granted. Kindly



join me in thanking the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. D. C., **Dalhousie, N. B.** — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin, who has granted me the grace I was asking. I solicit her continual protection for my family. Miss E. G., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. A. B., **Central Falls, R. I.** — I have not lacked work since I have requested the help of the Blessed Virgin. I thank her from the bottom of my heart. J. P. M., **St. Jerome.** — Thanksgiving for a cure obtained. Will you please pray for another one. C. L., **Lewiston, Me.** — My health has improved. Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. C. R. — Thanks to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, we have had no accident with our automobile, last summer. Mrs. P. C., **St. Clement.** — Lively gratitude to Mary! G. B., **Quebec.** — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin. G. P., **St. Laurent.** — Our Lady, Queen of the Missions has obtained a favour for me. I thank her from the bottom of my heart. Mrs. E. L., **St. Philippe.** — Thanksgiving for benefits received. Mrs. W. Lamothe, **Montreal.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin and St. Rita for favours received. Would you kindly pray for my cure. Mrs. N. L., **Mont Joli Nord.** — Thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. C., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude for favours received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. A. A., **Worcester, Mass.** — I thank Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and good St. Ann for the cure of a goiter. Mrs. A. Lappan, **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin and the Canadian Martyrs for favours obtained. A Subscriber, **St. Anaclet.** — Kindly publish my lively gratitude for three favours received through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. A Subscriber, **Ste. Rose.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and to good St. Ann for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. Lappan, **Windsor, Ont.**



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 pray for me and for those near and dear to me. Mrs. P., **Montreal.** — Will you please pray that I may obtain a special favour. O. N., **Maniwaki, Que.** — Will you please join with me in asking our Blessed Lady for two special favours. Mrs. M. C. R., **Timmins, Ont.** — Please pray that my daughter may be granted a special favour in regard to her life work which she now has in mind. Mrs. L. F., **South Brewer.** — Will you please assist me in making a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that my husband may obtain a position very soon. Mrs. G. S., **Webster, Mass.** — Please pray for my little boy who is ill in the Hospital. Mrs. H. H., **Verdun.** — Kindly remember my intention in your prayers. Mrs. M. R., **Barry's Bay, Ont.** — I would be glad if you made a Novena for three intentions of mine. Mrs. P. McM., **Griffith, Ont.** — Kindly make a Novena for a special intention of mine. Mrs. W. P., **North Bay.** — Will you please pray for us that we may be able to get a farm and that my husband may recover his health. Mrs. F. L., **Cornwall, Ont.** — Please pray for the sale of a property. Miss E. P., **Detroit, Mich.** — May I ask you to pray for me that I may get the position I had last summer or another one of an educational type and which will last a year round. H. R., **Bryson, Que.** — Would you please make a Novena to the Sacred Heart, St. Teresa or the Blessed Virgin for me that I may recover the use of my legs. I have not been walking for over a year and the doctor says there are no hopes of me walking again. I am a young woman and have a tiny boy to rear. Mrs. M. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my daughter who is in the Hospital, that she may soon recover and be able to return to work,



and also for myself for a return of good health. Mr. C. B., **Ville Emard**. — Please remember me in your prayers that I may obtain the great favour which I desire since so long. Miss L. B., **Ste. Justine**. — Will you please pray for me that I may get better. J. G. B. M. — Would you kindly make a Novena for my intentions that I may pray better, that my son may get steady employment, that my daughter may decide a vocation, that an operation may be avoided, that my sister-in-law may get over her nervousness and for a true conversion to the Catholic Faith. Please have a remembrance for my sister's family that they may get means to carry on financially. Mrs. P. J. M. — Will you please pray, that my husband and I may have better health. Mrs. M. F., **Winthrop, Me.** — Would you please make a very special Novena for an aunt of mine, who is affected with heart trouble. Beg God through His Mother, that during the Novena she may obtain a complete cure, as she has a son studying to be a priest and he needs her support. Her daughter also needs this good mother. Miss G. M., **Montreal**. — Please pray that my son may find employment. Mrs. E. C., **Webster, Mass.** — Will you please make a Novena so that my sister's husband may get a steady position. Mrs. A. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you please make a Novena for a very special intention. A Subscriber, **Cochrane, Ont.** — Please make a Novena to our Lady of Perpetual Help, that I may regain my health. I have been ill for two months with a nervous break down and other troubles. Mrs. G. C., **Demers Centre, Que.** — Would you kindly pray for me, that I may soon be cured. I have been in bed for two years with a sore knee. I have been operated on but the sore is not healing. My father died three years ago and my mother is not very well. Miss A. F., **Mattawa, Ont.** — Please pray that my husband may soon find steady employment. Mrs. T. S., **Brudenell, Ont.** — Please remember me in your prayers. Mrs. T. R., **Parkhill, Ont.** — Please pray for my intentions. Miss E. M. M., **North Adams, Mass.** — I humble beg you to pray for the recovery of my health, that I may be able to perform very necessary work that I cannot afford to pay for. Mr. J. N. B., **Ottawa, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my intentions and also for my niece. A Friend, **Pembroke**. — Please remember me in your prayers. I would like you to pray for my mother and father also, that they may get steady work. Mrs. W. J. B., **Haileybury, Ont.** — Will you kindly make a Novena for my intentions as I am very anxious to obtain three very special favours. Mrs. B. H. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Would you please make a Novena for a very special intention. Mrs. R. P., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me. Mrs. P. H., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for my intentions. Mrs. C. — Will you please pray for all my intentions. Mrs. B. B., **Wallaceburg, Ont.** — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may regain my health. Mrs. A. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — I would like you to make a Novena to the Sacred Heart for a special intention. Please pray for my husband that he may keep his position. Mrs. J. B. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — Will you please pray to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa that I may be restored to health, that I may not be obliged to undergo any more operations and that there may be no war. Mrs. W. J. L., **Demers Centre, Que.** — I beg you to pray for a very special intention. Miss T. A., **Fossmill, Ont.** — I request your prayers for two in the family who have been a long time idle, that they may obtain work soon. Please pray for my grandson and for all my intentions. Mrs. M. M., **Viauville**. — Kindly pray for the return of a person dear to me. M. A. D. — I am requesting Mary's help for the following intentions: success in two examinations, health, special protection for the future. M. Marthe Marceau, **Theftford Mines**. — Would you kindly pray that I may rent my house. Mrs. A. — Please pray for the conversion of my daughter. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Kindly remember my husband in your prayers to the Blessed Virgin, that he may come back to the right path. Anonymous. — I request the help of your prayers to obtain health and success in our undertakings. A Subscriber, **Cote St. Paul**. — I beg for your prayers for my son, that he may obtain a position, he has been without work for two years. Mrs. A. T. — Will you please pray for the conversion of a drunkard. Anonymous. — Would you kindly begin a Novena to obtain peace in two families and for the return of a person dear to me. A lonely mother. — Kindly pray for a young girl who gets discouraged in her studies. A lady from **Ste. Anne des Plaines**. — A reconciliation is requested and the return of my children to God. Mrs. L. — I should like you to pray for a very special favour and for the cure of a brother who is in the Hospital. A Subscriber. — Three conversions. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — Will you please pray to the Blessed Virgin for the following intentions: My mother's cure, my own recovery, a position for my sister and for a person dear to me. G. B., **Montreal**. — I request your prayers, that two great favours may be granted to me. O. D., **Smooth Rock Falls, Ont.** — Kindly remember us in your prayers as we have very great trials. Mrs. Trudelle. — May the Immaculate Virgin grant me my cure and a position for my husband. Mrs. C. D. — We have six children and my husband is without work. Please beg our Heavenly Mother to have mercy on us. An afflicted mother. — Will you please pray that I may recover my health and obtain other spiritual and temporal favours. Mrs. L. A. M., **Montreal**. — Kindly pray for the conversion of my son. X. — Would you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain my cure. Mrs. L. Lafortune. — I am to have a serious operation, please say a prayer for me. Mrs. L. F. — Prayers are requested for the cure of my little girl. Mrs. L. P., **Montreal**. — A position for my son and success in our undertakings. Mrs. I. L., **Montreal**. — Special intentions. Mrs. J. B., **Montreal**. — Perfect health. Mrs. L., **St. Laurent**. — I request the help of your prayers to obtain a position for a friend of mine. C. D., **St. François de Mashom**. — I beg our Heavenly Mother to come to our assistance in obtaining a permanent position for my husband. Mrs. L. F., **Montreal**.





## NECROLOGY

Right Reverend J. N. Gignac, P. D., **Quebec**; Reverend Father J. H. Mongeau, P. P., **Pointe Claire**; Reverend Father Martin, O. P., **Quebec**; Reverend Father Horace Boulay, former Pastor of **East Angus**, brother of our Sister Marie de Loyola; Reverend Father Leo Lavigne, **Lachute Mills**; Mrs. Wilfrid Lalumière, **Montreal**, mother of our late Sister St. Jean l'Évangéliste; Mrs. Joseph P. Pépin, **Warwick**, mother of our Sister Marie des Anges; Mr. Pierre Gaudet, **Chambly**, brother of our Sister Marie de la Recouvrance; Mr. Joseph Labrie, **Cowansville**, brother of our Sister Marie Simonne; Miss Simonne Clément, **Ste. Anne des Plaines**, sister of our Sister Marie Isidore, novice; Mr. Hormisdas Beaudry, **St. Liboire, Bagot Co.**, grandfather of our Sister Stanislas de Jésus; Mr. Isidore Roch, **St. Henri de Mascouche**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Hervé, novice; Mr. Stanislas Lavallée, **St. Norbert de Berthier**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Berthe, novice; Mr. Daniel Hennessey, **Cote St. Paul**; Mr. Thomas Shipton, **Verdun**; Mr. Wm. Shipton, **Verdun**; Mr. Patrick Brown, **Point St. Charles**; Mrs. Beatrix Martoni, **Point St. Charles**; Mr. Denis Dougherty, **Montreal**; Mrs. Wm. Rogers, **Point St. Charles**; Mrs. Suzan Desmarais, **Montreal**; Mr. Wm. Byron, **West Brome**; Mr. Michael Redmond, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Kinsella, **Montreal**; Miss Jennie McCrory, **Montreal**; Mrs. William Pelletier, **Patterson, Me.**; Mr. Fortunat Latour, **Montreal**; Miss Margaret Mahoney, **Montreal**; Mr. Robert Dewing, **Britton**; Mrs. Thomas McGuire, **Rawdon**; Mrs. Ozema Jasmin, **Feeding Hills, Mass.**; Mrs. Jennie Carrier, **Adams, Mass.**; Miss Mary Durkin, **Pittsfield, Mass.**; Miss Cécile Berard, **Pittsfield, Mass.**; Mrs. T. Dansereau, **Pittsfield, Mass.**; Mr. Hilaire Frenier, **Pittsfield, Mass.**; Mrs. Bridget Griggs, **West Springfield, Mass.**; Mr. J. McShea Sr., **Collinsville, Mass.**; Mrs. Vital Labrie, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Connell, **Point St. Charles**; Mrs. Marg. M. Dussault, **Montreal**; Mr. John Murphy, **Point St. Charles**; Miss Rose Naughton, **No. Adams, Mass.**; Mr. Timothy Dempsey, **No. Adams, Mass.**; Mr. James J. O'Neil, **Williamstown, Mass.**; Mr. Alfred Bessette, **Adams, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Brownell, **Williamstown, Mass.**; Mr. Lionel Circe, **North Adams, Mass.**; Mr. Henry Brodeur, **Adams, Mass.**; Mr. Edward Donovan, **Springfield, Mass.**; Miss Cecile Delage, **Alexandria, Ont.**; Mr. Denis Dougherty, **Montreal**; Mrs. James McKenna, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. Joseph N. Brooks, **Ottawa, Ont.**; Mr. Alexander Timon, **Montreal**; Mr. James Lonergan, **Montreal**; Mr. Michael Joseph Lonergan, **Montreal**; Mrs. W. F. McDonough, **Montreal**; Mr. William John Smith, **Montreal**; Mr. D. Dougherty, **Montreal**; Mr. Edmond Carter, **Montreal**; Mr. Timothy McNamara, **Rockland, Me.**; Mrs. Ursula MacKelman, **Montreal**; Mr. Raymond F. Mallott, **Millbury, Mass.**; Mr. Patrick O'Brien, **Montreal**; Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, **Montreal**; Mr. Edmond Devine, **Montreal**; Mr. Patrick Hayden, **Viauville**; Mrs. Marian Green, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Henry Thompson, **Verdun**; Mrs. Ths. Dickson, **St. Johns, Que.**; Miss Freda White, **Maniwaki**; Mr. John Bradley, **Aylmer**; Mr. James Moore, **Maniwaki**; Mr. Albert Montigny, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mrs. Mathilda Stave, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mr. Francis Lenti, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mrs. Annora Feen, **Worcester, Mass.**; Miss Frances Scott, **Ottawa, Ont.**; Mr. T. Onison, **Dorval**; Mrs. Octavie Labonté, **Linwood, Mass.**; Mrs. Richard Buxie, **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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CANTON, Holy Childhood Home, P. O. Box 93, (Founded in 1909).

School for catechists. Catechumenate. School for Christian and pagan pupils.  
Orphanage. Foundling-Home. Workrooms.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton, (Founded in 1913).

Lazaretto.

HONG KONG, 24 Austin Road, Kowloon, (Founded in 1927).

Procure and School.

TSUNGMING, Catholic Mission, Paochen, Kiangsu, (Founded in 1928).

Orphanage. Foundling-Home. School. Native Novitiate " St. Teresa of the Child Jesus ".

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgin-catechists. Dispensary.

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## IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1929).

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1930).

Dispensary. School

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

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## IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

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## IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 286 Blumentritt St., (Founded in 1921).

Chinese General Hospital. Training School for Nurses. Hostel " St. Teresa of the Child Jesus ". School for Chinese.

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## IN ITALY

ROME, 18 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario, (Founded in 1925).

Procure for the Missions.

# Benefactors of the Society

of the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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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.

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## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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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.
7. — Two Masses are 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 Benefactors, living and deceased.