

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 17th Year

MONTREAL, September-October, 1939

No. 5

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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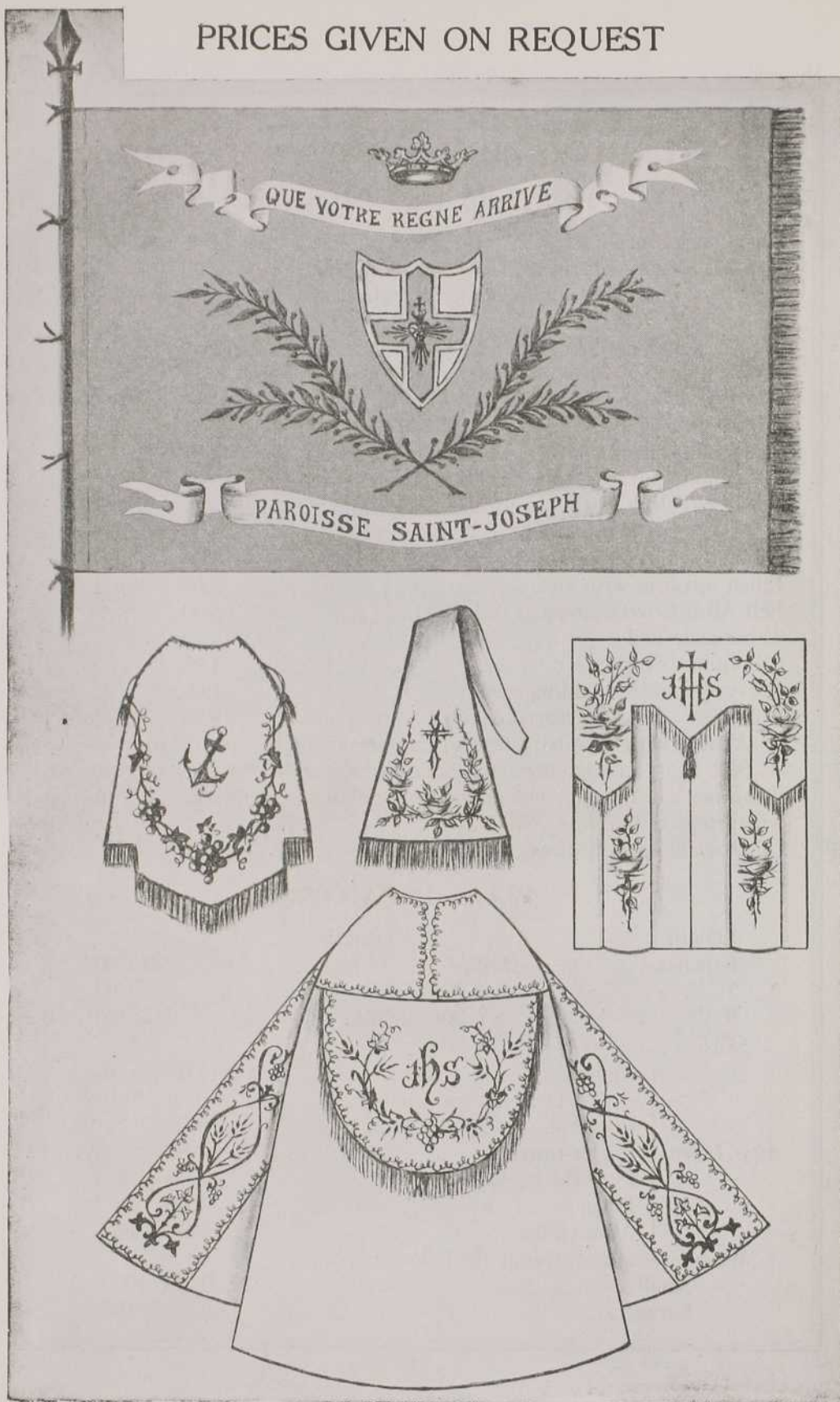
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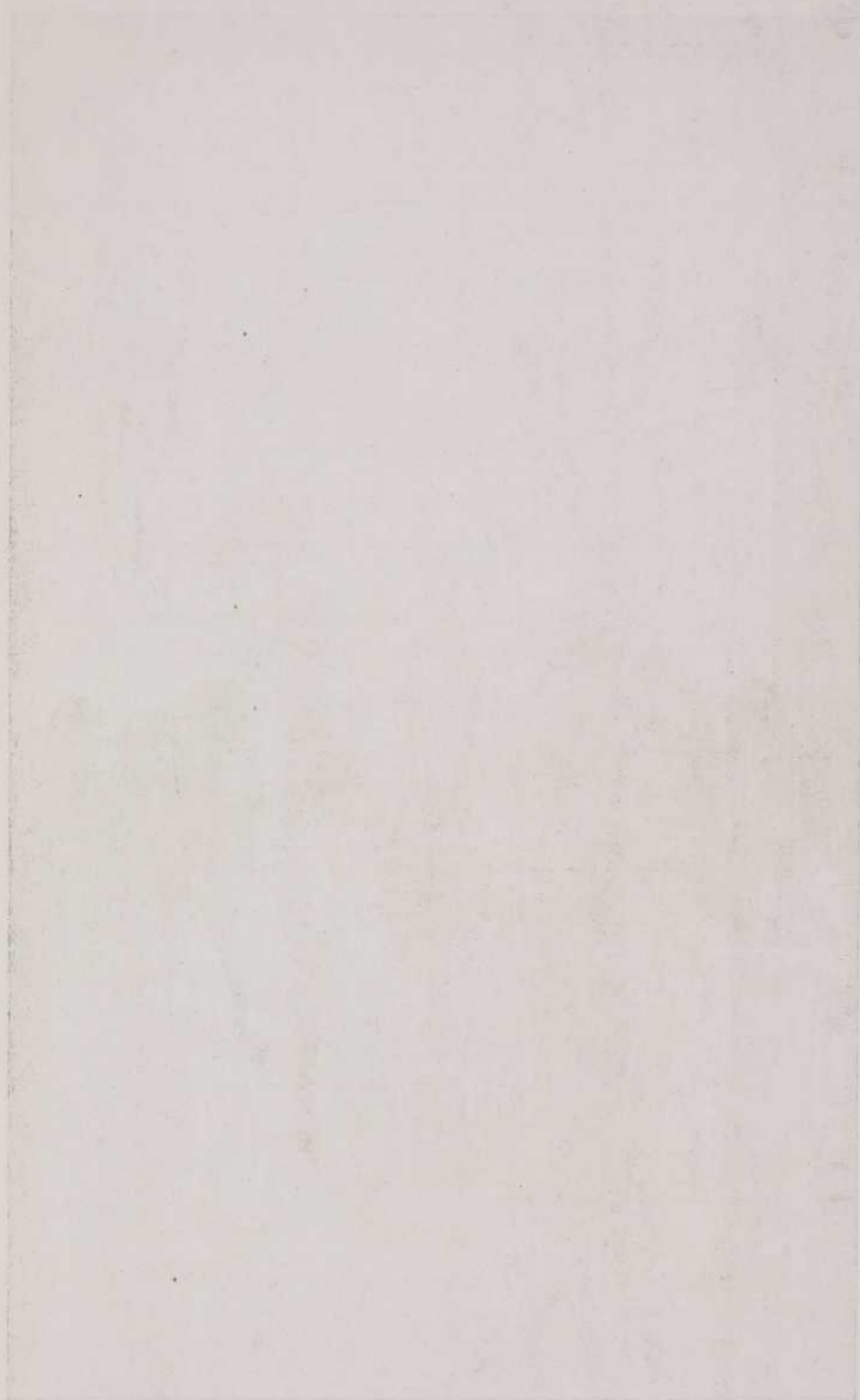
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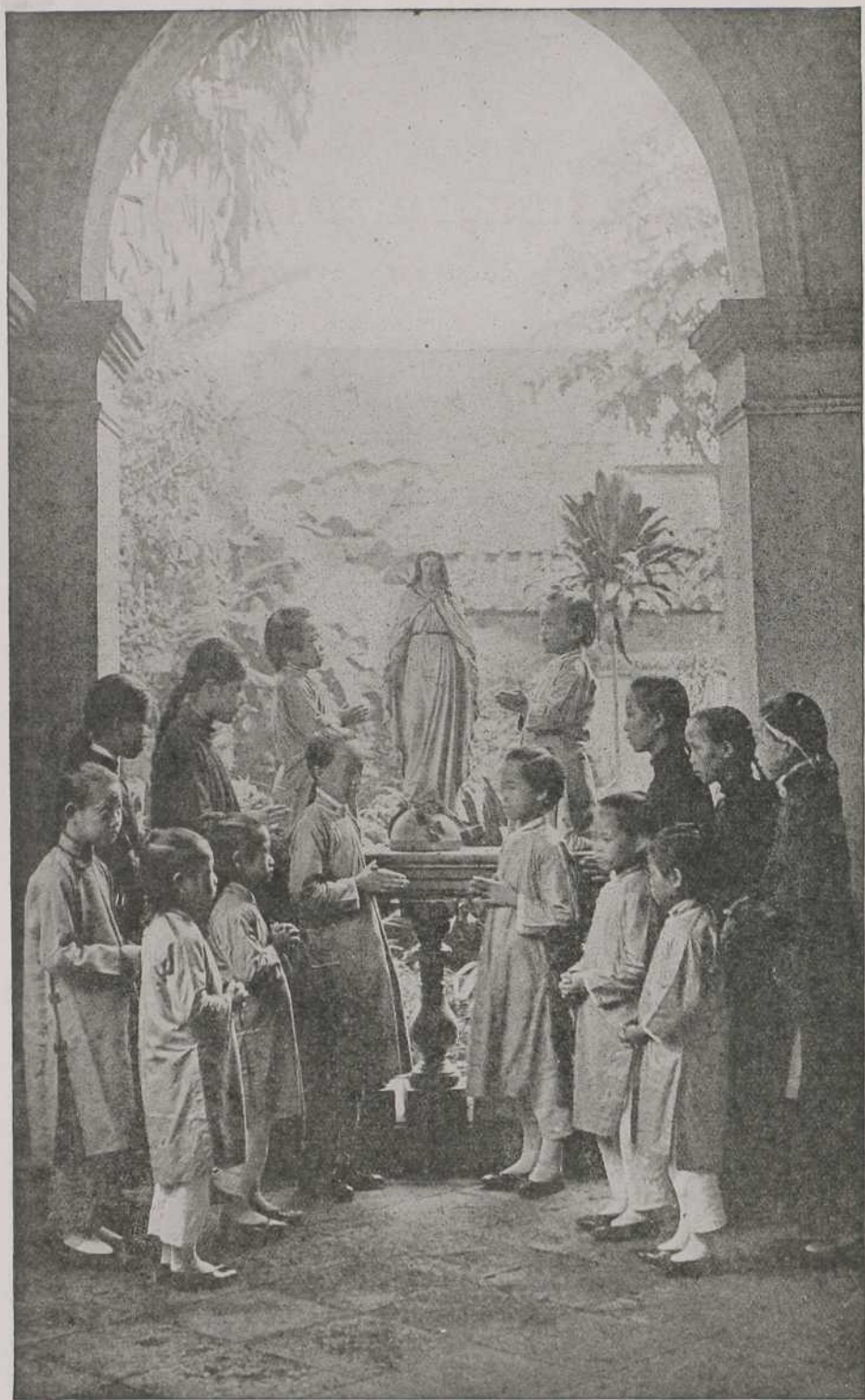
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XII, 17th Year

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*St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle ;
be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil.*

*We humbly beseech God to command him :
and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host,
by the divine power thrust into hell Satan
and the other evil spirits who roam through the world
seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.*

(Three hundred days' Indulg.)

St. Michael the Archangel

(Feast, September 29)

ST. MICHAEL is one of the principal angels. His name, which signifies "Who is like unto God?", was the war-cry of the good angels in the battle fought in heaven against Satan and his followers.

Four times his name is recorded in Scripture: (a) Dan., X, 13 sqq., Gabriel says to Daniel, when he asks God to permit the Jews to return to Jerusalem: "The prince of the kingdom of the Persians resisted me one and twenty days: and behold Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me... and none is my helper in all these things, but Michael, your prince." (b) Dan., XII, the Angel speaking of the end of the world and the Antichrist says: "At that time shall Michael rise up, the great prince, who standeth for the children of thy people." (c) in the Catholic Epistle of St. Jude: "When Michael the Archangel, disputing with the devil, contended about the body of Moses", etc. St. Jude alludes to an ancient Jewish tradition of a dispute between Michael and Satan over the body of Moses. St. Michael concealed the tomb of Moses; Satan, however, by disclosing it, tried to seduce the Jewish people to the sin of hero-worship. (d) Apocalypse, XII, 7, "And there was a great battle in heaven: Michael and his angels fought with the dragon." St. John speaks of the great conflict at the end of time, which reflects also the battle in heaven at the beginning of time.

According to the Fathers, there is often question of St. Michael in Scripture where his name is not mentioned. They say he was the cherub who stood at the gate of paradise, "to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen., III, 24), the angel through whom God published the Decalogue to His chosen people, the angel who stood in the way against Balaam (Numbers, XXII, 22 sqq.), the angel who routed the army of Sennacherib (IV Kings, XIX, 35), etc.

Following these Scriptural passages, Christian tradition gives to St. Michael four offices: (1) To fight against Satan. (2) To rescue the souls of the faithful from the power of the devil, especially at the hour of death. (3) To be the champion of God's people, the Jews in the Old Law, the Christians in the New Testament; therefore he was the patron of the Church, and of the order of knights during the Middle Ages. (4) To call away from earth and bring men's souls to judgment.

Regarding his rank in the celestial hierarchy opinions vary. St. Basil and other Greek Fathers, also Salmeron, Bellarmine, etc., place St. Michael over all the angels; they say he is called "archangel" because he is the prince of the other angels. Others believe that he is the prince of the seraphim, the first of the nine angelic choirs. But, according to St. Thomas (Summa, I, Q. CXIII, a. 3), he is the prince of the last and lowest choir, the angels. The Roman Liturgy seems to follow the Greek Fathers; it calls him "Princeps militiæ cœlestis quem honorificant angelorum cives". The

hymn of the Mozarabic Breviary places St. Michael even above the Twenty-four Elders. The Greek Liturgy styles him "highest general".

It would have been natural to St. Michael, the champion of the Jewish people, to be the champion also of the Christians, giving victory in war to his clients. The early Christians, however, regarded some of the martyrs as their military patrons: St. George, St. Theodore, St. Demetrius, St. Sergius, St. Procopius, St. Mercurius, etc.; but to St. Michael they gave the care of their sick. At the place where he was first venerated, in Phrygia, his prestige as angelic healer obscured his interposition in military affairs. It was from early times the centre of the true cult of the holy angels, particularly of St. Michael. Tradition relates that St. Michael in the earliest ages caused a medicinal spring to spout at Chairotopa near Colossæ, where all the sick who bathed there, invoking the Blessed Trinity and St. Michael, were cured. Still more famous are the springs which St. Michael is said to have drawn from the rock at Colossæ (Chonæ, the present Khonas, on the Lycus). The pagans directed a stream against the sanctuary of St. Michael to destroy it, but the archangel split the rock by lightning to give a new bed to the stream, and sanctified forever the waters which came from the gorge. The Greeks claim that this apparition took place about the middle of the first century and celebrate a feast in commemoration of it on September 6th. Also at Pythia in Bithynia and elsewhere in Asia the hot springs were dedicated to St. Michael. At Constantinople likewise, St. Michael was the great heavenly physician. His principal sanctuary, the Michaelion, was at Sosthenion, some fifty miles south of Constantinople; there the archangel is said to have appeared to the Emperor Constantine. The sick slept in this church at night to wait for a manifestation of St. Michael. His feast was kept there on June 9th. Another famous church was within the walls of the city, at the thermal baths of the Emperor Arcadius; there the synaxis of the archangel was celebrated on November 8th. This feast spread over the entire Greek Church, and the Syrian, Armenian, and Coptic Churches adopted it also; it is now the principal feast of St. Michael in the Orient. It may have originated in Phrygia, but its station at Constantinople was the Thermae of Arcadius. Other feasts of St. Michael at Constantinople were: October 27th, in the "Promotu" church; June 18th, in the Church of St. Julian at the Forum; December 10th, at Athaea.

The Christians of Egypt placed their life-giving river, the Nile under the protection of St. Michael; they adopted the Greek feast and keep it on November 12th. On the twelfth of every month they celebrate a special commemoration of the archangel; but, on June 12th, when the river commences to rise, they keep as a holiday of obligation the feast of St. Michael "for the rising of the Nile".

At Rome, the Leonine Sacramentary (sixth cent.) has the "Natale Basilicæ Angeli via Salaria", Sept. 30th; of the five Masses for the feast, three mention St. Michael. The Gelasian Sacramentary (seventh cent.) gives the feast "St. Michaelis Archangeli", and the Gregorian Sacramentary (eighth cent.), "Dedicatio Basilionis S. Angeli Michaelis", Sept. 29th.

A manuscript also here adds "via Salaria". This church of the Via Salaria was six miles to the north of the city. In the ninth century it was called *Basilica Archangeli in Septimo*. It disappeared a thousand years ago.

At Rome also the part of heavenly physician was given to St. Michael. According to a legend of the tenth century he appeared over the Moles Hadriani (Castel di S. Angelo), in 950, during the procession which St. Gregory held against the pestilence, putting an end to the plague. Boniface IV (608-15) built on the Moles Hadriani in honour of him, a church, which was styled *St. Michaelis inter nubes (in summitate circi)*.

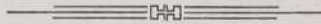
Well known is the apparition of St. Michael (a. 494 or 530-40), as related in the Roman Breviary, May 8th, at his renowned sanctuary on Monte Gargano, where his original glory as patron in war was restored to him. To his intercession the Lombards of Sipontum (Manfredonia) attributed their victory over the Greek Neapolitans, May 8, 663. In commemoration of this victory the church of Sipontum instituted a special feast in honour of the archangel, on May 8th, which has spread over the entire Latin Church and is now called (since the time of Pius V) "Apparitio S. Michaelis", although it originally did not commemorate the apparition, but the victory.

In Normandy, St. Michael is the patron of mariners in his famous sanctuary at Mont-Saint-Michel in the Diocese of Coutances. He is said to have appeared there, in 708, to St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches. In Normandy his feast "S. Michaelis in periculo maris" or "in Monte Tumba" was universally celebrated on October 18th, the anniversary of the dedication of the first church, October 16, 710; the feast is now confined to the Diocese of Coutances.

In Germany, after its evangelization, St. Michael replaced for the Christians the pagan god Wotan, to whom many mountains were sacred, hence the numerous mountain chapels of St. Michael all over Germany.

In art, St. Michael is represented as an angelic warrior, fully armed with helmet, sword and shield (often the shield bears the Latin inscription: *Quis ut Deus*), standing over the dragon, whom he sometimes pierces with a lance. He also holds a pair of scales in which he weighs the souls of the departed, or the book of life, to show that he takes part in the judgment.

F. G. HOLWECK.



Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

In the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

To comply with the desire of several pious persons devoted to the Blessed Virgin, we are pleased to quote the prices of lamps and candles that may be burned at Mary's shrine in our modest chapel at the Mother House, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Côte des Neiges, Montreal, in thanksgiving or to obtain some favor from this tender Mother.

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

The Angels

*In time of trial some Angels through
Pride rebelling against their Creator
Lost Heaven ; the others, humble and true
Willing their dependence as creatures of God won
Eternal Happiness, St. Michael, leader.*

*Through revelation we know, O Good Angels of you —
O Myriads of Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones,
Dominations, Principalities, Powers ; too,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels, and of your praising
God in joyous tones.*

*These Choirs functioning through God's omnipotence
In the offices to them allotted,
Thus, sustain the universe in its magnificence
For us, for whose advantage 'twas created.*

*How delightful to have an Angel present by my side!
O Angelic Spirit! O chivalric Intelligence!
My immediate Inspiration,— my incessant Guide
From those Legions assigned me through God's Providence.*

*Defend, now, as of yore, O Angelic Spirits, in power of
God's plenitude —
The Good, The Beautiful, The True.
Oh! that each person's Guardian Angel — plus a multitude —
Be another St. Michael, protect us and those
Christian Ideals, sweet God, of You.*

— A. E. G.

The Office of the Good Angels

HAVE you ever considered the role that the Guardian Angels fill in the various acts of our life? With what untiring solicitude does not this mysterious Companion follow us from the cradle to the grave, from the first mewl to the last sigh! Having neither the right nor the power to force our liberty — the absolute condition of our merit, he concentrates all his efforts upon giving a good inclination to the spontaneity of our sentiments, enlightening our thoughts, turning us away from evil paths, showing us the right road that we did not notice, provoking incidents which draw us in that direction.

Sometimes our shining Protector acts alone, directly and by himself, giving us a sudden intuition, a good inspiration, inclining us to write such a letter, to say such a word, to take such a step, which, though they seem indifferent in themselves, have, as he well knows, great import on the future, and are the first links in the chain of secondary facts and causes which is to draw us out of the depths. Sometimes, feeling himself insufficient, this invisible Brother of our souls appeals to other Guardian Angels; and, all together, they concert a kind of plan of campaign, divinely elaborated, to win the beneficent victory that they are meditating. It is then that a good inspiration comes to us by means of a friend, a book that is lent to us, an unexpected meeting, or a necessary journey which brings us, unawares and contrary to every prevision, to such a place, at such a time, in contact with such a person whose influence will almost certainly incline our free will...

Likewise, these pure Spirits are constantly working in this world to impede the invasions of evil, extend the dominion of good, suggest efficacious resolutions, solicit wills, and — when the wills resist — prepare favourable conjunctures, decisive incidents, which must, finally, by a whole series of diverse impulsions and indirect ways, lead the mortals confided to their care towards the general or particular event willed by God.

What usually characterizes this influence of the good Angels is that it is carefully hidden under quite natural appearances: ordinary train of life, fortuitous course of affairs, casualty of relations. All that these Divine Messengers accomplish seems to be done by itself, so delicately does it touch the springs that determine us. While they are everywhere and in every thing, they are not perceptible in anything nor anywhere. Their essence, superior to ours, is invisible; their mighty arm is impalpable; their immense benefits are anonymous. Mingled with our humanity, these troops of the Lord govern, poise, dispose everything in silence and incognito.

Afterwards, however, when their work is accomplished, it happens sometimes that the harmonious succession of facts, the astonishing concordance of all the incidents to the same end, the precise juxtaposition of circumstances, the extraordinary choice of such individuals as instruments and means, the rigorous precision of such predestinated dates, a thousand striking particulars, reveal their secret intervention, as certainly as the co-ordinate movements of an army denote the presence of the Officers and the General, as the sight of a house suggests the hands that built it and gives evidence of the architect's plan.

Henri LASSERRE.



To His Exc. Mgr. A. Desmarais

FIRST BISHOP OF AMOS

the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are pleased to offer their respectful homage, hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and fruitful episcopate.

A Memorial to Cardinal Van Rossum in his Native Land

IN the person of the late Cardinal Van Rossum, Catholic Holland gave a most eminent Prefect to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. His successor, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, in accepting to preside on May 22 at the unveiling of a statue to the great Dutch Cardinal in the Redemptorist House at Wittem, near Maestricht, has clearly indicated that the Propaganda remembers with grateful admiration the epochal work of its former chief.

The work of the Roman sculptor Quattrini, the memorial statue represents Cardinal Van Rossum on his knees wrapt in prayer — a familiar posture of his. Piety was indeed one of the outstanding traits of his character. The present Prefect of the Propaganda can bear witness to the fact that when, as Secretary, he visited his predecessor on matters of business, he not infrequently found him kneeling before the tabernacle in the oratory adjoining his study. It was thence that Cardinal Van Rossum drew the strength that enabled him to shoulder so well the heavy responsibilities of his position.

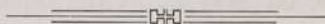
The fourteen years he was at the helm of the Propaganda mark a notable era in the history of that Sacred Congregation. As the faithful collaborator of Benedict XV, the Cardinal played an important part in the great missionary revival that followed the upheaval of the World War. His influence continued to grow as this expansive movement reached still greater proportions during the memorable pontificate of Pius XI.

The period in question may well be regarded as a golden age of missionary development. It witnessed a succession of significant events: the creation of seven Apostolic Delegations, the erection of 162 new ecclesiastical territories under the Propaganda — not to mention others that have since passed under the jurisdiction of other Roman Congregations — the appearance of the great Mission Encyclicals *Maximum illud* of Benedict XV and *Rerum Ecclesiae* of Pius XI and of pontifical documents defining the precise functions of Mission-Aid Associations, the creation and rapid development of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, the Vatican Mission Exhibition of 1925, the creation of the Lateran Mission Museum, the consecration in St. Peter's of the first Chinese Bishops and first Japanese Bishop, the erection on the Janiculum of the new College of the Propaganda, and the institution of annual Mission Sunday in October and of Mission Sunday for the Sick at Whitsuntide.

Cardinal Van Rossum followed every aspect of mission development, neglecting no opportunity to quicken its pace. He took particular interest in schools and seminaries, on which the stability and growth of the Church depend to so large an extent. He was keenly alive to the value of publicity for Missions. He encouraged the study of mission problems and founded a chair of Missiology at the Propaganda College. He reorganized the archives of the Congregation and invited students to consult them.

It was during his tenure of office that the headquarters of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Society of St. Peter Apostle were transferred from Lyons and Fribourg to Rome. The subsequent rapid growth of both Societies was due to his continued and active interest in them.

Cardinal Van Rossum outlived Benedict XV by ten years and died seven years before Pius XI. His name as well as theirs will ever be associated with the marvelous mission expansion of recent years. *(Fides)*



Pauline Jaricot, Foundress of S.P.F. Extolled in Cardinal Salotti Letter

SACRED CONGREGATION OF RITES.

Rome, April 23, 1939.

Rt. Rev. Franco Carminati,
Secretary, Pontif. Society
Propagation of the Faith.

MY DEAR MONSIGNOR:

It is a pleasure to me to be able to communicate a welcome piece of information to the Superior Council of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith now gathered for its annual meetings under the presidency of my beloved successor, Archbishop Costantini, and intent as ever on providing for the needs of the Missions.

It is an ancient and laudable custom that at public Consistories addresses be given by Consistorial lawyers on behalf of Servants of God who became outstanding by their activities and achievements. As Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, I have felt that the figure of Pauline Jaricot was worthy of being thus celebrated at a solemn Consistorial meeting in the august presence of the Holy Father inasmuch as it was she who inspired the founding of the Propagation of the Faith, that most providential association from which Catholic Missions derive such strength and support. His Holiness was pleased to accept my suggestion and gave it official approval.

I cannot but feel that this information will be particularly welcome in the city of Lyons, which witnessed and admired the excellent undertaking of its illustrious daughter. It will also spur on National Directors to make ever greater efforts to promote the Society she founded. It will gladden the hearts of the missionaries, who will feel strengthened in their daily labours by the prospect of some day seeing raised to the altars this heroic woman who, when founding the Society, foresaw an era in which work on the mission field would be considerably expanded.

Accept, dear Monsignor, my warm personal greetings both for yourself and for the other members of the Superior Council, of whom I retain most pleasant and affectionate memories.

(Signed) Charles Cardinal Salotti,
Prefect, Sacred Congregation of Rites.

(Fides)

Lord, Save Us!...



"What are you doing there, Satan, on the confines of My land?"

"I am finishing my work... Thy land will soon be mine."

"What does that chain mean?"

"I am enchaining my empire. I am the master of these countries. I have incited them to impiety, hatred, revolt against Thee; I have overthrown Thy law; I have sown infamy, injustice, discord. And now, I am going from conquest to conquest; I am strong with the strength of Thy subjects who have become mine."

"Do you forget, accursed Angel, that I have the power to precipitate you to the depths of hell and keep you there?"

"Thou art able to, but Thou wilt not do so. Thou hast created man

free and Thou gloriest in being served freely by him, in being loved by him with a preferential love. It is for me, then, to ravish his heart, to allure him into my wretchedness by my seductions, my perfidious contrivances, in order to revenge myself upon Thee. Thou art omnipotent; I am crafty... I have begun a mortal war against Thy Reign and... I will vanquish it, even if I have to bring out all my infernal legions! Yes, I swear to it, the world shall be mine!"

"Begone, Satan, I have vanquished the world. See My Cross which surmounts it, attracting, enlightening souls... See My Heart honoured upon earth, My love exalted... See, around My Tabernacles, so many fervent souls, entirely consecrated to My love, wholly devoted to My glory, against whom your diabolical ruses fail, choice souls, other cherubim, other seraphim, forming My court here below and My delights... See the honour paid to My Mother, the sight of whom you cannot support, whose victorious heel you flee... See the countless children that she restores to My Mercy, children that you had allured away from Me... Consider My Holy Church, in whose bosom flow in torrents the living waters of My grace and blessings; My immortal Church, ever existing and victorious, despite your incessant attacks, despite the defections which you cause; My Roman Church, which will subsist until the end of time, until the number of My Elect be complete. Blush, then, wretch, at your impertinent audacity. I have vanquished the world, not by My power, but by My love..."

"And you, beloved Children, fear nothing... I am with you till the consummation of the world. But... watch and pray... Watch, so as not to fall into the snares of the Enemy who is roaming about like a roaring lion; pray, so as not to yield to temptation. Pray... pray... do not cease to pray for your unfortunate brothers who are letting themselves be drawn into the path of eternal damnation."

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)

Such was the frank, loyal, generous nature of the father of the future missionary, and his character is well shown in the following letter: —

"St. Loup, February 12, 1851.

"MY DEAREST, WELL-BELOVED SON,— I will not attempt to describe the emotion your letter caused me. I fancy you had calculated beforehand the force of the blow. You may well say that the sacrifice is hard. Your ordination cost me nothing. On the contrary, it fulfilled my fondest wishes for you, and I was quite content. But now everything is changed. All my plans are upset. Well may people say, 'Man proposes, and God disposes.' I had flattered myself that you would some day have a parish near me, that I should be able to make over everything to Henry, and then come and finish my days quietly under your roof, so that you should close my eyes. Happy, but, alas! hopeless illusions.

"My child, I cannot attempt to try to turn you from your great and holy resolutions. Neither will I sadden your heart by reproaches. I will content myself with asking if, at your age, you think you can really arrive at so serious a decision, and not regret it hereafter. But if you are resolved, if you feel that God has indeed called you, then I would say, 'Obey Him without hesitation.' Let nothing keep you back, not even the thought of the poor old father whom you leave in his sorrowful desolation, nor of the paternal roof which will no longer shelter you. Enough; I know that he who puts his hand to the plough must not look behind him; I know also that he who leaves father and mother to follow his Lord will receive an eternal recompense, and such reasons are unanswerable... I could not reply to your letter at once, my dearest son, for poor human nature would have its way at first. But to-day I am a little calmer, and I hasten to fulfil your wishes. You ask for my consent. I give it to you without restriction. My blessing — O my dearest boy, why should I refuse it to you? You know that I belong only to my children, and that you may always reckon on me. All that gives you pleasure gives it to me likewise, cost what it will. My

sacrifices began when you first went to school and I was separated from you; they went on increasing year by year, and now God knows where they are to end! Well, I can only resign myself and leave all in the hands of Him who, perhaps, will give me back my Isaac, as you have compared me to the Father of the Faithful.

"Do not let my letter sadden you too much. I cannot put my ideas down as I wish, but you will guess my thoughts. Let us hope that God will sustain us both in this great trial. Although your sister knew of your intention beforehand, she was terribly affected by your declaration, for she flattered herself the day was still far off. But, as you say, the time is short... Henry saw at once that there was something the matter but I have told him nothing as yet. And poor little Eusebius, whom you were to mould and form, is he to lose his model and his guide? Forgive my saying this — forgive your poor old father, who lives but in his children. I feel I have gone too far, and that I shall give you pain, and you don't deserve it.

"Bear in mind, then, that I freely give my consent to your plans. Be at peace, and do not trouble about me. The hand of God is everywhere. I love you with all my heart and embrace you tenderly.

Vénard."

So the future missionary could go to the Foreign Mission Seminary without fear, and instead of the anger of his father, he was to meet with nothing but love and blessings. Theophane's feelings found vent in the following letter to his sister:—

"MY DARLING SISTER,— Oh, how I cried when I read your letter! Yes, I knew well the sorrow I was going to bring upon my family, and especially upon you, my dear little sister. But don't you think it cost me tears of blood, too, to take such a step, and give you all such pain? Who ever cared more for home and a home life than I? All my happiness here below was centred in it. But God, who has united us all in links of the tenderest affection, wished to wean me from it. Oh, what a fight and a struggle I have had with my poor human nature! But then our Lord, who asked the sacrifice at my hands, gave me the strength to accomplish it. He did more. He gave me the courage to offer myself the bitter chalice to those I loved. I undertook it because I knew you all so well, and I was full of faith and hope; and that hope has not been disappointed. And now I can only adore His mercy, and praise Him who has led me so tenderly through this terrible trial.

"Can it be, then, that family ties and family joys are not holy and blessed? Has God forbidden them? Or were our hearts too absorbed in them, so that God, to punish us, wished to withdraw them altogether? Or have we all gone crazy? No! no! a thousand times no! Let the world say what it will. What matters it to us, children of grace, who have received the heavenly promises? The world and its maxims have long ago had their condemnation from the mouth of our Divine Lord Himself. Ah! Lord God, Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, and Thou walkest by paths of which the world knows nothing.

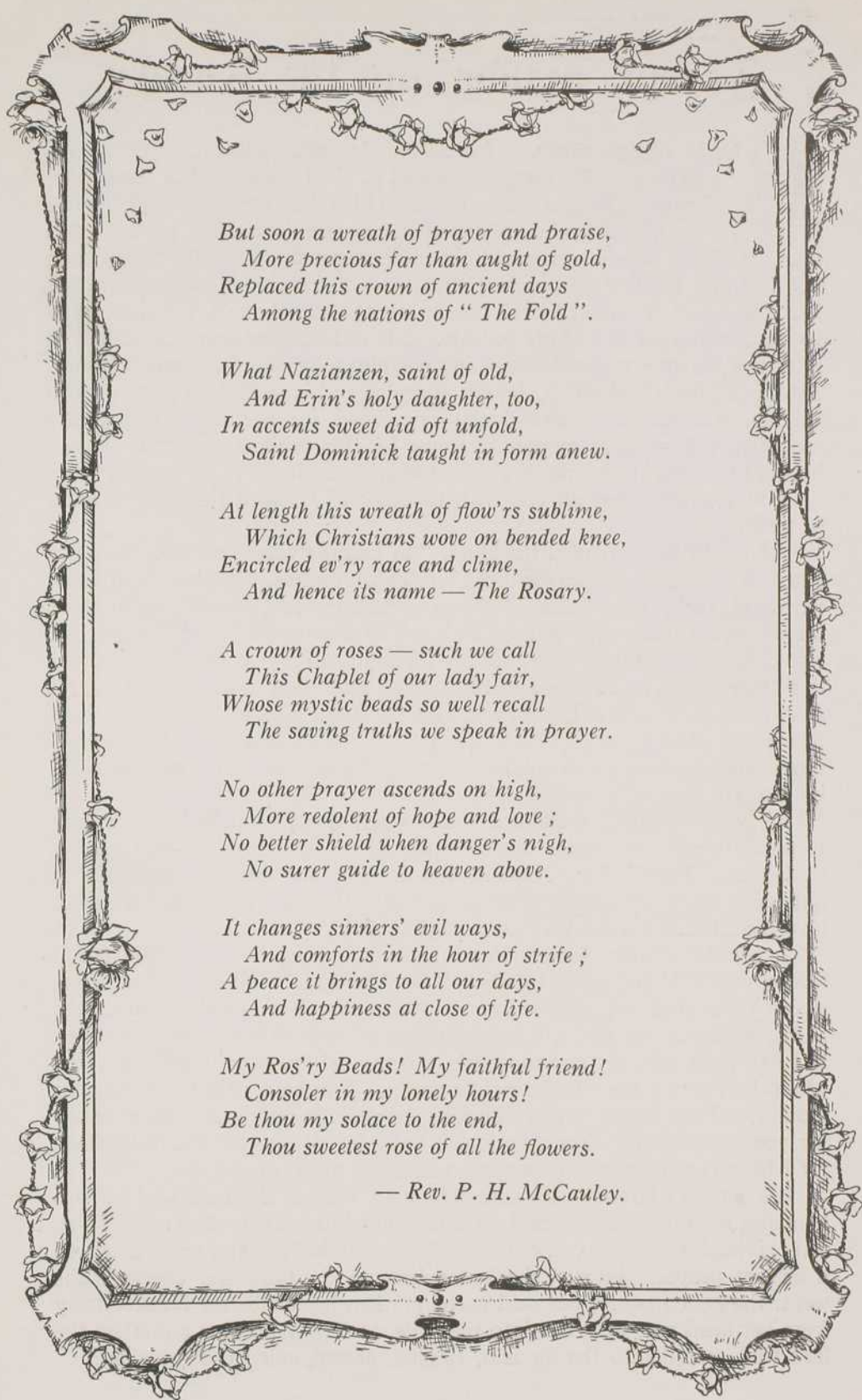
(To be continued.)



The Rosary

*In olden days, long past and dead,
The orientals wove a crown
Of roses sweet to deck the head
Of men and gods of high renown.*

*And Christians, too, their garlands wove
For Mary's brow, in crypt and shrine,
Transferring, thus, from pagan Jove,
The homage due our Queen divine.*



*But soon a wreath of prayer and praise,
More precious far than aught of gold,
Replaced this crown of ancient days
Among the nations of "The Fold".*

*What Nazianzen, saint of old,
And Erin's holy daughter, too,
In accents sweet did oft unfold,
Saint Dominick taught in form anew.*

*At length this wreath of flow'rs sublime,
Which Christians wove on bended knee,
Encircled ev'ry race and clime,
And hence its name — The Rosary.*

*A crown of roses — such we call
This Chaplet of our lady fair,
Whose mystic beads so well recall
The saving truths we speak in prayer.*

*No other prayer ascends on high,
More redolent of hope and love ;
No better shield when danger's nigh,
No surer guide to heaven above.*

*It changes sinners' evil ways,
And comforts in the hour of strife ;
A peace it brings to all our days,
And happiness at close of life.*

*My Ros'ry Beads! My faithful friend!
Consoler in my lonely hours!
Be thou my solace to the end,
Thou sweetest rose of all the flowers.*

— Rev. P. H. McCauley.

Joseph Haydn and the Rosary

BORN of poor parents, Joseph Haydn, while still quite young, was placed with his brother Michael at the choir-school of the Cathedral of Venice. The precocity of his talent or, as we might better say, of his genius, offended his master himself, a hard-hearted man, naturally selfish, who could not understand any other happiness than his own and treated his pupils with a kind of ferocity. Indignant at his barbarous way of acting, Joseph hastily left the school one day and returned to the humble cottage of his parents. His father, disappointed, wished to interrupt his son's musical career and put him to some hard manual labour. Astounded by this decision, Joseph appealed to his mother, a gentle, pious woman, who ardently desired the priesthood for her son. The young musician, feeling no attraction whatever for this sublime vocation, did not hesitate to dissipate his mother's most cherished illusion.

"Well, then, what do you wish to become?" asked the poor woman, in tears.

"I would like," replied the child, "to become what your soul becomes when you read your prayer-book, verses of psalms, strophes of hymns; when you recite your Rosary; when you find joy and consolation in these sacred words, and your soul is elevated to Heaven, to God Himself. I would like to express in songs, all my thoughts, all my sentiments; I would like these songs to console and rejoice the souls that would hear them; I would like them to give honour and glory to God. Oh! if I only had words to express what I would like to have others feel! But no, I have not, I never shall have eloquent, communicative words. My only language will be the language of sounds."

"My dear child," exclaimed the mother, deeply touched, "you wish to make use of the talents that God has given you; and, without further explanation, I can tell you that it is well. But, my son, be you happy or unhappy, never indulge in pride or hatred! Be always honest, love God, love the Blessed Virgin, love your neighbour."

A few days later, Joseph Haydn left his parents' house. His father looked very cold and spoke briefly. "Go," he said, "and do as you please, if you think that you will be happy in doing so; but never dishonour the name of Haydn, or you will be the death of your father before his time. If I had been the only one to decide, already, willingly or unwillingly, you would be wearing the wheel-wright's apron. You have only to thank your mother, if I am giving you my blessing on your journey and a little money for your first needs. Your work will have to provide for you thereafter, for I have not the means to support you away from home."

His mother's farewell was quite different. First of all, she placed her two hands on Joseph's shoulders and gazed lengthily into his tear-filled eyes. Then, after giving him a Rosary, she sprinkled him with Holy Water and murmured a fervent prayer. Finally, she kissed him on the brow and cheeks. She wept, the poor mother, but said nothing, when her child tore himself away from her arms and went out into the wide world. Who then remarked the lark that soared into the air and, singing, accompanied the traveller?

The young man's first stop was at Mariazell (Mary's cell), a celebrated convent and much frequented place of pilgrimage. At daybreak, he went to the church, where he was seen kneeling for a long time, with the Rosary in his hands, and praying fervently, while the priests immolated the spotless Victim; for a long time, the sweet perfume of the *Ave Maria* ascended from his lips towards the Queen of Heaven. Then, he rose and went to speak to the choirmaster, but the latter sent him away; and it was only by a subterfuge that he succeeded in being heard during High Mass. He then received from the choirmaster just praises, which consoled him, and precious encouragement, which greatly contributed to the development of his precocious genius. He spent a week at the monastery inn, a week of peace and joy, during which he was the object of truly paternal kindness on the part of the monks; and he did not leave Mariazell without a good provision of wise counsels and an alms sufficient to support him in the unknown future.

Finally, Haydn arrived at Rome, and went, first of all, to St. Stephen's Church to beg the Queen of Heaven to direct thenceforth his uncertain steps. This tender Mother heard his prayer and made him find a dwelling of poor stocking-makers who gave him hospitality. But time passed, and the young lad did not see any means of making himself known and of cultivating his talent. At last, one Sunday, as he was praying, with his Rosary in his hands, at the Church of the Servites, he heard the organ very badly treated by the hand of an aged lay brother. Haydn ran and took his place. What noble chords, what sublime and thrilling accents flowed from the organ under the enchanted musician's touch! From that day forth, the monks were his zealous protectors. There, he also found a friend, Ditters, a musician too, who was pleased to share his joy and his money with the new acquaintance in distress. He had a spinet, which he had transported to the poor cottage where Joseph was staying.

The young man was overjoyed. He immediately composed some minuets. Not being able to sell them, he entrusted them to Ditters, who had them published secretly. Passing, one day, in front of a store where more than one masterpiece was displayed, he saw, at the bottom of one sheet, the signature: *Joseph Haydn*. He made enquiries and learnt that it was his minuets in print. If he only had enough money to buy a copy! The editor asked him his name; and upon his reply, "Joseph Haydn", the generous man gave him six copies and a ducat besides. Joseph was hastening to show them to the kind people who had given him hospitality, when he ran up against a passer-by at the corner of a street. It was the famous Porpora. He became acquainted with this great master, who offered him shelter in his house and promised to guide his genius. This developed under the great Porpora's direction. The skilful master himself was enthusiastic about it.

Haydn's fame was already beginning, when his aged father came to visit him. This time, the wheel-wright of Rohrau blest his son with great joy and urged him to follow the brilliant career to which God destined him. Thus, with his parents' blessing, the musician became more and more famous from day to day.

In 1760, he was vice-capellmeister at Prince Esterhazy's palace. He remained with his magnanimous protectors for thirty years. There, in tranquillity and retirement, he was able, at last, to give free scope to his genius. What masterpieces issued from this wonderfully productive pen. The great music of Gluck has merited this word of praise which, at the same time, defines it: it is quite full of *antique calm*. But, as says Mr. Eugène Sauzay, in Haydn's case, this expression would be substituted by *Christian serenity*; for it is well known whence came his inspirations. It was his custom to write at the beginning of each score, *In nomine Domini* or *Soli Deo gloria*, and *Laus Deo* after it. When he needed an inspiration, or was stopped by some difficulty, he took his Rosary and recited it fervently. This means, so he declared, always succeeded. The Angel's sweet and harmonious salutation to the Immaculate Virgin so many times repeated on the beads of the Rosary! Ineffable mysteries of joy, sorrow and glory, upon which the soul meditates while reciting the Aves! Twofold melody of the lips and the heart, audible ever since it was first heard on Dominic's lyre by the Church of the thirteenth century, I am glad to find you in the life of the celebrated Christian composer.

The Seven Last Words of Christ, the most divine hymn that men have ever sung in honour of their Redeemer, was Joseph Haydn's masterpiece.

The Oratorio of the Creation and *The Seasons* were the last masterpieces of this great genius.

At the end of his life, Haydn retired little by little from the world and turned his thoughts exclusively towards eternity. His death was that of a Christian and a saint. He recited his cherished Rosary to the very last, and the Blessed Virgin called her servant to Heaven at the close of her beautiful month of May; she came herself to comfort him in his last moments. He expired in the peace of the Lord, with Mary's sweet smile upon him; and a ray of joy lit up his pallid countenance.

An Industrious Swarm

AFTER the new Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was erected, pure, simple, majestic, on a pleasant site at Cote des Neiges, and a host of white-robed Virgins with blue sashes came to dwell therein, something unusual happened in the hive of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, on the slope of Mount Royal, at number 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, where busy bees were sewing and spinning...

Over this hive, usually so peaceful, so joyous, so active, was hovering something alarming, something heart-rending... Here and there, the workers discoursed, assembled in council, deliberated... It was necessary to swarm!...

Days and nights were spent in these indecisions, for it is wise to let a project come to maturity with time. At last, a day came when the hive was dismembered and, a little later, reorganized.

The "Queen Bee", Mrs. Arthur Berthiaume, who had lavished her devotedness and charity upon the works of the hive for so many years, remained with the workers of Outremont, place of immortal memories. Three of her generous co-workers, Mrs. Telesphore Saint Arnaud, Mrs. Armand Langevin and Mrs. Arthur Crevier assumed the direction of the courageous swarm which took its flight to number 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, where a spacious hall was prepared to receive it.

To this new hive, destined by its position to become the model of all those that adorn the gardens of the Immaculate Conception, the former hive relinquished its cherished title of "Our Lady of the Holy Ghost" and humbly placed itself under the patronage of Saint Bernadette Soubirous, the privileged child of the spotless Virgin.

Soon, in the neighbourhood of Cote des Neiges, the news was spread that the migrated swarm not only welcomed, but solicited, workers. From here and there, these came and set to work in the joyous hive with the ardour which is characteristic of *foundations*.

AND WHEN A YEAR HAD GONE BY...

The marvelous results of the industry of the hive were admired in a charming exposition which took place on the 7th and 8th of June last.

There could be seen clothes of all kinds made for the foundling-homes and orphanages under the direction of the Missionary Sisters of the Im-



Beside her were displayed her travelling outfit and wardrobe...

maculate Conception in mission countries; altar linen and sacred vestments for their poor chapels; and a table well-supplied with good remedies for their dispensaries. One corner which attracted special attention was that of a "departant"—a manequin representing a missionary sister ready to leave for the country of her dreams... Beside her were displayed her travelling outfit and wardrobe; nothing was lacking, not even the umbrella, not even

the pincase... and, best of all, the "departant" had in her purse part of the price of her ticket: eighty dollars! — gift of a generous benefactress. These eighty dollars, though so highly appreciated, were, nevertheless, insufficient for her voyage to the Orient; she required three hundred!... Consequently, she pleaded: "Who will help me to complete the price of my ticket?..."

And ever since, she has still her hand outstretched...

Beside these exhibits of "Our Lady of the Holy Ghost" hive could be seen other valuable work: fine laces, pretty knitted articles, etc., bearing the stamp of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. These were productions of another hive, that of the young bees of the Patroness of Missionaries, a hive which but lately enlivened the convent grounds at Outremont and which followed the white-robed Virgins when they moved to Cote des Neiges.

Another table adorned with delicate embroidery, precious altar-sets, etc., represented in particular the magnificent work of an industrious friend and her companions. Before this rich harvest of devotedness, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception expressed their profound admiration and sincere thanks to the charitable Purveyors of their missions, beseeching God to acquit Himself their debt of gratitude towards them.

And now... during the vacation... the dear "bees" are taking a well-merited rest; but, at the beginning of October, all, it is to be hoped, will return to the hive and set to work with renewed ardour. May they find other companions and come back numerous, very numerous!...

The white-robed Virgins with blue sashes, from the midst of their "Closed Garden", extend a hearty welcome to all.

ECHOES FROM THE HIVE "SAINT BERNADETTE"

Monday, June 12, the ladies of the Sewing Circle "Saint Bernadette" of Outremont, under the presidency of Mrs. A. Berthiaume, assembled at the feet of their amiable Patroness for the exposition of various articles made during the year.

In the hall decorated with blue and white, Our Blessed Lady's colours, we admired several tables laden with clothes of all kinds: warm woollens for children, beautiful delicately-shaded dresses, nice cloth-shoes, pretty baby-bonnets, magnificent quilts, etc., etc.; 657 articles in all.

This beautiful collection is the result of many days of labour, and we cannot sufficiently congratulate these charitable benefactresses, who have devoted themselves during the whole year, without intermission, to the relief of the poor unfortunates in the distant missions. What smiles, what joy, will greet the arrival over there of the cases containing these things!... What comfort these warm garments will give!... and also, how thankful will the Missionaries and their protégés be!...

May the Queen of the Missions and Saint Bernadette obtain for these devoted souls, choicest graces, very special favours for themselves and those dear to them!

A Spiritual Friendship

St. Teresa of Lisieux and Blessed Theophane Vénard

(Continued.)

Teresa called herself sometimes "a little white Flower, the story of whose spring-time" she wrote in 1895; sometimes the "Rose that scatters her petals and exhales her perfume to the Divine Child"; and again "the little Flower that will be plucked in its spring-time".

Above all, they loved the Christian mysteries. "There is to be found the finest flower of poetry," said Theophane. "Festivals. Ah! what sweet memories this simple word recalls to me," wrote Teresa; and both of them expressed their sentiments in fluent verses.

"Like a song, thy brief passage from earth to the skies,
A song, whose soft music would thrill every heart,
From thy spirit poetic, for Jesus arise
Fair blooms, newly born e'er the moments depart."

Did not Teresa realize in her own life what she said of her friend?

One letter, only one heart. — It is not at all surprising, then, that Teresa copied certain passages from Theophane's letters to leave to her sisters as a parting gift. "One might have believed that these lines were composed by Teresa herself," said the Saint's biography.

"I can find nothing on earth that can make me truly happy; the desires of my heart are too vast, and nothing of what the world calls happiness can satisfy it. Time for me will soon be no more, my thoughts are fixed on Eternity. My heart is full of peace, like a tranquil lake or a cloudless sky. I do not regret this life on earth. I thirst for the waters of Life Eternal.

"Yet a little while and my soul will have quitted this earth, will have finished her exile, will have ended her combat. I go to Heaven. I am about to enter the Abode of the Blessed — to see what the eye hath never seen, to hear what the ear hath never heard, to enjoy those things the heart of man hath not conceived... I have reached the hour so coveted by us all. It is indeed true that Our Lord chooses the little ones to confound the great ones of this earth. I do not rely upon my own strength but upon Him Who, on the Cross, vanquished the powers of hell.

"I am a spring flower which the Divine Master culls for His pleasure. We are all flowers, planted on this earth, and God will gather us in His own good time — some sooner, some later... I, little flower of one day, am the first to be gathered! But we shall meet again in Paradise, where lasting joy will be our portion."

One letter, only one heart. The same smile!

Cheerful holiness. — Theophane's smile, reflected from his pure, limpid soul, charmed Teresa. "He is a soul who pleases me... There are young

saints who are shown to us as being always serious, even during recreation, *but he — he was always merry and joyful.*"

"The face always calm and serene like that of a contented child" that the young Mistress of Novices recommended to her novices, she found it in Theophane; "joy always", sign of spiritual strength, she found it full-blown in him. "Thou smilest to live, and thou smilest to die," she said to him in her poem.

While a child, Teresa had written a hundred times on her copy-books the saying of St. Francis de Sales: "A saint who is sad is a sad saint." Theophane, "always cheerful and merry" seemed to her to be a genuine saint, especially to her who had experienced what it costs to smile always at everything and despite everything.

"Welcome joy all the same" was the motto of the missionary who, without any effort, by an inclination of nature and grace, had borrowed it from his Pastor, Bishop Retord.

"All too joyous is my heart, doing ever as I will; should I not with glad-some art see my happiness distil?" sang the young Carmelite.

Theophane, "gay in his cage as a little bird", according to his bishop, sang unceasingly.

In his hiding-place at But-Dong, he sang aloud, to the great consternation of the religious, who feared that the refugee's hilarity would betray him. In his prison, he astonished his guards "by his joyfulness" and singing. "The sword hangs over my head," he wrote, "but I have no fears. I am happy, and even joyous." On his way to execution, clad in festive garments, he sang the *Magnificat*.

For him, as for Teresa, "life was not sad, but gay, very gay". Nevertheless, he suffered. "Every missionary life is rich in sufferings," he wrote; and his superabounded in them. "You have chosen sufferings for your specialty," Bishop Retord said to him one day, and it was true. To all the sufferings of the apostle in time of persecution were added those of ill-health. Strangely similar to Teresa of Lisieux, Theophane was affected with phthisis, as she was later on.

But he remained happy and joyful because "the missionary's life is worthy of its name only inasmuch as it is crucified". Teresa remained happy and joyful because "a day without suffering is a day lost".

Theophane, hemmed in by the persecution, wrote: "My heart is as tranquil as a lake", and again, according to the famous motto of St. Teresa, "he who has God, lacks nothing". Teresa, oppressed by sufferings, sang:

Peace is ceaseless travail here
That I bring forth souls to Thee;
'Tis to whisper Jesus dear,
.....
Suffering is my gladsome choice,

(*To be continued.*)

Let Us Take Up Our Cross



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

It is evident that, besides the joys strewn along the path of life, every one encounters here below difficulties, irksome tasks, troubles, sufferings — elements of that "Cross" of which Our Blessed Saviour spoke, when He said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

If "any man", that is to say, no matter who, rich or poor, young or old, sick or healthy.

"Let him deny himself", that is to say, let him be subject to all that duty imposes upon him, thus overcoming his inordinate inclinations, and that for the love of God, through obedience to His law. Self-denial makes souls strong, noble, apostolic. Self-denial is the basis of perfection; it is its inseparable companion and its crown. The error of so many Christians who go astray, comes from the fact that they are unwilling to deny themselves.

"Let him take up his cross daily", that is to say, his daily labour, which means that trouble, that affliction, that trial sent to detach him from the earth and make him merit Heaven. Let him "take it up" and not drag it nor cast it away.

"If thou fling away one cross," says the Author of the Imitation of Jesus Christ, "without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier.

"If thou carry it unwillingly, thou makest it a burden to thee, and loadest thyself the more, and nevertheless thou must bear it.

"If thou carry the cross willingly, it will carry thee, and bring thee to thy desired end, to wit, to that place where there will be an end to suffering, though here there will be no end.

"If indeed there had been any thing better, and more beneficial to man's salvation, than suffering, Christ certainly would have shown it by word and example.

"For He manifestly exhorts both His disciples that followed Him, and all that desire to follow Him, to bear the cross, saying: '*If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me.*'

"So that when we have read and searched all, let this be the final conclusion, that through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God."

LET US RADIATE FAR AND WIDE THE DOCTRINE OF THE CROSS

"Go ye therefore," said Jesus to His Apostles and over five hundred Disciples assembled on a mountain of Judea, "go ye therefore into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

No doubt, all the disciples of Jesus, that is to say all Christians, cannot go to evangelize the nations; but all should co-operate in the promulgation of the Saviour's Doctrine, by assisting with their prayers and alms those who dedicate their lives to that apostolate.

More than a thousand millions of men still live in ignorance of the Eternal Truth, without consolation in this life, without hope for the next, involved as they are in the darkness of paganism and the slavery of superstition.

Christian Friends, who derive from the examples and teachings of Jesus, and particularly from the doctrine of the Cross, strength and consolation to bear the trials and burdens of life, help as much as possible the evangelical workers who sacrifice parents, friends and country to bring to our pagan brothers the light of the Gospel and the benefits of the Sacred Sign of our Redemption.



"Holy Cross Burse"

for the support of a Missionary Sister

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

Offerings received for "Holy Cross Burse"

July-August, 1939.....\$81.25

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 many favours received from St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L. M., **Quyon, Que.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession. L. C. B., **Riviere du Loup.** — I am most grateful to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for my health and position. Mrs. A. P., **St. Philippe de Clermont.** — I thank the loving Patroness of the Missions for the benefits she has granted me and I beg of her to obtain health and a position for me. Mrs. N. L., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. D. Roy, **Maisonneuve.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L. S., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. H. T., **St. Gabriel de Perou.** — I wish to prove my sincere gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour she has obtained for me. Mrs. G. G., **Montreal.** — Most lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for her protection. I solicit other favours for my children. Mrs. A. D. M., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a favour obtained. Mrs. N. Roy, **Ste. Henedine.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a permanent position obtained through her intercession. M. A. G. — I thank my loving little Protectress, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the many benefits she has granted me. J. V., **Rouyn.** — Heartfelt thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. H. L., **Levis.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Mrs. W. B., **Montreal.** — My lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Mrs. L. C., **Montreal.** — Kindly help me to thank the "Patroness of Missionaries" for her benefits. With confidence I request my cure. Miss M. B., **St. Roch de l'Achigan.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of Lisieux for her favours. I implore her protection for my family and myself. Mrs. A. T., **Richelieu.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa for favours obtained and request for others. Mrs. M. P., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Sincere thanks to St. Teresa for a grace received through her intercession. Miss L. L., **Spencer, Mass.** — From the bottom of my heart, I thank the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a great favour obtained through her intercession, and I confide to her the care of my health and that of a young girl. Mrs. W. G., **Outremont.** — Lively gratitude for St. Teresa's protection in a fall. Miss M. D., **Montreal.**

Prayer to obtain Grace through the Intercession of St. Thérèse

O Father in heaven, Who hast willed through St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus to recall the world to the merciful love that fills Thy heart, and the filial confidence that we should have in Thee, we humbly give thanks to Thee for having adorned with so great a glory Thy faithful child, and for having bestowed upon her such wondrous power of attracting to Thee day by day a vast multitude of souls who shall praise Thee eternally.

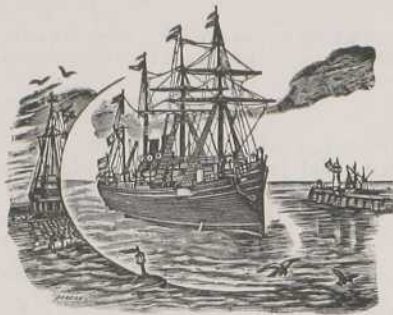
Holy little Thérèse, be mindful of thy promise *to do good upon earth.* Send down in abundance thy *showers of roses* upon those who invoke thee, and obtain for us from God those graces which we look for through His infinite goodness.

† THOMAS, Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux.

Diary of Our Missionary Sisters

WHO LEFT FOR CHINA AND MANCHUKUO

APRIL 24, 1939.



Monday, April 24

A last signal, and the train pulled out... We cast a long lingering glance upon the loved ones who, by their comforting presence, had wished to give us a fresh token of their affection — our beloved Mother, our dear Sisters, the members of our family, and our friends. Then we went to our seats to say our prayers and prepare for our night's rest. The older Sisters did not seem a bit embarrassed in the midst of all the baggage... but, the "young one"⁽¹⁾ was wondering how five would find room to go to bed in such a little space!... At last, the kind negro prepared our beds and each of us succeeded in finding a nook for the night. Despite the day's emotions, a little sleep brought rest to the travellers.

Tuesday, April 25

As early as six o'clock this morning, we were at Sudbury, where we met Mrs. Malbœuf, mother of our dear Sister Ste. Denise⁽²⁾, Missionary in Manchukuo. This kind lady never fails to come to greet our outgoing Missionaries; and, besides a maternal remembrance for her dear child, she always has some delicacies for them.

Wednesday, April 26

Towards two o'clock this morning, the angel that watches over the cradles, came down and stretched its white wings over a baby girl left in a coach of the Canadian Pacific, and confided it, somewhat expeditiously, perhaps, to a young woman of Sudbury, who was on her way to her mother's home in Winnipeg. Like her compatriots, this woman is a fervent Catholic. Knowing that there were Sisters on the train, she expressed the desire to see them and, at six o'clock this morning, a charitable passenger transmitted the message to us. Sister Marie de Loyola⁽³⁾ and Sister St. Mathias⁽⁴⁾ responded all the more willingly to her invitation, as they thought that it might be necessary to baptize the new-born babe. But, fortunately, both mother and child were well.

The conductor proposed to the mother the name Gloria for her little girl. Sister Marie de Loyola made her promise to call her Mary, first of

1. Sister THERESE DE L'ENFANT JESUS (Yvonne Gérin, Coaticook, P.Q.)

2. Odile MALBOEUF, Sudbury, Ont.

3. Orphise BOULAY, Coaticook, P.Q.

4. Ida VINCENT, Gananoque, Ont.

all. Our Sisters offered miraculous medals and wished a religious and apostolic vocation to the child born under the auspices of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The mother was quite pleased about that. If little Mary Gloria is fond of travelling, she will be able to satisfy her desire for, to-day, she has received a pass authorizing her to travel gratuitously, all her life, on the Canadian Pacific Railway line.

We were in Winnipeg by ten o'clock. There was no sign of snow, but it was rather cold. A long stop at Brandon towards one o'clock afforded us the opportunity of taking a walk in the open air. The weather there was ideal, the grass, of a soft green, and the trees seemed ready to burst into blossom under the hot rays of the sun.

Sister Julianne du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾, who had not been well since the beginning of the trip, took a good night's rest and she feels better to-day. Besides, the solicitude of our loving Mother and that of our dear Sisters, follow us all along the way... Day after day, we find in our valises all that is necessary to keep up our strength or to renew it... We profit by all this with gratitude, and promise to spend our physical and moral energies for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

This evening, we admire the pretty spring flowers growing on either side of the track. Would that we could gather some to perfume our letters!

Thursday, April 27

As early as eight o'clock this morning, we perceived the snowy peaks of the Rockies in the distance, and during the whole day we had the privilege of contemplating a unique spectacle. What a display of power and majesty in that mountainous expanse of towering height and penetrating depth! The mere aspect of it plunges us, if not into stupefaction, at least, into silent and profound adoration!... At the foot of these giant peaks, caressing them as it were, flow graceful rivers whose waters are of the purest turquoise blue or emerald green... Our dear Sisters of the studio would be enraptured at the sight!... How nice it must be there in the summer!

Our days are taken up by our spiritual exercises, the contemplation of beautiful Nature, correspondence, a few moments of relaxation off the train when the stops are long enough, and then the meals and their preparation, as, on the train, we have all that is necessary for good and wholesome cooking. By the way, we wish to tell you that Sister St. Mathias⁽²⁾ is *Chief Cook* and Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽³⁾ what one might call *Bottle-Washer*. We are quite busy, as you see, and have not much time left for idleness...

Shortly after five o'clock, we went through the longest tunnel of the world. It took us about fifteen minutes. There is something strangely impressive about being underground for such a long while. When we came out, the earth, to our great surprise, was covered with snow, just as it was in the Province of Quebec on the eve of our departure.

1. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly, P. Q.

2. Ida VINCENT, Gananoque, Ont.

3. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, P. Q.

We stopped at Revelstoke at seven o'clock. There, all the trees were green, while the surrounding mountains were covered with snow. It was nice and cool, as on a bright evening towards the end of May.

Friday, April 28

It was about nine o'clock this morning when we got off the train at Vancouver. We were given a warm welcome by our Sisters of the Oriental Hospital, and a precious letter from our dear Mother General was awaiting us.

Before undertaking the second part of our journey it is pleasant to be able to live our Community life for one day more. Our Sisters had us visit their patients and, with special affection, showed us the old people of the Home. Sister St. Alphonse Rodriguez⁽¹⁾ is full of kindness and maternal solicitude for them all, and nothing is more touching than the confidence they show their Infirmarian! How happy she is when she has the privilege of pouring the Regenerating Waters upon their brow!

Saturday, April 29

We heard Mass for the last time on Canadian soil and we placed our long voyage under the protection of the sweet Star of the Sea. We were wondering if, on board, there would be a priest to offer the Holy Sacrifice and break the Bread of Life to us... Eighteen days on the ocean without our daily Viaticum would be very long; but, as we have been taught by our venerable Mother Foundress, a missionary should be ready to sacrifice consolations — even the spiritual ones — for God and for souls; and it was without a thought of self that, towards ten o'clock, we took our places in the vehicles which were to convey us to the port.

We considered the *Empress of Asia* in her dazzling whiteness as a symbol of Our Immaculate Mother, the Queen of the Missions and, without fear, we embarked. Is it not the dwelling-place assigned to us for about three weeks, by the Lord of the harvest, Who, despite our utter unworthiness, wishes to make use of us to continue His work of Redemption? Our Sisters bade us farewell and, towards eleven o'clock, to the sound of the Orchestra, the majestic *Empress* weighed anchor, and slowly moved out. At that moment we felt that the sacrifice was consummated and that the bonds which attached us to our dear country were severed. A poignant feeling crept over us, but we were soon comforted in the thought that God, Whose humble servants we are, merited this sacrifice and, that no act of self-denial is too great when it is a question of saving even one soul.

It was four o'clock when we reached Victoria. An hour's stop permitted us to disembark. We profited by the occasion to gather flowers, which were placed at the foot of the little statue of the Blessed Virgin in our cabin. A large number of sea-gulls besieged our ship and we were quite interested watching them swoop down and rise again. These charming birds accompanied us a good distance. Some have even settled on the decks and are

1. Cécile ANCTIL, Montreal, P. Q.

therefore travelling gratuitously at the Canadian Pacific Company's expense. Would that they were missionaries!...

Sunday, April 30

Unfortunately, there is no priest on board and we are deprived of Mass and Communion. There is, however, a clergyman; and a religious service has been announced. A few Catholic Filipino and Chinese employees were invited to it. "If the Sisters go, we shall go too," was their reply. One of them came to us and ingenuously told us his sorrow at having been deceived. "It's too bad," said he, "I thought it was a Catholic priest and I got up early to be able to assist at Mass; but I noticed that he did not do things like our Catholic priests, so I withdrew. It was the announcement of Communion that mixed me up."

There is no priest on board; yet we have Mass every day... Does not Jesus offer Himself up unceasingly on the altar of the Universe?... The vast expanse of water and the azure vault are our temple... If Holy Eucharist has its suavities, pure faith also has its sweetness; everywhere and always it makes us find Jesus.

The sea is rough: Sister Julianne du St. Sacrament⁽¹⁾ and Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽²⁾ pay a slight tribute to it. On the first day, the ship covered a distance of three hundred and thirty-five nautical miles.

Monday, May 1

Our patients are better, but they retained the horizontal position part of the day.

We have begun the May devotions by the pious recitation of prayers in honour of the loving Star of the Sea.

Thursday May 4

We are skirting along the Coasts of the Aleutian Islands, and there is such a number of them that the eye cannot embrace them all. This spectacle, rare, we are told, greatly interests the passengers and even the crew itself, because these Islands are not always visible. They might, at a distance, be taken to be immense bare rocks.

Sunday, May 7

Another Sunday without Mass; our fast is long, but welcome joy all the same, since such is the Will of God! It is with a feeling of contentment that we realize that our long voyage is coming to an end. In two days we shall be at Yokohama. We hasten to end up our diary and correspondence in order to send news as soon as possible to our dear Mother House and our kind parents.

The fog is so dense that scarcely can we see twenty feet ahead of us. His Majesty the Sun has not made his appearance since we left Vancouver; the sea is calm, however, and we are all well and happy.

1. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly, P. Q.

2. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, P. Q.

Wednesday, May 10

As early as half-past three this morning, our Empress was held at quarantine. This caused general excitement on the ship, and it became impossible for us to sleep any longer, as the noisy echoes reverberated even in our cabins. Towards six o'clock we were summoned by *tam tams* and repeated calls to the first-class parlours for the obligatory reunion. The doctor and Officers of the Land of the Rising Sun wished to make their inspection.

Our passports and the two lists we had had to fill out after our departure from Vancouver were presented. After some discussion, inquiries, and an interchange of salutations, the ship moved along and, towards half-past eight, while twenty-eight aeroplanes hovered overhead, it entered the Port.

Yokohama is a magnificent harbour; but what preoccupied us most there, was the meeting of our dear Sisters of Japan.

Finally, towards nine o'clock, Sister Ste. Angèle de Mérici⁽¹⁾ and Sister Madeleine du Sauveur⁽²⁾ arrived. They were grieved at not having been present when the ship came in, as this took place earlier than usual. What a meeting, and what a pleasant reunion!... One needs to have spent twelve days between water and sky to fully appreciate the charms of fraternal affection. After an interchange of news where the names of our beloved Mothers and dear Sisters were unceasingly on our lips, we spoke of our Missions, our works and, in fine, of the dear souls whose salvation seemed more worthy of being chosen than all the happiness of this world... Our *Nipponese* Sisters took their dinner with us on board and they saw to the cases brought for them from Canada.

Once again towards half-past two, a formidable *tam tam* invited the parents, the visitors and little vendors who had displayed their belongings on the ship to kindly withdraw. The deck presented a typical scene at that moment: there was talking, laughing, shouting, kissing, singing, bustling clapping of hands, jostling, playing of music, hanging on to one another, throwing of streamers, etc., etc. We ourselves added a few notes to this noisy concert when it came time to say good-bye to our dear Sisters...

At three o'clock our ship very majestically left the Port and, this evening, the Coast of Japan is already out of sight.

Kobe, Thursday, May 11

It was not without a certain feeling of sadness that we greeted the dawn of this day. Since yesterday, our two Sisters of Manchukuo had been preparing themselves for their landing and, this morning, they were quite busy as they still had forms to fill out. They had to make a statement of all their baggage for the Customs, mentioning especially, the titles and authors of their books. Finally, everything was arranged and we entered the Port of Kobe towards twelve o'clock. Two Holy Child Sisters were there, one was a Canadian. They gave our Sisters a very warm welcome. A few moments to see to the baggage, and our little floating Community was divided according to the indications of obedience and the inspiration

1. Marie Jeanne L'HEUREUX, Loretteville, P.Q., Missionary in Wakamatsu.

2. Alice LABELLE, Montreal, Missionary in Koriyama.

of the Holy Ghost, Who conducts where He pleases the Missionaries of His Immaculate Spouse. Sister St. Mathias⁽¹⁾ and Sister Julienne du St. Sacrement⁽²⁾ took the route to Manchukuo, while Sister Marie de Loyola⁽³⁾ Sister St. Raphael⁽⁴⁾ and Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽⁵⁾ continued on to Hong Kong.

Large groups of people from Manila embarked. Many of them were students, both boys and girls who had been to Japan on a visit, and it was in the midst of an indescribable farewell scene that the *Empress* weighed anchor. The noise we had heard the day before at Yokohama was nothing compared to this.

We admired at leisure the Japanese women in their graceful kimonos of iridescent colours. It is a pity that some should replace the national costume, so pretty and so modest, by European gowns which at times are so indecent.

This evening we sailed close along the rugged coast of the Islands of Japan and we remarked an infinite number of lights indicating large villages and even important cities. After we came to Yokohama, the sea no longer resembled a vast desert of water; on the contrary, we could see, here and there, sails, fishing-boats, several *Maru*, and even Japanese gun-boats. The Coasts, almost always visible, were very picturesque and did not resemble Canadian landscapes in the least.

Friday, May 12

We entered the roadstead of Nagasaki to-day. There being no quay there for the steamers, the city can be seen from a distance only... This port has no resemblance whatsoever with those of Yokohama and Kobe which are quite modern. The tiering houses, almost hidden in the verdure of the mountains, are altogether Japanese and make us dream of another age. There, according to a traditional custom, the ship is provided with a new supply of coal. Scarcely is it at anchor in the roads when some fifty big barks loaded with the precious fuel come up quite close to it; and, men, children and, especially, women — about five hundred in all — work with little baskets at the loading. They form what we call a "chain" and I declare there is no lagging... How sad it is, however, to see these poor women subjected to such hard work and keeping at it from three in the afternoon until three the next morning. In the meantime, yachts bring Japanese Officers, travelling merchants and all kinds of curious folks.

Saturday, May 13

We sailed out to sea towards four o'clock this morning; and at about ten, the coasts of Japan were no longer to be seen. We are once again between ocean and sky, gliding in the direction of Shanghai. The sea is calm and

1. Ida VINCENT, Gananoque, Ont.

2. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly, P. Q.

3. Orphise BOULAY, Coaticook, P. Q.

4. Malvina BIRON, Coteau-Landing, P. Q.

5. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, P. Q.

the weather is fine but rather cool. Our voyage is restful and, thank God, we can make a good provision of pure air and strength which will enable us to stand the severity of the estival climate in our respective missions.

Sunday, May 14

After we had crossed the Yellow Sea, whose waters of a dirty ochre colour contrasted with the blues and emerald greens to which we had become accustomed, we sailed along the edge of the river of Shanghai. Here and there, ruined houses attested the passage of destructive planes; and the Japanese flag, waving everywhere, clearly indicated that the city is no longer Chinese.

Towards ten o'clock we were at the quay, where four of our Sisters were awaiting us: Sister Marie de la Protection⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Xavier⁽²⁾ from Suchow; Sister St. Jacques le Majeur⁽³⁾ and Sister St. Germain⁽⁴⁾ from Tsungming. After greeting one another, we conducted the dear Missionaries to our cabin to speak to them about the Mother House and our beloved Mothers and Sisters of Canada. They had dinner with us on board.

Immediately after dinner, we went together to Zi-Ka-Wei, where we visited the statue store. There, we saw sculptured objects and pieces of foundry-work. There were also objects of art, of which the Missionary exhibitions in Canada have already given you an idea. In going through the city, we noticed almost everywhere the disastrous effects of the war. However, life seems to have become normal again. The properties in the European concessions of Shanghai are very nice and are nowise inferior to those of Westmount and Outremont. The Chinese sections, on the contrary, are thoroughly Chinese: the streets are encumbered with "little business men" or folks conducting other trades; clothes are drying in front of almost every house, rickshaws are lined up on the sides of the street, men or women carriers are to be found with their baskets hanging on both ends of their long bamboo poles, bands of children are amusing themselves; finally, there is noise and very strong local odours... it is the Chinese city of our fondest dreams!

On returning we paid a visit to Our Blessed Lord in the Cathedral which, on account of the Feast of St. Joan of Arc, was beautifully decorated with blue pennants charged with fleurs-de-lis. There was no public service going on; yet, several Christians were there, and their prayers uttered aloud according to the custom of the Chinese, echoed throughout the church.

Our dear Sisters took a light refecton with us on board, and they left before supper hour, as they did not wish to arrive too late at the convent, where they were extended the most charitable hospitality. Very fraternally, good Sister Superior had them benefit by a few delicacies received at the station in Montreal at the moment of our departure.

1. Cecile ROBERGE, Quebec.

2. Berthe PARADIS, Tingwick, Arthabaska Co., P. Q.

3. Emma LABRECHE, St. Jacques de l'Achigan, P. Q.

4. Imelda LAPERRIERE, Pont Rouge, P. Q.

Monday, May 15

On leaving the Port of Shanghai at five o'clock, this morning, we undertook the last part of our voyage. We shall reach Hong Kong — our Promised Land — the day after to-morrow, if it is God's Holy Will.

Before undertaking our long voyage, it appeared to us as a dark and rough road leading to the dear pagan souls — the road of obedience and duty. We are pleased to remark, once again, that on this road God always scatters flowers. He seems to delight in setting out the truth of these words so often read by one of us on the walls of her dear Boarding-School: "Seek duty before pleasure, and you shall always find pleasure in duty."

Tuesday, May 16

Joyfully we close our valises. The plants which our dear Sisters of Japan brought us for Canton are ready to leave their temporary dwelling. Sister St. Raphael's raspberry-canes, so well packed up by our Sisters at the Mother House were scarcely on the boat when they began to bud; and, despite the narrowness of their case, several little leaves of a most tender green manifest their great desire to become acclimatized and produce much fruit in the new soil awaiting them. The future will prove what the good will of poor little plants can do to rejoice the children of the Blessed Virgin who are living in exile. We shall give you news about it.

The small statue of the Immaculate Virgin, whose presence put a little bit of heaven in our cabin during the whole voyage, will retain its place of honour till the last minute. Then, very affectionately, we shall slip it into a hand-bag; and, when we reach Hong Kong, our new Missionary Sister will place it in a grotto until she has the occasion of giving it to her first apostolic conquest. Will the beneficiary be a child, a young girl, an adult or an old person?... What difference does it make? It will be a soul won to God by Baptism.

And the tiny bell, whose apparition on the first day of our voyage made everybody smile, did not ring as much as we should have liked it to: first, because its feeble voice would not have been able to draw the travelling Sisters from their profound sleep; then, most of the spiritual exercises were made on the deck in the vivifying air of the sea... Nevertheless, how joyously it has carolled in cabin 346 for the "solemn" opening of the Month of Mary! In Hong Kong it will assume the function of ringing during and after meals. To fill such an important office, we thought it necessary to baptize it. It will henceforth be called Mary Joseph of Canada. Every day it will remind us of our beloved Sisters of the Mother House. At seven o'clock to-morrow morning, we shall meet our dear Sisters of Hong Kong.



I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.



CHINA

Extracts from letters of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Tsungming, to their Sisters at the Mother House.

Tsungming, May 31, 1939.

VENERABLE AND DEAR MOTHER,

We are going to speak to you again of our dear Mission of Tsungming, so sorely tried since the beginning of hostilities.

The bandits, especially, do not cease to make our island very wretched; they cause misery, pillage and death everywhere.

On the 2nd of last May, our poor compatriots were terror-stricken. A band of the outlaws advanced towards Paochen, where the Japanese reside; but, obliged, by the capture and execution of their principal chiefs, to abandon their lucrative profession, they decided to turn their batteries in another direction. Under the honourable title of "Protectors of the Country", they established themselves as real government officials and taxed the families in order to purchase, as they said, ammunition and artillery with which to combat the invaders. The latter, however, soon succeeded in putting to flight these wretches who do not hesitate to stab their fellow-men for the sake of a few dollars, but who only think of fleeing before a few Japanese. Some of them were arrested, so we have been told, and executed on the spot.

As several of the fugitives had taken refuge in the churches, where they believed themselves to be in greater safety, the missionaries who have charge of the missions of the Island found themselves in a very dangerous situation. They had to deal with the bandits, who are never easily handled; and, at the same time, they did not wish to displease the Japanese. The latter, having heard of the affair, obliged them to wear the European soutane so as to be recognized.

As for us, we do not cease to thank our dear Heavenly Mother, who so evidently watches over her humble daughters. How often, since the beginning of the war, have we witnessed the miraculous effects of her protection!

Again, quite recently, on the morning of May 20th, after sleeping without any anxiety, we learnt that sixty bandits had spent the night in front of the Mission, but a few steps away from us.

Having come, in the evening, to the home of the mother of our Chinese teacher, they asked her to conduct them to the Mission.



A GROUP OF ORPHANS OF TSUNGMING, CHINA, WITH THEIR DIRECTRESSES, SISTER MARIE D'EPHESE (JEANNETTE LUNEAU, PRINCEVILLE) AND SISTER ST. GERMAIN (IMELDA LAPERRIERE, PONT ROUGE) ON THE CENTRAL VERANDAH OF THE NEW ORPHANAGE, CONSTRUCTED WITH THE HELP OF THE ALMS OF OUR DEVOTED BENEFACTORS.

"Don't think of it," replied the lady, "they are all foreigners there."

"You are deceiving us," said one of them.

"No, it is true," she insisted.

"We are very hungry, give us something to eat," they said and, forthwith, obliged the poor woman to prepare them a good meal, consuming all her winter provisions. After eating well, six of the leaders lay down in her bed, and the others took out all the clothes that they could find in the cupboards and cases and stretched themselves upon them on the floor.

The poor wretches were dead tired. Having left Ne-So, in the morning, on foot, in pursuit of other pillagers, they were met by a group of Japanese who were returning from routing the robbers. The soldiers fired upon them and killed eighty-four of them. The others fled towards Tsungming, where they arrived at nightfall; but the church-bell ringing the *Angelus* in the morning forced them to decamp.

Leaving, they said to their "hostess": "We shall come back in three days," but they did not reappear. Our Immaculate Mother protected us again that time.

In the midst of so much trouble, our dear orphans are a great consolation to us.

"Pray," said the Sister in charge of the Orphanage to these little ones, the other day, "for it will be very difficult to buy salted fish this year; the bandits stop the boats." Towards the end of the afternoon, a load of nice fish in perfect condition arrived.

"I knew quite well that you would receive some," said Fifi, "for I made three sacrifices, to-day, which cost me very much."

"What, then, did you do?" asked Sister.

"I hardly moved during Mass, this morning; I gave my fish to my neighbour, at noon; and I did not sulk at all, to-day; but I am very tired, this evening."

Ya Faong, our little blind girl, does not cease to sing heartily hymns to the Blessed Virgin, accompanying herself on the harmonium of the Orphanage. Believing herself to be alone, she expresses her thoughts aloud: "I am very unfortunate to be blind; nevertheless, I am glad to be able to sing, for it is the same as praying, so *Momo* told me the other day. Besides, *Momo* is pleased with me for helping to take care of the little ones. They are badly washed sometimes, but *Momo* says: 'It does not matter; you do not see, and that does not offend God; we must grieve over only what displeases God.'" As she grows older, the poor child remarks that it is difficult for her to make herself useful with her grievous infirmity. Last year, when



WHILE RESTING FROM THE ABSORBING WORK OF EMBROIDERY AND LACE-MAKING, THE LITTLE GIRLS OF THE ORPHANAGE OF TSUNGMING SPIN THE WHITE COTTON CULTIVATED IN THE SURROUNDING FIELDS. SPINNING AND WEAVING ARE TWO INDUSTRIES OF THEIR POOR ISLAND, AND THEY ARE VERY SKILFUL AT THIS KIND OF WORK.

the war was at its worst and we were about to leave, one of the Sisters found her crying while her companions were sleeping soundly.

"Why are you crying?" Sister asked her.

"I know very well that I cannot go away; I am too big to be carried and I am not able to follow the others; the Japanese will take me..."

"Sleep in peace," said Sister, "I am watching and I shall see to your safety."

Heaving a deep sigh, the child fell into a profound sleep.

This little one was brought to our door by her aged protector, a tramp who was training her to sing and tell fortunes. She was then six years old. This man, who loved her dearly, had become ill and decided to give her to us; he remained, nevertheless, greatly attached to her. He came to see her, one day, and said to her: "I love you very much, just as much as formerly; but I know that you are better off with the Sisters. Be very good and obedient." And both burst into tears. We had the happiness of baptizing the poor fellow during his last illness. No doubt, the prayers of his protégée obtained Heaven for him.

Fifteen days ago, the doors of the Orphanage were opened to a big five-year-old boy, Sao Tsang, very dirty and covered with lice. As the arrival of a new-comer always causes great joy among the orphans, all our little ones were gathered around him. That did not please the poor child at all; he would have preferred to be in some secluded corner where he could cry at ease.

"Come," said the Sister who had received him, "don't cry. See how glad I am to have a big boy like you. Your eyes are very sore. I am going to treat them and, to-morrow, they will be better."

Peace was made.

"Who is that old man who is holding a baby in his arms?" asked the child.

"It is St. Joseph," replied Sister. When you will stop crying, you will go to school and learn nice things."

"Now, I am not able to stop crying," remarked the little fellow, "but I promise to do so to-morrow."

To-day, Sao Tsang is a Christian. He has just been baptized and his eyes are sparkling with joy. The priest asked him if he desired to return home, and he answered: "No, my uncle was always beating me. Here, *Momo* told me that I was intelligent and that I would study." We learnt recently that his father was baptized before dying. May he obtain for his son the grace to be a fervent Christian!

Before closing, dear Sisters, we wish to give you the report of our missionary activities since the beginning of the year:

Dispensary of Tsungming

Baptisms of children.....	298	Baptisms of adults.....	13
Patients.....	2,195	Treatments.....	3,729
Homes visited.....	107	Teeth extracted.....	47
		Injections.....	421
		Vaccinations.....	178

Dispensary of Paochen

Baptisms of children.....	243	Baptisms of adults.....	3
Patients.....	1,003	Treatments.....	1,895
Homes visited.....	57	Teeth extracted.....	7
		Injections.....	20
		Vaccinations.....	10

YOUR LOVING SISTERS OF TSUNGMING.

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Suchow.***Thursday, April 13, 1939**

Every day, hundreds of persons come to our door, begging alms. "I am hungry, I am hungry," is the cry we hear unceasingly. In order to relieve so much misery, we have been obliged to appeal to the International Relief Committee of Shanghai, for subsidies. The task of distributing this money is not an easy one. We accomplish it, however, with joy; for it



CHINESE VILLAGE WITH ITS STRAW-ROOFED MUD HUTS. THE LARGEST BUILDING, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE SCHOOL OF MATSING, MISSION OF WHICH REVEREND FATHER DELBEKE, S. J., HAS CHARGE.

becomes apostolic, inasmuch as it contributes to making known the Mission, and permits us to enter every home without distinction and baptize the dying. Many souls, already, have left this earth clad in their Baptismal robes, thanks to a few cents given by us on entering the dwellings.

One example out of a thousand will give a slight idea of the wretchedness that reigns in certain homes. Arriving unexpectedly before a straw-hut, we saw a woman coming towards us. Her eyes were red from crying. Her husband was sick and had nothing but straw to lie on. "A few days ago," he said, "I sold my wadded vest to buy food. To-day, I have drunk but cold water, for lack of fuel to heat it. I have absolutely nothing for tomorrow... I have been trying to sell my little boy, but I have not succeeded in doing so..." At these words, the poor unfortunates burst into sobs... "Just think, Sister, it is our only child. Oh! how hard it is to resign ourselves to sell him!"

How heart-rending is such misery! Can such dire distress be imagined in our Christian countries? No words can describe, in their reality, the scenes of horror displayed around us every day, especially since the war is raging in the country. We would like to be able to relieve the material needs of so many poor people; and, in our helplessness, we beg the Master

of Heaven to grant that a prodigious harvest of Christian souls may spring up on this soil of China fecundated by sufferings.

Monday, April 17

The patients are coming in greater numbers to the Dispensary. We have registered one hundred and fifty, to-day.

For the past week, we have been visiting Mr. Han. As he was not feeling well, a neighbour came and pierced him in the arm with needles. The needles not being sterilized, or even washed, infected his arm, causing it to swell considerably and producing a big sore. Called to treat the patient, we endeavoured to prevent the gangrene from spreading; but all our efforts were vain. The poor man is in great pain, and we hope that his sufferings will be meritorious. He listens very attentively to the instructions in the Catholic Doctrine, that we give him every day, and he has promised that he and his family will become Christians, if he recovers his health. At a moment when his condition seemed hopeless, we confided him to little Catherine Tekakwitha, begging her, as a proof of her power, to obtain the spiritual and corporal cure of our protégé. A great change has taken place since then, and the trouble seems to be disappearing.

Tchen Tei, the servant that we have for over a year, is a good Christian who came from Shanghai in very sad circumstances. The poor fellow,



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
SUCHOW, CHINA.

SITTING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER MARIE XAVIER (BERTHE PARADIS, TINGWICK), SISTER MARIE DE LA PROTECTION (CECILE ROBERGE, QUEBEC), SISTER ST. VICTOR (GERMAINE TANGUAY, NASHUA, N. H.)

STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER ST. ANGELIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, ST. EVARISTE, BEAUCE), SISTER ST. AMEDEE (EMILIE Vezina, QUEBEC), SISTER IMELDA DE L'EUCARISTIE (SIMONE BOIS-CLAIR, ALMAVILLE) AND SISTER ST. ALICE (JEANNE BASTIEN, MONTREAL).

with his father and a neighbour, was forced by the Chinese troops that had defended the city and were then retreating, to carry the officers' baggage and accompany them on the train. When their services were no longer

needed, they were dismissed without any provision for the future. They could not return to their family, for it was no longer easy to enter Shanghai, which was in the hands of the Japanese. Confiding themselves to Divine Providence, they took the first train going west and, arriving at Suchow, came to the Mission. Great was their joy on meeting there Reverend Father M. Siu, a native of their own village. Thanks to him, they were employed as servants at the Mission; and, during our sojourn at Kingantsi, it was Tchen Tei who came with a Brother to guard our house. On our return, he continued to work for us. Even-tempered, active, devoted, and



SISTER ST. ANGELIQUE (CECILE MATHIEU, ST. EVARISTE, BEAUCE),
MISSIONARY AT SUCHOW, TREATING A POOR CHILD
WHOSE FACE IS EATEN AWAY BY A CANCER.

taking our interests to heart, he rendered us important services last summer. Besides, he has not a shadow of human respect. On very warm evenings, he can be seen walking gravely on the lawn, with his rosary in his hand; for he has a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that he lived quite near the famous shrine of Zore, a few miles from Shanghai, where Our Heavenly Mother showers her favours in such abundance upon her children of China. When Tchen Tei speaks of the *Cheng Mou* (Holy Mother), his countenance becomes radiant and nothing gives him more pleasure than to receive a picture or a medal of Our Blessed Lady.

Although he is very happy here, he has not forgotten his wife and child, of whom he has had no news since his departure. He often speaks of them and longs for the day when he will be permitted to return to them. In the meantime, he earnestly accomplishes his task and, while working, expresses aloud, quite freely and most ingenuously, whatever comes into his mind. In his opinion, the *Sieou mou* (religious) are the best people that he has ever seen. "Just think," he said recently to one of his acquaintances, "just think, the bell rings every little while, and then, the Sisters go up to the chapel to pray. It even happens that the bell does not ring and they pray just the same." His admiration and surprise were at their height,

one day, when he saw Sister St. Victor⁽¹⁾, who was preparing to make a cake, consult a receipt-book. Tchen Tei thought that she was reading prayers and, without taking the time to empty his pails of water, exclaimed: "Is it possible that Sister is reading prayers even while cooking? My! but *Sieou mou* are *jee sin* (fervent)!" And a characteristic grimace, together with a shake of the head which is familiar to him in moments of surprise, accompanied this remark... Chinese cookery, which is always the same from the beginning of the year to the end, with very rare exceptions, does not require extensive researches in books; so it was not possible for our good servant to imagine that Sister was looking for a receipt to prepare the food...

Monday, May 1

We were informed, yesterday, of the tragic death of Reverend Father Hermand, a French Jesuit Missionary at Hai tcheou, who was assassinated by Chinese bandits, while his companion, Reverend Father Le Baillon, was made a prisoner. The fatal news reached Reverend Father Henry, S. J., Superior of Shanghai Mission, to which Hai tcheou belongs, the very day on which he was preparing to visit his missionaries, quite happy at the thought of the nice surprise that he was going to give them. With a special permission courteously granted by the Japanese authorities, Reverend Father Superior went on a military train, this morning, to the scene of this sad event. Reverend Father Hermand has been a missionary in the Vicariate for many years. It is he who opened nearly all the posts in the present eastern section, when Suchow was entrusted to the French Jesuits of Shanghai.



A GOOD SON CARRYING HIS AGED AND SICK MOTHER TO THE DISPENSARY OF SUCHOW.

Thursday, May 11

The patients at the Dispensary are more numerous from day to day, for the increasing heat is the cause of malignant fevers, of which many are victims. Sister St. Angélique⁽²⁾ not being able to attend to them all, Sister St. Alice⁽³⁾ lends her assistance. In this new field of action, Sister is favoured with apostolic joys. Yesterday, she poured the Regenerating Water upon the brow of a little John and, to-day, she made a little Rita a child of God... May-flowers that the Divine Gardener will gather without delay to adorn His Blessed Mother's throne!

Friday, May 12

A sick woman, whom we baptized recently, sent us a new kind of present, an idol, the "most hand-

1. Germaine TANGUAY, Nashua, N. H.
2. Cecile MATHIEU, St. Evariste, Beauce Co.
3. Jeanne BASTIEN, Montreal.



FIRST COMMUNICANTS,
MISSION OF SUCHOW, CHINA.

some" of her gods, so it seems, which she has abandoned along with all her superstitions, now that she adores the One True God. This idol represents the god of wealth. It is made of wood, is over a foot and a half high, and is clad in rich garments. Its head is movable, as is also the dart that it holds; and each of its different poses has an appropriate signification. Like all other false divinities, it has a severe look. Indeed, it is not surprising that the poor pagans are terror-stricken at the sight of these monsters and endeavour to appease their wrath by presents and sacrifices. What a contrast there is between these hideous images and the statues which adorn our shrines and which inspire but kindness, suavity and confidence! How consoling it must be for souls released from the chains of paganism and enlightened by Faith, to know

that the true God is a good and almighty God Who rewards, a Father Who loves them tenderly and wishes but their happiness, to know that they can and should love this good Father and place all their confidence in Him. What an ineffable grace it is to be born a child of the Holy Church!

Sunday, May 14

What fear and anxiety this date recalls to us! A year ago to-day, we were all crouched in a room, like victims awaiting the death-blow, as the aeroplanes dropped by hundreds their deadly bombs, nine of which fell upon the Mission. What dreadful hours never to be forgotten! To-day, other provinces are a prey to this terror; for the Japanese army, greedy of conquests, is constantly advancing towards the centre of China. When will this conflict come to an end? There is not yet the least sign of peace. The Chinese are suffering very much. May their patience and resignation in these hours of anguish merit for them the precious gift of Faith!

Thursday, May 18

On this beautiful feast of the Ascension, His Excellency Bishop P. Côté, S. J., has had the happiness of conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation upon six hundred and fifty new Christians — a real haul that has not had its precedent. The days of trials and sufferings are scarcely passed; and, once again, we see how Divine Providence draws His glory from every event.

At this time last year, everything seemed hopeless. The fruits of long and difficult years of apostolate were destroyed. Colleges, catechumenates and dispensaries were all closed. The only means of propaganda was to afford shelter to the poor victims of the war. All the Missionaries of the different posts opened wide their doors, and during long months, thousands and thousands of refugees received hospitality and protection at the Catholic Mission. It was God's own time. Catholic charity was revealed under another aspect. The most indifferent were touched by it and wished to understand the principles of a religion which inspired so much heroism. Daily lessons in Catechism were organized; and now, these are attended by such great crowds that the number of evangelical workers is not sufficient



SISTER ST. ALICE (JEANNE BASTIEN, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SUCHOW, PRESIDING AT THE MEAL OF THE CATECHUMENS AND PUPILS. AS THERE IS NOT ENOUGH ROOM INSIDE, THEY SIT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE ON THE GROUND OR ON THEIR HEELS.

for the task. Whole villages come to solicit the favour of being instructed. The Hand of God must always be adored, even when it makes us suffer; for, if the Divine Designs are often inscrutable, they are always merciful.

Report of the Dispensary of Suchow from January 1939 to May inclusively:

Baptisms.....	106	Patients.....	7,279	Treatments.....	13,655
Dressings.....	1,945	Teeth extracted...	38	Homes visited...	107
Consultations.....	1,840	Injections.....	670	Vaccinations.....	333



The name of Mary signifies "illuminated," or "illuminating Star of the Sea," "Mistress" or "Queen," "Sea of Bitterness"; and under all these significations it is exactly appropriate to the Blessed Virgin. Is she not, indeed, the Morning Star of the Sun of Justice and truth, whose divine rays she spreads over the whole earth? Does she not appear to our eyes in moments of danger as a star of safety which guides and comforts us, restoring us to confidence in God? Is she not Queen of Heaven and earth, exalted above every creature? And, lastly, do we not behold her so severely tried by affliction, during her mortal career, that she is called the Mother of Sorrows?

*Gleanings from the Diary of Our Sisters in Tungleao***Tuesday, November 22, 1938**

What miseries we come across every day in missionary life!

A man whose body was covered with sores came to the Dispensary this morning. The expression of sadness and resignation on his countenance indicated that he suffered not only physically but also morally... A short conversation with this peasant, who lives in a remote country-place with his wife and children, revealed to us that he and his family are wretchedly poor and afflicted with sickness. The mother has been given up as hopeless, and the husband, too poor to be able to have a doctor and even to buy remedies for her, did not know what to do, when he learnt that at the Catholic Mission we treated the sick gratuitously. He arrived exhausted, after a two days' walk. We encouraged the poor man as best we could, gave him some medicine for his wife, and begged our Immaculate Mother to console him and his sorely-distressed family.

Wednesday, November 23

We have witnessed some of the superstitions that are practised when a dead person is put into the coffin. He is clad in orange-coloured silk garments and is placed with his face turned in the direction his soul will have to take to avoid the meeting of evil spirits. A saucer containing sweets is then put on his stomach, and his spirit must eat these on the way. They will prevent him from being bitter or uncharitable towards the folks of his neighbourhood when he is in presence of the gods. For safety's sake, a muffin is placed in his left hand and a stick in his right. If, unfortunately, the devil, whom the pagans always represent under the form of a dog, comes to hinder his walk, he will throw him the muffin and, if the procedure is not successful in overcoming the evil spirit, he will use his stick to defend himself.

Thursday, December 1

A poor wretch having neither home nor fire, and suffering from hunger, came to the Mission a few days ago soliciting admission to the Home. This favour was granted him and the fortunate creature had the happiness of receiving, with the benefits of Christian charity, the gift more precious still of Baptism. Provided with this inestimable passport, he will not delay very long making his entry into his Eternal Home.

Our dear old folks are always very edifying at the approach of death. One of them who was very sick, having been visited by Sister St. Bernardin de Sienne⁽¹⁾ confided to her his anxieties regarding the judgment. Sister reassured him by telling him that if he had no sins to reproach himself with and if he loved God he could be in peace. "Oh! as far as that goes," he answered, "I have not committed any grievous sin since I was baptized,

1. Antoinette FOISY, Waterloo, P. Q.

and I love God *above ten thousand things* (Chinese expression meaning: above all things)."

Sunday, December 25

In the humble Mission of Tungleao, as in the most beautiful parishes of our own dear country, Christmas fills the air with sweetness and music.

Midnight Mass was very pious, and the graceful decoration of the sanctuary added solemnity to the Offices. Some three hundred Christians were present. Several of these, living forty, fifty and even sixty *li* from the Mission, took all day yesterday to make the trip. To-morrow morning, after Mass and Communion they will return home, the mother and children in the big cart conveying mattresses and quilts, while the father, in front with his whip, will activate the march of the team. Everybody is merry and feels comforted by this short stay at the Mission and the closer contact with God.

Report of the Dispensary of Tungleao for the year 1938:

Baptisms.....	202		
Patients.....	29,365	Treatments.....	58,725
		Dressings.....	25,867
Teeth extracted..	201	Homes visited..	1,062
		Vaccinations.....	405

Report of the Dispensary of Siao kai ki for the year 1938:

Baptisms.....	56		
Patients.....	5,485	Treatments.....	11,070
		Dressings.....	2,723
Teeth extracted..	54	Homes visited..	91
		Vaccinations.....	32

Wednesday, January 11, 1939

We visited several pagan homes to-day. In one of them particularly, we witnessed the infernal plots of the evil spirit to prevent souls from being saved. Upon our arrival, a man who was very sick began to tremble convulsively, and this strange phenomenon could be attributed to no natural cause. The Chinese Virgin who had come with us, risked saying a few words about Religion and invoked the Holy Name of Mary, but the dying man turned away repulsively and his convulsions increased; perspiration trickled down his livid face as he shouted violently: "No, I shall not say that name, those prayers... no! never shall I say them!..." Interiorly we invoked the one who is as powerful as an army in battle array, and we succeeded in passing a miraculous medal around the patient's neck. All of a sudden he exclaimed: "He is afraid!... He is going away!... See him run! How frightened he is!..." Then, little by little, he became calm and commenced to listen to us and to repeat a few short prayers after us. He acquiesced to all our propositions and seemed relieved of an awful burden.

Let us hope that our Heavenly Mother who, doubtlessly, has just snatched this soul from the clutches of Satan, will continue her work of mercy and persuade him to request the grace of Baptism soon.

Tuesday, January 24

It is consoling to see what marvellous transformation grace works in the souls of those who, but yesterday, were pagans and subjected to defects which had never been combated.

Yesterday, Sister St. Bernardin de Sienne⁽¹⁾ informed an old woman of the Home that, on account of the new arrivals, she would have to move her bed. Very quick-tempered, Grandma at first protested on thinking that she would have to give up the little corner to which she had become attached. In her discontentment she declared that she would not stay a minute longer at the Home. But the dear old woman is a Christian now, and when Sister reminded her of her duties, her heart softened, she acknowledged her mistake, and was so sorry for it that she cried a long time and humbly came to beg pardon for her disobedience, promising that she would submit to all that would be asked of her. "You may put me wherever you please," she said, "in the southern, northern, eastern or western side of this room, or anywhere else. I'm willing to go wherever you want me to go, for, by my bad temper, I have merited to have no longer a place here!"

Thursday, February 2

As Father Caouette was passing by the wall of the Mission Compound this morning, he perceived, on the edge of a hole destined to receive rubbish, the corpse of an abandoned child. Two dogs had almost entirely devoured it... Not far from there a woman was going on her way; her gait was that of a febrile and anxious person. Doubtlessly she was the mother of the little one and, according to an ancient Chinese superstitious practice, she had thrown it there so as not to see it die...

How thankful we should be to God for the benefits of Christian civilization!

Monday, February 6

With the help of our powerful Heavenly Mother, we are sometimes successful in treating certain cases which medical science has failed to cure. Thus it was that Mrs. Tchang, who had been suffering for over a year and a half from a sore on her foot after trying in vain all the remedies possible, came to the Dispensary. We noticed that her case was quite serious; the sore was very ugly and caries was already doing its work in one of the bone joints. While trying to relieve the patient, we urged her to have confidence in the God of the Christians, Who is all-powerful and good. What was not our surprise at her second visit to notice a remarkable improvement. Touched by so much kindness on the part of God, Who had hearkened to our prayers, the whole family manifested the desire to embrace our Holy Religion.

Sunday, February 19

Last night we were often disturbed in our sleep by the gongs, *tam tams* and unceasing detonations of the fireworks which form part of the reception

1. Antoinette FOISY, Waterloo, P. Q.

ceremony welcoming the spirits appointed to watch over men during the year which is about to begin.

As our Christians are, by the Catholic Faith, freed from these superstitious practices, which are as absurd as they are tyrannical, they were not obliged to stay up all night and, before dawn, they were on their feet ready to hear Mass and receive Communion.

After the Religious Office all came in groups to wish us a Happy New Year. As the dear old men of the Home were too numerous to enter our house, they stood in perfect order in front of the entrance door, and the one who seemed the most worthy was delegated to invite us to come out. We also stood in a row and all of them made the three customary bows together. Then each one offered his wishes and thanks according to his own feelings. One of them expressed himself as follows: "On the occasion of New Year's Day, I thank the foreign Sisters who have heartily endeavoured to do me good... My illness had become so serious that I certainly was on the road to Heaven... and already half way, when they called me back to the earth... I wish to spend the rest of my life praying for my pagan brothers, who have not the happiness of knowing our Loving Master."

Thursday, February 23

We have heard about a new article of the "Code of Chinese Superstitions". Sister St. Bernardin de Sienné⁽¹⁾, having asked one of the old women of the Home to do certain work, received the following answer: "Do you wish to see your garden, your house, your clothes and all your belongings infested with ants this summer?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Sister.

"This would not fail to happen," replied the old woman, "if we dared work on this fifth day of the year. Our customs forbid any kind of work till the fifteenth of the first month; but on certain days, like this one, for instance, the evil spirits inflict particular punishments upon those who dare transgress the law."

The old lady is a Christian: yet her adhesion to the Faith is too recent for us to be able to exact from her a total renunciation of all her former practices. We try to show her how ridiculous her superstitious beliefs are.

Tuesday, February 28

We have come in touch with a person who is pursued by the mercy of God. The young woman came to the Dispensary this morning telling us about her intention of becoming a Christian. At first we attached little importance to this assertion — we are so used to hearing our patients make similar declarations when they are merely seeking material interests. However, this one had a very interesting story to tell. "I was born in Leao-yuansien," she related, "and my parents died Christians. Actually, two of my brothers living there are Catholics. For my part, having been be-

1. Antoinette FOISY, Waterloo, P. Q.

trothed in infancy and conducted while still very young to the family of my future husband, I do not know at all if I have been baptized and I cannot remember having ever gone to a Catholic church, but I admire the Christian Religion. If I embraced it, I would be complying with one of the greatest desires of my fourteen-year-old son, who keeps speaking to me about it all the time. The dear child attends a pagan school in the city, but when Sunday comes, nothing can keep him from going to the Mission, neither the pressing invitations of his friends who wish to see him share their sports, nor the long walk, nor the bad weather. The Mission seems to have for him some irresistible attraction which he himself is unable to explain. He always returns very enthusiastic about Religion and, when I have some grief, he never fails to say affectionately to me: 'Why not go to the Catholic Mission, Mamma, your heart would be filled with so much joy and peace. We always return from there consoled and happy, so many nice things are told us about the Master of Heaven and His Holy Mother Who, up there, love us all as their children!' Finally, my husband said to me the other evening: 'Why should we not embrace Christianity? Everybody says that that Religion is the best!' As for myself," continued the woman, "I feel a certain secret remorse on account of my hesitations, and it seems to me that I shall not be at peace as long as I am not a Christian."

Needless to say, we heartily encouraged this willing soul, whom God is awaiting in His mercy. She has taken the resolution to come to the Catechumenate soon, to study the Christian Doctrine.

Monday, March 13

It was four o'clock, our day's work was finished at the Dispensary and we were about to lock the doors to return to the Convent, when we noticed a woman with a baby in her arms coming towards us in haste. "My little one is very sick," she said on arriving. Quickly we removed the quilt which covered the child, and we realized that, in fact, it was high time that Heaven be opened to it. Between a dressing and the giving of some medicine, the Sacred Waters of Baptism were poured on the brow of the dying babe. The dear little angel may now spread its wings and take its flight to Heaven. How heartily we thank God for the ineffable joys He gives His apostles!



Because she is God's Mother, Mary is raised high above all other creatures whomsoever, — above all angels as well as above all human beings.

"Full of grace," supremely high above all saints and angels, Queen of angels and men, nothing that Catholic devotion has said of her can reach to the heights of her greatness. She is indeed alone in her place of honor; and, using the words of an ancient author, we may truly say to her, "None is on a level with thee, O Lady; none is comparable to thee; for all that is, is either above thee or beneath thee. God alone is above thee; all others but God are beneath thee."

— *Rev. H. G. Hughes.*



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Sunday, May 14, 1939

It is with joy that we greet Mother's Day, this beautiful festival instituted by filial piety.

Our first homage is for the Immaculate Virgin. At her oratory, we sing with all the ardour of our hearts:

"She is My Mother,
How could I not love her?"...

and we drop into a basket placed at the foot of her statue for that purpose, little blue papers upon which are written the tributes of affection and gratitude which compose each one's spiritual bouquet for the occasion.

Each of these mystic flowers is a token of love for Our Heavenly Mother; but it is also a voice invoking every blessing and favour upon the dear Mothers whom we have left and whom we love ever more and more, and upon the kind and devoted Mothers whom God has given us here.

Thursday, May 18

Msgr. Masse, the new Prefect Apostolic of Lintung, celebrated the Mass of the Ascension in our chapel. Then, we had the pleasure of hearing him speak for a few minutes of his prefecture and the souls entrusted to his zeal, and of receiving his blessing.

When the bell rang for recreation, the dazzling brightness of the sun attracted us outside, but the wind was really cold and piercing.

Great crowds of people braved much worse than that, to-day, to see the Royal Visitors passing; but, as Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth, who honoured Montreal with their presence, were not to visit our parts, we soon returned to the warmer atmosphere of the house, like chilly birds betaking themselves to the shelter of their cosy nests.

Wednesday, May 24

Fifteen years ago to-day, the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time in the little chapel of our Novitiate.

The dwelling which our venerable Mother Foundress lovingly prepared for her children and which was then scarcely finished, has been enlarged twice since; and, each time, a more spacious sanctuary was devoted to Our Eucharistic Lord. More than five thousand and five hundred times already, this Divine Saviour has descended upon our altar, and how often has He not given Himself to His little fiancées! We made fervent acts of thanksgiving, this morning, for the inestimable benefit of all these Masses and Communions.

Tomorrow, we shall begin the triduum of prayer and silence in preparation for the Solemnity of Pentecost. Foreseeing that, consequently, we shall not be able to celebrate the patronal feast of our dear Mistress, Friday, we promise her this evening to pray fervently for her intentions on the 26th. And then, a triduum lasts only three days; so, after that, we can express our sentiments of affection and gratitude, not more eloquently or efficaciously, it is true, but more lively and joyously.

Whitsunday, May 28

We were struck, this morning, by a very usual occurrence, which seemed to us like an illustration of the great mystery that we were meditating. The altar was adorned with red lamps which, obscure at first, became quite brilliant as soon as a little flame was put in them.

Likewise, the Holy Ghost transformed the hearts of those who were in the Cenacle on Pentecost and He is continually working in our souls, so cold and void of virtue.

We begged this Divine Spirit to kindle in our hearts the fire of His love and to shower His precious gifts especially upon our venerable Mother Foundress, whose Patron He is.

We had a little entertainment this evening and offered our Mistress our wishes, which were neither less sincere nor less ardent for being two days late.

Sunday, June 4

Early in the afternoon, we had the honour and the pleasure of receiving Reverend Father Gérard of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, accompanied by Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior of our Canadian Foreign Mission Society.

The Reverend Visitor said that he was happy to see our Community and to transmit to us a message that he would have liked to convey himself to our Reverend Mother Superior General; but, as he was leaving for Vancouver to-morrow to undertake a long trip through Asia, he was "pressed for time".

Our Sisters who work for the Association of the Holy Childhood should have heard the benevolent words of this priest, who is a member of the General Council of this Association, "at the re-unions of which," he said, "mention is often made of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who work so zealously for the Holy Childhood." Monsignor Merio, Director General, said to Reverend Father Gérard, when leaving for Canada:

"If you see the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, express to them my gratitude and my best wishes."

Our distinguished visitor, who was a former missionary in Manchuria for twenty-three years, wished us the privilege of going some day to pagan lands, for workers are lacking in mission countries. Do we not, indeed, hear unceasingly these distressful appeals of missionaries begging reinforcements. In the meantime, it is our duty to pray very fervently. Prayer is the precious sap which must fecundate the labour of those who are toiling over there; it is the powerful lever which alone can raise the world and draw it towards God. It is for us to employ this irresistible force to obtain from Heaven numerous apostolic vocations, while we are carefully cultivating the germ of our own vocation by drawing all possible profit from our years of formation.

May we follow these practical counsels which we have derived from this worthy priest's interesting chat and which God repeats to us so frequently in so many convincing and urgent ways; and may we become real apostles in the vanguard of the Church on the march, spreading far and wide the Kingdom of Christ.

Thursday, June 15

We celebrated the octave of Corpus Christi by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which proceeded from our chapel to the repository erected at the Foreign Mission Seminary.

To our great disappointment, it began to rain just as we were setting out. We quickly had recourse to the Souls in Purgatory, promising them a beneficent shower of indulgenced prayers, if they obtained for us a few instants of nice weather until Our Divine King would have regained His prison of love. After that, the rain-drops could fall at pleasure upon our ground and sing in their own way the praises of Our Eucharistic Lord. The poor Suffering Souls appreciate our suffrages; once more, we had a proof of it, for the rain soon ceased.

At the Repository, and again at the close of the procession, Monsignor Masse, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, gave us a solemn blessing with the golden monstrance, while we heartily accepted the Heavenly benefits bestowed upon us.

Friday, June 16

Our prayers and hymns have expressed the joyful gratitude with which we have celebrated this double feast of the Sacred Heart and of our dear Mother St. Jean François Régis.

Our traditional entertainment of June 15th was quite short and simple yesterday evening; but happily that is not the measure of our affection for this loving mother who unceasingly lavishes her care and devotedness upon the little ones of the Dove-cot.

The big holiday, to-day, leaves us the leisure to make supplementary visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and we profit by them to recommend

to His Sacred Heart all the intentions of dear Mother St. Jean François Régis, of our Community, of our parents and relatives, and of the whole world.

Tuesday, June 20

Paying us a short visit, our beloved Mother Superior General brought joy to all in the Novitiate. With emotion and love, we listened to her speaking of our venerable Mother Foundress, still oppressed by illness, but ever admirable in resignation and cheerfulness.

Our dear Mother also urged us to increase the activity of our league of prayer against antireligious societies. That is one of the means by which our venerable Mother Foundress has wished our Institute to work for the extension of God's Kingdom and the salvation of souls, of those poor souls that so many perverse sects are seeking to drag into error.

Saturday, June 24

To celebrate the feast of St. John the Baptist, we organized a procession, which could be entitled "the Canadian Missionary". Though it was quite unostentatious and did not vie with the demonstrations of our cities, it was, nevertheless, of the greatest interest to us.

The programme was an intimate family affair, and we were the only spectators, as the wagons did not go outside our own grounds.

The first scene represented Our Lady of the Missions holding a terrestrial globe in her hands. The maternal solicitude of the Blessed Virgin embraces the whole world. Long ago, she guided towards the shores of New France, intrepid apostles who, at the cost of their labours and their martyrdom, established the Faith of Christ in our country. From this earth sprinkled with their blood, Our Lady of the Missions is now having a whole army of evangelical messengers levied to go and bring the good tidings of the Gospel to less-favoured nations.

In the second scene, we saw one of our good Canadian mothers teaching her little girl, kneeling beside her, how to make the Sign of the Cross. Is it not from these blessed hours of our childhood, that dates the origin of our beautiful vocation?

Then came the great day of the First Communion when, as it often happens, Jesus whispered to the pure and simple soul a gentle invitation to live for Him alone. Later on, when she had grown up, our heroine was inspired with the apostolic spirit on reading our review *The Precursor*, and we saw her confiding to her mother the attraction that she felt for the missionary life. That was not an effect of the imagination, we well know, we, a great number of whom have been captivated and attracted by the accounts of our elder Sisters working in pagan lands.

The years of probation followed. During that period of prayer, of labour, but of struggle, also, our little novice could be seen at meditation. Her Guardian Angel was assisting and protecting her, but the prince of darkness was there, too, trying to divert her attention and disputing with God for her heart and soul.

Having remained faithful to her vocation until she became a professed Sister, the young missionary left her beloved Canada for distant China. Several wagons showed her devoting herself to various works of zeal: teaching prayers and Catechism to little Chinese children; eagerly attending the poor patients in a dispensary; baptizing and offering to the Immaculate Virgin the dying babies brought to her by a gleaner; reciting the Rosary while going in a rickshaw to visit a pagan family; finally, with maternal tenderness, dressing the sores of a poor leper woman.

After a whole life of abnegation and self-sacrifice, we beheld her at the moment of the great departure for Eternity. Around her, her companions in exile and labour were singing the *Salve Regina*, and the Immaculate Queen whom they were invoking came, in response to their appeal, to sustain and cheer her beloved child. In exchange for the native land which she had sacrificed on earth for the love of God, this Blessed Mother was about to introduce her into the Heavenly Kingdom.

We were overcome with emotion. How eloquently did these scenes, so simple and natural, speak to our souls! The first ones revived the memories of our own life up to the present. May we continue to realize to the end this sublime destiny of apostles of the Immaculate!

A little St. John the Baptist and a pretty white lamb were to close the procession; but the latter, becoming frightened, cut so many capers that it obtained, after a few steps, its exemption from the parade, which seemed to be a torture for it.

Singing the praises of our glorious Saint, we thanked him for the salutary impressions that his feast had afforded us, and we begged him to obtain for us his ardent zeal for the salvation of pagan souls and to inspire many young Canadians with the apostolic vocation.



Prayer releases those hidden supernatural powers of Redemption. No one can fathom how far-reaching may be a prayer dropped from our heart into the boundless ocean of God's mercies. One little prayer welling up from the depths of a loving heart is often enough to make these merciful waters overflow their banks and inundate of soul in need. How powerful were not the prayers of the Little Flower for the propagation of the Faith! Does she not continue to shower down the roses of her charity upon our world-wide mission field? It is because her prayers were so powerful that the Holy Father has appointed her, with St. Francis Xavier, the patroness of every Catholic missionary endeavour.

The soul of one who prays for the missions is the first to derive the greatest benefit of her own charity. When indeed the interests of God and His Church become "our interests," how could we become entangled in the sinful interests of the world, of pride and of the flesh? The soul on the wings of an apostolic prayer rises to the lofty heights of pure disinterested love.

— G. Daly, C.S.S.R.



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

I am glad that you are returning, some to school and some to your daily work.

I like to see you enjoy the open air, so pure and invigorating; merry trips in the fields and woods, which are as instructive as they are amusing; pleasant walks; and all kinds of sports that relax the mind and make the body supple. In a word, I like the vacation, which affords you a well-merited rest; but, during that time, I am very uneasy about you... I fear for you, idleness, evil company, sights in the streets and on the beach, moving-pictures, and everything which too often transforms pretty white lambs into wicked wolves.

It is, therefore, a relief to me to see you returning to your wisely regulated hours of prayer, study and recreation, to see you entrusted to the care of kind, vigilant and devoted teachers, who replace your dear Parents.

And now, you must go ahead without looking behind, excepting to say farewell to the vacation with its pleasures, and set yourself to the accomplishment of your duty.

YOUR DUTY

Every person here below has a duty to fulfil; each one is destined by God to play a determined role, more or less difficult and long. And upon this role more or less perfectly filled depends a higher or lower degree of glory in Heaven, a more or less rigorous punishment in Hell.

Ah! if we reflected more frequently upon this great truth, we would be more faithful in accomplishing our duty exactly, in following all the inspirations of grace; but, nowadays, people seem to live only for the earth, its false pleasures, its futile riches, its vain honours... How small is the number of those who reflect and are solicitous for Eternity!...

The Apostles of Truth and Eternal Salvation, unable to diminish the ever-increasing numbers of those who are misled by delusions, place great hopes in you, dear Children, who are to form the coming generation. That is why they have founded, purposely for you, Associations whose aim is to encourage fervent Christian life and the apostolate. Do not, then, fail to join one of these Associations and to be exact in fulfilling all its obligations.

That will help you to remain pure and good, to practise virtue, to give good example, to share even now in Catholic Action.

Happy, they say, is the family that, at present, has not at least one member whose soul is not in the state of grace, whose misconduct is a source of profound grief for those who are intimately united to him, who love him and desire his salvation.

Well then! dear Children, you will be apostles in your families, apostles among your friends and acquaintances, apostles throughout the world.

You have efficacious means for that. First of all, your prayers, stamped with innocence and sincerity, go straight to God and can obtain everything from His goodness and mercy; secondly, you are dearly loved by those around you, and your acts of virtue touch them deeply.

You will have to make big sacrifices, perhaps, to effectuate such or such a conversion; but do not become discouraged.

Listen to the following account which is a heroic example of sacrifice.

One day, in a familiar instruction, a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family?... Bring into it a member that is able to suffer. Do you wish to save a soul that is dear to you?... *Suffer for it.*"

These words were heard by a child who had just made her First Communion. She had often seen her mother crying, and she blushed with shame when her father came home drunk almost every evening.

The day that she learnt the efficacy of sufferings, she embraced her mother with an effusion that thrilled the unhappy wife, and said to her: "Mamma, be happy; soon, Papa will no longer make you cry."

The following day, at dinner, the only meal at which the family was together, the child accepted some soup and a piece of bread, but refused everything else.

"You are ill?" said the mother astonished.

"No, Mamma," replied the child.

"Eat, then," said the father.

"Not to-day," answered the little one.

The parents thought that it was a caprice and decided to punish her by leaving her in the sulks.

That evening, as usual, the father came in drunk. The child, who was in bed but not sleeping, heard him blaspheming; and she began to cry. It was the first time that blasphemy moved her to tears...

The next day, at dinner, she accepted but bread and water.

The mother became anxious, the father was provoked.

"I want you to eat," he said angrily.

"No," answered the child, resolutely, "no, as long as you drink and blaspheme and make mamma cry. I have promised it to God and I *wish to suffer so that He will not punish you.*"

The father hung his head. That evening, he came home sober, and his little girl, full of life and merriment, had a good appetite.

But the bad habit again got the better of him. His child's fast recommenced. This time, he did not dare say anything; only a big tear rolled down his cheek, and he stopped eating. The mother also was weeping. The child alone remained calm.

Rising and pressing his daughter in his arms, he said: "Poor little martyr, you are always going to do that?"

"Yes, Papa," she replied, "until I die or you be converted."

"My dear child," he exclaimed, "I will no longer make your mother cry!"

TO ENCOURAGE YOU

To encourage you in your apostolic efforts, remember, dear Children, that the souls saved by your prayers, sacrifices and good examples will be your glory at the end of this life when, led by your Guardian Angel, you will pass from time to eternity.

Yes, the souls saved by you will be presented to God at the moment of your eternal sentence, and your Heavenly recompense will be so much the more magnificent as you will have saved a greater number of souls.

TO HELP YOU

To help and guide you in your noble role, you have a friend who is ever present, ever faithful and devoted: your good Guardian Angel. Appointed by God to protect you in all your ways, he is unceasingly attentive to your needs and awaits only a desire expressed by you, a simple prayer, to obtain the most precious graces for you from Heaven.



When, led by your Guardian Angel, you will pass from time to eternity...

Invoke, therefore, this dear Friend frequently, not only morning and evening, but also during the day, in your hesitations, difficulties and afflictions. He will always help you. His greatest happiness is to see you faithful to his inspirations, to record your meritorious actions, especially those which, encouraging other souls to follow you in the path to Heaven, give the greatest glory to God.

Dear Guardian Angel! unseen, though beside me,
My constant Companion each day since my birth;
Good Friend, ever present, devoted and faithful,
Be thou my sure Guide through the dangers of earth.

Temptations and troubles will gather around me,
Then whisper thy counsels of warning or cheer;
And, docile beyond what thus far thou hast found me,
I'll yield to thy promptings a fond, heedful ear.

BIDDING YOU FAREWELL

Time is passing... I must leave you... Bidding you farewell, I wish you a new period of good conduct, happy days and success in your studies. May it be said of you as it was said of your Divine Model: "He increased in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men!"

Your great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.



Christ's Love for Little Ones

Throughout the pages of the New Testament, we can very plainly see many testimonials of Christ's love for the little children. There was nothing that gave Him greater pleasure than to be with the little ones, to rejoice in the sweet innocence of their young souls. On one occasion in particular, He rebuked his disciples because they would have kept the little ones from Him. And the words with which He rebuked them shall constitute for all ages the eternal declaration of His love for children: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Imagine the joy, the proud happiness of those children when they heard those memorable words of Christ! How filled with love must their hearts have been at this assurance of His love for them. But, my dear children, those words of Our dear Lord were spoken not only to those fortunate children clustered round His knee; they were spoken to you too. Every moment of every day, the Heart of Christ cries out from His tabernacle home, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

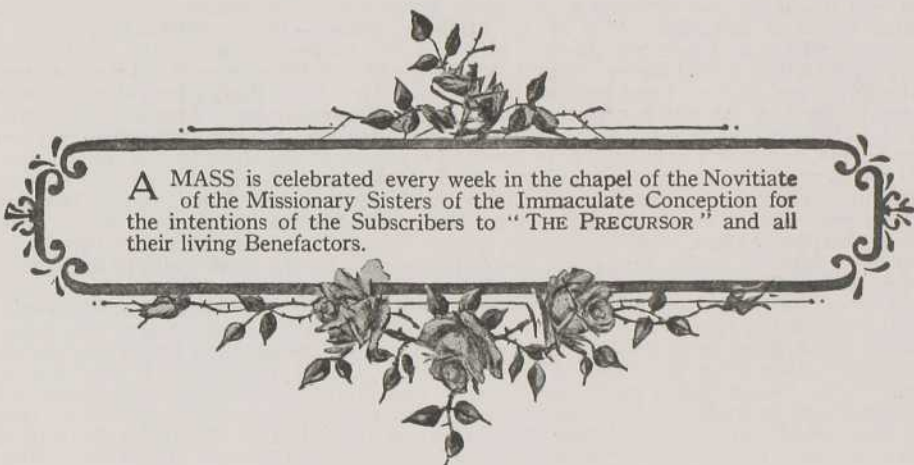
Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained



"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.

Kindly publish my thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Marion Triganne, **North Adams, Mass.** — My most sincere thanks to Our Blessed Mother for having granted the special favours I have asked of her. I am still asking prayers for my mother's complete cure. Mrs. W. L., **Haverhill, Mass.** — My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. Please pray that our sons may obtain good positions soon. Mrs. H. DeG., **Springfield, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, my daughter has obtained work. Please continue praying for us. Mrs. A. F., **Warren, R. I.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for the recovery of my health. Please pray for my husband that he may have a better position. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Many thanks for your charitable prayers in behalf of my aged mother who wishes, if it is God's Holy Will, to retain her sight. The doctors' reports are favourable. Please continue praying. Miss H. M. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for me and my family. Mrs. H., **N. D. G.** — My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. My son has stopped spitting blood. Please continue praying for him that he may get better. Mrs. D. C., **Migwasha West, Que.** — Most grateful thanks for a favour received. Please pray for my husband that he may have continued employment. Mrs. J. A. K., **Dover Foxcroft, Me.** — My most heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. I have come through a very serious illness and operation. Mrs. A. Andrews, **Timmins, Ont.** — I wrote last winter begging for prayers which were certainly answered in a remarkable way; but I still have responsibilities and need protection. I hope you will say a few prayers or make a Novena to our Blessed Mother for me that she may guide me through life and give me the strength to bring my little girls up to a good home and faith. Mrs. K. M. — I thank you for making a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help with me for my daughter who was seriously ill. A complete cure has been obtained and I am so grateful to the Blessed Virgin! **Bucksport, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained after promising to have the favour published. Miss M. L. — I thank the Blessed Virgin for having granted my request and I solicit her constant protection. Mrs. A. Caron, **L'Islet.** — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. L. P. L., **Montreal.** — Deep gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin. My daughter has returned to the right path. Mrs. X., **Millbury, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. Mr. J. L., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for my daughter's cure. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal-Nord.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise, in thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. C. S. — I am most thankful to the Blessed Virgin for the graces she has granted me and I beg her to shower her blessings upon all those who are dear to me. Miss G. B., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my eye. Mrs. P. D., **Worcester, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. M. — Kindly publish my profound gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. Caissie, **East Rogersville, N. B.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained and request for another one. Mrs. A. P. — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. Walter Patola, **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. Mr. A. M., **Ste. Marie, Que.** — Homage of gratitude for favour received. A. M., **Plessisville.** — Thanksgiving for a grace obtained. Mrs. E. F., **Sacre Cœur de Marie, Beauce Co.** — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for benefits received through her intercession. Miss A. D., **St. Hyacinthe, Que.** — Grateful thanks to our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. Miss M. A. L., **Outremont.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained. Mrs. G. T. — My husband has obtained a cure through the intercession of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. A thousand thanks to our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal.** — My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin who has obtained my cure. I beg her continual protection for all my family. Mrs. N. H., **Bagotville.** — Lively gratitude to Mary for work obtained. I solicit her continual assistance. Mrs. R. B., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for success in temporal affairs. Mrs. A. S., **Charny.** Sincere thanks for several graces obtained. Mrs. H. St. P., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for benefit received through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. Mrs. L. S. G., **Montreal.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of my promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin who has granted me a favour. Mrs. H. G., **Ste. Lucie d'Alban.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the favour she has granted me. I request the cure of my husband. Mrs. P. R., **Lacolle.**

— Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for her protection. G. E. B., **Rosemount**. — I wish to express my gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for having cured my hands. Mrs. D. E. L., **Danville**. — Having obtained a great grace through the Blessed Virgin's intercession, I should be very pleased if you published my profound gratitude. Miss I. B., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. Mrs. E. A., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for grace received. Mrs. A. M., **Biddeford, Me.** — My most lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. W. L., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks for grace received. Mrs. M. M., **Manville, R. I.** — The Blessed Virgin has heard my prayers, kindly help me to thank her for her kindness. Mrs. A. C., **Montpellier, Vt.** — With lively gratitude I acquit myself of a promise made in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession. Mrs. T. F., **Rosemere**. — A thousand thanks to our Heavenly Mother for all the graces she has obtained for me. Miss C. LeB., **St. John, N. B.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for having obtained work for my husband. We solicit her continual protection. Mrs. R. B., **Verdun, Que.** — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. P. C. L., **Sorel**. — Thanksgiving to the Immaculate Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. Please pray for my son who is out of work and for all my family. Mrs. M. T., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude for a benefit received. Mrs. J. T., **Lachine**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for success in studies and for a cure obtained. Mrs. J. E. L., **Ste. Anne des Plaines**. — Kindly thank the Blessed Virgin with me for favours received through her intercession. I solicit a better position for my husband. Mrs. R. C., **New York**. — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for her protection. I request her help in the choice of my vocation. A. L., **Biddeford, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace received. Mr. and Mrs. A. G., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude for favours obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Teresa. Mrs. W. F., **Taschereau**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann for the cure of my ears. D. D., **St. Come**.



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."

Will you please make a Novena for me that my son may get an office position. A Subscriber. — Please have prayers said for a married man who is very ill. Miss B. P., **Montreal**. — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin for all my intentions. Mrs. J. M., **Montreal**. — Will you say a prayer for me. Miss M. T., **Montreal**. — Please keep praying for my mother that she soon may be well again if it be God's Holy Will. Please pray also that we may have better luck with our crops and all. Miss M. DeB., **Blenheim, Ont.** — Will you please pray to our Lady of Perpetual Help for me. I am asking for a very special favour and for steady employment for my husband. A Subscriber. **Cote des Neiges**. — I would ask you to make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my son who was not able to work for a year. Mrs. C. W. B., **Blackville, N. B.** — Would you kindly say some prayers for my old mother who is threatened to lose the sight of one eye and hopes for the recovery of it if it is God's Holy Will. Miss H. M. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — I am rushing this for a request for prayers for my daughter. She

entered the hospital yesterday for a serious operation and we are all very anxious about her. She has six children to care for, so please ask Our Lady to help her through the operation successfully. Mrs. M. M., **Viauville, City.** — I beg the Immaculate Conception to help me in the following favours. My grandchild has undergone two operations in his arm for abscesses that had set in; since then the abscesses have been continually draining, recently one has healed up, may it be a permanent cure and may the other do the same. Going on seven months ago, I broke my arm. May it become fully cured so as I can use it as I always have. Mrs. C. B. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Please make a Novena that I may have two favours granted. Mrs. C. F. B., **Granby, Que.** — Please pray for my husband who had a nervous break down last winter. I had him in the hospital, but it has not done him much good; so please pray that he may get better if it is God's Holy Will. Mrs. M. K., **Renfrew, Ont.** — Would you make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower of Jesus that I may recover my eyesight to be able to read again. Please pray for a friend of mine that she may get work. A Late Subscriber. — I am requesting prayers very specially for my son who is continually away on foreign steamers and we have not seen him for twenty years. He generally writes to us every month, but since the last three or four months we have not heard from him, and we are very worried. As we are getting old, and would like very much to see him before we die, we earnestly request your prayers. Mrs. J. A. B., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Please remember our family in your prayers. I hope to get better health as I am suffering with rheumatism and my heart is weak; besides, my husband is not well. Mrs. J. C., **Watford, Ont.** — Please pray for the temporal favours I stand in need of. Miss E. MacM., **North Adams, Mass.** — Will you please ask Our Blessed Mother to grant my petitions if it be for the glory of God. M. Elliott, **Arnprior, Ont.** — Please make a Novena for my cousin who has been sick for some time. I am sure if the Blessed Virgin intercedes for him, he will soon be restored to health. Miss F. B., **Blackville, N. B.** — Please pray for my husband that he may stop drinking and get a steady position. A Subscriber, **Port Huron, Mich.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. M. C. R., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my husband. **Swanton, Vt.** — I would like you to make a Novena for my mother's complete recovery and for one other favour in particular. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please make a Novena for a very special favour I need very badly. Mrs. J. J. M., **Cochrane, Ont.** — Will you help me to pray for a very special favour. Mrs. J. A., **Marine City.** — Please pray that I may be cured of a cancer and that my heart may not be so weak. Mrs. J. R., **Barry's Bay, Ont.** — Please pray for my daughter who has fractured her hip and is in the hospital. Miss R., **Pawtucket, R. I.** — Will you please say a special prayer for my intention, that my nervousness may not bother me, and that I may be able to carry on my work at the office for the coming year. Also that my brother may not take liquor, or drugs of any kind. Kindly pray for his conversion. — Kindly pray that we may obtain health. Miss J. P., **Wilno, Ont.** — Will you please pray so that my daughter may get a position and be successful in her work. Mrs. R. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Will you please join me in asking our Blessed Lady for two special favours. Mrs. W. A. H., **Brunswick, Me.** — Please pray for the good health of my family. Mrs. N. K., **Whitney, Ont.** — Please pray for my intention. I am asking for a temporal favour and hope our Blessed Mother will be pleased to obtain it for me from our Heavenly Father if it is His Holy Will. Mrs. G. G., **Griffith, Ont.** — Will you please pray that I may obtain a special favour on the 20th of October. Miss P. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray for the prompt recovery of my daughter. A worried Mother. Mrs. LeB., **Verdun, P. Q.** — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a special favour. Miss F. C., **St. Giles.** — I am very sick and will have to have a very serious operation of the stomach. Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for me. Mrs. McC., **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — May I ask the help of your prayers. I would like a Novena made in honour of Good St. Ann so that my brother may get work soon. Would you also remember me in your prayers as I shall be out of work in the fall and I would like to find another position for the winter. S. S., **Point Claire, Que.** — Kindly make a novena in behalf of my son, that he may soon be successful in obtaining a nice position. A Convert Mother. — Will you please pray that my husband may get the position he is seeking, also for my son's intentions. Mrs. J. A., **Montreal.** — Please ask the Blessed Mother to grant my request. J. M., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray that my little three-year-old boy's health and my own may be better, that I may find a good position and a good home and that I may obtain another special favour. Mrs. L. S., **Newport, Vt.** — Will you please pray for my brother who has a very sore knee. Miss E. B., **Capreol, Ont.** — Would you be kind enough to make a novena to St. Ann for a very special favour which we hope to get some time in October. Mrs. E. N. C., **Willmansett, Mass.** — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of three persons dear to me. Mrs. J. D., **Montreal.** — A young girl who has been sick for three years is requesting the help of your prayers that she may obtain her recovery or, at least, the courage necessary to put up with her trial. A Subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain my cure. Anonymous. — We have recourse to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in order to obtain a grace we have been asking for a long time. Mr. and Mrs. G. D., **Leominster, Mass.** — I request the conversion of my husband, who is a drunkard. Mrs. X., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you kindly have a special intention in your prayers to the Blessed Virgin, for my son who has been out of work for two years and who is causing me very much anxiety. Mrs. X., **Montreal.** — I request a very special favour and my recovery. E. D. G. — Kindly pray for a special in-

tention. — Will you please pray for my husband, who is ill. A Subscriber. — Please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a special favour. Mrs. O. G. — Kindly say a prayer to the Blessed Virgin for my husband. Mrs. O. G. — Will you please pray for the sale of a farm. Anonymous. — Would you kindly unite your prayers to mine that I may obtain a favour ardently desired. — Please pray for my husband that he may obtain a permanent position and for other intentions. A Subscriber, **Cote St. Paul**. — Please pray to the Immaculate Virgin that I may obtain my cure. Mrs. A. P., **St. Clet**. — I am suffering with rheumatism and I request my cure of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. L., **Pont Viau**. — My little girl is suffering from asthma; would you kindly pray for her that she may be cured. Mrs. P. A., **Hawkesbury**. — Please pray for better health and success in studies. Mr. J. P. G., **St. Isidore**. — Kindly pray for my husband that he may get a position and that he may lead a better life. A Subscriber. — Please pray that my husband may have a permanent position. A Subscriber, **Holyoke, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray for the following intentions: A position for my son, faith for my husband, and health for myself. A Subscriber.



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.



NECROLOGY

Mr. Jérémie L'Heureux, **Loretteville**, father of our Sister St. Angèle de Mérici; Mr. Charles Chénard, **Le Bic**, father of our Sister Ste. Elise; Mr. Philippe Pothier, **Three Rivers**, brother of our Sisters Marthe de Béthanie and Marie de la Merci; Mrs. Jos. Louis Savard, **Point St. Charles, Montreal**, grandmother of our Sister St. Laurent, novice; Mrs. B. G. Connolly, **Renfrew, Ont.**; Miss Marguerite Rita Cox, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Nicholas Parretti, **Worcester, Mass.**; Miss Annie Valieres, **Thetford Mines**; Mr. Thomas Walsh, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Ella M. McCann, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Isidora Smith, **Mapleville, R. I.**; Mrs. Frances Carleton, **Verdun**; Mrs. J. T. Rolph, **Dixie Lachine**; Mr. John F. Kelley, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Casey, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. John B. Sweeney, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Anna Lunney, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Michael J. Mahar, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Sarah O'Connor, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Elizabeth Ruel, **Holyoke, Mass.**; Mr. George Brodeur, **Pittsfield, Mass.**; Mr. Albert Henrye, **Williamansett, Mass.**; Mr. Amable Gauthier, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mr. Eug. Colton, **Holyoke, Mass.**; Mr. Arsene Gaucher, **Frenchville, Sask.**; Miss Sadie Dennington, **Biddeford, Me.**; Mr. Joseph La Vally, **Indian Orchard, Mass.**; Mrs. William Hogan, **Ruby, Ont.**; Mr. James Power, **Worcester, Mass.**; Miss Mary Loonay, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Anna F. Priest, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Robert Roach, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Shiela Jordan, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Ralph Bartley, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary O'Brien, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Arthur M. Glasheen, **Gardener, Mass.**; Mr. David Daigle, **St. Mary, N. B.**; Mr. James Daigle, **Lakeland, Florida**; Mrs. Margaret Ward, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. James Fay, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. James J. Butler, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. John J. Meehan, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Leo Donlan, **Fitchburg, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Kelliher, **Fitchburg, Mass.**

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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.

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.

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).

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Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
2. — **Protectors**, those who by a donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.
2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.
3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).
4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Guard of Honour is also made at the Shek Lung Lazaretto. There, the poor leper women, in successive groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.
5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.
6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.
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.